Completely Willing to Milk



by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Arlene knew she was spending too much time staring at Sandy's breasts. It wasn't jealousy, exactly, but the other woman had impressively sized tits and with her small chest Arlene wasn't exactly comfortable with the low cut and revealing shirt that Sandy was wearing. It was supposed to be a casual dinner. Pearce had brought her over to meet Dale, his best friend in the world ("I've known him forever and I love him. Straight guy love. We aren't gay," he explained. "Right," Arlene had agreed with a knowing wink. "That's why you love fucking me." He spluttered for a minute before he realized she was teasing him.) and Dale's wife Sandy.

Dinner had been nice but Arlene was distracted by Sandy's tits and the insider nature of the conversation. Plus Arlene was nervous about meeting Dale and Sandy. She had only been dating Pearce for a couple of months and things were going great. What if she hated the man who Pearce described as the only person in the world who truly understood him.

She was grateful, however, that Dale and Sandy's ten year old son was spending the night at a friend's house. Little Kevin was apparently sad about missing out on seeing Uncle Pearce, but Arlene didn't need any extra stress in her life at the moment. Meeting and dating Pearce had come at the busy time in her company's yearly cycle and while it had been a wonderful whirlwind romance with him, she hadn't had much time to do anything other than work and wind up in bed with Pearce on an almost daily basis since their first date.

"What?" she asked when she realized they were all looking at her.

Sandy spoke, "I asked if you ever plan on having kids some day? Before Kevin we were certain we wanted more, but having a kid takes everything out of you."

"Um. Yeah. Maybe someday in a few years," Arlene replied vaguely. "I'm trying to get my career going at the moment.

"Makes sense," Dale agreed. "And don't ask her such prying questions," he implored his wife. "It's like you want Pearce to knock her up tomorrow."

Pearce turned bright red at the implication. “We’re a little early to be discussing that,” he stammered.

Sandy laughed. “It’s never too early,” she said. “Dale got me pregnant on our wedding night.”

Dale hung his head. “And I’ve regretted it ever since,” he muttered.

She swatted at him as she cleared the last of the plates from the table. “You guys ready for dessert?” she asked them.

Pearce and Dale exchanged nervous glances. Arlene saw that. What were they up to?, she wondered. She didn’t say anything. Arlene was too full from the dinner and too much wine to want anything for dessert but she supposed it would be rude not to have at least a few bites of whatever Sandy was offering. Even though Sandy was the hostess Arlene wanted to get up and help clear the table, it was how she was taught to act when she was growing up, but her head was lightly spinning from the wine and she didn’t trust herself not to drop the dishes.

When Sandy returned she wasn’t carrying anything with her. No pie or cake or even some after-dinner liqueurs. Oddly, Arlene was a little disappointed by this. “You boys ready?” she asked Pearce and Dale. Arlene vaguely wondered why she was being excluded, but was really upset. Dale nodded eagerly with a sly look at Arlene. Pearce only nodded once, and slowly at that. Arlene knew something was up.

Sandy looked right at Arlene and said, “You’re welcome to join in, but I want the guys to go first.” She winked and then opened up her low cut shirt to expose her bra. Arlene’s mouth dropped open at the blatant exhibitionism and briefly noted that the blonde woman with the big tits sitting across from her at the table was wearing a nursing bra. When neither of the men said anything about Sandy’s actions the blonde then reached up and simultaneously unclipped the flaps from the tops of the bra’s cups and lowered them down, fully exposing her large breasts that were capped by large bright pink nipples.

“Oh,” Arlene said. Her eyes went wide and her carefully manicured eyebrows arched up. She didn’t know how else to react. It wasn’t exactly normal for a woman to expose her breasts at the dinner table even in her own home. Arlene didn’t know what to say so she said nothing else, not even when Pearce and Dale slipped out of their chairs and knelt on either side of Sandy. The next thing

Arlene knew the men had taken Sandy's breasts in their mouths and started sucking.

Sandy's eyes fluttered closed for a few seconds and her head almost flopped back. Arlene stayed rooted in her chair. She didn't know what to do. This wasn't how she was expecting the evening to go at all.

Abruptly Sandy's eyes snapped back open and the woman focused on Arlene. "Sorry, lost myself there for a moment. It feels good to be nursed but I need to talk to you right now."

"Right now?" Arlene asked. It seemed the perfect time for her to leave. Seeing Dale suck on his wife's tit was one thing but seeing Pearce do it was another entirely. She wasn't sure how she felt about it. More than anything Arlene was confused.

"Yes. We didn't know how to tell you this, so we'd thought we'd show you. Pearce was…embarrassed at what he needed to tell you." She glanced down at Arlene's boyfriend who was currently sucking on her left breast. "Dale and Pearce have shared a lot through the years. You probably already know that. Currently they're sharing my breast milk."

Arlene shook her head. "You're lactating. But Kevin is ten, I thought."

Sandy slowly nodded. "He is." She had a far-off look in her eye. Arlene could tell she enjoyed the men sucking on her tits. In the back of her mind she wondered what it would feel like to have two men sucking on her tits at the same time. "I've been lactating ever since he was weaned. Dale loves my milk and he had to share it with Pearce."

"Oh." Somewhere in her life Arlene was certain she had heard of men who tasted and enjoyed their wife's breast milk, but she never thought she would actually see that come to life in front of her. It was vaguely disquieting. "So you've been doing this for like…eight years?" She didn't know why she was talking with Sandy instead of walking out.

"More like seven. Dale loves it. And so does Pearce." She briefly caressed each man's head in turn. Arlene licked her dry lips. Obviously the men could hear what was being discussed but they seemed entirely focused on Sandy's breasts. "He was nervous about telling you about our little fetish, our little game, so he

wanted me to do it for him."

"Uh-huh."

"I hope you aren't too upset."

"I'm…" Arlene didn't have words to describe how she felt. She wasn't sure how she felt.

"Pearce is in love with you and wanted me to invite you into our little group."

"Oh." It would have been nice to hear Pearce tell her that he loved her, but a secondary admission was good.

"Adult nursing isn't for everyone."

"I can see that."

"What I want you to know is that it isn't a sexual thing," Sandy said looking Arlene right in the eye. "It's a bonding thing. It brought Dale and md closer. It brought Dale and Pearce closer. I think it'll make us a tightly knit group of four friends."

"Okay," Arlene said evenly.

"Would you like to try my milk?" Sandy offered, pushing Dale's head away from her breast. It was wet with Dale's saliva, but more importantly a little drip of milk slowly seeped from the nipple.

"Would I..." Arlene didn't know how to finish the sentence.

"Would you like to try my milk?" Sandy repeated.

"It's very sweet," Dale told her. "That's why we save her for dessert."

Sandy rolled her eyes but otherwise ignored her husband. "Try it," she said. "For me."

Everyone was focused on Arlene and she felt uncomfortable with the attention. She had always felt the heavy weight of peer pressure even into adulthood. Arlene just nodded and slowly stood up from her chair and walked over to

Sandy. She took the place where Dale had been kneeling. Pearce was still sucking away at Sandy's other tit and Sandy found she couldn't look at her boyfriend. She could only focus on Sandy's exposed breast. It was large and lovely. There was just a hint of moisture still clinging to her nipple and areola from where Dale had been sucking. As she watched a small bead of thin white milk formed on the tip of the nipple. Almost automatically she reached out and wiped it away before the bead could drop to the floor.

"No, you're supposed to drink it, silly," Sandy chided her.

Arlene nodded and leaned it, telling herself that it was a completely natural thing for anyone to be doing. It didn't feel completely natural…until her lips met Sandy's breast. Arlene's mouth opened up and she accepted the nipple, drawing her tongue back and letting the heavy breast fill her mouth. And then it felt natural to gently suck on the little projection. As she drew her tongue back to let the breast do what it was intended, her mouth was flooded with sweetness.

Automatically Arlene swallowed and marveled at the moment. "It's so sweet," she exclaimed in surprise.

"That's why we save her for dessert," Dale repeated with a grin. "Keep going," he encouraged her.

After tasting a bit of Sandy's sweetness Arlene found she was almost compelled to take a second drink. She latched on to Sandy's breast and sucked again. This time she felt the milk slowly fill her mouth. She savored it on her tongue and quickly figured out how to suck and swallow in alternating turns. Her cheeks hollowed as she drew out the milk and then her throat worked as the milk went down to her stomach.

"You're a natural," Sandy complimented her, stroking the side of Arlene's face. The caress and the words caused a little flush of pride in Arlene. Oddly she found that she was enjoying this little treat. It was the strangest thing in the world to be doing, but it was a wonderful thing to do. Once she threw away all her old conventions about what breasts were actually for—plus the nagging insistence in the back of her mind that what she was doing was really for men or lesbians—Arlene found the process oddly relaxing and comforting. Apparently Dale and Pearce knew exactly what they were doing.

It was impossible for Arlene to tell how much time had passed when she pulled

off Sandy's breast. She looked up at her new friend and smiled. "Do you want more," Sandy asked.

"Yes," Arlene said eagerly. "Please."

"Why don't we go lay down where we can be more comfortable?"

"Okay," Arlene agreed. It was almost beyond her how easily she was swept along with the moment. She was sure she hadn't been drugged or hypnotized so that left, at least in her mind, the possibility that she was open to doing this sort of wild thing. She never would have guessed.

Sandy stood up from the chair and grabbed Arlene by the hand. She grabbed the smaller woman out the dining room door, into the hallway, and up the stairs. Arlene had a vague sense that the men were following them, but she didn't pay them any attention; she was focused on Sandy.

They arrived in the bedroom which didn't surprise Arlene at all. Sandy quickly made herself comfortable half propped up on the pile of pillows against the headboard. On the way up she had shed her shirt and bra, dropping them in the basket on the way into the bedroom. Now topless Arlene could fully inspect the other woman's breasts and they were certainly glorious. When Sandy patted the bed next to her Arlene knew exactly what to do. She slipped onto the bed and, grabbing a pillow, she rested her head on Sandy's lap. Once they were settled Arlene placed her lips around Sandy's fat nipple and began sucking again.

It was heavenly. In the background Arlene was aware that Dale and Pearce had entered the room but that didn't stop her from sucking on Sandy's tit.

"Come over here," she head Sandy say. Arlene let her eyes flutter open when Sandy stopped stroking her long black hair. Sandy's arms were moving and she was doing something with her husband. It was too much to concentrate on while she nursed so Arlene closed her eyes again.

"You don't mind if I suck him off, do you, Arlene?" Sandy asked.

For just half a second Arlene broke her latch on Sandy's breast. "No." So much for nursing being completely non-sexual. Out of the corner of her eye Arlene say Sandy's mouth engulf an erect cock. If nothing else, Arlene hadn't expected this night to turn out to be the first time she was involved in a group sex scene. It was

one of those sort-of fantasies she always held in the back of her mind for years, but never had the courage to act upon. She didn't really even have a good idea of where to begin on such an adventure—her best guess before was to troll internet ads for sex clubs. Apparently the best way to watch a married couple have sex was to simply get a boyfriend who was into adult breastfeeding.

She felt movement on the bed and knew that Pearce was crawling up next to her. She wasn't the least bit surprised when he started pulling at her clothes, undressing her. Before it could go further Sandy briefly stopped sucking Dale's dick and asked, "Is this okay with you, honey?"

Arlene just nodded. She didn't want to break the seal on Sandy's tit and she didn't want the moment to be spoiled. It wasn't exactly how she imagined her first group scene would go, but it was perfectly serviceable. After all, when fantasy meets reality, reality usually wins out.

Sandy went back to giving head and Arlene wiggled out of her clothes with Pearce's help. She was slightly disturbed that was the first one fully naked, but that way okay. Dale's cock was out and Sandy's breasts were exposed. Pearce was getting naked too; she could tell by the way he was moving about on the bed.

When Pearce moved up behind her and she felt his naked chest and belly on the skin of her back, she lifted up her leg, exposing her pussy's entrance. The positioning was slightly awkward with her on her side and nursing from Sandy's breast while Sandy sucked on Dale's cock, but she didn't want to change any of it.

"Tilt your hips a bit more," Pearce whispered in her ear. Only it wasn't Pearce's voice. It was Dale's. Arlene's eyes snapped open and she turned her head slightly to see what exactly Sandy was doing.

It was Pearce's cock in her mouth. That meant Dale was the one behind her easing his cock into her pussy. While she didn't freeze, Arlene wasn't one hundred percent certain she wanted this to happen. After a moment's reflection she realized it made sense. If Pearce had been nursing from Sandy for a few years, it was highly likely that he had had sex with her at least once before. Probably scores of times. Probably while Dale was watching and encouraging him. Was this the sort of thing that Arlene wanted to get involved in?

“Okay, is that better,” she asked Dale as she shifted her body a bit.

“Great,” he said as he gripped her hips and pushed all the way into her pussy. She hadn’t realized how wet she was. He entered her without a problem. Surreptitiously Arlene put her hand to her pussy and rubbed at her clit a little before feeling lower and touching Dale’s cock. A sigh of relief escaped her lips when she felt the warm latex condom. Relaxing, Arlene snuggled her face up to Sandy’s still heavy tit and suckled some more as Dale started fucking her properly.

It was good. She had never done this sort of thing before and it was very good. As Dale fucked her she would occasionally open her eyes to see what Sandy was doing with Pearce. The blonde woman was an enthusiastic cock-sucker and swallowed almost all of Pearce’s manhood while moving her head back and forth to pleasure him. Dale reached around Arlene’s slim body and gently grabbed her breast, pinching her nipple, rolling it back and forth, playing with it like a toy. Arlene liked the sensation. She liked having group sex and started cursing herself out silently for not having tried doing this before with any of her boyfriends. There wasn’t anything wrong with it. Sex was great normally and with two more people tossed into the mix it was even better.

“I want to lie down,” Sandy announced as she pulled off Pearce’s cock. Arlene had figured out that Sandy was the one in charge of the entire scene. Was she the one in charge of the relationship between Dale and Pearce was well? Probably, Arlene figured.

There was a bit of confusion as everyone moved about. The bedspread was pulled down to the sheets. Sandy stripped off the rest of her clothing and lay down on the bed, pulling Arlene next to her. This would have been the moment —her last opportunity—to protest but Arlene had thrown away all of her previous conventional attitudes and suppositions about sex and group sex—and apparently breast feeding as well—and simply went along with it.

The two women were on their backs in the traditional missionary position. Dale got on top of Arlene, entering her tight pussy once again, while Arlene watched as Pearce mounted Sandy. He briefly looked at her and she could see the fear in his face—not that he was afraid to have sex with Sandy she was sure, but to know what her full reaction would be as he fucked another woman in front of his girlfriend. “Is this okay?” he asked her softly.

Arlene was only able to nod and mutter out a brief, “Uh-huh,” as Dale started fucking her again. His cock curved just right and touched the inside of the pussy like no other man had before. Though she had wanted to mention it the moment she saw it, Arlene wasn’t able to say much of anything while Dale fucked her. She wanted to ask Pearce if he always fucked Sandy without a condom. She figured he probably did. Sandy was probably on some sort of birth control. Arlene wasn’t.

The most intimate moment of the evening occurred when Sandy grabbed Arlene’s hand as Arlene’s boyfriend made Sandy cum. Her cries of passion were like none other that Arlene had ever heard. She was a bit embarrassed to realize that Sandy’s noises were enough to push her over the edge as well. It was the most unusual and satisfying orgasm Arlene had ever had. She was almost sad when it was over. She was most definitely sad when Dale came and left his seed in the condom. She liked feeling a man’s cum inside her pussy. It had been a long time since she had been on birth control pills and she bad been considering going back on them now that she was involved with Pearce. If this little group was going to last for longer than just the evening Arlene was positive that better birth control than a condom was going to be necessary.

After Pearce came they all rested a moment and then Sandy pushed him off. “I need some help in the bathroom,” she said to Arlene. “Come with me?” she asked.

Ignoring the opportunity to play with the double entendre that Sandy and just dropped, Arlene nodded and rolled out of the large bed with her new friend, leaving the men alone.

Once in the bathroom Sandy quickly shut the door and very intimately whispered to the Asian woman, “Are you sure you’re okay with this. I half expected you to freak out.”

For half a second Arlene hesitated and bit her lip, but then she found her courage. “Actually, I did freak out a little bit,” she confided in Sandy. “I didn’t expect Dale to be fucking me.” Sandy nodded sympathetically. “But then I figured…why not?”

For her honest answer Sandy gave her a quick peck on the cheek. “Oh thank god. I was kind of worried about it. Dale wanted to do it this way because if this

scared you off, there wouldn't be any reason for you to continue dating Pearce." She sat down on the toilet and Arlene looked away. It wasn't the first time she had been in a bathroom with another woman, just never in this context. She tried not to think about Pearce's cum being expelled from Sandy's pussy. Arlene quickly inspected herself in the mirror ignoring the sound of Sandy peeing. After a hasty soul-searching gaze into the mirror Arlene decided that she was still the same woman she was at the beginning of the evening, just a little more experienced than before, a little wiser, and a little more full of breast milk than she ever expected to be.

When she was done Sandy asked her, "Ready to go back for something a little more conventional?"

Arlene gave it a moment's thought. "No. I want to continue with something just as unconventional."

The drive home with Pearce started very quietly. Arlene didn't have anything to say to her boyfriend, but then again she was nearly exhausted after being fucked silly by both him and Dale while Sandy looked on. Her head was laid back on the head rest and she was gazing out the window. "I never expected this to happen," she mumbled mostly to herself.

"Are you angry?" he asked nervously.

"No."

"Are you…I don't know what to ask."

"I'm good," she said. "I'm good. Never expected this."

"Is it okay that we did it? I mean, I probably should have asked you rather than just roping you into it. But I was pretty sure that you'd freak out and say no and then I'd be nowhere."

Arlene nodded her head in understanding. "You were probably right. I'd have said no. And that's kind of sad because then I would have missed out on all this."

"So…you enjoyed it?" Pearce asked with a nervous grin.

She flopped her head over to him. “Yeah. I enjoyed it. I enjoyed it a lot. I never thought I would have…wait, no that’s not right.”

“What’s not right,” he asked quickly, thinking she was changing her mind.

“I’ve had a lot of fantasies about group sex. Who hasn’t? Usually just three-ways. Me and two other guys. I never incorporated another woman into the mix.” She smiled weakly. “I never would have thought to add breast milk either.”

“That’s Dale and Sandy’s thing,” Pearce hastened to mention.

“It’s okay,” Arlene said mildly. “I liked it. How did you like it?”

“I liked it a lot,” Pearce grinned.

“No, how did you get involved with them?”

“Dale and I have been friends for years. Before he even met Sandy. We shared a lot of stuff.”

She smiled. “You two shared Sandy before me. I get it.”

He shook his head. “Well, yeah. But Dale and I shared other women before her.”

This intrigued Arlene. “How many three-ways have you been in? Umm, I mean how many other women have you fucked with Dale?”

Arlene wasn’t sure if she should have been alarmed by how quickly he answered. “Seven. Seven other women. Kate, Melissa, Tammy, Lori, Suzie, Sage, and Carmen.”

“Shit.”

“It’s our thing, Dale and me.”

“Three-ways,” Arlene said. “Like breast milk is the thing Sandy and Dale share. With you, I’ll point out.”

“Yeah. Sort of. I had sex with her before they got married. I had sex with her after they got married as well.”

It took Arlene a little time to process all that. “And what do you and I share. What is our thing?”

“I don’t know yet.”

Chapter Two

Seeing that she had fucked Sandy's husband and drunk Sandy's breast milk, Arlene determined that it wasn't exceeding bold of her to call up the wife of her boyfriend's best friend the three days later.

"Sandy? It's Arlene."

She had gotten the number from Pearce and there was no reason for Sandy to be alarmed, but there was an uncomfortable pause on the other end of the line. "Oh. Hi! I didn't expect you to call so soon."

"Hope it's not a bad time."

"It's fine."

"I was just wondering when I could come over to your place and we could talk?"

"Talk?"

Sandy loaded a lot into that one word but Arlene decided to ignore it. "Yeah. I just want to get a few things straight between you and I and Pearce. Don't worry. I'm not upset."

And Arlene wasn't upset. She was just nervous and wanted to talk over some concerns. When she arrived at Sandy's house the blonde woman met her with a cup of coffee and she felt like a housewife from the 1950s dropping in on a neighbor to chat the afternoon away. Arlene's first question to the other woman was, "Is your son going to be home soon?"

"Not at all. He has school until three and then Pearce's taking him to soccer practice."

"Good. And just to let you know, I had a great time when the four of us got together. I'd never done any of that before and…wow…I really want to do it again."

Sandy let out a long, slow breath. “Thank god. I was worried. Pearce’s been looking for a nice girlfriend for years. It seems we scare off all the nice girls.”

“Maybe he shouldn’t have been looking for a nice girl,” Arlene joked.

“Maybe, but look at you. You’re a nice girl and you weren’t scared off.”

“Maybe I’m getting to that point in life where I’m not so young and I don’t care what my parents think and I want to try new stuff.” Arlene sounded a bit defiant.

Sandy nodded. “And just how overly religious are your parents?” she asked with a knowing smile.

Arlene rolled her eyes. “I had to go to a Christian school until I graduated high school. I only got to go to a SUNY school because it was cheaper than any of the religious schools they wanted for me. I don’t think they’d approve of their daughter fucking her boyfriend’s best friend.”

“But it’s okay for you to fuck your boyfriend? I thought you had to save yourself for marriage?”

“At this point they’ve half given up on me and just want to see me married. Hell, they might even be happy if I married a woman because then I could start pumping out grandchildren for them.”

The women laughed and Sandy shifted her torso, trying to adjust the bra she was wearing that squeezed her breasts a little too tightly. “Are you in pain?” Arlene asked of her new friend.

“A little. Dale usually nurses from me a couple of times a day and we didn’t get a chance this morning and he’s going to be home late because of soccer. My breasts are sore because after the three of you went after me my milk production kicked into high gear.”

“Swollen, huh?”

“Yeah.”

“What do you do for that?”

“I wait for Dale—and sometimes Pearce—to nurse from me. If it gets really bad I have a breast pump that I occasionally still use.”

Arlene found herself getting damp in the panties and licked her lips. “I could help you out with that a little, I think.”

Sandy arched her eyebrows. “Really. You’d do that for me?”

“Uh-huh.”

Arlene watched as Sandy rapidly unbuttoned her shirt exposing her nursing bra. She was about to drop one of the flaps when she paused and asked. “Want to go to the couch or the bed?”

“Bed. It’ll be more comfortable.”

In a minute they were upstairs and Arlene was curled up with her head on Sandy’s lap when the other woman opened her bra and exposed one nipple. Arlene latched on immediately and started sucking.

Sandy moaned in the back of her throat and settled back against the pile of pillows. Her milk started flowing immediately and Arlene reveled in the sweetness. Although she would have been reluctant to admit it, she had been eager to try Sandy’s milk again. It was thin, almost watery, and tasted almost like sugar water, but at the same time it seemed to coat the tongue and was creamy without being thick. Truly it was ambrosia from a goddess. Arlene lost herself in the steady pulsing and sucking on Sandy’s tit.

Clearly the other woman loved it as well judging by the amount of noise she was making. Arlene loved it when her lovers played with her nipples, sucking them and pinching them, but clearly this was something that Sandy had taken to a completely different level. “Switch,” the blonde woman requested as she popped open the other side of her bra to allow Arlene to drain the other breast.

“Are you sure?” Sandy asked, taking a brief respite. “Shouldn’t I leave something for Dale?”

“I’ll make lots more. Don’t stop!” She pulled Arlene’s mouth to her full breast and Arlene fell to work. The flavor of both breasts was the same, which shouldn’t have surprised her. What did surprise her was Sandy’s next request.

“Do you mind if I masturbate?”

That was enough for Arlene to pull off Sandy’s tit. “What?”

“You’re making me horny and I need to get off.”

“Oh. No, that would be fine.” Arlene wasn’t really sure about her answer, but Sandy was the one with the milk that she lusted after so it would be rude to say no.

Moving with an unrestrained need, Sandy unzipped her pants and shoved them down around her thighs. She didn’t even bother to fully remove them. With her unblocked hand she reached between her legs, found her moist clit, and started frigging herself.

As much as she wanted to Arlene couldn’t fully continue to nurse while Sandy jilled off. There was too much shaking going on. Luckily it didn’t take that long for Sandy to make herself cum which she did with an oddly loud and satisfying cry of passion.

“Wow,” Arlene commented before going back to the dripping nipple.

“Thank you.”

Out of the corner of her eye she noticed that Sandy didn’t pull up her panties and that her pussy was naked of all hair. Did she shave or wax, Arlene wondered so she asked the question out loud.

“Shave. I can’t do waxing. Too much pain. What about you?”

“I shave too. Well, edge really. I’m not really hairy.”

“Can I see?” Sandy asked innocently.

With a shrug Arlene got up to her knees and pulled down her stretch pants and the black panties she wore underneath. It was only after she had lowered her clothing that Arlene remembered that Sandy must have gotten a decent look at her pussy while the four of them were in bed together. Hell, they were in the bathroom together for five minutes. She must have taken a good look.

“You have barely any hair at all,” Sandy commented. “And so fine too.” She reached out to stroke the little triangle of hair that barely covered Arlene’s pussy. She shied away from the blonde’s hand. “I’m sorry,” Sandy immediately apologized.

Only afterward did Arlene catch herself. “Oh, no, that’s okay. I just wasn’t expecting you to touch me…there.”

“Do you mind?”

Arlene slowly shook her head. “Go ahead.”

Sandy’s fingers lightly trailed through Arlene’s pubic hair. It was downy soft and unlike her own, it wasn’t curly but more like wavy. The dark hair was in high contrast to her golden honey-toned skin. Arlene was nervous. She hadn’t really ever been touched like that by a woman though Sandy was careful to restrict her touching to just Arlene’s hair and didn’t try to play with her labia or penetrate her pussy.

“It your hair so soft and…non-curly because you’re Asian?” Sandy asked.

Arlene shrugged. “I guess so,” she laughed a bit. “It’s always been this way.”

“You have so little of it.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Sandy said with another few strokes of her fingers through the fine pubic hair. “I kind of hate mine. I might be blond but I have so much hair you wouldn’t believe it. Hair on my head is thick; it’s thick on my legs, my arms, my pussy. Ugh. I can’t stand it on my pussy. I have to shave it.”

“I only edge.”

“I can tell,” Sandy said, leaning in and inspecting her more closely.

Arlene took the opportunity to brag. “I don’t even shave my legs.”

“What?!” Sandy was a little surprised and taken aback. And a bit upset. She hated shaving her legs. “You don’t have any leg hair?” She shifted her gaze to

inspect Arlene's thighs. It was hard to tell in the weak light and the female thigh in general wasn't especially hirsute, even for Sandy.

"No, I have leg hair. It's just so short and fine and barely noticeable that I've never shaved my legs."

Sandy's eyes went wide. "Let me see. Take your pants all the way off."

"Sure." Arlene flopped to the bed and kicked off her stretch pants and panties leaving her naked from the waist down. Sandy leaned in close and ran her fingers over Arlene's smooth skin that was just barely hampered by ultra-fine hairs that weren't truly noticeable.

"Wow. That's kind of sexy." She looked up at her friend, her eyes flicking back and forth from leg to pussy to face. "Do you shave your armpits?"

Arlene nodded. "Yeah, I have a small amount there but I don't like the look."

Sandy smiled in agreement and said, "You have a pretty pussy."

Those words made Arlene suddenly self-conscious about how open her legs were. Sandy wasn't exactly between them, but her position was undeniably sexual. "Thanks…" She wanted to close her thighs to protect her sex, but why would she really want to do that? Was she embarrassed at being seen as a sexual object or was she suddenly nervous over Sandy's semi-covert pass.

"It's been a long time since I've had sex with another woman," Sandy commented.

"You've been with a woman?"

Sandy smiled. "Several, actually. I don't think I'm truly bisexual, I mean I could live the rest of my life happily only fucking men, but I like a change of pace every once in a while. And women are so beautiful."

"Oh."

"Have you ever had sex with a woman?"

Arlene shook her head. "No."

Sandy crawled between Arlene's legs. Arlene didn't stop her.

"Would you like to?"

"Are you coming on to me?" Sandy heard herself saying. She should have been saying no, but it was incredibly flattering that a sexy and aggressive woman was actually trying to seduce her.

"Yes. Yes, I am. What do you say?"

"I…I'm not sure I can."

Sandy smiled and licked her lips. "Can I go down on you then? You've had plenty of men eat your pussy, haven't you? You can pretend I'm a man if you want. And then afterwards you can compare my performance to theirs."

In reply Arlene slowly eased the tension between her thighs, opening them up, fully exposing her pussy. Sandy moved forward, kissing first Arlene's left thigh, and then her right. She slowly alternated her kissed up the insides of Arlene's thighs until she met the crease between thigh and pubis. Arlene had been watching her make her upward progress but when Sandy's cheek brushed against her pussy she let her head flop back and closed her eyes.

It was impossible to tell where Sandy learned to eat pussy, if she had practiced on a lot of women or was just doing to Arlene what Sandy liked having done to her. Either way, Sandy's tongue was nimble. Her lips knew when to kiss and when to nibble. She didn't just use her mouth; she slipped a pair of fingers into Arlene's pussy, stroking upward until she found that one spot that made Arlene tremble. That, and the judicious application of a talented tongue to Arlene's clit caused the Asian woman to cum quicker than she would have imagined.

"Okay. Wow," Arlene said when her mind returned to her body. "That was great. You know exactly what you're doing, don't you?"

"Thank you," Sandy said, wiping her mouth with the palm of her hand. "Was I better than the men you've been with?"

Arlene hesitated. "One of the best."

"Uh-huh," Sandy frowned. "You're being very diplomatic."

“Probably the best.”

“Better than Pearce?” Sandy asked, pushing the issue.

“Umm…you could give him lessons.”

That made Sandy laugh out loud. “I know what that means.” She made a fist and rested her chin on it, but didn’t move out from between Arlene’s legs. “But I can give him lessons later on. Can I ask you something?”

“Sure.”

“Would you mind going down on me? Like I said, it’s been a long time since I’ve been with a woman.”

“I…” Arlene said. She followed this with another clever, “I…”

Her smile slipped a bit, telling Arlene that Sandy was disappointed, but she was incredibly gracious. “It’s okay if you don’t want to. It’s kind of a hard hurdle for some people to get over. And maybe you aren’t bi.”

“I’ve never really thought about it.” She fell back to her common excuse for everything. “Did I tell you I have really religious parents who messed up my head growing up?”

Sandy nodded slowly. “You did. I understand. It’s okay. No hard feelings. But I need to get off one more time before Dale gets home with the rugrat. Would you mind opening up that drawer and handing me my vibrator?”

Doing as she was asked, Arlene pulled the drawer open and saw several sex toys inside it. She grabbed the silver vibrator that was on top and was about to hand it to Sandy when she pulled it back. “Maybe I can do something for you,” she said and switched on the device. It practically roared to life. “How do you like to use yours?” she asked.

There wasn’t much difference philosophically between using a vibrator on a woman and eating her out, but Arlene found using the vibrator a lot easier of the two, at least to her psyche. It didn’t take that much effort to get Sandy off. When her blonde friend kissed her lightly, but intimately, on the lips afterwards, she almost regretted her decision not to try eating pussy for the first time.

“How long have you been nursing from Sandy exactly?” Arlene found herself asking Pearce the next day.

He blinked at his girlfriend. They were having a nice dinner at home together and she immediately started the conversation with a question about his sexual history. Normally he would have considered that foreplay, but Arlene had been acting strangely ever since they had the group scene with Dale and Sandy. She seemed…off somehow. “Why are you asking that?” he hedged.

Her eyes narrowed at him. “Because you’ve been with them longer than you’ve been with me. I have a right to know.” There was a sharp edge of anger in her voice.

Immediately Pearce backed off. “Okay, okay. I probably started nursing from her shortly after Dale did. So, like, seven years now I guess.”

“Why do you do it?”

Seeing that this was about to turn into an inquisition, Pearce decided to go along with it. The more that Arlene knew about this game he played with his best friend, the better off he’d be in the long run. He shrugged a bit. “I like it. Sandy likes it. Dale likes it. We like watching each other nurse from her. It tastes good. It gets her horny...and that leads to sex.”

“You’ve had sex with her a lot?”

Pearce looked away and nervously ran his hand through his auburn hair. “Well, I suppose you could say that. I don’t have an exact number of times we’ve fucked, but it’s a lot, yeah. Are you jealous?”

She shook her head. “No. I’m just trying to get a handle on this.”

“If I upset you by sort of making you nurse from Sandy, I apologize. But it’s not something I want to give up. I…need to do it, I think. I like doing it. I find women who are nursing kind of sexy. If you had asked me if I thought that ten years ago I would have said no, but now…I guess things happen in life and your kinks change.”

“Do you like women with big tits?” Arlene asked. Both of them were suddenly very conscious of the fact that Arlene was wearing a tightly fitted shirt with no bra. She normally wore a bra out of consideration for contemporary American values in her office, but she didn’t really need one all the time so she would remove hers as soon as she got home from work.

“I suppose,” Pearce hedged. “But that doesn’t mean I don’t like your breasts.”

“Do you want me to have bigger tits?” Arlene said it as an accusation.

“No. I’m happy with what you’ve got. They’re great.” That actually was true. Arlene liked the way he would pinch and bit her nipples during sex. Sometimes she could almost cum from that alone. Since she was fairly thin and athletic and not overly concerned with her appearance—that was a holdover of her upbringing where women were supposed to be modest before God and not paint themselves like a whore—she hadn’t ever given much thought to the size of her breasts. They were nicely rounded and she wasn’t burdened with back pain some women complained about because they had large chests, so all was right with the world.

“Do you want me to lactate for you?” she asked abruptly.

He should have seen the question coming, but Pearce was reeling from what had been going on he was caught flat-footed. “Um…”

Arlene’s eyes narrowed. “That’s your best answer? Um?”

“Do you really want an honest answer from me for that question.”

She glared into his eyes. “Yes.”

He sighed. “Okay, sure. I wouldn’t mind it at all. I’d love it. But I’d never ask you to do that for me because we’ve only been dating a few months and inducing lactation is one hell of a chore.”

“How do you know it’s that difficult?”

Pearce managed to give an honest answer. “Because it takes a hell of a lot of effort to keep Sandy’s milk flowing. Normally a baby is always sucking on a mother’s breasts so they keep producing milk. It’s a little different with adults.

We only do it for fun. And she had the advantage of getting started as a nursing mother. You'd have to start from scratch."

"Oh…and you wouldn't ask me to do that?"

"No," he repeated.

She stiffened her back. "You wouldn't?"

"Like I said, it's too much of a burden and we're barely into this relationship. It's too much to ask. Maybe a few years down the road or something—"

"What if I want to do it for you?" she interrupted him.

"What?"

"What if I want to lactate like Sandy?"

Pearce just goggled at her. "Do you?" he finally managed to ask.

"Maybe," she hedged, teasing him a bit. "I've thought about it. It would make my tits bigger, wouldn't it?"

He nodded. "Yeah, but is it something you want to do?"

"I think so," she said softly.

"Really? Why?"

She smiled thinly, hiding her true emotions on the issue. "Sandy really seemed to love it. You guys loved nursing from her and she got off on it. I liked the taste of her. I don't want you to have to go to her to get something I can probably give you."

"Really?"

"Yeah, really. Plus it'll give me bigger tits, won't it?"

He chuckled a bit. "Maybe a bit bigger, but then again Sandy always had big tits." He paused and thought a moment. "You should probably go and talk to her about this. She could give you better advice than I can."

Arlene considered that a moment. “I already tried that once.”

“Huh. I didn’t know. How’d that go?” Pearce was eager to hear about this. It was the first time he had dated a woman who was interested in actually playing with adult breastfeeding.

“Great…except we didn’t talk about it all that much,” she half-lied. “She did go down on me and made me cum though,” she revealed.

“Fuck!” Pearce exclaimed.

“Well, I don’t think you can rightly call it fucking, but—”

“Take off your shirt,” he interrupted her.

“Excuse me?”

“Take off your shirt and show me your tits,” he ordered.

With a smile she did so. All she had to do was pull up her shirt. There weren’t any buttons or hooks or other impediments to her showing off her body. Her small breasts lightly bounced from their release of the soft cotton shirt.

“They’re fantastic,” he told her.

“You think so?” she asked with uncertainty.

“I’m positive.” He got up from the table, grabbed her by the hand, and all but dragged her to the bedroom. This wasn’t a part of their usual lovemaking, but that was okay. Instead of Pearce pulling off her clothes, falling between her legs, eating her pussy, getting her wet and horny before plunging his cock into her he chose to leave her clothes on and simply lowered his face to her small breasts. Pearce took one into his mouth and gentle licked at her nipple. She shivered once and then lost herself in the rhythm of suck and release he set up. It was a familiar pattern with Pearce, he had often done it exactly this way with Sandy, but with her he would be rewarded with a little squirt of milk with every suck. He got nothing from Arlene’s dry tits, nothing but her pleasure.

Arlene loved to have the breasts rubbed and her nipples pinched and licked and sucked. But before it was always preliminary to other sexual activity, it was

foreplay. Tonight it was Pearce's entire focus. While she wrapped her hands around his head to lead him ever so gently to exactly where she wanted his mouth and lips, Pearce did nothing with his hands at all. He didn't strip her. He didn't pinch her other nipple. He didn't try to slip his hands down her pants and play with her pussy. His entire focus—and by default hers as well—was Arlene's breasts.

As much as she wanted to cum from the tit play, Arlene knew that it wasn't going to happen, not that night. "Oh fucking god that feels so good," she told him as she gently chewed on her tough nipples.

"I'm not getting anything out of this," he mumbled into her chest.

"You don't like doing it?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No, no. I love your tits. It's just that I'm used to drinking breast milk while I'm doing this."

"Oh."

"If you really like it, supposed the way it feels for your milk to let down is incredible."

"How would you know?" she asked him.

"Sandy talks about it all the time."

"I see."

"There's ways to induce lactation," he said quietly.

She nodded. Arlene wasn't stupid. She was, however, extremely turned on and she pushed off her pants, grabbed Pearce's hand, and placed it over her wet pussy. "I need to cum," she told him.

He fixed that problem for her multiple times that night. He didn't even mind that he only came once to her many peaks of pleasure.

Chapter Three

“It’s not like I have the secret to inducing lactation,” Sandy told her. They had met at a generic corporate coffeehouse in a shopping plaza. It wasn’t very intimate or private, but that was what Arlene was looking for. She didn’t trust herself to talk with Sandy in the privacy of their homes. She was certain she would feel the desire to get into bed with the blonde woman and taste her mouthwatering milk again.

“I know that. I was just hoping you could give me some pointers,” Arlene said. She kept her voice low. It was a sensitive topic and though it was doubtful anyone in the coffeehouse had any interest in the conversation between two thirty-something women.

“Sure, I can. I mean, Dale and I have kept this going for five years now.” She paused and glanced left and right. “It’s his kink, you know.”

Arlene grinned and brushed her black bangs out of her eyes. She wanted to reach across the table and push back her friend’s blonde curls from her shoulders but that seemed too intimate a motion to make in public. “I kind of figured that out.”

“No, no, no,” Sandy insisted. “Believe it or not Dale was a pretty vanilla guy in bed when we first met.”

“Uh-huh,” Arlene said doubtfully. “Not according to what Pearce told me. He said the two of them shared, like, seven women.”

Sandy dismissed her assertion. “All men are into three-ways.”

“Maybe, but that’s usually two women and one man.”

“They share everything,” Sandy reminded her.

“Okay, true. But does that make his interest in…you know…his one and only true kinky?” It was hard for Arlene to actually say adult breastfeeding in public.

“Yes,” Sandy asserted. “He wasn’t really into three-ways. That was Pearce’s

idea. He liked sharing those women—and me," she added with just a hint of a blush, "because they're closer than actual blood brothers. But anything vaguely kinky Dale never had an interest in. Bondage, anal, chastity games, toys, blindfolding, nipple clamps, spanking, Jesus-fucking-Christ I suggested and tried almost everything with him and nothing!"

Nervously Arlene looked around to see if anyone had noticed Sandy's outburst. No one had. Thank god for boring upstate New York privacy in public spaces and good manners. "Is that really true?" she asking because she couldn't think of anything else to ask.

"Hell yes." With a couple of sly sidelong glances she reached across the table and put her hand on top of Arlene's. "I'm a very kinky girl."

"The kind you don't bring home to mother?" Arlene quipped.

"Ha ha. Exactly. Before Dale…well, I tried out a lot of stuff that I really enjoyed and I wasn't sure I could actually be with someone who wasn't as kinky as me."

"Really? How kinky?" Arlene was intrigued and her pussy was moistening as a result. She shifted in her chair.

Sandy's smile didn't fade. "Nothing illegal, but there isn't much I haven't tried. One of the few things I hadn't tried was lactation for my partner. It was new and different. I liked it…and so did Dale."

"Obviously."

"Obviously," Sandy repeated. "I wouldn't have stayed with him if we hadn't found something that kept up together."

"Yeah, but it's not like you save it just for Dale. You share with Pearce." She paused. "And me," she added with a lascivious grin.

"Yeah…and some other people."

"Other people?" Now Arlene was truly interested.

Out of the corner of her eye she noticed that Dale and Pearce walked into the coffeehouse. They were only ten minutes late. The quartet could probably still

make the movie they had planned for their double date night.

“I’ll tell you more later,” Sandy said quickly. “But I’ll give you my breast pump and some vitamins that helped me keep my supply up during times when it was hard to get my needs met.”

“What are you ladies talking about?” Pearce asked as she slipped into the booth next to Sandy. Dale took the seat next to Arlene; after a second she realized exactly what type of date night this was going to be.

“Drinks,” Sandy said.

“We don’t have time for drinks,” Pearce told them.

“We would if you weren’t late.” She started gathering her jacket and purse.

“See,” Dale said, “you shouldn’t spend so much time in the hardware store looking at tools you’ll never use more than once.”

“I’m willing to be used more than once,” Arlene told him.

“Really?” he asked, his interest piqued, and he waggled his eyebrows at her.

“But you’ll have to earn it tonight,” she told him.

He was a gentleman the entire time they spent at the movie. Arlene was eager to get home with their friends and was happy they headed back to Pearce’s house instead of the married couple’s. Pearce and Sandy quickly peeled off and headed to his bedroom leaving Arlene and Dale in the living room.

“Do you mind if they…” Dale said, indicating the doorway through which the pseudo-adulterous couple had disappeared.

“No, not at all,” she said. It was easy to slip into this lifestyle, Arlene told herself even though she wanted to taste Sandy’s milk one more time. But then again, she had a chance to fuck Dale without someone else watching which promised to be relaxing. “Is it true that your one true kink is breast milk?” she asked him as she drew close.

Dale wasn’t bothered by her proximity. “Who told you that? Sandy?”

Arlene nodded and slowly unbuttoned his shirt. “Is it true?”

“I suppose,” he hedged.

“You don’t go for other kinky stuff? Bondage? Orgies? S&M?”

He slowly shook his head and said, “Sandy’s the one who’s into that sort of thing.”

She smiled. “It’s true then?”

Instead of answering he kissed her and gently cupped one of her small breasts.

“They don’t have any milk in them,” she told him.

“That’s okay. I just want to fuck you tonight.”

“Sounds good to me.”

They watched each other as they stripped off their clothes. Faintly from the back of the house Arlene was certain she heard the sounds of lovemaking between Pearce and Sandy. Was it correct to consider it lovemaking, she wondered. Was it better to consider it fucking or did the pair actually love each other. She knew that Pearce and Sandy had been in a relationship—such as it was—for years compared to the short months she had been with Pearce. It didn’t matter, but the thought s were enough to distract her from the slight discomfort of stripping in front of a near stranger—forgetting, of course, that she had already had sex with this near-stranger.

In a minute they were both naked and he went to her, encircling her body with his arms. Since Arlene wasn’t a large woman it was easy for her to get lost in anyone’s arms. Pearce and Dale were roughly the same size and she felt small and safe in his embrace. Their kiss was tentative and then her ordered her to turn around.

“Okay,” she agreed wondered what he was up to.

“I like tits,” he said when she had turned her back to him. She could feel his semi-erect cock pressing against the small of her back. “Yours are small.”

“I know,” she said, wondering where he was going with the conversation.

“And not giving milk. I like milk.”

“I know,” she repeated. He wrapped his arms around her again and cupped her small breasts pressing them tightly to her chest.

“I think I’m ready for a change of pace,” he said as he pushed her down to the floor. She let him. She was enjoying being manhandled by Dale. They were close to the couch so instead of putting her hands on the floor, they wound up on the couch cushions. He pushed down on her lower spine, making her arch her ass up, exposing her moist pussy. “Sandy likes to fuck facing me. I want to do it this way.”

“Okay,” she happily agreed and reached back for his cock, wanting to insert it into her pussy, but then she paused. “Do you have a condom?”

“Yeah, but aren’t you on any birth control.”

“No.”

They paused a moment while he pulled the packet from his jacket pocket and rolled the small bit of latex onto his cock. She waited patiently on her knees, watching. His cock was nicely curved from a small nest of light brown pubic hair. Just from a quick look she established that Dale most definitely shaved his balls. That was nice. It made them soft and smooth and vulnerable. Once back behind her, she grabbed his cock as he probed it between her legs, looking for the mouth of her pussy. Arlene only had to shift her hips slightly to get it to sink into her body.

Almost immediately his hands went around her body and grasped her tits. His strong fingers found her small nipples. Arlene shivered at his rough touch. And then he pinched her nipples. That caused another ripple of pleasure to roll through her body.

“Fuck,” she breathed. “More. Harder.”

“You like that?” he asked as his hips started slamming into her upraised ass. His cock was slipping in and out of her pussy but that wasn’t the focus of her pleasure.

“No, no,” she protested as he hands started to pull away from her tits. “My nips. Harder. Squeeze them harder.”

Dale grunted once in reply and brought his forefingers and thumbs together as hard as he could.

Arlene squealed in pain and tensed up. Her pussy practically immobilized his cock. “More,” she gasped. “Harder.”

In response Dale didn’t lessen his grip but instead twisted her tough nipples. She buried a scream into the couch cushion. It was only in the middle of the scream did she realize she was cumming. It was the strangest of orgasms, not originating in her pussy, but from her tits.

It was wonderful.

“Did you just cum?” he asked her as he slowed his thrusts further. Dale didn’t want to cum right away; he wanted to fuck a good long time with Arlene.

“Uh-huh,” she managed to rasp out.

“I’ve only been inside you for a minute!”

“Wasn’t your cock. When you pinched my nipples you made me cum.”

“Oh…want me to do it again?”

She paused. “Give me a minute first.”

He nodded but she couldn’t see the motion. He kept his thrusts into her body slow and steady. Dale admired her small ass. It was just the right amount of curve, perhaps even a little too skinny. He was used to Sandy’s large buttocks but small was nice too. It was a change of pace.

Arlene wiggled her hand down to her pussy, briefly played with her clit, and then felt even lower, touching Dale’s cock. She trusted him but in the back of her head she had the compulsion to touch him, to make sure the condom was still on. It was. She relaxed and flicked her clit back and forth. That felt really good.

“Make me cum again,” she said.

Dale settled his weight on her and grabbed her tits roughly. Now that he knew what she liked it was easy to replicate. As he thrusted harder and faster he pinched and twisted her nipples. In doing so Arlene felt paralyzed under his body. Her own body was on fire. The air rasped in and out of her throat and there was little she could to do resist how he used her body. That was okay. She didn't want to resist.

It was Dale who came first. When Arlene felt his cum pulsing into her pussy she moaned and let herself fall over the edge once more. The orgasm wasn't as good as the first, but it was still very satisfying. He never let go of her nipples until he was sure she was done cumming. Upon releasing them she felt the blood rushing back into them and experienced a burning sensation that made her pussy call for more sex.

Instead Dale pulled his cock all the way out of her and excused himself. He retreated to the bathroom. As Arlene waited she breathed heavily and managed to turn herself over, prop her ass on the edge of the couch, and spread open her legs. When he returned from the bathroom Dale's cock was clean and soft, dangling between his legs but it started to shows of life when he saw Arlene posing for him.

"What's this all about?"

"I want more," she told him. "Go down on me?"

"I'm thinking I should get you nipple clamps instead," he said but walked over to her and knelt down between her legs.

"That sounds more like a third date sort of activity."

Dale admired her slightly reddened labia and planted a light kiss on the triangle of hair that decorated the top of her pussy. "If you need a good tongue lashing," he said as he lowered her face to her pussy.

"Um…" she said as her hands moved to her tits. She had never spent a lot of time playing with her tits before, but now was the perfect time. Dale was very good at eating pussy. He made her cum one more time, but she gave herself half-credit for her busy fingers on her nipples.

"Think they're done yet?" Arlene asked him when her orgasm had subsided. She

tilted her head back to Pearce's bedroom.

Dale listened carefully and nodded his head. "I don't hear anything…and we've been pretty busy ourselves. Why?"

Arlene had the good sense to blush. "I was wondering…"

"What…?" he prompted her.

"I really want to nurse from Sandy again," she admitted.

Dale grinned. "Me too. It's amazing how addictive it is, isn't it?"

"Yeah," she agreed but didn't get up to go to the bedroom.

"Are you afraid to ask her?"

Arlene looked away. "Sort of. It's kind of embossing."

Dale shook his head now. "No it's not. It just takes a bit of getting used to. And besides, Sandy loves to share. So she'll say yes as long as Dale is done fucking her. And assuming he hasn't completely drained her tits in the process."

That was enough to motivate Arlene. She stood up and tottered down the hallway. Dale followed closely behind, admiring her sleek ass. Together they paused at the closed bedroom door listening for signs of life. There weren't any.

Slowly Arlene pushed open the door and peered in. The adulterous couple were spooning together, Pearce's arms around Sandy bordering her large breasts. They were on their sides with Sandy almost at the edge of the bed. The sheets were down low enough for Arlene to just see the top edges of Sandy's areola.

She snuck inside, walking softly on the thick carpet. The two didn't stir. Arlene didn't bother checking to see if Dale followed. Once next to the bed Arlene went to her knees and gently tugged the sheet down a little lower. Sandy stirred a little but that didn't stop Arlene from leaning in and taking one of the blonde's fat nipples into her mouth and gently sucking.

Sandy's eyes fluttered open and she moaned lightly with contentment, mumbling something that sounded like, "Good," before snuggling back into Pearce.

Arlene took one good long draw on the tit and was rewarded with a little burst of milk. She swallowed that and sucked again. In no time she had a steady flow of milk from Sandy's breast. Only now did Dale enter the room. Out of the corner of her eye Arlene saw him. He was stroking his erect cock and got behind her. His intent was obvious but Arlene indicated the nightstand drawer. Dale opened it and found Pearce's stash of condoms. He slipped another one on his cock and knelt behind Arlene. She was now on her hands and knees which allowed his entry into her pussy yet again as easy feat.

By now Sandy was fully awake and watched Arlene as she nursed and then flicked her eyes to see her husband fucking the small Asian woman. Arlene got the impression this wasn't the first time something like this had happened.

When Arlene switched breasts she was certain that Pearce was at least half-awake and fucking Sandy once more. That was based entirely on the way her body was shaking. Arlene was fairly sure that getting nursed wouldn't cause Sandy's body to move that way, even if she was having an orgasm. Neither of the men complained about a lack of breast milk for them so Arlene kept sucking on her friend, hoping to completely empty her breasts.

Her next orgasm was quiet and gentle, but she cherished it all the more for that. Arlene was forced to take a quick break from sucking while she came. When the moment of crisis had passed she looked up at her friend and begged, "Show me how to lactate?"

"Sure, honey," Sandy promised.

Arlene nodded and went back to nursing, her body slightly shaking each time Dale thrusted into her.

Chapter Four

“I really don’t have any good advice,” Sandy said.

“But you promised…” Arlene heard herself saying and immediately closed her mouth. She sounded stupid even to her own ears.

“Yeah…I’ll say just about anything in the middle of sex. Sorry about that.”

“But you’re lactating,” Arlene pointed out.

Arlene had set aside two hours to go over to Sandy’s house and get tips so she could embark on her journey to make sure that Pearce would stay interested in her. (She put aside all the thoughts of her actually liking how it felt to have a man suck on her tits. And how it might even enhance her small bust line a bit. There had to be other benefits as well, but she wasn’t admitting them to herself…yet.) To hear her new friend tell her that she couldn’t help her out was disheartening at the very least.

Sandy sighed. “Don’t forget that I had a head start. But do you really want a kid in your life right now?”

“No.”

“Good,” she said with obvious relief. “I got pregnant before Dale and I were married—I mean, we were planning on getting married but…well, you know how that turned out. I wouldn’t recommend that route.”

“I’m not sure if having a kid and getting married right now is what I’m looking for.”

“Good, good. Though I wouldn’t mind seeing Pearce married. He deserves someone nice.” She looked Arlene up and down. They were standing together in the kitchen as Sandy boiled water for the tea she needed to help calm her nerves. “You’re someone nice.”

Arlene couldn’t help but laugh. “One second you’re telling me not to get married

and pregnant and the next you're practically planning the wedding."

"That's an exaggeration," the blonde woman protested.

"Close enough."

"Well, I do have some tips that might help you out," she said.

"Well, finally!" Arlene grinned at her friend as Sandy pulled the pot from the stove and started pouring the boiling water over the small pyramidal bags of tea.

"Are you on the pill right now?" Sandy asked as she stirred.

"No. That's why Dale and Pearce have to use condoms with me."

Sandy nodded in understanding. "Some women have a reaction to certain types of pills. One of those side effects is lactation. I can give you the name of the brand that's known for this."

"Thanks. I'll have to call my gyno for an appointment."

"But it doesn't happen for everyone. Only a small percentage."

"Okay."

"There is a better way. Well, a way that's more fun."

"What's that?"

"Lots and lots of tit sucking."

"Really?" Arlene was skeptical.

"Yeah, really. It's what keeps me supplied in milk."

"I thought your body just made milk because you got pregnant."

"Only very partly. The pregnancy hormones prime your body for breast feeding but once you give birth that pretty much stops. Your breasts react to external stimulation to produce milk and the more stimulated you get, the more milk you make."

“Makes sense.”

“Some women who adopt actually go through lots of stimulation and hormones to induce lactation.”

“I think I’ve heard that.”

“Which brings me to my next point,” Sandy said after taking a sip of her tea. She made a face because it was too hot. After adding a small splash of cream she continued. “I have this I can let you borrow. Or have. Or whatever.” She opened up a cabinet above her kitchen sink and pulled down a box.

Opening it up it took Arlene a moment too realize what she was looking at. “A breast pump.”

“One of the best,” Sandy bragged. “You can do both tits at once. Twice the results in half the time. I got it at as a baby shower gift and it works great. I tested it yesterday. Still works great. Don’t worry, I cleaned it. And here’s the instructions.”

“Thanks…”

“If I were you and you wanted to bring in your milk as fast as possible, I’d say use it four times a day for at least ten minutes. I’d recommend at least twenty minutes at a session.”

“Shit!”

Sandy gave her an unforgiving shrug. “You asked my advice.”

“I didn’t know it would be such a commitment.”

After a long sip of tea Sandy found herself somewhat more focused. “Honey, this is all about commitment. It’ll bind you and Pearce together whether you want it to or not.”

“How’s that?”

“Once you start lactating you’ll need someone to actually nurse you to make sure your breasts continue to make milk. If you stop, no more milk. And the

implication is—”

“That if you stop there’s no long a need for the milk,” Arlene finished for her. She poured a double dose of cream in her tea and nearly downed the entire contents at once.

“That’s why it’s called an adult nursing relationship. Nursing a baby is different. Nursing a man…or men…or whomever,” Sandy said with a naughty smile, “is another thing entirely.”

“Fuck this is a huge step,” Arlene cursed to herself.

“You’d better believe it, sweetie,” said Sandy.

Arlene moved around the contents of the box, inspecting all the elements of the pump—cones, bottles, tubes, motor—and then noticed the two bottles of pills. “What are these?” she asked.

Sandy made a face. “Herbal supplements.”

“Really. You don’t seem the type to go for that sort of thing.”

Sandy shrugged. “They’re from Dale. He bought them. He wanted to make sure my supply never dried up.”

“What?”

“It’s blessed thistle. Lots of the hippy-dippy types use it to make sure their all-natural, 100% organic babies get all the milk they need.”

“Oh. Well, that makes sense.”

“Except for me. I never had trouble with my supply. I took them for a few weeks and my tits felt like they doubled in size and I was constantly leaking. Didn’t need them at all.”

“Oh.” Arlene looked at the label a minute, read the short version of the warnings and instructions. Without a second thought she twisted open the top, shook out two pills, and downed them with the remainder of her tea. “In for a penny,” she said.

“Arlene, you are one crazy woman.”

“Should I use the breast pump when I get home or should you show me how to use it first?” Arlene asked boldly.

“If you don’t mind me handling your tits I’d be happy to show you how to use it.”

In response Arlene pulled off her shirt and reached around her back to unhook her bra. “I’d love that.”

Although it looked complicated once Sandy showed her how to set up the pump and cones and bottles it was surprisingly simple. After she pressed the cones to Arlene’s small breasts she turned on the motor and said, “Here is where you adjust the strength of the suction.” Sandy indicated a dial on the side of the pump. “You should probably set it to a moderate setting at first.”

Arlene watched, fascinated, as the pump pulled her tits into the funnel section of the cones, stretching them out to what seemed a ridiculous degree. She was amazed—and a bit worried—at how far out her nipples could be stretched before the suction abruptly released. “Wow.”

“Does it hurt?” Sandy asked. “I can dial back the power.”

“No, it felt good. Turn it up a bit.”

With a shrug Sandy did so and the two women watched as Arlene’s tits were tortured a bit. Arlene didn’t mind the torture one bit. She was enjoying every instant of the breast pump.

“I should have done this years ago. This feels fantastic. Better than a massage.”

Sandy laughed and shook her head. “If you say so, sweetie.”

Arlene was disappointed that there wasn’t even a drop of milk being sucked from her nipple and said so to her friend.

“It’ll take a few weeks—if you’re lucky. You need to give it time.”

“Should I tell Pearce that I’m doing this?” she asked.

“I would. You’re doing it for him, aren’t you?”

Arlene wetted her lips and said, “I thought I was, but now I think I’m doing it for myself. This isn’t as good as a vibrator, but it’s right up there.” She shifted in the armchair where Sandy had seated her.

“It’s turning you on?”

“Yeah…”

“I used to get that every once and a while too.”

Arlene’s eyes fluttered shut and then snapped open. “Do you think you might be able to help me out with this once we’re done with the pump?”

She shifted in her chair again and opened up her thighs to make sure that Sandy understood exactly what she was asking.

“I can do that. Can you help me out?” Sandy asked as she started unbuttoning her shirt.

Arlene licked her lips again. It was a bit awkward holding the two cones to the pump against her breasts and she couldn’t do anything but hold them. “I might…” After her answer Sandy nodded and continued to undress herself. Arlene couldn’t do anything but watch as her friend stripped for her, but she stopped when she got down to her silky pink panties.

Her smile was nervous and Sandy dipped her hand into her panties. Her eyes slowly closed and her body slowly writhed as her fingers slipped up into her pussy.

It was the first time that Arlene actually felt herself turned on by another woman. She wanted to pull the pump away from her tits and kiss Sandy. It seemed the right thing to do in the moment. But she didn’t. She watched as Sandy played with herself, her fingers hidden behind her thin pink panties. Sandy knew she was being watched and she liked that. It was her intention just to tease herself a little bit and get Arlene a bit worked up.

Right as Arlene approached the edge of orgasm, she forced herself to pull her fingers from her cunt. They were wet and sticky and she wanted to lick them, to

taste herself, but then she saw Arlene staring at her wide-eyed and she wanted her friend to taste.

Arlene still hadn't removed the cones of the breast pump from her tits. Sandy reached out and turned off the pump, allowing the suction to die so Arlen could put away the device. "Open," Sandy ordered.

Knowing what Sandy wanted made the moment that much more intense. There was the urge to resist, but Arlene ignored the urge and opened up her mouth. Sandy put her fingers on Arlene's tongue and the dark-haired woman closed her mouth around the digits and gently sucked.

"Mmm. Tart," she commented after removing Sandy's fingers.

"You like?"

To her surprise Arlene answered, "Yes."

"Good." She seated herself on the edge of the couch and pointed to the spot on the floor between her feet. "You know what to do."

Nervously Arlene obeyed the order. She knew what was coming and, strangely, wanted it and didn't want it at the same time. Her shirt was already off so her breasts were now free—if a little red from the suction of the breast pump—but there was no need for her to take off her pants. She just knelt in front of Sandy with her eyes riveted to the thin waistband of her panties and waited a moment expecting another order. When none came she moved her hands to the other woman's hips and slowly pulled down Sandy's pink panties.

As her pussy came into view Sandy opened up her legs and exposed herself to Arlene. Pulling the scrap of material all the way down her legs, Arlene set aside the silky garment and gazed upon the other woman's sex. It was completely bare, of course, because Sandy didn't like sporting pubic hair and, much to her own surprise, Arlene found the open and glistening lips she was confronting oddly beautiful. There was no reason to fight the urge any longer. Arlene leaned in and pressed her lips to Sandy's pussy, kissing the other woman's sex.

That done it was an easy matter to begin cunnilingus in earnest. She had Sandy's scent in her nostrils and she found it oddly exhilarating. Once she was able to push by the fact that she was, in fact, performing a homosexual act, Arlene was

able to get into what she was doing. The moans issuing from Sandy's throat actually encouraged her, much like the moans she got from men when giving them a blowjob. Giving a friend an orgasm was very enjoyable.

When Sandy started to cum she abruptly clamped her thighs around Arlene's head, gasped for more air, and cried out in pain. All of this didn't stop Arlene, she kept licking the other woman's clit and sucking her labia. Her orgasm lasted a long time. Longer than any Sandy had ever had. When it was finally over Sandy opened up her legs and looked at her friend. "Are you sure you've never gone down on a woman before?"

A triumphal grin was on Arlene's face, along with a good bit of Sandy's pussy juices. She shook her head no. "You're my first."

"You're a natural. And I want you to make me cum again." She put her hand on the back of Arlene's head and pulled her forward. Arlene didn't resist at all. She wanted to make Sandy cum again. It was a matter of pride now. She wanted to prove to herself—if not also to Sandy—that she was a better lover than Pearce or Dale or any other man Sandy had ever slept with.

The second orgasm was very easy to give to Sandy. It felt like, at least from Arlene's perspective, that since the blonde was already charged up, there was little need to make a big effort in making her cum again. Maybe the orgasm wasn't as earth-shaking as the first, but Sandy seemed satisfied.

"Was it good for you?" Arlene asked with a bit more cheek than she intended.

Sandy grabbed her face and pulled her up for a kiss. It was a surprisingly chaste kiss, no tongue, just a light bump of the lips. "It was very good. Would you like a reward?"

"Yes, please." Arlene was hoping that maybe Sandy would ravish her now. The big breasted blonde had a very talented tongue and she was eager to get it back into her twat. It was amazing, almost mind-bending, how easily Arlene had given herself over to indulge in a bit of lesbian play. She knew she was a straight girl, but she persuaded herself there wasn't any reason not to experiment a bit with her Sapphic side. It was hardly like she was the first woman to do this.

Instead of going down on her, Sandy pushed Arlene's head down to her big breasts. It was hard to say if this was a better reward than an orgasm or not.

Almost by reflex Arlene opened her mouth, her lips sought out Sandy's erect nipple, and she latched on to immediately begin sucking. As always Sandy's milk was ready to let down and the milk started flowing. It was rich and sweet and Arlene decided it was a better reward than an orgasm. Anyone could give her an orgasm: Pearce, Dale, Sandy, her own hand, a vibrator, even a complete stranger in a bar, but Sandy was the only woman who had a ready supply of breast milk that she was willing to share with others.

It was a very generous reward.

If there was anything wrong with the reward, it was Arlene's fault. She focused entirely on Sandy's left breast, sucking it dry before she realized her left shoulder was wet. "Oh fuck," she said softly when she let go and swallowed the last drop of milk. "I'm all wet."

Sandy looked down at her breasts. She was halfway to another orgasm when Arlene stopped. Her right breast was dripping steadily, the milk falling upon the Asian woman's shoulder. "Damn. I need to stop that," was her only comment. She gently pushed aside Arlene, who half collapsed on the floor breathing heavily, her face as wet as her shoulder, while Sandy scooped up her bra and disappeared into the bathroom. She returned a minute later, her nursing bra in place but the flaps lowered. "Help me, would you, honey?" she asked Arlene.

In her hand were two circular pads that she had Arlene hold in place while she readjusted the flaps. Arlene had never before seen actual nursing pads.

"Do they actually stop you from leaking?"

Sandy shook her head. "Not really. But I think my nipples are so used to the feel of the pad's material that they go through some sort of reflex and slow down. I need to save some milk for Dale tonight. I can't let you have any more." She grinned and hefted her breasts, one in each hand. "You really went to town on me. I can actually feel the difference in the weight. Here, you try." She grabbed Arlene's hands and brought them to her tits. Sandy was right. Arlene could feel a difference in size and weight between the left and right side.

"Pearce's going to be jealous when I tell him tonight what I was doing with you."

Arlene couldn't help herself and kissed her friend one more time. "Why don't we

all have another date night this weekend? I could use a little group sex. How about you?”

Chapter Five

They weren't able to coordinate schedules until Sunday night. That was okay, it kept the crowds away. To start the evening Dale handed Arlene a small jewelry box. It was made of cardboard, nothing fancy, just something that denoted an inexpensive piece of jewelry. "Open it," he said to her. The eagerness on his face was obvious. It made Arlene nervous, but after glancing at Pearce, who nodded his agreement, Arlene opened it up. What was inside was what appeared to be a necklace, but with a pair of unusual clasps.

Sandy gasped, and then giggled. "Is that really appropriate," she scolded her husband. "You know she's trying to get her milk to come in."

"This is just extra stimulation," Dale said, trying to justify his present.

"What is it—Oh!" After a few seconds Arlene figured it out. She wasn't being given a necklace. She was being given a pair of nipple clamps. "I can't wear these."

Despite her initial misgivings, Sandy contradicted her. "Sure you can honey. I think they'll suit you."

Pearce chimed in. "Yeah. You know the old saying. I used to be a good girl but then I discovered nipple clamps."

Arlene just looked at him. "I've never heard that," she marveled and then she got the joke. She gave him a bit of a sneer and said, "There's no such old saying."

"Yeah, well, it's true enough," Dale chimed in.

"Well, put them on," Sandy encouraged her. "Let's see how they look."

Gathered in the living room seemed the oddest place to be asked to put on a pair of nipple clamps, but other than a bedroom or sex dungeon, where else would one put on nipple clamps? The idea of wearing them—and feeling the powerful squeeze of the metal against her flesh—both excited and scared Arlene. She

went weak in the knees and held out her hand to steady herself against Pearce. This wasn't a bad sign. She often got weak in the knees when she was turned on. "I don't know if that's the best idea…"

"It's a great idea," Pearce said as he took the small box from her and quickly removed the clamps along with the thin metal chain between them, from their ties holding it to the backing board of the box. "Open up your shirt," he said.

Sandy and Dale looked at her expectantly. Being turned on and nervous at the same time, Arlene wasn't quiet sure what to do, but she wanted to show off for her friends. She wanted to prove she was game for anything, especially after telling the group that she wanted to induce lactation because Pearce was into that kink. "Okay," she said with a confidence she didn't feel.

Everyone watched as Arlene unbuttoned her shirt, exposing the fancy and lacy white bra she wore underneath. Since she didn't have all that much flesh that actually needed support and there was no way in hell she was able to produce any real cleavage with her boobs despite what all the ads for pushup bras promised, Arlene more often than not chose to buy and wear fancy, lacy, and silky bras. Her boyfriends had always appreciated that effort. Tonight she was wearing one that was almost all lace except for the thin straps and back band. Her dark nipples were obvious underneath the semi-transparent lace.

She left her shirt on and unhooked the bra from the front. One of the few advantages she had learned over the years was that having small boobs meant lots of bras were front closure. She liked that because she didn't have to contort herself to hook her bras in the back. Once the bra was open she suddenly felt self-conscious even though everyone in the room had seen her naked before and everyone had had sex with her. But now she was the only one taking off her clothes and she was performing for them. A rush of childhood shyness ran through her body and she had to resist the temptation to cover up her tits. "I don't know how to put it one," she protested when Pearce held out the device for her to don.

"I'll do it for you," Dale offered in his most chivalrous manner. She wanted to stick out her tongue at him for that. He took the clamps from Pearce and using one hand he pulled out her left nipple to let the tweezer-like clamp grab the soft flesh. He slid up the retaining ring tightening the clamp's grip on her teat and she abruptly felt her knees give out on her. Pearce was right behind her and caught

Arlene as she started to pass out.

“Too painful?” Dale asked but his voice betrayed his actual emotion. He was unconcerned with her pain. He was sporting an erection. Putting the clamps on Arlene was turning him on as much as it was turning her on. This, of course, Arlene learned a little late; her panties were wet and she could feel her lust rising. She was going to need an orgasm in short order.

“No,” she managed to mumble out. “I just wasn’t expecting it to…”

“To hurt?” Sandy asked. Concern was in her voice. She didn’t want her friend to be in pain. She didn’t want Dale to get any other ideas and think that Sandy needed to experiment with the clamps either.

“No,” Arlene said. She locked her knees and stood upright, pushing off Pearce’s support. “I didn’t expect it to feel so good.”

Dale grinned and grabbed her right nipple. She was eager to feel the bite now. Arlene actually turned a bit and offered him her tit. This one went on just as easily and she hissed lightly as Dale tightened up the retaining ring. Arlene’s knees went temporarily weak, but she was expecting it this time and managed to stay vertical all on her own.

What she wasn’t expecting was the way it made her feel. She loved it. The pain wasn’t true pain. It was mixed with an odd pleasure, the same sort of pleasure she got when using the breast pump or when Pearce nibbled on her tits during lovemaking. Maybe there was truth to the old saying that nipple clamps made good girls turn bad.

“Wow,” Sandy sighed. “I could never wear something like that.”

“Can I get a picture?” Pearce asked, whipping out his cell phone and activating the camera function.

Her first instinct, as always, was to say no. She didn’t want to embarrass her family if someone saw pictures of her wearing nipple clamps. But then she realized who was going to see them? Pearce was going to keep them for his own enjoyment and jerk off to them when he was alone and wanted to have sex and she wasn’t available. “Okay,” she agreed. “But don’t include my face.”

The words were barely out of her mouth when Pearce started taking pictures. She indulged him for a minute and then quickly realized being a professional nude model was boring. “Almost done?” she asked. Any slight movement pulled on the clamp. She felt the thin chain bounce lightly against her belly. It felt nice. It made her feel sexy.

“I recognize that look,” Sandy said as Pearce put away his phone. “Look how glazed her eyes are. You want to have sex, don’t you?” she asked Arlene.

“I wouldn’t mind that,” Arlene admitted.

Taking this as a fortuitous opportunity, Dale reached down and pulled up her skirt. Arlene didn’t resist; she wanted to be used a little bit. Once the skirt was above her hips he plunged his fingers into her panties—also white lace to match her bra—and slipped a pair of fingers up into her pussy.

“You’re soaking wet,” he told her.

“I know,” she moaned. It didn’t take much effort at all for Dale to find her clit and frig it furiously. She wanted that. She needed that. In less than a minute she was crying out as an orgasm shook her body. “Oh fuck, oh fuck,” she prayed as she leaned back against Pearce once more.

“You’re easy,” Dale said right into her ear. He might have been whispering but everyone heard him.

“Don’t tease her like that,” Sandy scolded him.

“I am easy,” Arlene agreed as she thrusted her hips up and down trying to get some more friction on Dale’s fingers. “I want to cum again.”

“I don’t think so, honey,” Sandy said firmly. “We have dinner reservations and I’m starving. Sex is great, but food has its place as well.”

“Are we going to make her wear the clamps to the restaurant?” Pearce asked. He clearly liked this idea. He liked seeing his girlfriend in the throes of lust just from a little firm, biting pressure on her nipples.

“I think that’s a bad idea,” Sandy declared. “You can’t wear nipple clamps that long without some real damage taking place.”

“Oh,” Arlene protested, but she saw the logic in her friend’s words.

“Don’t worry, we’ll put them back on later, okay?”

Arlene nodded eagerly. It was Sandy who reached forward and hooked her finger over the thin chain and pulled back, stretching the clamps out straight and forcing them to bite harder against Arlene’s sensitive flesh. She wobbled in place, her breath caught in her throat, and was trapped once more between pain and pleasure. She wanted to back up a step and endure the bite, but she also wanted to step forward to relieve the pain.

“Does that hurt?” Pearce asked, clearly enjoying Arlene’s conundrum. Arlene realized he must have a bit of a sadistic streak in him if he was enjoying this display.

“A bit,” she admitted. “It feels good too.”

“We should take them off anyway,” Pearce declared. “Hold still, both of you.” Sandy actually pulled a little harder, tugging Arlene’s small nipples further forward. Arlene resisted, staying in place, proving to her friend she wasn’t easily abused. Pearce waited a second and then slid the retaining rings down the length of the tweezer clamps.

Blood abruptly rushed back into Arlene’s nipples. She gave a cry of pain and fell to her knees, her hands going to her tender, bruised nipples. Breathing heavily and shaking slightly with the experience she looked up at her friends. “Oh. Fucking. Wow.”

“What?” Pearce asked.

“I came again.”

It was Dale who asked, “Really?”

Arlene nodded. “Yeah. It really hurt when the clamps came off, but it was such a rush too. I had a little orgasm. It was great.”

“Maybe I should give these girls a test,” Sandy mused as she inspected the clamps dangling from her finger.

“Maybe later,” Dale agreed. “It can’t hurt to try.”

“Oh, it certainly can hurt to try,” Arlene contradicted him. “But that’s okay.” She got up from her knees with Pearce’s assistance and started pulling her bra back into place. Her panties were soaked from the experience but there wasn’t time to go home and change them. She’d have to suffer in the restaurant. It wasn’t much to endure.

As they walked out the front door, Sandy dropped the clamps into Arlene’s purse and kissed her friend on the cheek. “I want to try them out too.”

If the waitress was disappointed the two couples didn’t order dessert she didn’t show it. The college age woman was probably tired of the men’s antics at teasing them partner’s with lewd and off-color comments. It was Sandy who told the young woman, “No thanks. We have dessert waiting at home.”

Everyone else at the table burst into giggles while the waitress just rolled her eyes and walked away after dropping the check on the table.

Dale drove home with Arlene in the front seat next to him. Sandy and Pearce had run to the backseat the moment the quartet left the restaurant’s front door. They were barely out of the parking lot before Pearce was pulling down Sandy’s dress top to get at her breasts. It was dark enough outside that no passing driver’s would notice what was going on in the backseat. Arlene was a little jealous as Sandy started making her sounds that she was being rounded nursed by Pearce and he groaned a little with every swallow of milk.

To make the best of things she reached up under her shirt and gentle cupped her sore nipples with her hands.

“Are they hurting?” Dale asked when he noticed out of the corner of his eye was she was doing.

“A little.” Even though they hurt, she couldn’t get out of her mind how good the clamps felt while they had been on earlier in the evening. She fished the clamps and their chain out of her purse and contemplated them for a moment before quickly unbuttoning her shirt and opening up her bra. Dale grinned at her in a sidelong glance.

“Experimenting?” he asked.

“Uh-huh,” she said as she carefully slipped one of the clamps on her nipple and slowly tightened it up. She didn’t make it as firm as Dale did earlier, but just enough to feel a twinge of pain and pleasure. She moaned in the back of her throat.

“Good?”

“Uh-huh.” Getting the second clamp on was harder because she was distracted by the intensity of the first one but eventually she prevailed and reveled in the sensations she received as the car managed to find every bump and pothole in the road. These little and big vibrations were transmitted to the chain and clamps putting Arlene in near-heaven. Of its own accord Arlene’s hand went up her skirt and into her panties to play with her clit.

“Are you going to get yourself off?” Dale asked. “I’m not sure I like my car turning into a shag wagon.”

“We’re not fucking back here,” his wife called from the back seat. It was impossible for him to tell exactly what was going on in the back seat, but he knew his wife and Pearce well enough to know that someone’s hand was definitely caressing the other’s genitals. He was getting a secret thrill out of being a chauffeur to the sex-starved.

“We’ll be home in five minutes,” Dale told them. “Can’t you wait?”

“No,” Sandy sighed. Dale just grinned. Arlene put her heels up on the edge of the seat to allow easier access to her pussy. She wasn’t sure if she wanted to get herself off or if she should wait until they got home. Someone else’s hand or cock would feel even more wonderful…

“We’re here,” Dale announced and Arlene’s eyes blinked open. Where had the time gone? She started buttoning up her shirt to hide the clamps still attached to her nipples, but Dale put a restraining hand on her. “You need to walk to the house like that,” he told her.

She wasn’t exactly sure if she needed to do exactly that, but then she saw Sandy striding confidently across the driveway and up to the front porch with both her tits hanging out. Dale and Sandy lived in a quiet suburban neighborhood where

there were lots of trees between the houses, no streetlights, and lots of open space. Taking a deep breath Arlene pushed the door open and followed her friend, her breasts on display for everyone to see, the nipple clamp chain bouncing delicately off her skin.

It was incredibly freeing and arousing. There was an audience of exactly three—Dale, Sandy, and Pearce—all of whom had seen her naked and having sex. There was no risk, was there? In the end it didn't matter because in the few seconds it took her to walk the short distance no one said a word. And then she was inside and pushing her shirt from her shoulder and unzipping her skirt. She wanted to be naked. She wanted to be having sex.

Pearce and Sandy weren't in the living room. She heard noises upstairs and quickly followed them, arriving in the master bedroom wearing only her white lacy panties. The adulterous couple was already on the bed. Sandy had taken off her blouse and Pearce was already latched on to her fat breast. He was slowly struggling out of his clothes as he continued to feast on her milk.

"Want to fuck while we watch them?" Dale whispered in her ear as he sidled up behind her. He pressed his body to hers. She could feel his erection pressing on the small of her back. His hands went to her tiny tits and gentle pulled on the clamps. Once more she went weak in the knees and pressed back against him for support.

"No. I want Sandy's milk," she managed to articulate.

"Okay," he happily agreed and led her to the bed. Sandy quickly accommodated Arlene's need, rolling onto her back from her side, forcing Pearce to shift his position as well. Arlene latched on to Sandy's free breast and immediately settled down once she tasted the sweet milk and swallowed a few mouthfuls.

Dale wasn't wasting his time. Since Arlene was on her side curled up next to Sandy he removed his clothes and got behind the Asian woman. Arlene was more than happy to let him roll her panties down over her hips and off her legs. She lifted her upper leg to allow him to enter her pussy, but Dale paused.

"Should I get a condom?" he asked.

Arlene shook her head, which wasn't as difficult as it seemed even with her mouth full of Sandy's breast—Sandy's tits were more than large enough to

accommodate this motion—but then she realized and explanation was needed as well. “I’m on the pill now,” she said quickly between mouthfuls of milk. She knew she was being greedy but rationalized it because Dale lived with Sandy and could nurse from her whenever he wanted. Arlene had precious few opportunities compared to him. And, besides, she was offering her pussy in exchange for a little milk. Surely that was a fair trade.

She barely felt his cock enter her because her pussy was so wet. Once he was all the way in and started thrusting she truly felt his cock because it managed to hit her in the right spot every time he plunged deeply into her. Without realizing it Arlene started making a little grunt every time he pushed in.

Pressed up against Sandy’s soft body Arlene could barely feel the nipple clamps. She wanted to feel them so, while being fucked by Dale and sucking on Sandy’s tits, she put her hand to the clamps, found the retaining rings, and tightened them up. The pain that coursed through her first nipple and then the other--because she didn’t want to be lop-sided—was enough to put her right on the edge so that when Dale came in her pussy she came with him. Her gasps and cries of pleasure were so strong that she had to let go of Sandy’s tit.

Even though Pearce had been fucking her for a couple of days under the protection of the pill, Arlene still had the urge to clean herself immediately after a man came in her. It was another old holdover from her uptight upbringing. She disengaged from Sandy and Dale and stood up to go to the bathroom. She paused for a moment, seated on the edge of the bed, contemplating her nipple clamps. She could feel a little burn of pain from them but she didn’t want to remove them just yet. She knew what she was in store for and wanted to share it with someone else.

Dale’s hand unbuttoned his wife’s pants and plunged inside while Arlene tried to make her decision on exactly what to do. It was Pearce who finally released Sandy’s now dry breast and said to her, “Don’t go.”

“Why not?” He knew of her need to clean the cum from her pussy after sex.

“I want to fuck you with Dale’s cum in you.”

That was too dirty for Arlene to contemplate. Then she looked down at her nipple clamps and the three other people she was in bed with, all happily enjoying each other’s bodies, drinking Sandy’s milk, and performing all sorts of

debauchery on each other. Wasn't sex supposed to be dirty, she asked herself.

"Okay."

"On your hands and knees," he said he quickly pulled away from Sandy. His cock was erect, pushing up out of the tightly trimmed thatch of curly pubic hair, and aimed at the ceiling. Arlene got back on the bed next to her friend, on hands and knees as ordered, and waited for her boyfriend to fuck her in front of Sandy and Dale. This she was learning to like displaying herself and being watched while participating in sex. Pearce got behind her, grabbed her narrow hips and tilted them at the correct angle, then pushed his cock comfortably deep into her pussy.

She sighed as she was filled. "Feels good," she commented.

"I love fucking a pussy that's just been fucked," he said reveling in the moment. "I've been waiting for this."

"What?" she asked looking over her should at her boyfriend. Sandy and Dale had taken the time to get together; he was gently nursing from the breast Arlene had left partially full and his wife was watching with great curiosity.

"I like feeling Dale's cum in your pussy."

Arlene didn't know how to feel about that. "Oh."

"I love it when I get to fuck Sandy that way." Pearce's eyes closed and he focused on the sensations running up his cock. His girlfriend's cunt was extra wet and sloppy thanks to Dale and he knew he wasn't going to last very long fucking her. He wanted to reach around and tweak her chain, pulling on her nipples, but that wasn't nearly as much fun as running his hand over her smooth ass.

It was Sandy who pulled on the chain causing a shiver a pain to surge through Arlene's body. She wanted to cum again. She needed to cum again but her body was nearly exhausted. When Pearce came, flooding her pussy with more semen than she though was possible, Sandy twisted the chain and pulled even harder. The clamps weren't strong enough to stay in place and her nipples were abruptly —and rudely—freed. Blood and pins and needles and too much sensation flooded all over her body centered directly on her nipples. She came and came

and cried out with the pain and moaned with the pleasure. It wasn’t how she had been expected to be used but she was loving every minute of it.

Chapter Six

By the time they got back to Pearce's place Arlene was exhausted. They managed to stagger to their shared bed, strip off their clothes and slip under the covers. Normally Pearce liked to have sex to help him fall asleep, but not this night. He was just starting to nod off when Arlene elbowed him in the ribs. "Aren't you forgetting something?" she asked him.

"Nuhh?" he managed to half mumble into her neck.

"You need to nurse from me," she informed him.

"Too tired."

"I don't care. I'm not getting out of bed to turn on the breast pump." It was across the room sitting on top of the large dresser. "And you're right here and you love my tits, right?" she asked smartly.

"Yeah," he reluctantly agreed.

"C'mon," she urged him. Normally at this point she would have pulled up her shirt or opened up the buttons on her pajamas she wore on cold nights, but they were already naked. Pearce sighed and wiggled his way down deeper into the bed. He stuffed a pillow under his head and snuggled up against Arlene's body. Her torso was nothing like Sandy's. Where the blonde was all soft curves, Arlene was firm and lean. Pearce liked both, he didn't have a preference, but he was more used to Sandy's softness and large breasts when he was nursing. To suckle from Arlene's small breasts was something completely different. He loved to hear her little sighs and moans of pleasure but even so there was less fun for him to stimulate Arlene's tiny tits in order to induce her to lactate. It was all work and no immediate reward. He wanted the sweetness of breast milk and wasn't getting that.

Still, he knew this was all preliminary work for greater rewards down the road. It was all the studying done in college to get a good job later in life.

But in the back of his mind he knew nothing was guaranteed.

The next morning after Pearce had left for work and she was finishing up her morning session with the breast pump Arlene called Sandy. She was just on the edge of arousal where another minute with the pump and she'd need to masturbate before she could go to work and not be completely distracted by her libido all day. The moment Sandy answered Arlene switched off the pump.

"Should I get nipple rings? I loved the clamps, but wouldn't rings be better? I'd be stimulated all the time and that would be great." Arlene didn't even bother with hello, she just launched into her spiel because she needed to get it out and come down from the edge of her lust high.

"What?" Sandy left for her job very late in the morning and she was still half-asleep in her bed. "I'm not even awake yet."

"Sorry, but I've been thinking about this since I woke up. Should I get nipple rings? I'm positive they'd feel great!" She had been thinking about it for some time now. She knew it was a little insane—nipple rings were for younger women, not those who had already passed thirty.

"You really want to get needles shoved through your nipples?" Sandy managed to ask as she started to wake up.

"Well, no, but I'm willing to deal with a little pain to long term benefit," Arlene replied far too cheerily for Sandy's taste. Sandy wasn't a morning person to say the least. Arlene, on the other hand rarely stayed in bed beyond sunrise.

"It'll take like…six months for them to heal," Sandy pointed out.

"I don't think it's that long…"

"And then you'll have rings through your nipples around which Pearce will have to nurse in order to draw out your milk."

"It's perfect safe to breast feed with nipple piercings," Arlene pointed out. "At least it is for adults. There are some real dangers with babies."

“And everything you’ve done up to this point will be wiped out while your nipples heal.” Sandy managed to wake up and get her brain working. “Have you asked Pearce about this? Wait, why are you asking me about it?”

“I thought I’d get your opinion,” Arlene said.

“Uh-huh. Why exactly are you thinking about getting nipple rings.”

There was an uncomfortable pause before Arlene finally said, “I loved the nipple clamps last night I wanted to feel like that all the time.”

There was another pause while Sandy digested that. “Nipple rings won’t give you that feeling,” Sandy pointed out. “It might feel good, but nipple clamps are different from nipple rings.”

Arlene sighed. “Yeah. I kind of figured that. I just wanted to know it that maybe it would work.”

“Geez, I’d tell you to wear the clamps twenty four seven but that’s dangerous and stupid. Go for the highs and don’t worry so much about the lows.”

“So you’re saying no to the nipple rings idea.”

“That’s correct. No.”

“You’re sure?”

“I’m positive. Wait for your milk to come it. It hasn’t even been two weeks yet.”

It was Tuesday morning when Arlene called Sandy again.

“Are you awake?” she asked more politely this time.

“I am now,” Sandy said.

“What birth control are you on?”

Sandy had been trying to avoid this question from her friend, hoping that Arlene would either figure it out on her own or simply not ask it at all.

“Right now I’m not on anything.”

That uncomfortable pause formed again. “Are you trying to get pregnant?”

“Um…sort of. But it’s hard for a lot of women to get pregnant while breast feeding.”

Arlene shut her eyes and asked the next question. She knew that Sandy couldn’t see her but it was an autonomous reaction. “What if Pearce gets you pregnant?”

“You noticed we weren’t using condoms or anything with him, huh?”

“Yeah.”

Sandy wet her lips and said, “You can ask Pearce and Dale later, I don’t mind. But the three of us have discussed this before you came along. We’ve talked it over and we’re okay with it. The boys share everything, including me. I like being shared. I wouldn’t mind at all if Pearce got me pregnant.”

“That’s so…weird.”

“I’m sorry, but that’s the relationship you’re getting involved in. If this is giving you second thoughts about staying with Pearce, you should probably tell him damn quick. I love him—not like I love Dale, but I love him and that’s the way it is with us.”

Arlene released her breath. She hadn’t realized she had been holding it. “It’s a lot to deal with.”

“Yeah. When I was a nine year old girl playing in the dress I wore to my older cousin’s wedding thinking about the man I would marry and all the kids I was going to have…I gave up that dream when I went to college and figured out that I was kinky. I loved being kinky and I knew the dream of having what most people would call a normal life was something I was going to have to give up. I gave up that dream.” She paused. “I don’t know how you pictured the rest of your life, Arlene. It probably wasn’t a life like this. Is this something you’re willing to have as your life?”

No matter how many times she used the pump, Arlene was still fascinated at how far out her nipple stretched. The release was pleasurable, but the little thrill of intense pain as it was being stretched was the best. Oddly, Arlene realized that her four times daily ritual with the pump was much like orgasm. Each little stretch of her nipple was like a little orgasm. Somewhere in her life Arlene had heard that orgasm was nothing more than exquisite relief from pain. Every time the pump pulled on her tits it was like a tiny orgasm in her breasts. Tiny petite morts.

The biggest disappointment in using the breast pump was the failure of milk to appear in the bottles. She wasn't looking for a lot. Just a few drops to make sure her body was doing what it was supposed to be doing.

Arlene knew what she was doing was correct. Birth control pills, blessed thistle supplements, upping her water intake, using the nipple clamps as often as she could, using the pump four times without fail, making Pearce nurse from her whenever they had sex, making Dale and Sandy suck on her tits whenever they had group sex, and drinking Sandy's breast milk at every given chance. Sandy was generous with the milk because she made so much of it. Arlene was convinced the hormones in the other woman's milk would help her own milk come in.

It was a perfect plan. There was only one very small problem.

It wasn't working.

Arlene switched off the pump, put it aside, and finished dressing for work. It had been over two months since she started the journey down this very strange road. She knew it was early for results but she was still disappointed. She needed her milk to come in. She wanted to please Pearce. She was demanding much of herself. She was keeping a lot from her family. They might tolerate her living with a man—it wasn't how she was raised, but that was fine. Her parents wanted grandchildren. And now she was facing the reality that if her milk came in and she went off the birth control pills it was possible that she would never get pregnant because of the way some women's bodies responded when they were lactating.

Was she willing to lactate for Pearce for the rest of her life?

Pearce ducked his head and gentled sucked on her nipple while he fucked her. He was fairly flexible so it wasn't that difficult to reach down her body to take her small breast into her mouth. She moaned a little as he slowly fucked her and sucked on her. It was so odd to think this was her current status of normal. She turned the idea of normal over in her head as Pearce ramped up his hip thrusts into her pussy. He was approaching his climax and would be done shortly. It wasn't that she wasn't enjoying the sex. It was just that it had become a bit… routine.

"Uh-uh-uh," Pearce grunted as he came. Arlene wrapped her legs around him and let her body be used by Pearce. She was pleasantly pleased that she managed a little orgasm of her own as Pearce finished. It wasn't a great one, but it sufficed.

There was a bit of a pause as he rested on her and then he rolled off her body to lay next to her, exhausted and satiated for the moment. His need would slowly rise during the night and if it was necessary he would fuck her again in the morning. It wasn't that the sex was bad…it wasn't…it was just a bit routine. Even with the breast pump. Even with the nipple clamps. Even when they went over to Dale and Sandy's house and had group sex like far too many suburban couples.

"Is this working?" Arlene asked.

"Is what working?"

"Us."

Pearce's body stiffened, and not in a good way. He didn't want to have a relationship conversation right now. "Is there a problem?"

"Yeah. Me."

"What's the problem with you?" He relaxed a little, it wasn't about him directly. That was good.

"Everything. I'm not sure if I fit in with you and Dale and Sandy. I'm not lactating. I know for sure my parents wouldn't approve of what I'm doing."

"Are you unhappy?" he asked her.

She sighed. “Not exactly.”

“What can I do to make you happy?” It was a silly question, but Pearce was sincere when he asked it.

“Nothing,” she said. “It’s what I can do.”

“Well, what aren’t you doing that you want to do?”

“I want to lactate for you.” She was glad the room was dark. She liked seeing him when they fucked, but the darkness hid the tears slowly slipping out of the corners of her eyes.

Pearce chose his words carefully. “I’d love if you were doing that for me, but it isn’t the be all and end all of our relationship.”

“I still want to do it.”

“Maybe…maybe you need to relax a little about it,” he said hesitantly.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I don’t know. Sometimes when people get really worked up and worried about something that should come naturally, it tends to force their body to reject what it should be doing. Stress. Stress does it. Men who can’t get it up or are premature ejaculators—fuck, does that even happen anymore? Women who get stressed out and skip their period. Women who want to get pregnant and can’t until they start to relax about it.”

“Are you saying I’m stressed out?”

“Maybe. Maybe you just need to relax a little. Haven’t you really been pushing yourself pretty hard with the pump and the drugs and all the sex?”

“And Sandy’s milk?”

“Yeah. And that too.”

“Maybe,” she said.

“No sex,” she said when she pulled Sandy into her house. She had invited her over after work, before they’d have to deal with their husbands. Arlene used their code word of coffee to tell what she really was after.

“No sex?” Sandy asked. “Why not?”

“I just want your milk,” Arlene said, pulling at her friend’s shirt, opening it up, exposing her skin, her flesh, her bra. Arlene unhooked the top of the flaps to the nursing bra that Sandy customarily wore and exposed her ripe nipples.

“Just my milk?” Sandy asked with a knowing smile on her lips. “You seem awfully eager to have my milk and nothing else.”

“Just your milk,” Arlene repeated, pulling her friend to the living room couch, making sure there was no misunderstanding about her intent and they weren’t going to the bedroom. Not that it would have mattered. Arlene had had sex in just about every room in the house. With all her lovers.

She settled them onto the couch and arranged the pillows so her head rested comfortably above Sandy’s lap. Once she latched on to Sandy’s breast she immediately fell into the steady rhythm of suck and swallow. As always Sandy’s milk let down immediately. The sweetness of her milk caused a little wave of jealousy to surge through Arlene but she pushed that down and remembered what she was doing. This was all about bonding. This was all about relaxing and losing herself in the moment.

Sandy let her head flop back on the top edge of the couch and rested one hand on the back of Arlene’s head and the other on her friend’s shoulder. It was as intimate as it could be without being sexual.

“It’s not about sex,” Arlene said between gulps.

Sandy tried to remember that but it was hard not to think of sex while someone was sucking on her nipples. Especially when it was someone as attractive as Arlene with whom she’d had sex on many occasions. Pushing thoughts of sex aside Sandy focused on just the way nursing made her relax. That helped…a little.

The time passed and the two women stayed locked in their intimate embrace until Arlene was no longer tasting the sweetness from Sandy’s breasts. Her

mouth and tongue were tired. She let the blonde woman's heavy breast slip from her mouth.

"Mmm. That was nice," she said.

Sandy shifted her position with but a little bit of discomfort. She was horny and her panties were starting to get damp with desire. This would be the perfect time for her to seduce Arlene. It shouldn't be hard. She had done it many times before. "Yeah," Sandy agreed. Her voice was thick with desire. Sliding her hand along Arlene's side she let it come to a rest on the woman's narrow hip. "Are you sure you don't want to have sex?" she asked. "We have a little time before anyone gets home…"

"No." Arlene was firm in her answer. "I just came here to relax and get a little taste of your milk." She sat up and leaned back into the sofa, shoulder to shoulder with Sandy. The taller woman waited a minute and then started the process of tucking her breasts away in the nursing bra and buttoning up.

"You're leaving me lop-sided," she complained to her friend.

"I'm sure that Dale will help you out later on." The words came out more tartly than Arlene intended. She quickly covered up by saying, "It's been almost three months now and I haven't produced a drop of milk." The bitterness in her voice was obvious.

Sandy finished buttoning her shirt closed and sighed. "I wouldn't worry too much about that," she said in an attempt to calm her friend. "This sort of thing takes time."

"That's what Pearce said." She sighed in frustration. "He said I needed to relax and let nature take its course."

"I think he's right."

"I'm starting to think that maybe I'd dry-titted old hag who is never going to produce an ounce of milk."

"Is that relaxing?" Sandy asked her.

"No, but sometimes being snide makes me feel a little better. And maybe that's

close enough to relaxing."

"It'll happen for you. Don't worry about it."

"And telling me not to worry about it makes it worse. It's like being told not to think about pink elephants and then that's the only thing you can think about. I'm waiting for that magical moment when it just happens."

Sandy kissed her friend on the cheek and stood up from the couch. "I'm sure it won't be magical. Magic doesn't exist. Hard work and determination, that's what you need."

"Thanks."

"My pleasure. Always willing to help out."

When it did happen Sandy was completely correct. It wasn't magical. It was boring and—worse—it was hardly spectacular. Arlene was pumping after dinner. It was too early for bed, too soon after eating for sex, and the perfect time to spend a little time by herself while Pearce was still in the house. He was in front of the television playing some videogame online with Dale. Arlene considered this a little bit silly. The other couple lived only a five minute drive away and yet the men insisted on playing games online rather than actually going to the other's house to play in person. Arlene could never understand this about men.

She was on the edge of the bed sitting with the breast pump sucking at her tits. She had the bedroom television on but was barely paying any attention to it. There wasn't anything worth watching. When it happened Arlene didn't recognize the change right away. In fact, she saw the little beads of white appear on the tip of one nipple and get pulled off by the suction to dribble down the short length of tube to the collection bottles.

It took a blink of her eyes to understand what she was actually looking at and even then Arlene's brain didn't fully engage. It was like she was seeing an illusion and knew it was an illusion so there was no need to do anything about it.

The breast pump released it pressure and her nipples retreated to their normal state. A second later the pump kicked in again and her nipples were stretched

out. This time the little beads formed on both nipples and once again trickled off. Arlene certain saw what happened and realized what had happened, but refused to let her mind acknowledge what had happened, as if that could somehow change what had just occurred.

It happened several more times and Arlene just watched and didn't react. When her nipples were drawn out and no more milk formed, she let the pump cycle a few more times with the same result before switching it off.

The amount of milk that pooled in the collection bottles wasn't any more than two tablespoons total, if that. Not bothering to close her shirt, Arlene unscrewed the bottles from the pump's horns and poured the contents of one into the other. She didn't know what to do next. After a pause she reached into the bottle with one elegant finger and dipped it into the milk. It was still warm to the touch. Arlene raised her finger up to her mouth and licked off the drop that clung to the tip.

It was sweet and thin. It was much like Sandy's flavor but not quite. It wasn't as sweet and it didn't cling to her tongue the same way either. Still, it was delicious. Without a second thought Arlene upended the bottle into her mouth and savored the sweetness, letting the milk roll around her mouth and tongue before swallowing.

After cleaning the pump and bottles in the bathroom sink Arlene went out to the living room to check on Pearce. There were explosions and machine guns firing far too loudly for her taste. "Almost done, honey?" she asked him.

"Yeah, I've got Dale by the balls."

"Really? Literally?"

Her boyfriend glanced at her. "No. Not literally. Shit! Ten more minutes, tops."

She nodded and got ready for bed with a shower and shaving her legs. When they did go to be later Pearce was eager for sex, fucking her hard as a kind of victory dance over Dale. She didn't say a word to him about her little victory that evening, not even when he sucked on her nipples the way she liked it.

She didn’t say anything to him the next morning either. This time the sex was hurried, rushed, but it was still good. Pearce even slowed down long enough to suck on her nipples for a few minutes during sex.

“I promise I’ll nurse from you for at least twenty minutes tonight,” he told her as he rushed out the door.

“I’m holding you to that,” she called to him as the door closed.

He hadn’t given her any indication that he had tasted milk from her tits. Once she was sure his car was headed out the driveway she rushed to get her pump and started it up. It only took a couple of minutes for the device to work its magic and produce a few more tablespoons of milk. Once more Arlene drank it down. She didn’t bother to tell Pearce or Sandy or Dale. It was to be her secret for a little while longer.

Her little victory kept her happy and bubbling along all through the day. She rushed home to get to the breast pump as soon as possible. During the day some doubts had started growing in her mind—that she had hallucinated the past twenty four hours or it was all some lame dream—and she wanted to prove herself right.

The moment the suction from the pump was applied and her nipples were stretched out, a fine spray of milk formed and started to fill the bottles. Arlene sighed and relaxed. She let herself be milked by the device. She was pleased with herself. She was so pleased with herself that she unzipped her pants and shoved her hand down into her panties, feeling for her clit, and jilled off the best she could as she pumped. It was a heavenly orgasm.

Her doubts set in almost right away after drinking the milk, cleaning the pump and bottles, and before she started dinner.

What is she could only produce milk if a breast pump was used on her tits. She trembled with anxiety.

Chapter Seven

“Gently, baby,” Arlene instructed him as Pearce latched on to her tender breast. She had spent too long pumping after her breast went dry that afternoon. She had skipped her early evening pump—Pearce barely seemed to notice—in the hope that she would build up enough milk for him to taste. One thing she did notice was that her tits were a little tender that evening. Was it because of the pumping or the lack of it or anxiety? It was impossible for her to tell. Still, Pearce was always willing to play and suck on her tits so it wasn’t much of a struggle to get him to nurse on her first before having actual sex.

Pearce had stripped off all his clothes before climbing into bed with her, but Arlene kept on her pajama bottoms and plain panties underneath. She wanted him to focus on her tits. It was about her needs tonight since she was essential letting him use her body for a steady and close source of milk. She deserved to be pleasured the way she liked.

As promised Pearce immediately set upon her small, but now tender, tits. She gasped when he started sucking. It was Pearce’s usual hard and fast and demanding suckling, but now that she knew that she was producing milk, Arlene somehow felt more protective of her breasts. If he noticed her gasp Pearce gave no indication. He went right into the usual routine of suck and rest, suck and rest. For her part Arlene loved that. The closeness of his body. The way he was doing something both to and for her. She could feel her lust rising, but that was secondary to her other need at the moment. She needed, more than anything, for Pearce to stimulate her tits enough to they would let down her milk. At this point Arlene was certain that she was actually making milk, but she needed Pearce to tell her so otherwise it was all some dark unfulfilled fantasy of hers.

Naturally at first nothing happened. Her pussy got wet. She could feel his cock getting hard and pressing against her leg. All of that was to be expected. He held her close, his hand casually resting on her hip. What would he do when he tasted her sweetness? Would he even notice? Was he so used to the easy and abundant milk from Sandy that he wouldn’t even notice the pittance of liquid she produced just for him. Was he so used to nursing and getting milk that new milk from his girlfriend wouldn’t be anything special?

There was a pause but then Pearce resumed sucking. It was most likely just him taking a quick break for a deeper breath. At the second pause Arlene felt a little tickle in her tummy. She had already felt her breasts start to give up the tiny and precious milk they were able to produce. She had started to worry that maybe Pearce hadn't tasted her essence at all. How much longer would it take?

And then he pulled off her small nipple and smacked his lips to make a point and then looked up at her. "Have you been keeping something from me?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Nope. I was just waiting for you to notice."

He gave her a faux-glare. "How long?"

"How long what?"

"How long have you been lactating?"

"Just a day."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Truly. I'm not producing all that much."

"How much?"

"When I pumped this morning a couple of tablespoons."

He raised up his eyebrows in appreciation. "That's not much at all. And yet I tasted it. You're very sweet."

Arlene put on the act of someone who was embarrassed at too much praise. "Oh stop it. You're just saying that to make me blush."

"It's sometimes hard to tell when you're blushing. You know, with your honey skin and all that."

"Honey skin?"

"That's what the color looks like to me."

"You do know my cultural ideal is to have the palest skin possible, right?"

“Right, right,” he agreed and then ducked his head. “But I’m more interested in the flavor of your milk.”

He sucked on her so strongly that Arlene gasped once more and pulled his head to her breast. Catching her nipple between his teeth Pearce caused a little thrill of pain in her tit. It wasn’t nearly as good or as powerful as what she was used to with the nipple clamps but it was a nice thought regardless. After a few more sucks he completely drained her first breast and then switched to her other side. The position shift was done smoothly. Arlene wasn’t sure if that was because they both in tune with the other’s body or if they were so used to nursing from Sandy that it had become second nature.

It took all her will not to shove her hand down into her pants and masturbate uncontrollably. Arlene wanted the passion and the moment to last forever, but that was impossible. She just had to hold out long enough for Pearce to finish her milk, pull off her pajamas and fuck her good and hard. It seemed like an infinite minute and she could feel an orgasm rising in her chest. Maybe if he just kept on sucking from her she could have a tit-based orgasm. That sounded perfect to her.

It wasn’t to be. Once Pearce sensed her milk had given out he pulled off her breast and pulled down her pajamas and panties in one smooth motion. She kicked off the tangle of material, helping him get between her legs with his engorged cock. Before she knew it he was inside of her wet pussy and pumping away. Showing an amazing amount of flexibility Pearce dipped his head down to her breast and sucked on her some more.

“You don’t have to do that,” she gasped.

“The more stimulation the better,” he told her. “I want to get your supply up to where I need it.”

She grunted as his teeth nipped at her flesh and she wrapped her legs around his waist. It didn’t matter. He just needed to make her cum. That’s what she was living for now. His cock in her pussy, his mouth on her breast.

The orgasm she had made her a bit dizzy and all she could do was lay there and gasp while he finished inside her.

“There’s only one thing left to do,” he told her.

Her lips felt numb from her body being so used, but she still managed to say, “What?”

“How are we going to tell Sandy and Dale?”

After a long pause she said, “I know how.”

Arlene lay on her side in Sandy’s bed watching her boyfriend fuck Sandy. She wasn’t sure what exactly was turning her on at the moment: the nipple clamps on her tits or the vision of three people making love in front of her. Even though the other three were completely naked and using each other’s bodies Arlene was still largely dressed. She had on a pair of jeans and had only opened up her blouse enough to attach the clamps when she got to Sandy and Dale’s house. As much as she wanted to, Arlene didn’t bother wearing a bra. More than anything else she wanted to start wearing nursing bras, but it was too soon. She didn’t want to spoil the surprise.

Wearing the nipple clamps had the added benefit of keeping her milk from leaking.

Sandy was on her side and Pearce was behind the big-titted blonde woman, his cock going in and out of her pussy. Arlene couldn’t see her pussy because it was blocked by Dale, but she knew that Sandy was getting fucked by Pearce’s beautiful cock because her body shook a little each time he thrusted into her and she gasped every time he bit her little button just right. Dale was perhaps luckier than either Sandy or Pearce. While they were fucking he was nursing from his wife’s big breasts. Although Sandy had invited her to nurse, Arlene had begged off, saying she wanted to feel the bite of the clamps and play the voyeur for the night. She would join in later.

Sandy gasped and cried out loudly as she came. It was easy to make Sandy cum while she was being fucking and sucked at the same time. Her eyes snapped open and she saw Arlene watching her. Sandy reached out her hand and Arlene interlaced her fingers with her friend. It was so intimate, so comfortable to hold hands with the other woman while she was having sex. A year ago Arlene would have said that was the craziest thing she could imagine seeing or doing, let alone participating in, but here she was now in the middle of it. Or, more accurately, directly observing it. Sand was beautiful when she came. Her face because

beatific and blissful. Arlene felt a thrill of jealousy. It was almost time for the big reveal and she was nervous because of that.

Pearce came with several loud and powerful grunts. Sandy's body shook with each thrust and then she came again when Pearce's hot semen flooded into her pussy.

It was time.

"Was it good for you?" Arlene asked Sandy.

Her friend chuckled slightly. "It's always good for me."

"Is it my turn now?"

"I don't know if Pearce can get it up again so soon." Sandy looked over her shoulder. "Can you Pearce?"

He shook his head as he breathed heavily.

Arlene said, "I don't want him. I want Dale."

"Well he hasn't fucked me yet," she commented and looked down at her husband who was still attached to her breast. "Are you done nursing yet, honey?"

He half nodded his head. "I could be." Sandy had reached between his legs and was slowly stroking his firm cock.

"Arlene wants you to fuck her," she told him.

"I heard." He rolled over to face the Asian woman and started to clamber on top of her. She stopped him and pushed his head down to her breast.

"Why don't you nurse from me a little bit," she encouraged him. "I haven't used my pump at all today." She reached down and released the retaining ring on the nipple clamp to her left tit. When it released she sucked in a huge breath of air as the thrill of blood rushing back into her nipple shocked her body into thinking it had been pleasured.

Dale watched this little process and asked her, "Do you want me to take off the

other one?”

She shook her head. “No,” she said, her voice quavering. “Just suck on it gently.”

It was easy for Dale to follow that instruction. He was used to nursing from Sandy and had helped Arlene along with her need to bring in her own milk. It only took him three sucks to realize something had changed. Up to that point he had considered nursing from Arlene to be a chore, something he had to do to bring her pleasure, to help her out, so that he would get to fuck her. The moment he tasted her milk all of that changed.

He was smart. The realization that he would now have two women who were able to supply him with breast milk meant a world of possibilities for him. He didn’t give any indication to Pearce or Sandy that Arlene was now giving milk. They’d find out soon enough, he figured. But until then he’d have her all to himself.

“Good?” Arlene asked Dale.

“Uh-huh,” he grunted into her small breast and sucked harder. Her milk was very thin and very sweet, much more so than Sandy’s. That was neither good nor bad, it was just the way it was.

As he was getting into the fact that Arlene was no lactating, she took the opportunity to release the clamp from her other nipple. There was another hissing intake of breath as she did so, the blood rushing back into the flesh, and the little tremble, the little orgasm that accompanied it. Arlene kept her eyes on Sandy, watching what she would do. The blonde woman was participating in some afterplay with Pearce, kissing and caressing each other. He knew what was up, but didn’t let on to his partner. Sandy would occasionally glance back at Arlene to see if the other woman was getting jealous or aroused or even just paying attention but when Arlene released the clamp she noticed something new.

A tiny trickle of milk leaking from Arlene’s nipple.

“Holy fuck! Look at that!” Sandy practically screamed at Dale.

“At what?” he innocently asked.

“At that!” she pointed at Arlene’s dripping nipple. “She’s finally making milk.”

“Oh, that,” Dale said mildly. “Welcome to the party, Sandy.”

She goggled at him a minute, not understanding, and then Dale turned his head from Arlene’s breast. “I’ve been drinking her milk for the past five minutes, dear.”

“Shit,” Sandy cursed under her breath.

“Care for a sample?” Arlene asked Sandy, picking up her small breast with her hand and offering it to her like a loving mother.

“Sure,” Sandy said nonchalantly, as if this were something she did all the time. As she climbed over Dale’s body to get to Arlene’s free breast, it occurred to her that this was something new for her. Certainly she had had sex with other women before and had sucked on her fair share of breasts in the process, but she had never before actually tasted another woman’s milk. Sandy wasn’t the type to shy away from a new sexual experience and so it was easy for her to latch without any trepidation.

When the sweet milk touched her tongue Sandy felt like she was in heaven. Her milk was pure sweetness. There wasn’t much of it and it was hard to extract it from Arlene’s breast, but it was more than worth the effort. She sucked and swallowed for ten minutes to make sure she got every drop from her friend.

Realizing that was wasn’t going to get any more milk from Arlene, Sandy finally stopped nursing at looked up at the group. Both men were watching her with amused smiles on their faces. Arlene’s eyes were glazed over with lust and she was breathing shallowly. “What?” she asked. “Are you jealous I got all her milk?”

Pearce shook his head. “Nope. I’ve already had her several times. And Dale’s gotten his taste already. We were just wondering how long you’d keep sucking on her.”

“Trying to make her cum?” Dale asked.

“No, that’s your job,” Sandy said and grabbed him by the dick, pulling him on top of Arlene’s body. He didn’t resist as his wife helped him fit his erect cock

into Arlene's wet and waiting pussy. Arlene sighed with relief when she was filled.

What followed was an over-eager session. Certainly she and Dale had fucked many times before, but this time was different for her paramour. He now didn't just see her as an available woman, but as a woman with full and lactating breasts. This was his pinnacle target of womanhood and now that he had two women of his preferred type, Dale had lost a little bit of control. He lasted a little over a minute before his balls tightened up and he came, spewing his hot, thick semen deep into Arlene's pussy. She sighed deeply and tried to cum, but she wasn't on the cusp just yet.

"Did you come, Arlene?" Sandy asked her. She was truly concerned for her friend because if anyone deserved a proper orgasm is was Arlene for all her hard work to bring in her milk.

Arlene shook her head. In response Sandy pushed her husband off Arlene and grabbed Pearce by the cock.

"What?" he asked, startled. He had been watching his girlfriend get fucked but he was hardly ready to go again just yet.

"You heard her," Sandy said. "She hasn't cum yet. She needs to cum. She deserves to cum. So it's time for you to do your duty."

Although he wasn't hard Pearce's cock was still wet with his cum and Sandy's juices. She stroked him a few times while pulling him over to Arlene. At the same time she put her hand between Arlene's legs and felt her pussy. Arlene opened up wider and Sandy made sure she was plenty wet and adequately primed by playing with her clit. Arlene squirmed under her hand.

"Yes," she moaned. "More."

Sandy stroked Pearce's cock harder and faster. He wasn't truly erect yet, but she judged it was good enough and so grabbed him firmly once more and pulled him over to his girlfriend. The rough treatment must have agreed with Pearce because by the time he was on top of Arlene he was erect enough to penetrate her.

"Can you feel how hot she is?" Sandy half-whispered to him. "Can you fee how

she wants to cum? Can you feel Dale's cum inside her pussy? How many times have you fucked me like that? Doesn't Arlene deserve the same treatment I get?"

Arlene tried to wrap her legs around Pearce's but hers were too short and she could only dig her heels into his thighs, encouraging him to slam harder into her body. It might have been the words of encouragement that Sandy was using to help them both along but it was just enough to cause her to cum with a straining cry, half-muffled by her fist pressed to her lips. Though he had only cum a few minutes earlier his girlfriend's performance and the way her pussy clamped down on his cock was enough to draw out another small orgasm from Pearce, but only after Sandy grabbed his balls and squeezed to hurry him along.

"Cum," she commanded him. "She deserves nothing but your best."

He pumped out a little semen for his girlfriend. It was just enough to leave him dripping with sweat and breathing so heavily he was certain he had just run the equivalent of a four-minute mile.

"I think we're going to have a lot of fun," Sandy said.

Chapter Eight

“Do you have anything…prettier?” Arlene asked the saleswoman in the store’s lingerie department. Every nursing bra she had found was purely utilitarian in design. Nothing more than cotton and spandex. Arlene wanted some pretty lace and smooth silk or satin.

The middle-aged woman glanced at the few paltry selections that Arlene had made and said, “Well, honey, you’re looking in the maternity section. I think you want something a little sexier, don’t you?”

“Yes, but don’t you have something that’s both sexy and maternity?” Arlene asked while trying not to blush. She was glad her skin tone hid all but the greatest of sins of embarrassment.

The saleswoman gave Arlene a quick glance up and down. Arlene noted her name badge read Karen. “Is this for you or a friend?” Karen asked.

“For me.” She kept her face neutral.

“I’ve been doing this for years, honey. What’s your current size and what was your size before you had your baby?”

Arlene opened her mouth to correct Karen and then thought better of it. “34A.”

“Now or before?”

“It hasn’t changed.”

Karen looked directly at Arlene’s chest and nodded once. “Some women don’t swell up that much. You’ve always been small busted?”

“Yes.”

“Over here. Have you ever had a professional bra fitting?”

“No.”

“You’re in luck. Normally we have to charge a special fee for this but I give it

free to new mothers. How long have you been nursing?”

“Just a few weeks now.”

What followed was a whirlwind session of bra changes and minor yoga poses as Karen watched Arlene move, carefully evaluating her torso and breast size and placement. Arlene tried to make it seem like it was something she did all the time when Karen practically felt her up in making sure the final choices she made were correct for her. Arlene was only slightly surprised at herself when she quickly evaluated Karen as a woman she would be willing to sleep with but the current venue probably wasn’t the best time to make a pass.

Ultimately Karen found her the right size and style that worked. It was pretty and sexy. She would up buying four different bras, all with a mix of lace and silk. All of them had the flaps to drop down in the front to expose her nipples which Karen did for her. She felt a little silly standing in the middle of the fitting room with her nipples exposed, but she let Karen evaluate her critically.

“Very good. You have very pretty breasts. Your boyfriend must be thrilled with them.”

Now Arlene let herself blush. “I think so.”

“He must be very jealous of having to share them.”

“What?” How could Karen know she was sharing her milk between Pearce and Dale…and Sandy.

“Most men get upset when they start having to share their wife’s body with a new baby.”

Right, Arlene thought. I have a baby. That’s why I’m getting a nursing bra. “He’s actually okay with it,” she said trying to avoid the issue.

Karen shook her head. “I shouldn’t just say husband and wife. I’m so old-fashioned.” She reached out and lifted the laps into place showing Arlene how easily they hooked and released. “I see you’re not wearing a ring, but lots of women take theirs off during pregnancy when they start getting all puffy. I know I did. Are you married?”

“No…”

“Neither was I with my first baby. We decided to get hitched before the second one came along. It was probably smarter that way, at least for me.” She smiled at Arlene and ran her hands over the soft cups of the bra a little too familiarly. “And I don’t blame you for wanting something a little sexy for him,” she said. “There’s no reason your sex life has to end just because you’ve got a little one in the house, right?”

“Right.”

“And you’re lucky that you’re so small busted. You can just wear a nice supportive cami and pull down your top if you’re not going to be out in public.”

“I never thought of that.”

“Are you going to wear that home or do you want your old one on?”

Arlene felt sexy in the new bra and said, “I’ll wear this one.”

“Very good. Just be sure to get some high quality nursing pads to wear. I shudder to think at how many bras have been ruined by too much leaking milk.” Arlene got the distinct impression that Karen would have been thrilled for her to take off the bra one more time and expose her breasts.

“Thanks for the advice.”

“Enjoy!”

It was Arlene who insisted that she supply dessert to Dale and Pearce at their Saturday night dinner. Sandy’s son Kevin was with friends for the evening so he wasn’t a concern. Since they were at Pearce’s house, it was easy for Arlene to open up her shirt and pull down the flaps on her new bra to allow the men to nurse. They eagerly fell to their knees and started slurping at her nipples the moment she was exposed.

Sandy had taken a minute to clear the dinner dishes but then sat back down to watch the nursing. “I’m jealous,” she said. “Normally I’m the one who gets to

provide dessert.”

“I’m not making that much milk just yet,” Arlene said dreamily. “You can give them seconds.”

“Hmm. I’ll be right back.” She disappeared down the hallway and Arlene closed her eyes as the men fed on her. It was a joyous feeling. She didn’t leak all that much milk, only when she was horny or if it had been a long time between feeds for Pearce and even then she wasn’t sure if she was leaking because she was too full or if she was leaking because just the sight of her boyfriend was enough to make her let down.

When Arlene came back she dropped a few items on the table and settled back into her chair. Letting her eyelids flutter open Arlene saw that Sandy had gone into the bedroom and retrieved the breast pump from the top of her dresser. She was now in the process of hooking up the device.

“What are you doing?” Arlene asked even though it was obvious what she was doing.

“What’s it look like?” the blond woman asked. “I’m pumping my breasts.”

“Don’t you want to feed the boys?” It was getting hard for Arlene to talk. She was getting too turned on by Dale and Pearce’s eager mouths.

“Right now I want to see how much milk I’m actually producing.” She opened up her blouse and pushed down her bra. Despite her lactating status and good advice, Sandy didn’t always wear a nursing bra.

As Arlene watched Sandy pressed the cones to her swollen tits and turned on the pump. Almost immediately her nipples started spraying milk. The amount that she produced was simply amazing. The men watched out of the corners of their eyes but said nothing. This added visual stimulation made Arlene wish either of the men attached to her tits would take the initiative and put a hand up her skirt to play with her pussy.

In less than five minutes Sandy managed to fill both of the collection bottles to the four-ounce mark. Once that point was reached she shut off the pump and detached it from her breasts. “Wow. It’s been a while since I’ve measured. And I’m still pretty full.” She hefted her breasts and massaged them a bit, rolling the

soft flesh and pushing out a little more milk from each nipple.

Pearce released Arlene's breast and said, "Good because my girlfriend is dry." He quickly moved around the table and knelt next to the married woman to nurse from her breast. Arlene was oddly jealous and unconcerned. The jealousy was nice because it meant she loved Pearce and she was unconcerned because she knew that Sandy wouldn't be leaving her husband for Pearce. It was an oddly safe and cozy arrangement. By the strictest definition of the term they were all being adulterous but Arlene didn't consider it cheating. It wasn't cheating if they all knew and approved. The strangest part of their little quartet is that they were all so comfortable with it and so it brought them close together and actually stabilized their pairings.

She was disappointed, however, when Dale stopped sucking and got to his feet. "I'll be right back," he said. She wanted him to at least continue sucking on her nipple while Sandy fed Pearce. Instead, and because she was so aroused, Arlene hiked up her skirt and pulled her purple panties down to her knees. After digging her heels into the edge of the dining room table she started jilling off, watching as Pearce nursed from Sandy.

"Are you that turned on?" Sandy asked.

Arlene nodded. "Uh-huh." Her eyes glazed over a bit and she rubbed her clit.

Dale returned to the table with a small variety of liquor bottles. "Is it okay to give nursing mothers alcoholic drinks?" he asked as he filled a glass with ice, followed by a few splashes of vodka and some Kahlua, then topped with half the contents from one of Sandy's collection bottle. He stirred it and presented it to Arlene. "White Russian?" he asked.

"Shouldn't you call it something else if you're making it with breast milk instead of cream?" Sandy asked.

"White Tsaritsa?" he asked thoughtfully. "White Babooshka? Mother Russia?"

Arlene took a sip of the offered drink and nodded approvingly all the while never removing her hand from her pussy. "Very good," she approved and slowly pushed herself back from the table. "Why don't you fuck me instead of mixing drinks?"

Since he was already in the process of fixing several more of the cocktails he quickly finished and then pulled down his pants. Going over to Arlene he presented his semi-erect cock to her mouth and she eagerly sucked it in. It had been a while since she had given a blowjob. It was a nice change of pace to be the one doing the sucking instead of being sucked on. The act was largely unnecessary since her pussy was wet, but it did get Dale nice and hard, so when he pulled her panties the rest of the way off her legs, knelt down, and shoved his cock into her, it went smoothly.

Though her vision was half blocked by Dale, Arlene didn't miss that her boyfriend started finger-fucking Sandy while sucking on her tit. That was nice. She wouldn't have to worry about them for a while.

Fucking on the edge of a chair was difficult and soon they moved to the bed, leaving Sandy and Pearce alone to do as they pleased. Arlene was feeling aggressive and insisted on riding on top of Dale's cock. He didn't mind at all because he got to watch her small breasts jiggle and bounce with her every move. He could reach up and pinch them. With a little effort he could lift up his head and suck on her nipples while she ground her pussy down on him. There wasn't any milk being offered but that was fine. Arlene liked riding a cock. It kept her in charge. It was also very easy for her to cum in that position; each orgasm was small but satisfying.

"Do you want your nipple clamps?" Dale asked after her fifth orgasm. He spied them on the nightstand where she customarily left them. Often she would apple the sharp little tweezer-like clamps to her nipples at night before Pearce got home to keep her milk from leaking. Pads inside her bra were nice to keep her dry, but she liked to keep her milk in full supply for the man she loved.

"No. Too much stim."

She reached behind her back to grab Dale's balls. They were tight up against the base of his cock so she had to dig in her fingers in order to get a good grip on him. Once that was done all she had to do was twist a little to make him cum. For her efforts Arlene was rewarded with a heavy flood of spunk in her pussy along with the man between her legs gasping halfway between pleasure and pain. She didn't release the tension on his package until he was done cumming.

"Was it good for you?" she asked, laughing a bit at his surprise and discomfort.

“It was great. A little painful, but great.”

When Arlene’s milk came in Sandy was initially thrilled for her. But then she had to deal with the reality that her husband had another woman he wanted to nurse from all the time and she was competing with Arlene for the attention of Dale and Pearce. A secondary consequence was her large breasts were often sore because the amount of milk she was producing was above what the two men actually wanted or needed. She resorted to the breast pump on occasion for some relief but then she found herself actually approaching Arlene to nurse.

“I know it’s been a little while since you’ve done this, but would you mind nursing from me?” Sandy asked. “I’m full and sore and the boys are off doing who knows what for the day.” She appeared unexpectedly on Arlene’s doorstep in the middle of Saturday right as Arlene was settling in to do a serious cleaning of the kitchen, bathroom, and expel all the clothes from the laundry room.

Her question wasn’t something completely out of the ordinary; it had just been a while since the two women were alone together. “Umm…sure.” She opened the door for her friend. “With sex or without?” she asked, only half seriously.

“Do you actually have to ask?” Sandy quickly crossed from the front door to the living room couch where she pulled up her loose-fitting t-shirt, revealing a serviceable nursing bra underneath. Arlene plopped a pair of pillows on the blonde’s lap as Sandy dropped open one flap. A minute later Arlene had taken Sandy’s light pink nipple into her mouth and was sucking away quietly and happily. The moment she tasted Sandy’s milk she realized how much she missed the intimate ritual. There was the steady suck and release, the infusion of milk onto her tongue, the spreading sweetness, the soft contented sighs filling the air all of which eventually led to their rising lust.

Arlene still marveled at how just holding her friend’s breast and nursing from it was enough to enflame her own loins. It wasn’t something she would have predicted happening to her, but ti was a sort of foreplay. While she would never see herself as a full-on lesbian Arlene was quickly coming to the conclusion that she was truly bisexual. Making love with Sandy was pleasurable and she would happily do it with or without a man in the mix. Though it frightened her at first she had also decided that she was attracted to other women as well. There wasn’t

anything wrong about fantasizing going to bed with another woman. She had lately indulged in these fantasies and would have happily said yes to the right woman who propositioned her.

Once the pressure was removed from Sandy's first breast and Arlene's tummy started to get heavy with Sandy's milk, Arlene switched to the curvy blonde's other breast. Instead of just letting her exposed tit stand free, Arlene softly cupped it, pinching the nipple just hard enough to remind her lover that she was being used and prepared for sex.

It didn't take that long to remove enough milk from Sandy's tits to reduce their swelling and to arouse Sandy's lust. When she was done Arlene looked up at her friend and gently ran a finger along the other woman's cheek. "Ready to go to bed?"

"Yeah…" There was no reason for Sandy to be nervous or shy, but she had a hidden treasure in her purse that she wanted to use with her friend but at the same time was afraid to do so.

When Arlene got up and grabbed her friend by the hand Sandy stooped to grab her purse. Arlene immediately noticed. "You won't need that. We're just going to the bedroom."

Sandy said, "Umm…"

Arlene knew how to read her friend. "What are you hiding in there?"

"Promise me you won't get angry?" Sandy said nervously.

That caused the slight Asian woman to fold her arms across her chest, just under her breasts, gently enhancing their size. "I'm not going to promise that. Who knows what you have in there? A gun? Divorce papers? A voter registration card switching to the Republican party?"

Sandy laughed. "No. None of those."

"Well?"

Dropping her eyes to her over-sized purse Sandy pulled it open and extracted the device she had purchased with Arlene foremost in her mind but also considering

what she could do with it with Dale and Pearce. “I’ve used one of these a long time ago.” It took Arlene a moment to figure out what she was looking at. It was nothing more than a harness of firm nylon straps and plastic buckles attached to a dildo. “It’s a strapon cock,” Sandy unnecessarily explained.

“I can see that. Who is it for?”

Sandy glanced up at her friend. “It’s for us.”

Arlene blew a stray lock of hair out of her face. “I know that. I mean, who gets to wear it?”

“Oh. I do.”

“I don’t get a choice in the matter?” Arlene was happily going along with the process of deciding who got to be the man and who got to be the woman in this encounter. While her experience with sex toys was limited to vibrators and nipple clamps, this wasn’t a big jump by any means.

“Um, I’ve got it set for my size,” Sandy said nervously wondering how the conversation had gone to where Arlene was suddenly in charge.

“That’s fine. I’m just teasing you. Let’s get it on you and try it out.”

“wow. I was expecting a little more resistance from you. I mean, you told me you’ve never really lusted after women.”

“People change,” Arlene told her as she walked to the bedroom, stripping off her clothes, adding a little extra wiggle to her walk so that Sandy could see she was ready to fuck. Sandy shed her clothes just as fast and was down to her panties by the time they made it to the bedroom.

“Help me with the straps?” Sandy asked as she pulled down her panties, exposing her shaved cunt, but then almost immediately covered it up again by pulling the strapon harness up her legs. It fit against her much like a pair of panties. Arlene was sad to see her friend’s sex disappear behind a piece of plastic but she saw a little secret of the harness before Sandy had it in place.

“Is that a two-headed dildo?” she asked as Sandy pulled the pants-like contraption in place.

“Sort of,” Sandy confessed. “There’s a little one that fits inside me, stimulated my clit, while we fuck.”

“Lucky girl.”

“I know. Can you tighten the straps around my thighs?”

Arlene got down on her knees and did as she was asked. After a minute she realized she was in much the same position as if she were giving a man a blowjob. The pink dildo didn’t jut up from her crotch but hung down a bit. “Is it hard enough?” Arlene asked, weighing the thick shaft in her hand.

“Oh yeah, they don’t generally make these rock hard. It’s plenty hard enough for fucking, trust me.”

“You’ve done this before?” Arlene asked archly.

“Yes. A few times,” Sandy said. “And before you ask, yes both giving and receiving.”

“In for a penny,” Arlene mumbled under her breath. “Should I give you a blowjob to make you harder?”

“Ha ha. No.”

“Do we need a condom on it?” Arlene asked more seriously.

“Do you have any?”

“Yeah, a few from before I went on birth control.” She went over to the nightstand and bent over to dig through the drawer. Sandy wanted her.

“Fucking hell you have a nice ass. I can just see your pussy lips when you do that.”

In response Arlene wiggled her hips a bit, teasing her friend. “Found them!” she cried triumphantly, pulling out three foil packets along with a bottle of lube. “You can never be too wet, can you?” she asked.

“Aren’t you wet enough?” Sandy asked ash she got close to the dark-haired

woman, kissing her and taking one of the condom packets.

“I can feel your cock on my legs,” Arlene giggled. “You sure you don’t need some oral.”

“Nope!” Sandy opened up the condom packet and rolled it on the fake cock as Arlene got on the bed, squirted out a palm full of lube and smeared it across and up into her pussy. “Don’t waste that all on yourself,” Sandy complained. Arlene reached up and stroked the remains of the lube on Sandy’s condom-covered cock.

“This is weird,” she commented to her blonde friend.

“You’ll forget all about that once we start fucking,” Sandy promised her. “This dildo has all sorts of ridges on it. It’ll feel really good inside you.”

“I can feel them.” Arlene found the texture intriguing and decided to go for it, spreading her legs open and pulling on Sandy’s girl-cock to bring the head down into her pussy. It took some moving around to get everything aligned correctly. Only in fucking a woman did Arlene figure out that a woman’s curvy hips were definitely designed for being fucked, not doing the fucking. They probably would have been better off if Arlene was wearing the strapon because her hips were much narrower, but in the end it didn’t matter. They managed to find a position that worked right for them. The fake cock that Sandy wore was bigger than either Dale or Pearce’s real models. It was bigger than any cock she had ever had before. That made her wonder if Sandy had purchased it because it was so big or if she simply wanted to impress her friend.

It didn’t matter. Lube up as it was and as wet as she was, it was easy for Sandy to push it in almost all the way.

“Wow. Holy fuck that’s big!” Arlene exclaimed.

“Am I hurting you?”

“No, I’ve just never been filled up this much before. It feels really good. Just go slow.”

She did go slow for a minute, and then the combination of fucking Arlene like a man and the little secret inside her panties made her increase the pace. Sandy

shifted her position so that she was almost in the classic missionary with her heavy tits rubbing against Arlene's. The Asian woman grabbed Sandy's soft nipples and started squeezing and rolling them. Getting fucked by a woman wasn't all that different from a man. In many ways it was better.

"Harder," Arlene grunted. "Faster." Sandy complied and paused for a moment while she came, then thrusted harder and faster. "You came," Arlene accused.

"Uh-huh."

"Make me cum."

"Uh-huh."

It took some work but eventually Sandy make Arlene cum and then promptly collapsed on top of her friend.

"That was wonderful," Arlene complimented the curvy blonde woman.

"You're welcome."

"Why am I so lucky to get this today?" Arlene meant the question to be rhetorical but Sandy opted to answer.

"Promise you won't get mad when I tell you?"

Arlene didn't answer the question. "That's the second time you've asked me that today."

Sandy rolled off her friend, extracting her faux-cock at the same time. It felt weird to be wearing the harness and feeling the silicone of the shaft against her skin but it wasn't the time to start taking it off. "We won't be able to do this much longer," she said nervously.

"Why is that? And we've only done this once."

"This, yeah, us two alone, yeah. Only once. I was talking about you and me and Pearce and Dale."

"What about us?" Arlene's voice quavered and her heart started fluttering.

“I’m pregnant,” Sandy confessed.

Chapter Nine

There wasn't much of a bulge to Sandy's belly yet but when Arlene rubbed the other woman's belly she could definitely feel something there that was new. Dale looked on approvingly. Pearce was busy in the kitchen making Mother Russias. "When do we find out who is the father?" Arlene asked when her boyfriend walked in with the cocktails only one of which was virgin but all contained mother's milk.

"We don't, at least, not for a long time," Sandy said. They were all in a tangle on the bed. Sandy was sprawled with her legs open; Arlene had been eating her out and her pussy was wet and open. Sandy hoped that the pair of small orgasms Arlene had given her would soon be joined by several more given by Pearce and Dale's cocks. Or tongues. Or fingers. She just wanted to cum.

"Why not?" Arlene took her drink off the tray that Pearce had brought in. They had started the evening by hooking Sandy up to the breast pump and watching as the machine drained every last drop from her tits. It had been a long process because never before had she ever bothered to completely pump all the milk out of her breasts. Either she had been nursing her son or had been feeding her husband and boyfriend. There hadn't been any reason to measure the volume of milk she produced. There was now. Arlene wanted to torture her best friend and lover a bit—after all was said and done she was still jealous of Sandy's big tits and she wanted to see how much milk the blonde actually produced. Pearce had been refining his new drink and wanted exact measurements of milk to perfect the cocktail. Dale's reason was much simpler: he wanted to see his wife cum from pure nipple stimulation. Much to his disappointment it hadn't happened that evening even after Sandy's milk stopped squirting out and he had insisted they leave the pump on for another five minutes, "Just to make sure."

Sandy shrugged then shivered a bit as Arlene ran her finger around the blonde woman's engorged and moist clit. "Amniocentesis is too dangerous without a really good reason. There's no reason to DNA testing, is there?"

She had smashed the question back to Arlene who responded in kind. "I'm just curious to see if you're carrying Dale or Pearce's baby. How much have you

been fucking my boyfriend?”

This was the first time the two women had had a serious argument. Sandy felt her spine stiffening and her anger rising. “A lot,” she said almost casually. “How many times have you fucked Dale?”

Upon hearing his name Dale started paying closer attention to the conversation. Before he had just been watching Arlene casually play with Sandy’s pussy, which was perfectly acceptable to him. It was so acceptable, in fact, that his cock had slowly hardened through the process and was now to the point of needing to be sunk into a hot and wet pussy. Only when he realized the animosity between the women did Dale start to get nervous. Two women fighting wasn’t nearly as sexy or fun as two women fucking. Or fucking two women with his best friend.

“Probably three times in the past week,” Arlene said casually. “He’s pretty good lay, but I always seem to need to go back to Pearce to really get the job done.”

For his part Pearce had been casually listening to the conversation as well, enjoying the drink that he had made and watching the two women play with each other’s bodies. It took him a moment to realize that Arlene was casually disparaging Dale’s bedroom skills while also dragging him into the argument. He didn’t need this to escalate any further. “Ladies, I think we’ve discussed this before and it doesn’t really matter right now…”

“Shut up, Peace,” Arlene said. Her voice was low and brimming with anger. “This is between me and her.” All the while during the rising argument Arlene had been circling her finger around Sandy’s clit. The curvy blonde had kept her legs open for her friend to play with her pussy and only now was it occurring to her that she was dangerously close to orgasm. She wasn’t right on the edge, but close enough that it wouldn’t take more than a few moments of serious manipulation to push her over the precipice. “I’ve got something important to tell you,” she all but hissed at Sandy.

“What’s that?” The blonde woman tried to show some anger in her voice—low, controlled anger, but it was slightly overcome by a quaver due to the way the Asian woman was playing with her pussy.

Arlene smiled and looked up at her friend, pausing a moment in her constant circling to be sure to catch the other woman’s eyes. Once she did, Arlene leaned in and licked Sandy’s engorged clit—but not enough to make her cum. “I’ve

stopped taking my pills."

"Not the blessed thistle?" Sandy asked.

"Nope. The birth control." She smiled and flicked Sandy's clit. "How does that make you feel?"

The emotion came to Sandy immediately. It took her a few swallows in order to make her voice work. "Jealous." Incredibly she was jealous, she realized. She didn't want Arlene to be the focus of their little group. Sandy wanted to be the sole source of milk and the one praised and honored because she was the one who had gotten pregnant. Arlene had taken away her milking exclusivity which had caused bad feelings she wasn't expecting—even though the small-breasted Asian wasn't anywhere close to her in pure volume of production. But now she wanted to take away her status as the only mother in the group. The jealousy was almost too much to take. "And anger."

"Good," Arlene said and licked Sandy's clit once more, and then proceeded to eat out her friend again. "You like that?"

Sandy wasn't sure if Arlene meant her cunnilingus abilities or if she was trying to piss her off. "Yes. No."

Arlene laughed at her and then looked up at Dale who had been slowly stroking his cock while listening to the two women argue while they played. "Fuck me, Dale."

"What?" He was startled out of his masturbation dream-state.

"Get behind me and fuck me," she told him as she got her knees a little better under her body and raised her hips up in the air, exposing her ass and pussy for him to use. Dale glanced briefly at Pearce who gave him a quick nod. His wife didn't see anything. Her eyes were screwed tightly shut. Seeing it was the only thing to do, Dale quickly knelt behind Arlene and slipped his cock into her. He wished his wife was actually watching but that was impossible at the moment. She was in the throes of ecstasy.

Arlene was torn between giving her friend an orgasm just by rubbing her clit hard and fast or if she should stretch out the moment. She decided to torture the blonde some more and pinched her clit lightly between her fingers, not enough

to physically hurt but just enough to let Sandy know that Arlene was in charge of the situation. “Do you want to cum, girl?” Arlene asked, her voice was full of anger and control. She knew she had Sandy right on the edge of screaming for more and begging for her to stop at the same time.

“Yes,” she whined.

“Not yet,” Arlene said. “Not until Dale makes me cum.”

Sandy nodded. She knew she didn’t have any choice in the matter. As Dale fucked her Arlene squeezed Sandy’s prominent clit in time with his thrusts, not painfully, but just enough to keep Arlene on edge. She would occasionally lick the little nub of flesh to further tease her friend. “Suck his cock,” she suddenly said, seeing her boyfriend jerking his cock. He looked questioningly at his girlfriend and she nodded. Given the go-ahead he moved closer to the blonde and presented his cock to her mouth. She eagerly opened up and took him into her mouth and practically down her throat.

“Good,” Arlene moaned. She hadn’t realized that she was so close to orgasm herself. She wanted Dale to finish first. She didn’t want to give Sandy the pleasure of cumming. Not yet at least. To move things along Arlene reached back between her legs, felt for Dale’s balls that were pulled up tightly to his body, and then grabbed and squeezed them. He grunted. She pulled on them. That was what he needed. A moment later he was pumping his semen into her pussy.

“Oh, yes,” she sighed but forced her body not to cum. She needed to make this last as long as possible. After waiting a long second she opened up her eyes and looked up at Sandy. “He filled me up,” she said.

“Uh-huh,” Sandy moaned. It wasn’t at all clear to Arlene if Sandy understood or not, but that didn’t matter right now. Dale was resting his hands on her ass and breathing heavily. She turned around and looked at him. “Pull out,” she commanded. “I need Pearce’s cock now.”

Dale, still in the middle of the orgasmic confusion, removed his slippery and shrinking cock from her pussy. Pearce hadn’t heard her. “C’mon, honey,” Arlene all but cooed at him. “You need to fuck me now.”

Although he had hadn’t known that Arlene had stopped taking her birth control,

Pearce was adapting remarkably well to the situation. In the back of his mind was the idea that it took years for Sandy to get pregnant a second time. What was the real risk of Arlene getting pregnant soon?

He pulled away from Sandy's mouth and she complained but was ignored. Moving behind Arlene's upraised ass he pushed his wet cock into her used pussy. It slid in ever so easily because of Sandy's saliva and Dale's semen. "Fill me up," Arlene told him.

Pearce didn't need to be told a second time. He immediately started slamming into her as fast and hard as he could. She grunted with every impact, the vibrations of which were transmitted to Sandy because Arlene was still pinching her very sensitive clit almost too tightly. It wasn't a screaming bit of pain. Not just yet.

With a slightly downward tilt of his hips, Pearce started hitting the right spot inside her pussy. Knowing that it was going to happen was all that Arlene needed. A few more thrusts and Arlene's body shook with a powerful orgasm that made the world disappear for a minute. His cum was so hot she felt like she was burning from the inside. It was a wonderful feeling.

When she came back to herself Sandy asked Arlene, "Are you ready?"

Sandy nodded and managed to squeak out, "Yes!"

Instead of rubbing and kissing Sandy's clit to make her cum, Arlene simply pinched the blonde woman's clit as hard as she could. Sandy screamed as she came. The pain was tremendous but then again so was the pleasure. She had never felt so used and so pleased at the same time. "Thank you, thank you," she repeated over and over to Arlene who crawled up Sandy's well-pleasured body to kiss and embrace her. Arlene felt the men's semen slowly seeping out of her pussy so she grabbed Sandy's hand and pressed it to her.

"Do you feel that?" she asked. "Do you feel them coming out of me?"

"Yeah…"

"There's no telling how long it'll be before I'm knocked up."

"I know."

“Did you know that whoever fucks you last is the most likely father of your child?”

Oddly, Sandy did know that. She nodded. “Yeah. Sometimes after we all got together I made sure to have Dale fuck me one last time when we were all alone.”

“Sometimes?”

“Sometimes it wasn’t possible. Sometimes he wasn’t up to it.”

That made the both of them laugh at the men’s expense and weakness in the bedroom. At best they were both only good for three orgasms a night and usually not that much. One time Arlene had counted and she had come fourteen times one night, given to her by Dale and Pearce and Sandy, but not all equally.

“So that means most likely, Dale is the father.”

Sandy nodded. “Yeah, probably.”

“Do you want Pearce to be the father?”

There was the true question. Both men looked on and said nothing. Finally Sandy spoke. “It would be nice, I guess.”

“Who do you want to be the father of my baby?” Arlene asked.

To her shame the answer came to Sandy immediately. “Pearce.”

“Would you be upset if Dale was the daddy?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t want to share him with you.”

Arlene smiled thinly. “That’s not very generous of you.”

“I’m sorry but that’s the way I feel.”

“I understand.” She kissed her friend lightly on the cheek and then again on the lips. “I don’t want to share either. I want them all for myself.”

“It’s one thing to share a man with another woman, it’s another entirely to share his baby.”

The two smiled at each other, happy they had come to an understanding.

“There’s one other thing I want to share with you,” Arlene said to her best friend. “And I really want you to have it.”

“What’s that?”

Arlene dropped her hands down to her breasts and lifted them up slightly—the entire short distance her small breasts could go—and offered them up to Sandy. “I want to share my milk you with,” she said. “I haven’t been nursed at all today. Can you help me out?”

Sandy laughed and lowered her head down to her friend’s chest, lightly kissing the tops of her breasts. “I would love to share your milk.”

“It bet it’s good for the baby,” Arlene said, ending the sentence with a little “oh” of surprise as Sandy eagerly sucked the milk from her breast. “Really good.”

Reaching out and grabbing her husband’s hand, Sandy dragged him—willingly—to Arlene’s other breast so she was being double nursed, the way she preferred. Pearce looked on quietly and happily, waiting his turn, his cock slowly getting harder as the moments ticked by.

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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