Willing to Milk

Part Three



by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

Willing to Milk

Part Three



by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

Willing to Milk

Part Three

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2014 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you’re the type of person to read copyright notices, why don’t you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing’s eBooks please visit elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Chapter Seven

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How long what?"

"How long have you been lactating?"

"Just a day."

"Really?"

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

"How much?"

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

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

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

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

"Honey skin?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was time.

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

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

"Is it my turn now?"

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

He shook his head as he breathed heavily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

other one?”

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

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

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

“Good?” Arlene asked Dale.

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

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

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

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

“At what?” he innocently asked.

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

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

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

“Shit,” Sandy cursed under her breath.

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

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

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

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

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

“Trying to make her cum?” Dale asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," she moaned. "More."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Eight

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

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

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

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

“For me.” She kept her face neutral.

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

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

“Now or before?”

“It hasn’t changed.”

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

“Yes.”

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

“No.”

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

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

“Just a few weeks now.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No…”

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

“Right.”

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

“I never thought of that.”

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

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

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

“Thanks for the advice.”

“Enjoy!”

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

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

provide dessert.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you that turned on?" Sandy asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No. Too much stim."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sandy said, "Umm…"

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

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

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

Sandy laughed. "No. None of those."

"Well?"

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

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

“I can see that. Who is it for?”

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

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

“Oh. I do.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Lucky girl.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ha ha. No.”

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

“Do you have any?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Am I hurting you?”

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

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

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

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

"Uh-huh."

"Make me cum."

"Uh-huh."

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

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

"You're welcome."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m pregnant,” Sandy confessed.

Chapter Nine

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

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

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

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

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

been fucking my boyfriend?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

stopped taking my pills."

"Not the blessed thistle?" Sandy asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes,” she whined.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah…"

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

"I know."

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

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

“Sometimes?”

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

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

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

Sandy nodded. “Yeah, probably.”

“Do you want Pearce to be the father?”

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

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

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

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

“Yes.”

“Why?”

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

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

“I’m sorry but that’s the way I feel.”

“I understand.” She kissed her friend lightly on the cheek and then again on the lips. “I don’t want to share either. I want them all for myself.”

“It’s one thing to share a man with another woman, it’s another entirely to share his baby.”

The two smiled at each other, happy they had come to an understanding.

“There’s one other thing I want to share with you,” Arlene said to her best friend. “And I really want you to have it.”

“What’s that?”

Arlene dropped her hands down to her breasts and lifted them up slightly—the entire short distance her small breasts could go—and offered them up to Sandy. “I want to share my milk you with,” she said. “I haven’t been nursed at all today. Can you help me out?”

Sandy laughed and lowered her head down to her friend’s chest, lightly kissing the tops of her breasts. “I would love to share your milk.”

“It bet it’s good for the baby,” Arlene said, ending the sentence with a little “oh” of surprise as Sandy eagerly sucked the milk from her breast. “Really good.”

Reaching out and grabbing her husband’s hand, Sandy dragged him—willingly—to Arlene’s other breast so she was being double nursed, the way she preferred. Pearce looked on quietly and happily, waiting his turn, his cock slowly getting harder as the moments ticked by.

About the Author

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

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Also by Elliot Silvestri

And Giselle's Mother

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity