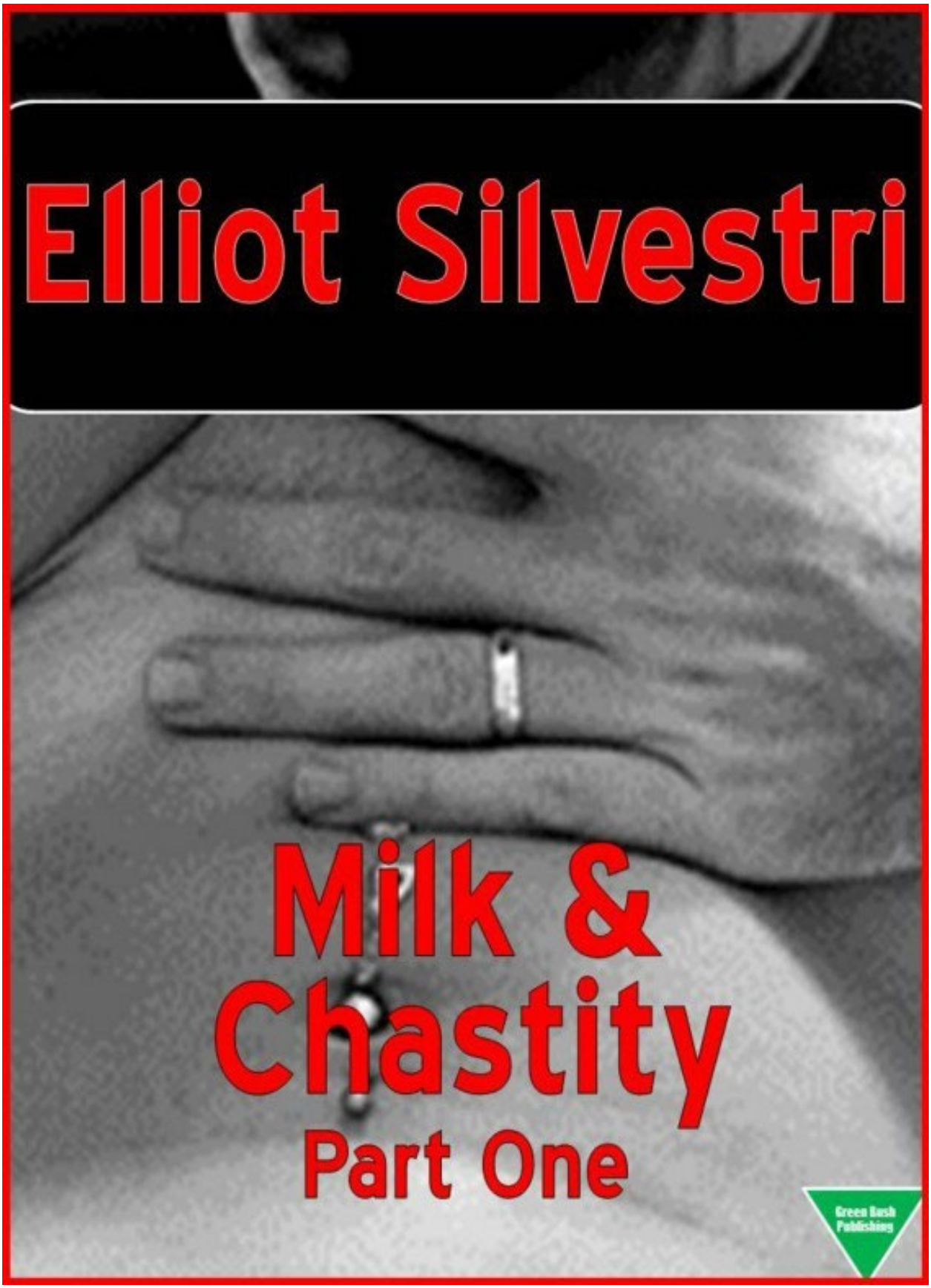
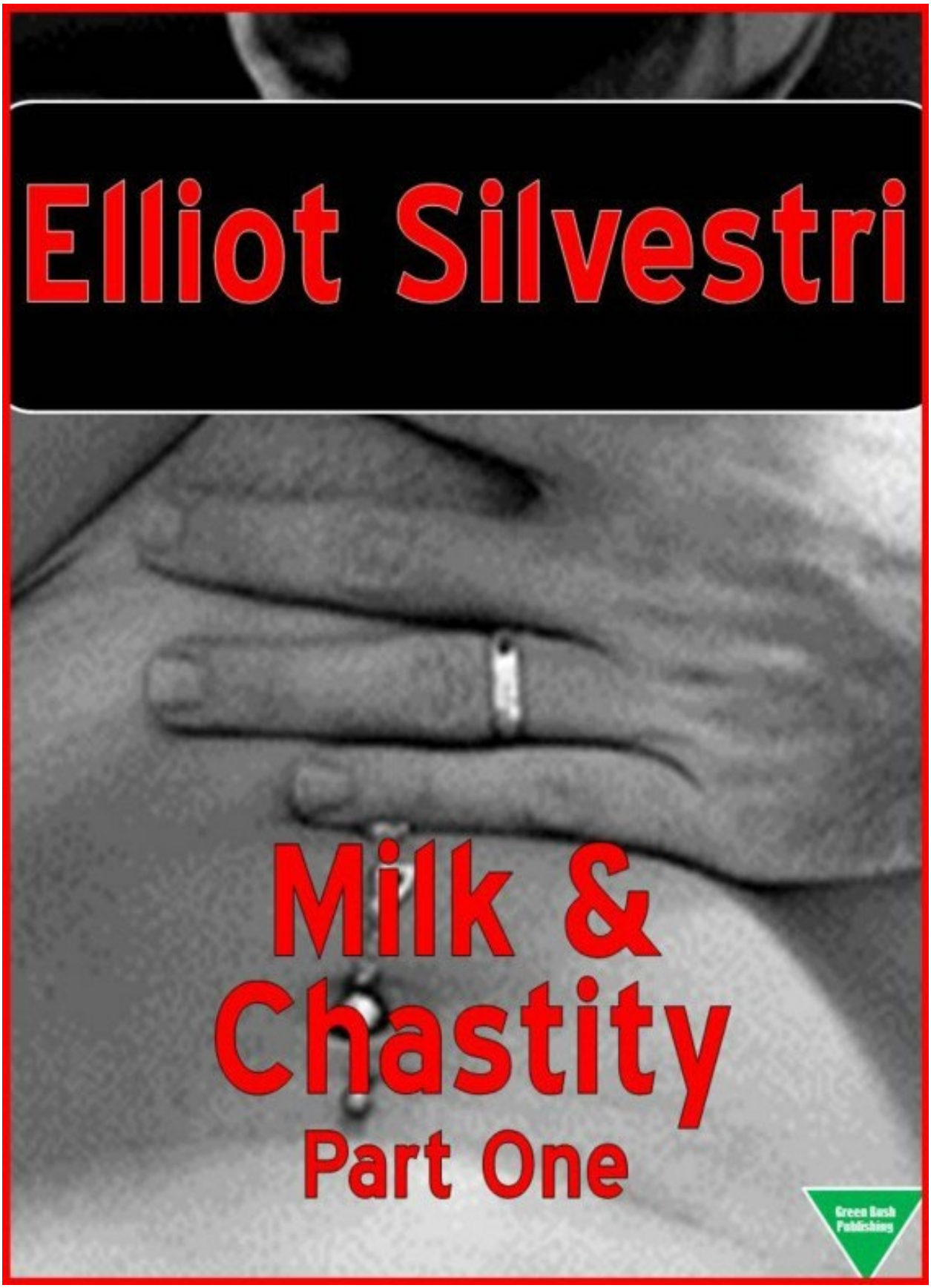

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Milk &
Chastity
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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

My wife Tracy has been lactating for me for twenty years—well, not me exclusively, but I like to think of it that way.

Tracy and I got married right out of college, mostly because we wanted to—we were stupid and in love and too young to be making any real life decisions—and partly because we had to. She was almost two months pregnant at our college's graduation ceremonies. It wasn't really a scandal; it was the 1990s not the 1950s, and we didn't have to get married; we just wanted to because it felt like the right thing to do.

Want to know what's worse than having a baby right out of college when both parents are trying to get their careers going? Having twins instead of one kid. We decided right away that two was more than enough for us. No more children for us.

She complained terribly about the pain in her breasts when the twins started weaning themselves. In my opinion she didn't have that much to complain about since they had gone almost a year happily nursing from her. Did she want them to keep nursing for the rest of their lives? She didn't think that was funny. When the pain kept her up at night—even after doses of ibuprofen and acetaminophen plus hot compresses—Tracy broke down, got out her breast pump and turned to that machine for some temporary relief.

Unfortunately she also woke me up in the middle of the night while she was pumping. "What are you doing?" I asked groggily as I came out of dreamland.

"It hurts too fucking much," she complained. Tears were welling up in her eyes even as the pump drew away the pressure on her breasts. "I need this."

Two days before the twins had both abruptly decided they were done with breast feeding. While it was cute and precocious of them to feed themselves with pudgy fingers, they were also causing my wife great pain because the massive amount of milk she had been producing now had nowhere to go.

“But if you pump,” I pointed out, “you’re just going to draw out the process.” I sat up in bed, groped on the nightstand until I found my glasses and put them on. She was sitting in the corner of the bedroom in the rocking chair she used to use to nurse the twins, and occasionally pump her breasts.

“I know, but it hurts!”

I nodded and looked at the milk that had collected in the bottles. It wasn’t much. “Does pumping help?”

“A little.” The pump wasn’t that noisy, but it seemed to be straining to draw out her milk.

“Should I wake up one of the twins and see if he or she will nurse?” We had fraternal twins which was a giant pain in the ass when trying to find the right pronoun to use when speaking of just one in the singular. It was another of the many problems with having twins.

“No. I know they won’t nurse.” She said this in the tone that I knew she didn’t want to argue. “Fucking pump’s barely working.”

“Is it broken? Worn out?”

“I don’t know.”

“Want a hot compress?” I didn’t know what else to offer her. She ignored me.

Tracy combined the contents of the two collection bottles and went to the kitchen to put it in the refrigerator. She wasn’t one to waste anything, even breast milk the twins didn’t want.

“Is it better?” I asked when she returned to bed.

“Not really.”

“Is there anything I can do?”

She sighed in frustration. “Not unless you want to nurse from me. That’ll help.”

I shrugged. “Okay. I’ll give it a try.”

“Really?” she asked doubtfully.

When we were in college Tracy had a nice respectable pair of breasts. After getting pregnant and going through a year of nursing, they had ballooned up to the size generally found only in Hollywood, but hers were all natural. We were still young and I, admittedly, was obsessed with her breasts. I had gotten a mouthful of breast milk more than once while we were having sex—at least the limited amount of sex married couples have immediately after the birth of the first child.

“Sure, why not? It’s just breast milk, right? It’s not going to hurt me. It’s supposed to be really good for babies, how bad can it be for me?”

Eagerly Tracy pulled up her pajama top and exposed her breasts. I clicked off the light, not that we needed to do this in the dark, but it seemed the right thing to do. It took us a minute to find the right positions for our bodies. It wasn’t like when we had sex where I’d roll right on top of her and lick and bite her nipples. That sort of foreplay would only last a minute at most before we moved on to something else. In the end what we wound up doing was an imitation of how she would occasionally nurse a single twin. We went to our sides facing each other. I put my head on a pillow to reach her upper breast and put my mouth on her nipple.

The first couple of sucks nothing happened. When I first kissed her nipple it hardened under my lips, but when I started sucking it then softened. I felt the tension start to ease in Tracy’s body and then I got my first taste of her milk. It was warm and incredibly sweet. More like a sugary fruit juice than cow’s milk you’d buy at Stewarts. I swallowed and sucked some more.

“Oh that feels good,” Tracy sighed. “Don’t stop.”

Back in college her saying “don’t stop” usually happened when I was going down on her or we were approaching orgasm. Now it meant I was relieving her pain.

Her hand wrapped around the back of my head and she almost whispered, “Not so hard. Slow down.”

I started sucking slower but longer. Each time I drew her nipple into my mouth a little eruption of sweetness washed over my taste buds. Tracy curled her leg over

my hip, holding me close, keeping me from escaping.

“Switch,” she told me abruptly, rolling away from me a bit and pushing my face down to her other breast. I tasted her sweetness the moment I licked her puckered nipple. I barely had to suck on it before it squirted the milk into my mouth. She was full to bursting. “Mmm-hmm,” she moaned as I quickly settled in and pulled the milk out of her. I didn’t have to expend much effort to get her milk to flow.

She kept her leg hooked over my hip and as we nursed, she started rubbing her pussy against my hip bone. I don’t know how much she could feel from doing just that since we were both wearing pajamas and two layers of clothing didn’t exactly help find the right kind of friction needed for sex. I knew what she was doing and she knew what she was doing, but I kept sucking on her breast. She was so sweet and I didn’t want the moment to end.

I thought she didn’t either, but then she cried out, “Stop stop stop!”

At once I let go of her breast. “What? Did I hurt you?”

She didn’t reply and simply pulled at my waistband, pushing it down, and fished out my cock which was already hard. Tracy had already thrown her leg off me. When you have two one-year-olds you generally don’t have a lot of time for slow, languorous sex. The few occasions we had the opportunity to fuck, it was always rushed and not nearly as good as it had been. This time was no different. We were extremely hurried, but not because we were afraid of the kids waking up. We needed to have sex right now.

I helped her remove my bottoms and for half a second I wished that she would go down on me like she used to in college, but that thought quickly faded as she lifted up her hips and pulled off her own pajama bottoms. Just like that we were naked enough to have sex. Her shirt was still on, but her tits were exposed because I had been nursing from her. I just climbed on top of her, she opened up her legs, and I rooted around a bit before I managed to fit my cock into her pussy. To my surprise she was incredibly wet. Normally to get Tracy that wet I had to go down on her or spend an hour teasing her clit with my fingers. Not tonight. I slipped right in and we both sighed with satisfaction. I was right where I wanted to be and she felt spectacular.

“You fit me perfectly,” she told me as she wrapped her legs around mine, trying

to keep me deep within her cunt. I wasn't having any of that and pushed back a bit, thrusting into her with absolutely no technique, but a lot of enthusiasm and pent up frustration.

I'd love to say we fucked for hours and I made her cum over and over again. That's far from the truth. We fucked for about two minutes. I made her cum once —but it was an incredibly hard, powerful orgasm. Tracy was never the quietest of lays and tonight when she came she screamed almost loud enough to wake the twins. That in itself got me off and I came right as she was coming down from her lusty high.

"It feels so good when you cum in me," she breathed in my ear as I raggedly panted, exhausted from my exertions.

"Uh-huh," I lamely agreed.

After the babies were born we were pretty sure it would be many years before we'd want another kid so Tracy had gotten an IUD, partly for the convenience and partly so she could breast feed. That made sex easy, not that we ever had enough of it.

"I want to do it again."

"Tonight?" I asked her. "I need to rest a little…"

"No, later. Tomorrow. You made my breasts feel so good. I almost came just from that."

I lay there in silence, thinking about her words. What I didn't know then was how those words would bring us down a long, strange path.

Chapter Two

The next night we put the twins to bed and got into bed ourselves. Tracy immediately removed her top. She had shed her pajama bottoms before crawling into bed so she was already down to just her panties. Since I didn't need to be naked to nurse I didn't bother to remove any of my clothing. Tracy lay on her side and gently caressed her breasts as I watched. "You ready?" she asked me.

"For what?" I asked nervously. More than anything else I wanted to suckle her but I was too afraid, too nervous to ask her because I was certain she would say no and my little fantasy would evaporate like a dream.

"To nurse," she said matter-of-factly. "My breasts are already too full. They hurt. You need to fix that." She grinned at me knowing that suckling her breasts would only be the first step.

"Are you sure?"

"Hell yes!" Tracy reached across the bed to where I was standing and pulled me down to the mattress. It a flash I was at her breast, latching on to her nipple, and sucking like a man dying of thirst.

"Oh!" she gasped as I drew forth the first little burst of milk. "Not so hard. Slow down. There's plenty for you."

I nodded and paced myself. Her breast was hot and hard, but as I extracted her milk it slowly softened and cooled. Once more she threw her leg over my hip and I responded by placing my hand on her ass. I didn't do anything beyond that, but just touching her like that reminded me of how connected we were. I didn't have permission to touch any other woman's ass, so my wife's was the best choice.

She started rubbing her pussy against me again, but I ignored her until her first breast was emptied and she rolled to her back a bit, exposing her other tit, letting me latch on. Tracy tried to throw her leg back over me and put some pressure on her pussy, but I was too quick for her and pressed my hand against her tummy.

Pregnancy can ruin a woman's body, but not in my wife's case. True, her stomach wasn't as flat as it had been in college and she was now sporting stretch marks that hadn't been there before, but she was still in good shape. I slid my hand over her little paunch and down into her panties. She moaned a little bit, probably from the combination of my mouth on her tit and my fingers teasing her clit. Though it was impossible to see in the dim light of the bedroom, I could feel her auburn pubic hair under my palm and could tell she had spent a little time shaping it with her razor. Whether she had just done some edging or had given herself a nice little landing strip, I couldn't tell. That wasn't important. The important part was she had done it, had shown some pride and interest in getting ready for sex. There's no way for me to articulate how much that meant to me.

It was easy to find and gently rub her clit. I did this in conjunction with nursing on her still full breast. In almost no time at all she was squirming on the sheets, anticipating what was to come. I didn't stop nursing from her, of course, this was the warm up. Going straight to sex was the wrong course of action. I needed to empty her breast first.

That didn't stop her from pawing at my clothes, trying to get to my cock. "Fuck me," she panted as I continued to play with her pussy and suck on her nipple.

I paused for just half a second to reply. "Not until you're empty." Then I went right back to sucking out her milk.

She whined in complaint, but I ignored her noise. I knew that noise. It meant she wanted to cum right then and there, but if she did, it would only be a little orgasm. In her more lucid times—when we weren't fucking—Tracy always said she liked to delay her climaxes as long as possible because that made them more intense. I had learned not to give in to her begging and pleading to cum right away. And as a consequence she was always more satisfied at the end.

When her both her breasts were finally done I climbed on top and fitted my cock into her. It was always that familiar sensation of coming home. Tonight I lasted longer than our first, intense nurse and fuck session, but again it wasn't a bout of tantric sex. We fucked, she came—this time muffling her cry into a pillow, then I came and we were done.

"Is this wrong?" she asked as we comported ourselves for actual sleep.

"Is what wrong? Having sex?"

“You doing this to me.” She gestured at her bare and empty breasts.

“Why would it be wrong?” I asked, a little nervous about where she was going with her train of logic.

“My milk isn’t for you, it’s for babies. Last night you just relieved me of pain and we, you know, had sex because it just happened that way. Tonight, we did it because it was…” She trailed off.

“We did it because we liked it last night.”

“You like my milk?” she asked, slightly astonished.

“It’s very sweet, like you,” I told her with a kiss to her cheek.

She rolled her eyes. “It’s a little bit perverse.”

“Were your breasts hurting tonight?” I asked.

“Yeah, a little. It would get worse by the middle of the night.”

“Then I just did you a little favor—and we had sex too. I don’t care if it’s a little perverse.”

“You probably like it,” she pointed out.

“At least I’m not into necrophilia.”

“Ha.”

“We can stop anytime you want,” I told her secretly wishing she never wanted to stop.

After a weighty pause she said, “We’ll just do it until my milk gives out and my breasts stop hurting.”

“Sounds good to me.”

Her milk never gave out. The twins had weaned themselves but Tracy couldn’t

take the pain of letting her milk supply dry up. If our kids had been more normal they would have gradually weaned themselves over a period of several weeks and Tracy's supply would have lessened a little bit each day. But our kids were stubborn and when I helped her out to relieve the pain, we found a little game that appealed to us. I didn't want to wean myself from her supply and she didn't mind because ten minutes of nipple sucking got her going.

The sex was great. The sex was fantastic. The sex was what a lesser person would describe as mind-blowing. It was a good thing she already and an IUD otherwise we'd have already begun on our second set of twins.

We literally, with no exaggeration, had sex every day. We had to otherwise she'd start suffering pain again. We made time for it. Other less important things fell to the wayside. Who needs an hour of crappy television when you could be having some wild and kinky sex? After several months of this game we had all but admitted to ourselves that it was less about relieving her pain from sudden cessation of lactation and more about the sex and bonding.

Bonding, not bondage. I'll get to that later.

Fun statistical fact: parents of twins are much more likely to divorce than parents of singletons. Tracy and I had our ups and downs before, during, and after pregnancy, but once we started on our unintentional adult nursing relationship we found that we were actually closer than before. We looked forward to seeing each other at the end of the day, not just for the companionship and the sex and the milk, but for the bond that drew us together.

Tracy had developed the bad habit of talking to me while I was nursing from her. It was a cliché of modern American male-female relationship. She did all the talking and I did all the listening and often I was barely even half listening. I was focused on her breasts and nipples.

"Do you really like my milk?" she asked me. As always we were on our sides in bed. She had her head propped up on her hand and bent elbow while she looked down at me. Occasionally she'd run her fingers through my hair and move my head to a more comfortable position.

"Mmm-hmm." That was all I could manage while nursing from her unless I released my latch on her nipple and she hated that. Still, it didn't stop her from asking me questions and talking to me while I nursed.

“That’s weird.”

“Mmm-hmm.” I didn’t really think it was weird, I had moved past that long ago.

“Is it weird that I don’t want to tell anyone what we do?”

I slowly shook my head back and forth, never releasing her nipple. It pulled and stretched her breast a bit, but over the months her tits had gotten used to being abused a bit by me…and that was after a year of twins nursing from her.

“Should we?”

I continued to suck and just lifted my shoulder in a half-shrug.

“What about my doctor?”

Sometimes my wife asked so many questions I had to stop nursing and actually speak. “Is there a reason for you to tell the doctor?”

“Not really. Some women nurse for years.”

“Then...no.” I had stopped on her left breast because of her question and because it was pretty empty at that point. I snuggled down next to her and sucked her right nipple into my mouth. Tracy sighed and groaned a bit.

“Maybe I should tell Kerrie,” she said after I settled into my pattern of sucking and resting, letting her sweet milk rest on my tongue for a minute before swallowing it. As always it was warm and sweet. I’m sure Tracy had tasted her milk on my lips and in my mouth when we kissed after nursing, but I wondered if she actually went all out and tasted her milk either directly or from one of her collection bottles.

It didn’t seem the right time to ask her.

I didn’t want to answer her question so I just sort of shrugged and gave my standard, stock answer. “Mmm-hmm.”

“Fuck that feels good,” she moaned and pushed her hand down into her panties. I could feel her fingers busy in her underwear, but I didn’t do anything about it. Sometimes she masturbated while I nursed. Usually we had sex afterwards. It

depended on her mood. “Don’t stop,” she muttered as her hand busied itself between her legs. I could smell the scent of her pussy as she got herself off. By now she had managed to contain herself to a series of high-intensity squeaks when she came while I was nursing her. Tonight she came quickly but that didn’t stop her masturbation. After a minute’s pause while I kept nursing on her breast, she resumed her busy finger routine, but abruptly got frustrated.

“I need my vibrator,” she grunted and rolled away from her, pulling her nipple from my mouth.

I grunted in protest as she rooted around in her dresser drawer that was right next to our bed, finally extracting her favorite bright red toy and switched it on. Her panties were kicked off in a flash as she rolled back to me, inserting the vibe into her pussy. I latched right back on to her and sucked out more milk as she used the toy. The vibrator was one of the few things that got her to shut up during nursing and sex. Tracy liked to talk during sex.

“Uh-uh-uh,” she grunted as she teased and pleased her pussy, cumming one more time as I finished draining the last of her milk. When we were done she flung her toy aside and laid back, spread-eagled, as she panted, satiated. “I’m exhausted,” she declared.

I pressed my cock forward, letting her feel my hardness on her thigh.

“Oh shit, you want to have sex, don’t you?” she asked between deep breaths.

“Uh-huh,” I answered with a kiss to the side of her neck.

“Would it be okay if I just watched you jerk off?”

It’s not what I wanted, but I nodded in agreement and pushed down my boxers, exposing my cock. She looked down at me, intrigued, as I formed a fist around my manhood and started stroking up and down. Tracy said nothing and just observed as I stayed on my side, masturbating. It didn’t really matter if she was into watching me get myself off, I just needed to cum. I always wanted to cum after nursing from Tracy. Maybe it was just plain breast milk, but I was certain it was an aphrodisiac.

Since I had always found it hard to masturbate with my eyes opened, I closed them and hoped Tracy kept watching me. I liked the ideas of her watching me

while I jacked off. That made it easy to summon up an image of her and a hundred other women watching me work it. As the imaginary women pressed closer, wanting to see it happen, I came shooting my load on Tracy's thigh and abdomen.

"Wow," she said softly. For just a minute I thought she was complimenting my volume or technique. "I always forget how hot it is when you cum. But it cools so quickly."

Tracy leaned over the side of the bed and snagged a dirty t-shirt I had left on the floor. She used that to wipe up my cum. "You good?" she asked as she snuggled up next to me. Less than a minute later she was asleep and I was left lying next to her, wondering where the hell my life was going.

Chapter Three

“Kerrie thinks it’s weird,” Tracy reported to me after we put the twins to bed and were getting ready for our nightly nursing. I liked that she took off her bra the moment she got home from work. She kept her shirt on, of course, but I liked seeing how her heavy breasts moved under whatever she was wearing on top: a sweater, a blouse, some loose pullover. I especially liked it when she was wearing something lacy or sheer enough that I could make out her nipples through the material. I never said anything to her about that, but she knew I was watching her and I knew that she knew. It was just another game we were playing.

“She thinks what’s weird?” I asked absently as she pulled her shirt over her head and exposed her breasts. Tracy didn’t even bother with wearing a top to bed any more. It was a waste of her time to even put one on.

“That you like to drink my breast milk,” she told me as she casually slipped in between the bed sheets.

“What? You told her!”

Tracy looked balefully at me. “Yes. Of course I did. You told me it was okay.”

“When?!”

“A couple of nights ago when we were talking about this.” She was getting frustrated with me and my reaction. To be honest, I was a little ashamed of our secret habit. But not ashamed enough to actually stop doing it.

“I did not!”

She nodded her head. “Yes you did. I said maybe I should tell Kerrie about this because I need to talk to someone about your weird kink—”

“It’s your kink too!”

“—and you said yes,” she said as she ignored my outburst.

“I did no such thing.”

“You made your little noise that mean yes. Mmm-hmm,” she hummed at me.

“That’s my non-committal noise,” I contradicted her.

“Whatever. The cats out of the bag now.”

“Shit. What are we going to do about this?”

Tracy sighed. “Right now, nothing. My breasts hurt.” We had gotten the twins to bed later than usual which meant that Tracy’s tits hadn’t been drained of their milk on the schedule she was used to. “You need to help me out.” And she helpfully pointed to her tits.

Normally that was all the incentive I needed to suckle from her. Actually, all I normally needed to suckle from her was for her to show me her breasts. And tonight I went along willingly, as normal, because I’m a slave to my kink, apparently.

“We need to talk about this. Later.” I then drew her nipple into my mouth and she sighed with contentment.

“I know,” she said. “Do you want me to tell you about what happened?”

I nodded my head, tugging her nipple more than necessary. I was being sulky.

Tracy was one of those girls in elementary school that got a reputation as a motor mouth and it stuck with her until we met in college. She talked all through our first date, which included a movie at the local single-screen movie theater that showed just second-run movies for just a few bucks. I commented afterwards that the only way to get her to shut up was to put something in her mouth.

“Like what, your dick?” she smartly asked as I walked her back to her dorm.

“I was thinking more like my tongue, but my dick will do just fine as well.”

She stopped abruptly in the middle of the sidewalk and turned to face me. “Is that any way to speak to a nice young girl?”

“I don’t know,” I answered and took her face between my hands and kissed her, shoving my tongue into her mouth. She was a good kisser. And at it turned out one of the few certain ways to keep her quiet was to put my dick in her mouth. She was a good cocksucker too.

“Kerrie noticed me trying to adjust my bra through my shirt today and asked me about it,” she said as I nursed. Kerrie and Tracy met at the huge insurance company where they both found temp jobs at right out of college. As circumstances would have it they both managed to land jobs at the state insurance commissioner’s office shortly after that. New York has a surprisingly egalitarian civil service process…if you have the right qualifications.

“Mmm-hmm.”

“And you know me. I couldn’t just say it was that time of the month or my bra wasn’t fitting correctly. I had to tell her everything.”

I opened my eyes and looked up at her. She was already looking down at me, carefully gauging my response. I raised my eyebrows and encouraged her to continue.

“So, I just told her everything. How my breasts hurt when the twins gave up nursing, how you helped me out with the pain, and how we just kept on doing it.” She grinned as I sucked extra hard on her nipple. “And how you took to it because you claimed you loved the taste of my milk but you’re really just a kinky fucker who’s a little twisted in the head.”

“What?” I spluttered as I let go of her nipple and was rewarded with a light spray of milk on my face. She casually wiped it off and kissed my forehead.

“I think she was intrigued by that,” Tracy confided in me. “She’s in the middle of her wedding planning—big day coming up this June don’t forget—and it’s stressing her out and that’s put a crimp in her sex life.”

I hadn’t latched back on yet. “And so she’s living vicariously through our sex

life?”

“No. Maybe. Anyway, I think Kerrie is looking for a little excitement in her life. I think she and Keith had a pretty wild time in the sack before they decided to get married.”

“And she wants to hear all about your sex games,” I filled in.

“Kind of. What? You don’t tell your friends about our sex life?

My friends. That’s a touchy subject. Neil, my best friend in high school had gone to college an hour away from the one I attended. We stayed in touch. After we both graduated he moved to Oregon and now I saw him once a year if I was lucky. I had other acquaintances, but no real friends beyond Neil.

“Sometimes. But there are certain things you don’t want to know about your best friend’s bedtime activities.”

She looked at me aghast. “Men are fucked up.”

“Thanks.”

“Anyway, Kerrie was intrigued. She wanted to know more.”

I closed my eyes and quickly asked, “How much did you tell her?” I asked before I latched on and started sucking again. She grunted in surprise before she answered.

“Everything,” she said with great satisfaction. “Want to hear?”

“Yes.”

Kerrie looked at her friend across the lunchroom table. It was the third time in the past five minutes that Tracy had been surreptitiously adjusting her bra. “Jesus, Trace, if your bra doesn’t fit, maybe you should buy some new ones.”

Tracy frowned and pulled her hand away from under her breast where she had been trying to bend her bra’s underwire. “Shit. Sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologize to me. Just want to make sure you look professional,” she added with a wink.

They tended to eat their lunch earlier than most in their office so not many of their coworkers were around, but their department manager had recently put out a memo on proper workplace dress and behavior. Tracy was certain it wasn’t directed at her, but being one of the junior members of her office she tended to be overly cautious about where she stood in the pecking order.

“The underwire’s poking me,” Tracy said.

“So buy some new bras,” Kerrie said, already bored with the conversation.

“I have,” Tracy replied defensively. “That’s not the problem.”

Kerrie softened her tone. “You still breastfeeding? That must be hell.”

Tracy looked away nervously. “Sort of.”

That piqued Kerrie’s interest. “Sort of?”

“Everything fits fine in the morning but then as the day goes on, my milk, well, you know, I start to fill up and things get uncomfortable.”

Kerrie stared at Tracy a moment too long. “Aren’t the twins almost two?” she asked. “Not that I disapprove, but that’s an awfully long time for a working mother to nurse.”

Tracy was staring at the vending machines across the lunchroom. She had no interest in their contents but wasn’t able to meet Kerrie’s eyes. “Yeah, that would be a long time,” she agreed. “I’m not exactly nursing the twins still,” she admitted.

That confused Kerrie. “What do you mean?”

More than anything else Tracy didn’t want to answer the question, but she felt she had to confide in someone. Keeping secrets was not Tracy’s forte. She blushed a bit and then said, “Well, I’m still lactating, but I’m not exactly nursing the twins.”

Kerrie was nonplussed. “What do you mean?”

Tracy found herself repeating her answer because she didn’t know how else to phrase it. “I’m still lactating, but I’m not nursing the twins.”

Kerrie’s brow furrowed. “Oh, are you pumping and donating the milk? I’ve heard there’s a big demand for that from NICUs. Moms of preemies don’t have their milk in yet and formula isn’t nearly as good as the real thing.”

“Noooo,” Tracy drew out the word trying to get over her embarrassment. “I’m doing it for Evan.”

There was a long, uncomfortable pause as Kerrie could only stare at Tracy’s chest and Tracy continued to stare at the bags of chips across the way. Suddenly she wished she could have one of the salty snacks. Then Kerrie snorted and giggled. “I’m sorry. You’re kidding me, right?”

Tracy slowly shook her head. “No.”

Kerrie ducked her head and lowered her voice in an effort to keep their private conversation secret. Her actions alone were enough to catch the gazes of several eyes, but they were far enough away that they couldn’t hear. “What he sucks on your tits and drinks your milk?”

Tracy’s head motion changed from a shake to a nod. “Yeah.”

“Holy shit!” she hissed. “That’s…pretty fucking weird. Is he a pervert?”

Tracy shrugged now. “I don’t know. No. It’s just that…he likes the taste of my milk and…” she paused. “Don’t tell anyone about this okay?”

Kerrie nodded eagerly. She’d be happy to keep a secret as long as she could hear about the strange sex practices of her friend.

“He likes the taste of my milk,” Tracy repeated. “And it brings up closer together.”

“I bet.”

“Not like that!” Tracy reconsidered her words. “Well, a little like that,” she said

with a small smile. “But it’s hard to put into words. When he’s always there and he so looks forward to seeing me because I’m giving him something no one else in the world can give him. That makes me feel special.”

“You mean no other woman in the world except those that are already breastfeeding.”

“And how many of those women are willing to do that for Evan?” Kerrie asked a little more sharply than she intended.

That was a good question, Kerrie acknowledged. “Good point. And you went along with this?”

Tracy glanced down at her bulging chest. “Obviously. But it’s not just for him,” she said with a bit of pride. “It’s for me too. It feels really good when he sucks on me. I mean really good.”

“Does he make you cum just by sucking on you?” Tracy burst out in a loud hiss.

Her outburst was loud enough that Tracy wanted to wave her arms and quiet down her friend, but that would attract even more attention. “Shh! Yeah, sometimes.”

“Holy fucking shit is that kinky!”

“Yeah. Great. Thanks for the evaluation.”

“Do you like it?”

“What?”

Kerrie repeated her question. “Do you like it when you, you know, let him suck on you? Let him nurse you?”

“Well, yeah. It feels really good. And he can sometimes make me cum.”

“Sometimes? I’d never stay with a man who couldn’t make me cum all the time.”

Tracy leaned forward. “He makes me cum sometimes just from drinking my

milk. He makes me cum all the time when we have sex afterwards."

Kerrie reconsidered her life. "Maybe I need to train Robbie a little better. He made the cut as a boyfriend, but I'm reconsidering him as a fiancé. We've barely had time for sex with the upcoming wedding and all." She paused and gave it some thought. "Maybe I should make him nurse on me for a while. Do you think it'll make our relationship better?

"That's for you to decide," Tracy said a little bit smugly as she finished her sandwich. She was tired of hearing Kerrie go on and on about her wedding planning. It was nice to have a different topic of conversation at lunch for once. It was even better that the topic focused on her.

"So you really like this? Are you going to continue to do it?"

"Yes, I like it. Yes, I'm going to continue it."

"I like it," Kerrie nodded. "For how long?"

"Until I get bored with it."

"Do you have sex every night after he nurses you?" Once she had gotten over her shock Kerrie found a rising interest in Tracy's strange little practice.

"Not every night, but usually."

"Does it make the sex better?"

"Umm…I think so." Tracy stirred the contents of her fruit cup. "We haven't really had sex without, you know, him nursing me first in like a year."

"Cool."

Tracy blinked, thinking about what she said. "It seems so normal now. It must seem strange to you."

Kerrie shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. Some people think whips and chains and leather and spankings are completely normal. Other people think that if you're doing it in any other way other than missionary, you're a complete pervert. Whatever gets you off and doesn't hurt someone else, I guess that's your

business.” She stopped waxing philosophical a moment and leaned in toward her friend. “Tell me more about your business. Do you wear special nursing bras?”

“What? No. Well, I used to wear nursing bras with the twins, but that would be silly with Evan.”

A shrug showed that Kerrie had her doubts. “Maybe. But it might solve your underwire problem. Besides,” she gestured with her spoon in the general direction of Tracy’s chest, “carrying those girls around all day and knowing that they’re growing all through the day, I’d be wearing the most comfortable bra I could find.” She looked down sadly at her own much smaller chest. “If I had an ounce of courage I’d run to the doctor to get some implants.”

“You’re not a model or an actress.”

“I’d like a bigger chest. It would make my clothes fit better.”

“Trust me; bigger boobs aren’t as great as you might think.”

“I don’t know,” Kerrie said doubtfully. “They might help keep Robbie’s interest in me…”

And that’s how it went between Tracy and Kerrie; at least that’s how she reported it to me.

In contrast, my conversations with Neil were completely different. We both hated actually talking on the phone and since we lived a continent apart the only way we were willing to have a conversation was by online chat (and later on by text with the advent of the omnipresent cellphone, but that was later on). Our discussions went something like this:

Evan: Dude.

Neil: Duuude.

Evan: Duuuuude.

Neil: Are we done being stupid today.

Evan: I think so. Anything new in New Salem?

Neil: It’s just Salem. You know that. And it’s raining, as usual.

Evan: Heh. Sunny and bright here. Warm.

Neil: Shut up.

Evan: How’s the girlfriend?

Neil: Sometimes I wonder why I let her move in. How are Trace and the twins?

Evan: [I fought the urge to call Tracy’s tits the twins]. Good. It doesn’t ever get easier, does it? My advice: don’t have kids if you want to have sex. [I have no idea why I lied to him.]

Neil: Thanks for the heads up. Elaine keeps talking about going off the pill. Says it might bring back her sex drive.

Evan: Or you might get her pregnant and never have sex again.

Neil: You’re always such ray of fucking sunshine to talk to.

Evan: I speak from experience, my good fellow.

I lied several times during that chat and outright passed several opportunities to talk sex. I’m so fucked up in the head.

Chapter Four

Life is never easy and when you're raising kids, it seems to fly by. The one constant in our life was Tracy's milk. And she produced it in what seemed like gallons. I'm certain that was an exaggeration because we never resorted to using her breast pump to keep her milk going. I was always by her side every night. I was tempted to ask her to measure her production but then I'd be robbed of the experience of nursing from her. Our relationship had evolved to the point of where we both looked forward to our time together in bed at night not just for the sex—though that was great—but for the way we bonded together because I needed her milk and she needed to have me extract it for her.

It was a beautiful symbiotic relationship. I just didn't want her to ever figure out anyone could nurse from her. I'm sure she realized it but we never spoke about it. Of course she could have just told me no and either endured the pain to allow her milk to dry up or use the pump to taper off, but she didn't.

That's love.

We fought like any other couple, of course. But we always managed to make up afterwards because we needed each other at the end of the night. She needed me to suck out her milk and I needed her to feed my addiction that had become centered on her breasts. Once we had a particularly bad fight over nothing of consequence (it was washing the dishes—it was stupid) and she went to bed mad at me. I didn't want to go to bed and sleep next to her, I was that pissed off. I slept on the couch.

Until about three a.m. I woke up with a crick in my neck and a need for breast milk. I lowered myself to go to the bedroom. When I started climbing into bed she immediately woke up and pulled off the t-shirt she had been wearing. There were wet spots on the front of it where her nipples had been leaking. Neither of us said anything as she clutched me to her breast and I eagerly nursed from her. She didn't get off and we didn't have sex that night, but we both had our needs fulfilled.

The next morning she woke up and said to me, "I'm still mad at you."

“I’m still mad at you, too,” I replied.

The fight was over in the evening. I made dinner (eggplant parmesan) and she did the dishes by herself. We were back to our regular schedule of milk and sex that night. Which was good because the twins had picked up on our anger and were similarly upset for the next week.

I don’t know how divorced couples managed it.

The years slipped away quicker than we wanted. We quickly reached the five year mark of our little secret adult breast feeding relationship. The twins were in elementary school and we had managed to scrape together enough money for a down payment on a decent house. We were living the modern American dream.

Tracy was actually proud of her continued ability to lactate for me. She was also very proud of the fact she had kept it a secret. Well, mostly a secret. She had told Kerrie, of course, and Kerri continued to get periodic updates at least as she reported it to me.

“I don’t know how you do it,” Kerrie said once on an evening we had her over for dinner. Her marriage to Robbie wasn’t going great. They had more ups and downs than a classic wooden roller coaster. She would frequently retreat to our place to get a little breathing room. Sometimes she’d ask me for advice on how to deal with Robbie, but I’m not the master of interpersonal relationships so anything I had to say to her was a waste of our time. “You’re still making milk?”

“Shh!” Tracy hissed at her best friend with a nervous glance to the living room where our kids were rotting their minds in front of the television. SpongeBob was on and the zombie apocalypse could be going on outside and they’d still be glued to the antics of SpongeBob and Patrick. “The kids.”

“They don’t know?” Kerrie teased.

“Of course not.”

“Maybe you should tell them,” she said with a grin.

I watched the banter between them, half turned on, half nervous.

“I don’t think so,” Tracy said firmly. “They’re still babies—” I snorted at that. “—and they don’t want to know anything about their parents’ sex life.”

“So this is more about sex than milk?” Kerrie asked. She was incredibly curious about our little secret kink.

“I think so,” I interjected. “Well, more about our relationship to one another and how we’ve attached to each other. The milk and sex are just bonuses, but they’re the reason parts to focus on.”

“Maybe I should try it with Robbie,” Kerrie mused.

“I wouldn’t recommend it,” Tracy said.

“Oh?” I asked. “Why not?”

Tracy put her hands under her tits. “You try walking around with these all day and see how much fun they are.”

“You can stop anytime,” I told her with a bravado I didn’t feel. I wanted her milk more than anything else in the world.

Tracy met my gaze for a moment and then melted, “But I don’t want to.”

“Bleah!” Kerrie interjected. “You two are sickening with all of your lovey-dovey stuff. Maybe Robbie and I should have a baby. I want a kid, but…” she trailed off.

“Are things really bad between the two of you?” Tracy asked gently.

“Not really bad, but it’s not as good as it should be.” She sighed and drained the last of the wine in her glass. “I want it to be better.” Then she covered her face with her hands. “We’ve had a few fights where we both threaten divorce, but I don’t want to divorce. I want a baby. I want a husband.”

Tracy and I didn’t have any good advice for her friend. We had a unique relationship that didn’t translate easily into advice for those with a more common marriage.

As it was Kerrie made her big announcement two months later. She was already

pregnant and they were both thrilled. She was positive that this was exactly what they needed to keep their relationship moving forward. “As you know, a relationship is like a shark,” she quoted. “If it doesn’t keep moving forward all the time, it dies.”

I hesitated to mention the many species of sharks that rested on the bottom of the ocean waiting for the prey to come by. I had read one too many kids science books at bedtime. It wasn’t the right time and place anyway.

Not much happened during Kerrie’s pregnancy. Life happened around us at that point. The twins kept us busy and Kerrie kept us busy by checking in every day, it seemed, to monitor the progress of her baby.

I caught Tracy and Kerrie in the middle of a conversation one day. I was upstairs in the spare bedroom we used as an office space and they were downstairs in the kitchen. Tracy should have known the heat registers carried sound between those two rooms almost perfectly—or maybe she did know and just didn’t care—but I heard everything.

“How soon did you start nursing Evan?”

“You know this, Kerrie. It was a year after the twins were born.”

“Oh. Pregnancy brain. I forgot that. My breasts feel so swollen! I know they’re working up to making milk. I was just wondering if I should get Robbie to start nursing on me before the baby comes.”

“I’m not sure if that’s a good idea, Kerrie.”

“Why not? Evan likes your milk.”

“Yeah, but Evan’s a bit of a pervy kinkster. Have you discussed this with Robbie?”

There was a long pause before Kerrie answered. “No. We’re distracted by everything and everything seems to annoy him. I was hoping the baby would help and maybe if he got off on my tits getting bigger…”

“Hon, you can’t live your life like mine.”

Kerrie made a couple of sobbing noises and what sounded like, “I know.” It was at that point I closed the register and put on my headphones. Some things you don’t want to hear.

“Her tits are bigger,” I pointed out later after Kerrie had left.

Tracy glared at me. “Don’t tell her that.”

Brett was born on schedule and without incident. Everything seemed happy with Kerrie. I liked eavesdropping (register dropping?) to the conversations the two women had in our kitchen. I never told Tracy that I could hear everything they said, but I don’t think she minded. “How’s the nursing going?” Tracy asked our friend.

“Good. My breasts feel like these giant liquid bags that don’t belong to me,” she half-complained, half-bragged. “My chest hasn’t gotten this much attention since I started budding in sixth grade.”

“Any attention from Robbie in that area?” Tracy cautiously probed.

“Not really. I can’t push it at this point. I’m focused on Brett. I have to be, right?”

“Right,” agreed Tracy. “Be sure to keep nursing as much as possible with him. The more you nurse the more milk you make. And your uterus keeps shrinking too, that’s always good. Can you feel that?”

She must have nodded because she replied, “It feels good.”

Tracy lowered her voice conspiratorially. “Is the nursing getting you horny at all?”

Brett was only a month old at this point, but I knew what Tracy was asking about. She had loved to nurse the twins at the same time, which is really the only way to nurse twins. More than once I found her in the rocking chair a beatific look on her face because she so enjoyed nursing our children.

The answer from Kerrie isn’t at all what I was hoping for. “Not really. Maybe it takes some time?”

“Everyone’s different,” Tracy agreed.

Sadly, but hardly unexpectedly, Kerrie and Robbie separated and started divorce proceedings a little after Brett’s first birthday. Kerrie told us about the woman—

“The slut!” she always spat out

—that Robbie had been sleeping with.

“I understand that he didn’t find me all that attractive and sexy when I was pregnant and breast feeding, but he hid it from me. I wasn’t at all into sex right then, but maybe if he had asked permission from me...”

“Would you have said yes?” I asked her bluntly. Tracy kicked my shin under the table. I kept a straight face.

“I don’t know! But he cheated on me, the fucker!”

It wasn’t the only reason they were divorcing but it was the final straw. I didn’t want to hear the ugly details but Tracy was regaled almost every day at lunch with exactly what had happened and when. She started ticking them off to me:

“He had sex with the slut when Kerrie was in labor! You remember that she was in labor for thirty six hours? He ran home at one point to change clothes and take care of things when the doctors told her it would be a while. He apparently had time to change clothes, take a shower, and fuck his girlfriend while his wife was in labor.”

“Well, that was wrong,” I replied. What else could I say?

“He spent five hundred dollars on a bracelet for the slut’s birthday when Kerrie only got a new set of dishes for the house for hers.”

“Shit! Guy’s a snake.”

“Kerrie went through all the receipts she could find. Found some from Victoria’s Secret. He bought them the exact same set of lingerie!”

“You’re shitting me.”

“No! Exactly the same. Except the slut’s was a size smaller.”

Sometimes I don’t know when not to be a smartass. “Well, no wonder he left Kerrie for the slut.”

I didn’t even see Tracy’s hand move but I certainly felt the slap across my face. “Sorry,” I instantly apologized. “That was the wrong thing to say.”

I deserved the slap. I was out of line. What I wasn’t expecting was what Tracy did next. She wrapped her arms around me and hugged me tight; her body was practically trembling as she started crying.

“Don’t ever leave me,” she sobbed.

“I’d never leave you,” I promised. “Who would I leave you for? There’s no one better than you.”

That was the truth. Things weren’t perfect between us. What real marriage doesn’t have problems? But we worked through them. In all honesty, I was deeply in love with my wife. I wouldn’t leave her for anyone. The fact that she was the only woman in the world who would willingly let me nurse from her breasts was just another powerful reason for me not to leave her.

“I love you,” she told me as she grabbed my hands and pushed them under her shirt and up to her breasts. I massaged her heavy tits as we kissed. She pressed her body hard against me but it was too early in the evening. The kids weren’t ready for bed yet and we could hardly just disappear to the bed room for half an hour.

Or could we?

I felt her nipples start to leak milk. We had already had dinner and the kids were in the living room once again watching SpongeBob. It was one of the few shows they could agree upon without having a massive fight. I was a big fan of SpongeBob.

“I need you,” Tracy moaned into my ear.

“We can do this,” I told her and removed my hands from her tits so I could grab her hand. I led her from the kitchen and through the edge of the living room as we headed upstairs to our bedroom. “Kids, Mom and Dad have a headache. We’re going to lie down for a few minutes. Keeping watching SpongeBob and don’t burn down the house.”

“Okay.” Went under the spell of the magic glowing box kids are agreeable to anything.

“Lock the door,” Tracy told me when we entered our room. You can’t be a good parent without a good bedroom door lock.

As I secured the door, Tracy whipped off her shirt and I fell upon her breasts like a man starved. She muffled her moans into the pillow while I proceeded to strip off the rest of her clothes. When I pushed my hand between her legs, Tracy’s pussy was already soaking wet. She clamped my hand to her cunt to increase the pressure. She was like a woman possessed but I took my time, working the milk from her tits slowly and steadily, the way she liked. It extended the amount of time we spent in bed together and Tracy was moaned for me to put my cock inside her, but I didn’t vary the routine. She needed to keep things the same as much as I did. We had moved up our nursing time by a few hours and I wasn’t going to throw everything else off by dispensing with our usual rituals.

“Oooh, why don’t you just fuck me,” she whined in complaint as I carefully sipped all the milk out of her left breast. My left hand was on her right nipple, pinching it closed to prevent it from leaking, while my right was buried in her pussy. Tracy found it most pleasant for me to have my middle finger up inside her while I teased her clit with my thumb or the palm of my hand.

“Patience,” I told her taking a breath. “We have to do this the right way.”

“We have to do it before the kids come check on us.”

“The kids are watching SpongeBob. They’ll be too occupied with him for the next hour to worry about us.”

I lowered my lips to her still full breast and worked harder on the clit. I teased but didn’t push too hard, it was still just enough to get her over the hump and have a pleasant little orgasm, just enough to take the edge off her desire.

“More,” she begged.

“When I’m done,” I gasped between sucking out her milk.

Having achieved orgasm once Tracy was able to think straight for a minute and realized I was still fully clothed. She started stripping me, breaking my latch to pull my shirt over my head, but then proceeding as normal, removing everything else very efficiently as I continued to nurse.

Only when she was completely empty and my cock was fully erect did I let go of her breast and order her up on her hands and knees. She looked at me in surprise for an instant, but did what I asked. We might engage in a little bit of adult lactation, but sex-wise ninety percent of the time we fucked in straight missionary. The other ten percent she was on top showing off her tits to me. We hadn’t fucked doggy-style in years.

Still, there are some things you never forget how to do. One is how to ride a bike. The other is how to have sex. On her hands and knees Tracy reached between her thighs and found my hard cock. Since she was already soaking wet it was easy for her to guide me into her pussy. Once I was in, I held in her in place and fucked her hard and fast. Tracy lowered her face and all but screamed into the pillow as she came. I hoped the volume on SpongeBob was sufficiently loud.

“I want to lie down, I want to lie down,” Tracy panted.

“No. I want to fuck you like this.” I wasn’t going to let her give up. I wanted her exhausted and satiated.

I let go of her hips and leaned forward to curve my hands around her tits. She gasped in surprise. They were probably still sore from my nursing. I then used my chest for force Tracy down a bit to the mattress and place my palms flat on the bed. Her breasts pressed on my knuckles. It took some maneuvering but I caught her nipples between my thumb and forefinger, but kept my hands flat on the mattress.

She pulled back, trying to get her nipples away from the sharp pressure I was applying. “That hurts!” she complained.

“Want me to stop?” I all but released her precious pink nipples from between my

fingers. The moment I did she cried out.

“No! No! Don’t stop!”

I clamped down again and she screamed into her pillow again as I slammed my hips into her ass, fucking her as hard as I could, pinching her nipples right past the red line of pain. When I came I could feel her pussy clamp down hard on my cock and we collapsed down to the bed where we panted together trying to catch our breath.

“Did I hurt you?” I asked.

“Yes.” Her voice quavered. She was on the verge of tears.

“I’m sorry. I got carried away in the moment.”

Tracy shook her head and brought her hands up to cup her breasts. “It’s okay. It felt good.”

“I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“I wouldn’t mind if you did it again that way,” she said. Then quickly added. “But not tonight.”

End Part One

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 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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