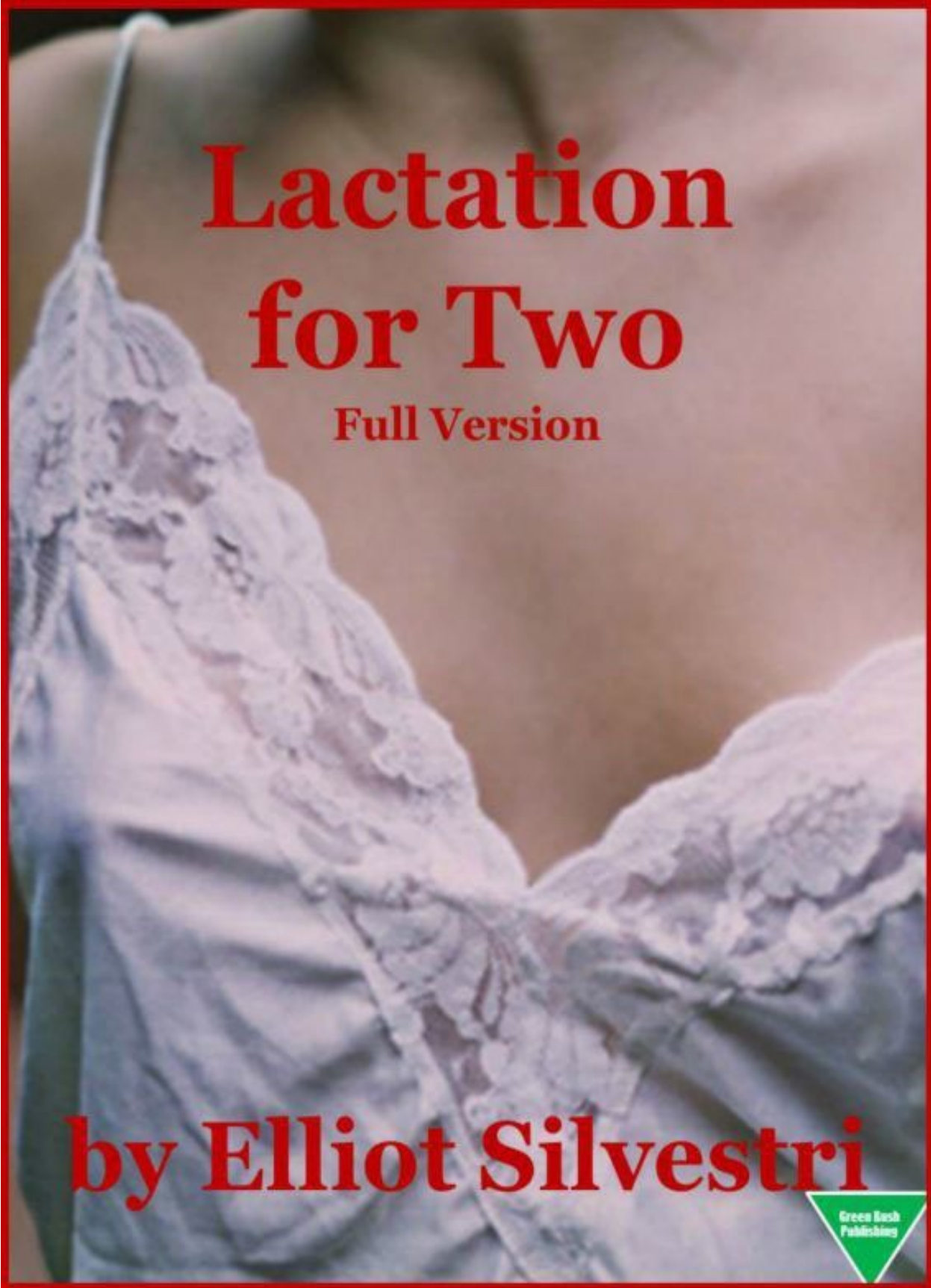


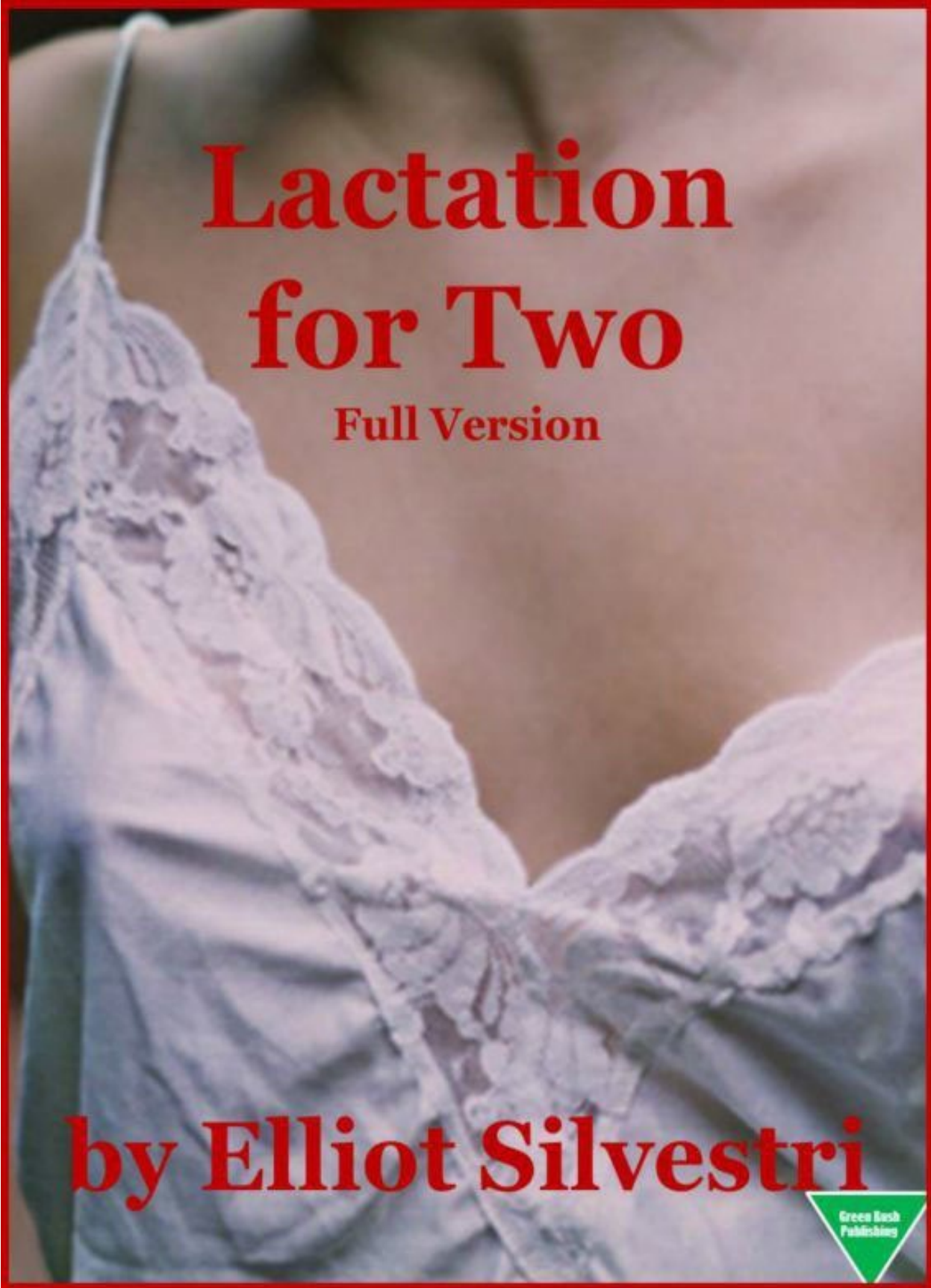


Lactation for Two

Full Version

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing



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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Eileen all but collapsed at Anne's kitchen table. She put her head down next to the coffee her friend had offered and refused to look up.

"It' can't be that bad," Anne said mildly.

With her head down on the table her words were semi-muffled by the placemat. Eileen said, "I've had a different boyfriend every year for the past fifteen years and none of them wanted to stay with me."

"Some of them...most of them," Anne started to say and corrected herself, "you're better off not having around."

"So?"

"So you're better off for it. That guy Jeff was nothing but trouble. And Stewart? Isn't he in jail now?"

"He's a corrections officer in Clinton."

"Still in jail."

"He's got a state pension and a steady job."

"Most COs wind up drunks or beat their wives."

"At least those women get to be married."

Anne sighed. "Pick up your damn head from the table and talk to me like a normal person, not a teenager."

Eileen did as her friend demanded, but still had the sullen pout of a teenage girl. Though they were the same age sometimes Anne was sure she was the mother of Eileen. She had a child who was only five and that was more than enough parental responsibility.

“Sometimes you have to settle a bit,” Anne said softly. “You’re not going to find a perfect man. He doesn’t exist except in crappy romance novels.” She paused and corrected herself again. “That is to say all romance novels.”

“There’s something wrong with me. I’m never going to get married and have kids.”

“If you don’t change your attitude you won’t.”

“You know I’ve been diagnosed with pervasive anxiety disorder.”

“That’s just an excuse. Have you considered tricking a man into staying with you?” Anne ran a hand over her short blond hair. It was slightly damp with sweat from her morning run with Eileen. Anne ran to lose weight; she was constantly complaining she just needed to lose those last twenty pounds. Eileen ran to deal with her mild depression and because she was an outdoor girl. Anne wanted to get into the shower; Eileen wanted to complain about her life.

The brown ponytail that sprouted from the back of Eileen’s head suddenly whipped back and forth, stinging her cheeks slightly with the tips of her hair. “I’d never in a million years get pregnant ‘on accident,’” Eileen went so far as to use finger quotes around the expression, “just to keep a guy. What if he winds up being crazier than me?”

At least Eileen knew she had mental issues to deal with, Anne reflected.

Anne cleared her throat. “I’m not saying get pregnant...but there are other ways to entice a man to stay with you. You’re a good catch. Pretty, athletic, you’ve got a job—”

“Hmph!” Eileen interjected.

“—and you like sex according to every bawdy tale you’ve ever told me...”

Now Eileen blushed.

“But there are other ways. You need to make him need you. Most men are super-kinky in ways they don’t even realize. And those who know what their kinks are often want to keep them secret; you just have to tease those secrets out of them. How do you think I’ve kept Chris?”

“Because you have the perfect marriage?”

Anne laughed. “Hardly.”

Eileen tried again. “Because um...well, you said guys have secret kinks...he likes to dress in women’s clothing and you get off on it as well?”

The napkin in Anne’s hand snapped at her friend. “No. Just no.” They both laughed but there was a bitter note to the laughter. One of Eileen’s old boyfriends was dropped because he dressed in Eileen’s clothes—unknown to her at the time. She said that she could deal with a cross-dressing boyfriend—if he didn’t wear her clothes and had asked her first.

“So...what’s your big secret? Tell me a kinky story!”

Anne thought that one of the many reasons Eileen had had so many boyfriends of the years was because she needed variety in her life as evidenced by the many different men she had dated. More than once Eileen had come to Anne with a dirty story involving her latest boyfriend. Her adventures were exciting to her but hardly outside the norms of an American woman in the 21st century. She had experimented with toys and bondage, spanking and nipple clamps, anal sex and posting dirty pictures on the internet (minus her face). Anne reveled in the tales as much as Eileen had enjoyed experiencing them, but never once had Anne let on her big secret.

“Well,” she began, “it started when Eddie was just over a year old...”

Chapter Two

Anne had just one complaint. “My boobs hurt.”

“Sorry to hear it,” Chris said barely looking up from his book. “Can I do anything for you?”

She knew he didn’t actually mean it. The words he said were just automatically mouthed because it was expected of him.

“No!” she all but screamed at him. “My boobs hurt because they’re too full of milk, Eddie doesn’t want me anymore. Do you know how painful it is to have your kid wean himself?”

“No,” was Chris’s completely honest answer.

“It. Fucking. Hurts.” Anne was holding her heavy breasts with both hands. Her shirt was wet, not with milk but with water from the warm compresses she had put inside her bra to try and offer some relief to her engorged breasts. It was supposed to help. It didn’t. She had already popped a double dose of Motrin and was ready to try anything.

“Why don’t you try to get Eddie to nurse?” Chris suggested putting down his book to talk to her.

“I’m done with that. He bites and he’s got sharp little baby teeth. You’ve seen the blood.”

“Have you tried using the breast pump? That might stop the swelling.”

“That fucking thing doesn’t help at all. It hurt to use it when he was nursing fulltime and it barely gets half out of what I need.” Anne was nearly in tears at this point.

Chris took off his glasses and rubbed at his temples. “I’m not sure what I can do to help.”

That was Chris's problem, Anne thought, always trying to help and solve problems rather than just hearing what she was saying. She was nearly at tears. Anne reached into her shirt and pulled out the soggy washcloths, marched to the bathroom sink and tossed them in. They were now a mixture of water and her milk. She wiped at her breasts with a dry towel and saw that her breasts were indeed leaking. "Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick," she muttered.

She marched back into the bedroom where Chris was still laying on the bed reading his book. "They're leaking," she reported and yanked off her loose t-shirt exposing her swollen, tender breasts.

"Let me get a towel," he said as he got up but she grabbed his arm, preventing him from leaving.

"No, just hold me. It's something I have to get through."

He sighed, reclined back into the bed, and allowed her to curl up next to him.

"This fucking hurts," she complained and pressed her body against his. She wrapped her arms around his chest and brought her skin into contact with his warm body. Oddly the pressure against her chest made the pain somewhat more bearable.

"I'm so sorry," he commiserated with her.

"It's nothing other women haven't dealt with. Usually most babies slowly wean themselves. Eddie is a little shit for doing it in a wee."

Chris nodded and kissed her on the cheek. She turned her head and kissed him back. Even through the pain she was horny. It seemed strange to her that her body wanted sex at this particular moment; all during her pregnancy her libido had been raised and even after the birth her need for sex hadn't abated at all. This was good. A little sex to distract her from the pain.

She cupped her hand over Chris's cock. It was soft which surprised her a little, but once she started gently rubbing that quickly changed. "You want to fuck? Now?" he asked her.

"Uh-huh," she said. "It'll take my mind off the pain. Maybe it'll put me to sleep."

He smirked. “Am I that lousy a lay?”

She shook her head. “You know what I mean. It’ll help me relax so I can fall asleep. I can’t sleep if I’m in pain.”

“Okay. I’ll put you to sleep,” he promised and then kissed her lips, then the soft spot along her jawline, then her neck and slowly moved down her chest. His ultimate goal was to strip off her panties and eat her pussy. It often took Anne a little time and effort to get wet enough for easy penetration. They had discovered a good round of cunnilingus was the best way to get her to where she needed to be.

He kissed the top of her round breast, and then remembered her soreness, so he lightly held her heavy flesh as he kissed her breastbone, turning his head to kiss the other breast before moving further down.

“Harder,” she whispered.

“Harder what?” It was a strange request. Normally she didn’t say that until he was already fucking her and she wanted to feel his cock slamming into her pussy.

“Hold my tit harder. It feels good.”

He gently squeezed her heavy breast.

“Harder,” she moaned. This wasn’t just a pain-relief exercise. She was getting off on having her tit mauled.

Chris increased the pressure until he could feel the hardness of her swollen milk sacks inside her flesh.

“Yes,” she moaned.

A bit of thin white breast milk leaked from the nipple under his fingers. The wetness wasn’t much. Briefly Chris released his hand, took a wider grip, and then squeezed harder again.

“Fuckin’ yes!” his wife grunted. “More.”

He squeezed her tit savagely now, as if they were fighting. Her breathing came rapid and in short bursts. She squirmed under him but didn't complain. There was an almost steady spray of milk from her nipple now making it difficult for Chris to maintain his hold on her tit. He released her for a second and wiped his hand on his pajama bottoms. The towel Anne had been using to dry her breasts was on the edge of the bed and grabbed that to dry her once more.

She inhaled sharply at the towel's rough touch. "No, too much," she protested. "Softness. Lick me."

Obedying her need Chris lowered his mouth to her breast and licked the little stream of breast milk away from the nipple from which it had leaked. He was somewhat familiar with the flavor of Anne's milk, sweet and juice-like, more like pineapple juice than what they bought in gallon jugs from Stewart's to pour on cereal. It wasn't unpleasant to taste, not the least. It was just odd, not something he would normally do. It wasn't something he would have done unless she had explicitly told him to.

"Suck," she said so softly he wasn't certain she had actually spoken the words but had just thought them.

Once again he followed her direction. His mouth went to her nipple and allowed the red nipple to fill his mouth, gently creating a small amount of suction to simulate what her baby had done at her breast.

There was only one word from Anne as he maintained the suction. "Oh."

That stopped him. "Too much? Too hard?"

"No...more...please."

He sucked on her nipple again and was rewarded with a generous squirt of milk into his mouth. Chris swallowed, savoring the flavor. The amount wasn't much; he didn't understand how such a small measure of milk could cause her so much pain.

"Again."

He sucked and swallowed, then sucked and swallowed again. She sighed and relaxed. Anne's hand reached up to caress the back of his head, and her fingers

tangled into his curly brown hair. “Keep going, don’t stop.”

What else could Chris do but to continue to suckle at his wife’s breast? She was getting off on it and he was relieving her of the pain she had been afflicted with. It was perfect for him. Since Anne was absently rubbing her thighs together Chris moved one hand down her body, over her rounded tummy, and wiggled his fingers under the elastic of her panties. She didn’t protest, mostly because she was focused on what his mouth was doing to her tit, and he pushed his fingers through her nest of coppery curls to rest inside the slit of her pussy. There was a steady leak of wetness from her vag but that didn’t stop Chris from nursing on her.

His other hand reached for her other breast and he felt a slight wetness there as well. It was leaking milk, but that couldn’t be helped. There was no way to stop it from flowing. Instead he doubled the strength of his suction on her occupied nipple. She squealed softly in pleasure. Chris’s mouth filled with her milk and he swallowed.

Oddly, it was much like fucking, the steady suck and swallow rhythm followed the thrust and retreat pattern of sex. They fell into the progression that steadily, inevitably, brought about an orgasm for Anne.

Her back arched up and she dislodged Chris from his position sucking on her tit. She gasped and cried out as she came hard. Chris’s hand was still inside her green and white striped panties and she gushed a little bit of girl cum all over his fingers.

“What’s the matter?” he asked, alarmed at her sudden seizure-like reaction.

She gasped and then laughed at him. “You don’t know?”

A shake of his head confirmed he was clueless.

Anne laughed a bit more. “You made me cum.”

“I barely touched your pussy.”

She shook her head slowly. “You didn’t need to. Nursing on me was enough.”

“Enough to make you cum?” He was dazzled by the revelation.

“Umm...yeah.”

“I didn’t know your tits were so sensitive.”

A little shrug of her shoulders showed she was as puzzled as he was. “I didn’t think so either. But obviously it was enough.” Her grin spread across her face. “More than enough. That was a great cum.”

“Probably because you’ve never cum that way before.”

“Other women can do it too, you know,” she told him.

“Really? Huh.”

“Let’s see if you can make me do it again.” Anne grasped the back of his head and brought his lips to the breast he hadn’t nursed from yet.

Though it was still new to him, Chris fell to nursing like it was old hat. He sucked a few times and that was enough to start her milk flowing. Each time he drew her nipple into his mouth Chris was rewarded with a healthy squirt of her warm sweet milk. It quickly got to the point where he had to audibly swallow with each suck. Anne let herself go. She moaned and sighed as he drew out her milk; she writhed about and squirmed, rubbing her thighs together and going so far as to push her hand down into her panties to play with her clit.

Chris quickly yanked her hand from her pussy. “What do you think you’re doing?”

For just a second she seemed ashamed of her action. “Just playing with myself.”

“Nope,” he told her. “You’re going to cum again, but only from tit play. Do I need to hold your hand down?”

A slightly frightened expression crossed Anne’s face, but then she licked her dry lips and said, “No. I’ll be good. But make me cum quickly.”

He went back to her semi-engorged breast and started sucking again. This time Chris took the nipple of her emptied breast and pinched it between his thumb and forefinger. Anne bit her lip and took the pain as she rubbed her thighs together and concentrated on what he was doing to her.

Everything he was doing was wonderful.

The second orgasm wasn't the same level of surprise as the first one, but it was nearly as powerful. Her panties were nearly soaked with her girl cum and she wasn't yet satiated. "Shit that was good," she burst out. "Fuck me. You need to fuck me," she practically begged.

There wasn't a need for her to go on begging. He pulled off his pants and ripped off her panties. His cock was already hard and it was easy for Chris to roll top of her and penetrate Anne's sopping pussy. She groaned at the presence of his cock inside her; no matter how good the orgasms she had from her nipples there was some need within her to be penetrated and fucked.

Chris wasted no time in eagerly using her body. There was no technique to his fucking, he just wanted to cum as quickly as possible. He didn't bother to try to think about her needs. Such action wasn't necessary in any case. As he fucked, he lowered his mouth to her nearly empty breast and took up her nipple. Her voice shuddered as she cried out; it was too much and she came again, her pussy clamping down on Chris's cock. That was all he needed. He came and flooded her pussy.

They both wanted to talk about their shared experience, but it had completely exhausted the both of them. Too quickly they were asleep, their limbs intertwined.

The next morning Chris woke up first. He was sporting morningwood and still had unspent desire from the previous evening. He also had a new desire. The sheet covering his wife reached nearly up to her neck, just barely covering her collarbones. Chris slowly eased it down, letting the smooth cotton pull over her soft nipples. She stirred and absently grabbed at the moving material, but he slipped it out of her grasp.

Taking advantage of her twilight state Chris moved closer and engulfed her soft pink nipple in his mouth. The tissue reacted to his warmth and the sudden wetness by hardening beneath his tongue. Anne stirred as he started sucking on her breast. She didn't protest but neither was she fully awake yet.

Her warm milk spilled onto his tongue and he sucked again and again. Anne moaned slightly and her body trembled as she woke up. Was there any better way to greet the morning than by being stimulated in a way the body can't

resist? She could have pushed him away. She could have protested...but she didn't want either of these things. She wanted Chris's lips on her breast and she turned her body to better offer herself to him.

It didn't take long to drain her first breast. When Chris sensed the milk flow was largely gone he rolled her body and she moved with him, offering up her other breast that had been pleasantly squished between his body, her body, and the mattress. It was warm and soft and swollen to the point of engorgement but not pain. Just like the first breast, this one immediately gave up its creamy contents and Chris noisily swallowed every drop. Anne took his hand from her side and moved it down to between her legs.

For just a brief minute he cupped her pussy with his palm and fingers as he continued to drain her breast. They both knew what was going to happen and there was little reason to fight the inevitable, but they found it difficult to push fully ahead without going through the ritual. She opened her legs wider to let him in but he didn't move his fingers inside her, not yet, not until her breast was empty and she was fully ready.

He didn't get the chance to mount her that morning. Instead Anne, driven to distraction by Chris's strong suction on her tits, pushed on his body, forcing him to roll from his side to his back. A moment later she was straddling his hips and lowering her pussy to his hard cock. It was a delight not to have to suck his cock to make him hard and ready for her. Now he was being forced to suck on her to get her ready—and that seemed enough for him.

"Oh that's good," she commented as her pussy slid down the entire length of his shaft. Anne leaned forward offering her breasts to him again. They weren't completely empty, not yet. Her nipples slowly dripped the semi-clear and whitish milk. Chris didn't need any further encouragement to know what was expected of him. He latched on to what she was offering and suckled her hard even as he thrust up into her pussy again and again, trying to make his wife cum.

She finally did with a violent shaking of her body. He stayed attached to her breast as she came and lightly bit her nipple. It was hard to tell if that excited or annoyed her, but since there was no protest, he didn't stop until he came as well.

When he was done cumming and she had recovered enough strength to roll off the bed, Anne headed to the shower. She was joined there a minute later by

Chris.

“I didn’t hurt you, did I?” he asked warily as his wife stood under the water. Her breasts seemed slightly smaller than normal—or was that his imagination.

She shook her head. “No, it was good. Hell, it was great. This morning and last night.” She smiled at him.

“It’s a little weird, isn’t it?” he asked.

“What, sex?” she said trying to avoid the issue.

“No...me, you know, sucking milk from you.” He shifted his stance uncomfortably. Even as he said the words his cock started getting harder. Just the idea made him horny even after having just cum five minutes earlier.

“You mean nursing?” she asked.

It was odd to use that word. It should have been for what a baby does with its mother, not what a man does with his wife, but Chris nodded anyway. “Yeah.”

“It doesn’t bother me. Last night you made the pain go away and I had several fucking great orgasms. And this morning...” she smiled again and moved her soapy hands over her breasts several times, “...you woke me up in the best way possible.”

Chris nodded and swallowed, tasting her milk once again, and stepped into the shower with her. “Isn’t this just delaying the inevitable?” he asked. “I mean, it’s just putting off the day where you’ll have to face the pain to stop lactating.” He took the soap from her hands and started running it across her back.

“Maybe, but you can step me down slowly, not do it all at once like that little monster you call your son did,” she said with a false sour note.

Chris smiled and nodded. “I think I can do that.”

In fact, he couldn’t. In fact, if anything, while trying to slowly reduce her milk production, Chris actually increased it. It was so easy, too easy, to fall into a pattern. Anne liked her tits sucked, it relaxed her when she was tired and it excited her when she was horny. The sex afterwards was just a bonus.

Sometimes she came from being nursed, sometimes not. If not, she always came when Chris got on top of her and fucked her good and hard.

Though it had never occurred to him that drinking his wife's breast milk was something he might enjoy, Chris quickly decided that it was something perfectly normal and enjoyable. It was hard for him not to root out his wife's soft breasts in the morning when he woke up. It was just as hard for him not to push up her nightie when they retired to bed at night. Since she never resisted his crude advances—primarily because she enjoyed what he was doing to her body—he was in a near constant state of sexual arousal.

Although he knew he shouldn't think of Anne's breasts as sexual objects because he knew they were for more than just his pleasure, it was hard for him not to think in such terms. They were wonderful factories of milk and pleasure constantly hiding under her bras and shirts. He wanted nothing more than to keep her topless so he had easy access to her nipples whenever he wanted a snack. On the rare occasions she asked for his advice on what she should wear, he always chose the item that was easiest to take off or push aside so he could ravage her tits. Chris took to advising her to wear camisoles instead of bras because they weren't nearly as restrictive and confining.

"You just want my tits," she told him as she pulled a white camisole over her head one morning and carefully arranged her breasts inside the undergarment.

"Yes," he admitted.

Anne looked at herself in the mirror wearing only the camisole and nothing else, no panties, no socks. Nothing. Chris admired her ass from across the room and felt his dick hardening. "Shit," she cursed. "They're getting bigger."

"How can you tell?" Chris asked innocently.

"A woman can tell," she replied angrily and yanked the garment over her head and threw it at him. She reached for a bra inside the dresser. "You're the cause of it."

"What? Me?"

"You're constantly nursing on me," Anne said. "Every morning and night. And don't think I don't notice when you wake up in the middle of the night and

decide to have a little refreshment. It wakes me up, you know!”

“Do you want me to stop?”

She hesitated. Anne was torn between the pleasure his nursing gave her combined with the ecstasy of the orgasms during his feedings—and afterwards—fighting with her desire to have her milk supply slowly dry up so her breasts could go back to their normal size and she could have her normal life back.

But could she ever have her normal life back.

The bra she pulled from the dresser gave her answer. It was one of the nursing bras she wore during Eddie’s first few months. It was large and comfortable. It had flaps that folded down when she needed to expose a nipple for nursing and little pockets for the round pads to absorb her excess milk for when she leaked. Inside the dresser was a half-forgotten box of pads. There was a small supply left. She placed two inside the pockets and fixed her breasts within the material. Turning to Chris she asked, “Do you know how to unfasten the flaps?”

Chapter Three

“Bullshit,” Eileen declared. “I call bullshit.”

Anne shrugged and stirred her coffee with a bemused expression on her face. “What part do you call bullshit on?” she inquired.

Eileen’s face was flushed and sweaty, as if she had just finished her run. In fact she had been sitting at the table for over an hour and should have been cooled and rested but Anne’s story had made her hot again, not from exertion, but from excitement. She didn’t want to admit that her friend’s tale had made her panties more than a little bit moist.

“All of it.”

The answer caused Anne to grin widely. “I can prove it you know. Geez, just take a look at my tits. Before Eddie they were tiny little things and now they’ve ballooned into this ridiculous size. I can barely work my way around them.”

Eileen shivered. “It’s probably just leftover from breastfeeding,” she said. “Women’s bodies change.”

“This much?” Anne asked indicating her chest. “I don’t think so. Besides, I’m still lactating.”

“So you say.”

To her amazement Anne responded by pulling up her t-shirt to expose her sports bra that kept her mammaries under control while running. They weren’t the biggest breasts that Eileen had ever seen, but they were impressive in scale alone.

“Doesn’t prove anything...”

Then Anne pulled her sports bra up and over her tits, letting both fall out. They bounced heavily against her chest and Eileen goggled in amazement. She had seen Anne’s tits a few times before, mostly in college when both did stupid and

drunken things, but her friend's rack had definitely changed over the years. Besides being bigger, Anne now had large light pink areolas that surrounded her nipples. In the cool kitchen air her nipples hardened and the areolas crinkled in response.

"Wow you've got big boobs," Eileen said because nothing else seemed appropriate at the moment.

"Yeah," Anne agreed as she struggled to pull her shirt and bra up over her head. "Give me a hand with this?" she asked.

It would have been rude to refuse, especially seeing that her friend was neatly entangled in her bra straps and t-shirt material. Eileen moved behind her and helped straighten out the confusion and facilitate her friend's toplessness.

"Thank you."

"Yeah. No problem."

Anne turned around to present Eileen with her big breasts. She wasn't the least bit shy. Eileen was slightly uncomfortable, but what was Anne going to do? Besides, they were just breasts not something dangerous, not something that would make her do something she shouldn't. "You still don't believe me, do you?"

A bit of hemming and hawing was in order according to Eileen's brain. "Well, yeah, I'm mean they're big and all, but what evidence do you have?" Anne wasn't a liar by nature, but she would take a joke as far as possible for the greatest payoff.

As Eileen was talking Anne cupped one breast with both hands. Eileen's voice trailed off. Anne massaged and squeezed a bit, talking as she did so. "It works better when Chris is around. Sometimes just the sight of him makes me let down, especially if I'm turned on. A mouth is the best, of course, but I can usually make...ah, here we go."

A little pearl appeared on the nip of Anne's nipple. She squeezed and squeezed again, shaking the little droplet and making it grow larger. Her motions eventually dislodged it and it slid down the slope of her breast leaving a wet trail behind it and ran into her fingers. "There we go," Anne said and continued

expressing herself. “Once the flow starts it’s hard to stop.” A few more tiny pearls appeared and dribbled down over her fingers. “Chris nursed this morning so I’ve only been producing a few hours, but that’s enough, don’t you think?”

With a stunned nod of her head, Eileen agreed. Anne let go of her breast and absently licked her fingers. She had grown to enjoy the taste of her milk, not that she drank it, but it was always on Chris’s lips when he kissed her. She had started to think his kisses were sweet because she was in love with her husband still, not because Chris was constantly nursing on her. “Yeah...” Eileen was stunned and fascinated. It was just a simple human body function, but it was something normally done in private. Eileen couldn’t have been put into greater shock if Anne had dropped her shorts and masturbated for her.

Not that Eileen would have minded. Or enjoyed the show.

“What does it taste like?” Eileen heard herself asking. The world around them had stopped and Eileen couldn’t take her eyes off her friend’s tits. She felt like a frat boy ogling a cheerleader.

“Sweet. Very sweet. Like apple juice, or cantaloupe.” Anne’s lips pulled into a smile and then went back to neutral. “Want to try a taste?”

Eileen shivered and didn’t answer. Anne put her hands back to her breast and squeezed a few more times until a little flow slipped down her breast again. She caught the tiny amount of liquid on her fingers and held it up for Eileen to taste.

There was silence between them. Eileen wanted to but wasn’t sure if she should. Was it rude to refuse? Was it...wrong to say yes? How would tasting her friend’s breast milk change their relationship?

Did it matter?

Eileen reached up and steadied Anne’s hand. She brought Anne’s finger to her lips, but stopped and extended her tongue to lick the moisture free.

Anne sighed and closed her eyes for a few seconds as Eileen rasped her tongue over Anne’s fingers. It was a sensation like she had never had before. It was so wrong yet so erotic at the same time. Eileen savored the sweetness and drew her tongue back between her lips. She swallowed but the amount was so small she didn’t feel anything go down her throat. “Wow. That is sweet. Very sweet.”

Her eyes were glazed over, halfway between a sugar coma and rampant lust. She looked down at Anne's tits and wondered what her friend would say if she asked for a more direct sample.

Anne saw where Eileen's eyes were focused and wanted to make an offer, but saying the words seemed too forward. They were stuck in time unable to voice their desires.

Then a door slammed. Chris stomped in. "Couldn't get half of what I wanted at the hardware store," he said as he rounded the corner to the kitchen. Guiltily Eileen took a quick step back and expected Anne to grab her shirt to cover up. Instead Anne regarded her husband calmly.

He stopped as he saw the two women in the kitchen. Eileen wondered if he could smell her lust. Anne smiled slyly. "Hello. What have we here?" Chris asked with a leer.

"Just showing Eileen that I'm still lactating," Anne replied with a calmness she didn't feel.

"Really?" he asked and looked at Eileen. "Why would you be doing that?"

Eileen's face was flushed red and she wanted to run and hide. That was silly. "I was...curious."

"Curious why?" Chris asked. His voice was a little too eager for an answer. Eileen glanced down at his crotch. He was wearing jeans but she was damn sure his cock was hard behind the denim.

"Because she's looking to keep her boyfriend," Anne explained. "I was giving her a few tips."

"Tits?"

"Tips!" Anne laughed and kissed her husband. As they embraced her breasts crushed against his chest and Eileen was jealous. She had missed her opportunity.

Was it one she would get again?

Was it one she actually wanted to have?

“Ummm... I’ve gotta go,” Eileen blurted and dashed for the door. She was out and gone before Chris could react.

“What the hell was that all about?” he asked his wife. He didn’t meet her eyes, he was staring at her breasts, still out in the open and exposed for his to admire. He saw the evidence some milk leakage, the trail of moisture from her left nipple going down the swell of her breast.

“I was telling her about our little...practice,” Anne said as she picked up her t-shirt from the kitchen counter where it had landed and pulled it on without putting her bra back on.

Chris’s face went white and then purple. “Are you crazy?” he fumed. “We agreed to keep this private!” As much as he liked nursing from Anne’s breasts, he was a little ashamed by it.

“No,” she said calmly. “You agreed to keep it private. I just went along with your declaration. I can share with whoever I want.”

His erection long gone, Chris started to pace the room. “What did she say?”

“A lot of stuff. I think she was intrigued by the idea. It made her ask a lot of questions.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, she wants to keep her current guy and I suggested it as a hook to keep him interested.”

Chris scoffed. “Like that’ll work.”

“It worked on you.”

“I’m an exception,” he pointed out. “I’m exceptional in many things.”

Now she scoffed at him. “And you’re a man. Give any man one intriguing kink and he’ll be hooked on it the rest of his life.”

“Doubtful.”

Her smile was barely contained by her cheeks. “And how interested were you in an adult nursing relationship before you tried my milk.”

Chris opened his mouth to answer, then abruptly shut it. He opened again. “So I discovered a kink late in life. Sue me.”

“I’m married to you. That’s enough legal problems for a lifetime.” She tried to force down her smile and licked her lips. “Besides, I think Eileen was more than just a little intrigued at hooking her man with breast milk.”

“Oh?”

“I think she was pretty damn tempted by what I was offering.” Anne cupped her hands under her breasts to let him know exactly what she meant.

“Really?” Now Chris was eager. His cock was growing under his jeans.

“If you hadn’t interrupted us...I don’t know what might have happened,” she teased.

Moving closer Chris slipped his hands around his wife’s slightly pudgy waist and drew her to him. “What might have happened?” he asked as he kissed the side of her neck.

“I’m not sure...”

He lightly bit her skin. “Speculate.”

“I think she might have wanted a taste of me,” she whispered in his ear.

“Would you have allowed that?” he pressed his body tight against hers. She could feel his cock against her stomach.

“Maybe...”

He slipped his hands up under her shirt and ran his fingers over her nipples. They were erect and already dripping milk. She sighed heavily. “Don’t do that.”

“Why not?” he asked her. “You like it.”

“You just fed a few hours ago,” she sighed and dropped her hand down to his crotch to massage his cock through the heavy material hiding it away from her needs.

“Who says I want to feed?” He pushed his hands down to the waistband of her shorts and moved into her panties.

“We only have time for a quick one,” she told him.

There was a honk from the driveway.

“Unless my mother comes back early with Eddie,” she sighed in frustration and pushed him away.

“Well...I interrupted you...” Chris said philosophically.

Chapter Four

Anne opened up the small green canvas zip up bag and pulled out a tangle of thin plastic hoses, some bottles, a battery pack with a wall outlet and AC adaptor, plus two funnel-like devices. “So this is my old breast pump. I checked it last night and it’s working fine.”

Eileen stared at her friend a moment, nonplussed. “I can’t believe you suggested this.”

Unfazed Anne opened up her other bag, this one a plain shopping bag, and started pulling out more presents. “Now there’s a lot of other ways to induce lactation. Since this is America we use drugs for everything. Every woman is different but here I’ve gotten you dietary supplements for blessed thistle, fenugreek, and red raspberry leaf, if you want to go the all-natural route.” She paused and held up a prescription bottle. It was the traditional semi-translucent tan color of prescription bottles, but the label wasn’t from the local CVS. “This is prescription strength domperidone. Yeah, I got it in Canada. Don’t ask; long story. I thought my supply was drying up so I got some. It’ll work great on you. If it doesn’t start your milk flowing, nothing will.” Anne smiled confidently, assured her friend would soon be joining her in the corps of lactating women.

“I can’t believe I’m considering this,” Eileen said.

Anne shook her head. “You’ve already considered it. It’s all but done.”

Eileen looked up from the pile of presents on her kitchen table. “I haven’t even started yet.”

“All you need is a glass of water, a few pills, and an electric outlet to power the pump.”

“Why are you pushing me so hard to do this?” She had picked up the fenugreek bottle and now placed it back on the table with a slightly trembling hand.

Taking a careful, deep breath Anne started the speech she had memorized.

“Remember when we were considering getting vibrators way back when. And how nervous and scared we were—those were crazy times, huh?”

Eileen nodded.

“Anyway, we did the whole mail order thing because the internet back then wasn’t so reliable and no way were we walking into Adult Outlet, right? We even used a fake name if I remember, as if the mailman didn’t know what was in the plain brown envelope. More importantly, he probably didn’t care. And then we got them and we were afraid to try them but we finally did and I had the most mind-blowing incredible orgasm of my life.” Her eyes went dreamy. “I still think about Big Blue. He died too soon. Some great memories there.” She shook her head. “Anyway, my sex life would have sucked without Big Blue. I needed a vibrator to learn how to really enjoy sex. Didn’t you?”

“Um, yeah, kind of,” Eileen laughed uncomfortably. She had never had trouble achieving orgasm like Anne had years ago. All she needed was a confident man who knew what he was doing or a good fantasy and her strong fingers.

“Lactation is the next step of your sexual awakening,” Anne told her. “Imagine the best orgasm you’ve ever had. Then increase the intensity by a factor of ten. That’s sex when you’re nursing your partner. And he’ll want more and more of you. You won’t be able to get rid of him.”

“I won’t?”

“Nope.”

Eileen was still hesitant to begin. Anne knew what she needed to do. Being bold she reached out and put her fingers on her friend’s shirt, unfastening the top button.

“What are you doing?” Eileen asked, shocked.

“Helping you along. Get your shirt and bra off.” Anne wasn’t screaming at her or threatening her, but the voice she used was one of command. Eileen followed orders. She unbuttoned her shirt exposing her plain white bra that was pure practicality.

“Everything off,” Anne said as she plugged in the breast pump’s motor and

prepared the bottles and tubes.

Slowly Eileen complied. Her nipples hardened in the cool air. She was afraid. She didn't know what was about to happen. Somehow she thought that it would be more erotic getting her milk to start flowing but this was almost pure mechanics.

"These are the horns," Anne said giving her topless friend the soft plastic funnels. "Press them to your breasts. Make sure the nipples are centered exactly on the opening to the tubes. I've connected the bottles not that you'll be producing anything right now but because the pump doesn't work without them in place. The tubes run the air suction. You control the on/off rate of the pump by the little lever on the horns where you hold them. Easy as that."

She flipped the switch and the pump shuddered to life. It sounded like the electric pump Eileen used on her bicycle tires. It was the same principle. Automatically she pressed the lever and her nipples were drawn impossibly deep into the horns' tubes.

"Ahh!" she cried out in pain and tried to pull the horns off her breasts.

That made the pain worse.

Anne reached for the pump and adjusted the dial. "It was on the highest setting," she explained sheepishly. "Is that better?"

"Ouch," commented Eileen. She had released the lever right after Anne had adjusted the dial, but her nipple was still in pain.

"Try it again," Anne urged. Eileen nodded and allowed the suction to resume. This time it was gentle. Too gentle; it barely pulled her nipples at all.

"A little more," she urged and Anne slowly dialed up the power. She watched, fascinated, as her nipples were steadily pulled into the long tubes, each time a little further. It wasn't painful, but rather interesting, as if a lover was sucking on her, but without the moisture and passion.

"That's good," she said when the suction reached a point that bordered on pain. It took several cycles for her to understand the combination of pleasant sensations and the edge of pain.

“It’s mesmerizing,” Anne said as she watched her friend’s nipples being drawn into the device. “I think you’ve got the tits for this.”

That made Eileen laugh. “Really? Are you the expert?”

Her smile said everything. “You see any other expert in this room?” She turned and drew herself a glass of water from the faucet. Eileen watched her tits in the horns. Anne proceeded to open two bottles of pills, the fenugreek and domperidone. “Take these every day. It’ll help your milk come in faster.”

She motioned for Eileen to open her mouth. When she did so Anne placed the two pills on the tongue and held the glass of water to her lips. It was a surprisingly intimate act. Eileen couldn’t resist; her hands were occupied with the breast pump and she wanted to follow Anne’s lead.

“Is this stuff safe?” She asked a little late after swallowing the pills.

Anne shrugged. “Safe enough. It’s what a lot of adoptive moms go through to start lactating before the adopt newborns.”

“Oh.”

They allows the pump to run a good twenty minutes before Anne decided it was enough. “You’ll need to do this every morning and when you get home from work and right before you go to bed,” she instructed. The horns came off and they stared at Eileen’s distended breast and nipples. Anne wanted to caress her friend’s breasts to wipe away the lingering pain, but she held back.

“What is it like when you’re actually pumping milk?” Eileen asked.

Anne licked her lips and opened up her shirt revealing a nursing bra that she lowered the flap to.

“Oh,” Eileen commented. “You come prepared.”

“I’ve found it easier to wear a nursing bra most of the time. Chris likes the easy access and I like the pockets for the breast pads.”

“Not very sexy.”

“Depends on your definition of sexy.” Anne turned the pump back on and pressed one horn to her exposed breast. She dialed up the suction and Eileen witnessed a fine spray of milk from Anne’s tit.

“Wow!” She exclaimed as the pump worked Anne’s breast. In short order there was almost an ounce of milk in the bottle. Anne pulled her tit free and offered her friend the collection bottle. “Care for a taste?”

Boldly Eileen took the bottle and upended it into her mouth. She let the liquid linger on her tongue, heavy and sweet, before swallowing. “Delicious.”

Now it was Anne’s turn to be bold. “Care to try it right from the source?”

Eileen remembered her mantra. Be bold. “Sure.”

It took all of Anne’s self-control to not show shock and surprise. She managed the task and opened up her shirt a little more, exposing the full expanse of her breast outlined by the straps of the nursing bra. “Right here or do you want to sit down on the couch or something?” It wasn’t the smoothest way to suggest they be clinical about their little sexual experiment or if they wanted to make it more sensual.

To prove she was all in Eileen said, “The couch. We’re the wrong heights and I don’t want to kneel on the tiles.”

Two truths hid her deception. Eileen was taller than her lactating friend and the floor tiles would be very hard on anyone’s knees. She wanted to feel Anne’s body against hers. She needed the skin-to-skin contact. Turning smartly on her heel Eileen marched out to the living room and sat on her broad couch, patting the cushion next to her for Anne.

It took some maneuvering but eventually they settled on having Anne sit upright with a pair of pillows on her lap to support Eileen’s head. Eileen let Anne take the lead at this point; she was the expert in adult nursing, she had been letting her husband feed on her for years.

“You sure about this?” Anne asked, suddenly unsure if she should be seducing her friend in this manner.

“Yes.” Eileen’s voice as firm and confident. She masked her nervousness well

until she rested her head on the pillows and found herself staring directly at Anne's heavy breast. She wasn't exactly intimidated by it, but it was the first time she had ever been that close to anyone else's breast other than her own.

It was scary.

It was also a bit exciting.

"Ready?" Anne asked.

Eileen could see the fine details in the nipple and breast. Anne's skin was milky white, almost too white; it seemed it was the same color as the milk she produced. A few faint blue veins hid right beneath the skin and Eileen imagined she could see Anne's breast slightly throbbing with her heartbeat. The areola was wrinkled up and puckered which in turn had caused the nipple to grow erect. The nipple was darker than Eileen had remembered and was beautiful in its own right.

Was she secretly bisexual? She was turned on, but was her lust because of Anne's presence or the idea she was once again experimenting with something new and different. Was nursing from another woman just another item to check off her list of sexual achievements?

As she rested her head on the pillow she considered everything and then saw the tiny globule of milk slowly form on the tip of her nipple. It grew of its own accord and rested happily on Anne's dusky pink nipple.

Abruptly Eileen's tongue reached out and licked the sweet droplet away. Anne shivered. Eileen savored the sweet treat in her mouth. She pushed aside all other thoughts and took Anne's nipple in her mouth. There was nothing wrong with this, it was just two friends sharing, one helping the other.

Anne's nipple didn't harden in Eileen's mouth. It became soft. Eileen gently drew it deeper and created a bit of suction. To her surprise she could feel the tiny spray of milk inside her mouth and she audibly swallowed. It was such a surprise she missed the sweet taste.

Almost immediately she let the breast fall from her mouth. "Wow, that was a lot."

Anne had to resist stroking her friend's face like she did to Chris when they were nursing together. "Sometimes when I start I have a pretty strong spray, especially if I've been primed a bit."

Neither of them wanted to say if she had been primed by the erotic tension or the breast pump, or both.

Eileen nodded and went back to the breast. She drew the nipple and all the areola into her mouth and Anne sighed contentedly. The milk started flowing and Eileen set up a steady rhythm of suck and swallow. It was completely different from giving a blowjob, there was steady sucking and swallowing instead of just heavy sucking followed by the quick decision at the end to swallow or turn her head.

It was enjoyable and relaxing. She allowed herself to get lost in the moment. Time was lost to her as she cupped her friend's breast with her hand and happily emptied all the milk she had to offer.

Anne's movements disturbed Eileen from her nursing. Anne was shifting position and moving her arm and hand under the pillows. "Am I disturbing you?" Anne asked quietly.

Eileen took a quick break from feeding. "No," she said and went right back to tasting the sweet and luscious milk now steadily flowing. The movement continued and only then did Eileen realize her friend was jilling off.

Was that allowed?

Obviously it was but it seemed odd and wrong to do this first time. Eileen opened her eyes and looked up at her friend. Anne's eyes were closed, her head was back, and her lips were parted as she breathed heavily under the twin erotic assault on her breast and pussy.

She was beautiful in the midst of the moment of passion. Eileen didn't want to disappoint Anne so she kept sucking even as she watched Anne get herself off. Anne took a long time to warm up and reach a climax. It seemed like forever, not that Eileen minded; nursing had become sensual and relaxing. She could stay at the breast all day if need be.

Then there was an irresistible urge in her loins. Eileen realized her panties were

wet and she needed a little orgasm as well. With a mental shrug she pushed her hand inside her stretchpants and into her undies. She was wet, sopping. It was easy to find her clit and set up a matching stroke that worked well with the sucking.

Too soon Anne groaned and then squealed. Though she tried to muffle the noise of her orgasm, it was obvious what had just happened because she wasn't able to prevent her hips from bucking up. All through Anne's climax Eileen didn't release her breast or stop sucking. Anne's eyes popped open and saw Eileen staring at her. She smiled nervously. Seeing that the perfect moment was going to pass Eileen rubbed furiously at her clit and pushed herself over the edge to her own orgasm.

Only then did she let go of Anne's drained tit. They caught each other's glances and laughed nervously.

"Is that allowed?" Eileen asked as she lifted her head off the pillows and pulled her hand from her pants.

"What?" Anne said innocently.

"Cumming while nursing," Eileen said bluntly.

"I try to get off every time Chris nurses," Anne said only half answering the question.

"Do you masturbate to do it?" Eileen sat up and absently wiped at her cheek where a bit of milk and saliva had dribbled down.

"Sometimes. Sometimes we have sex. It's best when I'm on top and he nurses while we have sex."

"Oh." Eileen couldn't look her friend in the eye. She could smell the scent of her pussy on her fingers. She wondered if the same was true of Anne. "Have you ever done this before?"

Anne shook her head as she lifted the flap of her bra back into place hiding her nipple away. She began to button her shirt. "No. Only Chris has ever nursed from me." She paused. "Well, and little Eddie."

“Is Chris going to be upset with me?”

Anne laughed. “No. He left the breast you just emptied full this morning because I was coming over to give you the starter pack.” She rested her hand on her friend’s shoulder. “He wanted you to nurse from me.”

“That’s strange.”

“I liked it,” Anne said.

There was a long pause. “So did I.”

Eileen’s body was practically singing by the time Steve got to her place. He was barely through the door when she attacked him and pulled him to the bedroom.

“Whoa. What’s gotten into you?” he asked as she started stripping off his clothes.

“Does it matter?” she asked. “Just be happy you’re the beneficiary.”

Soon she had all of his clothes off but for his boxers when she realized she was the one who needed to be naked. She pushed him down onto the bed where he landed in a sitting position and bounced up and down a few time, half to enjoy the spring of the mattress, half to show his eagerness. Grinning, she yanked off her shirt and bra in the same motion, and then quickly wiggled out of her yoga pants leaving her only in her very tiny panties. Maybe she should have done it more slowly, stripped for his pleasure, put on a show, but it was too late. Eileen moved forward and circled her arms around his neck.

Like any man he kissed her skin and turned his head seeking out her nipple. With a subtle twist of her torso she helped him find it and sighed heavily when he drew her sensitive flesh into his mouth. “Oh, that feels good,” she moaned. It felt good, but there was also a touch of pain and soreness after two usages of her new breast pump. She ignored the pain. She would get by the pain.

“You like that?” he mumbled into her soft flesh.

“I love that. Do it more.”

His mouth continued to suck and she knelt on the bed, her knees on either side of his thighs, slowly they collapsed to the bed and she rolled to her side. He rolled with her and tried to get on top.

“No, suck on them, bite them,” she encouraged him.

“Like this?” he asked taking a little nibble.

She giggled and put her hand over his boxers. He was erect and straining to escape. He’d had to wait. Steve had other duties to attend at the moment. He didn’t know it yet but he was going to help bring in her milk.

“Play with my tits,” she begged, drawing his hand up to her free breast. Encouraged by her words and behavior Steve pinched her nipple and she shivered in delight. “More. Harder.”

It wouldn’t be hard to hook him, she reflected as she slowly massaged his cock through his boxers. It would just take a little time.

Chapter Five

She allowed him plenty of time to acclimate to her newest request in bed and then rolled on top of his body. “Take off your boxers,” she told him.

Steve followed orders, struggling a bit to divest himself of his underwear, but eventually kicked the garment free. He pressed upward with his hips, running the tip of his cock between her buttocks. As much as Steve tried it was impossible for him to penetrate very far because Eileen had wisely chosen a very traditional pair of cotton bikini panties that day. They might have been cute with little kittens frolicking all over her nethers, but more importantly they were effective in preventing any accidental penetration of her pussy. Eileen would decide when she was going to be fucked, not Steve.

“I want to fuck you,” Steve begged as he grasped her hips and kept trying to push through the material. He knew she was teasing him, that was half the game and half the fun. He was waiting for her to give him permission as he ogled her bouncing breasts.

“I know you do,” she said. “But tonight, I’m on top and I’m in charge. Okay?”

“Okay,” he quickly agreed figuring that was the best way to get laid tonight.

“And you have to play with my boobs. Pinch them, squeeze them, suck them.”

For just a moment Steve stopped in his awkward thrusting at her protected pussy.

“Really?” he asked, intrigued.

“Uh-huh,” Eileen replied with enthusiasm. “Unless you really don’t want to...”

Steve champed at the bit. “I want to!”

She laughed and rolled off him, quickly pulled off her kitten covered panties, and straddled his hips again. “Ready?”

It was an instance of not having to be asked twice. Steven thrustled upwards once

and sank his thick cock into Eileen's wet pussy. They both moaned together savoring the joining of their flesh. "That feels wonderful," she told him.

"Uh-huh," Steve replied absently as he reached up to palm both of her breasts. They weren't the biggest ones that Steve had ever had the pleasure of knowing intimately, but they were among the best. Not too small, nicely shaped and topped with small but perfectly formed dusty brown nipples. Eileen had never urged him to play with them before, but there was no reason for him to refuse. After a minute's massage combined with Eileen riding his cock up and down, she pushed his hands away and leaned forward, offering her breasts to his mouth. "Suck," she urged him.

Steve responded to her request. He had no idea what he was getting into.

The next morning after Steve had left after a good morning fuck, and Eileen had used her pump for a good twenty minutes, she called Anne. "I did it," she announced.

"Did what?" a sleepy Anne asked as she yawned into the phone.

"Got Steve to suck on my nipples while we had sex. I think he liked it."

"Of course he liked it. He's a man."

"I liked it."

"Good. You're supposed to. Did he..." Anne glanced around to make sure Chris wasn't listening. He was too busy with Eddie at the moment. "Did he make you cum from your breasts alone?"

Eileen shook her head and then realized Anne couldn't see that. "No. Almost. But no. I wanted to..."

"It'll come," Anne said and giggled at her pun. "Don't forget to take your pills."

"Right," Eileen agreed as she opened up her bottles and prepared herself for a long journey. Oddly, she was excited and nervous about what she was going to do to her body and Steve's mind.

For several weeks Eileen didn't notice any change in her breasts at all. She kept using the breast pump three times a day. At first it was a little painful, then true soreness set in, but she kept using the pump. After a while she had to concede that maybe her nipples were a little bigger, but her overall breast size was the same. She took her pills even though one of them would occasionally give her an upset stomach. It was hard for her to narrow down which one so she always made sure to drink plenty of water with them. Sex with Steve was the best part of the deal; it was more frequent, maybe a little rougher, but with plenty of attention directed toward her tits. Eileen had grown to love having her boobs played with. Steve certainly didn't mind and how quickly learned the best way to get her in the mood for more sex was to gently massage her breasts. Sometimes just grabbing them from behind was enough to moisten her panties. In the middle of sex she loved to have them pinched and bitten. And sucked. She found herself constantly offering her nipples to her lover. Eileen found herself on more than one occasion riding his cock and then leaning back to show off in front of him, playing with her nipples, squeezing them, teasing Steve with the show.

Her first breast orgasm came unexpectedly. Eileen wished it had been pure but it was good enough. They were having sex, she was on top and they were taking it slow; it had been a long day at work for both of them and they wanted to relax. His cock was in her pussy but he wasn't thrusting and she was only gently rocking her hips back and forth very slowly. Eileen leaned forward and Steve's lips sought out her nipple. As she supported her weight with one hand, she pinched her free nipple with the other. Steven sucked her breast deep into his mouth. She pinched herself as hard as she dared and it happened. The orgasm wasn't powerful, but it shook her body and her eyes popped open as she leaned back, pulling her tit from his mouth.

"I came!" she announced.

"Yeah. So?" Steve replied, upset that his fleshy pink treat had been taken away. He had become so used to nursing on her nipples that when he was denied, he became sulky. Both of them hadn't yet picked up on this behavior because Eileen was usually quick to put her breast back where he and she both wanted it.

"It was from my tits! Not from my pussy!"

Steve was nonplussed. “Oh.”

“Don’t you get it?” she asked him. “Every time I’ve ever come in my life it was because of my clit or pussy or both. You’ve given me my first breast orgasm. Or is it a nipple orgasm. What’s the right term?”

“You’re welcome,” he said feeling proud of himself. “Was it that different from other orgasms?”

“Completely, but I can’t explain it. It just originated somewhere else instead of where I was expecting it?”

“Want to do it again?”

“Uh-huh!” she said and leaned back down so he could nurse from her. Her next orgasm was from her clit, but that was okay. She was determined he would make her cum from her tits again.

When Eileen reported her success to Anne her friend replied, “You know lots of women can do that, right?”

“I know, but it’s the first time for me. Sheesh. Let me have a little happiness.”

“Any milk yet?” Anne asked. They were both getting worried. Everything Anne had read and knew from experience told her it shouldn’t take more than a month for Eileen’s milk to develop and flow. The combination of pump, pills, and oral stimulation should have been enough. It had been over a month. Anne was starting to think everything they were using was overkill.

“No.” Eileen’s voice was flat, emotionless. The two women had almost been avoiding each other since their episode on the couch of near-mutual masturbation. Eileen wondered if a woman’s touch was exactly what she needed right now.

“Do they feel any different at all? Bigger, firmer, harder, heavier? Anything?”

“I don’t know.”

“Check them right now,” Anne demanded.

Eileen cradled the phone between ear and shoulder to give herself an impromptu breast exam under her shirt. It was awkward and unscientific to say the least. “I don’t know. Maybe a bit firmer. It’s hard to tell because of my cycle.”

Anne sniffed. “That’s something, I suppose. Don’t worry, it’ll come, it’ll come.” She tried to sound confident and reassuring, but she was frustrated. She wanted her friend to be able to lactate as much as she could.

Anne was surprised when she found Eileen at her door that night. Normally Eileen would call before coming over and this surprise was completely out of the ordinary. “Steven can’t come over tonight,” she complained to her friend as she barged inside. “He’s got to work late.”

“Sorry to hear that.” She had just put Eddie down for the night and Chris was watching television in the living room.

“My tits hurt,” Eileen complained.

“Oh. That’s good,” Anne said with a broad smile on her face.

“No, it’s not. They hurt!”

“Yes, it is. It means your milk is coming in.” She couldn’t stop smiling.

“The breast pump isn’t making it go away. I used it for over half an hour and it just gets worse and worse. And no milk.” She was practically in tears.

The commotion brought Chris out of the living room. “What’s the fuss?”

Anne explained before Eileen could shush her to silence. “Her milk’s coming in and her breasts hurt. Steve’s not around tonight to help her out.”

Chris grinned and leered. “I can do that for you,” he magnanimously offered.

“I don’t think so,” Eileen replied, her face flushing bright red. It was one thing for Chris to know about what she and Anne were doing. It was another entirely

for him to actually participate.

“Why not?” Anne asked.

Shyness overcame her. “Could you help me out?” Eileen asked in her smallest voice.

Anne wet her lips and swallowed in anticipation. “I think Chris and I can both do that for you.”

Eileen’s glance shifted between the married couple. “Wouldn’t that be weird?” she asked.

“Why?” Anne inquired.

“The two of you?” Eileen asked. “It’s just...I don’t know. You’re married.”

“And Chris has tasted breast milk before. I’ll be quicker if both of us help you,” Anne pointed out. “Besides, I want to see him nursing from you.”

“Um...what?”

Anne was done with the discussion. “Come to our bedroom,” she said grabbing Eileen’s hand and pulling her along. Chris followed eagerly.

She found she couldn’t resist once they were in the bedroom and Anne was tugging at her shirt to pull it over her head. Eileen reached behind her back to unhook her bra and release her breasts. It took all her will to keep from cupping them, hiding the nipples from Chris...and Anne. “Lay down,” Anne told her and Eileen got on the bed, still wearing her jeans and socks and shoes. She kicked off her sneakers and tried to lay back casually on the bed, her head resting on the pillows.

Anne wasted no time joining the suffering woman on the bed, pressing her body against Eileen’s and kissing her on the shoulder. “This should take your pain away,” Anne told her. “Just relax. Have you noticed any milk yet?”

“No. Nothing.”

“Your body just needs to be told how to let it flow. You might have blocked duct,

but we can resolve that.” Anne lowered her head to Eileen’s breast and gently surrounded the nipple with her soft tongue and lips. Eileen sighed. She barely noticed when Chris joined them on the bed, the side opposite Anne; she did notice when his mouth attached to her other breast and he started sucking on her as well. His mouth was more insistent than Anne’s. He used his tongue to gently massage and rasp against her nipple. That sent a little thrill through her body right down to her clit. Anne was right. Chris knew exactly what he was doing when he nursed from a woman.

She was barely aware she was moaning. “Are we hurting you?” Anne asked, taking a break from sucking.

Eileen shook her head. “No, it feels good. It feels really good.”

“That’s nice,” Anne said. “Look at this.” Eileen opened her eyes and looked down at Anne who grasped her breast in both hands and firmly squeezed in a rolling motion. A tiny bead of milk formed on the tip of her nipple. Eileen gasped. Anne licked the drop away. “Very, very sweet,” she said.

“I’m milking,” Eileen blurted and Anne laughed at her. Chris smiled around the nipple in his mouth but didn’t let go of Eileen. “I mean, I’m lactating. I’m making milk.”

Anne nodded her head. “Not much, but it’s very sweet and very thick, thicker than it should be. You need to up your water intake.” She went back to the breast and sucked some more. Eileen lost herself in the dual sensations on her nipples. She didn’t want to admit it at the moment but her lust was rising but there didn’t seem to be any easy way tell her married friends to stop sucking on her breasts so she could get herself off. Instead she rested her hands on the backs of their heads and tried to lose herself in the moment.

“You’re wiggling,” Anne said.

“I’m horny,” Eileen blurted. Anne laughed again.

“Do you think you can come from just being nursed?”

Eileen shook her head. “No. I need more.”

Anne didn’t say anything; she lowered her head again and sucked hard on

Eileen's tit. There was a tug at the button and zipper on her jeans. Eileen looked down and felt her pants being opened up but couldn't see who was doing it. When a hand burrowed down under her panties she decided it had to be Anne based on the size of the fingers searching out her wet pussy. Once Anne's fingers were sufficiently moistened she pulled them from her pussy and started playing with her clit, rubbing and pinching.

"Oh, not that," Eileen complained.

"You want me to stop?" Anne asked, not stopping.

"No, don't stop. More."

It didn't take very much more. Being nursed and a little clit play was all that Eileen needed to orgasm. Only after she came and her body stopped shaking did Chris and Anne let go of her breasts.

"That was too much," Eileen said as Anne withdrew her hand from Eileen's panties.

"Did we hurt you?" Chris asked looking with longing at her empty breast.

"No, I've just never had sex that way before. Wait, did we just have sex?"

Anne nodded. "If there was genital contact and you had an orgasm, then it was sex. I'm glad you're not a screamer; this would have been tough to explain to Eddie."

"What do I do?" Eileen asked.

Chris answered. "Heavy breathing and when you're cumming you hold your breath while whining." She looked surprised. "If you don't believe me you should record yourself cumming some time."

"I think I'll pass on that." She didn't know what to do next. She was laying between the couple, topless, and couldn't think of an elegant way to make an exit.

Luckily for her Anne took the initiative by removing her own shirt. Underneath she was wearing a soft white camisole. This she pulled off as well and beckoned

to Chris. “That’s not enough to fill you up, is it?” she asked him.

Chris shook his head and made his way around the bed to nurse from his wife, giving Eileen a way to leave in relative silence. “Don’t go,” Anne said to her as Eileen made to slip off the bed.

“I should leave you two alone.”

Chris shook his head again. He obviously wanted Eileen to stay but was unwilling to speak around Anne’s breast. “Join us.” Anne lifted up her tit, offering the free one to Eileen. “Come on, you know you want to.”

Eileen was more than tempted. The little bit of milk she had enjoyed from Anne wasn’t enough. Was it so wrong so stay?

As she settled in next to her friend and carefully nursed from Anne’s heavy and full breast she noticed Chris starting to remove his clothes. That was fine with Eileen. It was their house. Then he helped Anne out of her sweatpants and panties. She knew she should have objected, or politely left the room, but she was fascinated to see what would happen next.

Anne’s hand went to her husband’s cock and stroked it a few times. That was largely unnecessary. He was already hard. Eileen had never seen a live sex show before. It wasn’t gross or dirty; it was erotic and loving.

“Stop for a minute,” Anne told them both. Disappointed, Eileen let her friend’s heavy breast slip from her lips. She had tasted Anne’s sweet milk and knew there was plenty more inside. She wanted to completely empty Anne.

Chris rolled to his back and then, as if it were something that everybody did it front of company, Anne got on top of Chris and eased his cock into her pussy. Eileen assumed Anne must be very wet because Eileen could tell her pussy was still sloppy wet. Anne twisted her body a bit and leaned forward so that Chris could continue nursing. Eileen now felt excluded. Sure, she had a live show to watch, but she didn’t want a show, she wanted to participate.

“Lay down next to Chris,” Anne told her. “There’s plenty of me to go around.”

It took a minute to find the right position but soon Eileen was nursing happily next to Chris, drinking all of the free-flowing milk that Anne had to offer.

“Oh, this is fucking great,” Anne moaned as she wiggled her hips on her husband’s cock. “I should have two people nursing on me all the time.”

Eileen agreed with the sentiment and found herself absently touching her pussy as she nursed and watched the couple fuck. “Let me help you with that,” Anne said and reached over to caress her friend.

Opening her legs wider Eileen allowed Anne access and closed her eyes to concentrate on Anne’s breast and her fingers. Only it wasn’t her fingers, it was Chris’s. She could tell by the size and roughness. It didn’t matter; if they hadn’t been fucking Eileen would have reached for Chris’s cock or maybe Eileen’s pussy.

After everyone had come and they were laying together in the bed Anne said, “Wait until tomorrow morning Steve gets ahold of your breasts. He’s in for a surprise.” She laughed out loud. Eileen chuckled along with her, but inside she was wondering what Steve’s reaction would actually be. She hadn’t prepared him at all for what she was planning, even though that was what Anne had told her to do. Would he be too shocked—or disgusted—to do anything but leave.

Chapter Six

“Hello, what have we here?” Steve said when he found Eileen waiting for him in his bed the next day. It was early evening. She had rushed to get to his place and make herself presentable before he arrived. The hardest part was getting into the corset she had purchased. She knew it wasn’t a true corset, holding everything in place and making her torso all but immobile. It was a fashion corset, with just a little extra support to show off her tits. What little she had was radically enhanced by what the corset did. She had even opted to unhook the tiny shoulder straps that were entirely unnecessary for her.

She was kneeling on his bed when he walked in. A matching pair of panties went with the red and black corset. His eyes roved over her body. He barely noticed the black stockings she was wearing.

“Just me,” she said pretending innocence. “See anything you like?”

“A lot.” Steve moved inside and pulled his loose tie from around his neck. His suit jacket was tossed casually over the chest at the end of the bed. He was tall and athletic; he hadn’t allowed himself to fall apart after college. Eileen licked her lips in anticipation of what was to come. She imagined running her fingers through his sandy-brown hair.

“Are you going to ravish me?” she asked, still playing the innocent young girl.

“If that’s what a bad girl like you needs.”

“Take off all your clothes,” she ordered. Eileen was still kneeling. Her fingertips stroked the lacy edge of her stockings. She wondered if he could smell her scent, the scent that filled her nose at the moment. She wondered if he could smell the milk she knew her breasts were producing.

He did so quickly. When he was done he stood before her, his cock erect. She wondered if he expected her to suck it. That wasn’t going to happen, not yet. Instead she tugged down the soft cups of her corset, just barely exposing her tits, allowing the nipples to pop out. “You know what I want,” she told him.

They fell to the bed together and Steve's mouth automatically searched out her exposed breasts. One nipple went between his lips; the other nipple went between his fingers where he pinched the delicate flesh. She took his other hand and placed it over her pussy. He didn't push his fingers under the material. He was taking his time. He wanted to feel the moisture of her desire through the silk that hid her sex. He did go so far as to lightly massage her nether lips through her panties. Eileen liked that.

"Ooh," she moaned. Not because of his masturbation of her cunt. Not because of his lips on her tit. Not because of his fingers pinching her nipple. She felt her milk let down. She felt it flowing into his mouth. Instead of becoming agitated or nervous at this moment of truth, instead she relaxed and enjoyed what her body was doing.

Steve kept nursing at her breast. She cupped the back of his head, tangling her fingers in his hair, and held him to her. The moment of perfection was broken when he suddenly pulled back from her nipple. "You taste very sweet tonight."

Eileen could only manage an artful smile.

"What?" Steve asked. "You only get quiet when you're up to something."

He hadn't let go of her nipple he was pinching. She glanced down. No milk was flowing but she could feel it dribbling out of her other breast.

"I'm not up to something," she told him. "It's what you've done to me."

He didn't say anything for a very long beat. And then: "You're not pregnant, are you?"

She shook her head. "No. But you're sort of close."

His brow furrowed. "What? You know I hate games like this."

"You've been crazy for my tits lately," she told him.

"Yeah. So?"

It was amazing that he had it into his head that it was his idea to ravish her breasts over the past few weeks.

“Nothing’s without consequences, honey,” she told him. “A woman’s body responds to how it’s treated. You’ve made me lactate.”

“What?” He was flatly stunned.

“It’s why I taste so sweet.”

“What?” His brain wasn’t working.

“Here. Let me show you.” She massaged her breast, kneading it a moment, then squeezed just the right way, forcing up a little squirt of milk that covered her tit and hand. “See?”

Steve stared blankly. “Oh shit. I didn’t mean to do that to you! I didn’t know I could do that to you. Or to anyone!”

Eileen shushed him. “It’s okay. It’s kind of nice actually. Here taste it,” she said offering her fingers to his mouth. Steve hesitated. “Go ahead. You must have already been drinking some the past few minutes. Go head, do it.”

Hesitantly Steve stuck out his tongue and licked off the drops of thin milk from her fingers.

“That’s very sweet,” he commented. “Like sugar water, sort of. That’s what I’ve been tasting for the past week.”

She tried to be calm as she realized she must have been lactating for longer than she realized. But that was okay. She just needed to play the game. “I realized it yesterday. My boobs started hurting because you weren’t around to relieve the pressure. Make me feel good, Steve, do it again.”

For a moment he looked appalled. “Drink breast milk?”

“Drink the breast milky you made me create.” Her smile became arch. “If you don’t, my breasts will hurt like fuck and I’m not dealing with that right now. But if you do...well, I suppose there’s not much I wouldn’t do for you.”

Steve’s eyes widened and he considered his options. He didn’t say anything but simply dropped his head to her breast and started nursing again. “That’s it,” she encouraged him. “If you do it right, you’ll make me cum without even touching

my pussy.”

He wiggled his fingers that were still wedged into her moist slit.

“Well, maybe not tonight.” She sighed and let him do with her as he wished. She needed to make it seem like this was his decision, his choice, brought on by his actions. His mouth seemed to know exactly what to do. He slurped and sucked at her breast until it was empty, then moved over to the other one. It only took a few minutes of sucking on that one before she came. The orgasm was a mixture of breast and clit. That was good enough for now.

“I did the deed,” Eileen reported to Anne the next morning.

“What?”

It was the first time in a very long time that Eileen had been able to surprise her friend. “I got Steve to nurse from me. He said he loved it.”

Anne wasn’t the type of woman to squeal like teenaged girl. If she was, she would have made that obnoxious noise right then and there. “That’s fantastic.”

“I know,” Eileen breathed. “And the sex...the sex was incredible. Best I’ve ever had.”

“Better than when you used to have Bobby tie you up so you couldn’t move a muscle then fuck you?” Anne teased.

“Better.”

“Better than when Greg would put you over his knee and spank your ass until you couldn’t sit down of a week?”

Eileen closed her eyes and remembered how Greg would do exactly that. The pain was quickly washed away in the pleasure of sex afterwards. It took until the next day for her ass to really hurt. “Better.”

“Bette than when, oh fuck what was his name...Tim! Better than when Tim bought those nipple clamps and made you wear them while he fucked you.”

The nipple clamps were still in her nightstand drawer next to her silver vibrator. She hadn't used them in a while. Was the way the clamps made her feel why she was so open to being nursed by Steve? "Oh, fucking hell those clamps could hurt, but yeah, better than that."

"Even better than when you dated that guy who only wanted to have anal sex?"

"Will. You know he was cheating on his wife with me right?"

"You told me."

Eileen shook her head. She hadn't known Will was married until well into their relationship. He only would have oral sex with her for a long time. He said he wanted to save vaginal for when they were "fully committed" in his words. Looking back she was fairly certain it was because he didn't want to get her pregnant. Or maybe he was just fucked in the head and liked anal sex better than vag. He was the only guy who had ever fucked her in the ass. It hurt a bit at first, but then she came to like and enjoy it. But it never became her preferred act. And when she found out he was married and lying to both of them the entire time, she ended their relationship and his affair. Her ass had quickly recovered and she hadn't desired to try it again.

"Yeah, much better than anal."

"We need to celebrate," Anne told her.

That evening Eileen went over to Anne's house. Steve's schedule was such that she wouldn't be able to see him until much later in the night. When she walked into Anne's house she noticed her friend had set up more than a few bottles of alcohol on the kitchen counter. It wasn't much of a bar, but it would do. "Human technology hasn't advanced to the point where women can directly offer men—or other women, I suppose—alcohol directly from their breasts, so I've done the next best thing," Anne said.

Eileen carefully eyed what was being prepared in front of her. "What are you doing?" she asked warily.

"Fixing us a drink to celebrate," Anne said. She poured some vodka and coffee liqueur over ice in two glasses and carefully poured cream on top, slowly stirring in the cream. "You like White Russians, don't you?" she asked, handing over

one of the glasses.

“Um...yeah. But that wasn’t cream, was it?”

Anne sipped delicately at the drink and nodded in approval. “Nope. Not traditional cream. It was cream of me. These aren’t White Russians; I called them White Babushkas.”

“Russian grandmothers?”

“My Russian is limited.”

“This is your breast milk?” Eileen asked, still not having tried her cocktail.

Anne sipped again. “Yes. Don’t be shy. You’ve tried me before.”

Eileen drank a careful sip. The drink was sweeter than she remembered. That would make sense. It wasn’t bad at all. She didn’t want to drink too much; she still had to drive over to Steve’s later. But she didn’t want to be rude to her hostess either. She took another sip. There was no reason to be rude. The drink was delicious.

“Okay, this is good.” She rocked back on her heels slightly. “Maybe a little strong.” Eileen took another sip. “Why did you do all this?” she asked.

“It wasn’t that much. Just some vodka, ice, liqueur, and my milk. It’s to celebrate your achievement.”

“No, no, not the drink. Though I appreciate it. Why did you get me to start lactating for Steve. It’s a strange method to try to hook a man.”

Anne looked away, then down at her glass, took another big sip, and met Eileen’s questioning eyes. “Because I was lonely.”

“What?”

“I was lonely. Most women who lactate are mothers or mother to be. There’s a very small subset of women who do it for their husbands and boyfriends. I wanted to have someone to share the experience with besides just Chris.”

“So you tricked me into it?” The question came out harsher than she intended.

“I didn’t trick you. You must have wanted to do it. You’re the crazy one in your relationships. You’ve had more strange sex than I ever will. This was just something I wanted you to try because I liked it. I got to introduce you to it. That’s something that has never happened before. Ever. You’ve slept with more guys and played more games than I ever, ever will. I’ve been jealous of you.”

“Jealous of me?”

“You didn’t get married almost right out of college. I did. I’ve been with the same guy for fifteen years. I wanted a little of the wild life that you’ve had.”

Eileen laughed ruefully. “I’ve always wanted what you have. Husband. House. A baby. I’ve got none of that.”

They looked sadly at each other for too long.

“We both want what the other has but we also don’t want to give up what we have either.”

“At least we can share this,” Anne said lifting up her glass with one hand and her breast with the other.

By the time Eileen got to Steve’s house that night she was a little drunk. It was stupid to have driven in that condition, but those are the regrets of life. She didn’t quite stumble into Steve’s door, but it was a close thing.

He met her in the entryway, catching her before she fell. “Have you been drinking?” he immediately asked. The smell was heavy on her breath.

“Just a little,” she admitted. “I was celebrating.”

“Celebrating what?”

Though her alcohol haze she was smart enough to realize that telling him making her lactate wasn’t the smartest choice at the moment. “Anne got a promotion at work. She’s a supervisory counselor now.”

“Is that a big step?”

Anne shook her head. “Not really. Mostly it’s a paperwork and scale thing. It’s such a minor thing that we decided to make a big deal out of it.” She couldn’t believe her lie was getting this far out of hand. She changed the subject. “Wanna fuck?”

He grinned. “Sure.”

“You’ve gotta nurse from me first. My tits are practically bursting.”

“Really?”

“Oh, yeah. I can’t wait to feel you sucking on my nipples.” She laughed at how ridiculous she sounded.

“Do you really want to do that?”

Eileen found herself nodding. “Yeah. I really liked it this morning. Didn’t you?”

“Well, yeah, but is it something that we have to do all the time?”

Now she nodded emphatically. “Yes. Hell yes. If you don’t, first off, my tits start hurting. And I don’t like that so you need to solve that problem right away. Second, if you don’t do it every morning and every night, besides my boobs hurting, the milk goes away. I don’t want it to go away right now. Do you?”

She couldn’t tell if he was lying or not. “No, I don’t.”

“Good.” She starting unbuttoning her shirt and pulled her breasts out of her bra. “Ready, big fella?”

“How about we go to the bedroom?”

“Sounds good.” She was the one to practically run down the hall, dropping her shirt and bra as she made her way to his bed. She unzipped her boots and flopped on the mattress before he even entered the room. Her skirt was rucked up to her hips, giving him a view of her red panties.

“You’re eager,” he said as he got on the bed with her.

“Uh-huh.” She pushed his head down toward her breasts and he lightly kissed

them before starting to nurse.

“Does this mean you want to move in with me?” he asked her and then latched on and sucked hard. It was good; Eileen felt herself relaxing and her milk almost immediately letting down.

“What? Why do you ask that?”

“Isn’t it going to be awfully difficult to nurse you every morning and night unless we’re living together?” he asked.

Anne was right. It was a good way to hook a man.

Chapter Seven

“It’s more than I was expecting,” Eileen said to Anne.

“You don’t want to move in with him?”

“I do—”

“—remember that phrase.”

“Ha ha. But it seems so fast...and it’s under less than honest circumstances.”

“You’re hardly the first woman to entice a man into marriage.”

“Maybe the first one to do so with her tits.”

“Doubtful,” Anne interjected.

“The first to do so with her breast milk?”

“That’s possible. But does he like it?”

“Steven won’t leave my boobs alone. Every morning and every night.”

“Sex twice a day?” Anne was impressed.

“Not every day. Almost.”

“Your pussy must be getting worn out.”

“I can’t believe the amount of milk I’m making. It feels like a quart a day.”

“Really?”

“I’m sure it’s not that much, but it feels like it.”

“Are you going to move in with him?”

“Probably. It feels like everything is moving so fast.”

“So what’s the problem?”

“He says he has a big request. He won’t let me move in until he asks and I say yes.”

“So what’s the request?”

“He’s not saying.”

“Strange.”

“Yeah, I think so. I think he’s got some extra kinky sex fantasy he’s afraid to ask but wants to and can’t bring himself to say the words.”

Eileen moved into Steve’s house three days later. It was an experiment they both agreed. If they could get along for a week without killing each other, they’d extend the experiment to a month. Steve promised he’d make his request at the end of the week. Eileen was watching the calendar. In a little over two months she had to make a decision to re-sign her current apartment lease for another year.

As it happened they both found nursing became much easier. They were always together in the morning and evening so Eileen’s supply steadily increased. Instead of being the turn off Steve found the whole process of nursing from Eileen a sexual turn on. The act of nursing actually excited him; more than once when he was cuddled up next to her she felt his hard cock pressing against her leg, even if she had only bared one breast for him to feed.

And Eileen couldn’t deny that act of nursing excited her as well. Steve stimulating her nipples just didn’t make her milk flow, it made her pussy wet and inflamed her desire. After just ten, or even five, minutes of Steve sucking on her ever-toughening nipples, Eileen found her panties moist, her lust inflamed, and her hand rubbing his cock. Toward the end of the week was when her behavior started to alarm her.

Scheduled usually put her home a half hour before Steve and so Eileen would

usually start dinner for them. The night he walked into the kitchen and smiled at her she was nearly overwhelmed with the desire to get on all fours on the kitchen floor, hike up her skirt, yank down her panties, and present her bare pussy to him in the hope he would mount her.

“God I want to fuck you,” she confessed to him, but didn’t reveal the full extent of her fantasy.

“Right here, right now?” He asked as he took a seat on the stool next to the kitchen counter.

“Yes,” she confessed.

He glanced at the dinner preparations on top of the stove. “Do we have time for a quick fuck?”

A tremble accompanied her nod. “Yes.”

Slowly getting off the stool Steve walked around the counter, took Eileen’s cheek in one hand and kissed her deeply. He pivoted her in a half circle, pressing her against the wall, pinning her there with his body. She didn’t resist as he held her face with one hand and pulled up her skirt with the other. Eileen helped by pulling off her panties. She didn’t know how but his cock was suddenly out of his zipper, strongly erect. To enter her Steve had to bend his knees and she was forced up on her toes.

Their fuck was short and nearly violent. It lasted two minutes at the most. Eileen came when he shot his load in her pussy. There was no afterplay or cuddling; when he was done Steve pulled out and wiped his spent cock on her thigh. When she started to bend down to pull her yellow panties back into place, Steve stopped her. “Leave them off,” he said kneeling down to remove the undergarment from her left ankle. “Finish making dinner that way. I want your pussy exposed.”

It was strange working in the kitchen with her panties. Every drip of his spunk out of her pussy wetted her inner thighs. She felt used and as if she were owned by him. She loved it.

Eileen tried not to think of how her skirt was being ruined by his dripping and slowly drying leavings as she ate dinner together. She would find a good dry

cleaner's in the morning.

The last day of their experimental week found Eileen's tits extra heavy and full in the later afternoon before Steve arrived home. She breathed a huge sigh of relief when he walked through the door. "Where have you been? I need some relief right now." She gave him a kiss and started dragging him to the couch. She hadn't started dinner; she didn't want it to interfere with his nursing.

"You're eager," he commented.

"I'm in pain." That wasn't quite true. She could feel the pressure of her milk supply in her tits, but it wasn't painful yet. Actually, at seeing Steve she felt better almost immediately.

"You're wet," he added after getting off her shirt. She had worn her super-supportive camisole that morning instead of a bra. Her breasts had started growing again for the first time since high school and nothing was fitting correctly. Upon looking down Eileen noticed there were two large wet spots over her nipples wetting the camisole through. She laughed and removed the damp garment over her head.

"You made me let down," she told him.

"What?" he asked as she stuffed one breast into his mouth. He sucked eagerly as the other nipple slowly dribbled her precious milk.

Eileen sighed as he drank from her but managed to keep some focus. "When milk starts flowing, it's called letting down. Just seeing you made me let down."

"Uh-huh," he mumbled into her breast. She wrapped her arms around him and relaxed, enjoying the moment. But that wasn't the last surprise of the day. As Steve nursed he also played with her free nipple. Eileen allowed him. She enjoyed it. It happened too quickly. One moment she was relaxing and the next she was a ball of tension, and then her body was shaking with a breast-bound orgasm. It was pure and beautiful.

"And you made me cum like a true lactating woman," she told him.

“It happened,” Eileen reported the next day on her morning conversation with Anne.

“Oh God what?” Anne immediately thought of a marriage proposal, pregnancy, an offer of a year-long living arrangement, an announcement of a cancer diagnosis, and a confession of undying love all at once. She liked to panic and celebrate at the same time.

“Nipple orgasm.”

“Oh. That.”

“You sound disappointed.”

“Sorry. I wasn’t focused. I was expecting that,” she said. “I panicked and thought maybe he said or did something unexpected.”

“Oh. He did that too. That’s the other part of the conversation we need to have.”

“Oh goody. The big dark secret. Okay, give me a minute...right, now hit me with the request.”

Eileen took a deep breath. It was hardly something outside of what Anne would be open to, she told herself. After all, they had practically done it already. Practically. “Ever have a three-way?” she asked her best friend.

“Just that one time in college with that slutty girl,” Anne joked and then realized her friend was serious. “Oh...he’s serious. And he wants you and me. Right?”

“Right.”

“Why me?” she asked avoiding the obvious question right away.

“Something about wanting to bang my hot friend while I watched.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. Why?”

“He called me your hot friend? I thought you were the prettier one.”

“Um, focus Annie! We’ve got a problem here!”

“What. He wants a three-way with the two of us? That’s not really much of a problem. I’m up for it. Don’t worry about Chris. I’ll take care of him.”

“That’s not the problem I was worried about,” Eileen said.

“Oh? Well, I’m pretty open-minded, you know. And it’s not like we haven’t done a little playing already. You liked it, didn’t you?” Anne tried to hide her nervousness. As much as she enjoyed her time having sort-of sex with Eileen, she wasn’t perfectly comfortable with her burgeoning bisexuality, but she was willing enough to deal with it if that would help out her friend.

“No, not that. I’m not worried about that, though he does have a list of things he wants to see the two of us do. What I’m worried about is your breast milk.”

“What about it? Not good enough for him since trying yours?” She meant it as a joke. It didn’t come out exactly that way.

“No. He doesn’t know you lactate.”

“We’ll have to surprise him then, won’t we?”

It took a week to arrange a time and place, during which Steve was happy to put the status of their relationship on pause. As they drove over to Anne’s house together, Eileen reflected it was a pretty bizarre relationship that they were planning. She loved Steve and all that entailed, but why was it all hinging now on her lactating breasts?

“Why do you want to fuck my best friend?” she abruptly burst out as Steve drove the car.

“What?”

“You heard me. Why do you want to fuck my best friend?”

“Um. Because she’s hot?”

Eileen shook her head. "I'm not trying to be conceited, but I know I'm better looking than her."

"Because I have a thing for married women?" he tried again, this time making a joke.

She glared at him. Even though Steve looked straight ahead, he could feel her eyes on him. "Try again."

"I've never seen a live lesbian sex show before?"

"So you thought you'd ask your girlfriend to lesbianize her best friend in front of you?"

"You agreed. You said yes. She said yes." Steve tried to defend himself.

"Give me the truth. As much as I might love you, Steve, if you can't tell me the real reason behind your kinky sex requests, I will dump you and be done with it."

The pause was interminable. "I've never had a three-way before. And you've had a much...wilder life than I have. I don't want to go into a serious relationship without having had the opportunity at least once."

Eileen had been holding her breath and suddenly burst out laughing.

"Great. Now you think I'm a total loser."

Instead of agreeing, Eileen shook her head. "No, not at all. It's just that I've recently heard almost the same thing from someone else I know."

"Who?"

"Anne."

Eileen had never been so nervous about seeing her friend before. They were best friends after all; why should she be nervous? They were just going to get naked in front Steve and have sex while he watched and then joined in. Simple as that.

Perfectly natural.

There was a wine glass in Anne's hand as she answered the door. Looking inside Eileen was relieved to see two more full goblets on the living room table. A little alcohol couldn't hurt. Anne greeted her with a light kiss on the lips and a momentary embrace. She could smell the wine on Anne's breath. How much had she been drinking?

"Good to see you again, Steve," Anne said as she admitted him as if she were seeing him over for a backyard barbecue. He gave her a little peck on the cheek and walked in behind Eileen.

Unlike her usual casual mode of dress Eileen noted that Anne was wearing a red sweater that was far too low cut to be anything but revealing. She had ample cleavage to show off and whatever bra she was wearing was doing its maximum load of work. Eileen couldn't tear her eyes away from the deep valley Anne was showing off. On the legs Anne wore a pair of gray stretch pants but was shoeless. In her jeans and striped pullover top Eileen felt terribly underdressed. Steve fell somewhere between them in khakis with a polo shirt over which he had worn a sports jacket. The jacket was already off and tossed thoughtlessly to a chair.

"Wine?" Anne offered Steve.

"Yes. Thank you."

When Anne offered the remaining glass to Eileen, she just shook her head.

"I'm too nervous."

"It's supposed to settle your nerves," Anne explained.

"I'll gulp the whole thing and pass out," she refused again.

"Suit yourself," Anne shrugged and finished most of her glass. "How do you want to start this?"

The question was directed to Eileen but Steve answered. "I was promised a show before I was to join in."

Anne glanced at him then walked slowly over to Eileen who was relieved her friend was taking the lead. She was too nervous. Was Anne so confident because of the wine or was she just being a good hostess? Or was she eager to conduct this little experiment and show with Eileen? Was her best friend harboring some hidden bi-curious tendencies? "Then a show you shall get," she said and grabbed Eileen's hand. "To the bedroom," she announced and all but dragged Eileen with her up the stairs and through the hall. As nervous as she was Eileen couldn't help but note her friend's swaying ass in front of her. The stretch pants did wonders to her figure. As they went up the stairs Steve eagerly followed not wanting to miss a moment.

"Are we going to be interrupted?" Eileen asked. Under other circumstances it might have been an honest question, but here and now it was nothing but a delay tactic.

"Chris has Eddie out on an adventure--a movie and play date, I think. They won't be home until I call."

"Oh," Eileen said. "Oh," she repeated when Anne stepped close, wrapped her arms around Eileen and kissed her. It wasn't a friendly kiss. It was a deep French kiss where Anne's tongue explored every part of Eileen's mouth. Without thinking Eileen put her arms around Anne and held her best friend close. Their breasts mashed together and Eileen revealed in Anne's softness.

This would be bad at all, Eileen thought.

"Nice," Steve said as he sat down on the corner of the bed. "Very nice."

Eileen couldn't help but smile through her kiss with Anne. It was just kissing, but it would soon progress to other, more exciting, things. Steve had asked for a show to start and Anne had agreed with Eileen's plan. Steve was to watch and remain silent.

There was an exploratory tug at Eileen's waist and she found Anne pulling her shirt up and off. Anne's nimble and eager fingers unfastened and unzipped Eileen's jeans. Together they removed them and just like that Eileen found herself in nothing but her lacy white panties and matching bra. Except for the moment her top was pulled over her head, they hadn't broken the kiss. Anne didn't relent now as her fingers scrabbled for the hooks on the back of Eileen's bra. The slight taller and nearly naked brunette was pretty sure etiquette

demanded Anne take off some clothes now, but Anne wasn't allowing that to happen. Her bra slipped off her shoulders and Anne pulled the cups free of Eileen's small but growing--and currently full--tits. The small round pads Eileen had taken to tucking into the cups fluttered to the floor. Anne didn't take note, but Steve did. His heart pounded and his cock grew.

Anne bent her knees and broke her union with Eileen's lips. She kissed her way down Eileen's neck, collar bone' top of her breast, and finally kissed and licked Eileen's nipple, but frustratingly didn't suck it. Eileen groaned in frustration. Anne continued her journey down kissing and licking, pausing briefly at the belly button to tease some more, and the knelt on the carpet. Eileen stood nervously as Anne hooked her fingers into the thin straps on the sides of Eileen's panties before lowering them off her hips. Anne eagerly waited for the revelation of Eileen's pubes, but that never came. Instead the lacy material clung to Eileen's moist pussy lips for a moment before pulling free.

"You shaved...everything," Anne said upon seeing her friend's naked pussy.

"Uh-huh," Eileen agreed without explanation. She was suddenly very self-conscious as the only naked person in the room. She couldn't meet Steve's eyes and looked down at the top of Anne's blond head.

"I like it," Anne declared and kissed Eileen's bare pubic mound. Her lips were well above Eileen's exposed slit but she still smelled her friend's desire.

She stood up and kissed Eileen once more on the mouth, but as she rose up Anne trailed her fingers between Eileen's legs. Her fingers didn't penetrate Eileen deeply; just enough to find her clit and judge her lust level. Eileen's pussy was very wet.

"You want me, don't you?"

"Uh-huh," Eileen heard herself saying. It was true at the moment.

Anne turned around. "Help me undress," she said as she looked at Steve. It was Eileen who lifted up Anne's sweater to show off a demi-cup bra with a wild leopard print. It was so unlike Anne that Eileen giggled.

"The pants too," she said, her back still to Eileen. She'd locked eyed with Steve. The taunt material clung to Anne's substantial curves, but that didn't slow down

the unveiling process. Eileen contained herself better when she revealed Anne was wearing a matching leopard print thong. The little triangle in the back rested between and just above Anne's buttocks. For a woman of ample curves her skin was surprisingly smooth and taut. While she might be carrying a few extra pounds, she wasn't sloppy.

Turning around again, Anne presented her posterior to Steve's appreciative eyes as she pulled Eileen up for another kiss. This time Eileen took the initiative and pushed her tongue into Anne's mouth as she unhooked the strong bra. Their bodies were pressed too closely together for Steve to make out the nipples regardless of how hard he stared.

"Ready?" Anne asked. Eileen nodded and they tumbled to the bed together. There was a tangle of limbs as they wrestled around a bit and then, by their plan, the two women got into position: breast to mouth and mouth to breast as if they were both headed down the other's body for mutual cunnilingus but stopped at the tits.

Eileen was on top and she happily sucked her friend's nipple into her mouth. It only took a few slurps before Anne's milk let down and the warm sweetness invaded her mouth. She could feel her own milk starting to flow as Anne nursed from her tiny tits. They were both full and the milk moved easily. Eileen felt her friend's arms around her body and would have been happy to spend the rest of the day like that, but she needed to save her milk.

She tugged her breast free and continued down Anne's body. When she approached Anne's pussy she rolled around so they were both oriented to the same position.

Anne's thong wasn't tiny but stylish. Wasting no time she pulled of the animal print garment revealing Anne's carefully trimmed and shaped thatch of pubic hair. It was a nice, neat triangle that followed the shape of the thong exactly. Her pretty blond hair parted as Anne opened her legs revealing her pussy. Eileen caught her musky scent and spied Anne's prominent clit. This was the moment of truth. Without hesitation she lowered her face and kissed her best friend intimately.

Anne sighed. Steve groaned in frustration. Eileen realized there was nothing wrong with eating out a woman. And Anne didn't need this attention. Her cunt

was wet and ready.

Seeing a woman this way, up close and exposed, Eileen decided that there wasn't anything wrong with physically expressing her love and affection for her best friend by going down on her. Anne's pink pussy was wet and musky and strange under her tongue, but there wasn't anything wrong with what she was doing. It didn't take her long to understand why so many men loved going down on their wives and girlfriends. What better way to show their love than by a physical act that gave their partner pleasure.

It took very little time for Eileen to find Anne's clit. It took her less time to make Anne cum. When her climax took over Anne's body, Eileen backed away and watched the intense pleasure control Anne. "You sure that was your first time?" Anne asked her.

"I know a little about what I'm doing," Eileen admitted with a satisfied grin. There was a tap on her shoulder and Anne's eyes flicked behind her.

"I think I'm ready," Steve said. He was naked and his cock was erect, maybe from the show, maybe because he was absently masturbating as he watched the two women make love.

"Step aside, Eileen," Anne said. She stayed on her back, her legs spread, open and waiting to be taken by her friend's boyfriend.

"Are you sure about this?" Eileen asked him, putting her hand on his cock.

It should have been a tense moment, but Steve had great confidence in what he was doing. Thinking that she would have to resign herself to witnessing this act, Eileen had prepared for the worst emotions possible. Hate. Jealousy. Anger. Depression. What she felt instead was lust and love and excitement. "Let me help," she said and took Steve's cock in her hand. She pulled him forward, toward Anne, making him kneel, the lay over top her body, Eileen's hand on his manhood the entire time. There was a great satisfaction to guiding him into her friend's body. Once they were joined and Steve started thrusting, Eileen stepped back and watched.

It wasn't like a porn video, but it was close. There weren't any close ups but there was passion and a primal frenzy as the two fucked. Without realizing it, Eileen idly masturbated as they fucked. She didn't want to cum. Not yet. But

soon.

She liked watching Steve's ass as he thrust and tensed his body, fucking Anne with all his might. He came too soon. She wasn't sure if Anne got to cum again or not. There was no mistaking what happened. Steven gave his customary gasp and grunt as he emptied his balls into Anne who accepted his gift happily. Eileen could see the tensing of the base of Steve's cock and his balls tight to his body as he came. It wasn't her usual view, but it was beautiful anyway.

"Oh fuck that was good," he groaned as he rolled off Anne's body. Eileen couldn't help herself and immediately rejoined them on the bed.

"Have you saved anything for me?" she asked them, teasing.

"Give me a minute to recover, babe," Steve moaned.

"I don't need a minute," Anne told her and rolled on top of her friend. They kissed a minute, then Anne began her journey down Eileen's body, but stopped at Eileen's dusky brown nipples. She spent long minutes sucking, nursing from Eileen. Eileen could feel her milk letting down, her body letting go. She wasn't going to need any additional stimulation in a minute, she was just going to cum from tit stimulation.

"Your milk tastes delicious," Anne said.

Steve's eyes went wide. "What? How would you know?"

Anne looked at him and laughed. "Because I can taste it."

"But..." he trailed off. Eileen said nothing. She could feel her milk dribbling out of her breasts. "How...aren't you?"

Anne sighed, leaned up and handled her own breasts. It took only a few squeezes to release her milk. "Who do you think helped Eileen bring in her milk?"

Slowly realization dawned on Steve. "Ohh..."

Eileen now spoke up. "She's got me worked up, honey. Can you help her nurse from me?"

Like an automaton Steve nodded and moved over to the two women. Anne moved to Eileen's far side, lowered her mouth and nursed eagerly from Eileen. It took Steve only a second longer to do the same.

It was perfect to be nursed by two people at once. There was a slight battle as Anne and Steve fought to slip their fingers inside Eileen's pussy, but eventually they settled on Steve penetrating her and Anne rubbing her clit. It was far too much far too fast. Eileen came hard. She let out a muted scream and her body shook with pleasure. Her body surprised her; her pussy absolutely drenched her lovers' hands with girl cum.

"Oh shit, that never happened before," she blurted out when she realized she had soaked her friend's bed.

"Don't worry about it," Anne laughed. "It just means you're plenty ready to be fucked now, right?"

Eileen agreed. She wanted Steve's cock, but it wasn't cooperating. "Too soon," he complained as Eileen fondled him, trying to get him hard. Anne moved back to let the two lovers resolve the situation.

"Maybe a little blowjob?" Eileen suggested taking him into her mouth. She was started to get frustrated. She wanted to be fucked and he wasn't up to the task after banging her friend. Slowly, ever so slowly, his cock started to harden inside her mouth, but it was taking too long.

"Let me help," Anne said. Eileen was expecting her to take over the blowjob. Instead Anne had a hard black rubber circle in her hand.

"What's that?"

"Cock ring," Anne said casually, as if discussing a new laundry detergent. "Chris and I got them when he was having some performance issues when I was pregnant and horny." She slipped the tight band over Steve's cock and balls, securing it around the base to his cock.

"Ow. Tight," Steve complained.

"It'll make a man out of you," Anne told him. She wasn't exaggerating. The ring restricted the flow of blood back from his cock and his erection now grew

quickly until he was hard and upright and nearly purple with need.

“What are the little knobs for?” Eileen asked as she inspected the ring.

“Those are for your pleasure,” Anne explained.

Eileen’s eyes opened up wide. “Let’s try them out then.” She pulled Steve down on her. It wasn’t necessary for Anne to help slip his cock into his girlfriend, but it was the polite thing to do so. “Thank you,” Eileen told her as Anne watched them fuck.

Anne just nodded. It was slightly different to be fucked in front of another person, Eileen thought. It was also strange to be fucked by Steve as he wore a cock ring, but when the hard rubber knobs hit her just right, she found she didn’t mind the change at all.

Steve lasted an incredibly long time and stayed hard the entire time they fucked. She came twice and then started desiring him to cum. She wanted to feel his hot spunk inside her pussy.

Realizing what was happening, Anne made a special offer to Steve. “If you make her cum again, you can have some of my milk,” she promised.

Steve came. Eileen was blessed with one more orgasm as he came in her. It wasn’t hard or huge or mind-blowing. It was simply satisfying. His orgasm lasted a long time; each time he spurted his cum into Eileen he whimpered a bit. “What’s the matter?”

“Hurts to cum,” he complained. “But it feels good too.”

Anne laughed. “Chris said the same thing. It’s hard for them to push their cum past the ring.”

Finally he was done. Eileen’s cunt was sticky with his leavings and she was satisfied with everything they had done.

The evening wasn’t quiet over yet. Anne wiggled between them as they lay together on the bed. “I think I promised Steve a little treat for making you cum again, didn’t I?” She was on her back and lifted her breasts toward both of them.

Steve didn't need a second invitation. He rolled to his side and accepted Anne's offered breast into his mouth. Eileen quickly followed suit and soon they were looking at each other across Anne's chest as they nursed and swallowed her milk.

They didn't need to say anything; their hands reached out and their fingers intertwined, and then rested on Anne's tummy.

About the Author

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

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