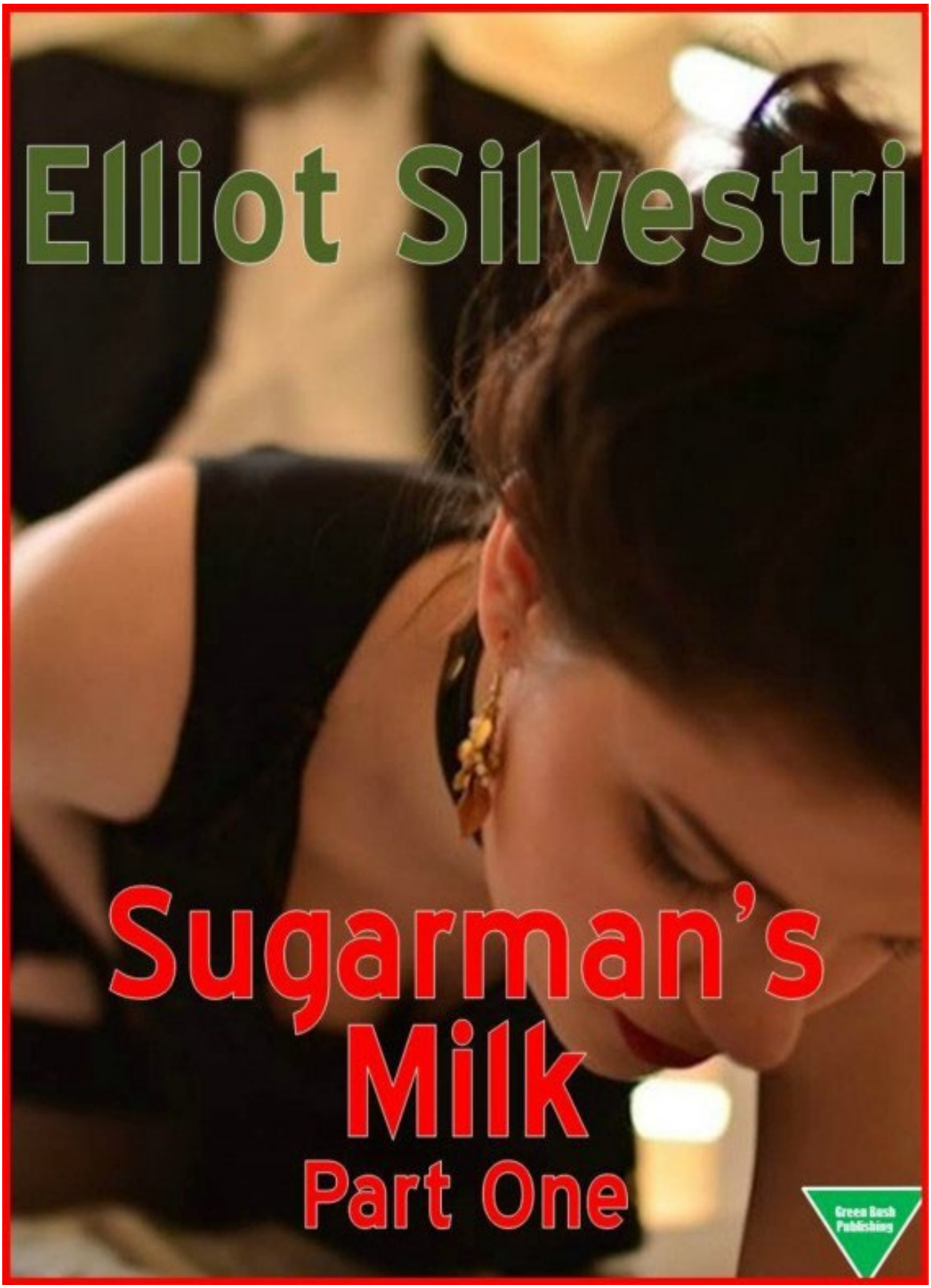
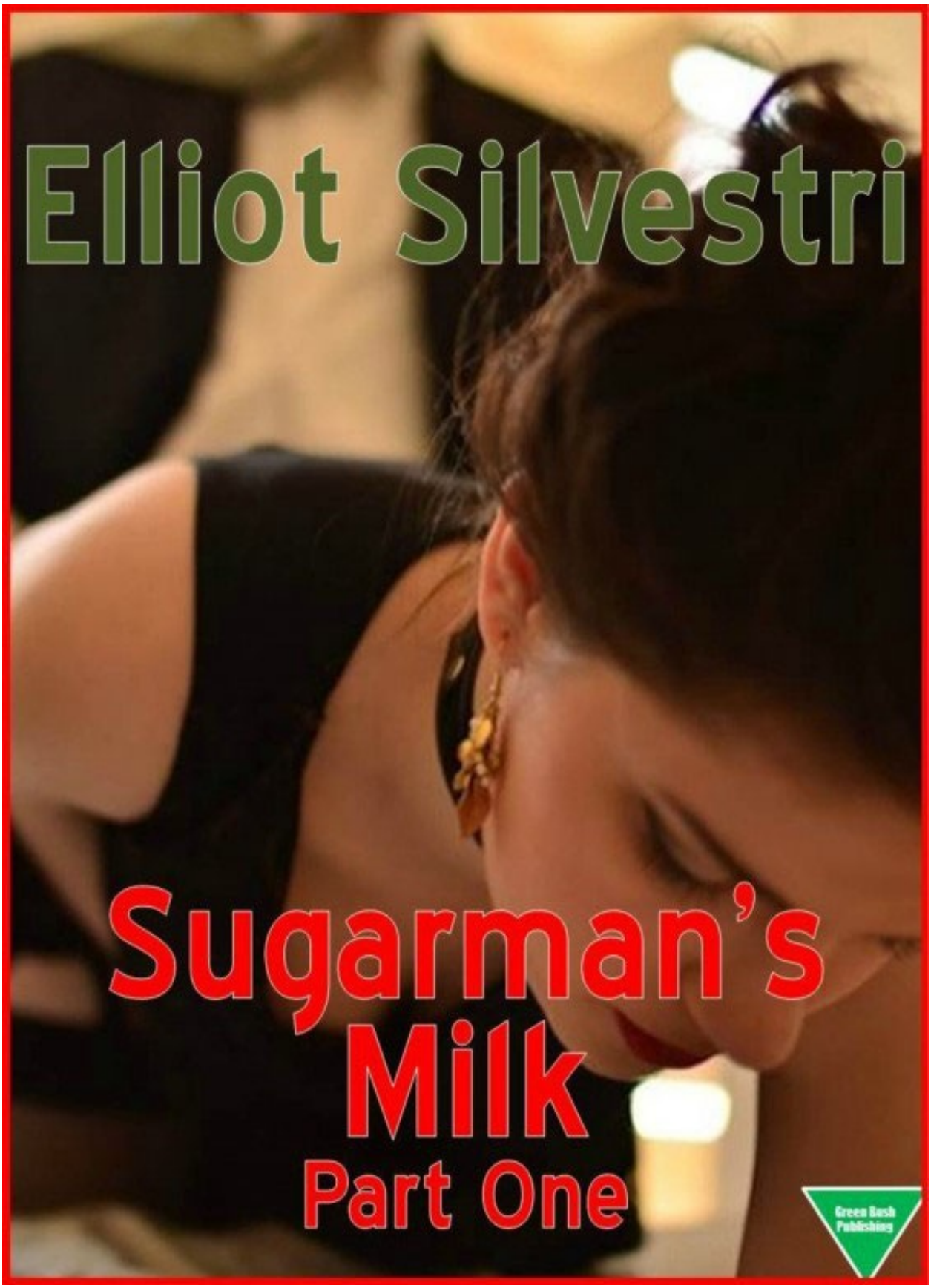

Elliot Silvestri
Sugarman's Milk
Part One
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part One

Chapter One

Nate couldn't help himself. He spent most of the dinner staring across the table at Jennie's large breasts. She was wearing a shirt that, while modest enough, also scooped down low enough to give an abundant hint of her cleavage. Maybe she was a few pounds overweight, but she carried it well and wasn't afraid of showing off her curves. It might not have been good manners to stare at another man's wife, but Grant didn't say a word to him about it during the entire meal.

The two couples had met informally a week earlier at Madeline's Coffee Shop just to make sure no one was making any obvious lies or exaggerations. That led to an agreement for the dinner with the hint that dinner might lead to something more. Even that fragile bit of framework had taken weeks of planning on top of the search through online personals and semi-cryptic emails. Still, in the long run, both couples agreed privately between their immediate partners, it had been worth the effort. Or so they hoped.

"They're bigger in person," Jennie abruptly told him, interrupting the flow of conversation. They lived in different towns but in the same county. Since both Grant and Robin worked for the state they had a lot of interest in local politics. They had been lamenting the latest proposed changed to the union contract.

Embarrassed, Nate looked away, staring at the wall. "Sorry," he apologized.

Jennie smiled. "It's fine. I get a lot of it. And I kind of expected it tonight." She leaned in a bit and lightly ran her tongue over her upper lip. "I actually kind of like it," she added with just the hint of a wink.

"They're real and they're spectacular," Grant intoned, causing everyone at the table to look at him because of his outdated reference. "Well, they are," he added. "I would know."

"Do you like girls with big tits?" Jennie asked Nate. She and Grant were the older, more experienced couple. They'd been through this before—or so they had said. She glanced at Robin's chest, much smaller than her own. It wasn't a question designed to be an insult, but she realized after the fact that it might have

sounded, to Robin's ears, like one.

"Umm, I'm just not used to them, I guess," he answered nervously as his wife glared at him. "Robin's are great. They're just…smaller."

"I like variety," Grant said along with a sideways glance at Robin's small chest. His comment filled in the small, uncomfortable silence that suddenly fell on the table. "There's nothing wrong with that. Human nature. And wait 'til you see Jennie's up close and in person. They're fantastic."

"Are we going to do this, then?" Nate asked nervously. It was the goal line they had all been slowly edging toward. It was a bold suggestion from him, but his urge to copulate overcame his normal urge to remain silent and unobserved.

"That's the whole idea," said Jennie. She looked over at Robin. "But everyone has to be on the same page for this to work. Are you in, Robin?"

The younger woman quickly glanced around the table. First at her nervous, meek husband. Then at handsome Grant who was all confidence but was obviously hiding something. And finally at the slightly overweight and supremely outgoing Jennie with her short cut suburban Mom-style hair. She wanted this to work. "Of course I'm in."

Robin and Nate got in his Dodge Charger to follow the Sugarmans back to the hotel they had agreed upon. Robin had said Nate bought the car because he was over-compensating for his lack of confidence in social situations. His colleagues joked that he bought it because he had a small penis. It was his coworkers who were wrong. What surprised the Tellers the most was that their new friends climbed into a green Chrysler minivan with little stickers on the back window depicting a stick figure family: husband, wife, three kids, and a cat.

"I never would have guessed that a couple of swingers would drive a minivan," commented Nate as he eased the car onto the busy road, following Grant as closely as he dared.

"Maybe that'll be us in a few years," Robin offered. Her mind was racing ahead not only to what was supposed to happen tonight, but for the next years of her life.

“What, swingers?”

“Married swingers with a family?” Robin asked nervously. She wanted this to happen, but she was tremendously worried about the possible consequences. She was a worrier and sometimes resorted to alcohol or a prescription to help deal with her nerves.

“Maybe,” he said and settled his hand on her thigh. She exhaled slowly and felt the heat from his hand on her bare skin. It felt good. It helped settle them both, just the contact between husband and wife.

It seemed a little daunting to follow this more experienced couple a hotel, but they had taken control of the group’s dynamic and made it seem like the right thing to do. The Sugarmans had planned ahead and set a room reservation. They checked in as two married couples sharing a room while traveling. Nate was certain the woman working the check-in desk would question them about their intentions. But she was bored and barely seemed to care about little more than giving them their keys. She didn’t even question their lack of luggage.

Upstairs in the room there were two beds that seemed unapproachably huge to Nate’s eyes. Grant inclined his head to his wife letting her take the lead. They’d done this before and knew how to put a new couple at ease. Jennie needed to be the one to run the encounter. Women were less intimidating to a new couple.

“You two ready for this?” Jennie asked as she reached for the top buttons of her blouse.

Nate just nodded while Robin said, a little too loudly, “Yes.”

“Simple swap, like we discussed earlier. Each couple on a different bed?”

“Uh-huh,” Nate agreed as more and more of Jennie’s flesh was exposed with each button that was released. She dropped the blouse off her body showing off her large breasts contained in a black bra.

“You okay with this, Robin?” Jennie asked as she unzipped her skirt. Robin was focusing on Grant who had kicked off his shoes and was seated on the edge of one bed, bouncing lightly. It was obvious he was eager for the main event to begin.

“Yeah,” Robin answered, only vaguely answering Jennie’s question. The familiar fluttering twinge of anticipation had returned to her pussy. It had been years since she felt that sensation. She knew exactly what it meant. She was about to take a new cock into her body; that was something she hadn’t done in a long, long time. The need she felt pushed aside every bit of worry and concern to be replaced with an odd, calm sensation. She walked over to Grant, stepping out of her shoes as she did so, placed her hands on his shoulders as he put his hands on her hips. When she looked down at him, he wasn’t looking at her; he was looking at his wife who was now wearing just her panties and bra while kissing Nate. Robin looked away; she couldn’t bear to see him kissing another woman.

The moment Robin looked away, Jennie’s hands were busily removing all of Nate's clothes. She did it with surprising deftness. He was naked quicker than anyone else in the room, mostly due to his own eagerness. Jennie was delighted when she reached between his legs and found his hard cock. It wasn’t absurdly huge but bigger than her husband. “Nice,” she whispered into his ear as she kissed his neck and pressed her body against his. They fell into the bed together, quickly tossing back the covers, with him on top of her. “I was going to give you a blowjob to get you hard,” she said softly as she stroked his length, “but that’s not necessary, is it?”

“No,” he moaned lightly, his eyes closed, focusing on what she was doing to him. It felt good and he didn’t want it to end, ever.

Her bra suddenly felt tight around her chest. She was swelling up—both from her milk and her lust—and she needed to be free. “Want to see my tits?”

Nate opened his eyes because she took her hand off his cock. Taking her question as an invitation, he fumbled behind her, searching for the hooks, pulling and stretching the fabric until it slipped free. She tossed it aside and he dropped his mouth to her nipple, taking it between his lips and sucking on it. Her nipple was bright red and surrounded by an areola that was a slightly vertical oval covered with little bumps of Montgomery’s glands. The breast itself was large and swollen; he could just barely see the faint blue lines of veins tracing through her flesh.

Jennie hissed in pain spiked with pleasure. “Careful,” she said softly. “Go easy.” She didn’t mind a little pain, but she liked to be ready for it.

He nodded and let down, slipping his hand down into her panties, feeling the small strip of tangled curls hiding her pussy. She lifted her hips, pulled down the stretchy material, and tossed her final garment aside. Now fully naked she opened up her legs, letting his hand explore her sex. His fingers went up inside her and she shivered with the thrill. “I don’t want your fingers, I want your cock.” Fingers were fine, but cock was always better in Jennie’s opinion.

“Are you wet enough?” he asked, feeling her cunt. He wasn’t sure if he should go down on her or just try to start fucking her. She seemed plenty wet, but he wasn’t an expert.

“Oh yeah,” she said grabbing his cock once again. “Time to get inside me.” They positioned and repositioned their bodies, trying to align his cock with her pussy. It was easy enough for Nate to insert the mushroom-shaped head of his cock into her entrance, but then he met a touch of resistance. “You’re big,” she told him, and he flushed with embarrassment at being unable to enter her with ease and because he didn’t like any part of his body or mind complimented. Most men would have been proud of the softly spoken compliment, but Nate didn’t take well to attention focused on him.

“Sorry,” he muttered as he grabbed his cock around the base and tried to force himself deeper into her.

“No, that’s good,” she told him. Jennie reached down between their bodies and grabbed him behind the balls, adjusting the angle, until he was able to ease into her. “Oh, yeah,” she moaned softly into his ear. “That’s what I want.” He pushed her open wider than she was used to and Jennie luxuriated in that feeling. “Fuck me,” she told him and he started thrusting back and forth. Being opened up more than usual felt new and different and wonderful; this was why she chose to have sex with men other than her husband. It was new, novel, thrilling, and just a little bit dangerous.

Jennie rolled her head to the side and looked at her husband. She smiled at him. He was still seated on the edge of the other bed, but his pants were around his ankles, his shirt was off. Robin was still fully clothed and was on her knees between his legs, sucking his cock. Silently Jennie mouthed to her husband, I love you and he nodded his head, concentrating on Robin’s mouth on his cock.

She had gotten him hard very quickly. Her mouth was wet and hot, much hotter

than his wife's. Between watching Jennie get fucked and Robin sucking on him, Grant had gotten too close to orgasm too fast. He pushed Robin away, forcing her mouth from his cock. "Take off your clothes," he told her, kicking his feet free of the pants and sliding back on the bed, his wet cock pointing up at the ceiling.

Robin glanced over nervously at what her husband and Jennie were up to. Seeing them fucking sent her mind spinning and quickly looked away. It was exciting and terrifying at the same time. Instead, she locked eyes with Grant, reached down to the hem of her dress and pulled it up over her head. Underneath she wore a small supportive camisole, panties, and a pair of thigh-high stockings. Grant looked down at her legs appreciatively. It was obvious she had dressed to impress her new lover.

"Leave those on," he said, "but take everything else off."

Pretending her husband wasn't on the next bed because she couldn't process her approved infidelity at the moment, Robin pulled the camisole off and then skinned off her panties. She had debated a long time before the dinner date what she should wear and how she should groom herself. Finally she had decided on the camisole and the high-cut panties. They forced her to shave the edges of her pubic hair beyond the normal boundaries. Now she was glad she had done exactly that. While giving Grant the blowjob she had held his balls and in the process discovered that he shaved his sack, making his testicles uncommonly smooth and soft under her fingertips.

"Top or bottom?" he asked her as she crawled onto the bed with him, ignoring the small sounds coming from the other bed.

It was an easy decision for her to make. "Top," she said as she straddled his legs and once again held his cock in her hand. This was the unnerving part. She thought back to their earlier conversations on what was and wasn't necessary in bed. Grant had made a sworn statement and his wife had vouched for him as well, but there wasn't any easy way to know if he was really telling the truth. True, he was older and had three kids so it was likely he had had a vasectomy. She pushed the consequences from her mind and decided that skin to skin was a much better than a barrier of latex. It was a risk she was more than willing to make. His cock fitted into her pussy very easily. She was incredibly wet; she had been looking forward to fucking a near-stranger for a very long time.

“You feel good,” she said as she sat all the way down on him.

“You’re very wet,” he told her.

“You got me hot. I love giving blowjobs.” She laughed and kissed him, already having forgotten about the woman fucking her husband on the next bed. “You’re smaller than my husband.”

“What?!” He was a little bit taken aback at the slight.

Robin laughed again. “No, don’t take it the wrong way. You fill me up just right. He’s a little too big at times.”

“Uh-huh.” Grant didn’t pay much attention to what people said during sex. Their brains weren’t always focused on what their mouths were saying. Robin was expressing her appreciation of the difference between him and her husband. He was in this relationship for the sex, not for the conversation.

Robin started rolling her hips in earnest while pumping her legs up and down. They were both distracted by the sensations too much to talk any further. Her long brown hair fell in front of her face. He kept one hand on her hip and moved the other up to massage her breast, lightly pinching the nipple. Leaning forward she offered her small breast to his mouth and he sucked eagerly, almost painfully. She didn’t mind.

His cock became even harder in her pussy and she ground down on him, panting. “You’re fixed, right?” she asked knowing that a man’s promise during sex meant nothing.

“Yeah. No more kids.”

“Cum inside me,” she begged. “I want to feel it inside me.” When she was like this she knew she sounded like a slut—but it was who she actually was. Only her husband knew the full truth of who she was and she liked that.

A second later he did exactly as she had begged for. His balls tightened up to his body and then his cock spurted the heavy, thick spunk into her cunt. She moaned and shook, knowing how wrong this act was, but loving it all the same. It was wrong, so wrong, but she silently vowed she’d never give it up. With that vow she looked over at her husband—Grant was already staring at the other

copulating pair—as he grunted twice and then came inside Jennie's pussy. Her legs were bent at the knee and he was practically lying on the backs of her thighs. She was wide open; it allowed him to thrust his big cock deep into her pussy while they fucked. Already she had had two small trembling orgasms and now she came a third time when he started jetting his load into her cunt.

After they were done cumming Jennie spread her thighs a little wider, allowing him to slip down onto her body. She grinned up at him triumphantly and pulled his face down to hers for a kiss. They mixed their tongues back and forth. Jennie knew her husband was watching so she was giving him a show. It didn't matter to her what Robin thought or felt.

Finally they broke off the kiss and Nate rolled off Jennie's body, a little ashamed at what he had just done, and was unable to meet his wife's eyes.

"Was it good?" Grant asked from the other bed.

Jennie's eyes were shining with lust. "Uh-huh. He's got a big cock. Want to feel what he did to me?"

"Hell yes," he cried as he jumped off the bed and went over to where his wife was lying. He sat on the edge of the mattress and reached between her legs. She opened her thighs giving him easy access to her pussy while the other couple looked on in silent wonder, Nate from right next to her, Robin from where Grant had left her on the other bed.

Grant inserted his middle and ring finger of his right hand into his wife's pussy, feeling her wetness combined with the cum that Nate had left behind. He steadied her pelvis with his left hand pressing down just above her pubic bone. There was no soft warm up or gentle caressing. They had done this before. Since she was already wet, well-lubed, and highly aroused Grant just started thrusting his fingers in and out of her, curling his two fingers up and behind her pubic bone, looking for that secret spot that made her lose control. It didn't take him long. Jennie's eyes rolled up into her head as she tried to arch her hips upward. Grant held her down.

She started moaning and struggling under his ministrations but he didn't relent, making her suffer, making her struggle toward the reward she desired. Keyed up as she was between an encounter with a new lover sporting a big cock and showing off in front of two new friends Jennie reached orgasm easily. She let

loose a muffled scream and brought her hips up off the bed, a small stream of liquid spraying out of her pussy.

“Oh my god, oh my god,” she kept repeating over and over. The sheet between her legs had a large wet spot from where she sprayed her girlcum. Robin’s eyes were as round as dinner plates. She had never seen such a display before. Nate was immediately jealous—his wife had never done anything like that when they had sex. “Thank you, thank you,” Jennie gasped. Grant pulled his fingers free of her pussy and offered them to her. She grabbed his wrist and popped the two middle fingers into her mouth, tasting the combination of her wetness, her cum, and Nate’s spunk.

“Good?” he asked.

“Fuck yes.” She flopped her head back onto the pillow. “I love that.”

“Did you just…squirt?” Robin asked in disbelief.

Even though she was drained, Jennie managed to turn her head to look at Robin. “Yes. It’s exhausting.”

“That’s…just…wow.”

Jennie half-laughed. “You’ve never squirted?”

Robin shook her head, her small breasts shaking with the motion. “No.”

“Not all women can. And I didn’t learn to do it until I was thirty five.” She paused in her thoughts. “I don’t even know if learning is the correct word for it. I guess I just stopped resisting the urge. It’s incredible the way it feels. The first time it happened, I thought I was peeing.” She laughed.

“Isn’t it, sort of?” Nate asked.

Jennie shook her head, reached between her legs, testing to see how wet she still was, and offered her companion her essence. “Want to taste?” It might have been an aberration compared to how most women reacted during sex, but Jennie had learned how to enjoy how her body worked. She had no shame.

Nate pulled back a bit. “Uh…”

Grant laughed. “Go ahead,” he urged the nervous man. “It tastes like pussy.”

Hesitantly Nate reached out and steadied her hand, then tentatively licked her proffered finger. He raised his eyebrows and shrugged. “You’re right,” he told Grant. He wasn’t sure how a woman’s orgasm generation expulsions would taste, but pussy-flavored made sense.

Jennie laughed and reached between her legs again. This time she offered her fingers to Robin. “Would you like to try as well?”

“Umm…”

Seeing Robin’s hesitation, Jennie pulled back her fingers. “You don’t swing that way?”

“No, it’s not that,” the other woman replied hurriedly. “It’s just that I never tried it before. It seems a little strange right now.”

Jennie shrugged and pulled her hand back, tasted herself, and asked, to no one in particular, “So…what would you like to do now?”

Robin and Nate exchanged uncomfortable glances. Grant just grinned at his wife. “First time nerves not over yet?” he asked the other couple.

“I’m just wondering how this will all play out when we get home tonight,” Nate answered. “Which of us will flip out first?” He laughed nervously.

“Statistically speaking, you’re the most likely to get upset,” Grant pointed out to Nate. “The husband of the couple that is newest to swinging is the one who winds up being most uncertain as to how this changes their relationship. I know; I went through the same thing.”

“Gee…thanks,” Nate said without a hint of appreciation in his voice.

Grant tried to give him some soothing information. “According to most studies, at least half of all marriages have to deal with infidelity. The advantage here, with you two, is that this isn’t cheating. You both new the rules of the game going in and fully participated. Is it really cheating to put $200 under Free Parking? It’s not in the rules, but a lot of people play the game that way.”

“It feels like cheating,” Robin said, pulling her arms around herself, trying to hide her nudity. She had slipped her feet under the edge of the sheet and so, at the moment, between the sheet and her stockings, she was the most covered up of the group.

“I don’t understand,” Jennie said. “Didn’t you two make the decision to open your marriage up together?” Now she was nervous. She and Grant had been in this situation once before. One member of a couple they wanted to swing with had been reluctant and only tried it out to see if it would work out. It hadn’t and things quickly went south. She tried to brush away the memory.

“It’s fine,” Grant said soothingly. “Contrary to popular belief most couples don’t get divorced because of infidelity. Most work through it. And this isn’t infidelity. This is equal, active, open participation in sex.”

“It feels like infidelity,” Robin said, repeating her earlier assertion.

“And that’s part of the fun,” Jennie said. “It’s wrong and naughty and goes against everything you were taught.” She’d worked through this with Grant years before, she knew all the arguments. “When you’re little, young and stupid, you’re told don’t drink alcohol, it’s bad for you, but most people grow up and learn that—in moderation—alcohol can be fun. The same can be said of a lot of mind-altering substances, I suppose. I was raised in a strict Catholic household. No sex before marriage. And then only sex after marriage was to have babies.” She paused and laughed out loud. “I had sex before, after, and during marriage with my husband and with other people as well. My two sisters and I think just about all of my cousins are miserable in their marriages or have already gotten divorced. I’m happy in mine and yet,” she reached out and held her husband’s hand, “I have sex with lots of other people besides Grant.”

“And sometimes beside him,” Grant pointed out.

She rolled her eyes and shook her head. “Anyway, we’re not trying to push our lifestyle on you two. I’ve had fun tonight. I’d like to keep it going. Or maybe we could get together again,” she suggested.

For the first time in his life, Nate spoke up and was bold about what he wanted to do. “I want to keep going,” he said flatly, looking at his wife. She glanced away, unable to hold his gaze.

“Do you need a little break?” Jennie asked, sitting up and reaching across the space between the two beds, resting her hand on the other woman’s thigh. Robin didn’t pull away. “We could get dressed and go downstairs to the bar for a drink. If you’re still good, we can come back up here.”

“Alcohol dulls the senses,” muttered Grant. He wasn’t much of a drinker and was a touch embarrassed for others to learn how easy it was for him to get drunk on just a few sips of anything.

“I don’t want to get dressed,” complained Nate.

Jennie looked over her shoulder at the petulant husbands and glared at them. “How about we call down to room service and have them send up some drinks?”

Robin gave that a moment’s thought and nodded agreement. The drinks arrived upstairs a few minutes later. Jennie complimented their promptness as she went to answer the knock, but Robin stopped her before she could fling open the door and give the delivery boy a free peepshow.

“You can’t answer the door naked!” Robin insisted.

“Why? Do you want to do it?” Jennie teased.

“No!” Robin was actually a bit shocked by the answer.

“Why not? I’ve done it before.”

“You haven’t!”

“Answer the damn door!” Grant called and laughed at their argument. He and Nate were lying on the beds waiting for their drinks.

“Put on a towel,” Robin insisted grabbing one of the large bath towels out of the bathroom and wrapping it around Jennie’s body, barely fitting it over her large breasts.

There was another knock on the door. “Room service!”

“Put one on with me,” Jennie suggested. “We’ll answer the door together. Give him a thrill.” She winked.

“No!” Robin insisted and dashed into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. Jennie sighed and opened the door, disappointed that the drinks were being delivered by a man not much older than her and easily a hundred pounds overweight.

“Thanks,” she said taking the tray of drinks from him. He presented the receipt for her to sign which she did with great grace, sliding the drinks onto the low dresser while signing and keeping her towel on.

“My pleasure. My name’s Stan,” he said with a wink, indicating his nametag. “If there’s anything else I can do for you…” he added with a touch of a leer.

“I’ll let you know,” Jennie replied, turning around and closing the door. She skillfully timed the shutting of the door and the dropping of her towel to give Stan the briefest of glimpses of her bare ass.

“Tart,” Grant told her as he took his rum and Coke from the tray. He covered for his weaknesses by acting boldly.

Robin rushed out of the bathroom and gulped down half the contents of glass. “I can’t believe you did that.”

Jennie stared at her. “Neither can I. You just chugged some primo vodka.”

“Ha ha,” Robin commented and then pressed a hand to her forehead. “I’m a little dizzy now.”

“Sit down,” Grant suggested. “Better yet, lie down. Even better still, lie down with me.” He eased her back over to the bed, running his hands over her smooth skin.

“My wife’s a lightweight,” Nate commented as he watched Grant prop up Robin with a small pile of pillows so she could sip at her drink while he lay between her legs and ate her pussy.

“She’s not the only one,” Jennie commented before she went down on her knees, resting her drink on the floor next to her, and she alternated between sips from the glass and sucking on Nate’s cock. It was a pleasant way to end the evening, or so Robin thought as Grant’s busy tongue found her little clit and brought her off, having sex and getting slowly drunk.

Robin woke in a state of fuzzy confusion the next morning. There were strong, warm arms around her and an insistent, hard cock pressing against her ass. She lifted up her leg allowing the cock to slip between her cheeks and then up into her moist pussy. During the night she had pleasantly sexy dreams and woke aroused allowing her husband to penetrate her pussy so easily. But it wasn't Nate's cock. It was too small. She gasped and looked over her shoulder. A stranger was fucking her. A soft groan came from across the room. A slightly pudgy woman was straddling Nate, rocking her hips back and forth as he reached up for her tits.

"No," Jennie said to him, slapping away his hands. "Don't touch them."

"Okay," Nate grunted and held onto her hips as he thrusted up into her. It was wrong but so natural at the same time.

The previous evening came rushing back to Robin and she shuddered once as Grant continued to fuck her from behind. It wasn't unpleasant, but knowing that her husband was witnessing her having sex with another man…it confused her. It turned her on and at the same time it made her feel guilty. She liked the mix of those feelings but that made it worse because she was enjoying it.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" Nate cried out as he came to an appreciative, throaty laugh from Jennie. Those sounds encouraged Grant along and shortly he finished as well. Robin didn't cum, she wished she had, but her confusion of the situation made it impossible for her to climax.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," Nate apologized to Jennie as she rolled off him.

"That's okay," she said. "You didn't know they were swollen and sore." She looked over at her husband. "Want to help me out?"

Grant grinned at her. "You know I do." He extracted himself from Robin and made his way over to his wife. The other couple looked on in curiosity. Robin was certain he wouldn't be able to get his cock hard again. It was already soft. Instead of assuming a position where they would be able to have sex, he kissed her on the lips, then quickly moved down her torso giving her little kisses until he landed on her breast and latched onto her nipple. And there he stopped.

Instead of little kisses or nibbles or even just a little bit of sucking before moving further down her body, Grant stopped at her breast and just sucked. Jennie moaned softly in appreciation. The Tellers watched, at first in puzzlement and then in confusion. Grant moved his hand between Jennie's legs, inserting his forefinger in her pussy and gently circled her clit with his thumb.

"Stop," she voiced quietly.

"Are you sure?" he asked, letting go of her nipple. It was bright red and wet.

"Take your finger out of me," she insisted as she pulled his mouth back to her breast.

He sucked on her twice and then pulled back again. "Want Nate to play with your pussy?"

"Sure," she vaguely agreed.

Grant went back to her breast, holding the one he was sucking on in one hand, while cupping the other with his free hand. Jennie reached out to Nate, holding his hand, but not forcing him to move over to her.

Nate watched the couple as Grant feasted on Jennie's breast. He didn't move but continued to hold her hand.

Jennie's breathing steadily increased in tempo and intensity until she was doing the near-pant of a woman on the verge of orgasm and then let out a stifled groan between gritted teeth.

"You came," Grant told her, though that was obvious to everyone in the room.

"Yeah." Jennie was proud and satisfied.

He nodded and switched breasts. After he switched her left breast continued to slowly leak milk. The thin pale-white liquid coalesced on the tip of her nipple and slowly slid down the slope of her breast, soaking her skin, to eventually turn into a small wet spot on the sheets. Grant ignored the lost milk and simply focused on her still full breast.

"Is that…milk?" Robin asked, a little aghast at the Sugarmans' display.

“Uh-huh. I’m still lactating.” Jennie’s words were hazy, as if she they were coming from far away.

“When was your last kid born?”

“Eight years ago.”

“And you’re still lactating?” Robin asked, rephrasing her question.

Jennie chuckled. “Obviously.”

“And he drinks it?” Robin was somewhere between repulsed and stunned.

“Obviously,” Jennie repeated.

Nate interrupted. “What does it taste like?” His curiosity had already gotten the better of him.

Jennie lifted up her partially emptied breast. “Care to find out?”

The offer was a little bold for Nate. He hesitated. It was Robin, strangely, who took the initiative away from her husband. “I don’t think so,” she told them.

“Why not?” It was Nate who wanted to know.

“You didn’t accept her offer to play with her pussy,” Robin informed him tartly as she swept the bed sheets off her body as she climbed off the bed. “I’m going to taste it.” She moved across the space between the beds, knelt down on the floor, and leaned over Jennie’s body. For the smallest of pauses she hesitated , then dropped her mouth over Jennie’s erect nipple.

The nipple was hard under Robin’s tongue, already wet and slightly pulsing. She could feel the heat of Jennie’s body and that made her nervous. Touching another woman’s body in this way was supposed to be anathema, but here she was not only contemplating it but about to do it. Robin pushed aside all of those thoughts and closed her mouth and lips to suck. She tried to tell herself that this wasn’t a sexual act, it was mere curiosity at what another woman’s breast milk tasted like. She knew she was lying to herself, but that didn’t matter.

The way she nursed from Jennie was gently and carefully. Immediately Jennie’s

body offered up a warm squirt of liquid, filling her mouth with liquid sweetness. She swallowed and savored the intense taste. “Wow,” she commented. “It’s very sweet. Like fruit juice.”

“It’s that way so babies will want to drink it,” commented Grant in between suckling the nipple in his mouth.

“It’s good,” Robin said and sucked again, warming to the task. Once the barrier had been breached it was easier to push aside any concerns of what shouldn’t be done and focus on what was pleasurable. She reached up and rested her hand on Jennie’s thigh, but couldn’t compel herself to go any further. Nursing on another woman’s breast, tasting her milk—an unexpected turn of events for their encounter with the Sugarmans—was enough to keep her elated for the next year. Touching Jennie’s pussy would have been a trip to heaven, and she wasn’t ready for that.

The mismatched pair nursed happily on Jennie’s breasts as Nate watched. He was too shy to ask to join in. From Jennie’s reaction and breathing it was obvious she was on her way to another orgasm. Robin wanted to reach between Jennie’s thighs and bring her off, but didn’t have the courage. Grant did it for her, plunging his fingers into his wife’s pussy to push her over the edge and make her cum once again.

“That’s the way to start the day,” Jennie intoned as Grant and Robin pulled away from her, Grant reluctantly and Robin with some shame.

A thought suddenly occurred to Robin. “Don’t you two have kids? Who’s watching them?”

Jennie laughed at him. “Grant’s father. He loves spending time with the grandkids. We just have to wash the sheets in our guest bedroom after he leaves to get rid of the old man smell.”

Grant’s face soured. “It’s just his overdosing on Old Spice.”

“Someone should teach him to use it in moderation.”

“He thinks it attracts the ladies,” Grant said.

“Which is why he’s still a widower.”

He rolled his eyes at her.

“I can’t believe we did this,” Nate muttered under his breath.

Jennie rolled over on her side, letting her heavy breasts rest on top the other, and regarded him evenly. “Believe it. Sometimes I think life doesn’t get much better than this.”

After some quick showers and an awkward exit, the two couples took their leave of each other. There was no luggage so it was easy to just exit the hotel and drive home.

“I can’t believe we did that,” Nate repeated to his wife as he carefully drove home in the early light of Sunday morning.

“Why not?” Robin asked. Her arms were wrapped around her body and she was leaning forward slightly, trying to keep warm as the car’s engine slowly heated up.

“It just seems so crazy,” he said. “Having sex with another couple? That’s not us.”

“It was us,” Robin pointed out. “And this was originally your idea.”

“I didn’t expect you to go along with it.”

“What are you saying?”

He shrugged as he stopped at a light and waited for the traffic to clear. “I don’t know. I guess I thought our marriage was…I don’t know. Going nowhere? Are we happy? Are you? Am I?”

“You took too many philosophy classes in college.” A silence fell between them as he resumed the drive. “It’s crazy that Jennie is still lactating, isn’t it?” Robin asked her husband after the long pause.

“Yeah,” he agreed. “And you tasted her milk. That’s even crazier.” He glanced over at his wife and rested his hand on her thigh. She didn’t flinch away so he

took that as a good sign.

“It wasn’t bad,” Robin said without affect. She stared straight ahead. On the outside it was as if nothing had affected her. On the inside she was processing everything that had happened this morning and the night before. She didn’t have any regrets but it was difficult for her to understand her feelings.

“Did you like it?”

Her answer was measured. “I was curious. And she wanted me to and…it was very sweet.”

“It was?” He grinned at her. “The taste or doing it?”

“Yeah, very sweet,” she replied dreamily then realized what he was asking and frowned at him. “The taste. It was like a very thin fruit juice. Something you don’t normally drink. Like watermelon juice…no, like cantaloupe juice.” She ignored the second part of his question, though her answer would have been, It was a very sweet gesture.

“Did you like it?” Grant asked her.

“I did.” She paused remembering everything about the evening.

“Would you do it again?”

Robin didn’t answer his question. She was lost in her thoughts and her thoughts were a jumble of emotions she didn’t understand or want along with lustful ideas of how the four of them could meet again and pleasure each other. The more she thought about the sex, the more she wanted it, but her face remained a mask of expression. No one, not even her husband, could read her.

Jennie had wrapped the blanket they kept in the back of the van around her body as the van slowly heated up. It was still early spring and the mornings were too cold for her. “They were a nice couple,” she commented at Grant maneuvered his way out of the parking lot and onto the interstate.

“Uh-huh.”

“I don’t think they’ll play with us again,” she said. That disappointed her. She had enjoyed using Nate’s large cock and corrupting the seemingly proper Robin. Maybe corrupting wasn’t the correct word. After a moment’s reflection she decided that she had drawn out Robin. Underneath the impassive and well-mannered surface was a woman with a raging need to express and explore her sexuality. These were the type of women that were easiest to seduce. Seduction wasn’t, in Jennie’s opinion, tricking someone into a sex, but freeing them of their normal inhibitions that prevented them from enjoying their sexuality.

Grant looked askance at her. “What makes you say that?”

“He was too uptight. It might have been his idea to try swinging, but once reality hit him in the face, it was too much. She didn’t want to do it but he talked her into it.”

“I don’t think he could talk her into anything.”

She shrugged under the blanket. “Maybe. Maybe he guilted her into it. Maybe she had guilt over something else and she did this for him to make it up to him.”

A nod from Grant acknowledged her position. “Okay. And you think that they’re a one and done couple?”

“Yeah. She wasn’t that into it and he’s just so socially inept…it’ll never work out.”

“You said he had a big cock,” Grant pointed out.

Jennie rolled her eyes. “So what? Big cocks are a dime a dozen. That doesn’t mean anything. Besides, Robin didn’t want to play with me even after I invited her. She wasn’t that into it.”

Grant sighed. “Yeah, you’re probably right.”

Chapter Two

It was a grand cliché, Robin knew, but the supply room was the most private location in her office. Dean was a new hire, fresh out of college, and had the swagger of a man confident in his masculinity and sexuality. Robin wasn't truly attracted to him; he was only pleasant to look at. His personality was as shallow as a mirror. His body and face however.

"Help me with the boxes of paper?" she asked him with her winning smile. It was late in the afternoon and, true to form, every employee who could leave the office early was already gone. The place was practically deserted. Practically. "We need to reload for the photocopier."

Robin led the wait and pointed to the heavy boxes. When Dean bent over to pick up the first box she commented loudly enough for him to hear, "Fuck me! But you do have a cute ass."

The comment made him burst out laughing and he half dropped the box. "Ah… thanks."

"No, no, thank you for giving me a great view," she said, continuing to flirt.

"My pleasure," he said bending over again to pick up the box.

"Would you like a blowjob?" she offered.

Dean burst out laughing again. "You're funny," he chortled at her.

"I'm not kidding," she said, her voice dead serious.

The tone of her voice made him stand up and turn around to face her. "You're married," he pointed out.

"So?" she asked and stared at him unblinkingly, running her fingers along the edge of her neckline. "The offer stands? Do you want one?"

"Sure. When and where?"

“Here and now,” she said, glancing to the door, making sure it was shut and falling to her knees in front of him. Dean started to back up, but she caught his waistband and cupped his already hardening cock through his pants. “You’re not afraid, are you?”

Dean shook his head. “No. I just don’t want to get caught having sex in the supply room.”

“We won’t get caught. No one’s around. Half the office has already left for the day. Anyway, that’s part of the fun.” He didn’t resist as she unbuckled his belt and lowered his pants. He wore ridiculously tight black boxer briefs, but those she pushed down to his knees, freeing his cock that bobbed up and down after catching the edge of the elastic going down. Almost immediately she gobbled up his cocks, tasting the slightly salty, slightly sweet precum already oozing out of his slit.

“Ooh,” he grunted. “Are you sure you want to be doing this?” he half-whispered to her.

Robin backed off and pumped his cock up and down, watching the head disappear and reappear in her fist. “Of course. Why?”

“What do you get out of it?”

“I like sucking cock.”

He let out a half laugh as she licked him from his balls to the tip of his staff. He was smaller than Nate. That wasn’t surprising. Most men were. “That’s the first time I’ve heard a woman say that.”

“Then you haven’t been fucking the right women,” she pointed out right before taking the whole of his length into her mouth, burying her nose in his patch of pubic hair. His cock barely reached the back of her throat. Long ago Robin had learned how to deep throat any man’s cock, including her husband’s. Dean’s was easy to accommodate.

“Is your husband going to be pissed off if he finds out about this?” he asked, still unable to believe his good fortune.

“He’s not going to find out,” Robin told him, taking his cock from her mouth

one final time but keeping a grip on his balls. They were already shriveled up tight against his body. Dean might be beautiful to look at, but he apparently didn't have much staying power. He was ready to cum. She bobbed her head back and forth on his cock, ready to receive the gift of his orgasm.

When he came he bent halfway over and grabbed her face between his hands. His spurting cock ejaculated twice in her mouth and then he pulled free, spraying the last bits of his orgasm on her chin and neck.

Robin used her fingers to wipe his leavings off her skin and licked them clean. Dean looked at her with stars in his eyes. He wasn't so stupid as to think that she was in love with him but he suddenly held her in great admiration. "Wow. I've never known anyone as eager as you. What can I do for you?" he asked helping her to her feet. He reached one hand for her hips and the other for her side. Knowing not to immediately grab a woman's breast was the first thing he learned about bedding women in college.

Stepping nimbly out of his grasp Robin just said, "Be ready for me when I want you." With that she stepped into the hallway and disappeared, leaving Dean to zip up his pants in confusion.

Robin knew what she should have done right then and there was go home to her husband and work off all the sexual energy Dean had just caused in her. She wanted to do that. She told herself she was going to do that, but first she had something else to take care of. Robin grabbed her coat and bag from her desk and marched out the door. Before she took two steps into the hallway of the large state office building she had pulled out her phone and was dialing Jennie's number. She had programed it into her phone in the weeks previous to their encounter with the Sugarmans but hadn't used it since. She was still processing her feelings about what had happened. Nate, too, was a bit confused and upset that his wife had seemed so eager to debauch herself.

That didn't matter now. She knew if she didn't make the call at this moment she never would.

The phone seemed to ring and ring and ring forever. Maybe Jennie had changed her number. Maybe she was purposely ignoring the call. Maybe the Sugarmans had decided that the Tellers were too straight and narrow and boring to bother

wasting any more time on them. Maybe she was the woman who had gotten hit by a bus, the woman Robin heard about on the news, and she was dead and Robin wouldn't have a chance to—

"Hello?"

For an instant Robin's voice caught in her throat and she didn't know what to say.

"Hello?" Jennie repeated, her voice slightly tinny and mixed with a bit of static over the cell phone connection.

"Hi!" Robin said a little too loudly. "Hi, Jennie, it's me. Robin Teller. How are you?"

The pause was almost too much for Robin to bear. She started to think that Jennie had hung up on her. "Hi, Robin! I've been waiting for your call."

If that was true, Robin reasoned, why hadn't Jennie called her? "Sorry," she immediately apologized and hated herself for it. "I've been, we've been busy."

"I understand," Jennie said. "It's a lot to think about, isn't it?"

"Umm, yeah. But we've decided. We'd love to get together with you two again. If you want."

"Uh-huh," Jennie said vaguely. "That sounds nice, but I can't talk right now."

"Oh."

"But we'd like to meet up with you again."

"That sounds great," Robin said with a little too much eagerness.

"I'll call you back later," Jennie said concluding the conversation and disconnecting.

Robin stared blankly at her phone as she continued to walk to her car. That wasn't how she had planned for the conversation to go, but it could have been worse. Her pussy was vaguely throbbing with desire after the blowjob she had

delivered to Dean. The only way to work off her pent up energy was to go home to her husband or her vibrator. Or maybe both.

As she put her car in gear and started to leave the parking lot her phone buzzed with a text message. Stopping at the exit to glance at the screen, her stomach did a flip-flop when she read the words.

Grant and I would love to meet up again…if you two are willing to get a little kinky.

Robin smiled and stepped on the gas. Nate was going to get the fucking of a lifetime tonight.

"We're going out with the Tellers again," Jennie told Grant when they were in bed together later that night.

For a moment Grant didn't say anything; he was too busy nursing at her swollen breast. It had been a busy night for them and they had gotten into bed much later than normal which meant her breasts were fully—almost painfully—engorged with milk. As soon as Grant had slipped into bed next to her Jennie had pulled up her nightshirt to expose her breasts. She still marveled at her body's ability to so easily produce milk and to continue on producing it. She had gotten her start when she was nursing her children and had never really stopped. Certainly her body would have adjusted once her youngest weaned himself, but as soon Bernie had taken to solid foods, Grant had taken to her breasts.

At first it was something he did for her because she complained her breasts hurt too much from being overfull of milk that wasn't being extracted any longer. She had tried hand expressing and using a pump, both of which helped, but didn't give her the full relief she wanted. Jennie knew that her currently situation was at least partly her fault. She encouraged Grant to suck at her nipples and remove the painful milk. But then she had nudged him on a little further, to keep sucking at her nipples because it felt so incredibly good. In the space of a few minutes she could go from having painfully distended tits to a state of equilibrium to a state of arousal.

Once they started down the path of Grant feeding on Jennie's breast milk, they both found it next to impossible to stop. Their sex became more frequent and

intense. Jennie found she loved producing milk for her husband because it was something only she could do. Grant, at first only curious about her milk, quickly came to realize that not only was it a nutritious evening snack, but it put Jennie in the mood for sex whenever he nursed from her. While they didn't necessarily have sex every night, it was close to that standard—and as a consequence they felt that much closer to each other emotionally. They became dependent upon one another for physical love and affection along with the emotional bonding.

It surprised them both how naturally they had fallen into this unnatural relationship.

"I thought you said they wouldn't play with us again," said Grant between quick mouthfuls of milk.

"Apparently I was wrong."

"There's something that rarely comes out of your mouth."

"Ha ha." She felt his cock hardening against her leg. Jennie wasn't sure if he was getting aroused because he was nursing from her—she could feel her milk flowing and that turned her on—or because he was going to be given the opportunity to fuck another woman, again.

Oddly, it was their adult nursing relationship that had slowly moved the Sugarmans into the swinging life. Knowing what they were doing was a little odd, a little kinky, and more than just a touch on the wild side, they were able to be more honest with one another and admit to the various sexual fantasies they wanted to fulfill. Most of those fantasies involved the participation of a third or fourth person so they naturally turned to swinging.

The first time Grant saw his wife sucking another man's cock, he knew that was how he wanted to live his life. Watching her getting fucked by another man was even better. Jennie wasn't the typical woman who had a complicated relationship with sex—she loved it. She loved it even more when she figured out her husband wasn't at all averse to her having sex with other men—and women.

When they joined the swing set they learned it was more or less expected that the women were bisexual. That surprised Jennie and delighted Grant. She wasn't sure how she felt about having sex with another woman. The wife of the first couple they swung with flat out asked her if she'd like to put on a show for their

husbands. Jennie was caught off guard and didn't know what to say. Their new playmates immediately said it wasn't a problem if Jennie didn't want to because it was one of those hurdles that was difficult to clear on the first attempt.

Jennie cleared the bar on her second attempt. Grant said he'd love such a show. After exploring her feelings, Jennie realized that pretending to be a lesbian for an evening was something that not only didn't bother her, but intrigued her. What harm could there be in trying something once—that's how she found herself nursing her husband, that's how she found herself fucking another man while sucking Grant's cock, that's how she wanted to live her new life.

Kissing Elenda was easy as was playing with her boobs. But going down on her was a delight. The taste, the smell, the texture of her pussy was a revelation and a delight. She simply did to Elenda what she liked Grant doing to her pussy. Making another woman cum with her mouth was a proud accomplishment for Jennie. She remembered back to college where too many late night dorm conversations circled around the issue that making a man cum was easy but making a woman cum was the sign of a true sexual artist.

That was how Jennie wanted to see herself, a sexual artist, a completely sexual being. Grant, she knew, was happy to drink her milk and watch her fuck other men and women as long as he got to stick his dick into those other women as well. He wasn't complicated. He was simply and straightforward if more than a little kinky. Whatever the other couples they went to bed with asked, he was willing to do. Jennie couldn't believe her good luck at having married this man.

Grant rubbed his cock against the skin of her leg, his not-so-subtle sign he wanted to fuck her. She reached down and put her hand between her legs, feeling her wetness. She knew she was turned on because Grant had been nursing from her for long enough, but she was happy to see that she was more than wet enough to be fucked.

"Come up here and fuck me," she told him.

That command tore Grant in half. On the one side he wanted to keep nursing at her breast. Her milk wasn't completely gone yet so there was a good reason to keep nursing, not just for the sweet liquid she produced but so that she would keep producing. They had learned that was key to keep her milk supply going—steady nursing every day at the same time. On the other hand, his cock was hard

and he could smell her desire. Through experimentation they had discovered it was possible for him to put his cock in her and nurse at the same time, but it was difficult and he had to bend his neck at an unusual angle. It was also next to impossible to actually enter her while nursing.

Grant gave in to his baser desire and let her nipple slip free of his mouth while rolling her to her back. She happily parted her thighs and welcomed his cock into her body, where it belonged.

“That feels so good,” she moaned into his ear.

“I want to fuck Robin again,” he panted to her. “I want to make you watch.”

His wife laughed at him. “One pussy is never good enough for you, is it? And you can’t make me watch. I want to watch.” She grunted as he started fucking her harder. “You’re so predictable. You can’t make me jealous just because you want to bed that innocent girl.”

“You’re going to fuck her too, aren’t you?” This was the sort of talk they engaged in while fucking, teasing each other, daring the other to press the edges of what was acceptable. When they had started down the road of swinging she had been inhibited about sex with other women, but she quickly figured out that most women were open to exploration and were more skilled lovers than men. The only thing a good female lover lacked, in Jennie’s opinion, was a working cock.

“She’s afraid of being with a woman,” Jennie pointed out.

“But you’re not.” He slowed down, not wanting to cum too quickly. “And she wants to. She already nursed from you. She wants to but can’t admit it to herself.”

“You’ve learned a lot about women after being married to me so long, haven’t you?” Jennie kissed him and said, “I’m going to have her nurse from me, would you like that?”

“Uh-huh.” Grant was already beyond simple conversation now.

Jennie sensed his distress at being right on the edge. “She’s going to know the taste of my pussy the next time we meet,” she promised her husband. “She might

even know what it tastes like when it’s full of Nate’s cum…and yours.”

That was enough for Grant. Her words forced his orgasm and he came with hot spurts of semen driven deeply into her pussy. Jennie wrapped her legs around him and accepted his love.

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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