
Elliot Silvestri
The Milk Lovers 2
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

BY THE TIME Ty arrived home, Marissa and Sophie had put their clothes back on and left the bedroom. Although he was surprised to find Sophie at his house, he affected a casual air, almost disdain. Shortly after Sophie left, Ty turned to his wife and asked, “What was she doing here?”

“Nothing much. She just wanted to talk. I guess she’s looking for a friend.”

“Oh.” Ty was somewhat disappointed in this answer. He had been intrigued by her unexpected appearance.

“Oh, and we had sex. It was pretty good.”

At first Ty let out a little laugh, and then he realized that Marissa wasn’t joking. “You’re kidding.”

She gave him an annoyed look. “Of course I’m not kidding.”

“You fucked Sophie?”

“It’s been a while since I’ve been to bed with a woman, but I remembered where all the parts go.”

“Or don’t go because, you know, two women,” he joked with his wife. “How was she?”

“It was her first time playing at being a lesbian, but it was hardly the first time she thought about it.”

“I’m going to point out the obvious that you’ve now had sex with both people in their marriage and right now neither knows the other is cheating. And they’re both cheating with you.”

Marissa sighed and wiped her face, trying to remove the bit of shame she felt for herself. Always in her marriage with Ty they had tried to be as honest and open as possible; no lies, no secrets and it had worked for the most part. But now she

was becoming a problem in the Nilsons' marriage and she didn't feel good about it. "I know, and I'm going to fix that."

He nodded. "And what about your milk."

She grabbed her boobs and shook them slightly at him. "You mean does she know I'm lactating? Of course."

"And what does she think of that?"

With a shrug Marissa said, "I didn't quiz her on that issue. She wasn't turned off or disturbed. She sampled the wares and we moved on. Milk is your obsession, not hers."

A thin smile crossed his face. "So there's plenty left for me tonight."

"Yes, Mr. Greedy, there's plenty for you still."

In bed that night, as he nursed from his wife's breast, Ty commented to her, "I think your milk is sweeter than usual."

"Uh-huh." She pushed his mouth back onto her wet nipple. Even though she had sex earlier in the day with Sophie, she still wasn't satisfied. She wasn't sure if that was a product of her libido—when she had sex she wanted more and more until she was completely drained and physically exhausted—or if it was a result of having sex with a woman. She had always enjoyed exploring her bi side, but to be completely satisfied, Marissa had a real need of penetration and a finger wasn't enough. She needed more and a cock was often the only solution. She wanted Ty to finish nursing and put his cock inside her.

"How are you going to tell the both of them?" he asked before accepting her nipple again.

She wanted him to stop talking and get to the main show, but she saw that wasn't going to happen. Groaning in the back of her throat, half in frustration and half in appreciated for his hard pull on her nipple, Marissa said, "I don't know yet. I do know that I'm going to get the both of them nursing from me while you fuck me."

He broke his latch with a loud slurp. "You made this happen," he pointed out. He

wasn’t fooled by her semi-innocent act. “And I know you got her into bed because you want the three of us at once.”

As good as an actress as she was, Marissa couldn’t fool her husband all the time, but she still refused to give up. “You don’t know me as well as you think you do,” she said.

“Were you going to go find a third man to suck on your tit along with me and Gil?”

“Maybe,” she hedged as she pulled his hand down to her pussy and encouraged him to finger her.

“Slut,” ha accused her.

“Uh-huh.” Since he wasn’t going to move things along, she was and did so by pulling him on top of her body. His cock was erect—he was always erect when he nursed from her—and so slipped easily into her pussy—her pussy was always wet when he nursed from her.

“Who are you going to tell first?” he asked her as he started pumping.

“Both,” she lied.

He let her have her lie.

A few days later Marissa invited Sophie over to her house after school for coffee. It was all a matter of timing, making sure who would be available and who was going to be busy with work.

They both knew it wasn’t a visit just for coffee, but Marissa still had the Keurig filled and ready.

“I can’t drink coffee in the afternoon,” said Sophie when Marissa made the offer. “I’ll be up all night.”

“You should have said something. Maybe you want something stronger?” she asked with a meaningful glance at the wine rack on the wall.

When Sophie hesitated Marissa slid her fingers along the scoop of her neckline and fondled the top button to her shirt. “Or maybe something sweeter?”

The implication made Sophie blush with embarrassment. “I was hoping you weren’t going to bring that up.”

“What? That we had sex or that you tasted my milk?”

Sophie looked away, unable to meet the steady gaze of her new friend and lover. “Both.”

“Have you told Gil yet?”

“No. And I’m not going to.”

“Why not. Men love lesbian porn. He’d probably be thrilled to know his wife is bisexual. It’s a very common fantasy.”

“I’m not bisexual.”

“But you had sex with me,” Marissa pointed out. “And I’m a woman and I’m bisexual. How would you describe what we did?”

“Just…experimenting,” Sophie said, hating being put on the spot but loving that she was the object of attention from the attractive and sexually demanding other woman. Despite the difficult position she was in, Sophie couldn’t deny a the quickening in her loins and a certain moistness in her panties.

Marissa reached out and touched her friend’s arm. “Would you like to go to the bedroom again and experiment a little more?”

Sophie looked away out through the living room window, studying the squirrels running on the tree branches in the front yard. “Yes,” she admitted.

After she stepped closed so that Sophie could feel the heat of her body, Marissa asked, “Are you ashamed of that?”

“A little.”

“But…you still want to?”

Turning back from the window Sophie closed her eyes and said, “Yes.”

Their height differences were minor. It was easy for Marissa to lean in and press her lips to Sophie who eagerly returned the kiss. To her it felt odd to be pressing up against Marissa’s big breasts when she was so used to pressing again Gil’s hard chest. There was a certain sweetness in the air and Sophie was positive she was picking up the scent of Marissa’s milk.

Breaking the kiss, Marissa said, “The bedroom?”

To her shame and delight, Sophie said, “Yes.”

Getting undressed and falling onto the firm mattress was easier the second time. The first time Sophie had been able to suppress her shame because she was caught up in the moment and wanted to see what was going to happen. The second time she had neither of those reasons to fall back on so she repressed her shame to where she couldn’t think about it and concentrated on what Marissa was doing to her body and how good it felt.

With gentle pushes Marissa encouraged her lover to move down to her breasts. Sophie didn’t resist. She was curious and the taste she had before had piqued her interest; it had been one of the many things she hadn’t stopped thinking about since she and Marissa had parted company. After a few tender sucks, Marissa’s nipple softened and Sophie was rewarded with a mouthful of rich, creamy milk. It was sugar on her tongue and the taste made her want more. As she sucked eagerly, Marissa put a leg between her thighs and rubbed on her panty-covered pussy.

Sophie moaned when Marissa rubbed her. “You like that?”

“Uh-huh.” The passion of the moment had shut down all of Sophie’s higher thinking; she had returned to her reptile brain and just wanted the passion of the moment.

“Go down on me,” Marissa encouraged her with a whisper. Nodding in agreement, Sophie moved further down the heavier woman’s body and pulled her flowered panties off. She wasted no time and put her face into Marissa’s pussy. She dipped her tongue into the wetness and then explored Marissa’s folds and prominent little clit. In short order Marissa found herself rapidly ascending the cliff that she happily jumped off with a cry of delight.

“Oh wow!” Sophie proclaimed. “I didn’t know I was such a natural at this.”

Marissa laughed, grabbed her lover’s juice-smeared face between both hands, and pulled her up for a kiss. “You’re very good,” she complimented her, “but you got me pretty worked up nursing me.” She looked down at her nipples that were sluggishly weeping milky tears. “Sometimes that’s all it takes to get me to cum.”

“Does your husband like this,” Sophie asked, gently massaging Marissa’s wet breasts. “You know, that you still have milk.”

“He loves it. And so does my boyfriend.”

Her little revelation caused Sophie to stop moving her hands. “You have a boyfriend too?” She was confused.

“Well, yes. Not really a boyfriend, more of a guy I have sex with. I’m not leaving my husband for him or anything like that. Don’t worry.”

“Right,” Sophie agreed with a nervous giggle.

“It’s just that boyfriend is an easy term to use.” She grinned mischievously. “I’d love to get together with you and him. That would be…fantastic. I always love another pair of lips on me.”

Sophie’s giggle expanded to an all-out nervous laugh. “I don’t think I could do that.”

“Sure you could,” Marissa told her matter-of-factly. “Now take off your panties. I want to make you cum.”

Shutting off her brain made complying with Marissa’s desire much easier. The kisses were delightful, the caresses were soothing, but when Marissa explored her pussy, Sophie found herself in another world. When she came, her body literally shook with spasms. She was mortified to discover the wet spot she had left behind on the bed.

“I couldn’t have done that!” she said, her face on fire.

“You’ve never squirted before?” Marissa asked, completely unconcerned with

her lover's distress. She licked her fingers tasting Sophie's pussy still clinging to her skin.

"No!"

Marissa paused mid-lick and raised her eyebrows in surprise. "So…I'm your first?"

Seeing that her friend wasn't disturbed by her small faux pas Sophie had to giggle a little. "First woman I had sex with? Yeah. And the first person to make me squirt. Yeah to that too." She hid her smile without meaning to. "You've done this before?"

Resting her head back on a pillow Marissa stared at the beige ceiling and said, "Sort of. I've fooled around with other women before, but nothing serious. Usually it was part of a three-way with Ty or a group thing."

Despite trying to appear cool and detached, Sophie was amazed. "You must have had a wild life before you got married and had a kid!"

"Sort of. Not lately, obviously. Ty and I want to start up again." She rolled to her side to look directly at Sophie. "Want to explore with us?"

"What? You, me, and your husband?"

"Sure."

"Um…no. I don't think I could do that."

"How about you, me, and your husband?" Marissa offered.

That made Sophie's eyes go wide. "Hell no. He'd never go for that sort of thing!"

"But would you?" Marissa asked while running her fingers down from Sophie's shoulder to her side and rested her fingers lightly on the athletic woman's hip. Silently Sophie willed her to move her fingers four more inches and touch her pussy, but Marissa remained deaf to her silent pleas. After a moment Sophie realized what she had been asked.

“I’ve never really given it a thought…”

“What’s to think about? I know you like sex with men. You enjoyed it with me, apparently. We’re just going to join the two together. Which would you be more comfortable with? Having sex with me in front of your husband or having sex with my husband in front of you?”

Sophie wanted to answer, but couldn’t decide.

Chapter Two

“I HAD SEX again with Sophie today,” Marissa told Ty after they put their son to bed.

He feigned fanning himself from the shock. “You’re supposed to give me a little warning before surprising me with that sort of news.” He shook his head and sat down on the corner of their bed. “Right here?”

She pointed further up where all evidence of the wet spot that Sophie had made had evaporated. “More like there.”

“Was it good?”

Marissa pulled her shirt off along with her bra in one smooth, practiced movement. Her breasts fell heavily back to her chest as she was freed from the confines of clothing. “Let’s just say that there might not be as much milk for you tonight as you normally get.”

A grin split his face. “That good, huh? And you want to give up being a stay at home mom.”

“I’m putting off the job search for just a little longer,” she said as she shimmied out of her leggings but left her panties on. Ty liked watching her undress. It was a show only a select few got to see.

“When are we going to have a tumble with the both of them?” he asked. His mind had already jumped ahead and he was seeing his wife being sexed by himself along with Sophie and Gil.

“I’m working on it,” she promised.

“It seems more like you’re having sex with the both of them and—” he caught himself. “And they don’t know you’re sleeping with the both of them, do they?”

Marissa had a thin nightshirt in her hand and was contemplating putting it on when he asked the question. “No. Not yet.”

“And how are you going to tell the both of them?”

“I don’t know, not yet.”

“How can I help?” he asked, eagerly. It wasn’t that he was being altruistic. He just loved to see his wife in all the various throes of passion possible.

“You can’t. Not yet. She’s…fragile. The wrong word or revelation and everything will go to hell.”

“If you say so,” he agreed and put his hands around her slightly pudgy waist to draw her to him. Sitting on the mattress his head was just the right height for him to nurse from her while she stood in front of him. Marissa let him and ran her fingers through his curly hair. She liked to be used like this. She was a sexual creature and anything that enhanced her sexuality turned her on.

“You getting some milk, hon?” she asked him after a few moments. She knew he was because she had felt it let down.

“Uh-huh,” he mumbled into her flesh.

“You going to fuck me tonight?” she asked while pressing her knee into his groin. It had only been a minute and she could already feel the hardness of his cock.

He repeated his mumbled while switching breasts. The dribble from her left breast fell onto his shoulder. Neither took note of the small amount of lost liquid.

When Ty had judge that her breasts were all but empty of milk, he pulled her down to the bed and put her on hands and knees. He struggled out of his pants and yanked her panties down to her knees. In his haste to get his cock out she barely had time to pull one leg out of her underwear before he was penetrating her. The only thing to do was arch her back and accept him into her body, let him fuck her with her panties still caught around one knee. It was a hard, fierce fuck. He put all his weight on her body, making her hold him up as he circled his hands around to her tits, squeezing and manipulating them, forcing out the last few drops of milk and letting it drip down to the sheets. They didn’t often have sex like this, but it was always satisfying.

Marissa tried to force the issue of what she wanted from the two lovers. She sent Sophie a text. Are you going to tell your husband, or am I?

That was the wrong way to approach the issue, because she sent Sophie into a panic. She could practically hear the terror in her text back. NO! DON'T DO THAT! I'll find a way to make this work.

Make what work, exactly? Marissa texted back. She wasn't going to say anything to Gil without Sophie's permission, but she wasn't above spurring her to action.

This time Marissa could hear hesitation in Sophie's words. I don't know. This. All of this. I want to but I don't know how to.

Marissa actually felt a little bit sad for Sophie. While she and Ty were having fun, they were also playing with the emotions of Sophie, who had no clue her husband was having an affair with Marissa. And Gil had no clue that his wife was also sleeping with Marissa. It was complicated to say the least, but both halves of the couple were obviously open to new experiences; they were just worried about what the other half would think.

It was time to take a more dominant role in her relationships, Marissa decided. While it was fine to play games, Marissa was ultimately looking for a group of three willing participants who would pleasure her the way she wanted. If she needed to put Sophie under her thumb, that would have to be the way. She gave Sophie one last chance to take a bit of control of her own destiny.

What do you want to do next? she asked. What experience do you want to have?

Sophie's answer was, I don't know…

Marissa was a bit disgusted by Sophie's obviously whiny reply. That's fine. I'll decide for you.

There was no response from Sophie. Marissa decided that was a good thing.

Before proceeding with Sophie, Marissa decided to see if she could get a decision out of Gil. As she did with Sophie, she sent him a text message as well. Your wife is so pretty. Wouldn't you like to see the two of us sucking your cock?

He was a man it was okay to be less subtle with him.

His reply was quick and to the point. Ha. Yeah. Right. She'd never go for that. If I'd ask her for that, she'd divorce me.

Marissa was fairly certain in her ability to manipulate Gil. Why would you think that? It's a common enough fantasy for a man two want two women at once.

Just because it's common doesn't mean she'll want to do it.

Stupidly, Marissa found herself typing into her phone, Let's ask her together and find out.

And in what world would it make sense for the both of us to ask Sophie for a three-way?

Cursing herself, Marissa realized that wouldn't work unless she told Gil that she had been sleeping with Sophie. She wondered what his reaction would be if she did do that, but she wasn't willing to find out at the moment. Her anger started bubbling to the surface, that the Nilsons didn't have an open marriage or would even confide in the other about their fantasies. It was stupid and it was making her frustrated as well.

Jesus you two have a fucked up marriage. You know what? Text me back when you want to fuck me again so I can so no. She made sure the text went through and then turned off her phone. It was all she could do not to crack open the case and yank the SIM card.

"I think you're going about this the wrong way," Ty told her after she confided in him her difficulties with the Nilsons.

"Oh? And there's a right way to seduce the two people I'm having sex with—besides you," she added before he could object, "into bed together without having one give it away to the other one? Without causing some huge drama? Without feeling getting hurt and blowing up a marriage?"

"No guarantees, but if you can't convince one to make an honest declaration to the other, you have to get a lot more deceptive. You have to use trickery."

“What are you suggesting?”

“Take one to bed when and where you’ll know the other will walk in on you.”

She glared at him. “That’s stupid.”

He waved aside her concern. “It’ll work.”

A shake of her head dismissed his suggestion. “How about you seduce Sophie and then I walk in on the two of you?”

“I don’t see how that helps.”

“Fuck! All I want is two lips on my tits while getting fucked! Is that too much to ask?”

“Apparently in this world it is.”

“You could just invite them—separately—to what you’re going to promise is a small orgy and let the chips and dicks and tits fall where they may.”

“That’s no better.”

“How about the classic trope of leaving clues that the other one will find leading them to the obvious conclusion an affair is going on?” he suggested.

“Again, that’ll cause an argument and possibly blow up their marriage.”

He nodded. “You’re right. I mean, if a pair of wayward panties was found in their bed, they’d both figure you left your unmentionables behind and try to hide them from each other.”

Marissa regarded her husband. “You seem to know a lot about these really terrible tricks into seducing women the wrong way.”

“I watch a lot of porn and overanalyze the plot,” he said with a straight face.

“Uh-huh.”

“Get her to want to go to bed with you and me,” he suggested. “Break down her barriers that way. Once she’s done a three-way with us, she’ll want to include her

husband."

"And this wouldn't have anything to do with you wanting to fuck a nice young lady with a smoking hot body?" asked Marissa with a more than skeptical attitude.

"That's just the icing on the cupcake."

"You do just want to fuck her!"

"And introduce her to the exciting world of group sex."

"I'll think of something on my own."

As it was, Ty was the one who forced the issue. With a bit of sneaking around and filching his wife's phone while she was occupied, he managed to find the next time the two women were hooking up. Ty crashed the party.

For all her metaphorical hand-wringing about doing the wrong thing, Sophie had taken a distinct liking to sex with Marissa. Though he quizzed his wife about it, Marissa claimed that Sophie didn't have any special affection for her milk. That might have been true, but Ty was positive that his wife's breasts were more than a little lighter on the days the two scheduled some after preschool naked gymnastics. While Ty didn't begrudge his wife her extracurricular activities, he was a bit jealous that she was having much more sex than he was, which made him a touch jealous. For that reason alone he didn't feel the least bit of guilt when he left work early to catch Sophie and Marissa in bed together.

He knew—on the outside at least—that sneaking into his own house and spying on his wife was wrong. That didn't stop him. His ultimate argument was that he was doing it for his wife, to help her fulfill the fantasy she wanted to live out. In actually, the idea of watching her fuck another woman turned him on to no small extent.

The plan was simple. He parked in the driveway next to Sophie's car; there was no need to alert the women inside the house by opening the garage door. It was easiest to enter by the side door instead of the front. Slipping off his shoes he padded through the foyer and living room to pause at the bottom of the stairs,

listening for any sound hinting at what might be going on in the bedroom.

Much to his disappointment Ty heard only the muffled sound of conversation. He had been hoping to catch them in the middle of the act, if for no other reason than to watch secretly for a minute before interrupting, but that wasn't going to be his good luck for the day. It took him a minute to screw up his courage; it wasn't that he was worried about what he might see, it was that he wanted everything to be perfect when he walked in on them.

As he stood at the bottom of the stairs, the conversation petered out and Ty worried that perhaps they were dressing or the opportunity had passed for him to catch them having sex. He quickly padded up the stairs and slipped down the hallway. The door was partially ajar and he just pushed it fully open to take in the scene. "Hey, hon!" he greeted Marissa cheerily from the door and then immediately froze in feigned surprise at what he saw.

His interruption caught them both fully unaware. Marissa gasped and sat bolt upright, pulling her breast free of Sophie's mouth. Ty's wife had been facing the door while Sophie was cuddled up against her lover, nursing. The noise and sudden interruption of her nursing caused her to jump and pull the covers up further, though in truth nothing was showing on her part and Ty had seen Marissa's breasts too many times in his life.

"What are you doing?" he asked, still pretending to be shocked and surprised.

"Jesus, Ty. What the fuck do you think we're doing?" she snapped at him. Her initial shock wore off and she realized exactly what he was trying to make happen.

"I can take a guess," he said, letting his eyes fall upon Sophie who was huddling under the covers. Her face was bright red and her blonde hair was tousled into a tangled nest. She didn't know what to do and just laid there hyperventilating with her heart pounding in her chest. "Hello, Sophie."

"Hi," she said in a tiny voice.

"You know that Marissa has been telling me about you and her, right?"

"I know," she said in the same small voice. "Sorry."

“What’s to be sorry for?” he asked her.

“Cut it out, Ty,” Marissa interrupted him. “Quit embarrassing her. And why are you home so early?” She rearranged the sheets around her body and propped her head up two pillows to give him an angry glare.

“I wrapped up work early today. Sometimes being a mouthpiece for the state means you get some extra time off.”

“Do you have to be an obnoxious ass and interrupt me when I’m spending private time with Sophie?” she snapped at him, her anger seething in her voice.

“Why are you copping an attitude with me?” he asked easily. “I’m the one being wronged here. You’re sleeping with another woman in our bed. You could at least have the decency to tell me what you’re up to before bringing her to our home.”

A roll of her eyes and a sigh told Ty that Marissa was frustrated with him. “Yeah, okay, fine. Sorry. I was trying to have a nice afternoon with Sophie here and you interrupted.”

He nodded and pulled off his tie and removed his jacket. “Apology accepted. Normally I’d leave you two alone to finish, but since Sophie has been stealing your milk from me…” He crossed the room, kicked off his shoes, and got in bed next to his wife. Neither said anything as he pulled down the sheets to expose her breasts so he could latch on and nurse from her. She was already primed from Sophie’s mouth so her milk immediately filled his mouth.

“I’d better leave,” Sophie said softly as she started to slip out of the bed. Marissa grabbed her wrist and held her fast.

“No,” she whispered softly. The thrill of the moment had returned to her and she pulled Sophie’s face down to her chest, next to Ty. The blond woman wanted to resist; she had finally been able to reconcile her curious need to go to bed with Marissa, but having her husband join them was something new that confused her once again. But Marissa wasn’t letting her go, and the sighs she made as Ty nursed from her, along with the strange feeling of jealousy she had at watching Ty drink the milk that she had started to regard as her right for making love with Marissa, made her lower her mouth to Marissa’s breast and start nursing next to Ty.

Between all the sighs and groans that Marissa made, Sophie did what had grown to be natural to her and she put her hand between Marissa's legs, slowly rubbing her pussy. It took her a moment to realize the hand caressing her shoulder wasn't Marissa's but Ty's. She didn't pull away. If Marissa, distracted by the nursing, knew what was going on, she didn't give any indication.

It might have been the manipulation going on between her legs, but Marissa reached a climax with her girlfriend and her husband sucking on her nipples. She dug her fingers into both their arms as she came. "Stop, stop," Marissa called out, overwhelmed by too much stimulation.

"Did I hurt you?" Sophie asked, anxious and concerned.

"No, I just need a break." Marissa gave her a light kiss on the lips and pulled the sheets aside, revealing her body along with Sophie's. "Okay, actually I want to cum again. And I want Ty to watch." The curvy woman flicked her eyes to her husband who smiled back. Marissa opened up her legs, indicating what she wanted Sophie to do.

Encouraged by what had happened and excited that it wasn't the disaster she had anticipated, Sophie did as her lover wanted. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she muttered as she positioned herself between Marissa's legs.

"But are you enjoying it?" Marissa asked.

After a brief pause Sophie said, "Yeah," and lowered her mouth to Marissa's wet pussy. It was as much an act of romantic attachment as it was of loyalty. Sophie didn't mind going down on her friend and had grown to enjoy it not because she had some deep-seated need to taste Marissa's sex, but because she enjoyed the pleasure it gave Marissa. Now that Ty had inserted himself into their intimate relationship and if she wanted to continue that relationship with Marissa, Sophie had to prove her loyalty by doing what the curvy brunette wanted.

Ty slipped out of the bed and removed the rest of his clothes before he knelt on the edge of the mattress and put his hands on Sophie's lean hips. She didn't react so he went the next step and carefully explored her pussy with his fingers.

"No," she protested, briefly pausing in the wonderful cunnilingus she was performing on Marissa who pushed her had back down.

“Let him,” she told the blonde. “I want to watch him fuck you.”

Seeing that she didn’t protest any further, Ty took his hard cock in hand, bent his knees to find the correct angle, and slowly inserted himself into Sophie’s pussy. He was thrilled to find that she was plentifully wet—whether that was leftover from sexing Marissa or new juice from his appearance he’d never know—and he went into her with ease.

It had been years, many years, since Sophie had had sex with a man other than Gil. She was used to his big cock so it was somewhat of a surprise to feel Ty’s smaller piece of manhood inside her. He didn’t stretch her out like Gil did; in a way getting fucked by a slightly smaller penis was better and it took no effort at all to relax and enjoy it while she continued to eat Marissa’s pussy.

Ty kept his thrusts slow and steady. He didn’t want to disturb Sophie with a vigorous fucking and he didn’t want to disrupt her concentration of eating out Marissa; he wanted his wife to enjoy this as much as he did. He had little concern for Sophie’s actual pleasure.

They continued on in that way for a few minutes until Ty felt the irresistible urge to cum. He let it happen and didn’t give Sophie any warning. If Marissa was truly serious about this, Sophie needed to be all in as well. When the thick, hot spurts started flooding her pussy, Sophie paused in what she was doing and looked up at Marissa who held her gaze.

“He’s cumming,” she all but whined.

“Do you like that?” Marissa asked.

“Yeah…” Sophie said dreamily before lowering her mouth back to Marissa’s pussy and licked her some more as she shivered with little thrills of pleasure running through her body. She didn’t actually cum, but it was something close to a climax.

Eventually Ty pulled out and collapsed on the bed next to the women. Sophie turned her head and looked at his cock lying wetly on his thigh. She kissed Marissa’s pussy one last time and said, “Thank you,” to Ty.

“Why are you thanking him?” Marissa was slightly annoyed with the gesture.

“Because if he hadn’t fucked me, well, I guess I’d still be hung up on you.”

“Hung up on me?” Now Marissa was truly annoyed. “What did I do wrong?”

“Nothing, but all this has made me realize what I’m looking for.”

“And what’s that?” asked Ty.

“More excitement. More adventure.” She sat up, resting her weight on her knees and toes as she knelt on the bed, letting the married couple look at her naked body. “I thought maybe this was just a passing fling with you, Marissa, but I think I need something more. A lot more.”

A smile tugged at the corners of Marissa’s mouth. “That’s good, I suppose. And before Ty rudely interrupted us I was going to give you a little present.”

“A present? For me?” Despite herself, Sophie was pleased.

Rolling off the bed, Marissa went to the closet and pulled out a plain paper back. From within she removed several bundles of cloth. Right away Sophie knew what this gift was and was secretly pleased and flattered.

“I think it’s nice for us girls to have matching lingerie, don’t you?” she asked as she quickly sorted through the sage green scraps of material, handing over one set to Sophie and keeping the other for herself.

“How did you know my size?” Sophie heard herself asking.

“I snuck a peak when you were in the shower,” she revealed.

“Oh.”

“Let me help you put them on,” said Marissa with a strange enthusiasm.

“Okay…but I think I should clean up a bit.” She laughed nervously. “Your husband left quite a bit of a mess.”

“You know where the bathroom is.”

After Sophie made a quick exit with one hand pressed between her legs, Ty asked, “What the hell is this all about?” He indicated the lingerie still in

Marissa's hand.

As she answered Marissa started picking up the clothing she and her girlfriend had scattered on the floor. "It's all part of the master plan which you nearly fucked up."

"What master plan?"

Before she could answer him, the toilet flushed and Sophie walked back into the bedroom. She now had a bit of strut in her step and wasn't the least bit embarrassed to be naked in front of the other two. "Okay, now I'm ready." She held out her hand for Marissa to pass her the lingerie.

"Let me help you," said Marissa as she carefully removed the tags from the bra and panty set.

"I can dress myself," Sophie said a little tartly.

"But that's not the point, is it?" Marissa said with a quick glance toward her husband. Understanding that she really didn't have a choice in the matter, Sophie stood in the middle of the bedroom as Marissa knelt down in front of her and had Sophie pick up one foot at a time so she could slip the silken garment on her legs and then pull it up into place, hiding her sex and bottom away from easy viewing.

The panties were very small but fit well. The bottoms of her cheeks were exposed, showing off Sophie's lithe form, but since she was eye-level with Sophie's waist, Marissa noticed a small problem. She ran her finger along the edge of the leg opening as it descended to Sophie's ex. "You're going to need to shave a little tighter," she commented. "Too much exposure down here."

Once more Sophie blushed. Never before had anyone criticized her grooming technique. "But that's fixable," Marissa went on and gave her friends hip a little kiss. She stood up, grabbed the bra off the edge of the bed and assisted Sophie into the straps. Her breasts were small and Marissa knew that her friend had very rounded shoulders so she had chosen a bra design that crisscrossed in the back. It took some engineering, but eventually everything was in place and Sophie had to admit to herself that she felt sexy in the new outfit, though that might have been because she was actually wearing more clothing than anyone else in the room.

“You look adorable,” Marissa all but cooed at her.

“Thank you,” Sophie replied shyly.

“The both of us think you look hot as well,” added Ty. For a moment Sophie thought he was speaking for Marissa, but a glance at him proved that he was talking about his now re-erect cock.

It was a good thing she was already blushing because Sophie didn’t want Ty to think that she took his words as a compliment, even if she did consider his erection a compliment.

“Your turn,” Marissa said, handing her garments to Sophie. The process was repeated with Sophie being the dressing assistant this time. Marissa was a few sizes larger than the athletically built Sophie, but the lingerie fit just as well on her, proving that Marissa had excellent taste in undergarments and a good eye for what worked for the both of them. When Marissa was had both bra and panties on, she slipped her arm around Sophie’s waist and turned to Ty. “What do you think?” she asked him.

“No breast pads? You don’t want to leak on your new bra…”

“I’m empty!”

“In that case, I’m thinking it was almost a waste for you to put those on, because I really want to fuck you,” he replied.

“Too bad you’re only going to get a blowjob,” she told him and turned her head to Sophie. “Want to help me?”

“Um…I don’t want to seem like I’m the one ending the fun, but I should probably get going. I don’t know exactly when Gil will be home and…I’ve got a lot to think about.”

Feigning a frown, Marissa picked up Sophie’s garments that she had earlier folded and set aside, helping her dress in them. “I don’t need this help either,” she protested.

“It’s still fun,” Marissa reminded her as she continued to dress Sophie. Seeing that going along with the help was easier than protesting, Sophie did so. It didn’t

take them long to get her garbed but before she left Marissa whispered in her friend's ear, "Have sex with Gil tonight. Having two men on the same day is fucking amazing."

As soon as she was soon out the door and driving home while Marissa joined her husband on the bed.

"Do you think she realized she left her old panties and bra here?" Ty asked as his wife engulfed his cock with her mouth. She tasted just a hint of Sophie's pussy still clinging to his skin.

"You saw me hide them under the bed while she was in the bathroom?" Marissa took her mouth off his cock to answer him.

"I miss nothing." He closed his eyes and moaned as his wife sucked hard on him.

Chapter Three

“DID YOU JUMP Gil’s bones last night?” Marissa asked. Sophie had called during her lunch break so they had only a few minutes to talk.

“No,” she admitted sadly.

“What?” Marissa all but shrieked. “Why not? I got you that sexy new outfit and you must have been still excited after being with me and Ty!”

“I wanted to but…I couldn’t do it,” she confessed.

“Why not?” Marissa pressed.

“I felt guilty. It seemed wrong to have sex with him after…you know.”

“That’s where you’re wrong,” Marissa lectured. “That’s the best time to have sex. You wouldn’t believe how incredible it is.”

Heaving an overly elaborate sigh, Marissa said, “We’ll have to try again because I can’t wait to share his cock with you.”

Despite having gone to bed with Marissa and Ty the previous night, Sophie was still innocent enough to gasp at the suggestion. “Don’t say that.”

“I mean it. It’s going to happen.”

Her words caused an unmistakable tingle in Sophie’s pussy. It was wrong and that’s what made it exciting. “Okay, just give me some time,” Sophie said softly.

“Not too much. Anyway, I have to go. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Bye.”

Marissa barely heard Sophie’s last word. She was in the process of disconnected the call from her car’s audio system as she pulled up to the apartment building. Gil’s car was already parked in the usual spot so she hurried inside to meet him.

She let herself into the apartment and found Gil on the bed, his shirt off, waiting for her. “What took you so long?” he asked.

“Had to make a phone call,” she answered as he started to get up. “Don’t move. I want to strip for you.”

“Do you want me to put on some music.”

She shook her head and tried not to roll her eyes. “It’s not that type of stripping.” Carefully she unbuttoned her blouse and exposed her sage green bra that pushed her breasts together creating an incredible amount of cleavage. “This is new,” she said boldly. “Do you like it?”

“Uh-huh,” Gil said absently, watching her milk-filled tits. His brain was already in neutral, unable to focus on anything but the sex he was expecting.

Pushing down her jeans she revealed the panties that matched her bra. If Gil recognized them as the same ones his wife was wearing the previous night, he gave no indication. She pushed the issue. “Some men like it when their lovers dress for them?”

“Very sexy,” he said absently. His eyes were focused on her tits and she knew he was too spellbound to think clearly.

“Do you want my milk?” she asked.

“Yeah.”

“You’re going to have to earn it today,” she informed him.

Her unexpected answer brought him out of his sex-fueled concentration. “How?”

“You need to make me a promise.”

“A promise.”

“A promise that you’ll ask your wife to go to bed with me and you.”

He slowly shook his head. “I can’t do that.”

Marissa reached for her blouse on the floor. “I think we’re done then.”

“No! Wait!” He jumped out of the bed. “Are you serious?”

“As cancer.”

“That’s not funny.”

“Do you see me laughing?”

“Jesus you’re fucked in the head.”

“I’ve spent a lot of time on this relationship, Gil. I like fucking you. But I had a need that has to be met. I want you and Ty and your wife all making love to me. That’s what I want in my life right now. I’ll fuck you one last time; my tits are full and I want a bit of relief. The next time you see me, we’re going to be in bed with your wife—and Ty too if you want. Do you understand me?”

“Wow,” he breathed.

“I could just go online and troll for guys willing to do what I want, but that’s not the sort of dirty person I am. I want a relationship with the people I sleep with. Do I have your promise?”

“I promise to ask my wife,” he vowed.

“And not just ask. You need to convince her to say yes. If she says no, we’re over.”

“High stakes.”

“The best kind.” Satisfied with his answer, Marissa reached up and hooked her thumbs through the bra’s shoulder straps, pulling them down to reveal, first, the pads she stuffed inside to stop any inadvertent leakage, and when they fell away, her nipples. “Time to nurse,” she told him. “I’m too full. Ty was in a hurry this morning and didn’t have time to drain me.” That was only half a lie. She kept Ty away from her because she wanted to be full for Gil.

He knelt on the floor and latched onto her breast. At once her milk started flowing and she quivered at the sensation. It always felt so wonderful for her milk to be sucked free. Even though he was only sucking on her left breast, her right started leaking, dripping down from her nipple to land on his shoulder. It

seemed a waste to let it fall to the floor, so she squeezed her flesh causing a fine spray to burst forth and lightly coat his face, neck, and shoulders. Some even got into his hair.

At first Gil didn't notice, but eventually the moisture became evident and he pulled back from her breast. "What are you doing?"

"Giving you my milk," she teased.

"You're wasting it," he complained.

"It's mine to waste." She paused a second to see if he would claim ownership of her milk, but he didn't. That slightly disappointed her, it would have been a thrill for him to claim a piece of her. "I want you to taste as sweet as me." Marissa bent down and kissed his wet cheek, then licked his face, tasting her honeyed milk.

He latched onto the breast she had been squeezing and sucked the milk, but that only caused her to grab her right breast and massage it as well, causing the same eruption of milk. He let this go on for a bit, enthralled by her nectar. "Jesus you have a kinky mind."

That made her laugh at him. "And that surprises you?" She brought his hands to the waistband of her panties. "Use your mouth on my pussy," she said.

He pulled down the silky sage green garment. The material clung to her moist labia for just a moment before pulling free. She stepped out of the panties and then put her hand behind his head, pulling him into her.

If he noticed the smell or taste of Ty's cum in her pussy, he didn't say a word. She really didn't need him to go down on her; Marissa was more than wet enough from Ty's leavings and the way her pussy always moistened when someone nursed from her tits. It was nothing more than a way to control her lover and he was so easily controlled.

When she judged she was more than ready she said, "On the bed. I want you to fuck me and suck me at the same time."

Gil was already hard; that had never been a problem for him. They laid down on the bed in traditional missionary style. It took some doing but Gil figured out

how to keep his cock inside her pussy while supporting his upper body on his elbows so that he could lower his head and nurse from her breasts. They were large and elastic enough that he could pull on them with his mouth and not truly hurt her.

“It’s hard,” he panted between suckling her breasts.

“It certainly is,” she complimented him, fondling his balls and adjusting the angle of his cock.

“No, not me. Fucking and sucking at the same time.”

“That’s why I want Sophie here with us.”

He shuddered as he thought about what she was proposing. It excited and frightened him at the same time so much so that he had to stop moving his hips so he wouldn’t cum too soon. During his break in suckling from her, Marissa reached up and massaged her big breasts, squeezing them just enough to make the milk bubble up and then spill down the slope of her flesh.

After a few repetitions of this, she squeezed harder and sprayed the milk over Gil’s chest, letting it drip back down to her body. “You like that?” she asked.

“Seems wasteful.”

Marissa ran her finger between her breasts where a few droplets had coalesced. “Sweet,” she declared.

“You’re strange.”

“I know what I like.” She squeezed her breasts again. “C’mon. Fuck me. Send me home to Ty with my pussy full of your cum.”

He did so and when they were done with their lunchtime meeting she kept him in bed with her as long as possible. When he realized the time he vaulted out of the bed. “Shit! I’m going to be late. I don’t have time to shower! Fuck!”

“Go home to your wife with my scent on your cock,” Marissa encouraged him. “It’ll be the enticement she needs to hop in bed with us.”

Quickly wiping down with a damp towel he threw on his clothes and gave her a kiss goodbye. “Lady, you’re crazy.”

“Next time I’ll see you it’ll be with your wife’s pussy in my face,” she told him.

Gil didn’t respond. Even though he had just fucked her his cock was hard as he left the apartment, leaving her alone. The cum he had left in her pussy was starting to leak out. The little bit that was on her labia and inner thighs was nearly dry. Just like Gil she dressed without showering. She intended to take home his present to her husband.

Chapter Four

TY LOOKED UP at his wife as he nursed from her; they were lying on their sides and she had the normal pleasant smile plastered across her face that always accompanied his nursing. He broke the latch and frowned at her. “Nothing.”

“Nothing what?”

“You don’t have any milk in your tits.”

“Why would you say that?

He ignored her question. “Which one did you fuck today, Gil or Sophie.”

Her smile grew. “Gil.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because a girl is entitled to some secrets.”

A quick grunt was the only warning Marissa had before Ty rolled her onto her back, forced her legs open and started probing at her pussy with his cock. “You fucked him?”

“Uh-huh.” Marissa opened up her legs happily and tilted her hips to allow him to penetrate her. Once he was deep she revealed the other secret. “Can you feel him in there?”

“You’re nice and tight,” he said. “So yeah.”

She shook her head, teasing him. “No. Him. Gil. I didn’t clean up after we fucked. Can you feel his cum in me?”

It was impossible for Ty to tell the difference between Marissa’s normally wet pussy and one that was flooded by another man’s cum. Still, the words alone were enough to get him to fuck her faster. “Slut.”

“You like that your wife’s a slut, don’t you?” she encouraged him.

“Yeah.” He was already on the edge and it wouldn’t take much to push him over. The only way to make the pleasure last was to concentrate on work that was overdue at the office even while his hips pumped his wife.

“You can’t wait to fuck me while Gil and Sophie suck my tits, can you?”

That’s all it took. He let loose his seed and filled her pussy, pushing out what little remained of Gil’s spunk and replacing it with his own.

Gil lay in bed next to his wife. They were both quietly reading from the Kindles, their normal routine before going to sleep. Actually, Sophie was reading, Gil had been staring at the same page of his book for the past ten minutes. His mind was racing and he knew he had to do as Marissa had asked, but he lacked the courage.

“Hon?”

“Mmm?”

“We need to talk.”

She looked up from her screen. “That’s never a good way to start a conversation.”

He didn’t acknowledge her comment. “Look at us. This is boring. We do this almost every night. We could be having sex right now!”

“Do you want to have sex right now?” she asked. “I’m up for it.”

A shake of his head refocused his plan. “No. We had sex, when? Two days ago.”

“Yeah, it was good.” Despite trying to remain calm and have a conversation with her husband, Sophie could feel her face start to flush and her heart thump in her chest. She hoped he couldn’t see her skin tone change in the dim bedroom light.

“No, it was fine. Adequate. Barely adequate.”

“Okay…” she said carefully. “What exactly are you saying? You want to mix things up a bit?”

“Yeah. But not just that. Mix things up a lot. Life’s passing us by and I want to have some excitement.”

Sophie resisted pointing out that she suspected he was doing…something…in his free time, but then again, she was keeping secret of her trysts with Marissa, along with the big one with Ty as well.

“What do you want to do?” She grinned. “Do you want me on top tonight?” She reached out and ran her hand down his chest towards his cock.

It surprised them both when he pushed her hand away. “That’s nothing. How about something to really shake things up?”

“Like what?”

“Like…you tell me what fantasy you’re holding back and I tell you one as well.”

“I don’t think you’ll be able to convince Brad Pitt to have sex with me,” she said.

“I’m being fucking serious,” he complained.

“What is it you want then?” she asked boldly.

“And there’s the problem. You’ll think I’m a freak. I love you and I don’t want to lose you because I have kinky fantasies.”

“So what, you want to tie me up? Get some sex toys? What?”

He shook his head. “No. Those are boring.”

“Then what?”

“You have to promise me not to be upset. You can say no but you can’t be pissed off because I have…needs, I guess.”

“Fine, I promise not to get upset. I’m not going to divorce you unless you tell me that you’re into necrophilia or fucking dogs.”

“Nothing like that,” he said sadly.

“Then what?”

“You need to tell me what you want as well. And don’t claim you’re a hundred percent happy with our sex life.”

“Fine. You go first.”

A heavy silence grew between them until Gil was able to force out the words, “I want to watch you have sex with another woman.” His heart was pounding in his chest, his knees were weak even though he was lying down, the pit of his stomach dropped all the way through the floor, and the blood drained from his face. Sex with other women—and especially Marissa—was great, but he was for some undefinable reason completely in love with Sophie and he didn’t want to lose her. And yet he had to be honest with Marissa as well.

“Oh,” was her reply.

He waited. “That’s it? Oh?”

“Yeah…lots of men want to see their wives with other women, right?”

“Right,” he said quickly, eagerly.

“And you want to watch or participate?”

Gil took it as a good sign that she was asking questions.

“Both.”

“I’m not sure I could do that,” she said carefully, which she knew was a lie, but Gil didn’t.

“I knew you’d say no,” he complained.

“I didn’t say no. I just don’t know how to find a woman that would do that with you and me.” That was another lie. She couldn’t tell her husband what she had been up to.

“There are ways,” Gil said. “The internet and friends, I guess…”

“So you don’t even have a plan? You just have this idea of what you want to do and that’s it?” She didn’t know why she was being so nasty. It was probably the frustration of knowing what her husband wanted was within reach, but she couldn’t face telling him she was a cheater who had already fucked Marissa and Ty.

“Of course I don’t have a plan,” he snapped back at her. “It’s just a fantasy and I wanted to see what you’d say first. I know it’s stupid but…you know what? You need to tell me now. Is this how you want our sex life to go forward or do you like where we are?”

Sophie opened up her mouth to answer, but realized she was already living her fantasy. She was having sex with an adventurous woman and had had sex with a different man for the first time in almost a decade. But she couldn’t reveal those things to Gil it would be…wrong.

So she did the next best thing. She lied. “Maybe a three-way wouldn’t be a bad idea,” she hedged. “But totally anonymous. You, me, and some other guy.”

“That’s what you want?”

“Yeah, I suppose. I wouldn’t want to know who the other guys is, but I still want a mind-bending orgasm. You’re right, our sex life has become…routine, right? Boring?”

After a second he said, “So we both want more or less the same thing. A three-way. We want to involve someone else.”

It occurred to her that was exactly what they had both proposed. “Yeah. I suppose.”

“Do you actually want to make this happen?” His words were soft and nervous.

She laughed uneasily. “I don’t think this sort of thing happens for boring couples like us who live in the suburbs.”

“It doesn’t happen if we don’t try.”

“I’m not going to troll the internet for strangers to have sex with,” she said vehemently.

“But you want to have anonymous sex,” he pointed out. “You can’t really have one without the other.”

“I didn’t say my fantasy made any sense.”

“Well, do you want to make it happen or do you want to keep it a fantasy?” he asked. “If you want to keep it a fantasy, we can just pretend in bed here. If you want reality…then we have to do…something.”

Sophie was both horrified and thrilled that her pussy was oozing with moisture at their little conversation. It had driven her libido and she found herself tossing her Kindle to the side and throwing her leg over Gil’s hip. Suddenly she was straddling his body, her wet pussy grinding down on his erect cock, but they were still separated by her panties and his pajama bottoms. The cloth separating them was exciting and frustrating.

“Wanna do something tonight?” she asked, rubbing her cunt on his hardness.

“Yeah…”

She lifted herself up and pulled her panties aside, exposing her pussy; it was too much effort to actually have to take them off. While she was up, Gil managed to scramble out of his bottoms, pushing them down to mid-thigh, freeing his cock. They slid together in the familiar manner of married couples. He was inside her before they both realized what was going on.

“You like this?”

“uh-huh.”

“Who do you want to fuck? We can find a couple, right, that’ll work out.”

“Yeah, yeah.” They both started moving faster, excited at the idea they had hatched.

“Who?”

The answer came to them both. “Ty and Marissa.”

“She’s cute”

“Hot.”

“Big tits.”

“Yeah.”

Gil’s hands went to her nipples and squeezed. It hurt, but she found she didn’t mind.

“He must be a fucking stud to fuck her.”

“Big cock. Makes her scream.”

“Uh-huh.” They both allowed the possibilities to roll around in their heads. Not a threesome, but a foursome.

“She’s a slut.”

“He cheats on her.”

“They both like it.”

By now Sophie was rocking her hips back and forth violently. She couldn’t control herself and wanted to get back at Gil for pinching her nipples even as she propped her hands on his chest. The way she moved was starting to hurt his cock, but he didn’t protest. Their actions and words combined and before they knew it, both were cumming.

His hot cum jetted into her as she ground her clit down on his pubic bone.

“We’re gonna fuck them.”

“It’s going to be great.”

Sophie fell forward onto his chest as the two slowly recovered from the vigorous fucking. She let out a little whimper as his cock slowly shrunk away and slipped from her pussy. They didn’t remember falling asleep at all.

Both dreamt of what they would shortly be doing.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

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A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

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