
Elliot Silvestri
The Milk Lovers 3
Green Bush Publishing


Elliot Silvestri
The Milk Lovers 3
Green Bush Publishing

The Milk Lovers 3

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright © 2016 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you’re the type of person to read copyright notices, why don’t you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing’s eBooks please visit elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Chapter One

“HOW ARE YOU going to approach them?” Sophie asked the next morning as they ate breakfast. She asked the question first because she didn’t want to be put on the spot in having to do the approach.

“What do you mean?”

“Ty and Sophie? How are you going to make a proposition to them?”

He stared at her blankly.

“Last night,” she prompted him. “We agreed that if we were going to have a three-way…or four-way with someone, it would be with them.”

“Yeah…that wasn’t just…dirty talk?”

She tilted her head, confused now. “It wasn’t?”

“I wasn’t sure. If you still want to…”

“And if you’re okay with it…”

The pause still hung between them.

“Aren’t you good friends with Ty?” she asked

“I know him, work with him on the periphery of things. Sort of. But how do I say, ‘My wife and I are interested in either swapping partners with you and Marissa, or doing a four-way whichever.’”

“Four-way,” Sophie quickly confirmed. “Swapping would be too much like cheating.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Really?”

“To me at least.”

“You’re okay getting in bed with another woman?”

“Are you okay with getting into bed with another man?” she tossed back at him.

They dropped that issue.

“I think,” Sophie offered, “that the best way would be to invite them to dinner and see what happens.”

“I’ll make sure to have plenty of alcohol on hand.”

It was the most uncomfortable dinner party Marissa had ever been at. The food made by Sophie was fine, delicious even. Gil and Sophie tried to keep the conversation going, but it stopped and started with such fits and starts that it almost would have been less uncomfortable to eat in silence. Gil was overly attendant to their drinks. He was pushing the alcohol to the point of being overly-obvious about it.

Midway through the dinner Marissa decided that something was up and was fairly positive the Nilsons had come some sort of accord and wanted to make a dirty proposal. That excited her and watching them squirm in trying to build up the courage to make the proposal was amusing.

“Do you two have any plans after dinner tonight?” Sophie abruptly asked.

“Nothing special,” Marissa said quickly. “Did you have something in mind?” She looked directly at the attractive blonde woman and waited expectantly. Everyone knew what was hanging in the air around them, but no one wanted to speak the words.

Although she tried, Sophie found that she couldn’t answer directly. “Oh shit, I’m not drunk enough for this,” she muttered and quickly took a large swig from her glass. Emboldened by the sudden influx of alcohol in her system she said, “Gil and I were wondering if you two wanted to fool around with us?”

“Fool around?” Ty asked quickly, bemused by what he knew she was asking.

Gil couldn’t meet anyone’s eye and Sophie flushed bright red.

“Are you asking us to have sex?” Marissa asked innocently but with a knowing glint in her eye. She shifted her gaze back and forth between Gil and Sophie.

Though it didn’t seem possible, Sophie’s face turned even redder. “Yes. Sort of. Yes. We want to have a slightly more exciting sex life. Ours is…boring.”

She was lying, Marissa knew. Both Gil and Sophie had much more exciting sex lives than the other knew, but she wasn’t going to let them know that right then. Drunkenly turning her head to Ty, Marissa asked, “What do you think, Ty? Want to make it with these two? It’ll be like we used to do before we got married.”

“Before you got married?” Gil asked. He knew enough of Marissa and Ty’s sexual history to know that they weren’t the straight-laced couple they pretended to be, and in his slightly inebriated state he couldn’t fully remember what he had been told.

“We had our wild times before we got married,” Marissa laughed. “Want to hear how we met?”

Looking for any way to not face what she had just asked of her friends, Sophie said, “Yes!” with great enthusiasm.

“Some friends were having a party in the middle of summer, we met at the party, the party degenerated into a sort-of orgy,” Ty revealed.

“We had sex before we really knew each other’s names,” Marissa laughed again.

“I saw her having sex with what’s his name? Dave?”

“Dave. Yeah,” Marissa agreed dreamily.

“And she didn’t seem to be having a very good time.”

“Dave was drunk and wasn’t very hard,” Marissa added.

“She was straddling him when he was sitting on a chair in the backyard. I went up to her—I was naked—and asked if she wanted to switch partners.”

“I didn’t answer. I just started giving him a blowjob.”

“Eventually she got off him and we went and had sex. God that was good!” Ty exclaimed. “Misspent youth.”

Sophie looked at her friends in shock. “Please tell me you’re kidding about that.”

“Nope,” Marissa laughed. “It was just like this.” She stood up and went over to Gil. Hiking up her skirt she threw her leg over him and sat down on his lap to give Sophie’s husband a kiss which he nervously accepted. Marissa looked at Sophie. “Except we were naked. Is this what you want?” she asked them.

“Uh-huh,” Sophie mumbled nervously. She was ashamed to realize her panties were wet at the sight of Sophie making out with Gil

Marissa continued to kiss Gil, and felt his growing hardness between her legs, as Ty stood up and went over to Sophie. He turned her head so it was facing his crotch. She knew what was to be done. There was some fumbling as she opened up his pants, but a moment later she was sucking his already hard cock. She wanted Gil to watch her, but he was too distracted by Marissa’s kisses.

Abruptly Marissa broke the moment of the spell. “Dining rooms are lousy places to have sex,” she declared. “If we’re going to do this, we need to go to your bedroom.”

When she stood up she pulled Gil to his feet and urged him to lead the way. She didn’t look back to see if Ty and Sophie followed, but was pleased when they did.

Getting undressed was the most uncomfortable part. Marissa did it quickly and then turned to Gil. He was in the process of taking off his shirt. She helped him and by the time Sophie and Ty walked into the bedroom, she was on her knees, sucking on his cock, while helping him out of his pants. They followed suit but Marissa quickly lost track of them.

Marissa pulled Gil onto the bed. Although she had sucked his cock, it wasn’t really necessary. He was already hard and she was wet. Their bodies aligned and before she knew it his big cock was buried inside her body. She looked over and saw that Ty was in the process of mounting Sophie. The other woman was lying next to her, so Marissa reached out and grabbed her hand. It was a small gesture, but it went a long way in helping Sophie deal with her conflicting feelings as she watched her husband fuck Marissa. What they were doing was wrong, and

because it was wrong it was exciting. The moans and sighs that filled the air made the event even more exhilarating. Before she knew it Marissa was cumming and she lost all track of what was going on until she felt Gil spurt inside her pussy.

“Oh god, oh god,” she called out without realizing it. “He came inside me.”

“It’s all right,” Sophie assured her. “Ty did the same to me.”

The two women laughed together and squeezed their hands tighter. When the men eventually rolled off their switched partners, Marissa moved closer to her friend and gave her a little kiss on the cheek.

“Don’t stop on account of us,” Ty called out.

That was enough encouragement for Marissa to move on top of Sophie to more easily kiss her friend. They intertwined their legs and Marissa rubbed her pussy on Sophie’s. Neither woman particularly enjoyed that, though both were slippery with cum and lubrication. Marissa slid to Sophie’s side and inserted a pair of fingers into her pussy. Sophie groaned and the men grinned at the display, but before it could go further, Marissa stopped.

“My tits hurt,” she told Ty, expecting him to do something about it. For a fraction of a second he stared blankly at her and then picked up on the cue.

“Marissa’s still lactating,” he unnecessarily explained to Gil and Sophie. Both knew, but they both didn’t know the other knew. “Her breasts get full of milk to the point where it hurts.”

“So…what do you do about that?” asked Gil, playing along.

In explanation, Ty reached out for his wife’s breast and gently massaged it just enough to get a few drops of milk to form on the nipple. Once she was started, it was easy for him to give a couple of firm squeezes to her soft flesh causing milk to spray across the bed, landing on the sheet.

“You’re going to do that to her?” Sophie asked incredulously.

“No. This,” Ty said as he leaned forward, taking her breast in his mouth and sucking firmly a few times to get her milk flowing steadily. The sweetness

flooded his mouth and Ty couldn't help but smack his lips greedily as he swallowed. "You should both try," he declared. "There's nothing better in the world than sweet mother's milk."

The Nilsons looked nervously at each other, still pretending that this was all new to them.

"Give it a try, Gil. There's nothing better," Ty promised his friend. He feigned a bit of reluctance and then put his mouth to Marissa's nipple. She made a soft moan of pleasure as he started nursing and her milk flowed.

"Feels good," she encouraged him. Gil wasn't the accomplished nurser that Ty was, but he knew how to suck well enough to give her some pleasure. With an encouraging smile and a wave of her hand, Marissa indicated that Sophie should join her husband in nursing from her. It was a strange situation, but Sophie was already comfortable with Marissa and, realizing how being sexual in front of other people was appealing, she fell upon Marissa's free breasts while Ty watched.

Marissa was sitting up, her back propped against the headboard, while the Nilsons nursed from her. It felt incredibly good. Her milk was flowing and she could feel the steady build toward another orgasm. Her eyes fluttered open from time to time to see Ty grinning at her in approval. Still, this wasn't exactly what she wanted. Gil and Sophie were on either side of her, lying next to her while they nursed. She wanted to be fucked at the same time. Since they were both mesmerized by what they were doing, the two easily lost track of time and Marissa didn't want to run out of milk.

She pushed them both away. Both her nursers looked a little offended at having been cut short. "I need more," she told them. "Lay down. I'll hand my tits in your face."

"What?" They were puzzled by the turn of events.

"Listen, this is for me," Marissa insisted. Even though they were in the Nilsons' house and the Wirths had been invited for a group sex romp, somehow Marissa had gotten the upper hand and taken control of the situation, probably because the Nilsons were both hiding something from their partner and were playing the role of ingénue. "I want to get off by you two nursing from me and Ty fucking me. Got it?"

They both nodded while Ty fought to control his grin and stop himself from laughing. Watching his wife get exactly what she wanted was excitement enough for him; his cock was rising again. Both Gil and Sophie lay down as Marissa instructed them, almost head to head with their bodies angled outward. She got down on her hands and knees over them, positioning her large, heavy breasts in their faces so they could easily nurse from her. Seeing his cue, Ty got behind his wife, pushed his cock into her slippery cunt, and started pumping away as Marissa moaned out loud with enthusiasm he hadn't heard in years.

"Ohmygod," she grunted as Ty's thrusts faintly shook her flesh with each impact. "This is what I've wanted. Yes. More. I wish I had a cock to suck on," she mused out loud.

That made Ty laugh. "We need one more person to please you?" he asked. "Do you really need another cock in your mouth?"

She glanced at him over her shoulder while the Nilsons' continued to nurse. Oddly, both of them had moved a hand to their genitals. Both were masturbating while nursing from Marissa. "Yeah. What's wrong with that?" Marissa questioned him.

"You would still have one more hole to be filled," he commented, pressing his thumb gently on her exposed anus. Marissa tried to shy away, but found she was effectively held in place by her three lovers.

"Maybe three is enough," Marissa conceded as she felt control of her body start to slip away. She loved that feeling. Her pussy was full, her breasts were draining and her needs were being fulfilled.

When she finally came it was like an explosion behind her eyes and she lost all sense of who she was. It was the perfect orgasm.

"You can stop now," Marissa said when she came back to her senses.

"Don't wanna," Ty grunted as he fucked her faster and faster. "Almost there."

"Not you," she said. "Them." She raised herself up, pulling her tits from her lovers' mouths. Her nipples continued to drip milk. Little droplets rained down on Gil and Sophie. Neither complained. "Let him finish," she said as Ty grabbed her hips and started to cum.

It was always satisfying for Marissa to have Ty finish inside her after she had already cum. True, it wasn't as good as another orgasm, but it was better than having him pull out and spray his cum on her ass or stomach.

They breathed heavily after they finished. Marissa watched as her milk slowly continued to dribble out of her breasts. She was sitting back on her heels now, so the drops either slid down her breasts to her stomach or fell to her thighs.

"Do they ever stop leaking?" Gil asked. She was still on her back looking up at Marissa. One hand was still on his cock while he reached up with the other and wiped a few beads of milk away, bringing them to his mouth for a taste. It was still sweet. A thrill of jealousy ran through Sophie, so she reached up and did the same thing.

"Only when I'm completely empty or I'm not turned on." She looked down at the two who had been nursing from her. It was too tempting not to give in so Marissa grabbed her breasts and squeezed them, forcing out her milk, spraying it across their bodies. The tiny little droplets fell on them like rain. Sophie actually giggled at the treatment while Gil just accepted the anointing with a bemused expression on his face.

"You're wasting it, dear," Ty said.

"It's mine to waste, but if you don't like it, lick it up."

Sophie had already lifted up the back of her hand to her face and was tasting the ever-so-sweet milk when Ty moved around his wife to give Sophie a tongue bath where the combination of her sweat mixed with Marissa's milk tantalized his tongue. Gil happily accepted the same treatment from Marissa. He was still on his back so when she leaned over him to lick up her milk; he caught her breast in his mouth and nursed greedily. She didn't mind.

"Isn't that a little…I don't know, odd, drinking your own milk?" asked Sophie as she watched Marissa licking Gil's body.

"Isn't it a little odd to drink your own saliva?" said Marissa.

"Touché," Sophie replied.

"This is a little odd," Gil commented as he released Marissa's breast so she

could continue to clean his body of her milk. “Is this how it went when you two were more…active?”

Ty shook his head. “No. She wasn’t lactating at the time.”

“Ha ha,” scoffed Marissa. “No. It goes however you want it to go. Does having sex with a group of people make you uncomfortable?” She fixed him with a stare, daring him to reveal what he had already done with Ty and her previously without Sophie’s knowledge.

“No, it’s just new and different,” he replied quickly, squirming out from the difficult situation.

“How about you, Sophie?” asked Ty.

“I liked it,” she said brightly. “I’ve never had sex with a woman before. Would you mind if we went a little further?” she asked Marissa.

“I wouldn’t mind at all,” Gil piped up.

“No one was asking you,” his wife snapped at him.

“I wouldn’t mind at all,” said Marissa as she laid back against the headboard and opened up her legs. “But I might be a little bit dirty down there.”

A smile crept across Sophie’s face. “That’s okay. I think I’m into dirty.”

“You’re husband made me dirty first, but I think Ty left a big load in me. Do you mind?”

Sophie shook her head, her blonde hair waved in front of her face. “I’ve swallowed plenty of cum before.”

The men watched as Sophie went down on Marissa. Almost immediately Gil became erect and started stroking himself. Ty, having seen it before, wasn’t so quick to follow, but he had already cum twice.

“Do you like that, hon?” Gil asked his wife.

She opened her eyes, looking up from the apex of Marissa’s legs. Her lips and

tongue were busy pleasing the other woman, but the noises they both made answered his question.

“Can I fuck you?”

“Uh-huh.” That she managed to make clear even with her tongue busily sliding around Marissa’s clit.

Ty watched as Gil got behind Sophie who put her ass in the air to make it easier for him to slip into her pussy. He didn’t say anything, but the pretty blonde appeared more interested in Marissa’s pussy than Gil’s cock.

Afterwards, when they were all exhausted and the evening was winding down, Sophie asked, “Now what?”

“We have to go home. The babysitter is expecting us,” said Ty.

“No, I mean…us. Do we just pretend this never happened or what?” She giggled nervously.

“Absolutely no. We’ll have to do it again sometime,” said Marissa as she finished putting on her shirt and gave her friend a peck on the cheek. “Soon. Very soon.”

On the drive home, Ty said to his wife, “Don’t you find it a little bit odd that nothing was said about the two of them fooling around with us previously?”

Marissa dismissed his concern with a shrug. “Nope. They obviously haven’t told each other everything yet, or maybe they’re in denial about it. I don’t care either way. I got what I wanted.”

“To be fucked why both your breasts are nursed from?” he asked.

“Uh-huh. And it’s going to happen again. Next time with Gil fucking me.”

“You’re walking a dangerous path,” he warned her.

“Don’t I know it! It’s exciting, isn’t it?”

Chapter Two

“DID YOU MIND your husband fucking me?” Marissa asked Sophie as she nursed from her breast. They were curled up on Marissa’s couch, Sophie’s head on a pillow on Marissa lap. Marissa’s blouse was open and she wasn’t wearing a bra underneath. She had gone all day braless in anticipation of her friend coming over for a quick nursing session in the early afternoon.

Pulling her mouth off Marissa’s breast Sophie replied, “No. I mean, it was weird at first, but then, I guess I’ve been cheating on him already for a while and I suppose it was his turn.” She smiled. “It was actually kind of thrilling. I’ve never done anything like that before and…well, my life isn’t so boring anymore.”

“I’m glad. We need to get together again as soon as possible.”

Sophie took a few more pulls from Marissa’s breast and said, “You’re certainly eager.”

Marissa reached out and gently massaged her friend’s small breasts through her shirt. “I sure am. Nurse from me a little more and we can have sex, okay?”

Nuzzling her cheek against Marissa’s soft breast, Sophie said, “You really enjoy this don’t you? People sucking on your tits?”

“I love feeding my lovers,” she replied. “And it’s almost impossible to describe how good it feels when my milk is coming out and you or Ty is sucking on me. I can cum from it, but it’s not the same as an orgasm from my clit or pussy. It’s completely different.” She was still kneading Sophie’s chest. “You should try it. You’ll like it.”

Sophie shook her head. “I don’t mind drinking it, but I don’t think I could be a supplier.”

“Don’t be so sure.” Marissa slipped her hand under Sophie’s shirt and burrowed into her bra. Her nimble fingers found the blonde woman’s nipple and she gently twisted it between thumb and forefinger. Sophie didn’t complain. “You have

lovely breasts. I'd like to see them grow."

"I like them small," breathed Sophie. Her eyes had closed and she was concentrating on what Marissa was doing to her. Turning her head she recaptured Marissa's nipple and started sucking in the sweet milk.

"You'd look so beautiful with them bigger," said Marissa softly. Her free hand went down Sophie's body, quickly opened up her slacks, and dipped into her panties. A moment later she was fingering Sophie's pussy. The blonde woman only encouraged her lover by pushing down her clothing and spreading open her knees. They didn't have much time but Marissa was completely intent on getting her friend off.

Marissa knew that Ty would be thrilled at the scent of Sophie's pussy on her fingers when he got home.

"Go carefully," Marissa told Gil as he anxiously pushed up her shirt and pulled at the flaps to her nursing bra.

"Why?" he asked, barely listening to her.

"I'm fuller than normal and I'm really sore."

"Oh? Why?"

"Well, between feed Ty like I normally do and this weekend with all four of us, my boobs have gone into production overdrive. The more I get nursed, the more I produce."

Gil had already latched on and was sucked on her. Marissa's milk immediately let down and her breast still inside her bra started to wet the pad she was wearing.

"Ty must be really thirst for you lately. I didn't realize the two of us plus this weekend could get you to make so much milk."

Marissa had almost slipped and revealed her extra encounter on Monday with Sophie. "Yeah…" she breathed and pulled his face to her chest.

They got on the bed and he continued to nurse from her as she sat up with his head in her lap. While she enjoyed this, she had been looking forward to suffering his big cock in her pussy. Reaching out she opened up his pants, pulled out his cock, and started stroking him to an erection.

They passed a few moments in silence as he nursed and she masturbated him. Everything was going well and Marissa could feel her juices pooling in her panties. That didn't bother her but she knew what that meant…and she let it happen. Her soft sighs slowly turned to more audible moans and, unconsciously, she started rubbing his cock faster and faster. Just as she was step over the edge Gil pulled his mouth free of her tit.

"Slow down!" He twisted his hips so his cock moved out of her hand. "I don't want to cum too soon."

"Fuck!" she cursed and slapped him across the face. Just a dribble of milk was coming out of the corner of his mouth and her nipple was wet with his saliva which immediately cooled her ardor as the fresh air in the apartment. Her nipple went from soft and relaxed to hard and almost painful.

"What the hell was that for?" he exclaimed.

"I was about to cum. Never stop sucking my milk unless I tell you!" She was legitimately enraged and all but shoved her nipple back into his mouth while pulling his head to her. All thoughts of his cock and pleasure was now gone from her mind.

"Sorry. Jeez. You didn't have to slap me."

"Just start nursing again and make me cum," she ordered.

He obeyed with only a bit of reluctance. It took some effort to bring her back to the edge where she needed to be. This time she only held his cock—firmly—in her hand. No rubbing, but did so tightly enough to excite him. And then, without warning, she was cumming with a stifled scream as she arched her back and almost dislodged him from her lap.

"I needed that," she told him when she was relaxed again as she wiped the small beads of perspiration from her forehead.

“You’re welcome,” said Gil with a touch of sarcasm. He took her hand and placed it back on his cock. “My turn.”

“Says who?” she replied a bit snidely.

“Oh, come on. I just got you off and emptied your tits which you were complaining about a minute ago.”

“Fine,” she said with some reluctance. “Care for a blowjob?”

“Sure.”

They were still mostly clothed. Marissa had removed her shirt but was still wearing her nursing bra with both flaps down. Gil had opened up his pants, but they were still on. Moving her body around so that she was now kneeling on the floor, Marissa took his cock into her mouth as he laid on the bed. It was just the right height for her to service him and she proceeded to give enthusiastic fellatio.

So focused was Gil on getting what he wanted, he didn’t really notice that Marissa was working him faster than he wanted. All too soon he felt himself pushed over the edge. She pulled back so that his spunk went flying out the end of his cock and splashing down on his chest. He was still wearing his work shirt.

“What the fuck!” he shouted.

“Sorry,” said Marissa not feeling the least bit sorry about the mess she made.

“What am I going to do about this? I don’t have time to run home for a new shirt.”

“Clean it off and put on a tie. You’ll be fine.” Marissa had to stifle a giggle.

“I’m glad you think this is funny.”

“Oh, get over it, Gil. Tell me, when are you going to tell your wife about you and me, huh? Are you ashamed that you were fucking me before she got into bed with us?”

“No,” she snapped at her as he walked to the bathroom, pulling off his shirt to wash the cum off the material.

Over the running water Marissa called to him from the bedroom, “Why don’t you tell her that you want to fuck me one-on-one? How does that sound? I can go over to your place and she can come to mine to fuck Ty.”

He came out of the bathroom with a large water spot on the front of his shirt. “I don’t think that will work either.”

She rolled her eyes and him and turned over. “Urgh. You are so boring and conservative.”

It took a few weeks, but eventually the couples agreed to get together again. The second time everyone was more relaxed and there wasn’t a need for alcohol. They didn’t even bother with dinner before the four of them were in the bedroom and removing their clothes.

“God my tits are full,” said Marissa as she removed her bra. “Feels good to get that off.” She smiled at Sophie, looking for understanding from her friend, and realized that Sophie didn’t have half the problems she did in dealing with large breasts. “Who wants to nurse first?” she asked, looking around the room.

Gil and Ty exchanged a quick glance. “We’ll be right back,” said Gil and the two of them all but ran out of the bedroom.

“What’s that all about?” asked Marissa.

Sophie shrugged. “I haven’t the faintest.”

Marissa walked to the open door and called after the men, “You’re going to be missing so hot lesbian action up here.” Her announcement made Sophie giggle and she approached the blonde woman, embraced her and they kissed. As it turned out, the men were missing some hot lesbian action. By the time Gil and Ty returned Marissa had stripped Sophie naked and had buried her face in the other woman’s blonde pussy. She was still in her black leggings, but was topless and still had full breasts.

“Whoa,” commented Gil as he took in the scene.

“See what you miss when you skip out on us?” asked Marissa, turning her face

away from Sophie's wet pussy. Moisture covered Marissa's chin and was starting to run down her neck. Her brows furrowed. "What do you have there?"

"Just some rope," said Gil, brandishing many yards of cotton clothesline.

"And a breast pump," added Ty, brandishing the tool that Ty had used months ago on Marissa.

"No," she said firmly.

"I don't think you have a choice in this matter," Ty replied with just as much firmness.

"I think I do."

"What are they up to," asked Sophie. She was annoyed that Marissa had been called away from her important duty of eating her pussy and getting her off.

"I guessing that they want to tie me—and maybe you—up. And probably force me to use that damn breast pump."

"Smart girl," said Ty. "Gil says he was an Eagle Scout and still knows how to make the best knots to tie you up."

"How come you've never tied me up?" asked Sophie a little petulantly. "We should have done that before getting involved with these two. Why didn't we?"

Gil ignored his wife's question and addressed Marissa. "It'll be fun," he insisted. "A little tease and torment will be more enjoyable than you realize."

"How would you know?" she tossed back at him.

"I wouldn't mind being tied up," Sophie chimed in. Everyone looked at her. "Or at least seeing Marissa tied up seems exciting," she amended.

Marissa's face twisted into an expression of betrayal. "Thanks for your support," she said sarcastically.

The anger that Marissa expressed didn't deter Sophie. "I think it'll be exciting to see you tied up," was her response.

Rolling her eyes, Marissa said, “Fine. Sure. Whatever. As long as I can get off, I’ll go along with this stupid, stupid plan.”

It was obvious that Ty and Gil had planned this without informing the women. And Gil must have been studying binding techniques to use on Marissa. They had her fold her hands behind her back and then bound her wrists together, adding more and more rope to the point where Gil had created what could best be described as a harness around her chest, but kept her breasts exposed. Once her arms were immobilized they pulled off her leggings and panties, rendering her naked; she didn’t mind.

Forcing her down to her knees, she was tied between the posts of the bed’s footboard with the harness secured to the posts so she was forced to stay kneeling up, unable to rest down on her thighs. The position was such that she was leaning forward slight. “This is uncomfortable,” she complained when they were done.

“It’s supposed to be,” Ty pointed out.

“Thanks.”

“We need you learning forward because we want to pump your breasts,” added Gil.

Ty cleared his throat.

“I want to pump your breasts,” he corrected himself.

“What? No. I want to be nursed, not pumped.” For the first time she struggled against their bindings and she realized that Gil was an expert at tying knots. She could barely move. “Shit! Let me loose!”

“Not yet,” said Gil as he started to set up the pump.

“Are you really going to use that on her?” asked Sophie. She had watched the whole binding process, intrigued with it, but this was the first time she spoke.

“Yes.”

“Isn’t it going to hurt?”

“No,” answered Ty. “It’s designed for women who need to pump their milk when they’re at work, away from their babies.”

“It hurts,” Marissa contradicted him.

“Don’t listen to her,” said Ty. “She used to do this all the time.”

Marissa changed tactics. “Milk fresh from the source is so much better than from the bottle.”

“Who says were going to drink it?”

Sophie watched, enthralled, as Ty and Gil set up the machine and pressed the soft silicone cups to her breasts after turning on the pump. It hummed to life and firmly gabbed onto Marissa’s soft flesh. It was easy to align the nipples with the collection tube and before she realized it, Marissa’s milk was flowing down through the tubes to the collection bottles.

“Oohh,” she moaned as control of her body was taken away from her. Sophie continued to watch. The pump would cycle, pulling on her flesh, extracting her milk, and then pausing to give her a rest. It ran on and on and Marissa let out little signs and moans.

“It must feel good,” Sophie said in admiration.

“It’s…okay,” said Marissa. It was obviously better than okay, it was like enforced masturbation but she couldn’t grind her pussy down on anything.

“You like it,” Sophie said.

“Uh-huh,” Marissa answered vaguely.

“I like it too. But I want the guys to fuck me now.” Watching Marissa was fine, but she needed to get off. The two men took their cue and left Marissa on the floor, suffering with the pump, as they got on the bed with Sophie. Marissa turned her head around to watch what they were doing. Jealousy lumped in her throat.

“Don’t” was all she said.

The three ignored her as Ty went down on Sophie while Gil stripped. When he was naked he rolled her to the side, got behind her, lifted up her leg, and shoved his hard cock into her pussy as Ty continued licking her clit. Intrigued by the noises, Marissa craned her head around and saw what was going on. Once she established exactly what was happening, she called out plaintively, “Is that what she wants?”

“Oh yeah,” answered Sophie, her voice deep and throaty.

“Isn’t anyone going to release me?” ask Marissa.

“When we’re gone with Soph,” Ty said.

It wasn’t the answer she wanted to hear, but it was all that she was going to get at the moment. It wasn’t so terrible being pumped while her friend was fucked by her husband and lover. She just wanted all the attention to herself.

The moans and noises coming from Sophie were frustration. The pump pulling on her boobs was frustrating. The need to cum and not get the friction she wanted was frustrating. All three factors put together was a perfect storm for her to—eventually—realize that she was steadily headed to an orgasm she didn’t entirely want. The only this crueler than this would have been if Gil and Ty had inserted a vibrator into her pussy, strapped it in, and turned it on to the lowest, weakest setting that would never be enough to get her off.

Without realizing it Marissa let out a moan of complete frustration.

The trio on the bed didn’t react to her. They were too involved in their own situation. Once more Marissa turned her head and saw they had shifted positions slightly. Gil was still fucking his wife from behind, but now Ty was receiving a blowjob from Sophie. The three moved together well and Marissa wished she was the one between them. The sight frustrated her even more and she groaned again, wishing the pump would pull harder on her nipples and make her cum.

“She’s gonna cum soon,” Ty announced.

“Sophie?” asked Gil. “She’s not even close.”

“No. Marissa. Listen to her.”

The men paused briefly in their use of Sophie to listen to the now steady moans coming from Marissa. She was all but panting. The sounds she was making encouraged Gil to thrust faster and before she knew it, Marissa was cumming not from the pleasant manipulation of her clit or the heavy thrust of a cock in her pussy, but from her nipples alone.

It was the most annoying type of orgasm because it gave some relief, but not nearly enough.

When she had recovered from the moment of crisis, she realized that Ty and Gil were chuckling at her. “Give me a minute or two, dear,” said Ty, “and then I’ll take care of you.”

The pump didn’t stop and Marissa felt the urge to cum again slowly building. Gil had been appreciative of her efforts and he shortly finished in his wife’s pussy. Sophie paused in her blowjob long enough to compliment his big cock and the way it satisfied her. Ty wasn’t having any of that. He put his cock back in her mouth and all but fucked her throat until he came a minute later, filling her mouth with cum. Sophie found she didn’t mind being used in this way when she was the center of attention and being pleasured.

“Did she cum?” Marissa called out, awkwardly turning her head again.

“Just a couple of times,” answered Sophie. “Your husband’s fingers are amazing.”

“Do me a favor, hon? Get down with Marissa and give her clit a little rubbing. She needs to really cum.”

With a laugh and a grin Sophie climbed off the bed and knelt in front of Marissa. Her legs were already open and the blonde woman carefully reached around the tubes from the breast pump which was still running to find Marissa’s hot little clit. She only had to rub the small, wet nub a few times before Marissa found herself shaking with a relieving climax.

“I needed that,” she whimpered.

“Do you want more?” asked Sophie. She glanced up at the men who were watching her from the bed.

Her moan said it all. “Always.”

“I was hoping you’d say that,” she replied and reached for Marissa’s pussy again.

The men chuckled as Marissa tried to prevent Sophie from jilling her off again, twisting her torso and thighs to force away the blonde’s hand, but it was a wasted effort. “Too much,” she complained as Sophie started rubbing again. But her complaint went unheard and even though she professed to not want the attention, her moans and sighs gave away her true feelings. It was incredibly easy to get her off a second time.

The way she clenched and strained as she came made Sophie laugh. “Did that feel good?” she asked.

“Sort of,” Marissa confessed. “You have to stop. It’s too much. I need a break.”

Sophie glanced up at the men. “Should I stop?”

Ty looked at the breast pump’s collection bottles; they were nearly full. “Yeah… stop. We don’t want all her milk taken out just yet.” He grinned.

Sophie switched off the machine and carefully detached the cups from Marissa’s tits. Once the soft cups were removed, she saw how distended and red Marissa’s breasts and nipples were. It was halfway horrifying and halfway erotically exciting.

“Oh. Wow. They must hurt,” Sophie commented.

Marissa shook her head. “No. Not really. They actually feel better now after being drained.”

Sophie softly touched her friend’s breasts. “They’re still so big.”

“I’ve found that men love women with big boobs.” She paused and added with a wink, “So do some women.”

Her flirting made Sophie laugh nervously. “I think I like my small boobs,” she confided in her friend.

“I’d like ‘em bigger,” commented Gil from the bed with a laugh.

“I’d like to be released,” said Marissa.

“Didn’t she give you a bit of release just now?” asked Ty, snickering.

“Untie me,” she told her husband, unamused with his antics.

“Okay, okay, but I’m not really sure how to do it.”

Gil was the one who came to her rescue. It took a few minutes but he untied her from the posts first and then unwrapped the carefully placed line from her arms and chest. Once she was freed she was shocked at the marks—indentations—left on her skin.

“It’s kind of pretty,” said Sophie, running her fingers over the unnatural ridges. “They sort of look like creases from a too-tight bra, but perfectly parallel and lovely.”

“You sound jealous,” commented Gil. “Want me to tie you up next?”

“No!”

“What she wants is bigger boobs,” said Marissa. She had unscrewed the collection tubes from the bottles and sealed them. Brandishing the two cups she asked Sophie, “Want to start growing them larger?”

Self-consciously Sophie crossed her arms in front of her tits. “No. That’s okay. I’m good.”

“Try it, Soph,” Gil encouraged her. “It doesn’t hurt.”

“How would you know?” she snapped at her husband.

“It doesn’t hurt,” Marissa confirmed. “I kind of like it.”

Sophie didn’t trust that answer. “You were complaining a minute ago.”

“I was complaining about the quality of the orgasm. The pump can make me cum, but I much prefer to cum from a cock in my pussy.” She smiled warmly. “Come on, give ‘em a try. Now’s not the time to pretend you’re all uptight and

closed to new ideas."

"I don't have any milk to pump," Sophie pointed out.

"Lots of women use pumps to induce lactation, you know for adopted babies or because they have trouble getting going when they have a baby." She reached out and caressed Sophie's small breast. "Come on. Give it a whirl once for me."

After huffing at the pressure being directed at her, she caved. "Fine. But I'm not getting tied up to do it."

"I didn't ask that," Gil said.

"Should I lay down?"

"No, sit up. That's the best way to get started," said Marissa. "Ty, would you mind putting my milk in the refrigerator? I don't want it to go bad."

"But I want to watch," he pretended to whine.

"Just do it. You're not missing anything."

"Fine." Ty disappeared in a flash. It took some time to get Sophie in positions and the pump adjusted. He was back before Marissa had switched the pump on. Marissa had it adjusted to the lowest setting but Sophie was still surprised at the power of the little machine when it pulled on her small breasts and drew her nipple out to a frightening distance.

"Holy shit!"

"Does it hurt?" Marissa asked.

"No, I just didn't realize I'm so…flexible? Elastic?" She watched as the pump cycled and her breasts were pulled forward again. They all watched. It should have been shocking seeing her body mistreated in such a fashion, but Sophie couldn't help but be fascinated.

They were all crowded around Sophie, watching the pump work on her tits. "I like this," Gil declared. "If it grows your boobs, I'm all for it."

“That’s not going to happen,” Sophie said firmly, but then the pump cycled again and it started to feel really good. She was familiar with the sensation and realized she was getting turned on. Enough time with the pump, she realized, and she wouldn’t mind using it every day. But she didn’t want Gil to know that. “God that feels good,” she sighed.

Everyone else laughed.

“What?” she complained.

“Said the woman who didn’t want to even try the pump,” said Ty.

“I just don’t want big boobs,” she said and then sighed again as her breasts were pulled by the pump.

“It won’t necessarily make them bigger,” said Marissa. “Maybe a bit fuller. The idea of the pump is to get you to make milk, not to enlarge your tits.”

“I’m not sure I want to make milk,” said Sophie.

“I wouldn’t mind,” Gil piped up.

“Me either,” added Ty.

“It’s not your decision,” said Sophie with closed eyes.

“Open your legs a bit,” Ty encouraged her. She was already sitting on the edge of the bed so when she followed Ty’s suggestion, her pussy was exposed and vulnerable. He reached for it and she didn’t object. “Do you like that?”

“Yeah…” she didn’t want to admit it, but it was the truth.

“Hold the cups,” said Marissa, passing them off to her friend.

“Okay…” She was barely thinking at this point. She was too distracted by the pump and Ty’s fingers.

“You can do this on your own,” Marissa said as she took Gil by the hand and led him around to the other side of the bed. His large cock was slowly inflating again and she was intent on having it at least once before the end of the night.

Sophie barely took notice of the two pairing off. She did notice when Ty pushed her legs open wider so he could move his head between her thighs. That was enough to make her flop back on the bed while holding the cups to her breasts. She rested her feet on the floor while Ty ate her out. It was much more enjoyable than she could have imagined.

Chapter Three

THE BREAST PUMP was still on the floor the next morning. Ty and Marissa had gone home, taking her milk with them, and their lovers had fallen asleep together. Gil looked at the pump while he got ready for the day.

“I wouldn’t mind you having larger breasts,” he said casually as he unplugged the device and moved it to the side of the room.

“I would,” she told him.

“Well then, I wouldn’t mind if you were producing milk for me.”

She wanted to snap at him again, but found that she didn’t have the words. It was an intriguing idea. She loved the feel and taste of Marissa’s breasts and milk in her mouth so she completely understood Gil’s desire. It was strange to realize she had become accustomed to having sex with several people and was beyond the jealousy that she knew she should be feeling. Having her breasts produce milk would be thrilling—dangerous and naughty—because it would be something she could do for Gil…and Marissa…and Ty.

“Okay, that wouldn’t be so bad, but it’s not going to happen.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m not getting pregnant just to indulge in your fetish.”

“It’s Ty and Marissa’s fetish as well,” he pointed out.

“That’s not helping your case.”

“You don’t have to get pregnant,” he pointed out. “You heard Marissa last night. Lots of women use pumps to induce lactation. Mostly for babies, but there have to be a few out there who do it for their husbands…or wives…or boyfriends and/or girlfriends, right?”

She couldn’t argue with his logic. “That doesn’t mean I’m going to do it.”

“But do you want to do it?” he asked.

“It’s a lot of effort, I’m sure. Probably more than it’s worth.”

“But are you willing to try?”

She didn’t answer right away.

“They’re really full this morning,” said Ty to Marissa as he rolled over in bed to cuddle his wife to his body. His hand naturally went to her breast and he could feel she was engorged.

“I know,” she complained. “You need to nurse,” she told him, pushing back and facing him. “They hurt.”

“Why?” he asked as she pulled down her nightshirt and exposed her nipple.

“Because of your fucking stunt with Gil last night.”

Ty paused a second between suckling. “You said you liked it.”

She pulled his mouth back to her breast. “Yeah, I liked it. It got me off. But when you use a breast pump on me, and then everyone nurses on me, my tits kick into high gear and make even more milk. It’s a feedback loop, stupid. The more I get nursed, the more milk I make. At this point I’m making milk for three people. It’s getting out of control.”

“And you don’t like it?”

“I didn’t say that exactly.”

If nothing else, Marissa was right about her milk. It flowed easily and there was a huge amount of it. She had never had trouble producing enough milk to please Ty, but once she pointed out that her production had gone way up, it was easily noticeable. This was both good and bad for Ty. He enjoyed the intimacy and satisfaction of nursing from his wife, but on the downside he realized that it was starting to be physically exhausting to her. At this point she had three lovers, him, Gil, and Sophie. While he wasn’t sure how much milk the other two were

drinking, an adult woman wasn't supposed to be feeding three people on demand. But he allowed himself not to think too deeply about the problem… until she unceremoniously pulled her breast from his mouth.

"That's enough," she told him, pulling her nightshirt back into place.

"No it's not," he complained.

"I'm cutting you off. You're being weaned. I've decided to cut down my production."

"Just now?"

"Yeah, just now. Does it make a difference?" She was practically shouting at him.

"No. Sorry. Just feeling a little out of the loop. I just really like nursing from you."

"I know, hon, but this isn't going to go on forever."

Ty liked watching his wife get fucked by Gil. He didn't see any harm in it and his wife loved to have his cock inside her. The way her body shook with each impact of Gil's hips on her ass sent lovely shockwaves through her flesh. The fact that Sophie was sucking on his cock while he watched his wife fornicate with his friend was just the icing on the cake.

Gil was fucking Marissa from behind; she was on her hands and knees. Ty was lying on the bed next to them, letting Sophie get him hard. He wasn't sure if he was going to fuck his wife first or Sophie, but it didn't matter. They had plenty of time.

Sophie noticed Ty was focused on his wife and not her. She took his cock out of her mouth. "I'm not enough for you?" she asked with a grin. "You like watching them?"

"Yeah. I just wonder what they do when they're alone." He wasn't thinking when he said that. He was letting his erotic imagination wander.

“They’re doing it right now,” she pointed out and licked his cock from balls to tip.

“No, when we’re not here.”

Sophie shook her head. “No, they don’t do that.”

Gil was only half listening to what the other two were saying, but he slowed the pace of his thrusts as it dawned upon him exactly what was going on.

“Sure they do. Like when you and Marissa mess around.”

“What was that?” asked Gil. He had stopped fucking Marissa at this point which annoyed her because she was eager to have an orgasm.

Sophie sat up, letting Ty’s cock go. “Nothing. He’s just fantasizing.”

“Are you fucking Marissa alone?” asked Gil, confused.

“No. Are you fucking her alone?” Sophie snapped back.

“No one’s fucking me right now,” Marissa demanded. She circled her ankle around his back and encouraged him to resume his rhythm. “C’mon.”

Eventually the distraction passed and Sophie climbed on top of Ty’s body. They watched as Gil and Marissa finished which ended with Gil nursing from Marissa’s breasts to relieve her tenderness. Even after everyone was satiated with the climaxes, the rest of the evening was uncomfortable.

Both Gil and Sophie suspected the other was lying about their history.

“He’s got me using the breast pump twice a day,” Sophie told Gil on the phone. He had called her. They never really talked as a pair, only when their spouses were around. “I like how it feels, but I’m not sure I want to be lactating. And I don’t want bigger tits.”

“Uh-huh. That’s understandable. You have a nice body, very lean and athletic. I like it.”

“Thanks.”

“It would be great if you were lactating, though. I’d love to be able to nurse from two different women.”

“Unfaithful,” she teased.

“Just like you,” he pointed out.

She froze. “Don’t say that. You nearly fucked up everything for Gil and me.”

“Sorry about that. It just slipped out. But the way you two hide secrets, it’s a hell of a way to run a marriage.”

“Don’t judge me.”

“I’m not. I’m just offering my opinion.”

“Right. Anyway, why did you call me?”

“You know why I called you,” he said .”I want to fuck you. Alone and without anyone else in the bed.”

“I don’t cheat on my husband,” she lied.

“So what is it that you do with Marissa?”

“What I do with her…she offers things that Gil doesn’t.”

“Do you want to have sex with me?” he asked. “Just tell me the truth. You don’t have to follow through with it.”

“Sure, I’d have sex with you. Alone.”

“Want to meet tomorrow for it?”

After a brief silence she said, “Yes.”

The sex with Ty was surprisingly sweet and surprisingly intense. It was a tryst

and nothing else. Both were relieved that Marissa wasn't there demanding attention to her tits, to have her milk drained. They met, they kissed, they stripped off their clothes and they fucked like two people who knew they were cheating on their partners and didn't care about it. The first time left Sophie was a soaking wet pussy, from her juices and his cum, while Ty's abdominal muscles actually hurt from how hard he had fucked her. His taint was sore with the intensity of his orgasm.

"Oh, wow," Sophie saw when he rolled off her. "That was like…first time sex. The first time you go to bed with a new guy."

"It sort of was," breathed Ty.

"Do you feel guilty a little, about not telling Marissa and Gil?" she asked him nervously.

"Yup. But that's part of the fun. A little guilt makes the sex a little better. Or a lot better in this case."

She laughed and rolled on top of him. His cock was still a little firm, but not enough to enter her again, even if that was exactly what she wanted. "So you're saying I should feel guilty and shouldn't feel bad about being guilty?"

"That's it exactly."

"Want to fuck me again?"

"Sure, but I'm not sure if I'm up to the task just yet."

"Want me to go down on you?"

"Sure."

She did so willingly. She knew she would taste her pussy and his cum on his cock and that somehow made it better. It felt wonderfully dirty and wrong and it made her enthusiastically blow him. In short order he was up and ready for business again. Sophie wanted to be in charge this time and she climbed back on his body, took his hard cock and inserted it into her pussy so she could ride him the way she liked.

“Don’t take this the wrong way, but you’re smaller than Gil.”

“Thanks,” he said drily.

“He’s so big he hurts me sometimes.”

“Marissa’s a size queen. For her the bigger the better.” He reached up and gently held her tits, lightly rolling the nipples back and forth, pinching slightly. It felt good to her; not nearly as good as the breast pump she was using twice a day at Gil’s insistence, but good nonetheless.

“Don’t stop,” she told him as she rocked her hips faster, making his cock go exactly where she wanted it.

“You’re running this show,” he reminded her.

“Don’t stop playing with them,” she clarified, looking down at her chest.

He didn’t, but only increased the intensity of the pinches as she started bouncing up and down, almost out of control. By the time he was to the point of squeezing them so hard he was certain he was causing more pain and actual bruising rather than pleasure, she screamed out, “I love you!” as she came.

Both were mortified at her outburst. It didn’t stop her climax nor did it prevent his a moment later. Ty was actually a bit ashamed that the words made him cum all the harder because of how wrong they were for her to utter and for him to hear.

After the moment passed and she had collapsed on his chest, breathing heavily, facing away from him, he said, “You don’t, you know. You don’t really love me. You need to be able to separate sex from love.”

“I know,” she whispered back to him. “But it felt good to say anyway.”

“What’s this?” Sophie asked after Marissa passed her a huge bottle of pills out of her purse.

“Fenugreek. Take three capsules a day three times a day with food, basically

with breakfast, lunch, and dinner."

"Why?"

"Natural lactation induction. You'll have tits as milky as mine in a matter of weeks." She grinned and picked up her bra to strap it on. They had just finished one of their regular afterschool sessions and Marissa was feeling upbeat. The sex had been great and Sophie had nursed from her just enough to take off the pressure while leaving enough for Ty to enjoy later that night. "Don't you want to have boobs like mine," she asked teasingly as she adjusted hers in the bra's cups while slipping the nursing pads into place.

"I told you that I don't want big tits."

"But do you want milky ones?" she asked and kissed Sophie in the familiar way of two lovers. She had to bend over to do it because Sophie was still naked on the bed.

"I don't really know."

"Try it. You'll love it. Trust me." She happily continued getting dressed while Sophie remained quiet on the bed. "Seems kind of crazy we just had sex and we're all supposed to do it again tonight with the guys."

"Do you mind?" asked Sophie. It seemed like the right question to ask.

"Not at all," Marissa answered, the smile never leaving her face. "I tend to find that once my libido gets revved up, I want it more and more. We'll just consider this afternoon a little prelude to tonight, right?"

"Right."

A brief frown crossed Marissa's face. "Not that you aren't pretty when you're naked and all, but are you getting dressed? Is something the matter?"

Sophie shook her head. "No. But these pills…" She shook the bottle. "I wasn't really ready for this."

"You'll take them when you are ready," Marissa declared as she slipped her shoes on and blew her friend a kiss as she walked out the door. Sophie lay on the

bed a long time staring at the ceiling. She had been unable to tell her friend the decision she had made without her husband.

It had become a familiar ritual to the two couples. Every few weeks they would get together as a group and have sex. At first it was thrilling, because it was exciting and new. Then it had become something they just did. Other couples had dinner and drinking parties; the Nilsons and Wirths had dinner and sex. It was just who they were. It was comforting and relaxing to them all.

Mostly.

They kept secret from each other who was sleeping with whom on the side. It was generally understood that Marissa and Sophie were having sex everyone once in a while, but it wasn't to be discussed. Marissa told her husband everything she did with Sophie, but Sophie hid the fact from Gil.

Meanwhile, Gil suspected that his wife had slept with Ty at least once, and probably more, but he didn't mention it because he didn't want to get into an argument with her about him fucking Marissa. He also suspected that Sophie had been to bed with the both of them while he was otherwise occupied, but the same rule applied; he didn't want to cause a problem in the delicate balance of their intertwined relationship.

Marissa was the only one in happy bliss. She knew she was sleeping with everyone and it was an open secret that she had individual relationships with each member of their quartet. The best part was that she was feeding the other three her breast milk. She was giving them just enough milk to keep her breasts flowing but not so much that her tits had enlarged to the point where she was walking around painfully engorged all day.

Ty watched as his wife and the Nilsons made a little daisy chain. Gil was propped up against the headboard while Marissa gave him a blowjob. She was on her hands and knees with Sophie on her back with her face buried in Marissa's muff. Sophie still had her panties on and she had one hand down inside the silky garment. Ty could see her busy fingers moving under the material. A small wet spot had appeared on the white fabric. Not wanting her to feel trapped, he pulled the panties off her and watched a bit more as she played with herself. Then he gently moved her hand aside and proceeded to eat her out.

“Want me to cum in your mouth?” Gil asked. Ty didn’t have a very good view of what his wife was doing to her boyfriend, but he had a good idea. And he didn’t mind because he did have a good view of what Sophie was doing to Marissa’s pussy.

Marissa extracted Gil’s cock from her mouth. “No. I want you to cum in my pussy. She made me ready for you.” Marissa unceremoniously crawled up Gil’s body, barely acknowledging what Sophie had been doing for her and proceeded to slid her well-lubed pussy down Gil’s wet cock. Sophie looked more than a little miffed at the loss of her female lover. Seeing that they had moved along to the next portion of the evening’s entertainment, Ty pulled his face back from Sophie’s sex and started to move up her body in preparation to fucking her.

As he started positioning her to his liking—opening her legs, locking his hips between her thighs—she didn’t object and reacted as she normally had in the past. Only when his cock started to nudge between her nether lips did she start protesting.

“No, no, no. Stop!”

“What’s the matter?” While Ty hadn’t explicitly asked for permission to fuck her, they had done so more than a dozen times in the past and the understanding was only something new needed express consent. “Did I hurt you?” He didn’t understand how he could have, unless he hand somehow inadvertently pulled her hair.

“No, you didn’t hurt me,” Sophie said as she sat up. “I just don’t want to have sex with you right now.”

Gil and Marissa had stopped what they were doing to look at their mates. Neither said anything because they didn’t know what to say. For the first time in her relationships with Gil and Sophie, did Marissa feel a twinge of guilt, but the guilt was because she had Gil’s cock inside her while Sophie was refusing Ty.

Ty asked the obvious question. “Why not?”

“Would you like a blowjob instead?” she asked, already moving to get his cock into her mouth. Ty didn’t object as she fellated him, but he also noticed that she distinctly did not answer his question. What followed was an enthusiastic blowjob from Sophie with a strong finish where she swallowed all of his cum. It

was a nice treat, but it didn't distract him from wondering what exactly was going on.

Marissa finished with Gil cumming inside her. After they were done she said to her friend, "You seem very oral today, Soph. It would be great if you nursed from me." She plumped up her breasts, enticing the blonde woman to partake of her wares. She did so and the men watched for a minute, recovering slowly because they could only generate a certain amount of erotic energy every hour and both knew they wouldn't be able to get their cocks up again for a while.

The two women nestled together a few minutes, with Sophie cuddling Marissa's curvier body, when Marissa abruptly pulled her breast free of Sophie's mouth. "Let's have the guys join in as well."

"Okay," Sophie agreed.

"Lay down."

Sophie did so, but Marissa didn't get into a position where she could be nursed and fucked at the same time. Instead she knelt next to Sophie and grabbed her large breasts, squeezing them so her milk sprayed over the blonde's prone body. Gil and Ty watched in amusement as Marissa did this several times. Sophie didn't object, but she was puzzled at the strange treatment. Shortly her pale skin was made even paler by the white milk that coated her.

"Go ahead, guys," Marissa encouraged them. "Lick it up. She'll love it."

Seeing no reason not to do so, both Gil and Ty applied their tongues to Sophie's body. She soon found herself the center of attention. Marissa focused spraying her on the face, tits, and pussy. Each time Gil or Ty cleaned those particular areas Marissa would lay down another coating. It was fun and amusing, but not nearly as much fun as nursing directly from Marissa's tits, in Ty's opinion.

"Soon you'll be able to do this to me," Marissa commented as she rubbed Sophie's tummy, working the milk into her skin while, right below her hand, Ty's face was buried in Sophie's pussy.

"What?" asked a confused Sophie.

Gil and Ty said nothing, but focused on licking the blonde.

“The fenugreek I gave you. It’ll bring your milk in.”

“Oh.” Sophie relaxed. “Sure. That.”

Gil moved up from Sophie’s breast and kissed his wife, then licked up some of the milk that was still on her cheek. Sophie’s small nipple was wet with Gil’s saliva. It was enticing to Marissa. She couldn’t resist. Reaching out she pinched the nipple with one hand as hard as she dared, while using her other hand to hold Sophie down by wrapping her fingers around her throat.

“Why won’t you fuck my husband?” Marissa asked gruffly.

“Hey!” Gil objected, pulling back. He could have done something else to defend his wife, but he didn’t want to mistreat either of the women. Ty looked up from his place between Sophie’s thighs and stopped moving his tongue.

“I didn’t say that,” Sophie said cautiously. Although Marissa was holding her neck, it wasn’t terribly hard, it was just a strange sensation.

“Why did you tell him no?” Marissa repeated her question.

“Because…because…because I don’t want him getting me pregnant.”

“I thought you had an IUD.”

“I do. I did. I had the doctor take it out.”

Marissa loosened her grip slightly. “Why?”

“Because I want to get pregnant,” she explained, slapping Marissa’s hand away so she could sit up and pull away from her. “But it’s probably best that Gil gets me pregnant, don’t you think?”

“Yeah…” Marissa was stunned. “When did this happen.”

“A week ago.”

“But—” Ty started to say. It had been less than a week since the last time he had met up in private with Sophie. He caught himself and started again. “But why didn’t you say something.”

“Why didn’t you say something to me?” Gil burst out.

She glared at him. “Some things you don’t get a choice in.”

Ty wasn’t sure if he should be relieved that Sophie had refused him or if he should be worried that they had fucked at least once since she had the IUD removed. He glanced at Marissa who was grinning broadly ear to ear. “What?” he asked her confused.

Gil and Sophie looked at her as well. “Why are you so happy?” Sophie asked. She wasn’t entirely sure why she had her IUD removed. Partly she wanted a child, but partly she wanted to see if she could disrupt the quartet they had created.

“Because this time next year, you’re going to have tits as milky as mine,” Marissa replied. She squeezed her breasts one more time, spraying Sophie, anointing her one more time with her milk. “And then…and then, then we can really share everything.” She leaned forward and kissed Sophie lightly, tasting her sweet milk on her lips.

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.

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri

Also by Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

The Keyholder

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity