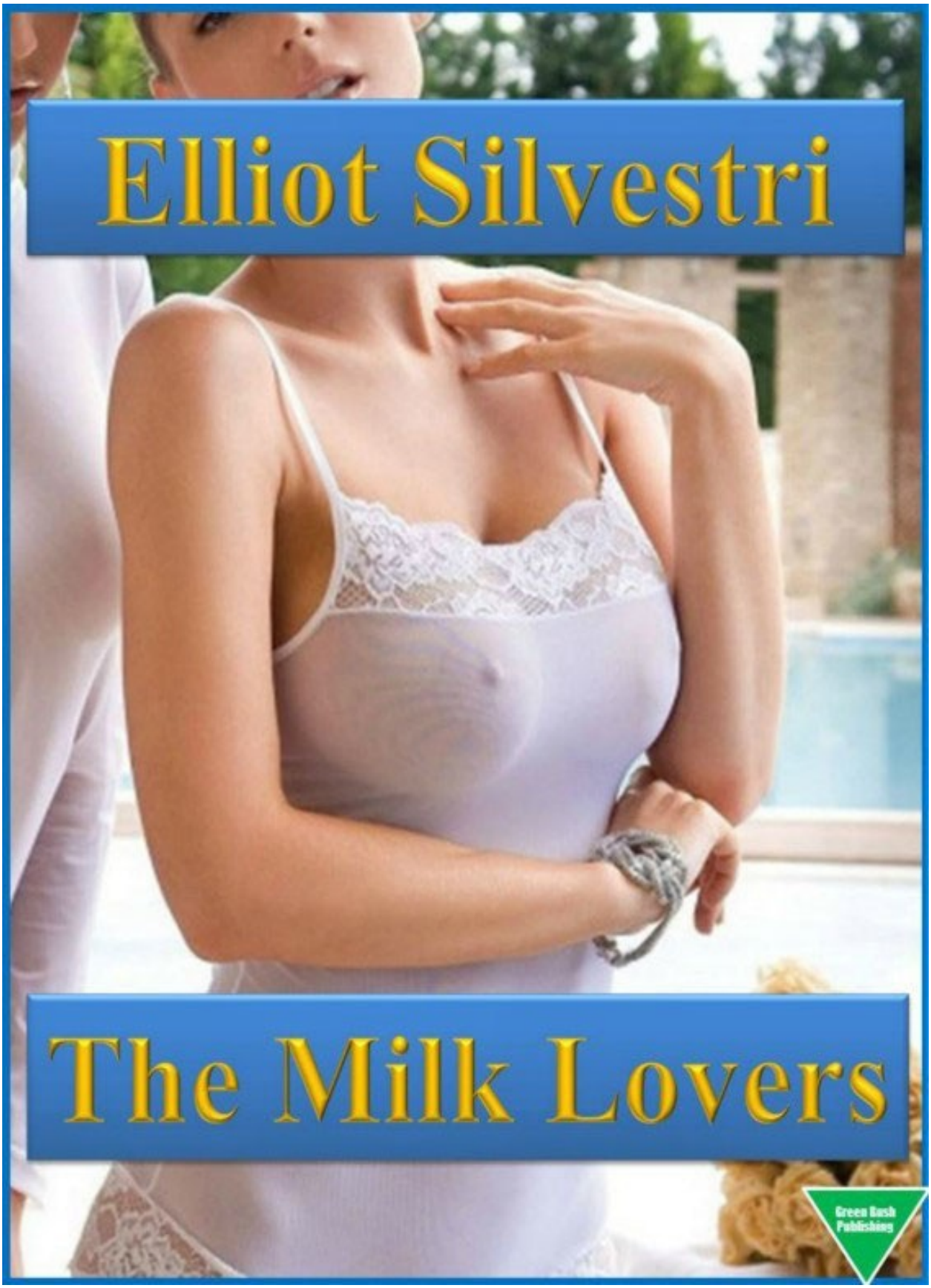
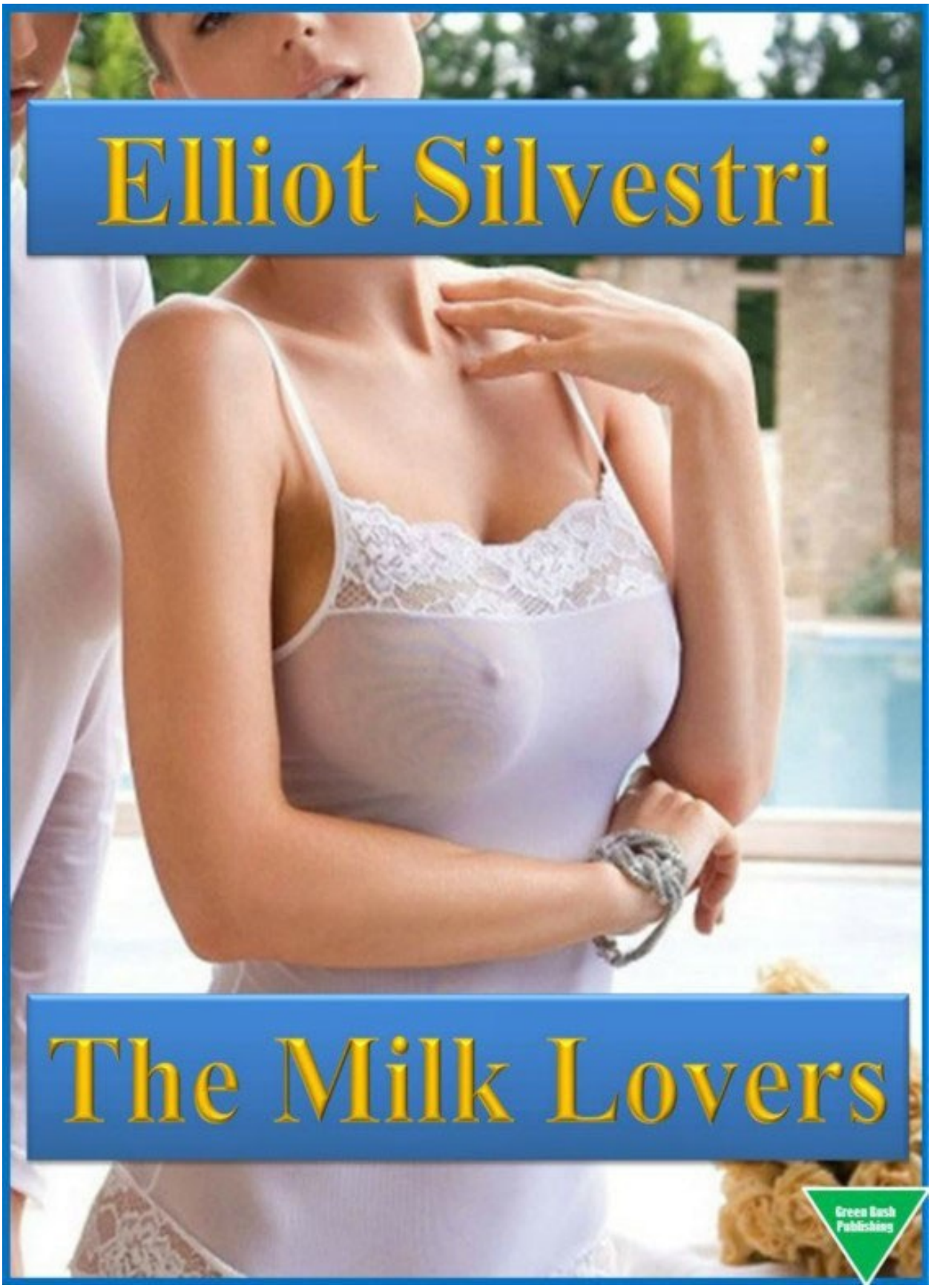

Elliot Silvestri
The Milk Lovers
Green Bush Publishing


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The Milk Lovers Completed

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part One

Chapter One

“Let me taste your milk,” Gil said to his girlfriend.

Marissa rolled her eyes at him. “Really? Now?”

“Why not?”

She pulled her bra into place over her large breasts. “Because we just had sex and I just got dressed and I’m not getting these girls back out again just for you to have a taste.”

“Don’t you wear nursing bras?” he asked.

It was all she could do—an adult woman—not to roll her eyes again. “I used to. Now I just wear pads inside my normal bras. What is it with you and Ty?”

Gil winced at the mention of Marissa’s husband. “What about him?”

“You’re both obsessed with my tits.”

“Well, they’re nice and big. That’s reason enough for an obsession.”

“We’ve been doing this for a year and now you want to taste my milk?” she asked him. “You’ll have to wait for next time.” She pulled her skirt in to place and finished dressing while Gil watched her from the bed. Their affair had been going on for over a year. At first she had been nervous about them using his company’s guest apartment maintained to save money on hotel rooms when bringing in staff from out of state offices, but it had gone fine for months now, not an incident. She thought of it as her little home away from home where she came just to have sex.

“One last throw before you leave?” he asked her, hopefully.

She looked down at his limp cock. “I don’t think you’re up to it. You’ll have to wait for next time. Or if you’re really still horny, go fuck your wife.”

That made Gil groan and roll over. “Don’t remind me of her.”

Marissa sadly shook her head at her occasional lover. “Why not. Ty knows about us. You should really tell her what you like in bed. It’ll make your marriage happier.”

“I still don’t believe that you tell your husband everything about us,” he said, challenging her assertion.

“Why not?”

“It seems wrong.”

“It’s honest. And if you don’t believe me, I can just bring Ty along with me next time. We can have a nice three-way.”

Gil vehemently shook his head back and forth. “Ah. No. Nope. I’m not opposed to three-ways, but those should only involve a man and two women, which only seems natural.”

That made Marissa laugh as she slipped on her shoes. “You have such backwards beliefs. You want a three-way, but you don’t want it to involve your wife or another man.” Gil pulled a pillow over his face. “You like to get kinky in bed, and you expect me to sit on your face, but you don’t want to ask your wife to put a finger up your ass—”

“Hey!” he protested, sitting up and tossing the pillow aside.

She ignored him and continued. “—while you get a blowjob.” She shook her head. “I was going to get you a special present for your birthday, but I’m having second thoughts about that.”

“What present?” he asked, suddenly interested in what she was saying.

“And now you want to taste my milk. That’s something I’ve always saved for Ty.” She sighed. “I like fucking you, Gil, but the baggage that comes with it… it’s almost too much.”

The shocked look on his face pleased her more than she wanted to admit to herself. “You’re not ending this, are you?”

With a sigh Marissa said, “No. I should, but no. The next time you call me, you’d better bring something special to the table.”

Ty arrived home late that evening. Marissa had already put their four-year-old son to bed and was waiting for him in their bedroom. “You’re late,” she pointed out when he walked in.

“Every time someone gets investigate, I have to speak to the media over how we can’t say anything,” he reminded her. “The exciting life of a mid-level government spokesperson.”

“Yeah. Great.” She pulled down the straps to her nightgown, exposing her tits. “Right now I’m full and it hurts. You know what to do.”

“Can I get undressed first?” he asked. His tie was already loosened, having done so on the drive home. He started taking off his clothes.

“I don’t care if you’re naked or not. If you want me to keep lactating, you need to get over here now,” Marissa demanded.

Hurriedly, Ty threw off his clothes and climbed into bed next to his wife. He had kept on his socks and underwear, making him feel like a 1950s suburban husband. Pushing that thought aside he latched his lips onto his wife’s fat nipple and started sucking. Almost immediately her milk let down and he was rewarded with a mouthful of warm, sweet milk. A little sigh of relief escaped her lips. He could sense that her other breast started leaking milk but there was little he could do about that. Marissa grabbed a cloth from the side of the bed and pressed it to her dribbling nipple.

Once they were settled he earnestly started nursing from her, sucking down the milk as quickly as she could produce it, while she cuddled his body to hers. Their routine was so established that shortly after he started nursing, Ty’s cock got hard and he pressed it against her thigh. He took her hand and led it to his crotch.

“I’m not interested in sex tonight,” she told him.

That caused Ty to break his latch. “Why not?” he asked, disappointed. He had

been so wrapped up in his own thoughts and emotions, he hadn't stopped to consider hers. "Oh, did you fuck Gil today?"

"Yes," she told him with a touch of pride in her voice. "I let his big cock into my pussy." She stroked his erection through his boxers. "Jealous?"

"Always. I'll never be able to measure up to what you need." He lowered his head and switched breasts, moving the absorbent cloth from one nipple to the other.

Though Ty was perfectly average in cock size, years ago Marissa had told her then husband-to-be that she loved fucking large cocks. Vibrators and dildos came in all sizes, but he only had one cock. Since it was attached to the man she loved, that was good enough, but she also warned him that she would need outside attention. That was fine with Ty; he had affairs of his own to attend to.

"He's so annoying," Marissa told her husband. Long ago she had given up worrying about Ty getting upset with her comparing him to her lovers. "He's got a big cock and he's great in bed, but he won't tell his wife what he wants or what he's been doing."

Ty took a quick break in the steady suck and swallow that was the entirety of nursing from his still-lactating wife. "What difference does that make?"

Marissa stopped herself from rolling her eyes; it was a bad habit she hadn't completely broken her teenaged self from doing. "He's good in bed and all, but it's getting boring. I'm either going to break it off with him or he's going to have to step up his game."

"By doing what?"

"Anything. I'll try anything once. I'm bored."

"Such is the life of the suburban housewife."

"Ha ha. If you made any less money I'd go back to work. I'm relieving my boredom with sex."

Ty nodded with her nipple in his mouth. He reached between her thighs and she automatically opened them up. As much as she didn't want to admit it, having

her nipples sucked on every night by her husband to remove the milk she had made during the day turned her on. There was no resisting his advances. When he slipped a finger into her pussy she sighed and spread her legs wider.

“You’re wet,” he commented between gulps of her milk.

“It’s probably Gil’s cum,” she teased him.

Ty scrambled out of his boxers, got on top of his wife, and slipped his cock inside her waiting pussy. He slid in without resistance. Her tits were sufficiently sized that it was easy for him to lower his head and suck on her nipples while he slowly fucked her. They had started their odd lactating relationship when their son had decided to wean himself from breast milk. She hadn’t been able to withstand the discomfort—the pain—of full and swollen breasts and her pump wasn’t nearly enough relief. Ty was more than willing to help out. Discovering his fondness for her sweet milk made the service he offered her less a chore and more a part of foreplay. They had been playing this game for almost three years and neither wanted to stop. Not yet.

“Your pussy is really hot tonight,” he commented between sucks and thrusts.

“I can barely feel you,” she told him, teasing him, trying to make his cock bigger and harder. She tilted her hips and brought her legs up around his waist, locking her ankles in place to pull him deeper into her body.

“Annoying slut,” he insulted her.

“Tiny cock,” she shot back.

His thrusts got faster and she rocked her hips with his every motion, trying to increase the power each time his body slammed into hers. The impact of his pubic bone on her clit sent little electric shocks through her brain.

“Cheating whore!”

“Cuckolded pretty boy!” She tossed the insult with a confident glee as she reached for her tits. He hadn’t drained her, not completely. It had been years since her tits had gone dry; they seemed to be the perfect organs to be a nonstop fountain of milk. It took some doing, but she grabbed handfuls of flesh and squeezed tightly, spraying her milk over Ty’s chest. The waste of absolutely

unflawed milk enraged and excited him. His thrusts increased once more and he knew he was on the edge. Marissa continued squeezing her breasts, spraying him with milk, and the excess liquid dripped back down on her.

She changed the angle of the spray, aiming for Ty's face. He caught some of it in his mouth, but most fell back to her face, dotting her olive skin with perfectly white translucent drops.

He came in four hard spurts of cum shot deep into her pussy. The sudden introduction of hot cum in her cunt combined with their strange play made her cum as well. The pleasant waves of orgasm took over her body and she shook uncontrollably. Her locked ankles fell free and she lay under her husband, as he ran his tongue over the skin of her face, neck, and chest, licking up the remaining drops of milk.

"Oh fuck that was good," he breathed when the saltiness of her sweat overcame the sweetness of her milk.

"It's always good, honey," she said as she patted his rump. "It's always good."

Chapter Two

“ROPE? YOU BROUGHT rope? To tie me up?”

“I’m an Eagle Scout,” Gil reminded her. “I’m an expert at tying knots.”

Marissa let her eyes pass over the entire, somewhat sparse, contents of the apartment bedroom. It was nicely furnished with a bed on an almost old-fashioned brought iron frame. There would be plenty of tether points for the rope to tie her down. That wasn’t her concern; neither was the amount of trust she would have for Gil to tie her up. Ty knew exactly where she was and who she was with—and Gil knew that—so she was safe.

“Bondage is so twentieth century,” she pointed out. “It’s nothing more the junior varsity level kink.”

He smiled at her and proceeded to loop a few turns of the rope around her wrist. “Trust me. I know what I’m doing.”

“Oh, I trust you enough for this, it’s just that it’s so…boring. I was looking for fun and excitement.”

“And cheating on your husband isn’t exciting enough?”

“I’m not cheating on him. He knows what I’m doing.”

Hearing her say those words was enough to cause his cock to stir, but Gil didn’t let her know that. “I’ve got something else planned other than just tying you up. Take off your clothes.”

“Having sex with me while I’m tied up isn’t all that interesting either,” she said as she pulled her shirt up over her head. After she dropped her jeans and kicked them aside, Marissa noticed that Gil was staring at her chest. He was mesmerized.

“They’re just boobs, Gil,” she reminded him with a snap of her fingers and then went to unfasten her bra from the back.

“No,” he said, coming out of his trance. “Leave your bra on. It’s a nursing bra, right?” He had noticed the hooks and flaps for the cups.

She paused. “Yeah. And you want me to leave it on? I thought you liked my tits.”

“I do,” he said. “But just leave it on for the moment.”

With a shrug she left on her bra and pushed down her panties, leaving her mostly, but not completely, naked. “Should I lie down on the bed?”

“No, just give me your wrist.” She did so and he looped the long rope around her wrist and forearm several times, making sure it was securely in place but not so tight it was cutting off circulation. “You do that expertly,” she commented.

“I told you I was an Eagle Scout,” he reminded her. “We didn’t just practice tying knots for fun, badges, and building impromptu lean-tos.”

“You did practiced knots in the Boy Scouts as practice for bondages sex games?” she asked skeptically as he dropped her first wrist and started wrapping the second one.

“Of course not. That’s only done in the Utah Boy Scouts where the repressed gay Mormon adult leaders get the boys to tie them up. Here in New York we tied up our fellow scouts and left the bound to trees in the middle of the woods.”

“Very nice. Very Scout-like.”

“Thank you.” He finished with the second wrist, leaving her with two long ropes attached to her wrists. “Get on the bed, kneel and face the foot of the bed.”

With a smirk and a grin, she did as she was told, and he tied the remaining length of rope to the corners of the bed. Her arms were outstretched but she was hardly immobilized by any means of the imagination.

“Are you going to fuck me now?” she asked him, waggling her curvy bottom in his direction.

“Not yet. You wait here. I’ll be right back.”

Before Marissa could protest, Gil was out the bedroom door. She wasn't alarmed until she heard the front door of the apartment open and slam shut. After a second she realized she was naked and alone in the apartment with no easy means of escape. Her heart started thumping in her chest and a small wave of panic washed over her. Being tied up to a bed by Gil was kind of exciting, but being tied up and left alone was terrifying.

She breathed steadily and calmed herself down, telling herself that Gil would be back shortly. And, true to her prediction, two minutes later she heard the front door open and slam shut again. Her heart remained pounding until Gil walked through the bedroom door. She knew she would have been humiliated if it had been someone else who caught her naked in an apartment that wasn't hers. How would she explain the situation?

"Where'd you go?" she burst out at him.

"Just to my car," he answered casually, putting the cardboard box he was carrying down on the floor to open it.

"Why'd you leave me alone?"

"To get you this." He held up the contents of the box and instead of displaying some unusual sex toy, Gil was showing off a breast pump. An elaborate and expensive breast pump, but it wasn't all the different from the one that Marissa had used years ago when she was still breastfeeding her son.

"A breast pump?"

"How else do you expect me to get the milk out of your tits?"

She had an answer, but she wanted to see where he was going. Instead, she shimmied her shoulders a bit, making her hanging breasts sway back and forth. "Hook me up then."

The pump itself had a fairly quiet motor. The funnel-like collection cups were soft silicon and molded quickly to the shape of Marissa's breasts. The suction was firm and pleasant. Gil had spared no expense in buying this particular model; it was better than the one Marissa had used years before.

Because her breasts were already full, it was easy for the milk to let down and

before she knew it, little jets of milk were spraying into the collection funnels and running down the tubes to the bottles. Gil watched in fascination. “You like this?” she asked him after a minute. The process wasn’t all that sexy to her. She had done it a hundred times before, but usually alone and never tied to a bed.

“Uh-huh,” he answered absently. “How much will you make?”

Marissa glanced down at the contraction attached to her body. She was starting to enjoy the treatment more than she wanted to admit to herself. “I don’t know. It’s been a while since I’ve used a pump. Ty likes to suckle my milk right from the source because he likes things that are natural.”

Gil didn’t take any notice of her snarky remark. “Do you like doing this?” he asked.

“It’s all right. I prefer it the natural way.” It wasn’t a complete lie. She liked using a vibrator when she masturbated, but she used her hand as well. It was much the same with a pump and she didn’t want to admit to her lover exactly how good the pump felt. She didn’t want him to know she could cum from nipple manipulation alone.

“You can’t escape, can you?” he asked, pulling on one of the rope that attached her to the bed.

“Not easily, no.” Her eyes followed Gil as he walked to the side of the bed and started stripping. She said nothing as the air of the room was filled with the noise of the busy pump. Watery milk flowed down the collection tubes to fill the jar set at the base of the device. Marissa waited patiently. Sometimes the anticipation and the waiting was just as enjoyable as the journey to the peak.

Nothing was said between the two as Gil got on the bed and knelt behind her. His cock was already erect, which didn’t surprise Marissa. She often had the same reaction with Ty. In that way men were often the same. As he positioned himself, Marissa changed her stance slightly, opening up her legs and grabbing the heavy iron bar that made up the foot of the bed. She put as much of her weigh onto her arms and shoulders as possible. It made it easier for her to arch her back and allow Gil easy access to mounting her. It also changed the angle of her breasts and the cups now hung on for dear life, pulling her milk out of her body. She felt used and she loved it.

“Do you like this?” Gil asked as he started fucking her. His hands grabbed her around the waist and each time he thrusted into her, her tits shook back and forth which threated to break the seal of the funnels on her nipples. “Do you like to be treated like a cow?”

“Yeah,” Marissa moaned. She hadn’t meant to sound so passionate but it felt good to be fucked and milked at the same time. Ty would often suckle from her when fucking, but using a machine while being fucked was completely different.

They continued on in relative silence, the only sounds were their heavy breathing and the muffled buzz of the pump. Gil came much quicker than normal —most likely due to the novelty of the situation—which upset Marissa since she hadn’t had the opportunity to climax herself.

“That was a good fuck,” Gil declared as he pulled his cock out of her.

“Uh,” was Marissa’s response.

“You didn’t cum yet?” He was teasing her, taunting her.

“No.” Her response was bitter, angry.

“Why don’t you get yourself off,” he asked her and then laughed. “Oh. Right. You can’t use your hands.”

“Make me cum,” she begged. “Make me cum.” She hated that she was begging but she needed to cum.

“I suppose I could play with your clit,” he said and reached between her legs. She didn’t like that she was still kneeling and he was rubbing her cunt from behind; even so, she rocked her hips back and forth, trying to increase the tiny bit of friction on her little nub of flesh.

“Are you one of those women who can cum just by having their nipples played with?” he asked as he lightly caressed her clit.

“Yeah,” she said, not even thinking about the answer.

Immediately he drew his hand away. “Oh. I’d like to see that.”

She moaned in frustration as he rolled off the bed and walked around in front of her. Pulling up her face to his, he kissed her deeply, even as the pump continued its work on her tits. “Cum for me,” he said, holding her face between his hands. “I want you to cum from those gorgeous tits.”

She wanted to, but couldn’t. Marissa was right on the edge but needed a little something to push her over. “More,” she begged. “I need more.”

Understanding her frustration, Gil turned up the power on the pump so her nipples were being drawn deeply into the funnels, pulling on them almost painfully. It wasn’t how Marissa liked her tits to be treated—and that made her cum with a high pitched shriek of triumph.

Gil let the climax abate even as Marissa pulled against the ropes trying to free herself, trying to get the pump off her tits. Only when she returned to herself did Gil turn off the device and pull the funnels away from her now red and sore breasts.

“Better?” he asked while watching the milk continue to drip and dribble from her nipples. They were mostly empty now, but for some reason her milk still wanted to escape. The ordeal had left her nipples extended and enlarged with her nipples puffy and swollen. She wanted to cup and hold them, but that was impossible with her hands still bound.

“Yeah, a little,” she admitted, watching as her milk continued to flow and drip down on the floor.

“You’re a good cow,” he said. “I liked fucking you this way. We’ll have to do it again.”

“Would you mind untying me?” she asked a little bluntly.

“Oh. Right. Sure.” Untying only took a minute, in contrast to the more than ten per hand that it took to bind her in the first place. When both her hands were free she climbed off the bed and turned to face Gil. He thought she was going to kiss him. Instead he hand lashed out and smacked him across the face.

“If you ever want to fuck me again you won’t call me a cow!”

Gil grabbed his cheek. It stung, but the pain wasn’t bad; he was just surprised

she had hit him. “Sorry, I thought you liked what we were doing.”

“Tie me up, fuck me, hook up the breast pump, that’s all fine. But never, ever insult me.”

“Fine, fine.”

She bent down and switched off the pump. The design was similar to her old one, and she expertly unscrewed the collection bottle to evaluate the amount of milk she had produced. “About six ounces. Not bad.” She extended the bottle to Gil. “Drink up.”

“What?”

“You said you wanted to taste my milk. Here’s your chance. Drink some.”

“I didn’t mean that…” Gil didn’t know how to protest.

“What’s the matter? Ty does it all the time.”

“That was said in the heat of the moment,” Gil blustered. “I mean it’s breast milk.”

“And babies and my husband drink it all the time.” A little grin spread across her face. “Drink some or you don’t get to fuck me again.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Just a sip. Just enough to let me know…” Let her know what she didn’t say. “Or don’t you want to fuck me again? Ever?”

That was enough to spur Gil into action. He accepted the open bottle from Marissa and stared at the contents a moment. The liquid was thin and looked almost like droplets of white had been suspended in water. He tried not to dwell on the idea of what he was doing and just brought it to his lips for a taste.

It was light and sweet, like fruit juice. It surprised him. He wanted it more than he realized and took a second sip and then a third.

Before he could consume it all, Marissa took it away from him. “I’m taking

some home for Ty."

"But…he has your tits all the time," Gil heard himself protesting.

"True. But we haven't used a pump in a long time. This will be a special treat for him." She smiled and found the top to the bottle, screwing it on tightly to ensure not a drop would be lost.

"You're still leaking," Gil pointed out as he stared at her naked breasts.

"Yeah, that happens." She looked down at her slowly dripping nipples. The flow had largely subsided but some was still flowing. "Want to get it fresh from the source?"

Gil licked his lips. "Yeah."

"Careful," Marissa warned her husband as he reached for her when they got in bed that night.

"I barely touched you," he told her.

"Yeah, but…I was with Gil today."

Ty raised his eyebrows. "And?"

She tried to keep her smile hidden, but failed. "He hooked me up to a breast pump. I don't think I have any milk for you tonight."

Moving with surprising speed, Ty grabbed his wife and rolled her to her back, popping open the buttons to her pajamas. "I'll be the judge of that," he declared as he lowered his mouth to her nipple.

"Careful!" she cautioned again. "He was rough with them."

After a few sucks on her tender nipple, Ty's brow furrowed when he realized he wasn't getting any of her milk. He sucked harder and she abruptly pushed him away. "I said to be careful!" she repeated.

"Sorry. I just wasn't getting any milk."

“Well, I told you he pumped me.”

Ty gave his wife a wink. “I thought you were just talking about sex. Was it any good?”

“It was fucking great. His cock and the breast pump hooked up to my tits at the same time. He’s much better hung than you are so it was an incredible fuck.”

“Now that’s just hurtful.”

She shrugged. “It was true. He fucked me from behind while the pump was on my tits…and it was incredible.” Marissa allowed her eyes to roll up into her head and shivered a little at the memory. Ty wasn’t sure if she was acting or reliving the memory. At the moment he didn’t care. He wanted to hear more.

“And that got you off?”

“It got me off hard. Really hard.” She took his hand and led it down to her pussy, hidden under the bottom of her nightie and underneath the thin silk that comprised her panties. “Apparently getting fucked and sucked at the same time is what I really want.” His fingers burrowed under the thin elastic at the top of her panties and he quickly discovered that her pussy was wet, maybe from their current dirty talk, maybe from the memory of the day’s earlier events, maybe she was still wet from getting fucked by Gil. Ty didn’t really care.

“So you’ll want to do that again?” he asked as he played with her slippery labia and hard little clitoris.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “The next time he won’t even need to tie me up.”

That piqued Ty’s interest even more. “He tied you up?”

“He was an Eagle Scout. He’s an expert with knots.”

“I wish I could have seen that.”

She grabbed his wrist as he rubbed her clit with too much enthusiasm. “Give me your cock,” she demanded.

A minute later Ty was on top of his wife, his cock buried in her pussy, as they

slowly fucked and she told him more.

“He put ropes around my wrists, tied me to the bed, and fucked me doggy-style while the pump was hooked up to my tits,” she repeated for him. His cock felt like a steel rod inside her sex.

“And you liked that?”

“Oh yeah.”

“Was this your idea?”

“No. His…and I want to do it again.”

“Do it,” Ty encouraged her.

“I want to do it with you,” she added.

“I’m not very good with knots. I wasn’t an Eagle Scout.”

“No dummy. I don’t need to be tied up again.” She paused. “Well, maybe. But what I really want is the two of you. One in my pussy and one sucking on my tits.”

Ty grinned. “I’m up for it. Set a time and we’ll do it.” He tilted his hips slightly so his pubic bone ground against her clit.

“He’s nervous about being with me and you,” she said with her eyes closed.

“Convince him. I want to do it.”

Marissa just nodded and reached down, clutched her husband’s buttock in her hand, and pulled him deeper inside. She tried to summon up the memories of Gil and his cock because she needed another orgasm. “Okay,” she half-promised.

Ty lowered his mouth and caught up her fat nipple. This time he suckled more carefully, trying to bring out even a drop of her precious milk. The touch of lip to nipple was the little impetus that pushed her over the edge. “Fuck yes!” she declared as she came.

“Empty,” he said dejectedly after giving Marissa enough time to regain her

composure.

“I saved you some. There’s a bottle in the fridge.”

“I prefer it straight from the source.” Ty’s face soured. “And why didn’t Gil drink it all. Was he being generous?”

“No, I was. I knew you would want some. I love it when you drink my milk.”

Ty shivered as he came.

Chapter Three

“NO,” SAID GIL.

“Why not?” asked Marissa. They had barely walked into the apartment before she had floated the proposal to him.

“Because I don’t want the first time I meet your husband the same time I see him naked and sucking on your tits. Or fucking you. Or any of that.”

She paused in unbuttoning her shirt. “Really? You want to go that route? You sound fucking homophobic.”

“Sorry,” he mumbled as he extended a hand toward her.

Taking a step back, Marissa shook her head and continued to unbutton her shirt, exposing a somewhat industrial strength bra that was barely containing her breasts. “You’ve watched porn before, right?”

“Yeah.” Gil was nervous and on guard.

“And you must have seen two guys going at one girl at some point, right?”

“Probably. But that’s not what I prefer to watch.”

She rolled her eyes, not caring that she looked like a petulant teenager doing it. “Right. You prefer two blondes with big tits sucking one guy’s cock.”

“Or just two blondes with big tits lesbianizing each other.”

“Whatever. And just to avoid another guy in the bedroom, you’re going to pass up more opportunities to play with these girls.” She gestured to her chest and proceeded to unhook one of the flaps to the nursing bra she wore for just this occasion. Gil watched, mesmerized. A moment later she dropped the other flap showing off both her swollen breasts. He might have been imagining it, but Gil was certain he could see droplets of milk forming on her nipples.

“Um…no?”

“Then you need to give me a time and date when you want to get in bed with me and Ty.”

Gil tried to pivot away from the issue. “You and him have done this before?”

She frowned at him. “Don’t try to avoid the issue. And yes, we might have had some wilder experiences when we were younger. Before Lucas was born. But never with these girls full of milk.”

It was impossible for Gil to speak without dry swallowing. “One last time alone before I have to share you?” he begged.

What he didn’t know was that, as always, Marissa was extremely horny and in need of his cock. “One last time,” she agreed. “But only if you brought the rope.”

Marissa was nervous about inviting Gil to her home, but the reward, she reasoned, was worth the risk. Lucas was safely away at school for the day and Ty had taken the day off work.

“You sure about this?” he asked his wife. Ty didn’t want to admit that he was a bit nervous. It had been a few years since he and Marissa had been in a three-way, and even then it had been before they were married and still exploring the limits of their relationship. This was pushing new territory.

“Of course I’m sure,” she said with an assurance she didn’t feel. “Just remember I’m in charge.”

They were lounging on the bed, waiting for Gil. Ty nudged her breasts, barely hidden away by the silk nightie she was wearing, trying to tempt her into wanting to start before Gil arrived. “Want me to test them for you?” he asked. “See if you have enough milk for the two of us?”

She slapped her hand away. “No. You’ll be patient and wait.”

“But I don’t want to be patient,” he told her, running a finger down the spaghetti

strap and over the pleasant hump of her breast, feeling the bulge of her nipple under the thin material.

Once more she slapped his hand away. “Stop or I’ll call Gil and tell him not to bother coming.”

“You wouldn’t,” Ty told her. “You’d scare him off forever.”

“I would. Just try me.” Before the argument could go any further, the doorbell rang. Ty all but vaulted out of bed. “Stop!” she told him. “I don’t think that Gil will be thrilled to have you answering the door instead of me.”

“Right. Good thought.” He allowed his wife to leave the bedroom. The nightie was old, something she had from years ago, before Lucas was born. She had put on a few pounds since then, which Ty found attractive since it gave her more curves. It also tended to make the nightie slip up a bit, exposing the bottoms of her cheeks. He wondered what she was showing off from the front.

Ty had dressed casually, a simple t-shirt with pajama pants. He didn’t want to show too much skin initially and scare Gil off, but neither did he want to get fully dressed like they were going out on the town. Gil was coming over for sex alone.

When Marissa led his rival back to the bedroom, Ty had to remind himself that Gil wasn’t his rival and was completely unimpressed with his physical statue. He was shorter than Ty, had a weak chin, and was balding. Maybe he was complete charming to women, but he didn’t understand what had attracted Marissa to him. Maybe it was the promise of his big dick.

When she introduced her husband to her lover, Gil shook his hand and Ty tried not to feel uncomfortable. Both men nervously eyed each other which Marissa immediately saw and she reverted to her usual response of rolling her eyes. “Don’t act like such babies,” she told them as she pulled the nightie up over her body revealing she was naked underneath. She wasn’t the least bit uncomfortable being naked in front of two men, especially since one was her husband and the other her lover.

“Remember, I’m in charge,” she said as she headed to the bed and pulled down the covers to expose just the fitted sheet. As she crawled onto the mattress she asked, “Care to join me?” As Ty moved forward, she shook her head. “Nope. To

get on the bed with me, you need to be naked." She knelt up on the bed, waiting.

Without a glance at Gil, Ty quickly shed his t-shirt and pajama bottoms. He was starting to stiffen but didn't want to get hard before things became too exciting. As he joined his wife on the bed, he kissed her and after she returned it, she pushed his head down to her left breast. Ty glanced at Gil who was still in the middle of getting out of his street clothes. It was obvious he had dressed to go to work, implying he was misleading his wife as to his whereabouts. When Gil finally finished stripping, Ty glanced at his rival's cock and saw, indeed, that Gil was much larger. Ty didn't worry about this, but he wanted to see how large Gil would get.

It had been a long time since Ty had witnessed Marissa kissing another man and it still stirred his cock. But just like she had done to her husband, Marissa pushed Gil's mouth down to her right breast where she had both men suckling on her. It usually took a minute for Marissa's milk to start flowing, but since she had insisted he not nurse the previous night, Marissa's breasts were full and ready to let down. On the second suck Ty was rewarded with a sweetness flooding his mouth. He swallowed audibly and glanced at Gil whose eyes were closed but he could see the other man's jaw and throat working to release Marissa's milk.

"Oh," Marissa moaned. "That's fantastic. More. I need to lie down."

The trio traveled together, neither man willing to break their attachment to Marissa's breast, as she laid down and opened up her legs. She was sandwiched between the two and Ty knew what his wife wanted. He put his hand to her pussy and inserted two fingers, testing her wetness. She was ready.

As second later he felt Gil's hand also trying to explore Marissa's sex. Both men pulled back unexpectedly.

"No," Marissa protested, upset at the loss to her pussy. "There's plenty for the two of you. Gil, you rub my clit; Ty, put your fingers back where they belong."

They agreed on the plan of action and it took some repositioning before they were able to simultaneously stimulate her pussy while still sucking on her nipples. "Oh…that's what I need. That's what I want," Marissa declared.

Once more Ty glanced at Gil's cock. It was steadily growing and it was much larger than he had initially estimated, even being half-hidden by the angle of his

hips and Marissa's thigh. The head was poking up between their bodies; it was already slick with precum. Ty wanted to reach out and touch it, to see the difference between himself and Gil.

Marissa spoiled the moment by pushing both of them away. "Enough warm up," she all but panted. Ty had missed the soft moans she had been making while they were nursing. He swallowed the last mouthful of milk, relishing the sweetness on his tongue, and looked down at her breasts that were slowly dribbling milk. "I want Gil to fuck me, is that okay, Ty?"

Ty nodded. "I thought you wanted us to nurse from you and fuck you at the same time."

Her grin brightened her face. "I do." She scrambled up from her back and got on hands and knees with her ass facing toward Gil. She looked over her shoulder and said, "Fuck me from behind, honey."

There was an anxious look on Gil's face when he glanced at Ty. "Go ahead," Ty encouraged him. "I've seen her fucked by other men before."

Gil nodded and got behind Marissa. Ty moved just enough so that he could see Gil take his big cock in hand and push it into Marissa's wet pussy. She gasped at the initial introduction, but her pussy was well-prepared and she managed to take the entire length. The moan she let out as Gil started fucking her caused a thrill of jealousy to run through Ty's body. It made him remember the best part of having sex in a group, the barely contained jealousy that made the sex more intense. It skewed the world to the side just enough to keep things strange and exciting.

"My tits," Marissa was saying. Her words broke Ty's concentration of watching her get fucked. "You need to suck on my tits," she reminded him.

"Right," he agreed and laid down on his back. It took a bit of moving about to get their bodied correctly aligned, but eventually he found her breast hanging in his face. If he tilted his head back far enough he could just see Gil's cock slowly pumping in and out of Marissa's pussy. They were positioned as such that if he worked himself further along her body, he'd be able to lick her pussy while she sucked his dick. But he didn't want that. He wanted to watch and nurse. Luckily Marissa wanted the same thing, though she did reach out and caress his stiff cock while he nursed from her.

Ty held her breasts in his hands. The one that he nursed from he held still as Gil's thrusts shook Marissa's body. The other one he pinched the nipple so it wouldn't leak any more milk than necessary. He would suck on one nipple for a minute, pinch it closed and switch over to the other.

It was exactly what Marissa wanted. "Harder," she gasped to Gil as she gripped her husband's cock. Marissa didn't masturbate him; she didn't want him suddenly climaxing before she was done with him. More plans were in the works. But she had the need to hold onto something firm while getting fucked and sucked at the same time. "I want to cum while you're nursing on me," Marissa panted.

Ty didn't change what he was doing but Gil increased the pace of his thrusts. The sounds that Marissa made Ty recognized as her sign of small, quick orgasms. Whatever Gil was doing, he was doing it right. Then a low deep groan from Marissa let him know she had one of her hard, long orgasms. "Yes, yes," she mewled as Gil slammed his cock into her a few more times. Ty watched as the other man's balls tightened up to his body and his cock pulsed with the unmistakable sign of orgasm. As Ty watched Marissa shook again as her pussy reacted to the sudden introduction of Gil's hot cum.

When it was over, Marissa hauled in a heavy, gasping cry. "I needed that."

After a pause Gil asked, "Are you ready for me to pull out?"

Marissa managed a laugh. "You're supposed to do that before you come in me."

He snorted. "Well, it's too late now if there's a problem." Ty watched as Gil's big —but now semi-flaccid—cock bobbed into view and he pulled away.

"Move," Marissa said to Ty, still underneath her.

"You still have milk," he protested.

"And it's Gil's turn for my tits. You need to fuck me. I'm not done cumming yet."

The two men switched positions. Gil crawled underneath Marissa who remained on hands and knees while Ty knelt behind his wife. He looked at his wife's pussy. It was red and swollen from Gil's big cock, but that wasn't surprising. He

ran his fingers along the length of her wet labia. That was normal for Marissa, she had never had difficulty getting wet, but he was certain that some of the moisture he was feeling was Gil's cum. Bits of thick, sticky whiteness clung to her lips.

"Ready for me?" he asked his wife.

"Always," she moaned. Her words had already turned dreamy. From the sounds being made, Gil had already latched onto her breast and was nursing, sucking her milk out.

Ty's cock was hard. Nursing from his wife and seeing her fucked was more than enough to get him hard plus when she held onto him, it kept him in a turgid state. He slipped easily into her pussy; she was slick and smooth inside, as well as incredibly hot. He had forgotten how easily her pussy heated up. Normally he didn't notice because his cock heated up along with her pussy, but it was especially noticeable when he was second in line to fuck her.

"Yeah," she moaned as he started fucking her. "You're smaller, but you're nice and hard too."

Ignoring the slightly disparaging comment, Ty fucked his wife and wondered if Gil was watching his cock go into Marissa. It was obvious his wife appreciated the extra attention two men could lavish on her. She came at least twice more while Ty fucked her—though he couldn't say for certain if he caused both orgasms or if Gil's sucking played a part of it. When he came, joining his semen with whatever of Gil's remained inside Marissa, she called out again as she came.

After they all had a minute to recover, Ty asked her, "Was it everything that you wanted, dear?"

She nodded slowly. "Everything…almost."

"Almost?" asked Gil, somewhat disappointed in her answer.

"It was great to be fucked and nursed at the same time. But I always had one free breast," she complained. "We need to add a fourth person."

Ty liked the idea. "Sounds good. So who?" It had been a while since he and his

wife had been swingers. He hardly knew where to start looking again.

Marissa turned her head and looked pointedly at Gil. “I can think of a fourth that would be a great addition.”

He shook his head. “No. That’s a terrible idea.”

A small smile on Marissa’s face let him know that she was going to change his mind.

Chapter Four

“WE’RE IN THE association together,” said Gil to his wife. “It’s one of those business obligations we have to go through.”

“You know I hate these things,” Sophie complained. “Cocktail parties where people stand around and complain about their jobs or talk about doing their jobs. Ugh.”

“It’s not a cocktail party,” he told her. “It’s a dinner part with just Ty and his wife.” His heart pounded in his chest as he thought about Marissa. “They’re a fun couple.”

“How would you know?” she asked.

“What?”

“How would you know? Have you met her? I thought you just knew this guy through work.”

“He’s fun,” Gil corrected himself. “I assume his wife is too. He talks about her all the time. I’m sure she’s fun.”

“Uh-huh.”

When Sophie looked around the dinner table at the Wirths’ house, she sensed that something was amiss but she couldn’t put her finger on it. The food had been fine and, oddly, Gil had been correct in that Marissa and Ty were fun and interesting. Only after a few seconds of thought did she happen upon an idea. “How much wine have I had?” she suddenly asked, interrupting the conversation about the decline of American film and literature.

“That’s your second glass,” answered Ty who had been pouring.

“I didn’t think I was such a lightweight,” she commented.

“It was probably the cocktails you had before dinner,” said Marissa.

Sophie only remembered having one drink before the Wirths put their son to bed.

“I told you to go easy, honey,” said Gil.

She frowned at her husband. “You think I can’t drink…and you think I’m a stick in the mud,” she added.

Marissa started to giggle and then turned it into a full-out laugh, not wanting to be thought of a childish. “In vino veritas. People are much more honest when they’re a little inebriated.”

“I don’t drink all that much because teaching preschool is hell and you can’t walk into that classroom with a hangover,” Sophie declared. “You’ve always got to be careful because of how the public,” she tossed in finger quotes to accent her contempt for the public, “might perceive you.”

“You know you don’t have to work in the preschool if you don’t want,” Gil reminded her for the one thousand, three hundred and twenty seventh time in their marriage.

“I know,” she snapped at him. “But I couldn’t stand being home all day doing nothing.”

“I can’t wait to go back to work,” Marissa agreed. “Lucas is in school now and I need to start looking for something.”

“You,” Sophie said with a little too much enthusiasm while pointing at Marissa, “know what I’m talking about.”

“Honesty time?” Marissa asked.

“Honesty time!” Sophie agreed.

“Sexual fantasy that gets you off?” asked Marissa. The change in conversation caught Sophie unawares, but when Ty blurted out an answer, she went along with the situation.

“Me and two women at the same time,” he crowed. “The say god intended.”

Marissa snorted at him. “You’ve only got one dick,” she pointed out. “And that’s barely adequate.

He waved his fingers at his wife. “But I’ve also got two hands with ten fingers, plus a talented tongue.”

“Like I said, barely adequate,” Marissa repeated which made Gil laugh. She turned her gaze to him. “Your answer?”

A deer in the headlights look passed over his face, but he quickly recovered before Sophie could see. “I’m not going to limit myself to just two women. Let’s just say a bunch. I’d like them to compete to see who gets to have me.”

That made his wife laugh. “As if that would ever happen.” The words came out with more vehemence than she intended.

Marissa wasn’t going to let her guest escape scrutiny. “And what about you, Sophie? What’s your answer?”

Sophie didn’t want to answer. She had spent so many years carefully bottling up her emotions and public reaction that even in the privacy of a friend’s home, she couldn’t easily speak the truth. But the alcohol was fuzzing her mind and the honesty from her husband and Ty had already set the course. “Anything new,” she answered. “More. I want more. I’ve been with the same guy for…too long.” She frowned at Gil. “Sorry honey, but I need to try someone new.” Her words shocked even herself so she turned the question on Marissa. “And you? You have to answer too.”

“Three people. I need three people to satisfy me,” Marissa said right away.

Taking an attitude that all of this was normal, Sophie said, “Three men doesn’t sound all that kinky.”

“They all don’t necessarily have to be men,” Marissa told her with a level gaze.

Sophie shivered.

Late, when Sophie was helping Marissa clean up the kitchen, Marissa said to her,

“I didn’t mean to put you on the spot, there. I think the moment got away from us all.”

Sophie waved away her concern. “It’s fine. I was just a little drunker than I thought I was.”

“It sounds like you never got to have your wild time and date around a lot.”

The slightly built blonde shook her head as she gathered up the last few plates from the table. “No. Gil and I met in college and married right after we graduated. What about you?”

“I had my wild time,” she admitted. “But I still need three people in bed with me.”

Sophie laughed nervously. “It sounds like you want to include women in that.”

Screwing up her courage, Marissa said, “Yeah, I do.”

“Oh,” Sophie said softly. “I don’t know anyone who’s bi.” She blurted that out, not thinking.

“I don’t know if I’m bi, I just want to see what it’s like with a woman.”

“Oh.”

There was a silence between the two.

“Did I shock you?” Marissa asked. “I’m sorry.”

“No, no,” Sophie said, not wanting to seem parochial. “It’s just that…my fantasy makes me look like a slut. Yours makes you look adventurous. I’m jealous.”

“I don’t worry about what people think about me,” Marissa said with a bit a pride. “Neither should you.”

Sophie’s heart leapt into her throat. “Oh my god are you hitting on me?” she blurted. The effects of the alcohol hadn’t completely worn off yet.

“Maybe,” Marissa hedged and the two women remained silent for a long moment. Before either could do or say anything else, Gil and Ty stumbled back

into the kitchen laughing hysterically.

“We both lost our virginity on the same day!” Ty declared, nearly sloshing his drink onto his wife. “Five hundred miles away from each other and we were doing the exact same thing on

She half-lowered her eyelids and sighed. “This is a story I’m sure I don’t want to hear.”

“July 4th, 1997,” Gil said with a giggle. “Our families were watching fireworks and we were uh…you know,” he said with an overly broad wink.

“I’ve heard the story,” Sophie said. “I don’t want to hear it again.” She smiled sadly at Marissa.

It killed her that she was doing it, but Sophie admitted she was too curious not to and she had to find out for herself. Finding the Wirth’s phone number was easier than she anticipated. The hard part was calling when she knew she could speak with Marissa and the two of them could speak freely. She wound up calling from the tiny closet that was supposed to be her office in the preschool. The children were being monitored by the other teachers out on the playground. The lie she told, that she had to call a parent, was only half a lie, she reasoned. Marissa was a parent, just not a parent of one of her little students.

Her heart pounded as she dialed the number and her throat constricted when the line was ringing. For the few moments of uncertainty when the phone was ringing and no one picked up, Sophie was certain she wouldn’t be able to speak.

She panicked when Marissa did answer. “Hello.”

The silence was almost too long. “Hi, Marissa! It’s me! Sophie!” She blurted this out much louder and with more enthusiasm than she intended.

“Hello, Sophie,” Marissa said smoothly. “I figured it was you.”

“You did? How?”

“Caller ID. Sunshine Rainbows Preschool isn’t a frequent caller here.”

“Oh. Uh-huh. That makes sense.”

“Why are you calling?” Marissa asked, getting right to the point.

It was then that Sophie realized Marissa knew everything. She was certain the other women could look into her mind and know exactly what she wanted. Marissa was too sophisticated and worldly for her. Suddenly Sophie felt like a fool and wanted to change the subject before it was even broached. What she wanted to say was, “Oh. No reason. I just wanted to call and chat,” but realized would never be the case for a call in the middle of the day when she was supposed to be working. Even “Just seeing if you and Ty would like to do dinner again,” was lame. She was stuck.

“I was thinking about our dinner…” she began.

“Yes? Did you want my recipe?”

Sophie couldn’t tell if Marissa was being obnoxious or serious, or if she was just teasing. “No, I was thinking about something else…”

“Want to meet and talk about it?” Marissa asked.

The way the other woman stressed the work talk confused Sophie, but that was exactly what she wanted. “Yes.”

It was mid-afternoon when Sophie arrived at the house. That was one of the advantages of teaching preschool. She often got out early in the day and always well before Gil got home. Marissa had a bottle of wine and two glasses on the table waiting for her.

“Care for a drink?” Marissa asked.

Sophie laughed nervously. “I think that’s what got me into trouble in the first place.”

“Trouble?” asked Marissa.

“Well, not trouble really…geez, I can’t believe I’m actually here contemplating

this."

"Contemplating?" Marissa teased. "What is it that you are contemplating?"

Sophie's face flushed bright red. She hated that she had such fair coloring that her emotions were so easily shown on her face. "You know," she sighed in frustration. "You're the one who started this. And you know what I mean by this!" They were both taken aback by the fervor of Marissa's words. Seeing that she still had a bit of initiative, Sophie blurted out, "Have you ever had sex with a woman before?"

The answer came easily to Marissa. "Yes. A while back, before Lucas was born. It was…casual, Ty and I were experimenting, I guess you could say." She smiled with the memory.

"Well then you have an advantage over me. You should be the one doing this!" She was a touch angry.

"Doing what?" Marissa asked, taking a step forward.

Her frustration and annoyance got the best of her. Sophie grabbed Marissa by the upper arms and planted a firm kiss on the curvy woman's lips. They were both surprised by the action, but they both recovered and fell into the kiss. It wasn't all that different from kissing a man, Sophie reflected as her tongue darted back and forth with Marissa's, except it was softer, and more exciting.

When they finally broke apart Sophie gasped, "Wow." There wasn't exuberance in her voice, just quiet reflection.

"This will work better in bed, don't you think?" Marissa asked.

Sophie only nodded and allowed herself to be led out of the kitchen by Marissa.

It was easiest to undress while they kissed, not physically easier, but they didn't have to worry about looking at each other and judging. By the time they were down to bra and panties, a self-conscious ripple suddenly hit Sophie and she pulled back. Marissa was slightly taller than her, had big, full breasts and pleasant curves all over her body. Next to her Sophie felt like a shapeless twig. Her arms suddenly crossed in front of her breasts, hiding the tiny bit of cleavage she had.

“What’s the matter?” Marissa asked, confused. She had been excited by what was going to happen even though she still had a lot to reveal to her new lover.

“You’re so much prettier than me!” Sophie all but wailed. This wasn’t how she had imagined her first Sapphic experience to go. “Look at your boobs!”

Marissa had to not laugh. “What are you, an A cup?”

Sophie nodded.

Pointing to her own full chest, Marissa said, “These were, at best, a C on a good day. Then I had a kid and they ballooned up into Ds.” She shook them a little bit. “And that’s not the worst part.”

“I’m jealous. I wish I had tits like yours.” It wasn’t a lie. Sophie had always longed for larger breasts. She had stopped developing when she was fifteen and looked with envy on all of her curvier classmates from that point on.

“This is mostly milk,” Marissa revealed.

“What?”

“I got pregnant, they got big, and they haven’t shrunk. I haven’t stopped producing milk.”

“What? You’re still nursing?”

“Yeah.” Marissa didn’t bother defining who was nursing from her. She reached behind her back and released the four hooks to her bra, letting it slip from her shoulders and breasts. Both nipples were still covered by the nursing pads she customarily wore. Sophie blinked at the display and stared at Marissa’s large light-brown areola. “I wish I could stop but it hurts too much when they get so full.” She reached out and drew Sophie’s hand to her breast. “Feel.”

Marissa’s breasts were firmer than hers. That wasn’t surprising. She found that she enjoyed caressing Marissa and before she knew it the two were tumbling to the bed together. Sophie did what was natural and lowered her mouth to Marissa’s fat nipple. Her lover sighed softly as Sophie tongued and sucked. After a minute she tasted the sweetness of breast milk filling her mouth.

“Oh, wow, you weren’t kidding. You do have milk.”

“Uh-huh,” agreed Marissa. “Don’t stop.” She pulled Sophie’s head back down. They continued on until Sophie abruptly sat up, pulled off her own bra releasing her small tits but then resumed nursing from Marissa. Once she had settled down with the reality of what she was doing, it felt natural for her to slip her hand down between Marissa’s thighs and felt the heat of her pussy.

“Is this okay?”

In response Marissa took Sophie’s hand and slipped it under her panties. Sophie felt the wetness under her fingers and continued to explore the other woman’s body. It felt right to slowly kiss her way down Marissa’s torso. She stopped abruptly just above the edge of her panties. “What’s this?” she asked about a horizontal line in her skin.

“C-section scar. I’m not perfect.” With a grin Marissa hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, pulled up her knees, and removed her last bit of clothing. “You still want to do this?” she asked.

“Uh-huh.” Sophie didn’t hesitate as she got between Marissa’s legs. She told herself there was nothing wrong with what she was doing; it was completely natural and normal. Inhaling Marissa’s scent, she laved her tongue along Marissa’s moist slit and closed her eyes to remember the sensation.

“Don’t stop,” Marissa encouraged her. “Don’t stop.”

She didn’t. Neither woman stopped until both were satisfied.

Part Two

Chapter Five

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 Six

“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 Seven

“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 Eight

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.

Part Three

Chapter Nine

“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 Ten

“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 Eleven

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.

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