
MILF Milk 2:
DEVELOPING
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush
Publishing


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MILF Milk 2: Developing

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Kelly put the pump's collection cones to her nipples and laid back onto her bed. It felt good, and she let herself relax. The steady pulse of the pump's suck and release, the throb of heartbeat in counterpoint to the slower speed of the pump all worked together to make her achieve another mindset. She knew that eventually she'd reach a nice little climax.

Except that this evening she wasn't able to fully relax and clear her mind. And the pump wasn't doing half as much as she wanted it to do. It pulled on her nipples and stimulated her, but she needed something more. It was taking far too long. A quick glance at the pump confirmed that it wasn't yet at the top strength. She didn't want to force the pump all the way up, but it had been a long day at work and she wasn't willing to just let it happen at its own pace. Closing her eyes, she took the knob between her fingers and twisted it almost all the way up.

Immediately the harder suction kicked it and it felt like her nipples were being dragged as hard as possible through the world's smallest piper. It hurt wonderfully well and she sighed at the pleasant torture.

From that point it only took a few more minutes for her to climax, which she did so with the relief of a climber having reached the top of a cliff. When she was done, her panties were soaked, but she hadn't touched herself. With a grunt of frustration, Kelly switched off the pump and then yanked off her panties, dropping them to the floor so she could sleep naked between her cool, crisp cotton sheets.

The next day when she checked her emails Kelly had two pulling her in opposite directions, one from Michael and one from Shane. The other dozen were cruft easily deleted.

Michael was channeling his inner poet again. Badly.

—I can't wait to see you again. My hands and lips long to explore your breasts and bring you to new heights of pleasure. We had a magical connection and need to continue it.

"Heart of a poet, neediness of a puppy," she sighed and moved on to Shane's.

He was direct and to the point.

—Have you given any thought to my proposal?

That was it. Nothing else. It was a simple decision, did she want romance with some sex or did she want sex without any romantic entanglements?

Knowing she was terrible, she ignored Michael's message for the moment—or so she told herself—and replied to Shane.

—That's the craziest and most insane proposal I've ever had. It wasn't much of an answer, but it kept a conversation going with him. She wasn't sure how she felt about getting involved with Shane, but it was very tempting to play along with him.

It wasn't long before he sent a response and they were chatting.

—I don't like how you combined insane with kinky, he told her.

—Sorry, she answered, I just don't know if it's for me.

—You loved what I was doing to you this past weekend. Think of this as the next step. I like kinky, don't you?

Her one real objection came out. I don't think I'm that kinky.

—Why not try it and find out?

She could have thought up a hundred reasons why not and she could have just said no and walked away from him. It wasn't like she owed Shane anything. But what was the harm? It might be weird, but it might also be fun. She thought back to when her children were younger and how much she had enjoyed it…

Kelly knew she wasn't fooling anyone, especially herself. She had made the decision to say yes and just needed to talk herself into it.

Okay, she finally relented. I'll try it out. But I can quit anytime I want.

—Great! I'll send you the pills and instructions.

—I can't believe I'm doing this. I reserve the right to stop anytime I want.

She could almost hear him chortling as he sent the next message. Isn't that what drug addicts always say? I can stop anytime I want. But usually they don't want to stop.

That's what scared and excited her at the same time. He was pushing her, but she wanted to be pushed; she needed to be pushed.

The pills arrived in the mail two days later. Apparently anything could be purchased from Amazon.com, even nutritional supplements that supposedly caused lactation. The instructions were simple. "Two capsules twice a day, in conjunction with regular use of a breast pump should induce lactation within three to six weeks."

Kelly read and re-read the directions several times before finally saying to herself, "I've been using my pump for almost two weeks. So what does that mean?" Still she downed the dose of two capsules from the large bottle and shook her head with amazement. "I can't believe I'm doing this."

She sent a message to Shane. I just took my first dose. I still can't believe I'm doing this.

Feeling guilty for no good reason, she sent an apologetic not to Michael. Writing it made her feel bad because she was lying, but she couldn't just tell him no to ever seeing him again. She wanted to keep her options open. Sorry, not this weekend. Family obligations. Maybe next weekend? Or do you have some other free time? Sorry, not this weekend. Family obligations. Maybe next weekend? Or do you have some other free time?

After sending that message off she had a reply waiting from Shane. Give it a few days and tell me how it goes. Direct and to the point. That's what she liked about Shane. Michael was flowers and poems, she mused, but Shane was sex and carnality.

—*Sure. Can we get together this weekend? I've love for you to get me off again. If he was going to be direct, she'd do the same thing.*

Shane came back to her with a reply that made her stomach sink. I've promised most of my free time to my wife this weekend. It'll be up to her if she wants to

share.

Kelly frowned and bit her lip to keep from crying. It was easy to forget that Shane was married. She would have accused him of throwing it in her face, but he had been pretty honest about it from the start. Sorry. I forgot that you were married. It sounded curt and almost insulting, but that didn't stop her from sending the message.

—It's not a problem. I just need to see if CC wants to share. Would you like to meet her? If you want the three of us could play together.

The world "play" threw her. Kelly knew that was the term kinkier people used for sex and their kink. It didn't occur to her that she was now part of that community until just now. And she realized, upon second reading, that he was inviting her to have a three-way with him and his wife.

The truly shocking part was that it was tempting and she didn't know why.

—Isn't that what all men are looking for? A three-way with two women? Her response was snarkier than she intended.

—If you want that, sure. Or we could just have dinner and you could go home before CC and I play. It's up to you.

He was being polite and not rising to the bait she had set for him. That angered her even more. Sure. I'd love to meet her. Let's see what happens.

There was a long pause before he answered. She didn't know if he was avoiding her, trying to come up with the right words, or actually doing something else.

—CC says sure. Dinner Saturday at five? My place? We'll see what happens from there?

Kelly's panties were incredibly wet and her breasts were throbbing. Her body apparently wanted this but she didn't know if her mind wanted it as well.

"I'm so sorry to ask this of you again, Janice." Kelly felt guilty about taking advantage of her friend, but she didn't want to ask her parents to watch the boys

because she'd have to explain where she was going and what she was doing and she couldn't lie to her parents that much.

"We were going to take our boys to the movies this weekend," Janice said hesitantly.

"I'll be happy to pay for you to take Adam and Evan along," Kelly said quickly. "I just…need this." When she said the words, she realized they weren't a lie.

"Is it the same guy?"

"The second one."

"Is this a relationship?" Janice was asking questions that were really none of her business, but Kelly couldn't tell her that. She needed to give her friend something.

"Not yet." She desperately hoped that Janice wouldn't ask if Shane was married. But that was an insane question, wasn't it? "Maybe?"

"Do you promise to tell me all about it Sunday?"

"I promise." Kelly hoped she wasn't lying to her friend.

Chapter Four

Kelly pulled into the driveway of the nice middle-class house and started to shift her car into park, but hesitated when the selector traveled through the large R. It would be so easy to just back out the driveway and never return, refuse every message from Shane, and pretend what she had already done had never happened. But the urge to find out what would happen next, what her life would be like if she let herself explore a little more, that urge was too much to resist. The gear selector wound up in park and she exited her car.

As she waited for the door to open, Kelly's knees were trembling more than when Shane had pinned her against the wall and made her cum play playing with her nipples. It was a minor miracle she didn't fall to the cold cement of the front porch. .When the door swung open a petite blonde woman with dazzling blue eyes greeted her. "Kelly?" she asked with an enthusiastic voice that belonged to a cheerleader. Kelly hoped the other woman didn't have the over-bubbly personality to match.

"Yes, he told me about them as well. And I actually want to thank you. He's been trying to get me to induce lactation for years and I've flat out told him no. Have you produced any milk yet?"

"Uh…no."

Cecelia nodded. "Don't worry. Give it time. It'll happen. Modern science and all that. He's going to be thrilled if you actually go through with it. And I really appreciate it as well." She put her spoon down and picked up her large breasts with her hands, accentuating and shaking them. "I don't need these girls to grow any bigger or heavier, though Shane wouldn't mind."

The front door slammed. "CeeCee? I'm home. Do we have a visitor?" Shane's voice called from down the entrance hall.

Grinning the blonde woman called back. "Yes, and I've got her naked on the table for you to eat out."

Kelly's eyes went wide and she froze in place even as Cecelia giggled. When Shane walked into the kitchen carrying a loaf of bread, he was somewhat disappointed to see both women fully dressed and talking. "You lied to me," he accused his wife.

“Maybe it’ll come true later,” she hinted at as her husband slowly shook his head at her. “I see you brought the bread,” Cecelia continued, indicating the long loaf of Italian bread in his hand. “Shall we eat?”

Kelly found it difficult to relax and talk with the married couple. She managed to drink a couple of glasses of wine and consume some of Cecelia’s cooking, but didn’t know what to expect and so her stomach was tight.

When dinner was over and Cecelia started clearing the table, she dropped a question on Kelly. “Can I see them?”

“I’m sorry. See what?” Kelly glanced nervously at Shane.

“Your tits,” Cecelia easily replied. “Shane said they were gorgeous, the best he’s ever seen and I want to make sure he’s not exaggerating.” The cat that ate the canary grin on Cecelia’s face only confused Kelly. She looked back and forth between Shane and Cecelia.

“I didn’t say that exactly,” Shane said with some trepidation. “I merely said they were very attractive and she had nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Gorgeous,” repeated Cecelia. “That was the adjective you used.”

“I didn’t say they were better than yours,” Shane said quickly.

“Well, if Kelly will show hers off, we can make that determination,” Cecelia said firmly and they both looked at the dark-haired woman with some expectation.

Kelly felt like she was being put on the spot—and she knew she was—but she didn’t refuse nor did she try to leave. Once they asked the question of her, she knew that she wanted to show off her body a bit and see what that led to. It wasn’t just the wine she had drunk; it was her lust as well.

“I’ve got nothing to be ashamed of,” she said as she stood up from the table and lifted her sweater up over her head, pulling her long black hair upwards and letting it fall down her back as she discarded with garment to the chair. Both members of her audience looked on expectantly. The beige bra she wore was about as boring as possible a garment for a woman to wear, but Kelly didn’t have any shame about it. She had dressed for comfort, not to seduce anyone.

Reaching behind her back, Kelly unhooked her bra and let the straps fall from her shoulders. She caught the undergarment and dropped it on top of the sweater. It took some control for Kelly to not stick out her chest, showing off in a way too obvious a fashion, and on the other hand she also resisted covering up her tits with her hands, because that would show shame. Instead she forced her hands to her sides and stared at the far wall, pretending that she was alone.

“He wasn’t lying. They’re spectacular,” Cecelia quickly agreed. “I can’t fault him.”

“Told you,” Shane replied.

“Are you going to take her to bed?”

“Hell yes.” He grinned at Kelly. “Care to go to the bedroom?”

Kelly laughed uncontrollably. She didn’t know if he was being serious. He had just propositioned her in front of his wife. She was topless, showing off her breasts. It was ridiculous. “Sure,” she agreed.

“Great,” said Cecelia. “Mind if I watch.”

“What?” Kelly didn’t know how to react.

“Shane and I were supposed have the night together,” said Cecelia. “If I’m not playing with him, at least I can watch.”

“Oh.” Kelly laughed nervously again.

“Is it okay with you?” Shane asked Kelly.

“Um…sure. I guess. I’ve never had someone watch before when I’m…doing whatever.”

“Can I touch them?” Cecelia asked before Kelly even had the chance to move toward Shane.

“Um…touch them?” asked Kelly. It seemed an odd request.

“I want to see how they feel in comparison to mine.”

The requests being made of her were different, but not unreasonable considering the situation. “Umm…okay,” Kelly agreed.

Moving quickly, so Kelly couldn’t change her mind, Cecelia moved around the table and walked up to the honey-skinned woman. Cecelia’s hands were warm and when she cupped Kelly’s breasts, her nipples contracted hard against her probing fingers.

“Oh, they are nice. Bigger might be great for visuals, but small is apparently nice and firm,” Cecelia declared.

“Thanks?” Kelly said, with a chuckle. It was strange to be felt up by a woman and in front of that woman’s husband, but it was also oddly enjoyable. Her body was starting to respond to the attention and she knew exactly what would happen if it didn’t stop.

“Shall we go to the bedroom?” asked Shane.

Kelly nodded and stretched out her hand to him. He grasped it and pulled Kelly away from his wife. They headed toward the stairs and were followed by Cecelia. That made Kelly nervous, but then she remembered that all the other woman wanted to do was watch. She’d never been watched having sex before; maybe that would be something new and exciting.

“Want me to blow you?” Kelly asked as they walked into the bedroom. It was strange to be in another couple’s bedroom. It was much like her own only so different as well.

“No. Not yet. I want your tits,” Shane said eagerly. “Take off your pants.”

She laughed at him and moved toward the bed, enticing him to follow. “Why do I need to take off my pants if you’re just going to play with my tits?”

“So you’re more comfortable.” By now Cecelia had entered the room and it suddenly seemed crowded, even as the blonde woman headed toward the corner where a small chair stood.

“That sounds…reasonable,” she said and unbuttoned her pants to step out of them. She kicked of her shoes and stepped out of the crumpled pants just in time for Shane to draw close and cup her breasts. Her panties were as plain as her bra,

but that didn’t matter. Her clothing wasn’t the attraction; she was.

Kelly wanted to melt but held herself up, unwilling to fall apart at the simple touch of a man even if it felt incredibly good. Just before her eyes fluttered shut, she saw Cecelia sitting down on the armchair in the corner.

“See how easily she responds,” Shane said to his wife.

“Mmm. She is a slave to her body, isn’t she?”

“A bit.” Shane gently tweaked Kelly’s nipples and she shook with the pinch of pain. “I can make her cum just by playing with them. She says her pump gets her off.”

“Without touching her pussy or her clit?”

“Yup.” Shane gently pushed Kelly back so she was seated on the bed’s edge. When he removed his hands her eyes opened back up and she realized she was ready for anything he proposed. “What do you want?” he asked her.

“I want you to fuck me,” she begged, reaching out and cupping his cock through his pants.

“I thought you just wanted me to play with your tits.” He said this as Kelly rubbed him through his pants. She could feel his hard cock and wanted it. The entire situation had imbued her with a bit of boldness that she didn’t know she had within her body. Cecelia wasn’t objecting so Kelly was determined to have a good time until someone protested.

“That too,” Kelly agreed as she dragged his hands to her nipples once again. He started massaging the soft flesh and she moaned and closed her eyes again.

“Is she lactating yet?” Cecelia asked.

Shane squeezed her tits, trying to draw out any liquid within them. Kelly was certain her breasts were firmer than they had been a week ago, but she wasn’t lactating yet. She knew her body and remembered how it felt when she was producing milk. It had been wonderful when she had been nursing and she looked forward to that again.

“No, not yet,” Shane reported after a bit of experimentation with her breasts. “Soon, I hope.”

“How does she do with pain?” asked Cecelia.

That question was almost out of the blue, but Kelly went with it. She had played around with spanking and sexy slaps when she was younger; she was more than willing to try it again.

“I don’t know,” said Shane. “Haven’t tried any pain play with her yet.” He let go of Kelly’s tits and she came back to her senses and opened her eyes. “Do you like a bit of pain during sex?” he asked her.

She shrugged, letting her breasts jiggle fetchingly. “I’ve never tried. You’re not going to slap them are you?” When the reality of the moment hit, she wasn’t as bold and brave as she wanted to be. Her arms crossed protectively in front of her chest.

“Not if you don’t want,” he said softly. “But would you like to try something milder?”

“Like what?” she asked, interested and frightful at the same time. Shane moved toward one of the chest of drawers against the wall and Kelly let her gaze wander over to Cecelia. The other woman had hiked up her skirt and had tucked her hand into her panties, but still had her bulky sweater on. She wasn’t fully masturbating, not yet, but her fingers were moving underneath the silk panties she wore.

“Like this,” said Shane as he stepped into her line of sight. In his hand he had two objects that she didn’t recognize, but when he gave her one and displayed the other’s function for her, their use became apparent. “Nipple clamps,” he explained. “We can make them as tight or loose as you want.”

“I don’t…I don’t want them,” Kelly said. Cecelia frowned in disappointment.

Shane’s face went blank and then he said, “That’s fine then. We don’t have to use them. I just thought that maybe it might be a thrill you wanted to try since it was something new.”

Seeing the disappointment in his face, and looking within herself and seeing her

disappointment with herself, Kelly changed her mind. “No. Wait. Okay. I’ll try it. Just…be gentle.”

Shane smiled thinly. “Of course. Your tell me when to stop.” Out of the corner of her eye Kelly saw Cecelia stop moving her hand inside her panties and sit up. After loosening the screw of one clamp Shane gently grasped Kelly’s nipple between his left forefinger and thumb, drawing it forward while positioning the clamp on her tender flesh. She saw that the parts of the clamp that would actually squeeze her flesh were covered in a soft silicon pad on top of a metal backing. “The trick,” said Shane as he carefully positioned the clamp, “is to catch the flesh between the nipple and the areola.”

Even as he spoke, Kelly’s knees had gone weak and she was breathing shallowly. She was entering that space where someone else controlled her body and she loved it.

And then Shane tightened the clamp too far and a bright lance of pain shot through her body. She gasped and jerked away from Shane, pulling the clamp out of his fingers but letting it dangle from her nipple. The weight dragged down on her flesh and it felt like it was burning, but also as if there was a hot wire going right to her clit. “Fuck that hurts!” she exclaimed as they looked down at her nipple being squeezed by the unyielding device.

“But how does it make you feel?” Shane asked calmly.

“Like I want to take it off,” she complained. Kelly raised her hands up to the clamp, but wasn’t exactly sure how to go about removing it. Just that short hesitation was enough for her to become accustomed to the pain and extra stimulation it caused. She couldn’t help but be too honest. “It sort of feels good, too,” she admitted. It was just an unexpected pain combined without being properly warmed up beforehand.

“Put the other one on her,” Cecelia said firmly, moving to the side of the bed so she could better see what Kelly was being subjected to.

“What? No!” But even as she said the words, Kelly felt herself tempted and hoped neither half of the married couple looked at her panties because she was sure she was soaked between the legs. Her hands went up to protect her unclamped nipple and to stop Shane from tightening the one already attached.

“We should do both,” he mused.

“I’ll hold her hands behind her back,” Cecelia announced. And just like that the married couple had Kelly pinned between them. Cecelia proved to be surprisingly strong, twisting both of Kelly’s arms behind her back and holding them in place while Shane repeated the clamping process on Kelly’s second nipple. She struggled a bit, having partially lost her freedom, but her struggles were mostly for show. Deep in her heart she wanted to feel the second clamp on her tit.

It bit down with the same white hot lance of pain and it almost made her cum. She wanted to fall back on the bed but Cecelia was forcing her to sit up and Shane was closely watching her nipples. Kelly glanced down and saw her light brown flesh was slowly turning red and then purple. It was painful and fascinating and more powerfully erotic than she could have imagined. The pain only made the pleasant throbbing in both nipples and her clit that much more intense.

“Do you want to cum?” Shane asked her.

“Yes,” she moaned.

“Should I pull on them, or put more weight on them?” he asked. “Or maybe just tighten them up a bit?”

Kelly violently shook her head back and forth. “No! Don’t tighten them.”

“Fine, fine,” Shane agreed. “Hold her still, CeeCee.” The blonde woman’s grip tightened on Kelly’s arms and Shane lightly twisted both clamps with felt sort of nice, but then he found the control screw and simultaneously twisted both of them causing pain to lance through Kelly’s nipples—again—but the inevitable happened and the pain turned into an orgasm that had her gasping for breath while she rode out the sensation.

She didn’t know how long it had been when she came to her full senses again, but she was lying on her back with the married couple looking down at her. She felt the weight and now numb pain on her nipples. Shane spoke first. “When I take them off, it’s going to hurt worse than when they went on.”

“What?” Kelly asked, slightly confused and woozy from her intense orgasm.

Shane didn't reply to her and instead just carefully took one of the clamps between his fingers and loosened the control screw. All at once the blood rushed back into her nipple and Kelly was upset to discover that Shane had been completely correct: taking off the clamp was worse than putting it on, not just from the pain but because there was no accompanying pleasure.

"I'm sorry," Cecelia apologized, "but that's the one definite downside to nipple clamps."

Kelly looked over at the woman who was married to Shane, who had watched while Shane tortured and pleasured her, who had masturbated through the process of her torment, and was now apologizing. The one benefit of Cecelia's words was that Kelly was distracted long enough for Cecelia to remove the other clamp. When the blood rushed back and brought with it the accompanying pain, Kelly rolled to her side and cried softly to herself.

"You might have some bruising in the morning," Cecelia told her. "I know I did the first few times I played with clamps.

Kelly rolled to her back and wiped the tears off her cheeks. She was trying to decide if the pain had been worth it and was cupping her breasts to help assuage the pain. "You've used clamps?" she asked.

The blonde woman laughed lightly. "The ones you just had on were the ones that Shane first got for me years ago."

"Oh."

"Would you like him to fuck you now?"

"Um…what?" She was confused. "Would that be okay?"

Cecelia laughed. "Of course it would be okay. I suggested it. I want to watch him fuck you. Besides," her eyes flicked down to the panties that Kelly wore, "you're soaking and as much as you enjoy a little tit play, I think your pussy has been neglected."

Before Kelly could give a proper answer, Cecelia scooted down and started pulling off Kelly's panties. Not knowing what else to do, Kelly let her and actually helped. As she did so, Shane stripped off his clothes and then climbed

on top of Kelly, pushing her down to the mattress as his wife watched. He was already hard, ready to have sex and Kelly put her hand down to his cock, holding it, feeling it.

And then she stopped. “No. I can’t.”

Cecelia frowned. “Why not?” she demanded.

“Condom. He has to use a condom.”

Already Shane was pressing the head of his cock between her labia, penetrating her but just barely. He shook his head. “I don’t really need to use a condom.”

“I can’t get pregnant!” Kelly was starting to panic.

“Shh, shh,” Cecelia quieted her. “Don’t worry. He’s safe. He’s been fixed,” she smiled. “He’s firing blanks, okay? He can fuck you and it’ll be fine.”

Her words reassured Kelly. She wanted to have sex—her body was telling her that she needed to—but this had been a barrier she hadn’t been able to cross. She nodded. “Okay.”

And then Shane eased his cock into her waiting pussy. It stretched open and accepted him easily. It was weird for Kelly to have Cecelia watch, but this was her sex life now…and she found that she didn’t mind at all. If Shane’s wife was unconcerned about him fucking another woman, why should she worry about it?

It wasn’t that Kelly had trouble climaxing, but throughout her life it had always been easiest for her to cum when her nipples and breasts were played with. Now her nipples were throbbing with pain and, oddly, her clit was pulsing in time with her nipples and heartbeat.

It was familiarly pleasant getting fucked. Shane’s big cock stretched her out and quickly brought her to the edge again. She was hoping for a good long fuck, but that wasn’t to be. All too soon he was on the verge and she knew he was going to cum.

He was encouraged along by his wife who was closely watching. “Fill her up,” Cecelia urged him. “Cum in her.”

And then she was flooded by the hot jets of his cum spraying inside her pussy. It had been far too long since that had happened and it pushed her right over the edge again.

“Beautiful,” Cecelia complimented them.

When he was done and Shane had rolled off Kelly, she looked over at Cecelia as the blonde woman started taking off her sweater. She smiled sweetly at Kelly and easily removed the padded bra that was wrapped around her chest. Again, it wasn’t fancy lingerie, but an undergarment meant to keep her breasts under control.

Kelly gasped when Cecelia revealed her bare tits. “That must have hurt,” she marveled.

Cecelia glanced down at her large breasts. “Oh. Sure. A little. But I had them done a long time ago and you tend to forget the pain and enjoy the attention they get.”

Her light pink nipples were definitely larger than Kelly’s, but not so large that they were beyond normal, and were pierced through with golden rings. Kelly had seen pictures of pierced nipples before, but never in person. It was a different experience for her.

“It’s all part of Shane’s breast fetish,” she explained to Kelly. “Anything for variety.”

“You’ve always said you loved having them pierced,” Shane commented from the other side of Kelly.

She ignored Shane and told Kelly as she gestured to her pierced nipples, “These are why he’s trying to get you to lactate and not me. He doesn’t want to drink from nipples with rings in them. For a kinky fucker he certainly has some strange rules about what he thinks is acceptable.”

“And you said you didn’t think it was a good idea to run a breast pump on your tits,” Shane added. “You didn’t want them tearing out.”

“That too,” she agreed. She was the only one in the room with any clothing on and that was just her panties. She slipped her hand back into her panties and

discovered she was still wonderfully wet. “Could we not talk about that right now?” she asked. “I just got to see an incredibly erotic show and I’m suffering because of it.

“I’m spent,” Shane complained.

“Do you need some help?” Cecelia asked. “Or maybe you’d like your new girlfriend to help you out?”

“What?” asked Kelly.

Cecelia nudged Kelly with her shoulder. “You know, suck him off. Well, not completely suck him off. Suck his cock a bit and get him hard for me.”

“For you?”

“You already got sucked and fucked. The least you can do, in solidarity with me, another woman, is suck on my husband long enough to get him hard for me so he can fuck me.” She pulled her hand out of her panties and displayed her wet fingers to the other two people in her bed. “I’m not going to be satisfied with just masturbation tonight. Not even my vibrator. I need real cock and I know of only one person in this room who can actually provide that.”

Since she was this far into this strange encounter, Kelly completely gave herself over to the moment. “Sure,” she agreed. “It’s not like I haven’t given a blow job or two in my life.” She got on her knees reached for Shane’s cock and then amended. “Or maybe a few hundred.” She opened her lips and placed his entire flaccid penis inside her mouth. He tasted of her pussy and a bit of his cum as well. She didn’t mind either flavor; she was used to herself and although in recent weeks she had become accustomed to the taste of spunk once again the taste of Shane’s cum was actually quite pleasant.

“Oh,” Shane commented as she sucked him firmly. She could feel his cum start to seep out of her pussy even as she tasted more and more of his semen. “She’s good.”

“I’m glad,” Cecelia answered as she pulled off her panties and got herself ready for her husband. “I’m tired of being the only one giving you blowjobs.”

“You aren’t the only one,” he grunted.

“You know how to make a girl jealous,” she said. “Is she getting you nice and hard?” Cecelia leaned over and kissed her husband even as Kelly kept up her earnest blowjob.

A minute later it was Kelly who was helping—unnecessarily but because it seemed polite—Shane slip his cock into his wife. Never before had Kelly actually witnessed two people having sex right in front of her. It was strange and erotic and she wanted more of it. Sharing a man was new for her, and with Cecelia’s permission she was going to make sure she could keep sharing Shane as long as possible.

Chapter Five

The next morning when Kelly woke up in her own bed, her nipples were sore and when she looked down she was both horrified and fascinated that they had very prominent bruises on the nipples, areolas, and breasts proper. “Holy shit,” she muttered to herself. “Is this really worth it?”

Upon touching her nipples she almost passed out from the intense thrill that ran through her. “Okay…maybe.”

Kelly had been very good about regular sessions with her breast pump. It had started with using the pump as a masturbatory device—which was delightful—and then had morphed into part of the process she had agreed upon with Shane. Twice a day pumpings along with the pills he had bought for her had enlarged her breasts and she was positive she could feel milk being made, but she hadn’t yet had the full results. Soon, she promised herself, soon.

Her immediate problem was whether she should skip a pumping or face the pain of the suction cups. It was actually an easy decision. A little pain was more than worth it. She dialed down the power of the pump before pressing the funnels to her still sore tits.

It was her expectation that she would have blinding pain when the pump started working. There was a little thrill of pain for the first minute which made her sharply inhale to work through it, but since she wasn’t using the pump as a masturbatory device she quickly settled down to where she was able to deal with the pain and pressure. She wasn’t trying to get off; she was just using the pump as a method of stimulating her tits to make milk. The idea of lactating again—for an adult—gave her a thrill that was unsettling.

Using the pump for its intended purpose was less fun than using it to have a nice little orgasm in the morning and then go about her day. It was pleasant enough once she got used to the soreness being irritated, but there was no immediate payoff. After a good fifteen minutes of physical meditation under the attention of the breast pump, Kelly got out of bed to eat a bowl of cereal and take her pills. She even had enough time to take a leisurely shower—the warm water felt wonderful on her breasts—before Janice was ringing the doorbell to return the twins.

Her best friend came in with all four boys, her own sons and Kelly’s twins, while also carrying juice and donuts. “Breakfast,” Janice announced, “because I’m

sitting you down to grill you on your…love life?" she said uncertainly. "Is that the term we want to use?"

Kelly didn't know exactly what she wanted to use to describe what she had been doing. She and Janice had been close friends for years, Adam having met the twins in preschool, and had stuck by her side through everything. "Sure, love life is fine," she agreed and passed on both the donuts and juice in favor of coffee. The boys devoured the sugar-laden meal and bounded downstairs to the mostly indestructible playroom where they didn't need constant supervision.

"Spill it, girl," Janice ordered. "I want to hear every detail, no matter how dirty or salacious. I'm living my sex life through you right now."

"Is it that bad with Sherman?" asked Kelly, deflecting Janice's question to direct it upon her husband.

"No, it's just…routine. But enough about me, what about you? Did you fuck this new guy?" Janice bit into her donut and grinned at Kelly, sugar on her lips.

"Uh…" Kelly tried to form a coherent thought. She didn't want to lie to her friend, but she didn't want to tell the whole truth either.

"Holyshitandohmygod you did, didn't you?" Janice blurted out. They were sitting on adjacent sides of the kitchen table and Janice abruptly reached across the diagonal and hugged her friend. "Good for you. That's what you needed. Now, tell me all about it. I'm living vicariously through you and I need to have a good fantasy for tonight when Sherman fucks me at our regularly scheduled time. Married life is all about schedules. Keep going, tell me all about it."

For someone wanting lots of details from her friend, Janice was doing all the talking.

"Uh…we had dinner and talked and then…yeah, we had sex," she admitted with a red face. Kelly didn't know why she was able to do those things last night but today it was impossible for her talk about them with Janice.

"Come on, girl," Janice begged. "Details! How was it?"

"Good," she said and then grinned. "Great actually."

“Did he make you cum?” Janice’s grin had almost become predatory.

“Yeah…like three times.”

“Very good. What about his cock? Big? Small? Tell me!” Janice was having much more fun with this than Kelly.

“Uh…not very long, but thick. Thicker than Josh’s.”

That stopped the conversation. Before she had been able to discuss her sex life with Janice in detail. They hadn’t done that in the almost two years since Josh had died. She didn’t often talk about her now-deceased husband and Janice was reluctant to bring it up.

Strangely, it was Kelly who apologized. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to mention him. But he’s my best comparison point.”

“It’s fine,” said Janice. “I’m glad you had a good time in bed with him.”

“Who said it was in bed?” asked Kelly with a wicked grin remembering an old contest they had to see who could have sex in every room of their houses.

That brightened Janice up. “Where was it?”

“Uh…in bed. But it was good. He’s kinky.” Once she started talking about it, Kelly found it became easier and more fun.

Janice leaned in. “Kinky in what way? Girl on top kinky? Foot fetish kinky? Dressed you up in a rubber suit and tied you to the bed kinky?”

Kelly wasn’t sure where Janice got some of her ideas. “No. Nipple clamps kinky.” The moment the words were out of her mouth she laughed at revealing what she had done, but Janice put her hands to her breasts.

“Ouch! That must have hurt. And on your first date too. He broke out the kinky shit right away. He’s probably got a lot more in store for you. Did it hurt?”

“It wasn’t really our first date, remember?”

“Yeah, but your previous date you didn’t…oh fuck, did you actually fuck him on

your first date?”

“Well, no. A blowjob doesn’t count as sex, does it?”

They both laughed.

“But did it hurt when he put them on you?” Janice pressed.

Seeing that her friend was interested, Kelly happily answered. “A little, but that was part of the fun.”

“You’ve got to keep dating this guy,” Janice insisted. “He’s going to ask you to do some really kinky shit soon and I want to hear about it.”

“Maybe I don’t want to keep dating him,” Kelly replied.

Janice put a hand on her knee. “I insist you do. Maybe Sherm will take a hint and get kinky with me. God…my sex life is boring.”

Chapter Six

The soreness in her breasts and nipples faded away after a couple of days. Kelly continued with the pills and pumping. She was certain her breasts were getting bigger; she could feel her glands working, but there was no milk, not yet. It was fun and frustrating at the same time.

—Let me see them, Shane texted her one night.

—See what?

—Your tits.

—You've seen them before.

—But not recently. I want to see how much they've grown.

—Hardly at all. You wouldn't be able to tell the difference in a picture.

—I want to see them anyway.

Flirting via text message—sexting—was new for Kelly, but she had given herself over to it. With a sigh and a roll of her eyes that no one could see because she was alone in her bedroom and her twins were asleep in their room, she pulled off her pajama top and took a selfie but only of her tits and sent it to Shane.

—They're real and they're spectacular, he sent back to her. Do you mind if I jerk off to this picture.

—That's why you asked for it in the first place, isn't it? Kelly wasn't an idiot. And shouldn't your wife be helping you out in the sex department?

—She's off fucking some other guy tonight. I'm all alone at home.

—Want me to come over she offered. It was an impossible request; Kelly wasn't going to leave her kids alone without a babysitter. He probably knew that.

—No. I'm good with the picture of your tits. The next time I see you I want them to be dripping milk.

While she didn’t feel exactly guilty over it, Kelly was also continuing her relationship with Michael. He was much more poetic and childishly innocent in his pursuit of her, as if romance was her primary concern. By chance they had established they had time available on a Thursday morning where they could get together for coffee. Kelly was tempted to tell him just to come over to her house for a quick, vigorous fuck, but that seemed risky. She knew she’d have to go through the motions of a date before he would deign to suck and fuck her.

The coffee shop date was not at all what she—or he—wanted. They caught the tail end of the breakfast rush and then were stuck with an empty dining area where they had no privacy at all because whatever they said was overheard by the staff. Kelly had a solution.

“Why don’t we go where we can have a little privacy,” she suggested while running her foot underneath his calf.

“I was going to read you a poem I wrote,” he complained. “I used to do this all the time back in college.”

It took all her willpower not to roll her eyes. “Let’s go back to my house and you can read it to me there.”

The moment they got into her house Kelly all but attacked Michael and dragged him into her bedroom like a triumphant spider. She was pulling off her clothes without even asking what he wanted.

“Don’t you want to hear my poem?” he pleaded.

“You can tell it to me while you’re fucking me.”

Kelly was already down to her bra and panties. It was easy to help him out of his clothes, fall to her knees and suck his cock when she had the opportunity. Michael responded like any man and any plans or objections he had up to that moment were gone and forgotten. With his cock in her mouth he wasn’t able to form any words to complain, but as he approached orgasm he managed to push her away.

“I don’t want to cum in your mouth. Can we fuck?”

“Sure. I even have condoms for you,” she said as she pulled her bra down and

revealed her full breasts. This she whipped off and in the same motion she removed her panties. Michael quickly followed her to the bed, but he had been trained to be a gentleman in bed and instead of just shoving his cock into her pussy, he kissed his way down her body and eventually buried his tongue into her slit. Kelly had carefully shaped her black pubic hair into a sharp isosceles triangle. If Michael saw this he didn't comment on her efforts.

His tongue was busy and he knew what he was doing, but Kelly wasn't in the mood for foreplay, she wanted either her tits to be attended to or a proper cock inside her. When he brought his head up from between her legs his eyes happened to catch a mark right above her hairline.

"That's an unusual scar," he commented tracing the faint line that was just barely hidden when she had panties on. "It almost looks like you were disemboweled. Were you a medieval warrior princess?"

Kelly frowned. "C-section scar."

"Oh." Michael was unimpressed. "Sorry. Shouldn't have brought it up."

Waving off his concern, she crooked her finger at him. "My tits could use a little bit of attention," she hinted and Michael crawled up her body. She could feel his cock sliding along her leg but that didn't interest her at all at the moment.

Trying to guess what she wanted, Michael applied his lips to one of her breasts and lightly pinched the nipple of the other.

"Oh…yes," Kelly moaned. "That's what I wanted. More. Suck it nice and hard."

"Mmmm-hmm," Michael agreed and then lifted up his head to smack his lips and grin at her. "Do you have some special body lotion on or something. You taste extra sweet."

"No," she said annoyed that he had stopped sucking. It had felt wonderful and now it was over. But he had left behind a large amount of saliva. She could feel it dripping down the underslope of her breast. Glancing down she saw that she was wrong. Michael hadn't left behind a puddle of drool; he had started her milk flowing.

Her heart started thumping with excitement. This wasn't exactly as she had

pictured it, but it was perfect anyway. “Ohmygod,” she gushed, “I’m lactating again. Isn’t it great?”

Beaming she flicked her eyes back and forth between her dripping nipple and Michael’s face. What she had at first thought was delighted surprise she soon learned was shocked horror.

Michael pulled back. “That’s breast milk!” he exclaimed.

Kelly wiped away the small amount of leaked fluid and tasted her fingers. It was as sweet as she had remembered. The taste at once brought her back to the time when she was nursing her twins and intense curiosity made her taste the nutritious liquid her body had made. It was very sweet, maybe not something she would have chosen for herself, but nice regardless. Josh had even sampled what she offered and hadn’t been offended at the flavor.

The reaction from Michael was completely different. “I didn’t know you were doing…that when we got involved.” He got up from between her legs and actually left the bed to stand on the carpet, leaving Kelly on her back with her legs wide open. She frowned and put her knees together.

“Well, I wasn’t,” she explained. “I’ve been trying to re-lactate, and when we started dating…well, then I wasn’t producing. Now I am.”

“How’d that happen?” he asked. Glancing down at his crotch Kelly noted that is once rigid manhood had shrunk back to a normal, and disappointing, size. He was soft.

“Just some supplemental pills and pumping,” she said as if he were asking about the diet that caused her to lose fifteen pounds.

“Why would you do that?”

His questions weren’t making her happy. “Because I like lactating,” she told him, more than a tint of anger in her voice. “What difference does it make? It’s my body and I’ll do with it as I please. Now do you want to fuck me or not?” She couldn’t believe the anger she was feeling and wasn’t entirely sure she wanted to fuck him at the moment.

“I just wasn’t expecting…this,” he said vaguely gesturing at her body.

“And what’s the matter with me?” she snapped. It took all of her control not to throw her arms across her chest and hide her body in shame. She wasn’t ashamed. “Fuck! I put in my profile I was a MILF and you responded! Yeah, I’ve got stretch marks, lactating boobs, and a C-section scar. What were you fucking expecting? Me to hold your hand and diaper you?” She was truly angry now. Her words had only made her blood rise. Kelly scrambled off the bed and grabbed her old, shapeless and warn robe from the hook on the back of the bedroom door.

“Hey,” Michael protested. “I’m not into that, I was…I don’t know, looking for an older woman who was sexy.”

“Well this is middle-aged MILF sexy,” she shouted, jerking a thumb at her body now hidden by the fluffy robe. “If you were looking for a teenage girl who had a kid at sixteen because she wasn’t smart enough to use birth control, you’re looking in the wrong place, buster!” The door had mostly closed when she grabbed her robe; she threw it open now. “Leave.”

“What?”

“Get your fucking clothes and leave. I’m not fucking you now. Go hire a whore or fuck your hand. Just get out of my house and lose my number.”

Seeing that he was defeated Michael grabbed his boxers and started pulling them on. “Look, I’m sorry,” he started to explain.

She wasn’t having it. Kelly grabbed his clothes and his wrist, pulling him along. “I didn’t say to get dressed. Just get the fuck out of my house.”

Using a strength she didn’t know she had she dragged the petulant man through her home and to the front door. He had his boxers on at this point. It was easy to throw the rest of his clothes out onto the front porch and push him outside. It was even more satisfying to slam and lock the door in his face.

Kelly dug her cellphone out of her purse and found Shane’s number. After taking a few deep breaths to calm herself she called. It went straight to voicemail, which was fine with her, she was too angry to be rational at the moment.

“Shane? It’s Kelly. My milk came in.” She opened up her rob and saw that she was still dripping, slowly now, but the inside of her robe was wet. “I want to

know what you intend to do with it. I’m ready for anything.”

Chapter Seven

Cecelia threw open the door. “Took you long enough,” she said to Kelly as she ushered her visitor inside the house.

The dark-haired woman was confused. “I’m right on time.”

“I was talking about your tits,” Cecelia said boldly. “Shane was the one who really wanted you to start lactating, but I’m the one who had to listen to him whine and complain about how long it was taking. Like he had any idea.”

“Oh.” Kelly turned around when she reached the living room and took a good look at Cecelia. The large-breasts blonde was wearing a classic black dress, it was obvious that she was planning on an evening out which made Kelly nervous because Shane had invited her over after her big revelation earlier in the day. She hoped the couple didn’t have anything involved planned for her because she was paying the local teenage babysitter by the hour to watch her sons. “I never thought of it that way. Where’s Shane?”

“He’s still getting ready. We’re going out tonight.”

“I’m sorry. He didn’t say you had plans…I’m not supposed to go with you, am I?” Kelly was confused. Shane had been so eager to see her lactating tits—or so he had said over the phone—but she didn’t know what to think.

“No. Just the two of us are going out. Shane just wanted you to…well, he’ll explain in a few minutes. Are you sure you want to be doing this for him?”

“As long as you don’t mind.”

Cecelia laughed. “I don’t mind. It makes my life simpler. It gives him an outlet for his kinks that I don’t have to provide relief for.” She straightened her dress and stood directly in front of Kelly, her back straight and her chest out ever so slightly, posing for the other woman. “How do I look?”

“You look…” Kelly paused. Cecelia was incredibly striking and beautiful as she posed in front of her and then it struck her that Cecelia must have something special planned for the evening. The dress was incredibly sexy with a plunging neckline that showed off plenty of cleavage. Her chest was accentuated by the high heels she was wearing, making it stick out prominently. But that wasn’t it because Cecelia had created a persona that exuded sex. Her large nipples were

prominent through the dress's material; Kelly could easily see their outlines. Except for the rings on Cecelia's left hand she wore only one other piece of jewelry: a thick and stiff silver-colored metal choker necklace. "You look gorgeous," she finally managed to say. "Incredibly sexy."

Cecelia smiled. "Thank you. Sometimes it pays to advertise when going to these events." She turned and inspected herself in the mirror behind the living room couch. "You can see my nipples through the dress, can't you?"

Figuring honesty was probably the best way to go, Kelly said, "Yes. But if you maybe put on a thicker bra it might take care of the problem."

A chuckle told Kelly that her answer was off the mark. "I want my nipples to show," Cecelia admonished her. "Besides, there's no way to hide these unless I was hiding under a leather jacket." With those words she opened up the neckline even further which revealed the fact that Cecelia wasn't wearing a bra. That wasn't the shocking part. The shocking part was that Cecelia had swapped out her nipple rings for something else. At first Kelly thought the other woman's nipples were capped, but then saw the nipples were actually projecting through a hole through the metal covers. Close inspection revealed a rod of some sort when through the metal covers and her nipples, holding them in place.

"Wow," Kelly said. "I could never do that."

Lifting up her chin with pride Cecelia said, "Thank you for the compliment. And I think if properly motivated you could, but Shane doesn't want your nipples pierced. Not yet at least. These shields are a present he got me for my last birthday. Sexy, no?"

"Yes. Very."

"Want to see something else?"

Just the way that Cecelia asked the question made Kelly nervous, but she had to know what other kinky secrets this female half of a married couple was hiding. "Sure…"

Cecelia half turned and hiked up the hem of her dress, showing off her firm thighs. Kelly watched as the blonde pulled the dress almost all the way up to her waist, revealing she wasn't wearing panties. "Ever go commando in public?"

Kelly shook her head, somewhat envious of the other woman's sexual confidence and boldness. "No."

"You'll have to try it sometime soon."

"Not just yet, my dear," said Shane as he walked into the living room wearing a well-tailored black suit and white shirt. His tie was muted, blue and silver. Kelly felt frumpy in her jeans and sweatshirt next to the two of them. "I have other plans for her. I don't want you corrupting her." With ease Shane went to Kelly and kissed her on the cheek as his wife dropped her skirts back into place. "I think you had something you wanted to show me?" he asked Kelly as his wife watched.

Under his gaze Kelly now felt uncomfortable. "Just…I've started lactating," she told him.

"I know. But I want to see. Show me you're lactating." This was a new and different Shane. He was in charge and had an attitude about what he was expecting from her…and she wanted to please him.

Struggling a bit, Kelly pulled her sweatshirt over her head. Underneath she wore an old nursing bra that had been shoved to the back of her dresser. She had even found some old pads wadded up next to it. As they watched she lowered the flaps to the bra and pulled away the pads that had adhered to her nipples with the moisture from the milk that had seeped out. Her nipples were exposed and just the thought of what they could do started them dribbling again. At once Kelly put the pads back in place to absorb the milk, covering herself.

Shane swatted her fingers away. "Never cover yourself like that."

"But I'm leaking," she complained.

"I'll take care of that problem." Shane bent forward and took her breast in his hand, bringing it up to his lips. The moment his mouth made contact with her nipple, she wanted to melt. The first suck made her knees tremble and she found herself starting to fall toward the floor, but Cecelia caught Kelly from behind and held her up, letting Shane feast upon the ambrosia flowing from her. "Too much?" he asked her, breaking the seal of his lips from her nipple.

As much as Kelly wanted to tell him she would do anything for him to continue,

she couldn’t lie. “I can’t stand up.”

“Pin her up against the wall,” Shane instructed. Kelly was dragged backward and when her back was against the wall, Shane knelt in front of her and started sucking on the other nipple. She could feel her milk flowing steadily now from the free breast as the milk squirted into Shane’s mouth with his every suck. That alone would have been too much, but a moment later Cecelia latched on and Kelly felt her drinking as well.

It was all too much. She came with a frustrated cry, legs trembling, only able to stay vertical because her lover and his wife held up her against the wall, forcing her to provide sustenance for them.

It was all too perfect.

End Part Two

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

Contact us for a free ebook from Green Bush Publishing.

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