
MILF Milk 5:
GIVING
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush Publishing


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MILF Milk 5: Giving

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter Fifteen

“I shouldn’t have done it,” said Janice.

“Done what?” They were chatting over the phone while they both did chores around the house.

“Told him about my anal obsession,” she said quietly. “Worse, letting you know he really wants a three-way. Worse still, that he knows you’re more open minded and kinky than he would have imagined in a million years.”

“Where’s this going. Jan?”

The sigh was strangely distorted over the connection. “Would you mind having a three-way with me and my husband, Kel? He’s been fucking obsessed since that night when I got drunk and came over to your place with the butt plug in my ass.”

Kelly still hadn’t told her friend about the full extent of her new, kinky life. Maybe this was the moment, but she ducked it. Instead she put it off. “I suppose I could help out a friend…”

Much to her own surprise, Janice’s eyes went wide. She was in a state of disbelief. “Really? You’d do that?”

With a shrug Kelly tried to remain nonchalant. “Sure. Shit, why not, Jan? I mean, I’m getting older and…well…do I want to be boring or do I want to have a little adventure in my life?”

Frankly, Janice was stunned. Even with her friend’s admission that she was lactating as a personal kink and probably dating—and fucking—multiple men, this was another step entirely. Kelly kept quiet that what Janice was asking was hardly anything she hadn’t already done or considered. And then it dawned upon her that although she had been in bed with multiple men over the past few months, and let many people—men and women—suckle from her breasts, she really hadn’t been part of a traditional three-way. The only uncomfortable bit would be getting naked with her best friend…and what else did Janice expect from her.

“Okay, wow. I didn’t really expect you to say yes,” Janice nervously revealed. “I was going to ask, let you refuse, and then tell Sherman you said no and he’d

have to find some other woman for the two of us."

Kelly was amused by that scenario. "Okay, so you're going to go through with it regardless of who the other woman is?"

Janice held up her hands. "Within reason. I'm not going to hop in bed with some skank."

"So I'm a better choice than some random skank?" Kelly asked, amused.

"Yes," Janice said quickly with a laugh.

Seeing that neither was terribly uncomfortable with the topic, Kelly pressed onward, intrigued at the proposition. "So, what you would want me to do when I'm there with the two of you?"

Rolling her eyes Janice said, "He wants me to watch and hold his hand while he fucks you—or whoever."

"And you're okay with that, him having sex with someone else?"

She shrugged. "Yeah, I guess so. I won't really know until the moment of truth, will I? But he's not going to suddenly leave me for you just because you two fuck once, is he? He'll wind up with your kids and I'll be living the divorcee's dream." She laughed nervously. "Am I worrying too much?"

Kelly nodded. "I'm not trying to take him away from you. You're just doing this for him because you love him, right? Making a fantasy come true that normally wouldn't be possible for him."

"That's it exactly."

Seeing she had gotten to the core of the matter, Kelly pressed on. "So he wants straight fucking from two women. Easily done. Anything else."

"Don't take this the wrong way," Janice said with trepidation, "but he wants the both of us to take turns kneeling in front of him giving him a blowjob. He's watched too much porn."

"I can do that."

Only now did Janice look away from her friend. “He also wants to watch me fuck another woman. I don’t know if that’s going to happen.”

“I can try that,” Kelly said, half teasing her friend and half eager to make Sherman’s fantasy happen.

“What? You’re kidding! Don’t be like that.”

Kelly grinned and shrugged. “Who hasn’t thought about a little lesbian action now and then?”

They both laughed, but Janice felt herself drawn in. “You are kidding, right?”

“Half and half. Maybe I’d do it in the moment. Maybe you’re lousy in bed. We’ll see.”

And they left it at that.

Kelly liked it when Alan visited her in the morning after the boys were off to school and before she had to be at work. Since he owned his plumbing business, his schedule was flexible, but at one point he had joked that his employees were wondering why this one woman needed so much work on her pipes.

They were on the couch of the living room, Kelly’s blouse open and her bra unhooked while he laid his head in her lap and aggressively nursed at her tits. She had already cum once and was certain she was going to need to change her panties from being soaked. Still, she couldn’t help but reached out and cup his cock through his pants. But that wasn’t good enough for her, eventually she burrowed her hand into his pants and gripped his cock while he nursed. He didn’t object but she knew he wouldn’t.

It was pleasant being nursed by a variety of people, and she became accustomed to their different styles, but Alan had a pleasant way of drawing out her milk. She didn’t realize it by the time she approached her second orgasm, but she was aggressively tugging on his cock, trying to get him to cum even as her own body was convulsing under his attention.

When her climax was over she yanked her hand back from his cock. “Oh god, I

didn’t realize I was jerking you of so hard. I’m sorry.”

Alan just shook his head, a pleasant experience for him because he got to rub his face over both her nipples. “It’s okay. It was fun.”

“Do you want me to suck you off?” she offered, glancing at the clock. They still had a little time before she’d be late for work.

“That would be nice,” he said. “But I’d rather fuck you. It’ll get me off quicker and—no offense—you give okay blowjobs but they aren’t the best I’ve ever had.”

The way he spoke to her made Kelly laugh. “It’s never a good idea to tell a woman she’s lousy in bed as a way of talking her into sex.”

“We’re not in bed,” he pointed out and brought her hand back to his cock.

“If I let you fuck me, you’ll be dripping out of me all day,” she told him.

“That sounds vaguely romantic, I think,” said Alan.

“Romance? I don’t think I’m looking for that.” His remark to her was offhand, but it made Kelly think about what exactly she was looking for in the next phase of her life.

“Or I can use a condom,” he told her. “No muss no fuss.”

Kelly had a few condoms hidden away in her dresser and if Alan was offering, he probably had one with him, but because they had been so intimate before, it seemed almost insulting to ask him to use one.

Besides, dripping semen out of her pussy all day at work made her feel a little sexy and very naughty because no one would know.

Pushing his head off her lap Kelly pulled up her skirt and shimmied her panties down her legs. “No, go ahead and fuck me,” she said, half bending over the couch, opening up her legs and arching her back in the classic pose of a woman ready to be fucked. “I can wear a pad today. I don’t mind.”

Realizing he had gotten awfully close to destroying any chance he had of

fucking her, Alan quickly agreed and pulled down his pants just enough to get his cock out. He stood behind her and slipped his cock into her moist pussy. Kelly grunted once at his rough introduction, and then they started rutting. It was only a little bit strange to fuck with half their clothes on. Kelly rather enjoyed it because it solved some of the problems of the awkwardness afterwards. She normally kept as much of her clothing on as possible when she was being nursed just in case she didn't feel like having sex. There was no point in asking Alan if he liked fucking this way; he was a man and he was happy to get whatever she offered.

It didn't take terribly long for him to cum. The pulse of his cock inside her was pleasant, especially when she was splashed with his cum deep in her pussy. It even causes a small orgasm in her lower region; the climax wasn't nearly as good as a good nipple sucking, but it worked.

After he pulled out she went to her bedroom and found another pair of panties, but before she put them on, she used a wet washcloth from the bathroom to clean herself. By the time she was dressed and ready to go, Alan was waiting for her in the living room. Kelly half wished that he would have left already. The awkward goodbye at the end of a nursing session was always the worst part.

"You didn't have to wait for me," she told him.

"I don't have anywhere to be this morning," he said politely. "Who are you seeing tonight?"

"I'm supposed to drop by Shane and Cece's. One of them, maybe both, they'll nurse me."

"I'm jealous," he said with a wry smile. "I wish I could have your milk all the time.

"Don't be jealous, I'm pretty generous with my tits and milk."

They started heading for the front door. She was comfortable with Alan, but he always wanted more of her than she was willing to give. "How generous are you?" he asked mostly to keep the conversation going. He was disappointed when she answered him.

"I'm supposed to have a three-way with my friend and her husband this

weekend," she told him. "I suppose that's pretty generous." Kelly revealed this little secret to keep him at arm's length. Alan was nice enough but she wasn't looking for a serious relationship.

"Do they know you're lactating?" Alan asked as she closed the door behind them.

"Yes, but that's not what they want from me. I'm the third. They're looking for a bit of an adventure."

"That's very friendly, very nice of you."

"I'm an adventurous girl," she reminded him.

He nodded, trying not to let his jealousy show. "That you are. Thanks for your time—and milk—this morning."

Seeing that he needed a little something to take the edge off his roiling emotions, Kelly leaned in and kissed Alan on the cheek. "No, thank you." She adjusted her tits inside her jacket. "It was my pleasure."

"I'll see you tomorrow morning?"

"Of course. These girls are always making more."

It was Shane who nursed on her that evening. She stopped by the Mauzons' while the twins were over at a friend's house. Cecelia wasn't home so Shane had Kelly come into the kitchen and open up her blouse so he could nurse from her. At first Kelly was confused, because it was easier to nurse in a bed or couch, but Shane just turned around a chair at the kitchen table, sat down, and pulled Kelly close. She was forced to stand while he latched on to her breast and eagerly sucked the milk from her tits.

The problem with Kelly standing up while she was nursed was that her knees got weaker the closer she came to climaxing. She wanted to cum but knew that doing so would probably result in her falling to the floor. She resisted as long as possible, her breathing coming in short, sharp puffs as Shane continued to feast upon her breasts until it all became too much and she practically collapsed

against him. Shane held her up, still sucking on her tits as she came, supporting all this weight in his large, muscular arms.

Eventually the moment of crisis passed and she found herself being placed face down on the table. Kelly was too exhausted from her orgasm to object, even when her nipples touched the cold wood of the table, even when her breasts were crushed between her weight and the table. It was pleasant to rest a moment. She actually enjoyed having Shane's hands on her, gently caressing her back, hips, and bottom.

"I tend to overlook it because you have such great tits," said Shane, but you really do have a wonderful ass as well." He patted her rump lightly. Kelly smiled. She knew where this was going and could easily say no, but felt she had no reason to object.

Putting a little wiggle in her bottom, she said, "Do you like it?"

"What's not to like?" he asked as he pulled lightly on the bottom of her skirt, not pulling it all the way up, but just enough to give her a good idea of what he wanted. "With your ass in the air like that, it looks like you're waiting to get fucked."

"Would you like to fuck me?" she asked. It wasn't an offer, it was a question born of curiosity.

"Of course I would," Shane said smoothly. "What man wouldn't want to fuck you?"

Kelly wiggled a bit more, got her fingertips under the hem of her blue skirt, and pulled it up, exposing her neon blue cotton panties, the type she wore for comfort, not to be sexy. But Shane wasn't really interested in her panties. Seeing that he was being invited, he grabbed the elastic waistband of the panties and lowered them down Kelly's legs, fully exposing her ass and pussy.

Looking down he saw the pad stuck to the crotch of her panties. "Are you on your period?" he asked, not that it would have changed anything, but curiosity had gotten the better of him since she had said that since she had started lactating her periods were extremely short and light.

"No. Alan fucked me this morning and I didn't want his cum making a mess of

my underwear and clothes all day.” She looked over her shoulder at him, still laying on the table.” Are you going to fuck me or not?”

To that Shane opened up his pants, pulled out his hard cock, and set about finding her opening. It wasn’t a challenge; he slipped into her easily. Kelly grabbed the edges of the table and let him do all the work, enjoying the sensation of being the type of slutty woman who fucked two different men on the same day and not caring if they knew about the other and not caring if they were married or not.

In truth, Kelly was reasonably certain that Cecelia would have no objection to her husband fucking another woman, even if it was on the kitchen table. But it would still be a shock for Shane’s wife to come home and find him in flagrante delicto in the kitchen.

As it was, Shane managed to finish with remarkable efficiency, even if he didn’t get Kelly to cum, and Cecelia didn’t interrupt them in the middle of things. Kelly was slightly disappointed by that, but she knew she’d survive the disappointment. She didn’t bother cleaning up; she was rather liking the sensation of men’s cum dripping out of her pussy.

“I’m going to be busy Saturday night,” she told Shane as they pulled their clothes back into position. “So I won’t need Jason to nurse from me.”

“What are you doing?”

“I have a date of sorts,” she admitted with a sly grin.

“What sort of date?” he pressed. She obviously wanted to tell him something but needed the extra encouragement.

“I’m supposed to fuck my best friend’s husband. And if things go well, I’m supposed to fuck her too while he watches.”

Shane nodded in approval. “Sounds exciting.”

“It should be. Maybe it’ll wreck our friendship.” She finished buttoning her blouse and readjusted her tits in their bra. She was ready to leave.

“I doubt it,” he said. “Unless he asked you and this is a surprise to her.”

“No. She asked me and it’s a big fantasy of his, two women and one man and all that typical male sexual behavior stuff.”

“Then it’ll be fine. He won’t want to wreck a chance at a repeat performance, not if he’s smart. Tell us all about it when it’s over?”

She nodded in agreement. Years ago, as a teenager and in her early twenties, sex was such a source of anxiety and worry; now it was nothing but fun.

Chapter Sixteen

“Should we get drunk first?” Janice asked nervously. The three of them were in the living room of Janice’s house. She had brought out a tray of cheese and crackers along with an unopened bottle of wine. Kelly wasn’t sure if her friend wanted to have a kinky sexual encounter or a wine and cheese tasting party. There was no one else except for the two women and Sherman who was sitting in an armchair looking out of sorts.

“I don’t think so,” said Kelly with smooth confidence. She wasn’t actually feeling all that confident in contemplating having sex with her friends, but she realized that she needed to be if this was going to happen. And she wanted to do it, if for nothing else to say she had done a three-way at least once in her life. Getting fucked on a rack by six strangers wasn’t nearly the same as an encounter with three equals. “We don’t want to do something stupid.”

“Isn’t this kind of stupid?” Janice asked.

“That depends on whether or not you think me having sex with your husband is a good idea or stupid.”

“Good idea!” Sherman said a little too brightly causing the other two to laugh.

“See,” Kelly said to her friend. “It’s just sex. A little fun and otherwise meaningless.” To emphasize her point she pulled her shirt over her head, exposing her bra and the impressive amount of cleavage her genetics had granted her. Both halves of the married couple stared at Kelly’s half-hidden tits and she herself looked down at them to be once again reminded that she did have an impressive chest, lactating or not. Cupping them through the bra she told them, “Don’t forget that I’m lactating. Do you want me to leave my bra on?”

Kelly had thoughtfully worn one of her sexier bras, yellow and green with lace details, that gave her tits a bit of a boost and was attractive to look at. Dressing for the occasion seemed only the right thing to do.

“Why would we want that?” Sherman asked. He wanted to see Kelly’s tits and her leaving the bra on made absolutely no sense to him.

“Because I’m lactating,” she clarified for him. “The milk can get a little messy. I don’t mind but do you?”

“You’re lactating right now?” Sherman asked, confused.

“Please excuse my clueless husband,” Janice said.

“I’m lactating pretty much all the time right now,” said Kelly. “I’m always making milk. Sometimes I leak milk, sometimes I don’t. It always comes out when someone sucks on my nipples.” She smiled with a confidence she hadn’t had a few months ago. “Want to try?”

Janice ignored Kelly’s question and asked one of her own. “When do you leak?”

Kelly shrugged which made her tits bounce around fetchingly. “Depends on how full I am, but whenever I’m turned on, I really start flowing.”

“How come your bra isn’t wet?” asked Sherman. “I’ve got absorbing pads inside it,” she told him.

Seeing that her husband was clearly intrigued at what her tits could do. Janice picked up on his fascination and wanted the attention off Kelly’s tits.

“Leave the bra on for now,” said Janice as she opened up her own shirt to give her husband a view of her tits. They might not have been as perfectly formed and perky as Kelly’s but they were bigger. The one downside was that Sherman had seen them a thousand times before. There was no novelty with Janice’s tits compared to Kelly’s. She turned to her husband and said, “Why don’t you take off your pants so we can give you a blowjob,” she said to him. “Don’t you want two beautiful women sucking on your cock?”

It turned out a bit of jealousy was all Janice needed to get things back on track. A reminder of what Kelly was at their house for made Sherman stand up, pull off his shirt, kick off his shoes, and drop his pants.

He might have been a little older than Janice, but he was still in good shape. Kelly wasn’t exactly turned on by the large amount of chest hair he had, but his cock was nicely sized and steadily growing, even without physical attention. Playing along with the game, Kelly got down on her hands and knees and crawled the short distance between them.

Janice got to her husband first, but she was standing up. She gave him a kiss on the cheek and grabbed his cock before Kelly could touch it. Kneeling, Kelly

waited patiently as Janice guided Sherman's manhood into Kelly's mouth.

The married woman only felt half a pang of jealousy as she saw her friend sucking on her husband's cock. The jealousy quickly faded away by fascination and lust. Janice wasn't one to watch much porn so seeing two people actually having sex was something new and different for her. It was incredibly sexy to see it up close and personal. Knowing what her husband wanted, Janice sank down to her knees, next to Kelly, watched her friend fellate Sherman a minute, before she took over. All but pulling Sherman's cock from Kelly's mouth and putting it in her own. There wasn't much need to suck on Sherman. He was already good and hard. Janice was left with the option of continuing the blowjob and letting him finish in her mouth—or Kelly's—or taking the party to the bedroom.

At that moment Janice realized she did want to see her husband with another woman. Maybe it was a perverted thought or desire, but they were already halfway there and if she didn't want to live her life just like every other suburban housewife with two kids, a husband, and a job that bored her, she needed to find something that made her stand out from the crowd.

She grabbed Kelly's hand and pulled her mouth off Sherman's cock. "C'mon. Let's go to the bedroom. I want to see you fuck him." Running with the moment, Janice leaned in and kissed her friend lightly on the lips. It wasn't an intimate kiss, but just enough to leave Kelly wondering…and to make her husband ever more excited.

Pulling Kelly by the hand she led her friend to the bedroom. She didn't bother looking back to see if Sherman was following; she knew he would, thought it would have been funny to watch him walk with his erection bouncing around, projecting out between his legs. They arrived in the room before Sherman and with enough to for Kelly to ask, "Are you sure you want me to do this?"

"Take off your jeans," was Janice's response. She watched, with some jealousy, as her friend took off her pants to reveal a yellow and green pair of panties that matched her bra. Kelly was shorter than her, maybe that was why her body looked better. Just like Janice Kelly had some stretch marks and a belly that wasn't completely flat, the marks of motherhood, but that didn't make her any less sexually desirable. Janice liked how Kelly had easily undressed and wasn't the least bit ashamed of her body. Janice wished she had that confidence.

All thoughts about her friend and rival stopped when Sherman came through the door dick first. “The man of the hour,” said Janice, looking at her husband whose eyes were roaming all over Kelly’s honey-colored skin. “Are you ready to fuck her?” she asked.

“Just like that?” he asked. Now that the moment was upon him, he started to have his doubts about what was going to happen.

“Just like that,” she agreed. “After Kelly takes off her panties. And bra. If she leaves it on it’ll look like she’s in some terrible teen movie about a bunch of horny kids losing their virginity, but they don’t want to show nipples on screen because the MPAA is full of uptight pricks.”

Kelly and Sherman looked at her. “Sorry, off topic. I’m nervous.”

“I’ll leak,” Kelly warned. “But if you don’t mind getting a little bit wet...”

“Keep it on for the moment,” Sherman told her. “But take off your panties.” His hand was on his cock, slowly stroking it.

Without shame or embarrassment Kelly took off her panties and went right to the bed, leaving her bra in place. Sherman followed and Janice stayed rooted in place, not knowing what to do. “Is she wet enough?” Janice asked, almost plaintively thinking she was being excluded. “You don’t want to hurt her.”

Sherman put his hand to the other woman’s pussy, slipping his fingers into her opening at the apex of her little black triangle. “She’s wet,” he reported.

“You know what gets me really wet?” Kelly asked. “When my boobs get played with and sucked on.” She was on her back, propping herself up on her elbows as Sherman squatted between her legs. “Help me with my bra?” she asked Janice.

Not knowing what else to do, Janice reached behind her friend and unhooked the brassiere and together they slipped it off while Sherman watched.

“Oh, wow, you weren’t kidding about leaking,” Janice said as Kelly’s nipple came into view and everyone saw the little beads of milk slowly seeping out. “I was sometimes like that when I was nursing.”

Kelly squeezed her breasts together and forced out little streams of milk from

both nipples. “I’m pretty full right now.”

“You really like people…you know…nursing on you?” Sherman looked befuddled at the situation, but hadn’t lost his hard on.

“I love it,” she declared and offered up on breast to him. “Go ahead, try it. It’ll really get me in the mood.”

“Sherman was afraid of touching my tits when I was breastfeeding,” Janice told her friend.

“That’s because they were so sensitive,” he tossed back at her. Knowing nothing would move along until he did something, Sherman lowered his mouth to Kelly’s nipple and sucked experimentally.

Though he didn’t do it very hard, his mouth was flooded with sweet milk, much to his surprise. Automatically he swallowed and tried again. Kelly moaned and slowly lowered herself to the mattress. “More,” she begged.

“It’s very sweet. Like sugary fruit juice sweet,” commented Sherman. After having his first taste, he was an immediate convert and started eagerly nursing on her breast.

Kelly managed to force her eyes open and, lightly panting, looked at her friend. Janice was watching wide-eyed. “I’ve got two breasts,” Kelly told her. They both glanced down at her exposed breast which was slowly leaking milk. Knowing she was expected to participate—and she wanted to participate—Janice followed her husband’s lead and put her lips to Kelly’s breast.

Sucking on another woman’s breast was nothing Janice had ever considered doing. The sweet taste of Kelly’s milk filled her mouth while Kelly’s moan filled her ears. That was one of the things Janice loved about giving head: hearing her husband moan in pleasure at what she was doing for him. Hearing Kelly moan was just as good. The milk was sweet, like flavored sugar water, and Janice told herself there was nothing wrong with what she was doing.

“Oh god, of god, oh god,” Kelly started repeating over and over. Janice pulled back to ask what was the matter, but Kelly forced her head back down to the breast. It was then that Janice realized her friend was cumming and she wasn’t sure if it was from her or her husband’s sucking, or both.

“Now I’m wet enough,” Kelly declared when the orgasm had passed. Janice back off just enough to see Kelly’s hand go to Sherman’s cock and guide it between her legs. She just barely saw her husband put his cock in another woman.

It was incredible. She was smiling and she felt no jealousy, just happiness, as Sherman started thrusting his hips into Kelly. They fucked like they had been doing it together for years, they worked well together. Janice wasn’t the least bit upset when Sherman bent down and kissed Kelly. Maybe kissing should have been off the table, but it was an incredible mind fuck to Janice and she instantly regretted thinking it should have been banned. Not wanting to be left out, Janice turned Sherman’s face and leaned in to kiss him literally right in front of his lover. And then, swept up in the moment and not turning back, Janice turned her face to kiss Kelly who eagerly accepted her gesture, opening her mouth, and letting Janice explore with her tongue.

That was too much for Sherman. “Fuck fuck fuck,” he rapidly repeated. Janice recognized his expression and realized he was cumming inside Kelly who wrapped one foot behind Sherman’s knee and held him deep within her, letting him finish.

As she watched the wonderful tableau Janice realized she had been so wrapped up in the moment that she had opened up her pants and put her hand down between her legs. Her panties were soaked and she was on the precipice of her own orgasm. “That was beautiful,” she declared, slowing the motion of her hand. She wanted the feeling to last forever.

“I came too quick,” Sherman sad, apologizing to Kelly. “I swear I can make it up to you.”

Kelly laughed and kissed him. “It was fine. I hardly ever come from straight sex. What I really need is my tits played with and sucked on.”

“Like this?” asked Janice and lowered her mouth to her friend’s breast, sucking in the nipple and teasing it with her tongue. Milk squirted into her mouth and she swallowed. It was incredibly easy to get used to something new and kinky, especially when it caused great pleasure in someone else.

“Uh-huh,” Kelly moaned and gently pulled Sherman back to down to her other breast. “Make me cum again.” She was already on edge so it didn’t take very

long for the married couple to bring Kelly to another orgasm which she announced with a low, deep moan while clutching their heads to her chest.

“Ohmygod,” breathed Janice after Kelly was done. “I’m not sure if I’m amazed or jealous. I never cum that hard or easily.”

“It’s a talent,” Kelly said smugly. “Oh, I’m exhausted.”

“I’m glad you’re having a good time,” said Sherman.

Janice leaned over Kelly and kissed her husband. “This is all for you.”

After kissing her back he said, “You know what I want now?”

Reaching down, she took Sherman’s cock in her hand. “You’re a little soft to fuck me in the ass right now.”

“Get me hard,” he told her.

“I can help with that,” said Kelly. She was still high from her orgasms and wanted to see how far she would push herself. Instead of reaching for Sherman’s cock or even lowering her mouth to his manhood, Kelly turned toward Janice and pushed her down to the bed. “Take off your pants.”

At once Janice knew what her friend was planning and she wiggled out of her clothes, getting completely naked. Kelly noted that her friend shaved her pubic hair almost completely except for a landing strip in the middle. That didn’t concern Kelly at the moment. After a quick glance at Sherman to make sure he was watching—he was and his hand was on his cock slowly reviving his flesh—Kelly lowered her mouth to her friend’s pussy and gave her a kiss on her mound before sliding her tongue down into the other woman’s slit, exploring Janice’s sex with her tongue.

Janice tasted just like Kelly’s own pussy smelled. Kelly had tasted herself before and this was no different. Sherman made groans of appreciation as Kelly performed for him. She had intended for it to be nothing more than a show to get him excited so he could fuck his wife, but Janice was extremely wet and Kelly realized it wouldn’t take much to get her to cum. Kelly sucked and tongued her friend’s clit listening to the other woman’s moans and breathing, trying to get her to cum.

It turned out what worked was sucking on Janice's clit. Her body shook and her pussy became suddenly hot as she came. Slyly, Kelly looked over at Sherman who was grinning ear to ear, pleased his wife had deigned to have sex with another woman while he watched.

"You're pretty hard," Kelly said to him, reaching out to hold his cock. He was easily hard enough for penetration. She led Sherman by the cock over to his wife and watched as he mounted and started fucking her. Kelly happily watched the couple fuck and share kisses. She almost felt like she was intruding on their intimacy, even though Kelly knew she was supposed to be the main attraction this evening. It was natural for her, as a submissive woman, to crave attention and want to make others happy.

Sherman lasted much longer with Janice than he did with Kelly because of a combination of familiarity and this being his second go. Eventually he finished, cumming hard in his wife and Kelly rewarded both of them with kisses.

"This isn't going to make things weird between us, is it?" Janice asked. Sherman had rolled out of bed and gone to the bathroom to piss. Kelly cuddled up to her friend to share body heat.

"I certainly hope not. My tits get awfully full of milk and it would be great to have a neighbor who will help me out."

Janice chuckled and gently poked her friend's breast. "You really like that lactation stuff?"

"I love it," Kelly said quickly.

"Sherm," Janice called to her husband. "We need you back here. Kelly needs you to suck on her tits."

"You can do it too," said Kelly, offering up one breast to her friend.

Willingly, with a bemused smile on her face, Janice moved down and started nursing. She was stroking Janice's hair when Sherman returned.

"I think your life is a latent lesbian."

Sherman slowly shook his head and got in bed next to them, lightly tweaking

Kelly’s nipple. “I don’t think so. I think she’s just kinky as hell and is willing to try anything once. And if she likes it, she’ll happily do it again.”

“And again,” Janice said, letting go of Kelly’s nipple. There was milk on her tongue and she kissed her friend. Even Kelly was surprised at her sweetness

Chapter Seventeen

“I’d like to see you in action again on the rack,” Alan said to Kelly as he finished nursing her breasts. She was tucking herself back into her bra and the state seemed to come out of nowhere.

“It was fun doing it at the party,” said Kelly, “but it wasn’t exactly easy on my hands and knees and every other body part.” She smiled. Alan tried so hard and he was overly-sincere. It wasn’t that he was annoying, it was that she wasn’t interested in him as a fulltime partner.

“It wouldn’t be at a party. Just you and me.”

She raised her eyebrows at him. “You want to chain me to the rack so you can fuck me and milk my boobs?” she asked skeptically. “Seems a little elaborate for just the two of us.” With her clothes back in place Kelly stood up as a way of signaling she was ready for him to leave so she could get to work.

“I’ve adjusted the rack to fit you better and added padding to it,” he told her. “And it isn’t just that I want to have sex with you, I want you to have your tits hooked up to the pump so they can be completely drained. I got the impression you loved doing that.”

Alan apparently had remarkable insight into what turned her on, but that was much of a stretch since she came every time he nursed from her. She also came just about every time anyone nursed from her, and that circle had expanded beyond Cecelia, and Shane to include Alan and Jason, and now Janice and Sherman. While it was fun being handled by so many people—she felt like a proud slut and unashamed—it was also wearing on her, like she was beholden to her tits.

Not that was necessarily a bad thing. She had never felt so sexually fulfilled in all her life, but it was a big of drag having a rotating cast of lovers along. Plus she had to deal with her boobs all the time: pads and leaking and appropriate bras and pumping when no one was able to nurse her and constantly filling big and full. She had loved her chest before starting lactation—and she still did—but they seemed to have taken over her life.

“I do like it,” she admitted. “It just seems a little much.”

“We can invite others if you want. Or we can keep it simple.” There was a touch

of sadness in his voice and Kelly's heart started to melt. She didn't love Alan but she certainly didn't want to crush his feelings either. Being the center of attention and a lactating MILF turned her on, but she didn't know where she was going with her life beyond that.

"No, it's just that…I get a little overwhelmed at times having to deal with my tits all the time. You're supposed to nurse me Friday night, right? I'll come over to your place and we can use the rack there, okay?" Already she was planning on a sleepover for the boys with Janice's kids.

"Sounds good. I'll have arrangements for my daughter. It'll be a fun night."

Alan's home wasn't too far from her place. Kelly had expected a house but he lived in the middle of a row of townhouses, almost all of them identical except for some minor variations in window and door placement. She found his place by spotting the van for his family's plumbing company outside. It was backed up to the garage and she wondered if that was because he had wanted privacy while slipping the milking rack from the van to his home.

When he let her inside she stepped through the small entry hall and then found herself in the living room. Smack in the middle of this room was the milking rack. Without wanting to, Kelly felt a shiver run up her spine. Her body wanted her on the rack even if she herself was somewhat ambivalent about the ordeal.

"There's really nowhere else to put it inside the house," Alan explained. "I've got the garage but you don't want to be out there, of course."

"Right," she said, handing him her jacket. This might have been a date of sorts, but Kelly had dressed completely casually. Jeans, sneakers, and a sweatshirt over a t-shirt. She wasn't exactly sure what would happen, but she had no intention of dressing in uncomfortable fancy clothes for it.

"Would you like something to eat or drink?" he asked. It was well after traditional dinner time. Kelly had chosen her late arrival in an effort to avoid awkward chitchat over food and drinks.

"Just some water, please." Kelly inspected the rack. As promised Alan had made alterations to the device, adding some padding and adjusting the size of some of

the pipes. She saw now it wasn't just some leftover bits of PVC slapped together. Alan had used high quality silvered pipes that were undoubtedly very expensive. On a certain level, the rack was a bit of artwork.

"Or we can get right to it," he said.

Kelly realized he was holding a glass of water out to her and with some embarrassment came to the conclusion that she must have been admiring the rack while he fetched her drink. "Sorry, I was just…looking."

"You seemed distracted," he said as she accepted the glass and quickly downed half the contents.

"Sometimes my body knows what I want better than I do," she conceded. She shimmied her shoulders slightly to accentuate her breasts, mostly hidden by her shapeless sweatshirt, and added, "I'm pretty full right now. Maybe we should get to business."

"How do you want to do this? Do you just want to be milked or do you want to have sex too?"

It was an honest and direct question. He had nursed on her on many occasions, sometimes ending with sex, sometimes not.

"I think yes to sex," she said while unzipping the sweatshirt. "As soon as I get hooked up to the pump, I know I'm going to get wet. I don't need cock, but my body is going to want it."

"Better get completely undressed then," he told her, taking the glass away along with her sweatshirt. Her t-shirt clung to her torso and even though Alan knew she was wearing a nursing bra and pads underneath the shirt, he was certain he could see the outline of her nipples. "It's easier to put the cuffs on after you're naked."

"Do I really need the cuffs?" she asked. "It's not like I'm saying no."

"I'd like to use them. The rack was designed with them in mind."

After a nod of agreement, Kelly stripped down without ceremony, leaving on her beige nursing bra but removing her yellow and pink flowered underwear.

The thick metal cuffs went around her wrists and ankles and along with a collar around her neck. The new placement of the bolts on the rack were perfect. The extra padding made the rack almost like a weird piece of furniture one laid face down on. Alan hooked the cuffs to the bolts and soon she was effectively immobilized. There was a certain comfort for her in being held like this because she no longer had full control over her body and Alan was responsible for her. She knew this was her submissive side coming out and Kelly decided to float along with it.

She settled her head on the rest that Alan had added to the rack and looked down at her wrists. There were no locks on the cuffs, just pins that she could remove with a bit of effort, so if she truly wanted to escape, she could have. The new link between her collar and the center rod on the rack gave her a much wider range of motion.

“Let me get the pump in place before I take off your bra,” said Alan. He put two metal bowls under her tits and pulled the industrial pump into place. Only then did he unhook her bra and toss it aside. As soon as the bra came off, Kelly heard some ringing and realized it was her milk dripping into the bowls. She watched her nipples leak as Alan took his time getting everything arranged with the pump.

“They’re always beautiful,” he said, admiring her tits.

“Thanks.” Kelly was used to the compliments by now.

He turned the pump on; it made a loud, vibrating hum. Air was sucked into the collection tubes. Alan produced a small bowl of water and lifted it up, dipping her dangling breast into the liquid. “It makes a better seal if they’re a little bit wet,” he explained and then placed the collection tube on her nipple.

Kelly immediately felt the effect of the suction. Her body went weak and her entire focus went to her breast. Without forcing it to happen, she relaxed, happy with the knowledge that she was under someone else’s care.

Repeating the process with her other breast, Alan attached the second collection tube to her other breast and she came out of her relaxed state when the nipple was drawn forward for the first time, but then the pump worked her tits together. From there it was easy for her to settle back into relaxation, waiting for her body to be brought to climax.

“Do you mind if I take a few pictures while you’re milked?”

Kelly heard the question but didn’t really acknowledge what he was actually asking. Kelly wasn’t like her grandmother, constantly avoiding having her picture being taken. She wasn’t thinking clearly and Alan asked so politely, it was easy for her to say yes.

“Sure,” she agreed. “Go ahead.” She settled against the rack’s padding and waited for her eventual orgasm. She even arched her back, trying to encourage Alan to mount her because she knew that’s what he wanted.

She was vaguely aware he had taken out his phone and taken a few pictures, but she didn’t mind. She was deeply involved in her breasts at the moment.

“Turn your head this way,” he told her.

Kelly did so and smiled at him. Although she had been somewhat reluctant to do this with him, she was enjoying it anyway. His smiling eager face made it all that much better.

He took a few more pictures and then put his phone down. “Ready to be fucked?” he asked her.

Unable to form any words, Kelly just groaned, which was good enough consent for them both. Normally Kelly would cum from breast stimulation before she got fucked, but she didn’t have much choice in the matter at the moment being bound naked to the rack and halfway to paradise from the pump. Alan took off his clothes and knelt behind her. His cock was already hard and he only had to search around a bit before he found her wet entrance.

Kelly moaned at the introduction of his cock to her pussy. He only thrusted into her three times before she came. She couldn’t tell if the orgasm’s timing was coincidence or if his cock had actually pushed her over the edge.

Even after she came, Alan kept going; there was no reason for him to stop. He hadn’t cum yet. Plus the pump hadn’t turned off just because she had an orgasm. Alan grabbed her hips and kept going. Kelly smiled pleasantly to herself. This was what life was supposed to be, no control and perfect pleasure. She allowed Alan to use her body and to become nothing more than a vessel for his needs.

She lost count of how many times she came, but her entire body was a jumble of activated nerves when Alan finally finished, shooting his load into her pussy before pulling out.

“Thank you,” she told him, an blissful smile on her face as he turned off the pump and disconnected the collection tubes from her tits.

“It was my pleasure,” he told her. “What do you want to do with the milk in the bottles?” he asked as he carefully screwed tops on them.

Kelly pulled back on the cuffs before revealing to him, “I normally just dump my down the drain.”

“Some women actually sell their supply online,” Alan commented as he started unhooking her from the rack.

She grimaced; Kelly knew that but didn’t spend a lot of time thinking about it. “That seems like a lot of work to me.”

“It probably is,” he agreed. “I’ve browsed those websites and it sounds like to me the majority of people buying it are either kinky freaks or health nuts.”

“And which are you?” she asked him after he pulled the pins on the ankle cuffs allowing her to stand up. It was only at that moment she realized they were both fully naked but she didn’t remember him getting undressed.

“Kinky freak, but I only like my milk direct from the source,” he said. “Those guys who buy it to fulfill some sexual need…I don’t get it. I milk breast milk because it makes me feel closer to the woman providing it, not because I have a physical need for sweet human milk.” He took the pair of collection bottles and headed to the kitchen. She followed, padding behind him on bare feet. For a short, burly man, Alan had surprisingly taut buttocks.

He stopped at the sink and opened up the tops, but stopped before pouring them out. “It’s fascinating that the bottles are warm from the milk.” He didn’t proceed in dumping the liquid. “This always seems a shame. Do you mind if I sample it?”

Kelly shrugged, making her breasts bounce happily. She could tell she was empty, which was a nice but strange feeling. Then again, being full was also nice

because then she knew a milking was coming which meant she would be cumming shortly as well. They were a little bit sore from the industrial pump, but that was also part of the fun. “Go ahead.”

Alan brought the bottle up to his lips and delicately sipped. “Still sweet and still warm. But I still prefer it from the source.” He smiled and extended the bottle to her. “Care to try?”

Kelly found it was impossible for her to articulate exactly why she sampled her own milk from the bottle, but she accepted it from Alan, sipped the milk and smiled at him. “Warm and sweet.”

After Kelly left for the evening, Alan sat in front of his computer uploading pictures from his cell phone. The pictures he had taken were of acceptable quality, but it was the video that he was proudest of. Through luck and design he had perfectly placed the phone to record the two of them fucking while Kelly as on the rack and being milked by the machine. It wasn’t professional quality work, but it for a still camera, it looked good.

He did stop and consider the impact of the video, but he brushed aside his own concerns and didn’t worry about Kelly and the impact on her life. The website he chose was easy to upload to and after just a couple of minutes of effort, anyone in the world could view his homemade pornography. Satisfied with the results, Alan felt no guilt about what he had done. It was just a teardrop in a salty sea.

Chapter Eighteen

“You guys want to do it again?” Kelly asked in disbelief. Except for some stilted conversation after the fact, Janice hadn’t said a word to her about their three-way encounter since it had happened. Kelly just chalked it up to the fact that it was a one-time thing and their curiosity had been sated. They were still married to each other and Janice was still her friend, so Kelly considered it a victory.

“Ohmygod, Kelly, Sherman fucking loved it,” Janice enthused over the phone. “After you left he couldn’t stop talking about it, especially watching the two of us, and he got it up and we fucked again. It was amazing. Thank you!”

“You’re welcome,” said Kelly automatically. “Glad to be of help. And we’re still good and all, right. You aren’t weirded out by me and you and what we did.” Kelly couldn’t actually bring herself to say the words of what she had done with Janice, though she also knew she wouldn’t hesitate in the least to do it again.

“It was weird, I’ll admit that. But I’ll get over it. Obviously I’m already over it because I’m asking again, aren’t I?” Janice sounded hyperactive and overly excited, but Kelly was amused by her friend’s attitude.

“When did you want to get together again? The hard part is the kids, right?”

“Okay, don’t take this the wrong way, but Sherman has another request and I’m all for it.”

Kelly was glad that Janice couldn’t see her first roll her eyes and then shut them in anticipation of a request that was beyond the pale, though at this point in her life Kelly wasn’t sure there was much she wouldn’t do if given the right proposal. “What does he want?”

There was no hesitation from Janice, she blurted out her request right away. “Sherman wants me to do him and another guy at the same time. One in my mouth and one in my pussy,” she said eagerly.

“That sounds—”

“And so do I!” she added, not hearing a single word from Kelly. “I know it sounds slutty, but I have to try it.”

“And how do—”

“And that’s where you come in.”

“I’m not a man,” Kelly pointed out, eager to get a word in.

“I know. But you’ve been dating several men, right? Can you convince one to have a little group session with me and Sherm?”

“Oh,” said Kelly, a little disappointed that she wouldn’t be the focus of their next play session and a little upset that her friend was using her sort of like a pimp. “I can think of someone, maybe…”

“I’m sure anyone you pick will be perfect,” said Janice. “I’m embracing my inner slut and Sherm is totally on board. We should have done this years ago.”

At first Kelly had considered Jason because he was handsome and had the attitude of a man who was a rake and not serious about a relationship, but she knew she was going to ask Alan because he was more like Sherman that Jason and Kelly considered that a real risk for her friend.

“Are you dating anyone else right now?” she asked while she nursed Alan on the couch in her living room. It was late and the twins were upstairs, asleep, so they had to be quiet, but this was easier than making alternative arrangement to getting her tits emptied.

“Dating?” he asked, pulling off her nipple. She continued to leak milk and the drops fell down on his cheek which she wiped away. “No, I’m not dating or seeing anyone else.”

That made Janice feel terrible because she was being rather open with Jason and Shane with regards to her milk, but only slightly less so with sex. Over the past few weeks she had fucked both of them plus Alan and Sherman, in addition to fooling around with Cecelia and Janice. It made Alan seem positively angelic next to her.

But there was a solution to that. “Would you like to change that?”

He sucked on her nipple a bit. Just because she was talking to him didn’t mean that he was willing to stop nursing. “Why would I,” he said around her fat nipple.

Kelly smile and ran her hand down his cheek. It was hard not to feel affectionate toward someone nursing from her. “Because I have a friend who wants two men to fuck her at the same time. I volunteered you.”

Alan was nervous about meeting Kelly’s friends and no matter how much Kelly tried to reassure him, Alan was reluctant at best and resistant at most times when they tried to make arrangements to meet with Janice and Sherman. It turned out to be much harder than Kelly had anticipated between getting a sitter for her twins, another sitter for Alan’s daughter, and a third for Janice and Sherman’s kids. At one point a suggestion was floated that all five children be put together in one house watched by one person; while it was an elegant solution, it was ultimately voted down because that sort of planning just didn’t work well for parents looking for an evening of kinky sex.

Finally family members were pinned down and sitters were secured. Kelly and Alan went over to Janice and Sherman’s house, that being the simplest solution.

“So we’re meeting here to go out to dinner?” asked Alan as they walked up to the front door.

“Mmm, not exactly. We’re going to have sex first and then go out, or order something and have it delivered. Janice is really eager to get double laid.”

“What?” Alan’s finger hovered over the doorbell. Kelly frowned and wished that she had waited a moment longer before revealing her plan. “That’s not what we agreed on!”

“Yeah, well, my tits are full of milk and I need relief. And no one wants to have sex after a huge meal. Sex and then food.” She nodded and pressed his finger against the bell.

Alan stood there with a smile on his face. The ritual of greeting friends and meeting new people was commenced and Alan found himself in a stranger’s house, drinking a beer he didn’t really want, and making small talk.”

“Okay, enough,” said Kelly standing up from the couch. “My boobs are full and I didn’t come all this way to chitchat.” She started unbuttoning her shirt. “Who’s going to help out a girl and her milk supply problem?”

Everyone stared at her a moment. In a second her blouse was open and then off her shoulders, dropped on the coffee table. Janice was the first to move. “Hey, I was promised two guys at the same time,” she insisted. “Your boobs are your problem.” Not to let Kelly intimidate her she quickly shimmied out of her dress, showing off a matching yellow lace bra and panty set that showed Janice had obviously planned ahead for the evening.

It quickly became a contest between the women as to who would get naked first. Kelly stumbled slightly with the hooks on her nursing bra, but her tits were exposed first. She was slowed by her leaking nipples and she cupped her hands to her tits while Janice just pulled her bra over her head like a tank top and then yanked down her panties, showing off her naked body to the group. Everyone had seen her naked already except for Alan. She tilted her hips toward the new man in her life, not at all ashamed at what she was doing.

“I wish girls had been this eager to fuck me back in high school,” Sherman said to Alan with a grin. Alan didn’t really know what to say and just nodded in agreement.

“I want to suck his cock while you fuck me, hon,” Janice said to her husband. “You two need to get your cocks out.”

Kelly was somewhat taken aback by her friend’s aggressiveness—and she was a bit jealous as well, standing in the middle of the room still wearing pants and holding her boobs. “What about me?” she demanded.

Sherman smoothly took over the awkward situation, much to Kelly’s relief. “Why don’t you give Alan a blowjob, hon,” he said to his wife. “Get to know him a bit better, and I’ll suck the milk out of Kelly. Just don’t let Alan cum, not if you want two cocks in you as the same time.” He moved toward Kelly with a confident smile. “Be polite, dear, if not for Kelly’s wonderful tits and her need to be nursed, you wouldn’t have a new man’s cock to suck.”

Janice was already on her knees in front of Alan, pulling at his pants, hunting for his cock. “You’re supposed to be jealous, Sherm.”

“I’ll have to you myself afterward,” he told her as he led Kelly to the couch. Kelly was relieved because his mouth was eager and her milk was flowing. A few seconds later she was in bliss as he latched on and nothing else mattered. Watching through half-lidded eyes, Kelly admired Janice cock sucking technique

and enthusiasm. It didn't take Kelly long at all to reach orgasm with Sherman's mouth on one nipple and his fingers pinching the other.

"Fuck! You slut!" Janice raged at her.

"What?" asked a very mellow and confused Kelly.

"You came first!"

Kelly smiled. "Yeah. I did."

Sherman pulled back. "You're not going to stop whining until you get what you want, are you, Jan?" he asked his wife.

"No!"

"Excuse me a moment," Sherman said to Kelly and gave her a very intimate kiss. She could taste her milk on his tongue. He then went across the living room, stripped off his clothes to reveal an erect cock, and knelt down behind his wife, searching for the opening to her pussy with the head of his cock.

Alan looked on in approval as Janice resumed her blowjob. Kelly felt a little abandoned as her nipples continued to leak, leaving trails of milk down her stomach to pool into the sparse hair she had between her legs. She wondered if either of the men—or Janice—would enjoy the flavor of her pussy enhanced with breast milk. Surely one of them would be willing to try.

She might have been a few years past her prime, with a bit of a paunch, stretch marks, a C-section scar, but in the end Kelly was a sexual being with powerful breasts. Her new life held much promise.

End

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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