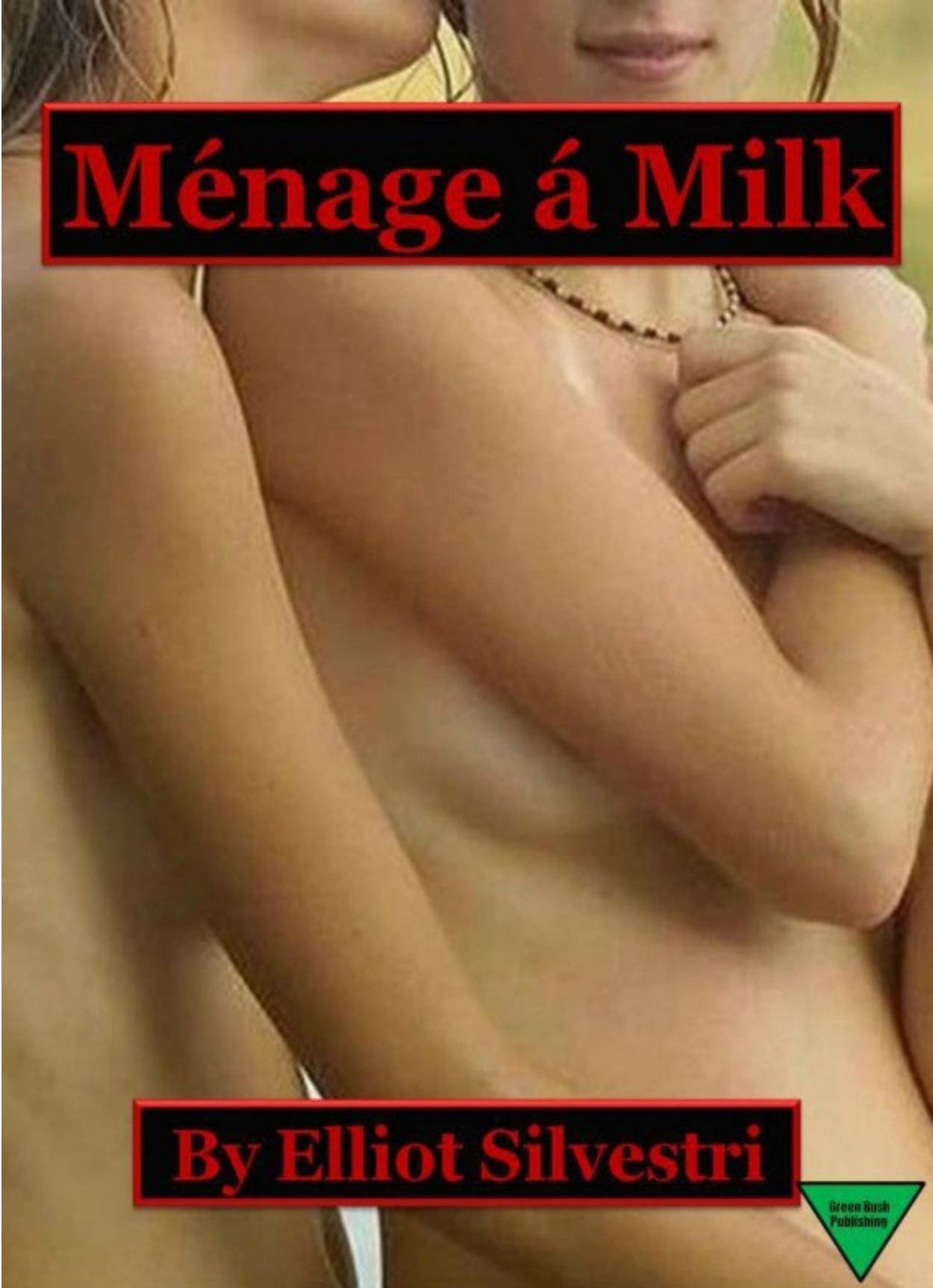
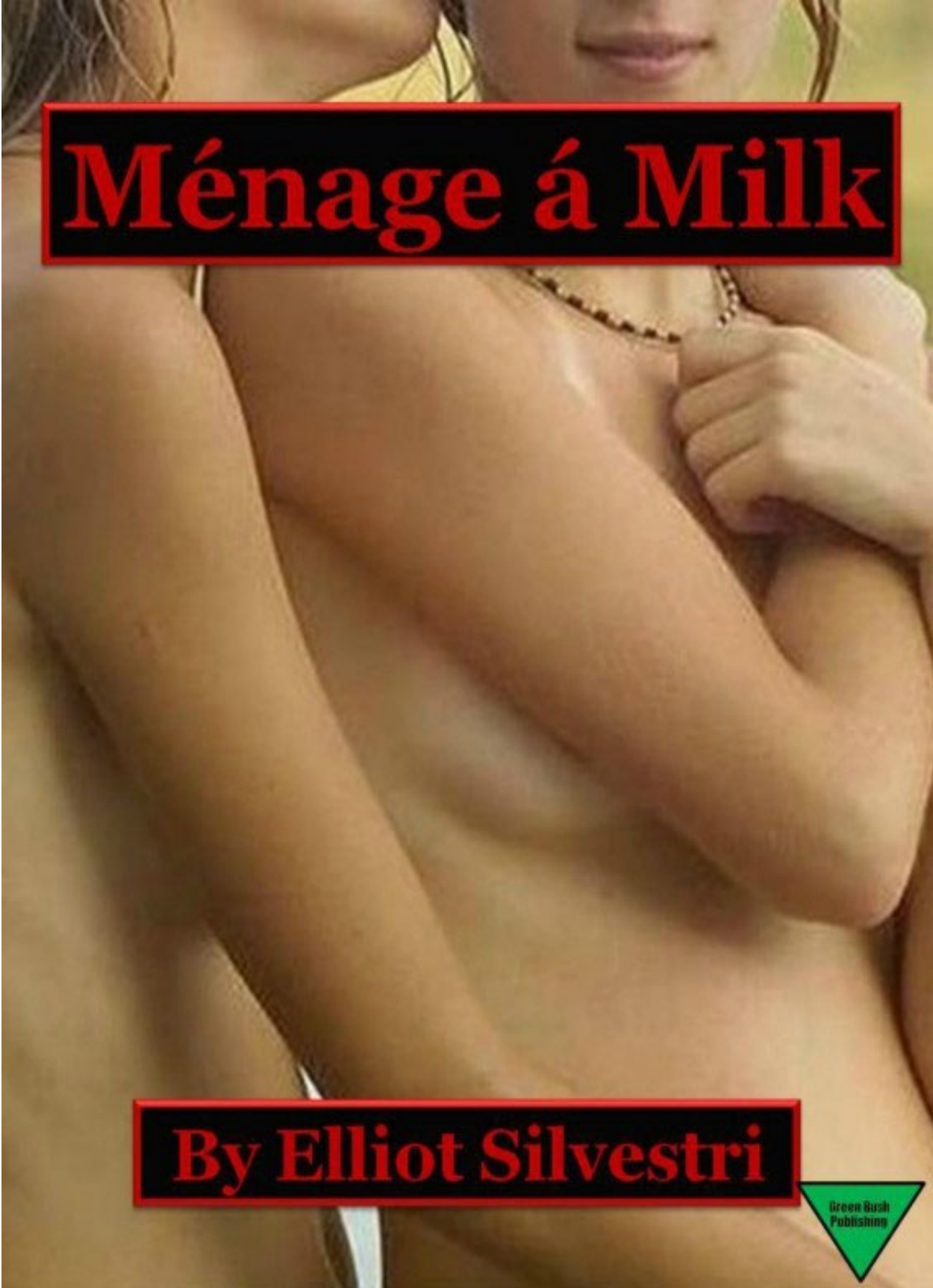




Ménage à Milk

By Elliot Silvestri

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Also by Elliot Silvestri

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Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

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True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Chapter One

I met Minh at college during some stupid mandatory student meeting for a tour guides working in the admissions office. It was dull, but we got to talk which led to flirting, which led to me propositioning her for a night in her bed. I was shocked when she agreed. I was further shocked when she actually went through with it, leading me home to the apartment she rented on the top floor of a large house at the edge of the student slum zone. She was beautiful. I was embarrassed to find out that she was not Chinese as I had first guessed, but Vietnamese. Long black hair, flawless skin, deep brown eyes, tiny tits she showed off with a tight top and no bra. My eyes kept dropping to her non-existent cleavage. She smiled at me every time she caught me trying to catch a glimpse of her nipples inside her shirt as we sat side by side in the classroom.

“Soon,” she promised in a half-whisper.

I hesitated a moment when we walked into her bedroom. We had started kissing in the small living room-kitchen combo and had stumbled back to the more exciting part of the apartment. “What’s the other bed for?” I asked as she pulled me down onto her unmade bed.

“That’s my roommate’s,” she muttered into my neck. “She’ll be gone all night. Don’t worry about her.”

To my great chagrin I had only propositioned her because I had never had sex with an Asian girl before and to my lily-white suburban middle class upbringing she was exotic beyond all measure. She wasn’t even my type. Normally I pursued petite blondes with big tits, sadly typical male, but I was a slave to my base sexual desires. Still, Asian was exotic and I wasn’t above exploring the new and unusual. And I noticed her tight ass when she had walked into the classroom. It was a sight not to be missed. It was only slightly tragic that she had tiny tits.

Our clothes quickly came off. Our undressing speed was facilitated by our eagerness and her lack of bra and socks and the fact she wore the tiniest of panties. Not a g-string or thong, but simply small, sexy red lace panties.

Sometimes subtle is sexier than flagrant. She wasn't put off by my Spider-Man boxers. I took that as a good sign.

Naked she was just as glorious as she was clothed. No tattoos, no piercings, no flaws or marks on her skin. True, her tits were small, but they were perfectly shaped and functioned just like any other woman's. She liked to have them lightly pinched. Between her legs her black pubic hair was nicely shaped into a neat triangle. Minh apparently didn't go in for over-enthusiastic grooming of her pussy. She didn't need to be bare like a porn star.

She was a bit uncomfortable as I kissed my way down from her tits to her tummy to her pussy. I spread her thighs apart with my hand and prepared to lower my face to her fragrant cunt when she interrupted me. "How far are we going to go tonight?" she asked.

"What?"

"How far are we going to go tonight?" she repeated.

I hadn't given that question any real thought. I figured I'd take her to bed, go down on her, fuck her, made sure she got off, and leave. Simple as that. Just a college one-night stand.

"I was planning on going down on you and then having straight on sex, but we can do something else if you like." I was a bit miffed that she wanted to slow things down. That meant she was thinking and not reacting to the moment and I was less likely to get laid. Not that I was complaining, but I only had a grand total of three girlfriends in my life—including high school. Only two of those deigned to have sex with me. Minh was going to be number three. And there was the added bonus that she didn't need to get drunk to bed me.

"Okay, that's fine," she agreed, opening her legs a bit.

I planted one kiss on pubic mound before she asked the next question. "Did you bring a condom?"

Fuck and a half, I thought to myself. "Ah. Shit. No."

"That's okay. Isabelle's got some under her bed, we can use hers."

I figured Isabelle must be her roommate. I just nodded and prepared to go back between her thighs. But now she had me confused with her talking and I stupidly asked a question. "Did you shave today? I can't see any hint of stubble." It was incredibly stupid, I know.

Minh laughed at me. She had a right to. "No. I don't shave."

That threw me. "What?" I asked, looked up into her beautiful brown eyes, then back down at her pussy for a better inspection.

She shrugged making her tits bobble a bit. "One of the advantages of being Asian. Very little hair. I don't shave my legs or privates. I only shave my pits very occasionally." She lifted up one leg. "Take a close look. I'm all natural, baby."

And I did look and feel. Her legs were smooth. I squinted and inspected closely. She did have the finest of black hairs that grew sporadically down her legs, but it was so baby fine it didn't matter. Plus it blended in with her olive skin that only an intimate inspection would reveal the truth.

"That's hot," I said. My cock was already pretty stiff, but the idea of a girl who didn't need to shave because she was born that way turned me on even more.

"Thank you."

I nodded and plunged my head between her legs. In other respects she might have been different from Caucasian women, but her pussy was much the same. She sighed when I licked her clit. She grunted in satisfaction when I slipped a couple of fingers into her tight hole. Her legs clamped around my head when I went for broke and sucked and licked her clit for all I was worth.

"Cunt!" she screamed and grabbed my head, digging her fingers into my hair. She rubbed her cunt into my face for a few moments, then fell back to the bed. I realized then she had cum and cum pretty hard. She looked up at me with a look of satisfaction on her face. "Sorry. I like to scream profanities when I cum. My parents were strict about language in the house."

"That's okay," I assured her.

She hopped out of her bed. I watched her ass as she bent beneath the other bed in

the room, pulled out a small box, and produced a few condoms. "Let me help you," she said opening one and rolling it on to my cock.

"You do that very well," I complimented her as I admired my new latex armor. I was certain she blushed a bit.

"I've had some practice. Don't ask." She laid back down and spread her legs, exposing her red and wet pussy. "Let's do it."

I didn't need extra encouragement. I got on top of her, positioned my cock just right and pushed into her sex. She was tight and warm. She let out a low growl as I sank deep inside her. "Am I hurting you?"

She shook her head, her black hair whipping about her face. "Not really. Just you're big. Fills me up. Feels good and strong."

I started fucking her and was embarrassed to last less than two minutes. But that was okay. After a quick clean up in the bathroom and resting a few minutes Minh was more than happy to suck my cock to get me ready again. We fucked a second time and I lasted at least five minutes. It wasn't intentional, but we both fell asleep in her bed. I wasn't averse to sleeping over at a girl's room, but it wasn't something I generally did in the middle of the week with one I barely knew.

We were rudely woken Thursday morning by the bleating of Minh's alarm clock. She was one of those paranoid types who programmed a whole week of alarms. "Minh, turn that fucking thing off," a grumpy voice from the other side of the room complained.

Even though I was only half awake, I froze. The voice wasn't Minh's, obviously, so it had to be Isabelle's. When had she arrived? Did she see me there in the middle of the night and not worry about it. And of course neither Minh nor I had bothered to put any clothes back on after we finished fucking the night before. Minh mumbled something and rolled out of bed. I stayed half-hidden under the covers. I didn't have a plan other than to hide until both girls left so I could sneak out in relative secrecy and shame. I must have dozed off again because next I knew Minh's wet hair hit me in the face as she gave me a peck on the cheek.

“I’ve got an eight a.m. class,” she told me. “Let yourself out and try not to annoy Izzy.”

“Right,” I agreed.

And with that she was gone. I told myself there was no reason to be ashamed of my nudity or what had happened the night before. Gathering my courage I made a dash for the bathroom, pissed, realized I left my clothes on the floor next to the bed, and crept back to bedroom.

“You’ve got a cute ass,” Isabelle said as she sat up. I froze in the middle of creeping which wasn’t the smartest move to make since I was still completely naked.

“Thanks?” I said hesitantly. Isabelle was a very pretty girl, even at seven in the morning. She had short blonde hair, snow-pale skin, and big tits. I blinked at her tits. Apparently Isabelle liked to sleep in the nude. She knew I had been in the bed and she was showing me her tits. Then I recognized her face. She had been in a few of my classes over the past few years. I had asked her out on several occasions but had been turned down every time. Other than the fact she stood at just under six feet tall, she was my perfect type. Then I realized my cock was getting hard again.

“And a big cock,” she said running her hand through her short hair, trying to put some semblance to it. Not that it mattered. She didn’t need to arrange her hair to be beautiful. Her tits alone took care of that. They had to be at least D cups and were capped with smallish pink areolas and nipples that now stood proud and erect. I dropped my eyes to her hips, but her pussy was hidden by a tangle of sheets and blankets. I needed to see her pussy.

“Uh...thanks again,” I said making an awkward grab for my clothes.

“You must have asked me out on a date a dozen times and I always said no,” she continued talking as if it were perfectly natural to have a conversation with your roommate’s one-night stand while he was nude and trying to get dressed and she was showing off her tits.

“Yeah, more like three or four, but yeah,” I agreed. I couldn’t find the correct opening for my boxers.

“You don’t need to put those on,” she said.

“I generally don’t go commando around campus.”

“Um, you don’t need to put those on yet,” she stressed.

“What?” It was still early and I was confused by drowsiness and dazzled by her tits.

“I had a lousy date last night, I couldn’t masturbate because you two were asleep when I got home and I didn’t want to wake you up.” She looked longingly at me. Then I realized she was really only looking at my steadily hardening cock. “And I’m still pretty horny.”

“What?”

“I’m still pretty horny,” she repeated. “Shit, you really need to get your hearing checked.”

“Why would you be horny if you had a lousy date?” I asked as I sat down on Minh’s bed to hide my hard on and put on my boxers.

Isabelle rearranged the blankets on her lap, made no motion to hide her still wonderfully shaped breasts, and stared carefully at me. “The guy I went out with was nice enough, bought me a few drinks, said and did all the right things, so we went back to place and started making out. I was down to my panties and...I mentioned that Minh was my roommate.”

“You were talking while making out?” I asked. I stopped putting on my boxers and looked at her. I even managed to pull my gaze away from her breasts and looked into her pale blue eyes.

“It made sense at the time,” she explained away. “We were...having some dirty talk.”

“Okay, so what about Minh then?”

She looked away. “He called her a gook and said some other really racist and insensitive things that I’m not going to repeat. He was probably trying to be funny and just came off as a racist asshole.”

“Oh.”

“So I’m still horny,” she clarified for me.

“Right. Give me a minute and I’ll be out of here and you can do whatever you need to do when you’re alone.” I started pulling up my boxers and tried to will my erection away. It didn’t work.

“You’re still not getting it,” Isabelle said. “I don’t want to jill off. I want you to help me out.”

Now full realization dawned upon me. “Oh....but why did you always turn me down when I asked you out?” It was a stupid time to ask that question, but it seemed natural at the time.

“Because I was dating someone else at the time. But I kind of sort of wanted to say yes. You’re cute and nice enough and now that I see you’ve got what a girl like me needs,” she added leering at my cock, “I think I made a mistake before turning you down. Want to fuck?”

I lowered my boxers to show off my cock to her. “Um. Yeah. Why not?” I took a step toward her bed and realized it probably wasn’t the smartest thing to sleep with the roommate of the girl I had just bedded the night before. I hesitated. “Maybe I shouldn’t because of Minh,” I blurted out.

“Are you two an item all the sudden,” she asked, a little bit snappish and angry. She shook her head and tried to control her emotions. “Look, I just want to get off this morning. I’d love to do that with you, but I can’t deal with petty emotions right now. Can we please just fuck?”

I thought it was going to be the worse decision of my life, but I walked over to her bed, slid in next to her warm body and kissed her on the lips. It wasn’t a deep, soul-searching French kiss, but more of an introductory how-do-you-like-to-have-sex kiss. She responded by rolling to her back, pulling me on top of her, and spreading her legs. I kissed down her neck and quickly reached her tits. The moment I kissed one nipple she groaned hard in the back of her throat and grabbed her free breast with her fingers. “Fuck I like that. Keep sucking.”

Luckily I loved sucking on breasts so I continued. Her other hand wrapped around my cock and stroked me slowly, making sure I stayed erect. Her actions

were largely unnecessary, but I enjoyed her efforts. I slipped my hand between her legs and discovered two things. First, she was hot and wet and ready to go. Isabelle hadn't been exaggerating about her horniness. Second, she apparently shaved every inch of her pussy. I didn't feel a single pubic hair.

"Are you ready?" she asked huskily. "I need to fuck."

"Yeah. Let me grab a condom," I said pulling back a bit from her and probing under the bed for the box Minh had stolen from the night before. It only took a minute and I was in latex armor once again. Isabelle knew exactly what she wanted and guided me into her wet, pink cunt. She grabbed my ass as we fucked, grinding me down into her. "Like this," she instructed, moving her hips to rub her clit against my pubic bone. I lasted longer with her than Minh. I made myself hold back by thinking of anything except having sex with two different women in a twenty-four hour period.

It was obvious why Isabelle didn't masturbate the night before. She screams and groans when she cums. I took it was a compliment to my love-making, but it was more likely a side-effect of her horniness. I didn't care. I came inside her cunt when she was done and collapsed on top of her.

"Should we say anything to Minh?" I asked after a few minutes.

Isabelle just shook her head and closed her eyes. "Uh-uh," she mumbled and drifted off to sleep. It was my intention to get off her and leave, but apparently I needed more sleep that morning. I did manage to pull off the condom and tie it off before I fell asleep next to her.

I shouldn't have been surprised to be woken by Minh's lilting voice, "Izz? Hon? What do you want for breakfast?" I woke up and met her eyes from Isabelle's bed. My newest lover was still next to me and tried to answer casually, "Just eggs, I think."

Minh looked pissed for a minute. "I don't like you trying to steal men away from me," she glowered at her roommate.

Isabelle kept her voice calm, but there was a seething anger beneath it. "I didn't steal him from you, I just had sex with him. And you two haven't even had a

date. How can I steal something from you that you don't possess?"

Never argue with a philosophy major was the lesson I learned that morning.

"Maybe I'd better leave," I said as I slipped out of the bed and grabbed at my clothes. The two women didn't really seem to notice me. They were heavily invested in a stare down contest. I had the distinct impression that the moment I left the room they'd attack each other in a death match. The whole situation was surreal. While I didn't consider myself to be the ugliest guy on campus, I didn't think I was really worth physical violence either. Something else was going on and I didn't intend to find out what it was.

They waited patiently while I threw on my clothes and ran for the door. I was glad there weren't any sounds of violence as I retreated down the steps and onto the streets.

Chapter Two

I received a phone call from Minh two days later. This surprised me because I didn't know she had my number and the pure fact that she called me at all and just didn't hire a hit man to stalk and kill me.

"Would you like to go out on a date," she asked me.

"Um...sure?"

"You don't sound so sure about your answer," Minh said.

"Well, when I left your place I was pretty sure you and Isabelle were going to kill each other and me. Not necessarily in that order."

"We worked things out."

"Oh? And how is that?"

"We decided to share you."

That gave me pause. "I didn't realize you could make such a decision about me without my input," I said a little robotically. I shouldn't have been complaining. Never before had any woman fought with another over me. I should have been flattered. Instead I felt a bit like a piece of chattel.

"You get to decide which of us you want to date, if you want. Both or one or neither. We're equanimous about that."

And so I went on an actual date with Minh. Dinner and a movie. Nothing special. We made out a little and she let me feel her breasts over her shirt, but we didn't go back to her apartment. A few days later I did the same thing with Isabelle: dinner, movie, kissing, light petting, no sex. I was puzzled by the roommates behavior, but I didn't have anything to complain about.

Then the weekend rolled around. Isabelle asked me over to her apartment for some help with the homework in one of her classes. I had the same professor the

previous semester for the same class. I knew it was a ruse, but in the interest of getting laid, I played along.

I was wrong, of course. When I arrived at her apartment, we immediately got to work on a complicated essay Professor Cooke assigned for every class he taught. Minh was in the bedroom reading a text for one of her classes. The exciting life of college students on display. Isabelle and I wrote and edited for two hours before we finally finished. Isabelle stood up and stretched, displaying her impressive expanse of breasts—hidden under her sweater—and then sat back down.

“Thanks,” she told me. “I really appreciate it.”

“No problem,” I answered. There wasn’t any smooth way for me to ask if she wouldn’t mind rewarding me with a thank you blowjob or other sexual act, so I sat there stupidly not knowing what to do.

“You two done?” Minh asked when she wandered out from the bed room.

“Yes. Thank the gods,” Isabelle answered.

“Want anything to drink?” she inquired opening the refrigerator and pulling out a bottle of vitamin water. We both said yes. More bottles came out. Minh brought them over, handed one to me, handed one to Isabelle, then bent down kissed her roommate on the lips. “Here you go, honey.”

My eyes went wide. Isabelle accepted the kiss without comment or reaction as if it were a sign of affection that happened every day. I opened my mouth and tried to say something, but my voice wasn’t working. The two girls smirked at me. Minh sat down and Isabelle gently rested her hand on top of the Vietnamese girl’s.

“You aren’t the only thing we’ve decided to share,” Isabelle said. She moved her chair closer to Minh’s and gave her a deep kiss. I sat there frozen, glad for the lesbian show in front of me, but being naïve and stupid I didn’t know how to react. It occurred to me they couldn’t really be lesbians if they both had sex with me.

“Oh.” I finally managed to choke out.

Minh giggled at my confusion and paralysis. “Isabelle is being misleading. We decided to share a bed a long time ago. We’re now just adding you to the mix.”

“Oh,” I repeated.

“Is that all you have to say?” Isabelle said, standing up and pulling off her sweater. Underneath she wore an industrial strength bra but she wasn’t shy about showing off her impressive cleavage in the privacy of her kitchen.

“Uh...”

“We’re destroyed his brain,” Minh commented with another giggle. She now stood up too and quickly unbuttoned her blouse. She wore no bra because she didn’t need one. In the cool air of the kitchen her little brown nipples were already hard pebbles on her tiny breasts. The joined hands and calmly walked out of the kitchen. “Care to join us?”

I finally regained control of my body and practically ran after them. I didn’t question why I was so lucky, to do so would have ruined the moment. In the bedroom clothes practically flew off our bodies. Seeing Minh and Isabelle was a contrast in beauty. Olive skin over pale skin, tiny tits over massive mammaries, blonde versus black. It was almost too much for my mind. I reacted like any horny college boy: I took every opportunity to suck and lick and fuck whatever I could.

Having sex with two women at once is infinitely more complicated than it’s made to seem in pornography. There was much more talking about what and who went where so that everyone had a chance to please everyone else. They both made me wear a condom—which is always a good idea—and Isabelle got to be fucked by me first. It was nothing more than simple missionary while Minh lay next to us. The girls held hands through most of our copulation. Minh did move down and suck on one of Izzy’s breasts for a bit. It was odd to have sex while someone else watched, but I was living the fantasy of too many men to complain.

After Izzy and I had both gotten off and I was given some time to recover, Izzy politely gave me a preparatory blow job to get me hard for Minh. This time Minh was on top, riding me, while Isabelle knelt behind her roommate and played with her tiny tits. It was a porn movie come to life. I was only slightly ashamed that I came in less than five minutes. Minh didn’t seem to mind. When

I blurted out, “I’m gonna cum!” I saw Izzy pinch her girlfriend’s nipples hard.

Minh screamed out “Fuck!” far too loud as she came on my cock and I erupted inside of her.

This time I didn’t pass out. After depositing the full condom into the toilet and cleaning my cock I came back to the bedroom to find the two girls cuddling on Minh’s bed. There really wasn’t room for me. Was I being used as nothing more than a live-version dildo?

“No room for you?” Minh asked, fondling Izzy’s big tit.

“Uh, no, doesn’t look like there is,” I said. It was amazing how a bed that previously held three bodies so easily now seemed only to have the capacity of two beautiful girls.

“Quit teasing, Minh,” Izzy said. “Let’s push the beds together.” And we did. And there was plenty of room for all. Isabelle was in the middle. Minh and I each claimed one of Izzy’s breasts and played and sucked on them. Izzy just laid back and enjoyed the attention.

“This is so weird!” I finally burst out, unable to contain my elation of my good fortune.

“How so?” Isabelle asked. Her eyes were closed and Minh was lightly licking her partner’s nipple.

“Me. Two beautiful women. It’s a fantasy come true. And you’re both bi and, just, wow.” They both laughed at me. I didn’t mind the least. “How did this happen anyway?” I asked, finally starting to piss on my good luck.

Minh let Izzy’s tit fall out of her mouth. “Isabelle was a lesbian in high school and corrupted me when we were assigned as roommates in the dorms last year.”

Isabelle slapped her roommate’s perfectly curved ass. “That’s not entirely true.” Minh giggle and went back to playing with Isabelle’s breast. “I didn’t corrupt Minh. She’s just a confused bi girl who can’t choose boys or girls.”

“But you’ve both had sex with me,” I pointed out. “Wouldn’t that make you both bi?”

Isabelle replied for them both. “I probably was a lesbian in high school. I only dated one person, a girl, and was pretty sure I was destined for the life of Sappho. Then I got to college and decided to experiment. I slept with a couple of guys. That was pretty good too, I realize, so I decided to expand my repertoire. Girls, boys, it’s all good.”

“I was a straight girl in high school and then I got to college and was corrupted by a big ol’ Swedish lesbian,” Minh repeated which earned her a not light slap on her ass again.

“You didn’t date anyone in high school,” Isabelle clarified. “You then turned into a gigantic slut in college and fucked—what was it?—ten different guys freshman year?”

“Twelve,” she corrected her friend. My eyes went wide with fascination. “I have really strict parents and they were a little harsh about sex. I went a little wild.”

“And you decided to see how much you could shock them by fucking as many guys as possible—and a girl, no less,” Isabelle said.

“And I don’t regret it in the least,” Minh added. The two girls looked at each other and kissed again. I decided right then and there all true love could be measured against the passion of two women in love kissing.

“So what’s your story?” Isabelle asked, pushing Minh’s head back to her tit. Minh happily complied.

“Boring, compared to the two of you. I had two girlfriends in high school. Both relationships ended disastrously. I only had sex with one of them. That was a disaster too.” They both giggled at me. “I had a girlfriend freshman year.”

“Who?”

“Rachel Carson.”

Minh released Izzy’s tit with a small smacking sound. “I know her. She looks really uptight.”

I shrugged and lightly pinched Izzy’s nipple. She shuddered slightly at my torture. “She kind of was. I definitely wasn’t the first guy to have sex with her,

and once she got naked she loved to fuck, but she hated acknowledging the fact we actually had sex. It was like she loved to do it, but wanted to pretend it never happened.”

Long black bangs flopped around Minh’s eyes. “I can totally see that in her.”

“We pretty much ended it at the end of freshman year. Then I decided to focus on school. That brings me to senior year and you two.”

“So does that make us girlfriends three and four?” Minh asked. She was now pinching and rolling Izzy’s wet nipple much like I was. Izzy’s breathing had become ragged and her eyes were closed. Her hips wiggled slightly. Her signs of arousal were obvious even to me.

“I guess it does. I’ve never had two girlfriends at the same time before.”

“That’s okay,” Minh said. “I’ve never had a girlfriend and a boyfriend at the same time before.” She paused in her thoughts and suddenly a wicked smile crossed her lips. “Let’s finger her together. Keep pinching her nipple.”

Isabelle groaned but didn’t really complain. In fact she opened her legs to allow us easy access to her pussy. Minh stuck her finger into Izzy’s wet pussy first and I put mine in as well. It was difficult to play with a pussy while someone else was messing with it at the same time, but eventually we figured out a rhythm that pleased our partner and we were rewarded when Izzy came and squirted both our hands with her girl cum. The effort exhausted the blonde.

Minh laughed and licked Izzy’s leavings off her fingers. “It funny when she cums like that. I never squirt. I think it’s a lesbian thing.”

“Fuck you,” Isabelle mumbled.

“Happily,” Minh said and rolled to her back, opening up her legs. “You know what to do.”

For a moment I thought she meant me and I would have happily eaten out Minh’s pretty pussy, but Izzy groaned and crawled between her girlfriend’s legs, burying her face in Minh’s snatch. Minh sighed and let her head fall back on the pillow. It was my turn to watch. I held Minh’s hand and kissed her lips from time to time as Isabelle proved her lesbian credentials by performing a round of

cunnilingus on her lover that would have made the original Sappho blush with pride.

Chapter Three

I all but moved in with Minh and Izzy after that night. Things weren't just good, they were fucking fantastic. I was having sex with two different women all the time. I got to watch them have sex with each other. We had our two or three times a week group sessions. I was studying hard and fucking hard. I was exhausted but the good sort of exhausted that comes from too much thinking and too much sex. Naturally some students around campus were curious about our arrangement, but we kept details of our relationship purposely vague. The basic cover story was that I was dating Minh and was spending most of my time at her place for convenience. My apartment was a rat's nest I shared with three boorish slobs I knew from freshman year. Izzy had a bit of a reputation as a bisexual girl and we didn't want to confuse matters.

Life was good. I did everything I could to keep both girls happy. We worked together as a team on almost everything: making meals, cleaning the apartment, having sex, studying, keeping schedules organized, having sex, keeping our distance from each other when papers were due and tests were looming. Life was fucking fantastic.

And then I came home one day after class to find Isabelle collapsed on the ancient couch that took up most of the space at one end of our living room/kitchen combo room sobbing her eyes out. Minh was there holding her hand and patting her back. I looked questioningly at her. She just shook her head and said nothing. I was immediately lost. Things were going well. Midterms were done and spring was around the corner.

I had to ask the question. "What's the matter?"

Minh immediately made a sour face. "Don't you know?" she asked me in a stage whisper.

"Obviously not since I'm asking the question."

"We're going to graduate and never see each other again," Isabelle wailed out. She had a point. I had no immediate plans after college other than to move back

in with Mom and Dad and start looking for a job. Minh had something lined up in the city, or so she said. Izzy didn't have any plans either, as far as I knew. We weren't the most ambitious college graduates out there, but we had been distracted by a little too much sex for the past few months.

As it came out, Izzy was in a panic she'd never see her two lovers again after graduation. We didn't have an immediate solution for her, so we simply took her to bed, stripped off her clothes, and made love to her. It wasn't the anxious fucking of horny college students, but the slow, exquisite sex to comfort and please another. Isabelle had always loved having her tits sucked, so we gave her plenty of that. Minh and I took turns going down on our blonde beauty and eating her delightful pussy, making her cum again and again.

Eventually we laid her back and I put my cock in her while Minh watched. Minh didn't mind masturbating while I fucked Isabelle. Having two women in bed with me always gave me a confidence boost so it was easy to penetrate Izzy slow and deep, letting her enjoy every sensation. She was groaning and moaning beneath me but not quite reaching orgasm. She was near exhaustion because of her many previous climaxes, but I kept going. She needed to cum one more time before we were done.

"Cum inside of me!" she panted.

"Give me a minute," I puffed at her and increased the pace of my thrusts.

"No! Take off your condom!" she barked at me.

"What?"

"Do it!"

"No, I'll get you pregnant," I protested.

"No you won't," she said, clutching my ass and pulling me harder into her body. She started groping at the base of my cock.

"Not a good idea," I said, looking anxiously over at Minh. She was watching us with wide-open eyes. She wasn't shocked at viewing our copulation. She had seen that many times before. She was shocked at Izzy's suggestion. "Tell her," I commanded Minh.

“It’s not a good idea,” Minh repeated mechanically.

Izzy couldn’t be deterred “I’m safe!” she insisted.

Right then I wanted to fuck Isabelle without protection. I knew the risks, but cumming inside her pussy was what she needed right then. I just didn’t want to deal with the baby nine months later. “We shouldn’t,” I said lamely.

“I’m safe,” Izzy repeated. Her eyes snapped open and she looked at Minh. “Tell him!”

Minh did some quick calculations in her head. “She had her period three weeks ago,” she recited almost by rote. “She’s not ovulating. She should be safe.” There was a slightly horrified expression on her face, as if she were witnessing someone contemplating eating a haunch of rotten meat.

“See!” Izzy cried out and pushed me out of her pussy. She scrambled at my cock and eventually managed to half unroll-half yank the condom off me. “In!” she ordered me. I didn’t know what else to do, so I sank my now unsheathed cock back into her warm, wet pussy. She half cried, half gasped when I entered her. Sex without protection was amazing. I fucked her hard and fast. Neither of us lasted very long. I came first unloading my hot semen into her bare pussy. That pushed her over the edge and she came with heaving gasps and tears leaking out of the corners of her eyes.

Minh continued to watch us with shocked eyes as I lay on top of Isabelle. “I can’t believe you two just did that,” she breathed.

“Jealous?” Isabelle asked.

“No, I’m just...worried.”

“Don’t be. Now suck my tits.”

She loved to have her tits sucked. Minh and I both had made her cum on previous occasions just by sucking and pinching and playing with her tits. I rolled off her body and Minh slithered against Isabelle. We both took one of Izzy’s big nipples into our mouths. Isabelle put one hand between her legs and started stroking her clit. “Thank you,” she sighed.

Ten days later Isabelle's period came for a visit and I was relieved. "What's this all about, anyway?" I asked. She sniffled quietly, a little sad that I hadn't knocked her up.

"If I got pregnant, then we'd be tied together forever," she mumbled and looked away from me. We were eating breakfast at the tiny table crammed into kitchen's corner. Minh was with us, barely awake, blinking sleepily at the bowl of cereal in front of her.

"That's...incredibly crazy," I said, passing judgment on her.

"I know," she admitted.

"And what about me?" Minh piped up. "It might tie the two of you together, but I'm the odd man out."

"Threesomes rarely last long," Isabelle said. "I've been doing some reading in the sociology department stacks. Their effective divorce rate is something like ninety percent after five years. Dyads of male-female marriages have a divorce rate of fifty percent after five years. Lower for pairs that are of similar economic, social, racial, and educational background."

We all looked around the table at each other. The only thing we had in common was our educational background. Minh's parents were well-off, both were doctors who doted a little too much on their youngest daughter. Isabelle's family fell into the upper-class category, but most of her family's wealth rest with her maternal grandparents. I came from dirt poor farmers of Italian descent in the sticks. The conversation made all three of us uncomfortable.

"The only thing that seems to hold triads together," Isabelle continued, "is a strong bond that involves all three simultaneously. Usually in a trio that has two women, it's the man fathering children with both women or fathering children with one women—the other being unable to bear children or unwilling to—and then both raising the children as an extended family."

"I'm not getting pregnant for you," Minh blurted.

Isabelle sighed, but with relief. "Thank the goddess. I don't want to get pregnant now either."

I said nothing. It was far too early in my life to have a kid running around.

“What do we do then?” Minh asked.

“I’m working on it. I’ll find a solution.” Isabelle promised her.

Two days later Isabelle came to the apartment with a large bottle of blessed thistle seeds and a breast pump.

“What is that?” I asked pointing to the pump. Viewing it I could understand its basic functions, but at first it didn’t seem to make any sense to me.

“A breast pump,” she answered.

Minh picked up the bottle that Izzy had somewhat ceremoniously slapped down on the counter. “What’s blessed thistle?” she asked.

“A natural herb, a dietary supplement,” Izzy said with an odd grin on her face.

Minh rolled her eyes. “Okay...that I know. What’s it for.”

“These are both used to induce lactation,” she explained.

We both goggled at her a moment before Minh spoke. I said nothing. The power of speech had abandoned me. “Why in the world do you want to induce lactation?” Minh asked slowly and carefully. I started to understand what was going on, but I didn’t want to be the first to say it out loud. Then she blurted out, “Are you trying to make my breasts bigger? Because I like them the size they are, thank you very much.”

“No,” Isabelle said slowly and carefully. “I’m not trying to make your breasts bigger.”

“Your boobs are already plenty big. Why are you looking to go up a cup size?” Minh’s tone had turned accusatory.

Izzy tried again. “I’m not trying to make your breasts or mine bigger. I’m trying to make them produce milk.”

Minh’s forehead furrowed. “Why?”

“It’ll bring us closer together.”

“Oooh,” I said aloud, understanding where she was going with this.

“What?” Minh practically shrieked.

“We’re going to get our tits working producing milk. The only way to do that is with lots of sucking—both by traditional oral and by non-traditional mechanical assistance—and with chemical assistance of blessed thistle seeds. There’s also the psychological component—if a woman wants to produce milk, she can and will.”

“Why?” Minh asked.

“It will bring us closer together,” Izzy explained. We were already pretty tight as a trio. Isabelle was looking for some additional hold on each other. I was intrigued, mostly because I’d get to see Minh’s tits swell and I’d have to spend extra time sucking on both girls’ boobs. That would be a pleasant way to pass the slow moments of the day.

“How?” Minh’s tone was turning nasty.

“We’ll need each other to get our milk started flowing, and we’ll need each other to keep it going. There’s supposed to be a wonderful physical and chemical and emotional bond that develops when women breastfeed their partners. We need this. I need this.”

“I’m in!” I announced happily. They both glanced at me and went back to their argument.

“I don’t suppose you thought to consult me before running out and buying this stuff? Or even asking me if I thought it might be a good idea?”

Izzy paused, her enthusiasm was somewhat blunted. “But we need this—” she started to explain to Minh who immediately turned on her heel and marched out of the room. Izzy raced after her. I wisely opted to stay where I was. There was no way any good would come of me inserting myself into that argument. I could hear them arguing in the bedroom. When their voices started screaming I left the apartment.

A couple of hours later I came back and crept inside. The place was silent. Taking a risk I slipped into the bedroom. Minh and Izzy were in the same bed and were asleep. Both were naked or presumably so, the sheet only covered them from their waists down. The breast pump was on the floor next to the bed and the bottle of blessed thistle was next to it. Apparently Izzy had won the argument.

Starting two women on a regimen to establish lactation while the three parties involved were in the midst of completing college and looking for a place in the city along with finding decent jobs with soon to be printed college degrees is actually more difficult than it sounds. We never could establish a set routine as to when we should pump and suck their breasts. We tried, of course, but it was incredibly difficult. Oddly, just the attempt was enough to bring us closer together because we had to schedule everything together.

For all her initial reluctance, Minh enjoyed the routine of having her breasts pumped and sucked on a regular basis more than Isabelle. Though she had never minded any attention paid to her tits previously, Minh discovered that after she started using the breast pump her nipples became incredibly sensitive and with its proper application or some enthusiastic teasing and sucking from a human mouth, she could achieve orgasm.

“It’s completely unlike a vaginal or clitoral orgasm,” she explained to us for about the hundredth time. She liked showing off her new talent. “I mean, I feel it down there was well, but the orgasm is entirely different. A totally different style. I wish you could do it too, Izzy,” she said sadly.

Isabelle was silent on that issue. We all had noted the slightly increased size to Minh’s tits, but Isabelle’s were the same, but then again she was almost three cup sizes larger than Minh, so any small increase would be next to impossible to properly judge.

Jealousy is an ugly, untamed, and unpredictable creature.

And then graduation came and summer and confusion and moving and it was almost all too much. Almost. The three of us managed to find an apartment in the city together. The landlord didn’t care that he was renting a two-bedroom place to a man and two women. He was just glad to get the check. Jobs were found. Isabelle landed a low-level position with a bank, Minh found employment

with an insurance company. I managed to eke out a living—barely—for a local advertising company. Not dream jobs for any of us, but since our dreams were with each other, it didn't matter too much. Minh's slightly swollen breasts seemed to fade and there was never a change as far as I could ever tell with Izzy's.

It became a routine to get up, go to work, come home, have dinner, get in bed, have sex, and go to sleep. Routine was good. Routine was what worked for inducing lactation. We had even gone so far as to write out a schedule on the whiteboard we had posted to the refrigerator. All breasts were suckled six to eight times a day: waking, before leaving for work (if possible), meeting for lunch (which was too often hit and miss, but fun anyway), getting home from work, before dinner, after dinner, before bed/during sex. Both girls shared the use of the breast pump, alternating days. We could have bought another one but they liked the idea of sharing the same one.

This went on for two months. My mouth and lips were getting stronger and Minh's slightly swollen tits returned, but there didn't seem to be any progress beyond that. Minh loved the stimulation and had all but trained herself to cum nearly every time someone suckled her for a few minutes. She even started declining the use of the breast pump at work because she didn't want to have an orgasm and let everyone else know what she was up to. Izzy didn't protest, she was doing everything she could to start her flow: she maxed out her recommended dosage of blessed thistle, she offered her tits to Minh and I at every opportunity, she walked around topless at home in case either of us felt the need to partake of her charms. I wouldn't have been surprised if she revealed to us that she sucked her own tits; they were large enough for her to reach the nipples and tease herself. Minh did complain from time to time that her breasts ached, but no milk ever appeared.

Then Minh came home from work one day with a tablespoon of thin white liquid in the breast pump's bottle.

"Oh my goddess!" Izzy squealed. "Is that what I think it is?"

Minh nodded eagerly, her smile too strong to allow her to speak.

"Wow," I said, taking the bottle and inspecting it. "What should we do with it?"

"Probably not good to drink it," Izzy said. "It hasn't been refrigerated. But we

can keep her going, can't we, Minh?" Isabelle pawed at Minh's shirt, stripping it off her, pulling off her bra, and forcing our lover to the second-hand couch in the living room. I joined them but Isabelle stopped me as I was about to put my lips to Minh's tit. "No, we should use the breast pump to make sure she's flowing."

"Don't I get a say in this matter?" Minh asked.

"I suppose," Izzy grumbled.

"Use your mouths," she said happily. "I could feel my milk coming out when I used the breast pump today. I'll know if it starts coming out. And you'll taste it."

"And the human mouth is the best way to induce milk flow in the breast," I sagely spoke. It was a piece of advice that seemed to come up in every website or book about breast feeding.

"Fine," Isabelle said and latched onto Minh's dark nipple. We sucked eagerly and expectantly. At first there was nothing. Minh sighed and wiggled her hips a bit. We held her down trying to put off her rising libido. Then I tasted it on my tongue. Heavy and sweet and completely different from anything I had tasted before. I opened my eyes and they went wide. Isabelle had the same reaction as I did. We pulled off Minh's tits at the same time.

"Did you get some," I asked her, wiping my lips with the back of my hand.

Isabelle nodded eagerly. "Yes! It was wonderful. Sweet and tasty like over-sugared cream."

"Keep going," Minh complained. Her hands went to our faces, trying to pull us back to her tits. "You stopped just as it started flowing."

I looked at her breasts for a moment and noticed a few drops of milk dribbling out of the dark nipples. I licked Minh clean and went back to sucking as deep and hard as I could. Her milk only flowed for another minute, but it was the sweetest minute of my life. And then abruptly her milk stopped. I sucked a moment longer, but I knew it was all gone for the moment. I let her nipple slip from my lips and moved up to kiss her. Minh stuck her tongue in my mouth, tasting her sweet milk. I let her explore as much as she wanted to but then we both realized something was amiss. We both looked down at Izzy still attached to Minh's breast, eagerly sucking away.

“There’s nothing coming out,” Minh said quietly. “I don’t have that much milk yet.”

Reluctantly Isabelle let go. A thin tendril of saliva connected her lips to Minh’s nipple. She awkwardly brushed it away. “I just wanted to make sure I got it all,” she said softly. “The more we drink the more you make, right?”

“Right,” Minh immediately agreed. It was true of course. We all knew that. We also all knew that more than anything Izzy wanted to see milk flow from her breasts and Minh producing first was a devastating blow to her sexuality.

“An adult woman drinking another woman’s breast milk can have the effect of inducing lactation in the consumer,” she repeated as if an incantation. Isabelle stood up and moved away. We gave her a few minutes, then pulled her into the bedroom and lavished much attention onto her pretty and proud breasts. Minh was more eager than me and I realized she wanted her friend to start lactating because it was Isabelle’s idea in the first place and we all knew that Isabelle had been confident she would start producing milk first and produce it by the gallon before Minh’s tiny tits had leaked out even a pint.

Minh happily went down between Isabelle’s legs, prepping her bare pussy for me. When she moved away I plunged my hard cock deep into Izzy and pounded her hard and fast, just the way she loved to be fucked when she was extra horny. I ignored the fact she was more anxious than horny. We all tried to ignore Izzy’s rising tension.

It’s amazing how quickly you can become addicted to breast milk. After only a couple of days Minh’s milk came in full. She was producing a good half cup every morning and every evening. I started looking forward to seeing her immediately after work so I could pull off her shirt and bra and drain her tit. I was only allowed one because Izzy insisted on the other. The best part of waking up in the morning was nuzzling my way down to Minh’s tit and draining every ounce of sweetness that had formed during the night. The left tit became mine; the right was Izzy’s. We were happy with our arrangement. Minh was exceedingly pleased with it as well.

“I never thought I’d love having my tits sucked so much,” she gushed to us as her lovers emptied her tits for her. “And the orgasms...” Her eyes rolled up into her head when I reached between her legs and played with her clit as I sucked

her breast. It was all she needed lately to cum.

The next time Izzy came home with an odd look on her face. “What kind of relationship do we have?” she asked us after Minh’s breasts were done being suckled.

“A ménage a trois.”

“No, I mean open or closed? Can we see other people?”

Neither Minh nor I had an immediate answer for her. We looked at each other and she gave me a little shrug of her round shoulders. “We’ve never really discussed that, have we?” I said slowly and carefully. “I always thought we were exclusive to the three of us but I suppose...” I trailed off, not knowing where to go with the conversation now.

“Would you two mind if I was seeing someone else.” She paused and looked away, unable to meet our gazes. “Not romantically. Just for sex...stuff.”

Minh suddenly came out swinging, more than a touch of anger in her voice. “Wasn’t it your idea for us to start lactating?” she asked a bit too sharply. “Didn’t we all move here together because we’ve decided to have a life together, all three of us? Haven’t we all made sacrifices for each other? Haven’t I taken your pills and used your breast pump and had my tits sucked to the point of pain just to get a little milk flowing so that we’d bond together and not get broken up by someone else?!”

The silence hung in the air between us for too long. Finally Isabelle spoke. “And I’ve done all that too and my milk hasn’t started flowing like yours. I want my milk to come in. I see the way you are with Jeremy, the way you two cuddle and try to include me, but I’m the outsider because I can’t get my milk going.” She pulled in a hard sobbing breath, but refused to let herself start crying. “And then when a guy at work starts flirting with me and asks me out and I say no because I’m in a relationship, but he doesn’t stop flirting and hitting on me. And so today we went to the empty office and I let him suck on my tits and finger my pussy. It felt good. And then I walked out to my car and started crying because I’m not doing what I’m supposed to be doing with you and you and him and...and...and.”

I thought for sure she was going to start crying right then, but Minh grabbed her

and kissed her fiercely. When they broke apart Minh slapped Izzy across the face. “I love you,” she cried out to Isabelle. “I want to drink your milk but you can’t start fucking some guy and leave us just because yours isn’t coming in as quickly as mine.”

Silent tears slid down Izzy’s face. She nodded and opened her mouth, but wasn’t able to speak.

“If you want him to suck your tits,” I said, “that would be okay, but you can’t fuck him. Sometimes sexual desire can help get your milk flowing.” They both goggled at me. “What? I read the same stuff you two do. There’s a sexual element to inducing lactation.”

“No shit,” Izzy mumbled under her breath.

I ignored her. “And heightened sexual desire without release with this other guy might be the little kick that Izzy needs to get over this hump.”

Minh snorted and looked away but couldn’t stop herself from giggling. “You said hump,” she pointed out.

Chapter Four

And so we half-ignored the fact that Isabelle was flirting with some guy at her office. And letting him suck her breasts—for the promotion of lactation we all knowingly said with a nod and a wink. And fingering and fucking her for all we knew. She seemed happier. She still let us suck her tits when she was home. She acted much the same as before, only happier. She was just as eager to suck Minh's tits now and drink her milk. It became apparent she was as addicted to the sweet liquid as I was.

Izzy had always been the dominant force in our triad and now it seemed she was taking on a secondary role to Minh who, for lack of a better word, was acting as a queen. She would casually walk around our apartment topless, proud of her slightly swollen tits that now produced a seemingly endless supply of milk. She took to wearing tight shirts and showed the swell of her breasts. When she wasn't wearing a skin-tight blouse it was unbuttoned down as low as possible to display her cleavage, which in all honesty was really nothing spectacular, but she was proud of it.

Both women were happy to have me fuck them at any time. Izzy was doing it to prove she wasn't laying her nameless boyfriend from the office. Minh did it to prove that she was the dominant one in our triad now. They both did it because they were horny young women who were getting their tits sucked every day and needed a release from the near-constant sexual stimulation. What I didn't notice right away was that Minh and Izzy stopped having sex with each other. Before it had always been the two of them would turn their backs on society's mores and have a go at full-on lesbian fucking because they loved each other and liked to have sex with someone of the same gender. But it slowly dawned upon me that they didn't make love anymore and they hardly touched each other unless it was in a three-way with me.

Our relationship would have been doomed if not for one wonderful event.

I was dutifully sucking on Izzy's tits in the morning almost a month after she revealed her outside affair to us. It was nothing out of the ordinary until I detected sweetness in my mouth. Even this I ignored for a minute until I realized

that I wasn't sucking Minh's tiny tits, but it was Izzy's full-sized breast in my mouth. Shocked I let her nipple fall from my mouth.

"You're leaking!" I cried grabbing her fat tit and squeezing it awkwardly. I was manhandling it like the prize boobs on a virginal girl being attacked by a sixteen year old boy in the back of a movie theater.

Izzy was only half awake when I made my declaration. "What?" she asked, half mumbling the words. I didn't answer her and merely manipulated her breast, expressing small spurts of milk out of the nipple. She woke up enough to realize what I was doing to her. Eyes wide she watched as the milk came out of her body and dribbled over my fingers, down her breast and soaked into the bed sheet.

"Don't stop," she whispered to me. I bent forward and licked some of her sweet milk from her skin, lazily my tongue over her wet nipple.

"There won't be much," I told her.

"Won't be much what?" Minh said absently walking back into the bedroom for her morning shower. A towel was wrapped around her hips, like a man would wear, so she could show off her tits.

"Much of my milk," Izzy said breathlessly, excitement heavily tingeing her words. Minh's eyes locked onto Isabelle's breasts. Sure enough a few drops of the nearly clear liquid were sliding down the breast that Minh usually suckled.

"Oh. Wow," she gasped. In a moment she was across the room and on the bed with us. Her towel fell to the floor and she licked the side of Izzy's breast, scooping up the dribbles of milk that were headed toward the sheets. "Very sweet," she announced and then immediately latched onto Izzy's breast, sucking hard.

I copied her and the two of us set to work draining Izzy's heavy breasts. Izzy's breathing started coming fast and heavy. I wasn't sure if it was from sexual excitement or her relief that her milk had finally come in and she could suckle her two lovers.

"There won't be much," she said softly, repeating my words. "How much? Are you still getting some?"

I nodded and didn't let go of her tit. For the first time we managed to get any milk from Izzy's big tits, they were proving to be as productive as Minh's who had been fully lactating for over a month.

"Plenty," Minh said happily, smacking her lips as she pulled off Izzy's tit. It was red and wet and continued to leak a small, pleasant stream of milk from the nipple. "Don't want to waste any," she said, diving back down and continuing to feed from Izzy. We cuddled together as Izzy's milk filled us. The amount of time it was taking to drain her was cutting into our morning routine, but it was worth it. After close to fifteen minutes my breast was empty. I watched as Minh fed a minute longer, but finally Isabelle's breasts gave out and produced no more soft white liquid.

Isabelle laughed and giggled as we played with her tits for a minute, flicking the nipples and pinching them to see if we could get a bit more out of them, but she was done. "Shit!" I cursed when I glanced at the clock. "I'm gonna be late!" I jumped off the bed and headed for the shower as Minh moved up the bed and offered Izzy her breast. Isabelle was more than happy to take her lesbian lover's breast into her mouth and suck out her milk.

I finished showering and shaving in record time and came back to the bedroom to dress. Minh was now on her back, Isabelle was still nursing from her, but Izzy was on her knees and elbows, ass in the air. It was distracting, but what upset me the most was that she was consuming the milk that, by tradition, was the breast Minh offered me.

"That's my breast!" I protested.

Izzy pulled off Minh's tit and looked over her shoulder at me. "Should have come to feed earlier," she said and wagged her ass at me. "Why don't you fuck me instead?" Her legs were spread and I could see the wetness of her pussy as her nether lips glinted in the morning sunlight. My cock was already hard and I had too little time already. But Izzy had no intention of leaving Minh's tit either. Groaning in frustration I mounted the bed then mounted Izzy. She had her hand between Minh's legs and was playing with our Asian lover's pussy. It was a hard quick fuck. I'm not sure Izzy even noticed that I came in her cunt. I had to leave the two of them on the bed, making love slowly together, as I dressed and ran out the door to get to work. I wasn't sure if either of them intended to get to work on time, but they needed the morning to bond over Izzy's milk.

I was the first one home, as was usual. The girls were gone so they didn't spend the entire day together in bed. I started getting a celebratory dinner ready so we could honor Izzy's milk coming in. Minh was the next home and immediately announced to me her breasts were sore and full. "I can help you with that," I said as she pulled off her blouse and bra. More than once recently she had commented she hated wearing brassieres because they were too tight around her chest and constricted her tits. It was getting time to switch the girls over to larger sizes or even full-fledged nursing bras. Not tonight, however. We laid down on the couch together and I started relieving her. Minh's tits had definitely grown over the past few months. I could track the relative daily fluctuations based on her nursing schedule, but overall they were larger. Not a C cup by any means, but most certainly a proud B.

"You making dinner for Izzy?" she asked me as I latched on to her tit and her milk started flowing. I nodded, not saying anything. Her sweetness poured over my tongue and started filling my stomach. I had noticed my overall food consumption had gone down once Minh had started lactating while hers had gone up. No surprise there. She ran her hand through my hair and settled back, relaxing as I nursed from her.

"I'm so glad Izzy's milk came in. Finally," she sighed with relief. "And it was so sweet. Sweeter than mine even."

I let go for a moment. "You've tasted yours?" I asked while looking up at her.

She blushed slightly. "Well, yeah. I've tasted it on your and Izzy's lips. And then I just needed to know, so I tasted it myself. I think hers is sweeter."

"She's only been lactating a day," I commented. I didn't want to talk, I wanted to nurse. I went back to her wet and slightly reddened nipple.

"Maybe it'll change. I'm a little jealous now. I liked being the milk maid of the house. Made me feel sexy. Womanly. An object of lust." I could tell she was thinking about having sex, but we needed to wait for Izzy to come home first. "Sexy. I like showing off my tits. Never thought I would. They were always so small. Not that they're much bigger now, but I like them more. They're useful finally. You wouldn't believe how many guys hit on and flirt with me at work."

Yes I would, I thought but didn't speak. I didn't want to let go of her breast now. Her milk was releasing a steady stream now and I barely needed to suck, I could

just let it slide over my tongue and down my throat.

“Sometimes I want to take off my top at work and parade around flaunting them.” She giggled. “We should find a nude beach in the summer and I’ll show these babies off to the world.” I smiled into her flesh at that comment. “I’m just a little bit worried HR will call me in for ‘inappropriate dress.’ I’m certain I wear the lowest cut blouses of all the women at work. And the tightest tops. It was hard to resist some of the advances I got from men at the office. I understand why Izzy gave in and let this other guy suckle her. But my breasts, my milk is just for the two of you.” She leaned down and kissed me on the forehead. “Switch to the other side,” she told me.

“What? That’s Izzy’s side,” I protested.

She pointed to the steady flow of milk leaking from her left breast. “It’s being wasted. She can have my night milk if she’s in the mood after dinner. But if she’s going to be late, that’s the risk she runs. My milk waits for now man or woman.”

So I switched and mostly drained Minh’s other breast. I left some behind in case Isabelle wanted to feed from Minh earlier than usual. When we were done Minh went to the bedroom to change her clothes. She came out wearing a pair of jeans and a white silk blouse that was so thin it was nearly perfectly sheer. I could easily see her dark nipples and areola under it. She kept it completely unbuttoned, the sleeves were pulled up to her elbows, and she loosely knotted the bottom hem around her waist. Make no mistake about it. The way she wore the shirt was advertising her tits were available upon request.

We continued to make dinner and waited for Izzy to arrive home. Usually she was the last in, but her usual arrival time came and passed and I started getting nervous. What had happened to her? Car accident? Traffic? No phone call from her. Was she fucking her mystery man in the copier room to show off her newly lactating breasts?

Finally she walked in a half hour late and I breathed a sigh of relief, but that sigh caught in my throat as she brought in a man with her. Minh and I both froze at his appearance. It had to be the mystery man. “Terrance,” she said to him, “these are my partners, Minh and Jeremy.”

He shook my hand, and then Minh’s and was unable to take his eyes off her protruding nipples under her shirt. She smiled unflinchingly at him. “Partners? I

don't understand. Are you three in some business together?"

Minh giggled. I'm embarrassed to admit I blushed a bit, but Izzy pressed forward. She obviously had this all planned out. "No, they're my lovers. We're in a triad. But it's okay; they gave me permission to include you in our group... at least for the moment."

"Oh," was all he could say. He still hadn't torn his eyes away from Minh's breasts. She thrust her chest out a bit at him.

"See something you like?" she asked him bold as brass.

He flushed a bit. "Sorry. Didn't mean to stare."

"Don't be. I like showing them off. You've seen Izzy's, right? Have you tasted her milk?" Minh asked. She was out to prove she hadn't been dethroned as queen in our abode. "I tasted it this morning. Very sweet."

I didn't want to be the useless cog in this machine so I spoke up. "I'd have to agree. Minh is producing more, but Izzy's initial milk was very sweet."

"He tasted it at lunch," Isabelle piped up. Clearly she was enjoying teasing her friend, her smile was too broad and happy for someone who wasn't playing a game. "Terry said he liked it, even if it was his first time. He should thank Minh for leaving him a little. She was a little minx this morning trying to drain me completely."

Minh nodded sagely. "When your milk came in, it came in hard."

"I even had to wear my nursing bra and pads today," Izzy announced opening up her shirt and displaying her somewhat industrial strength nursing bra with flaps. I detected round pads positioned strategically over her nipples. When had she bought a nursing bra?

"I think that's really more appropriate for dessert conversation, don't you?" I asked a little bit too archly. They all looked at me and laughed nervously. We sat down to dinner and had a perfectly pleasant evening meal, avoiding all talk of the women's breasts even though Minh's were on display behind sheer silk and Isabelle had left her blouse unbuttoned obscenely low, displaying all of her ample cleavage. When all the food was consumed and we had made a

manageable stack of dishes to be washed later, the conversation took an awkward turn and it was Isabelle who started it.

“I promised Terry he could fuck me tonight if he was good. Do you guys mind?”

I tried to force words out of my throat, but nothing came out. It was Minh who sailed to the rescue. “Can we watch?” she asked.

Terry’s eyes went wide at Izzy’s statement and wider still at Minh’s question. Isabelle answered for them. “I don’t see why not.”

“Is he going to suckle you?” Minh asked following up. I think she wanted to put Isabelle on the spot; a wry smile was playing at her lips. When she asked the question, Minh was looking at Terry.

“I wasn’t planning on it,” he said. “Do you want me to?” He was plainly nervous at the question. Over the course of dinner it came out that he was eight years older than us, certainly not ancient, but old enough to have established a life and here he was playing with kids right out of college.

“If you want to,” Izzy told him. “But you need to save some for Jeremy and Minh. They deserve it.” She smiled and pulled him by the hand toward the bedroom, walking backward. With her free hand she completed unbuttoning her shirt and dropped it to the floor. Minh and I followed out of curiosity. Terry quickly pulled off Izzy’s bra with her help. Her nursing pads briefly stuck to her nipples, then fell to the floor. Minh and I stood silently in the door as he and she stripped each other, ignoring us. They got on the bed, Terry on his back, his cock quickly erect. From somewhere either he or Izzy produced a condom and she rolled it onto his manhood. I was a bit unnerved. He was bigger than me, not much, but just enough to make me a bit insecure.

They fucked like Minh and I weren’t there. Isabelle knelt over him, guided his protected cock into her wet pussy, and settled down on his hips. She leaned forward, offering him her breasts, but he only gave them a few desultory licks and a half-hearted suck before she pulled back disappointed. I was pleased to watch this personal sex show and I felt my cock getting hard. I was standing behind Minh and I slipped my hands around her body and starting disrobing her. Minh didn’t resist and in fact helped me, but she never tore her eyes off the bed, watching her lover have sex with Terry. I couldn’t tell if she was upset or excited or both. When I slipped my hand between her legs she was wet. Just the touch of

my fingers was enough to excite her and she pulled me by my cock to the bed.

We laid down on the edge, Minh on her side, watching Terry and Izzy. I laid on my side behind her. Automatically Minh raised up her leg, pointing her knee to the ceiling. I entered her cunt from behind, easily pushing into her. We had sex at a slow pace, watching the other two fuck with abandon. We weren't really interested in fucking right then, we wanted to watch.

Izzy pumped her thighs up and down on Terry's cock with great enthusiasm. Her tits bobbed up and down. I could see just the tiniest drips of milk leaking from her nipples. Terry gave no indication he felt the warm liquid dripping on his chest. I was angry that he was wasting the precious give that Izzy was offering him, but I said nothing. His eyes were closed and he was fucking her from below like he hadn't been laid in a year.

He cried out gasping, clutching Izzy's hips so hard that I could see red marks on her tender skin. I wasn't sure if she came or not, but when he was done jerking his hips between her thighs, she leaned forward once again and dragged her nipple across his lips. "Drink," she told him.

For a moment he resisted, then opened his mouth and let her breast in. Minh and I watched for a minute. His suckling was gentle and unenthusiastic, but I watched, fascinated, as another man drank my precious Izzy's milk. My hands went around to Minh's swollen breasts. I pressed my palms firmly against her nipples. They were dry but I was certain her milk wanted to come out.

It wasn't nearly as exciting as I hoped it would have been. He drank for a minute, and then abruptly Izzy rolled off him and pulled her tit from his mouth unceremoniously.

"Wow," he exclaimed without any real enthusiasm. "That was great."

"Yeah, it was, wasn't it," Izzy replied perfunctorily.

Terry got up from the bed, found his clothes, got dressed in record time, thanked her for a nice evening, and was out the apartment door before I could even pull out of Minh.

"Well, that was interesting," Isabelle said sadly. "I don't think we'll have him back any time soon. If at all." She looked sullenly down at the bed. "My breasts

feel heavy and tight. I think I need someone to nurse from me.” She looked up at us with a hopeful smile. “Can you two help me out?”

In an instant I was out of Minh and pressing Izzy back into the mattress. Moving with practiced ease Minh and I each took one of Izzy’s nipples and started sucking in earnest. All the time we had spent together proved perfect preparation. Izzy’s milk let down almost immediately upon our lips touching her nipples. Her thick, sweet milk flowed with a vengeance filling my mouth and shoot down my throat. I reached between her legs to tease her, a promise of what I planned to do the moment her breast was empty, but Minh’s hand was already there, teasing our lover’s clit.

It didn’t take us very long to drain Izzy’s tits. Her milk tended to gush it seemed while Minh’s was more of a steady flow. I practically had to gulp down Izzy’s sweet milk in order to keep up with her production. Just as her breasts stopping giving Minh’s hand violently stroked Izzy’s pussy, rubbing her with a vengeance. I pulled away from the pair, slightly appalled, and then Izzy arched her back up and cried out. A thin spray of liquid erupted from her cunt and slightly soaked the sheets. “Stop stop stop!” she cried out while grabbing Minh’s soaked hand.

“Holy fuck that looked painful,” I exclaimed as I watched the two of them cuddle up to each other and kiss. They were both enjoying the aftereffects of Izzy’s orgasm.

“No,” Izzy said. “It was wonderful. Sometimes a girl needs a nice hard cum from a hard hand.” She looked over at me and noticed my erect cock. “Why don’t you put that thing to good use,” she said opening her legs a little wider. Her pussy was now soaked, but open and ready as well. I licked my lips and hesitated. Did she really want to get fucked again so soon after cumming so hard?

“Put it in her,” Minh ordered me, kissing Izzy on the cheek. The girls giggled lightly as I moved on top of Izzy and Minh watched as I started fucking her. It dawned upon me that everyone had a chance at Izzy’s pussy that night: Terrance, Minh, and finally me. Izzy was turning into a bit more of a slut than I ever really anticipated. She was a lovely slut and I desired everything about her, but it was more than passing strange she was so eager for sex all the time and with everyone. “Fuck her,” Minh encouraged me. Izzy’s pussy was still tight after

being used well already during the evening. I started fucking her in earnest, I wanted to cum after everything we had done already, I didn't want to delay my pleasure.

Minh moved up on the bed, pulled Izzy's head to her chest, and started nursing her. I was a bit jealous; I wanted to suck Minh's milk as well. I increased my rate of thrusts. I didn't care if Izzy came again or not—I wasn't even sure if she could come again. "What's the hurry," Minh asked me as I watched Izzy suck her tit.

"I want your milk!"

"There's plenty to share," she said with a smile. "If you hurry." I thrust faster and faster until my balls unloaded my own heavy liquid deep into Izzy's cunt. I collapsed against her. She barely seemed to notice that I had cum. I needed a minute to rest, but Izzy wasn't waiting for me; she kept pulling as much of Minh's rich milk from our Asian lover's tits as fast as she could. When I saw a few droplets of milk dribble out of Minh's free nipple I heaved my body off Izzy and pushed Minh down to the bed. My lips went right to her breast and I started nursing. It was heaven. My cock was sated and now I needed to fill my belly with her goodness.

Minh stroked both our heads as we drank from her tits. "This is the way it should be," she said quietly.

Isabelle's milk came in quickly and she produced more than enough for both Minh and me. Every morning I drank from both their tits. Some days their milk was so abundant I didn't even want to eat breakfast, but both girls had developed near-ravenous appetites. They started eating almost everything in sight. Happily they didn't really gain weight other than in their tits and perhaps a little bit in the ass and hips, and I didn't mind that either. It was odd to realize that I was getting a good portion of my nutrition from their tits while everything they ate went to sustain the odd relationship we had set up.

It was my usual routine to get up first, shower, and then nurse from whichever girl had woken up first. One morning after emerging from the shower I found the two of them in our king-sized bed nursing each other at the same time. They had discovered it was fairly easy to lay on their sides facing each other but instead of

being oriented the same direction, one put her feet at the top of the bed and the other put hers at the bottom. Each was able to suckle the other as she was suckled at the same time. It was a different sight to behold and I wanted to join in. Leaning over both of them I was able to take a free breast and nurse a bit, then let go and switch to the other free breast. I think this annoyed the girls more than it pleased them or me. When I was done feeding from them for the morning Izzy gave me a cold eye and said, “You know, sometimes it nice to have just girls’ time.” The half-stated implication was that I was annoying them during a private intimate moment.

And we each as couples had our private moments. Minh would occasionally come into the shower with me. She liked it when I picked her up and fucked her against the side of the shower wall. Izzy and I both had a streak of insomnia in us. More than once Minh had fallen asleep after we nursed from her. Izzy and I would quietly slip out to the living room to watch a little television, but usually we just turned it on for some white noise while we fucked on the couch. I knew the girls often played privately with each other in the morning after I left. And all of this was good. It was their milk that bonded us together, but our private couplings were just as important because having three-way sex every night could become too much of a planned operation of who goes where for how long and how hard. One-on-one sex was always welcome.

We had learned to move beyond petty jealousy. The girls had some special connection that I could never break into, but the unstated understanding was that eventually my cock would be used for something else other than to give them a good fucking. It would be used to give our triad an actual family. I knew I wanted to impregnate the two of them, but not yet. It wasn’t the right time in our lives yet. We all talked vaguely of family and children, but none of us were ready yet. We barely acknowledged to our parents and sibling that we were living in a triad. Izzy and Minh’s family both thought I was the boyfriend and the other girl in the apartment was just a merely convenient roommate. I said nothing to my family which was fairly easy since my relationship with them was strained at best.

One night at dinner we were discussing what we should do for sex that night and Minh flat out told me, “You know...you aren’t the only one who can fuck me, Jeremy.”

I snorted. “Oh really? Then who? Do you have a secret boyfriend?”

“No, Izzy can fuck me when I ask,” she asserted.

“Oh, she can make love with you and have sex with you, but you need a cock to be properly fucked.”

“And she does that to me.”

I laughed now. “Really? I’ve checked. Izzy’s got a pussy between her legs, not a cock.”

With those words Minh jumped up and bolted to the bedroom. I could hear her rummaging around for a moment and then she was back, slamming down a dildo on the table. “What’s this?” Then I saw it wasn’t just a dildo, it had an attached harness. It was a strap-on dildo for a woman to wear. “Oh.”

Izzy had the good sense to blush.

Events sometimes happen so fast it’s impossible to process them correctly and efficiently. “So...” I said stupidly, “you two have been having sex...fucking... without me?”

Brainless, I know.

Though she might have been embarrassed, Izzy wasn’t going to let that stop her from showing her backbone. “Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick, Jeremy! Can’t Minh and I fuck when you’re not around?” she asked. “Can’t we have a few secrets between the two of us?”

“I suppose,” I hedged. The table was uncomfortably silent for a minute. I couldn’t help staring at the strap-on dildo. It was bright blue connected to a black harness. It was bigger than my cock. I was started to get an inferiority complex with my two girlfriends. First Izzy brings home a guy with a bigger cock than me, then I find out the two of them are sharing a dildo that’s also bigger than me. I never considered myself to be small, just average. “Do you two take turns using this on each other?”

Minh laughed out loud at that. “No, stupid. Izzy puts it on and fucks me. It’s hers. I mean, we share it and all, but it only goes inside me. She just gets to use it on me.” They exchanged some secret glance and Izzy leaned over and kissed Minh on the lips. I loved to watch them flirt and play and have sex with each

other, but always before it had been just with lips and tongues and fingers. Now they were playing with a fake cock and I was getting worried I was being edged out of the relationship.

“Can I watch you two use it together?” I asked with some hesitation. I didn’t want to piss them off.

Izzy rolled her eyes. “Geez, we can’t have anything private, can we?”

“I’m not the one who paraded a dildo through the apartment and slammed it down on the dinner table.”

Minh held up her hand at Izzy. “He’s got a point. That was kind of stupid of me.” She shrugged. “I should have kept George a secret.”

“Who’s George?” Now I was truly worried. Who was her secret boyfriend now?

“The strap-on, honey,” Izzy said. “We call him George sometimes.”

“Ah. Makes sense.”

“No it doesn’t,” Minh said dismissively. She picked it up and beckoned to the two of us. “C’mon, let’s do this. Nothing wrong with putting on a little show for our boyfriend.”

And so they did. Minh laid on her back, naked and legs spread as Izzy made love to her, laying between her legs in traditional missionary. I watched as Izzy’s ass clenched and went up and down, moving blue George in and out of Minh’s pussy. They kissed and caressed each other. Izzy bent her head down and suckled from Minh’s breasts. And I watched from across the room. It wasn’t like another man was having sex with Minh. It was better. It wasn’t really even fucking—at least that’s what I told myself—it was making love. Sure Izzy got enthusiastic toward the end and started slamming it in and out of Minh’s cunt, but that was only so she could make herself cum.

I applauded politely when they were done. “That was beautiful,” I complimented them both. “Thank you for letting me watch.”

Minh’s eyes narrowed. “Is he mocking us?”

Izzy shook her head as she loosened the straps from around her hips and removed her harness. “Unfortunately, no. He just comes off as a goofball because he is a goofball. How the hell did we wind up with him?”

“That’s a good question,” Minh said while tapping her fingers on her chin thoughtfully. “He was convenient and open-minded and puts up with your bullshit and mine.”

“We could do better. How many guys would love a three-way with two beautiful women?”

“All of them that aren’t gay,” I pointed out. This wasn’t helping me.

“But your forgetting, Izzy,” Minh pointed out. “He’s loyal and helped put our breasts to work. That counts for something.”

Izzy sighed. “I suppose we’ll have to keep him,” she relented.

Minh tapped her chest. “Come here, big boy, and drink from me. The girls are full and my tits are getting sore. Izzy doesn’t drain me as well as you.” I hopped across the room and snuggled up to her tits. The fact we were having such a good time together made what happened the next week all that much more awful.

Chapter Five

I learned an important lesson: never bring home a beautiful red-head without your girlfriend's permission first.

Naomi had been working in my office for something like five years, making her ancient and unobtainable to me. She was in charge of basic training on some of the computer systems so I wasn't surprised to be called into her training room one afternoon.

"Sit down, Jeremy," she said casually, barely looking up from her computer screen.

"Did I fail one of those systems training review tests?" I asked, a little nervous.

She smiled but didn't look up from the screen. "No. You're doing fine. You have been deficient in one area, however."

"Oh? What's that?"

Almost every day Naomi wore the same type of outfit: white blouse and black slacks or skirt. She was busty, but not hugely so. Her pants or skirt were always just tight enough to show off her shapely ass. Maybe she needed to lose ten pounds so it didn't jiggle so much, but I would never make that complaint. I often enjoyed playing spot the pantyline when she walked past. She had flaming red hair normally pulled back in a tight bun or ponytail and freckles that covered every inch of skin on display which—disappointingly—was often all too little.

"You don't respond to flirting," she informed me as she pivoted on her chair, whirling it halfway around, and then crossed her leg, allowing her skirt to ride dangerously high up her thigh.

My mind shut down and I just blinked at her. "What?"

She sighed. "I've been flirting with you since the first day you came into my training class and you've ignored me. What gives?"

I didn't want to be an idiot and admit to her I'm usually pretty clueless about women coming on to me so I went with a terrible excuse. "Oh. Wow. Yeah. That. Um. I've got a girlfriend." Then I made a huge mistake and corrected myself. "Girlfriends." The moment after the plural was out of my mouth I winced. I sounded like a douche who was bragging about conquests never made.

Naomi was polite and merely smirked at me. "You have girlfriends?" she asked me. "I didn't realize you were such a lady's man. How many?"

"Two." Why was I being so stupidly honest? Mostly because Naomi was beautiful and I had no power to resist her.

"And you can't find time in your life to date another woman? How busy are you?"

I cleared my throat. "Well, I'm living with the two of them, so I don't really have time to date..." and I trailed off. Now it sounded like I was straight out lying. She didn't believe me. Her smirk grew.

"You live with your two girlfriends?" she asked with raised eyebrows and a skeptical tone.

I just nodded.

"You don't have to lie to me if you don't want to go out on a date," she said, a touch of anger in her voice. Then it dawned upon me that I could probably have sex with her if I asked. That's all I needed to do. Just ask. And I had blown it. It didn't matter at that point that I had two girlfriends at home. I had completely blown my chance at bagging another babe.

"I'm not lying," I insisted.

"You have two girlfriends at home and they don't have a problem sharing you?" she asked.

I nodded my head. "Right! Why don't you come over to my place and meet them. I can prove it."

Never had I ever said stupider words.

She took me up on the offer. Her smirk never left her lips.

She followed me home to my apartment. When we walked in she had a quick look around and did come to the conclusion that I was definitely living with someone who was most likely female. “When does she get home?” she asked, still doubting me.

I glanced at my watch. “Isabelle usually gets home just after six. Minh’s usually home in fifteen minutes or so.”

“Damn. That’s not enough time to have sex.” Her lips twisted into a little pouty moue. “Care for a blowjob?”

“What?” I blurted.

“I find that if I give a guy a blowjob he’ll generally stick around a little longer for the promise of more to come.” She grinned at her small pun. “So, want one? I’ve been told I’m great at it. And I know I am.”

“Sure,” I said, positive she was just teasing me, leading me on. In an instant she was on her knees in front of me, unzipping my pants and pulling them down. The fact we were in the middle of the living room didn’t bother her. The fact we hadn’t kissed or held hands or even been out on a casual date didn’t slow her down. “Hold on,” I protested as she started yanking on my underwear.

“What’s the problem?” Looking up at me with her dazzling green eyes I couldn’t remember why I was protesting.

“Maybe this isn’t a good idea.”

She pulled down my underwear and put her mouth around my half-erect cock sucking gently. Then she let go of me, her lips smacked wetly together. “Are you sure?” she asked.

I couldn’t speak. Her mouth was warm and inviting. I pulled her back onto me and forgot everything but her mouth and my cock. She hadn’t been lying. She gave the most perfect blowjob I ever had the pleasure to receive. Her hands alternately gripped my ass and moved around to hold my shaft or clutch my balls. She sucked and licked and nibbled bringing me almost all the way up to orgasm, then backing away and letting the moment pass. Naomi knew how to

play and tease. I wouldn't have been surprised if she had "cocktease" tattooed on her ass.

It's easy to let time get away from you. Especially when you're getting a blowjob. I should have realized this wasn't going to end well.

I jumped nearly ten feet off the floor when Izzy asked, "Who is this giving you a blowjob?"

Minh and Izzy had come home together and when the door opened I was standing in the middle of the living room with my cock in the mouth of a woman they had never met. They weren't outwardly pissed but they both had strange expressions on their faces. I half fell over, pulled my cock from Naomi's mouth, stumbled as I tried to pull up my pants and hide what I had just been doing with Naomi. For her part, Naomi was cool and composed. Maybe because she still had her clothes on.

The woman who had been happily fellating me a moment earlier stood up, wiped the saliva from her chin and stuck out her hand at my girlfriends. "Naomi Dillion. I work with Jeremy. I have to be honest; I didn't believe him when he said he lived with two women. And he claimed you were both his girlfriends. Which of you is he actually dating?"

Minh shook her hand and looked her dead in the eye. "He's dating both of us. Does that surprise you?"

Naomi's eyes went wide. "Yes. He's a nice guy and all, but how do you three work that out?" She looked over at Izzy who was doing a slow burn toward rage but automatically took Naomi's hand when she offered it.

"We keep it together by making sure we all get what we need. I don't mean to be rude, but would you mind leaving? We're both lactating and Jeremy has to help empty our breasts."

"Oh," was all Naomi could say. "Sorry. Of course." And with a strange look at me, she grabbed her bag and left. The girls looked at me. A variety of expressions were crossing their faces. I wanted to run and hide.

"How the hell did you get a beautiful woman like that to give you a blowjob?" Izzy marveled at me. I wasn't sure if her earlier pissed off expression had been

acting or what.

“She just offered,” I blurted. “I didn’t do anything.”

“Why was she here?”

“She didn’t believe me when I told her I had two girlfriends.”

Minh frowned. “She’s a forward and saucy little minx.” She sighed. “Okay, we’ll deal with your stupidity later. Right now I need my tits drained. I’ve been storing up all day.” She pulled off her shirt and dropped the flaps to her nursing bra. The girls had started wearing them all the time now. They said it made them feel sexy at work because no one knew their secret. She pulled me toward the bedroom where we generally nursed when they got home. “We need to teach you how to be more discrete.”

In the bedroom Minh told me to strip and lie down on the bed. I happily followed orders. They only removed their tops while Minh whispered into Izzy’s ear. The blonde nodded with a wicked smile. “No breast milk for you tonight,” Izzy told me. “You’re being punished.” Then they got on the bed with me, but cuddled up with each other. I was forced to watch while Izzy first nursed from Minh, emptying both of her breasts. They were full and Izzy was purposely sloppy about it, swallowing no more than half of what Minh produced.

“Can’t I—” I said wanting to get even a lick or two of her sweet milk, but Minh was fiercely adamant with her answer.

“No. Our tits are off limits to you tonight.” She looked down at my nude body and spied my erect cock. I was somewhat ashamed to have her catch me masturbating in front of them. The great advantage of having two constantly horny girlfriends was the lack of a need to masturbate. I still did from time to time, but never when they were around. “Maybe you should leave that alone,” she said disdainfully.

I immediately dropped my cock. “Right,” I agreed.

Minh settled back on the pillows as Isabelle continued to suckle her. It took twice as long as normal because I wasn’t helping. As much as I liked to watch the girls nurse from each other, I liked to participate more, and I liked to have sex during or immediately after the most of all. I was being denied that. When

Isabelle was done with Minh the girls reversed positions and Izzy gave me the hairy eyeball, as if seeing me naked on the bed with them was the equivalent of seeing a spider crawling up your arm.

She glanced at my erect cock and took no mercy on me. “Why don’t you go make dinner,” she said as she stroked Minh’s long black hair. “We’ll be hungry when we’re done here.”

“Right,” I agreed and stood up and looked for my boxers.

“Do it naked,” she said with a slightly raise eyebrow. “That’s sexy. It’ll keep me in the nude.”

What can I say? I was a helpless twenty-something with was horny. I went out to the kitchen to make dinner. As I left the bedroom I glanced at Minh who was happily sucking down every ounce of sweet milk that Izzy could produce. I knew they wouldn’t be very hungry. Their breast milk was very filling and they were both getting much more than usual. I, however, was starving.

I managed to make dinner without burning it or beating off. It’s surprisingly distracting making food with a full blown hard on. The girls took their time in the bedroom. I heard no noises of lovemaking so I was fairly certain they weren’t having sex. Izzy is always pretty noisy. When I announced dinner was ready they came out of the bedroom topless. Somehow, even though it was common for the both of them to wear nothing to cover their breasts in the apartment, I knew this was a tease for me. All four breasts were slightly deflated and pink from their use that I missed. The tips of Izzy’s nipples were even still a bit wet. I couldn’t tell if it was from saliva or milk. My cock refused to go down.

“You don’t need to dress for dinner,” Isabelle told me.

“Right,” I agreed. We ate, I did the dishes, and the girls went about their evening routine. I got excited when Isabelle called me into the bathroom when I knew she was taking a bath. “How can I help?” I asked with a hint of excitement in my voice.

She was sprawled in the bathtub. In one hand she held a razor; there was already a layer of shaving cream smeared across her crotch. “I don’t feel like shaving tonight. You do it for me,” she ordered.

“Certainly!” I agreed again. There’s something decidedly intimate about shaving a woman’s pubic area. Isabelle normally shaved her pussy herself, but wasn’t above asking Minh or me to help her out. While fucking or eating a pussy is how most men learn about pussy, I had learned so much more about Izzy’s pussy by helping her shave her pubes. I knew every fold, every beautiful part. I knew how difficult it was to get the small hairs that crowded the top of her slit and circled around her clit. I knew how far back her hairs grew into her anal cleft. I was happy to assist her at any point.

She arched her back up a bit and let me get to work. I added more shaving cream as needed and went over every inch of her crotch twice making sure her sex was as smooth as silk. “We should try to convince Minh to shave,” I said while I carefully shaved Izzy’s mound. “Not that she needs to shave, but I’d like to see her completely naked. With her little line of pubic hair, it looks like she’s trying to hide something.”

“Uh-huh,” Izzy said absently. She was enjoying my attention to her quim.

“You two would look beautiful together, completely shaved.” I added some more lather and went over her outer labia a second time. “The weird thing is, with you completely denuded and her with a full bush—well, as full as she can grow—it makes her look a lot more mature, a lot older. That’s not bad, just different.”

Izzy had no response for me. When I was done she stroked herself a few times and nodded with approval. Generally when I was done shaving her, Isabelle would invite me to have sex with her. This time she just stood up from the bathwater, opened the drain, and turned on the shower to rinse off the stray bits of lather from her skin. “Thank you,” she said sliding the shower curtain shut and cutting me off from her.

The evening was uncomfortable for me, both emotionally and physically. My erection wouldn’t go down because I was horny and the girls were topless, their full breasts bobbing happily around our rooms. They were extra affectionate to each other and practically ignored me. They weren’t rude or cruel; they were just proving that I wasn’t necessary to them. I wanted to beat off, but that would only half solve one of my problems. I was exiled and banished from them. When it came time for bed they went into our bedroom to the giant sized king bed that we all had enjoyed every night since we had moved to the city.

They stopped me at the door as I attempted to follow. “I think we’d be more comfortable if you’d sleep in the guest room tonight, Jeremy,” Izzy said to me and closed the door in my face. I went to the miserably small and empty twin bed in the guest room and occasionally one of us used to get away from the other two. Never before had anyone been banished to this place of punishment.

I nearly had to cry myself that night. I could hear the girls having sex, and then talking, then silence. I knew that they had shared their milk with each other but I was cut off.

The next morning I tried the bedroom door. I knew it had a lock on it. The apartment had come that way when we moved it. We had never used it before. It was locked that morning. I showered, ate breakfast alone and went to work without ever seeing the girls. Just as I was about to walk out the door I could hear noises behind the bedroom door. I wanted to knock, to ask them if I was forgiven, anything but I could hear the sounds of nursing and fingers on wet pussy. I knew I wasn’t wanted.

I was lucky. Naomi had no reason to call me into her office or the training room that day. I probably should have emailed her or went to see her in person, but that seemed incredibly stupid. Maybe she was embarrassed and didn’t want to face me either. Maybe she was impressed that I had two girlfriends and knew I didn’t need her. Emphasis on the past-tense of had.

Before I came home from work that day I dashed to the local jeweler. It was a stupid, passionate response because I didn’t know how else to react. The saleswoman at the store treated me completely calmly and normally when I asked for three matching rings. I estimated the sizes of the girls’. What did I know; I was a stupid kid, not nearly as mature as I should have been. A last minute attempt at romance through some inane expression of affection is not the right way to go when trying to keep a relationship going. I should have known that. I still took the three matching rings home with the best of intentions.

Isabelle and Minh were already home. I had taken too long in picking out the rings. They were on the couch together, Isabelle’s shirt was open and Minh was nursing from her breasts. Little, diminutive Minh was stretched out on the couch, her head on a pillow resting on Izzy’s lap as she drank our lover’s sweet milk. I licked my lips in anticipation, took a bold step forward and then hesitated. Minh’s eyes were closed. She was concentrating on sucking Izzy’s wonderful

tits. Both of Izzy's breasts were exposed. Minh was latched on to one tit, but the other was hanging free. A slow drip of milk was falling from the tip of her nipple.

The look Izzy gave me when I walked into the apartment withered my soul. "You're late," she said, held my gaze a minute, then looked down at Minh and stroked our girlfriend's hair.

"Uh, yeah. Sorry. I got delayed."

"We were starting to wonder if you were coming home at all."

"Should I not have bothered?" I asked.

For a moment she closed her eyes and inhaled deeply as Minh let go of her drained breast and moved over to the other one. I licked my lips again thinking about what I was missing. Minh's eyes fluttered just a bit to acknowledge my presence, but she was already on a milk high and wasn't going to let the opportunity to dine on both of Izzy's breasts pass her by.

"No, you should have come home," Izzy told me, shifting her weight slightly so that Minh could get to her fresh breast easier. "We were discussing whether or not we should save any milk for you."

"What did you decide?" I asked quietly

"Minh wanted to give you a second chance at her tits. I wasn't so sure myself, so I'm allowing her to have all my milk tonight."

"Oh."

"Are you going to drink from her?" Izzy asked.

"If she wants," I said in a small voice.

Izzy sighed, frustrated. "Is that the best you can do, Jeremy? Really? 'If she wants.' What about what you actually want. Tell me the truth, we need to get by this or we've worked for months at nothing."

Minh's eyes opened and glanced at me. I thought I saw the flickering light of

hope inside them.

“I want to suck on your tits, both of you, forever,” I blurted out. “I want them all to myself. I don’t want to share them with anyone else but you two. I want to drink your milk, so make it mine to keep us together. I love you. I love Minh. I need the both of you.” I pulled the big ring box out of my pocket. The jeweler had managed to find one that would hold all three rings.

“What’s that?” Izzy asked. “Some little token of how sorry you are?”

“Yes.”

This grabbed Minh’s attention. “What is it?” she asked as she released Izzy’s nipple from her mouth and goggled at the box.

“Oh, Minh,” Isabelle complained, wiping up a bit of spilt milk from her breast and stomach where it had sprayed.

I presented the box to her. Minh was immediately enthralled by my offering. “Three rings?”

“One for each of us,” I explained pulling out the one I thought might fit her. They were silver with three strands of metal braided together. “I didn’t know what else to do or get or how else to apologize.” I grabbed her right hand and slipped it on her ring finger. It was a little big, but the fit wasn’t bad.

“Traditional finger is the left hand,” Izzy said with a touch of disdain in her voice.

“We’re not getting married,” I said.

“Yet,” Minh said, holding up her hand for both of us to admire. She dipped into the box, pulled out the biggest ring and put it on my right ring finger. “Group marriage isn’t legal in any state yet. That doesn’t mean we can’t get married in our hearts.”

Izzy shook her head. “Oh, Minh. You are too sentimental.”

Minh picked up the last ring. “Are you going to forgive him?” she asked with a touch of anger in her voice. She held up the ring. “Don’t you want to be part of

our triad?”

With a sigh of resignation, she held out her right hand and together we slipped the ring onto her finger. It was a perfect fit. Both mine and Minh’s were a little big. That was okay. “All is not forgiven,” she told me.

“I didn’t expect it to be,” I replied, got down on my knees and opened up Minh’s shirt. She helped me drop the flaps to her nursing bra and expose her nipples. Already milk was flowing from her nipples. “I love you,” I told Izzy first, then repeated the words to Minh, and then I latched on and started drinking.

“I love you too,” Minh said. I looked up from her breast and she was wiping away a tear.

Izzy scoffed slightly. “You two! Really.” She got down on her knees and joined me at Minh’s other breast. We nursed silently for a minute. “You’ll really know what love is when you knock the two of us up and have to deal with that problem.”

Her words made my cock twitch, but I concentrated on Minh’s wonderful milk. I rested my hand on Minh’s tummy. Izzy covered my hand with hers.