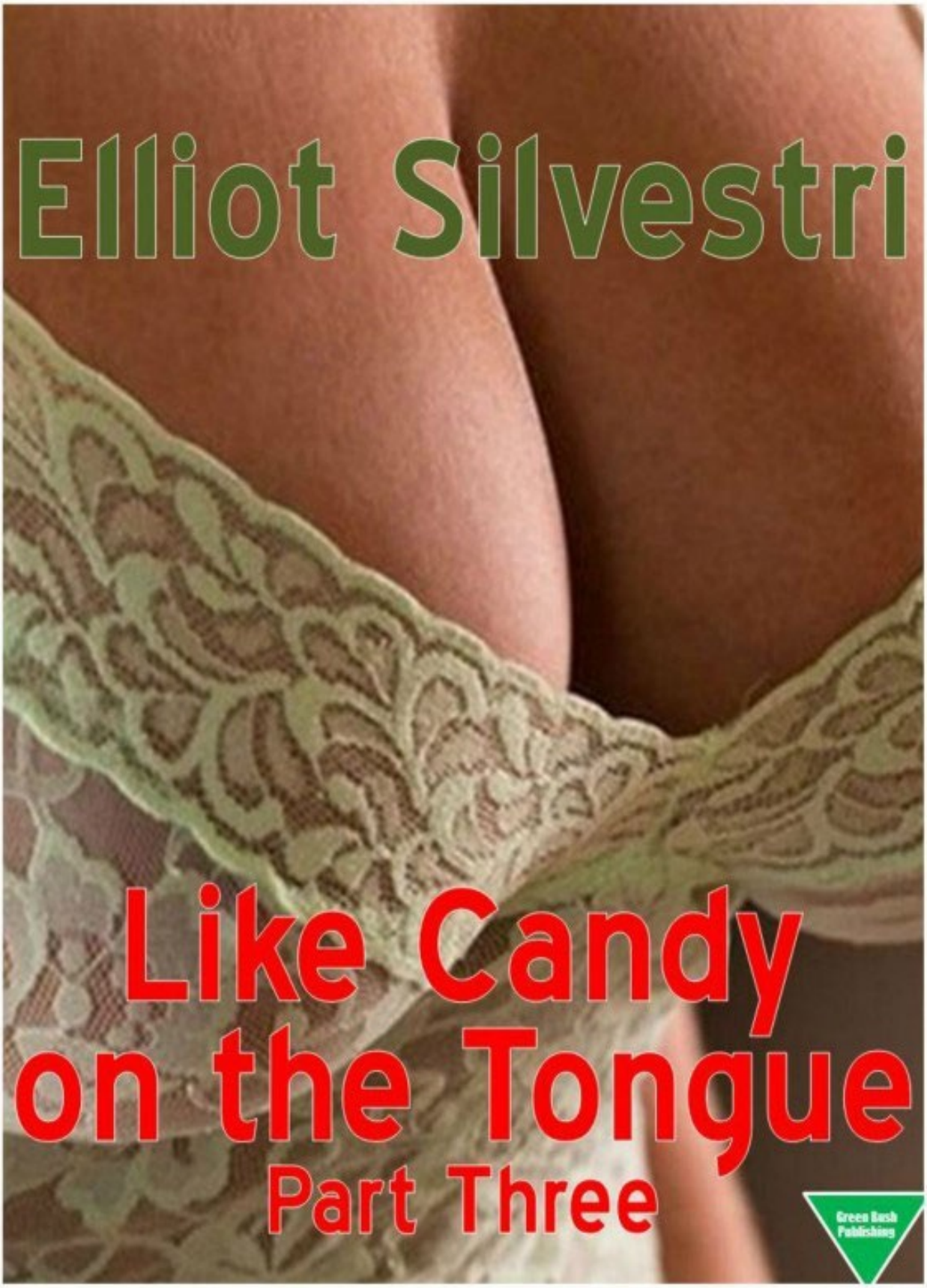
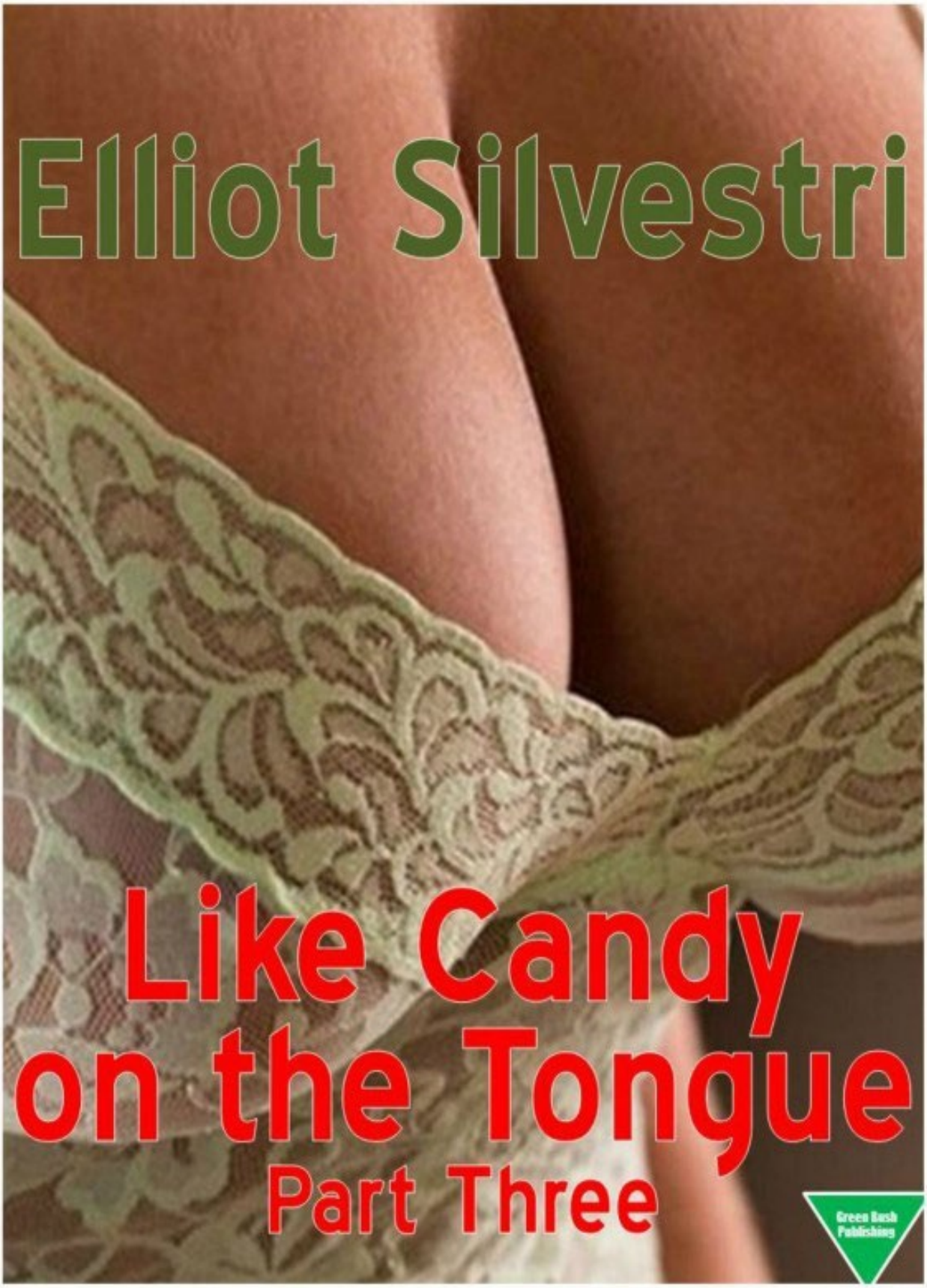

Elliot Silvestri
Like Candy on the Tongue
Part Three
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Never cry over spilt milk, because it may have been poisoned. –W.C. Fields

Part Three

Chapter Seventeen

It was easy to fall into a routine that worked for the both of them. Since his apartment was better located for their jobs, Dyan all but moved in with Elan, rarely spending a night at her place. Once that was taken care of it was nearly effortless to establish a nursing pattern. It wasn't much different from what they had already been doing. Elan would nurse from her every morning, afternoon, and evening. Before they had just been doing mornings when they woke up and evenings right before sleeping. They added in afternoons because Dyan's breasts, after the first week of lactation, seemed to go into overdrive and she was swollen and nearly in pain by the time she got home from work. If Elan wasn't available immediately when she got home, more than once she resorted to using the breast pump for some relief, but it wasn't nearly as good as Elan's mouth.

Elan was pleased with her production and the flavor of her milk. It was an odd compliment to hear, "You're milk is particularly sweet this morning," but Dyan came to enjoy them. The only way she could affect the taste of her milk was through her diet so she was now more careful about what she ate, avoiding garbage food entirely, and hoping her choices pleased Elan. He always seemed to notice any changes in her flavor. He also noted that his own consumption of junk food was down, not that it was ever high. Any snacks he normally ate at night were largely replaced with her milk.

The best part was that Dyan was positive her breasts had grown. When she tried on her one A cup bra it was almost painful to wear. That was when she decided to go shopping without Elan—and she planned it in the late afternoon on a Saturday so her breasts would be full. When she told him she was going shopping he was more than happy to let her. It meant some time alone for him. While it was all well and good to have girlfriend who was lactating for him, being together that much for that long made them both realize they needed time and space apart. Normally work did that during the week, but on the weekends they had to make up artificial separations.

Why was it, Dyan pondered when she walked into the lingerie section of the department store that advertised custom bra fittings, that matronly women were the ones in charge of fancy and frilly underthings? Mrs. Stewart, as she

introduced herself, was pleasant and personable, but she was a far cry from the sexy mid-20s lingerie attendant that Dyan had been hoping for. Mrs. Stewart was by no means the sort of woman by Dyan would even try to seduce into a casual encounter in the fitting room.

“You’re a perfect B-cup,” she declared after a hundred measurements and dozen adjustments to the bras Mrs. Stewart had selected as the best for fitting and casual wear. “It’s so nice to deal with someone who isn’t struggling with a double D bust.”

Dyan took this as the compliment it was intended to be. “I think I’ve put on a little weight,” she said. “I wanted my bras to fit correctly. I’ve got a new boyfriend,” she confided.

“Well then, I think you need something a little sexier than what we have here,” Mrs. Stewart said with a wink and gestured at the small collection of bras on the table in the fitting room. “Why don’t you go out on the floor and I’ll check you out when you’re done.”

To her credit Mrs. Stewart said nothing when Dyan presented her with six bras and two of them were nursing bras.

It was early evening when Dyan got back to Elan’s apartment, later than her normal afternoon nursing time for him but earlier than the feeding they did in the evening. Elan was mad with lust and was all over her the moment she walked in the door, pulling at her shirt, trying to get to her nipples. The sight of Elan now forced her body into an almost Pavlovian reaction; she could feel her milk letting down.

“What’s this?” he asked as he pushed her shirt over her head. “You don’t wear bras.”

“I do now,” she told him. “Now that’s I’m a B cup, that is.”

He grinned and reached behind her, trying to unhook the new bit of lingerie she had put on in her car after leaving the store. She was fairly certain no one saw her topless in the car. Fairly certain. Dyan stopped him before he could undo the hooks.

“You don’t need to do that,” she said. “Watch this.”

Her shirt was already on the floor so it was easy for her to reach up to where the shoulder strap attached to the cup where a small hook was located. It took her a little bit of effort, but eventually she slipped the hook free and lowered the flap to expose her swollen breast topped by the round, pink nipple. To Elan's eyes it was a little odd seeing her breast framed by the triangle of white fabric. "What the hell is that?" he burst out, already knowing the answer.

"Nursing bra, don't you like it?" Dyan had a slightly twisted smile on her lips, as if she were teasing him, but at the same time she was uncertain if this was something that appealed to him.

"It's different," Elan said with some hesitation.

"It's convenient," she countered. "I just need to open up my shirt and drop a flap and you can nurse from me."

"I don't think I'm going to be doing that in public. Aren't nursing bras for women who are feeding their kids in public?"

"It's comfortable," she snapped at him. "You try going through the day with heavy, swollen tits and see how you like it. I've never had to wear a bra before and I'm going to do it the way I want to. Is that all right with you?"

Her tone had taken on an angry note and Elan teetered backwards a half step. "It's fine," he quickly agreed. "You just took me by surprise." Seeing he needed to reassure her, Elan took a step forward and placed his hands on her narrow hips. "I like it; I just didn't realize it at first."

"I think you're just saying that," she said. Her tone was flat.

"I think I like the idea of my girlfriend walking around wearing a nursing bra and doing it for me." He grinned. "It's sexy and dirty and kinky. I like it."

Her expression changed. She liked dirty and sexy and kinky too. "Maybe I should start telling people what we're doing?" she asked with raised eyebrows.

Elan pulled her close, her breast crushing into his chest, and kissed her on the cheek. "I like having a secret the rest of the world doesn't know about." He pulled her into the bedroom and pulled her down on the bed with him. Except for her shirt they kept all their clothes on. It was a slow, gentle time. They were

physically intimate without actually having sex. Elan took his time sucking all the milk from her exposed breast and then figured out how to work the hook to the flap that was already up. Pulling down the triangle of material was oddly erotic, something he had never really done before. He had taken plenty of bras off women, but this was the first time he was doing this particular exposing ritual.

She kept her bra on the entire time Elan nursed from her. It felt a little bit unusual to wear this uniquely female garment. A few summers previous she had gone rock climbing in the Adirondacks and the guide company she had gone with had their own, specialized harnesses everyone had to wear. Wearing a bra felt a little like that to her, an elaborate harness to protect herself from the outside world.

When her breasts were emptied her pussy was wet and she could feel Elan's hard cock pressing on her leg, but she showed incredible control and simply lifted up the flaps to hide her breasts, rolled out of the bed, and went hunting for her shirt. Sex would have to wait until later. This session was all about nursing and closeness, not about fucking.

Chapter Eighteen

Dyan had never considered herself the marrying type. Once she got out of school she didn't go on an immediate manhunt looking for a husband, she figured that if it happened, it would happen. Ten years later she had been through a dozen men and one woman and hadn't ever had the urge to marry any of them.

But two months of nursing Elan and she was already forming plans in her head of spending the rest of her life with him. She didn't tell him this, of course, it was too early in their relationship and she wasn't sure if she should get married. If nothing else, Dyan knew herself. She knew she needed new and varied sexual experiences which would include sleeping with men other than her primary partner—who at this point and maybe, hopefully, forever would be Elan—and she would also need to go to be with the occasional woman. Based on what they had already done in their short time together she had had sex with Stacie and Jerry. Elan was apparently okay with that, and even got off on the idea of her with other women, but would he still want her to do that now that they had gotten serious without even realizing it.

Timing was everything and Dyan had no instinct for timing. She asked the question when he had just gotten home from work and had gone right for her breasts. They had established this routine. She normally got home first and would start dinner or do some household chores until he got home and then they would go right to the bedroom so he could nurse. Instead of having a nice martini or glass of wine to relax after a hard day's work, he would relax with his preferred drink, Dyan's milk.

"Can I have sex with Jerry this weekend?" she asked after he started nursing and her milk had let down. It was flowing steadily when she spoke and although it wasn't a huge amount, it was enough to make his cough and splutter for a moment. It had surprised him enough that he actually lost his latch on her nipple; Dyan had to pinch the soft flesh so the light spray of her milk wouldn't be lost.

"Excuse me?"

"I want to have sex with Jerry this weekend. Invite him over." It had been a

month since they discussed her outside sex life and Elan had willfully forgotten that she had an over-active libido. He liked the idea of her being desired by other men and woman but he was content with just her and her milk. Even if he wanted that to be enough for her as well, he knew that wasn't the case. The idea of her slutting around was more exciting than her actually doing it.

"Um…really, are you sure?"

She nodded eagerly and made a V with her forefinger and middle finger, pressing the V on either side of her nipple to sort of present it to Elan's mouth once again. "We've talked about this. I need this."

He opened his mouth and accepted her nipple into it. A few sucks and her milk was flowing steadily once again, coating his tongue with her sweetness. He swallowed and sucked and gave the situation some thought. Dyan had become a good, steady milker. They were both pleased with her body's response to starting and maintaining lactation. "I wouldn't mind watching you go down on Stacie again," he commented as he switched breasts.

"No," she told him. "Just you and Jerry. I want cock and mouth this weekend and I know that Stacie's busy."

Stacie had to go away for a cousin's wedding. The cousin lived in western New York so they would have the entire weekend alone. Alone with Jerry, she amended in her mind.

Elan sucked and considered his answer. "You want him to cheat on his girlfriend," he asked taking a quick break in his nursing.

"No, I want him to have sex with me. He can tell her anything he wants. That's not cheating."

Elan shrugged as he kept sucking. After a minute he let go once more. "I'll see what I can do. No promises." He didn't go into how it might be a bad idea or his misgivings. He wasn't going to risk losing his only source of human breast milk.

Chapter Nineteen

Saturday night they went over to Jerry's, ostensibly for Elan to play video games with Jerry. They caught him as he was finishing up a phone conversation with Stacie. Most of the conversation consisted of him saying, "Yes. Uh-huh. No. Okay. Fine. Sounds good," and other such pat responses. When he finally hung up he grimaced and explained, "She's had a few at the wedding. Actually, from what I can tell the reception ended in early afternoon and she and some cousins went to a bar to drink." He rolled his eyes.

"Why didn't you go with her, Jer?" Elan asked with an amused grin.

"I've met her cousins once. That was more than enough. And I wasn't invited to the wedding. Immediate family only."

"What did you do to piss them off?" Elan pressed, happy to make his friend squirm.

Jerry wasn't the least put off by his friend's inquisition. "I called the husband of her cousin an ugly dumb fuck of a redneck because he is an ugly dumb fuck of a redneck."

"And how did he take that?" Elan asked, suppressing a giggle.

"He said where he comes from 'redneck' was a compliment." Jerry snorted. "I told him only moronic bitches don't know when they're being insulted. And that's when Stacie dragged me out of the bar." He shook his head and stared mournfully at the floor. "I shouldn't go out drinking with rednecks anyway." He looked up at Elan. "Want to kill some zombies?"

The two of them plunges quickly into their game while Dyan watched and played with her phone. After an hour she interrupted them. "Elan, you need to take a break."

"What for, hon?" he asked, unable to tear his eyes from the screen. She was sure if it was part of his act or if he had forgotten their prearranged signal.

“My breasts hurt. You need to nurse from me.”

Elan hit the pause button and nervously cleared his throat as he looked at an inquisitive Jerry. “Yeah, we’ve gotten her milk supply to go pretty steady now,” he explained. “The one downside is we need to empty her tits on a pretty regular schedule.”

Jerry nodded, grinning. Obviously Elan had told him more than this before, but this was the first time he was really witnessing it between Elan and Dyan. He was probably taking some tangential pleasure in their kink. That was good for Dyan.

“Ah. I see. So…do you need some privacy?” he asked.

Before Elan could answer, Dyan spoke up as she stood up from her chair. “No, it’s fine,” she said as she unbuttoned her blouse exposing her nursing bra. Jerry grinned as she did so, but she pretended to ignore him as she moved to the couch next to Elan and casually unhooked the flap of the nursing bra, dropping it down and exposing her soft pink nipple. Elan had gathered a pair of pillows, dropped these in her lap, and made himself comfortable on them, and latched onto her breast as if this were the most common activity to be taking place in his friend’s living room.

Dyan let her head fall back and her eyes close. Even in this uncomfortable moment it still felt incredibly good to have Elan sucking on her breast. She didn’t know what Jerry was doing at the moment, but he wasn’t moving around. Unconsciously her hand stated toward her crotch, but then she remembered the plan and opened up her eyes to catch Jerry staring at her. Immediately he looked away.

“Sorry,” he mumbled. “I didn’t mean to stare.”

Steeling herself Dyan said, “It’s okay.” To her surprise her voice sounded natural, casual, as if it was actually okay for Jerry to be staring at her and Elan as she nursed him on Jerry’s couch. It was a ridiculous, fucked up situation but that didn’t mean they couldn’t enjoy each other. She reached up and pushed aside her blouse that was blocking her other side, exposing her bra which she skillfully unhooked to reveal her breast to Jerry. “I wouldn’t mind at all if you wanted to try a taste,” she said. “Elan doesn’t mind sharing.”

Elan, the coward, had his eyes closed and was sucking—hard—on her nipple. He was too worried about what was going to happen—or not happen—to encourage his friend to nurse from Dyan.

“Ah…this is probably something you two should share,” Jerry said nervously. He didn’t run out of the room, but neither did he leap across the coffee table and start sucking on her like a man starving.

“Elan likes to share,” Dyan told Jerry with half-lidded eyes. “And this feels good. It would feel twice as good if you’d help me out a bit.” She smiled at him. “It’s not like I haven’t sucked your cock already.” She glanced down to the crotch of his jeans. They weren’t formfitting, but it was obvious he was sporting an erection at the moment. “You can suck on me a little now.”

She lifted her hand to her naked breast. A few drops of milk had collected on her nipple and were slowly sliding down her pale skin. She caught the drop before it could be soaked into her bra’s material. Raising her finger to her mouth she licked off the tiny bit of wetness and savored the sweetness. “You have to try this,” she moaned at him.

Jerry dry swallowed and stumbled around the edge of the coffee table, eventually pushing it aside. He knelt in front of the couch, just to the side of Dyan’s feet still on the floor. When he lowered his face to her chest she curled her hand up behind his head and pulled him to her breast.

It was almost as if an electric shock zapped her the moment his lips touched her nipple. Instinctively Jerry knew what to do, drawing most of her soft breast into his mouth and sucking with cautious pressure. Dyan felt a little milk slipping out and knew that he could taste her sweetness, but that wasn’t enough for her.

“Harder,” she encouraged him. Elan kept up his steady pace on her left breast as Jerry tried again and was rewarded with a strong squirt this time. Dyan groaned. Having two people nurse from her at the same time was ten times better than just one. Her pussy started flooding with anticipation of sex and she wanted to shove her hand deep into her panties to give herself just one little orgasm, but the way Elan and Jerry were positioned made that impossible and she wasn’t going to give up getting nursed right now to have an orgasm from her hand, not when she knew she’d getting multiple orgasms shortly from two cocks and two mouths and two sets of hands.

As good as it was they weren't able to exactly coordinate their sucking unlike the breast pump she was so familiar with. It didn't matter. Each little suck gave her a separate thrill. It was wonderful. All too soon, though, the breast Elan was nursing from had gone dry and he let her nipple slip free of his mouth. He watched as Jerry continued to nurse while he stroked the inside of Dyan's thigh.

Before Jerry finished Elan asked, "Do you want to have sex, honey?"

Dyan nodded her head and was just barely able to groan out, "Yes." That was enough to cause Jerry to stop nursing.

"Um, if you two want you can use my bedroom…"

Elan stood up shaking his head. "No, man, she's able to handle us both. You okay with that?"

Jerry seemed a little bit shaken by the question. The last time they had sex together Stacie was with them and it was easy to pair off. Now it was two guys and one woman. That made him slightly uncomfortable. What made him more uncomfortable was the fact Stacie wasn't there and he would be having sex with another woman without her knowledge. The fact that it was her friend only made it worse.

"I'm not sure," Jerry vacillated.

Dyan pushed him back a bit and stood up, grabbing his hand as she did so. "But I am. Come with me." She dragged her boyfriend's buddy with her to his bedroom as Elan eagerly followed behind.

Once in the bedroom she dropped her blouse to the floor and quickly followed it with the nursing bra. It was one thing to nurse while partially clothed; it was another entirely to have sex that way. Dyan liked to be naked during sex.

Not knowing what to do Jerry just stood there until Dyan went to her knees in front of him and reached for his belt. Elan watched as his girlfriend opened up his best friend's pants, pushed down his underwear, and all but swallowed the entire length of his thick cock. Since he was already erect Dyan didn't have to waste any time getting him hard, she just wanted to tease him, make sure he was ready for her. It was a fine line to walk between making sure he was ready and actually making him cum. She didn't want him to cum in her mouth.

Jerry was breathing heavily and looking down at her with glassy eyes when she glanced up to check on him. His cock was hard and hot in her mouth. “Ready for me?” she asked.

Not trusting himself to actually speak, Jerry just nodded. Dyan stood up, pushed off her jeans and boyshorts, and fell backward onto the bed; her legs open wide with her knees pointing at the ceiling. Jerry hesitated, looking over for confirmation from Elan who nodded, an excited grin on his face, and said, “Go for it. Fuck her.”

Dyan’s fingers were between her legs, playing with her bare pussy. She was week and it felt like her pussy was slowly leaking more and more of her precious juice. Her fingers were slick from her cunt. When Jerry climbed atop her body, she grabbed his cock and guided it into her pussy with her free hand, all the while teasing her clit, keeping herself on edge. She wanted to cum and she knew it was going to happen. The real question was how many times it would happen.

His fat cock fitted nicely into her, pushing her wide open. Dyan groaned at the sensation. It stretched her, but felt good, like a hard run in the morning. Jerry didn’t waste any time and quickly set to fucking her fast and hard. She curled her ankles behind his ass, holding him tight to her body, not letting him escape. Though he kept most of his weight on his forearms, Jerry did grasp her left nipple between his fingers and pinched firmly. When he kissed the side of her neck and bit down gently, sucking, she wished it was his mouth on her nipple and not his fingers.

It didn’t matter, in short order she was writhing against him, pinned down by his barrel chest and then she was cumming. Her pussy heated up and clamped down on his cock. That was all he needed. Jerry fired off his spunk in her announcing his orgasm with a deep moan. The sensation of his spunk inside her extended Dyan’s orgasm to the point of making her dizzy, but when it was all over he rolled off her with a satisfied grunt.

Dyan didn’t move. Her knees were still bent and her head was spinning. She managed to look across the room where Elan was standing, watching them. While they had fucked he had removed his clothes and was rubbing his cock, keeping it hard.

“Ready for me?” he asked her. She nodded eagerly. Dyan’s hand was over her

pussy, but not for modesty's sake. She was holding in Jerry's cum.

It was easy for Elan to slip inside her, she was hot and wet. Once he was on top of her and deeply inside, she pulled his face down to hers and kissed him just as deeply as he was fucking her. "Feels good," she told him. "Do it hard."

"Uh-huh." Already he was quickly rising to climax. To feel another man's cum inside her pussy made her extra hot and slick. She had to physically clamp down with her pussy to increase the fiction to the point where he could feel pleasant sensations. "You're wet," he grunted at her.

"I'm full of Jerry," she informed him as she pulled his mouth down to her tender breasts. Since he was more limber than Jerry it was easy for him to latch on a suck a few honeyed drops from her tit. He was already excited by what he had watched and she was already on her plateau so Elan only had to fuck her a minute before she was cumming again. Once she was in the throes of ecstasy Elan lost control of his cock and came inside her. She was now so sopping wet and full of her lovers' leavings it was forced out with every pulse of Elan's cock.

"Oh that was wonderful," Dyan told him with a kiss. She glanced to her side and saw Jerry watching them with disbelieving eyes.

"Can't believe we're actually doing this," he said.

"We've already done it once before," Dyan pointed out.

"Yeah, but…again," he said being unable to explain himself beyond that.

Dyan shrugged as Elan rolled off her to the other side, leaving her the woman between them. "It was fun and we all enjoyed it. Why not? And why not do it again if we want."

Elan interrupted. "He just never thought that he would get this lucky, a girlfriend and a woman on the side. "

At the mention of Stacie Jerry's face darkened and his ebullient mood evaporated. "Shit. Stacie. I can't believe I just cheated on Stacie."

"It's not cheating if you tell her," Dyan said. "And she saw us having sex before." She blew out her breath in a sigh, trying to slow her still pounding heart.

“It’s not like this should be some huge revelation to her. Besides, I had sex alone with her.”

“But you just gave me a blowjob,” Jerry pointed out. “And it was all four of us having sex before.”

“And she was having sex with Elan,” Dyan reminded him. “Why would she be upset by this?”

“Because she wasn’t here and didn’t know about it.”

“That’s half the fun,” Elan said.

Jerry gave his friend a sour look. “She won’t see it that way.”

Elan didn’t let it go. “But you just heart Dyan said that she had sex with Stacie. Were you there for that?”

“No. But that’s different. Two women having sex, that’s hot. Me having sex with Dyan, to Stacie I know, I know, she’ll consider that cheating.”

“She needs to get over herself,” Dyan said, ending the conversation. “And you don’t speak for her. Wait until she gets back and I’ll tell her what happened.”

“Shouldn’t we just keep this a secret?” Jerry asked, his voice had become plaintive, worried.

Elan shook his head. “Nope. Secrets only make it worse. You’ll see. Everything will be fine.”

“Mm-hmm,” Dyan agreed and softly cupped her breasts with her hands, lifting them up a bit as if offering them. “Besides, now that you’ve had a real taste of me, are you willing to give up my milk?”

Jerry shivered nervously. He already knew the answer to that.

Chapter Twenty

“You what?!”

Stacie’s face had gone from calm to nearly purple in less than a second. Dyan paused with her hand on the buttons to her shirt. She had been opening them to show off her newly enlarged tits to Stacie, they were still much smaller than her friend’s enormous chest, nevertheless she was still proud of them, when she had casually revealed to Stacie that she had allowed Jerry and Elan to fuck her at the same time. It was just a pretense of coming over to Stacie’s to show off her tits, because she wanted the curvy woman to nurse from her, and maybe let that lead to something else.

“They’re much bigger,” Dyan had been saying. “Check ‘em out.” She had struggled with the small buttons and was about to just pull her shirt over her head when she casually mentioned what the three of them had done over the weekend when Stacie was out of town. It was purposely done casually so as not to make it seem like a big deal.

Dyan had misjudged the situation.

“I had sex with Jerry and Elan after they both nursed from me,” she said slowly and calmly, as if she were explaining that the three of them had gotten drunk on daiquiris and watched a terrible horror movie.

“Fucker!” she hissed. Dyan was unsure if Stacie was referring to her or to Jerry. “How could you?” The rage on Stacie’s face was more than obvious.

She was afraid to answer. “Um…I needed to be nursed, so I asked Elan to do it for me. We were over at Jerry’s. And Jerry was watching Elan, so I asked him if he’s like to try my milk. He said yes. And then one thing led to another and we had sex.” There was a lump in her throat that no amount of swallowing would make go away. “It’s no big deal. It was just sex.”

“It’s a huge deal!” Stacie screamed at her. “He’s my boyfriend. How could he do that to me?”

“Fuck,” Dyan cursed. “You saw me give him a blowjob. I watched as you got fucked by Elan. You don’t see me losing my shit over that!”

“How would you fucking feel if I slept with Elan behind your back?” Stacie was halfway between crying and screaming now.

“I’d be fine with it. I wouldn’t lose my shit over something that wasn’t that important.”

Stacie turned around and spoke to the wall, but she was actually speaking to Dyan. “Leave.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Leave. I can’t deal with this shit now. Maybe not ever. Leave.”

“Why? What for?” Dyan had been hoping to be nursed by her friend and then hopefully they’d fall into bed and have sex. That was her plan. That wasn’t going to happen tonight.

“Because you slept with my boyfriend, you tramp.”

Dyan hadn’t ever really been accused of being a slut. The words were supposed to sting, but, oddly, they didn’t. Not really. She was just hurt and confused. She was hurt that Stacie didn’t understand sex with Jerry was just for fun and was ultimately meaningless. She was hurt at the whole situation. Worse, her breasts were sore and she’d have to drive home to have Elan nurse from them to give her some relief. She quickly buttoned up the two buttons she had managed to undo and exited the apartment as silently as possible. For all she knew Stacie was still cursing her out as she descended in the elevator.

“Fucking hell,” she cursed as she put her car in gear and rounded the tight, crowded street. “Not the way I wanted my evening to go.”

Chapter Twenty One

“She what?” Elan asked, alarmed, as Dyan opened up her shirt and presented him with her swollen and tender tits.

“She kicked me out of her apartment for sleeping with Jerry. I tried to explain but…shit, never mind right now. I’m really in pain here and I need you to nurse.” She grabbed her boyfriend and pulled his face to her breast. Despite everything else he going on he did exactly as she wanted and started sucking right away. Her milk let down and she started feeling better immediately.

“We’ll have to tell Jerry,” she said softly to Elan.

He paused in drinking. “If he doesn’t already know,” he said quickly between sips from her nipple.

Dyan nodded and grabbed a dirty t-shirt from the floor next to the laundry hamper where Elan had tossed it, missing the basket. Her free breast was dripping milk and wouldn’t stop. Such was the difficulties of adult nursing, she mused. Elan was smart enough to go back and forth between her breasts every couple of minutes. Eventually the aching pain in her tits went away, but she was left with the emotional pain of Stacie’s anger and rejection.

Knowing herself was sometimes painful. Dyan knew she was bi, but was happiest in a relationship with a man. But sleeping with a woman was a pleasure she would never deny herself. Although she had tried to remain aloof and present herself as a sexual adventuress, she had fallen for Stacie. She was cute and sexy, if a little naïve, and certainly willing to go to bed with a woman. Dyan knew they would never be a true couple, but having a regular female partner would have been extraordinary and lovely.

“I think he knows,” Dyan said to Elan as he continued to nurse. He didn’t try to have sex with her and she didn’t masturbate either. “I think Stacie wants everything fucked up with us.”

Dyan said nothing. What could she say?

Chapter Twenty Two

By now lactating had become a natural part of Dyan's life, like breathing or eating. She needed to be nursed on a regular schedule and Elan took care of that need. As usual she was woken up by Elan's feasting on her breast. It felt good and it was still a wonderful way to wake up. Her body responded automatically with her milk letting down, her pussy moistening, her breathing becoming slow and shallow as she reveled in the sensations that Elan was causing in her.

When his hand went between her legs to finger her clit she opened them wide for him and she started to fully come awake. Dyan ran her fingers through his curly, auburn hair and held his head exactly where she liked it as he nursed.

As her anticipation rose a fleeting thought flickered through her mind, that it would feel even better if there was another set of hands or lips on her body and that made her remember that she had pissed off Stacie and possibly ruined Jerry's relationship as well.

"Fuck," she groaned. Elan must have taken her cry as one of pleasure and encouragement because he rolled Dyan off her side and onto her back so he could penetrate her more easily. Even with his lips attached to her breast it was easy for him to enter her pussy and start fucking. She didn't know if he was at all upset about the Stacie situation or if he even remembered it at the moment, but if sex kept him mind preoccupied for a few more minutes she could allow that. Anything to keep him happy. Anything to keep her own mind occupied and not have to worry about Stacie or anything outside her own body.

When they were done Elan rolled off his girlfriend and they lay panting on the bed, both hot and sweaty and exhausted. It was a good feeling that Dyan spoiled by speaking.

"Do you think I should call Stacie today and see…?" Her question trailed off.

Elan shook his head. "No. Leave it alone for a couple of days. Let me talk to Jerry."

Dyan just nodded and stared up at the ceiling. It was beige. She tried to make her mind like that: neutral, beige, nothing.

Chapter Twenty Three

The phone was shaking in her hand. As Dyan stared at the screen she briefly wondered what was wrong with her phone. It was only after giving it some thought did she realize that it was her hand that was shaking causing her to have difficulty seeing what was on the screen. Dyan look a couple of deep breaths and called Stacie. As the ring tone came over the receiver she found herself vacillating between wishing Stacie would pick up and wishing the call would go to voicemail.

She picked up.

“What?” Instead of being angry, her tone was neutral. It was probably the best Dyan could expect.

“I just want to talk, Stacie,” Dyan blurted out. “Can we talk for a few minutes without you being angry?”

“We can talk,” Stacie snapped. “But I’m still angry.”

Dyan nodded and quickly moved forward. “First, I want to apologize. What I did was wrong and I put you in a position that I shouldn’t have. I’m hoping you can forgive me.”

She paused to give Stacie a chance to reply. All she said was, “Uh-huh.”

“I’m hoping we can still be friends. Maybe not like we were, I don’t expect you to have sex with me again, but I’d like to be friends.”

“That’s not going to happen,” Stacie said. Dyan could tell her teeth were clenched and her anger was barely under control.

“I’m…sorry to hear that. Maybe you could just forgive me for Jerry’s sake. Elan said Jerry’s been upset about this whole thing.”

The night before Elan had gone over to Jerry’s place and they had talked for a long time, which probably meant they talked for ten minutes and then played

video games for the next two hours. Not that it made a difference. Two hours of conversation wouldn't cover any more territory than what they could say in ten minutes. Jerry wasn't sure what was going to happen with Stacie so the mess had landed in Dyan's lap. Not that she blamed either of the men. While the situation wasn't entirely of her own making, a large portion of the responsibility was hers.

"I broke up with Jerry this morning," Stacie said. "It's over. I accept your apology but I don't want to hear from you again. In the future, try not to be such a slut. It doesn't help your friendships and it fucks up everyone around you."

There was a beep in her ear as the call was ended. Dyan slowly put down the phone and tried to keep from crying. It was a stupid reaction. Stacie wasn't her girlfriend—not really—and it would be Jerry who would be suffering. She sat at the small table in the break room and breathed slowly and steadily. After a minute of this deep breathing she went to the bathroom, washed her face with cold water, and went back to work. She had a patient waiting. Everyone else's life went on around her. It didn't stop just because Stacie had broken up with Jerry.

Chapter Twenty Four

“I’m so, so sorry, Jerry,” Dyan told him. She and Elan had brought over a sympathy meal for Elan’s best friend. Pizza, wings, and beer wasn’t much of a sympathy meal in Dyan’s opinion, but Elan knew Jerry the best and she wasn’t about to second guess him right now. “It’s all my fault.” Even though she accepted one hundred percent of the blame, in the back of her mind Dyan was thinking Jerry and Elan held a little bit of responsibility as well. It had been Elan’s idea for her to have sex with Jerry. He had himself said he got off on the idea of her fucking other guys—especially when he got to watch. And no one had forced Jerry to have sex with her. True, she had seduced him, but he was a willing participant.

Even so, it didn’t make any sense right now to bring up that logic to them right now. Jerry was practically in mourning. He hadn’t been crying—Jerry was the manly type of guy who didn’t cry unless his dog or his mother died—but his face was pale, he ate mechanically, and he spoke in a robotic monotone.

“It’s all right,” he mumbled. “I don’t think it was destined to last anyway.” He took a bite of pizza and ate slowly, without tasting it.

Dyan might have disagreed with him on that issue, but didn’t mention it. She finished the last of her beer and turned to Elan. “Hon? It’s about time again.”

“Oh.” He glanced worriedly at Jerry and asked, “Hey, can we borrow your bedroom for a few minutes?” Though his place was extraordinarily well-kept and maintained, Jerry’s apartment wasn’t set up for privacy. He had a strangely twisting entry hall, a large living room attached to a kitchen, a bathroom, a combination storage room and space for a home office, and his bedroom.

Jerry looked blankly at the two of them before he understood. “Your breasts…” he had trouble speaking the words. “You’re full?”

Dyan shifted in her seat. “Yeah. I’m getting pretty uncomfortable. Would you mind?”

The mournful man shook his head slowly. “No. I don’t mind.”

Elan and Dyan exchanged a nervous glance and she started to get up from the table, but then Jerry spoke again. “Wait. Actually…” His pause was long and drawn out. Both Elan and Dyan waited for him to speak before moving. “Would you mind if I nursed from you, Dyan? I want to taste your milk.” It was a lousy explanation, but neither of them were going to call him out on it.

Checking silently with Elan who gave the barest of nods, Dyan said, “No, that would be wonderful, Jerry.” She stood up and held out her hand to him. The pair then slowly made their way back to his bedroom while Elan sat at the kitchen table, waiting.

In the bedroom Dyan casually opened up her shirt and pulled down the flaps to her bra, the way that Elan liked it when they got home from work. Jerry shook his head. “No, take your bra off all the way.”

Smiling, Dyan did as he asked and a moment later he was bending down in front of her, sucking on one nipple. Jerry wasn’t very tall and when he did this Dyan realized for the first time she was a couple of inches taller than him. He didn’t stay bent over very long. Just enough to get her milk flowing. In the right breast where he had suckled she felt her milk letting down, but in the left there was just a buildup of pressure that was barely relieved by the very slow formation of drops on her nipple. It was different with Elan. The moment she saw him coming through the apartment door her milk would immediately start letting down. But this was good too.

“On the bed,” he ordered and she found herself being pushed down and positioned to his liking. She didn’t protest. She didn’t feel she had the right to protest. He latched onto her nipple and started sucking as hard as he could, pulling her essence out of her body. Oddly, it felt good. Jerry was much rougher than Elan, but that was fine because she felt she had to pay some sort of penance for destroying his relationship with Stacie. She moaned a bit at the pain but also at the reaction her body gave into—any stimulation of her nipples automatically translated to a sexual response now.

They were on their sides, facing each other, but Jerry’s hands were busy over her body, but not exploring. Since she was already topless, he was pulling at her pants, trying to lower the zipper and open the slide to them. She helped him

along as he nursed. It felt good and she knew she'd be ready for sex, for whatever he and Elan wanted to do.

Removing her pants was easy, but she kept on her boyshorts. They clung to her hips, maybe a little too tightly to be respectable, but she wasn't exactly a tower of respectability right now. The boyshorts were bright pink with a red heart added on the right buttock and the left hip. Dyan doubted Jerry saw these little details. His eyes were closed and he was far too into her breasts at the moment. Still, he pushed his large, powerful hands into her shorts and explored her wet pussy.

She wasn't sure if she should be ashamed or proud of how quickly her pussy was ready for sex after only a few minutes of nursing. It didn't matter. Jerry's thick finger went up inside her and she grunted in approval. He started fucking her with his finger and in response she pushed down her boyshorts and kicked them off her legs. She knew she was going to get fucked right now and it didn't matter that this wasn't the plan. Jerry wanted it and she wanted to make up her mistake to him.

Somehow he had opened up his pants and gotten his hard cock out. When he rolled on top of her she didn't protests and just opened up her legs to him. She didn't like being fucked by a man who was almost fully dressed, but—once more—Dyan didn't protest as part of her penance. It was almost too easy to make Dyan cum; once he did Jerry pulled out of her cunt and flipped her over on her hands and knees. Dyan stayed in that position as Jerry quickly pulled off his pants and shirt. It made her feel submissive and dutiful, as if she were making up for her past sin. From his position Dyan knew that Jerry could see her open cunt and ass but she was happy to do so. Maybe this would help him in his time of need.

His hands went on her ass and he adjusted the angle of her hips as he pushed his cock into her again. He was so big, so thick that Dyan gasped as he did so, even though she had just had him inside her pussy, the short respite was long enough for her tissues to contract back to their normal size. When he entered her the second time it was as if she were being fucked anew. Dyan stayed in her submissive posture, letting Jerry do with her as he pleased. Her tits were rubbing on the sheets, and that was a bit painful since he hadn't fully drained them. But even that was okay because now she had some leftover milk for Elan.

They rutted happily, or at least a very good imitation of happily. Jerry fucked her how he liked, not worrying about her pleasure, varying his speed to his liking, pressing his thumb against her anus to see how she reacted. Dyan stayed with her head down and her ass up, gasping in shock when Jerry's thumb opened up her sphincter but didn't fully penetrate her and crying out in appreciation when he came, jetting heavy globs of his spunk into her pussy.

Elan had been watching the couple from the doorway, bending his head around the corner, spying on them like a criminal voyeur. He wasn't the least bit upset that his girlfriend was fucking Jerry. She was enjoying his cock and Elan thought she looked incredibly beautiful getting fucked. Dyan was a woman who enjoyed sex and didn't mind being watched. He was ashamed he was jerking off as they fucked, but he felt it would be rude to interrupt the two of them while the copulated.

He could tell that Dyan came at least three times before Jerry finished. Once Jerry grunted loudly, announcing his orgasm, Elan quickly finished himself off, his fist pumping up and down on his cock until he spurted his spunk into his hand. Only then did he retreat back to the kitchen where he wiped his sticky hand on a paper napkin and threw it in the trash. After that he tucked his cock back into his pants, washed his hands, cleared the remains of dinner from the table, and waited for his girlfriend to come out of the bedroom.

On the ride home they were mostly silent until Dyan suddenly said, "You know that I fucked Jerry, right?"

"Yes. It was impossible not to hear the two of you."

"Sorry."

"That's okay. I jerked off to the two of you."

Dyan just nodded and looked out the window. There wasn't much to see in downtown, but she didn't have to look at Elan if she pretended to be interested in the cityscape. "We have to find Jerry a new girlfriend."

Chapter Twenty Five

Generally Dyan didn't like large parties of any sort. She made an exception for Elan's office party. He told her it was expected that spouses and significant others were expected to attend the office party at the end of the fiscal year, which he explained as a celebration of his department not being fired for incompetence.

The drinking was moderate; the food was passable; the conversation around the table was polite if somewhat stilted. Because the party was on a Friday night, they had been rushed to get there. Elan had barely spent ten minutes nursing from Dyan before they had to leave. No sex, of course, and Dyan was completely unsatisfied.

It was halfway through the party that she started to get uncomfortable. For the party Dyan had gone out and purchased a new bra. Mrs. Stewart was still working in the lingerie department and was surprised that Dyan now just barely managed to fill up a C cup.

"It is a special cut," she had said. "You haven't grown that much."

Even with that admonishment, Dyan had left the store with a silly grin plastered over her face. She felt like a real woman with her much larger breasts.

Her discomfort rose to the point where she knew she would need to get some type of relief soon. Her breasts were swollen and full, but weren't really painful yet. She knew that she could go to the bathroom and do some hand expression to release some of the pressure, but that was supremely unsatisfying. The clutch she brought along as part of her fancy dress was too small for anything other than her cell phone, ID, and some cash. There was no way it could have contained her breast pump.

Elan's mouth was the obvious solution.

She leaned over and whispered in his ear. "I want you to nurse me."

His eyes went wide. He looked good in his suit and tie; normally he wore khakis

and a polo shirt to work. But he shook his head. “No, not here.”

She kissed his cheek. “We’ll find a place in the hotel. It’ll be fun and dangerous.”

He groaned in the back of his throat and wanted to say no, but his base nature took over. “Okay,” he agreed too quickly.

They got up from the table, excusing themselves to the bathroom, one after the other. Dyan was fairly sure that no one thought anything of their near-simultaneous departure. Naturally they didn’t head to the bathrooms, that was too obvious and—for Dyan’s taste—a little too cliché and dirty for an intimate encounter.

Instead they headed to the storeroom where some of the party supplies and decorations had been stored. Elan’s work group had been in charge of decorations so it was easy for him to let them into the room, got up from the table, excusing themselves to the bathroom, one after the other. Dyan was fairly sure that no one thought anything of their near-simultaneous departure. Naturally they didn’t head to the bathrooms, that was too obvious and—for Dyan’s taste—a little too cliché and dirty for an intimate encounter.

Instead they headed to the storeroom where some of the party supplies and decorations had been stored. Elan’s work group had been in charge of decorations so it was easy for him to let them into the room. They exchanged a quick kiss and Dyan reached up behind her neck to untie the strap to her dress. This she pulled down to expose her bra.

It wasn’t a nursing bra, of course, she had more class than that. It was the sheer, sexy one purchased just for this party. Since it was a convertible bra the straps followed her dress, circling around her neck. It took her a minute to figure out how to loosen the strap and free her heavy, engorged breasts. Her milk had already started letting down and her bra was damp. That didn’t matter now that her tits were free. Elan was on them in a flash, suckling the left one, sucking in the milk as fast as he could drink it.

The excitement and nervousness of being caught was thrilling, but Elan would rather that his nursing time with Dyan be languorous. She clutched him to her tit as he pressed her against the wall. Dyan made little squeaks of pleasure as he sucked on her, pulling out all of her milk, relieving her tits of their throbbing.

“Oh that’s so good,” she sighed with her eyes closed. She wanted to hike up the hem of the dress and play with her pussy which was nicely covered with a pair of silk thong panties that matched her bra, but that seemed much too risky in the storage room. Getting her breasts mauled was completely acceptable, though.

What she didn’t see was the short, curvy redhead observing them from just inside the door. Annie knew it was wrong to spy on her coworker and his girlfriend, and she had never considered herself a voyeur, but to actually see two people think they were alone and unobserved and in the middle of foreplay, was incredibly erotic. She slipped all the way inside and half hid behind a stack of boxes. Before she knew it her hand was down her pants and her fingers were up her pussy while her thumb was on her clit. It was wrong, so wrong, but it felt so good.

Elan was silent, but Dyan was letting herself vocalize as much as she wanted. “Uh-uh-uh,” she grunted as Elan sucked on her. She pressed and rubbed her thighs together to create some friction. Between Elan’s mouth and her taut thighs she managed to give herself a small, but satisfying, orgasm.

Feeling her body shake and her intense moans, Elan knew exactly what his girlfriend was going through. He broke his latch on her heavy tit. “You good?” he asked.

Dyan rested her head back on the wall. “Uh-huh. Much better. You’d better leave first. I’ll follow you.”

Straightening his tie, Elan nodded and quickly hurried out of the room. After he left Dyan pulled her bra back into place and felt the moisture on it. “Shit,” she cursed under her breath as she tied the top to her dress around her neck. There wasn’t much she could do at the moment. She knew that some women who induced lactation had to actually start using nursing pads to soak up excess milk that leaked, but she wasn’t prepared for that tonight. Her only hope was that the lighting in the banquet room was dim enough that no one would notice the wet stains over her tits.

As she adjusted herself Dyan heard a noise from behind the pile of boxes. Dyan froze and what she heard was the unmistakable sound of a woman masturbating. Already riding on the peak of her climax, Dyan’s curious and sexual adventurism got the best of her and she stepped to the side to see around the

boxes. The scene she was presented with was a cute and curvy redhead with her pants loosened around her hips and hand down her panties. The redhead's eyes were squeezed shut and her hand busy between her leg. If she was aware of Dyan observing her, she didn't give any indication.

Annie was gasping and finally pushed herself over the edge, cumming with low moans of pleasure. When her eyes opened she saw Dyan staring at her, a pleasantly amused look on her face.

"Oh shit."

"It's fine," Dyan said with a wave of her hand. "We're you watching me and Elan?" She quickly sized up the short, curvy woman. Annie had a scattering of freckles across her cheeks and nose that gave her an appearance of being a much younger woman.

Her face was already flushed red but she still managed to turn even redder, almost the color of her curly hair. "Yeah. Sorry about that."

"No, no, it's fine." Dyan actually was a bit pleased that her sexual game turned someone else on. "What did you see?"

"Just him sucking on you," she said. "I was surprised you came." She looked down at Dyan's breasts, now covered by her dress. "I didn't think he got your tits that wet," she commented on the wet spots on Dyan's dress.

Dyan shook her head. "He didn't. I'm lactating."

"Oh."

"I was too full and Elan gave me a little relief."

"I…see."

"He likes my milk," Dyan added. "It's his little secret."

At first Annie didn't know what to say. "That's…kinky."

"I know, right?" She quickly sized up the redhead's curvy body. "I couldn't believe it when he asked me, but I'm glad I did." She tried not to leer at Annie's

boobs which were threatening to burst out of her shimmery green blouse. She was showing off an impressive amount of cleavage. “It would be something you’d probably be good at,” she added.

Annie moistened her lips with her tongue and then laughed nervously. “Yeah, I probably would,” she agreed, looking down at her tits.

She couldn’t help herself. Dyan then said, “I know I guy who would really be into it with you. Want to meet him?” She grinned.

Annie laughed nervously. “You’re kidding.”

“Not at all. What’s your name?”

“Annie.”

“I’m Dyan. I’d love to introduce you to the wonderful world of adult breastfeeding. I’m also bi, by the way,” she added with a sly wink.

Hearing those words gave Annie a little shiver down her spine and her stomach tightened up in anticipation of what she was about to hear.

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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