
Elliot Silvestri
Like Candy on the Tongue
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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It is not well for a man to pray and live skim milk.

–Henry Ward Beecher

Part One

Chapter One

Dyan looked at the card and answered honestly, before she gave it any thought and probably because of the alcohol running through her body at the moment. “Bigger boobs.”

Stacie burst out laughing, Elan and Jerry exchanged nervous grins and stifled the laughter they felt bubbling up.

“What?” Dyan asked a little bit rudely. “I thought we were giving honest answers to the questions.”

“Um, we are,” Elan said. “But you didn’t ask the question out loud yet.” They were playing a card game called Honesty he brought over for entertainment after dinner. It was just a box of questions that asked impolite and personal questions. It was supposed to be a way for strangers to quickly get to know one another.

“Oh. Let me look at it again.” Dyan’s face flushed red and she focused her eyes on the card. “‘What would you change about yourself to appeal more to the opposite sex?’” she read aloud. After a half-second’s pause she added. “What if you’re not attracted to the opposite sex?”

“You could probably just tailor the answer to target your particular romantic ideal,” Elan said.

“Well I’m not changing my answer,” she said.

“And you’re supposed to write down your answers,” Elan reminded her. “We’re supposed to guess who wrote down the answer at the end of five questions.”

“Oh shit! That’s right. I’ve been drinking, you know,” she winked broadly at her friends. In actuality only one of them was her friend, Elan. He was a recently acquired boyfriend she met at, of all places, the grocery store. She couldn’t help laugh at the oddly curved cucumber in the farm-fresh vegetable basket that was just a little too spot-on in its resemblance to an erect cock. When he saw what she was laughing at he had grinned a little too broadly knowing exactly what she

was laughing at. And that was that. Two weeks later she was meeting his friend Jerry and Jerry's girlfriend Stacie.

"We know," chortled Jerry. He could handle his liquor better than her, apparently.

She fixed him with a slightly bleary gaze. "So what's your answer, smart guy?"

He held her eye a moment and then replied, "Be more attentive."

Elan quickly piled on. "Show more interest in her feelings."

Both men laughed at Dyan's sour face. She stuck out her tongue at them and Stacie giggled at the whole scene. "Physical attributes, boys," she said pointing to the card. "No one's interested in your phony bullshit answers trying to make you seem like sensitive new age guys."

Jerry snatched it away from her and read it again. "It doesn't say that," he pointed out.

She grabbed the card back and re-read it. "Fucking hell." The other three laughed at her again. Despite the situation she laughed a bit as well. "Well, you'd say bigger boobs as well if you had gone your whole life barely being able to fill up an A cup."

Her evaluation of her chest's primary physical attribute was accurate. Dyan was tall and lithe making her the envy of most other women. But her breasts were small to the point of being boyish.

"Don't be so quick to judge," Stacie piped up. "It's not exactly fun to have to haul around a pair of Ds everywhere you go." In contrast to Dyan, Stacie was barely five feet tall and would have been described as a tomato fifty years previous. She was all curves which made Dyan a little jealous, even if the woman' sporting waist-length black hair might have been described by someone with less tact as chubby.

"So you'd wish for smaller breasts?" Dyan asked and tried not to leer at the other woman's cleavage. She had only met her a few hours ago and it seemed an impolite thing to do to a near-stranger.

Stacie shook her head, her long black hair whipping slightly back and forth. “Nope. Too afraid of plastic surgery. Or any surgery for that matter.”

“What would you change?” Jerry asked her. He had a vested interest in her answer being her boyfriend.

She looked away from the other three, staring up at the ceiling. “I would have said yes when Andrea Levin tried to get me in bed with her in college.”

Elan laughed. Jerry’s eyes went wide. Dyan tilted her head a licked her lips. “That’s not changing something about yourself,” she pointed out.

“Yes it is,” Stacie insisted. “It’s changing my history.”

“And how would that change appeal to men?” Elan wanted to know.

Stacie glared at him. “Most men are into women who are bi or adventurous. I wish I was more adventurous.”

Elan looked at his friend. “Jerry, this is your big opportunity,” he stage whispered. “You’ll be able to talk her into anything.” He laughed again.

“Men can’t tell if you’ve slept with another woman just by looking,” Dyan insisted.

Jerry nodded. “True enough.” He grinned just using the left side of his face. “Have you slept with another woman?” he asked. “You look like you might have.”

Elan laughed uncomfortably and toyed with his glass that was still half full. Dyan looked calmly back at the short, bald man and answered, “No.”

“I guess I was wrong,” Jerry said.

“I’ve slept with three,” Dyan amended and took a long pull from her glass nearly emptying all the wine that remained in it.

Stacie gasped. She wasn’t sure if Dyan was bragging or lying, but it seemed amazing to her that the other woman could be so bold or adventurous. “You have?” she marveled.

Dyan nodded once. “Two women back in college—I was a little drunk both times, kind of like now.”

The table went silent at Dyan spoke. “What about the third?” Stacie asked when neither of the men asked the logical question.

As much as she wanted to, she forced herself not to look away and focused on the little scar on Stacie’s forehead. “She was a woman I dated for a couple months a few years ago.”

Elan gasped.

“Told you,” Jerry commented. “Did you know this?” he asked his friend more seriously.

“No.”

Dyan looked back at her new boyfriend. “Does that bother you?”

He slowly shook his head. “No,” he repeated.

“See,” Stacie piped up once more. “Men are into women who are bi.”

After a long uncomfortable silence when everyone drank a little more, Stacie pulled another card from the box. “’What’s the most serious crime you’ve ever committed?’” she read and then added. “Write your answers down this time.”

It turned out to be a fun evening. Dyan enjoyed herself much more than she had predicted. After a year of dating on and off she had come to understand that she was more of an introvert than she liked to admit. Long bike rides weren’t just her preferred method of exercise; they were a way to exclude other people. It wasn’t exactly a social sport. When she discovered that Elan was a rider himself—and had once biked across the U.S. over the course of a summer—she decided to try and make this new relationship work.

She stumbled out of Jerry’s house with Elan’s assistance. He wasn’t nearly as far gone as she was. He knew how to pace himself. After they settled into his car he paused a moment before starting it.

“I think I can help you with your wish,” he told her.

“What wish?” she mused. “The wish to become a princess or the wish to fly to the moon?” She knew she was drunk. “Or the wish to free the genie from the lamp?”

Elan shook his head slowly and leaned over to kiss her lightly on her lips. She liked that even if her lips were a little numb from too much wine. “The wish for you to have bigger breasts.”

“Ha!” she barked. “You gonna pay for silicone implants? ‘Cause that ain’t happening.”

Once more he slowly shook his head. “Nope. I’ve got a better way of making women’s breasts grow.”

“Really? And how’s that?”

“Back in high school we called it the phoenix effect.”

Chapter Two

Elan actually wasn't kidding. His apartment was in a nice part of downtown. She had been slightly disturbed the first time she went to his place and found the two-bedroom apartment was spacious and beautiful. The bedroom that looked over the park was where he slept. The other bedroom was half-filled with comic book boxes—all of them crammed full of comic books making them weigh a ton—and the other half was filled with his three bikes and biking gear. She told herself she had to accept him for who he was. There was no way to find a perfect fit in an off the rack world. The comics would have to be okay.

He was showing her some old X-Men comics. Dyan wasn't so square that she didn't know who the X-Men were but she was confused on almost all the backstory that Elan explained and when she realized two different characters were named Phoenix, she all but gave up.

"Don't worry about that," he told her. "Rachel Summer is just Jean Pryor's daughter from an alternate future timeline."

"I thought she was Scott's daughter. The one-eyed guy."

"Cyclops. Yeah. Scott and Jean's daughter." He paused and took a deep breath. "See, in this issue, when she's first introduced she's a teenaged girl and is pretty flat-chested. Later on, in this book, when she acquires the Phoenix Force, her breasts have suddenly gotten huge."

Dyan shook her head. "But isn't that because she's older and there's a different artist drawing her?" After little more than two months with Elan he was already starting to affect her—not that was a bad thing, it was just unexpected.

"Different artists, yes, but in the time line of the story she's only a couple of months older. No one's tits grow that fast."

"Maybe they do in comic book land," suggested Dyan.

"It's the Marvelverse, or Earth-616," he corrected. "And that's kind of the point

my friends and I made back in high school. One of the powers of the Phoenix Effect is to make Rachel's tits huge."

"Ha. Teenage boy sex fantasies on paper," she commented. "And unless you plan on giving me the Phoenix Force, how do I get bigger boobs without magic or surgery?"

The moment had arrived. Elan had been dancing around the issue for too long now and he needed to come out with it. Any longer in their relationship and she'd rightly be accusing him of hiding a secret. If he had mentioned it right away it would have sabotaged their romance. "How do you feel about lactation?" he asked.

For just half a second Dyan wondered what he was asking, but then everything clicked into place and she knew exactly what he meant. She formed her answer carefully. "I think it's great for breast feeding mothers and babies, but I'm not sure if that's in the stars for me right now. I'm not looking to get pregnant just to have bigger tits."

"You can induce lactation in a woman who isn't pregnant which will enhance her bust," Elan said. It sounded so formal and matter-of-fact. Dyan wondered if he had said it to a hundred women before her or it he had practiced it a thousand times in the mirror waiting for just the right woman.

Was she the right woman?

"Okay," she said trying to think calmly and rationally. "Are you asking me to actually try this out?" Dyan looked at her boyfriend and realized he was on the verge of panic. She recognized all the signs: flushed face, twitchy body, trembling fingers, dilated eyes. She wasn't in a panic. She was somewhere between curious and nervous.

"Um…yeah." He couldn't even meet her gaze. He had to look down at the floor to get through the moment. His stomach felt like it was a hard knot of panic ready to explode. He let the moment hang between them for a moment and then hastily added. "But you don't have to, of course. I don't want you to think I'm a freak or anything. I just knew about this and thought it would help you out because you said you wanted to have bigger breasts." He said this all in a rush in one big breath.

While it would be wrong to say that Dyan was specifically asking for this type of proposal, it wasn't like Elan was trying to force her to do something she didn't want to do. And she had always considered herself open-minded about everything related to sex. Here was a moment to prove she was the person she thought she was. Still, she had to push him a little bit too. That was the type of person she was as well. "Is this some secret kink of yours that you don't want anyone to know about?"

Now Elan's face turning bright red. He was embarrassed at what she had figured out but there was no way to escape it now. "Yeah. Kind of." He hadn't picked up his eyes from the floor. "Never mind. Drop it. Forget I mentioned it."

She put out a cautious hand on his forearm. "Just because it's a kink of yours doesn't mean that I'm going to say no."

Immediately his eyes came up from where they had been glued to the threadbare rug that covered the old hardwood floor and they went wide. "Really? You'll do it?"

"I didn't say that either."

Now his expression went to confusion. "What?"

In spite of herself Dyan actually laughed at him. "I'm teasing. But I haven't said yes either."

"What can I do...?"

"Yes?"

"To, um, convince you to give this try?"

"Tell me more. Tell me everything. But first tell me why you're into women who have lactating breasts."

He looked away and laughed. "Promise not to laugh at me?"

"No."

He snorted. "I suppose I should expect that. Okay, well, remember that I told you

that I biked across the US one summer?”

“Yes…?”

“I did it with a woman.”

“You left out that little bit of info you naughty boy,” she teased.

“Yeah…you generally don’t tell your new girlfriend about the summer you spent with another woman biking across the US and having sex in a different hotel room every night…except the nights we spent sleeping in our tent.”

“Okay, so?”

“So she was really into having her nipples stimulated.”

“Ah, I see where this is going.”

“Right, so I’d play with them a lot and suck on them a lot. Turns out that not only does nipple stimulation turn on the right woman and under the right circumstances can give her an orgasm—”

“Really?”

But Elan ignored her interjection. “—but it can also be the impetus that causes lactation.”

“Huh. Really? I mean, I’ve heard of jogger’s nipple before where you get too chafed from your bra or shirt when jogging, but not from biking. And I guess I vaguely remember reading something about breast stimulation from too much exercise causing a bit of milk production, but you really went to town on her, huh?”

He nodded. “I really felt in love with her milk. I got so used to the taste and feel of it on my tongue every night after we were done biking for the day…well, I would have stayed with her the rest of my life?”

“Just for her milk?”

Elan covered his face with his hands. “Shit. I sound like an idiot. Well, no, not

just for her milk. I was really into that, of course, but it didn't work out."

Dyan sighed. "Okay, go ahead and tell me. What didn't work out with your relationship with…what was her name anyway?"

"Jesse."

"With Jesse?"

He shrugged a bit. "Personality conflict, I guess. We were a little too young to get married. We were still pretty immature, I guess. And I started to see her as her perfect woman who supplied both sex and milk for me so that started rubbing her the wrong way."

Dyan shook her head. "Your kink drove her nuts, huh?"

He nodded. "Fuck! And now the same thing is going to happen with you. Shit! I can already see it."

The willowy blonde goddess in front of him slowly shook her head. She then stood up from her chair and popped open the two buttons on the old flannel shirt she had been wearing so that she could pull down her cami and expose her breasts. "Not yet," she said. "First step is nipple stimulation, right?"

"Right," he said, barely able to breathe.

"Well…" she looked down at her soft pink nipples. "Time to get to work."

Elan half stumbled getting out of his chair and walked with weak knees over to his girlfriend. Going down on one knee he was just tall enough to take her left nipple into his mouth and suck on it firmly. Dyan shivered once and let her head fall back. She knew what she was doing was crazy but she went ahead with it anyway. A little crazy was nice sometimes.

A moment later Elan's fingers were pinching her right nipple and she started wishing she had first invited him to the bed. Her knees got weaker by the moment and she wanted to collapse to the floor. She hadn't thought her nipples were really that sensitive—she did like having them played with during sex, but it seemed like tonight they were extra-sensitive. She knew it was most likely psychosomatic. Talking about nipples stimulation and lactation had set her mind

into the correct frame to make them little pinpricks of pleasure.

“Oh,” she moaned out loud. It was a quiet moan, but it was just enough to get Elan to stop.

“What’s the matter?” Normally she was pretty quiet during sex. Except when she was cumming.

Dyan pulled in a heavy breath and centered herself. “It felt really good. And it felt like I was going to fall on the floor. Let’s go to the bed.”

Once they had sorted out the more practical matters of breast stimulation in a horizontal position, Dyan was much more relaxed. She even pulled her cami off but kept on her pants, not because of modesty, but because she wanted to see where all of this was going.

Stretched out on her side they quickly discovered another minor flaw with Elan’s plan to make his girlfriend lactate. On her back she knew that her breasts all but disappeared, but a similar phenomenon occurred when she was on her side. Having tiny A cup sized tits meant there wasn’t a lot of material to work with. In addition, her nipples and areola were small. That particular detail wasn’t very important but Dyan always felt that her small pink nipples and areola made her look even more like a boy.

When Elan nuzzled his way down her body and attempted to suckle on her, there wasn’t very much breast for him to actually pull into his mouth. He wasn’t trying to hurt her, but the fun stimulation of a minute ago was suddenly gone and replaced with periodic shots of pain.

“Ow,” was all Dyan could think to say.

“Too hard?” Elan asked. “Am I sucking too hard? I’m probably a little over-eager.” He lightly kissed her wet, pink nipple and waited for an answer.

She hesitated. “Not really. It’s just the position is a little awkward.”

“You chose to lay this way,” he pointed out. “And I need to get as much of your breast in my mouth as possible.”

“Oh really? Is that true?”

He half-shrugged. “Sort of. I need to suck on something and the more of your breast I can get in my mouth, the better.”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she muttered to herself.

Elan’s eyes narrowed. “What?”

“Nothing!” she called out brightly. “How about I get on top of you?”

It wasn’t her favorite position for anything, but straddling Elan’s body was better than feeling like she was getting a mammogram. They shifted together and Dyan found herself riding high on Elan’s torso, dangling her small tits over his face. This time when he started nursing on her sensitive nipples the familiar and wonderful sensation came rushing back over her and she wanted to go floating off into paradise.

“Better?” he half-mumbled into her soft flesh. He had pulled back from her tit just long enough for him to utter the one word. It was too long. She clutched the back of his head and pulled him back to her chest.

“Uh-huh,” she managed to gasp out. This was heaven. She just hadn’t realized she wanted it this way.

Elan was enjoying himself, not concentrating on either nipple for more than a minute at a time, switching back and forth as the mood struck him and mixing in steady, strong sucking with the occasional nip and lick as well. Unconsciously Dyan started rubbing her pussy on Elan’s hard abdomen. That felt even better than just having her nipples sucked.

“Don’t stop,” she whispered. Elan wasn’t sure if she was talking to him or herself. It didn’t matter to him because if she was enjoying this little lactation exercise, so much the better. If she actually got off on doing it, then it was perfection.

Her anxious humping of Elan’s torso increased steadily in speed and pressure as Elan continued to suck and pinch her tits. She didn’t care now that he was fully aware that she was really just using him to masturbate. He was actually enjoying the show. When she came it was with a shrill cry of elation and relief, followed quickly by a sob of humiliation.

“What’s the matter?” he asked her, once again frightened he had hurt her.

“I came,” she admitted.

“I know. It’s fine. I enjoyed the show.” He grinned up at her.

“My panties are all wet,” she said, a bit ashamed at that revelation.

He smiled gently. “Well, then, let’s take them off and see what else happens.”

In a flash she rolled off his body and onto her back. A second later she had kicked off her yoga pants along with her pink and yellow flowered boyshorts. During that short interlude Elan had managed to pull down his jeans and too tight maroon boxers to mid-thigh. Dyan didn’t even give him the chance to pull them all the way off. She threw her leg back over his body and quickly settled her shaved pussy on his already rampant cock.

It slid down his length quickly and easily. She sighed once her pubic bone rested comfortably on his little nest of hair. “Okay, that feels good. I needed that.”

He laughed gently at her. “What you needed after getting your tits sucked and cumming on my chest was my cock up inside you?”

Her grin was mischievous and satisfied. “Yes. That’s how I like it? Any questions?”

In answer, Elan grabbed her hips and started thrusting his cock up into her tight pussy. She grunted with satisfaction and let him take control of the moment, not that he hadn’t controlled her the moment she had taken off her shirt and allowed him to suck on her tits. Sometimes it was nice to be worshipped for her sexual qualities and be given pleasure just because he was obsessed with her.

Or was he obsessed with his kink? Dyan wasn’t sure but it was difficult to concentrate on the thought while they fucked. Since she had barely come down from her first orgasm it was no surprise to her that she came again and quickly. This little bit of satisfaction pleased her because Elan was nowhere near ready to cum yet.

“Do it again?” she teased him, pretending to beg. “Fuck me hard. I need to cum.”

In response Elan reached up and pinched one of her nipples. She gasped in pain but didn't protest further. It hurt, but it felt good at the same time. He didn't let go and she came again partly from his cock reaching deeply into her pussy, but more than she liked to admit from the pain coursing down to her clit from her nipple.

"Harder," she begged with a little too much honesty.

Grabbing her ass he practically paralyzed her with his strength and the viciousness of his upward thrusts. A minute of this effort paid off as he came, pumping heavy gobs of cum deep into her cunt. She was a little ashamed—and more happy than she wanted to admit—that his roughness caused her to cum a third time.

They rested together several long minutes with his cock still seated in her sex, breathing heavily, unable to speak. Neither wanted their coupling to end but slowly his cock shrank away and finally she was forced to roll off his body, unable to support her own weight any longer on her hands and knees.

"God that was fucking incredible," she sighed with satisfaction.

"I'm glad I could oblige you."

"Is it going to be like that every time?" she asked.

"Every time I nurse from you?" he asked, wondering exactly what she meant.

"Every time we have sex after you nursing from me," she clarified.

"I can do my best to make that dream come true."

Dyan nodded slowly in agreement. "That would be great if you did," she said. "Because if you did, this whole becoming your human milk supply would totally be worth it."

Chapter Three

The next morning Dyan woke up to Elan sucking on her breast. It was a much better way to wake up than with an alarm clock or any of the supposedly not-annoying tones on her cell phone. She moaned sleepily and ran her hand through his tousled, auburn hair. They were both still naked and she felt his already hard cock pressing on her leg. That was nice. It was nice to know that just her mere presence and her small tits was enough to get him hard.

Or was it the idea of making her into a milk machine that was getting him hard, she wondered. Dyan's attitude soured at herself; that wasn't a thought she was truly worthy of having. Elan had exposed his soul to her, given her incredible power over him because he was willing to reveal his kink. What had she done? Nothing but tell him that she wanted bigger boobs.

As penance she was happy to perform Dyan dropped her hand down to his cock and gently cupped his bally, running her fingers over the velvety smooth skin. She had heard only gay men shaved their balls, but Elan definitely wasn't gay and she was delighted to discover that hairless testicles were much more enjoyable to have in her mouth and under her fingers than the common kind.

"Want a special reward for waking me up so nicely?" she asked him.

His mouth was full of her breast but that didn't stop him from taking a quick break from the gentle suction. "After I'm done with you," he answered.

She half grunted and allowed him to continue pleasuring her. Then it occurred to her that maybe he wasn't really pleasuring her. Maybe he was just sucking on her nipples to get her milk to flow. Maybe the pleasure she received was just a secondary side effect of what Elan was actually after.

Dyan realized she didn't like how her brain operated early in the morning. She closed down the over-active thinking part that obviously had not had enough rest and allowed herself to feel only what Elan wanted her to feel. She barely noticed when his mouth slipped off her breast and he rolled her from her side to her back. A moment later she lost her grip on his balls but that was okay because he

was slipping his cock into her.

Breast stimulation agreed with Dyan. Her pussy was soaking wet and he easily went all the way in. The sex that morning wasn’t as great as the night before, but she had not complaints. She just hoped the neighbors didn’t hear her screaming her pleasure.

Chapter Four

They were still at the beginning of their relationship where spending every available moment together wasn't an annoyance. They meshed their schedules together, spending every night together either at his place or at hers. Dyan didn't mind that at all…except her nipples—and her pussy—were starting to get a little sore. Five days after agreeing to indulge Elan in his little kinky fantasy—and she was still fairly certain what he had planned for her wasn't going to work—he arrived at her apartment for dinner and bearing a bottle.

"That's not wine," she pointed out as he opened up the bubble wrap envelope. "You promised me a surprise in a bottle."

"You're right. It's not wine. It's fenugreek."

"And what exactly is that?"

"A dietary supplement." His grin was a little too smug.

"For what?" she asked already knowing what his answer was going to be. Everything with Elan came back to the same thing.

"To promote good breast health…and milk flow." His answer sounded a little too much like what a midnight infomercial spokesperson would say.

"I'm not going to take some strange dietary supplement just because you think it'll cause me to make milk," she told him.

"Is that the answer you're most comfortable with?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said smartly.

Elan went over to the narrow cupboard between her stove's hood and the refrigerator. With exquisite precision he flipped open the thin door to display an impressive all-natural pharmacy filling the shelves. "We've got vitamin A through Z here, and enough strange roots and herbs to fulfill the fantasies of every would-be witch from here to Buffalo."

“Those are different,” she protested.

“It’s tamin A thorugh pharmacy filling the shelves. because you think it'person would say.

e same thing.

morning wasn'st hno different from all the other pills you’re on,” he said gesturing to the small all-natural pharmacy filling her medicine cabinet. “Except maybe you skipped over the F section of the all-natural store.”

“That’s unfair.”

He unscrewed the lid of the bottle and shook out one of the pills. “They’re perfectly safe, I assure you.”

“How would you know? You aren’t taking these.”

“True…but would I really hurt the woman I love by giving her dangerous drugs? You’re my route to true milky nirvana.”

Her knees went weak. He had never come out before and stated that he actually loved her. It should have been a magical moment. It was and she found her hand taking the pill from his palm. It wasn’t that big. It went easily with a swallow of water.

It scared her as well. What else was she willing to do for him, to do for his love?

Chapter Five

Friday night was videogame night for the boys. It had been a ritual for Elan and Jerry for years. Since their girlfriends were relative newcomers to their social dynamic they didn't have that much say in the Friday ritual and as a result they wound up sitting on the border between the kitchen and living room in Jerry's house, both of them bored. It took less than fifteen minutes for the two women to dispense with most small talk about the weather and work. Dyan decided to divulge her new lifestyle—such as it was—to Stacie.

"My boobs hurt," Dyan she confided in her new friend.

"That time of the month?"

She shook her head. "No. Elan's been sucking on them every day and night. I didn't realize how sensitive they could be."

Stacie snorted, completely unladylike. "But are you enjoying it?" she asked rhetorically. The too-long silence from Dyan told Stacie everything she needed to know as the men mowed down yet another wave of fast zombies. "Holy shit, you do like it?" she hissed in a stage whisper.

"Shh," Dyan hissed back. "The short answer is yes. It just makes the sex really good. It's like all the foreplay I ever could have wished for."

"I bet. Any results yet?"

Dyan licked her lips before answering. "Other than sore boobs and nipples, plus a completely satisfied libido, no. I'm not really sure if this will work."

"Oh, it'll work honey, it'll work. My cousin adopted a baby and she went through this need to breastfeed. It took her a few months to get her supply running, but it worked."

"It did?"

"She kept the milk going for four months once it came in and before they got the

baby. Then she nursed for another six."

"How did she keep her supply up for four months while they waited?" Dyan asked aloud.

Stacie shrugged. "She says she just had to use a breast pump a couple of times a day." She paused. "But who knows?" she added with a wink.

"Don't tell Elan," she demanded. "Once he hears about breast pumps working he'll insist I use one too."

The two women giggled as if they were schoolgirls. Dyan was staring to enjoy herself more and more with Stacie.

"Okay, I have a question for you," Stacie said.

Dyan was feeling a little silly and was already on her second glass of wine. The men were abstaining, saying it interfered with their reflexes during the game. "Yes, I love it what Elan's doing to me. I don't think my tits are bigger yet, but I really like what it's done to our sex life."

Stacie looked at her friend non-plussed for a moment, and then her eyes went wide. "I was actually going to ask if you really did sleep with those three women, or if it was a story you just told Elan to get his motor humming. But that's interesting too."

Dyan's face turned crimson with embarrassment but she answered Stacie's questions honestly. "Of course it's true. Why would I lie?" She licked her lips. "And why are you so curious to know?"

Stacie looked away at the television screen. "Just prurient interest."

Chapter Six

Sunday afternoon Elan returned from a quick trip to the store with the most expensive breast pump he could find.

“You’ve got to be shitting me,” Dyan complained. “Your mouth and the fenugreek aren’t good enough for me?”

“Stacie told me that it worked great for her cousin,” he said with a wink.

“I’m going to kill that bitch,” Dyan muttered under her breath as Elan unboxed the device.

He laughed at her annoyance. “No, actually. She didn’t. I just overheard you two talking.”

“I thought you were playing Zombie Storm 8, or whatever the hell that stupid game was.”

“Not too absorbed by it to eavesdrop about my girlfriend’s tits.” He carefully unboxed the pump and started reading the directions. Despite herself, Dyan was intrigued by the device. She had been reading up on inducing lactation and most websites recommended some type of supplement like fenugreek, which she was already taking, and regular application of a breast pump. More than a few sites almost demanded that it be used five or six times a day because that’s how often a baby would feed. Dyan wasn’t sure if she was ready for that level of commitment—and besides she was already getting plenty of stimulation from Elan’s eager mouth. The only websites that recommended that a human mouth be part of the mix were the more open minded ones that suggested a helpful husband suckle the wife to help induce lactation. When she had wandered out of the safe zone Dyan had come across a few kink sites that weren’t geared toward women adopting babies, but were for men who got off on seeing women’s breasts produce milk.

She was certain Elan spent more than his fair share of time pouring over those sites.

“Not that I don’t want to be around you every waking and sleeping moment,” Elan was saying. “But this will give you a little freedom.”

“Freedom?” she asked, confused.

“I won’t have to always be here to suckle you,” he pointed out. “You can just use the pump. And if you use it in addition to me getting your flow going, then it’ll be better than using just one method.”

She nodded and sighed. “Yeah, I get that. I’m just a little annoyed that this is taking so long. And my boobs aren’t any bigger yet.”

Elan laughed. “It hasn’t even been a month yet.” He reached out his hands and cupped her small breasts through the tight tank top she was wearing. No bra, of course, she didn’t need that in the privacy of her own home. “They feel a little bigger to me.”

“Ha ha ha. What? Like maybe half a millimeter. And you can’t tell that small a change with just your hands.”

Pulling his hands away from the thin cotton barrier that protected her from skin to skin contact he waggled his fingers at Dyan. “These are finely tuned instruments that can detect microscopic changes in size—unfortunately my super power is limited to measuring the size of women’s breasts.” He grabbed the bottom hem of her gray tank and slid his fingers up along her skin until the shirt was bunched around her armpits and his palms were warming her nipples. “Too bad there isn’t a really cool comic book character I could model myself after, my beautiful Phoenix.”

“Mm-hmm,” Dyan said absently. Every time he touched her breasts she wanted to melt into him. Not that she would tell him that, but she sensed that he knew it already.

“Ready to use the pump?” he asked.

She closed her eyes and sighed internally. There went her wish for him to latch on to her nipple and start sucking right there. “Sure,” she agreed glumly.

Elan was extremely excited by the whole process. It was fairly easy to set up the pump and the weird, funnel shaped cups that were to attach to her tits. Once he

had everything arranged and had plugged in the machine she helped by attaching the small collection bottles to the funnels. Except for the fact that they were necessary for the suction on the pump to work, she was certain the collection bottles were largely unnecessary at the moment.

“Take off your shirt,” Elan told her.

It felt a bit odd to be topless in front of him while he was holding the pump but Elan wasn’t the least bit concerned about that. It took them a minute to figure out the best way to position the pump’s motor and funnels. Dyan was flustered when she realized her small breasts barely fit into the large cones.

“Fucking things were made for fat cows,” she muttered under her breath.

“Now now,” Elan chided her. “Everyone comes in all shapes and sizes.”

“These were obviously made for heifers with huge tits.” It had been a long time since Dyan had felt inadequate because of her small breasts. In high school it had been awful, but once she got to college and discovered that secondary sexual characteristics weren’t nearly as important to most boys as was her willingness to actually have sex her self-esteem had increased greatly. Now she was pushing her small tits into a gigantic cone. The flexible silicone of the funnel molded itself to her small bumps and she was able to activate the pump and the suction grabbed her flesh.

At first it felt odd, something she hadn’t ever experienced before, yet was vaguely familiar at the same time. She was used to Elan’s mouth, and the lips of her previous lovers, sucking on her nipples, but this was something new, something different. Then it occurred to her. It was the difference between a man’s cock and a wonderful vibrator. Both served similar functions but went about it different ways. The end result was the same. Both cocks and vibrators could make her cum—though she loved her vibrator because it could make her cum unlike any man’s cock could.

The pump sucked on her tits unlike any man’s ever had. It wasn’t painful, but it was strong and firm and unrelenting. The two of them watched as the pump sucked her pink nipple forward, pulling and extending the delicate flesh to what seemed like an impossibly elastic distance. It then abruptly release and her nipple retracted to a more normal position.

She let out a shuddering sigh. “Did it hurt?” Elan asked, anxiously. He was excited and worried at the same time. A quick glance to his crotch told Dyan that he was already erect, thrilled at what was happening to his girlfriend.

“No. It felt…good.”

The pump kicked in again and her nipples pulled forward once more. “Oh this feels wonderful,” she found herself saying. It was different and new. She liked different and new. She liked fresh experiences. “I could cum just from doing this.”

“Can I watch?” he asked lasciviously.

“Sure,” she easily agreed wondering if he would put his hand or his cock or his face into her pussy first. She wasn’t able to protest his lustful comments at the moment because she was already too deeply into her rising lust.

Dyan always went into new sexual experiences with open eyes and a certain eagerness, but with the breast pump she wasn’t sure what she had been expecting, exactly. It was different and pleasant and fairly made her clit sing with desire, but after five minutes of the excruciating and wonderful torture, she knew that she wasn’t going to cum from the odd stimulation. Her panties were practically soaked so she knew she was ready for sex, but the bottles were completely dry, not that she had expected even a drop of sweet milk to collect in them.

During the resting phase of the pump’s cycle she pulled the cones away from her chest and abruptly switched off the pump. “What are you doing?” protested Elan, disappointed that the torture of his girlfriend’s tits had ended without his permission.

“I’m done with that,” she told him as she pushed down her black yoga pants and boyshorts. The pink undergarment briefly clung to her moist pussy as she stripped herself. Elan glanced down to her smooth cunt; saw the heart appliqué on the leg of her shorts before she pulled him onto the bed with her. “I need your cock,” she announced and pulled down the zipper to his jeans.

There was a short struggle as the two hurried to get him out of his clothes. Elan wanted everything off; Dyan was only interested in his cock. They settled for pulling his pants all the way off but leaving on his t-shirt. His girlfriend was

feeling generous and bowed her head a moment to suck on his cock a bit. She tasted the salty precum on his plum-shaped head and then rolled to her back, opening up her legs for him.

“Oh yes,” she grunted as he eased into her ready cunt. “I’m not sure I’ll ever make milk for you, but the warm-up exercises are worth the effort.”

Elan made a noncommittal sound. He tried to bend his neck to reach her abused breasts but the angle was wrong and his hips only wanted to thrust without restriction. Dyan twisted her legs upward and circled his waist, digging her heels into his back just above his ass. She wanted him hard and deep into her body.

Their congress only lasted a few intense minutes. Dyan had to admit that Elan’s kink—even if it had been fully realized, yet—had done wonderful things for her sex life. The length of their actual fuck sessions was shorter, but the build-up and teasing beforehand were longer and made the sex much more intense than she had ever before in her life.

When he came inside her she had to stifle her scream by biting his shoulder. Elan didn’t seem to mind.

“Fuck that was intense,” she told him when she was finally able to unwrap her legs from his waist.

“You seem to have enjoyed it,” he said drily.

“If my milk comes in and sex gets any more intense, I’m going to start passing out when I cum.”

“I’d paid to see that,” he told her.

Chapter Seven

Jerry and Elan were playing their video game again keeping Stacie and Dyan bored on Friday night. The two women had stupidly agreed to continue the Friday night tradition and after dinner the two women had actually cleaned Jerry's kitchen while the men played. They stayed in the kitchen trying to ignore the sounds of zombies being slaughtered with machine guns. Once more Dyan was well into the wine and she was feeling more playful than usual.

After they finished the dishes Stacie flat out asked her, "Are your boobs any bigger yet? Any milk?"

Dyan stepped too closely to her friend, grabbed her forearms, and pulled Stacie's hands to her small breasts. She wasn't feeling the least bit shy. "What do you think?"

"Umm..." Stacie was a bit uncomfortable feeling up her friend, but she didn't immediately pull her hands away either. "I don't know. I didn't feel them before you started your little game with Elan."

"I think they're a little bigger," she said. Dyan wasn't sure if this was true or not, but it felt like it was true. She wanted it to be true.

"They're very soft," Stacie said, not knowing what else to say.

"Aren't yours?" Dyan asked, and before Stacie could answer she placed her hands on Stacie's large breasts. Stacie froze but didn't protest at all. After a small squeeze Dyan said, "I think they're soft, but I can't tell with your bra on."

"You're not wearing a bra," Stacie commented.

"Nope." They paused a moment. "Can I feel your breasts without your bra?"

Stacie didn't answer right away. She glanced nervously at the passageway to the living room where zombies continued to die—again—at an extraordinary clip. "Are you truly bi?" she asked by way of answer.

“Uh-huh,” Dyan said, leaning in closer. “Want to see?”

She hesitated a second and then finally managed to say, “Sure.”

Dyan leaned down and kissed Stacie’s luscious red lips. To her surprise Stacie kissed back, opening her lips and little and letting Dyan’s tongue explore. “Are you really sure?” she asked.

Stacie risked a glance at her otherwise occupied boyfriend. “I’m really sure,” she said.

Dyan grabbed Stacie’s hand and the two snuck back deeper into the small house, hunting out the bed Stacie often shared with Jerry. Stacie’s heart was pounding in her chest causing a roar in her ears. Her stomach was a knot of anticipation and her brain was on exploding with nervous convulsions. She didn’t want to turn back.

For her part Dyan was eager to do this. It had been too long since she had been with another woman. She missed it. And she would be deflowering a Sapphic virgin, something she had never done before.

“Are we really doing to do this?” Stacie asked as she started to have second thoughts the moment she saw the bed. It was Jerry’s bed. Did she really have the right to get into it with another woman?

“Yes,” Dyan insisted and kissed the shorter woman. For half a second Stacie was undecided, but then she pushed her tongue into Dyan’s mouth and gave herself over to the moment.

It might have been wrong, but it felt delightfully right.

The next thing Dyan knew they were tumbling into the bed and she was kissing Stacie’s soft lips with an incredible ferocity. She tugged at Stacie’s shirt and the other woman squirmed around helping her the best she could while not breaking the kiss. After a minute of struggle they managed to get her shirt up to her chin and they had to briefly separate their lips to lift the garment free. In the short pause Dyan glanced down and let her eyes bulge at the impressive display of cleavage that Stacie had.

“Wow,” she breathed. “Think I’ll ever get that big?”

Stacie blushed. “Probably not.” Then it was time to stop talking. She pulled Dyan back down and kissed her again. The blonde woman reached behind Stacie’s back, pushing her fingers in between her flesh and the mattress, searching for the clasp to her bra. Stacie knew exactly what Dyan was doing because many men had done the exact same thing to her before, but didn’t help out because she was partly distracted by Dyan’s soft lips and exploring tongue and partly because she was afraid of what she wanted Dyan to do.

“Oh my god,” Dyan gasped. “It’s like Fort Knox back there. How many hooks do you have on this thing?” She pulled her hand out from behind Stacie and playfully plucked at the bra’s cup where Stacie’s breasts threatened to overflow.

“Four.” Stacie wasn’t sure if she should be proud or ashamed. She sat up to give Dyan clearer access to her back. The thinner woman looked over Stacie’s shoulder and expertly unhooked the bra, slipping it from Stacie’s shoulders. For just the blink of an eye Stacie started to bring her arms up to hide her nipples, but then Dyan was on top of her again, pressing her down, kissing her neck, her collar bone, the top curve of her breast, and finally licking her ruby nipple. Stacie shivered once and then closed her eyes, dissolving herself into the sensation.

The sound of Stacie’s deep, heavy breaths filled the air as Dyan sucked and licked one of her friend’s nipples while she pinched and rolled the other. It was easy to do this, even for Stacie. The next part was the hard part. That would take commitment from Stacie, Dyan knew from experience. She was determined to make Stacie’s first time with a woman something completely pleasant.

Without giving her any warning, Dyan released Stacie’s engorged nipple from between her lips and continued her journey downwards. Stacie didn’t want to be forcibly lactated—though in the back of Dyan’s mind that sounded kind of hot—because she was after something else. Dyan’s hot breath tickled Stacie’s skin and the blonde briefly stopped at her belly button, marveling at the loop of gold pricking the flesh above and into the little indentation in Stacie’s skin. She took the bit of metal between her lips and tugged at it. “I’ve always been too afraid to get mine done,” she said. It was only half-true. Dyan wasn’t into body piercing, but it looked good on Stacie.

She moved her hands over the brunette’s stomach and gently popped open the top button to her jeans. “Ready?” she asked. Stacie nodded. Dyan lowered the

zipper and together the two women removed the jeans. Underneath Stacie was wearing a surprisingly sexy and lacy pair of tiny pink panties. Dyan raised her eyebrows. “We’re you expecting to get some tonight?”

Once more Stacie blushed. “Kind of,” she hedged.

Dyan said nothing but simply took the top edge of the panties between her teeth and slowly tugged them down. Stacie helped and together they slowly exposed the triangle of curly hair that decorated her mons. Her legs were together as Dyan slipped the panties off her feet but the blonde firmly pushed Stacie’s meaty thighs apart as she moved into position. Stacie closed her eyes and rested her head back on the pillow. She could pretend that it was a man going down on her. That was an act that was easy to enjoy.

“You have a pretty pussy,” Dyan said as she touched Stacie’s already wet nether lips, spreading them apart a bit, opening up her cunt and letting the tiny clit at the top of her slit peek out. Stacie said nothing as Dyan slipped a finger into the sodden pussy and lowered her mouth on the barely-there clit. Stacie shivered as Dyan sucked as much of the loose lips into her mouth and teased the clit with her wiggling tongue. Stacie gasped out loud and almost wiggled away, but caught herself and thrusted her hips up into Dyan’s face. She started rubbing her pussy impatiently on Dyan’s face and gasped with every sensation running over her body.

Before either woman was ready Stacie came. Her cry of passion was half stifled by her knuckle crammed into her mouth as her body shook and bucked with abandon. Dyan backed off and admired her handiwork. “Was that good?” she asked Stacie when her orgasm had subsided.

“Fucking hell yes,” Stacie crowed and then giggled nervously. “I should have done this long ago. You know, being with a woman and all.”

Dyan nodded and gently kissed the inside of Stacie’s thigh. “Best oral sex I ever had was from a woman. Men just don’t seem to get it.” She kissed the middle of her pubic patch. “You ready to try now?”

That was the question. Stacie didn’t want to disappoint the woman who had just gone down on her and given her the best oral sex in her life. But the nagging voice in the back of her head was telling her that to refuse to reciprocate would be incredibly wrong. If nothing else Stacie had a highly developed sense of

fairness. “Don’t get mad at me if I can’t get you off, okay?”

Dyan laughed lightly and crawled up Stacie’s body, sprinkling kisses here and there, before kissing her full on once more, pushing her tongue deep into Stacie’s mouth, forcing the curvy woman to taste the flavor of her own pussy. Stacie didn’t back away which Dyan took as a good sign.

“Can you show me what to do?” Stacie asked nervously as Dyan lay down next to her. It just then occurred to Stacie that the blonde was still fully dressed while she was naked.

Her question caused Dyan to laugh. “I just did. Just do to me what you like have done to you.” She sat up and pulled off her tank top, exposing her small tits. Stacie stared even though she had seen other women’s breasts before; it was hard to ignore a new pair that was practically in her face and right next to her. And so beautiful as well. They might be tiny, but they were incredibly perfect. She leaned forward and took Dyan’s delicate nipple into her mouth and felt the soft flesh hardened as the nipple became erect. A shiver went down Stacie’s spine as she realized that she was the cause of that hardening. Knowing what she liked, Stacie delicately sucked on Dyan’s nipple, drawing it as deeply as possible into her mouth. She reveled in the sweet flavor of the other woman’s flesh and switched to the other nipple with the exact same effect.

Stacie was becoming too distracted by Dyan’s small breasts so the blonde woman asked, “Do you want me to strip or do you want to undress me?”

Stacie didn’t have an answer so Dyan took her friend’s hand and pushed it down into her loose black pants. Stacie quickly understood and burrowed deep into Dyan’s pants, marveling at her smooth mons and then hesitating at the top of her wet slit.

“Keep going,” Dyan encouraged her with a kiss. They shifted position slightly and Dyan opened her legs wider. Stacie was on her side, kissing her friend, and explored Dyan’s pussy. It was like her own, but different as well. It was wonderful and exciting. She started rubbing Dyan’s prominent clit and the lithe blonde woman started panting and trembling. Her kisses increased in intensity and Stacie realized she was going to make the other woman cum without even going down on her. Unexpectedly, that made her upset.

Dyan didn’t bother stifling her cry when she came. She enjoyed being loud and

saw no reason to be silent. The boyfriends were too deeply into their game to pay attention to what the women were doing.

“I’m sorry,” Stacie apologized immediately. “I didn’t mean to make you cum.”

Dyan laughed. “Why? It felt good.”

“I wanted to go down on you and make you cum.”

More laughter. “You can still go down on me,” Dyan offered.

Stacie found herself involuntarily laughing. “I know,” was the best she could offer. Sometimes it was just easier to do something than to talk about it. She moved onto her hands and knees next to Dyan. The blonde woman pushed her yoga pants down her legs, but left on her boyshorts.

“They’re pretty,” Stacie said as she hooked her fingers into the waistband of the other woman’s underwear. In fact, they weren’t especially pretty. The boyshorts were plain blue cotton with some scalloped edging on the waist and legs, but that was it. They were built more for comfort than anything else, but they hugged every bit of Dyan’s loins which made them attractive enough.

Dyan put her hands on top of Stacie’s fingers, getting the other woman off to a start removing the undergarment. Once she was started, it was easy for Stacie to fall into the role that was expected of her. She averted her eyes as Dyan’s legs came up into the air and the shorts were removed. Dyan opened up her legs, revealing her pussy, and waited for the other woman.

The time that Stacie examined Dyan’s pussy seemed to last forever. She had already figured out that Dyan shaved herself smooth. Not a hair remained between the blonde woman’s legs. Her slit was wet and glistening in the half-light sneaking in from the other room. She had a prominent clit, much bigger than Stacie’s, with proud inner lips that stuck out just enough to show she was eager for sex.

She didn’t want to seem like she was a false friend or a coward or someone who took from others and didn’t give back, so Stacie pulled her long black hair over her shoulder, pushing it out of the way, and lowered her face to Dyan’s sex. There was no reason to hesitate; she plunged right in, kissing the little fleshy button that stuck out at the top of the slit and then pushing her tongue up into

Dyan’s pussy.

The flavor wasn’t that different from her own. She had tasted herself on Dyan’s lips and her other lovers’ lips many times before. She had even tasted herself on her own fingers but she would never admit that to anyone, ever. It was different, pleasantly different.

Dyan shivered under Stacie’s nimble tongue and let out another soft groan. Encouraged by this Stacie set to work, doing to Dyan exactly what she loved having done to her. But that wasn’t enough. She teased and experimented, losing herself in the moment, doing all the things to Dyan she wished her lovers had done to her.

As Dyan’s groans became louder Stacie heard to her side, from the bedroom’s door, a harshly whispered, “Fucking hell!”

Risking a quick glance, but never stopping her busy tongue and lips that were working on Dyan’s pussy, Stacie saw the shadowed outlines of Jerry and Elan watching the women on the bed. If Dyan had any inkling that they were being watched she didn’t make it apparent. She was still groaning and breathing heavily, quickly approaching orgasm under Stacie’s novice oral ministrations.

Deciding that she didn’t mind being watched, Stacie closed her eyes and concentrated on Dyan’s pussy. She truly wanted to make the other woman cum and so threw herself into the task. When her climax finally happened Dyan clutched Stacie’s head between her hands and held it exactly where she needed it, cumming with a little gush of liquid that soaked Stacie’s face and a squeal of satisfaction.

Stacie rested a minute between Dyan’s thighs, lightly kissing her pussy and mons, licking up the dribbles of juice her orgasm had left behind, when she felt familiar hands on her hips. She had been eating Dyan’s pussy by resting on her knees and elbows with her ass in the air and her hands gripping Dyan’s thighs. Once she felt Jerry’s hands on her hips she knew that her own pussy—still wet from its encounter with Dyan’s professional treatment—was open and exposed. She parted her thighs, opening up her stance, and waited to be entered. It was only when he pressed in close behind her, his hard cock in hand, that she realized the man about to fuck her wasn’t Jerry. Which meant it had to be Elan.

She would have looked over her shoulder to check, but when she opened her

eyes she saw Dyan was sucking on Jerry's cock. There wasn't any reason to check. Stacie knew it was a different man when Elan pushed his cock all the way inside her pussy. His cock was longer, but thinner than Jerry's. Stacie took pride in the sensitivity of her pussy. Plus, he was built differently than her boyfriend, skinnier with longer legs. Jerry had more of a fireplug-like build.

It was only after Elan pulled back his cock and truly started fucking her that Stacie realized she was cheating on her boyfriend. But then she looked back up Dyan's body to see her friend sucking her boyfriend's cock and concluded there wasn't much in the way of cheating at the moment. Either they both were cheating on their respective partners or they were just sharing. Sharing was nice. Stacie opted to think of this as sharing.

Then the higher functions of her brain started shutting down and she was only able to focus on Elan's cock in her pussy. Every few seconds she would open her eyes back up to see Dyan eagerly and enthusiastically sucking Jerry's cock. Though she knew it was supposed to be wrong, it felt right. There was nothing wrong with enjoying what they were doing.

Her pendulous breasts started slapping back and forth, hitting her belly and crashing against Dyan's legs right as Elan came inside her. His hot cum was uncommonly pleasant deep in her pussy. Sometimes it just took a thought to make Stacie cum and that was the correct though, another man's cock and cum in her pussy. She shook and gasped, clutching hard on Dyan's thigh to help her through her orgasm. The thin blonde made a strange noise and Stacie looked up to see Jerry's face scrunched up into a rictus of pain, but he wasn't in pain. He was cumming. His balls were tight up to the base of his cock and the thigh shaft was throbbing, pumping his cum into Dyan's mouth and down her throat.

Stacie hoped that Dyan appreciated her boyfriend's orgasm because she loved to feel his cock throbbing in her mouth and the salty taste of his cum on her tongue. When she was done cumming she started to think again and her immediate thought was that she was a lousy girlfriend for having sex with another man and that proved she would make a terrible wife. Stacie knew she had spent too much time growing up in a Catholic house; her pervasive sense of guilt would never leave her.

"What exactly are you two doing in here?" Dyan demanded when she was done swallowing Jerry's spunk.

“Having sex with you,” Jerry quickly answered.

“Who said you could?” she asked half-seriously.

“I did,” Elan piped up as he withdrew from Stacie who shuddered a tiny bit from the absence of his cock. Her pussy contracted and she shifted position. She hated the feeling of cum dripping out of her but she loved it when a man came inside her. “And you weren’t arguing about it a minute ago.”

“Yeah, but I’m the only one who didn’t get to cum just now,” she pointed out.

Elan moved around Stacie and lay down next to his girlfriend, kissed her cheek and then her neck as his hand traveled down her side to her sopping pussy. “Want me to make you cum again?” he asked.

“Uh-huh,” she happily agreed as his fingers mixed into the swamp of her pussy. He teased out her clit and rubbed it as he lowered his mouth to her tiny breast. Seeing what she was missing out on, Stacie crawled up to Dyan’s other side and attached her mouth to Dyan’s free nipple. The tall blonde sighed in contentment as she was nursed by both people. Jerry, somewhat disappointed that he wasn’t part of the actions, took his cock in hand and slowly stroked it, waiting his turn.

“Totally worth it,” Dyan muttered as Stacie and Elan fought for control of her pussy. Silently Stacie agreed.

If you do not milk the cow fully, it falls sick. –Lalu Prasad Yadav

Part Two

Chapter Eight

The ride home was difficult for Dyan. The silence between them was stifling and abruptly she burst out with, “I loved it when you and Stacie were sucking on my tits. It felt incredible to have that done. We need to do it again. Like, right away.”

Elan let out a long, slow breath. “Thank god,” he breathed. “I wasn’t sure what was going to happen.”

“And just why did you tell Jerry he could get a blowjob from me?”

Elan cleared his throat. “Actually, I didn’t, really. He was the one who, um, told me he wanted me to fuck Stacie because he wanted to watch. You two had really gotten the two of us…motivated, I guess, and I couldn’t really say no.”

“I wonder what Stacie thinks of that,” Dyan muttered under her breath.

“What?”

“Nothing. Go on.”

“So, I did. She has a gorgeous ass by the way.”

“You really shouldn’t compliment another woman’s sexual bits to your girlfriend,” Dyan advised.

He ignored her sniping comment. “So I did,” he repeated. “Jerry just took the initiative and asked you for a blowjob, I guess.”

“He didn’t ask,” Dyan informed him.

Elan looked at her long enough that he almost drove off the road. “So you just sucked his cock because you wanted to?”

“He stuck it in my face.”

“Oh, well. That’s different then.” A wry grin pulled itself across Elan’s face. “I

suppose I shouldn't complain. I was the one fucking Stacie and you don't seem at all perturbed by it."

"It's not the first time I was in a group scene," she pertly informed him.

His eyebrows shot up. This was news to Elan. "You never told me that you've done that sort of thing before."

"You never asked," she pointed out.

"Ah…you're right. I guess I should ask more personal questions about your past sex life." He grinned some more and nodded his head, pleased with himself.

"Just don't ask about anything you don't want to know about."

Her statement made him stop short his nodded. "Oh…that's something to consider." Pause. "I just didn't think if we did partner switching or a group scene it would be…well, better planned. And maybe a few years down the road."

"I hadn't planned it either."

"But you were in bed with Stacie," he pointed out. "You were cheating on me."

"Are we exclusive?" she almost snapped at him.

The question gave him pause. "We haven't really discussed it, have we," he mused out loud. "Should we be?"

"I can't make that promise," Dyan informed him. "You don't have everything I need."

That answer almost caused Elan to drive off the road. "I don't?"

"You're not a woman."

"Well, that is true," he agreed. "But what the fuck?"

Dyan looked out the passenger window. "I'm bi, Elan. I've always known I'm bi and even though I'll probably wind up with a man, I don't think I could live the rest of my life without the possibility of having sex with a woman." She looked back at Elan while he carefully studied the road. "I can't promise to be exclusive

to you because I need to have sex with a woman every once in a while."

Elan nodded. "I can deal with that."

"You can?"

"Sure." He paused. "Can I watch?"

The question took her off-guard. "What?"

"Can I watch?" he asked again. "Because what you are is the traditional male's perfect woman: beautiful, sexy, willing to experiment, and happy to go to bed with a woman as well. Can I watch or can we have a threesome again with Stacie or another woman?"

She laughed at him. "You think you've hit the jackpot, haven't you?"

Elan's grin returned. "Hell yes. You're into my kink and you're bi. What more could a man want?"

She laughed at him once more as they continued their drive into the darkness and ultimately home.

Chapter Nine

When her cell phone buzzed the next afternoon Dyan didn't recognize the number and just ignored the call, letting it go to voicemail. It wasn't until late in the evening—after she had gotten home, had dinner with Elan, allowed him to nurse on her tits to keep them active, had sex with her boyfriend because his nursing excited her to the point of physical need of sex—when she bothered to check her phone again and saw the voicemail. Dyan hesitated because she had a strong preference in avoiding all unknown phone calls and number, but ultimate decided to listen and not just delete the message.

"Dyan? Hi, it's me, Stacie. I probably shouldn't leave this on your voicemail, but would you give me a call back? I'm…not sure if what we did yesterday was the right thing. I don't want to say anything more. Call me back. Bye."

Dyan's lips twisted into an irksome little moue. Shit. There was no way to avoid calling Stacie back. If she didn't call, she'd look like a bitch and it would sour everything between her and Stacie. It would probably upset Stacie's relationship with Jerry which would in turn put a strain on Jerry's friendship with Elan.

After a quick glance at Elan, who was deeply into a thick fantasy novel so thick he was balancing it on a pillow piled on his chest just to hold it up.

"I've got to make a quick call," she told him, slipping out from the bed.

"Mm-hmm," he murmured, barely acknowledging her. That was for the best.

She walked naked to the bathroom and shut the door before calling Stacie. She was hoping to get Stacie's voicemail and then the two of them would be caught in a never-ending cycle of returned voicemails, but that was another fantasy that wouldn't be fulfilled.

"Dyan!" Stacie gasped, answering the call after the second ring, as if she had been holding the phone in her hand waiting for her friend's call. "I'm glad you called back!"

Her overuse of exclamation points, even in casual conversation, immediately annoyed Dyan. “No problem,” she lied. “What’s the matter?”

Over the phone she could hear Stacie moving about. There was a long pause before she answered. “I don’t know if we should have done what we did last night,” she began. “I don’t know what to think.”

Dyan forced herself not to groan. She didn’t need this shit from a woman who thought she might be interested in a little lesbian experimentation but then immediately find a reason to bring it up and get her to promise never to do it or mention it again. “It was fine,” Dyan reassured her. “It didn’t mean anything beyond a nice little time for both of us. We don’t have to do it again, if that’s what you’re worried about. I won’t hold it against you.”

“Well, it was that and what the guys did afterwards…”

“I’m good with that too,” Dyan said. “Elan said the sex with you was great and I had a good time with Jerry. I hope you’re not jealous. You aren’t that type of person, are you?” She set the barbs of her question strongly to let Stacie know she wasn’t going to put up with ridiculous regrets. “What’s done is done, we can do it again, or not, it’s up to you. You aren’t upset that we shared boyfriends, are you?”

From her answer Dyan could tell that Stacie wasn’t upset about the partner swapping. It was the girl-on-girl action that made her nervous. “No, I understand what that was all about. It’s just that…I don’t want you to think I’m a lesbian.” The last word was barely whispered.

“I don’t think you’re a lesbian,” Dyan soothed her. “I’m a Kinsey three. What are you?”

“What am I?” Clearly Stacie didn’t understand her question.

“The Kinsey scale. I know it’s out of vogue, but Alfred Kinsey—the sex researcher guy?—he came up with a zero to six scale to rank your sexual orientation and attraction. I know I’m a three, bisexual. Zero is exclusively heterosexual, six is exclusively homosexual. What are you?” Dyan decided to push Stacie hard on this issue. She wanted to put her friend’s fears and concerns to bed.

Stacie paused a moment before answering, “I’m a zero.”

Dyan didn’t accept that answer. “No, you’re not. Everything that happened last night, you were a willing partner. Or were you faking the entire thing?”

She stopped and waited for an answer from her friend. She was certain that Stacie was trembling with fear and uncertainty. Her world had been turned upside down. It was one thing to have a fantasy, and another thing to have that fantasy fulfilled, but it was most difficult to deal with that fantasy after the fact.

“Maybe I’m a one,” she finally conceded.

“Maybe you’re a one or more likely a two,” Dyan corrected her.

“Maybe,” Stacie said in her smallest voice.

“And there’s nothing wrong with that. I like that. I liked having sex with you, but if you don’t want to do it again, that’s fine as well. I can assure you I won’t tell anyone what we did.”

“It’s just…I don’t know!” Clearly Stacie was upset and frustrated.

“You need to get to know yourself better,” Dyan advised. “When you do, you will see this either as a learning experience or a turning point in your life. I know I did.”

“Okay.”

“I’ve got to go, but before I hang up, I just wanted to tell you that you’re a great friend and I’d never intentionally do anything up upset or hurt you, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Who was that?” Elan asked after she got back in bed.

“Just Stacie. She was…um…a little worried about last night.”

Elan tore his eyes away from the book and looked at her. “Is this going to fuck things up for Jerry?” he asked. It was a natural concern. He had been friends with Jerry longer than she had known Elan.

“I hope not,” Dyan said. “I hope we can get her back in bed again. She had the sweetest pussy.” Her grin was a little too knowing and a little too sexy for Elan’s comfort.

“Really?”

“Oh, yes. Really.”

Chapter Ten

Monday morning Elan sucked on her tits, but didn't have time to have sex with Dyan because he had an early morning meeting. His limited sucking just got her excited enough to want sex, but not enough to actually get her off. After Elan left for work she still had close to two hours before she needed to leave for her job. It was more than enough time to get out the breast pump and attach it to her tits.

The motor was so powerful that she didn't need to hold the cones in place constantly. Dyan got on her hands and knees to let the device dangle from her small breasts. She still wasn't producing any milk, but she had already decided the pump was one of the greatest sex toys every invented. Still, the pump wasn't everything she needed.

The purple vibrator she normally kept in her nightstand was lying on the bed next to her. Once Dyan was assured the pump's collection funnels wouldn't abruptly detach from her breasts she turned on the vibrator and carefully inserted it into her pussy with her right hand and she balanced her weight on her left. It was a delicate operation but ultimately it paid off because when Dyan came her entire body trembled and she was barely able to hold herself up during the long ordeal. Tears actually formed at the corners of her eyes.

Once her fun and games were over for the morning she hurriedly showered, ate breakfast, dressed, and rushed off to work. She didn't notice the few drops of liquid she left behind in the collection bottles.

"You're breasts smell really nice tonight," Elan told her as he sniffed her chest before latching on to her nipple and sucking a few times. "It's a sweet smell. Did you change your soap?" Immediately after asking the question he latched back on and sucked eagerly.

They were in his apartment. Dyan was planning on spending the night. She liked sleeping in his bed. Even though the apartment was decently sized, the bedroom was tiny; it was more of a walk-in closet than an actual bedroom. He had shoved

the bed against one wall which made it feel a little like a sleep-over with an elementary school friend.

Dyan sighed as he suckled from her. “No, same body wash.” She was already down to her panties, a pair of yellow and red striped boyshorts, and automatically pushed her hand inside them, fingering her pussy, getting herself wet, before playing with her clit. It was an automatic response to Elan nursing on her breasts. She only half-realized that she was doing it.

Elan didn’t mind at all that she masturbated as he nursed. He saw it as a good sign, that she was enjoying what he was doing to her, that she was into being made to lactate. If that’s what it took to get her to go along with his plan, he was happy to indulge her. The best part was when he was done working on her breasts; she was always willing to have sex with him, even if she had cum several times while he had nursed. She was very giving that way.

When he was done he half rolled away and pulled her boyshorts all the way down and off her legs. During the process Dyan never removed her hand from her pussy, reveling in the smoothness of her hairless labia and mons. Though it wasn’t necessary, Elan pushed his face between her thighs and she pulled her hand away, letting him lick her pussy. What she really wanted was his cock inside her body, but that could wait a minute. Dyan had already diagnosed him with an oral fixation so a minute or two of cunnilingus wouldn’t bother her. She purposely ran her hand through his hair, moving his head exactly where she wanted it and in the process drying her fingers in his hair so that he would be forced to carry her scent until he showered.

As he was eating her out, Elan glanced up and saw the small rise of her belly and both her breasts as little swells beyond that. Her eyes were screwed shut and her head was back. She was trying to get to another orgasm before he put his cock in her. The sight made him stop and she groaned in frustration.

“I think your tits are bigger,” he told her.

“I don’t care,” she said grabbing the back of his head and pushing it back down into her pussy. He continued to eat her out, but kept an eye on her heaving chest. His oral treatment only lasted another minute when he pulled back, crawled up her body, and plunged his cock all the way into her pussy. Once that was done she forgave him for his temporary indiscretion of interrupting her rising orgasm.

Chapter Eleven

The next morning as he nuzzled her warm breasts that faintly smelled of sweat and wool blankets she asked him, “Would you mind if I had sex with Stacie again?”

The question took him by surprise enough that he almost snorted and choked on her soft flesh. “Mind it?” he replied. “I’d only be upset if you didn’t tell me every detail.”

She laughed at him. “Be careful what you wish for,” she told him as he pushed aside the fingers she had in her pussy and replaced them with her own. “I might leave you for her.”

He released her breast from his mouth. His grin was one of a superior attitude. “Not unless she grows a cock. You love the cock a little too much just to give it up from a pair of big tits.”

“Ha ha.”

Elan’s comment from the night before bothered her as she dressed. The one change of clothes she had with her included a plain, light blue cami with a supporting shelf. Other women complained that the style of camisole with the supporting shelf gave them “uniboob syndrome” but Dyan’s were small enough that creating cleavage was nearly impossible for her. She never experienced it. However, today when she pulled on the normally form-fitting garment, it was almost too tight. She wondered at first if she had twisted the fabric or if she had shrunk it in the dryer.

After a second’s reflection she thought that maybe she was getting the benefit of Elan’s attention to her tits—the Phoenix Effect—but without any milk production. They were planning on leaving his apartment together, but Dyan didn’t say anything to him. Not yet. It was too early.

That afternoon, after work, Dyan went straight to her apartment and pulled open what could be termed her lingerie drawer, such as it was. It was filled on the left

with her many-colored boyshorts. Somewhere underneath that pile she had a few pairs of more traditional panties that got worn maybe twice a year. On the right were her tank tops, sports bras, and camisoles. Somewhere under that pile she knew she had two actual formal bras. One was plain white cotton, useful on the few occasions she couldn't wear a camisole to work. Besides that was a fancy, sexy and very sheer bra that would look normal in the juniors department. She had last worn it to her cousin's wedding last summer. After nearly emptying the drawer she found in shoved back in the corner.

Taking off her blouse and camisole she awkwardly fitted the strange garment to her body. For ease of use when she had bought the bra she had made sure it closed in the front. After a few minutes struggle to get it in place she inspected herself in the mirror on the back of her bedroom door.

Her pink nipples were erect and clearly visible through the gossamer material, both as bumps and spots of color against her pale skin. That didn't attract her attention. She wasn't worried about that. What she focused on was the tightness of the bra and how the cups covered her breasts. The cut of the bra was very traditional but as an A cup there wasn't all that much for Dyan to show off. Still, it seemed tighter than last year and her breasts seemed to spill ever so slightly over the edges. She turned and twisted and inspected herself from every possible angle.

It was now she wished she had taken some careful measurement before Elan had started her on his quest for milk.

"Maybe they are bigger," she conceded. "Or maybe I'm getting to that time of the month."

She felt herself up and decided. "Okay, they're bigger."

Once the decision had been made, Dyan had to experiment. She went to the breast pump that was still sitting on her dresser. She didn't get out her vibrator or take off her pants but simply turned on the pump and put it to her breasts to watch and wait.

The pump stretched out her nipples and she watched in fascination this time, anticipating. She could feel the hum of the motor through her body and the steady pull and release of the pump was familiar. Nothing happened at first and she was disappointed in herself.

But then a few pearlescent drops formed on the tip of her right nipple. She gasped in delight and watched as her pink nipple was drawn out and stretched to an impossible length before the drops coalesced together and dripped down to the collection cone where it slid down hole to the collection bottle. After a second's rest her nipple was stretched out again and this time the milk dribbled a little bit. It wasn't a lot, but it was enough. Dyan laughed with delight and watched it happen again and again.

Her milk didn't exactly squirt, but seeing it pulled from her body was a thrilling delight. So focused was she on her right nipple that when she glanced over at her left she nearly did a double take when she saw several tablespoons of the rich liquid in the collection bottle.

"Wow."

She let the pump work on her breasts for a good ten minutes, which was several minutes past the point that milk stopped leaking from her nipples, but that was fine. It felt good. When she was finally done she turned off the machine and released the bottles from the collection cones, pouring the contents from one to the other.

Once that was done she didn't know what to do. There wasn't much milk, maybe a little more than a quarter of a cup. She didn't want to give this to Elan this way. That's not at all what he wanted. She instinctively knew that he wanted to drink her milk directly from her breasts. Having a few swallows of it from a baby bottle wasn't at all part of his kink. But tonight wouldn't work out for that. She knew it would take some time for her to build up a supply again.

After contemplating the thin, rich liquid in the bottle she gave in to temptation and dipped her finger into it, then brought her finger to her mouth, tasting the milk. It was still warm, just below body temperature, and to her surprise it was incredibly sweet, almost like candy on her tongue. She dipped her finger a second time and tasted it once more. No wonder Elan had such a desire for her to lactate. It was sweet and delicious, like a liquor dessert. Since there was so little left, Dyan opted for the next logical step in what to do and upended the bottle into her mouth.

She closed her eyes and let the milk coat her tongue. It was delightful and almost like honey, but not so saccharine as to be repulsive. It was wrong to keep it in her

mouth so long so she swallowed it, letting the milk slide down her throat like ambrosia. Dyan shivered once and knew that Elan would be hooked the moment he tasted her.

Dyan brought the bottle up to her lips a second time to see if there was any left. Only a few drops remained, and she shook these onto her tongue, but the strong smell of her milk filled her nostrils. It was almost like spun sugar the scent of milk was so strong. And then it struck her. The previous night when Elan had commented that her breasts smell sweet, he actually smelled her milk, not her skin or soap. Dyan giggled. Maybe he had even tasted a bit of her and didn't even realize it.

If she was a good girlfriend she would have called him up and told him what happened and maybe invite him over to play with her breasts and have sex. But Dyan wasn't a good girlfriend. She was the adventurous kind. She already had a date with Stacie although Stacie didn't actually know it was supposed to be a date. They were supposed to have a girls' night out. They were actually going to have a girl's night in.

Chapter Twelve

Dyan rang the bell to Stacie's apartment. The building was an old converted school that had been chopped up into some beautiful apartments. The outside of the building was red brick with giant windows and ornamental towers on either end of the structure. The exterior door she entered had the words "Public School No. 12" carved into the ornamental arch. Stacie buzzed her in over the intercom and she found her way upstairs to the other woman's apartment. When she knocked Stacie opened up the door and was ready to go.

"I didn't want to leave you waiting downstairs," she explained as she started to step through the door.

Dyan didn't give her the chance to complete her explanation. She pressed in close and kissed Stacie. It wasn't a casual kiss of greeting; it was an intimate kiss between lovers. For just half a second Stacie froze and almost pushed Dyan away, but then she relented and melted into Dyan's arms. The kiss lasted forever but Stacie didn't want her neighbors to know all of her business. She pulled back a bit and said, "We aren't going out, are we?"

With a shake of her head Dyan pushed Stacie into her apartment and closed the door behind her. "Nope." She kissed Stacie again and this time the short woman didn't resist at all. "Do you mind?"

Stacie considered her answer. "I kind of thought this might be the way things were going. Is this a test?"

"A test of what? To see if you're bi? No. You are what you are. I just want to have sex with you. If you don't want to, that's fine. We can go out for a few drinks. I'd rather just stay in and have sex."

"It makes me nervous," Stacie said.

"To have sex?" Dyan teased her.

Stacie laughed apprehensively. "No, to have sex with a woman. I've had sex

with men plenty."

Dyan kissed her lightly on the lips. "First, a secret."

"What secret?" Stacie asked. Anything to be distracted.

She slid her light jacket from her shoulders. "I'm lactating," she said casually.

"What!" Stacie practically screamed. "I don't believe you."

Dyan was wearing a flannel shirt over her camisole with only two buttons done. She popped them open and dropped the shirt to the floor, pulling the straps to her camisole off her shoulders in the same motion, freeing her breasts. "I'm not sure how much I can force out right now," she said as she squeezed and massaged her right breast.

Stacie watched, aghast, as Dyan casually exposed herself, but couldn't stop watching as Dyan worked on her soft flesh until finally a trio of small white drops appeared on the tip of her nipple. Dyan wiped the drops away from with the pad of her forefinger and offered the moisture to Stacie. Not knowing what else to do Stacie opened her mouth and gently sucked the tiny amount of liquid. To her surprise it was incredible sweet.

"Oh my," she commented and then laughed. "In all my life I never pictured myself doing anything like this."

"Care to try?" Dyan offered, her hand under her left breast, her torso slightly twisted toward her friend.

"Um, you mean, right from you?"

"Yeah, why not?"

Stacie couldn't figure out if her friend was teasing her or if she was trying to push her to see how committed to lesbian—or bisexual—sex she was. "Umm… here, in the kitchen?"

Dyan grabbed her friend's hand and led her to the small space that served as Stacie's living room. They sat down together on the couch and Dyan pulled Stacie's face to hers, brushing her long black hair out of her eyes, and kissed her

once more. Only then did she push Stacie's mouth down to her chest. Happily the reluctant woman didn't resist and took Dyan's small nipple into her mouth.

The blonde woman sighed. She imagined more than felt her milk flowing into Stacie's mouth. Together they piled a pair of pillows under Stacie's head making it easier for her to rest and alternate nursing from each breast. Dyan lifted up the hem of her skirt and plunged her hand between her legs under her panties. After a minute of playing with herself she had distracted Stacie enough for the dark-haired woman to ask, "Are you fingering yourself?"

"Uh-huh." It was hard for Dyan to form complete words at the moment.

"You going to cum?"

Dyan was nearing the edge of the cliff and didn't want to talk. She wanted to be nursed and she wanted her clit to be rubbed and teased. Instead of replying she grabbed Stacie's hand and shoved it into her panties. Once more Stacie didn't resist and went back to nursing from her friend while she now gently rubbed her clit as well.

That was enough, the softness of Stacie's hand between her legs along with the softness of her lips on her breast. Dyan arched up her back and came, clamping her thighs together trapping her friend's hand, groaning with pleasure as she climaxed.

It lasted longer than she could imagine. When the waves of pleasure subsided Dyan pulled up her friend's face once more and kissed her. "Thank you."

"For making you cum?"

"And for nursing from me. It felt really good."

Stacie pulled her hand free of her friend's pussy. "I'm not so sure we should be doing this," she said.

Dyan wasn't going to put up with that sort of talk. "This is exactly what we should be doing. Don't you like to explore, have some different experiences once in a while, not have to worry about cleaning yourself after sex because some guy just came in you and your pussy feels flooded with his cum and it's half sticky, half dripping and there's no good way to clean yourself." She paused

and gasped for breath. “Sometimes I think that’s the best part of girl sex. No semen spraying everywhere. It’s much cleaner.”

Not knowing what to say, Stacie just nodded.

“And sometimes I get a taste for pussy,” Dyan stated, looking meaningfully at the dark-hair woman. “Maybe you haven’t had the need yet, but once I realized I was bi, I knew I’d need to go down on a woman on a regular basis for the rest of my life.”

That caused Stacie to laugh a bit. “Are you propositioning me?” she asked nervously.

Dyan stood up, pushing the pillows to the floor. “Yes.” She grabbed Stacie’s hands and pulled her to her feet as well. “Let’s go to bed.”

Now Stacie resisted just a bit, dragging her feet as Dyan drew her down the short hallway to the bedroom. She propelled the chunky woman into the room and didn’t allow her to turn around. Instead she grabbed the zipper tang at the top of her dress, half-hidden by her long hair and pulled it down, exposing Stacie’s smooth back and the thick band of material from her bra. Only when that was done did Dyan spin her around again. Since Stacie was so short Dyan was almost a head taller than her. It was easy to lift up her chin and kiss her once more. While they were kissing she pushed the dress off Stacie’s shoulders and let it drop to the floor.

“Okay, I’m nervous,” Stacie admitted when she broke their kiss. She nervously covered her ample cleavage with her forearms which only served, in Dyan’s eyes, to enhance her cuteness and reluctant willingness. Her bra wasn’t anything face, just industrial beige, but her panties were tiny, black with white polka dots and an edge of lace serving as a waistband. Half her buttocks were exposed. It wasn’t quite a thong, but close enough. Obviously Stacie had been planning for some fun that evening.

“Nothing to be nervous about,” Dyan told her. “We’ve done this before and I consider myself an expert in the Sapphic arts,” she added with a grin.

That caused Stacie to giggle nervously again and Dyan spun her around once more and went to work on her bra. The four hooks on the back were fairly easy to release and she pulled the garment from Stacie’s shoulders with some help

from her friend. After that Dyan went down to her knees, lightly kissed Stacie on her half-exposed buttock, and slowly pulled the panties down off her curvy hips. Stacie shivered. She was somewhat mortified to realize that her thong clung to her pussy lips because they were so wet.

Once she was naked Dyan pushed her friend down onto the bed and crawled on top of her. She had kept on her skirt and panties because they didn't need to come off. Not yet. She fell on Stacie's huge breasts, rolling one nipple and sucking on the other. Stacie moaned in frustration. As much as she hated admitting it, what Dyan was doing to her felt wonderful. Dyan didn't spend much time on her tits. It was Dyan who was lactating and the last thing Stacie wanted was bigger boobs. She was more than happy with what she had. Dyan moved down, spending a minute tonguing the ring through Stacie's belly button before descending all the way to the apex between her legs.

Her scent was strong and Dyan noticed right away that Stacie had recently shaved. Her pubes were still shaped into a triangle, but smaller than she remembered from last time. Once she lowered her face to Stacie's pussy, everything came into focus. She sucked up the other woman's already engorged clit into her mouth and circled it again and again with her tongue. Stacie squirmed and squealed under this treatment. When Dyan slipped a pair of fingers up into the plump woman's pussy and stroked lightly over her hidden spot Stacie suddenly became a limp, quivering pool of flesh and nerves. All she could do was lay there, completely under Dyan's control, until she started cumming and she announced her pleasure to the entire building with a scream of triumph.

"Good?" Dyan asked her with a gentle kiss inside her thigh.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck." She exclaimed and then laughed. "That's probably the best I ever had."

"How could you ever not want to do this?" Dyan rubbed her wet face on Stacie's thigh, wiping off her juices, leaving her marked.

"I don't like cheating on Jerry," she answered. "Don't you feel guilty about Elan?"

Dyan laughed. "I'm going to go home and tell him everything we did tonight!"

Stacie goggled. "You aren't!"

“That’s half the fun. He gets off on it. I bet if you tell Jerry he’ll get off on it too. Weren’t you there last week when the two of them switched off on us? Guys love bi girls. Known fact. He won’t consider it cheating.”

“I have guilt problems,” Stacie confessed.

Dyan kissed her pussy one more time. “Obviously.”

Chapter Thirteen

“Where have you been?” Elan asked when Dyan snuck into his apartment late in the evening.

“I don’t live here,” she told him with a false-snotty tone. “You don’t control when I come and go.” She pulled off her shirt and camisole exposing her breasts and quickly followed by pushing off her skirt and boyshorts, slipping into bed next to Elan. He was wearing pajama bottoms but she immediately cupped his cock through the soft cotton.

“Okay, but where have you been?” he asked.

“Fucking Stacie,” she told him.

His formerly firm cock quickly became rock hard under her hand. “Tell me everything.” Dyan pushed the covers down along with his pajamas exposing his cock as she quickly told him about the evening. “She made you cum?”

“Uh-huh,” she said as she licked the head of his cock, tasting the hint of his muskiness. “With her hand.”

“She didn’t go down on you?”

“Nope.” She said this between licks along his length.

“Didn’t use a vibrator on you?”

“No, but that sounds like fun.”

“You went down on her?”

“And made her cum so hard she soaked my face and screamed loud enough to wake the entire building.” She moved lower on his body and took his smooth balls in her mouth, first the left and then the right. Properly prepared she was then able to suck both of them and hold them on her tongue. She could feel him pulsing in her mouth as she slowly stroked his shaft, his cock twitching and

straining for release as she teased him.

“Did you suck her tits?”

Dyan pulled back and popped his balls free. “A little.” She licked the underside of him now, long slow strokes that ran from his sack to his tip.

“Did she suck on yours?”

“Uh-huh!” Her enthusiasm told him everything he needed to know. “That’s what really got me going. You need to do them now. They’re a little sore.”

Although he would have been happier to have her mouth surround his cock Elan wasn’t too disappointed to suddenly be confronted by her rose bright nipple in his face. Elan drew the small bud into his mouth and sucked as hard as he could.

Dyan gasped with surprise but let herself go with the moment. A little bit of pain was an easy price to pay for the pleasure to follow. His fingers found her free nipple and pinched it hard, intensifying her pain. She sat on his lap and wrapped her legs around his waist. His pajamas had slipped up to cover his cock, mostly, so it was impossible for her to slide him into her body right then, but that was for the best because she wanted him to focus on her tits.

And he did. He licked and pinched and rolled and sucked them. It was wonderful. She clung to his body and let her head loll back until he let go of her tiny tits. “I’d swear they were bigger.”

“I’m pretty sure they are. My one real bra barely fits.”

He stopped sucking. “So they are bigger…but no milk yet?”

Dyan didn’t have the least bit of guilt in lying to him. “Nothing yet. Maybe soon. My breasts have been feeling kind of sore for the past couple days.”

“Soon,” he said mostly to himself and went back to sucking on her.

By this point she had decided that she needed cock. It was incredibly sexy to Dyan to have gone to bed with two different people of two different genders on the same night in two different beds. She pushed down on his bottoms, once again exposing his cock. She had balanced herself on her knees and once he was

out in the open and lowered herself down on it. “Oh, that feels so wonderful,” she whispered in his ear.

When she was riding him it was almost impossible for Elan to nurse on her tits. That was fine. She had gone through plenty of stimulation that night. What she needed was for him to cum inside her and then have a nice night’s sleep. When she woke up her breasts would have worked overnight and when Elan started nursing to wake her up he would be surprised by her milk. It was the perfect way for him to start his day.

Chapter Fourteen

“Holy shit!”

It wasn’t Elan’s nursing on her breasts that woke her up. Dyan had become accustomed to being woken by his insistent sucking. She had become so used to it that she had started to learn how to sleep when he was nursing and only very slowly come awake as ne nuzzled at her. It was a pleasant way to wake up, much better than a rude alarm clock or obnoxious constructions sounds outside on the city street. What didn’t work for her at all in being woken up was his rude exclamation.

“What?” she half muttered, half mumbled through the fogginess of her still sleeping brain.

“You’ve been holding out on me,” he decided. His cock was hard against her leg, which wasn’t unusual. It was a physical manifestation of his promise to fuck her when he was done with her tits.

“Holding what?”

“You’re making milk.”

Now she was awake and she remembered exactly what she was hiding from her boyfriend. Still, she was alert enough to continue to play her game. “I am?” she gasped though he words sounded a little false to her ears. Maybe Elan wouldn’t pick up on her poor acting because of his excitement or write it off as her not yet being fully awake.

“You are,” he told her and bowed his head down to her breast once more. His lips kissed her sore nipple and then sucked it deeply into his mouth. She was still small enough that there wasn’t that much flesh for him to hold but what flesh she did have was now fully engorged by her milk.

It was an unusual sensation. Over the night her body must have decided to go into full lactation mode. She could feel her milk letting down. She could feel

Elan pulling the milk from her and into his mouth. It felt a bit odd when he swallowed and that caused her to shiver, but he immediately went back to sucking, filling his mouth with her nectar again and again. She groaned in pleasure.

“More,” she whispered to him. “Do it more.”

“Mm-hmm,” he hummed into her softness. He hadn’t released his latch on her once he began the second part of his suckling and he pinched her free nipple with his fingers. At first she thought that was because he wanted to tease and please her, but then she realized he was pinching it closed. He didn’t want a drop of her precious liquid lost and soaking into the sheets.

And of course everything Elan did to her just served to intensify her lust. She wanted to cum. She wanted to fuck, she first Elan had to feed on her. That’s what they had agreed upon. Strangely enough Dyan found herself enjoying her feeding of Elan. She had done a lot of different and kinky things in bed with a variety of men and women, but this was the first time she had ever played with this particular kink and she realized that precious few women would be able to do this for their lovers. It made her smile and feel superior to all the other women who couldn’t please their partners or weren’t willing to make a small sacrifice to do so.

And besides, she reasoned as Elan emptied her first breast and switched to the second, she was getting something out of the deal as well. Bigger boobs, she reminded herself. That’s what she was gaining. The sex and pleasure and love were all secondary to that.

Weren’t they?

Chapter Fifteen

After Elan sucked every last drop of milk from her breasts she rolled on top of him, fitted his stiff cock into her pussy and rode him to one mind-bending orgasm. After that it was almost a normal morning for them. They showered, dressed, ate breakfast, and went to work.

At her job Dyan couldn't help but walk through the day with a giant smile on her face. People kept commenting on it and saying how wonderful she looked. One older woman even took her aside and remarked that she was "positively glowing" and that it was none of her business, "but do you think you might be pregnant?"

After a quick laugh Dyan assured Mabel she wasn't pregnant, just in love.

And that answer almost scared her. She knew she had great affection for

By the time she arrived home her breasts were sore and achy. At first she had thought it was because she had, despite everything else, a busy day filled with rushing from one patient to the next and she was just tired and sore from bending and working. No one ever considered how physical a job a dental hygienist had. But when she pulled off her top of her scrubs and started to peel off her camisole, she realized her breasts were positively engorged with milk.

Checking the mirror told her that, yes, she was swollen and a tentative squeeze on the firm—and now almost hard—flesh forced out a little squirt of translucent milk. She wiped the little dots of liquid off her bathroom mirror and pulled out her phone to text Elan.

When will you be to my place? She sent to him. I need you. Now.

The wait for his answer was interminable. Dyan couldn't just stand around doing nothing so she found the breast pump on her dresser and hooked everything up, checking the connections, but stopped short of actually plugging it in and putting the cones to her tits. She wanted to feed him, not just get relief from having her engorged breasts drained of their milk.

While she was staring to the cones in her hands, her cellphone vibrated and Dyan dropped the silicone cups to grab the phone.

What for? Was all Elan texted back.

Her first instinct was to send back a long, angry message explained exactly why she need him to come nurse from her, instead she gave her reply a moment's thought and then marched to the bathroom to face the mirror. It took some doing but she managed to take a decent picture of her naked torso that didn't include her face. She sent the picture to Elan with the one-word caption, swollen.

His reply was almost immediate. Are they bigger? Even though she was alone, Dyan rolled her eyes. Here she was in pain and he was concerned with her appearance. Her phone buzzed again with another message. Are they full of milk?

Replying this time was a little more difficult. And painful. Dyan had to put down her phone and carefully massaged and squeeze her breast until a few drops of milk formed on the tip of her nipple. Then, moving quickly but carefully so as not to disturb the tiny beads resting on her skin, she took several quick pictures of the unusual sight. After that she had to scroll through the selection of photos to find the best one and this she sent with the comment, What do you think?

After waiting a minute she added an additional text. Get here now or I'll use my pump instead of your mouth.

This wasn't the first time that Dyan had sexted with a man. It was the first time she had done so when it concerned her newly acquired lactation ability. It also made her wonder whatever happened to all those dirty notes and pictures she had sent through the ether to her former lovers. Were they now ensconced on the internet making her semi-famous if anonymous or did no one give a whit about yet another few nudie pictures.

Elan replied just as quickly this time. I'll be there shortly. His answer was unsatisfying and vague. Dyan groaned and fell into her bed. She didn't want to play with her tits because while that might give her some relief, it would spill her milk and she wanted to save every drop for Elan. Instead she pushed off her scrub bottoms along with her boyshorts and started teasing her clit. There wasn't any need to get out her vibrator because she didn't want to cum. She wanted to remain on edge as long as possible. She wanted to be ready for Elan when he

came home.

The door was unlocked so when Elan did get to her place she didn't have to open it up for him. Dyan was so into her masturbation play that she didn't hear him open the door or hear his footsteps as he came through the apartment. Only when he got on bed with her did she wake from her lust-induced daydream and offer her breast to him. It was a largely wasted gesture because Elan went right to her breast and kissed her aching flesh. He didn't need to be told what to do. His lips found her nipple and almost immediately her milk released and she was filling his mouth with liquid goodness.

Dyan sighed in relief once her milk started flowing, but she didn't stop playing with herself either. She wanted to come when she was nursing Elan. To her that seemed perfect. When he pinched her free breast she grunted in surprise. It hurt more than she expected and while it wasn't, strictly speaking, necessary, it felt good, emotionally, for her to know that he wanted—needed—every drop of her milk. She endured the pain and rubbed her clit more fervently. Elan didn't stop nursing even when her body jerked as she climaxed.

It took much longer than she imagined for Elan to completely empty her breasts of their milk, almost half an hour, but Dyan enjoyed every minute of it. She made herself cum a second time while he nursed and then he shoved her hand aside and played with her pussy until she came a third time. By the end of the session she was nearly exhausted, but she wasn't satisfied yet.

Happily, Elan got on top of her when he was done drinking and she helped him out of his clothes so he could shove his cock into her body. Her pussy was quivering with delight and was so wet she barely felt him as he entered her. Elan was so worked up by the nursing session that he lasted only a minute fucking her, but that was enough for her to cum a final time when his semen sprayed inside her sex.

He kissed her with an unexpected ferocity. "I could get used to this," he told her.

"I'm already used to it."

"You like your bigger tits?" he asked.

Her hands went over the small bumps on her chest. They didn't feel any bigger to her at the moment, but then again he had just removed all the milk that had

been causing them to swell. “They’re small right now,” she told him. “Maybe in the morning they’ll be big again. I should have known that it wouldn’t be a permanent increase in size. I’m so stupid at times,” she cursed herself.

“It’ll take a little while for the engorgement to take full effect. It’ll permanently swell your breasts. Should be a couple of weeks. We just need to keep doing this.”

She shook her head at him. “But you’re not the one who has to go through all the pain and swelling.”

“But you’re the one who gets to cum a half dozen times to my one,” he pointed out.

“That’s the same for every man and woman,” she countered.

“But do you like doing this?” he asked as he ran his hand up from her bald pussy to her tiny tits, lightly squeezing each one as he did so.

On this issue Dyan couldn’t lie. “I do,” she told him. “I do.”

Chapter Sixteen

As usual Dyan was woken up by Elan's nursing. It was a more than pleasant way to wake up this morning because she could feel her milk flowing, that little odd sensation of her breasts actually forming the milk and letting it down through her nipples. It was oddly erotic and sensual. Maybe it was a little bit wrong to be doing this with her boyfriend, but that's what made it that much more exciting, to be doing something that was forbidden, that normal people didn't do. Long ago, back in high school, Dyan had come to the realization that she didn't exactly fit in with the rest of the crowd. Not that she was a complete freak or rejected everything everybody else did or liked, but she was more willing to explore different beliefs and experiences than other students. In the long run, and especially now as her boyfriend was pleasuring her with just his mouth on her breast, it had paid off.

"You tasting me?" she asked as she stroked his cheek. It was slightly scratchy from his beard growth overnight.

Elan nodded his head but didn't open his eyes or say anything. She threw her leg over his hip and drew his body closer to hers. His cock was already erect, but it was impossible to say if that was because of morningwood or excitement from nursing from her, but their bodies were at the wrong position for him to enter her. That was one thing that was definitely missing from this little kink. She wanted to be nursed and fucked at the same time. Unless Elan's cock suddenly grew by two feet and he became an expert contortionist, that wasn't going to happen without the assistance of another cock or another set of lips.

That didn't stop her from wanting to have sex, of course. Since they had slept naked she simply could have jilled off with her hand, but that was boring and she wanted to try new things. Instead she rubbed her pussy against Elan's torso, on his side above the hip bone. His muscles were taut and there was just enough friction for her to get some pleasurable feedback though it was impossible for Dyan to actually cum.

When he was done feeding on her Elan didn't immediately roll her to her back and shove his cock into her. Instead he pulled back a bit and inspected her

breasts, looking for a change or something different.

“If you’re trying to see if they’re any bigger, they probably swelled during the night,” Dyan told him, “but you got rid of the swelling this morning.” She reached down for his cock, making sure he was still erect for her and ready to fuck. Stroking his length she felt the fine stubble that had formed on his balls. It wasn’t irritating to her, but it was a reminder that he needed to shave there along with his face this morning.

Elan sniffed her breasts once, deeply, and shook his head. “Well, bigger might be nicer, but I don’t see a real change yet.” He paused. “Except I don’t remember these little stretch marks along the underside of your tits.” As he spoke he ran his finger along the skin between her nipple and where her breast grew out of her chest. She didn’t just have bumps sticking straight out like some freakish anime girl whose tits defied both gravity and reality. Dyan was a woman with real breasts. They were delightful little globes that did hang properly on her body and the skin on the bottom of her breasts did occasionally rub on her chest. They were small, true, but they were breasts.

She looked down where he was indicating and tried to inspect as best she could. Elan was in the best position to look at the underside of her tits and his fascination with them made him an expert on them. “I’ve never noticed it before,” she said trying to keep her excitement in check. Stretch marks, while unsightly, would fade and were indicators of stretching skin. And in this case stretching skin meant bigger boobs.

“And you smell sweet this morning too,” he complimented her. “Very sweet. Not at all sweaty like you’ve been in bed all night with a pervert.”

“Thanks…I think. Weirdo.”

He laughed and kissed her breast again. “Thank you,” he told her.

“For what?” she asked as she tugged on his cock, insistently pulling so he would climb on top of her. Nursing and breast play was all fine and good, but she needed some cock this morning.

Elan quickly got the idea and rolled atop her as she spread open her legs so he could easily enter her pussy. “For letting me do this to you. For being willing to produce milk just to get me off.”

A kiss to his scratchy cheek was how she repaid him. “I’m into trying new things,” she told him. “I like this. I like getting fucked by you. I like nursing you. I like being kinky with you.” She kissed him again and moaned a little as his cock ground down on her clit. “I like you. I love you.”

He stopped moving and she snapped open her eyes. “What’s the matter?”

“You said you love me.”

“Yeah. So?”

“I love you too.” Once she had said the words it was easier for him to voice them.

“Great. That’s settled, now fuck me. I need to cum.”

He started thrusting into her and glanced at the clock. They still had some time before they needed to get out of bed and make it to work in time. “I don’t think I ever would have found a kinky woman like you.”

She moaned a bit as he picked up the pace. “Just remember that I have my kinks, too. I like new stuff.”

“Like fucking women?”

“Yes, like fucking women.”

He grunted as she clamped down with her pubic muscles and tilted her hips to increase the friction. “I like hearing about that.”

“Do you want to hear about me fucking other men?” she whispered in his ear.

To his credit Elan’s cock didn’t shrivel up and he didn’t stop fucking her. “You want to do that?”

“Uh-huh,” she moaned. “I want to fuck Stacie and Jerry and come home to you and tell you about it.”

“Slut,” was all he could think.

“Uh-huh. But your slut. I’ll always come home to you.”

Elan said nothing. The hardness of his cock told her everything she needed to know.

“Do you like that idea?” she pressed him, grabbing his ass and pulling him deeper into her as she raised her knees to her chest.

“Maybe,” he equivocated.

“Would you like to watch as Jerry fucked me?” she asked him, teasing. She liked to have sex with two men, one after the other.

“Slut,” he commented again.

“You could fuck me after Jerry,” she continued, breathing fast and deep as he pushed her toward orgasm. “He’d make me scream and cry with his big cock and then you could finish me off.”

“Oh fuck!” he called out as he came, his body going as rigid as his cock as he shot spurt after spurt of spunk into her pussy. Once he started cumming that was enough for Dyan and she came as well, wrapping her long legs around his body, holding him in place the way she liked. As her orgasm subsided she kissed his cheek once more than then bit down lightly on his earlobe.

“You two are going to love double-teaming me,” she promised.

Elan just nodded.

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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