# Elliot Silvestri

# The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

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**Complete Version**

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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If you’re lonely, I will call

If you’re poorly, I will send poetry

I love you

I am the milkman of human kindness

I will leave an extra pint

—Billy Bragg, “The Milkman of Human Kindness”

# Chapter One

Annie knocked on the familiar front door and waited patiently. Wally left for work after his wife. Her car was gone from the driveway so Annie wasn't worried. She liked visiting Wally, he was gentle, polite, and well-mannered. That went a long way with Annie. She had turned down better money from men who were just rude or expected more services than she advertised.

When Wally finally opened the door she greeted him with a smile. "Hello. Nice day for it, isn't it?" he asked her. It was how he always greeted her regardless if it was raining or snowing, if it was freezing cold or blisteringly hot. Today was a mild spring day with the sun playing hide and seek among large white puffy clouds.

She tilted her head to the side in acknowledgement of his comment. "Sure is."

He stood aside and gestured for her to enter. Annie had been coming to Wally's house over three years now. He was her best client, reliable and predictable. She had never met his wife or kids and they both wanted it that way—too many unnecessary complications. She had seen Linda's picture on the walls of his house along with his three kids, but that was it. Annie always kept her tone pleasant and neutral with Wally. All she wanted was a professional relationship with him and that's all he wanted from her—the services she provided.

"Bedroom or couch?" she asked him. Those were the only places they ever used and that was fine with Annie.

"Couch today," he said. "Bedroom's a bit messy and the sheets need to be changed."

Annie nodded and walked with familiarity to the living room. She sometimes wondered what Wally's wife thought about his expenses for her services, but maybe she didn't know about the money he paid her. Annie wasn't privy to their household finances. "I got your money on PayPal last night. Thank you."

He nodded. PayPal had been a godsend for her, especially her mail order

business. Most of her in person clients preferred cash, but Wally made electronic payments. It was easier that way; he sent one payment and was then all set for the next month. Wally had never missed a payment. “Would you mind if I…” he trailed off, not finishing his question. It was always the same question and he never finished it. The one time he managed to say all the words was six months into their relationship. Annie was glad he had asked and hadn’t just presumed it was part of the service. But after that he had never been able to say all the words. Annie was positive Wally was either incredibly shy or fell somewhere on the Asperger’s spectrum.

“Of course, go ahead,” she encouraged him. Stopping in the middle of the living room, right next to the coffee table in front of the couch, she stood up straight and thrust her chest forward. Despite what some of her new clients expected she didn’t have a massive set of breasts. They were large but not abnormally so and since she didn’t wear bras or shirts that accentuated her breasts she easily passed as normal in polite company.

Today she was wearing a white blouse and a pair of black slacks. This was largely the same outfit she wore every day when visiting clients. Sometimes the blouse was pink or cream or yellow, sometimes she wore a skirt that was blue, but usually black. She looked like a professional and Annie took pride in her appearance. Her shoes were practical one inch heels that she kicked off bringing her height even to Wally’s. He was a nice man but he wasn’t tall, and since Annie was above average in height as well, she needed to lose the shoes to even things out.

His hands went to her blouse’s top button. They were shaking but steadied once he managed to grab the button and slip it through the hole. Wally exhaled and moved down to the second button, and then the third, slowly undressing her. Once all the buttons were opened Annie shrugged the blouse from her shoulders and placed it carefully on the coffee table that was empty but for an e-reader and the remote to the television. She stood calmly before him in her white nursing bra.

“Would you like to open this up too?” she asked him. It was their ritual. They had done this a hundred times before. A thousand. He nodded yes.

Once again his fingers were trembling and he had trouble unhooking the right flap from the strap, but once he was able to slip it free he eagerly pulled it down,

exposing nothing more than a white cotton pad. Annie had been leaking more than normal over the past few days.

“Oh, sorry,” she mumbled and pulled it away exposing her right breast and nipple. It was framed by the white fabric of the bra and Wally gazed upon it for a minute. Her areola were larger than most men liked, but Annie had come to terms with that. It was her body and she wasn’t ashamed of it. Her nipples were big but not terrible long. Most of her clients tended to focus on that feature. Plus her milk. They were always there for the milk.

Wally’s hands had stabilized and he went to unhook the left side of the bra. This time he moved the pad out of the way as he exposed her nipple.

“They’re beautiful,” he told her. He always told her the same thing. Annie gave him her winning and client-tested smile.

“Come to the couch with me,” she said as she picked up his hand and led the way to the large couch that dominated the living room. It took a minute to get properly positioned. Wally had to put a small pillow under his head, but once he was settled his lips landed on her left breast and gently pulled the nipple into his mouth.

She inhaled deeply at the first bit of suction and then her body responded, letting down the milk that had built up. Wally swallowed his first mouthful and moaned in appreciation. Their legs intertwined and Annie felt the pressure of Wally’s hard cock on her thigh. That was expected; it always happened. After quickly setting up a rhythm Wally settled into the process of nursing as much milk from Annie as possible. For her part Annie just closed her eyes and enjoyed what he was doing to her.

When she had first started serving clients like this professionally Annie was surprised at how much she actually enjoyed the process. If the client was polite and gentle it was a wonderful way to earn some money. It he was rough and a jackass she never saw him again. Annie was very particular about her clients and since she could afford to be she never gave the clients she left behind or ignored a second thought. It was a pleasure to serve Wally, he knew what to do and never hurt her, never bit, or mauled her roughly. The discount she gave him was more than offset by the volume and the care he showed in nursing.

After her left breast was drained Wally shifted to her right and she gently ran her

hand over his nearly bald head. She would have liked him to have some hair, but that wasn't important. His lips and tongue were and they were quickly transporting her to a climax. That was something she hadn't expected at all, the physical pleasure she got from nursing men. It was common, almost regular, for her to cum when she was nursed—at least with Wally and other talented client. Despite herself Annie moaned, breaking the relative silence in the living room.

That encouraged Wally. She could feel him increase the rate and pressure of each suckle of her breast. His hand moved down from her breast and rested on her hip. That was a clear violation of her rules—nothing below the waist. But Wally was trusted and never took advantage of her. She liked his hand there. She loved his lips on her breast and she let herself go by wriggling her hips, getting his leg between her thighs so she could rub her pussy through the layers of clothing, but it was enough. Her breast went dry but Wally didn't stop. He kept sucking until Annie came. Her moans almost erupted into a scream, but she kept her lips clenched tight s she remained as quiet as possible. It wasn't necessary, but that was the type of woman Annie was: demure and well-behaved.

Once her orgasm was past she could still feel Wally's erection on her thigh and he disengaged from her and stood up from the couch. "Give me a minute, please," he asked and headed for the bathroom.

Too many of her clients would just pull out their cocks and start beating off right in front of her. Wally would never do that even though Annie wouldn't have minded because he was such a nice guy. Still, he masturbated in the bathroom like a gentleman and quickly returned to her with a red face and a twenty dollar bill in his hand. She had already pulled her bra back into place and put her blouse back on

"A tip for your excellent service today," Wally said.

"You don't have to do that," Annie replied, but took the money from him anyway.

Their transaction completed for the day she nodded to him and headed for the door. Wally was a good client. She'd be back the next morning.

Annie headed home and stopped at her house only briefly for a quick bite to eat,

gathered some papers for errands, grabbed two large water bottles, and loaded her heavy-duty, very expensive breast pump into her car. She would need that for her next stop. If it hadn't been one of those automatic things she would have forgotten to lock the door before she left.

What followed were those many errands that take up time and never really seem to be productive. The trip to the post office today was merely a return of a bra that didn't fit correctly despite the claims of the website, and there was a check to deposit at the bank which was satisfying. Annie considered stopping at the grocery store for some kitchen necessities but noticed she was running short on time. Instead she headed for the uptown campus of the university. On the way there she made sure to consume the entire first water bottle. Hydration was key in her life.

Parking in the lot outside the athletic center Annie hung the special permit tag from her rearview mirror and briefly glanced at herself to brush her bangs out of her eyes. She might have stopped to put on a bit of makeup or lipstick, but she wasn't that sort of woman, overly concerned with superficiality of appearance. After grabbing her blazer she stepped out of the car and carried the pump with her in its innocuous black leather case. It could be any businesswoman's briefcase.

Inside she stopped at the athletic office and asked for Coach Conway.

"Whom shall I say is asking for him," the overly officious secretary asked her before she bothered to pick up the phone. Annie knew her appearance was business professional, but maybe a touch too professional for an athletic office. Maybe she should incorporate sportswear into her outfit for the next meeting. But that didn't matter at the moment. The secretary knew her and just didn't like her.

"Anastasia Dalrymple from CLC," she replied with a smile. It was the name of her corporation. It wasn't much of a corporation, but she had business cards and a telephone number with a voicemail that made it sound official enough.

The secretary nodded and put the call through. After she briefly relayed the message the secretary grimaced and hung up. "He's ready to see you. Do you know the way?"

She did. She'd been visiting the coach at least once a week for the past six

months. “I do. Thank you.”

The secretary said nothing.

Annie wound her way back into the warren of hallways that was the combination athletic offices and classrooms. She knocked twice on the coach’s door and went in without an invitation.

“You’re early,” he said as he glanced up from some paperwork that was scattered across his desk.

“I hope that’s okay. I hate being late.”

“It’s fine. You have something for me, I think?”

“Yes,” she replied evenly and waited.

“Oh. Right.”

Annie wasn’t sure if it was a game with him or if Conway was really that forgetful. He opened up his center desk drawer and extracted an envelope with the university’s logo on the corner. After he handed it over Annie flipped open the flap and quickly counted the bills. The amount was the same as always, and in fresh, crisp, clean bills, as always. She nodded and tucked the envelope into her blazer pocket and stood up.

Conway watched as she opened the black case and extracted the pump. She used the outlet next to the office door. Before going further she made sure the door was locked and the interior blinds were closed. There was no reason to be sloppy and careless and wind up getting caught. Strictly speaking what they were doing wasn’t illegal, but it was unethical by the standards of the university’s code of conduct. It wasn’t a problem for Annie, but for Conway alone.

He watched from the other side of his desk as she took off her blazer and draped it over the arm of one of the two chairs facing the desk. It was a cramped office filled with the two chairs, Conway’s chair, the desk, a bank of filing cabinets, and a wall of athletic awards. Annie took her time unbuttoning her blouse. It was all part of the service. She briefly wondered why she bothered getting dressed up for this job—half the time she was half-naked for it anyway. The answer, of course, was that professional dress made it easy to get in and out to see her

clients. Fewer questions made life easier for her. Once all the buttons were opened she let the blouse slip from her shoulders and hung it over the blazer.

The bra went next. She just reached behind her back and released the hooks with a practiced twist of her hand. Conway didn't want to see her lower the flaps and play that game. HE wanted her naked from the waist up. If he had his true desired fulfilled she would do this completely nude, but that wasn't a service Annie was willing to sell to Conway.

She didn't really like the man.

Once her breasts were exposed, Annie sat down on the edge of the empty chair's seat. Turning on the pump and checking to see the collection bottles were in place, she picked up the two collection cones from the pump and rested them on her breasts, centering them over the nipples before activating the suction hoses. Her nipples stretched out and released as the pump went into action. Nothing came out at first but that didn't worry Annie. She was used to this and knew it sometimes took a few cycles for the milk to let down. Besides, it was all good for the show that Conway enjoyed. He was staring intently at her tits now, one hand down beneath the top edge of the desk, in his lap. It had taken her a few sessions to learn to ignore what he was doing. That's what he was paying her for.

She inhaled with each grip from the pump. Her nipples distended to a ridiculous length into the cone and then released. It took five cycles before the first squirt of milk erupted. Annie sighed. Since she didn't like serving Conway all that much it was a relief when her milk let down because she was always positive her anxiety would prevent the breasts from functioning the way they should. Once things got going it proceeded normally and the collection bottles filled quickly. The back of her throat was dry and Annie wished she had drunk the contents of her second water bottle before coming inside. It would be warm by the time she returned to the car and she wasn't going to ask Conway for a favor. That was right out.

The coach focused on how quickly the bottles filled. If she sold the milk directly to him, prepackaged in either plastic bags or in bottles she could actually charge him less because he didn't get to see the process. He liked to see the process. She once told him he could see the same thing in videos on the internet. He told her it wasn't the same. Because Annie wasn't ashamed of her body or what she did for a living she allowed him this twisted little pleasure.

His arm was moving up and down now. She could see that from under her half-closed eyes but she didn't stare. Making him feel uncomfortable wasn't a good way to continue their business relationship. She was still amused by him and his need to jerk off in front of her while she pumped. Sometimes he finished while she was still pumping, sometimes not.

"Almost full," she murmured as the milk reached to the top of the bottles. The speed of his arm's motion increased and he made a slightly strangled noise as he came. Annie resisted the temptation to smirk or smile or acknowledge his orgasm in any way. That wasn't professional either.

After turning off the pump she pulled the cones from her breasts and reached for the box of tissues on Conway's desk. The same box he had just pulled a pair of tissues from to wipe up the remains of his orgasm. She wiped her breasts dry and dropped the wadded up tissues in the garbage can next to his.

She didn't cover up immediately. Instead Annie capped the bottles and proceeded to clean the pump and pack it away. Conway watched her breasts move and shake with her motions. It was all part of the service. Finally she handed the bottles over to Conway. "Six ounces each," she informed him. It was actually a little more but it was worth it to have him finish first so she didn't have to see his cock. He'd done that more than once and she informed him she didn't like it.

"Thank you," he said. "Still warm," he grinned and uncapped one to take a sip. "Mmm. Delicious as always."

"Thanks for the compliment," she replied evenly and started putting her bra back on. "Same time next week?"

"I'll call you," he said. "I actually have a new athlete that could do with some of your magic energy drink. He's got a minor injury and this will perk him up."

She nodded and then paused as she started buttoning up her blouse. "Do your… athletes know what you're giving them?"

He laughed, it was an ugly barking sound. "Only a couple of them. And they swear by it, those who know. Those who don't…well, they swear by it as well."

"Don't they think you're giving them steroids or something?"

That made him laugh more. “You don’t know much about collegiate drug testing, do you, honey?”

Annie frowned at the overly familiar use of the term “honey” to refer to her. “No,” she said formally and finished buttoning. “I do not.”

Realizing his error Conway paused. “Sorry. I forgot myself. Well, some of these guys will do anything for a little advantage on the field. And they’ll drink anything I tell them too, especially after I take a little sample myself.”

She nodded and returned to her neutral, professional demeanor. “Very good. Same order to be delivered on Friday?”

“Can I up it?”

“How much?”

“Another twelve ounces?”

“I’ll see what I can do.”

He nodded and she showed herself out. It wasn’t a promise but, as always, Annie could use the extra money. If she couldn’t produce enough by Thursday night she had already decided to go into her emergency reserve in the freezer.

# Chapter Two

It wasn't until the next day she discovered the problem. As always Annie got up, got her son off to school, and was about to leave for Wally's when she remembered there were still two bottles of breast milk in the refrigerator. Since she was planning on using that for whatever shortage for Coach Conway on Friday she wanted to transfer it to the big chest freezer in the mudroom. Quickly decanting the bottles into storage bags she opened the freezer to store it away when her heart stopped upon opening the lid.

Normally the freezer was half full of frozen food she purchased on her monthly shopping trips and the other half was filled with little bags of frozen breast milk.

The breast milk was gone.

After a minute her heart stopped. It had to have been stolen. The chest freezer was in the long mudroom on the back of her house. There were two doors to the mudroom, one to the outside that opened on the back yard and one that opened on the kitchen. She went to the back door and opened it. The lock on the door was old and not particularly high security, but even she could see that the old lock had obviously been broken.

"Shit shit shit," she cursed under her breath. There was no time to address this problem right now. She needed to get to Wally's.

It was the worst trip ever to Wally's. As ever, he was a gentleman although he didn't tip her. She didn't blame him. She was cold and distant. While he was only truly paying her for her milk, he tipped Annie for her attentiveness and warmth. She didn't provide either today.

During her time with Wally her mind was—understandably—elsewhere. While Wally drained both her breasts she was making plans. She drove directly home. She had another appointment later in the day—though this was just a drop off for milk she didn't have. That she might have to cancel if she couldn't produce another ten ounces by four p.m.

Making the call to the police was more difficult than she anticipated. She didn't want to call 911 because this wasn't truly an emergency and she didn't really like the town cops, they were good at traffic control but not much more than that. In the end she opted to call the trooper's barracks and asked for the criminal investigations bureau.

"For a break in?" the operator asked her. "That's really more of a sheriff's department concern."

"I'd prefer this to be investigated by the state troopers," Annie said calmly. "And I'd prefer it if you could send a female investigator."

The operator paused. "Is there something you're not telling me, honey?" From her voice the operator was obviously an older woman and her tone was now kindly, motherly.

"Yes," Annie admitted, but what she wasn't telling the operator wasn't what the operator suspected.

"I'll have a female investigator sent over shortly," she said.

Inspector Monica Cruz rang to the bell to Annie's house and waited patiently. She got the weird calls all too often and she got the female in distress calls even more often because she was one of the few female investigators assigned to her troop. She sighed as she waited for the door to open.

The woman that opened the door was unremarkable except for her large breasts. Annie admitted her, gave her a quick introduction as to why she called, and led Cruz to the broken back door lock.

"Why didn't you call us immediately upon finding the broken lock?" Cruz asked. "Was anything stolen?"

"I had an important appointment this morning," she replied. "And only one item was stolen—that I'm sure of—and the lock to my kitchen door is still perfectly good."

"Uh-huh. And what was stolen?" Cruz asked as she looked around the mudroom.

There didn’t seem to be anything particularly valuable missing. Besides the chest freezer there were some coats hanging up and a pile of sneakers and shoes, but nothing out of place.

“Okay, here’s the hard part,” Annie said as she took a deep breath.

Cruz held up her hand. “If you’re going to tell me what was stolen was something illegal to possess, stop right there. I don’t want to hear it. It’ll only cause more problems for you.”

Annie shook her head. “No, no, nothing illegal. Nothing like that.” She took another deep breath. “It was breast milk.”

Cruz blinked. “Breast milk?”

“Frozen breast milk,” Annie said, nodding to the freezer. “I’m lactating. I pump my milk and sell it to those in need of it.”

“What, like to mothers who can’t produce any? Adoptive mothers?”

Annie nodded. “Something like that.”

Cruz tilted her head to the side. “Something like that?” she repeated.

“I sell to whoever wants to buy. I produce a lot of milk.”

“I see,” Cruz said evenly although she didn’t. She’d come back to that issue, although she now understood why Annie wanted a female investigator.

“What’s the value of this milk so I can file it with the report and you can make an insurance claim. You have homeowner’s, right?”

“Yes. Um. The value…let me see…there were probably a hundred or so bags of ten ounces each. When I sell at top dollar I get five dollars an ounce, but frozen usually only nets around two fifty an ounce. So going with round numbers, it was worth five thousand at the top and twenty five hundred at the bottom.

Cruz goggled at her. “For breast milk?”

Annie shrugged. “It’s in demand from a lot of people. Apparently I produce milk

with just the right sort of flavor and mix of nutrients and fat."

Remembering her professionalism Cruz tried to move past the details but found she couldn't. "How do you sell this stuff?"

"I started on Craigslist but I moved to a specialty website after a few months. Craig's is full of weirdos and I get better money from serious aficionados."

"I see." Cruz didn't know where to go next with this line of questioning and wasn't really sure if she should. "How did you get started with this?" she asked not wanting to think if she was prying too much.

Annie half turned away and then answered. "About five years ago my husband died. Car accident. It was sudden and unexpected. I didn't have a job. I'd taken a more or less permanent leave from my job to be a stay at home mom. The insurance money…wasn't what it should have been. I needed cash. I found a few websites. It started small and I found my new career." She smiled sadly. "The best part is that I get to be stay at home mom. Except now my son is in Kindergarten and I seem to have too much free time."

Cruz nodded in sympathy. "Sorry for your loss," she said and then realized she should get back to business. She looked at her notes and her eyes narrowed. "Is all that milk really worth five thousand?"

"Yes. Probably near that. But I'm not sure if I can actually make a homeowner's claim for it."

Cruz shook her head. "You'll have to call your insurance company about that. I'm just going to write the report.

"I'd rather not have to report it," Annie said. She was sure there was some clause in her contract stating running a business out of her house wasn't permitted. "I'd rather have the milk back."

Cruz glanced up from her notebook and slowly shook her head. "That's unlikely," she said. "Most cases of burglary, the stuff is gone, sold or used or destroyed or traded within twenty four hours. And this stuff is perishable. If the thief hasn't sold it already, it's spoiled by now. You think the break in was at least twenty-four hours ago?"

Annie nodded.

“Yeah, I’m sorry to say, but it’s gone. I can have a tech over here to dust for prints and the usual crime scene investigation stuff, but…” she trailed off. “The best thing for you to do is to contact your insurance and get the money for it.”

“Shit.”

Now Cruz nodded sympathetically. “Sorry for your loss. But this is a specialized theft, obviously. You might know the guy. Any ideas?” She paused with her pencil over her notes.

Annie thought and then twisted her lips into a little moue of frustration. “Probably a bunch of possibilities. Men who’ve contacted me through my ads but I turned them down because they were too creepy or too weird for me to deal with.”

“How many names?”

“I could give you ten from the last few months.”

Cruz raised her eyebrows. “That many?”

“I keep busy.”

“How do you make so much milk?” she finally asked.

Annie laughed. “Just good genetics. And mother’s tea. And lots and lots of water. Speaking of which, can I get you something to drink?”

In response to her question Cruz just shook her head. “No thanks. Just the names if you still have them.”

“I don’t have full names and such, but I do have some phone numbers and email addresses.”

“Whatever you have is good.”

Before turning on her computer to search out her list of declined clients Annie grabbed another bottle of water from the fridge and downed half of it while Cruz

inspected the locks on both the kitchen and mudroom doors. By the time she was done printing out the limited info she had on her rejected clients Annie was starting to feel the telling discomfort in her chest.

“You might want to keep an eye on whatever Craigslist and other websites you use,” Cruz advised her as she looked over the names. “If you see someone suddenly trying to offload ten gallons of breast milk, let me know.” She handed over her business card with the troopers’ phone information printed on it. She added her work cell number on the back in crisp penmanship.

“I don’t suppose you do anything like that,” Annie said. “Watching websites and such.”

Cruz shook her head. “Unless it’s murder, rape, or drugs, my bosses don’t want to hear about it.” She smiled sadly. “Call me if you can think of anything else, anything at all, no matter how minor it might be. You might also want to get you locks changed. This looks like a planned crime and unless your thief knows you have more milk stored then he’s probably not coming back. It’s still a good idea. These locks are old and almost useless.”

Annie nodded. “Thanks. I know someone who can help me out.”

“I think you’re leaking.” She pointed at Annie’s chest where her blouse had soaked through with moisture.

“Oh, shit! I’m sorry. I need to pump. Is there anything else I can do for you?”

For just half a second Cruz considered asking if she could watch as Annie pumped her breasts, but after a moment’s reflection that seemed…odd. “No. Keep in touch if you find anything.”

With that she was gone and Annie quickly unpacked her breast pump and applied the collection cones to her swollen breasts. Upon the first bit of suction her nipples were drawn out and a set of milk streams issued forth. She sighed and settled back into the couch, wishing she had gotten out her vibrator before starting the process. It was nice to pump and cum at the same time.

That night as she drove home from the trooper barracks where she was stationed,

Cruz thought about Annie's strange job and tough situation. Somehow she always seemed to catch the weird crimes and this was no exception. It wasn't just a simple theft, it was sexually related and she could kick it over to sex crimes, but they were only really interested in rape and other sexual assaults. She decided to keep this on for herself.

Ray was at home and in the kitchen, already making dinner for them. Monica briefly admired his ass before she entered the kitchen. Making him run every morning was the best decision she had ever made. She was forced, because of her job, to stay in shape and he was not. They had come to an agreement where he was forced to keep up with her physical. Monica went behind her husband and gave him a hug, feeling his strong arms and chest underneath her embrace. "Hi, honey," she greeted him as he stirred the pot of pasta.

"Hello, dear. Dinner in about fifteen minutes."

"Okay." She loosened her grip on his torso and gave his a little kiss on the side of his neck. Since she was shorter than he was, she was forced up on her toes and even then barely made it over his collar. As she kissed him Monica dropped her hand down his front to eventually land on his crotch. She squeezed her hand over his cock, checking its state. All she could feel was hardness. The plastic was unforgiving so he was obviously in a flaccid state, or mostly was. She would need a visual inspection to make sure.

"I'm glad you still have it on," she said and she fondled his manhood.

"Like I could take it off," he replied.

"Would you like it off?" she teased.

"Yes!" It was partly a sigh, partly a moan, partly a plea.

"Good!" she cried and let go of him. "That means you aren't getting it off tonight." She teased.

This time Ray did moan. He never knew if she was kidding or not.

"Maybe after dinner," she teased him some more and walked away.

If only the people at work knew about her and Ray, Monica marveled. It wasn't

that she had ever had a burning desire to keep her husband's cock locked away in a little plastic chastity cage, but life evolves in weird ways. Monica had been happy to have an open marriage with Ray. Having sex with other couples had been eye opening to say the least. She had never considered herself bisexual until Ray had convinced her to get in bed with another couple. Fucking other men and women had been the perfect complement to their marriage. For years she had been worried that she would wind up cheating on Ray because she had never been able to have a boyfriend without needing to find another man to satisfy her high sex drive. Opening up their marriage was perfect, and tasting pussy on a regular basis was wonderful as well.

But even with an open relationship it quickly became obvious that Ray's extremely high sex drive wasn't going to be sated with occasional meetings with other couples and group situations. He wanted more and more. He begged Monica to help him control himself.

Since she was a cop at heart Monica took his request literally. It wasn't hard to find a physical means of restricting the use of his cock on a regular basis. Ray had taken to wearing the cock cage daily. Sometimes she wouldn't let him out for more than a week. They both realized he liked being controlled because of the way it helped shape their marriage. He claimed the absolute best part was when he was released for his weekly—if he had been good—orgasm that the climax was much more intense than the two or three he would have by masturbating or finding some random sex partner beyond his wife.

They avoided some of the sillier aspects of female domination and male chastity. She didn't make him walk around naked at home all the time. He wasn't obligated to tell everyone who asked if his wife had him in chastity. He didn't encourage Monica to fuck around on him beyond what they already had in their open marriage. When they did have sex with other couples he got to take off his cage before they left the house. It was their little secret. They liked it that way.

"I had the weirdest case today," she told him after dinner.

"Oh?" Ray asked as he started taking off his clothes. He liked to hear her stories about work.

"Woman had a thousand ounces of her frozen breast milk stolen out of her house."

Ray looked askance at her. “That’s…odd.”

“The vibe I got off her was that she sells the milk to guys who fetishize breast milk and I think it’s likely one of these guys stole it from her.”

“There are some weird and kinky fuckers out there, aren’t there?” he asked as he finished taking off his clothes. Ray was shaved from the chest down. All his pubic hair was removed, it was easier for him to wear the slightly curved cock cage that way. There was less hair pulling and pinching. She looked at him and grinned. The lock she had placed on his this morning was still in place, a small brass padlock wrapped with a rubber band to keep it from clinking on the plastic. He was swelling inside the clear plastic. It was impossible for him to get an erection wearing the contraption and just that though gave Monica a little thrill.

“They’re sure are,” she agreed. She had taken off her pants but had left on her shirt, bra, and panties. “You never know what a seemingly normal person has on under his clothes, for instance.” She reached out and briefly fondled his constrained cock. He moaned a bit. “Would you like this off?” she asked.

“Yes, please,” he begged.

She laughed. “Maybe. Get out my green vibrator, some lube, take off my panties with your teeth, and make me cum. I’m thinking of a number. If you can make me cum that many times—no more and no less—I’ll take your cock out and give you a little treat.”

She didn’t promise him an orgasm; that would be too much. As she sprawled on the bed Ray quickly set to complete the tasks she had assigned him. Retrieving the vibrator and lube was easy, they were in the dresser drawer on the far side of the bedroom—far enough away that Monica wouldn’t be tempted to just reach into the nightstand for them when she was feeling a touch horny, but close enough that they were on hand when actually needed. Taking off her panties with his mouth was fairly easy as well. Ray had had plenty of practice doing exactly that and, of course, Monica was helping him along with the procedure by lifting her hips and moving her legs to expedite the process. In no time at all she was naked, her wedding band, the necklace at her throat, and the small triangular patch of black pubic hair on her mons were her only decorations.

Ray pushed his face between her legs and began licking at her pussy. It wasn’t that she needed it. Monica was already horny and her pussy was wet, she could

have easily accepted a finger, a vibrator, or a cock with equal ease. Still, he loved to eat her pussy and it put them both in the proper mindset—his serving her. Monica closed her eyes and focused only on his tongue and then his fingers as they explored her pussy. Although Ray knew his wife's body better than anyone else she still had incredible difficulty cumming from just oral sex. Monica was a traditional woman. She needed penetration in her pussy along with stimulation on her clit in order to have an orgasm. Ray was trying extra hard tonight and he managed to vibrate his tongue on her swollen clit at just the right speed when his fingers were up inside her sex, curling forward looking for her hidden spot when she came. It wasn't a hard orgasm—for that Monica needed a big cock or vibrator—but it was satisfying.

She gasped and sighed. "Keep going," she encouraged him. "I'll give you a hint. One wasn't the number I was thinking of."

Ray already knew that and set to work on his wife. He turned on the vibrator and used it on her pussy—inside and out—to make her cum again and again. He put his fingers inside of her. He sucked on her clit and he sucked on her nipples. He smeared lube across her asshole and lightly penetrated her anus with his finger while holding the vibrator on her clit. All of these resulted in new and more exciting climaxes for Monica. She didn't tell him to stop. She would never tell him to stop. Even when her screams of pleasure bordered on cries of pain he wouldn't stop. He had to guess the right number and every time she came he was certain that she needed just one more to be perfectly sated, but his wife was never truly sated. She always wanted more.

Finally he stopped. The sheets between her legs were soaked with the leavings of her orgasms and lube that dripped off her body. He didn't stop because he was certain he had found the correct number. Ray had stopped because his arms and hands were too tired to go on any longer.

"What's the number?" he asked, his breath almost as ragged as hers.

It took Monica a minute to answer. "I came eighteen times," she told him. It was only later in life when she had trained herself to become multiorgasmic that Monica had allowed herself to let go during sex and achieve bliss. "But that wasn't the number." It was impossible for him to know if she was bragging about the number or orgasms, or lying about it. He had to take her word for the truth. "You passed the magic number a while ago," she informed him. "You'll

have to stay locked up tonight."

His cock was swelling inside the chastity device but he wouldn't complain. The longer he had to go between releases was exquisite torture—it made the final orgasm that much more powerful. "Okay," he agreed.

"But you can cuddle me," she told him, pulling his face up to her for a kiss, then she pushed him back down to her breast. "Suck on my nipples for a while," she told him and he obeyed. "That feels really good tonight," He didn't question her. That wasn't his place.

Monica drifted off to sleep thinking about Annie and her breasts, wondering what it was like to feel her tits lactate.

# Chapter Three

After reporting the break in and theft of her milk, Annie felt much better. She felt even better when she called her cousin who sent over her husband who was a locksmith and had all the locks in her house changed. He appeared after she returned from her morning feeding at Wally's and did the work quickly and efficiently.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked when he was done.

Carmine stared at her chest as she talked to him. Annie had deliberately left open one more button than usual. She wasn't above trying to get the cousin's family discount and perhaps the sexy relative discount as well for his work. Times were tough and showing a little cleavage was the least of Annie's concerns or moral failings.

"I'll…uh…just charge you for the parts," Carmine managed to stammer out. He was a nice enough guy who was working on a beer gut and didn't bother to shave carefully every day.

"Are you sure?" Annie asked, leaning in a bit and showing a bit more cleavage and maybe the edge of her bra as well. She wasn't sure. She had arranged her shirt before confronting him about the cost of the work and wanted to show off as much as she could. Still, she wasn't sure how far she was willing to go to for free locksmithing. A few minutes of breast feeding, certainly, but Cousin Amy didn't know about her business and it was unlikely that Carmine knew either. Still, for a few hundred dollars she was willing to give up a few secrets.

"Yeah, sure, it's not a problem. Family discount." His eyes were partially glazed. She wondered if she should loosen another button or come right out and make him an offer. It made her feel bad but she always worried about the money. Was Annie willing to fuck her cousin's husband for a few new locks on her house? Probably not. Was she willing to let him suckle the milk from her breasts? Certainly. But her special talent she had developed into a business didn't appeal to all men. Yes, all men like to look at and play with breasts, but that didn't necessarily mean they all wanted to taste the delicious and sweet milk she

produced.

“If there’s anything I can do to ever help you out…” she said, trailing off as she lifted her hand to her neck and gently rubbed downward indicating her heavy breasts.

“Yeah, sure, I’ll let you know,” he said. His words had an absent air and he just nodded as if he hadn’t a care in the world. “Family discount,” he said as she readjusted her blouse, covering up a bit of her cleavage. Apparently she wasn’t willing to do anything for free locks. “Three new locks is $214.78,” he said after pulling a statement from his clipboard. “You don’t have to pay right away,” he said. “Family courtesy. Just pay whatever you can whenever you can.”

“Of course,” she agreed and fished a few twenties out of her purse and handed them over. “You’ll send me regular bills?”

“Yeah.”

“Can I offer you anything to drink before you go?” she asked. Annie couldn’t help but tease and perhaps find a new client. She had never done this before, never teased a cousin’s husband, never gave him the faint, fleeting promise of sex—or something close to it—just for fun and trade. “Coffee? Soda? Water?”

“No thanks,” he said.

“Are you sure? Maybe something stronger? Beer? Whiskey? Maybe some milk?” she let her hand trail down from her necklace along the buttons of her shirt and over the swell of her breasts.

When he heard the last drink he laughed. “No, no, thank you, but no. I’m still on duty. Got a couple more appointments today. Maybe some other time?”

“I’ll hold you to that,” she said and showed him to the door.

It was probably better that way. Did she really want to be breast feeding her cousin’s husband, at least not without telling Amy first. And that wasn’t a conversation she wanted to have today.

She got out her breast pump and drained her breasts. This time it wasn’t for fun, it was to make up for all the milk she had lost. She didn’t stop until she had at

least twelve ounces. Annie had added an additional bottle of water to her routine and had set about pumping an extra time during the day. It would take a long time to make up for what she had lost and still hadn't committed to turning in an insurance claim on her loss. She wanted to masturbate after she was done, but there was no time for that. She had other issues to attend to.

After a half hour of searching all the lactation websites that she knew, Annie couldn't find evidence of anyone selling a sudden windfall of a thousand ounces of breast milk. That ticked her off almost as much as losing it in the first place. She was about to write a few emails to prospective clients when she received a phone call from Inspector Cruz.

"I have a possible idea that might interest you," she told Annie. "Can you come to our headquarters and help me out?"

In less than an hour later Annie had found her way to the troopers' building and been directed to the tiny office that Cruz was assigned to.

As she knocked on the door Annie's heart was in her throat. "What is it that you have for me?" she asked as she was ushered inside.

Trying to tamp down her expectations Cruz said, "Don't get too excited. This sort of thing is hard to accomplish, but in this sort of situation it might be the best way to go."

"Well?"

"Instead of us waiting to find the perpetrator, I thought that perhaps we could set up a sting, of sorts."

Annie was dumbfounded. "How would that work, exactly. I thought that sort of thing was limited to buying drugs and such."

"The amount of milk your thief is trying to offload is pretty large, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And unless he already has a buyer or is saving it all for himself, he needs to have a way of getting rid of it. We simply put up a few ads looking to buy milk."

Annie blinked. “Just like that. It’s that simple?”

“And not at all illegal or unethical. Can you work with me on this?”

Despite her nature to avoid confrontation Annie found that she was excited to be part of a police operation. “Yes!”

For the next few hours they worked up a few ads as Cruz explained the whole process to Annie. “And be aware this might not work at all. It’s really a shot in the dark.”

“Thank you so much for trying though, Inspector Cruz.”

She waved away the other woman’s appreciation. “All part of the service the state troopers provide. And please call me Monica. Whenever I hear the title Inspector I’m sure my boss is about to tell me how I screwed up an investigation.” She smiled ruefully. “And can I ask you a personal question?”

Annie’s spine stiffened at the opening but nodded her head once. “I suppose. But I promise no answers.” All too often when someone began a conversation with the “personal question” gambit it led to areas of her life that Annie shared with no one.

Monica nudged the door to her office closed. She didn’t allow the door to latch, but it was shut enough that a casual visitor would first knock before entering while thinking there was nothing untoward about what was going on inside the small room.

“Are you taking on new clients right now?”

She should have known it was work related. “I have to, yeah. I need to make up for the theft.”

“Would you mind if I brought a client to you?”

Annie blinked and said nothing. She didn’t know how to react. She wasn’t sure if Cruz had something up her sleeve. Police officers of any sort made her nervous. Just because Cruz was a trooper and worked in plainclothes didn’t make Annie any less nervous. If anything, she was on higher alert. She knew what she did to make money wasn’t illegal, but the way she did it with some

clients could be construed as prostitution.

“I wouldn’t mind, but I have a bit of a waiting list now. I’ve been trying to increase my output, but I suppose I could put a friend of yours at the top of my list. I do charge five dollars an ounce, remember and I do deliver locally, or I’ll freeze and ship overnight.”

Cruz shook her head. “It’s local. And he’ll want it fresh.”

Annie nodded once. “That’s easy then.”

“He’ll want it straight from the source.”

The way she said it made Annie know exactly what Cruz meant. “I don’t do it that way,” she said firmly but she knew that Cruz was on to her.

Cruz slowly shook her head. “I know you do, Annie. I’ve seen your ads. I know what the code words mean. I’ve investigated your whole little subculture. Don’t worry. I’m not trying to nail you for prostitution or anything like that. It’s something completely different.” She looked meaningfully at the door and leaned toward the lactating woman. “There’s a sexual component to what you do.” She lowered her voice a bit more. “I think that’s kinky. I think that’s hot. You don’t think cops have sex lives? We do. We’re the kinkiest fuckers out there if you want to know the truth.”

“Wh-what does your friend want?”

Cruz licked her lips. “I can trust you to be discrete, can’t I?”

“Of course,” Annie automatically answered. She had to be discrete in her line of business.

“I have someone who wants it straight from the source.”

# Chapter Four

She met with Monica and Ray on Friday evening. Through hard work and a lot of extra water, mother's tea, and lots of excess pumping, Annie had managed to make up for the deficit of milk she had suffered with the theft. In the morning she had her daily appointment with Wally, who was as polite and poised as ever. She had managed to get herself back on track with her best client once she was in Monica's capable hands. Her meeting with Coach Conway went fine. He watched her pump as he jerked off under the desk and then she handed over the usual weekly delivery.

It was barely the extra twelve ounces he had asked for. In truth she had probably shorted each of the bags she had given him by a half ounce, but that wasn't her concern at the moment. Since Annie knew that Conway was a true milk fetishist she knew he wouldn't complain. While it was possible he was drinking all the milk she sold to him, she suspected that in fact most of it went to his athletes. More than anything he wanted his teams to win at any cost and since whatever was in her milk couldn't be tested for against banned substances, it was one of those tiny little edges many athletes and coaches pursued. He had paid in cash, as always, and asked her, "Are you sure you wouldn't want to let one of my guys get it, you know, fresh. Straight…uh… from the horse's mouth?"

*Right from the cow, she thought but kept silent. "You know I don't do that, Mr. Conway," she told him after taking the envelope.*

It was in the evening, after she had put her son to bed, that she settled down with Ray and Monica. The couple had met her son as the four of them ate dinner together. They were a little bit thrown by Billy's presence, but they made the best of it. She had told them in advance what to expect, but even so they weren't fully prepared. Still, Annie was a good mother and a professional. She got him to bed at the usual time and managed to sit down with her guests as she had planned.

"How do you do it?" Monica marveled.

"What?" asked Annie, a bit confused. "Lactate? It's all natural, I told you that."

Ray sniggered and Monica laughed. “No. All of this, the single motherhood, the slightly offbeat job you’ve chosen for yourself, and your house. How can you afford it?”

“Personal question,” Ray muttered to his wife.

Monica pulled an uncomfortable face. “Sorry. Sometimes it’s the investigator in me seeping over to my civilian life. I ask too many prying questions.”

Annie waved aside her concern. “No worries. You can do the math. On a good day I can produce close to a hundred ounces of milk and I can sell that anywhere between two fifty and five dollars an ounce.”

Ray was good with numbers. “Every day, all year, pushing it to the max, that’s close to a hundred thousand a year.” He gave a low whistle. “And you have to report that to Uncle Sam?”

Annie half-grinned. “Sadly, yes. But I don’t make nearly that much. Cut it down by about a quarter plus and you’re closer to the truth.”

“Still…”

“It’s not a bad way to make a living,” Monica commented.

“Except for the creeps and it can be physically demanding. I have to pump every day otherwise my supply dries up and I have to get a real job.”

They were sitting around the dinner table waiting for Billy to fall asleep. She had assured them once he was out it was next to impossible to wake him up barring a thunderstorm or a train driving through the living room. Annie interrupted the conversation to check on her son. He was out and snoring lightly. After rolling him to the side of his little bed she tiptoed out the door and closed it firmly behind her.

Walking with a confidence she didn’t fully feel, she returned to the kitchen and asked her guests, “Living room or bedroom?”

“Bedroom has more privacy, doesn’t it?” Monica asked.

“It does, but do you really want your husband in there with me?”

Monica grinned. “I’ll be there watching.”

She brought them to her bedroom and briefly reflected that not one of her clients, not even the ever so trustworthy Wally, had ever seen the inside of her house let alone her bedroom. What was wrong with her? It wasn’t that Monica was a cop; Annie didn’t like cops.

Reminding herself that they were paying her a handsome fee for her time and milk, Annie brought her hands up to her blouse. “Shall we begin? I’m not shy about nudity—I can’t be in this job—I just don’t want you to be surprised when I take off my shirt and bra.”

“Wait,” Monica said. “Before we start, I want to tell you something about Ray and I.”

Annie took a half-step back. “What?”

“I keep him in chastity,” she said quickly, getting the words out before she lost her nerve.

“Excuse me.” Annie didn’t know what else to say.

Monica nudged her husband. “Show her, dear. You don’t mind other people’s nudity, do you?”

Before Annie could protest Ray was lowering his jeans exposing his penis. Annie didn’t look away like she should have, but instead found herself riveted by what he displayed. Once he pushed down his underwear she saw he had a little device around his cock. A plastic sheath that Annie quickly figured out was to keep his manhood under control—presumably under Monica’s control—because there was a little padlock on the device as well.

“See,” Monica said. “We play this little game. Ray likes it. Right, Ray?”

“Right,” he quickly agreed.

“And I make him do things he doesn’t always like. So when I was telling him about your theft—very unprofessional of me, sorry about that—he said that was a little too kinky for him. So I knew I had found a new way to push his buttons.” She paused. “There’s nothing wrong with breast milk, is there, Ray?”

“I’m going to find out.”

Annie opened her mouth to say something and realized she didn’t have any words to say. “Oh,” she managed to squeak out.

“I’ve read up on adult breast feeding,” Monica continued. “A lot of men try it when their wives are breastfeeding, so I thought I’d give Ray the opportunity. You’ll treat her right, won’t you, Ray?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Annie liked how he was very respectful.

“Just tell him how you want him to feed and he’ll do it,” Monica said.

“Right,” Annie agreed. “First, pull up your pants and then we’ll get on the bed.” She quickly unbuttoned her shirt and pulled off her bra, completely unselfconscious. Ray tried not to stare at the woman’s bare breasts, large and full. Monica didn’t mind staring at all.

It took a few minutes to get everything in position. Ray put his head on a pillow as Annie lay on her side. Monica sat on the edge of the bed watching everything. “Just suck naturally, but not too hard,” Annie instructed him. “I’ll let you know if you’re doing it wrong.”

“Umm, are you sure about this?” he asked trying to wiggle out of the moment.

“That’s the first time I’ve ever heard a man try to get out of playing with a woman’s tits,” Monica said. “Just do as the nice lady asked, dear.”

“What does it taste like?” he asked, delaying some more.

“Very sweet,” Annie told him. “Some guys say it’s like cantaloupe juice, others like very sweet, warm cream. Why don’t you just suckle me a little and find out for sure?” She brought her hand to the back of his head and encouraged him to slide a bit closer.

Ray was breathing heavily. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to do this—he wanted to please his wife-it was just strange to him. Breast milk was for babies and he was a man. He knew the consequences of sex and babies drinking breast milk was

anathema to him. But he had to do as his wife ordered. He closed his eyes and let his lips seek out Annie's breast. Once he touched the swell of her flesh he instinctively sought out her nipple, like he had a hundred other time with lovers. It was easy to find. Hers were large and soft and he latched on right away. Ray pretended he was just having some foreplay with a new lover. He sucked and sucked again, tasting nothing. He moved her nipple around in his mouth a little, feeling the texture of her soft flesh. Normally women's nipples hardened in his mouth, but so far Annie's had remained soft. He sucked again and a taste exploded across his tongue.

"Holy shit," he gasped after taking a swallow.

Annie grinned down at him. "Something the matter?"

"No, it's…wow…indescribable."

"I don't think that's quiet the case, but I understand," she said as he went back to her breast, sucking hard this time, drawing out as much milk as possible at once.

"Is that common?" Monica asked from her spot on the other side of the bed.

Before she answered Annie slipped her middle and forefinger around her nipple, pressing her breast back a bit, to allow Ray a slightly better latch, allowing him to breathe easily through his nose. "I wouldn't say common exactly," she answered as she rolled her head back and forth on her neck. She tried to remain professional and slightly distant, which was always difficult with a new client when instinctively knew how to suckle and provide her with pleasure at the same time. As much as she wanted to Annie couldn't ignore the growing tension in her pussy. She exhaled slowly. "But a lot of men have a similar enthusiastic response when tasting breast milk for the first time…or for the first time as an adult."

Ray smiled up at her, his teeth lightly gripping her nipple as he paused for a moment to show his pleasure and then quickly went back to nursing from her.

"That's…kind of strange."

"Not really. Men love tits. Men love to eat and drink. Men love to fetishize everything. They're just being themselves." Despite her professionalism Annie found herself smiling down at the handsome man currently attached to her tit. It was easy to feel affection for those who were polite and respectful when nursing

from her. She enjoyed her work even when trying to remain distant from those her nursed from her. It was a slightly strange situation having someone watch her while she was feeding a client. She had never done that before, but Annie found she couldn't say no to Monica.

"What does it taste like?" Monica asked. Annie saw the question was directed at Ray so she remained silent, giving him the chance to answer first.

"Sweet," he answered quickly between sucks on Annie's breast. He barely had time for that one word and immediately went back to getting his pleasure and sustenance from her.

"He's right," Annie half-laughed. "It is sweet. I've been told my milk is the sweetest around. Of course that might just be unnecessary compliments to win me over, but apparently I make very sweet milk. I eat a lot of fruit," she added. "That tends to make it sweeter."

"I see." Monica was obviously a little unnerved and perhaps a bit jealous of the situation.

"Would you like to try a taste?"

Monica froze. It wasn't that she was shy or nervous around fetishized sexual activity. She just hadn't expected Annie to make such an offer. "Umm…"

Ray was on his side facing Annie. He was nursing from her breast that was resting on the mattress. Annie had casually covered her other breast with a circular pad from her bra. Monica knew that it wasn't from modesty; she figured correctly that both breasts must leak milk when she nursed. Annie casually tossed aside the pad and showed off her large red nipple. As Ray took another suck from her tit a little bead of milk coalesced on her upper breast. When it reached a critical mass it started to slide down the slope of her flesh. Annie quickly caught the escaping liquid on her finger and offered it up to Monica.

The off duty trooper reached automatically, humanly. She leaned across the bed and took Annie's finger in her mouth. He eyes went wide with surprise. "It is sweet," she exclaimed. "Very sweet."

"Thank you."

“Can I try some more?”

“Of course.” Annie went to catch another drop of the milk on her nipple but Monica moved faster and was across the bed in a moment, pushing Annie’s hand out of the way. Monica wasn’t the least bit shy about sucking on another woman’s breast. She had done it many times before with a parade of lovers. Annie gasped slightly as Monica latched on to her nipple. Never before had she nursed two people at once. It was much more satisfying being drained simultaneously by two mouths rather than having to use her pump on both breasts simultaneously.

It was hard, however, to conceal her rising lust.

Monica was half on top of her husband as they both pulled milk from Annie’s tits. He didn’t object. They were both enthralled at this new experience. Much more so than their preference for group sex or having an open marriage or playing a chastity game, Ray and Monica were constantly seeking out new experiences in their sex lives. Nursing from a lactating woman fell into the category of new experience. They both loved it.

“Is that good?” Annie asked the trooper.

“Mm-hmm,” she mumbled into the other woman’s large breast. If there was one thing that Monica wished she had it was larger breasts. Hers were perfectly adequate and Ray professed to love them, but she would have liked to have something much more visually striking than her small ones, yet she was unwilling to undergo breast enlargement. That seemed a stupid waste of time and money.

“Go ahead and drink,” Annie said as she closed her eyes and concentrated on the sensations of two mouths on her at once. Her hands went to the backs of her new lovers’ heads and she reveled in every sensation that coursed through her body.

Monica wasn’t completely enamored of Annie’s milk. It was a new and exciting experience, of course, and it tasted wonderful, but she didn’t need the milk to be happy. If she was just sucking on Annie’s tits to give the other woman pleasure, that would have been enough. She wanted to make love to the other woman.

Eventually both Ray and Monica realized that the milk supply was drying up and less and less came out each time they sucked. Monica was the first to give up.

Ray, however, kept at Annie's tits for another minute.

"Thank you," Monica said as she wiped a bit of her saliva from around her mouth. Apparently nursing could be as messy as regular sex. That was fine with her.

"You're welcome," Annie said, but almost before the words were out of her mouth Monica leaned up and kissed Annie lightly on the lips. The lactating woman didn't know how to react and did nothing.

"Let's see how Ray did," Monica said, ignoring the fact she had shocked Annie. He finally broke his latch on Annie as Monica rolled him away and pulled down his jeans. It was instantly obvious to Annie's untrained eye that his cock was swollen to unnatural color and dimensions inside the little cock cage. "Oh! I think he enjoyed this immensely," Monica exclaimed.

"Very much," Annie heard herself echoing as she licked her lips.

"I promised you a treat," Monica told him as she reached into her shirt and withdrew a long necklace to which was attached a small key. "Do you mind if I unlock him so he can masturbate?" she asked Annie. "Normally if he's been good for a week I'd reward him with actual sex, but this is your place…"

Annie was staring at Ray's cock as Monica went through the routine of releasing him. She slipped the key into the small lock and the hasp popped open. Removing the lock from the plastic chastity device was simple and was followed by Monica tugging off the curved tube that actually contained his cock. Only when she had gotten this far did Monica realize Annie had been silent and she looked at her new friend. "Is this okay?" she asked. She knew it was okay, it was just a plain matter of getting Annie to agree.

"It's fine," Annie replied. Her voice was soft and unfocused. She swallowed hard. Her pupils were dilated and she licked her lips. Monica recognized all these signs. She would have added the flushed state of the other woman's chest as well, but there were other reasons for that.

Ray's cock was standing upright and was almost purple with desire—and the fact that the retaining ring behind his balls was still in place. Unconsciously Annie reached out and stroked his length. He wasn't huge but Monica had always been satisfied with her husband's manhood—as had many other women.

Monica's next question was soft and leading. "Would you like to have sex with Ray?" She avoided the harsh fuck and refrained from mentioning Ray was her husband. That could break the spell that had been created.

Annie slowly nodded as she continued to stroke Ray's cock. Monica moved slowly and helped Annie ease off her black yoga pants. Ray removed the mounting pin from the retaining ring and allowed the ring to separate into two pieces, fully freeing his cock.

"Be careful," Monica said. "He's very sensitive when he's first released. You don't want him cumming too soon, do you?"

Annie shook her head.

"Ray, get a condom." Either the couple had come prepared or Annie had been the target of their seduction from the moment Monica had become enamored of the single mother. Ray grabbed a foil packet out of Monica's purse that she had brought to the bedroom, opened it up, and started rolling it on his cock. It was only then that Annie noticed that Ray had removed all most all his body hair. He had a smattering across his chest, but everything from the waist down was gone. His cock was bare and somehow that made it look bigger.

For just a moment she felt a flash of shame. Annie hadn't had any sexual partners in the last five years and now she had not one but two, but she was hardly prepared. She had become so used to be being seen and used as a source of milk that she had walled off her sexuality from her reality. She had put on the mom-style yoga pants and her boring red and white striped cotton panties without any anticipation of having sex tonight. She was a bit embarrassed she hadn't dressed up a little bit, even though she was now naked. But she was still sporting more pubic hair than Ray. Annie didn't go much for grooming beyond edging a bit to where her swimsuit ended. She didn't trim back the length of her hair or shape the rough triangle. Annie was certain that to Ray and Monica's eyes she was wearing the sort of bush seen in porn from the eighties. Luckily neither of them said anything.

Monica pushed Annie back down onto the bed and Annie automatically opened up her legs to invite in Ray. It was odd the other woman was still completely clothed, but Annie didn't worry about that at the moment. She was focused on Ray's condom covered cock as he knelt between her legs and lowered himself

onto her. Monica didn’t seem the least worried or concerned. This must be normal for the couple, Annie decided. What other sex games did they play beyond chastity for Ray?

He was having a bit of difficulty entering her pussy, finding her correct angle. Annie reached down and adjusted his cock, letting him slip fully inside her. She gasped in alarm and satisfaction. It was wrong to be fucking a man while his wife watched, but it felt so good to have him inside her pussy. There was no way for a dildo or vibrator to compete with a real cock. And Ray’s cock was hard and throbbing. It had been too long since Annie had had sex with anyone but herself.

“Go ahead and fuck her,” Monica encouraged her husband. Ray started thrusting his hips and right away Annie could tell something was wrong. The sex was fine, but even as excited as she was and ready to be fucked, Ray was already much further along than she was. He was on the verge of orgasm the moment he pushed into her cunt and now he was right on the edge.

“I need to cum,” he half moaned, half whined.

“So soon,” Monica taunted him. “You’re going to disappoint your new lover. She might never want you back.”

Ray made a small noise as he continued thrusting. Annie knew he was trying to resist his need to climax but knew it wasn’t any good. He wasn’t going to last and she wasn’t close enough to cumming herself, even after it had been so long since she had a man in her pussy, even after being nursed by two people at once. “No,” she whispered softly to herself.

Ray came with a jerking fit of his body. Annie felt the heat of his ejaculate filling the condom. She half wished it wasn’t there; she wanted to feel his cum flooding into her. That used to make her cum as well. With each spurt of his cum his body jumped a bit. It was all pleasurable to Annie, but it didn’t make her cum.

Finally he was done and Monica clucked her tongue in disappointment. “You hardly lasted a minute, Ray,” she said. “And you didn’t make Annie cum at all. You’re not a very good lover.”

“I’m sorry,” he gasped as he rolled of Annie.

“Very disappointing,” Monica said.

Annie didn’t say anything. She was left gasping and frustrated as she had barely begun the climb up the hill to climax.

“Let me help you out,” Monica then added. She reached between Annie’s legs and found her pussy, slipped a pair of fingers inside her friend, thrusting in and out, playing with her clit at the same time. “Does that feel good?” she asked.

“Oh…yeah,” Annie moaned. She had never been touched by a woman before but wasn’t about to complain now. The trooper knew exactly what she was doing and it was heavenly.

“Let me finish you off.”

Before Annie could ask what she meant, Monica had taken Ray’s spot between Annie’s legs and lowered her face to her cunt. Annie tried to close her thighs and prevent Monica from eating her out, but then relented. Nothing mattered at this point other than cumming. She wanted to cum more than anything else and would do whatever was necessary to reach that peak.

Years before Annie had fumbled and hadn’t known the first thing about giving a blowjob. It took her years to learn how to properly give head. Knowing this she half expected Monica to just move her tongue around until she grew bored. This expectation was completely wrong. Monica knew exactly what to do, where to lick, where to suck, and how to use her fingers at the same time. Maybe some women were naturals at cunnilingus, maybe Monica was, or maybe she was just very experienced. Either way, in short order Annie was on the edge and when Monica reached up and pinched one of Annie’s fat nipples she was pushed over the edge and she came.

It was a shocking orgasm not just because of the circumstances of being fucked by a near stranger, and then having a woman go down on her, but because it was the first time in too many years that another person had given her an orgasm. It was rapture.

“Was that good?” Monica asked from between her legs. Annie looked down at the other woman’s face which was now smeared with her pussy’s natural lubricant and probably a bit of her own saliva as well.

“It was perfect,” Annie said.

“Are you done or do you need more?”

“More?”

“Yeah,” Monica said as she traced the edges of Annie’s open labia with her forefinger, stopping at the apex of the lips meeting and circling around her clit. “Ray’s usually ready to go again after a minute or two. Being locked up will do that to him.”

Annie turned her head and saw Ray coming out of the bathroom attached to her bedroom. His cock wasn’t erect but it was freshly washed and hung heavily from his body. The sight of the two women in the middle of cunnilingus made his manhood twitch.

Seeing Annie’s lustful gaze Monica told her husband. “Grab another condom, honey. She needs some more. This time can you last a little longer?”

“Yes,” he promised as he pulled another condom from her purse which made Annie wonder how many condoms the couple had brought along.

“You need to get hard first,” Monica told him. “Come over here.”

He did as ordered and Monica sat up from the bed, took his cock into her mouth to help matters along. Annie watched jealously and licked her lips. Monica had expected that and turned to her new friend. “Would you like a taste?”

Annie didn’t answer and simply took Ray’s cock away from Monica, sucking it in between her lips. In almost no time at all Ray was once again hard and ready for sex. He rolled of the condom and pushed Annie to the bed. Entering her was easier this time now that he was familiar with her body. They moved together as Monica watched. The married woman pushed her hand into her own pants, into her panties, felt her smooth, hairless pussy, and played with her clit. She was fairly certain neither Ray nor Annie noticed she was masturbating. They were too wrapped up in each other.

When the two of them kissed at Annie’s insistence Monica wasn’t the least bit jealous. She loved watching Ray kiss other women. It turned her on. She had long ago let go of any jealousy so many people associated with sex. But that didn’t mean she didn’t want to join in. With her free hand she grabbed her husband’s balls as he thrusted up and down into Annie. The lactating woman

looked over to see Monica next to her masturbating.

“I’d love to feel your hand, if you wouldn’t mind,” Monica said as she wiggled out of her comfortable pants and tiny panties. Giving a little mental shrug Annie reached between Monica’s legs, felt another woman’s sex for the first time, and proceeded to fumble her way through her first female handjob. She performed it better than she expected because Monica actually came with a soft cry…or she was faking. Annie wasn’t concerned because her own orgasm soon was the only thing she could focus on. A minute later Ray finished inside her.

After everything she had done, Annie was proud to realize she felt absolutely no shame or regrets when they were done and getting dressed.

# Chapter Five

*Can we meet this afternoon to talk about your case? MC*

Annie looked at the message on her phone and wondered how Monica had gotten her cell phone number. She figured she must have given it to the inspector at some point during her initial interview about the break in. Or maybe Monica had access to some super cop telephone program where she could track down anyone's phone number. It didn't matter. Annie's head was still reeling from the previous night's encounter. While she had enjoyed everything about what she had done in bed with the couple, it was still strange to realize exactly what she had done. Never in her life had Annie considered herself to be that sort of person, the sort who had wild sexual encounters with someone—or in this case two someones—she barely knew. She knew she wasn't bisexual—or at least was pretty sure she wasn't—yet she had undoubtedly had sex with a woman.

It was all a little much to take in so quickly. That's fine, Annie texted back. Any time after 1pm. She had an afternoon drop off appointment with a customer who liked to lacto-load before the marathons he regularly ran. Without her customary reserve, and because she had gone to bed with Ray and Monica over the weekend, she had barely enough milk to fill the order. The last thing that Annie wanted was to get a reputation as unreliable.

Her morning meeting with Wally was routine and the lunchtime drop off with Stan was polite. She handed over the insulated bag emblazoned with an athletic logo and he gave her an empty one just like it. They had met at Madeline's coffee shop because Stan worked for the state at one of the downtown offices. For a state worked he was in incredibly good shape. For a man pushing fifty she wouldn't have minded going to be with him. Once this thought formed in her head Annie shook it away. She had never had such a thought before. That wasn't like her.

"Something the matter?" Stan asked as he finished the last of his sandwich. Their exchanged was done under the guise of a casual lunch meeting. Since he paid Annie didn't mind at all. He was married, she noted as she looked at the ring finger of his left hand. Had she known that previously? Had she cared

before? Did his wife know Stan bought Annie's milk?

"No. Sorry. The air conditioning here is just a little too much."

He nodded and ran his hand over his buzz cut hair. "They overdo it here, don't they?" It didn't do much to hide the fact that he was balding and going gray. Annie was certain she liked men with a more youthful look, but as she uncomfortably crossed and uncrossed her legs she realized her lust was rising and if she didn't leave soon she would be propositioning him to go to bed.

"I'm sorry," Annie excused herself and stood up. "I have another meeting I need to hurry off to. Call or text me with your next order, okay?" She exited the coffee shop quickly. If Stan had a disappointed or upset look on his face she didn't see it.

Monica was right on time. Annie wonder if that was a function of being a cop or if because Monica was eager to see her. Annie let the inspector into her house and they walked to the kitchen. "Just a quick update," Monica began without preliminaries. "We've gotten a possible bite from one the fake ads that we've put up."

"Oh. And what do you need from me?" Annie was puzzled.

The smile Monica wore was meant to put Annie at ease. "Nothing. I just wanted to let you know."

"Oh. Thanks. I guess."

"And I wanted to see you again."

That statement made Annie nervous, but with anticipation. "Why is that?" she said. Her head was in a space she remembered from middle school, where she had a crush on a boy and just the right words from him would send her into a tizzy.

Monica didn't verbally answer but simply closed the space between them in the blink of an eye and her lips were suddenly pressed against Annie's. Annie opened up her mouth and Monica's tongue was there, exploring, probing, searching. It was the most intense kiss Annie had had in recent memory. It might have been the most intense kiss she had ever had. It was certainly the most

intense one she had ever had with a woman.

“Ray and I want to see you again.”

“Okay,” Annie agreed without realizing what she was saying.

“And I want to take you to bed right now,” Monica added.

“What?” Annie blurted. “Why?”

Monica laughed. It was an honest laugh. It wasn’t a cover-up for confused emotions. “Because you’re beautiful and because I enjoyed having sex with you and because I want to taste your milk again.” Monica moved her hands from around Annie’s waist and slipped them upward to lightly cup the other woman’s breasts. Annie realized they were almost the same height and so their breasts were mashed up against each other’s. It was a nice sensation.

“But I’m not gay,” Annie protested. She flushed bright red and added. “Or lesbian. Shit! Bi. I’m not bi.”

Monica didn’t release their embrace even though Annie had let go. “That’s okay. I’m bi. I can be bi enough for the both of us.” She leaned in and kissed Annie once more. Despite herself and the situation, Annie kissed her back. “You don’t have to be bi to enjoy sex with another woman.”

“Uh-huh,” Annie answered vaguely. Despite her protests she knew she was going to bed with this other woman. She wasn’t sure why beyond the lust and the strange attraction she felt for the cop. Had it been so long since she had a regular sex partner she was willing to go along with this one. But then why had she resisted the dubious charms of so many of the men who were her clients? “It doesn’t mean anything, does it?”

Monica knew immediately what she meant. “It doesn’t mean anything other than you want to have sex,” she promised.

A minute later they were tumbling into Annie’s bed and Monica was pulling off Annie’s shirt and bra. Annie was thrilled to be topless and even more thrilled when Monica dipped her head and started nursing from her swollen tits. It felt wonderful and she didn’t want it to stop, ever. She also knew what she needed, even if she wasn’t willing to admit it to herself so Annie started pulling off

Monica's clothes. The inspector helped as much as she was able but she focused her attention on Annie's milk filled breasts that were quickly dispensing their contents into Monica's throat.

Even during the strangeness of the moment Annie was able to stop and marvel a moment at Monica's body. As a cop she must work out regularly because even though her body was soft, there was toughness underneath the softer exterior. She was in excellent shape compared to Annie's slightly pudgy body. While by no means Annie was fat, the experience of lactating for years on end had given her curvy hourglass body a suppleness that was impossible to imitate. Monica had an athlete's body, and consequently small, firm tits, a tight ass and a shaved cunt. Annie didn't even pretend shyness now. She put her hand between Monica's legs and explored the other woman's sex. Monica parted her thighs and indulged Annie.

Annie sighed and let herself go into the moment. Monica concentrated on Annie's tits, draining her milk, and avoided going below her waist. That might have been fine for Monica, but Annie indulged in her curiosity and explored as much of Monica's body as possible. Feeling the other woman's naked and shaved pussy was intriguing. There was nary a prickly hair on her sex and Annie realized that Monica must have shaved herself very recently, probably this morning.

"When did you start shaving your, um, pussy?" Annie asked, her curiosity getting the better of her.

"When Ray and I regularly started swinging," Monica answered. She had been nursing at Annie's breasts long enough that there was almost no milk left. That was fine. "I'm beginning to understand why you were robbed," she said. "Your milk is delicious. If I could only drink one thing the rest of my life, I'd choose Annie's milk."

When she heard that, Annie had to laugh. "Thank you. But you didn't come here just for my milk, did you?" Saying the words made her sound much more aggressive than she intended. With a little internal shrug she gave in to her new-found libido and pulled Monica's face up to hers, brushed back her dark hair, and kissed her fiercely. She tasted her own milk on Monica's lips and wanted to taste so much more.

And then Monica was rolling Annie to her back and pulling off her business-style pants. Once again Annie found herself revealing she wore plain cotton panties. It would have been nice to show off for her new lover a little, especially since Monica had come to her wearing a matching bra and panty set decorated in tiger stripes. They definitely weren't official trooper issue or approved.

Finally she was naked and her legs were open. Monica was peering at Annie's wet and exposed pussy. "What?" she asked as the moment passed and Monica didn't go down on her.

"It's been a long time since I've seen so much bush," Monica giggled, suddenly sounding like a girl and not a cop or a butch lover.

"I don't have much reason to shave," Annie admitted.

"I can shave you if you like," Monica gracious offered.

"Maybe later," Annie said and put her hand to the back of Monica's head, pulling her to her cunt. Monica proceeded to eat out her lover with an unrestrained passion. It was very difficult from Annie to cum from just oral sex but Monica knew every little trick. Making Annie cum was just a combination of determination and two fingers up her pussy stroking her internal walls, while sucking hard on her clit.

The body shaking orgasm almost frightened Annie with its force.

"Good, huh?" Monica asked as she sat up between Annie's splayed legs.

"Oh fucking hell yes."

Monica lay down next to her lover and they kissed lightly, Annie tasting her pussy on Monica's lips, and intertwined their fingers as both relaxed and regulated their breathing.

"I want to," Annie blurted out.

"Want to what?" Monica asked while already knowing the answer.

"I want to go down on you," she said, "but I don't know if I can."

“Of course you can,” Monica said. “You don’t have to. But I would like it.”

When she got between Monica’s legs Annie realized her pussy wasn’t nearly as scary as she thought it would be. It was rather pretty without any pubic hair. Monica’s scent was musky and earthy. Closing her eyes and losing herself in the moment, Annie lowered her mouth to Monica’s pussy and performed cunnilingus for the first time in her life.

Listening to Monica’s little moans was enough to encourage Annie. There wasn’t anything wrong with this at all. It was very enjoyable. She kept at it, happily treating herself to this new experience. Making Monica cum was a relatively easy thing, even for an inexperience lover. Monica’s legs abruptly clamped around her lover’s head and she all but screamed while she came. The climax lasted a long time, longer than Annie had realized was possible for a woman to cum.

“You’re very good at that,” Monica told her when she was done cumming.

Annie laughed nervously between her friend’s lets and kissed the other woman on the bump of her pubic bone. “Thank you.”

“Would you like to do it again?”

Now Annie kissed Monica’s swollen clit. “Yes.”

The next phone call that Annie received from Monica had nothing to do with sex, which disappointed her terribly. It did have everything to do with milk, however.

“Ever been told there are three types of criminals?” Monica asked her as Annie was driving to her weekly appointment with Coach Conway.

“What? Um…no.” Annie had a hands free connection in her car but she didn’t especially like using it. Why was Monica asking her about criminals, anyway? After Monica had left her bed three days ago she had promised to call to make a date—either for her and Annie or for her, Annie and Ray. They had kept the promise open-ended.

“The first type is the smart criminal. They either don’t exist or only exist in Hollywood. The second type of criminal is the lucky one. They get away with a crime just because they’re lucky. The last type, and this is ninety nine percent of the criminal population, is the stupid type.”

“Okay…” Annie said not know where this conversation was going.

“They guy who stole your milk was the stupid type. We got him last night. And we recovered most of your milk.”

Annie nearly drove off the road.

In the end it turned out to be a fairly simple operation, Monica explained. The thief had responded to one of the ads looking to buy breast milk and Monica had pushed the guy as hard as possible to get as much of the milk as she could. Apparently the guy was eager for cash. The sting—such as it was—was little more than a meeting in a McDonald’s parking lot. A trooper that Monica had borrowed for the operation exchanged some cash for two camping coolers full of the milk bags packed in ice. Once the coolers were safely in the trunk of the undercover officer’s car, the perp started casually driving away, but was promptly blocked in by the unmarked cars Monica and her cohorts had brought along. The thief didn’t even try to run, which was somewhat disappointing to a few of the younger troopers. They liked to chase suspects. But if he had run that would have meant a resisting arrest charge in addition to everything else.

“So we have your milk chilling at the barracks,” Monica said with a little chuckle. “I’m pretty sure that the guy will probably plead out to something like disorderly conduct and possession of stolen goods.”

“What? Why?”

“Let me explain at the barracks.”

Annie had been driving back from one of her many appointments and simply detoured to the troopers’ barracks. When she met Monica in her office Annie felt that little thrill of lust combined with knowing they were sharing secret that was unknown to all the other people around them.

But that made Annie wonder if Monica had slept with any of her coworkers. She wouldn’t do that, would she? Before decided on no Annie remembered that

Monica was also sleeping with her, the victim of a crime that Monica had investigated. That wasn't professional at all. Maybe that was part of the thrill.

That and her milk, Annie told herself. That's what set her apart from the rest of Monica's lovers.

"The guy, his name is Oswald Satryb, and goes by Ozzy, of course."

"Of course," Annie repeated mechanically.

"This guy, he's a professional idiot. He doesn't want to embarrass himself any more, or expose his little predilection to the public at large—by which I mean his family. He uses the handle Satyr9696. He was on the list you gave me."

"Right," Annie agreed. She only vaguely remembered the name and since she had only emailed him there was no way to place his face. She did remember thinking only a jackass would use such a handle as his public email address.

"Since we recovered the goods and they're perishable, you can have them back immediately, just need to sign a few forms. I counted them. There's only eighty six there so he either lost some, sold some, or used some…or you counted wrong, which I doubt."

"That's good," she said. Her mind wasn't focused on the crime at the moment. She was staring at the way Monica's shirt was a little too tight to be truly professional. It made her figure look really good.

"To expedite everything he'll probably cop out to disorderly conduct and possession of stolen goods. Easier on the DA, no trial, just a meeting with the judge. Unfortunately you don't get a lot of say in the matter, is that okay with you? We don't usually spend a lot of time consulting with the victim except in felony cases. But I'm asking you, is this okay?"

Annie nodded dumbly. "Yes. It's fine. Thank you all so very much for everything you've done. You've really gone above and beyond the call of duty."

Monica reached out and briefly squeezed her friend's hand, putting more meaning in that little squeeze than Annie would have thought possible. Their hand holding lingered just long enough to convey all their emotions but not quite long enough to be inappropriate in the eyes of everyone around them in the busy

office.

“If you don’t mind, I’d like to take you out to celebrate,” Monica said softly. They were in the confines of her glass enclosed office, but anyone could walk in and everyone could see them.

Dropping her voice to barely above a whisper Annie asked, “Like on a date?” She wasn’t sure how she felt about that other than the very thought made her excited…and her panties a bit wet. She was wearing a silky pair of pink ones today. Just in case.

“Something like that.”

# Chapter Six

The cuffs around Annie's wrists weren't the traditional bright steel ones that cops carried. She was momentarily disappointed by this until Monica pointed out that the metal cuffs were very good at restraining and controlling prisoners, but were next to impossible to escape and were often painful to wear. The soft leather cuffs with metal studs, loops, and hooks and, most importantly, lined with soft velvet, that she was actually wearing were snug and almost cozy. There wasn't a lock keeping them linked together, just a simple latch that, with some difficulty, Annie could release on her own if she wanted. Monica showed her how after putting the cuffs on her wrists. It was much more difficult to release the latch when Monica put the cuffs behind her back and linked them together.

"Comfortable?" Monica asked after she had twisted Annie's hands behind her back to properly restrain her.

Annie wiggled around a bit. "Not really."

The stern look on her face told Annie that Monica wasn't terribly concerned. Or maybe that as part of the game. "You'll get used to it." Annie wasn't sure if she should be shocked by her friend and lover's callousness or if she should just go along with the moment. She wasn't given a chance to think the situation through.

"Should we rip her shirt off her or do you want to free her hands first?" Ray asked. Annie had accompanied the Cruzs to the part being thrown at one of their friend's houses. It was supposed to be a small gathering, no more than five couples. And Annie.

"Don't rip my shirt!" Annie said in a sudden panic. Ray chuckled at her. As always Annie was dressed professional in her white business blouse and black skirt with stockings and heels. She didn't want to be underdressed for the dinner party. They were in the house's guest room getting ready. Annie was terribly nervous even though Monica and Ray had assured her she would be perfectly safe and they could stop at any point.

Annie didn't want to stop. Ever. But that didn't mean she couldn't be scared as

well.

“We won’t rip your shirt,” Monica said as Annie struggled against the cuffs, already forgetting how to free herself. She started unbuttoning Annie’s blouse to expose the large amount of cleavage Annie carried with her along with a fancy nursing bra. Monica lifted her eyebrows at the rather plain garment. “I thought you were wearing something sexier for tonight.”

“I was going to,” Annie explained, “but I wasn’t sure if part of the show included an unveiling with the bra’s flaps. Some guys really get off on that.”

“Uh-huh,” Monica said dismissively and glanced at her husband who was mesmerized by Annie’s partially exposed tits. “Unhook her, Ray, and let’s get her topless.”

Monica was in front of Annie while Ray was behind her. He released the clasp between the cuffs and Monica quickly stripped off Annie’s blouse. Working together, and quickly, Ray unhooked Annie’s bra and Monica slipped that off as well. A pair of nursing pads fell to the floor and Ray quickly twisted Annie’s hands behind her back again, linking the cuffs together again. Annie’s large breasts were thrust forward because her hands were behind her back, making them look larger than normal. The air was slightly cool in the bedroom causing her nipples to harden and stand at attention. Monica ran her fingers over her occasional lover’s breasts. Annie shivered.

“You won’t need this either,” Monica declared as she lowered the zipper on the side of Annie’s skirt. It fell to a heap around her feet and Monica helped her out of her too tall heels. “No one wears shoes during this,” she said and gave her friend’s slightly convex belly a little kiss. Annie shivered again. She was already down to the black thigh high stockings Monica insisted she wear even though the flesh of her thighs bulged out a little above the elastic tops. This time she was wear a lacy pair of black panties. They were very small but that was okay because Monica had helped her trim back her pubic hair and used a razor to shape what remained into a neat little strip. She wasn’t ready to go completely bare yet.

“Ready to go?” Ray asked. He was wearing a suit without a tie. It was casual enough and yet handsome for the evening. Monica was wearing a form-fitting green dress that left very little to the imagination. That was okay because, as she

had told Monica earlier, just about everyone at the party didn't need any imagination to know what Monica had under the dress. She had been with every one of them before.

In a blink Monica was behind Annie and pushing her along with the practiced ease of a cop who had perp walked more than one person in her time. Annie was so surprised she had no time to resist. Ray opened the door and Annie was pushed down the door behind him, leading the way out to the living room where the party was in full swing.

As she rounded the corner and Annie got a glance of the guests she gasped. They had been eating dinner not ten minutes earlier, now everyone was in various states of undress and one couple on the couch were clearly having sex while a few others watched. Annie was certain the couple copulating were married to other people at the party, maybe the ones watching.

"Everyone," Monica announced in her loud cop voice, "I promised you all a bit of dessert to go with your after dinner entertainment. Here she is. You all met her earlier during dinner, this is Annie. Her tits aren't big just due to good genetics, but because she's been lactating for the past five years. She has the creamiest and sweetest milk I've ever tasted, the best in the Capital Region." Monica sat her down on a tall bar stool. Annie's breasts bounced slightly with the impact. "She's inviting you all to partake of a taste of her milk. You'll be doing her a favor because it's been a few too many hours since she last pumped her breasts and she's full to bursting."

To encourage the crowd and to move things along, Ray bent down and latched on to Annie's left breast. He slurped noisily and loudly, which was entirely unnecessary, but it got the idea across to the party. Almost immediately Annie's milk started letting down with both breasts, the left breast quickly filled Ray's mouth and he gulped down the offering. Her right was leaking a steady drip that ran down the curve of her breast to her torso where it slid down her skin. A few of the guests were immediately intrigued and came over to try what Annie was offering. A pair of chairs was placed next to the stood so those nursing could sit down easily and taste Annie's milk.

The cuffs weren't necessary at all. Once she got over her initial nervousness of being topless in front of such a large group—most of them were naked or nearly so and Annie didn't have a strong nudity taboo—she could have told they she

wasn’t going to run away or resist. It was actually fun. Monica had told her it was entirely necessary; it was all part of the game and presentation. The group wasn’t strictly speaking into just BDSM but they played a variety of games and one woman restrained so the group could have their way with her had been done before. It was the first time, however, the restrained woman was actually lactating while she was tied up for them.

What followed was a steady flow of guests, both singly and in pairs that came over to Annie to sip from her tits. Once a pattern was established Monica no longer held onto her cuffs and wandered away. Annie saw her on her knees in front of a naked man with his large cock in her mouth. Somewhere along the line she had taken off her dress and was now down to matching green satin bra and panties. She was very pretty like that, Annie thought. Ray was on the other side of the room fucking a blonde woman doggy style. The woman’s face was buried between another woman’s legs eating her pussy. Everyone seemed to be having a good time and there was a serious lack of jealousy or propriety.

Annie liked it.

“What happens when you squeeze them?” a man with dark curly hair asked her.

Annie snapped back to the moment. “What do you mean?” she asked as she twisted her torso a bit trying to offer her breast to his mouth. It felt good to be nursed by so many people. She had lost track of who had sampled her and who hadn’t and how many she had fed. It was wonderful and she wanted more.

“Can you spray your milk?” he asked. He wore glasses and was closely studying her heavy breasts, focusing on the nipple, giving him the appearance of a college professor.

“I suppose. Well, I could if my hands weren’t tied.” She looked at him plaintively.

“Hmm,” was all he said before he grabbed her tit and squeezed. It didn’t hurt so she indulged him. It took Professor Glasses a minute to figure out how to make her milk spray which resulted in several streams hitting him in the face. He laughed and she smiled down at him. Glasses did it again and then the woman next to him slapped his hands. She had dyed black hair pulled back to a bun and sported tattoos on both her shoulders. Her bright red lipstick gave her a distinctive look; some of it had been left behind on Annie’s breast where she had

been suckling for the past few minutes.

“Don’t waste it like that,” the tattooed woman complained. Before Professor Glasses could protest she licked his face, removing the milk. She proceeded to lick all over his face, removing every drop of milk before they wandered away together. Annie wondered if they were a couple in real life or if they just hooked up at the swingers parties.

She was still very full and wanted to be drained. It felt good when she was nursed and the large living room was already filled the passionate noises as couples and groups fucked. The women were the loudest and it was making Annie anxious to report her tits were empty so she could join in. She couldn’t really believe she was going to have sex—hopefully—with a near-stranger tonight.

Professor Glasses and Tattooed Woman were replaced a minute later by a tall man who had probably gone bald years ago. He had a fringe of hair that was shaved away but Annie could see the stubble it left behind. His face was tanned and lined giving him a classic, rugged look. She might have guessed his age at close to fifty, but his body belied that. He was in very good shape, with defined muscles and a scattering of gray and black hair across his chest. His pubic hair, like most everyone’s at the party, had been removed. Annie found herself staring at his cock and wondering how it would feel in her mouth or pussy.

“How do you like being known as Dessert Girl?” he asked her as he stared at her tits. That didn’t make her feel at all uncomfortable. It made her feel confident and wanted.

“Is that what they’re calling me?” she asked. “I wouldn’t know. I’ve been stuck here all night.”

“Everyone says your milk is sweeter than ice cream,” he smiled at her.

“Care to try a taste yourself?” Annie asked him.

“Don’t mind if I do,” he answered and took a seat on the chair in front of her. Annie leaned forward a bit to offer him her breast. He took her nipple between his lips and sucked eagerly. There was plenty of milk left in Annie’s tits. After a few sucks and swallows his eyes opened up and he nodded appreciatively. “Very nice.”

“You don’t have to stop,” she said with a groan.

“I don’t want to be greedy. We’re supposed to share you.”

“Isn’t that true of everyone here?”

He chuckled. “That’s true. We all passed Kindergarten. We all learned to share.”

“And sharing is caring.” He half snorted at her comment. “But please don’t stop,” she all but begged.

“Oh? Why not?” He ran his fingers lightly over her nipples, teasing her. She knew what game he was playing and she played along.

“Because it feels good when I get nursed.”

“How so?”

“Don’t you normally play with the breasts of whatever woman you’re bedding?” she asked.

He nodded. “True, usually.”

“Well that feels good, usually. And when you let someone nurse on you for a long time, it’s not just the pleasure from being stimulated, but the sensation of your milk letting down, plus all the emotions that go along with actually sustaining someone’s life with your own flesh and blood.” She paused, realizing she had been speaking for too long and had said too much for a situation that was supposed to be an orgy, not a confessional for broken people. “Anyway, it feels a hundred times more intense.”

“That good?” he asked and lightly tweaked her nipples.

She shivered once more. “Yeah, that good. Do that again.”

“Like this?” he asked as he turned her left nipple a hundred eighty degrees clockwise and her right nipple a hundred eighty degrees counterclockwise. This time it was too intense for her to shiver.

“Yeah, like that.”

“I should call someone else over to nurse from you,” he said.

Annie shook her head. “No. Everyone’s nursed already.” There was no way for Annie to actually know that, but she would do anything at the moment to entice this stranger, a man she didn’t know at all, to keep nursing from her tits.

“Well then, I suppose I could help you out a little bit.”

His mouth landed on her other breast this time and he sucked hard on her nipple. Annie groaned loudly, a sound that was all but lost to all the other noise in the living room. She leaned into the man nursing from her and he placed one hand on the small of her back and the other on her free breast, to pinch her nipple between forefinger and thumb. She gasped and told him to keep doing exactly that. “More. Don’t stop.”

Her new lover happily complied and pulled her body to his as he nursed. They lost themselves to the rest of the world as their bodies were joined mouth to breast, everything around them faded away

Annie’s breathing intensified and she moaned in frustration. The top of the bar stool was padded but smooth, not even a button to rub her clit against. Her panties didn’t help, they gave her no purchase on the smooth leather. She had never learned the talent of closing her thighs and rocking back and forth to make herself cum. Having her hands bound behind her back was exquisitely frustrating.

“Something the matter?” he asked after a minute. Her milk was coming out slower now and it was the perfect time for a break.

“I want to cum,” she whined.

“I’d love to help, but I already came a little while ago. I fucked the chunky girl with the purple streaks in her hair. She was a good lay.” That half-explained why his cock was barely erect, Annie reasoned. She looked across the room to see where he was pointing. The woman he indicated was cute and was now sucking a tall and thin guy’s cock. Annie felt jealous of her.

“Is she your girlfriend?”

“No, I didn’t know her before I got here.”

“Not your wife then?”

He laughed. “No. I’m not married.”

Annie’s brows furrowed. “I thought Ray and Monica said this party was only open to couples.”

“Pairs, actually. They want an even number of men and women. Kris hooked me up with a friend of his who is into swinging.”

“Oh,” she said as if that explained everything. “But how does that explain me?” she wondered out loud. “Is it because I’m dessert?”

He chuckled at her again. “No, not at all. Single, open-minded women are always welcome.

“Okay,” she agreed. “Would you do me a favor?”

“What?”

“Put your hand down my panties and make me cum. I really need to cum.” She couldn’t believe the words that were cumming out of her mouth. And to her surprise he did exactly as she asked, pushing his fingers inside her panties, slipping them over her now sparse pubic hair and rubbing her clit. She practically melted into him. “More, faster.”

“No,” he said and withdrew his fingers. “You need to do something for me first.”

Before she could ask what he was helping her down from the stool and putting her on her knees. Since her face was now level with his cock his meaning was obvious. She opened her mouth and took his manhood inside.

He tasted musky and tart. It took her a moment to place the flavor. It wasn’t just maleness and the slightly aromatic scent of masculinity. He hadn’t been bragging. He had definitely fucked someone before nursing from Annie. She tasted pussy on his cock.

Even after fucking a different woman it didn’t take that much to bring his cock back to life. In almost no time at all his cock was erect and he pulled back much to Annie’s disappointment.

“You know you’re wearing more clothes than anyone else here right now?” he asked as he stood her up and took down her panties.

“I didn’t realize,” she said.

“That’s okay. I’ve fixed the problem.” Her arms were still cuffed behind her back so it was hard to resist when he led her over to the overstuffed couch. She happily allowed herself to be pushed over the arm. Her face was down on the cushions and her ass was up in the air. Annie moved her feet apart and her newest lover bent his knees to find the angle of her pussy.

His cock was inside her before she knew it. She sighed with satisfaction as his flesh pushed into hers. Their coupling was fierce and intense. With her arms behind her back it was easy for him to control her and she enjoyed that. Annie didn’t want to guess how long them fucked but the outcome was exactly what she wanted, three orgasms in quick succession, each more intense than the previous one. When he came she nearly wanted to pass out, but her eyes went wide when she realized he had unhooked her wrist cuffs.

“Why did you do that?” she asked as she stood up from the couch’s arm. He had already withdrawn his cock and she could feel his cum starting to slide out of her pussy.

“I wanted to properly introduce myself,” he said. “My name’s Tom.” He stuck out his hand and she shook it as if they weren’t at a swinger party and he had just drank her breast milk and fucked her.

“Hi, Tom. I’m Annie. And I really enjoyed meeting you.”

Tom reached out and fondled her breasts. She let him. “Would you mind laying down with me?” he asked. “I’d like to make sure your breasts are completely empty. I don’t want any of that milk to go to waste.”

“I’d love that, Tom.”

# About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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