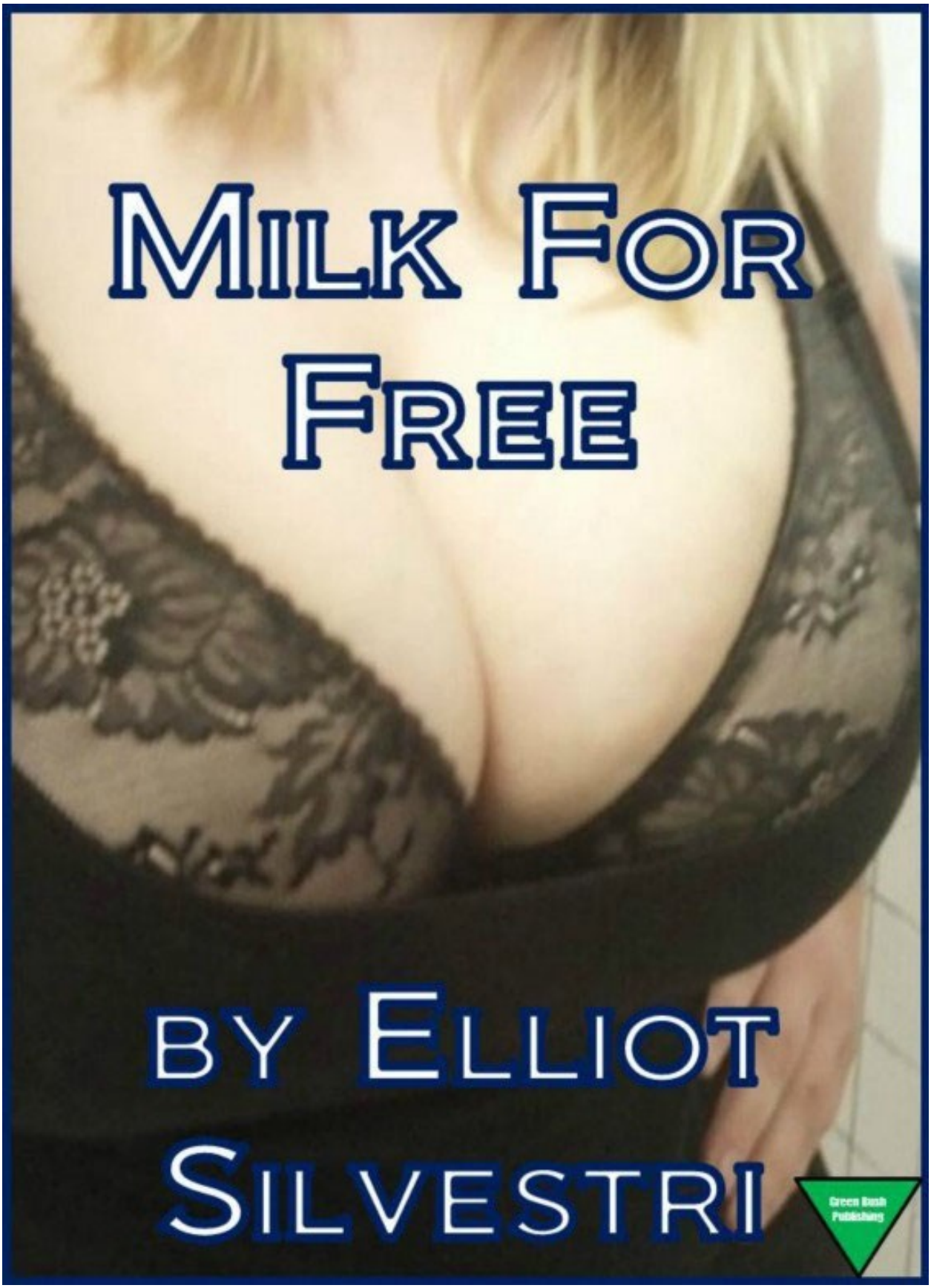
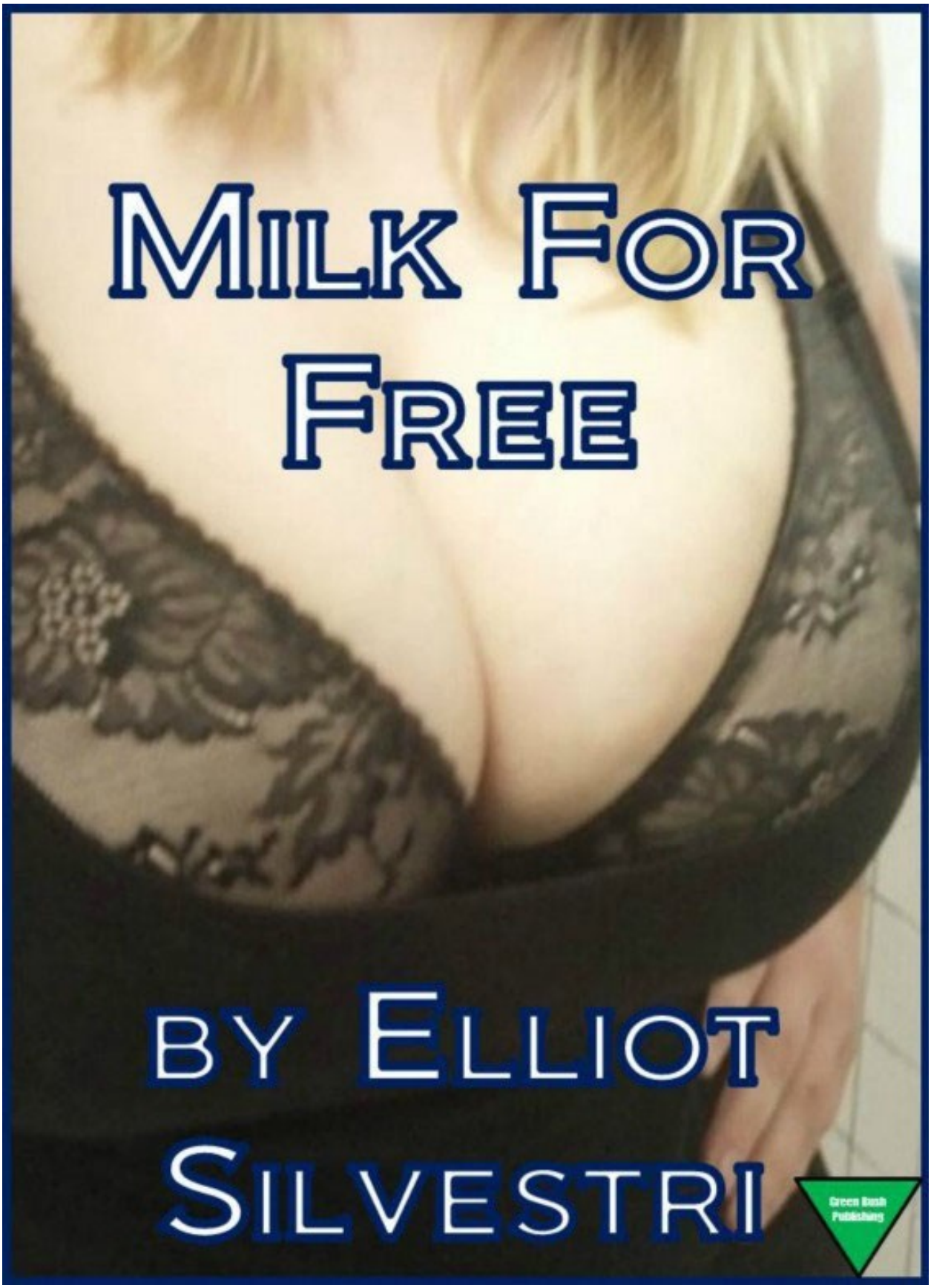

Milk For Free
by Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

“It’s a much more relaxed environment than the general public realizes,” Heather said. “There’s really no direct pressure for anyone to do anything, but you’re always encouraged to do what you want,” she added with a wink. The tour of the rented space had been direct and brief, much like her. Heather stood barely five foot two and always asserted herself so you knew exactly what she was thinking. “And when people go sneaking off, we know exactly what they’re up to.” She laughed.

The couple she was touring laughed along with her, but they had the same expression on their faces as every new couple: a mix of fear and excitement and nervousness and trepidation. The husband, Chaplan, kept roaming his eyes around the rooms looking at everything he possibly could. What he was looking for was nudity, specifically of the women. In contrast, Jennica kept her eyes locked on either Heather or Chappie. It wasn’t that she was afraid of seeing people doing things that would normally only be done in private, it was that she didn’t want to embarrass herself by seeing them, or embarrass them by watching when she wasn’t supposed to.

“So, you’ve gotten the nickel tour and seen all the basics, any questions?”

“Only about a hundred,” Chappie said, “but I don’t know what they are yet.”

Heather nodded and looked up at the tall, thin man. He was handsome enough even if he wore his hair a little long and was far too tall for her. Still, Heather was an open-minded woman and wouldn’t have said no to him; she liked variety. “That’s not uncommon. Don’t be shy; I’m here to help and answer any questions or concerns you might have.”

“Right,” he agreed. His eyes had locked onto a small group of men and women. Heather glanced where he was staring and noted the brunette caressing David’s shoulders while Kathy, David’s husband, was telling a story in exquisite detail that involved her touching and adjusting her breasts every few seconds. Heather didn’t recognize the brunette, which was unusual; normally she knew everyone in the club.

“And I’m sure you two will be approached by everyone the moment I leave you. Our members are sort of like vultures in that way. Just about everyone here likes new and exciting experiences—and to them that means new people.”

“Okay,” Jennica agreed nervously. The female half of the couple was a touch overweight, which wasn’t unusual for the many middle-aged couples in the club, but to her advantage she carried a lot of it in her breasts and ass, which made Heather a touch jealous. She had to achieve her large bust line though lots of effort.

“Whose idea was this?” Heather asked them.

“Idea?”

“Which one of you suggested that you join our little club? It’s always one or the other. No couple simultaneously comes up with the idea.”

Chappie looked at Jennica. She raised her hand like she was in class. “Mine.”

“She has a much higher sex drive than me,” he admitted.

“Really?” Heather asked. “That’s unusual. You’re a lucky man.”

“She said she was afraid she was going to cheat on me if we didn’t expand our sex life in some way.”

With a grin Heather looked at Jennica, re-evaluated her large breasts somewhat on display with a cleavage barring dress, and said, “You’re going to do just fine here.”

After a few more nervous and fairly pointless questions—the couple was just too nervous to let her go for he was their anchor to the outside, and normal, world—Heather finally took her leave of them. She wasn’t worried about them; they would do fine. “I’m going to leave you two at the bar now,” she said. “Once I’m gone I’m sure the vultures will descend and you two will be busy weighing and fending off all sorts of propositions.”

They laughed nervously at her. But Heather was telling the truth.

“Just don’t get roped into doing something you don’t want. Have you two made

a decision to stay together or split up tonight."

"Together," they said in chorus, exchanging another glance when they realized what they had done.

Heather nodded. "Good. I'd suggest a single other couple, if this really is your first time swinging, or a small group. Don't go to the free-for-all room." And with that she disappeared into the back of the club, the space that served as a small kitchen and bar-prep area. It wasn't much, but it was all the club needed. As she predicted a short queue formed as singles and couples approached Chappie and Jennica. Ten minutes later they were slipping away with Karen and CJ. It was a good choice; Karen and CJ was a fun couple and not into anything too kinky that would scare the Whites away after their first visit.

She then spent the next thirty minutes taking care of all the little petty details of running a swingers club. The business end of the club was the boring part; she liked playing hostess, she didn't like playing accountant, it was too much like work.

Finally done she went out to the common room that served as a bar. It was really just a tall table and some stools, along with five small round tables surrounded by chairs, but it was intimate enough. Behind the bar stood her husband, Steve, who was cleaning. Most of those attending tonight had already found their various partners and groups and had moved back to the more private rooms. Three people surrounded one table, a woman with two men paying her far too much attention.

"Gimme a shot, sailor," Heather said as she hopped up on the stool. She literally had to jump up to the stool given its height relative to hers.

"You sure you should be drinking this early?" he asked pouring her a vodka and tonic. It was an old-fashioned drink to his way of thinking, but it what his wife liked.

"I'm already exhausted."

"And you haven't even been to bed once yet."

"Ha ha. I'd quit my day job and do this the rest of my life if this club ever shows an annual profit of more than ten dollars."

She wasn’t exaggerating about the club’s relative lack of financial success. Though they ran it as a business, it wasn’t designed to make money. Membership dues and administrative fees barely covered the minuscule salary she paid herself. Once she had calculated her income from the club and compared to the time she put in; she was making less than minimum wage—in 1985.

Though hostess duties rotated through several members tonight was her night. If she got laid, so much the better. If not… that was the price of admission. She fell into a conversation with Steve over their plans on renovating the kitchen to their home, when Cal, one of the men at the bar’s table, approached her.

“Hello, Heather.”

“Hey, Cal.”

Heather didn’t even notice Cal slipping one strap of her dress from her shoulder to bare her breast. She rarely wore a bra to the club; it was just another encumbrance she didn’t want to deal with. As she ran through their cabinet choices with Steve, Cal lowered his mouth t her naked breast and started sucking on her nipple. She made a soft noise in the back of her throat and curled her fingers into Cal’s hair, holding him in place while her nursed.

“I like the color of the old oak,” she said to Steven, “but the espresso looks so much more modern.”

Her husband didn’t answer; he just looked at her and slowly shook his head. “Sometimes you’re far too giving,” he told her.

“What?”

Steven pointed to the man at her breast.

Only when her husband pointed out that another man had casually undressed her in front of him and latched on to her milk-filled breast, did it occur to her what exactly was happening. She rolled her eyes at her husband even as she felt her milk letting down. It was a sensation that thrilled her every time it happened, even though it happened on a twice daily basis. “You’ve seen other men nurse from me before.”

“But you’ve gotten awfully casual about it,” he commented as he passed her a

handful of paper napkins and pointed to her covered breast. “You’re leaking.”

Heather looked down and cursed. “Shit!” She grabbed the napkins and shoved them inside her dress to soak up the milk that was dribbling out of her breast. That was the problem with letting down so easily. Once her milk started flowing from one breast, it started on the second as well; there was no stopping it. Cal glanced up once at her, but didn’t stop. The reputation of the sweetness of Heather’s milk was nearly legendary in the club. Not everyone had sampled her wares, of course, but many, if not most, had.

A little wet stain had spread across her dress where it covered her breast. It was essentially a backless summer dress that had straps serving little more than covering her tits and holding it on her body. “I’m going to have to have this cleaned again.” She pulled down her other strap, baring her breast and the wet napkins. These she peeled away and grabbed an empty glass from the stack in front of Steven. She held it under her breast and let the nipple drip steadily into small plastic contain, slowly filling it. At the rate she was going, it would takes hours to fill the cup, but she didn’t want her milk going to waste, or worse, staining her dress.

She glanced at her husband. “You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” she asked, her eyes were flashing partly with anger, partly with lust.

He grinned at her. “Seems like a terrible waste of time,” he told her, pointing to the cup. “If you had your pump here, we could drain you in a few minutes.”

“That’s not the point,” she said softly, caressing Cal’s head and wishing her husband would get her point to come out from behind the bar to nurse at her bare breast. “It’s supposed to be fun.”

Steven looked across the room at the table where Cal had been sitting. The other man had disappeared but the woman, Emily, was still there, sipping from her cup and trying to ignore the scene at the bar. Maybe she was disinterested and waiting for her companion to return, but maybe she was just waiting for an invitation.

“Emily!” Steven called. “Have you ever tasted Heather’s milk?”

The dark-haired woman turned her head and took in the scene as if it had all been happening without her realizing it. “Um…no.”

“Come over and give it a try,” Steven suggested.

With a shrug Emily left her chair and cautiously made her way to Heather’s stool. Steven had fucked her once or twice before. She was the type of woman who loved to be used by as many men at once; she wanted to be the center of attention. He had once received a blowjob from her while another man fucked her and, if memory served him correctly, Cal was being jerked off by her at the same time. He couldn’t ever remember her going to be with another woman, but that didn’t mean anything.

Emily pulled over a chair and sat down next to Heather on the stool. While Cal apparently didn’t mind standing and bending, it was too much for Emily. Showing she wasn’t the least bit shy or reluctant to try something new, Emily took the cup from Heather’s hand, setting it on the bar in front of Steven, opened her mouth and latched onto Heather’s breast.

To her surprise the milk flowing easily at the first suck. The taste was thin, very sweet, almost like a well-strained fruit juice. Heather groaned. Her tits had been heavy with milk and now she was being emptied by two people at once. This was how Heather liked to be nursed. She wanted her milk out as quickly as possible because it felt so good to be emptied—she wiggled a little bit on the stool. Her panties were becoming damp with her lust.

That was the one tiny problem about being nursed for pleasure: it made her as horny as hell. Heather knew that the moment she was fully drained, she would be having sex with one or more of her attendants.

“Oh god,” she breathed. “We’re not going to stop here with just this,” she told Cal and Emily.

In response Cal tugged her dress down off her torso where it gathered at her waist. While exposing more skin it didn’t serve the purpose he intended, to strip her down and expose her sex.

“No sex in the bar,” Steven said, with a wry grin. “You know the rules, Heather.”

Annoyed, Heather pushed away Cal and Emily. He smacked his lips with satisfaction; she looked stunned, as if alarmed at how much she had enjoyed the taste of Heather’s milk. It wasn’t that she was shocked at what she had done with another woman—Emily had had almost as many female lovers as male—it was

that she was upset Heather was taking her milk away. The short redhead hopped off the stool and shimmied out of her dress, leaving on only a pair of shimmery green panties.

“C’mon, guys,” she said grabbing Cal and Emily’s hands. “I’m pretty sure there’s a free bed somewhere in here. You stay here and guard the liquor, Steve.” With a wink at her husband, she dragged her two lovers out the door.

As they wound their way through the converted warehouse space Heather caught a glimpse of Chappie and Jennica with Karen and CJ. The four had gone to one of the semi-private rooms for a little encounter. Doubtless the Whites would have been more comfortable in one of the private rooms with a locking door, but those were the first to be filled on busy nights and tonight the member and guests lists were completely full. It was nice to see Chappie with his face buried in Karen’s lap while CJ was fucking Jennica right beside them. The two women were holding hands, already fast friends as their opposite husbands were urging them toward climax.

There was a small space in the back of the encounter rooms that wasn’t so much a room as a storage area for furniture and supplies that were only brought out for special occasions. Heather spotted the old couch that had once been in her living room but was donated to the club when she redecorated. It might have been old and somewhat threadbare, but it was a familiar friend. She walked with confidence to the couch, still pulling the other two along, and sat down on the edge.

“I’m not empty yet. I get really horny when my tits are completely drained.”

Not needing further encouragement, Cal went to his knees in front of her and latched onto the breast that Emily had been drinking from. The dark-hair woman hesitated. She had come this far but this wasn’t her normal playground.

“You don’t normally play with women?” Heather asked gently. She didn’t specifically need Emily to nurse from her, but she wanted her to.

Emily shook her head. “No, not usually. I mean, I don’t mind but it’s not something I pursue.

“Come nurse from me,” Heather almost pleaded. “And I’ll make sure you’re satisfied when I’m done.” She reached out her hand to the other woman. Emily

hesitated for just a moment longer, whether she was actually weighing what to do or if she was putting on a show was unclear, but then she took Heather's hand and knelt down in the space beside Cal.

After just a few sucks from Heather's sweet breast Emily quickly concluded that there must be some secret ingredient in breast milk. While she didn't usually play with women she had done it plenty of times before, normally that meant a little mutual masturbation, some kissing, fondling the other woman's clit, and maybe a big conclusion of oral sex while the men watched—when Emily played with women there was always at least one man involved. She normally didn't spend too much time sucking on tits. In retrospect, that might have been a mistake because she found Heather's just the right amount of firmness accompanied by the milk issuing forth making it a wonderful little warm-up activity.

Her breast went dry abruptly and suddenly. Emily kept sucking for a minute until Heather pushed her off. The two women locked eyes, emotions flowing between them, until Heather grabbed Emily by the back of the neck and brought her in for a kiss.

Cal continued to suckle from Heather but glanced up at the two women as they kissed. He could almost see their tongues darting back and forth. Heather's hand went to Emily's sex, and was immediately disappointed to grab nothing more than cloth. She was still in her clothes. "Get undressed," Heather urged, pushing the other woman back. They had reached the tipping point where no one questioned what the other wanted. Everyone gave in to their base desires. Emily quickly shed her clothing and kissed Heather once more as Cal realized Heather was no longer giving milk. He pulled off and stood up, also stripping off his clothing as he watched Emily climb onto Heather's lap to continue their exchange of kisses.

From the corner of her eye Heather saw Cal was naked and stroking his cock. Moving the a strength that was hidden by her small stature, she flipped positions with Emily, sitting the dark-haired woman on the edge of the couch and getting on her hands and knees in front of her. Knowing precisely what to do, Emily slouched down and opened up her legs allowing Heather to move in and start kissing her cunt. Heather wasn't the least bit shy about having sex with another woman; while she preferred men she had long ago realized that often women were better lovers. She darted her tongue into Emily's cunt, tasting her flavor,

and then pulled back a bit, spreading her lips open with forefinger and middle finger shaped into a V, allowing her easy access to Emily's clit. Emily groaned and the world around her faded away. She was completely centered on Heather's tongue on her little nub.

Meanwhile Cal knelt behind Heather and opened up her legs a bit more to allow him full access to her cunt. With her free hand Heather guided him into her pussy and once he was buried deeply she slowly and carefully rubbed her clit in time with the treatment she was giving Emily. It didn't take her long to realize Emily was one of those women who easily climaxed; she had a half dozen small orgasms in a few minutes. Heather liked that. She didn't like working for hours on end to bring a woman up to her moment of climax; it was too much work for such a little reward. Between her climaxes Emily managed to open her eyes and look at the two bodies in front of her. It was an agreeable display. This was why she joined the club, for the new experiences.

Heather's tongue stopped on her clit for a minute and Emily looked down to see what was wrong. The large-breasted woman's face was scrunched up into a mien of pain. For half a moment Emily wondered what was wrong, and then she realized that Heather was cumming. Cal was pistoning his hips back and forth and stopped abruptly as he finished in the middle of Heather's orgasm. The redhead's orgasm seemed to last forever, it was silent except for the little mewl she made at the end. When she was finally done she kissed Emily's pussy a few times and then backed up with an appreciative smile.

She wiped her face clean with the back of her hand and looked over her shoulder at Cal who was almost too exhausted to move. "It's good to have friends who will always help you out."

Chapter Two

It was early Sunday morning when Heather received a call on what she referred to as her “work phone”. It was actually just a simple cell phone that she used for only club-related matters. She glanced at the time before answering the phone and noted it was actually still technically Sunday morning because it was not yet noon. With a groan she rolled over and faced her snoring husband before tapping the answer key.

“Hello?”

There was a pause before a voice spoke. “Hi, Heather. It’s Jennica White. I hope I’m not disturbing you, but we couldn’t contain ourselves any longer”

Heather tried not to groan when she replied. “No. I was just getting up.” She pushed her dark red head out of her face. The truth was that Heather would have gotten up in a few minutes to use the bathroom and have her husband feed, but then go back to bed for another few hours.

“I know it’s still early for you,” Jennica apologized, but Chappie and I are morning people. We had such a great time last night that we want—need really —to become fulltime members of the club, not just guests.”

Blinking her eyes, she cleared her throat and said, “That’s wonderful to hear. We’re always looking for new members.”

“What do we need to do next?” Jennica asked, obviously not picking up on the fact that Jennica just woke up.

“I’ll put in your full application to the club, you’ll pay for fees, and that’s it.”

Steven moaned a little as her conversation started to wake him up. As he rolled away she grabbed his shoulder and kept him in place. She worked her way up the bed a bit, propping herself on the pillows and pushed her breast into his face. Almost automatically Steven opened him mouth and sucked in the nipple. It had taken her years to get a steady supply of milk flowing and she needed Steven’s

assistance to keep it going. They had fallen into a pattern of him nursing every morning and every night, letting her build up her supply during the day while she worked and the night while she slept. It was a great system, they had decided, because it generally meant she had milk at the ready when he wanted it and—even better—she had milk when they played with other couples.

That was the best part of her husband—he was more than happy to share her with whoever struck her fancy.

“It’s that easy?” Jennica asked.

Heather drew in a deep breath as her milk started letting down. She grabbed one of the clothes she kept next to the bed and pressed it to her free breast. Milk would start flowing from it shortly, she knew from experience, but when Steven nursed it wasn’t nearly as bad as it when other people did. Her body apparently knew how to respond to her husband. She tried not to moan in pleasure when she opened her mouth to answer. It was one thing to have sex with near-strangers. It was another entirely to let them know her private sex life. “Pretty much. We have to meet one-on-one, but that’s it.”

“When do you want to set up the meetings?”

Newbies could be so annoying with their enthusiasm. “I’ll have to check my calendar. You sort of caught me in the middle of something. Can I call you back later?”

“Oh.” Finally Jennica got it. “Sure. That would be fine. I’ll look forward to it.”

Heather pressed the disconnect key and tossed the phone aside. “Who was that?” Steven asked between slurps of her milk.

“Jennica White from last night.”

He nodded in approval. “I’d like to fuck her. She had a nice ass.”

A shake of her head and a roll of her eyes expressed everything she was feeling to her husband. “You’ll get your chance soon enough. They want to join the club.”

Steven switched breasts, clamped down tightly on Heather’s fresh nipple, and

drew forth as much milk in one go as possible. She loved the way that felt; forcing her milk to be expressed in a way that was a bit unnatural.

“Who wouldn’t?” he said a minute later after swallowing a few mouthfuls. “Especially when you’re offering up such sweet milk?”

“Just focus on what you’re doing, pal,” Heather stated, pushing his head back where it belonged. She wasn’t that full this morning—she had fed several other members of the club after Cal and Emily had gone off on their own. It wasn’t exactly a waste of time but she had barely produced any milk in the short span between her first encounter and offering her wares at the bar. Still, the club members were always happy to indulge.

Thinking back to the two men who had happily sucked her dry, Heather lowered her hand to between her thighs, found her clit, and started rubbing. It wouldn’t take Steven very long to empty her tits and then she could put his cock to good use.

The meeting with the Whites was set up on neutral ground: a restaurant. Heather didn’t like bringing new and largely unknown club members back to her house so they used a chain restaurant that served decent food and didn’t mind when a group took extra time in finishing. The club didn’t have a lot of paperwork for members to join, but just to keep things safe, Heather always insisted that everyone present ID and she kept files on everyone as well. It was probably a little over the top, but she was meticulous that way. It had scared off a few potential members, but the club was probably all the better for it.

Jennica had opted to wear an extremely low-cut dress for their dinner, supplemented with an industrial-strength bra that presented her cleavage as a national treasure. Steven couldn’t help but stare at her chest the entire time. He knew he was an addict, but that didn’t upset his wife. She had other, more pressing, concerns.

Strictly speaking, the paperwork and application Heather had the Whites fill out wasn’t necessary or needed for any legal purposes. She, and the club, just wanted to impress upon new members there was a formal structure in place and no one would tolerate inappropriate behavior. Plus Heather wanted to be sure to record as much information about their members as possible: full names,

address, copies of driver's license, anything to protect the club.

Once all the papers were signed and Heather had zipped them into her official looking leather-bound pouch, Steven managed to tear his eyes away from Jennica's cleavage and say, "No that were done with the boring part, shall we celebrate?"

"I thought that's what we were doing?" Jennica said as she finished the remained of her drink.

"A more private celebration, I think," Steven said with a sly smile.

"I'm up for that," Jennica burst out. She was a little bit drunk, but not entirely out of her senses yet.

Heather glared at her husband; he was making a universal decision on something that they normally would discuss in private. There was little to do about it at this point. "I think we're unprepared," she said cautiously.

"Nonsense," Steven stated flatly. "We'll just use the hotel down the street."

"Hotel" Jennica asked.

"Yes, dear," Heather said, patting the other woman's hand. "Privacy and all that. Never take a new playmates home before you know them really well. Hotels are actually safer than your home in that respect."

It had been a while since Jennica had been in a hotel. It looked the same, except the last hotel room she had occupied she'd shared with five other women on a college trip. This was better.

But she was much more nervous now than she had been back in college.

"I saw you and Jennica playing with Karen and CJ back at the club," Heather said to Chappie, guiding him into the room with her hand on his upper arm. "You two looked like you were having fun."

"Yeah, fun," Chappie agreed vaguely.

Heather had moved her hand to the top of her dress, a motion to make ready to unbutton her garment, but she stopped when she caught Chappie's tone.

"You don't want to do this?" she asked, glancing over at her husband and Jennica. The other couple was clinched in an embrace. Steven was kissing Jennica's neck and she was up on one foot, her thigh rubbing up and down Steven's leg.

Chappie moved closed to Heather and lowered his voice. "She does," he said indicating his wife."

"But you don't?" Heather asked, concerned. This happened occasionally, both halves of a couple decide to join the club, but the reality proves a little too much for one member.

"It's a mind fuck," he said while watching the other couple. Steven had removed Jennica's dress but left her in her bra and panties. Meanwhile she was busy pulling off his clothes, seeking out his cock.

"It certainly is," Heather agreed. "Would you like to leave them alone? We can go down to the bar."

He shook his head.

"Would you like to watch them?" Heather suggested.

Chappie said nothing, but continued to stare.

"Why don't we lie down on the other bed, and you can suck on my tits while you watch them." Carefully she pushed Chappie over to the bed and quickly unbuttoned the top of her dress, exposing her bra, and then, in a practiced motion, pulled off the bra, leaving her topless.

Heather continued to move Chappie around as he stared at his wife and Steven, now both completely naked except for her panties, which his hand was inside at the moment. Jennica was making the appropriate moaning sounds as they tumbled to the bed without interrupting their activities.

Chappie barely realized what was going on as Heather moved the pillows around and propped his head up. It was easy to push his head down to her tits and then

instinct took over for Chappie. His lips found her long, large, red nipple. He latched on and started sucking.

Almost immediately Heather's milk let down. She sighed with relief and pulled Chappie's body closer to hers. He barely noticed; his eyes were locked on to his wife and her lover. Heather couldn't see, but she could tell from the sounds what was going on. Steven had rolled atop Jennica after pulling off her panties and tossing them aside. His cock slid easily into her pussy. She wanted this more than anyone else in the room. She would do anything to make it happen over and over again. Steven told her to push her tits together with her hands, to make them look bigger, to keep the illusion of cleavage. She did so. It was an easy request to fulfill, as long as his cock was inside her.

Meanwhile, Heather's milk had calmed Chappie…and excited him as well. He continued to watch his wife fuck another man while he drank eagerly from Heather's tits. She pushed her hand down to his crotch and felt his hard cock. "You are enjoying this," she said.

There was no reaction from Chappie other than to continue to watch his wife as she was fucked. It was mind-bending because he had fallen into the small orgy a week before with the other couple and it hadn't affected him. But afterwards, when Jennica had stated her desire to do it again and do more, that was when he started having second thoughts. If it had been a one-off, that would have been fine. But this was different and he didn't know how to process his feelings. He was confused at how his body was reacting, he didn't want to betray his wife but there was something else going on. He didn't know what it was, but he needed to listen to his body and desires.

He sucked harder at Heather's breast, drawing out as much of her milk as he could. She shivered with delight. The action gave her a little orgasm. It wasn't much, but it was enough to sustain her for the moment. While Chappie continued to nurse, she shimmied out of her underwear and stockings, leaving her naked. That would be enough for most men to lose interest in watching the live-action sex show across the room, but not Chappie. Heather had to pull him along further. He didn't resist while she started undressing him. It was easy enough to pull off his shirt and open up his pants. His cock sprung out and she encouraged him along by stroking him enough to keep him interested in what she wanted.

“You like my milk?” she asked softly.

“What?” Her question woke up Chappie from his nursing routine.

“Do you like my milk?”

Chappie looked down and saw a bit of milk dribbling out of her nipple. “Oh. Did I do that?” He wasn’t sure what he should be doing at the moment. He was confused.

“Well, yes, of course. My boobs are full of milk, have been for years. You just got tonight’s supply.

“Oh. That explains the taste. You’re very sweet.”

“Thank you. I’m told my personality is a little too strong sometimes.”

Chappie almost laughed. “No, I meant your breasts. Your milk. I didn’t realize I was drinking it, but it’s very sweet.”

“Thank you.”

He lowered his mouth again and sucked eagerly on her large nipple. Now he truly tasted it. The flavor was beautiful, sweet but not cloying. Thin, but not watery. It was the perfect refreshment. He only vaguely heard the sounds that Heather was making as he emptied her tits, but her words caught his attention.

“It’s customary to fuck the woman who just gave you her tits,” Heather said, tugging on his cock.

“What?”

“Fuck me,” she demanded, tugging on his cock, rolling under him and opening up her legs.

Chappie’s head was still turned, watching his wife and Steven. She was on top of him now, bumping her hips up and down, moving her whole body, causing her breasts so shake up and down, back and forth. It was a wonderful sight to Steven’s eyes.

Heather took the initiative and held onto Chappie's cock, easing it inside her pussy. That was enough to regain his attention. Automatically his hips started moving, fucking this woman he barely knew. "Good boy," she whispered to him and then gave him a kiss.

The kiss seemed more wrong than fucking another woman, but no one complained about the kiss: not Heather, who enjoyed it, not Jennica, who didn't notice it, and not Steven, who had doubtless seen his wife fuck and kiss a hundred other men.

To Chappie's surprise he didn't fuck Heather all that long. He felt half like a virgin, fucking a woman for the first time and barely had enough staying power to last long enough to please her.

"It's good, it's good," Heather reassured him when he came, leaving her pussy sticky and wet. He didn't ask her if she came; he didn't want to embarrass himself. When he looked over at his wife he saw that the other couple was done. Jennica was still straddling Steven's body and was sitting upright while he played with her tits.

"Was she any good?" Heather called across the room to her husband.

"Very good," he answered as he squeezed Jennica's tits, then reached behind her and smacked her ass. "Great tits and a good ass!" He laughed.

Heather smiled along with him. "As good as mine?"

Steven pretended to give her question careful consideration. "Better ass, but her tits…they're lacking."

Jennica gasped in mock surprise. "Lacking?!"

Flicking his eyes from Heather to Jennica, Steven answered. "Sorry, hon. You're a great fuck, but your tits don't have any milk."

"Milk?"

"Yeah, she's been lactating for…how long now, Heather? Ten years?"

"Something like that."

“You’re kidding!”

Heather pushed Chappie off her small, curvy body and looked the other woman dead in the eyes. “I’d never kid about that.” She glanced down to her large breasts, capped with the large red areola and nipples. Grabbing a breast she massaged and squeezed it a bit and eventually forced out a few drops of milk. “See?”

“Wow,” was Jennica’s breathy comment. “How have you been lactating for ten years?”

Heather shrugged. “Just one of those things. It started when my boobs got a lot of attention. Just a normal reaction, I guess. And then we got involved with the club and they got even more attention, that kept it going.”

“You weren’t pregnant or something?”

“No. Apparently a lot of women do this, and work for it, but for me it was all natural.” She smiled at her husband. “Steve really likes it, makes my tits bigger and firmer he says, so he keep nursing on me until my supply stabilized and here we are.”

Jennica dismounted from Steven’s body and went over to the other bed to kneel down in front of Heather to get a better look at her big tits. “That’s just… amazing.”

“Thank you,” Heather accepted the compliment. She lifted up one breast. “Would you like a taste?”

That surprised Jennica. “What?”

“A taste. Would you like to taste my milk?”

She hesitated a minute, catching her husband’s eye. He looked at her almost blankly, trying not to influence her answer at all. “Who actually does that?” she asked. “Except for Steven, of course.”

“Your husband,” Heather pointed out. “And just about everyone at the club.” She smiled thinly. “Men and women.”

The implication of the statement wasn't lost on Jennica. "Well, I wouldn't want to be the only one who hasn't tried a sample," she said and lowered her mouth to the other woman's breast.

Heather's breast was warm, almost hot, under Jennica's tongue. She swore she could taste her husband's saliva on the woman's areola and nipple, but just for a second. That familiar flavor faded away and was replaced by an incredible sweetness not unlike an incredibly thin fruit juice. Without realizing it, Jennica had automatically begun sucking and Heather's milk flowed easily with almost no effort at all on Jennica's part. The milk was a treat, but much more so than any dessert or snack because in the back of her mind, Jennica knew that breast milk was the perfect food.

A presence loomed close and Heather made a half chuckle-half moaning noise. Jennica opened her eyes, not having realized that she had closed them in the first place, and saw her husband attached to Heather's other breast. They were nursing from her at the same time.

"Is this okay?" Jennica asked, pulling back and leaving the nipple free. A little bit of milk continued to well up through the nipple and rode the curve of her breast down to her abdomen.

"Of course it's okay," Heather told her while pulling her back to her breast. Jennica took a bit of initiative and licked the milk path on Heather's breast before falling to suckling again. Only then did she notice that the presence next to her was Chappie; he was back and nursing from Heather at the same time. It didn't bother her. It seemed like a bonding experience for them, husband and wife nursing from the same woman.

"So good," Jennica heard herself say when she released Heather's heavy tit for a moment's respite.

"Mm-hmm," Chappie agreed and pushed Heather back down on the bed. Jennica adjusted her position to continue to suckle on Heather while Chappie moved down between the other woman's legs and pushed them apart to eat her pussy.

After their previous week's adventure in the club Jennica would have thought it odd to share a woman with Chappie, but now it seemed normal. She wasn't the least bit disturbed when she felt Steven kneel behind her and put his hard cock into her pussy, so she was being fucked while she nursed on Heather. Not only

did it seem normal, it was pleasant and better than normal sex from her previous life.

Afterwards, while everyone was getting dressed as they prepared to leave the hotel, Jennica stared at the huge bra that Heather was strapping around her body.

“What size do you wear?”

Heather glanced briefly at the tag. “This one is 38DD, but I have other ones that are just D.”

“Wow.”

“I’m used to it.”

“But still…wow.”

“And sometimes I look even bigger than normal because I have to wear breast pads.”

“Breast pads?” Chappie asked.

“To soak up milk that leaks out when I’m too full or too…excited,” she added with a nervous grin.

“Excited?”

“Too many dirty thoughts,” she said, “and my milk starts to flow.”

“We go through a lot of breast pads,” Steven added with a wink as he stepped behind his wife to adjust her bra.

“Is it normal?”

Jennica was lying next to her husband on their bed. They had just finished having sex. It was the first time they had been physically intimate since their hook up with Heather and Steve.

“Is what normal?” Chappie asked. He was already halfway asleep.

“What we’re doing.”

“Going to sleep after sex? Yes.” He was tired from the day’s work and from fucking his wife. Chappie didn’t want to start a conversation.

“No. Sex with other people and all that,” Jennica said somewhat apprehensively.

“Yes. Perfectly normal.” Chappie would say anything to get a little sleep.

“You’re just saying that!”

Chappie groaned. They were going to have a conversation. He didn’t have a choice. “Of course it’s normal. Husbands and wives have been having sex with people other than their spouses for hundreds, thousands of years.”

“In groups?” she questioned.

“Yes. Roman orgies and all that.”

“Oh.” She was momentarily mollified. “But is what we are doing normal?”

“What’s normal?” he asked rhetorically. “Isn’t one’s experience in life the most normal of all.”

“I should never have married a philosophy major.”

“You asked.”

“Is what Heather’s doing normal?” she asked, still pressing the issue.

“Yes.” By now he was exasperated with her questions.

“The milk thing,” Jennica said. “Breast feeding everyone.”

“You did it,” Chappie pointed out. “And you liked it, too.”

“I know,” Heather said softly. A minute later she heard Chappie quietly snoring.

Chapter Three

“But why are you doing it?” Jennica asked. She couldn’t let the issue go.

“Because it feels good,” was Heather’s quick answer. She didn’t mind talking with Jennica about lactating but the other woman had become obsessed with it and even though it was part of Heather’s sexual identity now, it got a little wearing when it was the only thing that Jennica wanted to talk about. It was nice to have a friend who was interested in her life, but it got to the point where exasperation was Heather’s primary emotion after a five minute conversation. “It’s really nothing more than that.”

“Do you feel a little…I don’t know…used when so many people nurse from you at one of the club events?”

Jennica had been calling here regularly ever since they joined the swing club two months previously. The Whites had attended every event of the club since joining and by every account were polite and well-behaved; those couples that Heather questions said the Whites were willing and happy partners, and that they were completely normal.

“A little, but I get a thrill from that as well.” She sighed in exasperation, was about to but the other woman’s conversation off short, but then inspiration struck —as if often did when she was under stress. “We can get you lactating as well if that’s what you want to do,” Heather said. “You seem really fascinated by it and well, why not?”

The end of the line was silent a long moment. Heather pulled the company cell away from her ear to make sure the battery hadn’t died and the connection was still active. All was well. “I am fascinated by it,” Jennica confessed. “But…”

“But what?

“But I’m not sure if I want that.”

“I’m not trying to be rude here, Jennica, because I do enjoy other people nursing

from me, but you seem a little obsessed. I love to share my milk with Steve and everyone else at the club, including you, but I don't want it to be the only subject of our conversations. It's a little…trying."

Realization dawned on Jennica. "Ohmygod, I'm so sorry. I must sound like an idiot to you."

Heather let out a practiced chuckle. "No, not an idiot. Just a person who has found a new obsession."

"You're right. I am obsessed. I'll try to get that under control."

"It's fine. Usually the problem is a new couple wanting to fuck everyone in the club and do every dirty thing they've ever thought of or heard of. Your obsession is a little different. You seem stuck on milk."

"Yeah," Jennica vaguely agreed.

"Anyway, I don't want to cut you short, but you and Chappie are planning on coming to the event this weekend, right?"

"Of course."

"I've already marked you down as a yes. Just wanted to be sure. I'll see you there."

The party was already in full swing when Jennica and Chappie arrived. Jennica didn't bother with the bar or socialization area. She hunted through the rooms until she found Heather. As expected, Heather was laying on a bed with two men. One was happily feasting on her breast; the other was eating her pussy. Heather had the happy smile of near-ecstasy on her face.

"Mind if we join you?" Jennica asked as she slipped into the room, pulling Chappie with her.

Heather smiled at her friend. "Sure." She lifted up her right breast. It was still heavy and full. "I've been saving this for you."

It was only with great self-control that Jennica managed not to squeal like a teenager girl while climbing into bed with Heather. She immediately set upon the redhead's breast and started suckling. So eager was she that she didn't even bother to remove any of her clothing.

It was Heather, as always, who managed to move things along. She looked at Chappie, standing uncertainly just inside the doorway, and told him, "Take off your clothes and fuck your wife while she's busy."

Chappie grinned and nodded. Giving him a purpose helped settle his nerves. Seeing the two women together—along with the two men already with Heather—had given him a hardon. Taking off his clothes was easy enough. There was no need to fully strip Jennica; he just lifted up her skirt and pulled down her panties. She willingly helped her get out of the scrap of black lace. Since she was kneeling on the bed while nursing from Heather, it was easy for Chappie to kneel behind his wife and slip his cock into her.

"She's your wife?" the man nursing on Heather asked.

It took Chappie a moment to process the man's question. He was still thrown by how some people in the club liked to have conversations during sex. After a moment he recognized the man as Brett who had fucked Jennica at least once before.

"Yeah."

Brett grinned. "It's considered bad form to be the first of the night to bang your wife."

"Shut up, Brett," Heather told him and tried to pull his mouth back down to her breast. Her milk was slowly leaking out, wetting her skin and letting it go to waste.

He resisted long enough to stick out his hand at Chappie. "Brett Kapostaski. Would you mind if I did her when you're finished?"

Chappie shook Brett's hand—another oddity that seemed out of place—and said, "Sure."

"Excellent," he said and went back to Heather's breast.

Chappie fucked Jennica a bit longer, gently shaking her body as he pumped back and forth, but then withdrew before he was done. “I don’t want to cum too soon tonight,” he explained Jennica when she looked questioningly over her shoulder at him.

“Makes sense,” Brett said as he left Heather’s side, rolled off the bed, and went around to take Chappie’s place behind Jennica.

“Fuck or suck?” Heather asked Chappie.

“What?” He looked around. The man who had been between her legs had disappeared. Chappie didn’t even remember him leaving.

“Do you want to fuck me or do you want me to suck you off?” Heather clarified.

Chappie looked between the big-breasted woman’s legs. Her dark red pubic curls were matted down wetly with a mix of saliva and her juices. It would have felt great to stick his dick into her mouth, but he honestly knew what he wanted.

“Fuck,” he said.

It took some shifting of bodies to accommodate his need. Heather rolled to her side while Jennica continued to nurse. Brett was happily fucking away while Heather lifted up her thigh to expose her sex. Chappie moved behind her, allowing the redhead to guide his hard cock into her cunt. He slipped easily into her.

“You’re really wet,” he complimented her.

“That’s because a couple of other guys already finished in me,” she told him with a satisfied grin.

Chappie wasn’t disturbed his cock was mixing around other men’s spunk. The idea made him shudder. He knew he had cum in his wife while she was full of other men’s leavings. To him, this was exactly what a woman was, a sexual vessel in charge of her own pleasure and destiny. He was happy to be along for the ride with his wife, glad that she was thrilled this was how she wanted to live her sexual life.

It didn’t take Chappie very long to finish. When he came it was with three hard

thrusts and a whining noise with each spurt. Heather kissed him over her shoulder, unwilling to separate from Jennica. “I’ll be back,” he said as he stumbled from the bed and out the door.

“Where’s he going?” Heather asked his wife.

Jennica came up for a breath of air, wiping the mixture of saliva and mix from her chin. “I don’t know.” She looked over her shoulder at Brett. “Harder. Faster.”

He nodded in agreement, sweat dripping down his face. It didn’t take him much longer to cum, which he did with a satisfied groan and then collapsed on the bed. Jennica squeezed her thighs together, feeling the wetness he left behind, and moved her hand down between Heather’s legs, feeling her wetness and what Chappie had left behind.

“Keep going,” Heather encouraged her huskily. Her breath had suddenly shifted into the staccato rhythm of near-orgasm. Jennica kept her hand busy in the other woman’s pussy, rubbing her clit the way she liked it, marveling at how wet Heather was, how her pussy felt different than her own, but was so familiar at the same time.

And then Heather was cumming. The redhead lifted her feet up off the bed, pressing her knees to her chest, pinning Jennica’s arms between legs and chest, keeping her in place, unable to move. It took her a long time to recover from the climax. During the recovery period Brett got up from the bed, nodded acknowledgement to both women, and walked out the door, off in search of other adventures, leaving them alone.

“Thank you,” Heather told Jennica.

“You’re welcome,” Jennica said and kissed Heather’s breast. She sensed there was still more milk inside so she latched on and started sucking.

“You’re eager, aren’t you,” Heather complimented her.

Jennica let go and nodded eagerly. “But I’m not a lesbian. Or bi.” She went back to Heather’s large brown nipple.

“Sure you are,” Heather said flatly. “Every woman is at least a little bit bi, especially if you’re playing in here.” She paused a second and then pushed

Jennica off her breast. “You’ve played with me and with other women in here as well. How can you say you’re not bi?”

“Umm…well, I just never thought of myself as bi.” Jennica licked her lips, tasting the last of Heather’s milk. “Don’t you have to want to be with a woman for the rest of your life to really be bi?”

“Lesbian,” Heather corrected her. “You’re talking about a lesbian. There’s nothing wrong with enjoying play with another woman, there’s nothing wrong with being bi. But don’t worry about it. I was much the same way until I fell into the lifestyle. People change.”

“Maybe I am bi,” Jennica pondered to herself, but she didn’t want to think about that at the moment. She had other, more pressing, concerns. “Can I ask your advice on something?” she boldly asked Heather.

“As long as it’s not about lactation.”

Jennica ignored her. “How do I get my boobs to start lactating?”

“That’s about lactation.”

“I know. But it’s what I needed to ask you.”

With a sigh, Heather tried not to roll her eyes. It was exasperating some times in dealing with a club newbie. “I think you’re just a little bit obsessed right now. Lactating is different than nursing from someone. A lot different. It’s a whole new level of responsibility and obligation.”

“I’m ready to be responsible,” Jennica said eagerly. “I’m not some girl who doesn’t understand how things work.”

A little grimace gave away Heather’s thoughts on that matter, but Jennica didn’t seem to notice. “It’s also a special level of annoyance. You have to deal with pills, breast pumps, pads in your bra, a partner—or partners—who is willing not only to suck on your tits when you need it but on a set schedule as well, unexpected leakage, and, at least here in the club, you have to fend off the men—and some women—who see you as nothing more than a supply to their only little kink.” A half smile broke the severe expression on Heather’s face. “Although the one that varies from annoying to exciting.” The moment she

uttered those last words, she immediately regretted it.

Jennica's eyes were shining with lust and eagerness. "Yeah. That's what I want."

Heather shook her head. "No. It's not. Believe me, it's not."

It took Jennica a moment to understand how serious Heather was being, but that still didn't detour her. She simply changed tactics. "I've already made my decision. I can do this on my own; I was just hoping you'd help me out and make it easier on me."

If Jennica was bound and determined to pursue this course of action, Heather knew there was little she could do to dissuade her. However, inducing lactation wasn't an easy goal even for a determined woman, even if she had the right biology for it. Heather decided to go with the other woman's decision. "Okay then. I can help. But don't blame me if you don't like the results."

"How could I?" Jennica asked innocently. Heather wasn't sure if she meant the results or the blame.

"We'll start tomorrow," Heather told her.

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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