Willing to Milk

Part One



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.

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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

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