Elliot Silvestri

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Part Two



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by Elliot Silvestri

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Part Two

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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