Willing to Milk
Part Two



by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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Smashwords Edition

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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 quite 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.

End Part Two

About the Author

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