
MILF Milk 3:
LACTATING
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush
Publishing


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MILF Milk 3: Lactating

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter Eight

Kelly wasn’t sure how she made it home. Getting suckled by both Cecelia and Shane had caused her to climax so many times she lost count. She was exhausted and felt like she was high, unable to focus but also experiencing a state of euphoria like never before. It was late when she got home and paid the babysitter without a second thought. Her immediate reaction upon realizing her twins were in bed was to go to her own bedroom and get out her breast pump.

She turned it on and was disappointed the collection bottles didn’t fill up. Her tits had been well-drained by the Mauzons and once she had come up dry, they sent her on her way so they could go to whatever party they had been invited to. Kelly didn’t want to be a third wheel, thought Shane was certainly tempted to make her stay and play with her tits. It was Cecelia who insisted that they go and since Kelly was the other woman, she had no choice in the matter.

The pump worked well for her and she had another couple of pleasant climaxes before shutting it off and passing out in her bed.

As usual she was woken by her boys playing downstairs. They weren’t loud and obnoxious; they were just typical nine year old boys. In a way she was thankful because it allowed her to come out of sleep slowly, pleasantly. She didn’t have to listen to an insufferable alarm clock. The sound of her phone ringing is what actually forced her out of bed to get moving. If it hadn’t been the phone it would have been the pressure in her bladder compelling her to the bathroom.

It was only with some surprise that she saw it was Shane calling. “Hey,” she said sleepily as she stretched out the full length of her bed. Her bladder was still full —as were her breasts, she realized—but she could take the time to speak with the man she was starting to think of as her lover. It was a mature and dirty term and she wanted to embrace it—especially if his wife was in agreement. “I didn’t expect you to call so early in the morning. It looked like the two of you were going to have an exciting night out.”

A light chuckle came from her phone. “We did have a good night, and that’s why I’m calling you early. Did you pump your breasts this morning?” Shane asked.

“Not yet.” She wondered what he was plotting.

“Are you busy this evening?” It wasn’t exactly the question she expected next, but it was welcome.

“I don’t have any plans,” she admitted. “I was planning on spending the day with my sons.”

Shane made a noncommittal grunt. “Good. Spend the day with them. Get someone to watch them all night. I can’t be sure if you’ll be home at a decent hour so you should bring a change of clothes. You’ll be out all night.”

“What? No.” She laughed. His request—more of an order—sounded ridiculous…but she wanted to know what he was plotting. “I can’t do that.”

“You can’t do it or you don’t want to?” he asked her. “I think you want to but need to be pushed. Do you need me to push you, Kelly? I can find someone to watch your children, but it would be better if you did it. You want them watched by someone you trust, not someone I found as a desperate attempt at helping you finding yourself. Is there anyone you want to watch them?”

The answer came to Kelly right away but she didn’t want to make the request. “Yes,” she admitted.

“Call them now. Pump your breasts and call me back when you’re ready. I want to see you at six tonight.”

“But—” Kelly started to protest and realized Shane had already cut the connection. She looked briefly at her phone before putting it down. As always, she had a choice, but she didn’t want to make the choice. It was easier with someone else in charge. Kelly did two minor acts of rebellion. First she went to the bathroom and drained her bladder and then she turned on her pump and let her milk weep out of her nipples. It felt incredibly good, even on half power, to have her milk drawn out of her breasts even though it was nothing more than just relief from pressure. The boys were bouncing around the living room watching some inane cartoon on the television so they didn’t hear what their mother was doing upstairs alone.

When she was done she hadn’t climaxed and she wasn’t sure if she wanted to. The pumping had left her on edge, but her body wasn’t calling to her to cum. Not knowing what else to do with her milk, she dumped the bottles into her bathroom’s sink and rinsed them out. Then it was time to make the phone call.

“Hi Mom,” she said with great trepidation when her mother answered.

“Why haven’t I heard from you in weeks, Kelly?” her mother immediately barked out. “Don’t you think I want to see you and my grandsons?”

Kelly closed her eyes and told herself not to audibly sigh. “I know, Mom. We just have very busy lives. It’s hard…you know that.”

Her mother, always prim and proper and reserved…except when it came to family matters and then she was in charge. “I know. I’m not a monster. I just need to see everyone in my family. It’s not like we live on the other side of the world.” That was a subtle jab at the fact that the majority of her mother’s family did live half a world away. “We are only an hour drive away.”

“And that’s why I’m calling, Mom. Would you like to see the boys tonight?”

The silence from the other side of the phone was almost a slam to her body. “But not you?”

Kelly was about to tell a lie, but she had practiced it in her mind a hundred times already. She was terrible at lying to her mother. “I’ll see you briefly,” she said. “I have an…event tonight.”

“Event? What event?”

“It’s sort of a mixer, a casual social party for single parents in the boys’ school district.” Exactly a year and a day after Kelly had been widowed her mother started openly searching for a new mate for her daughter. It had taken all of Kelly’s energy to fight off these advances from strange suitors. This was the one lie that would work on her mother.

“I see. Hmm. That is acceptable. Will we be coming to your house or are you going to drop the boys off here?”

“Your choice, Mom.”

“You bring them here. I’ll cook their favorite dinner. What time will you be dropping them off?”

In a certain way, it couldn’t have been soon enough for Kelly.

While driving to Shane and Cecelia's Kelly was extremely nervous, mostly because they told her to dress casually. It wasn't going to be a formal occasion like they had been to the night before. She didn't expect it to be and wasn't the least bit surprised by Shane's last order. "Don't pump your breasts before coming over. I want you full."

Those words were ecstasy to her ears.

Kelly decided to see how far she could push casual. She went with jeans and a sweatshirt from her college. Underneath those she wore a pair of plain flowered cotton underpants that were as boring as possible. Naturally she had to go with a nursing bra and had stopped to buy some newer pads before arriving at the Mauzons' house.

She had a good idea what they intended to do with and to her and Kelly couldn't have been more wrong in her guess as to how she would be used and pleasured this night.

When she walked into the Mauzons' home Shane was busy on the phone so it was Cecelia who took her into the guest bedroom to get ready. "Might as well strip right now," she said. "That way we can figure out if there are any problems."

"Problems?" asked Kelly but Cecelia ignored the question and plunged onward with her own concerns even as Kelly pulled off her sweatshirt. "We'll have to braid your hair. I'll do it. I want it to look perfect."

"Why? For who?"

"Our guests tonight," Cecelia said absently. "Or do you want me to tell you everything that's going to happen."

"That would be polite," said Kelly as she stepped out of her jeans but left her nursing bra and underwear on.

Cecelia grinned at the very common, boring, and unsexy undergarments Kelly was wearing. "Dressed for the occasion?"

"You said casual."

“True. Take off your bra.”

Kelly shook her head. “I don’t want to leak milk everywhere.”

Cecelia raised her eyebrows. “You’re making that much milk already?”

A satisfied smile crept across Kelly’s face. “Yes. If there’s one talent I have in life, that’s it.”

With a sigh Cecelia said, “Fine. Leave the bra on. You certainly have fancy cotton panties,” she added with a touch of sarcasm. “Leave them on for the moment as well. I don’t know where Shane put what he has for you to wear.”

It was only then that Kelly noticed the thick silver necklace around Cecelia’s neck. It was the same one from their last encounter. “That’s a very pretty necklace,” she said to change the subject slightly.

“It’s a slave collar.”

Kelly had been about to sit down on the edge of the bed so that Cecelia could braid her hair. She froze instead. “I’m sorry…what?”

“A slave collar,” the blonde woman repeated and then twirled her downward pointed index finger, indicating that Kelly should turn around. “Shane and I have a dom-sub relationship. He likes me to wear it when we play.

Her honesty was enough to make Kelly dumbstruck. “Oh. I guess I’d heard of stuff like that before but…I didn’t think people really did it.”

Cecelia laughed lightly as she ran a brush though Kelly’s hair and started dividing it into three segments for braiding. “It’s just part of the game he and I play. I like it when he’s dominant over me which is odd because normally I’m the one who is dominant in relationships—and in bed.” As if to emphasize her point Cecelia jerked Kelly’s head as she started the tight braid running down her back. “You watch. Tonight I’ll be the one in charge of every situation…unless it’s with Shane.”

Kelly didn’t know what to say so she just sat quietly and listened to the other woman talk. Up to that point she had known she was getting herself involved in a situation that might have been a little different than her otherwise normal life,

but now it seemed it had gone completely sideways and she had stepped into some other dimension. Cecelia quickly finished up the braid and secured it with a tight band at the bottom. “Don’t move,” she warned Kelly as she made a final adjustment and then brought her hands over Kelly’s head.

“Why?” Kelly asked and before she knew it, a thick metal band was around her neck as well. Immediately her heart started racing because at first she didn’t know what Cecelia was doing and then when she realized it was a slave collar her anxiety ramped up because she had never worn one before and didn’t know exactly what it meant and what was going to happen to her. “Don’t!” she pleaded.

Cecelia ignored her plea. “I’m not locking it on,” she said softly. The collar was essentially two large circles that went around her neck. On one side was a hinge; on the other was a hasp that Cecelia lined up and closed. Into the haps she didn’t insert a lock, but a locking pin. “I’m just using a pin to hold it in place. You can take it off any time you want. Just don’t take it off when we’re entertaining.” The blonde woman turned Kelly’s head so she could see herself in the mirror. “See how pretty you are? See the pin? It comes out easily.” She demonstrated and then reinserted the pin. “Better?”

The little gesture reassured Kelly. “Why are you doing this?” The question was loaded with significance and Cecelia tried to address all parts of the question. “Because in our group slaves wear collars; it’s the best and easiest way to distinguish them. And to help you get used to wearing a collar. And because Shane and I have decided you are a willing submissive. And because it’s pretty and sexy and very bold about your sexuality.”

There was no way that Kelly could argue with any of those reasons. “You think so?”

“This has been my life for a while now. I know so. Now stand up and take off your underwear.” Cecelia became very efficient and quickly sorted through the contents of a bag before handing a filmy scrap of a garment to Kelly. “Here. Try these on. Shane got several sizes, but he had no idea. I’m sure this on is correct.”

What Kelly had been handed was a red lace thong, nothing she would ever pick out for herself and nothing she would ever normally wear even for a husband or boyfriend or lover. But she wasn’t herself right now and it was what Cecelia

wanted, so it was good enough for now. Leaving her bra on, she pulled off her boring mommy underwear and replaced them with the thong all the while aware of Cecelia's eyes upon her.

Under the best of circumstances Kelly wasn't a sexy lingerie type of woman. The narrow string going between her buttocks felt unnatural and distracting. The cut of the material arched severely along her hips and felt like it was cutting into her skin, but once everything was settled into place she realized that Cecelia had an excellent eye for judging sizes. It fit perfectly.

"Stand up," Cecelia ordered. Kelly did so and her blonde stylist smiled. "Very sexy. Well, it will be once you take off that old, boring bra and show off your tits."

"I agree," Shane said as he entered the bedroom. "She might as well take it off now. Some of our guests have already arrived and it's time to put her on display."

"What?" His words made Kelly nervous and she immediately sat down again. "But…I'm not ready."

"Of course you're ready," Cecelia said to her, but then turned to her husband. "Except for one thing. She claims her nipples are leaking milk. It might make a mess."

"How much leakage are we talking here?" he asked. "I might have a solution."

"Take off your bra," Cecelia told Kelly. "Let's solve this problem."

It was odd to be ordered about like she was a piece of meat, but there was also a bit of fun to it as well. While Cecelia was serious about wanting her to take off her bra, it was also part of a game…and Kelly wanted to play the game.

She took off her bra and dropped it on the bed along with the two pads that were hidden inside the cups.

A second after she was standing in front of the married couple, drops of milk formed on the tips off her nipples and started leaking, the liquid tracing a trail down the underside of her breasts.

“That won’t do,” Shane said, his chin in his right hand, and his right elbow cupped in his left hand.

“Can’t we just…I don’t know…drain her?” asked Cecelia.

“By sucking the milk out?” Shane replied. “That’s not what we want at all. We want her to have as much milk as possible right now. No. I have the solution.”

“I don’t like your solution,” muttered Cecelia, but if Shane heard him, he ignored her snarky comment.

Shane went to the top drawer of his dresser and pulled out a small jewelry box. As soon as he did so, Kelly knew exactly what he had planned and immediately protested. “No. No, that’s a terrible idea. I won’t be able to concentrate or think straight,” she said.

“You won’t need to do either of those things tonight. You’re going to be the main attraction for our guests. You just need to stand or sit there and enjoy what they do to you. You’re going to be little more than decoration. A living decoration.”

“No,” she said firmly and started to back out of the room, but Cecelia was already there behind her. The blonde woman was surprisingly strong and had a sadistic streak in her as well as being a dom-sub switch. Cecelia twisted Kelly’s arms behind her back and held her in place as Shane applied the first nipple clamp into place.

“These are of a slightly different design,” he said as he pulled Kelly’s nipple into place. “More of a crushing than a squeezing effect. More precise control and a little more weight, but I’m not worried about that tonight. We just need to temporarily turn off your spigot, so to speak.” The nipple clamps had a box frame through which Shane drew Kelly’s nipple and then her tightened the screw that closed the frame. The box had several moving parts that fit together precisely so just a small twist to the screw brought the metal slides close together and all but crushed Kelly’s light brown nipple.

It was almost too much for her to bear. Kelly’s knees went weak and she leaned back into Cecelia who managed to hold her upright. It wasn’t just the pain that caused her to want to pass out. There was undeniable pleasure that ran right from her nipple down to her clit and then all through her body. It was almost too much.

“Too tight?” asked Shane.

Kelly mumbled something barely coherent.

“I think I can loosen it a bit, but I want to be sure they stay on and stop your milk from leaking.”

“The problem, I think,” said Cecelia as she watched her husband work, “is that the more she gets turned on the faster her milk flows.”

“In one respect that’s good for our purposes, not so much in other ways. Ah well, hold her still.”

In her half-collapsed state of delirium leaning back against Cecelia actually forced Kelly’s chest out further which made it easier for Shane to put on the second clamp. As this was tightened into place there was barely a reaction from Kelly. When he was done, Shane lightly patted Kelly on the cheek. “Come on, girl, wake up and find yourself. We’re putting you on display.”

“I can’t,” she mumbled. Already her panties were soaked and she wanted to cum more than anything else in the world.

“You can,” Shane insisted. “You just need a bit of guidance.” He looked over Kelly’s shoulder at his wife. “A lead, I think, for her collar. She’ll probably be a bit more comfortable with her hands behind her back. It’ll make her feel a little more vulnerable but she’ll look to whoever is holding the lead for protection and control.”

“Is that going to be you?” asked Cecelia as she seated Kelly on the edge of the bed once more. The half-Asian half-Italian woman looked down, almost dejectedly, at her clamped tits.

“No. It’s going to be you,” he told her as he searched their toy box and came up with what he needed.

The lead that Cecelia clipped to Kelly’s collar had bright silver studs all along the four foot length of leather. On one end was a loop for the guide to hold and at the other was the snap clip. Shane found a simple pair of manacles in the box that slipped easily onto Kelly’s wrists. They were red leather that matched her tiny thong with a short chain between them so she wouldn’t have to strain her

shoulders. A buckle on each held them firmly on her wrists. This all happened too quickly for Kelly to follow and when the couple was done with her she took stock of her situation. She felt trapped…but also safe.

“Am I a slave?” she asked. Kelly was confused; this wasn’t what she had anticipated for the evening.

“Of course not,” Shane reassured her, making her stand on her own two feet and giving her a kiss as she steadied herself. “You’re a wonderfully proud submissive who will truly find herself tonight.” He turned to his wife. “Give me two minute and then bring her out. That’ll give you enough time to get ready, won’t it?”

“Absolutely.” Cecelia smiled broadly and kept a firm grip on the lead.

Chapter Nine

The moment after Shane left the bedroom she asked Kelly. “You’re going to love tonight.”

“I am?”

Cecelia shrugged. “If not, I’m going to enjoy myself as least.” She quickly undressed and prepared herself. The outfit that she threw on amazed Kelly; it was almost a fetishist’s delight. In addition to her silver collar she wore black panties, black seamed stockings with a garter belt, and black high heels. The dark color contrasted beautifully with her blonde hair and pale skin. Kelly watched, intrigued, as Cecelia put on her large nipple shields and fastened them in place with the bars through her nipples.

When she saw Kelly staring at her breasts she said, “Maybe someday soon. Come on. We have people for you to meet.”

She tugged gently on Kelly’s lead and Kelly stumbled once, but then obediently followed. It was a good thing she wasn’t wearing high heels like Cecelia because Kelly was certain she would have fallen. Being brought out to the large living room made Kelly’s heart pound because she didn’t know exactly what to expect.

What she found were two men and a woman waiting. One of the men was like her, mostly undressed, wearing what she thought was a tiny pair of underwear, and the other man was casually dressed in an Oxford shirt and khakis. The woman wore a green dress and was holding a metal leash that went to the naked man’s collar. Upon a second look, Kelly noticed that the naked man wasn’t wearing underwear, but simply had a black plastic device over his cock. That made her wonder exactly what was going on.

“Everyone,” Shane announced as Cecelia led her into the room, “I’d like to present Kelly.” There was a bit of applause from the woman and clothed man, but the naked man had his hands behind his back. “Kelly, this is Carol and her husband George,” Shane indicated the couple with the naked man. “And our other guest is Alan. He’s solo tonight.”

“Hello,” said Kelly shyly. She had never met anyone before while she was naked.

“She’s gorgeous,” said Carol. “But why is she wearing nipple clamps? They

must hurt."

"We're having a bit of a leakage problem," Cecelia explained. "They're only temporary until we want her to start producing. Speaking of which…"

It was a situation that seemed out of place and time. Did people really met like this? Were the Mauzons part of some secret society? Kelly had no idea what was going on.

"I'll go first," Alan quickly volunteered while jumping off the couch where he had been sitting. Everyone else except George chuckled at him.

As Kelly started to pull backwards, unsure at what was going to happen, Cecelia kept a firm grip on her lead. "He's not going to hurt you," Cecelia reassured her. "He just wants to taste your milk."

"I want more than that," Alan said as his eyes focused on Kelly's bare breasts. "But I'll start at a taste and we'll go from there."

His tone was kind and he was handsome enough with dark curly hair and intense blue eyes. The idea of a stranger nursing from her breasts actually excited Kelly and she decided to go with it, giving in to her temptation and allowing herself to be used. It was all fun and games—wasn't it?

At first it was more uncomfortable than going to a new doctor's office to be examined. Alan cupped his hand under her breast and felt the weight of her flesh and milk along with the nipple clamp that pulled down on her tender flesh. "She feels very warm," he commented. The group murmured and Kelly didn't know the correct protocol so she remained silent. His hands were cool, but comfortably so. It was actually a relief when he reached up and untwisted the screw that held the clamp to her nipple. As he pulled the wicked device free, she moaned audibled and the group murmured again.

"Production isn't a problem for her, is it?" Alan commented as he watched a bead of milk form on the tip of Kelly's nipple, followed by another and another and in short order she was starting to flow. A heavy drop gathered at the bottom of her breast and he caught it with his fingertip. After bringing it to his mouth to taste, he smiled. "Very sweet. High quality stuff."

Kelly was now in a strange position with one nipple clamped and the other

flowing freely. She was off kilter and wanted something, but didn't know how to properly articulate what she needed.

But then his lips met her nipple and she knew exactly what she wanted and needed. Kelly felt her breast pulse every time Alan sucked on her, drawing out her milk and causing her knees to tremble. She started breathing like she was on the edge of an orgasm and she could feel the entire room focus on her. They were watching her every move and reaction. To her horror and delight, she realized she adored the attention.

"She loves it, doesn't she?" asked Carol.

"Keep going," Shane encouraged Alan as he put his hands on her hips to hold her steady while he suckled from her. "If you do it right and long enough, she'll cum."

Alan paused and turned his head to look at his friend. "Really?" he asked and then licked the dribble of milk that slid down Kelly's breast.

"Really," confirmed Cecelia. "Make her cum right here, right now or we'll never invite you back."

The group laughed at her overly-bold statement, but even so Alan started sucking on her harder. Kelly groaned and rubbed her thighs together. Her world had shrunk to just her one nipple. She needed to cum but couldn't caress herself or Alan because her hands were behind her back; she got little relief from the anxious thigh rubbing. Kelly's breathing because quicker and shallower.

"Oh my," gasped Carol. "She is going to cum."

As those words were spoken, Kelly's body shook and she reached a hard, quick climax much to the delight of the group."

"More," she moaned as Alan broke the seal and smacked his lips, letting everyone know that he had enjoyed drinking her milk and making her cum.

"I think the poor girl is a bit of a slut for her tits," commented Carol, clearly amused at the pleasure suffering Kelly was undergoing. "George would enjoy giving her more, wouldn't you, dear?" she asked her husband while running her fingertips along his jawline.

George just nodded and kept his eyes on Kelly who was still breathing heavily from her orgasm. Without waiting for permission Carol went up to Kelly and loosened the remaining nipple clamp. Without unscrewing the clamp all the she, Carol pulled the hard metal clamp off Kelly's nipple, stretching it out and rasping the contact points of the clamp over her sensitive skin. Kelly squeaked in complaint,, but the thrill of the experience ran through her body at the same time.

"Down on your knees, honey."

At first Kelly thought Carol was talking to her, but then when George obeyed, bringing his face level with her breasts, she realized what was going on. It was much more comfortable to her to be nursed on by a nearly naked man than one who was fully clothed. Although her nipple was still sore from Carol's rough treatment, she relaxed and allowed her body to respond as it always did when she was nursed upon. Being used this way was a treat.

In the background behind her closed eyes Kelly heard Alan speaking. "Look at her. She's going to cum again."

"You like that, Alan?" asked Carol.

"She's much hotter than you, Carol," he tossed back at curly-haired woman.

"Slutty girl who cums just from having her tits played with," sniffed Carol. "Who'd want that."

"Every man," laughed Shane.

"Agreed," said Alan. "A slutty, orgasmic girl is much better than say…well, you, Carol."

"Like you'd know, Al."

The broad-shouldered man laughed at her. "I've had you, Carol. I do know." The rest of the group laughed and at that moment Kelly found herself going over the edge again. Her second orgasm in a few short minutes with a second complete stranger was too much for her. She stepped back, pulling her breast from George's mouth, and then slowly faded toward the floor. It wasn't exactly a faint, but Kelly had reached the end of her strength. Alan saw what was happening and

quickly stepped forward, grabbing her shoulders and easing her down to her knees, slumping to the side of the couch.

“I’m sorry,” she mumbled. Kelly was truly embarrassed which she knew was stupid because her arms were chained behind her back making it all but impossible for her to catch herself. “I didn’t mean to do that.”

“What?” asked Alan. “Cum? Don’t be ashamed of that. You came twice and both times beautifully.”

Kelly wanted to say something else but found the words stuck in her throat.

“Maybe we pushed her too far too fast,” said Cecelia. “This is her first time with a group.” The blonde woman moved behind Kelly and released her wrists from the chain. “Maybe we’ll play harder next time, but we can free your hands if you promise to keep them away from your tits and pussy.”

“Why?” asked a very confused Kelly.

Shane explained. “Because you’re here tonight to supply your very special treat to whoever wants to sample you.”

“And submissive girls don’t have permission to touch their pussies,” added Cecelia. Her eyes swept over to where George was still kneeling on the floor. “And submissive boys don’t have permission to touch their cocks and sometimes they need physical reminders of that.” She glanced to Carol. “Did you bring his key?”

“You want to fuck my husband?” asked a skeptical Carol. “Again? I’ve told him he hasn’t been well-behaved enough to get to fuck anyone tonight.”

Cecelia ignored the other woman’s comments and went to George, encouraging him to get to his feet. “Yeah, but I want to fuck him. He’s got a beautiful cock and there’s no reason why I should be punished because he was a bad boy. I’ll make sure he doesn’t enjoy it.”

The exchange between the two women confused Kelly, and confused her even more when Carol handed over a set of small keys to Cecelia.

“Why don’t you try Kelly’s milk,” Cecelia said as she led George to the back of

the house. “It’s delicious and very sweet. I highly recommend it.” And then the two were gone.

“I’ve actually never tried breast milk,” said Carol. “Should I sample the girl’s wares?”

“I would if I were you,” said Alan. “Actually, if you don’t, I’m going to drain her tits.”

“I’m going to have some first,” said Shane, helping Kelly to the couch and sitting next to her, lowering his mouth, and latching on. A moment later Carol was on her other side and sucking away as Alan watched with some jealousy.

“I’m going to cum again,” Kelly panted. It was all too much. The sexual energy in the room was almost overwhelming.

“Go ahead and cum,” Alan encouraged her. “You’ve earned it.”

Under her half-closed eyes Kelly saw that Alan had opened up his pants and was pumping his cock. She couldn’t see it, but it was obvious what he was doing. In any other situation she would have been disgusted by his behavior, but when she was the object of everyone’s attention, the center of the universe, it was pleasing to her that he desired her that much.

Kelly came. As she climaxed she arched her back and sat up, pulling her breasts from Carol and Shane’s mouths. Her fingers formed claws and dug into the soft fabric of the couch as her breasts, slowly now, dribbled milk down her torso.

Never having seen a woman react that way before, Carol chuckled slightly. “Such a slave to her body.”

“And that’s a good thing,” said Shane, pulling Kelly back down and kissing her cheek. She turned her head and opened her mouth, allowing him to kiss her fully. It was a blatant display of how lustful she was, but she didn’t mind showing off for the small group.

In the momentary pause and silence in the living room, Kelly heard the unmistakable sounds of sex—a creaking bed and lustful feminine moans—coming from down the hallway. Shane spoke to Carol. “It sounds like our spouses are having a good time.”

Carol actually rolled her eyes. “They’d love to have an affair behind our backs. That’s why I keep George’s cock locked up.”

The two men chortled at that admission and then Alan asked Shane, “ Can I fuck her?” He’d taken his hand out of his pants but his bulging erection was obviously outlined.

Before the question registered with Kelly, Shane answered. “Sure. That’s what she’s here for, right?” He turned to Kelly. “Take off your panties, girl. Alan wants to fuck you.”

She should have been angry and disgusted by the way she was being ordered about, as if she had no agency or control of her own body. But the way they treated her just confirmed for Kelly that she was a submissive and she liked being told what to do—sexually at least—and that other.

But more than anything else at the moment she wanted to be fucked. She wanted a man’s cock inside her body and being told to do it was pleasing.

Without a word, Kelly pulled down her red lace thong, which by now was soaking wet between her legs, and tossed it aside.

“Turn over, I want you from behind,” said Alan as he pulled off his shirt and pants.

Kelly didn’t have any one special position she liked to fuck in. Being told to turn over didn’t bother her, but then she realized that it was partly done to humiliate and objectify her. And Kelly was fine with that. She knelt on the floor, rested her head and upper body on the seat of the couch, and raised up her ass.

Alan got behind her, his hard cock in hand, and knelt between her legs. He probed her cleft for a moment and then eased his cock inside her. This was another first for Kelly, getting fucked by a man she had meet mere minutes before and getting fucked in front of two other people. She didn’t mind it—she loved it. It was in the back of her mind that Alan wasn’t using a condom, but she didn’t worry about that. She had much better things to worry about.

His cock filled her up nicely and his thrusts shook her body. At first she didn’t know what to do with her hands, but then Shane helpfully twisted them behind her back where Alan held them as he fucked her. Turning her head she saw that

Carol had picked up the lead to her collar and was holding it. The other woman stood up and, still holding the lead, gave Alan a kiss on the cheek. “Keep fucking her. I’m getting a glass of wine.” She casually passed the lead over to Shane who held it while watching the pair fuck.

As good as he was, Alan didn’t last terribly long, which was fine with Kelly. They rutted hard for a couple of minutes, his cock filling her completely, before he started grunting and she felt him shake and then erupt inside her pussy. She clamped down on his cock, her entire body shivering with each ejaculation. She didn’t cum—which seemed strange at first—but was glad she was there to provide Alan some pleasure.

“She’s very good,” Alan said as he pulled out of Kelly and released her wrists. At first Kelly thought he was complimenting her, but then realized he was talking to Shane. “You know how to choose them.”

“Thank you.” Shane stood up and tugged on Kelly’s lead, making pulling her vertical but keeping her on her knees at the same time. He snorted and asked her, “Girl, do your tits every stop leaking?” They looked down at the cushion she had been half laying on and there were twin wet stains on the fabric where her milk had leaked out. She was embarrassed and proud at the same time.

“Not when I’m turned on and getting fucked,” she said with a smile.

“Such a slutty girl,” said Carol, returning to the living room with a glass of wine.

“Speaking of which, I think I’d like to have her tonight as well,” said Shane and opened up his pants to pull out his cock. It wasn’t soft, but it wasn’t fully erect either. Carol and Alan settled into chairs to watch while Shane presented his cock to Kelly. She knew exactly what he wanted and she wasn’t ashamed to do it either.

Taking him in hand, she wrapped her lips around his cock and started sucking. There was a quick charge of flavor from his precum and then she settled in to her fellatio technique. She was slightly distracted by the sensation of Alan’s cum starting to leak out of her pussy, but that was easily ignored while she pleasured Shane.

“Girl knows what to do,” said Alan.

It didn’t take her long to get Shane sufficiently hard. When he was ready he pressed her back down to the couch and got behind her, taking Alan’s previous place. The leash was still in his left hand and with his right he forced her hands behind her back once again, hooked the leather cuffs together, before shoving his cock into her wet and dripping pussy.

Kelly didn’t know if this was something new to add to her list of achievements or if it was just part of what was a new and enlightening experience. Getting fucked by two different men in short order was amazing, but it made her think about how when her husband would cum in her, how much she wanted him to keep fucking her. The obvious solution, as presented by Shane and Alan, was for her to get fucked by multiple men. It might make her a slut, but that was a label Kelly would happily wear.

Being used for someone else’s pleasure, being fucked and treated like an object, there was a certain satisfaction in that.

She managed a quick, bright climax right before Shane finished. His spunk joined with Alan’s, and she marveled at how much one man’s orgasm was different from another’s.

“Thank you,” she muttered into the couch cushion.

“If nothing else she has good manners,” said Cecelia as she strutted confidently back into the living room.

“True,” Shane agreed, “except for the fact that she’s leaving milk stains on the couch.”

“What?” exclaimed Cecelia as she walked over to where her husband had left the now exhausted Kelly panting on the couch while still kneeling on the floor. Cecelia took the lead away from her husband and pulled Kelly upright. That gave Kelly a good look at the other woman. Her panties were gone, she still wore her nipple rings, garter belt, and stockings, but it was obvious from her hair and the scent she exuded that she had been having sex. She clucked her tongue at Cecelia. “Really. Leaving milk stains on my couch? I’m disappointed.”

Moving so fast and unexpectedly that Kelly didn’t have the opportunity to track what Cecelia was doing let along react to it, Cecelia slapped both of Kelly’s breasts, the left with the forehand and the right with a backhand.

With her hands locked behind her back, Kelly couldn't protect herself. She gasped from the sharp pain.

"Hey!" protested Shane. "Don't damage her tits. We need her milk!"

"Need or want?" Cecelia tossed back at him. "She's still dripping. Put the clamps back on her."

"What if I want to suck a little more milk out of her?" asked Shane.

"Put the clamps on her," Cecelia insisted. "You two have fucked her so I think George deserves a chance as well. And she can do it while clamped. She'll like it and it will prevent a mess."

"I'll do it," Alan said as he found the clamps that had been set aside so they could nurse from Kelly. She knew she should have protested…except she wanted to feel the stinging, crushing pressure of the clamps on her nipples again. And she wanted another cock between her legs because that seemed like it was right and proper thing to do. And she wanted to do all of this in front of the audience that had gathered because that was the type of woman she was now.

So Kelly stood up and held still while Alan reapplied the clamps. But he was too gentle and only tightened the clamps down hard enough to make sure they stayed on and squeezed off the steady dripping of milk from her nipples. Cecelia was no fool and immediately saw this. The moment Alan stepped away she inspected his work and tightened the tension screw on her right nipple. It was enough to cause Kelly to fall to her knees.

"Up, girl," Cecelia ordered. "I have to tighten your left tit still."

Kelly struggled to her feet, a struggle made more difficult because her hands were still bound behind her back, and allowed Cecelia to tighten the left clamp. This time she didn't fall to the floor.

"Now where is George?" asked Cecelia. She knew she had left him in the guest bedroom where she had fucked him, but she wanted a show for the rest of her guests.

"I'll fetch him," said Carol. Her blouse was open and her hand had been busy playing with her own nipples as she watched Cecelia torment Kelly. She wanted

to see what Cecelia would do to her husband and Kelly together.

“Go get the weights from the bedroom,” Cecelia told Shane.

Carol reappeared with George in tow. He still wore his collar and his hands were cuffed behind his back, but whatever had been covering his cock was gone and he was sporting an extremely large erection. Kelly took a close look and saw that a band encircled the base of his cock. It took her only a moment to realize that the band was probably the source of his huge erection. “How did he get so big and hard so quickly?” Kelly asked herself

Cecelia overheard her and answered. “He’s been that way since I fucked him. You don’t think I let him cum, do you?”

Kelly didn’t know what to think other than George had the largest cock she had ever seen in person and she wanted it in her pussy.

Shane came back carrying not barbells or hand weights, but what looked like simple diamond shaped silver stones that had hooks attached to the top.

“On your knees, ass in the air,” said Cecelia. “I don’t want you on the couch for this.”

“Let me put them on her first,” Shane complained and stopped Kelly from moving. The purpose of the weights quickly became apparent. He slipped the hooks through the clamps on her tits and immediately Kelly felt them tugging her breast downward. They weren’t very heavy, but they didn’t need to be.

“Knees now,” Cecelia repeated. “Ass up.” As Kelly got into position, the weights pulled uncomfortably on her tits and she realized why so many women would torture their breasts: it actually felt good, like a runner’s high after completing a strenuous race. She was living on endorphins and didn’t want it to end.

George wasn’t allowed to remove his cuffs. Both Cecelia and Carol helped him into position behind Kelly and one of them handled his big cock, lining it up so he could push into her. Kelly had her head and upper chest of the floor, her ass way up in the air, with her hands still behind her back. It was an uncomfortable position to be in, but once George filled her up, the stresses on her body faded away—except for the weights dangling from her nipples. Those she felt and

loved the way his movements caused her tits to come alive. George thrusted into her hard and fast and it struck Kelly that while she might have an orgasm from getting fucked this way, it was unlikely George could with the band around his cock.

“Are you going to let him cum?” asked Cecelia.

“Does he deserve to?” replied Carol.

“He made me cum I don’t know how many times. Maybe he deserves a bit of a reward?”

Carol sighed in annoyance. “Fine. He doesn’t really deserve any pussy or a single orgasm, but since it amuses you so. George, stop.”

Showing great self-control George stopped thrusting his hips, which actually annoyed Kelly because she was well on her way to a nice climax.

“Withdraw,” his wife ordered.

George pulled his cock clear of Kelly’s pussy and she moaned in frustration.

“As if she hasn’t had enough cock tonight,” commented Alan.

“You’d better do this quickly because I don’t want you cumming all over her ass,” warned Carol. “The girl was been well-behaved, unlike you, and she deserved to have you cum in her pussy, understand.”

“Yes, ma’am,” George said. It was the first words Kelly had heard him speak.

Quickly Carol removed the tight band from around the base of his cock and helped him slip it back into Kelly’s well and ready pussy. Kelly barely realized the other woman removed her dress and walked around to sit down on the edge of the couch. George was already thrusting happily and busily away. In less than thirty seconds he was done, cumming hard with white-hot jets of spunk shooting deep into Kelly’s pussy. She felt every shot and shivered every time another one hit her. It was impossible to say if she actually came from his climax, but it didn’t matter. She loved being used and fucked in this manner and wanted for it never to end.

It had never happened to her before, but Kelly was fairly certain she had passed out after George came. She lost track of some time. His cock was still hard and inside her, but that didn't catch her attention. It was Carol, mostly naked on the couch that drew her eye. Cecelia was kneeling on the floor in front of the other woman, her face buried in Carol's cunt, performing what sounded like some expert cunnilingus judging by Carol's moans. Kelly watched this a moment before George pulled out of her and Alan and Shane pulled her to her feet.

Her wrists were released, which she welcomed because the cuffs had twisted her shoulders terribly. She could feel cum dripping out of her pussy, but that didn't matter at the moment.

"Should we remove the weights?" asked Alan.

"We should," said Shane. "I don't like doing it. Her nips deserve every bit of attention possible, but I don't want to damage her either."

The weights and clamps were removed from Kelly's breasts and she sighed with relief. The tug of the weights was gone and the blood rushed back to her nipples. She leaned against Shane who guided her down the hall to the guest bedroom. He and Alan helped her into the bed which smelled faintly of sex and what Kelly presumed was Cecelia and George's bodies. Alan actually laid down next to her for a minute, softly sucking each of her tits, making sure they were drained of milk, before she drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Ten

Kelly woke up with a warm body next to her. It had been years since she had woken up next to a warm body. It took her a moment to remember that she was in Shane and Cecelia's house. Her tits hurt, but only slightly, and she recognized that most of the pain was from her breasts being so full of milk that they needed to be drained.

Cecelia was also awake. "Good morning," she told Kelly and leaned forward to give her a kiss on the lips. They were both naked under the covers. The room's air was cool and Kelly didn't want to get out of bed, but human needs were pressing, especially the pressure in her bladder.

"I've got to pee," she said and quickly exited the bed, headed for the bathroom. She felt Cecelia's eyes on her but wasn't bothered by her observation. After sitting on the toilet and drinking some water Kelly knew she had some options, but curiosity got the better of her and she found herself returning to the bed and slipping under the covers.

Immediately Cecelia pulled her close. In the few minutes Kelly had been out of the bed her skin and chilled and it felt wonderful to have Cecelia's share her body heat with her.

"They're truly beautiful and fantastic," Cecelia said, pressing her hands to Kelly's swollen breasts. "You don't know how lucky you are."

"Thank you," Kelly said shyly. It was one thing to be kinky in front of a crowd, but it was a different matter entirely to do it alone in bed with another woman. "They're a bit achy this morning."

"Are you full?" asked Cecelia.

Kelly nodded. "Very."

"Would you mind if I drained them a little?" the blonde asked.

The answer came automatically to Kelly. "Please. It would feel wonderful." She pulled down the covers just enough to expose her breasts. Cecelia didn't hesitate and lowered her mouth onto the closest available nipple. A second later she was nursing happily and a second after that Kelly felt her milk let down and start flowing into the other woman's mouth. Her hand came up and pinched her free

nipple to prevent milk from leaking.

Cecelia knew exactly what she was doing and moved back and forth between Kelly's breasts. That prevented the leaking problem for the most part, but it also caused Kelly's lust to rise. She knew that it wouldn't take much effort on Cecelia's part to make her cum. She was also fairly sure the other woman knew that.

Taking a brief pause Cecelia asked, "I'm not hurting you, am I?"

"No. Don't stop." She pulled Cecelia's mouth back to her breast.

"Am I going to make you cum?" she asked around Kelly's fat nipple.

"Yes. Don't stop."

A minute later, as predicted, Kelly arched her back and gasped as the thrill of a nipple-generated orgasm lanced through her body. Only then did Cecelia stop and press their bodies tightly together.

The skin to skin contact was wonderful, but Kelly was unsettled by it as well. Mostly for one reason. "I'm leaking milk all over you."

"I'll shower and the sheet can be washed. I want to feel you against me."

Her curiosity about the other woman's sexuality bubbled up.

"I didn't know you were bi," said Kelly,

"Because I went down on Carol last night?" Cecelia asked.

"Well…yeah. And this morning, you and me in bed together."

"Aren't all women a little bit bi?" she asked while taking Kelly's hand and pressing it between her legs. Kelly had never touched another woman's pussy before and while it was new and strange, she didn't panic over it. Curious, she rubbed the other woman's vulva and found her wet enough to slip a finger between her nether lips. "See," said Cecelia with a soft sigh. "You're a little bit bi too."

Kelly wasn't sure about that, but she liked making the other woman sigh and moan, plus feeling her pussy was an interesting experience, never having done it before. To her surprise it didn't take much manipulation and rubbing of Cecelia's clit before the other woman was holding tightly to her and then she came on Kelly's hand.

After the quick orgasm Cecelia opened her eyes and laughed. "Sorry about that. I'm still pretty charged up from last night. Once I'm turned on, it doesn't take much to get me to cum."

"It's fine," Kelly said, not knowing what else to say. "Where is everyone else?" It was obviously the morning, but the house was quiet.

Cecelia ignored Kelly's question. "Let me feel your pussy," she said and without permission she pushed her fingers into Kelly's wetness. She wasn't rough and Kelly, who now knew when sufficiently pressed, would be submissive to anyone who was sufficiently sexually dominant. Kelly actually opened up her legs and allowed Cecelia to do as she pleased. It wasn't so much a gesture of curiosity or reciprocation, but a need to show dominance. The blonde didn't try to make Kelly cum, she just abruptly pulled her hand away and said, "You practically passed out on us last night. We had to put you to bed."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."

"Doesn't matter. The party was almost over by that point. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Yes. I thought that was obvious."

"It's always good to check." Kelly was on her back and Cecelia took the opportunity to run her hands over Kelly's pert breasts. "You don't know how lucky you are to have such a wonderful body."

"I'm still a little fat from being pregnant…ten years ago."

"How can you say that?" Cecelia's anger was palpable. "Last night everyone wanted your body."

"Well, the men, yeah but…" Kelly trailed off when she realized she might be wrong.

“Yes, the men, of course. Men will fuck anything given the chance. They love variety. But I wanted you as well, and you didn’t see it but when I went down on Carol, she only had eyes for you. Just wait, she’ll want to fuck you at the next party.”

“Next party?”

Cecelia smiled. “You didn’t think this was a one-time thing, did you?”

“Uh…no, I guess not.” She had to change the subject because she didn’t want to think about what might be happening. “Where is everyone else?”

“Carol and Shane are upstairs in my bedroom. They wanted to fuck so I gave them some privacy. That’s why I slept with you. Carol sent George home and Alan went home as well.”

“Wait, Carol sent her husband home so she could fuck…well, fuck your husband?”

Cecelia smiled. “Yeah. We have…complicated friends and they have a complicated relationship. He’s very much a submissive and gets off—or so I understand—on her fucking other men and keeping his cock in that stupid device she makes him wear. I don’t think they’ve had sex in a year.”

Kelly shook her head. “And Alan just went home?”

“No place for him. He wanted to fuck you again, but you were passed out so he was a gentleman and withdrew. Don’t worry. He’ll want to see you again. But the question is, would you like him to fuck you again?”

The direct question unsettled Kelly, but Cecelia knew more about her than just about anyone in the world, so she was honest. “Yes. Sure. I think I’d like to have sex with a lot more people.”

“That, little girl, can easily be arranged.”

They went to the kitchen and waited for Shane and Carol to come down to breakfast. The two women were perfectly cordial to each other which struck Kelly as odd since they had fucked each other’s husbands the night before, but that was normal to them, she supposed. And it was now normal to her as well,

she reflected. This was a part of her life now and she had enjoyed it more than she initially expected.

“Anyone want fresh milk with their coffee?” asked Cecelia, lightly nudging Kelly’s breasts under her loose fitting t-shirt. “Kelly’s supplying.”

“Hey!” she protested. “Not nice. You don’t get to offer what I have.”

Shane ignored the women’s banter. “Have you pumped this morning?”

“Not yet.”

“Though I helped her relieve a little pressure,” Cecelia piped up. Kelly actually blushed and Carol tittered slightly.

Shane looked at her and asked in all seriousness, “Do you want to pump or would you like me to suck on them?”

Kelly looked nervously around the table. It wasn’t as if they hadn’t seen each other in the most intimate of settings. “I’m fine with pumping,” she said carefully. “But nursing would probably be better…” She didn’t want to make it sound like she was eager to have her tits played with at the breakfast table.

“Take off your shirt,” Shane said matter-of-factly. “You’re starting to leak as it is. We all know you’re turned on and want to be nursed.”

Kelly glanced down and saw two small wet spots on her t-shirt. She was glad she hadn’t showered yet, but it was still embarrassing. She wished she had put on her bra and pads before coming to breakfast. Following Shane’s order, she stood up and pulled the shirt over her head and exposed her full breasts for everyone to see. Turning his chair outward slightly from the table, Shane beckoned to her. “Come over here.”

Anticipating what was to happen, Kelly did so, leaning forward slightly toward Shane, offering her breasts. He merely had to turn his head and latch onto a nipple. A moment later her milk started to let down and Kelly’s eyes closed while her body relaxed. She was being used and loved it.

“Look how quickly her milk starts leaking,” commented Carol. Kelly could feel the milk dripping from her breast, but she barely cared. Instinctively she put her

hand to the leak, trying to hold it back, but a moment later her hand was dragged away and a warm pair of lips latched on to the nipple.

“Do you really enjoy the taste of her milk?” asked Carol, letting Kelly know that it was Cecelia nursing from her.

The nursing momentarily paused. “Come, try some.”

It was Shane who drank steadily from her while the other two women took turns sampling Kelly’s milk. Even so, that was more than Kelly needed. She was barely halfway empty when she had her first orgasm. Trying to stifle her noise of her climax was a futile effort.

“Go ahead and cum, girl,” Cecelia said to her while tweaking her nipple.

“She’s such a slave to her tits,” Carol commented. “I’m not sure I’d like to be that way.”

“Why not? She cums so easily. I’m getting to the point where I need a vibrator directly on my clit otherwise it doesn’t happen.”

When Shane had sufficiently drained her she had cum twice and was a sticky, sweaty mess. “Go shower,” he told her.

Without meaning to Kelly rushed through showering and dressing and was glad she had packed extra clothes. It wasn’t that she wanted to get out of the house, it was she had other concerns that pressed on her.

“I have to go,” she said sadly after coming downstairs. “My kids are waiting for me. I have to pick them up from my parents.”

Carol frowned. “How old are they?”

“Nine. They’re twins.”

“Ugh. I remember those days. Mine are old enough now and out of the house, but kids put a crimp in your sex and kink life, that’s for sure. It’s worth it though.”

Although she realized that Carol wasn’t a young woman, she hadn’t looked old

enough to Kelly to have adult children, but maybe she was a terrible judge of age.

After a friendly cheek kiss from all three still in the house, Kelly found herself heading toward her parents.

Picking up the twins was a long, drawn out affair. There were greetings and hugs and kisses and then the intense grilling her parents—mostly her mother—gave her about the previous evening.

“Who did you meet at the mixer?” her mother demanded. Kelly had been roped into helping in the kitchen while her father and sons watched some inane show on television in the living room. This gave her mother plenty of time and privacy for an interrogation.

“Just people from the area,” Kelly said, trying to dodge the issue.

“Men?”

“And women,” Kelly said quickly and then realized that her always suspicious mother would immediately take that as a hint that maybe, just perhaps, her daughter had been living a lie all her life and was only now coming out as a lesbian. That wasn’t the case, but Kelly realized that she was coming out to herself as a person different than she had been.

“So…are you changing your lifestyle? How will that reflect on your sons?”

“Mom…” Kelly started to say with a sigh as she peeled potatoes. She knew this was going to be the payment and there was no way to avoid it. “I just mentioned that there were men and woman at the mixer. Because there has to be. I’m not a lesbian, Mom.”

Her mother’s eyes narrowed as she stood in front of the stove and stirred the pot. “One never knows nowadays. But you need to meet men, Kelly. It’s been far too long since the boys have had a father.”

“I’m not getting married to whomever you pick out from among your friends’ sons,” Kelly said far too quickly.

“When do you plan on getting married again?”

“Mom…” Kelly closed her eyes. “When Josh died…I didn’t know who I was. I barely still do. I want to find out who I am before I make another life-changing decision like getting married.”

Her mother wasn’t going to let the issue go. “Marriage is important. A young woman should be married.”

Kelly whirled around. “I was married. And maybe I married Josh just so you wouldn’t be on my case about going to college and having a job and needing to get married. I’m not going to do it again until I’m ready!” Her voice had been rising and she saw the anger and disappointment in her mother’s eyes. Calmly she put down the potato peeler and went to the bathroom to cry.

Chapter Eleven

Kelly hated going to her parents for dinner and only did it because her sons loved her father. He was a wonderful grandfather to them, she knew that. It was her friction with her mother that was the problem. And so she smiled her way through the dinner, said the correct, polite things, and drove home silently with the boys afterwards.

She put the boys to bed in the evening and went to her own room, alone as usual. Immediately she got out her breast pump, turned it up to the highest setting, and let the machine go to work on her tits.

Since she had been lactating for a few weeks now her milk was fully in and even she was amazed at how much she was producing. It had been all day since she had been nursed or pumped and relaxing in her bed it was easy to let time fade away. Before she knew it, both collection bottles were full and she turned off the machine.

It seemed a shame to just dump the milk, but Kelly didn't want to start storing it. She knew there were many people who would pay for fresh breast milk, but she wasn't willing to go through all the hoops necessary to sell it. Besides, she now regarded her breasts as just a source of sexual pleasure, the milk was a by-product of that pleasure. If others wanted to taste and drink it, she was willing to go along with their preferences. It wasn't like there was a shortage of breasts in the world.

Once the milk was dumped down the drain, she realized that she hadn't cum during her pumping session. That made her wonder if somehow she had worn out her tits. Out of curiosity she slipped a hand down into her panties and confirmed that she was wet enough for sex. Apparently once a she was set down the path of a lactating submissive, her body would be ready for sex once her tits were stimulated.

Kelly decided she liked that idea. It wasn't that she didn't like she, she fully enjoyed it. This was a new phase to her sexuality and she had to discover for herself what that meant.

Setting the pump aside she pushed her hand down into her panties and started manipulating her vulva, focusing on her clit and lips. She had cum many times during sex, but she couldn't remember the last time she had cum solely from stimulation from her pussy. Determined to see what she could do, Kelly

enthusiastically masturbated for as long as she could.

It didn't happen. She wasn't certain at what point she gave up, but the fingers to both hands were completely soaked and there was a wet spot on the bed. She had worked herself up to a frenzy, but it had resolved into nothing. Giving up she grabbed the pump and put both cones on her tits, turning up the pump all the way until it hit the borderline of pain and pleasure.

The moment her fingers touched her clit, she came.

Kelly didn't know if she should be devastated that her sexual pleasure focused on her tits, or if she should be pleased.

The next day Kelly received a message from Shane that both excited and worried her.

—Make plans for this weekend. We're taking you to a bigger play party. You're going to be one of the attractions.

There was another message to her as well. This one was unexpected.

—Shane gave me your number. It was so nice to meet you this weekend. I'd like to get together with you one-on-one if you don't mind.

It was from Alan and it took her a moment to realize she was being asked out on a date like she was in high school so she did what any high school girl would do: she called her best friend.

"Another date?" Janice marveled. She had brought her sons over for a visit with the boys while the women talked in the kitchen. "You're on fire, girl. What dating sight are you using. I should try it out." She laughed.

Without admitting exactly where she go the invitation Kelly told her, "This is actually a friend of friend at work. We met at a meeting last week." That was a lie but Kelly was becoming good at lying.

"You know why this is happening, don't you?" Janice asked archly.

“No…” Kelly was nervous.

“It’s the way you’re dressing, hon.” She nodded toward Kelly’s chest. “You’re showing your boobs off more. If I didn’t know the truth, I’d say you’d had a boob job done recently. They look bigger.”

Almost instinctively Kelly hunched forward but then tried to remember her new boldness. “I’m not hiding them. And I got a bunch of new bras. Do you really think they look bigger?”

“Sherm commented on them,” Janice told her. “But he’s a boob man, so that didn’t surprise me. But it was the first time he commented on you.”

“Oh.”

“But this is good for you,” Janice gushed. “I’m excited. But tell me about this weekend. Did you do the dirty? What’s his name?”

For a moment Kelly came up short with an answer. “Umm. Yeah. The guy this weekend, his name is…George.”

“You sound like you’re lying, honey,” Janice said skeptically.

“I’m not good about talking about this.”

“You used to tell me everything you and Josh did.”

Kelly put her drink down and looked toward the living room where the boys were noisily playing some video game. “I’m a bit embarrassed.”

“About what? Sleeping around? This is your time, Kel. Live life a little.”

“Don’t judge me,” she said.

“I wasn’t judging you,” Janice said earnestly.

“Don’t judge what I’m about to tell you. Can I trust you? Can I trust you not to flip out and overact and be judgmental?”

“Why are you even asking that?” Janice replied. “You know you can.”

“What do you think about kinky stuff?”

Janice glanced at the living room as well. The four preteen boys were too preoccupied with video excitement to care about adult conversation. “I’ve always been open-minded, Kel. You can do whatever you want with your body as long as you aren’t getting hurt or hurting someone.” She paused and let a grin pull on the corner of her broad mouth. “Unless you’re into spanking. Then I suppose getting hurt is part of the fun, right?”

Kelly didn’t acknowledge her friend’s small joke. She looked at the kitchen wall and wondered how a bit of spaghetti sauce had wound up there. “My boobs don’t look bigger because I’m not hiding them any longer and I haven’t gotten padded bras. They’re bigger because I’m lactating and the guys I’ve been dating are into that.”

“Oh.” Janice’s reaction was muted. “Some men are into really kinky stuff,” was her noncommittal statement.

“I like it,” Kelly admitted.

“How many guys?” Janice asked.

“Four so far.”

“Wow. I should be so lucky. How does an almost middle-aged woman start lactating and finding dates?” She smiled at Kelly. “I’m asking for a friend.”

Kelly laughed and said, “You don’t really want to know.”

Her friend leaned forward and placed a hand on top of hers. “Actually, I do. I mean, my breasts just kicked in when I had my babies, but how do you start up again for a kink?”

The truth was always better, if not easier. “Some women who adopt babies want to induce lactation to bond with the baby. You just use a breast pump and take some nutritional supplements.” She left out the fact that the supplements she was taking came from Shane.

“Wow. You’re really dedicated to this,” Janice marveled. “I hated using my breast pump when I went back to work. I always thought it hurt.”

“I don’t have that particular problem,” Kelly admitted, looking away. She never should have looked away; Janice knew that was a sign of her trying to be deceptive.

“Out with it,” she ordered her friend. “The whole truth.”

“I kind of like the pump. It gets me off…like all the time.”

“Wow. Masturbation in a box. Tell me more. What about these guys. What are you going to do next?”

That was a question Kelly couldn’t really answer.

After steeling herself for the conversation, Kelly called back Alan. She didn’t know what she was going to say because she halfway wanted to say yes to his offer but knew it just wouldn’t work out for a hundred different reasons.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Alan? This is Kelly.” Her voice sounded completely off and stupid, as if she were making a business call and not flirting with a guy who had recently fucked her.

“Kelly? I’ve been waiting to hear from you. Thanks for calling me back.”

“It would have been rude not to,” she replied and realized they were both dancing around the issue at hand. She plunged forward. “Thanks for the offer but __”

Before she had the opportunity to get the last words out Alan interrupted her. “Don’t say no. I’ve heard it before and it hurts every time.” He sighed. “I know I’m just a guy with a stupid obsessive kink. I was just hoping to get a little extra indulgence. I know you’re with Shane.”

“I’m not with Shane,” Kelly said quickly. “I mean, it’s not like we have a serious relationship or anything. He’s just the one who got me into this.”

“He’s also pretty dominant and I could tell that you’re his sub.”

“What?”

“It was pretty obvious from this weekend. Not that that is a bad thing, but it was also pretty obvious that you’re a submissive personality—at least when it comes to sex—and you look to him as your dominant.”

“I…” she didn’t know what to say. “I suppose that’s true. Maybe I am a bit submissive, but that’s not the whole of me and it doesn’t determine who I date or sleep with.” It felt good to say those words.

“I didn’t say it did,” Alan added hastily. “I was just pointing out some obvious things. I also wasn’t asking to sleep with you, I was just going to ask for a little nursing time. For me, at least, sex is secondary to the chance to suckle on a beautiful woman’s breasts.”

Despite herself Kelly was a little bit flattered. “I wasn’t going to say not for any of those reasons,” she said trying to steer the conversation back to the important point for her. “I’m okay with being submissive, I’m okay with having sex with whoever I want, and I’m okay with letting people nurse from my breasts, but I have two sons and they sometimes interfere with my sex life.”

As soon as she said the words she realized she sounded more confident about herself than she actually felt.

“Oh. Well, that makes sense. Of course your kids come first. I’ve got a daughter myself and it’s amazing what you have to give up for them.”

“You have a daughter?” It was a stupid question Kelly knew, but she plunged forward. “Who watched her while you were at the Mauzons’ party?”

“My ex-wife.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah, we had some differences on a lot of issues.”

“Like what?” This was hardly the sexy, flirty talk she wanted it to be.

“Money, jobs, family, the house, more kids, childrearing, money, her family, my family, household chores, you name it.”

“Sex?”

He laughed. “Yeah, sadly, of course.”

“Did she…did she lactate for you?”

There was a pause and he said, “When she was trying to wean Clarice was when I discovered I was really into breast milk. She tried for a bit but hated it for a variety of reasons.”

Kelly’s heart melted. She had always enjoyed breastfeeding her babies and maybe if Josh had picked up where they had left off…but that was a fantasy world. And her tits were fully working now and she knew at least two men, probably three, and maybe a woman or two, who would happily suckle at her breasts.

“Maybe we can work something out,” she said.

Admitting Alan into her house at ten o’clock at night made her feel like she was doing something wrong, like the reverse of a teenager sneaking out late at night in the middle of the week for a party. Except she was an adult and could make any choice she wanted.

“We need to keep it down,” she said softly to Alan after closing the door. “The boys sleep pretty heavily, but still…”

“I understand,” he smiled. This was the first opportunity she really had to evaluate him. In addition to his blue eyes and dark, curly hair, she realized that he was really only a few inches taller than her and was barrel-chested, not quite a fireplug-like build, but close to it. His hands were large and they reminded her of her father’s, a thought she quickly pushed aside. “What do you want to start with?”

“Come up to my bedroom and we’ll see where it goes from there.”

That was the best she could manage as a coy seductress. Under other circumstances it would have been hard to feel sexy wearing an old sweatshirt with a nursing bra underneath filled with absorbent pads, but after a moment’s

reflection, she was sure that Alan would enjoy those things.

She was already in pajama bottoms when he arrived and walking up the stairs she wondered if he was looking at her ass under the thin fabric and decided he wasn't. If he had a breast milk kink he probably wasn't an ass man. Still, she found herself putting a little extra wiggle in her walk.

"Nice place," he commented as they walked into her bedroom.

"Thanks, it's a bit of a mess," she said and wished she had taken a few minutes to pick up her scattered clothes. He probably didn't notice the dust on her dresser and picture frames, but she did. Turning around she nervously said, "I don't know how to do this. Do we start making out and go from there or what?"

"Do you want me to play the dominant role?" he asked. "You are a sub after all."

"You want to tell me what to do?" she asked uncertainly.

"If that's what you want. I'm happy being dominant with you."

"Okay…"

"Good. Then take off your sweatshirt and show me your tits."

He probably meant for the words to be shocking and crude, but Kelly welcomed them. She put her hand to the zipper on the front of the sweatshirt and quickly unzipped it. Underneath she wore nothing but the bra and she stuck out her chest a little, letting him admire her covered tits.

"A nursing bra?" he asked. Apparently he knew more than the average man about the accoutrements of lactation.

"Yeah, I had it left over from when I was nursing my kids." She fiddled with one of the hooks that would release and lower the flaps.

"Have you pumped tonight?"

Kelly shook her head. "No. I knew you were coming over so I waited." She winced a little bit. Her breasts didn't really hurt, not yet, but she could tell she was really full and the milk wanted to come out. "I'm very full."

“I’ll help you with that in a minute. You know they have much sexier nursing bras that that plain thing now, don’t you?”

His statement caught her unawares. “Uh…actually, no. I guess I don’t spend a lot of time perusing nursing lingerie.”

There was already a smile on his face but it grew broader. Finding a bit more confidence Kelly gave a quick glance down to his crotch confirmed that his cock was steadily growing, but Kelly didn’t comment on that.

“Maybe you should,” he suggested. “Lower the flaps and show me your nipples.”

Those were the words that she had been waiting to hear. Old skills easily returned to her fingers and she simultaneously unhooked both flaps and pulled them down. The absorbent pad on her left breast was dragged away by the flap as she lowered it, but the right clung wetly to her nipple until she brushed it aside, showing the glory of her tits outlined in the beige fabric of the nursing bra. The material molded her breasts slightly, forcing them outward a bit, giving them a slightly tube-like appearance, but Alan didn’t mind that. His eyes were riveted to Kelly’s light brown nipples that were already dripping milk.

“Shane said you leak whenever you’re turned on, is that true?”

“Yes,” she admitted with a bit of embarrassment, but that was part of the fun too, being embarrassed about something that turned Alan on.

“Are you turned on right now?”

She glanced down at her tits and confirmed what she already knew; they were leaking slowly but steadily. “Yes. Very turned on.” She brought her hands up to her firm breasts and cupped her flesh for a moment before squeezing them just enough to cause both nipples to spray fresh, white milk into the air between them. There was just enough force behind the spray for a few drops to reach Alan and wet his shirt. He grinned in excitement at her. “Oh god,” Kelly moaned, partly because she had squirted him, and partly because just playing with her tits cause her knees to go weak and she was already on the edge of an orgasm.

“Can you cum from just playing with your tits?” he asked her. Alan was using all

his self-control not to grab Kelly, throw her to bed, and suckle fiercely from her tits.

“Uh-huh.”

“Do you want to do that right now?”

Slowly Kelly shook her head. “No. I want to be nursed.” She didn’t squeeze her tits again because she could feel the milk now steadily flowing over her fingers. Not knowing what else to do she stood in front of Alan holding her tits, but desperately she wanted to lick her fingers clean of the sweet milk, or even better than that, let him lick her fingers.

“Do you want me to nurse you?”

Kelly nodded. “Yes, please. I don’t want to waste my milk.”

That was the part that killed her the most, dumping her milk down the drain. If someone wanted to actually drink it, she would feel so much better about herself.

“Lay down on the bed,” he told her.

Moving unsteadily, Kelly stumbled to the bed and lay down on her side. Alan was right next to her a moment later and she offered up her breast to him. The moment his lips touched her skin, she sighed and relaxed. All the tension went out of her body and she allowed herself to be suckled. He placed one hand over her bare breast, getting it wet with her milk, as he suckled from the other.

Every time he pulled on her nipple she shivered with delight. As he feasted upon her breast she periodically pulled his hand up to her mouth so she could lick the sweetness from it. Alan bad barely been nursing for more than a minute when Kelly’s whole body convulsed with her first orgasm. He kept his eyes open as he nursed and she came. The moment the orgasm had passed Kelly opened her eyes to see him staring at her. “You’re beautiful when you cum.”

Trying to laugh the moment off she said, “I bet you say that to all the women you get to lactate.”

“True. But so far that’s only been you.”

Her eyes went wide at that revelation, but he lowered his mouth to her other breast and they stopped talking. He kept her on edge for a few minutes after her first climax, moving back and forth between her breasts, drawing out her milk and making her shiver with lust. Only when she managed to whisper out the words, “Make me cum,” did he suck long and hard on one nipple while pinching the other. She smothered the noise of her orgasm in a pillow.

“I don’t think they’re going dry,” he told her, cupping both breasts as she rolled to her back. Both nipples continued to leak so his fingers got wet but he didn’t complain.

“I’ve got a lot of milk,” she told him. “Keep going.” And he did. Kelly eventually lost count of all her orgasms. At some point they all blended together, but when Alan finally stopped nursing, her nipples were sore, there were a few small bruises from where his teeth had dug into her areolas, but she was finally drained, completely empty. Her tits stopped leaking.

“Thank you,” she breathed to him.

“It was my pleasure.” Alan rolled off the bed and stood up. “It’s late; I should probably get going.”

“Umm…I’m not going to invite you to spend the night, but I feel like I should give you a blowjob at the very least,” she said without a hint of embarrassment. If she could invite a man over to nurse from her tits so she could get off more times than she could count, it was only polite on her side to offer him a blowjob.

“Wow. I’m…uh…flattered,” he said. “I’d love one but…” he trailed of and didn’t say another word. When Kelly looked at his face she realized it wasn’t red from nursing but from embarrassment.

“But what?” she asked. “I don’t mind, really. I want to. If for nothing else than to just say thank you.”

“Um…I came when I was nursing on you,” he admitted.

“What?”

“I came in my pants,” he said looking away. “Uh, I want to use the bathroom to clean up a little. And I don’t mind telling you that’s the first time I’ve done that

since junior high."

Kelly decided to play the minx and half-shrugged at him with one shoulder. "Just because you've cum once doesn't mean you can't do it a second time. I don't mind putting in a little work." She sat up and pulled off her bra, letting her tits swing fully free.

"Why don't we save that for next time," he said while admiring her bare breasts. "This way I can leave and you can think of me as a gentleman."

"Next time then," she agreed.

"Or at this weekend's party. I heard you're going to be the main attraction."

This was news to Kelly. She knew that Shane and Cecelia expected her to come as their guest to some big play party and she knew that they wanted her to reprise her role as the milk maid to the guests, but she didn't think being the main attraction was for her. "I am?"

"And I wouldn't miss it for the world."

End Part Three

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.

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