
MILF Milk 4:
SHARING
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush
Publishing


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**MILF Milk 4: Sharing**

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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# Chapter Twelve

“You’ve got to tell me how to get kinky with Sherman,” Janice insisted. It was Friday night and their kids had gathered again for an evening of video games and movies. The women were slowly getting drunk of wine in the kitchen. Sherman was working late and wouldn’t be home for a while. Tomorrow Kelly had the play party where she was supposed to be the main attraction. That worried her because she didn’t know if she was an attraction because she was new to whatever kinky group Shane and Cecelia had formed or because her breasts had proven incredibly efficient at producing an incredible amount of milk.

“I don’t know, Janice,” Kelly said, exasperated. “What kinks does the guy have?”

“That’s the thing of it, I don’t think he has any. We’ve been three times a week for the past few years and the wildest we get is me on top riding him reverse cowgirl.”

“Maybe he’s just plain vanilla,” mused Kelly. “What kink do you have that you want to try out? Surely you can’t be into lactation.” She adjusted her bra inside her loose fitting shirt. It was late and her breasts were getting tender and full, it was almost past time for her to pump.

“No, nothing like that,” Janice said dreamily.

After a moment’s pause Kelly prompted her. “So tell me, what’s your kink? You obviously have one.”

“No…” Janice said.

Kelly gestured to the bottle of wine. “How much more of this am I going to have to pour down your throat before you tell me? You obviously want to.”

“I don’t…”

Picking up the bottle Kelly filled up Janice’s glass. “Tell me.”

Janice sighed. “Anal.”

Kelly looked at her. “Anal? That’s it. Just anal?”

Janice glared at her. “Yeah. Anal. I’ve never been fucked in the ass and I want to try it.”

After taking a large sip of wine Kelly said, “Does Sherm know?”

“Of course not!”

“Well how do you expect him to indulge in your kink if don’t ask?”

Janice just shrugged. “I don’t know.”

“Ask him,” Kelly said, dispensing advice that she knew she herself would have trouble following. “If you don’t ask him, it’ll never happen. Besides, after a three-way with two women, anal has to be most men’s go to fantasy.” She finished the last of the wine in her glass. “What if he’s into it and the two of you are laying next to each other every night wishing the other would speak first?”

“What if his big fantasy is a three-way instead of anal?”

“Then I’ll volunteer to be your third,” Kelly offered.

The offer made Janice uncomfortable and to change the subject she asked, “What are you doing tomorrow on your big date?”

Kelly’s mother was going to watch the boys while Kelly was out. Kelly had lied to her best friend and told her that she had a date with Alan. It was only half a lie, Kelly reasoned; Alan was going to be there. “Dinner. Movie.” She smiled. “And maybe some tit sucking afterwards,” she laughed.

Janice giggled along with her. “I don’t understand men, especially the ones into really strange stuff.”

“Like what? Anal? Three-ways? Lactation?”

“Yeah. All of that.”

Since Shane and Cecelia hadn’t told her what to wear, Kelly wore what she considered her single-mom uniform: sweatshirt, leggings, and boots. Underneath

that she wore her plain yellow cotton underpants and nursing bra. Driving over to their house if she had been stopped by a cop there was no chance he would have guessed that she was planning an incredibly kinky evening with who knew how many people and what exactly she would be doing. The thought of her secret excited her, but there wasn't a single cop to be seen in her boring suburban town.

When she arrived at the Mauzons' house and saw that they were dressed up—Shane in a suit and Cecelia in her collar and dress—Kelly immediately wanted to turn around and go home. "You didn't tell me to dress for this," she complained.

Shane grabbed her wrist, unwilling to let her out of the house. "You're not going to need to dress up. You're going to be the main attraction."

Kelly struggled against his grasp, trying to pull away. It was a stupid, futile struggle because he was much stronger than her and, oddly, she wanted to go to this party that was a mystery to her. She knew they were intentionally keeping her in the dark and she hated it.

"Stop," Cecelia told her husband. He didn't immediately let go of her wrist, but Kelly found the strength to break free. She would have left, but Cecelia was blocking the way. "If you want, you can borrow some of my things, but you're not going to need them. You're going to be naked."

"I don't like it when you just assume I'm going to go along with your plans."

"But you are going to go along with them," Cecelia said. "I know." She pointed to the metal collar around her neck. "I know better than anyone. I like being sub and I like being dominant. You're a sub, girl, and you like giving your tits to whoever wants to suck on them. You're going to put on your collar and be a good girl and do what we say!" Cecelia took a deep breath and calmed herself. "Or would you like to go back to a boring life and let your tits shrivel up to nothing?"

It was a specious argument and Kelly knew it. But she gave in all the same. "No, I don't want to go back."

Cecelia smiled. "Good. You can wear that to the party. It doesn't matter. Once we're there you can strip naked. Don't worry about it, everyone will be that way

eventually. You'll just be the first."

"Okay," Kelly agreed.

"One more thing," Cecelia said as she proffered the collar to Kelly. "You need to wear the collar to the party."

"Fine."

"And these as well." From the table in the front hallway Cecelia opened up a wooden box to reveal a set of four silver cuffs that matched the collar. There was even space in the box for the collar. "Two for your wrists and two for your ankles."

"You're going to tie me up?" It was something new and exciting. It seemed like Kelly was always trying something new and exciting lately.

"Chain you up, actually," Shane said. "These are hard metal cuffs, not rope. They're going to hold you in place. You'll want to stay in place for what we have planned; these are just going to be reminders."

"And you're not going to tell me what I'm going to have to do," said Kelly already knowing the answer.

"Not yet," said Shane as he slipped one of the hinged cuffs around Kelly's wrist, the one he had recently been holding. This time she didn't struggle away. The cuff opened up, and he closed it around her slim wrist, it wasn't too tight nor too loose, it was like they had been made just for her. Cecelia slipped a pin into place that held the cuff closed. From the box Shane grabbed a small lock and slipped the hasp into the hole drilled through the pin, locking it in place. "Comfortable?" he asked her.

"I'll get used to it," she said. "Apparently I can get used to anything."

They repeated the process on her other wrist and then put on the collar. They opted to leave off the ankle cuffs for the drive to the party because of her boots, but Cecelia put the red lace thong Kelly wore at the last party into the box with the two remaining cuffs.

"You're going to love this, I assure you," Cecelia told her friend and gave her a

kiss on the cheek.

“How do you know?” Kelly asked.

“Because you decided to stay.”

She sat in the back seat on the drive to the party. Shane and Cecelia were in the front, chatting away like the married couple they were, talking about nothing of significance. In the back seat Kelly felt like their child being dragged along to an adult party where she would be bored, where she would be the third wheel.

And she paused in her thoughts. Third wheels made things exciting. And she was to be the center of attention of the party.

They parked in the long driveway of the house and it was apparent that the Mauzons knew people with some money. There were no other cars yet. They confidently walked to the front door and rang the bell, Kelly in tow in the back. A woman with straight brown hair that hung to her chin and a flowered dress answered and admitted them, nodding once to Kelly and then rushing off to finish preparations. “You can use the blue guest bedroom,” the woman said as she disappeared around the corner. The Mauzons escorted Kelly to the bedroom, carrying their overnight bag and the box with her last two cuffs and red thong.

The room had two twin beds in it, which Kelly thought was odd. “Strip and let’s get these on you,” said Shane. He was eager to start the evening. Cecelia went to the mirror between the beds and opened up the front of her dress all the way, unfastening every button down the waist. That revealed she wasn’t wearing a bra, which wasn’t a surprise, but then she pushed back the material to show off her tits, capped with her special nipple shields. Kelly paused in the middle of undressing to admire the other woman’s body and confidence.

Cecelia caught her spying out of the corner of her eye. With a wink she pulled up the hem of her dress and showed that she was wearing a red thong that matched Kelly’s. “I do have some couth, even when it comes to sex parties,” she said.

“Finish undressing,” Shane told Kelly. “I want to get these cuffs on and make sure they fit.”

“They’ll fit,” Cecelia assured him as she opened up her small purse and touched up her lipstick.

Kelly pulled off her sweatshirt, boots, and leggings. Before she could ask about her underwear and bra, Shane was kneeling before her, wrapping the hinged cuff around her ankle. As predicted it fit perfectly and he uttered a sigh of relief.

“Were you really that worried?” his wife asked him.

“Yes. I want everything to go perfectly. I want to impress everyone with how good she is.”

Cecelia nudged Kelly’s breasts still encased in the nursing bra. They jiggled back and forth heavily. While the gesture didn’t hurt her, Kelly definitely felt the weight of the milk she had been making and storing. The slight motion was just enough to cause a thrill of pleasure to ripple through her body, making her close her eyes. “As along as she’s full of milk, they won’t care,” Cecelia commented with an amused shake of her head. “And look at her, just touching her tits set her off. She’ll be fine.”

“Take off your bra and underwear,” Shane instructed Kelly. She had already entered the state of pleasure where she was extra susceptible to sexual response and easy control. He unhooked her bra for her, and she slipped off the garment. Right away Cecelia clucked her tongue.

“The girl is already leaking. Let me put the clamps on her.” Cecelia was a little too eager in her desire to clamp Kelly’s nipples.

Kelly looked down and, indeed, her nipples where already dripping with thin, white milk. It wasn’t much, but enough that something had to be done, but she feared what the clamps would do to her will.

“Let the girl get her thong on first,” Shane said irritably, shaking the scrap of red material at her. Kelly tried to focus on what was being demanded of her. For a moment she felt like an actress being rushed to get ready for her big performance, except she didn’t know the words to her role and would have to improvise the entire time. That still didn’t stop her. She pulled off her underwear and put on the thong, making the thin string got between her buttocks and adjusting the sides to where it sat perfectly around her hips.

After the adjustments Cecelia said, sarcasm dripping from her lips, “Very pretty,” and then grasped Kelly’s right nipple, stretch it out far enough to make it easy to slip the clamp into place. She did it with a practiced skill.

“Not too tight,” Kelly cautioned her. It already felt incredibly good just to be handled—even roughly handled—by someone else. She wanted the touch and attention, but she also feared the pain and eventual lust-driven fugue caused by the clamps. Knowing she was submissive she was already too eager to go along with their suggestions and orders, but she also knew that with the clamps on she wouldn’t be able to concentrate and resist doing more than she was normally willing to.

Cecelia smiled at her and tightened the clamp down enough to squeeze Kelly’s wet nipple, making sure it was tight enough so it wouldn’t slip off and not really concerning herself with Kelly’s pain.

“Oh,” Kelly moaned. Her knees went weak and she wanted to lean against Shane or just lay down. She both loved and hated her tits, the way they controlled her.

“Perfect I’d say,” Cecelia declared and then grabbed Kelly’s left nipple.

“Maybe I should put it on,” Shane said.

“You’ll make it too loose.”

“And you like hurting the poor girl,” Shane snapped.

“So what if I do? She can take it; she’s tough. And you don’t want the clamps slipping off before the right moment, do you?”

Kelly only half listened to the debate over how to treat her tits. She was already thinking about the orgasm that was slowly building in her body.

Eventually the clamp went on and the married couple debated for another minute before settling on the appropriate tension on the clamp before she was led out into the house by Shane, who had clipped a metal lead to her collar. “Fold your arms behind your back,” he instructed. “We don’t want to have to actually lock the cuffs together. Too much work. Just keep your hands behind your back.”

She did as she was told, which shifted her posture, forcing her chest outward,

making her lead with her tits, which she was certain was an intended effect. By now the clamps had done their magic, stopping her dripping, but also putting her in a lusty frame of mind. Her entire body had become sensitive to the air around her, but she lost track of the people.

The house had filled up with guests. Though admiring eyes evaluated her, she wasn't molested or directly approached by anyone. There were guests in two states of dress, the semi-formal like what Cecelia and Shane wore, and next to nothing like Kelly. She saw one other woman wearing nothing but a wide black collar around her neck, forcing her chin upward. Her hands were chained behind her back, but she was quickly whisked away to another room. She was certain she saw George, fully naked, his cock hanging softly between his legs, when they were approached by the woman who admitted them to the house.

"Cece! Shane! Darlings! Thank you for coming and brining this bright young girl." The woman sidled up to Kelly and stroked her bare arm, coming close to her breasts, but not touching. Kelly was still surprised at her forwardness, it was just enough to bring her out of her reverie. "Her eyes are blank…and glazed. Did you drug the poor thing?"

"Of course not, Michelle," said Shane. "What you see in her eyes is pure lust. Her very sensitive nipples are under a bit of stress, as you can see." Shane was very smooth, obviously knowing exactly what Michelle was looking for.

"They are beautiful breasts, I'll agree," murmured Michelle as she lightly traced her fingertips on the underside of Kelly's breasts. Kelly shivered once—now not at all surprised at the overly familiar gesture—and remembered that she was supposed to be the main attraction at the party. She was an object for everyone else's use and for her to object to any but the roughest of handling would have been a party faux pas. "Does she really need to clamps to get her excited?"

"Not at all," said Shane. Cecelia at his side was strangely silent, but then Kelly remembered that in Shane's presence his wife was submissive, only with others did her dominant personality come out. "Just a few caresses get her going. The clamps are to keep her tits from leaking."

"Well, that might be interesting too," commented Michelle. Bored with just touching Kelly's soft skin, she let her fingers wander upwards, dragging manicured fingernails over the ends of Kelly's exposed nipples. Kelly wanted to

fall to the floor. Michelle laughed. “She is a slave to her body, isn’t she?”

Ignoring the question Shane said, “Has Alan finished his preparations?”

Michelle nodded. Her eyes had gone from Kelly’s tits to her face, examining the new woman intently. Kelly purposely kept her eyes unfocused. She was worried and excited at the same time and got more than a waft of her feminine desire. “He’s in the den and has created quite a setup. I do hope it works and this all hasn’t been a waste of time.”

“It’ll work,” Shane said confidently. Taking Kelly by her lead, he guided her down the hallway.

The den turned out to be a large room filled with bookshelves against the walls, two couches in the middle along with several small tables. It had all the appearance of a man’s study hidden away in the back of a British manor house. Incongruously in the middle of the room was a strange structure that looked like a post-modern bit of art created with shiny metal pipes.

Her first thought was to ask what was going to happen, but after a few seconds study, she quickly understood the mechanics of what was planned for her, but not the reason why. Alan was in the room, looking through a toolkit that was sitting on one of the tables. He was nicely dressed, like everyone else, and smiled at her when he turned around and saw Kelly on display. “Hello,” he said, an eager glint in his eyes.

“Let’s get her into position,” said Alan, getting right to business. “Some of the other guests have already seen her and I want her properly on display when the party actually starts.”

“What about the—?”

“Let’s just put her on the rack first and go from there,” Shane said quickly. He pulled Kelly over to the bit of industrial artwork. “Get on your hands and knees over the rack,” he told her. “Then hold still. We need to lock your cuffs the pipes.”

The entire structure was bolted to a heavy board that was on the floor giving it some stability. There were pads for her knees and hands, but it took her a moment to figure out how she was supposed to position herself. Looking from

above the rack was in the shape of a capital letter I with rings and locks at the ends of each corner. The center bar had two posts rising up, one at the top of the I and one from the middle, each with a crossbar at the top. The crossbar at the top of the I was about a foot wide, the one in the middle was two feet wide. The entire structure was roughly three feet long and slightly narrower for the width.

Kelly was made to get down on hands and knees over the unusual rack, her neck above the taller crossbar and her hips over the shorter, but wider one. Her hands were placed next to the ends of the bottom crossbars and her feet fell next to the opposite pair. Working quickly Alan and Shane locked her wrist and ankle cuffs to the rings at the corners of the rack, effectively immobilizing her. Shane locked her neck collar to the top crossbar and gave her a little kiss on the lips.

“You’re doing wonderfully,” he told her. “Are you scared?”

Oddly, Kelly wasn’t. She was nervous, but she had a good idea of what was about to happen and wanted to experience it. Sure it was strange and unusual, but she had come to terms with that. Being a submissive woman with a kink that focused on her lactating breasts had moved her to a different place in the universe. She had no fear of acknowledging who she was.

Kelly shook her head as best she could, her range of motion limited by the rack. “No, I’m not scared.”

“Do you want a blindfold?” he asked kindly.

“No! I want to see what’s happening.”

“We also have a ball gag if you can’t remain silent,” he told her, displaying a device that was a hard red rubber ball fixed on a leather strap. Its purpose was obvious. “You need to remain silent except for moans of pleasure and if you want someone to stop what they’re doing. Just use the safeword ‘eclipse’, can you remember that?”

“Eclipse,” she repeated but was certain that was an entirely unnecessary precaution.

“Good. We want your mouth to remain free because without doubt someone will want to use it. Is that okay with you?”

“I don’t mind sucking a little cock.” She was a little bit offended he even had to ask. She didn’t mind giving a blowjob. Giving one while her collared neck was locked into place would be a new experience, but she was willing to try.

“Good girl,” he told her again and kissed her on the cheek.

“What about my thong?” she asked, wiggling her ass back and forth. The lower crossbar’s purpose then become obvious: to keep her from moving forward and trying to escape getting fucked from behind. That seemed silly to her, but there it was. It forced her ass up a bit and would have exposed her pussy if it had not been covered by the thong.

“We’ll leave it on for now,” said Shane. The rack and the way her legs were locked into position would make it all but impossible to remove, but that wasn’t Kelly’s concern. She was focused at the moment on her tits which were hanging down heavily.

“Should we leave her clamps on?” asked Alan. “We don’t want her nipples damaged.”

“Leave them for the moment. She’ll have to wait a little bit, but not long. Anticipation will only heighten the moment.”

They exited the room, closing the door behind them, leaving Kelly all alone and when she realized that, only then did she start to panic. She couldn’t really move. She couldn’t slip her hands or feet through the cuffs. Her head was locked into an uncomfortable position and her tits were starting to burn with the pressure from the nipple clamps. Being alone had never worrier her before, but being alone and bound to the rack, started her heart thumping and she was overcome with an urge to move—and she couldn’t. The sounds of the party—mostly people talking and laughing—came through the door. Kelly quickly grew tired of the waiting and wanted something to happen, but nothing did.

The frustration of her situation—she could get up and leave, she couldn’t masturbate, she couldn’t talk to anyone—started to wear on her right away. She was desperate in almost no time at all; she knew she could have called out for help, but that would have ruined the moment and the party.

None too soon the door finally opened to admit Michelle, followed by Shane who was leading Cecelia by her collar. Cecelia was now naked but for her

stockings and nipple shields. This relaxed Kelly for a moment, and then more people poured into the room: Alan with a woman Kelly didn't recognize, George who was naked and being led by another man who had a leash attached to the cockring George was wearing; two more women, fully dressed, and then more people who faded into a large crowd. The once nearly empty room became oppressively full.

Michelle started speaking. "For those of you who don't already know, this is Kelly, who was brought to us by Shane and Cecelia. Kelly has a little secret. As you can see she's wearing nipple clamps, but not just for the fun of it." The crowd tittered at the joke and Michelle moved on, smiling. "She's currently lactating, putting out an incredible amount of milk—according to Shane, at least—and we don't want to lose a precious drop. Jason, if you would be so kind?"

One of the men moved out of the crowd and place two metal bowls under Kelly's breasts. Their purpose was obvious. Jason, however, did not remove the clamps, which is what Kelly really wanted, to feel her milk flow and to show off for the crowd, to display her special talent and have someone nurse on her so she could cum. She had resigned herself to probably getting fucked while in the rack—and that was fine—but nursing from this position would be more difficult. Before getting back on his feet, Jason did take the opportunity to slide his fingers over Kelly's engorged breast, giving her just a little thrill, keeping her on edge.

"Who wants the honor of unclamping her?" asked Michelle.

The crowd was silent a moment and then a shy female voice spoke up. "Can I?" a petite woman with long brown hair coiled up in braids on her head said as she raised her hand, asking permission like a school girl.

"Go ahead, Claire," said Michelle. "Just be certain to loosen the clamps, not tighten them. We don't want to hurt our new toy." The crowd laughed lightly again, but this time Kelly wasn't sure why.

Claire knelt down next to Kelly who turned her head just enough to see the petite woman was wearing extremely tight pants and a corset top from which her large breasts threated to spill out. Handling both Kelly's breast and the nipple clamp like an old pro, Claire loosened the first clamp and set it aside. A burning flame of pain blossomed from her nipple and Kelly wanted to pass out but then she felt her milk flowing and the steady pinging of the liquid dropping into the bowl.

Someone in the crowd whispered, “Do you hear that?” and everyone stopped breathing to better hear the effect of milk in a bowl.

As silently as she could, Claire went around to Kelly’s other side and unclamped that tit as well. Once more the fire raged through her body and Kelly realized she was on the edge of climax without doing anything, even as she heard the milk dripping into the bowl. All Kelly could think of was she wanted to cum and pass out. Neither happened.

When she came back to herself, Kelly heard murmurs from the crowd. Once again Michelle was talking. “Now we didn’t come here to watch Kelly just drip milk into a bowl. She’s here for everyone’s amusement and use. No restrictions, but first, by request, Shane would like to know if anyone would like to try her milk fresh from the source. I’m told it’s incredibly sweet and when done correctly the silly little girl can be made to cum just by sucking on her nipples. Anyone interested?”

Several eager hands shot into the air causing everyone to chuckle. “I saw Glenn and Tonja’s hands first. Luckily Kelly has two tits so she’ll be able to handle the two of you at the same time. And I think we brought a couple of pillows if you’d care to lay down under her and suck. That’s the way this rack is used.”

The crowd started moving around, admitting Glenn and Tonja to the front. He was a tall, thin man with long elegant fingers, while she sported a very curvy figure in a tight green dress that left very little to the imagination. As humiliating as the situation was supposed to be, Kelly found herself eagerly awaiting the arrival of her two nursers. There was some confusion and bumbling about as some of the crowd left the room, uninterested in the coming events, while others shuffled around for a better view, all while Tonja and Glenn positioned themselves close enough under Kelly to latch on to her breasts.

The bowls were removed and it was Glenn who eagerly latched on first. His mouth sucked her hard and strong which caused a shiver to run down Kelly’s spine.

“Don’t waste her milk, Tonja,” someone called from the crowd. “If you aren’t going to suck on that beautiful girl, get out of the way.”

More laughter erupted but Kelly couldn’t focus on it. She was distracted by Glenn’s clever mouth and eager lips. Glancing down she saw that Tonja had

gotten some milk on her cheeks and, oddly, had two drops on her eyelid causing her distraction, but eventually her eager lips found Kelly's nipple and she latched on as well. The moan that Kelly let out was easily audible to the entire room.

"Is she always like that?" someone asked.

"Definitely," Shane answered. "It's easier for her to cum from having her tits sucked that by fucking her in any hole."

A light finger touched Kelly between her legs, running along the lace material covering her pussy, examining and inspecting her.

"Are you sure?" a man's voice asked. "I've never seen a woman get so wet so quickly just from a little nipple play."

"You haven't seen much in your life, Jason," Michelle teased.

"Keep watching," Shane urged everyone.

The room fell mostly silent as Glenn and Tonja continued to nurse from Kelly who found everything about the situation untenable. She looked up at the crowd, seeking out Shane, but she could only find Alan, so she stared at him as her breathing became increasingly ragged and louder. Her moans were out of control as she came, her body shaking as much as possible considering how tightly she was bound to the milking rack.

Her climax was greeted with a round of approving applause and both Glenn and Tonja politely exited from under Kelly's body to quickly be replaced by two more people eager to taste Kelly's sweet milk. She didn't bother asking for their names; she didn't have the mental capacity at the moment to form the words and it didn't really matter, she was just happy for the attention.

"Thank you," said Tonja to Kelly, giving her a quick kiss on the cheek before disappearing into the crowd.

"Very sweet," Glenn reported to Shane. "Not my usual preference in a woman, but I can see the attraction to lactation."

"Thank you," he said politely to the tall man who just nodded and headed for the door. Glenn was a man in search of new experiences; he didn't have one kink he

was beholden to.

Alan was apparently eager to take his turn under Kelly's tits. He was kneeling behind her and gently running his hands over her buttocks. While her tits got a lot of attention, Kelly's ass was also a thing of beauty.

"Do you want to fuck her?" asked Shane.

"I'm going to wait until I've had a bit of her milk. It seems the right way to do things."

Shane nodded and patted Kelly's rump. She barely noticed; she was lost in the mouths of her new lovers. "I'm sure she'll appreciate the gesture."

It was Alan who was first to fuck Kelly. After nursing on her sweet milk for a few minutes and making her cum—and she had cum so many times already she had lost count—he moved behind the bound woman and tried to slip aside the red thong, but it proved to be a challenge because it clung so tightly to her pussy. Michelle, ever the gracious hostess, provided a pair of scissors that Alan used to snip away the thin material and then plunge his cock into her moist cunt.

She barely noticed, which wasn't an insult to Alan, it was just that Kelly was too distracted by what was happening with her tits to fully realize she had been taken from behind. It only took a few minutes of this treatment for her to realize that getting fucked and sucked together at the same time was exactly what she wanted and needed. Kelly's mind all but shut down and it became nothing more than a conduit to route the pleasurable sensations running through her body.

There was a rotating cast of people sucking from her breasts and a small group of men who were taking turns fucking her. She knew that Alan came fairly quickly. He came inside her and she knew she should have been worried about that, but it wasn't a real concern at the moment because she was having too much fun.

Eventually a man put his cock in front of her mouth. Obediently she opened up and allowed him to put it between her lips. As much she wanted to give a good blowjob, with the collar locked to the rack, it was impossible. Instead, he just slowly thrust his cock in and out of her mouth. She managed to relax her throat enough for him to penetrate her. It wasn't exactly fun for her, but she didn't mind being used this way. Eventually he came, depositing most of his sperm in her

mouth which she readily swallowed.

It seemed that every guest in the house eventually had her in some way, either sucking on her tits to taste her milk or fucking her pussy, or both. She wasn't sure how many men used her mouth, but she guessed three, plus one woman who had taken a chair and placed it in front of Kelly's rack, spread her legs, and encouraged Kelly to lick her pussy. Because of her limited range of motion, Kelly was certain she had done a terrible job, but the female guest walked away satisfied.

She wasn't certain how much time passed, but ultimately everyone had their fill of Kelly and the room slowly emptied, leaving behind only a few observes and who chatted amongst themselves. The silver bowls were under Kelly's tits again and she was still dripping. She was also disappointed that no one was sucking on her.

"Is everyone done with her?" asked Michelle. She seemed disappointed that this phase of the party was over.

"I think so," said Shane. "This is the perfect opportunity to test out the device that Alan built. Do you mind?"

Michelle shrugged. "Fine with me." She walked out the door.

If she wasn't going to be used, Kelly wanted to be released from the rack. After over an hour being chained in place she was starting to get tired and sore, but Alan and Shane weren't done with her yet and she was still eager to see what they had planned for her.

After a minute the room was empty except for the three of them. Everyone else had either lost interest in the party's main attraction or had other more exciting kinks to explore. "Did you know that Alan was a plumber?" Shane asked Kelly. She looked up at him with questioning eyes. "It's okay to speak now."

"I didn't know."

"I'm not a plumber," Alan complained. "I own a plumbing business."

"Close enough," Shane countered. "You built this rack with plumbing equipment, didn't you?" he asked, teasing his friend. "You built the device with

your own hands, didn’t you?”

Alan ignored Shane and opened up an industrial box he had set down next to Kelly. Some of the components made sense to her right away. It was obvious what they intended. “I inherited the business from my father,” he explained to Kelly as he worked. “And it’s impossible to run the business and not know the basics of plumbing. We wanted to see how industrious we could make your tits.”

“The breast pumps most women use are pretty good, but they’re built for comfort and portability,” Shane said interrupting. “Farms are focused around efficiency and production. That’s why Alan adapted a cow’s milking machine for you.”

On a certain level the device that was unboxed was similar to the breast pump that Kelly had at home, but it was larger and the collection cones were big enough that they gave Kelly a chill down her spine. But she still didn’t say no. They were already halfway to whatever goal Shane and Alan had in mind and she didn’t want to disrupt that.

She could see where the motor and pump housing had been modified to remove two collection cones because cows have four teats and human women only have two. Kelly didn’t know exactly how factory farms worked, but she was certain that comfort of the animals wasn’t a primary concern for most farmers. But she also knew that she was no ordinary woman and could certainly experiment with an agricultural milking machine.

Worse, her body was telling her she had to experiment with it just to see what the sensations were like.

Shane closed the door and Alan turned on the motor. The pump whirred to life, it was noisy, much noisier than her breast pump at home, but that didn’t scare her. Kelly told herself that the shivers she was having were from anticipation and need. She hadn’t cum enough yet this night even though she had cum more times than she could remember.

Over the hum of the motor, the clunk-click of the pump, and the rhythmic hiss of air rushing through the system Shane spoke. “Your tits are still leaking, and that’s after a whole houseful of kink party guests sucked on your tits. I want to see what it takes to actually drain you dry. This might hurt a bit.”

Kelly wasn’t afraid. Shane and Alan each took a suction hose and moved the silver bowls out of the way. There was only a small amount of milk in each. Alan attached his collection cone to her nipple first. It grabbed her sensitive flesh with a mechanical ferocity. He did it with great accuracy, centering the nipple within the cone; no repositioning was necessary. Shane wasn’t as good. He was off-center on his first attempt and the collection cone made a terrible sucking blat until he moved it, pulling on her flesh unmercifully.

Eventually both were correctly positioned and the pump began to do its work. Kelly watched through the clear plastic collection cones in fascination as her nipples were pulled forward to an incredible distance, which served to pull the milk from her tits in a steady stream, and then the suction relaxed and her tits returned to an almost normal size and shape for a second before the cycle repeated. She could see the drops of milk being hastened through the cones and tubing to be deposited in a large storage jar.

Because of her body’s peculiarities, she was only able to focus on the process for a minute before she started entering that state of twilight lust.

“I’m going to cum again,” she said as she let the weight of her hips fall against the padded support.

“Go ahead,” Alan encouraged her as he ran his hands over her rump.

“It’ll help your milk production,” said Shane.

“You don’t know that,” Alan told him.

“But it sounds good.” Shane was standing up watching the process. “How full is her cunt? How many guys came in her?”

Alan dipped his fingers into Kelly’s pussy, got them wet and sticky, and held his hand up for Shane to see. “I had her once as did you. I saw at least three others: Jason, Glenn, Charles.”

Shane nodded. “At least five, maybe more.”

“Should we be worried about her getting pregnant?” asked Alan.

Firmly, Shane shook his head. “It’s almost impossible for a lactating woman to

get pregnant. I’m not worried.”

Alan nodded and continued caressing Kelly’s ass and pussy. “I think I might have a second go at her. Do you mind?”

“Go right ahead. It’s good for her.”

Pulling down his pants, Alan got behind Kelly with his cock semi-erect. He didn’t need to be rock-hard to enter her. She was wet and loose, ready to be fucked again. Kelly turned her head enough to see who was fucking her, nodded once, and then turned back, all her thoughts focused on her tits and what the pump was doing to them. She didn’t care if someone was fucking her pussy; it was unimportant.

Alan fucked her while Shane watched the milk level slowly increase in the collection bottle. There was no one watching, so Alan took his time and pleasure with Kelly’s body, eventually finishing with a tightening of his balls and depositing a large load of semen deep in her body.

“I think she’s done,” Shane said shortly after Alan came. “About a cup and a half of milk. And that’s after she was used by everyone here. Her tits are amazing.”

What the men had missed was Kelly’s last orgasm just before they disconnected her from the cones. All she wanted to do was collapse. Her tits were empty and her pussy was full. It was a strange combination for Kelly because she was used to the opposite. They took the time to clean her up and unlock her from the rack. Kelly didn’t remember passing out on the couch where they placed her.

# Chapter Thirteen

Kelly didn’t remember how she got back to the Mauzons’ house. They must have put her in the car and driven her but if so, it was a forgotten memory. She woke up alone in the guest bed, which was sort of a disappointment, but Kelly quickly got over it. The smell of coffee wafting from the kitchen pulled her downstairs. Grabbing the robe hanging on the back of the door, she went in search of breakfast.

Walking to the kitchen, three things hit her at once. Her tits were sore, but also already full—again. Her pussy was sore, but it was the pleasant soreness found after a vigorous fucking. And there were more than two voices talking in the kitchen.

“Good morning,” she said pleasantly as she walked with great confidence into the room. Shane and Cecelia she recognized at once, along with Alan, but the third man she couldn’t place for a moment until Cecelia said his name, Jason. A guest from the party.

“Breakfast?” Shane asked.

“Coffee. Please.”

As Cecelia moved to pour from the pot, Shane said, “Just a little. Caffeine isn’t good for her milk. And she needs to be milked this morning.”

Pouting slightly at the tiny amount of coffee in her cup, Kelly said, “I need to be milked every morning.”

“And every night,” added Cecelia.

“We were just discussing that,” said Alan. “We’ve pretty much determined you’re in full production right now, so we need to make sure that you’re getting milked every morning and evening. It would be best if we could milk you midday as well, but that’s probably impractical.”

“I’ve already created a schedule for you,” added Shane. “We’ll have a rotating group coming to your place and on the few time slots we don’t have covered, there’s always the pump.”

“Wait a second,” Kelly started to protest, but they pushed onward, as if she

didn’t matter as a person. She was only tits and milk. As much as she liked that idea, she had an life beyond that as well.

“Several pumps, actually,” Alan continued. “We’ll put one in your house, and one here, and wherever else you might need to be milked.”

“What about this morning?” asked Cecelia.

Alan smiled. “I think we have plenty of eager mouths. We can start off naturally and then use the pump to finish off.”

It was Jason who took the initiative. “Can I go first?” he asked not Kelly, but Shane. “I only had a small taste of her last night and was dreaming about it in my sleep.”

“Sure,” said Alan. “Why don’t you take her to the guest bedroom? We’ll be along in a few minutes.”

“Can’t I eat first?” protested Kelly loudly.

“Good idea,” said Alan. “She needs food to make milk. And give her plenty of water too, not just coffee.”

A plate of toast, eggs, and sausage was deposited in front of Kelly along with a huge glass of water. Jason and Cecelia watched her eat and the moment the food was good, Jason grabbed her hand and dragged her back to the guest bedroom.

Even though she was being treated a bit like a piece of livestock, Kelly found she enjoyed it to a certain extent. In the bedroom Jason sat her down on the edge of the bed and put his head on her lap supported by a pillow. The moment his lips latched on to her nipple, she sighed and relaxed. Maybe she was little more than a milk-producing machine, but if that were the case, that’s what the universe had decided for her.

As always, when she was nursed her lust started to rise. Jason was a handsome enough man, even though his hair was thin, and she found herself unconsciously reaching out, pushing her hand down his pajama bottoms, and tugging on his stiffening cock. He helped her out by wiggling the bottoms down over his hips so she could easily handle his cock.

She found she liked jerking him off while he nursed from her. Certainly she knew she was going to cum from having her tits sucked, so why shouldn't he cum during the process as well? He moaned and groaned as she stroked his cock, which mixed with her own. When she came it wasn't an earth-shattering climax, but a pleasant one to help her welcome the day. Kelly hadn't noticed that Jason had stopped sucking on her tits until after she came out of her orgasm. "Thank you," she told him and eyed his cock. Kelly wasn't the type of woman who needed a certain size or shape of a cock, but when she saw one that she liked, she knew it right away. Jason wasn't hugely endowed, but he was big enough for easy admiration. She wanted to have it. "Want to fuck?" she asked him bluntly. There was no reason to be shy; he probably knew everything important about her already.

"You don't want me to empty you?" he asked. Jason had been a gentleman while nursing from her, moving back and forth, swallowing her milk, lightly pinching the free nipple so she wouldn't leak all over the place and make a mess.

His question made her chuckle and then lightly palm her tits. "I don't think you'd be able to empty me. These are fairly magical boobs. They never seem to stop making milk. I have to wear pads in my bra." As if the words were enough to bring forth the milk, both her nipples slowly started dribbling the precious liquid.

Since Jason's head was still in her lap, he just leaned in and licked the small amount of milk away. She shivered at the contact. "You like that?"

"Always," she answered. "But you didn't answer my question. Do you want to fuck?"

As it turned out, Jason did. He was already erect and she was already wet. He pushed her down to the bed, climbed between her legs, and put his cock into her pussy. What they did was almost just mechanical. Jason enjoyed fucking the pretty half Italian-half Korean woman, but he could have been fucking anyone; it didn't really matter to him. Kelly was happy to indulge Jason's physical needs, since he had already satisfied hers. Letting him cum inside her was just politeness.

When he was done, he climbed out of bed, his large cock semi-erect and wet between his legs, and headed directly for the shower. Almost as soon as he was

gone, Alan knocked politely on the jamb of the open door before walking in. “Mind some company?” he asked her.

Her breasts were just barely exposed. Kelly had pulled the sheet and blanket up for the warmth, not modesty, and she was considering heading to the bathroom to clean up Jason’s leavings when Alan came in. “Sure. Come on in.”

He was dressed in an old t-shirt with a video game logo on the front and sweatpants. Without asking permission, he slid in bed next to her. “Okay, I didn’t come by just to say hello,” he admitted at once. “I came for your milk.” He seemed embarrassed to be asking this favor of her, when Kelly had the complete opposite reaction.

She was happy he had shown up. Her milk hadn’t stopped dribbling and lightly pinching her nipples, while fun, wasn’t a long term solution to the problem. “Thank god,” she said while pulling down the sheets and full exposing her still engorged tits. “Please, have at ‘em. I need to get rid of some of this milk.”

They positioned their bodies parallel, both on their sides and Alan said, before he latched on to her breast, “You know, the more you’re nursed, the more milk you produce.”

“I know,” she said and groaned, partly in frustration, partly in relief as she started sucking. They were mostly quiet for a minute, except for Kelly’s steady increase in heavy breathing. Alan slid his hand down from her free breast, over her stomach, and between her legs.

Automatically Kelly opened up her thighs, letting him explore her pussy. “You’re very wet,” he told her around a mouthful of her milk and nipple.

“I know,” she panted. “I just came…and Jason just came in me.”

That wasn’t enough to deter Alan. He plunged his middle finger deeper into her pussy, steadily pumping it in and out of her. It was a polite gesture and it wasn’t lost on Kelly, but her body’s focus was on her tits, not on her pussy. She was certain that any other woman would have appreciated Alan’s below the waist efforts, but it hardly did anything for her.

There wasn’t much warning between the steady back and forth pattern Alan used to switch breasts so she was evenly nursed, and the sudden high peak she had

when she climaxed again. It felt good to have two orgasms in the early morning from two different men. Maybe it was slutty, but Kelly wasn't going to shy away from that now. She knew who she was.

"Do you want to fuck?" she asked him, knowing that as much as he probably liked drinking her milk and watching as she came, Alan was still a man who undoubtedly needed to empty his balls on a regular basis.

"We don't have to," he said politely.

"I know we don't have to, but do you want to?" she demanded of him.

"Well…sure."

She rolled him to his back and climbed on top of his supine body. Alan pushed off his sweatpants while she pulled off his shirt so they were both fully naked. It didn't come as any surprise to her that he was already hard, which was good because it made it very simple for her to slip his cock into her pussy." You like that?"

"Of course."

"Do you like to watch when a woman fucks you?" she asked. Kelly was on her knees, moving up and down so his cock was sliding in and out of her pussy. This moved her entire body and caused her tits to shake and jiggle. Alan was easily distracted by this display, especially when droplets of milk fell from her nipples to splash down on his chest. She noticed this and held her hands over her breasts to stop the white rain. "Sorry," she apologized.

Alan pulled her hands away, allowing her milk to continue dripping. "You don't have to stop," he told her. "If I didn't like it would have said something."

"Seems wasteful," she told him as she started to move again, riding his cock and planting her hands above his shoulders, letting her tits hang in his face.

Alan turned his head back and forth, licking and sucking on her nipples, drinking the milk as it continued to flow. He thrusted his cock upwards into Kelly. She matched his rhythm and they worked well together. To her surprise Kelly found herself quickly approaching another orgasm, and not just because Alan had been nursing at her, but she felt it building up from her pussy and tits to burst

throughout her body. When she came she barely felt Alan pumping his cum into her as he climaxed as well.

Her morning activities had done nothing to relieve the dull soreness in her pussy and tits, though the nursing did help relieve much of the pressure from the milk buildup. After Alan was done, she retreated to the bathroom for a shower before getting dressed and ready to say her goodbyes to the Mauzons.

“You’re not leaving yet, are you?” asked Shane when she appeared freshly washed and fully dressed. He was still in his robe and she guessed he had nothing on underneath it.

“I have to get home for my kids.”

“We haven’t tried out the new pump that Alan built for you,” he told her.

“I don’t need another breast pump,” she said. “I appreciate everything you’ve done, and I want to continue, hell, I’d even like to keep going with the parties and new people, but I really don’t need another breast pump.”

Alan walked into the kitchen carrying a heavy tool case. She knew what was inside and tried not to look at it. “It’s similar to the one from last night. I’ve got the whole rig in my truck still, but this is the same principal. Stronger suction to drain you completely.”

“I don’t think I want it,” she said with great uncertainty. Already she could feel her panties getting wet at the memory of what the agricultural pump had done for her tits.

“How many times did you cum last night?” Shane abruptly asked.

Kelly tried to brush away his question. “I don’t know. A few times. A lot. But of course that was going to happen. How many people did you have sucking and fucking me?”

“Thirty seven,” Shane said.

Kelly goggled. “That many?” She shook her head. “But how would you even know that?”

“I watched you the entire night. The number is probably higher, but I counted thirty seven times when you definitely came. And you want to pass up that sort of opportunity at home?”

“No,” she said softly and tried not to moan at the idea, and then shook her head decisively. “Yes. Wait. I don’t need it. It’s not the machine,” she told him. “I like getting off because I’m making milk and all that, but what I really like is people who want to nurse from me. That’s the part I want. So…tell whoever you want that I’m open to nursing whenever, but I’m not using a machine to get myself off at every turn. “

“There’s nothing wrong with a good vibrator,” said Cecelia from where she stood behind the kitchen counter stirring her coffee. “I use one almost every night.”

“But would you prefer a good hard cock or a vibrator?” asked Kelly. “And be fucking honest, one or the other. Which is better: a person or a machine?”

Cecelia gave a shrug. “Real is better, but I like variety too.”

Kelly smiled. “And that’s what I’m saying. I like real, but there’s nothing wrong with a little help now and then. But I don’t want that help in my house at all hours.” She quickly gave Alan, Cecelia, and Shane kisses and strode purposefully out the door.

# Chapter Fourteen

Kelly had just finished pumping her breasts, removing most of her milk, when the doorbell rang. She groaned audibly and not from the pleasure the pump had given her; the old pump worked well and did its job, but it wasn't nearly as powerful as the device that Alan had made for her. Getting off with the store-bought pump wasn't as easy as before, even if she was making more milk.

"I'll get it!" a boy's voice screamed from the living room. She let whichever twin had declared doorman's right run to admit their guests while she hurriedly got her clothes back in order: placing the pads, hooking the bra flaps into place and closing her shirt. She already knew who was at the door: Janice and her family. The boys wanted to have friends over for dinner and Kelly found she couldn't say no.

The dinner went as smoothly as possible when it involved four boys under the age of ten. Sherman, Janice's husband, had accompanied them, which was unusual since he always seemed to be working, but he wasn't unwelcome. The entire meal Janice seemed as if she had arrived to the house with a few drinks in her already, though Kelly couldn't detect the slightest scent of alcohol.

Eventually the boys ran to the playroom leaving the adults alone and Kelly brought out a bottle of wine.

"The last thing I need right now is to get drunk," said Janice as Kelly poured. That was enough to make her stop filling the glass halfway. "I didn't say stop," Janice quickly added. "Maybe I do need to get drunk."

Kelly looked to Sherman and he just shrugged. "Go ahead." Kelly filled the glass to the top and added a two more glasses for herself and Sherman.

After a single sip Janice said to Kelly, "I want to thank you."

"For what?"

With a sly look at her husband, Janice said aloud, "For convincing me to get Sherm to fuck me in the ass."

Her timing could have been slightly better. Sherman had his glass halfway to his lips and paused. If she had waited a half-second longer he would have been spluttering his wine all over his shirt and the table.

“Do you really want to tell her that?” Sherman said.

Janice licked her lips and said, “She’s the one who convinced me to ask you. And you fucking loved it. Of course I want to thank her.”

“Glad to help,” said Kelly. “You’re welcome.”

Something clicked in for Sherman. “You two talk about this all the time, don’t you?”

“Like men have an exclusive contract on sex talk?” Kelly said to Sherman.

“Want to play a guessing game?” Janice asked them.

“I’m not sure,” said Kelly warily.

“I’m positive I don’t,” said Sherman with a dry chuckle.

“Too bad, we’re playing anyway,” said Janice. “The game is ‘Guess the Sex Secret.’ Who wants to go first?”

“Not me,” said Kelly quickly. She was echoed by Sherman.

“Too bad. Guess Sherman’s secret,” she told Kelly.

“What?” said Sherman.

“Go ahead, guess,” Janice pressed forward.

Kelly licked her lips and decided to play along. “He’s totally into anal and you were worried about nothing.”

“Nope!” said Kelly with some satisfaction.

“It’s fine. It’s fun,” said Sherman, uncertain where his wife was going with the conversation.

“He does like it,” Janice confirmed, “but it’s not his secret.”

“Foot and/or shoe fetish?” asked Kelly, getting into the spirit of the game.

“No!” Sherman protested.

“Try again,” sang out Janice.

Sherman put his face in his hands.

“He’s a furry?” asked Kelly.

Janice frowned. “Not quite so strange.”

“Do we really have to do this?” asked Sherman.

“Yes,” said Janice.

“Not so strange,” Kelly murmured. “Wait. You can’t mean…he’s completely typical?”

“Maybe…”

Kelly straightened up and said, “Sherm’s a typical male. His big secret fantasy is to have two women at once. A girl-boy-girl three-way.”

“Correct!” crowed Janice.

Sherman hung his head.

“I should have gone with that right away,” said Kelly as she sipped happily on her wine.

“Next, Sherman gets to guess Kelly’s secret, since I already know it.”

Kelly froze and didn’t know what to do. “You haven’t told him?” she asked softly.

“Not yet. He’s going to find out now. Guess,” she told him.

“Fuck,” Kelly muttered.

“She’s into bondage,” Sherman guessed, coming to life from his previous shame.

“Not that I know of,” replied Janice.

Kelly opted to keep quiet about her adventure on Alan's milking and fucking rack.

"She's a secret porn star," was his second guess. "No wait, I take that back. There are no porn stars any more. She's someone's sex slave?"

"No," Kelly said flatly.

Sherman shook his head. "I don't know. I'm out of ideas. She's into huge cocks? A size queen."

"I don't think so," said Janice. "Want me to tell him?" she asked Kelly.

"Sure, go ahead. What the fuck do I care?" Kelly finished drinking her glass of wine and wished she had more. A lot more.

"She's into lactating."

Sherman's brow furrowed. "What?"

"She's into lactating. Having guys suck on her tits and drinking her milk."

He turned to look at Kelly. "Are you lactating right now?"

Kelly had moved beyond her shame and embarrassment about who she was. She straightened up and pushed her chest out a little, not obviously, but not hiding her tits either. "Of course. Once a woman starts she's always making milk."

"I thought they looked bigger."

"Thanks," she said. Sherman just nodded. At that moment she realized that most people wouldn't judge her—or others—for their kinks. They only had to accept them.

"Well, this wasn't nearly as exciting as I thought it would be," said Janice. "Why don't you two guess my secret?"

Sherman scoffed at her and Kelly said, "We already know your secret, you like anal."

Janice rolled her eyes. "We all already know that. Guess my secret right now,"

she demanded.

Kelly looked at Sherman. “Not fair. He’s got an inside edge because he’s married to you.”

“I was going to say,” said Sherman, “that it wasn’t fair because you apparently tell your best friend everything.”

They briefly laughed over the shared admission and Kelly felt bad that she didn’t tell Janice everything about her sex life. Admitting a kink for lactation was one thing, it was another entirely to admit she would let anyone suck on her tits and she’d have sex with them immediately after.

“Fair schmair,” said Janice. “Guess. Let’s have some fun.”

“You’re into gangbangs,” guessed Kelly.

“No.”

“You’re having an affair with another man,” hazarded Sherman with some self-deprecating risk.

“No, sadly.”

“You’re secretly a lesbian,” speculated Kelly knowing it was wrong.

“Sherm isn’t that bad in bed,” she replied.

“You’re secretly a man,” Sherman teased.

“Like you’d know if I was,” she tossed back at him.

“You want to get a sexy tattoo on your ass?” guessed Kelly, not really trying now.

Janice rolled her eyes.

“You’ve faked every orgasm with me.” Sherman was done with the game.

“Only half,” she said. “Geez, you two are terrible at this.”

“Thanks,” said Kelly. “How about a little guidance?”

“I’ve got a plug up my ass right now and it’s really turning me on,” said Janice.

“What?” said Kelly.

“What?” said Sherman.

“When we go home I’m going to have Sherm fuck me while it’s still in.”

“Maybe that’s more than I needed to know,” said Kelly.

“How’d you get a butt plug without me knowing about it?” Sherman asked, a bit stunned and confused.

“Amazon. It’s amazing.”

“I don’t believe you,” Sherman said flatly.

Without warning Janice stood up, turned around and without any warning, pulled down her stretch pants and underwear, bending over slightly to display her ass. Kelly and Sherman couldn’t help but look between her buttocks where a bright red glass jewel was sitting. Kelly wasn’t a hundred percent certain what was inside of her friend, but she wasn’t going to ask for any further proof.

“Holy shit,” said Sherman.

“You’re going to have fun tonight,” Kelly told him.

Later, after the boys were exhausted and ready to go home, a slightly tipsy Janice told her friend, “Thank you. Again.”

“For what?”

“For helping me ask what I wanted from Sherm.”

“Sure. Anytime.”

“I might even indulge in his fantasy sometime,” she whispered to Kelly. “Want to try a three-way sometime?”

Janice stumbled out the door, leaving Kelly slightly stunned.

Kelly had settled into a pleasant routine. Many days she had to resort to her pump, but there were plenty of times when she was visited by Shane or Alan or Jason. Her breasts had found a nice level of equilibrium, producing enough milk to keep her suitors happy without growing to completely distorted proportions. She had gone out to buy more nursing bras and regular ones as well, ones that fit better and enhanced her bust line. She wasn't the least bit shy about showing off her chest now.

Her nipples weren't the least bit sore. She had gotten used to them being pulled on, sucked, clamped and manipulated.

The call from Michael came from out of the blue.

"I know it's been a while, but I was wonder if maybe you wanted to try a date again?"

She had seen his name come up on the caller ID but had answered anyway, mostly out of curiosity.

"I thought I told you to lose my number," she told him.

"I…ah…I didn't."

"I'm not looking for a date right now," she told him.

There was a silent pause before Michael said, "Okay. I understand. You're probably dating someone else right now. It's been a while."

Before he could hang up Kelly said, "I said was I wasn't looking for a date right now, but I wouldn't mind having sex."

"Really?" asked a very stunned Michael.

"Just sex," she said. "I'm not looking for a boyfriend right now. But sex, sex I can do. Just remember that I'm a MILF with stretch marks, lactating boobs, and a C-section scar. And I'm not looking for a boyfriend. Want to get laid?"

It wasn't a date. Kelly went over to Michael's apartment after getting her father to watch the boys for the evening. He demanded less out of her than her mother. "Just sex," she told Michael when she walked in the door and he took her jacket.

"I'm good with that," Michael said.

She smiled. "You're just like any other man. You just want to get laid."

"There is an element of that."

Kelly began unbuttoning her shirt much to Michael's surprise, but he didn't stop her. She revealed an industrial-style nursing bra. "Does this turn you on?"

He shook his head. "Not so much."

She lowered the two flaps to the bra, exposing her nipples and areolas. "How about this?"

"Sort of, kind of."

The bra was made with practicality in mind. Kelly opened the three hooks on the front between the cups and fully exposed her tits. "How about now?"

Michael nodded, admiring her full and swollen tits. "That I like."

Kelly stepped forward and he put his hands to her waist, pulling her close for a kiss, which she indulged him in. Almost automatically Michael's hand came up from her waist to cup her breast and she moaned in the back of her throat as they kissed. A moment later she could feel her milk letting down. It only took a few seconds of him manipulating her nipple to feel the wetness.

"Is that your milk?" he asked but didn't stop fondling her.

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"I still want to fuck you," he said in response.

It wasn't what she was looking for. "You need to empty my tits first," she told him, pushing down on his shoulders, making him kneel in front of her. Kelly

knew it was impossible to actually completely drain her breasts, not without mechanical assistance, but she needed Michael to worship her , if only for a moment.

Maybe not exactly willingly, Michael went to his knees and took her nipple in his mouth, carefully sucking and tasting her milk. It was much sweeter and thinner than he expected. It wasn't at all bad. It was like the first time he had eaten pussy. The idea was intriguing but the smell and taste took a bit to get used to. Once he saw the effect of being nursed had on Kelly, he resigned himself to her needs.

She didn't object when his busy hands found the zipper and button to her jeans. Getting naked with another man was never Kelly's problem. After a few minutes of intense nursing, where he had relieved the immediate pressure in her tits, Kelly allowed herself to be moved to his bed where they stripped off his clothing. She did insist, however, on riding on top of his cock, letting her drips of milk splash down on his body. This was an inconvenience Michael was willing to work through, especially if his cock was buried in her pussy.

Kelly leaned forward on a regular basis, allowing him to suck her nipples, drinking more of her milk and making her cum twice before she made a real effort to drive her hips and get him to cum as well.

When it was all over, Kelly cleaned up and started dressing.

"So what does this all mean?" Michael asked.

"What does what all mean?" she replied as she slung the nursing bra into place and rehooked the front flaps.

He rolled to his side to watch as she dressed. "You. Me. Us. Sex. Where are we going?"

Kelly laughed. "It means nothing," she told him bluntly. "The sex was…okay. There is no us. Maybe when I'm horny, I'll call you again. Maybe I won't. It was just sex."

"Oh." Clearly Michael was crushed.

After putting her shirt back on Kelly leaned down to Michael and gave him a

peck on the lips. “You’re sweet, but I’m not looking for a boyfriend. Not when I have three other guys who actually lust after my tits.”

And with that she sauntered out of his apartment.

# End Part Four

# 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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