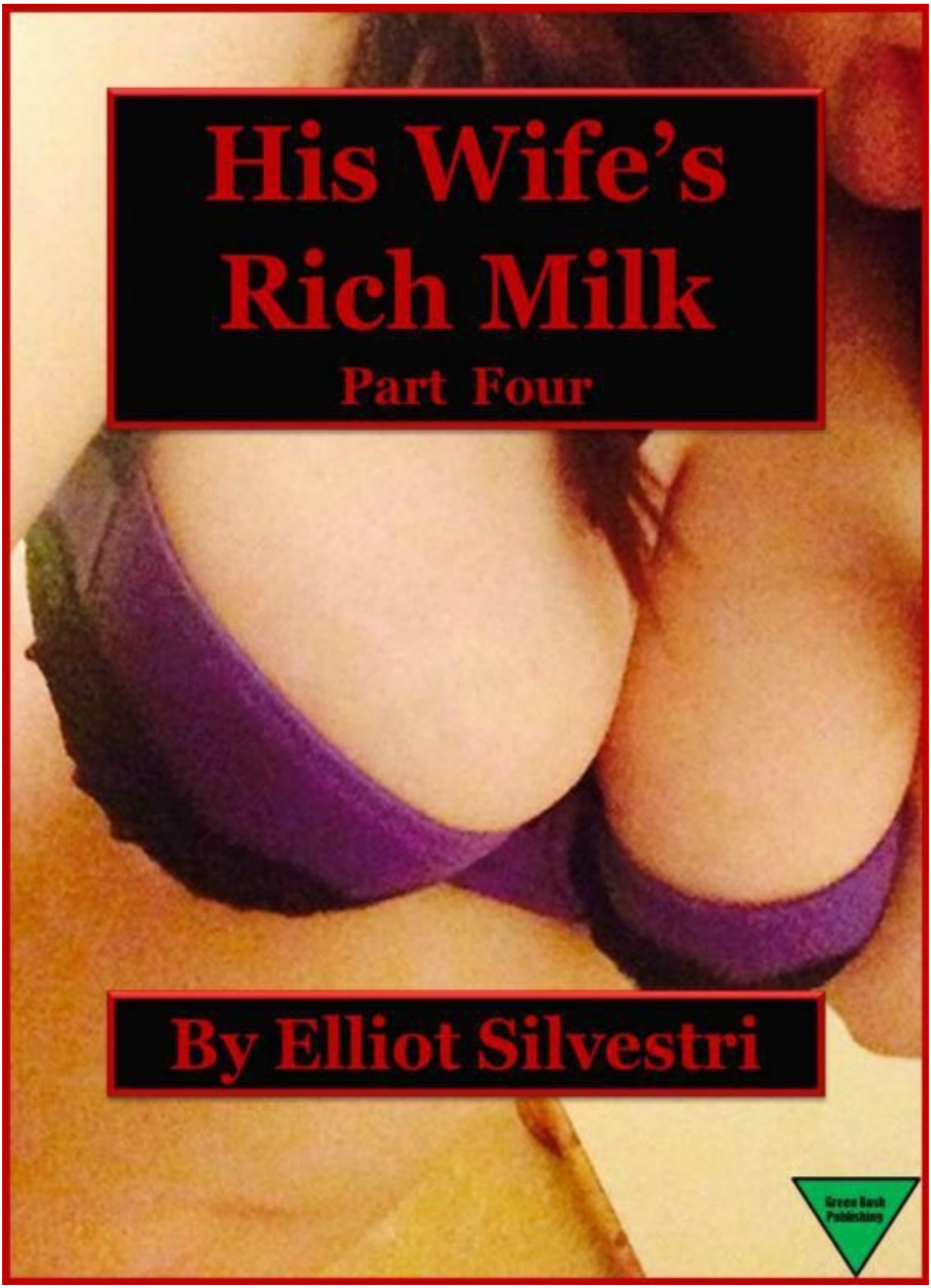
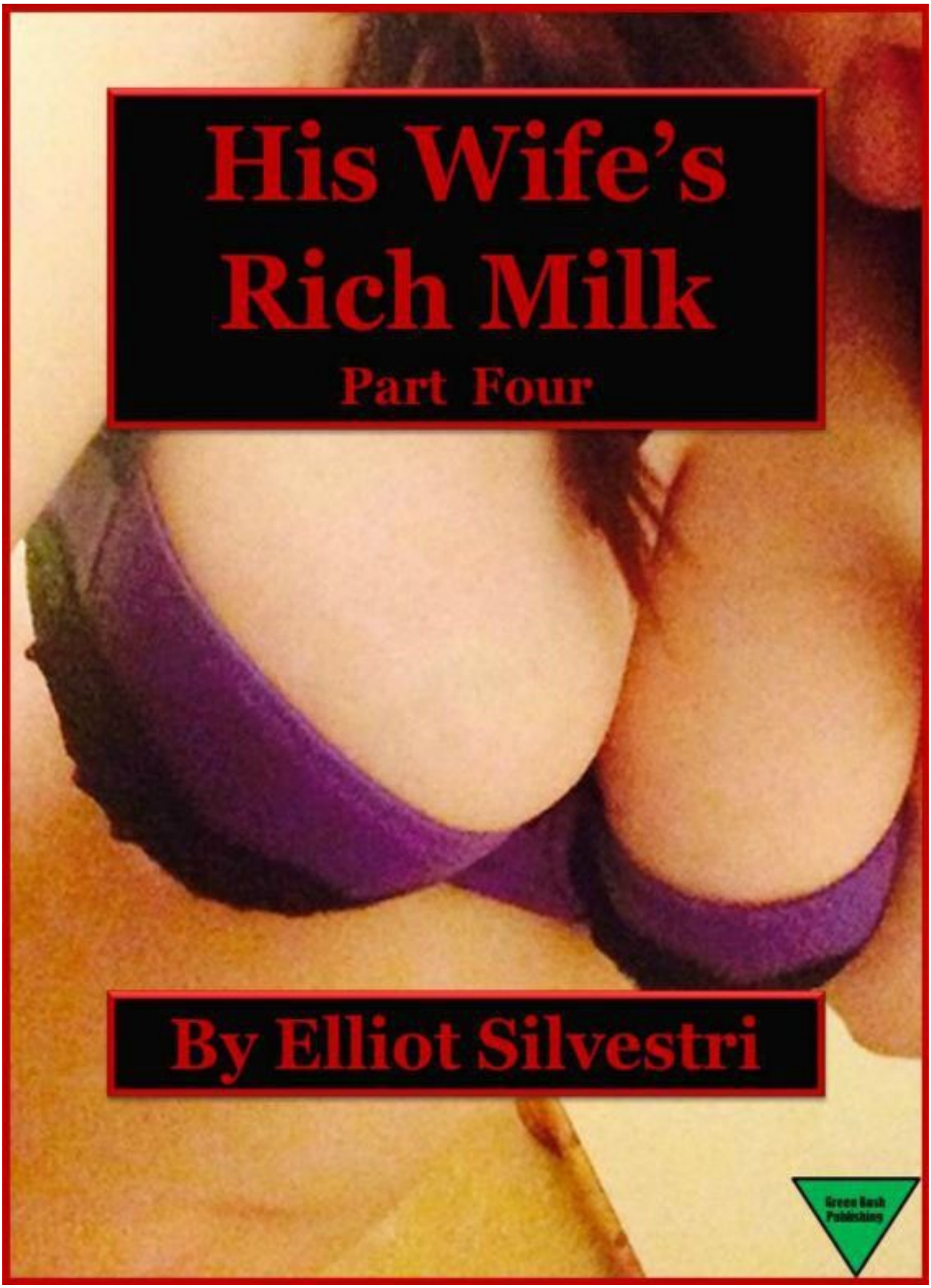

His Wife's
Rich Milk
Part Four
By Elliot Silvestri
Green Rush
Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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Image of hellish Horror, Ignorance,

Born in the Bosom of the black Abyss,

And fed with Furies Milk for Sustenance

Of his weak Infancy, begot amiss

By yawning Sloth on his own Mother Night;

So he his Sons both Sire and Brother hight

—Edmund Spenser, The Tears of the Muses

Part Four

Chapter Fifteen

Sondra clutched her husband's head and held him in an unbreakable grasp as he nursed at her tit. She was on the edge and he needed to stay right where he was. His hand wasn't anywhere near her pussy but his lips seemed like they were connected directly to her clit. The day had been exhausting and they had collapsed together into bed and she had automatically pulled up her nightshirt to expose her breasts. Evan had burrowed down and taken the closest available nipple into his mouth. Their nursing always relaxed her and helped her go to sleep.

And it did. She was relaxed. She was enjoying what Evan was doing to her body. She was just on the edge of drifting off and the crossover occurred. The gentle, relaxation sensations turning into stimulating ones making her pussy moist and forcing her libido higher. Although she felt herself getting hornier and wanting to fuck, she kept quiet, saying nothing to Evan and making no noises that she was turned on and thereby indicating to him that she wanted him to fuck her. She didn't want to be fucked. She wanted to cum.

As much as she wanted to remain silent, Sondra wasn't the type of woman who was quiet in bed. In the final rush to her climax her breathing abruptly increased and moans escaped her lips. Evan didn't stop nursing. He knew what was expected of him. His sucks became stronger and their pace increased as well. As her warm milk filled his mouth and he swallowed, she started sobbing until it happened. Her body shook and she rubbed her thighs together wanting some direct stimulation for her pussy even though that wasn't necessary. The plain cotton panties she wore clung to her nether lips because her pussy was producing nearly as much liquid as her tits.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck," Sondra cried out. She wasn't very articulate during orgasm.

"You little horny slut, you came just from your nipple," Evan said.

"I know," she gasped as she came down from her high.

“We must not be having enough sex if you came that easily.”

She shook her head. “No. I’ve been having plenty lately. Maybe that’s the problem.”

His eyes narrowed. “You’ve been having plenty?” he asked her.

Sondra lowered her eyes and smiled guiltily. “With Rebecca. I’ve been going over to her place a couple of times a week.”

“To get your tits drained?”

“Uh-huh. And then we usually have sex afterwards.” She reached down and felt for his cock. It wasn’t surprising that he was nearly rock hard after hearing her words.

“That’s hot.”

“I thought you might like that. Now empty my other breast and I’ll tell you more.”

“More?” he asked eagerly.

She pointed to her full breast and he fell upon it, anxious to hear what she had to say.

Since Sondra didn’t see any need to tell Evan about her sessions with Hank, she left that detail out for the moment. “She’s a wonderful lover, by the way. And I know you’ve been banging her regularly too.”

Evan looked up at her with innocent eyes.

“Oh, don’t play that game with me. She told me everything. I don’t mind. We can share her. Poor girl is going to be exhausted, though, between fucking the two of us and fucking with the both of us at the same time, and sleeping with her girlfriend.”

Evan continued his sucking and motioned for her to continue. Sondra felt a twinge between her legs, right behind her clit, and wondered if she could cum again from her second breast and leave Evan high and dry. No pussy for him

tonight.

“Rebecca’s been a bit of a slut. She’s been fucking Hank pretty regularly.”

A snort into her breast told Sondra exactly what Evan thought of that.

“Don’t be like that. He’s a good lay once you get beyond his self-centeredness. And he has a wonderful cock. I can’t stay away from it.”

Her breast spilled from his mouth along with a few dribbles of her white milk. “What did you say?”

Fuck! Sondra froze. “Okay, you caught me.” She cursed in her head and the sensation of an impending orgasm floated away. “We haven’t really stopped meeting.”

Evan’s eyes went wide with comprehension. “Still?!” It was half exclamation, half accusing question.

“Yes. I needed relief. And after seeing you fuck Rebecca, I thought I was entitled.” Her hand was in his pants now, wrapped around his cock. It was still hard. She gave it a few thoughtful strokes. “He might be a jerk, but he’s a good fuck. Would you like to see him fuck me?”

Evan went back to nursing from her, avoiding the question. She didn’t push the issue—not for the moment. But the thought of Evan watching while Hank fucked her, while he made her cum and spilled his seed inside her pussy—that caused her lust to quickly rise back to where it was.

“I think we’ve all been busy,” she continued. “Rebecca’s been fucking Hank too.”

“Lucky stiff,” Evan mumbled into her flesh.

“Maybe not. Guess who is getting married?”

“Not Henry.”

“That’s correct. Rebecca and Katie.”

“Good for them.”

“Because Rebecca’s pregnant.”

For the second time that night her tit slipped from his mouth in surprise. “What?”

“Guess who the father is.”

“Not me,” he said, relieved that he had had a vasectomy years ago.

“That’s correct. Hank is.”

“Does he know?”

“Not yet. Maybe not ever. Rebecca and Katie only told me this last week.” She grinned triumphantly. “I helped them celebrate.”

The meaning dawned on Evan. “You got to fuck Katie too?”

Her laugh made her sound a little bit like a schoolgirl. “Well, it would probably be more accurate to say Katie fucked me. But yeah, the three of us had sex.”

“Wow.”

“Wow indeed.” She pulled his mouth back to her breast.

He suckled some more and then asked, “Are they going to tell him?”

She shrugged after pulling him back to her tit. “Maybe. Maybe he’ll figure it out after the wedding. But Rebecca has sworn off him now. Says he called her fat. She also told me you would have been her first choice for the father if you hadn’t already been fixed.”

“I wasn’t broken,” he mumbled.

“We’re invited to the wedding.”

“Lesbian wedding?”

“Don’t get too excited,” she told him as she stroked his cock harder. She was

going to make him cum in his pants rather than letter him fuck her pussy. Maybe she'd let him watch while she masturbated in front of him. "There won't be any sex during the wedding."

"But afterwards…?"

"Maybe I'll fuck the brides while you watch," she whispered in his ear.

His orgasm made a sticky mess in his sleep pants and all over her hand. She didn't stop stroking the entire time, making him yelp with each spurt of cum because he was so over-stimulated. She liked that. She liked having control over Evan that way.

The next morning after the kids had left for school and Evan had already nursed, already taken all of the milk Sondra had in her breasts, they were lounging on the bed. She still had her tits out and Evan was gently running his fingers over her smooth skin. It was taut. He loved the border between the pale skin of her breast and the red tinted areola. If he did it just right he could run his finger around this circle and cause her nipple to contract, stiffen, and become erect. Sometimes he teased her by lightly blowing on her exposed nipples, helping the process along. Sondra shivered each time he did this. If he did it just right the tiny muscles in her nipple would contract hard enough to force out a tiny drop of her milk. Generally that only worked when she was full, but that didn't stop him from trying this morning.

"You weren't kidding about anything you said last night, were you?" he asked her.

"No."

"When was the last time you had sex with Henry?" he asked keeping his voice neutral.

There was a hesitation before she answered. "What kind of sex?"

"Isn't it rude to answer a question with a question?" he almost snapped at her. She often said the same thing to him.

“I’m just trying to answer the question correctly,” she protested. He still didn’t stop circling her areola with his finger. She shivered again. He knew her weaknesses as well as she knew his.

“Any kind of sex,” he said. “No. Wait. Tell me the last time for each type of sex.”

“Okay, let me think,” she said biding for time. “Um…last time he nursed was last Thursday. I gave him oral that day as well. Before that…He went down on me a few weeks ago.” She sighed and then finally added. “We had anal two Fridays ago.”

Evan’s finger stopped. “What?”

“Do I need to repeat all of that?”

“No. You said you had anal with him?”

“Yes.”

“Did you like it?”

She shrugged. “It was okay. It wasn’t great.”

“Why did you do that with him?”

“He asked…and I promised that my pussy was only for you.”

“That’s a little bit of a quibble over our agreement.”

“Quibble or not, all that was said was that my pussy is off limits to Hank. We never said or agreed to anything about my mouth or ass.”

He snorted.

“And if you remember a few years ago I offered you to fuck my ass and you said no.” She stopped his finger. “Do you want to fuck my ass?”

“Not particularly.”

“Then why are you complaining?”

“Because…I’m jealous. Because I don’t like Henry nursing from you.”

“But Rebecca’s okay?”

He grinned. “Sure. Lesbian action is fine. Even better if Katie joins in. They can give you things I can’t. Henry has a cock and so do I. I can give you whatever he has.”

“Except variety,” she said. “And the thrill of knowing that I’m fucking someone other than my husband. I like that.” She paused. “Would you like me to fuck the both of you at the same time?”

Chapter Sixteen

Evan was bored. He wasn't especially excited to people watch while his wife was in the jewelry store picking out a wedding band for Rebecca. Still…sitting on a bench in a relatively quiet mall wasn't the worst thing in the world. It could be worse.

It got worse when Katie sat down next to him. He noticed her right away. She hadn't spoken two words to him the entire time after meeting him just an hour ago. The quartet had left the Jacobs' house to go shopping. Evan knew he wasn't in for a good time. Still, he had to be friendly to the future wife of his wife's lover. "Hello," he said keeping his voice neutral but pleasant.

"This is uncomfortable," Katie said looking straight forward and observing the people passing by. They were on the corner of a side entrance to the mall. People were hurrying in and out. Evan felt like he was in a spy movie meeting a stranger on a bench in a public place and not looking at the stranger while they talked.

"It sure is." Evan had left the jewelry store shortly after the four had walked in. It was too small and the clerk didn't seem to know what to make of three women and one man looking for an engagement ring and wedding band.

They watched the people pass by a minute then Evan spoke again. "Shouldn't you be in there picking out your rings?"

He sensed more than saw Katie shake her head. "No. I'll be happy with whatever Rebecca picks out. I'm not a jewelry person."

A quick glance at her hands and face confirmed this. Katie didn't wear any rings, bracelets, earrings, or necklaces. "Huh. I hadn't noticed."

"You barely looked at me when we met," she replied.

"Umm…that's true."

“Why?”

“Why what?”

“Why didn’t you look at me?” she asked.

Evan swallowed. “I was nervous. I wasn’t sure how you’d react to knowing I had sex with Rebecca.” He stared straight ahead at the wall.

Katie’s gaze was focused on the same spot in the middle of nowhere. “I’ve never met one of her male lovers before. I was curious,” she said.

“You knew she had sex with men? Other men?”

“Fuck. Don’t be stupid. I know she’s bi. When we moved in together we agreed she could have sex with men as long as I didn’t know about it. I just don’t like men.” She paused and corrected herself. “I just don’t like sex with men. Men in general I’m okay with.”

“Are you okay with me?” Evan asked.

Before Katie could answer an incredibly tall woman with flowing blonde hair wearing a skirt that was too short and heels that were too tall for practical shopping filled their field of vision. They both stared at her as she walked by and disappeared into the crowed. It was Katie who noticed that Evan was staring. She spoke first. “She was beautiful. Wow.”

“Yeah,” Evan agreed.

“But that outfit…is she a prostitute or does she just like to flaunt it?”

Evan glanced at Katie dressed incredibly casually in loose yoga pants and a sweatshirt. He was wearing jeans and a button down shirt and felt positively elegant next to her. “I think she just likes to flaunt it.”

“I wouldn’t mind her walking by again so I could see her flaunt it some more.”

Evan laughed at Katie’s statement.

She grinned at him but didn’t catch his eye. “Did you forget I’m a lesbian?”

He shook his head. “No. I didn’t. I just wasn’t expecting a comment like that from any woman.”

Katie scanned the slow moving crowd and spotted a redhead girl who couldn’t have been more than nineteen. She sported big tits and an oversized varsity letter jacket. “What about the redhead?” Katie asked. “I love her tits.”

Evan snorted. “She’s a little young for me. And for you for that matter.”

“The younger the better,” Katie said.

A young mother pushing a stroller accompanied by a little girl no older than four walked by.

“MILF,” Evan said under his breath.

“I’d do her too.” Katie added.

They both looked at each other at the same time. Seeing each other’s eyes they couldn’t help but laugh. No more words were exchanged. They scanned the crowd looking for another likely candidate. It took a minute but Evan finally spotted an older woman—a much older woman who was easily a grandmother. She had silver hair but walked with a youthful energy. “I bet she was a tiger in bed back in the day,” he said.

“Former hippy,” Katie said watching the woman walk. “I can tell. Probably munched a few carpets in her time.”

“I hope so,” Evan added.

They continued to pass the time commenting on the fuckability along with speculating on the sexual history and peccadilloes of the most attractive female passerbys.

“Are you okay with Rebecca getting pregnant?” Evan asked her directly.

Katie sighed. “Sort of. I’m getting used to the idea. I guess I’ve always wanted to get married and have a family. I just wasn’t expecting it to happen so quickly. What I’m not getting used to is the changes in her body.”

“Really?”

“She’s got a little tummy now. I know it’s only going to get bigger and that’s freaking me out. I like her thin and fit.”

“Pregnancy does that to a woman.”

“Yeah. I know. I’m dealing with it. The upsetting part is she’s already taken out her nipple rings.”

“No!” His protest came out much louder than Evan intended. A few people turned to stare but moved on when they realized it was just a stray outburst.

He cleared his throat. “I mean. Wow. That’s a little premature.”

Once again Katie sighed. “She says were breasts are sore and the rings were making it worse. It’s upsetting. I loved her rings.”

“So did I,” Evan commiserated.

Katie glanced at him. “I’m not sure how I feel about you talking about your past history of sex with Reb.”

“Sorry. I won’t mention it again.”

There was a pause and then Katie said, “She can put them back after the baby comes.”

To that Evan said, “Maybe not right away if she’s going to breastfeed.”

Katie smacked herself in the forehead. “Shit. I forgot about that. Fuck. And your wife is still breastfeeding.” She paused. “But that’s only you.”

“You like her rings that much?”

“I’m the one who insisted she get them and keep them.”

“So that’s how it’s like in your relationship,” said Evan thoughtfully.

“Don’t even try to figure out the mind of a lesbian,” Katie warned him.

“I won’t.” He paused and then said. “Did you like Sondra’s milk?”

There was another pause before Katie answered. “Yeah.”

“Well…shortly you’ll have your own steady supply.”

When he said that, Katie laughed hard to the point of bringing tears to her eyes. “I think I could actually like you, Evan,” Katie said after a while.

“Oh really?”

“Yeah…as long as I don’t have to watch you have sex with my fiancée.”

A moment later Rebecca and Sondra rounded the corner. Rebecca rushed up to her girlfriend and displayed the engagement ring and wedding band she had chosen. Katie kissed her wife-to-be and glanced sidelong, almost shyly, at Evan.

Later that afternoon the four were back at Rebecca and Katie’s house, returning them after the shopping expedition. They were in bed together. Katie gave Evan the same sidelong glance but this time she was busy nursing on Sondra’s breast, drinking the older woman’s milk as Sondra moaned in appreciation. Sondra hadn’t taken off her panties yet. That didn’t matter because Katie’s hand was down in them, playing with her pussy, pinching her clit.

Rebecca and Evan missed Katie’s jealous glance because Katie’s face was buried in a pillow as Evan fucked her from behind. There was definitely a noticeably bulge to Rebecca’s tummy but that was okay with Evan. As they fucked Katie realized it wasn’t so bad watching her girlfriend being fucked by a man. It was something she couldn’t exactly offer Rebecca and it wasn’t like Rebecca was going to leave her for something as ordinary as a cock.

Katie reached over and grasped one of Rebecca’s hanging tits. Katie looked over at her to say, “I love you.”

After carefully evaluating Rebecca’s tits, Katie wasn’t sure if they were swelling yet or not.

“No, not that way,” Rebecca complained. They were in Evan’s bed and he was getting on top of her with his cock in hand, about to enter her pussy. She was wet and ready to be fucked, and had been eager for Evan to fuck her a minute earlier when his face was buried between her thighs, but now his body was pressing onto hers making her stomach hurt terribly.

“Not what way?” He wanted to hurry—he was home from the office for lunch and she shortly had to go to her job at the gym.

“I can’t have you on top of me any more.” She pushed at him and he rolled off her body.

“Why not--?” he started to ask and then he remembered and looked at the small swell of her belly. “Oh, that’s right. You’re pregnant.”

“Ha ha, thank you for remembering.” She was barely four months into her pregnancy—having made it past the first tough trimester and had now settled into the pleasant second trimester. Rebecca was in tune with her body and could feel the various hormones coursing through her system now. As a secondary effect of not just making her baby grow the hormones were making her horny as well. She liked that. At the moment she would have been happy to be fucked twenty four hours a day. It was why she made love with Katie every morning, slipped away in the middle of the day to bed either Evan or Sondra, and then demanded more sex from Katie at night. Sometimes they invited over one of the Jacobs for some extra fun. Katie was exhausted from the routine—Rebecca was not.

The downside to the hormone rush was that she could definitely feel and see the effect of the pregnancy on her body. Her tummy was starting to distend and her once tiny tits were swelling. They were almost too big for the few traditional bras she owned and they were so sensitive to everything they touched. That part she liked. Her small breasts spilling out of her lingerie were not so much of an upside.

“So…do you want to get on top then?” Evan asked. It wasn’t a position they had ever tried before. It wasn’t a position that Rebecca had much experience with either. She hesitated and immediately hated herself for hesitating. She was a woman of the world, dammit. A bisexual woman who happily bedded men and women and wasn’t above experimentation of any sort so why was she hesitating

now?

“Yes, yes I do,” she said with a confidence she didn’t feel.

“Okay.” Evan rolled to his back and his erect cock pointed to the ceiling. He put his hand on her hip and encouraged her to get on top of his body. This she did with some trepidation, not used to climbing on a man and straddling his cock. As he pregnancy had progressed she had become much more careful with how she moved her body. She knew her baby was safe inside her, but there was that nagging feeling in the back of her mind that she now needed to be extra careful and not put any risk at all to her unborn child.

Strangely she didn’t mind having sex still. In fact, she liked having it more now that she was pregnant, but that was the hormones talking.

Rebecca carefully fitted Evan’s cock into her slit and slowly lowered her body onto his, resting her weight on his hips and thighs. “Nice,” he said as she sank all the way down on him.

“Um,” was her only thought. Her clit wasn’t being touched at all and she felt odd sitting on top of him. His cock was seated nicely in her pussy and filled her up, but the perspective was odd.

“You need to move up and down,” he told her as she waited for something to happen.

“Oh. Right. How do I do that?”

She was on her knees, half-squatting above Evan’s body. “Well, either you lift your entire body with your thighs, kind of like doing a squat-thrust in elementary gym class, or you stay on your knees like you are and bounce up and down. Either way, you’re going to be doing a lot of thigh work.”

Nodding, Rebecca leaned forward a bit, letting her torso hover over Evan’s, and started rocking back and forth, sliding his cock in and out of her cunt. It was a new sensation for her, not entirely new of course, but new enough. She delighted in what she was doing and increased her pace, letting her legs do all the work. After a minute she started to really feel it in her thighs and just as much in her tits. They were bouncing around like out of control beach balls at a SPAC concert.

“Ow. Fuck. My boobs are too sensitive for this.” That shocking realization made her wonder if a pregnant body wasn’t any good for sex at all.

“Here, let me help,” Evan said and reached up to hold her tits. That prevented them from moving much at all.

“Much better,” she said and continued her campaign of new sexual discoveries. Rebecca found that she liked being on top of a man; it gave her better control. Evan wasn’t helpless and could move his body and—more importantly—thrust up into her pussy so everyone was wining.

And then she got distracted by her tits. Evan was at first just holding them, and then he was massaging them, and then he started pinching the nipples. Every bit of his attention she liked because it was turning her on, but it was also somewhat distracting because it took her attention away from her pussy. Plus, since her nipple rings were out now—possibly forever—getting her nipples played with this way was new and distracting. She was used to cumming from stimulation on her clit and she wasn’t getting much of that in this position.

“I need you to play with my clit,” she told him as she kept her hips busily going up and down along his shaft.

“Play with it yourself,” he said with an evil grin. “I’m busy with your tits.”

It wasn’t like he was hurting her—well, maybe the pinching of her nipples was a bit much but it wasn’t exactly painful. And it was all helping her get to her orgasm. Rebecca was a bit peeved at his response, but then decided to make the most of it. Everything was new and it wasn’t like she hadn’t masturbated in front of other lovers before. Balancing herself on one hand and moving the other down to her slit, she found her clit and almost immediately her eyes rolled up into her head. She was hot and wet and it was almost impossible for her to hold onto her clit and rub it just the ways she liked. Evan’s cock was in the way. She wanted it out, but she also wanted to be filled at the same time.

The stress of the decision of what to do didn’t last long. Her nimble fingers flicked and rubbed her clit perfectly and she felt everything give way, as if her whole lower half had dropped away from the rest of her body and she was cumming and cumming and cumming. As she started descending from the ecstatic high of her orgasm, she realized she was incredibly wet, wetter than normal. For just a moment she thought that maybe Evan had cum during her

climax, but that wasn't the case. He was still rock hard and he was thrusting his hips up into her.

The realization she had just squirted for the first time in her life was revelatory—but she didn't tell Evan what had happened. He continued to squeeze her tits and thrust up into her. His face was scrunched up, his eyes were closed, and he was close to cumming. She watched as he struggled to get over that final barrier and join her in the land of elation.

It didn't take long. Men weren't complicated. They just wanted some place warm and moist and tight to put their dicks. That made them happy. Rebecca liked making some men very happy—and she liked making a lot of women happy in that same way.

When his eyes finally opened back up Evan saw his lover staring down at him. "What?" he asked nervously at her strange expression.

"You look funny when you cum," she told him.

"Thanks," he said. "I think."

"My thighs hurt," she complained but didn't move off him. "I'm not used to fucking like this."

"Then get off of me and relax a bit," he told her.

Since Rebecca was being so careful with how she moved her body it took them a minute to uncouple allowing Evan to roll her to her side and let his cock slip from her pussy. A little spurt of his cum shot out from between her legs, landing on her inner thigh, and she laughed. "Well, it's not like I needed any more to get me pregnant."

"It's not like any of my cum was ever going to get you pregnant," Evan said.

"I wished you'd told me that from the start. That way I wouldn't have wasted so much time fucking you."

"Uh-huh," he vaguely agreed with her. Evan was in the middle of inspecting her nipples, squeezing and pinching them. She liked it and allowed it to continue. "So why are you fucking me now?"

“Just for the fun of it.”

“I see. I guess you really are bi, can’t decide between a man and a woman.”

That caused Rebecca to shake her head. “No. I’m bi, but I’ve decided. I like women better.”

“Oh?” He paused from inspecting her tits to glance up at her face to see if she was teasing him. “Should I be flattered that I still get to have sex with you?”

“Yes you should,” she told him, “but not for the reason you think. You’re a good lay, but not great enough to put me off women for the rest of my life.” She paused as he pinched her left nipple a bit harder at those words. “I still love having sex with men and women, but while my pussy loves both, my heart is definitely more aligned to women.”

“Huh,” Evan commented

“I can see that really upset and interested you,” Rebecca said as she looked at him inspecting her breasts.

“No, not that—though that’s really interesting—but the more interesting thing here are your tits.”

“Thanks. You really know how to give a woman a compliment,” she teased.

He shook his head. “I think you’re lactating.”

That truly startled Rebecca. “What?!”

“See,” Evan pointed out as he massaged her left breast a bit and rolled his fingers forward slightly, ending up with pinching her nipple. It felt good, but the end result was that a tiny, almost imperceptible bead of liquid formed on the tip of her nipple. Evan leaned over and licked the spot of moisture away from her sensitive pink flesh. The taste on his tongue was familiar if weak and slightly different from his usual source of milk. “Yeah, that’s breast milk all right.” He grinned happily at her.

“What? But it can’t be. I’m barely pregnant.”

“Pregnancy is a binary state. Either you are or you aren’t. And you are. And by my past history with this sort of thing, I can tell you that it’s just your breasts getting ready to produce milk. This is just your pre-milk. Your colostrum.”

“Oh.” She was still shocked at what he had revealed to her.

“It’s not really that surprising,” he added. “The amount of milk you’ve been drinking from Sondra, it’s probably primed the pump and your body was ready to make milk. A little extra nipple stimulation, a few more hormones, and there you are.” He smiled at her and nuzzled her breasts. “That’s what I like about women’s bodies. They’re so adaptable and so beautiful. And of course their tits make milk which is wonderful in and of itself.”

“Right,” she agreed. “So many changes,” she whispered mostly to herself. “I’m not sure I’m ready.”

“You’ll be ready when the time comes,” Evan said philosophically and kissed her breast, then brought her nipple into his mouth and sucked a little bit. There wasn’t really any flavor to the tiny bit of moisture he drew from her small breasts, but since she didn’t stop him, he nursed some more. Every bit of stimulation would bring encourage the production of more milk.

“It’s a shame you had to take out your rings, though,” he told her between sucks. “I wonder if it would happen to your milk with the rings in.”

Katie was annoyed that her fiancée was taking so much damn time to get ready for bed. They had already fooled around earlier—almost the moment that Katie had walked in the door. Rebecca was always horny nowadays. Maybe she had lost a little bit of her athletic figure with the slight bump of her stomach, but Katie wasn’t purely interested in Rebecca’s body. Besides, what was inside Reb’s body was more than worth it.

“C’mon, hon,” she called from the bed. She was starting to get frustrated. “I have an early morning tomorrow. I need my beauty sleep.” They would actually be sleeping tonight, Katie told herself. She was wearing her oldest, most boring sleep shirt and plain white cotton panties. She didn’t want Rebecca to get distracted and want to have sex when she got into bed.

“I’m coming, I’m coming,” Rebecca called from the bathroom.

Katie giggled to herself. “That’s what you were screaming earlier,” she said softly to no one.

Finally Rebecca sauntered into the bedroom. She was wearing only a pair of purple silk panties. Nothing else. Katie recognized the panties. They were the style that let Rebecca’s firm ass cheeks hang out the bottom just a little bit. She had given them to Reb last year for Valentine’s Day. Rebecca wore them as her subtle signal that she wanted to have sex.

Then Katie realized that her fiancée wasn’t naked except for the panties. Her nipple rings with the blue jewels were back in, adorning her pink nipples, dangling and swaying with her every movement, her every breath. She was gorgeous but the ever-practical Katie could only think of one thing.

“You shouldn’t be wearing your rings,” she pointed out. “It’s bad for the baby.”

Rebecca sighed. “Oh, Katie. The baby’s not here yet. My boobs are fine with the rings. Don’t you like them?”

Despite herself Katie’s eyes hadn’t moved from the lifeguard’s breasts. “Yes.”

“Don’t you like my panties?” she teased.

“You know I do…but we already had sex tonight.”

“I know. But I like putting these on for you.” Rebecca walked a careful line to her girlfriend’s bed, making her small breasts bounce just a little as her hips swayed back and forth.

“I’m not in the mood,” Katie said. It was a half-lie.

“I don’t want to have sex,” Rebecca said as she got in bed. “I want you to play with my tits.”

“Why?”

Rebecca didn’t say immediately but simply drew Katie’s head down to her breasts. “I want you to suck on my nipples.”

Katie responded, taking the pink nipple, fat with lust and impaled on a silver metal circle into her mouth and sucking. Rebecca sighed and pressed her body against the other woman. “Yes,” she moaned.

Rebecca continued to suck the nipple and pushed her hand down to Rebecca’s pussy, stroking outside the slick panties first, and then slipping her hand inside to stroke the woman’s hairless cunt. “Oh.”

It took a few minutes, but finally her tiny bit of milk let down and Rebecca relaxed. Then Katie tensed up as she tasted a sweetness that she had begun associating with Sondra’s full breasts. Katie was no fool; she pulled back and said, “You’re lactating.”

For something they both knew that was coming, though maybe not so early, Rebecca was extremely nervous about revealing this development to her girlfriend. She couldn’t even smile. “Yeah. I know. Evan figured it out yesterday.” She winced when she said those words. Katie didn’t mind that she fucked Evan on occasion, but she didn’t especially like to be reminded of it.

“Oh. I see.” Rebecca couldn’t read Katie’s emotions.

“Do you like it?” Rebecca asked.

“I like that it’s part of you.”

“Is it better with the rings in?” she asked a litter more eagerly.

Katie lowered her head and shook it slowly. “I haven’t tasted your milk without them in,” she said. “But I like your rings and I love you. I don’t see how I can even think of not loving your milk.”

Her answer made Rebecca relax a bit. “I’m not making much yet, but you can have some more.” She lifted up her small but slightly swollen breast to Katie’s mouth. Her fiancée took the hint and opened up to suck the nipple in once more. Rebecca’s milk flowed. And she leaned her head back on the pillow. It felt so good to have her breasts nursed. It was easy to see why Sondra had kept it up for so long with Evan. Would it always feel this good? Would it feel this good while her baby was nursing? Did it matter?

She ran her fingers through Katie’s long hair. “Drink up now, baby,” she

whispered. “Pretty soon it’ll all be going to our baby.”

Her words made Katie laugh which quickly devolved into a coughing fit. When she managed to recover she said to Rebecca, “You know that you just called me ‘baby’ and referred to that creature in your belly as ‘baby’?”

“Oh shit, did I?” Rebecca was mortified. “I think I have to stop that.”

“Good idea. Call me ‘hon’ or ‘Katie’ from now on.”

“How about ‘mommy’?” Rebecca could never stop herself from pushing an issue.

“How about not?”

Rebecca pulled Katie’s lips back down to her breast. She needed to be nursed. It was a physical desire now. “Like it or not, we’re both going to be mommies soon enough.”

Katie managed to pull her head up from her fiancée’s breast long enough to say, “I’d rather be called wife first.”

“Just another few weeks, honey.”

Chapter Seventeen

It was a slightly off-kilter wedding to say the least. While it was quickly put together there wasn't anything wrong with it exactly, but Evan had never been to a lesbian wedding before. And he had never been to a wedding where the bride—or one of the brides in this case—was visibly pregnant. Most of those in attendance were friends of the brides. It was somewhat difficult to explain his presence along with Sondra's so he simply went with "old friends". No one questioned him.

While there was a sizeable contingent of family members from Rebecca's side, it took Evan a long time to encounter anyone who claimed to be related to Katie. The man he finally did run into explained his presence with a wan smile.

"Yeah…most of the members of our family are pretty conservative. Most of them would disown me if they knew I was here." Daniel seemed like a nice guy and Evan liked him. There was a slight Tennessee twang to his voice

"I didn't know Katie was from Tennessee," Evan said as the two men stood side-by-side at the bar. "She doesn't have an accent at all."

"She's disowned most of the family anyway," Daniel told him. "Ditching the accent was probably made it a lot easier to live up here in New York."

"Probably. So…what's your story? I'm not getting a gay-vibe off you so why are you the one open-minded member of your family—outside of Katie?"

"Besides the fact I'm a reasonable human being?" he asked with a grin. "I went to college and fell in love with a girl who wasn't white."

"Oh." Evan suddenly felt like an idiot.

Daniel didn't seem to mind. "Yeah. Rural Tennessee in the twenty-first century isn't much different from rural Tennessee in the nineteenth century."

"Ouch."

“Yeah. Truth hurts.” Daniel shook his head. “And when I found out that Katie was gay…a lesbian, well, she had stood by my side when I brought Miyu home so…I just acted like a human being and not a redneck.”

“Harsh words.”

“I’m still bitter,” Daniel said. “Though I had a few more family members at my wedding than Katie got. Apparently in my family marrying a Japanese woman is slightly more acceptable than being a lesbian.”

Evan desperately wanted to change the subject but couldn’t think of a way to do it smoothly. “Where is your wife?” he asked instead.

“Over there.” Evan pointed to a group of women standing in a circle talking. “She’s the Asian one.”

Miyu was easy to pick out as she was the only Asian in the group. She wore a fancy green dress and had black hair that cascaded down her back nearly to her waist. Evan didn’t recognize any of the other women in the group except his own wife.

“She’s incredible,” he said. “And what luck. That’s my wife in the purple dress.”

Daniel let out a low whistle. “Damn. She’s a looker.”

“Thanks,” Evan said with a bit of undeserved pride. “I think she’s just slightly above average, but when you factor in her tits, she’s a ten.”

That comment caused Daniel to burst out laughing. “I was trying to be polite, but yeah, she has a big rack.”

“That’s why I married her.” The men both laughed.

“I suppose the only way she’d be more perfect is if she was into group sex and going down on women,” Daniel commented.

Evan’s antenna went up. “As chance has it…”

Miyu was barely five feet tall and had tiny tits to match which was slightly odd because she was otherwise plump. Normally women with a few extra pounds tended to carry it in their hips, ass, and tits. Not so for Ming's tits. They were small projections from her chest that had no real use for a bra. That was okay. Evan didn't mind. And she wasn't the least bit shy about crawling between Sondra's legs and eating her pussy. When Daniel encouraged Evan to fuck his wife, Evan thought it was only polite to undress and introduce his cock to the Asian woman's tight pussy. Miyu didn't mind the little invasion. Nor did she—or Evan—mind when Daniel put his cock into Sondra's mouth. Sondra kept one eye on her husband as the two couples shared the large hotel bed.

After the wedding reception had wound down and they had said their goodbyes to the new happy couple, Evan and Daniel led their wives upstairs to the hotel room that the out of town couple had rented for the occasion.

Sondra was slightly tipsy from too much wine, but that was okay because that made her horny as well. "Why are we here?" she asked Evan as Daniel slotted the key card into the door.

"It turns out Miyu is into women as well. So Daniel and I decided we'd like to watch while you two lesbianize each other. It seemed the only right way to celebrate the wedding."

Affecting an offended air Sondra said, "What makes you think I'll go to bed with a woman I barely know?"

Evan laughed at her. "Because you are into beautiful women with great bodies and you want to please me."

They glanced over at the other couple who were kissing and embracing. Daniel was tugging at the zipper to Ming's tight dress.

"What if I'm not into her?" Miyu asked. It wasn't readily apparent if the question was for Evan or Daniel.

"Then we'll swap wives and have a good time anyway," Daniel answered for her as he got the zipper loosened and pulled it all the way down. Miyu stepped out of the dress giving everyone a show. She was wearing matching green lingerie underneath the silk dress and Evan was eager to fuck her if Sondra wasn't willing. Next to her near nudity Evan felt suddenly overdressed in his plain suit

and tie. In the long run it wouldn't matter because his clothes would come off soon enough.

"Luckily for you, sweetie, I do like her and it's been too long since I've been with a woman."

Evan was almost disappointed by the answer because he wanted to fuck Miyu right there and then. Instead he was helping his wife remove her purple dress and unhook the powerful corset she wore beneath it.

"Finally I can breathe," Sondra sighed as the stiff material came loose. Evan tossed it aside just in time to see the two women embrace and kiss, Sondra's big tits getting smashed between their bodies. It took only a few more moments for the two women to get on the bed. Miyu was eager, pulling off Sondra's silk purple panties and pushing the bigger woman onto her back. Sondra was happy to open her legs to the other woman and let her eat her pussy. It was Daniel who stood beside his wife, as she was feasting on Sondra's pussy, and removed her bra and panties. The married couple worked well together. Miyu didn't stop at all while Daniel stripped her. Evan watched, fascinated.

Sondra pinched her nipples while moaning and groaning appropriately as Miyu worked at her pussy. Evan wished that Daniel had left some item of clothing on his wife, but naked was fine as well.

"Go ahead and fuck her," Daniel told him in a very soft voice.

"What?"

"I've seen you staring at her ass and pussy," Daniel grinned lasciviously. "I know you want to fuck her. I want to fuck your wife. Go ahead. I like watching her get fucked."

What could Evan do? He quickly divested himself of his clothing, stroked his cock a few times to make it harder, and got behind Ming's upraised ass. She wiggled her hips as he introduced his cock between her legs. Although she was plump, her honey-hued skin was taut with just the slightly hint of a ripple as she displayed herself in front of him. There was only the briefest of pauses in her cunnilingus as Evan sank his cock all the way into her tight pussy.

"Yes," she moaned and then went right back to the task of pleasing Sondra.

He was so distracted in fucking Miyu that he missed Daniel stripping and putting his cock near Sondra's face. Evan's wife was always polite in these situations. Since Daniel's cock was erect and handsome, it was easy for her to open up her mouth and swallow his manhood. Evan didn't mind at all. He looked away, but only because he didn't want to cum too soon and spoil the moment for everyone. More than anything he wanted to please Ming, make her cum. He knew nothing about her or her preferences beyond being a bit bi, so there was nothing he could do to tailor his actions to make her cum. He went with what he had found worked best in the past: slow, steady strokes that gradually built up speed, hopefully leading to an orgasm.

"Don't go too fast," Daniel said. "I don't want to waste it in your mouth."

There was the additional problem of him not wanting to knock either Miyu or his wife around too much. Fucking a woman who was performing oral sex on someone else at the same time was an art form. Too vigorous and she wouldn't be able to properly pleasure her other partner. Too soft and slow and she would take no pleasure from his cock. Apparently he found that perfect sweet spot because Miyu paused in eating Sondra's pussy—annoying her because she was slowly reaching her climax—to breathe and moan heavily as she came.

Daniel caught Evan's attention as he continued to fuck the other man's wife. "You getting close?" Daniel asked.

"Uh-huh," Evan replied. He didn't want to be distracted at the moment. Daniel wasn't interested in cumming in Sondra's mouth. He was just getting his cock sucked to pass the time until one of the women's pussies was available.

"You can cum in her," Daniel said. "She's safe."

Miyu made a noise that might have been something along the lines of "yeah," as she kept her face buried in Sondra's quim.

"Not all over her ass?" Evan asked. That was what he had been planning from the start.

Daniel shook his head vigorously. "No. Cum in her." It was almost an order. Evan wasn't worried about getting the other woman pregnant, so he decided to go along with it. A few more thrusts and he felt himself tipping over the edge. His balls contracted up to his body and heavy spurts of thick cum shot out of his

cock and into her cunt. The entire time he was cumming she didn't pause the least in eating Sondra's pussy which turned out to be a good thing because reinvigorated by Evan's orgasm, Miyu found new strength to finally get Sondra off. His wife's thighs clamped around Ming's head as she came. The moment after her orgasm passed she pulled Daniel's cock from her mouth and immediately apologized to her new friend.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry. Sometimes I do that when I cum. Especially when it's a really good orgasm. Thanks, by the way. You really know what you're doing."

Miyu grinned up at her new friend. "You're welcome." Her face was smeared with Sondra's pussy juice and she had an elated expression on her face. Turing her attention to Daniel she told her husband, "I'm full of cum, baby. You know what I want."

"Excuse me," Daniel said to Sondra as he walked around the bed to his wife's upturned ass. Evan pulled out and stepped aside. He expected Daniel to put his cock in her and continue to fuck the curvy woman. Instead Daniel got down on his knees on the floor and buried his face between Ming's thighs, licked her wet and used pussy. Evan could hear the sucking noises as the man cleaned Evan's cum from his wife's pussy.

This was an interesting development. No wonder Daniel hadn't wanted to cum in Sondra's mouth, Evan reflected. Evan knew that if he had just cum in another woman, he wouldn't have wanted to eat some other man's cum from his wife's pussy. But on the libidinous high that precedes orgasm, it was easy to give into that particular kink.

Miyu had left off eating Sondra's pussy, though she hadn't moved from between the other woman's legs. Evan lay down next to his wife and took her nipple into his mouth, sucking gently, slowly drawing out her milk as he watched Daniel clean Ming's pussy.

It wasn't long before either he has sucked all of Evan's cum from her cunt or he was too excited to resist the opportunity. Daniel stood up, his large erection projecting out from his body, and sank it into Ming's now well-used pussy.

"Hard," Miyu commanded. "Fast."

He did as she ordered. Their bodies slapped together with vigorous enthusiasm.

It was less than a minute later when Daniel came, filling his wife up once again. He shoved her down on the bed as he came. When it was over their bodies twisted together and she eagerly kissed him, tasting her pussy and the men's combined cum on his tongue and lips.

"Wow," Sondra commented as she watched the passionate couple next to her. "That was amazing." Miyu and Daniel continued kissing, knowing that they were being watched by Sondra, showing off a bit for her benefit. The wife even went so far as to make a little show of licking her husband's face to remove the last of her pussy juice and the men's cum.

After they settled down a bit Miyu noticed Evan nursing hungrily on Sondra's big breast. "He likes to mouth your nipples?" she asked.

Sondra laughed a bit at the question because for some reason it made her a little uncomfortable. After all, she had just met these people, even they had already been sexually intimate. "He likes more than that," she heard herself saying.

Daniel's brow furrowed and then he saw a few drops of Sondra's milk slipping down the curve of her breast and eventually into the bed sheet. "Are you… umm…producing milk?" he asked.

"Lactating," his wife said, supplying him with the unfamiliar word.

"Yes," Sondra said looking him right in the eye. Evan remained silent. He was happily consuming the sweetness her right breast was offering up at the moment. If everything went well perhaps Sondra would have the opportunity to feed their two new friends.

"Oh, wow. Do you have a baby at home?" Miyu asked.

Sondra shook her head. "No. Well, yes, if you consider a seven year old to be a baby."

Daniel's eyes went wide. "You've been lactating for seven years?"

"It's more like ten. We have a ten year old as well."

The man from Tennessee was suitably impressed. "That's pretty kinky. Does that get you off, Evan?"

Evan didn’t want to break his latch on the breast, but luckily Sondra answered for him. She simply grabbed his cock and showed that it was nearly fully erect. “He really gets off on it.”

“For ten years?” Daniel marveled.

Sondra shook her head. “No. I’ve been lactating for nearly ten years. Evan’s only been nursing from me for about six.”

“That’s pretty kinky,” he commented.

Sondra laughed which nearly dislodged Evan from his latch. “This from the man who just ate Evan’s cum out of his wife’s pussy.” For emphasis Evan moved his hand down to Sondra’s pussy and gently stroke her outer labia. She automatically opened up her legs.

“Yeah, but that’s normal kinky,” Daniel said fishing for a reasonable excuse for his judgment.

“What’s normal?” Miyu asked. “I thought it was the weirdest fucking thing when you first asked me to do it.”

Sondra asked, “When was that?”

“Ten years ago. We got bored with our sex life and started swinging. If I had known what a kinky fucker her was I never would have married him.” She kissed her husband showing she didn’t mean a word of what she said.

“Can I try,” Daniel asked abruptly. He had been carefully studying what Evan was doing and the sudden desire to taste Sondra’s milk was overwhelming.

“Try what?” Sondra teased.

“Your milk.”

Before anything else could be said Miyu reached out and wiped a few drops of milk from the little trail that had formed from her nipple down to the bed. Everyone watched as Miyu brought her fingers to her tongue and licked them clean. “Very sweet,” she declared.

“That’s how you know it’s rich with nutrients and goodness,” Sondra said and then sighed. Evan had wiggled a finger up into her cunt and she was getting horny again. Although Miyu had given her a nice orgasm, she still needed to be properly fucked.

“Can I?” Daniel asked again. He was not directing the question to his wife. It was simply assumed that Sondra would go along with the suggestion. She was simply a supplier who needed nearly constant relief from the heaviness of her milk production.

With a roll of her eyes Miyu said, “Fine, Dan. But remember you owe me for this.”

The couple disentangled themselves and Daniel sidled up to Sondra. After checking to see what Evan was doing exactly, he drew Sondra’s fat nipple into his mouth and started sucking.

It was a completely normal and instinctive action. Suck and release and swallow. Suck and release and swallow. After only a minute Sondra started groaning in frustration.

In surprise to her reaction Daniel stopped nursing and asked. “Am I hurting you?” He hoped not. The milk was sweet and thick on his tongue. He wanted more.

“No,” she sighed. “I just need a little bit of cock.

Evan finally released the breast he had been nursing from. “When you’re empty,” he promised. “You need to be patient.” He went back to nursing.

Miyu giggled. “I’m glad I already got my cookies,” she said. “Do you two swing? Do you want Dan to fuck you?” she asked Sondra.

“Uh-huh,” Sondra replied. It wasn’t definitive, but her intent was obvious.

Miyu asked, “Are you on birth control?”

Sondra’s head flopped back and forth. “No,” Evan answered for her. “I had a vasectomy a few years ago.”

Miyu frowned. “I have an IUD,” she said. “Dan won’t be able to cum in you,” she said with some disappointment.”

The noise that Sondra made was one of obvious disappointment.

“Unless you want to risk it,” Evan suggested. His breast was empty and he wanted to fuck his wife. He wanted to see his wife fucked by Daniel.

“Dangerous,” Miyu said.

A bit of clarity came to Sondra’s mind. “It’s my safe time of the month. Do it.”

That was all Daniel needed. While he liked the taste of Sondra’s milk he was more interested in her pussy. In a second he was on top of her body, Evan pulled back to watch. Daniel needed no help; Sondra’s cunt was slicker than an ice covered road. His cock easily slipped into her.

“I love watching him fuck other women,” Miyu said to Evan. “I’m pretty weird and kinky too.”

“I like kinky,” Evan said as their spouses rutted between them. Ming’s eyes were half-glazed with lust. She reached down between the fucking couple’s tangled legs and grabbed her husband’s balls.

“Cum in her,” she whispered in his ear. “She needs your spunk.”

They hadn’t fucked for long at all and Ming’s words were all that Daniel needed to cum in his lover. The both groaned and cried in relief and sadness it hadn’t lasted longer. Evan nudged Daniel aside. He graciously climbed off of Sondra and was immediately replaced with Evan. His cock was also hard and just as easily slipped into his wife. It might have been easier than Daniels’ passage because Sondra had been lubricated by her lust and Dan’s spunk.

“Are you going to eat his cum again?” Miyu asked her husband. “I’m sure that Sondra wants to be clean after getting fucked.”

There was a frightened, resigned look on Daniel’s face and he nodded yes to his wife’s question.

“Do you want me to make him cum?” she asked Sondra.

“Can you?” It wasn’t a request, it was an inquiry about Ming’s abilities.

In response Miyu grabbed Evan’s balls just like she had with her husbands. She squeezed and twisted the way he liked and often needed. Evan felt a twinge of pain and then realized he had to cum. A moment later his second orgasm of the night was filling his wife’s pussy.

After he rolled off Sondra’s body Daniel hesitated. It was Miyu who enforced his promise. She pushed his head down to Sondra’s pussy and he set about licking and cleaning her. Sondra giggled at the introduction of his inquisitive tongue to her now super-sensitive pussy.

“Does he really like eating his own cum?” She closed her eyes and let the strange man continue to clean her pussy and eat her husband’s—and his—cum.

Miyu nodded. “And other men’s as well. He’s a kinky fucker, I’ll grant you that. Don’t be worried about me making him do it. Sometimes he needs a little kick in the balls to get him moving, but he always winds up loving it. Don’t you, honey?”

From between Sondra’s legs, his face buried in her labia up to his nose, he nodded affirmation. Intrigued at what her husband had just played with, Miyu lowered her mouth to Sondra’s breast and tasted her milk straight from the source. It was warm and sweet and soft.

“I could get used to this,” she said after a few squirts of the milk into her mouth.

“I wouldn’t mind it either,” Sondra said.

Evan just watched the wonderful tableau in front of him. What more could he want in life? “You might not want to drink too much,” he said to the Japanese woman.

Miyu pulled off her breast. “Why?”

Evan grinned. “The last woman who feasted regularly on Sondra’s milk wound up pregnant.”

Miyu’s eyes went wide. “Really?”

He nodded and Sondra placed her hand gently on the back on Miyu's head, bringing her back to the still partially filled breast. "Yes. I didn't get her pregnant, but I'm just warning you."

"Who was it," she mumbled into Sondra's breast.

"Rebecca," he told them.

The other couple started giggling at the revelation.

"This is an odd way to celebrate Katie and Rebecca's wedding," Sondra said

"I'm sure they won't mind," Evan mumbled to her breast.

Two floors up in the hotel Katie was helping Rebecca out of her wedding dress. It was pretty and lacy and feminine and Rebecca felt a little ridiculous in it especially since she was very obviously pregnant. Once the fasteners were all undone Rebecca declared, "Finally," and stepped out of her gown to reveal the wedding lingerie that her now-wife had helped her with earlier that day. "Is it disappointing to see me like this now because you get to see me every day naked?"

Katie shook her head and started taking off her own white wedding costume. She had chosen a much more practical pantsuit that was supposedly all the rage among the upper crust lesbians getting married in the city. After too many years of dancing in elaborate costumes Katie relished simplicity. Fancy dresses were never anything she ever wanted in her life. "Not at all. I just want to make love to my wife. My pregnant wife. My bisexual pregnant wife with lactating tits and such a dirty sexual history that I get horny just thinking about it."

Rebecca kissed her. "You're just saying that to get me horny."

"True." She was already down to her practical bra and panties. Her mother would have been proud of her sudden about-face on proper undergarments—if her mother had still been talking to her.

"I've got a secret. I'm already horny."

Katie grinned and kissed her new wife. “That’s no secret. You’re always horny.”

“True.” She shook her head. “This is not how I pictured my wedding night when I was a little girl.”

“Oh?”

“No. I didn’t think I’d be five months pregnant and marrying a woman.”

“Who did you think you’d be marrying?” Katie didn’t expect Rebecca to answer the question. When she was a little girl she knew she liked other girls that way and never expected to get married. Ever.

“Prince Charming. And we’d have a dozen kittens because babies were yucky and I didn’t know anything about sex.”

Katie dipped her hands into her wife’s bustier and pulled out her small, but growing, breasts. Just at Katie’s touch they started giving up their milk. “I think you’ve learned a lot about sex since then,” she said as she lowered her mouth to lick away the leaking milk.

Chapter Eighteen

Rebecca pushed her body through the water, keeping an eye on the lane divider as she carefully stroked her way along the pool's length. It came as no surprise to her that there was an increase in difficultly in swimming with a bulge in her tummy the size of a small watermelon. She almost longed for the days when her body was sleek and smooth. Almost. She couldn't wait for her baby to arrive in a few short weeks. And on the upside because of her huge tummy Katie was the one who had to get down between her legs to shave her pussy. That always led to a fun time, though Katie was having some difficulty in getting her face at the right angle because of Rebecca's bulging tummy. That was okay because after Katie got her off with her mouth, she then moved up her body and gently nursed her heavy tits.

When their baby arrived the little girl wouldn't have any trouble at all nursing because Katie and Sondra and Evan had done everything they could to make sure her milk supply was fully in operation. She wasn't sure the increase in bra size was a bonus or not. Katie didn't complain so she put it in the bonus column.

Two more strokes and two more breaths and she reached the end of the pool. From there it was a semi-awkward slog through the water and ducking underneath two more lane dividers before she reached the stairs out of the pool. Months earlier she would have just levered her body out of the water and jumped on the pool's edge. That wasn't possible now with her huge tummy.

Just as she reached the top of the stairs she saw him waiting there for her. Rebecca hesitated and then decided there was no use in avoiding the issue. She grabbed her towel and marched up to him, said nothing, and headed for the locker room.

"Rebecca! Wait!" Henry hurried to catch up to her. Even with a huge belly and walking on water-slick tiles she made good time to leave him behind. She wanted her swimsuit off. It was a terrible fitting maternity suit that was cut generously in the stomach for the baby bulge, but it also had too much space everywhere else.

She sighed, stopped, and turned around. “I didn’t know you were a member of the gym,” she said.

“I’m not,” he admitted. “I snuck in.”

“I should call the front desk and have you tossed out.” He was wearing street clothes. She was tempted to push him into the pool and be done with the confrontation.

“Don’t do that.” He glanced down at her belly. “Why didn’t you tell me you were pregnant?”

“What business is it of yours?” she asked.

“Is it mine?” he asked bluntly.

“What makes you think it would be yours?”

“Because judging by your size it looks like you got pregnant around the same time you and I stopped fucking.”

“There are lots of sperm banks that can provide the same service you offered me. And plenty of other men as well.”

“Is it mine?” he repeated.

“If my little girl is yours,” Rebecca said testily, “what of it? Do you want visitation rights? Do you want to pay for child support for the next eighteen years. Do you actually want to be a father?”

The question caught him off guard. He opened his mouth to answer, but no words came out.

“Don’t worry,” Rebecca said. “She’s not yours.”

“Oh.” Henry wasn’t sure if he was relieved or upset at the news.

“Now, if you don’t mind, I’d like to change. I’m all wet.”

“Right,” he said and watched her head toward the life guards’ office and changing room. After a minute of watching the one guard on duty keeping an

eye on the swimming doing their laps, he carefully timed his entrance into the "Employees Only" door and found Rebecca in the middle of the changing room completely naked and dripping wet with pool water.

"Fuck!" she exclaimed when she realized she was being interrupted in a private moment. "Get the fuck out of here!"

"Sorry," Henry said. "I heard you say you were wet and I thought you were coming on to me."

He carefully looked over her changed body. Her tummy was huge. Her breasts had swelled but her skin was still perfect. There weren't any rings in her nipples —that was disappointing but understandable. He could just see her naked pussy barely exposed under her big stomach. She was still shaving it bare. That was an admirable trait and showed quite a bit of dexterity on her part as well.

"I wasn't coming on to you," she assured him and then went so far as to hold up her left hands, displaying an engagement ring and wedding band. "Besides, I'm married now."

"To your old girlfriend? I'm sure I've got something that she doesn't have." Henry grinned at her and took a few confident steps forward. He reached for the collar of his shirt, intent on stripping himself.

"She's got a wonderful strapon that's bigger than you'll ever be," Rebecca told him. "I'm not really interested in men. You should know that."

"Try it one more time," he said. "I'm sure you'll find something you like. Are you still fucking Evan?"

While she was, that was hardly the point. She had tried to gracefully escape this situation, but obviously she'd have to do something more drastic.

"What business is that of yours?" she asked. "I thought he was your best friend? Doesn't he give you all the details to his sex life?"

"Not all, no. But I'm sure tomorrow you'll want to tell him how good I was today." He grinned at her with his cock over-confident half-smile. He certainly was charming, and his slightly graying hair gave him the look of a mature older man who wanted to play with the young kids still. But underneath it all, he was a

self-centered ass.

Rebecca's smile was thin and only bore the outer markings of sincerity. "Maybe I will. Would you like a blowjob?"

In response he pulled off his shirt and said, "We can start with that and then I want to fuck you. I've never fucked a pregnant girl before. That I know of."

"Okay, sounds good." She got down on her knees in front of him, water still dripping off her body as he lowered his zipper and pulled out his cock. Planning ahead, Rebecca unfastened his jeans and pulled them and his boxers halfway down his thighs. There wasn't really a need for a preliminary blowjob but that didn't matter to Henry. Nor to Rebecca. She grasped his cock at the base with one hand and circled his balls with the other. He was already semi-erect and responded quickly to her light kiss on the side of his shaft. If nothing else, Rebecca had to admit that for a single guy Henry was very assiduous in his crotch grooming. He had dark hair on the base of his cock, but it was trimmed and his balls were shaved smooth. That made things easier for her.

"You like that?" she asked after the kiss.

"Uh-huh."

"Good." She made as if she were going to engulf his cock head in her mouth, and instead backed off and savagely twisted his balls in one direction, using his rigid cock as a lever. For half an instant there was no reaction from Henry. Then he fell to his knees with Rebecca easing him down, never breaking her grip on him, and stopped with a squeak. "Do you like that?" she asked him.

Hank shook his head no.

"I think you do. Look how hard you are." His cock was still hard. She kept her grip on his twisted balls and stroked his cock a few times making it harder still.

"Do you like that?"

Again he shook his head.

"How about I make you cum and then maybe you'll like it?"

Once more Henry shook his head.

She continued to stroke him as she squeezed his balls harder. “Look. You’re getting harder. I bet you’re close to cumming. Are you?”

He shook his head but they could both tell that was a lie.

Rebecca rubbed him harder and faster. His cock began to twitch and right when he was on the edge she let go with both hands preventing his orgasm. He grunted in frustration. Then she slapped his balls as hard as she dared. It was hard enough to make her palm sting.

He yelped and tried to keep from throwing up.

“Get your fucking clothes back on and never, ever talk to me again.” She stood up—awkwardly because of her pregnant stomach—and waddled to the back of the lifeguard’s office where there was a small changing room that locked. She shot the bolt home in the lock and carefully sat down. After taking her time to dry off and dress, she eased the door open.

Henry was gone.

Being on her hands and knees was actually a pretty comfortable position for Rebecca. It allowed her belly to hang free and she wasn’t crushed by the weight of the baby. Her tits weren’t swaying with every thrust from Evan, whose cock was buried deep in her pussy. They were restrained by her wife and Sondra, both of whom were half underneath her, nursing on her full tits.

Though she would never admit it to Katie, she liked being fucked by his cock better than she liked Katie using her strapon. Sure, Katie’s faux-cock was bigger and the person that was attached to it was actually her spouse, there was something just so satisfying about having a real man’s cock inside her pussy. The way it changed size as he got more or less excited the longer they fucked. The way it got hard and twitched in her cunt as he got ready to cum. And when he came…that was the best of all, filling her up with hot cum. If she was already on the edge that always pushed her over to her next orgasm.

But she loved Katie more than anything else in the world. Katie could give her

everything she needed or wanted…except sperm. And that was in ready supply just about everywhere.

The two women beneath her finished up their breasts. Rebecca could tell her tits were nearly empty. When she was double nursed somehow her milk flowed faster. Maybe it was her imagination, but she was certain that was the case. They laughed a bit and Sondra stole a kiss from Katie as they moved from under Rebecca's body. "You two almost done yet?" Katie asked her wife.

"Almost there," grunted Evan. His eyes were clamped tightly shut and his fingers were digging into the muscles of Rebecca's firm rear end. She was ready for him to cum.

"Does he need his balls tickled?" Sondra asked. When there wasn't a response from either of the two in the midst of adulterous copulation she reached between Evan's thighs and found his sack drawn up tight to his body. That was a sure sign. She grabbed his balls and pulled them downward, gently but firmly.

"Ahh!" Evan cried out. It wasn't really pain, but it was close enough. It was also good enough to push him to his peak. The orgasm he had was satisfying and sticky. The hot cum he produced in affection for Rebecca's pussy caused her to gasp and cum as well.

"Finally," Katie muttered good naturedly. She rolled onto her back and put her hand to her pussy, idly fingering her vag. She had already cum several times under Reb and Sondra's good tongues. She was always tempted to find out what it was like to be eat out by a man—and even more, the ultimate sin—what it was like to have a man's cock in her pussy. But she wasn't going to do that tonight, not now in front of her wife. She wanted to remain pure for Rebecca.

For her part, Sondra was proud of her husband. He had lost the weight Henry had recommended—partly because she had found other people willing to drain her milk-heavy breasts, partly because Evan was exercising more, and partly because Evan was getting exercised more by Rebecca. She wondered what was going to happen to his weight when Reb became unavailable after her baby's birth.

After Evan pulled out of Rebecca, the pregnant woman carefully rolled to her side of the bed and looked at her three lovers. Evan was clearly exhausted and just collapsed to the mattress. He barely watched as his wife and Katie snuggled

up to each other. Sondra gently played with Katie's boobs.

"I love your boobs," Sondra said softly as she nuzzled them. Katie made a non-committal noise and there was a pregnant silence for a few minutes as they all recovered from their individual and group exertions and orgasms.

"We're going to miss you two," Evan finally said to Katie and Rebecca.

"What do you mean?" asked an alarmed Rebecca. "We're friends. Are you moving across the country or something?"

The opposite-sex couple laughed together and Sondra said, "In a few weeks you two will have a new baby. You'll be lucky to get an hours sleep at a time. You'll be exhausted from breastfeeding—much, much more than you are now, trust me, I know. A good day is when you get a shower and have coordinating clothes on. Sex…that'll be some random groping in bed and maybe an orgasm if you're lucky. Don't worry. That'll all pass after six months or so. Maybe. After a year sanity will return. We'll look for you on the other end of the telescope."

"You make parenting sound so exciting," Rebecca commented dryly.

"It has its upsides," Evan said.

"Such as?"

"You get a child out of the deal." He thought a moment longer. "And, if you are very, very lucky, you get a wife who will happily breastfeed you for the rest of your life."

Sondra spoke up. "Whoever said anything about the rest of your life? Or my life?"

They all shared a laugh and then Katie spoke up. "I suppose I have a little surprise for my loving wife," she announced.

"The last thing I need right now is a surprise," Rebecca said. "Do you want me to go into labor right here and now?"

Katie ignored the snideness of Rebecca's comment. "Actually, Sondra's been helping me with it. She's an expert in the field."

“I wouldn’t say expert,” Sondra interjected.

“But she loaned me her old breast pump and with the help of some questionable pills from the internet—”

“They worked, didn’t they?” Sondra groused.

“—I’ll be helping you out on breastfeeding duty.” She reached up to her small breast as massaged it a bit. Rebecca was too tired from the sex and her pregnancy to do anything other than watch. It took a bit of effort, but Katie finally managed to force out a few drops of precious milk. Sondra swooped in and licked them away.

“Just like honey,” she said.

Rebecca felt herself tearing up. “You did that for me?”

“And our baby,” Katie answered.

It felt a bit wrong, but Evan was incredibly tempted to ask Katie if he could nurse from her. Truth be told, he was addicted to breast milk and it seemed in ready supply all around him. Sondra. Rebecca. And now Katie.

Katie saw him staring. “You want some, don’t you?”

The other women’s eyes were on him as Evan nodded yes. Katie inclined her head toward him. “Come on over and have a taste. We’ve shared just about everything else, haven’t we?”

“I think it was Sondra’s milk that did it to you,” Evan said as he moved next to his lover’s wife. “Apparently her milk acts as an aphrodisiac, a fertility treatment, and a lactation inducement.”

“Just don’t get fat from the riches around you,” Sondra said as he latched on and tasted Katie’s essence.

The End

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.

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com. Follow on Twitter @GreenBushPub.

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