
Elliot Silvestri
Sugarman's Milk
Part Three
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Three

Chapter Five

When can I fuck you when Robin's not around? Jennie sent the text message with a confident grin on her face. She had gotten Nate's phone number from Robin and didn't tell her why she needed it. She was confident Robin knew exactly why Jennie wanted to text Nate but said nothing; that was part of the tacit agreement the two had settled on.

Who is this? came back the reply which didn't surprise Jennie. There was no reason for Nate to expect a message from her.

Jennie Sugarman she texted back and waited. The wait seemed to take forever. She was sitting at her desk busily doing her boring work and this seemed like the perfect time to contact her intended lover. Actually, considering him her intended lover wasn't really correct. She had bedded him several times already, but that was always with Robin and Grant in the room. This time was going to be special —and not just because they were going to do it alone.

After a long wait Nate finally texted back. I don't know if it's a good idea to do that.

She licked her lips as she sent back an immediate answer. Are you kidding me? It's a great idea.

It was obvious Nate was carefully choosing his words. Robin will find out. It's a bad idea.

No, it's a great idea. What's she going to say? You can't fuck Jennie? You've already done that! She added the exclamation point for extra emphasis. Jennie wasn't a big fan of the exclamation point except in written arguments.

But only with her in the room. Nate then added several blank spaces and added, Really, the group sex is more her thing. I go along with it because she likes it.

I call bullshit. Are you honestly going to tell me you only fucked me because Robin liked it? Are you saying I'm a lousy lay? When she put it that way Nate's

argument sounded convoluted and tortured at best.

No. Not at all. I'm just…no good at these sorts of social interactions.

Knowing that she had hooked him, Jennie grinned and started reeling him in. I'm not looking for a social interaction. I'm looking for sex. And a big cock. And you've got a big cock. I like that. A little compliment never hurt.

I'm just not sure it's a good idea.

That's an even worse idea would be fucking you in your own bed. You know, right where you and your wife sleep.

The pause between them was long. Jennie wasn't sure how to take that. Either it was good because Nate was tempted and didn't know how to answer. Or it was bad because she had pushed him just a little too far.

That's…just wow, was his response.

Jennie felt a little more confidence. Am I making you hard?

This time the response was quick. Yes.

When are we meeting then?

It's a bad idea…

But I can do things for you your wife can't.

Like what? Even on her cell phone screen his reply sounded properly obnoxious.

You like my milk, don't you?

This final time Nate's reply was almost immediate. Middle of the day Thursday work for you?

They arrived at the Tellers' house at almost the same time. It was a nice middle-class neighborhood that had seen recent growth. Their house was in a small but new development wedged in between two older areas of the town. It was nice

without trying to be ostentatious. Jennie was immediately at ease when she walked inside.

“Nice place,” she said as she looked around the living room. They were obviously a younger couple still making their way in the world. Their furniture was a mixture of older and newer pieces, some probably handed down from friends and relatives, others purchased with hard-earned money.

“Thanks,” he replied. His voice was practically shaking with nerves.

Jennie didn’t do anything to reassure him. Instead, she started open up her shirt exposing her large breasts put on display by an impressively designed pushup bra. With her shirt open Nate was even more nervous.

“Don’t do that,” he said.

“How can we have sex if we don’t take off our clothes?”

“Well…uh…” He stammered and then realized he was being a bit ridiculous. “Well, you can, but it’s the sort of thing you do in a hurry.”

“And we have plenty of time,” Jennie reminded him. She let her suit jacket slide off her shoulder and carefully unbuttoned the cuffs to her blouse. “But not all the time in the world. Get undressed.”

With shaking hands Nate reached for the buttons on his own shirt, but was barely able to undo the first two. Jennie looked and shook her head. “Would you like me to help you?”

“Yeah, that would be great.” He put his shaking hands back down next to his sides.

“How about a little drink first?” she asked.

“I don’t know what we have in the cabinet,” he said looking across the room toward the kitchen.

“I wasn’t talking about alcohol,” said Jennie as she finished unbuttoning the cuffs and dropping the shirt on top of the jacket she had placed on the coffee table. Nate stared at her as she reached behind her back and released the hooks to

her bra, freeing her breasts. The bright red nipples came into view and Nate continued to stare. “You wanted to taste my milk, didn’t you?”

“Uh-huh.”

With her soft, round breasts bobbling slightly as she walked, Jennie headed for the couch and sat down with her feet tucked up underneath herself. She patted the cushion next to her and pulled a pillow onto her lap. “Come here and nurse,” she told him. “I’m sure you’re thirsty and I’m full.”

Nate really wasn’t thinking. “Okay.” He ambled over to the couch and lay down next to her. It took them just a moment to position themselves; Nate rested his head on the pillow resting on her lap and she held her nipple between her forefinger and middle finger while cupping her breast with the rest of her hand. Right away Nate latched on to her nipple and she didn’t need to reposition or offer him instruction on how to nurse. She sighed and rested her head on the couch’s back.

After only a couple of sucks her milk let down and started flowing in to Nate’s mouth. Jennie had asked Grant not to nurse her that morning. She wanted to be full for her lover and Grant was fine with that. He did ask if she was worried that she might leak milk during the morning because it was their routine to nurse a little every morning and every night. She assured him that she would be fine, but slipped a pair of pads inside her bra anyway. Before driving to Nate’s house she had removed them and was happy to realize they were still dry.

“Mmm…that feels good,” she told him. “I love being full for my lovers.”

Nate said nothing; he was too busy nursing and swallowing to be distracted by some pillow talk. He was also too involved to notice her hand slowly unbuttoning his shirt and feeling his skin. She admired his firm muscles and sparse chest hair. There was a treasure trail of fine brown hair from his chest down to his waist. Unbuckling his belt was easy. When her hand infiltrated his boxers she was delighted to feel his heavy hardness.

With a grunt Nate shifted his position slightly, rolling to his back a bit offering her better access to his manhood. She made him shift from one breast to the other because her free nipple was starting to leak.

“Is it nice a sweet?” she asked him.

“Oh yeah,” he said before latching back on.

This was all foreplay to Jennie. Although she knew that some women were able to orgasm from nipple stimulation alone, Jennie had never been able to reach that peak—even though she was desperate to do so. On the plus side just a few minutes of nursing made her pussy incredibly wet. At the moment she could feel the dampness pooling between her thighs. As part of her foreplay Jennie was happy to handle and stroke Nate’s cock. It was heavy and beautiful and she loved the way his skin felt so soft as she ran her fingers along the underside, tracing the thick vein all the way back to his balls. His manhood was hot—she could feel the heat emanating from it—and pulsing with desire. The last thing she wanted was to make him cum before they got in bed so she was careful, stroking just enough to keep him interested and aroused, but not so much that he would unleash his load all over her hands.

“You’re so sweet,” Nate told her as he took a moment of rest between nursing.

With a smile she looked down at him. “My personality or my milk?”

“Umm…your milk.”

That answer made Jennie laugh. “You’re supposed to say personality,” she informed him.

“Oh. Sorry.”

“At least you’ve settled down,” she told him as she continued to handle his cock. “Are you ready to go to bed now?”

A nervous light filled his eyes. “I guess so. Is that a good idea?”

Jennie pushed him away a little and stood up. Her breasts felt better. She wasn’t so full and he had aroused her lust. “It’s an excellent idea.” After kicking off her shoes she lowered the zipper to her pants and stepped out of them, revealing a pair of bright yellow panties that let a hint of her cheeks hang out the bottom. “Now are you going to make me search for your bedroom or are you going to show me?”

Nate stood up, awkwardly half holding up his pants.

“Oh, just drop them,” Jennie told him. “I like a naked man next to me.”

“Okay.” He did as she asked and shortly was naked with his big cock curving upward to the ceiling.

“Lead on,” she told him, holding him by the cock.

Upstairs they walked into the bedroom together. Apparently the Tellers weren’t the type to make their bed every morning. The blankets and sheets were a jumbled mess, which was fine with Jennie. She didn’t plan on needing them. Together they tumbled onto the bed with Jennie winding up underneath her lover.

“Go down on me,” she told him. “My tits are empty but I want more of your tongue.”

Nate knew how to take instruction. He rapidly kissed his way down her body until he reached her silky yellow panties. These he pulled down to reveal that she had carefully shaped and trimmed her pubic hair. Nate barely noticed. He dragged the panties down her legs and tossed them aside, pushed her thighs open, and plunged his face to her sex.

Jennie didn’t need him to go down on her; she was already wet and aroused enough. She just wanted to see what she could make him do. Apparently Nate was born to take orders from a strong woman. That pleased her and after a minute she pulled him back up, tasting her succulent pussy on his lips and face. They naturally fell into the right position for him to enter her, which he did easily. She had already adjusted to his large size and was so eager to have sex there was no resistance when he slid inside.

“That’s what I need,” she told him.

“Good,” he grunted.

They rutted together for a few long minutes. Jennie encouraged him to slam into her as hard and fast as he could. No matter how much effort he put into it he wasn’t hurting her, shortly after she met her peak that she announced with screaming cry. That was enough to push Nate over the edge and he flooded her pussy with an enormous load of his cum.

“I needed that, I needed that,” she told him, wrapping her legs around his, holding him inside her body.

Despite his desires to be superhuman, Nate was only a man. Eventually his cock softened and slipped free of Jennie, but still she held him in place, feeling his weight on her body, encouraging him to say with kisses and caresses. It was all a ploy to delay things as much as possible. It didn’t take very long for Nate’s leavings to drip out of her sex and onto the bed.

Eventually she let him go and he rolled off her. “That was fantastic,” she said.

“It was great,” Nate agreed. “But we shouldn’t have done it.”

“What are you talking about?” she asked as she arched her hips a bit, encouraging his cum to continue seeping out.

“This was wrong to do to Robin,” he muttered. “And Grant.”

“Grant knows I’m here,” she told him. “And you should tell Robin.”

“Uh-huh,” was his non-committal answer. He glanced at the clock. “We need to hurry. I need to get back to work pretty soon.”

“Okay,” Jennie agreed. “Why don’t you use the bathroom first? My legs and arms and still tingling.”

When he was in the bathroom Jennie picked up her yellow panties from the floor and stuffed them down into the sheets while pulling them up high enough to hide the wet spot she had left behind. When Nate left the bedroom he found the bed empty but heard Jennie moving around downstairs. He found her in the living room finishing getting dressed. “I couldn’t wait,” she told him. He was still naked as she gave him a kiss before buttoning up her shirt. “I didn’t realize it was so late. We’ll meet up again later, okay?”

Nate agreed and she left him in the middle of the living room pulling on his pants.

You’re not supposed to leave your underwear in my bed, Robin texted to Jennie.

The message arrived as Jennie was settling into her own bed with Grant. It had been a long and exhausting—but rewarding—day. She showed her cellphone to her husband. “What did you do?” he asked her, already knowing the answer.

“I might have forgotten to put my panties back on after fucking Nate,” she said as she picked up a message to send to Robin.

I must have been in such a hurry I forgot them! she sent back with a smiling emoji.

Grant looked over her shoulder as she wrote. “I don’t believe that for a minute.”

She ignored him and waited for Robin’s reply. Did you leave them there to taunt me because you had sex with Nate?

Jennie replied, I was hoping you would find them together and he’d have to explain what he was doing with another woman’s undies in his bed.

You’re twisted.

Ignoring her mild insult Jennie sent, Did you find them together?

No.

How the fuck are you two going to explore your kinky sides if you don’t confront each other?

I don’t know.

I’m going to do something that’ll rock both your worlds and make you wish you’d confronted him.

I can’t wait.

“I hope that’s true,” Grant commented, still looking over her should. “That she can’t wait.”

Jennie nodded. “Yeah…but what am I going to do to her?”

“And him,” Grant added.

“Right…”

Chapter Six

“Do you want to have a better sex life and relationship with Nate?” Jennie outright asked Robin. They had arranged the call to work out a time for the two couples to meet up again, but Jennie had turned the call into a referendum on the Tellers’ relationship.

“Well, yeah, why wouldn’t I?”

“Then why are you keeping your…extracurricular activities from him. I don’t care myself; I don’t mind you fucking Grant, but Nate should know.”

The line was silent for a long time before Robin was finally able to speak. “I don’t know how to say it to him. I mean, ‘Honey, I love you, but I’ve been sleeping around behind your back since we were in college. Oh, and that includes Grant, too.’ It just doesn’t…it sounds terrible.”

“I can help,” Jennie offered.

“I don’t think you telling Nate his wife is a slut will be any better than it coming from me.”

“No, but I can arrange it so that he walks in on you and Grant fucking.”

Robin let out a single barking laugh. “I don’t think that’ll work either.”

“Well…how about I arrange it so that you walk in on me and Nate?”

“How does that help?”

“It’ll spark the conversation that you need to have. And I’ll be there to help.”

Jennie was confident and assured when she called Nate, partly because she was eager to see him again, and partly because her husband was listening as he nursed from her breast with his hand down her panties.

“Hey, babe,” Jennie said when Nate answered. “Can you talk?”

“You shouldn’t be calling me on my cell at night,” he half-whispered to her. “Call Robin!”

“But I just want to meet up with you,” Jennie nearly purred over the phone. Grant rolled his eyes indicating she was overplaying her hand already.

“Text me or something,” Nate hissed.

“Can you talk?” Jennie asked more bluntly. “I need to speak with you.”

Nate moaned and groaned for a minute. Jennie heard the sounds of him walking through the house trying to get out of his wife’s earshot. She wasn’t worried because she had just texted Robin who assured Jennie that she was watching television and Nate was otherwise occupied. Finally he said, “Okay, what do you need?”

“Want to nurse from me again?” Jennie teased.

Nate rolled his eyes and made a low noise in the back of his throat. “I can’t do that.”

“I know, for a fact, that you can.”

“But I can’t,” he almost whined.

“But you want to,” Jennie reminded him. “Don’t you want to taste my sweet milk again? Don’t you want to fuck my tight pussy one more time when your wife isn’t there watching your every move?”

“I do,” he said softly.

“Tomorrow after work at your place?” she suggested. “Robin told me she was working late.”

“Okay…”

Nate texted Jennie throughout the day asking her to meet him earlier in the day

but she kept putting him off. Eventually she agreed to leave work an hour early to meet at his place. What she hadn't told him was that she had told Robin—and Grant—everything of their plans. It was necessary so that Robin could properly interrupt the pair.

This time there was less game playing. Jennie and Nate went directly to the bedroom and she took off her top and bra. He sat on the corner of the bed and pressed his face into her breasts. "They feel wonderful," he murmured as he kissed the side of her warm flesh. She ignored the compliment and pulled his face to her nipple where he eagerly sucked. It took no time at all for her milk to let down and start flowing. She had purposely cut Grant short during their morning play which left her partially full during the day and she was positive she could feel them slowly filling as she worked at her desk. By the time she had opened her shirt in Nate's bedroom she was full to bursting. It was better that way. She could take pleasure in both the stimulation of her nipples and the sensation of her milk letting down.

It was hard for Jennie to remain on her feet while being nursed, though because of their height disparities this position perfectly aligned her tits with his face. She clutched his head and steadied herself by holding his shoulder, but still she swayed back and forth slightly. Nate sensed this and held her tightly around the waist, keeping her in place as he extracted every possible drop of her milk.

It was impossible for Jennie to be nursed and not to have her libido aroused. As Nate took his pleasure in her tits she felt her panties getting damper and damper. While it might have been her imagination, she was certain she could smell her lust wafting upwards. As dizzy as she was Jennie still reached down between Nate's legs and found his big, hard cock.

"I like that," she told him, pushing back his face from her nipple. "I want to fuck you."

"I'm not done with your milk yet," Nate insisted, softly running his cheeks back and forth over her nipples. She shivered from the light scratching of his five o'clock shadow.

"You can nurse and we can fuck at the same time," she told him, stepping back and quickly removing all her remaining clothes: skirt, stockings, shoes, panties. Nate blinked and suddenly she was naked. She pushed him back and he didn't

resist. What reason did he have to resist a naked woman pushing him to the bed?

As he continued to play with her breasts, Jennie helped Nate out of his clothes. As always when his big cock came out her breath caught in her throat and she was thrilled at the size and heft of it. Nate had the biggest cock of any man she had ever bedded. Before taking him into her body she had never considered herself a size queen, but it was easy to see why some women were so attracted to men who were well hung. Afterwards, when she was stretched out and sore, she had second thoughts, but now in the anticipatory moments before sex, she was thrilled with his manhood.

“Let me ride you,” she said as she put her knees on either side of his hips. She balanced herself with one hand on his shoulder and the other hanging onto his cock, searching for the right angle to broach her entrance. After a little arch of her hips she rested her weight on him and she slowly slid down his length. Nate helped by pushing his hips up and she happily accepted all of his length.

“How can I nurse when we’re fucking?” Nate asked. He was still caught up in her milk; the sex was secondary to him at the moment.

“Easy. You’ve got a big dick and I’ve got big tits.”

Nate had to bend his head down slightly and Jennie wasn’t able to go all the way down on his cock, but with these small adjustments Nate was able to nurse on her tits and take in more of her sweet and filling milk. Jennie wasn’t particularly enamored with riding on top of a man—she preferred to be fucked from behind or on top—but it was worth it to have him fuck her and nurse her at the same time.

Normally Jennie let herself go during sex and didn’t think about the outside world. While fucking Nate she had to do so with an eye on the clock; she needed to make sure that Robin would come through the bedroom door while they were fucking. That was the plan. Being caught in the middle of the act would be much better than being caught in bed together after they both had finished.

“Fuck me,” Jennie begged her paramour. “Make me cum. I want you to last forever.”

“Can do,” Nate grunted as he slowed down the pace and focused on pleasing his lover.

If nothing else, Nate was an excellent lover. He used his body well on hers and knew how to make her respond. Being an introvert Nate had spent too much of his time reading sex advice manuals from the ancient classic Kama Sutra to the modern classic The Joy of Sex to the widespread and often questionable online advice columns of the twenty first century. In practice he knew a lot about sex and pleasing a woman. Once he was given the opportunity to put that knowledge into practice it turned out he was not only an excellent student, but an excellent practitioner as well.

He made Jennie cum six times before he asked that fatal question. “Are you ready for me to cum yet?”

Trying not to be obvious about her intention, Jennie looked over at the clock and was alarmed that Robin was already ten minutes late. “Fuck,” she complained.

“I can’t go on forever,” Nate said, misunderstanding her grievance.

“Keep going,” Jennie begged. “Make it last forever.”

He didn’t, of course. At best Nate lasted another two minutes before he emptied his balls into her cunt.

“Oh shit that was good!” he crowed after he finished.

“Uh-huh,” said a disappointed but satiated Jennie. “It was great.”

“You don’t sound so positive,” Nate commented warily.

“I’m just…exhausted.” She was lying on top of Nate and rolled off him, lifting up one leg, and falling on the bed. She casually leaned her head to the side of the pillow so that he could see her looking at the clock. “Shit,” she cursed.

“What’s the matter?”

“I’m supposed to be home in ten minutes,” she lied. “I’d better call Grant.”

“From here?” Nate asked, very alarmed.

“Relax, he knows what I’m doing here,” she reassured him.

“He does?”

Jennie gave her lover a withering stare. “Of course he does. I’m not the sort of person to hide her extra-marital sex life from her husband.”

That quelled his questions. “Oh.”

Casually, Jennie strutted from the bed to where she had dropped her purse upon entering the room and dug out her cell phone. She didn’t call Grant. She called Robin.

At that moment, halfway across the county, Robin was on her hands and knees, in the Sugarmans’ marital bed, getting fucked from behind by Grant. He had one hand on her ass and the other entangled in her thick brown hair. It was largely a ceremonial motion. He really couldn’t control her body that much just by grabbing her hair, but to Robin it meant the world. He was pulling on her hair making her do something that—on the surface—she shouldn’t want to do, namely have sex with her friend’s husband. But deep underneath, cheating on her husband with a married man was what really excited Robin.

She leaned forward, resting her weight on one forearm while she reached between her legs with her other hand. Purposely she aimed low and stroked Nate’s balls a few times, making him grin, before she moved her hand back up to her clit and started rubbing. He had already made her cum once, but she wanted a couple more orgasms before they finished.

“Fuck me,” she begged. “Fuck me hard!”

“Shut up,” said Grant and smacked her ass—hard—leaving a bright red print of his palm and fingers.

Robin yelped and loved the pain which caused her to rub her clit harder. “Make me cum.”

He smacked her twice more. “I bet you like that.”

“I do,” she whined as she came a second time, letting out a stifled yelp as she did so.

When she came she arched her back and bore down; it was enough of a display to get Grant off. He came in her cunt which spun her off on another orgasm. By now her head was whirling; it was the exact sensation she had when she was inebriated just enough to make it seem likely the world was pleasantly spinning around her.

Grant collapsed upon her, pressing Robin into the mattress. She enjoyed his weight on her, the feeling of being controlled and used.

It was then that her cell phone started ringing. She could hear the muted tone and faint vibration coming from her purse across the room where she had dropped it in her flurry of need to get her and Grant's clothes off.

"Shit," Robin cursed into the bed. "Someone's calling."

"Who?" Grant asked.

"How the fuck should I know. I can't see the phone from over here." She gently nudged him in the ribs with her elbow and he rolled off, pulling his softening prick out of her in the process.

After disentangling herself from the sheets, falling to the floor, and crawling across the carpet to her purse, the pulled the phone out of the exterior pocket and answered. "Hello?"

Jennie's voice was intensely sweet but the moment she heard her friend talking, Robin knew she had screwed up. "Hi, honey. I'm running late. Where are you?"

With her heart thumping in her chest hard enough for her to hear her blood rushing through her ears, Robin glanced at the time on the phone and saw she wasn't really late—but she should have been heading over to her house at the moment to pretend to interrupt Jennie fucking her husband. "Oh shit. Did we get our schedules screwed up?"

"Yeah, I think so. I'm with a coworker right now." Robin could almost hear Jennie winking at Nate with that statement. "We're wrapping things up and should be done soon. Not too long I hope. Where are you?"

"Fucking your husband in your bed." Robin knew she didn't need to be so obnoxious and blunt, but she hadn't been fully on board with Jennie's plan from

the start.

“I see. Do you think you’ll be able to catch up to me so we can finish our plan?”

“I don’t think so,” Robin said carefully. “I was just about to suck his cock and I really don’t want to get out of bed.”

Grant raised his eyebrows and grinned at his lover. “Who are you talking to? Finish up and come over here,” he said, indicating his flaccid and sticky cock.

Robin carefully placed a finger over the phone’s microphone. “Your wife. Remember she’s fucking my husband.”

Reality came crashing back to Grant. He shot a look at the clock. “Aren’t you going to be late?” he asked her remembering the plan Jennie had outlined for him.

She shook her head and vaguely heard Jennie’s voice coming over the phone. Her sweet voice had changed to saccharine viciousness. “We’ll have to fix things up late,” Jennie was saying when Robin put the phone back to her ear.

“I’m going to suck him off and we’ll have to work things out later,” Robin said and disconnected the call. She turned the phone off and tucked it back into the purse. Turning around she posed her naked body for Grant. “Ready for your blowjob, Mr. Sugarman?”

Jennie looked at her phone with a mixture of anger and glumness. This wasn’t how she had planned for the encounter to go at all. The more she stared at her phone the angrier she got. Eventually the screen dimmed and went blank as the phone went into sleep mode.

“Problem?” Nate asked.

“Not really,” Jennie lied. “We both screwed up the schedule we had planned.”

“Oh.”

“But as it turns out I now have some extra time,” she grinned at her lover.

“Would you like a blowjob or something else?”

Nate perked right up at her offer. “A blowjob would be nice.”

“I bet it would. Are you going to be able to get it up for me again? You just came, after all.”

Nate found a bit of confidence. Robin never asked to give him a blowjob. “I’ll get it up,” he said with certainty.

She rejoined him on the bed and kissed her way down from his jaw to his chest to his cock, sucking the soft bit of flesh into her mouth. At once she tasted the combination of her pussy and his cum, salty and pungent and musky all at once. Nate responded to her ministrations, his cock slowly but steadily stiffening and growing. It didn’t take all that long for him to fill up her mouth completely, forcing her to back up and suck on just the part of his manhood she could fit without choking.

Looking up at him with wide, innocent eyes, Jennie popped his cock out of her mouth and asked, “Want to fuck me?”

They locked eyes. “I’d rather cum in your mouth and make you swallow.”

As she stroked his cock Jennie asked, “You like the way that feels, a woman swallowing you?”

“Uh-huh. Robin doesn’t do it.”

“Bad girl,” Jennie commented as she continued to pump his cock. She paused briefly to lick the underside and then went back to manual manipulation. “Do you like being married to a bad girl?” she asked innocently.

“What do you mean?”

“A bad girl. She’s got a hell of a sex drive. She really likes fucking Grant in front of you, provoking you like that.”

“That’s okay. I like that.” It was true. His cock got harder under her hand as he spoke.

“She likes fucking me too,” Jennie added.

He stiffened even more. “I’m okay with a wife who is bi. That’s hot.”

“I bet you’re okay with that.” She licked the little bit of precum that was leaking out the end of his cock. It was thin and salty.

“Uh-huh,” he agreed, his mind only half-engaged as approached orgasm.

“You don’t mind she sleeps around on you?”

“That’s okay.”

“You know she’s fucking Grant right now, don’t you?”

“What?”

“She’s fucking Grant right now.” Jennie meaningfully looked at the bedside clock. “Well, maybe they’re done by now. When I called him I caught them just as they were getting down to it,” she lied. Her untruth was small, but held just enough fact and fiction to make it believable.

“That’s okay,” he huffed. He was right on the edge and didn’t want her to stop. He wasn’t interested in hearing Jennie talk about his wife. She remained busy, manipulating his balls and stroking the bottom half of his cock while licking and sucking on the end of his shaft.

Jennie timed her words and her actions carefully, alternating stimulating Nate’s cock and stimulating his brain. “You know she fucks other guys, right?” she asked between bobbing her head up and down on his cock.

“What?” That statement alarmed Nate.

“She’s a bit of a slut.”

“Huh?”

“At least that’s what she tells me,” Jennie continued speaking, licking, and sucking. She increased the speed of her hand on the bottom half of his shaft. “She fucked some guy the day before your wedding and a different guy the day

after you got home from your honeymoon." That was another partial lie, but Jennie knew exactly what she was doing. Her hand was a piston going up and down on his cock while she sucked on the head as hard as she could.

"Oh my god!" Nate grunted as he climaxed filling Jennie's mouth with the salty tang of his cum. She swallowed the first little explosion, but then backed up and allowed him to finish his orgasm by pumping little pearls of semen on her face and neck. Jennie considered letting him finish entirely in her mouth, but she wanted him to see what he had done to her. "Oh fuck," he groaned when he was done.

Jennie wiped away the stickiness he had left on her face with her fingers and licked them clean, letting him watch. "So…you didn't know."

Nate thrashed his head back and forth on the pillow. "I don't know. I mean, maybe I had my suspicions, but…fuck! You're the first one to actually tell me."

"Well, if it makes you feel any better, I haven't seen her fuck anyone but me and Grant. And you. Maybe she's lying to me because she likes to brag."

"No. She's been sleeping around on me," he almost sobbed. "I know it. I've been ignoring it, but I think I always knew."

"What are you going to do?" Jennie asked as she finished cleaning herself like a self-satisfied cat.

Chapter Seven

Although she was crying, Grant didn't believe the tears that Robin was producing. To him it smacked of an Oscar-worthy performance from an A-list actor: note-perfect and false because he could only see the artist and not the role.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," Robin sobbed to Nate whose face went back and forth between stoic and volatile. Grant wasn't sure if Nate was really buying Robin's act, but he didn't say anything.

He did, however, have a lot to say to Jennie on their drive over to the Tellers' house. "You know, half of this is your fault," he snidely pointed out.

"I know, I know," Jennie kept repeating, trying to placate her husband.

"You had to meddle with their marriage. You had to make Robin be honest with Nate. Geez, any marriage is a mutually-agreed upon set of lies and half-truths.

"It seemed wrong," Jennie tried to explain.

"Maybe for us it would have been wrong, but it was working for them." What Grant really resented was that he was going to have to witness the breakup of a marriage. A breakup he was—at least tangentially—partially responsible for.

"Well…you did," Nate pointed out to his sobbing wife. If anyone had a write to be crying it was Nate. He was the wronged party, and it was Robin who was sobbing while Jennie seemed on the verge of tears herself.

"And I'm sorry!" she wailed.

The conversation had been going on for over an hour. After Robin's initial confession to Nate, which he had already anticipated, she went on to give an exact numeration of every guy she had either fucked or sucked since college. It was an impressive list for a woman with a fulltime job and a marriage. She had taken many smart steps at concealing her affairs but Nate certainly should have seen through some of her lies. Grant's sympathy for him became somewhat

limited after he figured out how delusional Nate had made himself.

“Okay,” interrupted Grant. “I think we’ve covered this territory pretty thoroughly, don’t you?” he asked, looking at his wife but intending the question for all those in attendance.

“Yes,” Nate said flatly.

“Do you forgive me?” Robin asked too quickly. She’d barely given him time to process her infidelity.

“I don’t know, not yet,” Nate answered.

“What do I need to do?” Robin asked, again too quickly, too much in need of his praise.

Nate just looked at her. It was Jennie who had a useful suggestion. “Maybe what the two of you need is something to tie you closer together.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t think it’s a lack of affection between the two,” said Grant. “It’s that Robin has a need for more sex than what Nate is able to provide.”

“I don’t mind her having sex with other people,” Nate said softly. “It’s the lies.”

“You need to keep her closer so you can keep an eye on her,” Jennie hinted.

“Well, you’ve solved half of the problem by starting swinging,” Grant pointed out.

“I want to be with him,” Robin burst out. “I only want to be with him.”

The other three in the living room all looked at Robin as if she were insane and a pathological liar. “Only with him?” questioned Jennie.

“Well, you know what I mean,” she corrected herself. “I don’t want to be running around behind his back cheating on him. I like the sex, but I hate the lying.” She looked meekly at Nate. “Did you mind it when I had sex with Grant in front of you?”

“No,” he answered. “Not at all.”

“What about when she had sex with Jennie?” Grant asked.

A small smile tugged on the corners of his mouth. “No, that was even hotter.”

“So it’s not the fact that she’s having sex with other people,” Grant pointed out. “It’s that you don’t get to participate—and by participate I mean watching in most of these cases.”

“Yeah, that’s it,” Nate nodded his head.

Robin emphatically added a strident, “Yes!”

“The solution is simple,” said Jennie. “You just need something to tie the two of you together so Robin won’t cheat.” Her smile was wry. “But that’s not going to happen. It doesn’t exist. Having sex with other people outside your marriage is fun.” She looked at her husband. “We should know. But it’s the honesty that keeps a marriage going.”

A thought occurred to Grant. “If Robin fucked another man and came right home and told you about it, would that be okay?”

Nate considered this. “I suppose. I mean, it probably would be better if she told me before it happened.”

“That’s always the case.”

“But that would be okay.”

Jennie turned to Robin. “See. An easy solution. You can still have extra-marital sex; you just need to inform your husband.”

“But I still want something that will always make me want to go home to him,” Robin all but wailed.

Jennie threw up her hands in disgust. “Fine then! We’ll get your tits lactating so you always have to go home to him to have them drained.”

Nate raised his eyebrows. “Sounds good to me.”

Robin crossed her arms defensively in front of her petite breasts. “I’m not sure if that’s such a good idea.”

“You wouldn’t do that for your husband, the man you love?” asked a very bemused Grant.

“Yeah, why wouldn’t you do that?” Jennie asked, picking up from Grant’s comment. “You say you love him and want to be loyal, why is this asking too much?”

“It was easy for you,” Robin said oversensitively. “You were already all milky when you and Grant decided to play your kinky game. I’m not ready to get pregnant.”

“You don’t have to get pregnant to lactate,” Jennie pointed out.

“You don’t?”

Robin couldn’t help but stare at the packet of four syringes that Elenda laid out on a piece of cloth on the table. She wasn’t normally afraid of shots, but this was different. They weren’t in a doctor’s office getting a vaccination; they were in the Sugarmans’ kitchen talking about making a sever alteration of her bodily functions.

“I’ll give you the first shot tonight,” Elenda was saying. “You can do the next three yourself. Do it once a week. That should be more than enough to give your body the jumpstart it needs.”

“I can’t inject myself,” Robin stately flatly.

“It’s easy,” Elenda said. “Small needle right into your rump, into the fat. Just a swab of alcohol and press it in. The syringes are the new sort that retract the needle after you’re done. Very safe.”

“No. I’m too afraid,” Robin clarified. “I can’t stick a needle into myself.”

“I’ll do it,” Nate immediately volunteered.

“Okay,” Elenda agreed to Robin’s horror as she handed the small needle over. “Just stick it into her skin. Don’t worry, you can’t go too deep, depress the plunger fairly quickly and pull it out. Once you depress it all the way and pull it out, the needle will automatically retract.”

“I can’t do this,” Robin protested.

“Pull down your jeans,” Nate ordered with a little too much authority as Elenda looked on in approval. Jennie and Grant were standing on the opposite side of the kitchen watching with bemusement.

After much protesting and some encouragement from Elenda, Robin was convinced to lower her jeans and panties, exposing the curve of her ass. Nate took a little too much joy sticking the needle into his wife and injecting her with a dose of carefully measured hormones. She let out a little yelp of pain as Nate stuck in the needle, but otherwise it went smoothly.

“There,” Elenda said as she packed up her kit which was an old-style black doctor’s bag which must have been a gift given when she graduated medical school. “You’re well on your way to staring lactation.”

“I can’t believe a doctor would actually do this in my kitchen,” Robin complained.

“I’m not a doctor,” Elenda replied. “I’m a nurse practitioner. I have just enough authority to go around giving shots to people who really need or want them.”

Once Elenda was gone Jennie presented Robin with a gift. “Is this going to make my ass hurt too?” she grumbled.

“Not at all,” Jennie told her opening up the box to show off a high-end breast pump. “This will make your tits hurt. Not a lot and not the sharp, piercing pain of a shot, but your breasts are going to get sore from using it.”

Robin gave her friend a withering stare. “You make this seem like so much fun.”

Jennie grinned. “Well, I came about my milk the natural way. But this is good too. You have a nice curvy ass, so having bigger tits will even you out a bit.”

“That’s great,” Robin countered sarcastically.

“Well let’s get the pump hooked up,” Grant said enthusiastically. He already had opened up the box and was assembling the pieces. There was a manual but he didn’t consult it.

“How do you know you’re putting it together correctly?”

Jennie answered for Grant who was too distracted by his work. “Don’t worry. He knows. This was his favorite part of raising kids. Getting me a breast pump and watching while it sucked the life out of me.”

Nate and Robin looked at him in disbelief. “Really?”

Even though he was only half-listening to the conversation, Grant nodded. “True enough. I think that’s where my kink started.”

“Weirdo.”

“Takes one to know one.” He looked up at Robin. “Take off your shirt and bra. I’ll show you how to use this.”

“Umm…do you need to do that?”

“Need to? No. Want to? Yes. And it’ll be good for you, so you start doing everything correctly the first time.” He paused expectantly. “Aren’t you going to take off your shirt?”

“No.”

“Want me to help?”

“No.”

Jennie and Nate laughed at the childish conversation between the two.

“I’m going to take if off anyway,” Grant said mock-menacingly, stepping toward her.

“Nate?” she asked in an almost-scared voice.

“Don’t ask me for help,” her husband answered. “I think watching him strip you is kind of hot.”

She glared again. “Thanks.” But that was enough for Robin to pull up her shirt, revealing a bright red bra which she also pulled off to bare her small tits topped with light brown nipples.

“Sit down and I’ll show you how to operate the pump,” Grant said happily.

The contraption wasn’t too complicated. It consisted of a motorized pump to provide suction through two long flexible plastic tubes that were connected to a pair of funnel-like cones that were pressed to the breasts providing the seal so the vacuum could work. The cones had small connections where small bottles collected the milk that was extracted from the breast. It was simple in design and intent, but because Jennie had purchased a fancy pump, there were a number of controls operating the suctions strength and speed that Grant ran through for Robin.

“Hold the cones to your tits,” Grant instructed, “and I’ll turn it on for you.”

Robin’s face was a mask of trepidation and confusion, but she followed his directions and he switched on the device.

“Oh, that feels nice,” she said, surprised at how gently it worked on her.

“It’s on the lowest setting,” he said as her nipples were again lightly drawn into the cones. “I’ll increase the intensity.” He adjusted a dial and her tits were pulled forward this time, the nipples going deeply into the tube at the base of the cone. Robin hissed in surprise, but the pain wasn’t nearly as bad as she had anticipated.

“Oh.” It was a simple statement of mild surprise.

“Some women find pumping enjoyable,” said Jennie.

“It’s okay,” Robin replied.

“You have to do this at least fifteen minutes every morning and night. And you should probably do it when you get home from work as well,” Grant told her. “The more you stimulate the breast the more you encourage it to produce milk, and that’s what we’re looking for here, right? The pump in conjunction with the hormones that Elenda gave you should turn you into a little milk factory in no time.”

“Okay.” She started to remove the cones but Grant prevented her from pulling them free.

“Don’t stop now. No time like the present to get things going.”

Robin rolled her eyes and looked for support from her friends, but Nate was studying the way her nipples were being tormented and Jennie was amused at the whole situation.

“You find this funny?” Robin asked her friend.

“I’ll let you abuse your boobs for fifteen minutes and then I’ll show you how a real woman uses that thing.”

Nate got out drinks for those who weren’t attached to a breast pump and they watched Robin’s breasts being stretched and pumped like it was a spectator sport. She just glared back at them remembering her promise to her husband. Deep inside, though, she was curious to see at what would happen to her body. It seemed like a miracle that what they were promising would actually work.

At the end of the fifteen minute period Robin switched off the pump and pulled the cones free. She looked down with some dismay at her abused breasts and saw they were slightly reddened by the pump and they were incredibly sore. “Here,” she said with a tinge of anger in her voice, handing the device over to Jennie. “You’re turn.”

By this point Jennie had consumed most of the vodka mixer Nate had given her and was feeling slightly tipsy. She didn’t mind in the least stripping to the waist and sitting down at the table to use the breast pump. “I’m pretty full,” she told the tiny audience. “Let’s see what I can produce.”

It was like reintroducing herself to an old lover. It had been years since Jennie had needed to use the pump, but had kept it for sentimental reasons—and an assurance she would be able to express her milk if for some reason Grant or one of her other lovers wasn’t able to. She adjusted the dials to the settings she remembered and applied to cones to her tits.

They group watched as her nipples were draw in and out of the long tube leading to the collection bottles. Her tits were bigger than Robin’s and as a consequence it was easier for her to fill up the cone and tube. She sighed and leaned back in

the chair, reacquainting herself with her mechanical lover's touch. Everyone was silent for the long minute while the pump was running and her tits were being worked, but nothing else happened. And then a little squirt of milk erupted from her nipples at the same time when the suction drew her red flesh forward. Robin gasped seeing for the first time how there wasn't just one little jet of milk from each nipple, but multiple exits. Jennie must have had six or eight little spouts of milk shooting out at the same time.

The older woman grinned with self-satisfied joy. "I've still got it."

"I nursed from you this morning," Grant told her. "Is there some reason you'd have dried up during the day?"

"Nope," she replied as she watched her milk flow out with the steady rhythm of the pump. No matter how many times she saw it, Jennie was still pleased with her body's ability to produce milk. It was oddly satisfying. The group continued to drink and watch Jennie get pumped. Since she was holding the cones to her breasts Nate thoughtfully added a straw to her glass and put it on the table where she could lean in and sip as she pumped.

"Does alcohol get into the breast milk?" Robin asked. She had hurriedly caught up to the other drinkers and was on her second cocktail. Her head was spinning slightly.

"A little," Jennie said. "Not much, and it takes a few minutes so maybe there's a little bit in my milk by now, but not much."

"Then why aren't you supposed to drink while you're nursing…a baby," she added.

"Because babies are small and just a little bit of alcohol can get them drunk," Grant replied.

"And because it's a bad idea to get babies drunk," Jennie added.

"Oh. Right."

Jennie switched off the pump when she saw the collection bottles were nearly full. "Who wants a taste of Sugarman's finest?" she asked. "With just a touch of alcohol for that extra kick."

To her surprise it was Robin who grabbed the first bottle from her hand. The younger woman sipped quickly, savoring the sweetness on her tongue and the rich, thick feel of the beverage in her mouth. “Delicious.”

Jennie smiled. “When are you going to start supplying the same for me?”

Chapter Eight

The next month was grueling for Robin. The pump was on her tits all the time, it seemed. Constantly sucking and pulled at them, making them sore and red and tender. She started hating the device and resenting it to the point of having stress dreams about it. The little detail of having borderline nightmares over a breast pump was something she hid from her husband.

But she couldn't deny how good it felt on her either. The pump wasn't as good as a mouth, but it did arouse her to the point of wanting to fuck her husband every night—and some mornings as well.

It might have been her imagination but when she looked at herself naked in the mirror every morning, she was positive her little breasts were growing bigger. That was something else she didn't say to her husband either.

The part she truly hated, however, was the shot. Three weeks in a row Nate took pleasure in sticking a needle into her ass. She managed to keep her complaints about the sharp pinch of pain to herself, but she hated it. Was pain of the shot really worth the gain of milk production in her tits?

Almost a week after the last shot she was staring at herself in the bathroom mirror again. She had wrapped a towel around her hips like a man would, and another around her head to help her hair dry, leaving her torso and breasts exposed. Nate snuck up behind her, wrapped his hands around her tits and kissed the side of her neck.

"I'm getting ready for work," she complained to him.

"You're staring at yourself in the mirror," he corrected her.

"I'm allowed." She swatted at his hands that were now playing with her nipples.

"I'm allowed," he parroted back to her, gently massaging her tits. "Hmm. They feel bigger, harder."

“They aren’t like your dick,” she complained but even as she did so she pressed back into him. His hands on her flesh felt good.

“Have you pumped yet this morning?” he asked her.

“Uh-uh.”

“Want me to suck on you instead?”

She glanced at the small clock hanging on the bathroom wall. They had time.

“Yeah…”

Nate pulled the towels from her body, leaving her naked. He had dressed for the day, putting on his normal Oxford button-down shirt and dress pants, but hadn’t gotten much further. He led her from the bathroom to the bedroom, laying her down on the bed and joining her, attaching his mouth to one breast and placing the other between her legs. Robin parted her thighs, allowing him access, and lightly pinched her other nipple while Nate nursed on her. It was good. Her body reacted right away and he was able to slip two fingers up into her wet cunt without delay.

“Oh that feels good,” she moaned as he started to rub her clit with his fingers as he moved them in and out of her pussy. Concentration was difficult while he played with her, but she managed to unbutton his shirt and started working on his pants when Nate abruptly pulled back from her breast.

“Holy shit!”

“What?”

“I tasted your milk!”

She glared at him doubtfully. “Really.” Her voice was all skepticism. She didn’t want him to stop, but his hand wasn’t moving inside her and he wasn’t sucking on her nipple.

“Really!” he insisted “I know what breast milk tastes like. I’ve drunk enough of Jennie’s” He pulled his fingers out of her pussy to massage her breast. It took a moment but then, like magic, a few tiny beads of pure white milk formed on the

tip of her small nipple. They coalesced together to a large droplet that Nate licked away. He sighed. “Very sweet.”

“As sweet as Jennie’s?”

“I can’t tell,” he said after sucking on her nipple searching for another taste. “Would it be wrong to say it’s as sweet as bee pollen?”

“You’re no poet.” She pulled his face back to her breast and got him to nurse from her some more. It felt so good. Even as he nursed some more, pulling her milk out of her tits, Robin reached down and freed her husband’s big cock. She pulled him on top of her and soon they were fucking, happily celebrating the ordeal she had gone through to produce these few precious drops of milk.

Getting together with the Sugarmans was an easy, happy event for Robin, even if it was a bit rushed. Her milk had come in on Wednesday morning and the Sugarmans had to rush around to find someone to watch their kids so they could have a play date with the Tellers. By the time their friends arrived Robin had already consumed a glass and a half wine. She was feeling tipsy, but not drunk. Or so she told herself.

“I see you’ve already been honoring the good god Vino,” Grant commented when Robin answered the door carrying her wineglass.

“And he’s been bestowing me with all his powers,” Robin giggled. Jennie looked away, bemused but not annoyed. She looked through the entry hall and saw Nate putting together some snacks. She wasn’t expecting anything centered around drinking and eating at their little get together. She was more interested in sex.

“I wanted to get a head start because I wanted to keep my promise to you, Jennie,” Robin informed her friend as they came inside the house.

“How’s that?” Jennie was distracted by Nate. She was certain she could see the outline of his impressive cock through his pants.

“I promised you could get drunk on my milk,” she said. It wasn’t exactly the promise she had made, but it was close enough. Robin fiddled with the top button of her dress and slowly began unfastening them, exposing her chest. She

had no real cleavage to speak of because of her small breasts and lack of bra. She didn't drop her dress right away, but she gave them a strong hint of what was to come.

"You're eager," Grant said, slipping his arms around her waist and giving her a peck on the cheek.

Slightly offended, Robin pushed him away. "I'm saving myself for Jennie," she informed him as she slipped a hand inside her dress and felt her small, firm breast nearly bursting with milk. "Maybe we can play later," she told Grant, but grabbed Jennie's hand and led her back to the living room where Nate was waiting. Grant followed.

"I bet you two would like a show," Robin said and then caught Jennie in an intense kiss.

"I'd like a show," Nate agreed as he settled into a chair to watch the two women. Slowly, Robin pulled Jennie to the couch while Grant hung back, watching unobtrusively.

The women fell onto the couch with Robin pulling open her dress to fully expose her breasts. Knowing what was expected of her, Jennie lowered her head and started nursing from her friend. Robin's milk was sweet with a slightly different flavor from Jennie's own—she knew her own flavor after having tasted her milk from the lips of her lovers—but Jennie wasn't sure if the difference was Robin's nature or from the minute amount of alcohol mixed in.

"Keep going," Nate encouraged the pair, shifting his big cock inside his pants. The pair shrugged Robin out of her dress. She wore nothing beneath and Jennie pushed her hand down between the brunette's legs to feel her moist cunt and push her fingers up inside.

"Does that feel good?" Jennie asked. She spoke between semi-clenched teeth that bit into Robin's nipple.

"Uh-huh." Robin was sailing on a combination of drink and lust, her eyes only partially open.

Jennie looked away from Robin to catch Nate's eye. She reached down to her jeans, unbuttoned and quickly unzipped them so she could push down the denim

material along with her pink flowered underwear, showing off her curvy ass. “Fuck me,” she ordered Robin’s husband as she wiggled off the couch to kneel on the floor, all the while continuing to nurse on Robin.

Nate didn’t need a second invitation. He was out of his clothes and kneeling behind Jennie’s upturned ass as soon as she was done speaking. She arched her back, easing his entry into her pussy.

Grant took Nate’s position on the chair where he had been seated. Grant was patient. He watched the trio, waiting for his turn at his wife’s pussy, or Robin’s. Maybe he’d get a taste of the women’s milk, maybe he would have to wait for tomorrow. It didn’t matter. There was always more.

Always.

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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Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

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