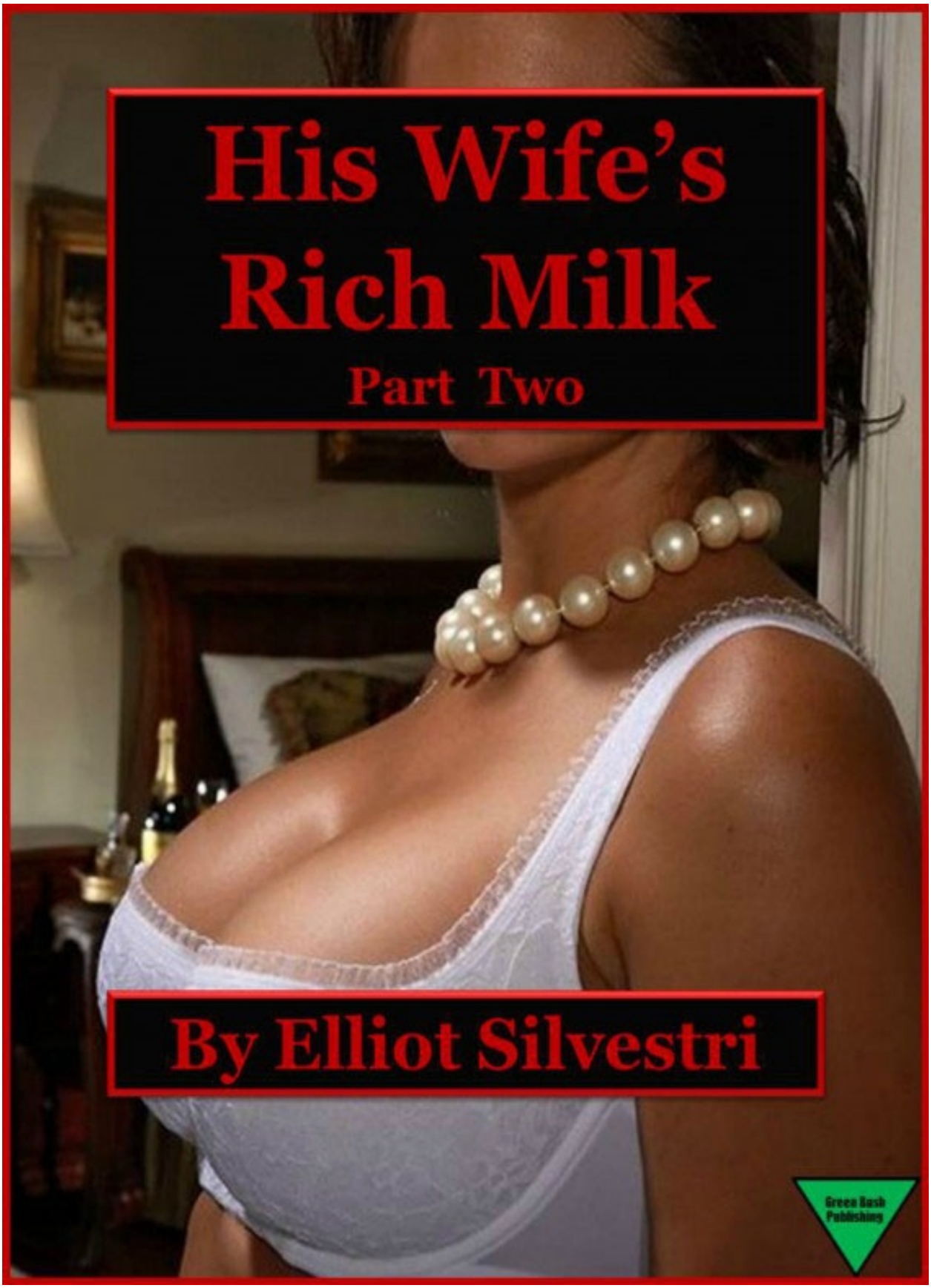
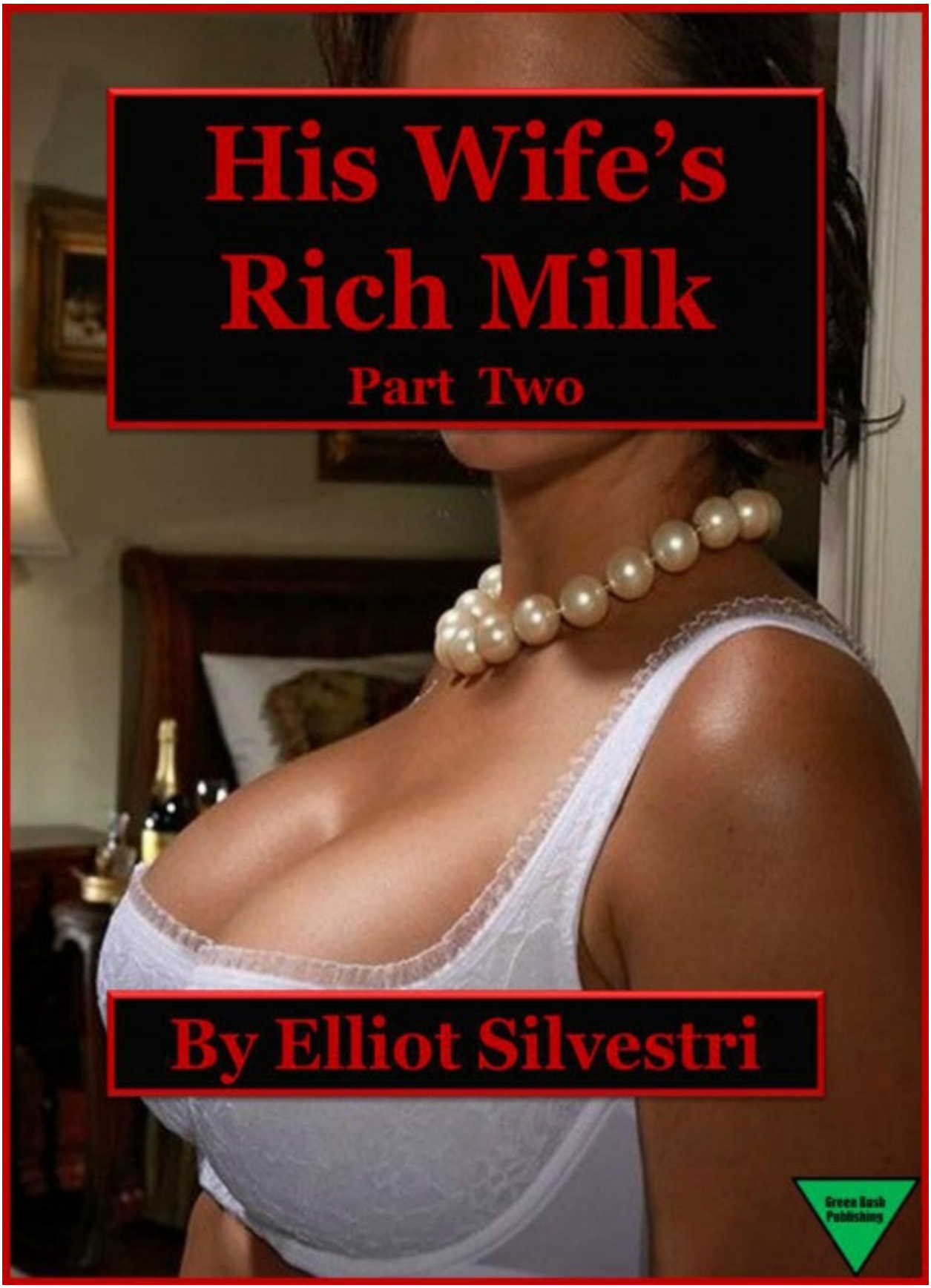

His Wife's
Rich Milk
Part Two
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# His Wife’s Rich Milk

**Part Two**

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)

And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's.

And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,

Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,

Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair -

Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!

—T.S. Elliot, Macavity, the Mystery Cat

# Part Two

# Chapter Six

It was almost too much for Evan to keep up with his wife and Rebecca. He was having sex with Rebecca twice a week, sometimes at her place, sometimes at the gym, plus fucking Sondra nearly every night because she needed to be nursed and when he nursed from her, it always made her horny and then they had sex regardless of how they intended to end the night. Between the two women and caring for his children and working his job, he barely had time to think and breathe. On the plus side, he was enjoying every minute he spent with the two women in his life. Also on the plus side he had lost ten pounds due to his busy life and many trips to the gym for exercise and sex.

Sondra was in a similar situation. She had to feed Evan every night and Hank nearly every day. Due to circumstances and other considerations, she didn't fuck Dr. Henry every time he nursed from her, but it was often enough that she started getting concerned that her pussy was going to wear out from overuse. He assured her it was not.

Henry, though a skilled physician and concerned care-giver, wasn't a terribly deep thinker. He wasn't at all concerned with the guilt his girlfriend was going through over her husband. To his credit he was always considerate with his incredible luck of finding a horny woman who indulged him in his new-found fetish for breast milk, but nothing else worried him.

It was Rebecca who broke the impasse. She didn't make any sudden demands of Evan, but simply gave him a bit of a fantasy. "I'd love to fuck you wife," she told him as he sucked on her pierced nipples. He liked the contrast of hard metal with soft flesh as he played with her body. Rebecca's body was completely different from his wife's, which was good because otherwise he would never have been able to distinguish between the two of them while in bed. She loved it when he sucked on her. He hadn't admitted to her yet that he was nursing milk from Sondra every night. Rebecca didn't need to know that. It might have been a terrible cliché, but as a small busted woman she had very small, very sensitive nipples.

When she made her little confession, Evan nearly choked on her nipple rings.

“What?”

“I’d love to fuck your wife,” she repeated. They were in her bed for a quick fuck before going to the gym where he would swim and she would lifeguard. It was the perfect domestic crime—one they had repeated for months now.

“Um…you would?”

She nodded earnestly and moved his hand down to her pussy. As usual she was already naked when he showed up at her door and he was down to his shorts by the time he fell in bed with her. Automatically he stuck his middle finger into her, testing her wetness and playing with her clitoris. And, as always, she was wet and ready for him. She opened her mouth to answer him, but only a groan came out. His thumb had found her clit and was rubbing it as two fingers stroked the inside of her pussy. She concentrated, thinking about what chores had to be done during her lifeguarding shift, and managed to say, “Yeah, I’ve had plenty of women with hard, lean bodies. I want to try your wife’s: soft and supple.”

He stopped playing with her pussy. She found that distracting. “Are you calling my wife fat?”

“What? No. It’s just that…I’ve had sex with a lot of dancers and the like and they always seem to have hard, firm bodies…kind of like men. I want to have sex with a soft-bodied woman for once.”

All Evan could do was stare at his lover for a minute. “You always surprise me.”

“I try to be innovative,” she told him and then grabbed his wrist to get his hand moving again. “Go home and tell her you have a girlfriend who wants to fuck the both of you at the same time. She’ll like that.”

“I doubt it,” Evan said but he kept moving his hand and watched her. Her eyes became unfocused and her breathing suddenly rapidly increased. This was typical of Rebecca. It might take her a little while to warm up, but when she got turned on it was incredibly easy to make her cum with judicious application of the thumb to her clit and rubbing behind her pubic bone. “But I’m pretty sure you’re going to cum,” he teased her.

She nodded. “Uh-huh. Promise me,” she started to beg. He thought he was promising to make her cum. Her body jerked and he kept working at her pussy

until her hips thrusted upward and the orgasm took over her body.

“Thank you, thank you,” she said when she was done. “I can’t wait to fuck Sondra.”

Evan said nothing. He was too surprised to realize he had just promised to introduce his girlfriend to his wife.

In bed with his wife that night Evan wondered if it was possible to get carpal tunnel syndrome from masturbating too many women too often. His mouth was on her left breast as he nursed milk from her big red nipple as his right hand worked on her pussy. Sondra was much the same as Rebecca in that it was incredibly easy to make her cum when his thumb was on her clit and at least one finger was working on her g-spot hidden behind the pubic bone. He wasn’t sure if it was necessary to be sucking on her nipple at the same time or not. She didn’t question him when he started this new move with her—maybe because she enjoyed it so much.

Watching her cum was much like watching Rebecca cum. It excited him and pleased him. Worse, it lowered his inhibitions. She clenched her jaw, breathed heavily through her teeth, and abruptly squeezed her thighs together trapping his hand in her pussy as she came. It was beautiful.

“I love you,” he told her with a kiss when her body relaxed after the initial wave of pleasure coursed through her body.

“Thank you,” she told him. “And I love you as well. I think I love you more when you make me cum like that.”

“Can I fuck you now?” he asked eagerly. His cock was hard and poking against her thigh.

“I’ve been waiting for it,” she said and opened up her legs, inviting him to her pussy. Evan moved quickly, positioning his cockhead at her entrance and sinking it into her body.

“Ooh,” she moaned. “That feels so good. I always miss it when you’re cock isn’t inside me.”

“You had me inside you last night,” he told her as he started moving his hips back and forth.

“It’s never enough,” she told him.

“You’re right,” he agreed. “It’s never enough. I want more and more and more with you.”

“How do you want that?”

“I want to kiss you and fuck you and nurse you,” he said as the moment started to get away from him.

“You have that already. Tell me more.” She sighed. Sometimes it was a wonderful thing just to hear him talk when he fucked her. Too often his mouth was full of her tit when they fucked.

“I want to see you with another woman,” he blurted as his lust quickly started climbing.

She laughed at him. “Of course you do, like any man.” But lust had overtaken her mind as well. “Tell me more.”

“I want another woman in bed with us,” he said spinning his tale. “I want to fuck the both of you at once. I want her to go down on you. I want you to go down on her. I want her to nurse from your tits.”

“That would turn you on?” she asked, teasing him, encouraging him.

“Fuck yeah,” he grunted. “I need another woman in bed with us. You need another woman in bed with us.”

“And won’t you be jealous when she makes me cum better than you do?” Sondra teased.

That was his breaking point. Evan came. His balls tightened up against his body and he pumped a heavy load of semen deep into her cunt.

After collapsing against her body they held each other for a long minute. “That’s quite the fantasy you have for yourself,” Sondra said to him. “And me,

apparently."

"I can make it happen," Evan said. His tongue was too loose he knew and he risked losing everything now.

"Oh, you can, can you? How will you do that?"

"I can do it," he clarified for her. "Do you want me to?"

Sondra looked down at Hank's face as he closed his eye and nursed from her breast. She had simply opened up her shirt and pulled down her bra to let him nurse. They were in his office. Today they had no extra time and would have to make due with a quick nursing and maybe, if she was lucky, a fingering just as quick that would give her an unsatisfying orgasm.

"Do you like this?" she asked.

"Mm-hmm," he mumbled into her tit. It wasn't the answer she was looking for. He though she was looking for some bawdy talk as a warm up to intercourse. She was actually looking for a definition to their relationship.

"No," she said insistently. "Do you like this? Sneaking away, fucking me, drinking my milk." Sondra grabbed his face between her hands and pulled him away from her tit. His lips were latched on to her soft flesh and came away with a loud slurp.

"Hell yeah I like your milk and I like fucking you." Hank was honest, as always. He wasn't a complex man.

"Really?" she asked. "You like sneaking around on your staff, my husband—your best friend, and not telling the world about the woman you're fucking?"

He licked his lips, pausing for an answer and tasting the last of her sweet milk, and said, "I'm not in the habit of telling the world about the women I bed, but I suppose it's a little dishonest to be having sex with you without Evan's knowledge."

"We should break it off," she told him.

Henry shook his head. “Nope. And what is it with inconstant women? First you come to me demanding I nurse from you. Next think I know we’re fucking—and it’s great. Now, you want to break it off because of a little guilt—after blaming me for your tits hurting because I told Evan he needed to lose a little weight.”

“Well,” she said smartly. “What would you suggest to deal with my guilt as you put it?”

His grin was smug. “Tell him about us. Tell him I drove you to me because he couldn’t drink your milk the way you like it.”

Her expression soured. “I’m not going to do that.”

He smirked at her. “Then do nothing. Or find someone else to nurse from you where you feel less guilty—and slutty.”

Sondra’s expression froze. Abruptly she stood up from the edge of his desk, tucked her tits back into her bra and started to button up her blouse. “Maybe I will,” she said crisply and walked out of his office.

After she all but slammed the door behind her he said to the empty air in front of him, “Was it something I said?”

After Sondra had begged off answering Evan’s question with a shake of her head and remembering how to play coy from her days in college, it was a day later and they were getting into bed. She pulled down the top to her nightgown exposing her breasts and smiled at her husband. “Ready?” she asked.

“Yes,” he answered quickly and eagerly, jumping on the bed and quickly latching onto her breast. It was full, fuller than he was used to because she hadn’t allowed Henry to drain her milk before she had walked out in a huff. Her milk let down immediately and flowed into Evan’s mouth where he greedily swallowed it and came back for more and more. She sighed with contentment and let him worship her body.

Evan reveled in the softness of her body. Although full her tits were as supple as ever. They were slightly swollen from the amount of her milk but he didn’t notice that. All he noticed was the way her milk squirted in a little fountain when

he unexpectedly pulled off. The small amount of spray soaked her breast and he licked it off, then immediately went back to sucking on her red, wet nipple. She liked it when he played with her tits like this. It showed her that it wasn't just about making her a source of food for him, it showed her that he loved her and her body, and he loved making her feel good about herself with the way her body produced milk for him.

"Were you serious about last night?" she asked him as he sucked on her nipple. His eyes were closed but he opened up at her question and looked quizzically at her.

"About another woman?" he asked hesitantly, his words slightly muffled by the swell of her boob as he spoke half in to her nipple

"Yeah," she grinned. "About that. You said you know someone?"

"Sort of," he admitted. "I said I could make it happen." He was nervous now. Evan hadn't expected his wife to say yes to a threesome. It was one thing for her to give in to his desire to nurse from her, that was normal kinky in his way of thinking because milk was a normal part of a woman's experience. Inviting a third person into their sex life, however, was something else entirely. Three people fucking together wasn't normal—it was a kink that was supposed to be for porn films and perverts.

"I'd like to try it," she admitted with more bravery than she felt.

Now Evan was on the defensive. It might have been his idea, but he needed to know why his wife was saying yes so easily to a strange sexual request. "Why are you agreeing to this?"

She shrugged. The motion made her tits bob up and down, momentarily distracting Evan. "I don't know. Curiosity. Maybe because you asked. If it's something you want to try and I can help with and it makes you happy…why not?"

Despite himself—despite his logical brain telling him to be cautious, Evan couldn't help himself. "Would you…?"

"Would I what?" Sondra asked.

“Go down on her. Eat her pussy.”

A silence fell between them.

“Do you want me to do that?”

“Yes.”

“I’d eat her out then,” Sondra said. “I’d make her cum. Is that what you want me to do?”

“Yes.” Evan’s voice shook and his cock was hard against her leg. “Could I fuck her while she went down on you?” he asked. His cock was twitching now. She could feel it. Sondra reached down and wrapped her hand around him. When she slowly started jerking him off his body shuddered and she was certain he was going to cum on her rather than in her. She stopped stroking and simply held him, her grip firm around the base of his cock.

She nodded at him. His eyes were unfocused and he only existed in his fantasy and in the palm of her hand. “I’d do that. But I get to be in charge.”

Evan moaned, “Yes.”

“Fuck me,” she said. “I need your cock.”

That was all he needed to climb on top of her and sink his cock into her cunt. They had barely begun having sex but he was already hard—that wasn’t notable—but her pussy was soaked as if he had been eating her out for an hour or had emptied and entire bottle of lube into her. That surprised him. It was energizing to see how excited she was, that the thought of another woman in bed with them was as much a turn on to her as it was to him.

“Faster, faster,” she encouraged him. “Slam it into me. Harder!”

It was all Evan could do to keep up with her demands. There was no technique to his lovemaking tonight, it was all primal lust and immediate gratification. He focused himself, holding back, by thinking about the pile of paperwork waiting on his desk at the office. Sondra came first and the enthusiasm of her orgasm scared him. She let out a small shrieking cry of relief—it would have been loud enough to wake their children if they weren’t on the opposite side of the house

and behind two closed doors—and her body shook as if under and epileptic fit. She was barely through her orgasm when he lost control, emptying his balls deep into her pussy. As each spurt left his body he thrust his hips hard against her, trying to make her cum again.

When they were finally done, Evan collapsed against his wife, completely drained. “Fuck that was good,” he mumbled into her neck.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “But you still need to nurse,” she reminded him. “My breasts are so full.”

Almost by instinct Evan moved down her body to take up her nipple in his mouth and suckle from her. It helped her relax and come down from the extraordinary high she had just experienced. Normally nursing excited Evan, but this time it just helped put him to sleep. He fell asleep with her breast in his mouth.

The next morning they sat across each other at the breakfast table. The kids had already left on the bus for school and they had fifteen minutes together. It was a ritual they only had twice a week.

“Do you have someone in mind?” Sondra asked as she took a bite of her blueberry bagel.

Evan blinked at her. “Someone in mind for what?” he asked stupid.

Sondra resisted the urge to roll her eyes. “Someone in mind to get in bed with us. I want approval over whoever it is you decide on. No sluts from your office—or mine. I couldn’t bear going to work knowing what some of those women look like naked.”

“No, no one from work,” he said. “You’re still serious about this?” He marveled at his wife. It was a foreign idea to them, but somehow she was suddenly on board with the new suggestion, a threesome.

She nodded with apparent eagerness. “I gave it some more thought last night—you fell right asleep and you snored horribly—and thought why the fuck not. I don’t want my life to be missed opportunities. I had a chance to go to bed with a

girl in college and I said no. I don’t want more regret like that to loom over my head.”

“Wait. What girl in college?” They had gone to different schools and had met shortly after they graduated, but this was a story Evan had never heard before.

“Danielle Morrison. You don’t know her. She was the biggest slut on campus. Well, maybe the biggest slut in my dorm sophomore year. Night before Christmas break most of the dorm is empty and she comes back from some party drunk. We were suitemates. I heard her banging around in the living room trying to get her door open and went out to see what was going on. I helped her into her room and she pulled me into her bed. Nothing happened—just a few kisses—but it could have. I wouldn’t have been the first girl in her bed.” She smiled and sighed dreamily. “God, she was beautiful. I wonder what happened to her.”

Evan’s reaction was a blank stare. “Wow. I have sudden and new-found respect for you.”

“It isn’t the type of story you just tell everyone,” Sondra added.

“Right,” he agreed. “So you really want to go through with this?”

“Yes,” she said smugly, happy in the knowledge she still had secrets—many secrets—from her husband and happy that she could still surprise him. “So who is she?” Sondra asked. “You must have someone in mind of you wouldn’t have asked me in the first place. I know how your mind works. And don’t tell me it’s my cousin because that’s not going to happen.”

He grinned at her. Sondra’s cousin was commonly known as the most beautiful member of her family—and Evan agreed up to a point. But he had flatly stated on more than one occasion that Paula had an artificial beauty. It took her an hour to put on makeup every morning and she looked fake and plastic to Evan’s eyes. Sure, she might be beautiful on paper, but in reality she was not out of the ordinary. “Would you be upset if it’s someone you know?”

“It depends on the someone,” she said, “and not if I already know her or not.”

With a deep breath he managed to force the name out between his lips. “Rebecca.”

Sondra's eyes narrowed. "Who. Not Rebecca Clines from down the street. She's older than your mother."

"Hell no!" he was offended at the suggestion. "Rebecca the lifeguard at the gym. Great body, short brown hair?"

"The one that looks a little butch?" Sondra asked.

"I suppose so."

"That makes sense. Not a lesbian but someone open to the idea of a threesome, she'd have to be bi…" Sondra trailed off.

"Does this make you bi?" he asked with a small leer.

Everything clicked into place for Sondra. The early mornings. Evan's exhaustion. His suggestion for a threesome. "Oh my god. You've been fucking her all this time."

Evan realized he was caught and froze hoping that pretending to be a statue would protect him. "Um…" was all he managed to say.

"Is she any good?" Sondra asked sharply.

Evan had to answer honestly. Lying now seemed to be a terrible idea. "She's… good," he admitted.

"Does she know about your need to nurse, that I'm lactating?"

He shook his head. "No."

"Is she kinky? Is she bi?" Evan couldn't get a read on his wife. Was she angry or intrigued? Was she gathering information to divorce him or to enhance their sex life?

"I don't know if she's kinky. She's bi. She told me."

"Is she married?"

"No. She's living with someone." Evan didn't go into detail.

“Do you know I’ve been fucking Hank?” Sondra asked.

“What?”

Evan’s reaction was complete confusion. Was his wife putting him on or was she being serious?

“I’ve been fucking him ever since he told you to lose weight. My tits hurt. I went to his office for some pain relievers and instead made him nurse. He likes it. I liked it. We started having sex. I told him it was his fault for making you cut back on nursing me.”

“Oh,” was Evan’s stunned reaction.

“He’s a good fuck but also selfish. I already knew that.” She paused in her questions and statements. “How does this make you feel?” Sondra asked.

Evan said, “I don’t know.” He looked down at his lap and saw his cock hard beneath his pants. He glanced at the clock. No matter what happened now he was going to be late for work. “I’m turned on,” he admitted.

Sondra glanced at the clock as well and grinned. Her panties were sticking to her from the moisture flowing from her cunt. She stood up and yanked her skirt up over her hips, bent over the table and pulled down her panties. “Make it quick,” she said.

In less than a minute Evan had opened up his pants, pulled out his erect cock, and sunk it into Sondra’s proffered orifice. The fuck was quick and primal. Sondra came first with a shuddering groan quickly followed by Evan who found it difficult to stand when he was done bathing her pussy with his spunk.

“Maybe this will work,” he told her.

# Chapter Seven

It had been years since Sondra had been in a hotel room. As always, walking into the empty, anonymous space felt a little odd until she had set down her bag and pulled out a few items from home.

“When will she get here?” Sondra asked. She managed to keep her voice steady even though she was shaking on the inside. Her stomach was a twisted knot of anxiety. She didn’t know if she actually wanted to do this or was just going along with it because her husband wanted it. Or if she was doing it to piss of Hank. Most likely it was a combination of all of those factors. She wanted to call home and check on her children being babysat for the night by her mother, but they had only left the house an hour earlier. It was just her nerves, she reasoned.

Evan glanced at his watch. “In about ten minutes.” He was bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet, eager to get the evening’s entertainment underway. If he had any misgivings about what they were to do he wasn’t showing it at all. “Nervous?” he asked.

“Yes. Of course. Why wouldn’t I be when I’m about to have sex with a woman I’ve never met?” she snapped at him.

“You’ve met her,” Evan pointed out. “You’ve spoken several times at the pool.”

She rolled her shoulders trying to reduce the tension. “Not since we agreed to this little game,” she pointed out.

He read the expression on her face and he quickly became crestfallen. “Do you want to back out?” he asked her.

She wanted to, but she lied to him. “No, I’m willing to give it a chance.”

He started to reply, but there was a polite knock at the door. “Room service or Rebecca?” he asked his wife. She shrugged. He went to the door and peered through the peephole before opening it.

Rebecca walked through with a smile plastered on her face. Sondra was sure if the lifeguard had been meeting Evan alone he would have been met with a kiss. As it was, all Evan got was a polite hello. Sondra's hostess instincts kicked in and she walked across the room to greet Rebecca with a polite handshake. "Rebecca," she heard herself saying, "so nice to meet you again."

The younger woman nervously ran her hand through her short brown hair and smile back, glancing once at Evan who stood with a goofy grin on his face. "Yeah, we've met a few times at the pool. Your kids are so cute."

What then followed, much to Evan's disappointment, was a discussion of the Jacobs' children, their swimming lessons and skill levels, along with how quickly kids grew up.

"How long have you worked at the gym being a lifeguard?" Sondra asked. She was comfortable asking questions about someone's job rather than inquiring about her preferences in bed and if she liked her clit rubbed up and down or in circles.

"About five years now," Rebecca said and glanced at Evan who hadn't said a word since the two women started talking. "I've been keeping an eye on your husband," she said slyly.

"And apparently a lot more," Sondra said but her tone was too sharp. Rebecca took a nervous half-step back. Sondra instantly apologized. "Oh my god. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to sound like that. I've never done this before," she said trying to explain.

"Never had sex before?" Rebecca teased, trying to keep the evening moving along.

"Never had a threesome before," Sondra said.

Rebecca said, "Oh, I have. This will be my third. A third triple as it were."

"Wow," Sondra exclaimed. "I'm impressed."

"But we haven't even made it to the bed yet," Rebecca said, eyeing the king sized mattress in the middle of the room.

“Right,” Sondra said. “I’m a little nervous. I’ve never done this before.”

Rebecca smiled, abruptly leaned in and gave Sondra a little kiss on the cheek, before saying, “Don’t worry. I’m not here to steal your husband. I just want to have sex with him.” She giggled, sounding a little like a schoolgirl, and added, “Again.”

“How do we do this?” Evan asked, eager to get things moving along. He looked at Rebecca. “You’re the expert.”

She glanced at Sondra’s big boob, trying not to be obvious about her gaze, and said, “Well, if Sondra’s nervous, then probably the best thing is for you two to start and I’ll join in when the time is right.”

“I’ve never had sex in front of anyone before either,” Sondra said and immediately regretted it because she sounded like an inexperienced fool.

“First time for everything, honey,” said Evan.

“That’s okay,” Rebecca said. “I don’t get off on watching people have sex. I get off on having sex with them.”

Evan didn’t let Sondra say anything else and simply grabbed her and kissed her fiercely, pushing her backward toward the bed. They fell upon it together, a tangle of limbs, and the started pulling each other’s clothes off. Rebecca faded into the background but watched the married couple carefully.

They were kissing passionately. Evan’s shirt was off and he was working on her blouse. When he tugged it over her head, her large breasts came into view, half obscured by a lacy black bra that barely contained the soft flesh. Despite herself, Rebecca sucked in her breath at the beautiful sight. She wanted to join the couple immediately, but restrained herself. Evan knew what he was doing. He reached around his wife’s back and unhooked the quadruple closure. The piece of lingerie fell from her shoulders to the bed, exposing her tits.

Now Rebecca couldn’t help herself. She had dressed casually in jeans and plain shirt with a light jacket over that. The jacket had been hung up when she walked into the room. She had already kicked off her shoes and had been in the process of removing her shirt when suddenly Sondra was topless. Rebecca tossed her shirt to the floor and joined them on the bed.

“You have beautiful breasts,” she said to Sondra and kissed the other woman. Evan was in the middle of pushing off his pants when his girlfriend had jumped on his wife. He stopped mid-stripping and watched as they kissed.

Sondra didn’t know how to respond at first when she was kissed. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Evan watching with his goofy, lust-infected grin and she relaxed. If nothing else, she could put on a nice show for him, and early birthday present. But Rebecca’s kiss was soft and insistent and she lost herself in the kiss. Rebecca’s tongue probed and her lips sucked on Sondra’s and the married woman realized that kissing another woman wasn’t bad at all. In some ways, it was better than kissing a man: there was no scratchy stubble to deal with.

“I love your breasts,” Rebecca said as she gently massaged one with her hand while kissing her way down Sondra’s neck and collar bone. Evan said nothing. Sondra was too far gone in the moment to do anything at all other than rest her fingers on Rebecca’s shoulders, feeling the soft fabric of the other woman’s athletic bra. That made sense. She was a lifeguard and she didn’t need much support for her small tits.

Rebecca’s mouth had reached Sondra’s breast and she lightly licked, then sucked on the fat red nipple. Sondra sighed. Evan’s mouth worked but not a sound came out of his mouth. Rebecca eagerly sucked and played with Sondra’s nipple for a minute, then realized there was an incredibly sweet flavor in her mouth. At first she dismissed it as a latent sensory confusion because she was caught up in the moment of sex with a new partner. Then she realized there was more in her mouth than just nipple and saliva.

She swallowed and let go of Sondra’s breast.

“What was that?” she asked with a small cough.

“What was what?” Sondra asked, upset and confused that her new lover had suddenly stopped in the middle of nursing. Then she realized what had happened. She burst out with a bit of laughter. “Oh shit. You didn’t tell her?” she asked, looking at Evan.

“I…uh…never got about to it,” he admitted.

“Got around to what?” Rebecca asked, a bit worried but the couple was mostly

amused. Evan looked a bit embarrassed.

“I’m lactating,” Sondra told her. “Evan gets off on it and he never told you?!” She grabbed a pillow from the bed and swatted her husband with it. “Please go back to it,” she begged Rebecca. “It felt so good. It’s just breast milk. It’s harmless. And good for you.”

Rebecca eye the other woman’s full breasts dubiously. “I don’t know…are you sure.”

“She’s sure,” Evan said as he moved next to his wife. He was now naked. His cock semi-erect. “Try it again. Her flavor is so sweet and it gets her so excited when her milk lets down.” He lowered his mouth over the breast Rebecca had been massaging but not sucking. A few small beads of milk had formed on the nipple before he sucked on it. Sondra sighed in contentment as he drew out the milk.

Sondra smiled at Rebecca. “Try it,” she pleaded. “I’ve never had both breasts nursed at the same time before.”

Shyly—this was a new experience that Rebecca hadn’t been expecting to try this night—she lowered her mouth to Sondra’s breast and gently sucked. She was immediately rewarded with a gentle squirt of warm liquid in her mouth. It was thin and sweet. She swallowed. In went nicely into her tummy. It was a pleasant, Rebecca realized, and continued to nurse on the other woman.

The sensations running from her nipples to the rest of her body made Sondra moan and writhe about with excitement. She wanted to put her hand down between her legs, but she was still wearing her skirt and leggings—besides which, Rebecca and Evan blocked her reach. All she could do was place her hands on the backs of their heads and encourage them to suck harder. And then it happened. She came without anything or anyone touching her pussy.

Evan was well familiar with the sounds of Sondra’s orgasms and he was surprised at how easy it was to make her cum from nursing. Rebecca wasn’t alarmed, but she stopped sucking when Sondra’s orgasm was over. “Wow,” she said to the older woman.

“I came,” Sondra said with a touch of guilt in her voice.

“I could tell.”

“Thank you,” she told Rebecca.

“How come I don’t get thanked?” asked Evan.

“Because you’ve made me cum before,” she told him curtly.

“It was a team effort!” he protested.

She ignored him and leaned her head down to kiss Rebecca who had rested her cheek on the other woman’s mostly full breast. “Thank you,” she said again.

“You’re welcome,” Rebecca said happily. “Want me to keep going?”

“You want to nurse some more?” Sondra asked, a little puzzled.

Rebecca shook her head and reached for Sondra’s skirt. There was no protest as she tugged down the zipper. Evan watched eagerly as his wife assisted Rebecca in pulling off her skirt and removing her leggings, leaving her in just a pair of black silk panties. “Ready?” Rebecca asked.

Evan wanted to answer for his wife, but held his tongue. Sondra’s stomach was a knot of nervous anticipation, but she was enjoying herself. There was nothing to do but turn herself over to the moment. She lifted up her hips and Rebecca pulled down the panties. She was so wet the fine silk clung to her labia for a moment before releasing, allowing Rebecca to slide them off Sondra’s legs.

Being naked made her feel much more relaxed, even though Rebecca was still mostly clothe. Her husband was naked—and erect—so that helped. Without waiting for permission Rebecca got between Sondra’s legs and kissed the inside of her thigh. She looked at Sondra’s wet cunt and smiled. “You have a beautiful pussy,” she said and lowered her face to Sondra’s sex.

Evan watched. Sondra glanced at her husband, took in his wide grin and open eyes, and then reached out to grab ahold of his cock. She was going to start stroking him, but Rebecca’s clever little tongue found her clit and a pair of fingers slipped up into her pussy which made it impossible for her to concentrate on anything other than what was between her legs. She clutched the sheets with one hand and Evan’s cock with the other. Rebecca knew exactly how to eat out

another woman and in the back of her head Sondra wondered why she hadn't done this earlier in her life. Not going to bed Danielle was the biggest mistake in her sex life.

The first orgasm—actually her second of the night—was a little one, but it primed Sondra's body for the next series. Evan watched in awe as Rebecca made his wife cum again and again over the next five minutes. Sondra gasped and groaned. Her body flopped about. Evan kissed her several times on the lips, forehead, and cheek, but she barely seemed to notice.

The ordeal—the wonderful, exuberant ordeal—was finally over when Sondra was able to have one last powerful orgasm, much stronger than the small ones she had been having. It was strong enough to make her come back to her senses and push Rebecca's face away from her pussy. "Stop, stop," she insisted. "I need to rest."

Rebecca grinned up at her new lover with eyes glinting, full of lust. "Did you like that?" The lower half of her face was covered in Sondra's juices.

Sondra nodded. "Yeah. You're better than Evan at eating pussy."

"Hey!" her husband objected. The two women laughed.

"Can it be my turn now?" Sondra asked.

Evan said, "I think you already had your turn."

Sondra shook her head. "Nope. I meant it's my turn to please Rebecca." She let go of Evan's cock and sat up. "If you don't mind."

"I don't mind," Evan said. His cock twitched as his wife looked expectantly at Rebecca.

"I was talking to her," Sondra said, not taking her eyes off her new lover.

"Sure," said Rebecca and got to her knees. She reached under her small breasts, got her fingers under the tight material of her athletic bra, and pulled the contraption over her body, releasing her small tits.

"Holy shit," Sondra exclaimed. Rebecca was wearing the silver rings with the

blue captive beads. They had been impossible to detect under her heavyweight bra.

Rebecca looked askance at Evan. “I guess your husband didn’t tell you about my nipple piercings,” she said to Sondra.

Sondra shook her head. “No. I think he’s been keeping a lot of secrets from me.” The two women laughed at Evan, but he wasn’t upset by the treatment. “Can I kiss them? Suck them?” she asked.

“Please!” Rebecca said and crawled atop Sondra, pushing her back onto the mattress and pillows. She brought one of her nipples to Sondra’s mouth. The older woman opened up and drew the little nipple and its ring into her mouth. She spent a minute experimenting, moving her mouth back and forth between the two dangling breasts and their jewelry, feeling the contrast of flesh and metal.

“No milk,” Sondra commented when she was done.

“Uh-huh,” Rebecca said absently, wishing Sondra would continue with her play. “Yeah, I guess if I was lactating, mine would be bigger.

“But I didn’t come here tonight for your breasts—or milk,” Sondra said as she pushed the younger, fit woman to the side, rolling her onto the sheets and kissing her.

“I know.”

“Can I…explore?” Sondra asked, suddenly shy.

“Yes. Please.”

With one last glance at Evan, and a warning finger telling him not to join in or interfere, Sondra slowly kissed her way down Rebecca’s body, pausing briefly to stick her tongue in her belly button. When she reached Rebecca’s waist she eagerly unzipped her jeans and started pushing them down. They weren’t extremely tight, but Rebecca had to lift up her hips to get them loose. After all the effort, Sondra didn’t want to repeat the process so she just pulled down Rebecca’s panties in the same motion.

And she abruptly found herself next not a naked woman. A naked woman who had shaved off all her pubic hair. Sondra wasn't completely surprised by this development, it was just another detail Evan had not mentioned to her. While she sported a nice, neat triangle of black curls above her pussy, Sondra had previously experimented with more extreme pubic hairstyles. Being completely shaved in the summer was nice and cool, but since it was early spring it was too soon for that particular change just yet.

"You shaved," she commented, lightly touching the swell of Rebecca's labia. She hadn't yet opened her legs to offer Sondra a view of her pussy.

"I'm a lifeguard," Rebecca said. "Life is easier this way."

"Uh-huh," Sondra said absently. She pushed on Rebecca's thigh and the brunette took the hint, opening up her legs to reveal her already wet and swollen pussy. She was completely smooth and her inner labia stuck out just a little bit, making her look like a pouting girl. Sondra was beyond asking questions. While she didn't find the sight of a woman's sex to be all that stimulating, in this situation with what had already happened and what she wanted to happen combined with her desire to please Evan and—oddly—the warm, musky smell emanating from Rebecca's pussy, she was enamored of the other woman's pussy.

She pushed her face forward and kissed Rebecca's clit. It was prominent at the top of her slit. After wiggling her tongue against the little bead of pleasure, she slid down the length of Rebecca's slit and buried her tongue deep in her pussy.

Her flavor was musky and sour, not all that different from Sondra's own pussy. It was strange to be putting her mouth in another woman's pussy, but it wasn't at all unpleasant. At first she had told herself she was doing it for Evan's enjoyment; he liked watching lesbian porn. Then she had told herself she was doing it for Rebecca's enjoyment, in order to please her new friend and to reciprocate for the powerful orgasms Rebecca had given her. But in the end she was doing it because it pleased her to do so. It was wonderful to make another person have an orgasm and it was easy to make Rebecca cum. And making Rebecca cum was easy. Sondra had her tongue on Rebecca's clit and a finger up her pussy when suddenly her pussy clamped down and her body slightly shook.

"Just a little one," Rebecca breathed. "Don't stop."

Sondra didn't and a minute later Rebecca had another, stronger orgasm. She

came with a strong, shrill cry of triumph and pleasure.

A pleased laugh escaped Sondra's lips. "I made a girl cum," she announced happily.

Rebecca grabbed her lover's face and kissed her, tasting her own pussy on the other woman. "Thank you. I didn't have quite that reaction when I did the same thing, but thank you."

The women hugged and kissed before being interrupted by Evan. "Um…that was great, but is it my turn yet?" His cock was hard, large and red because he had been stroking it while the girls made love, yet he hadn't wanted to cum himself. He wanted them to make him cum.

They looked over at him and giggled. "Maybe we're done," Sondra said. She marveled at how easily she had slipped into the role of bisexual woman who teased her husband. It was fun so there was no reason not to.

"Stop teasing him," Rebecca said to her new friend. "Would you like to fuck him or can he fuck me while you watch?"

While she hadn't considered exactly what they would do together, the thought of watching her husband make love with another woman was exciting, intriguing, and naughty. It also gave her a pang of jealousy. She liked that.

"I want to watch the two of you together," Sondra said. She licked her lips and nodded at Rebecca. Her stomach was still in a knot. She half wanted this kinky fantasy to come true, but in her heart she also had a pang on jealousy that told her it was a terrible idea. Since she had already spoken the words and she knew that Rebecca and Evan had already fucked what difference did it make? Besides, she had just had sex with Rebecca right in front of Evan and he hadn't minded a bit.

Evan looked nervously at Rebecca for a moment, then she reached out to him and he moved over to her. They kissed and rolled over on the bed together. Sondra watched them intently, but moved to the opposite edge of the bed. She wanted them to pretend she wasn't there. She wanted to spy on them and catch them in the act.

They were familiar lovers so it was easy for Evan to get on top of Rebecca as

she opened up her legs. They kissed again and Rebecca reached down for Evan's cock, finding just the right angle so it slipped into her pussy. She breathed in with a shuddering sigh as her eyelids fluttered. And just like that, before Sondra's eyes, they were fucking.

Sondra watched as Evan's as rose and fell as he thrusted his cock into his girlfriend. Although she couldn't actually see his cock or Rebecca's pussy, she knew exactly what was happening. It was the most exciting thing in the world to Sondra's eyes—at the same time it was also the most mundane. One part of her mind was telling her she should be screaming with jealousy and rage—the other part told her what she was witnessing was the most erotic moment of her life. A third part told her she should confess her relationship about Hank, but she ignored that part.

On a certain level two people having sex was terribly commonplace. It happened all the time throughout the world. It could be viewed at any time on the internet. Sondra had done it hundreds, if not thousands, of times in her life. So watching her husband's body move against the woman he had been fucking for the past few months was nothing special. But it still gave her an incredible thrill in her belly—and lower. Sondra pushed her hand between her legs and felt her wet, swollen pussy. Finding her clit was easy and she slowly jilled off as she watched her husband make love to another woman.

That's what did it for Sondra, that her husband wasn't just having sex with Rebecca—if it was a simple physical action and reaction that would have been fine. It was that he was making love to her. He was using his cock in her pussy and they were both loving it. As was Sondra. Her mind was awhirl with confliction feelings and passions. That was what got her off. To her surprise, she came first.

She must have been loud because Rebecca and Evan stopped mid-fuck and stared at her. Sondra actually blushed and said, "Sorry. Didn't mean to be so loud."

"It's okay," Rebecca replied and reached across the bed for Sondra's hand. Evan resuming fucking his girlfriend in front of his wife as they held hands. That was enough to get him off in a few more thrusts. Sondra was unsure if Rebecca ever got off with Evan's cock. She didn't really care either.

“That was awesome,” Rebecca said to Evan and gave him another kiss. “Thank you too, honey,” she added to Sondra with a squeeze of her hand and turning her head. “Thanks for lending him to me.”

Sondra nodded once and then burst into tears. Rebecca must have pushed Evan away because she was embracing and kissing Sondra a moment later, comforting her like a mother comforting a child. “Shh, shh, what’s the matter, honey?”

Sniffles prevented Sondra from answering immediately. Eventually she got herself under control and managed to say, “I don’t know. I’m jealous. I shouldn’t have let Evan fuck you. I’m stupid for doing this. I’ve fucked everything up.”

“Shh, shh, don’t say that,” Rebecca told her. “You haven’t fucked anything up.”

She continued to snivel a bit and then added, “He’s going to leave me for you.” The comment ended with a wail of agony.

Evan was quick for a response to that comment. “I’m not going to leave you for her.”

“He’s not going to leave you for me,” Rebecca clarified. “I don’t want him?”

“What?” Now Sondra was confused. Her emotions were a turmoil of muddy water and three people naked on a bed wasn’t helping matters. Nor was the fact she was still turned on by both of them.

“He’s not my type,” Rebecca qualified.

“Oh?” She hadn’t meant it exactly as a question, but it came out that way.

Rebecca laughed. “Yeah. He’s missing two things I’m looking for in a long term partner.”

“What’s that?” Sondra asked, genuinely curious now.

“Yeah, what’s that exactly?” Evan chimed in, a little bit offended.

Rebecca glanced nervously between the two of them. “Well, he doesn’t have tits and he doesn’t have swimmers.”

The married couple exchanged a glance of incomprehension. “What?” Sondra asked.

Rebecca pulled back a bit and leaned against the bed’s headboard. “I like women slightly better than I like men—at least emotionally. I like cock too, but that, I think, is a mostly physical thing. Long term? I bet I’m going to get married to a woman. But…and here’s the problem…I want to have kids too and apparently Evan got a vasectomy before I could get to him.”

Sondra briefly wondered if Rebecca was insinuating that she wanted to get rid of Evan and keep Sondra for herself. But that made no sense; they had really just met and become intimate. Then Sondra remembered that Rebecca was living with another woman. Her girlfriend? Fiancée? Lesbian life partner? So what she really needed was a man—or a sperm donor, really—who could satisfy her need for children. Perhaps she wanted something more than that because Rebecca had said a couple of times that she liked cock and was probably unwilling to give that up even if she did marry a woman. She was one of those rare unicorns—a truly bisexual woman.

Even though she had just had sex with Rebecca, Sondra didn’t really consider herself bisexual. It was fun and exciting and kinky to have sex her—and she would probably do it again given a decent chance—but she didn’t have any actual emotional desire for a woman to share her life with. Evan was enough in that respect.

“Oh,” Sondra said as she processed these thoughts. “You want to marry a woman but you need a man to impregnate you.”

Rebecca’s face soured slightly. “Thanks for summing up my life so simply.”

“Oh, sorry. I was just thinking about a possible solution to your problem. Though I have to say I’m a little upset you seduced my husband with the hope of him knocking you up.”

That caused Rebecca to shake her head violently. “No, no. The first time we had sex I was just in it for the cock. Then I found out he couldn’t have any more kids but I still continued to have sex with him.”

“Um, I’m here, you know,” Evan protested. “I’m a part of this too…”

With a wave of her hand Sondra dismissed him and said, “Um, that isn’t making you sound any better.”

“Well…I liked him. He was a good lay. You’re a lucky woman.” She pressed her luck. “What was the possible solution you were speaking of?”

Sondra smiled and leaned back into the bed’s pile of pillows, opened up her legs to display her pussy to her lovers. “Make me cum a few more times and maybe I’ll tell you about it.”

Rebecca and Evan exchanged a knowing smile and moved toward the older woman.

# Chapter Eight

When Evan led Henry into the kitchen he expected to see Sondra there or in the living room. Oddly, she didn't seem to be present at all. "Where's Sondra?" he asked his old friend. "I thought the three of us were having dinner like old times."

"She'll be here shortly," Evan said. Henry looked around. The kitchen was empty, not in use. No food was cooking.

"Are you ordering in?" he asked. "I don't think Chinese take-out goes well with Bully Hill wine."

"Yeah, we'll get to that in a second," Evan said and leaned back against the kitchen counter. He fixed a serious look on his face. "I know you've been fucking Sondra," he said.

Henry went into immediate denial and an innocence act. "What? Where are you getting an idea like that?"

Evan was unmoved. "She told me. And showed me your emails and texts."

His face whitened. "Oh." He looked at the two exits to the kitchen. One lead through the living room and out the front door. The other was a direct exit to the garage. The garage exit was closer. He started edging that way.

Observing his every move, Evan said, "Don't worry. I'm not going to flip out on you."

"You're not?" Henry said.

"I'm not that type of person. You should know that."

"Yeah, well, I've dealt with jealous husbands—angry jealous husbands—in the past."

"You probably shouldn't put your dick where it doesn't belong."

“Probably.”

“I was cheating on Sondra with another woman,” Evan said to put his friend at ease. “Fair is fair…but you still need to make up for what you did to us.”

Henry was confused. “I do?”

Evan’s mouth twisted angrily. “Of course you do. You fucked my wife without telling me.” Henry started to protest, but Evan put up a warning hand. “Yeah, yeah. I know the circumstances and all and how it was my fault because I'm not supposed to be drinking Sondra’s milk all the time because you think it’s what’s making me gain weight. So what.”

With a straight face Henry asked, “Would you have said yes if I’d asked to have sex with her?”

A sigh escaped Evan’s lips. “Don’t ask stupid questions, Henry. Come on upstairs, I’ve got something to show you and then you can me this up to me.”

“How am I going to do that, exactly?”

“You’ll see.”

They went up the stairs and Evan paused for just a moment at the closed door to his bedroom. Henry didn’t know what to think. He was certain if Evan was going to kill him, he would have been taken out to the garage or the backyard. Still…one never knew.

There were vague noised coming from the other side of the door. Evan didn’t knock, but just listened for a few seconds before he pushed it open.

Inside on the bed were two women. It took Henry only a moment to recognize Sondra, the other one he didn’t know at all. It might have been easier to make an identification if they weren’t both naked and the other woman wasn’t nursing from Sondra’s breast. Evan was talking but Henry was so stunned at what he saw none of the words registered. They took no note of the two men.

“Sondra you know,” Evan was saying. “Rebecca you could describe as our girlfriend. She likes Sondra’s milk almost as much and you and me.”

“Right,” Henry said vaguely. “What was it you wanted from me?”

As he spoke Sondra opened up her eyes and smiled at him. Rebecca glanced his way but her expression was hidden by Sondra’s large tit plus her mouth was busily sucking at Sondra’s nipple. He also now saw that the women weren’t truly naked. They both wore panties, but nothing else.

“You need to make up for your little transgression with Sondra,” Evan told him.

“How do I do that?” The incongruous situation didn’t register in his mind.

“We need you to fuck Rebecca,” Evan told him.

“Okay,” he immediately agreed.

“You don’t get to fuck Sondra,” Evan added.

“Fine.” He had already started pulling off his shirt.

“Hey, Hank,” Sondra said as she saw her friend was joining them on the bed. “You going to have sex with Rebecca?”

“Yeah.” He unzipped his pants and pulled them off as he continued to watch the women. Sondra was gently stroking Rebecca’s back as she nursed. Rebecca had her free hand resting on top of Sondra’s pubic mound, over her panties.

“You don’t even want a formal introduction?” Sondra asked him. Evan half faded into the background as he slowly took off his clothes as well.

“That’s not necessary,” Hank said as he regained some of his mental faculties. While he was easily seduced into almost any sexual game or situation, he still was a fairly intelligent man. “I can see she’s the type of woman up for just about anything with a man.”

“Or a woman,” Sondra said as she pulled her breast from Rebecca’s mouth who didn’t relinquish the flesh without a loud slurping sound. Sondra sat up and reached for Rebecca’s hips, pulling down her pink and green striped panties, exposing her shaved pussy to Henry. “She’s very open minded.”

“I can tell,” he said as he got on the bed. He was naked and his cock was already

hard. It wasn't that difficult to entice Henry into a round of sex with a woman. Or two women, he was hoping in the back of his mind. He had seen plenty of shaved cunts in his life both as a doctor and as a lover of women so that didn't surprise him. Seeing the rings through her nipples was only a delight. It showed him that she was the type of woman down for almost anything. They might be tiny tits, he thought, but that was no reason not to admire her body and allow her the pleasure of his cock. He did wonder where the Jacobs had met this willing woman, but that was information that could be learned later, at a better time.

He wanted to push her into the bed and fuck her traditional missionary style. That was the best way to fuck a woman for the first time. But apparently Rebecca wasn't that sort of woman. She got on her hands and knees, pointing her ass at him, and lowered her chest to the bed while she arched her back and spread her legs. It was an enticing vista, her wet and open cunt framed by muscular thighs and firm buttocks. Rebecca was obviously a woman who spent a lot of time in the gym.

She looked over her should at him with a wicked grin and quickly licked her lips. "Ready when you are, big guy," she said after a quick glance at his erect cock. Henry got behind her on the bed with his cock in hand and shoved it hard into her pussy. She gasped at the rough treatment but then sighed with contentment. Sometimes rough was nice. Sometimes rough was the best way to do it.

Henry wasn't wasting any time. He started fucking her hard and fast. "You like fucking women you don't know?" she asked him over her shoulder.

"Yeah," he said, barely acknowledging her. He grabbed her hips and held her in place. That was okay with Rebecca because Sondra had pulled off her star and moon patterned panties to slide under her friend and present her pussy to Rebecca. The lifeguard lowered her face and started eating out her friend. Henry grinned. He liked seeing women play with each other.

Sondra rested her head back and enjoyed what Rebecca was doing for her. She loved the feel of Rebecca's talented tongue working its way around her pussy. It hadn't taken Sondra long at all to decide that a woman was much better at eating pussy than a man. While the size of her female sample was small, only one, compared to her male sample, more than twenty in her lifetime, Rebecca was the best of all of them.

Henry huffed along happily, fucking Rebecca's tight pussy and enjoying the sensation of her trim ass and thighs against his body. He knew she was easily ten years younger than he was and that made the experience all the better. The fact that she shaved her cunt and her nipples were pierced made her, in his mind at least, a bit slutty and open to almost any sexual suggestion. He wished she would go so far as to put a ring through her clit—that would enshrine her in the temple of sluts.

That thought was what pushed him over the edge. His orgasm was abrupt and powerful. His balls contracted almost painfully and he shot several loads of spunk into Rebecca's waiting pussy. She grunted upon receiving his gift, but it was obvious to him and the Jacobs that he hadn't made her cum.

"Oh fuck that was good," he said, trying to save a little face for the short fuck and his lack of talent with a younger, attractive woman. "You're incredibly wet and tight."

Pulling her face from Sondra's cunt, Rebecca laughed—at the situation or at him, Henry couldn't tell—and caught Evan's eye. "I'm ready for you now." She looked meaningfully over her shoulder at Henry and he took the hint, pulling his wet and now semi-flaccid cock from her pussy. Evan was right there on the bed waiting for his turn.

There was nothing for Henry to do other than collapse on the bed next to Sondra. She said nothing to him but was so kind as to hold his hand as Evan entered Rebecca.

"Wow," Evan commented as he slipped almost too easily inside his girlfriend. "You're really wet."

She laughed again and before lowering her mouth back to Sondra's pussy, she said, "Of course I am. He just came in me."

Evan grunted in acknowledgment and set to fucking Rebecca. He kept it slow and steady, not to prolong the pleasure, but most to show off in front of Henry. He wanted to last longer than his friend and he wanted to make Rebecca cum as well. The second part would be easier. She was already primed and ready to climax, it was just a matter of time and technique.

He grabbed her hips and held her steady, glancing once at his wife and Henry

holding hands, then closed his eyes and focused on the moment. Rebecca was slick with Henry's spunk—that was okay with Evan. He wasn't so sure if he liked his wife holding hands with Henry, but they could address that later on.

It was Sondra who actually came first because of Rebecca's busy tongue and lips. Listening to her cum—her heavy breathing, her moans of pleasure, her little squeal as her climax shook her body—quickly brought Evan to the edge—but not quite. He paused for a moment, moved his hand from Rebecca's hip to the crest of her rump, spanning it with his fingers and pressing in thumb just barely into her anus. Alarmed at this sudden invasion of her ass, Rebecca tightened up reflexively giving Evan a little more friction. He pumped her a little more and came hard—though not nearly as hard as Henry—forcing several heavy spurts of cum into her pussy.

After that he was exhausted and it was easy for him to pull out.

Rebecca made a little noise of disappointment.

"What's the matter, honey?" Sondra asked her.

She hadn't been licking Sondra's pussy for the past minute while Evan had finished in her. "I didn't cum yet," she all but whined. She had been so close to the edge that she had relaxed a little too much, reveling in the two cocks that had been busily fucking her, that she had calmed herself right out of an orgasm.

"I can help you with that," Sondra said magnanimously. "Fingers or mouth or both?" she waggled her long fingers in Rebecca's face, teasing her.

Rebecca shook her head. "No. Cock. I want cock." She was panting and clearly on the edge. Almost anything would push her over to climax, but she was begging for cock regardless. Sondra was a bit miffed but considered going to her dresser and pulling out one of her vibrators when Henry spoke up.

"I can help you with that," he said feeling proud of himself. While the others had been preoccupied with their own pleasures, Henry had been stroking his cock back to life as he observed his own live personal sex show right in front of his eyes. While Evan was nothing special to look at, Rebecca was an athletic beauty and watching her get fucked had re-ignited the fire of lust in his loins.

Looking over at him and seeing his almost hard cock was nearly enough for

Rebecca. “Okay,” she said. “You can have a second go, but first…” She leaned over and took his cock into her mouth. Immediately she tasted the combination of her pussy and his semen. It was an earthy, human taste not found anywhere else and certainly wouldn’t be classified as delicious in any other context. The warmth of her mouth and the rasping sensation of her tongue along the sensitive underside was enough to bring Henry to full attention.

Pulling out of her mouth—as difficult as that was for him—Henry said, “I don’t want to waste it down your throat,” he said as he got to his knees to get around behind her. She didn’t give him that chance and instead rolled from between Sondra’s legs and onto her back, opening up her thighs and inviting him in like so many women had done to so many men in the history of humanity.

“Fuck me this way,” she said and brought her feet up off the bed, pointing her knees at the ceiling and waited for him.

Henry was quick to accommodate her, getting on top of her body and between her legs in the traditional missionary position. Her cunt was already wet and open so it was no problem at all slipping his cock into her.

“So glad to have you back, Dr. Henry,” she said to him once he was settled in.

“Glad to be here,” he replied as he started moving his hips back and forth. The strangeness of the situation had worn off a little bit and his brain was back functioning nearly at normal levels. A thought occurred to him. “I don’t think we were ever formally introduced.”

“I’m Rebecca,” she said with a knowing grin. “But I think you already knew that.”

His cock went deep into her pussy and he ground his pubic bone against her clit. She moaned appreciatively. “I did. But I didn’t ever give you my name. How do you know I’m a doctor.”

“Evan told me,” she sighed. “I’ve never fucked a doctor before.”

“My actual name is John. Everyone calls me Henry.”

“Except me,” interrupted Sondra. “I call him Hank.”

“They told you all about me, didn’t they?” Henry asked as he ground his cock harder and deeper into her cunt. She appeared to love the way he fucked her.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “We tricked you into fucking me.”

“Wasn’t a hard trick. You could have just asked.”

Evan interrupted their conversation. “But then how would I get you agree to stop fucking my wife?” he asked.

The other man glanced over at the Jacobs. They were curled up together and Evan’s head rested on her chest. “You could have asked.”

With a nod, Evan agreed. “True, but now I’m giving you a reward for not fucking my wife.”

“I’m a reward?” Rebecca asked. Her words descended into a groan as Henry started fucking her harder.

“You certainly are, my dear,” Sondra said and brought Evan’s mouth back to her nipple. He had been nursing from her as they watched the other couple fuck. A bit of milk was dribbling out of the nipple he hadn’t been sucking on. There was still plenty inside her boobs but the group had gotten distracted while fucking Rebecca. Evan preferred to nurse from his wife first before sex, but he was adaptable.

“I’m not sure I like being used as a reward,” she moaned and squeezed her eyes shut. Her moan quickly developed into a cry of triumph as she climaxed. “Oh… that was good.”

“And I’m not done yet,” Henry said as she laid into her some more.

Once she came, it was easier for Rebecca to cum again. Henry’s hard cock in her pussy felt wonderful and she luxuriated in the sensation. Her pussy wasn’t just full of his flesh, it was also full of his—and Evan’s—spunk. She could feel it squishing around inside as he moved his cock in and out of her body. It felt dirty and naughty and kinky and the though made her have a little orgasm.

“So quick?” Henry asked as he looked at her scrunched up face from the climax.

“Uh-huh.”

Sondra filled in the details for him. “Rebecca is classically multi-orgasmic. Once she starts cumming, it’s hard to stop her from cumming.” Reaching out she grabbed her friend’s hand and gave it a squeeze, reinforcing their connection.

“Really?” Henry marveled and stopped all motion. Rebecca pounded on the bed in frustration at the sudden loss of friction.

“Fuck yes really!” she burst out at him. “Fuck me!”

“Use your hand to make yourself cum first,” Henry ordered. He stayed stock-still with his cock buried in her pussy and waited.

Because she was so frustrated with what he was doing to her, Rebecca immediately lowered her hand to her pussy, found her clit, and frigged it the best she could around his cock. It was difficult but not impossible. Since she was already on the roller coaster of orgasms, it was easy to crest the next high and cum once more.

“You’re beautiful when you cum,” Henry told her as he held his body up above hers. The orgasm had been good but not fantastic. She liked to cum from cock not from her fingers.

“Fuck me,” she ordered.

He obeyed and brought her off twice more before he was unable to resist the call of Venus once more and pumped his seed into her pussy, collapsing on her body.

Evan smiled as the two near-strangers rested together, their limbs entwined in a sweaty embrace. “A drink and a show,” he told his wife as he continued to drain milk from her heavy breasts.

“You promised to save me some,” Rebecca said as she pushed Henry’s body off hers and crawled across the bed to the couple. She took Sondra’s free breast in her mouth and sucked hard, was rewarded with a warm squirt of milk, and snuggled up against her girlfriend for a liquid feast.

“You three planned all this?” Henry asked from his side of the bed. He wasn’t upset, just a little surprised.

“Of course we did,” Evan said. “And part of the reward which is Rebecca is that you can’t fuck my wife anymore,” he said firmly.

“Really?” Henry was a bit surprised and disappointed. “Is that the full case of it?”

“Mostly,” Sondra said. “My pussy is off limits to you from now on. But what you do with Rebecca is between her and you.”

“I guess I’ll have to make due with Rebecca’s,” he said.

Rebecca smiled silently into Sondra’s breast and closed her eyes.

# End Part Two

# About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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