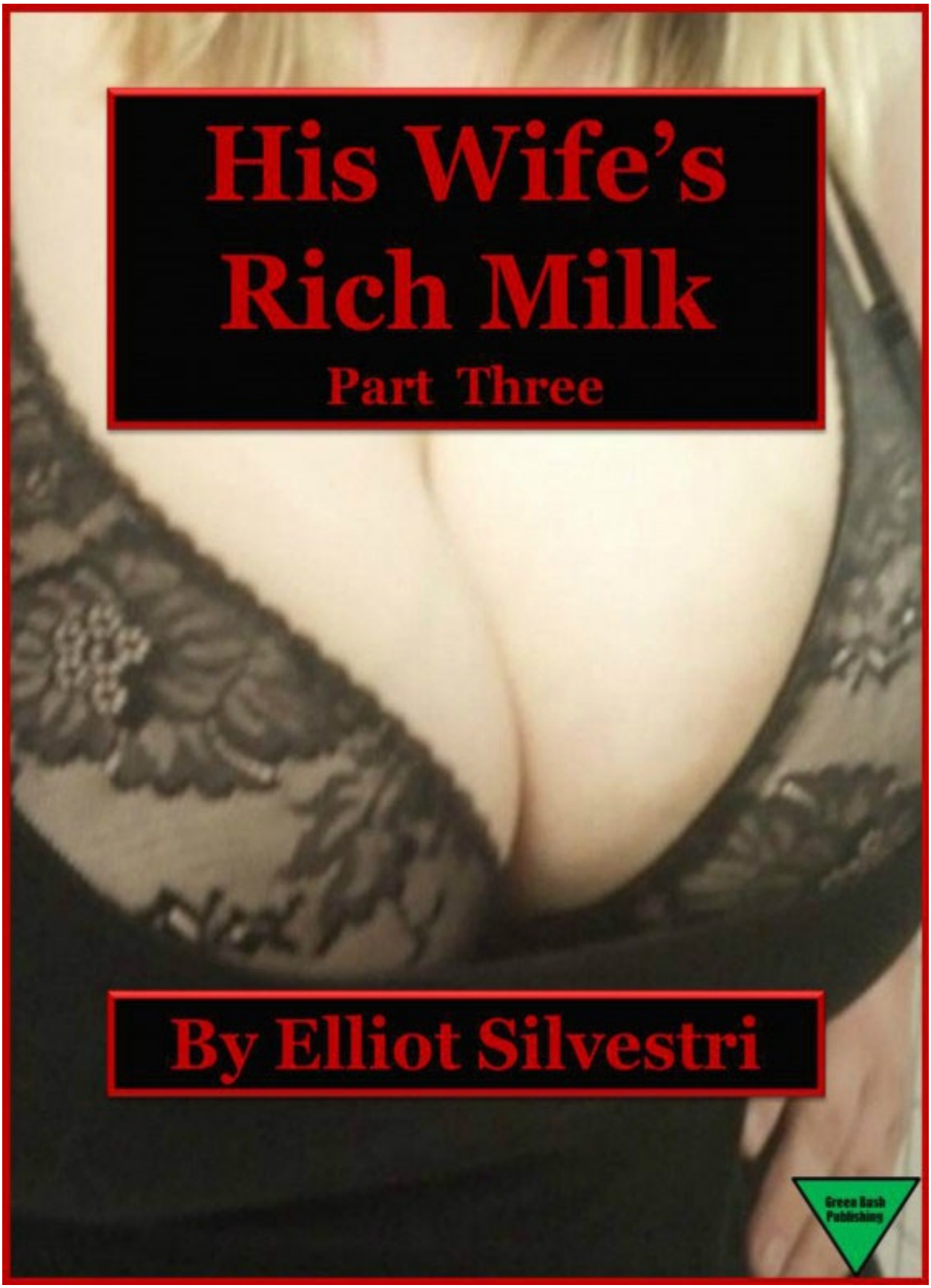
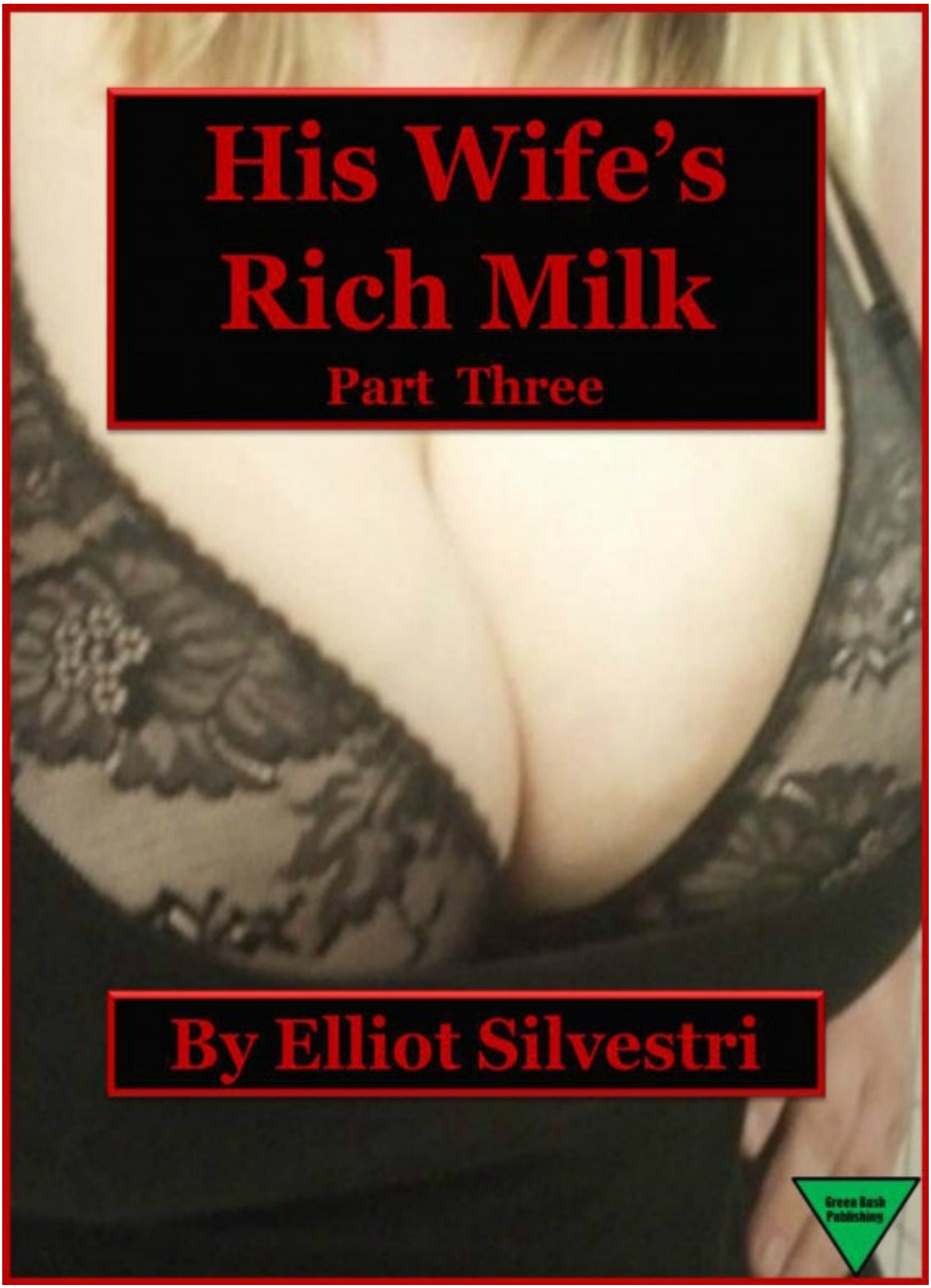

His Wife's
Rich Milk
Part Three
By Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush
Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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If you're lonely, I will call -

If you're poorly, I will send poetry

I love you

I am the milkman of human kindness

I will leave an extra pint

—Billy Bragg, “The Milkman of Human Kindness”

Part Three

Chapter Nine

Henry wasn't exactly surprised to see Sondra walk into his office a few days later. He was confused a bit, but not surprised. "Sondra…so nice to see you again so soon. How can I help you?"

She obviously knew how to manipulate his receptionist and get back into the private space of his medical offices. Henry tried to remember that for future reference; Sondra was more dangerous and aggressive than he had ever anticipated.

"Isn't it obvious?" Her suit jacket was already open. She dropped it to the chair and quickly popped open all the buttons to her blouse, displaying her ample cleavage barely contained by a translucent pink bra. "I need a little relief. I'm in pain again. Evan barely had time to nurse this morning and he can't nurse tonight. Plus I won't be able to see Rebecca tonight either." She slipped two fingers under the shoulder strap to her bra, just above where the strap met the cup, and slightly nudged it aside. There wasn't any additional skin or nipple shown, but the action alone was enough to make Henry's cock twitch inside his pants. He was already hard. He had gotten hard the moment she walked through the door. "Care for a taste?" She ran her fingers down the outside of her bra, over the material, hovering and circling for just a moment around her nipple which was hard and clearly on display for him to admire.

"Um…I thought we agreed not to do that," he said nervously. Was this a test? Was Evan up to something? "At least, Evan decreed that."

"Um…no, he didn't," she contradicted him.

"Excuse me?"

Sondra sighed. Hank was taking all the fun out of her game…and she wanted him to nurse. Her tits were starting to hurt they were so full of milk. "What exactly did he say when you came over to our place? While you were fucking Rebecca, what did he say to you?"

“He said I couldn’t fuck you anymore.”

She nodded her head in agreement. “And I added that my pussy was off limits to you. He—and I—never said anything about my milk.” She pushed down one bra strap exposing her right nipple. Her breast was round and full and Henry knew from past experience that it was ready to be nursed. She cupped her tit in one hand and slowly squeezed it with a rolling motion of her fingers forcing a few drops of milk to bead on the nipple, join together and quickly roll down the slope of the flesh to suddenly disappear between her fingers. “I think you want a taste, don’t you.”

“Yeah,” Henry hazily agreed.

“And think of his words,” she reminded him as Henry stumbled around his desk to kneel in front of her, seated in his patient chair, waiting for him. “He said you couldn’t fuck me.” Henry’s lips went to her nipple and gently sucked. Her milk let down and started filling his mouth. “I clarified for him…you can’t fuck my pussy.” She paused and reveled in the sensation of her milk flowing, of his lips on her tit, on the moisture pooling in her panties. “But that doesn’t mean my mouth is off limits. And I can use my hand on you,” she added.

Henry’s hand went up and into the bra’s left cup. The nipple was leaking milk and he lightly pinched it to stop the flow. She sucked in her breath at the twinge of pain.

“And don’t forget about my ass,” she whispered. “You can still fuck my ass. That’s not off limits.”

Henry took a brief break in his nursing. “I’ve never fucked your ass,” he blurted out quickly and went back to her milk. It was flowing steadily now, he hardly had to suck at all. The think liquid filled his mouth and he swallowed on a regular beat. It was like he had crossed the desert to find and oasis that only slowly released life-giving water.

“Well, there’s a first time for everything, isn’t there?” She shivered as he nursed from her. It felt wonderful. It had so easily let down and the sensation of his sucking combined with the milk being pulled from her body was glorious. Unbidden, her hand went down to his crotch to cup his cock and balls through his pants. He was already hard. Sondra had expected that but she was still pleased. With just the one hand she lazily unbelted, unbuttoned, and unzipped

his pants so she could slip her hand inside and feel the hard flesh inside his boxers. “Maybe I’ll just give you a handjob instead,” she suggested.

A violent shake of his head put an end to that notion. The odd shaking was transferred to her tit making her soft flesh bounce all around.

“Okay,” she relented. “Finish all my milk and make me cum with your mouth and maybe I’ll give you a special treat.”

That was all the encouragement that Henry needed. He doubled his suckling, getting as much milk with each gulp as possible. It quickly filled and warmed his stomach. It almost no time at all he had drained her first breast and went to work on the second.

Just the fact that she knew she was playing outside of Evan’s rules was enough to get Sondra’s pussy wet. She could feel her panties starting to absorb her cunt’s moisture. That thought, combined with Henry’s eager mouth and attitude, was rapidly pushing her toward orgasm. If he made her cum before he got her panties off she resolved to keep him frustrated. He needed that little tease. And it was going to be excessively easy for her to cum. Ever since she hit her thirties, had a couple of kids, and subjected her body to near-constant breastfeeding at the insistence of her husband, she had found it incredibly easy to orgasm. Looking back at her life in her twenties, she didn’t know what was wrong with her, but the only way she could cum when she was so much younger was with judicious application of a powerful vibrator. Now it seemed just the right thoughts could make her climax.

As Henry feasted on her tit, she kept up a slow and steady stroking of his cock. It was still half-hidden, buried in his pants, but that was enough to keep him on edge. With her other hand she went up her own skirt and ran her finger outside her panties, feeling her moist slit through the thin cotton. “Oooh,” she moaned.

“You like that, huh?” Henry asked. He was certain she was entranced by the way he sucked her milk. That wasn’t it at all. She loved the way her finger felt against her hidden and covered clit.

She rubbed herself again and felt more moisture leak out of her panties. Her breast was nearly empty now, she could tell. Knowing she was so close to the edge and knowing he was so desperate to cum, Sondra made a hard decision.

She snaked her finger under the elastic of her panties and found her swollen and sensitive clit. It only took a few eager rubs and then she was clenching her teeth, cumming, trying to keep quiet and not disturb the rest of the medical office. Her strokes of Henry's cock stopped and she just held him, gripping him firmly, almost painfully as she came.

"I came," she announced and pulled her finger from her panties. Letting go of his cock she smoothed down her skirt and said, "Thank you very much. I appreciated it." And with the she pulled the cups of her bra back into place, hiding her nipples from Henry. "Where's my shirt?' she asked, looking around, teasing him.

"What?" he exclaimed. "You can't just leave."

She looked at him blandly. "You had your milk. I came. What else is there?"

The frustration on his face was exquisite. "I want to cum too!" he all but shouted, and pushed his hands into his pants, completely exposing his cock to her. It was rigid, the head nearly purple and he was on edge as well. It was likely he had been holding back, waiting on her pleasure, and that amused and heartened Sondra.

"Go ahead and cum then," she told him as she found her blouse on the floor and started pulling it on.

"I want you to make me cum!" he complained.

She shook her head. "I don't think so. I made myself cum and I fed you. I'm the one getting the worse bargain here. You'll wind up with milk and an orgasm. I just get an orgasm."

"I helped," he protested.

She shrugged again. The motion made her tits bounce fetchingly. "Not really. It was my finger and my clit. Why don't you make yourself cum?" she suggested. "I'll watch."

He looked at her blankly. "What?"

"Jerk off for me," she clarified. "Use your hand and make yourself cum. I'll

watch. If you're quick about it, I'll let you cum on my tits." The bottom button of her blouse was already in hand and she threatened to cover up the rest of her flesh.

As she had guessed, Henry wasn't about to turn down any offer she was about to make. He stood up in front of her and she remained seated. His pants fell to his ankles and he started rubbing his cock with an urgent need. Sondra wasn't going to allow him much time for this little activity and it turned out his didn't need much at all. In less than thirty seconds his cock was spurting thick white ropes of spunk that shot across the space between them to land on her upper chest and the cleavage between her tits. It ran down into the small hollow and started soaking her bra before she grabbed a few tissues off his desk…but then she stopped.

"Seems a shame to waste it," she said, and scooped up a bit of the semen with one finger and brought it to her mouth. It was slightly sour and spicy, heavy on her tongue. Sondra made a show of swallowing his leavings and then mopped up the rest with the tissues. "Tasty," she commented to his astonished and red face.

Quickly buttoning up her shirt she pulled on her jacket and said to him, "I'll try to make sure that Evan doesn't find out about this. Can I trust you to keep your mouth shut?" To reinforce that idea she used her fingers to close his hanging jaw and carefully exited Henry's office.

Chapter Ten

“How did you get this number?” Rebecca asked when she heard Henry’s voice.

“I have my ways,” he said trying out the persona of a mysterious ladykiller.

“Uh-huh,” said Rebecca. “Meaning that you just asked Sondra and Evan for it.”

Henry was miffed. “Something like that.” He paused and gave his next words some thought. He was used to dealing with women who were willing to get into bed with him, but—oddly—he found himself attracted to Rebecca in a way that he knew wasn’t healthy. “So…would you like to get together sometime for a little…physical activity.”

She actually laughed at him and Henry found himself turning red with embarrassment. He was glad that they weren’t using Skype where she could see his reaction. “Sure,” she managed to force out between slowly ebbing giggles.

He was put off by her reaction and answer. “Why the laughter?” he asked bluntly.

“I knew why you were calling and what you were going to ask. Why not just ask me to have sex?”

“I like to think I’m a little smoother than that,” he said trying to protect his masculinity.

“When and where?” she asked. “I’m open to just about anything.”

His house was nice Rebecca thought as he admitted her to his place. It was obviously decorated by a gay man being paid too much money by a single, straight man and it was also obviously maintained by at least one maid visiting once a week or more, but it was nice. He knew a little bit about what women liked when being brought home. It was good he wasn’t the marrying type, because she never would have dated him for long and certain never would have

married him.

“What do you want to do tonight?” she asked him after he gave her a brief tour of the downstairs.

“I’d like to fuck. Any objections?”

She smiled at his confidence. “None at all.”

“Good. I like being in charge. Do you like taking orders?”

She licked her lips in anticipation. “Maybe. I’ve never played the role of a submissive before.”

He shook his head. “I’m not looking for a submissive. I’m looking for a woman who can follow orders. Do you want to play that game?”

“Sure. Tell me what to do.” Rebecca didn’t see where he was going, but if it meant she got laid tonight, she was happy to play his game.

“Take off your clothes.”

“Strip for you?” she asked. “Do you want a striptease?”

He shook his head again. “No. Just take off your clothes. Do you like rough sex?” he asked as she pulled her shirt over her head. When that was done she kicked off her sneakers and started unzipping her jeans.

“Sometimes.” She kicked aside her jeans and flung off her socks. Underneath her clothes she was wearing an athletic bra and matching panties. They were supposed to utilitarian, but somehow she made them sexy.

“Keep going,” he encouraged her.

Rebecca grinned. There was no hesitation as she pulled the bra over her head and then yanked her underwear down her legs. Stepping out of the small black garment she posed, one leg slightly in front of the other, pointed on her toes, just barely hiding her cunt. “See anything that you like?” she asked.

“How long have you shaved your pussy?” he asked. She was wearing her small

studs through her nipples but he didn’t comment on those at all.

“Ever since I became a lifeguard.”

“When was that?”

“When I turned eighteen.”

“How many men have you had sex with?” he asked.

This wasn’t exactly what she was expecting to happen, but she went with it. “I don’t know.”

“Give me your best guess.”

Rebecca thought a moment. “Probably around a dozen.”

“How many women?”

“Six.”

“You knew that answer right away.”

“I liked having sex with them better.”

“I thought you liked cock and pussy.”

“I do. But my heart desired pussy. It’s my pussy that wants cock every now and then.”

“But you’ve had sex with more men than women.”

“I tend to sleep with the women more than once.”

“Should I feel honored I’ve had you twice?”

She shook her head. “No.”

“Have you ever masturbated in front of another person?” he asked.

That struck her as an odd question, but she answered it. “A few times. But only

with women."

"Jill off for me," he said.

"Right here, right now?"

"Yes."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I need to lay down to do it."

"Have you ever had sex standing up, or against a wall, or bent over a table?"

Rebecca didn't like where his questions were going. "Yes."

"Then you can do is standing in the middle of my living room."

It was definitely odd standing naked in the middle of Henry's living room while he was seated on the couch watching her. She glanced at his pants and noted his obvious erection. Her hand went to her pussy. After slipping to fingers just inside her slit she realized she was more than just a little bit wet. Maybe she was liking this more than she thought. "I'm not sure," she said as she wiggled her middle finger up inside herself.

"If you don't make yourself cum first, I won't fuck you."

For most women that wouldn't have been much of a threat, but Rebecca wanted to please Henry. And more than that she wanted him to fuck her with his cock. She needed cock right now…and she needed his seed as well. "Okay," she agreed and closed her eyes. She liked to lie down when she masturbated, but she could do this for him. She liked showing off for her lovers. It was easy to close her eyes, think of what he would do to her, and rub her clit enough to make herself cum.

It only took a few minutes and the orgasm she had wasn't very satisfying, but it was enough to please Henry. "Very good," he complimented her. That made her happy. "Not lick your fingers, taste yourself." She did as he ordered. "Now come

over here, get on your knees, and suck my cock."

"I'd rather you fuck me with it," she said as she slowly walked over to him. He opened up his pants and pulled out his cock. It was large and handsome. She wanted it in her body but she was prepared to do whatever was necessary to get it there.

Dropping to her knees Rebecca opened her mouth and accepted his cock into her throat. He was large but not unduly so. It was easy enough to suck on him, taste his salty precum, and wrap her lips around the head while she swirled her tongue over the sensitive glans. He grunted and jerked under her treatment. Without any warning, he pulled back, leaving her mouth empty.

"You don't like oral?" she asked, teasing.

"I do," he said. "The problem is that you're too good at it. You're going to make me waste it in your mouth."

"So sorry. Everyone I sleep with says I'm the best at sucking cock…or eating pussy. It depends on the person."

Henry stood up and quickly pulled off his clothes. "Turn around. Get your ass in the air, hands on the floor."

And just like that he knelt down behind her and slipped his cock into her cunt. They fucked for a few minutes. He actually made her cum twice, both of them very pleasant, before he unloaded his balls inside her. After a brief rest they went to his bed where she sucked his cock a little more to make it hard again, got on top of him, and rode him until they both came once more.

That was enough to satisfy her for the time being.

Chapter Eleven

Katie wrapped her arms around Rebecca's waist and kissed the side of her neck. She liked that Rebecca kept her hair short. Although she knew it was mostly a practical decision for a woman in and out of the water all day, it also make access to her girlfriend's neck that much easier. Katie's former girlfriends had all had long hair—maybe they were trying to hide their lesbianism, maybe they just liked long hair—but she liked it short on other women. It might make them look a bit butch, but that was okay too. Because of her job as a dancer it was almost expected that she have long hair that was kept in a bun most of the time, it made her look very femme. She didn't mind looking femme, but she didn't play that role.

"Mmm," Rebecca moaned as Katie kissed her neck. She was half-asleep in bed waiting for her girlfriend to get home. All too often Katie had to work late at night. "That feels good."

"You want more?" Katie asked and kissed her neck again. She then proceeded to nibble on Rebecca's earlobe while she slid her hand down from her waist to the waistband of her panties. When she nudged her fingers just inside the elastic, Rebecca came fully awake and froze. She wasn't sure what to do but Katie immediately felt the change in her partner's body language. She was a dancer after all.

"What's the matter?" she asked as she continued to nibble on Rebecca's earlobe. Rebecca was wearing a loose camisole and her boring panties to bed. Her normal sleeping garments. Katie found whatever Rebecca wore to bed sexy. "Don't you want to make love?"

After a hard night's work dancing at the center Katie usually came home horny. Tonight was no different. "Um…I'm uh, not ready for you," was the best the Rebecca could come up with as she woke up and tried to think of a reason she couldn't have sex with her girlfriend.

"I'll make you ready," Katie insisted and pushed her hand the rest of the way down into Rebecca's panties. Her fingers slid over the barely noticeable stubble

of her shaved pubic hair—Rebecca normally shaved in the mornings so her stubble was a common evening situation for Katie—and down into her slit. Rebecca stiffened, not knowing what to do while Katie's fingers went up and into her pussy. She nearly purred upon feeling her girlfriend's moist state. "What are you saying?" she half-laughed in her ear. "You're wet and ready. I know what you like, girl."

Rebecca didn't know what to do. She had come home from Henry's exhausted and had just pulled off her clothes and fallen into bed. In the back of her mind she knew that Katie would be coming home soon, and coming home horny because she always came home horny, but she didn't bother to do anything about Henry's cum in her cunt and panties.

"You want to make love?" Rebecca asked, turning her body halfway around to try to face her girlfriend. It was hard to focus with Katie's fingers in her pussy.

"You know I do," she said keeping her fingers busy. "I always do." She paused and fingered Rebecca a bit more. "You're kind of sticky tonight."

"Maybe I'm dehydrated," she replied and rolled all the way over, forcing Katie's fingers out. "I want to go down on you," she said and started kissing her way down Katie's lithe body. They were both athletes and had lean bodies, yet somehow Katie managed to keep a more womanly figure with wider hips and a fuller bust. She had said on many occasions if she had smaller tits, she'd get better dancing jobs, but she wasn't crazy enough to get breast reduction surgery.

Her belly ring was in. Rebecca liked that. It was Katie's one concession to modern femininity. The gold hoop sported a tiny jewel that she licked as she moved down to the narrow landing strip of curly black hair that adorned Katie's pussy. Delving lower she found her girlfriend's clit and slipped a pair of fingers up inside the dancer's pussy. Although Katie was constantly saying that no one could make her cum better than Rebecca, she had her doubts. It was so easy to make Katie cum. The dancer missed her calling as a sex worker. She could have pleased any number of men who needed a confidence boost in pleasuring their wives.

Katie's first orgasm happened after less than a minute of tongue work on her clit. It wasn't Earth-shattering, but just enough to get her primed for the next step—a step that would hopefully get her to forget about Rebecca's pussy for the night.

She knelt between Katie's splayed thighs and continued to rub her clit with her left thumb while working her forefinger and middle finger, palm up, inside Katie's pussy, reaching and curling upward, looking for her elusive g-spot. Except her g-spot wasn't all that elusive. In Rebecca's opinion, it was huge and impossible to miss. After just a few eager minutes of anxious and near-violent back and forth sawing with her fingers while manipulating Katie's clit at the same time, Katie came with a screaming cry of triumph. The orgasm was also accompanied by a small spray of fluid from Katie's cunt.

The fact she was living with a squirter amused Rebecca. She had made her girlfriend squirt the first time they went to bed.

"Fucking hell you're good," Katie complimented her when she was done cumming. "It's my turn now." She pulled Rebecca down to her for an urgent kiss.

"Let me clean up first," Rebecca said.

"Uh-uh. I like you dirty. Get your clothes off." Katie's eyes glimmered with anticipation as Rebecca at first hesitated and then pulled off her camisole exposing her tits. Katie took them in, looking at the big rings with the blue jewels. "You knew you were going to get fucked tonight, didn't you?" she asked.

Rebecca grinned and gave an answer that wasn't a complete lie. "Yes." She was actually being fucked twice. Once by Henry and now by Katie. That was okay. She'd had sex with more than one person on the same day before.

As she pulled off her panties she tried to make the wiping motion the partially cleaned her bare lips seem casual. It would have to be enough. Katie pulled her back down to the bed and immediately went down on her. Katie was a traditional lesbian who thought that eating pussy was a near-religious sacrament. When she didn't complain about Rebecca's flavor and quickly settled in to make her girlfriend cum, only then did Rebecca relax and allow herself to have another climax.

"That was easy," Katie said when her girlfriend was done.

Rebecca shrugged. "What can I say? Make you cum got me all worked up."

They held each other in bed a few minutes. This is what Rebecca liked the most,

holding the woman she loved as she started falling asleep. But she forgot to disengage her mouth as her brain remained active. “I love you.”

“I love you too, sweetie.”

“When are we going to get married?” the question slipped out. They had talked about marriage before, but had never come to a decision. Katie was leery of marriage—mostly because her family hadn’t accepted her sexuality yet (other than a few cousins and her younger brother). She was estranged from the rest of her family. Rebecca’s family was more liberal minded to the point where she was getting tired of every cousin and aunt telling her it was fine she was into women, as long as there was a marriage and babies soon.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Katie said flatly.

“Well I do,” Rebecca insisted…and then regretted it. She didn’t want to start a fight either.

“Fine, we can get married when one of us gets pregnant. I’ll make an honest woman of you, how’s that?” Katie was in a snit and Rebecca didn’t want to fight, especially if that meant giving up the secret she had been keeping from Katie for the past few months.

“That’s fine.”

Katie rolled over and went to sleep. Rebecca hated the fact her girlfriend could so easily drift off to dreamland while she laid on her back staring at the ceiling. While Katie knew that Rebecca loved cock—they had worked out a couple of agreements where Rebecca could go home with a guy with Katie’s permission when she felt the need for male companionship, plus they owned a Feeldoe Katie loved using on Rebecca—she laid there wondering how she was going to tell Katie that they would be married by the end of the year…if her plans with Henry went as she intended.

Chapter Twelve

“Oh! What are you doing here?” Rebecca was surprised to find Sondra at her door this early in the morning. She had been expecting Evan. They still had a standing appointment once a week for a pleasant round of sex even though—officially—they weren’t supposed to be fucking unless it was with Sondra. Even though she knew that Evan couldn’t get her pregnant she still desired his body on a regular basis. It was pure recreational sex without all the annoyances that Henry brought.

Sondra grinned at her. “I came to get laid, if that’s okay with you.”

“Um…” Her mind raced. She had thought she was being discrete with Evan, but obviously Sondra knew about them. “I guess,” she said warily.

Her hesitance made Sondra equally wary. “Is there a problem? Is your girlfriend home?”

Rebecca shook her head. “No, no. I was uh…just trying to figure out if I’ve caused some stupid problem or not.”

“Because you’re fucking Evan behind my back,” Sondra prompted.

“Um…yeah, that,” she said and opened the door wider to admit Sondra. “You knew about that?” she asked as Sondra stepped inside. The older woman nodded and looked around the house’s small living room. “Did you catch Evan in a lie?”

Sondra shook her head now. “No. He’s too smart for that, but he also has a very guilty conscious too. He confessed. But I had already guessed.”

“You had?”

Sondra finished her quick assessment of the living room and slipped off her light jacket. “Yes, I had. He wasn’t asking for sex from me nearly as much as he used too and he was talking about you too much. It wasn’t hard to figure it out.” She sighed and looked down at her body, a view that was partially obscured by her

large breasts. “If I were a man I’d rather fuck you instead of having to make do with this body,” she said. “Wouldn’t you?”

She was in an unfortunate position. Rebecca didn’t want to upset either Evan or Sondra. She liked having sex with him and she loved having sex with the both of them on the few occasions they managed to get together at the same time. Walking a fine line between a married couple was a difficult prospect at best, but Rebecca found herself answering honestly. “If I were a man, I wouldn’t limit myself to one woman.” She half-snorted and half-sighed. “Hell, as a woman I don’t limit myself to one woman or one man.”

Sondra turned and faced Rebecca directly. “Do you know where Evan is?” she asked. Rebecca shook her head. “He had to attend a conference down in the city. Last minute thing and I could tell he planned to come over here and get laid this morning.”

“He could have called or texted me,” Rebecca complained.

“I told him not to,” Sondra said. “I told him I’d go in his place. I think that idea turned him on. We had sex last night and all he could talk about while we did it was you and me getting naked together.”

“But we’ve had sex before,” Rebecca said. She pulled her thin bathrobe tighter around her body. Underneath she wore nothing; she had been waiting for Evan and his cock but she wasn’t some wanton whore who answered the door in the nude.

“Yeah, but only with Evan there…or Evan and Hank.” She had started unbuttoning her shirt but when she mentioned Henry’s name Rebecca’s face soured. “What, bad memories?”

“Um…I liked having sex with Henry but he can be…”

“An asshole,” Sondra finished for her as she finished unbuttoning her shirt. “I know…but his cock…”

“I know,” Rebecca agreed. She had been watching the other woman undress and now unconsciously licked her lips in anticipation of what was about to happen. “Oh my god, have you had sex with him when Evan wasn’t there? How many three-ways and group sex have you two had?”

Sondra's face brightened with embarrassment. She had inadvertently reveled her little secret to Evan's girlfriend. "Maybe a few times," she confessed. "Don't tell Evan," she hurriedly added.

"I won't," Rebecca promised. She looked at Sondra's massive cleavage that was barely being contained by her brassier and a thought occurred to her. "Oh…you actually came over here to have sex?" She was so used to women getting undressed around her—especially Katie—that she hadn't given Sondra's actions a second thought.

"Um…sort of…yeah, I did. But not just sex."

"What then? Sparkling conversation."

Sondra's face was still red. "Evan left early this morning. Very early. I'm, uh, having a bit of a sore breast problem."

"You want me to nurse from you," Rebecca said. The pit of her stomach dropped and she realized she'd be having sex in a few minutes with Evan's wife. That excited and worried her. It would be their first time together—alone and without Evan, the little show they had put on for Henry a month back didn't really count. She hadn't cheated on Katie with a woman ever—it had always been with a man. And this would be full-out lesbian cheating, no way around it. To her horror Rebecca knew that she was going to go through with it and not tell Katie. It was the ultimate betrayal of their relationship, but she was too enamored of Sondra's milk and body to say no.

"Yes. Please."

"You only had to ask," she said as she crossed the room to the older woman. She let her robe's belt fall open, exposing her nude body, giving Sondra a quick teasing look before they met and embraced, their arms going around each other's bodies, their lips met and they kissed passionately, deeply. Rebecca felt Sondra's big tits press against her small one and felt a pang of jealousy. Then she came to her senses and realized having huge breasts had downsides as well.

She broke off the kiss. "Come to my bed," she said to Sondra and grabbed her hand, leading her through the small house. When the entered the bedroom Rebecca whirled around and kissed Sondra again. As they kissed she moved her hands up Sondra's back and practiced her lingerie removal skills and unhooked

her powerful bra.

“You’re good at that,” Sondra complimented her as the bra fell away. Rebecca shedded her robe and pulled the other, heavier, woman to the bed that was rumpled by a night of sleeping by two bodies. Sondra said nothing about Rebecca’s girlfriend, it seemed rude.

When her lips met Sondra’s nipple the older woman sighed and started working her way out of the skirt she still wore. Rebecca latched on and nursed eagerly. Sondra’s milk let down easily. She was used to various people nursing from her now, not just Evan. Knowing that her milk was the object of lust of at least three people made her feel wanted and sexy and more than a little bit kinky. She had never expected her sex life to be this active or satisfying after two children and marriage. “Oh god that feels good,” she told Rebecca as the eager lifeguard drank her milk.

Rebecca made a little sound of contentment as she continued to suckle and help Sondra remove her clothes. As much as Sondra complained about having large tits and a body that was heavier than she liked, Rebecca loved feeling the other woman’s skin on her own. She loved the lushness and softness of Sondra’s flesh. She loved the way Sondra’s thighs opened up so easily when she pushed her hand down over the other woman’s belly, over her little triangle of hair, and up into her slit.

“Don’t make me cum too fast,” Sondra breathed. “I want this to last.”

“Mm-hmm,” Rebecca agreed as she mumbled into Sondra’s big breast. The two women cuddles together on the bed, Sondra’s arms around Rebecca’s torso, while Rebecca held one of Sondra’s breasts as she nursed and had her other hand between Sondra’s legs, lightly stroking her clit and pussy.

Sondra’s sweet milk continued to flow steady as Rebecca switched back and forth between her friend’s tits. This was something that she did differently from the men who nursed from her. Rebecca liked to suck a few times from the left breast, and then a few times from the right. It caused a slow, languorous buildup of lust in Sondra. It was wonderful.

“You’re going to make me cum just from sucking on my tits,” she told Rebecca.

“I’m that good, huh?” she asked as she licked a dribble of milk that had slid

down the bottom edge of Sondra's right tit.

"I think it's because you're a woman," Sondra said. "I've never been with a woman alone before."

"Think you're going to turn lesbian on Evan?" Rebecca teased, She was done nursing now and slowly busied her fingers in Sondra's cunt.

"No…but I think I might be open to being a little more bi." She pulled up Rebecca's chin and kissed her, tasting her own milk in Rebecca's mouth.

"I love Katie," she told Sondra when they broke their kiss.

"Okay…" Sondra was confused by the statement.

"I want to marry her. I might be bi, but I'm not going to leave her for anyone."

Sondra said, "I'm sorry, did I make you nervous. I was just enjoying the moment."

Rebecca waved her hand. "Sorry. Having weird feelings. I think we both need to cum. What do you say?"

"Yes. Please!" She rolled from her back to her side and opened up her legs. "You first. I love the way you go down on me."

Rebecca was a bit miffed at Sondra's assumption that she would automatically go down on her just because she was there and because she asked. She did it of course, but she was a bit miffed about it…until she settled in between Sondra's legs and started licking her pussy.

This was her ultimate weakness, the taste of another woman, the way her pussy felt in her mouth and on her tongue. She liked the way they writhed and breathed when she was going down on them. It was so much better than sucking a guy's dick. She didn't mind sucking cock, but it was dull, just something that filled her mouth, there was no mystery like there was with a woman's clit and labia and her folds and her depths.

While she was lost in thought she kept licking and sucking at Sondra's pussy and before she knew it the other woman was cumming, clamping her legs around

Rebecca’s thighs as her pussy spasmed under her tongue.

“You are fucking fantastic,” Sondra exclaimed when she managed to regain a bit of self-control, but not all of it. Lust had inflamed her mind and she rolled the pair of the over and quickly worked her way down to Rebecca’s quim.

“Thank you,” Rebecca asked. She normally getting get manhandled like that and she hadn’t expected it from Sondra, but the woman’s normally gentle demeanor and soft flesh was powered by lust.

“I have something to confess,” Sondra said as she looked at Rebecca’s bald pussy.

“What?” she wasn’t ready for some other bit of new or information that would take her unawares.

“Your pussy is the first one I’ve ever played with.”

“Oh.” That was acceptable. Rebecca could deal with that.

“I like it,” Sondra added. “I wasn’t sure that I would, but I like making men cum and making a woman cum is, well, almost beautiful. Ever see Clerks?”

“That black and white movie about two guys in a convenience store?”

“Yeah, buts that’s only the setting. There’s a lot more plot.” Rebecca started wishing that Sondra would stop talking and start eating her pussy. She wanted to cum. “One of the lines is ‘Making a guy cum is easy. Making a girl cum is an art form.’” She lowered her head a bit and licked the length of Rebecca’s slit. Her labia opened up exposing her wetness and her inner lips. Rebecca shivered a bit and wished Sondra would find her clit.

“More,” she moaned putting some emphasis in her voice to compel Sondra to get busy.

“I like making you cum,” Sondra said. “I want to make other girls cum. God, maybe I’m as bi as you are,” she sighed and then dove in.

Sondra wasn’t a professional pussy eater like Katie, but she took to the task well enough. Rebecca didn’t compare her lovers all that much—she had been lucky

and never had gone to be with a woman who wasn't at least decent and enthusiastic between the sheets—but Sondra was a natural and learned quickly.

Her first orgasm was mild. It was likely that Sondra didn't think of it as anything other than a shiver. The second one was much stronger. That one caused Sondra to look up from between Rebecca's legs with questioning eyes. Rebecca looked down at her and told her, "Keep going. Do it more."

Sondra responded by wrapping her arms around Rebecca's muscular thighs and burying her face into the shaved-smooth pussy. Her tongue found Rebecca's little button and she roughed it with an anxious back and forth. That brought out her third and final orgasm where her hips arched up off the bed and Sondra had trouble staying with her body. It was a beautiful moment and Rebecca thanked Sondra for it.

She watched as Sondra put her clothes back on. Before hooking her bra she carefully measured and weighed her breasts with both hands.

"What are you doing?" Rebecca asked.

"Making sure you got enough milk out," she said. "If you didn't take enough I'll be in pain later today. But you did a good job," she leaned down and kissed Rebecca where she was still lying on the bed. "One more confession," she said.

"Do I want to hear this?" Rebecca sighed.

"Are you the same size as your girlfriend?"

"That's a question. And her name is Katie. And yeah, we're about the same size, she's a little taller. Why?"

"Being a lesbian, living with another woman, does that double your wardrobe?"

Rebecca laughed. "No. Sometimes we borrow or trade certain items, but we have our own clothes."

Sondra's lips twisted into a little moue of disappointment. "That's sad, a little. I was thinking it would be sexy to be able to exchange bras and panties with a girlfriend, a woman I was sleeping with." She looked at Rebecca's naked body. "But I'm a few sizes too big for you. There's no way I could wear any of your

stuff.”

Rebecca hopped off the bed and kissed Sondra. “I’ve worn Katie’s panties before,” she confessed. “When I’ve been behind on laundry. She doesn’t like it, but I think it turns her on a little, seeing me wearing her intimates. It made me feel like she was holding me all day, like she was in control of me.” She kissed Sondra lightly on the lips again. “I’ll find something for us to share,” she promised.

Sondra started pulling off her clothes. She pushed Rebecca back into bed. It didn’t bother her that she was nearly an hour late to work.

Chapter Thirteen

Sondra watched with some jealousy as her husband fucked Rebecca right in front of her in the oh-so-traditional missionary position. It was a weird way to think, but she liked feeling that pang of jealousy as she watched them make love. It hurt, but it was a good hurt. And when they were done, she could have her choice of either one—or both—of them to have sex with.

It was the jealousy that got to her. She hated and loved the emotion at the same time—which perfectly mirrored the way she loved and hated watching the two people she cared for most in the world have sex with each other. There was no way that she could deny either one of them the privilege of having sex—especially while she was watching—but in the back of her mind she also knew it was wrong. Dirty wrong—and that made it feel good.

Sondra rubbed one hand between her legs, her palm nearly abrading her clit, while the other hand pinched her nipple. Again, there was pain, this time physical and not emotional, but it was good pain. They type of pain she enjoyed. Her breasts were empty. Her two lovers had already feasted on her tits, draining them both of all her milk, and then kissing her afterwards so she could taste the sweetness of her milk on their lips. While they had been nursing from her breasts they had taken turns playing with her pussy, one bringing her to the edge of orgasm and then stopped to allow the other to push her over the edge and into sweet oblivion. When her milk gave out, her turn was done. Evan and Rebecca started having sex and the agreement was there would be no arguments about who had sex with whom.

Of course Sondra couldn't complain because she was the one sneaking around on Evan and having sex with Rebecca when she needed some one-on-one time with another woman.

There was also the problem of her having sex with Hank when she needed a little milk drained. If Evan found out she was fucking Hank behind his back—even if it was just oral sex—he wouldn't be pleased or relieved that it was "just oral".

So Sondra stayed quiet and made herself cum as the other two rapidly approached their own climaxes. She wanted to time it perfectly so they all came together even though the other two weren't taking any notice of her. Evan came first. She could tell from the expressions on his face; she had seen those same expressions on his face while it was above hers while they fucked. His gasps and non-rhythmic hip thrusts told her exactly what he was doing. Apparently a flood of hot cum from his cock to inside Rebecca's cunt was enough to make her cum as well. Rebecca screeched a little as she came and wrapped her legs around Evan's waist, letting him penetrate her as deeply as possible. One more little rub and Sondra's orgasm arrived. It wasn't the rubbing that finished her off; it was the flood of jealousy that pushed her over the edge.

There was barely time for the three of them to rush into the bathroom and take quick showers. It was morning and the kids had been sent off to school, Evan and Sondra had re-arranged their schedules a little to spend some time in bed with Rebecca. The lifeguard was the only one who didn't have to hurry; she had the morning off. Sondra was the last one in the shower and when she came back into the bedroom, Rebecca and Evan weren't finished dressing which surprised her. Rebecca had on a pair of panties but Evan had gotten as far as his pants and had even put on his shirt, which was unbuttoned. They were laughing which made Sondra a bit nervous.

"What's so funny?" she asked as she tossed her wet towel on the bed and went to her dresser.

"Wait. Stop." Rebecca stepped in front of her, blocking the way. She was holding something in her hand.

"What?" Sondra asked. She was a little exasperated. She should have been relaxed, but occasionally watching the other two have sex irritated her and she needed to hurry to get to work at a reasonable hour.

"I have a present for you," she said and held up her hand allowing a pair of pink silk panties adorned with a two tiny bows and tiny flowers imprinted into the material to dangle from her fingers. "I hope they're the right size."

Sondra was a little bit surprised at the gift but managed to smile, say thank you, and took them from Rebecca.

"Put them on, put them on," Evan encouraged her, a goofy grin on his face. He

was practically bouncing up and down like a little boy in his enthusiasm.

Taking a quick glance at the tag Sondra noted they were her customary size and started stepping in to them. “Isn’t is more common to present lingerie at the beginning of a date instead of at the end of one?’ she asked them. They were surprisingly well-fitted and looked good on her. Rebecca had chosen a style that was flattering for Sondra’s slightly larger size. They weren’t thongs—thank God—because she couldn’t imagine working a whole day at her office wearing a thong.

“Do they fit?” Rebecca asked, circling around her friend to check out her ass. “Ooh, they do. Very pretty.” She completed her circuit of Sondra and slipped her arm around Sondra’s waist forcing them both to face Evan as he buttoned up his shirt. “What do you think?” she asked him.

“Twins,” was his comment. He paused in the middle of a button and contemplating taking his clothes back off to try and fuck his wife and girlfriend one more time this morning.

Sondra rolled her eyes. “Oh please. We don’t look anything alike,” she said. “I’ve got bigger tits and a bigger ass and she’s ten years younger.”

“He wasn’t talking about us,” Rebecca said quietly. She lowered her eyes and looked down at Sondra’s hips. “He was talking about our panties.”

Only now did Sondra take a good close look at what Rebecca was wearing. She was sporting the exact same style and color of panties that Sondra was wearing. Obviously the girl had bought them together. “Oh.” Sondra flushed with embarrassment. “I get it. Sorry I’m so thick this morning.”

“No worries,” Rebecca said and kissed her friend on the lips. Their breasts met and touched. Sondra could feel the hard metal rings that Rebecca sported press against her breasts. For a brief moment she considered slipping her hand inside Rebecca’s panties and the hell with the consequences of being late to work. “We’ll be panty sister today,” Rebecca said.

Sondra couldn’t help but laugh. “Okay, that sounds good.” The three of them continued dressing together. “This is what you meant when you said you’d find something for us to wear, isn’t it?” she asked.

Rebecca nodded as she fixed her athletic bra into place. She motioned for Sondra to turn around so she could help her girlfriend hook her powerful bra that somehow seemed to barely contain the older woman's big tits. "Yes. You should have seen the saleswoman's expression when I found the pair that I wanted and asked for a pair in your size. She asked whatever for and I told her, 'For my girlfriend.'" Rebecca laughed and Sondra joined in.

"I'm sure it's not the first time a lingerie clerk had to deal with someone playing a game like that," Evan commented.

After nodding Rebecca said, "Maybe, but it was still fun." She kissed her married boyfriend. "Anyway, I want to go back there and do it again."

"You have a wicked streak."

Rebecca grinned. "I know." As she kissed Sondra goodbye the other woman held her hands a minute and detained her.

"Thanks for coming over and thanks for the panties," she said. They felt good inside her slacks and she felt a little naughty knowing her girlfriend was wearing a matching set. "We should have an all girls night sometime," she said in front of Evan. He listened in but said nothing.

"Just you and me?" asked Rebecca.

"Yeah…and maybe Katie too. Does Katie like to play in groups?" Sondra didn't know why she was asking the question. She wasn't that into women. She wanted to tease her husband, sure. She wanted to please Rebecca, certainly. But did she really want to have sex with two women and no men?

"Um…not really." Rebecca was uncomfortable at the question. Katie didn't know about her relationship with Sondra—she suspected that Rebecca was carrying on with an anonymous man right now but she didn't know—or want to know—the details. Which was fine because that was part of their arrangement.

"Oh." Sondra sounded genuinely sad. "Maybe we can work something out?"

"Maybe," Rebecca hedged. "I've gotta go."

"What was that all about?" Evan asked. He came up behind his wife and kissed

the side of her neck while cupping her heavy breasts.

Sondra shrugged. “I don’t know,” she answered honestly. “Maybe I’m playing a game I shouldn’t.”

“Well, if it involves you having sex with two women, I’ll your biggest fan in that game.”

She sighed but smiled. “As long as you get to watch?” she asked.

“As long as I get to watch.”

Sondra was torn between telling Hank to hurry the fuck up and telling him to take it easy and slow. It didn’t help that her position on his bed had her facing the clock radio he kept on his nightstand. She was on her hands and knees. Her tits weren’t really sore—though Henry had spent the last half hour nursing from them with an uncontrolled enthusiasm which left her nipples and little bit tender and her breasts completely emptied of milk—but the way she was on her knees and elbows brought her nipples into contact with the bed’s sheets. Henry proved he was an irascible ladykiller and had satin sheets on his bed. It felt so fucking good to rub her nipples on the sheets that she almost could ignore the slight throb of pain from them.

What she couldn’t ignore was Henry playing with her asshole, putting more and more lube inside her.

“Hurry up,” she said, trying to make it sound like she couldn’t wait for his cock to be inside her. She glanced once more at the clock and then her eye caught her clothes that were tossed onto the floor, her pink panties on top of the pile. Her present from Rebecca just this morning. Was it wrong to have sex with three different people on the same day? She was about to find out.

Finally Hank moved forward and rested one hand on her hip while using the other to hold his cock. “Just relax,” he told her. “I’ve done this many times before even if you haven’t.”

A nod confirmed his words, but Sondra was already relaxed and ready as was possible. She had masturbated while Hank had nursed from her, cumming once.

She had played with his clit while he rolled on a condom, greased up his armored cock, and then lubed up her ass as well. Evan had never expressed an interest in anal sex even though Sondra had said she was willing to experiment if he wanted. Hank—a man she didn't love or really even like—was about to take her anal virginity.

His finger went in first, testing her. She felt the pressure and allowed him to do as he wished. Then his cock was pushing into her ass, her sphincter protested at first, but Sondra overrode her instincts and allow her ass to be violated by his cock. "Ooh," she gasped.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Hank asked as he slowly moved back and forth inside her ass.

It wasn't exactly good, but it was unique, she had to admit. To deal with the slight pain Sondra pushed her hand down between her legs, found her clit, and rubbed herself once more. That was better.

"Wait until you have your first anal orgasm," Hank said. "Most women think those are the best. Better than vaginal. Better than clitoral…but most women don't cum that way the first time. Sadly enough."

He was chatty for a man involved in the most intimate act between a man and a woman. Then again, he knew what he was doing. Sondra couldn't even find her voice.

"I should tell you to stop jilling off," he said. "Just enjoy your ass and not your pussy."

There was no way she was going to stop rubbing her clit. It was too much stimuli now to stop anything. She wanted to cum from the way he was fucking her, but it was too new, too foreign to her body for her to accept an orgasm that way. While being buggered for the first time wasn't painful, she didn't want it to last longer than necessary. She wanted to cum, she needed to cum, and she focused on what felt good…but that wasn't enough. Instead, she started to focus on what felt wrong: the fact she used her breasts to entice her husband into a strange fetish, her cheating on Evan—with both Rebecca and Hank, her new desire to have sex with women, her desire to explore the fantasies that scared her, and most off all her ass being violated.

That made her cum.

She cried out and yowled as her orgasm took control of her body. Her anus clamped down on Hank's cock. That pleased him. He started fucking her harder. Doing it rough it was he liked and he came too. For just half a moment she wished he wasn't wearing a condom—she wanted to feel his complete violation of her body. But then she came back to her senses and was glad all evidence of this sordid little encounter would soon be gone.

As he thrusted into her two, then three more times, he grunted in appreciation and collapsed on top of her forcing her body to the bed. His cock slipped from her ass and she was grateful the intruding presence in her ass was gone—and then she was sad that she was empty. Her emotions were jumbled.

"You're a good fuck," Hank said as he rolled off her and headed for the bathroom.

Sondra laid face down on the bed and tried not to think of anything. She knew that if she let her mind wander it would only upset her even worse. Her breasts were crushed down into the mattress by her own weight. Her ass was sore, but it was the good sort of soreness like she experienced after a good workout or swim. It would go away soon enough.

After hearing the toilet flush Sondra headed to the bathroom, brushing by Henry as he stepped out of the small room. She didn't use the toilet; she went right to the shower, turned it on, got in, pulled down the flexible showerhead handle and directed the spray up her cunt and ass.

The warm water felt good as it washed away her sins.

Rebecca was on her hands and knees, Henry behind her, fucking her hard. He liked that position. He liked any position that made him feel superior, that made him feel in control. She liked to be fucked by a man—not all the time, just when she needed a break from tits and pussy—which was becoming shockingly regular now. Henry wasn't complicated. He just wanted to fuck as many women as possible in as many different ways as possible. She knew she was complicated—she wanted cock and pussy and breast milk and hardness and softness and anything else that covered the realm of human sexuality. Anything and

everything, especially if it encompassed kink or fetish. She didn't know what was wrong with her mind.

Henry took a moment to pause in his thrusts to ask her. "Do you want it in the ass?" His hand was on her right buttock. He moved it slowly over the taut skin, feeling the strong muscle underneath, to place his thumb on her anus and press in ever so gently in an attempt to tease her, to show her the pleasure her ass could give her.

"No."

It wasn't that she was adverse to having something up her ass—in her lifetime Rebecca had had two cocks, many fingers, one butt plug, and a string of anal beads put where no one could see—but it wasn't something that Rebecca wanted right at the moment. She wanted to be fucked and she wanted to get home to see her girlfriend.

"No," she repeated. "Just fuck my pussy and cum in me already."

Henry grunted and took away his thumb. Then he leaned down on her body, pressing his stomach to her ass and his chest to her back, letting her take his weight. She was strong; she was able to do that easily. As he did so he moved his hands to her tits where he played with her nipple rings for a minute, then he moved one hand lower, heading for her pussy and clit, but he stopped at her tummy and rested his large hand there a minute.

"I think you're putting on weight," he teased.

There was a slight swell to her belly; that was true. But Rebecca was offended with his tone and the insinuation she was getting fat and lazy.

"Shut up and fuck me," she barked at him.

He shrugged and slid his hand the rest of the way down to her slit, found her little pleasure nub and rubbed it.

That was just what she needed. Rebecca came with heavy gasps and the urgent need for Henry to finish. He liked to hear her cum and she put a bit of theatrics into it, putting on a good show. He wasn't complicated—he was easy and he came in her. His seed felt heavy and stick and hot and so good she wanted to

cum again.

She didn't. When he was done he pulled out and stared at her exposed ass and pussy a moment. "Damn you have a pretty pussy—and a great ass as well. But your pussy looked good red and wet like that."

Rebecca rolled to her side and got up off the bed. She glanced at his bedside clock and saw she had plenty of time. "I think we're done," she told him.

He shrugged. "Sure. I came. You came. We're all happy."

She shook her head and went to the bathroom for a quick shower. "No. We're done. I don't think I want to fuck you any more."

She closed the door behind her and turned on the water. Behind the door she heard him say, "Why? Because I wanted to fuck you in the ass? Because I said you were getting fat?"

Rebecca didn't answer him.

When Sondra came over to Rebecca's house, the lifeguard wasn't sure if she even wanted to let the older woman in. Seeing the anxious look on her friend's face was enough for Rebecca to open the door.

"I'm really full," Sondra said impatiently. She practically ripped off her shirt and bra to expose both her large breasts. "I'm sort of regretting letting Evan stop nursing from me so often. You've more than made up for it—and Hank as well. But mostly you." She hurried to the couch where they generally began their nursing sessions. Sometimes they'd make love on the couch when her breasts were drained; sometimes they retired to the comfort of the bed. When Sondra headed straight to the bed Rebecca knew it was sex on her mind and most likely Evan had already partially or completely emptied her breasts already that morning.

"Mostly me?" Rebecca asked as she joined her girlfriend on the couch. As much as she tried to deny it, Sondra's large breasts were an incredibly sexy draw. She couldn't resist Sondra's bare breasts. It took her a moment to arrange a pillow on Sondra's lap and position her head just right to properly feed on her milk.

“Mm-hmm,” Sondra moaned as Rebecca’s lips made contact with her delicate nipple. “You’ve been drinking more milk than him lately, or so it seems. Have you been putting on weight?” Sondra asked with a giggle. “That’s why Evan had to cut back. He was getting fat from my milk.”

Rebecca’s nursing slowed and then stopped. Sondra’s eyes snapped open in response to the lack of stimulus she had become so accustomed to.

“What’s the matter, honey?”

A little twist to her lips let Sondra know that Rebecca was truly upset. “Henry asked me if I was getting fat too.”

“Oh shit, I’m sorry. I wasn’t even thinking. You aren’t fat, honey. You’re perfect. I’m still trying to lose fifteen pounds from my last kid.” She sighed and cupped her free breast with her right hand. “And I’m sure at least five of those pounds are in my tits because Evan wants me to keep lactating.”

“I am getting fat.”

Sondra contradicted her. “No, you’re not.”

Rebecca pulled back as far as possible from Sondra’s breast. “Yes. I am.”

Her response was getting Sondra frustrated. “Just nurse,” she told Rebecca, pulling the other woman’s face back to her breast. Rebecca obeyed and Sondra relaxed as her milk let down and flowed into Rebecca’s mouth.

As much as she was momentarily conflicted about what Sondra’s milk might be doing to her weight, Rebecca couldn’t help herself and eagerly drank everything that Sondra offered. Just the act of sucking and consuming the other woman’s milk was enough to get her in the mood. Sondra wasn’t exactly panting with passion, but when Rebecca was done feeding she looked up at her friend and asked, “Want to go to the bedroom. I’m horny.” She grinned playfully.

Sondra shook her head slowly, sadly. “Um…not really.”

“Why not?”

She sighed. “I got my period yesterday.”

“Oh, that’s okay then.” It was obvious that Rebecca was disappointed. It took Sondra a minute to realize what was going on.

“Oh, shit. I’m being so stupid today. Sure, we can go to bed, but you probably don’t want to get too up close and personal with my pussy today.”

“That’s fine. You get used to other women’s cycles when you live with one. Luckily Katie and I have synched up pretty well.”

“Oh really?”

“Yeah, one of the upsides of living with a lesbian, I suppose.”

Sondra started pulling at Rebecca’s casual clothes. She was still topless, having retained her pants during nursing, but was happy to help the younger woman out of her clothes. She loved looking at Rebecca’s nearly flawless and toned body. The thought of getting into bed with Rebecca and Katie with their perfect bodies made her start to get horny and wet. She pushed those thoughts aside for the moment.

“One of the upsides of being a lactating woman is that your periods are incredibly light and short,” Sondra offered to her friend as she wriggled out of her tight panties. As always, her pussy was shaved smooth. Sondra had to focus on not licking her lips like a wanton whore at Rebecca’s nudity.

“That’s something good, I suppose,” Rebecca said as she knelt above her friend. “How do you want to do this?”

“How do you want me to make you cum?”

Rebecca was feeling aggressive. “Can I sit on your face?” she asked.

Sondra laughed. “Do lesbians actually do that?”

“I do.”

“Sure, let’s give it a go.”

She had played at this position a few times with Evan, sitting on his face. Sondra didn’t find the position all that interesting or comfortable, but with Rebecca’s

lithe body she was willing to give it a go. As Rebecca's pussy lowered to her face, Sondra thought it was a pretty picture, her pink pussy, glistening and wet and open, coming down for a kiss. Tonguing and licking her clit and slit was always enjoyable. Rebecca sighed and moaned in her usual fashion letting Sondra know exactly how much pleasure was being taken in the moment.

When Rebecca came after a surprisingly short time of Sondra eating her pussy, a small gush of liquid was expelled from her pussy soaking Sondra's face. For just a fleeting moment Sondra wasn't sure if she should be upset or humiliated, but then realized the reaction was an autonomous one. Rebecca had little control over the way her orgasm was expressed. In fact, it should be looked at as a compliment, how wet she had made her lover and how much Rebecca had appreciated her efforts.

She looked up at Rebecca with a warm smile, her face still covered in Rebecca's juices, and noticed that the younger woman—while still out of breath and recovering from her orgasm—had a tiny little swell to her belly. At first she thought that maybe it was the strange angle or a large breakfast or maybe just the was the lifeguard was holding her body. But Sondra was no fool. She knew exactly what was going on.

After a few more moments Rebecca swung her leg over Sondra's body and said, "Thank you. I really needed that."

"You're welcome." Sondra wondered what the protocol was for wiping her face clean and then stopped worrying about it and just ran her hand over her cheeks and lips. "Don't take this the wrong way, but I think that Henry was right about you gaining a little weight."

"I know," Rebecca said with a little too much sadness in her voice.

"I think I know why you've gained the weight too," Sondra added. "And it's not from my milk, is that right?"

Rebecca nodded and wiped away the tear that had started to seep out of the corner of her eye.

"Are you scared, Reb?"

"Uh-huh…" It wasn't really a wail, but Rebecca's voice was on the verge of

breaking.

“Are you pregnant, Reb?”

“Yeah…” Now she burst into tears. Sondra was there to comfort and hold her as she cried and shook with fear. The uncontrolled burst of emotions didn’t last all that long, but it was long enough for Rebecca’s pent up anxiety to dissipate.

“All done?” Sondra asked when the sobs were over.

“Yeah, sorry.”

“It’s okay. I’ve gone through it as well. Not exactly in the same way as you, but I’ve been pregnant twice, don’t you know.”

“I know.”

“You scared?”

“A little.”

Sondra nodded. “That’s normal. You’ll get over it.”

“I wanted to be pregnant,” Rebecca blurted. “I planned this.”

“Well, I suppose that’s better than it being an accident.” She paused a moment, then asked the question she was certain she already knew the answer to. “I’m pretty sure the laws of biology haven’t changed so I know I’m not the father and neither is Katie.”

Rebecca shook her head.

“And Evan hasn’t had his vasectomy reversed that I know of. Is Henry the father?”

Rebecca nodded.

“Ouch. And you planned this?”

Rebecca nodded again.

“It didn’t occur to you to use a sperm bank or a complete stranger?” The question came out much harsher than Sondra intended. Tears started welling up in Rebecca’s eyes again. “Okay, sorry, that was a terrible question to ask.”

“He was the only guy I could find that was…I don’t know…acceptable to be the father of my baby,” Rebecca said so quickly the words almost blurred together. “Evan would have been my first choice but…”

Sondra held up a warning hand. “Let’s not go there. But does Henry know?”

“Not yet.”

“Let’s hold off on telling him right away.”

Rebecca nodded.

“Does Katie know?”

“Not yet.”

Sondra nodded thoughtfully. “Yeah, we’re going to have to change that first.”

“I know.”

“Have you and Katie discussed this already?” Sondra said hopefully.

The answer was not what she wanted to hear. “Sort of. I’ve always said I wanted kids but Katie wasn’t so sure. I knew I’d be the one carrying the baby, but I think she’s not a hundred percent on board with me yet.”

“She’s going to have to be.”

“I know.” Rebecca took a deep breath and kissed her friend, her lover, on the lips lightly, eagerly. It was a hard question she needed to ask of Sondra. “Will you be there with me when I tell her?”

How could she let her friend down? Sondra controlled her emotions and said, “Yes.”

“Thank you, thank you.”

Sondra kissed her lover once more. “One thing, though.”

“What?”

She tugged on Rebecca’s nipple rings. The younger woman didn’t even wince. She liked the little thrills that tugging caused. “You’re going to need to get rid of these.”

“What?”

“You can’t have your baby breastfeeding around a nipple ring, can you?”

Chapter Fourteen

Rebecca was breathing heavily to the point of nearly passing out. She gripped Sondra's hand to the point where the older woman wanted to push her away it was so painful. Katie watched them with a slightly angry, slightly disapproving look on her face.

"Go ahead and tell her," Sondra encouraged Rebecca while trying not to fall down from the pain shooting through her hand and up to her arm.

After a shuddering breath Rebecca opened up her mouth to speak, but Katie started first. She held up a hand and said, "Is this how you're dumping me? Leaving me? You bring your new girlfriend over to our house and just end it?"

"What? No!" Rebecca blurted. "That's not what this is about at all."

Katie folded her arms across her chest. Her small chest, Sondra noted. The two other women were physically similar, they were both in incredible shape, sported short hair, and had small breasts with slender hips. Upon seeing her partner, Sondra wasn't surprised that Rebecca had been so eager to go to be with her since Sondra's body was so much different from Katie's. Variety was the greatest spice in any sexual adventure. "Then what is it about?" Katie asked pointedly looking at Rebecca gripping Sondra's hand.

After picking up on that very obvious clue Rebecca immediately dropped Sondra's hand and found her courage. She simply had to face the life she had chosen. "Sondra's just a friend," she said. It was half a life. She was a friend who Rebecca had been physically intimate with, but Rebecca had no intention of leaving the woman she loved. But neither did she want Katie to know what she had been doing with other people either. Not right now. Feeling like a little girl caught after being disobedient her eyes dropped to the floor and she managed to force out of her mouth, "I'm pregnant."

The pause before Katie spoke again was an eternity that stretched into countless infinities. "What?"

“I’m pregnant,” Rebecca repeated. Once it was said the first time, the repetition was easier.

Katie flicked aside the second iteration with a flick of her hand. “I heard you the first time. How did this happen?” The question was directed at Sondra.

Sondra cleared her throat and said, “I didn’t have anything to do with that.”

That answer caused Katie to roll her eyes. “I can figure that out. You’re obviously a woman. And who are you exactly?”

“I’m a friend of Rebecca,” she said again. “We met at the gym.”

Katie’s eyes flicked back to Rebecca. “I thought we agree that you could sleep with other men only.”

Rebecca opened her mouth to protest, but Sondra stepped in. “Okay, fine, you caught us. We’ve had sex. Big deal. You’re completely missing the point. Your girlfriend just told you she’s pregnant and you had no reaction whatsoever. What’s wrong with you?!”

Katie said nothing. And then she burst into tears. Rebecca immediately went to the person she loved most in the world and held her. They both cried. Sondra stood there awkwardly waiting for the moment to pass. It took a long time. She was glad she didn’t have anywhere to go right away.

“Marry me?” Katie asked her girlfriend.

“What?” Rebecca sobbed.

“Marry me,” Katie said. “We’ve always said when we had a baby we’d get married, right? Was that the agreement?”

Rebecca nodded and sobbed happily. “Yes. I just didn’t expect it this way.” She half-laughed and half cried. “You don’t even have a ring for me. I don’t have one for you either.” The two cried a bit more and then kissed. “Yes.”

“What? Yes?” Katie was confused.

“I’m saying yes to your proposal. I want to get married.”

Katie laughed. “Right. I forgot. Oh! Wait! I forgot!” She disengaged herself from Rebecca’s embrace and ran back to their bedroom.

“What’s going on?” Sondra asked. Rebecca only shrugged.

A few seconds later Katie was back. In her hand she carried a small ring. “I’m sorry it’s probably the wrong size, but I’m the one who wound up with it because my brother only wants the newest and best for his girlfriend-now-wife.” She held the gold ring up for Rebecca to inspect.

It was very old and made of traditional white gold, slightly tarnished with age. The diamond wasn’t huge and was mounted into the metal itself, not held up with tines to show it off. Everything about it spoke of age, a style long past, and not wealth but an engagement ring purchased with whatever little money was on hand at the time.

“It was my great-grandmother’s. I barely knew her. She died when I was five and I never got all the stories about her, some are pretty wild according to family legend. Her husband died like ten years after they got married and she was… um…considered the slutty woman of the town.”

Rebecca gasped in amusement. “You’re giving me the engagement ring of a slutty woman?”

Katie grinned. “It’s kind of fitting, isn’t it?”

Sondra could barely keep up with the shifts in their relationship. The amazing part occurred when Rebecca tried to slip it on her finger. It actually went on without difficulty. “Holy shit,” Rebecca breathed. “It fits.”

A tsk-tsk came from Katie. “Such language for a refined young lady. By all accounts Grandma Janey was a force to be reckoned with. Who knew you two had the same size fingers.”

“I’d better leave you two,” Sondra said when she realized everything was going to turn out for the best. She gathered her jacked at made to leave.

“No, wait,” Katie said. “I still haven’t found out who the father of our baby is.” She fixed Sondra with an intense stare. “Is the father your husband?”

“What?” Sondra exclaimed. “No. No. Not him. How did you know I was married?”

Katie pointed to Sondra’s left hand, third finger. “Most married women wear a wedding band and engagement ring. Just like you do. So who is the father?” The question wasn’t directed at either woman, but it was obvious that Katie expected an answer.

“Um…my husband got a vasectomy years ago,” Sondra said which didn’t really answer the question but ended the silence.

“His name is Hank,” Rebecca said. “He’s just a guy no one important.”

Katie now focused her glare on her girlfriend-now-fiancée. “Who was he? Where did you meet him? Doesn’t he want to know he’s going to be a father or are we going to hide his own child from him?”

Rebecca looked at Sondra. “The man Katie grew up with thinking was her father, wasn’t,” she explained.

“My mother was in the middle of a divorce when I was born,” Katie added. “But that sort of thing can fuck up your head when you discover it at age nine.”

After rubbing her forehead Katie relented. “I suppose we can tell him.”

Katie nodded. “Good. But who was he. Not some random guy you picked up at a bar?”

“No. He’s…”

Sondra stepped in again. “He’s my boyfriend.”

“Boyfriend?” Katie was surprised.

“Well…sort of boyfriend. Just a guy I’ve had sex with in the past. I loaned him…sort of…to Rebecca.”

Now Katie goggled at Sondra. “First I thought you were stealing my girlfriend away from me, now I find out you cheat on your husband and loan out the guy to impregnate bisexual women.”

“You make it sound tawdry. And I don’t cheat on my husband. He knows about Hank.” That was only a half-truth at best but Katie didn’t need to know that.

“I’m starting to like you more and more,” Katie said.

“I’m full of secrets.”

“I like a mysterious woman,” said Katie. “I suppose I should thank you. You’ve indirectly given me a wife-to-be and a baby on the way. Holy shit. A baby on the way. That’s a scary thought.”

“I’ve got two kids,” Sondra said. “I know how it can mess up your mind.”

“Thank you again,” Katie said and took two steps away from Rebecca to embrace Sondra. She followed the embrace with a kiss on Sondra’s lips. It only seemed natural. What wasn’t entirely natural was when Katie didn’t stop kissing her and slipped her tongue into Sondra’s mouth.

The older woman responded automatically. She knew she was a slave to her sexual drive and kissing Katie back was perfectly natural even if it was done right in front of Rebecca. Katie reveled in Sondra’s body. She was soft and ample where Rebecca was hard and angular. It was easy to see why her girlfriend was attracted to Sondra.

“Wow,” Sondra breathed when the kiss finally ended.

“You’ve been sleeping with my girlfriend, haven’t you?” Katie asked. “You don’t have to lie. I’m not upset by it. I just want to know the truth.”

“It didn’t start out as sex,” Sondra said trying to explain why she was sleeping with Katie’s girlfriend.

“I’m sure,” Katie half-agreed. “It always does.”

“No. Really! It’s a long story, but I needed a little bit of relief for my breasts. I’m lactating and my husband has to cut down on his milk intake because my milk is making him fat so I used Rebecca—I made her nurse from me—because she was sleeping with Evan.” When the words left her mouth Sondra gasped and slapped her hand over her lips but it was too late. “I didn’t mean to say that.”

Katie found herself glaring at Rebecca. “You were sleeping with her husband as well?”

Rebecca’s eyes went to the floor again. “Yes. But I wanted to stop when I found out he had a vasectomy.”

“But you didn’t stop.”

“He was a good lay.”

“And you need cock every once a in a while.”

“Yes.”

Katie hadn’t let go of Sondra’s hands yet. “You know what I need every once in a while? Pussy. New pussy. I like women. I’ve never been with a man.” She glanced one more time at her fiancée. “Right now the new pussy I want is Sondra’s. Do you mind?” she asked Rebecca.

Rebecca only shook her head. Katie started pulling Sondra back to the bedroom. “You’re bi, aren’t you?” she asked Sondra.

“Sure,” Sondra said.

“Want to have sex?”

“Um…yes?”

“Reb and I need to share everything. At least, I think we should share everything. Except men. I don’t fuck men.”

As they slowly retreated into the bedroom, Rebecca watched in amazement. Did her fiancée just seduce her girlfriend? She couldn’t believe it. After standing in the middle of the living room for a minute, it occurred to her that she hadn’t been barred from the bedroom.

Upon arriving in the bedroom she found Katie already had Sondra’s shirt and bra off. Or had Sondra eagerly taken off her top because of Katie? It was impossible to say. Katie had one hand down Sondra’s pants which were unbuttoned and unzipped but still on. They were kissing and Rebecca had a sudden pang of

jealousy…along with an urge to jump in bed with them.

She didn't. She waited and watched.

Sondra wasn't a shrinking violent. She kissed back eagerly and pulled at Katie's clothes. The dancer helped her in undressing. In the process her hair bun came loose and her long brown hair fell around her face to her shoulders.

"Suck my tits," Sondra told her new lover.

Katie hesitated. "Umm…are you sure?"

Sondra grinned because she liked teasing all of her lovers. "Yes. Are you worried about the milk? You'll love it. Everyone I have sex with does. Why do you think they keep trying to get into my pussy? You'll love it too. You'll need to get used to it anyway?"

"Why is that?"

"Katie's going to be lactating soon enough. Do you love her tits?" Sondra glanced over at Rebecca who was still watching silently. Katie didn't look at her fiancée; she lowered her head and started sucking on one of Sondra's nipples. Sondra moaned. Sondra sighed and held Katie's head in place as the lesbian tried another woman's breast milk for the same time.

It was a hard thing to do, but Katie had resolved never to deny herself a new experience with a lover. The milk was thin and watery, but also sweet and heavy on her tongue. It wasn't something she had ever expected to taste, but life was often full of little unexpected surprises.

Sondra locked eyes with Rebecca. The lifeguard had unconsciously cupped a breast with one hand and was rubbing her pussy through her pants with the other. Sondra kept watching. Katie's hand was busy between Sondra's legs, her fingers slippery with Sondra's juices, her clit was between two fingers, squeezing and releasing in a steady rhythm.

"Do you like men or women better?" Katie asked abruptly, letting go of her breast.

"Men," Sondra answered honestly. "But I love being with women too." She

glanced shyly at Rebecca. “Right now I’d love to be with two women.”

Katie smiled and asked, “Do you want her to go down on you?”

“No…I want the two of you to nurse from me…then I want you to go down on me.”

Katie looked over at Rebecca and nodded. In a moment both of Sondra’s breasts were being drained of their precious milk. Sondra writhed and moaned in pleasure. It was almost too much. While Katie kept up playing with her pussy, Rebecca pushed her pants the rest of the way off. Somehow in the process Rebecca had gotten naked as well. Sondra found herself between two naked and lithe women and was in heaven.

Before she knew it Katie was down between her legs licking her pussy and flicking her clit with her tongue.

“She’s good, isn’t she?” Rebecca asked.

“Uh-huh,” Sondra answered. It was hard to talk with a tongue in her pussy and Rebecca’s fingers pinching her left nipple.

“Do you want her to fuck you?”

Sondra’s answer was little more than a moan. Katie took that as a yes. She got up from the bed and Sondra groaned in complaint, but she was distracted by Rebecca’s kiss and how she pinched both her nipples. It wasn’t painful but it should have been.

“Ready for me?” Katie asked from the side of the bed.

Opening her eyes Sondra looked at the woman who wanted to fuck her. It wasn’t a lesbian’s exaggeration. She stood at the bedside proudly, her body taut and all but perfect. Her tummy was flat, her hair was long, her breasts were high and pointed forward proudly, and—incongruously—a blue cock stuck out from between her legs.

Sondra tried to answer but no words came out of her mouth.

“Ever been fucked by a Feeldoe before?”

A shake of her head told Katie no.

“Rebecca says it’s a lot like getting fucked by a man. I wouldn’t know. Tell me what you think.” Sondra wondered if Katie was playing the role of the man as she got back on the bed and assumed the superior position on top of Sondra. She then fitted the head of the Feeldoe to the entrance of Sondra’s pussy. It took a tiny bit of maneuvering but they soon had their bodies aligned and Katie pushed the Feeldoe home.

It was much like being fucked by a man who had a fake cock, Sondra realized after a minute. She had used plenty of vibrators and dildos on herself and had Evan use them on her—it wasn’t that different. A soft, thin man with slightly wide hips and long hair. A man who knew how to make love to a woman. Then Katie reached down to the Feeldoe and depressed a hidden button. The fake cock came to life as a vibrator and Sondra’s eyes rolled up into her head.

“Ooh.”

Sondra was breathing heavily to the point of nearly passing out. She gripped Rebecca’s hand to the point where the young woman wanted to drop their grasp because it was so painful. Katie watched them with a thrilled and pleased expression on her face and continued to fuck Sondra until they both came.

End Part Three

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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