
Milk For Free
Part Two
by Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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Part Two

Chapter Four

Jennica looked at the large bottle of dietary supplements that Heather had handed to her. It wasn't quite the size of the mini-barrels of amino acid supplements body builders bought by the case from GNC stores, but it was close. "Fenugreek?" she asked, reading the label.

"I'm sure you've heard all the stories in the news about how half of all dietary supplements don't have a fraction of what they claim."

That caught Jennica unprepared. "Um, yeah, I guess I've heard that."

"So what might be in here might not be exactly as advertised."

"Oh. So why take it?" She unscrewed the large cap and looked inside at the pills.

"Lots of women who want to induce lactation because they're adoptive mothers or are having trouble maintaining their milk swear by fenugreek and this particular brand. They might be fooling themselves, but who am I to argue with the internet? Take one a day." She took the bottle from Jennica, shook out one pill, and handed both back to her with a glass of water.

To her credit, Jennica didn't hesitate. After popping the pill into her mouth, she washed it down with a large swallow and smiled. "What next? When do I become a dairy fountain?"

Heather scoffed. "Now the hard work begins." She opened up the box on the counter. "Breast pump. Now we're getting into the painful part of lactation for fun. I suppose if you were a masochist, this part would be more enjoyable." She paused and studied Jennica carefully for a moment. "Are you a masochist?"

"I don't think so."

With a shrug Heather said, "It would make this a lot better for you if you were."

She showed Jennica how to assemble the breast pump. It was a device originally intended to help working mothers empty their breasts for when their children were at day care. "I was raised in a pretty rural area," Heather said. "I think the

design of these pumps are directly based on what farmers use on cows, milking machines hooked up to their udders." She let that thought sink in to Jennica's psyche a moment. Then she twisted the knife. "There have been plenty of times I felt exactly like a cow, at home and at the club, with people nursing from me, expecting me to give them milk like I was a refreshment stand." She left out that sometimes she truly enjoyed being used exactly that way.

"Oh." Reality was starting to settle onto Jennica's shoulders.

Heather couldn't resist pushing further. "Get your shirt and bra off. Let's try it out." She waited expectantly. Realizing what was expected of her, Jennica paused a moment, then put her hands to her shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing her rather plain bra. She half felt like she was stripping in front of a doctor and half like she was stripping in front of a new and expectant lover. Both thoughts made her uneasy. Still, she reached behind her back, released the hooks on the bra and tossed it aside as well.

Finding a bit of courage in her partial nudity, Jennica pushed back her shoulders and tried to stand up straight and proudly. She didn't have anything to be ashamed of. Her breasts, while not massive, had received plenty of positive attention in high school, college, and beyond. Based on the many compliments from boyfriends and others, she knew her tits looked great. But in front of Heathers he felt a bit more vulnerable and exposed than she had in a long time.

"I'd do it for you," Heather told her while handing over the cups to the pump, the business end of the device, "but you'll be doing this a lot on your own. You figure out what works best for you and I'll help when you need it.

"Okay," Jennica said with confidence in her voice but her fingers were trembling slightly when she took the cups from her friend. "What do I do, exactly?" It was a somewhat silly question. She knew what to do and the basics of how the pump worked, she just didn't want there to be an awkward silence between the two of them.

In response Heather switched on the pump. It wasn't extremely loud, but the noise momentarily startled Jennica. "Just put the cups on your tits and adjust them as needed." It was a brief instruction, but it was all that Jennica needed to get started.

It might have been easier for her to put the cups on if the pump wasn't already

running, but Jennica managed to make it work. The clear plastic cups were large enough to accommodate all of her breasts' flesh. A pair of hoses led from the cups back to the pump. Attached to the cups were collection bottles that, at this point for Jennica, were largely ornamental. Inside the cups were smaller funnels where the suction was focused. Almost automatically the funnels lined up with her nipples and it went to work pulling them forward and releasing in a steady rhythm.

Unfortunately she barely felt it. The strength of the vacuum was weak. "It's hardly doing anything," she complained.

"Let me adjust it." Heather twisted the dial control almost up to the three-quarter mark and Jennica gasped. "Better?"

"Oh my," was all that Jennica could say. It wasn't exactly painful, just unexpected and new. Even with all the preparation she had given herself, the way the pump affected her body was astonishing. She went weak in the knees and her body practically sang with desire. This was exactly what she wanted to happen.

"Painful?" Heather asked.

"A little, but it feels good too," Jennica said as the pump truly went to work, pulling on her nipples, extending them deeply into the funnels and then abruptly releasing them. She watched as her flesh retracted, recovering from the minor bit of abuse, and then, right before they were back to their normal state, the suction turned on again, and her nipples, now slowly getting sore, were pulled forward again. It was like she was being abused by a rough and careless lover, but a lover she wanted to use her in exactly that way.

Heather watched silently a minute and then said, "Don't expect any milk for a while. Even with the fenugreek, it'll take a few weeks for you to really start lactating. You'll have to pump at least twice a day. Try to get your husband to suck on your nipples as much as possible, that'll help as well."

"Uh-huh." Jennica only half heard the words. Heather looked at her and realization dawned upon her.

"Are you liking this a little too much?" she asked, suppressing a giggle.

“Maybe,” Jennica admitted. She didn’t think it would be possible for her to cum from just the pump working on her tits, but it wasn’t an inconceivable notion either.

“I’d suggest ten to fifteen minutes a session,” Heather advised. “Too much more and your nipples will be sore all the time. Any less and you won’t be stimulating your milk glands enough to get them to produce for you.”

“Okay.” Jennica wasn’t focused on Dona’s words at all. She was fascinated at how the pump was affecting her body. She was eager, so very eager, to see her breasts actually produce milk. It couldn’t happen fast enough.

Heather quickly grew bored with watching Jennica. She knew the routine and knew what to expect. It didn’t seem the right place to try to seduce the other woman and get her to play. The milking machine was decidedly unsexy and annoying. She busied herself around the kitchen where they had set up the pump, keeping an eye on Jennica who was fascinated with what was happening to her body.

After almost twenty minutes, Heather abruptly stopped the pump by hitting the power switch. “Why’d you do that?” Jennica almost whined.

“You went a little long for you first session,” Heather said. “You don’t want to permanently injure yourself.”

Jennica wasn’t worried about injury. She had been steadily hiking up the slope to Mt. Climax and Heather had ended that journey. “I wasn’t done,” she complained.

“You’re not getting any milk coming out today.”

“That’s not what I meant,” Jennica said boldly. Her eyes were shining and dilated with lust. Without thinking she unbuttoned her jeans and shoved her hand inside her panties. Since her pussy was already moist because of the pump, it was easy for her fingers to find her clit and set to work. Heather watched as her friend masturbated in front on her, perched on the edge of the kitchen table’s chair, looking every bit a woman controlled by her lust.

It didn’t take long for Jennica to cum once her hand came into play. She gasped and squeezed her thighs around her hand. Her other hand, she realized, was

gripping on nipple to the edge of pain. When her orgasm passed, to her great embarrassment she opened her eyes to see Heather watching her. Watching her in approval and amusement.

“I’m sorry,” she squeaked out.

“Don’t be. I don’t mind. Would you like to go to the bedroom and play for a bit?”

Jennica shouldn’t have been alarmed or surprised by the question, but she was. She had played with Heather before, but always with men present. She didn’t know where Steven was and she had come to Heather’s house without her husband. It was an entirely different context. To Jennica’s mind, Heather was inviting her to be a lesbian, which was a world of difference than being bisexual. She had found herself entangled in a situation she saw no easy escape from.

“Um…would you be upset if I said no?”

Heather shook her head. “It’s your choice. It’s fine. It’s just that watching you got me a little worked up and I don’t want to wait for Steve to get home.”

Jennica reached for her bra and fastened the hooks, connecting the band around her waist. “Are you really bi?” she asked, uncertain how to continue the conversation.

Resting her hand on the edge of her neckline, Heather said, “I didn’t think I was until we joined the club and, you know, it’s kind of expected of the women. At first I wasn’t really sure, but when I tried it, I like it.” She closed her eyes briefly and sighed. “It’s amazing the things you can discover about yourself as you get older and truly explore what the world has to offer.” She opened her eyes. “Give me the pump,” she said as she pulled off her shirt and bra in one smooth movement.

It wasn’t the first time that Jennica had seen Heather’s bare breasts, but the casual nature of her disrobing was a bit surprising. Without hesitation Heather switched on the pump, grabbed the cups from Jennica’s hands, and pressed them to her tits. Her nipples were pulled forward while Jennica watched and just as the dark red points reached their full extension, several small jets of milk issued forth.

“Oh…wow.”

Heather grinned in satisfaction as her nipples rested for a moment before the suction kicked in again. Once more the milk jetted out, spraying the inside of the suction funnels before gathering together and running down into the collection bottles. This continued on. It wasn’t a fast process, but it was steady and soothing to both women. Heather enjoyed the sensation of being milked, even by a machine; Jennica was fascinated by the process, it was easy to imagine but it wasn’t something she had ever considered watching before.

Too quickly the collection bottles filled almost halfway up and Heather switched off the pump. She was skilled at using it, switching off and pulling the cups from her tits before the weight could overcome the strength of the suction. She deftly unscrewed the bottles from the collection tubes and poured one into the other, filling it nearly to the top.

“Wow,” Jennica complimented her again, amazed at how practiced Heather’s movements were.

“Years of practice,” she said. Lifting the bottle to her lips she took a small sip of her own breast milk. “Still sweet after all these years.”

That truly shocked Jennica. “You drink your own milk?!”

Heather regarded her impassively. “Of course. Why not?” She grabbed Jennica’s hand that had recently been down in her pants rubbing her pussy. Bringing it up to her nose, she inhaled Jennica’s musky scent and then darted out her tongue, tasting the last of the other woman’s juices on her fingers. “You’ve tasted your own pussy before, haven’t you? You’ve tasted my milk; other people have drunk my milk, why can’t I try my own?”

Her argument was flawless, but the idea of drinking her own milk unsettled Jennica. “I just never considered it.”

She barely reacted in time to grab the bottle that Heather shoved into her hand. “Here, try some. It’s best when it’s warm.”

She could feel the warmth from the bottle. Knowing that this was expected, Jennica raised it to her lips and took a sip. Drinking breast milk from a bottle was different from drinking it directly from the source. And yet it was still sweet

and warm and thickly pleasant on the tongue. Jennica couldn't stop herself from taking another sip and enjoying it just as much as the first. Finding her control, she tried to pass the bottle back to Heather.

"Keep it," the other woman said, not accepting the bottle's return. "Drink and enjoy. Or I suppose you can take it home to Chappie and the two of you can have a little of me." From the box Heather plucked a cap and handed it over to Jennica so the bottle could easily be transported.

"Are you serious?"

"It's not the first time my milk was bottled and taken home as a special treat for a few close friends."

Jennica wasn't sure if Heather was bragging or was telling her that she now considered her a close enough friend to share breast milk with. Either way she was flattered.

"Thank you."

"The next time, though," Heather told her with a firm smile, "you'll have to take it directly from the source."

"Right," Jennica nervously agreed.

Driving home Jennica kept glancing at the bottle sitting in the cup holder. It was too much to resist. She downed all the contents before she made it all the way home.

Chapter Five

That night Steven settled into bed and pushed up the t-shirt that Heather wore to bed to expose her breasts. This was their usual routine and Heather hardly noticed as she automatically turned, giving him better access to her tits. Her milk gently let down as Steven suckled from her. She held the breast he wasn't using to prevent any excess leakage and allowed herself to float on the soothing wonder of lactation in action.

Much to Steven's disappointment, his nursing ended much sooner than usual. "Are you going dry?" he asked his wife.

"Mmm. No." Heather was already half-asleep. Some of the time being nursed in bed got her excited and she needed to have sex, the other times it put her to sleep so deeply that the walls could fall down around her and she wouldn't notice.

"I barely got a taste," he complained.

"Mmm." The last thing Heather wanted to do was have a conversation right before bed. She wanted to go to sleep. "I used the pump today."

"Why?" Steven was offended.

Heather sighed. She wasn't going to get a perfect night's sleep. "Jennica came over and I was showing her how to use it."

"Oh. That makes sense." Steven rolled Heather's body, repositioning her to get better access to the breast he hadn't used yet. "What are your plans with her?"

"I don't know yet."

"You'd better figure it out soon," he told her. "She wants to lactate, doesn't she?"

"Yes." Now Heather was exasperated.

"Kind of takes away from your thunder, doesn't it?"

“What?”

“You won’t be the only woman in the club with milk. She might draw away some attention from you.”

Heather froze, but then quickly recovered. “I know that,” she lied, though that really hadn’t occurred to her before. She was simply helping out another woman to lactate. Heather loved lactating and being available for others to use her breasts so it made sense to her that other women would like to try as well. Before Jennica had joined, she had been disappointed that no one in the club had really wanted to try it. Jennica’s interest had pleased her. Now it seemed that perhaps Jennica was trying to undermine Heather’s one bit of special prominence in the club. “But it’s hard. Not every woman can just induce lactation. She’ll probably give up before it happens.”

“Huh,” Steven said. “It would be great if there were two women I could nurse from at the club.”

“Maybe,” Heather said noncommittally. “We’ll see.”

It was two weeks later before Heather saw Jennica and Chappie again at the club. Jennica had been cagey about her progress in inducing lactation. Heather had sent her several texts about it and Jennica’s answers were always vague.

When Jennica walked in and greeted Heather with a kiss on the cheek, the first thing Heather saw was that Jennica obviously wasn’t wearing a bra under her deep plunging dress. This wasn’t unusual for any woman in the club, but Jennica was clearly showing off, which again, wasn’t unusual, but she was very proud of herself and that annoyed Heather.

“You’re looking good,” Heather complimented her friend, glancing meaningfully at the other woman’s chest.

“Thanks!” Jennica said brightly. “I’ve been pumping every day, twice a day,” she reported. “And I’ve been taking the fenugreek.”

“Wow.” Heather’s comment was flat.

“Perfect!” Steven was much more enthusiastic about Jennica’s plans. “And how is that working out for you?”

Jennica momentarily affected a fake pout. “Nothing yet. Though I think my tits are a little bigger, so that’s something.”

“Big tits are nice,” Steven leered and then glanced over at Chappie who was standing nervously next to his wife. “What do you think of your wife’s plans?” he asked.

“Uh…it’s nice that she wants to put them in my mouth every night,” he answered, half-joking.

“What about the milk?” Steven pressed. “Sometimes I think the only reason I stay with Heather is because she’s toting around working boobs. It’s a borderline addictive substance, I think.”

His honesty caught Chappie flatfooted. “You really believe that?”

“Look at my wife,” he said, indicating Heather who had taken a few steps away to greet other members streaming into the space the club rented. Attendance wasn’t particularly high that night, but it was enough to keep Heather busy. Almost everyone she greeted with a kiss or brief embrace. The men and women alike would briefly touch or fondle her tits. Heather didn’t mind; she encouraged it as much as possible. She liked that her breasts made milk and others took pleasure in emptying out the prized liquid. “I’m not saying it’s addictive like heroin, but once you get a taste of it as an adult, it’s hard to go without it.” He paused and then pressed forward again. “You’ve tasted Heather’s milk. Can you honestly tell me you don’t want to nurse from her tonight?”

Chappie blushed red and felt his cock hardening in his pants. It wasn’t an unexpected reaction in the club but he still felt a touch of shame from his physical response. “I’d really like to,” he admitted.

“Come on then,” Steven said with a grin while looking at Jennica who had been listening to their conversation. She wasn’t upset by their words; by now she knew exactly what she was getting into. “Let’s take our wives to a private room and see how much milk Heather can supply us with tonight.” Now he looked directly at Jennica. “You want to nurse from her as well, don’t you?”

It was a direct question that Jennica had been anticipating but didn't have a ready answer for. "I sort of do, but I'm not into women and Heather is. That makes things a little tough."

"Don't worry about it," Steven told her with supreme confidence, taking up her hand and drawing her over to Heather. "Every woman just needs to give in to their inner lust to discover their bisexuality, right dear?" he asked Heather.

"Of course," she said automatically and noted her husband was holding her rival's hand. "What are we doing?"

"Foursome, and you're providing the drinks," he informed her. Since it wasn't Heather's turn to monitor club events that night, it was easy for them to slip away to a private room. Steven led the way, pulling an only somewhat reluctant Jennica along. Heather followed, eagerly and happily. The tail of the group was brought up by Chappie, wondering how exactly he was going to fit into the group.

By the time Chappie walked into the room Steven had select, and closed the door behind him, Steven had already lifted Jennica's dress up and over her head, leaving her clad only in yellow lace panties and her shoes. "They look bigger," he said as he reached out and cupped them, hefting them a bit, feeling their weight and relative hardness.

Chappie looked on, aroused as usual when he saw another man touching his wife. He didn't bother to hide his erection, not that anyone was looking. Since Heather was watching the other two intently, Chappie took the opportunity to rub himself through his clothing and then said the hell with it and started taking off his clothes.

By now Steve had pushed Jennica to the bed and had fallen upon her breasts and began suckling her. Heather restrained herself long enough to kick off her shoes, step out of her jeans, and unbutton her blouse, before joining the two on the bed. Seeing as Jennica had one free breast, Heather latched onto it and started sucking. The married couple nursed together for a minute before Steven released his hold and said, "I can't taste anything, but her tits feel firmer to me."

"Ever the evaluator," Heather declared as she released Jennica's other tit. She glanced at Chappie who seemed uncertain as to what to do with himself. He was down to a pair of tight red boxers and dark framed glasses which gave him the

look of a half-naked Clark Kent on the way to changing into Superman. “Come and join us,” she invited him. “Don’t you want to eat your wife’s pussy?” She slipped her hand down into Jennica’s panties, feeling her wet and swollen lips.

That was all the invitation that Chappie needed. He helped Heather pull off Jennica’s panties and then fell between her legs, licking and sucking at her pussy.

“Oh fuck,” Jennica exclaimed.

“Feels good, huh?” Heather asked.

“Yeah…”

“Do me a favor?”

“Uh-huh?”

Heather didn’t verbalize the question. She merely slid up the bed, supported herself with a couple of pillows, and offered Jennica her breast. Between being nursed and her husband’s tongue in her pussy, Jennica wasn’t about to argue semantics over sexuality. She opened her mouth and sucked eagerly at Heather’s heavy breast and large nipple. The milk flowed immediately.

It was sweet and heavy. Jennica pushed aside thoughts of what she was doing was crazy and wrong and allowed herself to go with the moment. There was nothing wrong with nursing from another woman’s breast—it was perfectly natural. If it wasn’t natural, they wouldn’t be doing it, she told herself. Besides, Heather wanted her to nurse and as the newest member of the swing club, she should really do what Heather wanted. It was only right.

And there was no reason she couldn’t enjoy nursing from Heather either.

Although Jennica enjoyed having her pussy eaten, she rarely came from it. To cum she normally needed hard, direct stimulation right to her clit. That wasn’t the case this time. Between Chappie working his hardest on her clit, Steven sucking with all this strength on her nipple, and Heather’s milk flowing down her throat, Jennica found orgasm an easy achievement. Three people pleasuring her was all she needed to cum. When the orgasm was particularly good she blacked out momentarily and that happened with her three lovers. She knew she had lost some time to her brain being overloaded.

She woke up to Heather laughing angrily. Steven was no longer on her breast but she sensed Chappie between her legs though he wasn't eating her pussy any longer.

"You'll be fine," Steven said.

"Never had that happen before," Heather complained. "How many people have I nursed over the years?"

"A hundred," Steven answered. "But there's no blood. You'll be fine."

"She left a bruise."

"Not yet."

Jennica forced her eyes open. Heather was sitting on the side of the bed and Steven was examining her breast. "What happened?" Jennica asked. Her head was still woozy.

"You bit me."

"What?"

"You. Bit. Me."

"Ohmygodimsosorry." Jennica was truly mortified. "It was an accident."

"It know," Heather said. "It still hurts, though."

Jennica looked at the other woman's breast, the one she had been nursing from. There was a bright red ring around Heather's dark red nipple. When she looked closer she realized the red ring was actually formed from her teeth marks digging into the redhead's flesh. Tears formed in Jennica's eyes and she didn't know what to do or say. "I've never don't that before," she blurted out.

"I should hope not," Heather lectured her. "It's generally not good to bite the people you're having sex with."

"Unless they ask you to," Steven interjected.

"Unless they ask you to," Heather agreed. "I'm guessing you never came before

while sucking on someone's tit."

"No, I haven't."

Heather blew out her breath. "I suppose that's good." Steven moved away from inspecting her nipple and she immediately cupped it, trying to assuage the pain. "Fuck it hurts."

"You should probably put some ice on it," Chappie said. He sat up now from between his wife's legs.

"Good idea," Steven agreed. "I'll get some from the bar." He stood up and headed for the door, his now flaccid cock swinging between his legs.

"I'm so sorry," Jennica apologized again.

"Stop apologizing," Heather ordered. "It was an accident. It hurts. I'll get over it. What I can't stand is you sniveling over it."

Jennica closed her mouth, properly chastised. She almost said she was sorry one more time, but she caught herself and didn't utter the offending words.

It was Chappie who spoke first. "You must have had a good orgasm, otherwise you wouldn't have bit her."

Heather smiled thinly, still holding her tit. "Was it a good orgasm?"

The answer was obvious and easy. "The best I've ever had," Jennica admitted. "It was wonderful."

Before Heather could say anything else Steven returned with a gallon-sized plastic bag filled with ice. It was ten times too much but he didn't want to show up with too little. Still, Heather gave him a scathing glare. "Half of that would still be too much."

From behind the bag Steven produced a few other, smaller, plastic bags and dumped a few of the ice cubes into one of the small bags. Heather accepted it from him and pressed the cold pack to her breast. Almost immediately her nipple responded like it would on a cold day and she was wearing too thin a blouse; it hardened.

“Better?” asked Steven.

“A bit.” She pulled back the ice a second, checked her nipple, and reapplied it. “I’m pretty sure I’m going to wind up bruised.”

“But who will see it?” Steven pointed out.

“Everyone here at the club,” Heather snapped. “But I don’t care about that. It’s going to be hell to keep my milk flowing if I’m bruised. It’s going to fucking hurt.”

“Oh…right.”

Heather closed her eyes and wallowed in her pain a moment. Jennica remained on her back on the bed, but had closed her legs, hiding her sex, she tried to make herself as small as possible, trying to disappear but it wasn’t happening. “Know what helps with pain?” she asked with closed eyes.

“What?” Chappie asked.

“Distraction. Better than that, pleasure that overrides the pain.” Heather was half sitting up, propped up by a pile of pillows on the bed, clutching the bag of ice to her breast, but her eyes still closed. She slowly opened up her thighs, revealing her pussy to the other three in the small room. She had carefully groomed herself for the club night. Her dark red curls had been carefully shaped into a narrow strip on her pubic mound. Her labia were shaved bare, exposing her inner lips that were moist. She was right on the edge of having her copious lubricant start flowing down and out her slit. It was a blatant display of her sexuality, even for the inside of the club. “I need someone to eat my pussy.”

Since Chappie was already on the bed, he started moving, crawling over from his wife to Heather, but she stopped him with a word, snapping open her eyes. “No. I think Jennica would like to make this up to me.” She indicated her breast where she still clutched the cold pack.

All eyes went to Jennica. She froze. She knew she was being tested—and taunted—by Heather. The redhead needed to prove that she was the one in charge. She wanted to prove her superiority to the other woman. She needed to be the dominant personality in the room, the one in charge of the two couples’ complicated relationship.

“Sure,” Jennica heard herself saying. “Why not?” Jennica wasn’t eager to lick and suck Heather’s cunt. It was one thing to nurse from her, taste and drink her milk, but going down on another woman…that was somehow wrong in her mind. She loved receiving oral sex—from men. And possibly from women, but she wasn’t the type of woman to go down on another.

But this was a special occasion. She had to do it to amend for her transgression.

Jennica crawled between Heather’s thighs. She could smell the redhead’s scent—evidence of her lust, of her need to be fucked—and recognized it as similar to her own. Heather and Jennica weren’t all that different. In many ways they didn’t want to admit to each other, they were much the same. Never before had Jennica seen another woman’s sex up close. She had seen her own, of course, inspected a few times with a mirror and down-tilted head, and had seen pictures and illustrations of other women’s cunts—not that she spent a large amount of time perusing porn. But this was the first time she had seen another woman’s up close.

It wasn’t repulsive—just new and different—but Jennica had never expected to be in this position, creeping between another woman’s legs to kiss her cunt and she didn’t know what to do. Glancing left and right, she saw Chappie and Steven watching expectantly. Steven’s hand was around his cock, rubbing it slowly; it was half-erect. Chappie was already fully erect, pointing to the ceiling at a familiar angle. Jennica would have been happy to suck one or both of those cocks, together or successively, and let them cum down her throat or all over her face, neck, and tits.

There was nothing wrong with oral sex. There was nothing wrong with being a lesbian. Jennica wasn’t some arch-conservative who believed that men should only have sex with women. Homosexuality was fine with her—she just wasn’t a lesbian and had never had the desire to experience sex with a woman. She knew that joining the club that there might be pressure to have sex with other women, but Heather had assured her that no one was ever compelled to do anything they were uncomfortable with.

Until now.

She was facing down Heather’s pretty cunt and Jennica knew what was expected.

She knew it was her fault that Heather was injured and she knew this was half punishment for her mistake and half test of her acceptability to be part of the club.

It was easy to close her eyes. She lowered her face and kissed the little strip of hair that decorated Heather's pubic mound. From there she lightly kissed her way down the strip, found the top of Heather's slit and opened it up with her tongue, seeking out her clit.

Heather moaned.

Jennica wiggled her tongue forward and tasted the strong musky and tart aroma of Heather's cunt. It wasn't bad. It wasn't exactly enjoyable, but there wasn't anything wrong with it. She pushed her tongue in deeper and then recognized Heather's flavor as almost exactly the same as her own. It was remembered from her own fingers when she had been masturbating and licked her fingers in the middle of it for a little extra lubricant. Then it had been wonderful, the taste of sex dripping off her fingers. Now it was…something else. Neither good nor bad, not exciting or repulsive.

Jennica was confused but pressed on. She kept her tongue busy in Heather's pussy doing to her exactly what she liked her lovers to do to her pussy. And knowing exactly what she liked, Jennica slipped a finger into Heather's cunt, palm up, and stroking her finger on that hidden spot right behind the pubic bone. While she did this Jennica used her tongue to vigorously scrub against Heather's clit.

It was enough. Only a minute later Heather's thighs were shaking and she called out to God that she was cumming and then it was over.

After her moment of crisis was over, Heather was laughing. She reached down between her legs and pulled Jennica up kissing her on the lips, tasting her own pussy on Jennica's mouth. Kneeling above Heather, Jennica's breast hung down and their flesh touched. Jennica felt the coldness of Heather's nipple.

The ice pack had slipped down. Heather had dropped the pack off her breast in the middle of her orgasm and yet her flesh felt frozen.

"Warm me up a bit," Heather said, pushing Jennica's mouth down to her half-frozen nipple. Jennica opened her mouth and surrounded the cold flesh, but she

didn’t suck. She didn’t want to hurt Heather any further, but at the same time she wanted to nurse and taste more of Heather’s milk.

Heather’s arms went around Jennica and held her in place. At first Jennica thought it was because of affection, but then she felt Steven’s weight behind her and she knew that—at most—affection was only a small part of Heather’s gesture. Still, Jennica moved her hips and arched her back, letting Steven slip his cock up into her pussy. She was fucked by Heather’s husband while Heather held her and Chappie looked on. Now he was stroking his cock, but he didn’t know what to do, where to put his cock.

Reaching out, Heather ran her finger along his sack that was pulled up tight to his body, but she didn’t touch his cock. Instead she let go of him, found the ice bag Steven had brought, plucked out a pair of cubes, and pressed them to Jennica’s nipples. Her breasts were shaking back and forth gently as Steven fucked her.

Almost immediately Jennica’s nipples hardened, shriveling up tight.

“Ice cold milk shake,” Heather said softly, pulling the cubes away, warming the nipples up with her hands, and then reapplying the ice. “Cum on my husband’s cock,” Heather murmured while staying underneath Jennica. “And then Chappie can have your cunt. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Jennica nodded. It was just easier to go along with Heather.

Chappie swallowed and watched the trio tangled together on the bed. He was eager to join, but didn’t know where he belonged.

Chapter Six

Heather hated braggarts and that was exactly what she was seeing in Jennica's behavior. The worse type of braggart was the type that barely earned the right to brag. Heather had been coming to the club for years. She had been lactating even longer. She was more than willing to share her milk with anyone who asked, anyone who had a niggling bit of curiosity. But Jennica annoyed her.

Yes, her milk had come in. Yes, her tits were slightly bigger. Yes, she didn't have any reason to be ashamed of what she had done. But…she didn't have to immediately unbutton her top the moment she was inside the club and start walking up to literally everyone with the express purpose of asking them if they wanted to sample her milk. It was a little bit obnoxious in Heather's opinion.

The night's party was supposed to be an hour of drinks and conversation before anyone hooked up for private time. That didn't exclude flirting, dancing, and groping, but Heather thought Jennica was pushing the limits of good taste. She hadn't worn a bra to the party and she did keep her shirt on in the common area, in accordance to club rules, and she was showing less cleavage than a lot of other women who were wearing dresses and blouses that showed off nearly every inch of their tits other than nipple and areola. When one of the members gently pressed her on the issue of her partial nudity and sexual nature of her propositions, Jennica had merely laughed off the accusation. "But I'm just helping serve drinks," she insisted and that was the end of it.

She wasn't really lying. Her milk was flowing for whoever wanted to suck on her nipples. Jennica wasn't quite to the point where Heather was where her milk would let down and steadily leak once she started nursing, which actually worked to Jennica's advantage in her little display. She could go around to every member of the club, offer her wares, pull back her shirt and let the other person suck on her nipple to taste and drink her milk as much as they wanted, and when they stopped Jennica didn't have to deal with the difficulty of getting her milk to stop flowing.

Deep down Heather was worried that maybe—just maybe—while she might be producing more milk Jennica's might be sweeter and lighter. And none of it went

to waste, unlike what Heather could feel was brimming in her tits.

She didn't stare, but Heather kept close tabs on Jennica as she circulated the room. All of the men and women who regularly played with Heather and nursed from her sampled from Jennica. A few of those who didn't nurse from Heather opted to try Jennica's milk and that made Heather a little upset. She was having trouble controlling her anger.

"Don't do anything stupid," Steve said to her, handing his wife a vodka and tonic.

"What would I do?" Heather said innocently. She accepted the drink but never pulled her eyes away from Jennica.

"Start a catfight in the middle of the dance floor. While that might be amusing—and arousing to some members of the club—it probably wouldn't be the best way to end the evening."

"She's flaunting herself like a slut!" Heather complained.

"Said the woman who has banged most of the men in this room and half the women."

"You calling me a slut, sailor?"

"Yes."

Heather fumed a moment more and then acidly observed. "She's advertising like a prostitute."

"Maybe, but let her have her fun. Are you worried about her stealing one of your regulars away from you?"

His pointed question annoyed her.

"She can't steal them away from me," she stated flatly. "She has a lot to learn if she thinks she can just waltz in here and start offering her second-rate tit squeezings to everyone who would die for mine. They might sample, but they won't switch."

Steve commented wryly. “Meow.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?!”

Heather whirled on her husband and faced him. It was a somewhat humorous confrontation because she was nearly a foot shorter than him and she was shoving her finger in his face. “You’re acting catty. I’ve never seen you this way before. You’ve fucked and sucked every man here and most of the women and —” he caught himself short. “Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick! You’re jealous and worried that she really is going to steal people away from you. I’ve never seen you jealous like this before.”

It had been welling up insider her, but Heather had to face reality now. She was jealous. Cock and pussy didn’t make her jealous, she suddenly realized. But milk was something different.

“Fucking hell,” she cursed under her breath. “You’re right. I hate it when you’re right. I was the only woman here who was offering breast milk to the club, wasn’t I?”

“True.”

“And she prances in here with her big young tits and suddenly I’m second-rate Sally with the same old offerings in the bedroom.”

“Ouch,” Steve commented. “You’re really angry about this.”

“Yes!”

“Can I point out something that will really piss you off?”

“No.”

“I’m going to do it anyway. It’s your fault she’s here playing cowgirl. You’re the one who got her started on lactation.”

“Shut up! I fucking know what I did.”

“Just thought I’d mention it.”

“Don’t bother mentioning it again.”

“I won’t. But what are you going to do about it.”

Heather thought a long moment. “I have a plan.”

After cocktail hour, it looked to Heather that Jennica and Chappie were going to corral a couple. Instead of letting that happen, she swooped in on them. “Jennica! I want to try something tonight.” She glanced at the other couple, recognized Larry and Tara. “I don’t mean to intrude, but I need to borrow Jenn here for a few minutes. Do the four of you have plans?”

“Sort of,” Larry hesitated to say.

“I’ll have her back to you in fifteen minutes,” Heather smoothly lied as she steered Jennica back to the privacy rooms. Chappie followed, not knowing what else to do. Steve brought up the rear, not because he was eager to join in, but because he wanted to keep his wife out of trouble.

Heather grabbed the first available private room and practically hurled Jennica to the bed. She was on her in a flash, pushing open her shirt and sucking her left nipple into her mouth. She had to know for certain, for her own well-being. Jennica’s milk squirted into her mouth at the second pull. Once she was flowing well, Heather settled down and savored what Jennica was offering. Her milk was sweet and tasty, not too thin, but not exactly the same consistency as Heather’s. The flavor was acceptable, again different but not obviously superior to Heather’s.

With their bodies together, it was easy for Heather to settle down and nurse fully from Jennica’s body. Heather ran her hands down the curvy woman’s body until her fingertips met the top of Jennica’s skirt. After a moment’s pause, Heather pushed on, diving downward. Jennica didn’t resist. Either she had become accustomed to women nursing from her or she was too in shock to resist Heather’s advances, or this is how she wanted to act at the club. Either way it didn’t matter to Heather.

As Heather burrowed her hand deeper into Jennica’s skirt, hunting for her panties, Chappie joined them on the bed. At first Heather was certain Jennica’s husband was going to start nursing from her as well, but he didn’t. Instead, he assisted Heather in removing Jennica’s skirt, stockings, and panties. Once she

was naked, he opened up his wife's legs and encouraged Heather to continue playing with her pussy.

"You like watching?" Heather asked, taking a break from sucking milk from Jennica.

"Uh-huh," Chappie answered automatically. His eyes were riveted to his wife's pussy.

"Is that why you went along with her joining the club?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's what I like about men. They're simple and get right to the point."

Steve laughed and Chappie awoke from his fugue. "What?"

"Never mind," Heather said. "Why don't you join me up here? I'm sure that Jennica would enjoy both of us at the same time."

"Go on," Steve encouraged his friend. "You don't want to waste any of her milk, do you?

Chappie shook his head and moved up on his wife. Jennica actually offered up her breast to him and they quickly settled into a nursing position, Chappie curled up next to his mostly naked wife. He put his hand down between her legs and gently massaged his wife's clit. Heather continued to nurse from Michelle as well, but reached across the nude woman's body for Chappie's cock. It took some doing to reach into his pants, but he quickly assisted her—taking a break from his wife's pussy—which allowed Heather to stroke his already hard cock.

"I don't see much of a place for me," Steven commented, looking at the happily copulating trio. In response, and since she was already on her side, Heather raised up her left leg, pointing her knee at the ceiling, letting her dress side up her thigh, exposing her black lace panties. Steven moved in between his wife's legs, kissed her still covered pussy, inhaling her scent and almost tasting her cunt.

"On or off?" he asked her.

Heather's mouth was still full, so she let go of Chappie's cock for the briefest of moment's to pull aside her panties, exposing her pussy, before going back to masturbating Chappie. Steven started licking and sucking on his wife's cunt, but found it difficult to do so. He paused and yanked her panties off, fully exposing her wet and swollen pussy. That allowed him to do exactly with his pussy as she wished.

When Jennica's tit went dry, Heather rested for a moment, then told her husband, "Eat her pussy." Steven easily moved over, pushed Chappie's hand out of the way, and licked Jennica from the bottom of her slit all the way up to her clit. She was already sopping wet and on the edge of her crisis.

"Make her cum too," Heather urged him on.

He stopping eating pussy for a moment. "With my tongue or cock?"

"Both. Tongue first, then fuck her."

Steven redoubled his efforts with his tongue and was rewarded with a little gush of girl cum when Jennica climaxed. "Good enough," he declared, pulling back and quickly stripping off his clothes. He pulled Jennica back to the edge of the bed with Heather's help and stood up to sink his cock deep into her pussy. Chappie moved along with his wife, still nursing from her, and watching as Steven fucked his wife.

"Slow or fast?"

It was unclear if he was asking Heather or Jennica, but it was Heather who answered. "Fast. Cum fast. I want to watch Chappie fuck her too."

And so Steven fucked as fast and hard as he could. A minute later he came, flooding her pussy with his spunk.

All the while Heather had been working her hand up and down Chappie's cock, keeping him hard and ready. She gave her husband a moment's respite to recover from his exertion and then told him, "Get off her. It's Chappie's turn."

The men switched off quickly. Fast enough that none of Steven's spunk had the opportunity to leak out of Jennica's channel. He only fucked her for a few strokes before Jennica came again and Chappie finished up shortly after her

pussy clamped down on his hard shaft.

“Beautiful,” Heather declared.

“I was going to play with Larry and Tara,” Jennica declared.

“You still can, the party’s still going on.”

“I wanted him to have my milk.”

“Next time, Jenn, next time, I promise.”

Chapter Seven

It was unusual to have parties two weeks in a row, but Jennica didn't give it a second thought when she received the invite from Heather. She was so eager to spread her milk around the club that she didn't notice the lack of cars on the street where the club was located or the relative silence of the club space when she walked in.

Only when she and Chappie entered the bar area did it dawn upon her that they might be the only ones there. "Are we early?" she asked Heather as they sat down together at one of the small round tables.

"No, not at all," Heather replied smoothly. "Karen and CJ are here. They're in the back getting things ready."

"Oh. Is anyone else here?"

"It's just going to be the six of us tonight."

Jennica froze, her defenses came up. "Why is that?"

"I wanted to have an exclusive party with you and Chappie." Steve appeared from behind the bar carrying drinks for everyone. He placed them on the table and took a seat. "Is that okay?"

Jennica managed to prevent her hand from shaking as she picked up her drink. "I just wasn't aware of what you were planning."

"I think of it as a celebration." She turned to Chappie. "Is her milk flowing well?"

The question caught Chappie unprepared. "Um. Yeah. She barely needs to use the pump any more. I, uh, suck on her and that gets her milk going pretty well."

"Do you like it?" Heather asked.

"Like it?" he parroted back.

“Do you like nursing from your wife?” Heather clarified.

“Um…yeah. It’s new and different. And she really likes it.”

Heather turned back to Jennica. “It is a sensation you can’t quite get any other way, is it? I mean, nursing a baby is fine, but nursing your lover…that’s the best isn’t it.”

“Right,” Jennica quickly agreed, wondering where Heather was going with her questions.

“So I wanted to have a little party celebrating your successful lactation induction.”

“Oh.” Jennica didn’t know how else to reply.

“We’re going to take you to one of the rooms and drain your tits. Is that okay with you?”

Jennica smiled. “Sure.” Her proposal actually sounded like a lot of fun.

“You ever been tied up during sex?” Heather asked. “Do you like bondage games?”

“Umm…I guess. I had a boyfriend who liked to tie me up. But that was years ago.”

Heather turned to Chappie again. “You’ve never tied her up?” she asked, pretending to be aghast at the revelation.

“We’ve never really played that sort of game,” Chappie admitted.

“You should,” Heather said. “Anyway, doesn’t matter. As soon as CJ comes out of the back we’ll tie your hands behind your back and then take you to be nursed.”

“What?” The casual way Heather announced her plans made it seem like they were waiting for a friend to bring a car around so they could all head off to a party.

“He’s going to tie your hands together and then we’re all going to nurse you and fuck you,” Heather explained.

“What if I don’t want to?”

“Come on! It’ll be fun. Don’t you remember getting tied up by your old boyfriend? It must have been exciting and thrilling, wasn’t it?”

She didn’t want to admit it, but Heather was right. She had enjoyed being tied up by Reggie before he fucked her. But it also made her more than a little uncomfortable, as if she were trying to be someone she wasn’t. But that wasn’t the case any longer now that she was in a swing club and lactating for fun.

And the thoughts it stirred up from her memories started to make her panties wet.

“Yeah. It was. But I really don’t know CJ—”

“Speak of the devil,” Heather interrupted. CJ and his partner came through the back entrance to the bar area. They were casually dressed and CJ was holding a long length of rope in one hand. “She’s all ready for you.”

“Except she’s still wearing her shirt.” CJ’s voice was rough, almost gravely, even though he looked like the sort of man who had worked in state offices all his life.

“Get your shirt and bra off,” Heather commanded. She didn’t bark the order, but the way the words came out, it was hard to resist her. Without really thinking about it, Jennica pulled her shirt up over her head. She didn’t need to remove her bra; she wasn’t wearing one. Heather smiled in approval and anticipation of what was to come. “You can leave your pants on for the moment. Finish your drink, dear, you won’t be able to use your hands in a minute.”

Jennica quickly swallowed what remained in her glass, wincing at the sudden flood of alcohol to her system, but was then emboldened by the dose of liquid courage. “Let’s do it.” She grinned broadly at the assembled club members.

“Put your hands behind your back,” CJ told her. The next few minutes that followed was an exercise in patience as he wrapped the rope around her wrists and forearms, passed it around her slightly pudgy waist a few times and completed the process by crossing the rope between her breasts and over her

shoulders, wrapping her up in a nice, neat package. He was an artist with rope.

“Very pretty,” Karen commented when her partner was done. She pulled a cell phone from her purse sitting on the table in front of the group. Normally all cell phones were checked at the club door, but this was a special occasion. “Do you mind if I take your picture?” she asked. “CJ likes to keep a record of his work.”

Chappie wanted to speak up. He didn’t want nude and compromising images of his wife being recorded, but Jennica spoke first. “Sure. Go ahead.” The liquid courage hadn’t gone completely to her head. “Just keep my face out of it, okay?”

Karen nodded and proceeded to record several images of Jennica, front and back, displaying CJ’s rope skills. When she was done, she showed Jennica what she had saved on her phone…but she was careful to conceal the images with Jennica’s face. What she didn’t know wouldn’t hurt her.

“Take her pants off and bring her to the room,” Heather said, standing up and waiting expectantly. CJ tied an extra length of rope to the hole he had created between Jennica’s breasts, effectively creating a leash to lead her along. While he did that, Karen stepped behind Jennica, unzipped her pants, and pulled them down along with her underwear. She helped Jennica step out of her shoes and then her pants. A minute later she was being drawn down the hallway. Chappie followed the little procession. It was only as they started moving did he realize that Steven had disappeared.

A moment later his disappearance was explained. He was in the room CJ and Karen had been preparing. The device in the center of the room was, by equal measures, frightening and exciting. It was a modified exercise bench, all surfaces padded, but with two metal and rubber tubes affixed to a stand half underneath one end of the bench.

“What’s that?” Jennica asked, balking at the sight of the device.

“I call it the milking stool,” Heather said pulling her captive forward. “I’ve used it before. It’s fun. You’ll love it.”

It took some more time to carefully position Jennica on the bench. She was made to kneel on the floor behind the bench, lean forward so her breastbone was along the narrow bench, her breasts hanging on either side. Her knees were placed into curved and padded receptacles, wide enough apart to give easy access to her ass

and pussy. It wasn't completely comfortable, but neither was she in pain. Once she was in position, CJ moved quickly, wrapping ropes around her wrists, tying her in place. He worked so quickly she wasn't aware she was tied down until he was almost done.

"What are you doing?"

CJ just grinned at her, but Heather answered. "We don't want you running away on us," she declared wickedly. "Tie down her at the knees and ankles too," she instructed. "It wouldn't do to have her struggle free."

Jennica looked up in panic at her husband. "Do something," she pleaded.

But Chappie didn't move. It was as if his brain wasn't functioning because all the blood had rushed to his cock. He was hard and eager to see what would happen to his wife next.

"We're not going to gag you," Heather was saying. "I want to hear you and use your mouth." CJ finished his knots and stood back. "All set? Now let's put the milker on her."

Heather moved the milking machine into place while everyone watched. Jennica was held firmly in place but she monitored Heather's every move. "This is right off the farm, only slightly modified. It'll make you feel just like a real cow."

Jennica didn't know how to reply and before any words could form in her mouth, Heather switched on the machine. It wasn't deafening, but it was much louder than any breast pump designed for a human. The noise of the running pump filled the air as Heather grabbed Jennica's breast in one hand and held a metal tube in the other. She carefully lined up the open end of the tube with Jennica's nipple. When she introduced flesh to metal there was a quick rush of air being sucked up and then the machine went to work on Jennica. She gasped loudly in surprise. While it wasn't screamingly painful, it was much stronger than the pump she was used to. Heather wasted no time and grabbed the second tube and applied it to Jennica's other breast. It went to work right away as well.

It was more the new sensation and firmness of the suction that surprised Jennica. She struggled against the machine for a moment, but then settled down. The metal tubes were connected with flexible hoses to a collection bottle. It started filling almost immediately. Heather nodded in approval as drops of milk started

falling into the container. The suction on Jennica's tits was strong enough that each time the air pressure changed it made her breasts bouncing uncomfortably.

"What are you waiting for?" Heather asked Chappie.

"Huh?"

"Fuck her," she encouraged him. Karen laughed at his uncomfortable expression. "That's why she's tied down, a good cow needs to be fucked while she's milked."

If she had wanted to, Jennica could have protested; she wasn't wearing a gag. But she didn't. Seeing that everyone gathered in the room was eager to see this intimate display, Chappie went along with it. He pulled down his pants and pulled off his shirt, displaying his already rigid cock. The bench Jennica was strapped to was well-designed. It was easy for Chappie to get behind his wife, find her open and wet pussy, and slide his cock into her. He wasn't the least bit surprised she was wet. Everything about lactation made Jennica lusty. And he had to admit it did much the same to him. This was new, fucking her while others watched and she was milked by a machine designed for use on a farm, but he didn't mind the least. He enjoyed it. It made him cum quickly, before Jennica was anywhere near her climax.

"Very good," Heather complimented him when he finished. "Who's next?" she asked. CJ immediately spoke up and Karen giggled, obviously amused at the abuse Jennica was happily accepting. "Go ahead then," she told CJ as she reached for the buttons on her pants.

CJ's cock wasn't nearly as hard as Chappie's had been, but it was good enough to enter Jennica's wet and used pussy. He grunted once as he entered her and started rocking his hips back and forth. Almost at once Jennica started moaning in concert with him.

"Beautiful," Heather commented as she pulled a padded chair up to Jennica's head. She kept on her top, but from the bottom down was naked. She watched in appreciation as CJ used the other woman's pussy. Jennica looked up at her in puzzlement, not fully understanding what was going on. She wasn't able to talk the way her body was being used. Heather knelt down and lightly kissed Jennica on the lips before sitting down on the edge of the chair. She parted her legs and exposed her pussy to the other woman.

“You know what I want, and you know what you need to do,” she informed Jennica as Steve slid the chair forward for her. Heather slipped down in the chair until Jennica’s face was right above her cunt. “Go ahead.”

At this point Jennica had no will to resist being used. She lowered her mouth and started servicing Heather, licking and sucking on her pussy, pleasuring the other woman and loving every moment of it. Her tits were being sucked on by her mechanical lover, CJ was fucking her hard and furious, and she was eagerly eating another woman’s pussy. Jennica wasn’t sure if she was in heaven or hell, or if there was much of a difference.

When Jennica came, she came hard. Tears were forced from her eyes, her cunt clamped down on CJ’s cock, her tits felt like they were on fire, her entire body trembled from misuse, and she lifted her mouth from Heather’s pussy to let out a cry of anguish and triumph.

“Do you understand now?” Heather asked her. Jennica shook her head. “You will soon.” She pulled the bound woman’s mouth back down to her pussy. CJ grunted hard twice and came in Jennica’s cunt. When he was done he stepped aside and let Steve start fucking the well-used cow.

It wasn’t terribly difficult to make Heather cum, even with Jennica’s inexperienced tongue and lips. But it was more the way she was using Jennica and seeing the trapped woman fucked that made her cum, more than the stimulation to her clit. When her orgasm was over, she pushed the chair back, allowed Karen, now also naked, to sit down on the wet leather surface, and introduced a new pussy to Jennica’s mouth. “Keep going,” Heather told Jennica, kneeling down next to the cow to inspect the effects of the milking machine. The collection bottle was half full, a little more than eight ounces. She switched off the machine and pulled the tubes away from Jennica’s tits.

The cow moaned in relief even as she kept eating Karen’s pussy. Her tits were red and sore, well-marked and stretched out. Her nipples were bright red and she was certain they were pulsing from their reprieve. Heather inspected breasts and nipples with her hands, massaging and gauging the effects of the machine. “Good girl,” she complimented Jennica, patting her rump as Steven slowly fucked her. “You made nearly eight ounces.”

Jennica smiled as she continued to eat Karen’s pussy. She took pride in what she

had done with her tits.

Heather fetched another chair and pulled it up near Jennica. She changed the collection bottle on the machine and handed it to Karen who took a sip. “I don’t suppose you mind if we all have a little sip of your essence,” she said as Karen passed the bottle to CJ who also drank a bit of the thin, white fluid.

As she continued to lick Karen, Heather shook her head.

“That’s good,” Heather murmured as she took the bottle, drank a bit of the milk, and passed it to her husband who was still fucking Jennica. He paused long enough for a few swallows and went back to fucking.

Heather switched the milking machine back which caused Jennica to jump. Catching the cow’s chin, Heather forced Jennica’s eyes over to her. “Not to worry. You’re drained and done. Now it’s my turn.” She applied the tubes to her own heavy tits. She suction caught her nipples right away and started working. Her milk immediately let down and the collection bottle started filling. Pushing the cow’s face back to Karen’s pussy Heather said, “Now you’ll see how a lady is milked. It’s a different experience than with a cow.”

She leaned back in the chair and allowed the tubes, still shaking from their rhythmic release of air pressure, to hang from her tits while her hands went to her pussy. Heather wasn’t much of an exhibitionist, but she didn’t mind masturbating in front of an audience either. Her orgasm built slowly and steadily and was released all in a rush as her milk filled the collection bottle to nearly overflowing.

Not once during the process did Jennica move her eyes from Heather, nor did she stop eating Karen’s pussy, even after Karen had audibly and visibly cum. Steve kept fucking her as well. Heather liked watching her husband fuck other women. It was relaxing.

When the procedure was done, and her pussy was gratified Heather let out a satisfied sigh and switched off the milking machine. Only then did Jennica pull away from Karen’s contented cunt. “Do you enjoy humiliating me?” Jennica asked, a bit put off.

Heather frowned for half a second, and then nodded. “Yes.” She leaned down and kissed Jennica on the lips, tasting Karen’s pussy in the process. She

unhooked the bottle from the milking machine and displayed it to Jennica. “Do you understand now? I’ve been lactating for years, it’ll take you years to catch up to me.” She passed the collection bottle to Karen who took a small sip, who then handed it to Chappie who eagerly drank more than his fair share of the sweet nectar. “Do you understand?”

“I understand.”

“Good,” Heather smiled. “One never buys the cow when the milk is free.”

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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The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Slave

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

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The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

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The Prince's Whores

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Rosemilk

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A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

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