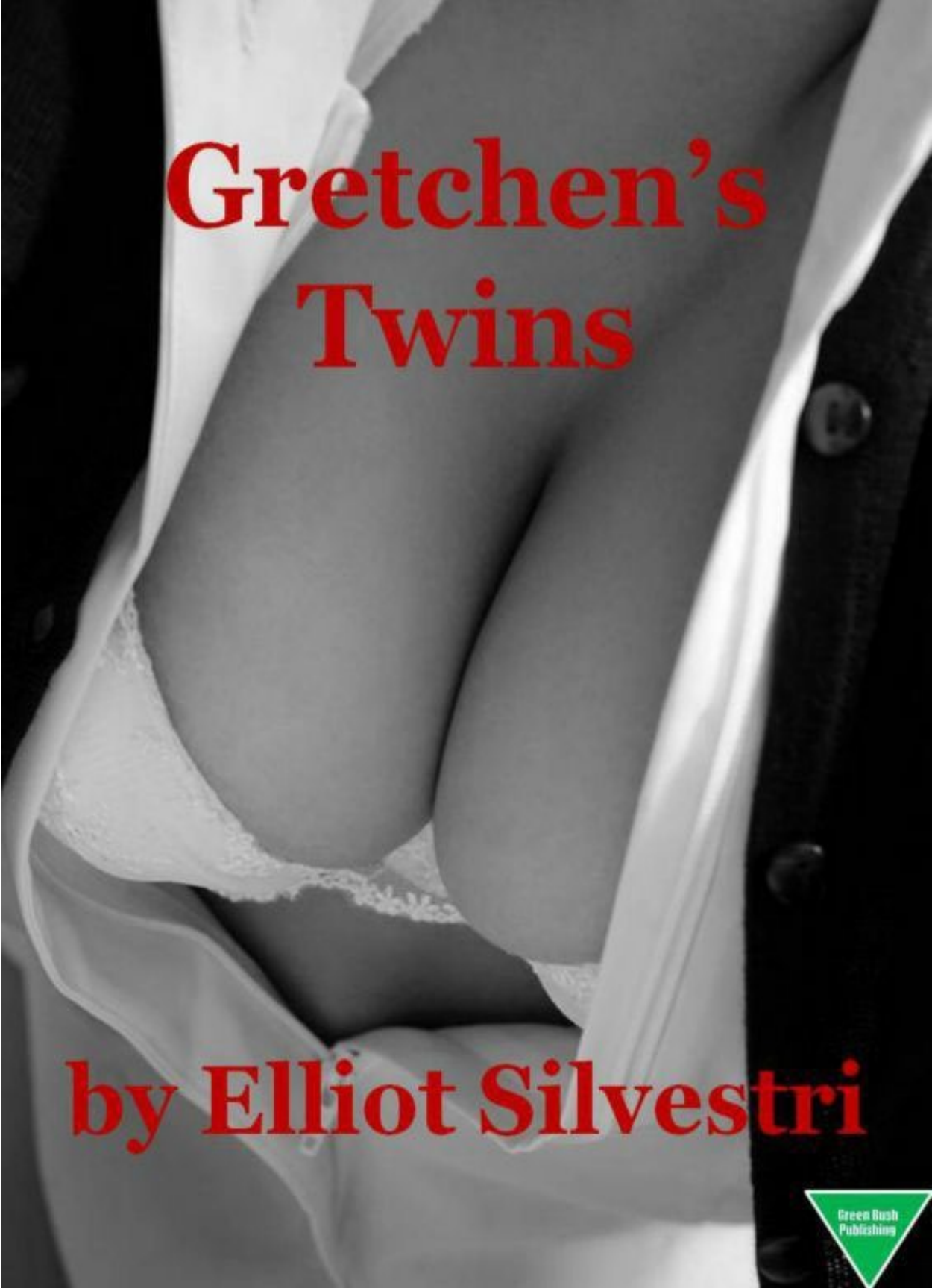
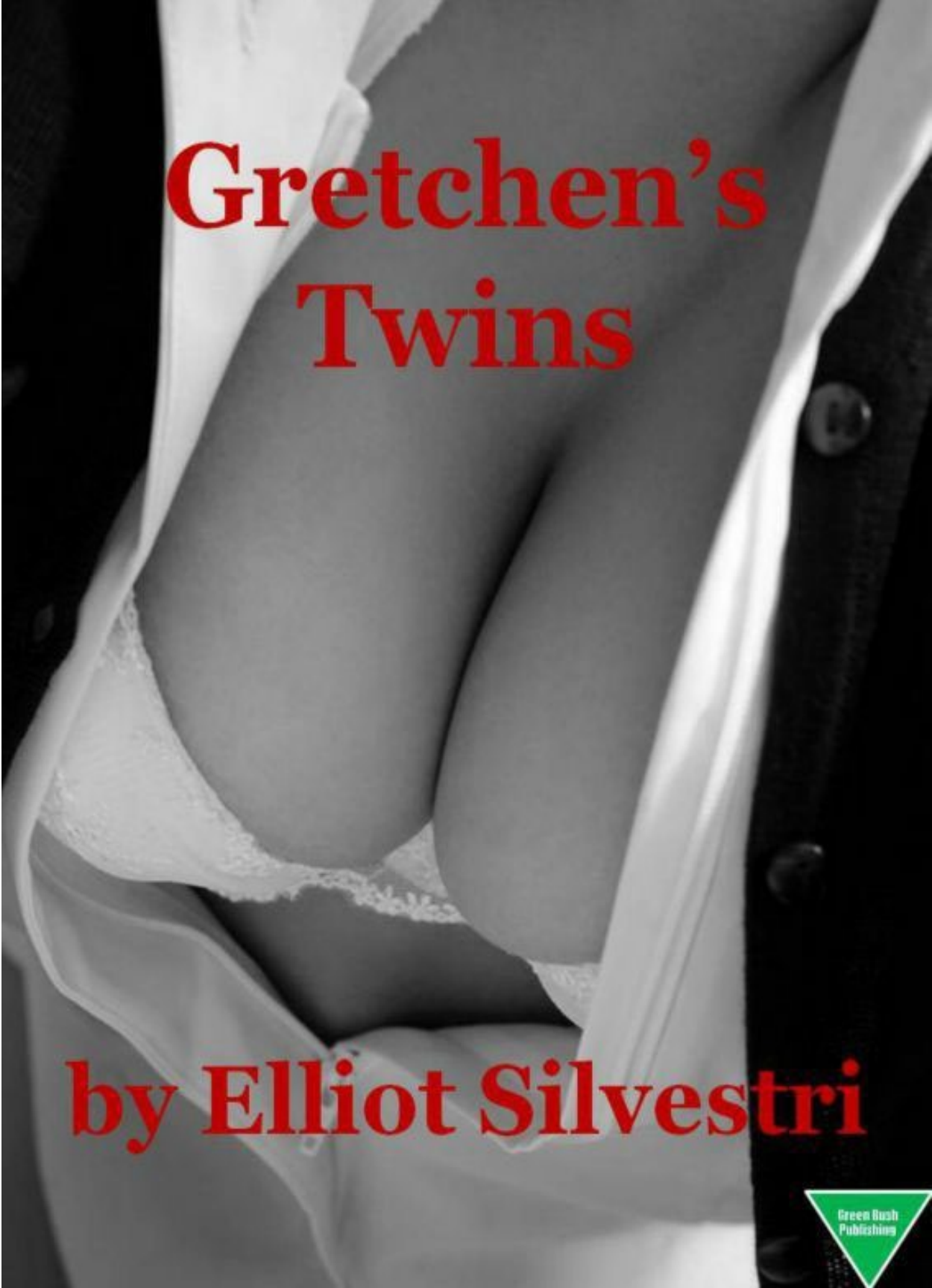




Gretchen's Twins

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
Publishing



Gretchen's Twins

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
Publishing

Gretchen's Twins

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2012 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.

Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Chapter One

Pregnancy does wonderful things to a woman. The most wonderful thing it did to my wife was take her barely B-sized tits all the way up to a more than respectable D cup. Twins will do that to a woman.

“The twins are starting to wean themselves,” she told me one night. “Better start to say goodbye to the other twins.”

“What? No!”

“Sorry, Charlie. You’ve had your fun over the past year. Now things are getting back to normal.”

“But I love your big tits!”

“Then you should have married a woman with natural big boobs, not ones that grew because she got knocked up.”

I had learned a few things over the past two years of trying to get Gretchen pregnant (which was surprisingly fun and easy), her pregnancy, and then dealing with the reality of having twin babies in the house. “You know, as long as there’s a demand, you’ll keep producing milk,” I pointed out to her.

“The demand is going away,” she said absently as she undressed. We had just put the twins down for the night. She pulled off her practical but unsexy nursing bra. I watched as her still partially full breasts bobbled around as she hunted for a nightshirt. They were huge and beautiful.

I had always been fascinated with the image of the Nordic goddess: blonde, statuesque, big tits. Gretchen stood at just over five foot ten, sported long blonde hair but was almost too flat in the chest for me to notice. It took me more than a bit of encouragement to get over that issue, but when I finally did go out on a date with her, we almost immediately clicked. And by that I mean she fucked on the first date. And fucked like a goddess. That was enough to get me past her small tits.

Oh, I encouraged her to wear push up bras and tight shirts, any trick to enhance her tits. (And since I hate fakery, I'd never be with a woman who got implants.) She went along with it, but didn't understand my obsession.

"What if I kept up the demand" I asked her, stripping off my clothes and getting into bed.

"I'm not having another kid. Not right now anyway."

"Yeah, but if I kept the milk flowing, they'd stay big and beautiful and perfect," I pointed out.

"I'm not letting you put the breast pump on me and I'm not using it ever again." Her words were sleepy; taking care of twins exhausts every parent.

"I'm not talking about using a breast pump," I told her, slipping my hand up her leg, lingering for a moment over her practical white cotton panties, over her still slightly rounded tummy and up to her breasts. Gretchen only slightly responded. I pushed up her nightshirt, exposing her wonderful tits. "They're perfect," I said. "We can't let them disappear."

"They won't disappear, just shrink down a bit," she mumbled.

I couldn't let that happen. My mouth descended to her right tit and I slurped up her nipple and areola. Gretchen sighed and groaned a bit. She was halfway to sleep and I was keeping her up. Unfortunately she was keeping my cock up as well, so she shouldn't have been complaining. It only took a couple of sucks before her milk started flowing.

The first time I tasted Gretchen's milk I was unprepared. We were having sex and I naturally wanted to play with and suck her tits. In the heat of the moment I forgot she was a lactating mother constantly producing milk. Before I knew it I had a mouthful of her milk. It was sweet, not unlike a creamy fruit juice. It was thin too, unlike cow's milk bought from the store, but still heavy on the tongue. It was warm, of course, and it slid down my throat and warmed my stomach. It was heavenly. She was a bit taken aback that her husband was drinking the milk intended for her children. But then Gretchen realized how much I was enjoying nursing from her and she was enjoying the sensation as well. Mother's might talk a lot about bonding with their babies and breastfeeding making them feel more womanly, but an open secret is many of those women loved having their

tits sucked. They were getting off on breastfeeding. Now Gretchen was getting off on me sucking her tits as well. She came hard that night, that first time, and so did I.

As I started nursing from her, Gretchen sighed contentedly and woke up a bit. “There’s more left tonight than usual. The twins aren’t nursing as much.”

“I’ll get it all,” I promised her between mouthfuls. Fun fact about the human breast: there’s not just one opening where milk comes from, there are several on each nipple. Each suck on a breast produces several streams of milk at once.

“You’ll keep my tits from going back to normal,” she complained without passion.

“That’s the idea,” I said as I switched from one breast to the other. She groaned a bit as I pinched her empty nipple and sucked harder than necessary. She liked rough sex; she liked it when I mistreated her boobs.

As I continued to nurse from her, I noticed her hand drifted down between her legs. I didn’t stop her. I wanted her to enjoy the moment. Besides, who doesn’t enjoy watching a woman masturbate? As I steadily drained her breast her breathing came heavier and sharper. Her hand was busy between her legs, playing with her pussy and clit. I know she felt my cock pressing into her leg. There was only one way for this to end.

When her tit was finally giving no more milk I reached down to her hips and yanked off Gretchen’s panties. Then I rolled on top of her, pushed her hand away from her crotch where it had remained busy while I was stripping her and slipped my cock into her wet pussy.

“Fuck yes,” she breathed in my ear as she wrapped her legs around my waist and pulled me tight against her body. Her tongue went into my mouth, tasting the remains of her milk. I stroked my cock in and out of her body. “Uh huh,” she encouraged me absently.

I fucked her as fast and hard as I could. It was pure lust. I wanted to cum inside her taut pussy, but something brought her back to her senses when I was about to peak.

“Pull out,” she ordered, unlocking her ankles from behind my back. Her hands

pushed against my chest. I wanted to pop off in her pussy, but that wasn't going to happen tonight. She was still too paranoid about getting pregnant again. I pulled out of her cunt, grabbed my cock and pumped it a few more times. I came and sprayed by thick spunk over her body, decorating her tummy and tits with semen. Each spurt added more droplets on her skin. I shot out my spunk three, then four times, the fifth spurt was little more than a dribble that hung on the tip of my cock for a moment, then dropped down to get caught in the tangle of blond curls that covered Gretchen's mons.

I didn't need her to shave her pussy to look like a porn star. I didn't need that. I wanted my wife to show off her natural attributes. I liked seeing a nice patch of blond hair between her legs. She's a Nordic goddess and I got off on her pretty pubes. Sure, she did some edging, but was more than happy to be all-natural for me.

"Don't get it in my pussy," she warning, watching the dribbles falling on her curls.

"I've been fucking you raw," I pointed out. "You could already be pregnant and you're worried about some spunk in your pubes?"

"Yes," she complained. "I don't suppose we have a towel in here?"

"Nope," I said after looking around briefly. I stayed kneeling between her legs. She was even more beautiful wearing my spunk on her pale skin.

"Damn." She pulled down her nightshirt that had been rucked up over her tits and used the material to wipe away my baby juice. Once she was clean she pulled it off and tossed it to the floor, opting to sleep in the nude. "I'll wash it in the morning," she said. Already her voice was thick with sleep.

"That was great," I said, snuggling up next to her, resting one hand on her drained, but still sizeable, tit.

"Enjoy it while it lasts," she told me. "You aren't going to be able to keep this up."

"If it means keeping your boobs big, I'm going to be doing this every night for the rest of my life."

“Uh-huh,” she mumbled dismissively.

“I love your milk,” I told her as she drifted off. “I’m going to drink your cream every night. I’m going to keep them big and perfect.”

She was asleep.

Chapter Two

Gretchen was moderately certain I'd keep my promise for a week or so, maybe a month. She started to get frustrated with me after three months. "Look," she started to explain as I reached for the buttons to her blouse after the twins were in bed, "this has been fun and all, but I'm pretty much ready to stop being your personal milkmaid. The twins have stopped nursing anyway."

"But I'm not done with you," I said patiently as I carefully slipped each button out of its hole and exposed her impressive chest. "When your breasts stop giving milk, we'll stop."

"I would like some say in this matter," she tried to insist, but two things gave her away. First, her chest flushed pink as I started stripping her. She was aroused. Second, wet spots appeared on her bra. She was leaking.

"Once your milk stops, I'll stop," I said, reaching behind her, unhooking the bra and dropping it to the floor. "Look, you're already leaking. Your body knows it's milking time."

She sighed—half in frustration, half in anticipation—and laid down on the bed. She was wearing her yoga pants still, but that wasn't going to last much longer. I joined her and immediately started sucking the milk leaking out of her right tit. It filled my mouth with her creamy goodness. I swallowed audibly letting her know I was getting the best of her essence. "It's just a letdown reflex," she told me while running her hand absently through my hair. "It the same time of night, every night, and my body knows what you'll be doing to it. It'll stop soon enough."

"No, it won't," I insisted, taking a short break from the breast. "We're going to do this forever."

She rolled her eyes. "Fine. But what do I get out of this?" she asked.

"You get to please me?" I lamely suggested before going back for more.

“No. Well, yes, there is that. But I want more. I want to play again.”

There was a long pause between us as I continued to suckle. I hated it when she wanted to talk and I wanted to nurse. It was distracting.

“Play?” I asked tentatively. I knew exactly what she wanted; I was just avoiding the issue.

“I want a threesome again. I want another man’s cock in me again.”

We had an open relationship before marriage and before kids. It had been almost five years since we had another person or another couple in our bed. Gretchen had been the one to suggest our first three-way. She suggested it with another woman, of course, knowing a man couldn’t resist the idea of having two women at the same time. I went for it. She loved being the center of attention. I didn’t mind the least seeing her make love with another woman. But the first time I watched another man fuck her, I was scared out of my mine...right up to the point when he was done and I got on top of her, fucked her hard for all of thirty seconds and had the most powerful orgasm of my life.

“Do I get to watch?” I asked as I shifted from one breast to the other.

“You get to watch, you get to participate,” she promised.

Which is how we found ourselves in an anonymous Starbuck’s coffee shop across the table from a slightly nervous college student. He was plain, clean-cut, polite, and I automatically sensed he was out of his element. We had done this before. Our small city is big enough to support a small university where there are always plenty of student who want to walk on the wild side of life, but still remain anonymous to their peers. Some treated it as a joke or prank, but Gretchen and I had, over the years, developed enough smarts to weed those wastes of time out of the process in a few emails. This kid was serious and he seemed nice enough.

So as not to scare him off, Gretchen took the lead in questioning him. Boys always respond better to a sexually confident woman.

“Why do you want to fuck a married woman, Ethan?” she asked him. Nothing

like a little boldness to drive away those too frightened by the whole situation either.

He looked away nervously and then studied his coffee cup with much interest. “I just want to get laid?” he mumbled after a minute.

I sighed, half in disgust, half in exasperation. Going into this meeting I had been worried that he sounded completely inexperienced and would be a waste of our time. Gretchen shot me a look and gently wrapped her foot around my leg.

“You’re not a virgin, are you, Ethan?” Gretchen asked gently, reaching her hand across the table. She had the people skills I completely lacked in life.

“No!” he said with a little too much vehemence. “I mean, I’m not a superstud or anything. I had a girlfriend back in high school. We had sex back then. A lot,” he added unnecessarily. “I’ve only had a couple of drunk hook ups since getting to college,” he groused.

“It happens,” Gretchen soothed him. “We’re just not looking for a virgin right now. I like someone with a bit of experience who knows what he’s doing. Have you ever had sex with someone else watching?” She kept her voice low enough that none of the other patrons could hear us.

“Um, yeah, once when my roommate was in the bed next to me when I was with a girl I had met at a party.”

“Did it bother you to be watched?”

He shook his head. “No, not at the time. I was drunk.”

“What about now?”

“It feels weird, I guess. But what are you going to do?” he shrugged. “Can’t change the past.”

“Would it bother that my husband is going to watch you fuck me and then probably fuck me the moment you get done?”

Ethan glanced at me. I nonchalantly took a sip of my drink. It was too hot. “It’s weird.”

“But we mentioned that’s what we were looking for in our ad,” Gretchen smiled. “Do you like the idea of gang-banging an older woman?”

He was very quiet now. I could barely hear his answer. “Yes.”

Some young guys are afraid of their kinks and don’t know how to deal with them. I was that way at his age. “Don’t worry, Ethan,” I said. “I have no interest in touching you. I just like to see my wife fucked. Maybe you’ll understand a little better when you’re older.”

He nodded. “That’s good.” He was confused. That wasn’t bad, but he needed a little push to get him moving. I looked at Gretchen and touched my right earlobe. She pulled an envelope out of her purse and passed it to young Ethan. “What’s this?”

“Medical testing form,” Gretchen told him. “Full blood workup. Take it to the address on the form, get the tests done, if you’re clean, you can do me raw dog, as the kids are won’t to say,” she told him with a grin. “We’ll get a report directly from the lab. We’ll pass our results along to you as well, just so we’re all starting from the same point. Don’t bother getting in touch with us until we email you again, which we’ll do once we get your results. Agreed?”

He nodded.

Two weeks later we were waiting for him in an anonymous hotel room on the other side of the city. The twins were home with their grandparents while Mommy and Daddy got to go out on a date just for grownups. I was wearing my usual jeans and polo shirt. Gretchen had dressed up for the occasion: tight black yoga pants and a white camisole covered by a filmy blouse. You could just barely see the outline of her nipples through the cotton camisole. Her ass was on perfect display under the pants.

“Should we start without him?” I asked her. It was getting late into the evening (for us) and I wanted to get laid as much as she did. No such luck though.

“No, I came here tonight to taste a different dick for a change. I can wait.” She was patient if nothing else.

I sighed and flipped through the terrible cable options on the television while Gretchen went back to her paperback. It wouldn’t be the first time we were stood

up. Luckily five minutes later there was a knock at the door. Finally Ethan had responded to our texts. After checking the peephole Gretchen let Ethan in.

“We’ve been waiting,” she told him.

“Sorry, I was nervous, so I debated getting a drink beforehand.” He was wearing shorts down to his knees and a college sweatshirt. I tried not to roll my eyes.

“Good thing you didn’t, I’m too horny to wait much longer,” Gretchen said as she reached out and grabbed his cock through his pants. He jumped a bit and then grinned. “Already hard?” she asked. “Are you going to last more than a minute?”

“Yes!” he said emphatically.

“Good,” she said and stepped closer to him. I moved off the king-sized bed and into a chair in the corner of the room. I liked being the voyeur and my silence would help him relax a bit. Next to each other I noted that they were nearly the same height and Gretchen wasn’t wearing any shoes. I stood above Gretchen by a good five inches, which is always good when married to a Nordic goddess.

I inhaled sharply as she leaned in and kissed Ethan. I saw her lips part and her tongue slip into his mouth. Ethan accepted the kiss and was slow to respond to her more aggressive overtures. Their bodies pressed together and she pulled his shirt up, sliding her hand up the naked skin of his back. Then she broke off their contact and half-laughed. “You’re so ready to go, aren’t you?” she asked, placing her hand on his crotch.

“Sorry,” he apologized. His face was a bit red, I’m not sure from arousal or embarrassment.

“Don’t apologize. I don’t want to waste any time. Take off your clothes.” She carefully unbuttoned her blouse as his clothes flew off. In a moment he was down to his boxers and nothing else. His cock was tenting his shorts and Gretchen was still fully dressed. “He’s eager,” she said to me. I said nothing. “Take off your underwear and get on your knees,” she ordered him.

It’s hard to ignore a beautiful Nordic goddess. He was suddenly naked and on his knees. His cock jutted out from his crotch, pointing up to his belly from a nest of soft black hair. It was impressive, not huge, but nicely sized. One way to weed

out the weirdoes when hooking up via online ad: reject anyone who sends nude pictures without being requested.

“Now take off my pants,” she told him. He hesitated just a moment, before reaching for her waistband and pulling down her yoga pants. Underneath the black pants she wore her white lace panties that hide nothing, in this case being her blonde pubes. “And the panties,” she prompted him. Again, a moment of hesitation, then down they went too, the crotch clinging to her cunt for just a moment as she was stripped.

“You don’t shave,” he said to her.

On his knees he had to look up at her. She glared down at him with a bit of haughtiness. “Not like your porn stars or college girls, is it?”

“No,” he whispered. I could tell he was nervous and excited. His cock was twitching just a bit.

“Something else that’s different from college girls. You’ll need to warm me up a bit.” She stepped back, laid down on the bed, her feet still on the floor, legs spread with her pussy wide open. Even from the other side of the room I could see her pussy was wet and ready. Ethan apparently didn’t know women all that well. He crawled forward and planted his face in her pussy.

Gretchen sighed and pushed up her feet onto her toes. The cunnilingus was completely unnecessary—but I didn’t mind watching it at all. Ethan’s technique wasn’t all that great; Gretchen managed to get her camisole off without any real effort or distraction. When someone is eating her out Gretchen can’t concentrate on the ceiling much less her clothing.

Again she was the one to break it off first. “Okay, you need to fuck me now,” she announced with lust in her voice. She backed up on the bed, lay down and kept her legs spread and knees up. Ethan scrambled up on top of her. At just the right time Gretchen looked over at me and smiled. I smiled back. Ethan hesitated, his cock just outside the lips to her pussy. He glanced at me and immediately looked away, guilt or nervousness controlling him.

I nodded once to her. My wife reached down to his still hard cock and grabbed it firmly. “I need you in me,” she said, pulling him forward. Like any man he was easily controlled by his need to fuck an available pussy. As he pushed into her,

Gretchen groaned and wrapped her legs around him, pulling him forcefully into her body. "Yes. Now," she said.

Ethan was no dummy. He started humping her and I watched as my cock became uncomfortable in my pants. "Fucking good," he mumbled, his mind wasn't fully functioning. It was overcome by her charms.

I was slightly impressed. He lasted a good two minutes before he cried out suddenly and I saw his balls tighten up. The pulse of his cock and balls as they emptied into her pussy was truly enchanting. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he kept repeating as he came.

When he was done with his uncontrolled orgasm Gretchen had the presence of mind to ask him, "What are you sorry for?" she asked.

"For coming too soon."

"Honey, you're a college boy. You're probably good for a couple of more fuckings tonight. You aren't done yet. Let's just take a rest for a bit. If you need a little help, I'll give you a blowjob so you can get it up again."

"Do you need to clean up?" he asked her politely.

"Clean up what?" she asked, pretending innocence.

"Down there, you know, your..."

"My pussy?" Gretchen asked. "No. I like your sperm inside me. You're just going to be adding more, so why bother?"

They held each other a few minutes, Ethan on top of her. I saw his cock shrinking. When it slipped out of her pussy, she rolled him over and took his cum-covered rod in her mouth. Years of experience had given my wife some wonderful cock-sucking skills. He was hard again in a minute. She immediately got on her hands and knees, presenting her ass to him. "Ever do it doggy style?" she asked.

Ethan missed that she had angled her body so Gretchen could look easily at me while she was fucked. He eagerly got behind her and quickly found the right angle to glide his cock into her slippery hole. Like so many eager young men, I

had faded from his vision; he was completely focused on fucking my wife.

She huffed and puffed, moaning at the right times while Ethan pumped his cock in and out of her. He stayed up on his knees, his hands on her hips while he fucked. Gretchen normally liked to go down on her elbows when I fucked her from behind, but she stayed up on her hands, letting her big tits swing back and forth, bobbling with each thrust from Ethan. I heard their skin smack together and the wet, sticky sounds of her cunt being probed by his rigid member.

Then I saw a drop of milk form on her left nipple. The white droplet coalesced together, bounced a few times, then dropped down to wet the sheets. I felt a twinge inside at the loss. I knew once she started flowing, she wouldn't stop unless her tits were empty or she was done having sex.

Gretchen felt the wetness and looked down at her tits. Immediately a pained expression came over her face. She wasn't truly in pain—she loved every minute the reaming Ethan was giving her. She knew that I could see the wasted milk and knew that I wanted to drink from her tits.

“I'm sorry,” she said softly, barely audible. Ethan didn't hear her. He was too wrapped up in fucking her pussy. His eyes were closed. I wasn't sure if he was concentrating on cumming quicker or preventing himself from cumming. It didn't matter. I knew Gretchen wasn't ready to cum yet.

And I was thirsty.

I got up from the chair and slipped onto the bed, kissing Gretchen on the cheek as I did, and laid down half under her body. Her tits nearly hung all the way to the bed so it was a simple matter to take her leaking nipple in my mouth and suck on it. She sighed and then groaned as I sucked for all I was worth. The warm milk filled my mouth to nearly escape the tight seal on I had on flesh. I audibly swallowed and went back for more. It was our normal nursing time so there was no trouble at all with her flow. As much as she hated to admit it, Gretchen loved getting nursed. She loved getting fucked. It was awkward to do the two at the same time, but with two men it was an easy task.

“Oh, suck me, Charlie,” she grunted. Ethan may have been able to ignore the words suck me or might have mistaken them for fuck me but Charlie doesn't sound anything like Ethan. His eyes snapped open.

“What’s he doing?” Ethan asked with his voice pitched a little higher than normal. Typical young male sex panic. Another guy near him when he’s fucking a beautiful woman automatically equates with risk of him turning gay. Gretchen’s gentle swaying from his body rocking against hers stopped. I didn’t stop sucking her milk, though. There was no way I was going to release her tit when it was flowing.

“Just sucking on my breast,” Gretchen said. “Keep going.” I wasn’t sure if she was telling him or me to keep going, but it didn’t matter. I wasn’t going to release her.

“Why?” There was rising panic in his voice because my face was two feet away from his cock that was buried in my wife’s cunt. The irony probably didn’t strike him at that point.

“Because I need to cum,” she said.

“No, why is he sucking your tit?”

“Because I’m lactating right now and they hurt!” she snarled over her shoulder. “Do you want to keep fucking me or do you want to leave.”

He didn’t say anything but her body started swaying again. He was busy fucking her. Gretchen’s moans came faster and louder. She wasn’t far from orgasm. She just needed a little kick to get over the edge. I reached out with my hand and pinched her free nipple. It was wet with milk but she hadn’t lost too much. As always I pinched harder than necessary. She let out a stifled cry of pain followed by her mewling cries of orgasm. She let her orgasm last for a minute. Sometime during that minute Ethan must have cum again because I heard him grunt a few times then he pulled out of her.

There was some awkward repositioning as Gretchen turned over and lay down next to me. I lost track of Ethan for a minute; I was too involved with Gretchen’s tit. Then I heard the toilet flush and she spoke to him.

“Care to join us?” she asked. One leg was raised up, half-hiding her pussy. I could imagine his spunk was slowly emptying out of her pussy, her hair matted by their fluids. I didn’t care if he joined us or not. I was in my little bit of heaven latched on to her breast, happily draining it.

“That’s okay, I don’t need to,” he answered.

“Ever try breast milk?” Gretchen asked, teasing him.

“Probably when I was a baby.”

“Want to try some now?” she asked and then invited him back to the bed by lifting up her free breast with her hand. I glanced up at him and said nothing. He licked his lips. His cock was mostly flaccid, but I might have imagined there was just the slightest twitch when she teased him.

“Does Charlie do that to you a lot?” he asked, not moving away, not joining us either.

“Every night or the milk will stop flowing,” she explained. “There’s plenty in here. Why don’t you try some?”

He hesitated a moment, then nodded once, carefully, slowly. I closed my eyes again and went back to my breast. Even though he had been fucking my wife for the past half hour, only now did I feel a twinge of real jealousy. Her tits and milk belonged to me, not some near-stranger. But they were hers to offer freely if she wanted.

I felt him move onto the bed and I half-opened my eyes to watch him. He didn’t try to kiss her or anything like that. Ethan went right for the breast, taking it in his mouth and sucking gently a few times. His expression abruptly changed and he pulled off, licking his lips and swallowing. “It’s sweet. And warm.”

Gretchen laughed lightly and pulled his head back to her breast. “Of course it is. Take the whole nipple in your mouth. You’re not going to hurt me.”

He latched back on and sucked a little harder and more eagerly this time. I knew the milk was flowing into his mouth. I watched his throat swallow a few times. His eyes remained closed the entire time, through shame or being unable to meet mine, I don’t know.

“That’s it,” Gretchen encouraged him. “You do it like you were born to it,” she laughed. “Do you like my breast milk?”

Ethan pulled off for a moment. “Yes,” he answered quickly and went right back

to the nipple. In the brief moment I could see he had left drops of her wonderful milk behind. They disappeared when he latched back on.

“Tasty?” she asked.

He just nodded.

Gretchen looked over at me with slightly sad eyes for my predicament. She knew I was truly jealous now. It was one thing to share her pussy with another man. It was another entirely to share her tits.

I’m sorry, she mouthed to me but made no motion to push Ethan away.

We nursed together in silence another few minutes. My breast abruptly came up dry and I released it after long last, licked the nipple to get the last leavings, and stood up from the bed. Gretchen watched as I removed my shirt and tilted my head at her and Ethan. It was time for him to go.

“Okay, honey,” she said to Ethan, laying her hand on his cheek and breaking the seal he had formed with his lips. “I think it’s time for you to go.”

Clearly he didn’t want to go, but noticing my shirt was off and that Gretchen had decided things were over, it was time to make a dignified departure. “Okay. Right.” He got off the bed and quickly grabbed his clothes and got dressed.

“This was great, Ethan,” Gretchen said, sitting up on the bed to watch him. “You were wonderful. Do you want to do it again sometime?” She subtly winked at him and lifted her still partially filled tit to him. “I’d love it.”

He glanced between her and me. I nodded a few times. “Yes. Sure. That’d be great.”

“Great. We’ll give you a call then.” He was summarily dismissed and let himself out of the hotel room. An instant later my pants were off, my cock was erect and I was all over Gretchen.

“Save anything for me?” I asked her.

“Just a bit.”

“Were you saving your milk or pussy?” I asked as I probed once, then twice, and then buried my cock deep into her pussy. It was sopping wet and slick with her natural lube and the cum Ethan had left behind. I bend my head down and immediately latched on to her partially filled breast, greedily sucking up the milk that Ethan had been denied.

“Still hungry?” she teased me.

“Thirsty, yes,” I mumbled into her soft flesh. “Your pussy is soggy.”

“Uh huh,” she agreed, relaxing back into the bed as I started fucking and sucking her. “I’ve been well used tonight.”

“Slut,” I told her.

“Yes. Your slut.”

I fucked her faster. She moaned and came again when I filled her pussy with my spunk. I came so hard it hurt my balls. When my orgasm was over I laid on her and continued sucking her tit until it was empty. She ran her hand through my hair as I nursed.

“Did you like that?” she asked.

I nodded.

“I want to the two of you to nurse from me first, next time. You can learn to share.”

I could. But I didn’t want to. Still, I liked watching her get fucked. It was a hard situation to be in.

Chapter Three

Two weeks later Ethan was back in a hotel room with us. He was more relaxed this time. He and I watched as Gretchen took off her shirt then lowered both flaps of her nursing bra. I had asked her to wear the bra just to see Ethan's reaction. The plan was for the two of us to drain her breasts first before he got to fuck her. I wanted to see how eager he was to nurse her.

I should have known better. Horny college student will do almost anything to get some quality pussy. Gretchen propped herself up on a few pillows and leaned back against the bed's headboard. I immediately went for my breast and Ethan didn't need any further encouragement to latch on along with me. There was plenty of space for the two of us as her chest because her tits were so big.

"I'm glad you two can share," she complimented us after a minute of silent nursing. I had rested my hand on her thigh and slipped it up to cup her pussy. She kept her legs tightly together, not letting me play with her pussy. It was for Ethan first, but only after her tits were emptied.

"Are you going to let Ethan fuck me first?" she asked me.

I nodded, not letting go of her tit with my mouth. Her milk was flowing nicely and filling my stomach with pleasant warmth.

"Are you going to let him watch while you fuck me?" she asked. That was unusual, but I didn't mind. I nodded again.

"Good boy. Do you want to give you a blowjob while he fucks me?" she asked. I opened my eyes and looked up at her, but didn't let go. Ethan was still nursing with his eyes closed. He was nervous and probably embarrassed at what he was doing. Good.

I opened my mouth and answered her. "Yes. I'm going to cum in your mouth too," I told her.

"Wonderful," she agreed.

It became a pointless race between Ethan and me to drain her tits. I realized it didn't matter who won, so I slowed down and let him finish first. I took my time, playing with her nipple, teasing it between my lips, lightly nipping at it with my teeth, sucking hard to get her breasts to squirt and letting her milk completely fill my mouth before swallowing. When Ethan finished first and I still had a ways to go, Gretchen clued in to my teasing.

"Finish up, Charlie, or I'll let Ethan have your share." There was ice in her voice. She was impatient; she wanted to get fucked and I was slowing down the process. I settled into my freshmen, laying my cheek on her soft breast and sucking eagerly now, wanting to finish her off.

When the final squirt was done, I pulled back and admired her slightly sore but still beautiful breasts. "Finally," she grunted and sat forward to pull off her shirt and nursing bra. It was one thing to feed us with it on, it was another entirely to fuck with it on—that wasn't going to happen.

Ethan might have been a bit disappointed that he didn't get to strip Gretchen, but that wasn't my problem. He undressed in front of me without a problem. I took my time. Gretchen was naked first, of course, she was always eager to shed her clothes. I watched as she pulled off her practical—yet still oddly sexy—cotton panties. They clung to her pussy lips. She was already wet—for that I loved my wife.

She got back on the bed on hands and knees and waggled her ass at Ethan. He knew that was an invitation. This time he was a little more self-assured with us. He knew he was wanted in our bed and as long as he was polite, he was a welcome addition. Ethan easily mounted Gretchen and she sighed with contentment as he started fucking her.

"I can't believe you guys let me do this," he said.

"You're a lucky boy," Gretchen said and reached back between her legs to grab his balls. He stopped thrusting the moment she got a good grip on his balls. "Don't cum so fast this time," she ordered him. "I want this to last. If you think you're going to cum, tell me. I'll pinch these balls off so you don't, okay?"

There was an alarmed look in his eyes, but Ethan just nodded and said, "Yeah, I can do that."

“Good boy. Lay on.” He started thrusting again and I watched them a moment. Gretchen bit her lower lip as she enjoyed the sensations he was causing in her body. Her breathing altered slightly as her tits bounced along with his thrusts. She knew how to enjoy getting fucked, but that was all she was here for tonight. Her eyes snapped open. “Get your cock over here,” she ordered me. “I promised you a blowjob.”

“I want to fuck you after Ethan,” I protested half-heartedly.

“Uh-uh. My night. I’m sucking you off.”

There was no reason to argue with her. I was going to get my rocks off and I was going to be the last one to fuck her tonight. If she felt the need to give me a blowjob first, why not just enjoy it?

I stripped naked and knee walked over the bed to my wife. She tried to take my cock into her mouth and use one hand to steady herself on the bed. That worked for all of ten seconds. “We need to reposition,” she told Ethan. “Pull out.”

Always eager to follow orders, Ethan extracted his now wet cock from her hole and waited expectantly. Gretchen lay down on her side and lifted one leg up, pointing the knee to the ceiling. “Curl up next to me,” she told him. “I want to feel you skin on my back.” Ethan got behind her, also laying on his side, took a couple of awkward stabs at entering her pussy, but finally found the right angle and filled up her box. I watched as his cock went in and out of her pussy, parting the puffy red lips and sinking deep into her body. It was a good thing he had a big—but not huge—cock, enough to fill her up and reach her from the odd angle, but not so big it was just a ridiculous joke that caused women pain.

“Hey! Charlie!” Gretchen called to me. “Wake up and get your cock over here.” She had caught me mesmerized by the action in her pussy. I came to and presented my cock to her adoring lips and tongue. She opened up and swallowed me whole.

Immediately I was in wonderment. She sucked me hard. Her mouth was warm and inviting. With one hand she stroked the length of my sex that didn’t fit easily into her mouth. There’s something so much more intimate about a blowjob or cunnilingus than straight sex, the joining of sex organ with someone’s face—what is presented to the world versus what is kept secret except to a very special few. I watched my wife perform this act of devotion and matrimonial intimacy

with complete adoration of her.

I'm not sure if she felt about it the same way. Her head bobbed up and down. Her hand stroked me. Her body was rocked and bumped at a slightly different pace by Ethan's eager thrusting than her carefully studied fellatio techniques.

"I'm gonna cum," I suddenly announced. Gretchen backed off my cock a little bit, but continued sucking with her mouth and stroking with her hand. When it happened, it happened suddenly. My balls pulled up and my spunk was spurting forth into her mouth. She eagerly swallowed every drop. Normally she hates to swallow my cum. Was she feeling sorry for me because I had to share her milk? Maybe I'd be willing to share her tits a bit more if I got a swallowing blowjob on a regular basis.

She kept sucking until she was sure I was dry and then she released me and wiped her lips with the back of her hand. "Good?" she asked me.

"Perfect," I told her.

Then she looked over her shoulder. "Harder. Faster," she ordered Ethan. "I need a good cum."

He grabbed her hips and started stroking in and out of her as fast as he could. I wondered if he had watched me get sucked off. I watched as he came. His balls tightened up on a last thrust and he buried his cock deep in her. I saw each jet of cum go into Gretchen as his penis pulsed with involuntary muscle contractions. It must have been a stressful week for Ethan because he emptied so much spunk into my wife's cunt that it almost immediately started running out of her. When he was done he slipped out of her with a contented sigh.

"No!" she complained. Her chest was flush and her eyes were wild with desire. I immediately knew the problem: she hadn't cum.

"Let me help," I offered and reached between her legs. She was sopping wet with her pussy juices and his spunk. It wasn't the first time I'd felt her pussy in that condition. Knowing she didn't need any subtlety at this point, I just frigged her as hard and fast as I could, concentrating on her clit until she gasped in pain and pleasure. A small burst of her girl cum wetted my fingers as she came.

"Better?" I asked.

“Uh-huh,” she pleasantly agreed and lay back down. I watched her rest a moment. Ethan had retreated to the bathroom to clean up. The poor kid spent more time there than any college student had a right to. “He needs to fuck me again,” she said. “He needs to make me cum with his cock.”

“Better get back out here, Ethan,” I called to him. “You aren’t done yet tonight.”

Like any willing boytoy he reappeared. His cock was at half-mast. Gretchen was on her back and spread her legs, displaying her swollen and red pussy. “You need to get to work,” she told him. “Do you need a blowjob to get it up again?”

I knew right away that was entirely unnecessary. Just the words were enough to make him fully erect. A moment later he was on top of her, fucking her missionary style. It wasn’t the greatest position for me to watch her get fucked, but there’s more to life and marriage than watching your wife’s pussy getting plowed by a randy college boy. I had to admit I admired his recovery time; it would take me another half hour to have another throw with Gretchen.

She hugged and kissed him as they fucked. He showed the endurance of a college boy and fucked her long and hard, making her cum twice before he finished a second time. “Your cock knows how to find my g-spot,” she complimented him.

“I thought that was just a made up thing,” he said.

“Not on my wife,” I told him.

There was a moment of relative silence. I could tell he was working up the courage to ask something, so I just waited patiently. Finally he blurted it out. “Can I fuck you again next week?” he asked Gretchen.

“Of course you can,” she said immediately. I felt a twinge of jealousy that she didn’t even bother to glance at me when she spoke the words.

The moment Ethan was out of the room, I threw her down on the bed and fucked her good and hard for her impertinence. “You like fucking college boys?” I growled at her. She was face down on the bed. I had twisted her arms behind her back so she couldn’t move. Each time I thrust my hips into her, the bed rocked and thumped against the wall. We were going to get kicked out my management for being a disturbance.

“Hell yes!”

“Is his cock big enough for you?”

“Yes!” She was taunting me now. “Bigger. Better.”

“You like him sucking your tits, too, huh?”

“I’d let him nurse me every fucking night if I had half a chance. Beautiful boy lips on my tits.”

“Slut!” I accused her. She loved every thrust of my cock.

“Slutty pussy. Slutty cunt. You married a whore.”

That was what put me over the edge. I came for the second time that night, emptying what little I had left in my balls into her pussy.

“I hope I didn’t fuck your IUD out of you,” I told her when I was done.

“What if you did?” she giggled at me, still coming down from her sex high.

“Would we even know who the daddy is at this point?”

“Are we going to bang him again next weekend?” I asked her.

“Yes.”

Chapter Four

Our third meet up was more relaxed and casual. We knew each other well enough now that most of our social defenses were down. Gretchen and I had picked up some Chinese takeout while we waited for Ethan to arrive. He had some shrimp and fried vegetables before we got down to business. I had opted to let Ethan nurse from Gretchen first so I could watch the two of them together. She had already taken off her pants and was wearing only a black thong covering her pussy. She then removed her shirt and opened one flap of her bra, exposing her tits and relaxing on the bed as Ethan curled up next to her, taking her breast into his mouth and nursing happily from it.

I was jealous. That was easy to admit. Her milk was supposed to be for me. I had knocked her up and caused her milk to start flowing in the first place. It was okay that she used it to feed our children for the first year of their life, but now to share it with a college boy hookup was driving me crazy. She was going to get a hell of a fucking from me before we were done tonight.

Then there was a pounding at the door. “Open up, Ethan! I fucking know you’re in there!”

Ethan pulled away from Gretchen’s tit and his face screamed guilt.

“What the hell?” I said as I got up and went to the door.

“No, don’t!” Ethan warned me.

I peered through the spy hole. Outside was an attractive, if somewhat short, woman. I jumped back as she pounded on the door again. “Open up, Ethan!” she demanded. Her voice was loud and carried through the heavy door. I couldn’t have her making that racket in the hallway. True, it wasn’t the middle of the night, but I didn’t feel like having to deal with hotel management and explaining what was going on.

“Don’t!” Ethan warned me one last time. Gretchen just looked at me with a quizzical expression as I yanked open the door, reached out, grabbed the young

woman by the arm, and snatched her inside the room, slamming the door shut in the process. For a moment she was confused and surprised at how easy it had been to access the room.

From her position at the door the woman could see Ethan on the bed with Gretchen, her tits out and just barely leaking milk. He wasn't particularly skilful at hiding his emotions. Right now he read guilt and nervousness and fear.

The woman's mouth worked for a few moments, but no words came out. Ethan filled the silence with a weak, "Hi, Olivia."

Olivia just stood there and stared, unable to say anything now that she had thrown herself into the middle of a situation she didn't understand. I was no help. I just stood there and stared at my wife's tits. They had that effect on me.

Only Gretchen had the presence of mind to actually do and say something of use. She stood up from her perch on the bed, pulled up the flaps of her nursing bra—neatly hiding her wonderful tits—and smoothly pulled on her pants as Olivia watched. "Hello, Olivia. My name's Gretchen. This is Charlie. And how do you know Ethan?"

That was enough to get her brain moving again. Olivia woke up to where she was and managed to stutter out, "He's supposed to be my boyfriend."

Ethan was quick to dispel her of that notion. "You said you just wanted to be casual friends. You didn't want a relationship!" His finger came up and pointed with definite accusation, as if she had been better girlfriend, he wouldn't be forced to go to hotel rooms and suck on the breast of an older woman.

"Yes, but..." she didn't finish her sentence. Suddenly she realized she was in a hotel room with three strangers and her anger had suddenly dissipated. "What are you doing, anyway?" she asked, glancing at me, then Gretchen, then back to Ethan.

"That's not really any of your business," Gretchen said. It was easy for her to play the haughty role. She towered over the girl by nearly a foot and even partially clothed she exuded an essence of sexiness and power no twenty year old girl could match.

This response pissed off Olivia. She turned to me and asked with a bit of a sneer.

“Are you her pimp?”

It was all I could do to keep from bursting out laughing. “No, I’m her husband.”

That stunned her. “What.”

I took Olivia by the arm, sat her down on the edge of the bed and explained. “Gretchen and I have an...adventurous sex life. Ethan was just helping us out.”

“By doing what?” There were tears starting to brim in her eyes as she looked up at me. I first looked at Ethan who was still on the other bed, frozen in place. I glanced over at Gretchen who slowly shook her head in warning to me. I was beyond caring.

“I watch while Ethan has sex with my wife. And we both share her milk.”

“What?” Her mind wasn’t working. She looked at Gretchen and only now fully took in the purpose of her nursing bra. “That’s bizarre. And weird.”

“Be that as it may,” I said, pissed off myself that our evening was being spoiled by a girl who had rudely interrupted before the festivities could truly begin, “it’s what she and I like. I don’t care what you think. I’m going to politely ask you to leave without making a scene so we don’t have to call the manager and have you removed as an uninvited guest.”

Young Olivia’s poor mind was blown for the evening. She stood up and just nodded. “I’d better go.”

As she moved to leave, Ethan was suddenly on his feet, remembering that he too could move and talk. “No, Olivia, wait. Don’t go!”

She turned angrily at him. “Why not? Do you want me to watch while you play your sex games. Watch you have sex with another woman? And—what the fuck!—drink her milk? Did I hear that correctly?”

“Yes,” I confirmed for her. I was eager to get things moving along. “Look, make a decision. In or out. I want to have sex tonight and you’re just slowing down the whole process. Watch, don’t watch, join us or not. Just make a decision.”

Gretchen glared at me. “Maybe we should discuss this first?”

“No!” Ethan burst out. “Let me talk to her first. I can fix this.”

I looked at him in disbelief. “Good luck,” I muttered.

Gretchen took a slightly more diplomatic tack. “Are you sure you want to do this, Ethan?” He nodded as Olivia looked away and wiped the tears out of her eyes before she could start crying. “Then we’ll wait for an hour while you two talk things over.”

I sighed, frustrated, as they walked out of the room. “All I wanted was to drink your milk and watch you get fucked tonight,” I complained. “Now all I get is... nothing. I get fucked.”

“Shush,” she told me. “Give them some time.”

“Fine, fine. At least take off your bra so I can nurse from you.”

She did so. Just the sight of her naked breasts was enough to calm me down. She clicked on the television and I lay down with her on the bed. She flicked through the channels as I suckled from her. Luckily the confrontation hadn’t destroyed her letdown and her milk flowed easily. We had plenty of time for me to feed. I played a bit with her nipples and she didn’t complain. Gretchen generally didn’t like it when I squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples to jet the milk into my mouth, but tonight she didn’t complain. Usually I don’t do that either, but I wanted to have a little fun. I much more enjoy just taking the whole of her nipple and areola into my mouth and nursing properly.

I didn’t bother saving any for Ethan. Gretchen’s breasts were mine. I was the one who nursed from her tits every night to keep the milk flowing. And truly, it relaxed us both. Gretchen usually watched TV and I got to play with her tits. It brought us both closer together, literally and figuratively. I loved her big tits and when we got to include Ethan in our sex life, everything was even better. Then the annoying brat Olivia came along and spoiled our evening.

When her breasts were no longer giving any milk, I pulled off and looked up at her. My head was resting on a pillow carefully placed on Gretchen’s lap. “Are you done?” she asked me absently. Some home decorating show had captured her attention during my nursing.

“Yes. She was annoying but pretty,” I found myself admitting. “Short, but big

tits.”

“Stop, you’re making me jealous,” Gretchen said without passion. She wasn’t bothered by my wandering eye.

“Her jeans were nice and tight on her ass,” I continued on, seeing if I actually could make her jealous. “I bet she’s a natural blonde. We’d have to get her pants off to prove that, of course. And when she gets knocked up her tits will be huge, twice the size of yours are now.”

“Stop fantasizing,” she told me, “it’s not going to happen. They’re going to talk and argue in the bar downstairs, she’s going to dump him, he’ll come back up here for pity fuck—which I’ll give him—and then he’ll be gone from our lives.”

“I’d fuck her given half a moment’s chance,” I said.

Gretchen dumped me off her pillow and lap. “Ha!” she snorted and jumped off the bed and headed for the bathroom. Just after she flushed and emerged there was a knock at the door. Checking the peephole, Gretchen gasped and stage whispered to me. “It’s them!”

I glanced her way and turned off the TV. “Right. Sure.”

Nothing upsets her more than when I say something to directly contradict my wife. Even though she was topless, she swung open the door to reveal the two college students standing there. My wife is casual enough not to be upset that her breasts were on display for anyone wandering by. Actually, she probably liked the fact she was being a teasing exhibitionist.

Olivia wasn’t quite so calm in the face of an unrestrained pair of beautiful mammarys. “Uh. Um. Can we come in?” she asked politely.

Gretchen waved them in as if she did this all the time. They quickly walked in and Gretchen calmly closed the door. “Have you two come to an accommodation?” she asked them. I sat up, curious to hear the answer.

The girl cleared her throat again. “I shouldn’t have been stalking Ethan. I have some trust issues. I don’t want to go into that. And we did agree to have a casual relationship. At my insistence. Then I let my emotions get the best of me.”

Ethan looked at her. They were holding hands. Both had stunned and frightened glows in their eyes. "I should have been more honest with Olivia. She got jealous because I was acting weird and sneaky and hiding things from her."

I interrupted. "Okay. Great. I'm glad you repaired your relationship. I want to have sex with my wife. Are you going to fuck her first, Ethan?"

Olivia's face blushed bright red; Ethan's was just a shade calmer. "I'd like to, if you don't mind," he said softly. I grinned. Then he nudged his girlfriend.

"Can I watch too?" she asked her words barely audible.

Gretchen looked at the girl. "How'd he talk you into that?"

Her face got redder. "I was jealous because...it's a fantasy of mine to have, you know, group sex. A threesome."

"With another man or a woman?" Gretchen asked her.

Long pause. "A woman."

I could see Gretchen biting her lip. "Take off your clothes, Ethan," she ordered him as she removed her own. I settled into a chair to watch the action. Olivia seemed confused as to what to do as she watched her boyfriend get naked and focus on the other woman in the room. By the time our partners were kissing and moving onto the bed she was looking away and appeared to be ready to run from the room. I didn't let her; I reached out and grabbed her hand. She was startled for a moment, then I pulled her into the chair next to mine.

"Just watch, don't say anything," I said softly.

She nodded. Her face was bright red, but her eyes had now locked onto Ethan and Gretchen. I watched her out of the corner of my eye. She was more entertaining than watching my wife get fucked by a man ten years younger than her; I'd seen that before. I'd never seen Olivia get turned on before.

Ethan and Gretchen started fucking like any other couple. They went for the easy missionary position. She went onto her back and her legs opened up exposing her wet pussy to his probing cock. Being barely twenty years old he was already erect—no outside help was needed—and pushing into her. The moment his cock

disappeared into her wonderful cunt, Olivia gasped. Ethan and Gretchen were too wrapped up in each other to notice. I rested my hand on her thigh to steady her. She jumped slightly at my touch, but I didn't move my hand.

In actuality, I didn't put my hand on her to steady her. I put it on her to seduce her. It wouldn't take much. Her breathing was already coming faster. Her face was slightly flushed and her eyes had dilated. I leaned in to her and said softly in her ear, "He's going to cum insider her pussy. Does that upset you?"

She glanced at me as our partners continued humping. She shook her head. "No," she said, her voice but a whisper.

"Really?" I asked skeptically.

Her second answer came after a too-long pause. "Yes. It makes up angry...and jealous."

I slid my hand up her leg, flipped it over and continued going up her side and ran the knuckles over her impressive tits. She flinched slightly at my caress, but didn't pull away. "It's suppose to make you jealous," I told her.

"It's working," she told me.

"It's supposed to make you want to fuck someone else," I continued.

She tore her eyes off her unfaithful boyfriend and looked directly at me for the first time. "Is it?" she questioned me.

I stared right back at her. "Yes."

Without warning her tongue was suddenly in my mouth and she was pulling at my clothes. I glanced at the bed. Ethan and Gretchen had slightly shifted positions. He was still on top, but her legs encircled his waist and he was slamming into her. I could hear the wetness of her pussy as their organs slid against each other. In a moment I was pulling off Olivia's clothes and had her up on her feet so I could quickly strip her. It took almost no time at all to get her naked. I wasn't sure if she was wearing a bra and panties or not.

Her tits were real and luscious. Her skin was taut and smooth. She had a simple gold ring piercing her belly button—a craze the kids are still wild about.

Between her legs she had shaved away all her beautiful curls except for a finger-thin line pointing up from her slit. I preferred a fully furred pussy, but there was no reason to complain.

I had her on her back in but a moment, her legs eagerly fell open and her hand grabbed at my crotch. Though certainly older than the two youths we had brought into our lives, I was not a decrepit old man; it only took her a few stroke of her hand to bring me to full erection, though I would have preferred the treatment between her painted lips.

There were many things I should have done before just pushing my manhood into her sex, but I did not of them. Mostly I should have put on a condom, or at least asked her if she was on birth control. But she didn't stop my penetration of her tight pussy and I didn't question the moment. She groaned deep in the back of her throat as I went into her body.

"Good, isn't it?" I teased her.

"Yesss," she hissed her answer. Her fingers dug into my back. I wasn't sure if she was play-acting or if that was her normal reaction to getting fucked, but I was glad she didn't perform the stupid maneuver of scratching her nails down my back. That's just fucking annoying.

"You're s slut, you know that?" I whispered in her ear as I stole a glance at my wife. She was still getting plowed. Her eyes were screwed shut and she gave no indication that she knew what I was doing.

Olivia's words did surprise me. "I know," she managed to gasp out as I started humping her pussy. It was tight and wet. A taunting compliment like that can throw some women, but apparently Olivia knew who she was, even if she didn't admit it to anyone.

"How many guys have you fucked?" I asked her as I pinched a nipple.

Her yelp of pain caused Gretchen to open her eyes and look at us. I grinned triumphantly at her. Gretchen smiled back and slowly shook her head. She didn't disapprove of me having sex with another women; she disapproved that we hadn't discussed it first.

"Lots," Olivia said.

“Not good enough. Give me a number!” I demanded.

“Twenty. Maybe thirty.” She couldn’t concentrate. It was obvious she loved getting reamed and lost almost all physical and mental abilities when a cock was inside her.

“Slut,” I told her again.

“I know,” she admitted. Her eyes were closed. Her breath was coming raggedly. I wouldn’t be surprised if she came right then and there. I needed to take control of her; I wanted to show her how much of a slut she could be. I changed my position slightly and tilted her hips up. Olivia happily responded to being manhandled and didn’t mind when I caressed her ass. I gave her only a second’s warning as my fingers trailed over her asshole that was slightly moistened from her pussy juice leaking down her slit into her crack. Then I pushed my finger inside her apparently virgin ass.

She yelped a little in pain but didn’t tell me to stop or pull out. I fucked her faster and harder. Her eyes snapped open and looked at me with a mix of surprise and horror and lust.

“Like that?” I asked her simply.

Her breathing had overtaken her life. She gasped with each thrust of my cock. Then her pussy got even hotter and wetter. Her vag muscles clamped down on me. Olivia came hard. I pushed my finger deeper into her ass so that I could feel my cock between the thin tissues that separated her cunt from her rectum. That made me cum. I did so strong and hard, dumping as much spunk into her pussy as possible. Then I collapsed on top of her.

A few minutes later, when I had recovered, I pulled my finger out of her ass and looked over at Gretchen and Ethan. They were also done fucking. He had rolled off her and I saw his penis was flaccid and wet. Gretchen opened her legs and displayed her pussy to me. Thick white cum was leaking out of her.

“Want to switch partners?” she asked me.

I shook my head. “No. I want to see you have sex with Olivia.”

Ethan blinked at me. He was a typical college boy; he would be happy to watch

two women have sex.

It was Olivia who suddenly got all shy. “Maybe not tonight,” she said. She had half-hidden her naked form under the rumpled sheets of the bed.

“I’d love to get between your legs,” Gretchen teased my new partner, but Olivia wasn’t having any of it.

“Wow. Um. I wasn’t expecting any of this tonight. It was great and all, but maybe we should think things over a little bit before we go any further.” She hopped off the bed and started dressing herself as quickly as possible while trying to hide her nudity from us. I was nonplussed. What did she think she was hiding? I still stared; I wasn’t going to let her escape so easy.

“You sure?” Gretchen purred, eyeing the young girl with raw lust. Olivia caught her look and started dressing faster. It was a shame to see her beautiful body being hidden by clothes, but I managed to deal with the disappointment.

“Uh-huh,” she said off-handedly to my wife. “Hurry up, Ethan. We need to go.” For a moment the young man was torn. He wanted to fuck again tonight, it didn’t matter with whom. He did some quick calculations and figured his best bet was with his girlfriend. He started dressing as well. This time it was Gretchen who eyed the naked flesh of the dresser.

“We’ll have to do this again,” Gretchen said. Olivia stared at her with wild eyes, near panic, but Gretchen smoothed over the girl’s worries. “Under less stressful circumstances and with a little more planning.”

“Right,” Olivia agreed absent. Ethan had just finished putting on his shoes. “We need to go.”

But Gretchen wasn’t going to let them escape so easily. “Make sure you get him to fuck you when you get home,” she said. “Your pussy is full of Charlie’s sperm. Ethan’s orgasm will be mind-blowing.”

Olivia’s face turned right red and she dragged Ethan out of the hotel room.

“Do you think we’ll ever see them again?” I asked my wife as I got on her bed, spread her legs and slipped two fingers up her pussy. She sighed lightly at my manhandling of her privates, but I knew she was enjoying my manipulations.

Her cunt was wet and sloppy with Ethan's cum. "Oh, you're a dirty little girl," I said as I kneeled between her legs and stroked myself to a proper erection before sinking my cock into her.

"Oh, we'll see them. I can guarantee you of that."

Chapter Five

It was almost two weeks later before I laid eyes on either one of them. Gretchen had been relentless in her pursuit of the pair. She had set up a steady stream of emails, texts, and phone calls to pursue the two youngsters who had caught the fancy of her eye. I knew she was a touch jealous because I had been between Olivia's thighs and she had not. I showed great restraint in not taunting her with that.

Gretchen doesn't always tell me everything. I got home late from work one night to discover dinner had been put away, the twins had been put to bed, and Gretchen was entertaining Olivia in our bedroom. Entertaining actually wasn't the right term. Seducing wasn't spot-on either. Preparing for a life of debauchery was probably more accurate.

Olivia was kneeling on our bed, fully clothed, but her shirt had been unbuttoned low enough to reveal every bit of her cleavage and a good portion of her orange brassiere. Gretchen was topless, wearing just jeans. Her tits were in Olivia's face. It was obvious that Olivia had been nursing from my wife for a bit. Gretchen's milk was flowing from both her nipples. Streaks of white decorated Olivia's face. Her mouth was currently attached to Gretchen's right tit and I saw her jaw muscles working and her throat swallowing. She found my wife's milk as tasty and inviting as I did.

I wasn't sure if they had heard me come in or not. Knowing Gretchen she could have been waiting for me to see this tableau or she could have been dreading my appearance because it would mean that she had to share her new lover. I was a bit pissed off I would have to share her milk, but on that account I held my tongue.

"Mind if I join you two ladies?" I asked as I walked into the bedroom. Instantly Olivia pulled away from Gretchen's tit and her face flushed red with embarrassment and guilt. It made her already attractive face even cuter. She looked away in shame. That made me want her all the more.

"We had been planning on keeping this private," Gretchen said without

conviction. “What do you say, Liv?” The girl opened and closed her mouth several times, but no words formed. Gretchen asked a follow up question. “Would you like to share my milk with my husband and then the three of us can fuck, or would you rather he leave?”

I didn’t give her a chance to answer. “My house, I should get to determine who I get to fuck and nurse from.”

“Then you’d better get over here quick,” Gretchen said. “Liv likes her mommy milk.”

I didn’t need to be told twice. I regarded Gretchen’s breasts as my personal property and no one should have access to her milk without my express permission. I got on the bed and knelt next to Olivia. She made a little bit of room for me as I leaned in and took my wife’s breast in my mouth. It was still largely full and immediately let down her rich, creamy milk. I suckled long and hard, filling my stomach. Olivia watched me out of the corner of her eye. I didn’t mind. I could tell she was enjoying sucking on my wife as well. She didn’t know what she was getting herself into.

Gretchen determined when we were done nursing. She pushed our faces away from her tits. Her nipples came away wet and I hung on as long as I could, ending with a loud smack as her breast finally escaped my lips. “Delicious,” I said to my Nordic princess.

She didn’t have eyes for me. “Are you ready?” she asked Olivia.

“For what?” the girl asked nervously.

“You’ve never made love with a woman, have you?” Gretchen asked her as she casually unbuttoned her jeans and started pushing them down. Olivia’s eyes went wide; I wasn’t sure if she was surprised at Gretchen’s forward proposition or her casual stripping.

“No,” Olivia said softly.

“Are you ready to?” Gretchen asked her. Olivia glanced at me. That was her undoing. “Don’t fucking look at him!” she barked. “Do you want him to fuck you?”

Olivia cast her eyes down. “Yes.” Her voice was tiny.

“Not now. Not yet. You’re going to fuck me first. Get your clothes off.”

Gretchen finished stripping. Her jeans and damp panties were kicked into the corner and she stood proudly naked in front of me and Olivia. I could see bits of dew clinging to her pubic curls. Wisely I eased myself off the bed and allowed the two girls to take center stage. When Gretchen got into her superior mindset it was best to avoid her or submit to her. Olivia was playing it wisely so far.

Following Gretchen’s orders Olivia pulled off her shirt and then more slowly pushed her skirt off her hips. She was still wearing her orange bra, black tights, and what appeared to be a pair of panties that matched her bra. “Hurry up!” Gretchen ordered. “I’m getting impatient.”

Hesitating only a moment, Olivia unhooked her bra, letting her bit tits swing free. I let my eyes travel down her torso to the ring in her navel. Her hands then slipped to her waist and looking away from me and Gretchen, she pushed off her panties and tights. I took as close a look as I dared—not wanting to get in Gretchen’s way—and noted that there appeared to be some growth to the girl’s pubic hair. She was following Gretchen’s lead in sporting a full triangle of pubic hair. That made me wonder what exactly Gretchen had been discussing with our new lover and what spell she had cast over the girl.

Gretchen had sprawled on the bed, spreading her legs, showing off her beautiful pussy already wet with desire. “You know you want to taste it,” Gretchen said to the young girl. “You wanted to taste my milk. You can taste my pussy as well.”

Olivia nodded to herself. She was mesmerized. It must have been hard to admit to herself that this was something she wanted. Maybe she hadn’t anticipated it in exactly this way, but life is often unexpected. She crawled forward and landed between Gretchen’s legs. Her face went down to my wife’s pussy and Gretchen sighed in contentment. “That’s right, honey, do what you like to have done to your pussy.” It was the only instruction that Gretchen gave. It was all that Olivia needed. She had barely hesitated when under the thrall of an older woman. I started to wonder if she was just experimenting with bisexuality or if she was truly a switch player. Either way, I was going to reap the benefits.

Now Gretchen turned her eyes to me. Her breathing was coming quicker. She was reveling in the moment. Strip, she mouthed to me and patted the bed next to

her. I followed those orders and curled up next to my wife. She immediately grabbed my cock and started absently stroking it. I ducked my head and latched onto the breast that Olivia had worked so diligently to empty. She wasn't nearly as good a tit-sucker as I was. There was still milk in my wife's breast. I did my best to correct that.

"Uh. Uh. Uh." My wife was giving more than her usual amount of verbal cues to having her pussy licked. "You sure you haven't done this before?" Gretchen asked. I looked down at Olivia's head. She came up for a breath of air and shook her head with a smile. Her face was smeared with Gretchen's natural lube and lust filled her eyes. If she had been hesitant before her mood had completely changed. She dove back into Gretchen's pussy with unbridled eagerness. "Is Charlie going to fuck you when I'm done with you?"

She came up for a quick breath of air. "Yes!"

Gretchen giggled. "I think she's going to go back to Ethan with a full pussy."

It didn't take Olivia too long to figure out how to make Gretchen cum. My wife isn't that complex a woman when it comes to sex. A small grunt of pleasure and a soaking squirt of girl-cum all over Olivia's face signaled that Gretchen had climaxed. "Come up here, honey," she told her lover.

Olivia crawled up my wife's body, kissing her tummy and breasts and neck until she met Gretchen's lips where she received a kiss on the mouth that was accompanied by a tongue. "Go ahead and fuck her, Charlie," she told me when their kiss broke apart. "She needs her pussy filled."

The two women cuddled on the bed as I got behind them. Olivia's ass was in the air. I could see her pussy was wet and open. She was ready to be reamed. I hesitated for a just a moment. "No condom?" I asked. My cock was already erect and in hand. I was going to fuck one of the two women in a moment.

"How can she go back to Ethan with a cream pie if you wear a condom?" Gretchen asked. The girls giggled and kissed again.

"Is she on any birth control?" I asked. It was bad enough that I had fucked her in the hotel room without any protection or tests, but I was about to repeat that mistake.

Olivia made a noise that might have been, “Uh-huh.”

That was good enough for me.

I plunged forward with my cock, burying it deep in her tight cunt. Olivia squeaked slightly at my rough treatment of her dainty bits. The two were still embracing: Gretchen on her back holding our young lover as Olivia remained on knees and elbows as I fucked her doggy style. It was night and intimate, making her our possession. It didn't take long for me to cum inside her with thick ropes of spunk. When I was done I pulled out and Gretchen helped the dazed girl get her panties and tights back on and barely spilled a drop of my precious semen.

“Can you feel his boys swimming around inside you?” Gretchen asked her.

“Yes!” Olivia crowed and then giggled. “Are you sure Ethan is going to like this?”

“Yes,” Gretchen said with all the self-assurance of a sexually confident woman. “And if he doesn't, he's probably not the right man for you.”

We sent Olivia on her way to her next sexual encounter for the night. I didn't mind corrupting the youth of today. It was kind of fun. As a reward for going along so willingly with her plan of corruption for Olivia, Gretchen gave me a wonderful blowjob and swallowed every drop. That's just another reason I loved my wife.

Chapter Six

Olivia became a regular feature in our sex life. I was actually starting to get jealous. She would often be in our house before I got home. Usually they would save me one of Gretchen's breasts and we'd have a tumble in bed together when the twins were asleep in their cribs. I could see that Gretchen was becoming infatuated with her new plaything. That was fine with me. There are few things more beautiful than watching your wife make love with another woman. I enjoyed when both Olivia and Ethan would come over for a group grope. I liked watching Gretchen get fucked by Ethan as much as I liked watching her go down on Olivia.

The problem was Olivia was falling in love with Gretchen and was pulling away from Ethan, who was supposed to be her boyfriend. The problem came to a head one night when just Olivia was over. She had presented Gretchen and I with a special present: her cum filled cunt. She and Ethan had fucked right before she came over. She got to have sex with us and he had to go to a final exam for one of his classes.

I fucked her already filled pussy while Gretchen watched, then my wife happily went down on her girlfriend, enjoying the double cream pie I had helped create. When this little play was over, Olivia and I nursed from Gretchen. It was a wonderful evening until, after Gretchen's breasts had been emptied, Olivia burst into tears.

"What's the matter, honey?" Gretchen asked.

It took Olivia a minute to compose herself, but finally she revealed to us, "I'm going home for the summer. I'll miss you."

"Oh, we'll be here in the fall," Gretchen assured her. "We can Skype and email and talk on the phone."

Olivia cried harder and shook her head. "I'm going to miss your milk."

"Well, that can't be helped, baby."

“I want my breasts to have milk!” she wailed.

“Maybe we can help you with that,” Gretchen began, “but that’s a tough order for just over the summer...”

“I want to get pregnant like you,” Olivia added.

Gretchen stiffened and pulled away from her girlfriend. “That’s not a good idea at this point in your life.”

That was my wife, always sexy, but ever practical.

“I don’t care,” Olivia half-sniveled, half-wailed. She was starting to annoy and worry me. Where the hell was this going?

“You’re not thinking this through,” Gretchen said, settling back to her lecture mode, but she was interrupted by Olivia’s rant.

“I want to get pregnant! I want a boy to nurse my tits! I need it! I want it!”

Now Gretchen recoiled from her girlfriend. My eyes were wide with her ranting. She was becoming unhinged right before our eyes. The next question Gretchen asked made my stomach drop to the floor and my head started to spin. “Are you off your birth control?” she snapped.

Through her tears Olivia nodded. “Yes.”

The word was barely out of her mouth when Gretchen slapped the nubile girl across the face leaving four red and hot streaks on her cheek. That snapped Olivia out of her hysteria. A look of anger shot over her face and she raised her hand to slap Gretchen back, but my wife was quicker and stronger. She grabbed Olivia’s hand and neatly twisted it, locking the girl’s arm painfully.

Although others might disagree, I don’t find the least bit of eroticism in girls fighting. It often just turns brutal and ugly. Instead of a physical altercation breaking out Olivia fought back with sharp words. “What the hell did you do that for, you bitch?”

Gretchen ignored the insult. “You broke our agreement. Having sex with us always entailed you to use birth control. You agreed to that.”

“So?” Olivia snapped back. “I want to change that agreement. So I did.”

“You can’t change the agreement without consulting us first. You broke the agreement, you didn’t change it.” I could see my wife wanted to slap Olivia again, but she instead just inhaled deeply—displaying her gorgeous tits in the process—and let it out as she released Liv’s wrist. “Get dressed and get out.”

Olivia rubbed her sore elbow. “What?”

Gretchen glared at her. “What do you mean what? It’s over. You just proved you can’t be trusted. You think we’re going to have sex again? Lose our number and emails. Pretend we don’t exist. You aren’t welcome here.”

It took Olivia a moment to realize Gretchen was serious. Perhaps she thought her sudden revelation would have resulted in the both of us wishing to fill her belly with a baby. After having twins I could assure her that was never going to happen. She had proven she was too immature for us, something that is always a risk when fucking college-age kids. In a last ditch effort to change our minds she looked at me, lowered her eyes ever so slightly, and slipped her hand in front of her pussy, hinting that she was masturbating for my pleasure. “Don’t you want to make love to me, Charlie?” she asked softly. “Don’t you want to fill my breasts, like Gretchen’s?”

I looked at her dispassionately. Hell yes I wanted to fuck her and see her tits swell with milk and drink the honey from between her legs, but not in the scenario she was creating. She had gone right around the bend to pure insanity.

“No. You heard my wife. Get dressed. Get out. Don’t wake our kids.”

It’s hard to believe but my wife standing naked over Olivia as she dressed was such an incredible image of power and authority that I wanted to fuck her right then and there in front of Olivia, just to show our slutty, and shortly to be ex-, bedmate that she didn’t have anything on an older woman. I knew it was better to wait even though my cock grew more than a little at the thought. Luckily neither woman noticed. When Olivia had finished dressing, Gretchen escorted her to the front door and locked it behind her.

Back upstairs I was already on my knees for when she walked into our bedroom. I didn’t give her a chance to react and simply moved in and kissed her mons and wiggled my tongue down into her slit. “What are you doing?” she demanded.

“Isn’t it obvious?” I asked, coming up for a quick breath.

“Eating my pussy. Why?”

“I love a dominant woman,” I mumbled into her cunt.

She sighed, frustrated with my act of love and submission. “This is hardly how I wanted it to end with her. And Ethan.” Though I was trying my hardest, her pussy wasn’t moistening at all. I knew I was defeated.

“How did you expect it to end?” I asked her. “It always ends.”

“But this is the first time we had to throw someone out of the house practically naked.”

“She was fully dressed,” I pointed out.

“You know what I mean.” Gretchen glared down at me, her blonde hair framing her face, her prominent tits sitting proudly on her chest. There was no reason for me not to love this woman. True, she did tend to fall in love—just a little bit—with everyone who joined her in bed, but that wasn’t exactly a terrible thing. I was still with her.

“Maybe we should look for older lovers,” I suggested. “Ones who are a little more mature.”

“I don’t want to be that grown up yet,” she said.

I shrugged. “Life is full of tradeoffs.” I put my hands on her hips and stood up.

“I didn’t say to get up yet,” she told me.

“Do you want a little pussy worship tonight?” I asked her. “I’m happy to supply that.”

Gretchen just shook her head. “No. Let’s go to sleep. Just hold me.”

We did. I spooned her from behind, one hand on her slightly bulging tummy, one on her big tit. She fell asleep and snored softly as I watched her. In the morning her tits would begin swelling with her milk and tomorrow evening I’d get to

nurse from them again. It would be a while before I'd have to share them again.

Being an adult sometimes means you don't have to share your favorite things.

If you've read this far you can go to my blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com to get a coupon code for a free ebook through Smashwords.com.