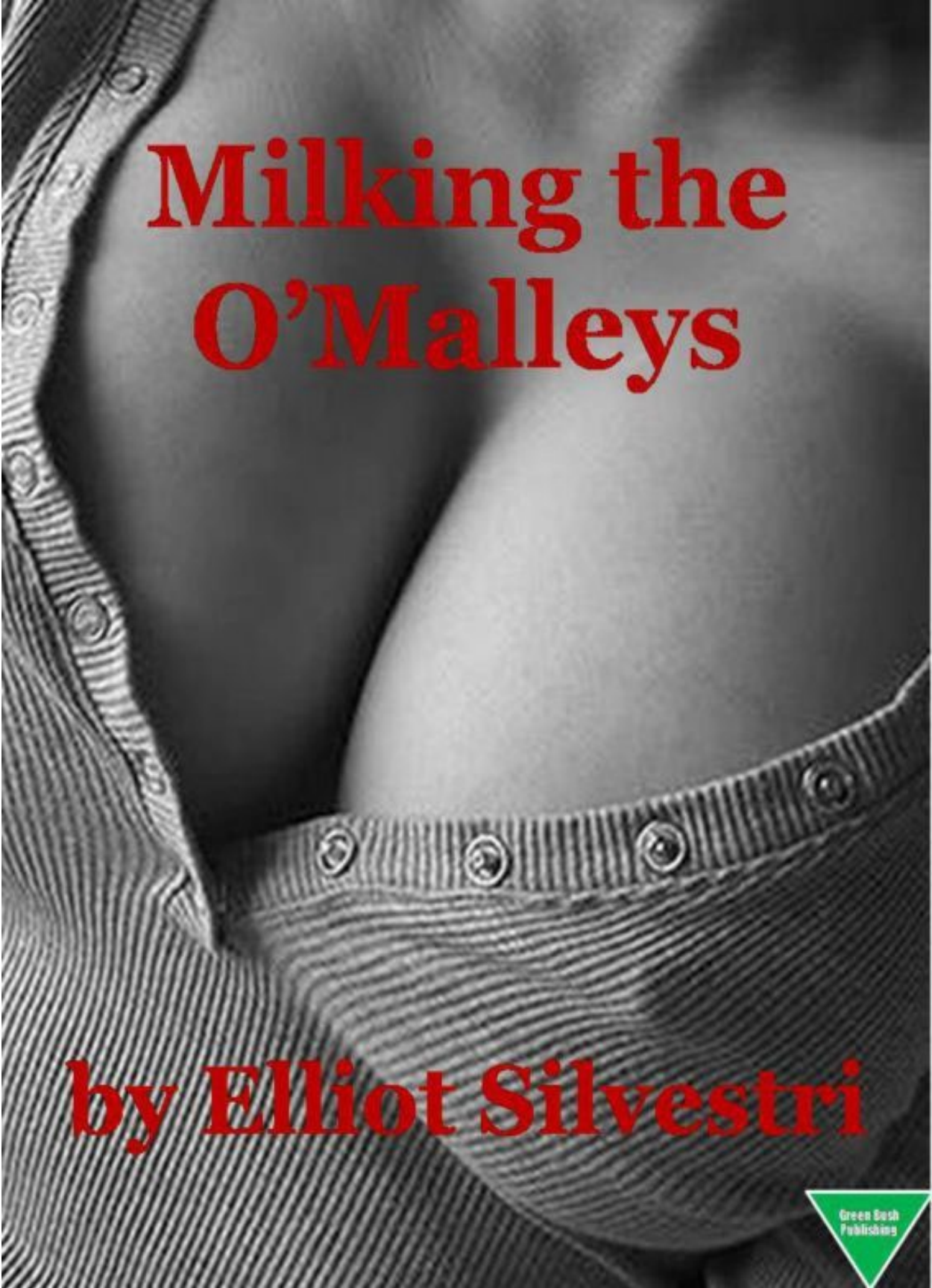
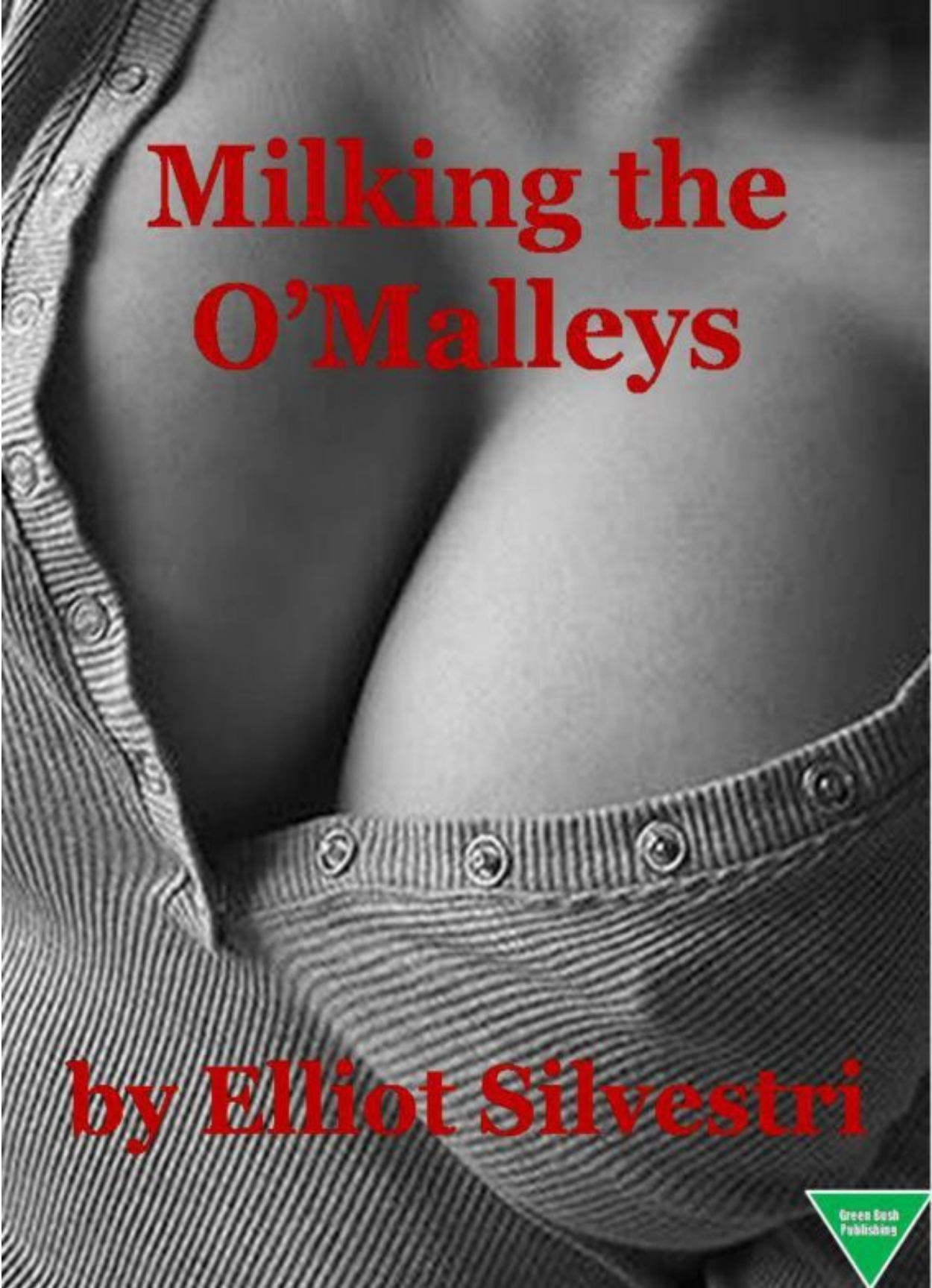




Milking the O'Malleys

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Sash
Publishing



Milking the O'Malleys

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Sash
Publishing

Milking the O'Malleys

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2012 Green Bush Publishing

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

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

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

Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Gretchen's Twins

His and Hers Affairs

Jillian's Contract

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk Addict

The Milk Thief

Misanthrope – First Summer

Never Too Many Pregos

Penny's Secret Life

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Collections

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Chapter One

“A whole week’s training in Maine?!” she wailed.

“It’s not that long, Mona” he said softly. It wasn’t much of an argument. “I’ll be able to get home by the weekend.”

Immediately Ramona grabbed her tits and held them up for him to admire. She was still wearing a bra and blouse, but it was unbuttoned far enough to show off ample cleavage. “How can you possibly give these up for a whole week?”

“Umm.” Mark didn’t have a good answer to that. “Well, I don’t want to—really—but I need the job and we need the money.”

She was nearly in tears. “We worked so hard at getting my milk flowing and you’re just going to walk away from this for a few bucks?”

They both knew it was more complicated than that. When they had embarked on the struggle to get Ramona to lactate it had been a long six month process of breast pumps and steady, gentle, and insistent tit sucking for her to produce any milk at all. Ramona had only started the whole process because Mark said it was the one thing in their sex life that was missing. She was in love with him and thought it would be impossible for her breasts to actually produce milk without getting pregnant so she went along with his little kink. It was nice to have him sucking on her nipples every morning and evening and when they got home from work they’d have a little time to snuggle together. It made the sex even better. Ramona was surprised at how easily her pussy got wet after just a few minutes of tit sucking. She was now so accustomed to sex almost every day after getting her tits sucked to go a week without it was simply unfathomable to her.

Worse, she was only working part-time and they needed all of Mark’s income to just survive. Well...maybe not just survive, they were doing okay, but he just couldn’t refuse to go on a training trip and risk losing his job.

“No, I’m not just going to walk away from your breasts. I live for them. You and I both put a lot of hard work into getting you to lactate. We’ll get the old breast

pump out; I'll come home on the weekend. We'll get through this."

She wanted to believe him. She truly did. But it seemed an impossibly long time to suffer through. Though she was doubtful and reluctant to start the process, once her milk had come in her found she was proud of her chest for the first time in her life. Mark showered affection on her and them just because her body was doing something that it was supposed to do. Their relationship had grown incredibly close because they were forced to spend time together so he could drink from her breasts and keep the milk flowing. It was a secret she wanted to shout to everyone she knew but common sense forced her to keep quiet about their sex life.

"I don't want the breast pump," she whined. "It's too rough and it doesn't work nearly as well."

"If you have a better solution I'd love to hear it," he said with a touch of nastiness he didn't really feel.

Wisely ignoring his tone she gave a thoughtful reply. "I'll come up with a better solution than a breast pump and an anxious weekend trip home for you," she promised.

The first idea of accompanying him on the trip had to be thrown out. Even though she was part-time at her job she couldn't just take off for a whole week. Not only didn't Ramona not have enough vacation time to make the trip, there was simply no way she could afford to go with Mark.

Her second idea was slightly better, but Mark wouldn't approve. She brought it to him a few days later knowing he'd knock down the idea.

"No! You're not going to advertise on Craigslist to sell 'Fresh Breast Milk'!"

"Craigslist doesn't really offer that service," she pointed out. "I'd need to use a different website. It's a good idea."

"What? Prostituting yourself?" he said.

"No, selling my breast milk."

"By offering the opportunity to strange men to suck on your tits?" he asked. "I'm

sorry, but no. I'm the only man who gets to suck on your tits!"

She gave him the look that warned he was getting a little too close to dangerous territory. "They're mine," she said firmly but evenly. "I'll do with them as I please. I'll remind you that we are not married and you do not own me."

Mark regained control of himself. He looked at the cleavage she had on display. When they met she was a passable B cup but with lots of encouragement and suckling she had blossomed into a full C cup. Sometimes he imagined she could be encouraged to grow to a D but that wasn't really necessary. He wasn't a fetishist for big breasts necessarily. He liked what came out of her tits: the milk. In some ways a smaller breast was better mostly because it was easier to fit into his mouth. He liked her ripe, red nipples, and the areola that surrounded those wonderful nipples with their tiny milk ducts that could spray milk into his mouth when Ramona hand expressed herself.

"Right," he agreed. "Sorry. I'm just a little bit upset by this too."

"Well, accommodations and adjustments will have to be made by everyone," she told him.

"Okay, well, what are we and by that I mean you because you get to make the final decision, going to do?"

"There's a couple of other options. Wet nursing isn't illegal, but the mothers who are into that feel the need to go through all sorts of medical tests and background screenings to keep their baby safe from some drug addict mother looking for some quick cash."

"So...that's not going to work then?"

"No, not with a week and a half of notice."

"So what else?"

"I'm surprised you never checked this out. There's a whole little community of men into women who lactate," she said. "There's a bunch of websites on it."

"I know," he mumbled. "I just never had the nerve to look for a woman that way...and after meeting you, I didn't need to."

Ramona gave him a kiss on the forehead. "That's sweet. But that's the route I'm going to have to go."

"Um, okay, what?"

"Guys can never get enough milk. I'm going to line up a few couples who will get my milk while you're gone."

"Um, what? I thought you know, you wouldn't be with other guys."

"Another couple," she said. "Probably two couples. They'll both get to nurse from me. Since I'll be under the watchful eye of the wife you don't need to worry about my precious pussy."

"I didn't say anything about that," Mark protested.

"I know, but I know what you were thinking."

"I don't think this is a good idea," he said as he started to change his mind.

In response Ramona unbuttoned her shirt. She was wearing one of the maternity nursing bras he had bought her once her milk had fully come in. She only wore it one on special occasions. This was one of those times. With a practiced motion she unhooked and lowered the flaps on both breasts, allowing them to come out in the cool air. Immediately her nipples hardened standing upright. Mark swallowed and licked his lips.

"You don't really have a choice in the matter, do you?" she asked him

Mark shook his head no. He was so easy to control when his milk lust was upon him.

"Get down on your knees and come over here."

This was a game they had played before. He professed not to like it, but he always willingly went along with it. He was so easy to control this way.

Ramona supported her left breast with one hand and offered it up to him. When Mark was on his knees, his mouth was just about level with her tits. She loved the power rush it gave her when he was on his knees and she was standing up,

controlling him. “Open,” she ordered. When his lips parted she pushed her nipple into his mouth. Automatically he closed on her breast and started sucking. He was a slave to his kinky lust.

“Good boy,” she complimented him. Almost immediately she could feel her milk start to let down. With each gentle suck on her tit she could feel the milk leaving her body.

Mark’s arms went around her waist and she leaned into him. It was his responsibility to support her weight when she stood to feed him. It was his responsibility to see her breasts were properly drained. It was his responsibility to keep her in comfortable bras and camisoles. Her breasts were just as important to him as they were to her, perhaps moreso.

Ramona let him suckle a few minutes, then put the heel of her hand on his forehead and pushed him away. “Strip,” she ordered. “Don’t get up.” She loved the power rush of being in charge. Mark pulled off his clothes, struggling a few moments with his pants as he forced them by his knees, but in a minute he was naked. His cock was growing up large and proud, but Ramona kept her slacks on as well as the nursing bra. It was all part of the power game. She was in charge; he was her milk slave.

“Suckle the other one,” she ordered, offering him her right breast. He preferred to drink from the left, but he wasn’t in charge.

There was no protest as he switched breasts. In it went and her milk started flowing. A few drops leaked from the left and spattered on his shoulder. They both ignored the mess. He rubbed his cock along the inside of her calf. She wasn’t sure if she should move away or let him play. She opted to let him play; there was no reason to be cruel.

It didn’t take long for her panties to get soaked. She still marveled at her body’s ability to turn the fairly innocuous act of breastfeeding into a kinky bit of foreplay. Not only could she feel the moisture between her legs, she was certain she caught a whim of her arousal.

“Undress me,” she requested, pulling her tit from his mouth. Mark didn’t argue. In a moment she was as naked as he. Ramona said nothing to him. He was still kneeling on the floor when she turned away and walked from the living room to the bedroom. A quick glance over her shoulder and a slight crook of her finger

was all the permission he needed to follow her.

In the bedroom Mark found her sprawled on the mattress, her knees up, feet on the bed, and legs spread wide, presenting her neatly trimmed pussy for his viewing. “You need to go down on me first,” she instructed.

Ever willing, Mark fell to the floor at the edge of the bed and leaned in, curling his arms around her thighs and pressing his face into her quim. Strictly speaking she didn’t need any cunnilingus to get ready for him tonight, she was already wet and aroused. Ramona simply wanted to see how far she could push her control over him. Then again, she did enjoy having her pussy eaten and he was so very good at it.

After enjoying Mark’s talented tongue for just long enough to get her worked up, she grabbed him by the cheeks and pulled him up to her. He was still hard. She liked that. It took no effort at all for Mark to sink his cock into her and she groaned with relief at the sensation. “I like that,” she said.

“Yeah,” he mumbled as he kissed the side of her neck. His hips pumped back and forth. He was already very excited and wouldn’t last long and she was going to need a little extra kick to get her over the edge. Ramona shifted her body and pushed on his head a bit, forcing his lips down to her breast. Mark knew exactly what she wanted and took her nipple into his mouth again and began feeding. The tangle of their legs was rearranged so he could feed from her and continue fucking at the same time.

The moment he started sucking in earnest she felt a hotwire connection between her tit and clit. With each plunge of his cock her hips came up to meet him doubling the impact of his thrusts. And then Mark just nibbled on her tit a little bit and her body convulsed with an orgasm. Her pussy leaked out more than the usual amount of her natural juices. He thrusted a few more times and came inside her. She felt his hot semen flooding her pussy and leaking out as well.

“Fuck that’s good,” he mumbled into her breast when he was done. On that they agreed.

Finding two couples looking for a lactating woman was easier than Mark or Ramona had anticipated. There were lots of personal ads on the lactation website

Ramona had found. The next few days were a flurry of emails and phone calls. Mark was uncomfortable with the whole process, but he had little say in the matter other than to look over the emails and give secondary approval to who she could offer to milk to.

It was Monday morning as she lounged in bed when he asked the question she had been avoiding. Her breasts had been emptied minutes before. His saliva was drying on her nipples. He was hurrying to finish packing and get on the road.

“It just occurred to me. I nurse from you in the morning and the evening. Are you going to be visiting these people every night and morning?”

“We’ll see,” she said cagily.

“What do you mean, ‘we’ll see’?” There was a touch of panic in his eyes and voice.

“We’ll see,” she said. “If I need to, I will. What difference does it make?”

“None, really. It’s just a matter of timing, I guess.”

“Call me when you get to the hotel,” she instructed him getting out of bed. She was topless, wearing only her plain white bikini panties. He was fully dressed in his travel suit. Mark hesitated as she eased him to the door. “The quicker you get there, the quicker you get back to my tits,” she told him, pushing him through the door with a kiss. She stood there, framed by the door for a minute. If any neighbors were watching they would have gotten a good look at her spectacular rack. She hoped someone was watching.

Finding the house was easy. It was the pain in her breasts that was the problem. Normally Mark gave her some relief shortly after they got home from work. It was now after eight and she hadn’t had her milk expressed for twelve hours. It had been too long. The O’Malley’s house was in a nice development in a good town with nothing too expensive or ostentatious on display. Ramona parked her car in the driveway and hurried to the front door. If she had to rip off her shirt and beg for relief she’d do exactly that if it would make her breasts stop hurting. If only they’d start leaking, that would cause some relief.

A pretty woman roughly her age opened the door with a smile. “Ramona?” she asked.

“Yes, you must be Steffe.”

“Yup, come on in and meet Brandon.” She turned around and gestured for Ramona to follow. The house was upper middle class but without any pretentious trappings. Brandon turned out to be older than his wife, hair graying at the temples and some lines forming on his face giving him a distinguished air. After pleasantries had been exchanged all around Steffe said, “Can I offer you something to drink? Water?Wine?Beer?Something else?”

Ramona noticed two glasses of wine on the kitchen table and she wondered if the couple had needed some liquid courage to get through this initial awkward encounter. “No, thank you very much.” She smiled and made a small joke. “I can offer you something to drink though.”

They laughed politely at her jest. She inwardly winced at its terrible structure.

“How do you want to do this?” Brandon asked her. She could see the eager glint in his eyes, not just to see her naked breasts but to taste her milk. Ramona was surprised that she felt a growing moistness in her panties.

“Umm, it doesn’t really matter,” she said. “My boobs really hurt though, I need some relief.”

Brandon looked at Steffe. “Couch?” She nodded and led Ramona to their large living room with a huge comfortable sectional sofa.

“Have a seat,” Steffe told her. Brandon had disappeared for a minute, but soon followed them carrying two pillows. “We’ve been trying to get my milk to come in for a few months,” Steffe told her, repeating what she had already revealed to Ramona in her emails, “but we haven’t had much luck.”

“It took Mark and me a good six months to get any good result,” Ramona said as she opened her blouse and casually unhooked her bra. It was a front clasp model, intentionally chosen to make it easier to remove, but allowing her to keep her shirt on. “Patience,” she advised.

“Wow,” Brandon said, bringing their attention back to him. The women looked

at him and giggled slightly. Ramona noticed the front of his pants starting to strain with a slight erection. "I haven't seen another woman's naked breasts in person in a long time. They've impressive."

"Thank you," Ramona said modestly.

"Watch it, buster," Steffe said to him. "I would warn you to look and not touch, but that's not what she's here for, is it?"

"How..." Brandon said awkwardly, gesturing with the pillows.

"Put them on my lap, lay down, face me, and dive in," Ramona said boldly.

"Do you mind if I watch?" Steffe asked. Her voice quavered slightly showing she was just as nervous as Ramona who managed to be bold in the face of an odd situation.

"Please do," she answered as Brandon carefully placed the pillows and laid down on the couch. "You're the chaperone."

Brandon rested his head on the pillows, his lips inches from her breast. He opened his mouth, but hesitated. She could feel his warm breath on her skin and wished he'd just do it.

"Go ahead," she encouraged him, placing her hand on the back of his head.

"Go ahead, hon," Steffe said softly, stiffly. Ramona glanced at her but said nothing. She wondered how'd she feel if Mark had been about to nurse from another woman's tit. With a quick glance at Steffe, Brandon closed his eyes moved forward and took Ramona's breast in his mouth. He sucked a little too hard and too much on the nipple causing a sharp jolt of pain to stab at her tit.

"Softer," she said. "Take more of the breast into your mouth." He nodded and followed her orders. In a few slurps he had the correct amount of flesh and the right pressure. "Good," she cooed softly. Almost immediately her milk let down. Was it because she was so full or because the situation had so stimulated her? In Ramona's mind nursing and sex had become intertwined.

"Oh, that's...." Steffe said. Her voice was choked up.

Ramona couldn't help but sigh. "Feels good," she commented to herself.

"I don't know if I can watch," Steffe said as she started to rise to her feet. She was sitting on the other leg of the sofa. Ramona reached out and grabbed her hand.

"Don't go. I want you to stay. It would be too weird to not have you here."

Steffe looked away and said, "You're leaking." She grabbed a few tissues from a box on the end table and handed them to Ramona.

The other woman gratefully accepted them and pressed them against her nipple. "Can you hand me my purse? I have a few breast pads in there."

Through all of this Brandon was either blissfully unaware or willfully ignored their conversation. The breast pads were found and Ramona staunched the flow. "Why don't you want to stay?" she asked Brandon's wife.

Steffe was direct in her answer. "It's hard to watch him sucking on another woman's tit," she said angrily. "Especially since I can't do it for him." A few tears slid down her cheeks. A sob escaped her lips and Brandon broke off his latch.

"Honey, don't cry. Do you want me to stop?" he asked.

Steffe shook her head. "No, I just want to be able to do this for you," she wailed.

"You will!" Ramona insisted. She didn't let go of the other woman's hand, partly to comfort her, partly to make sure she didn't run off. "It just takes time."

"I know," she managed to say with a sob.

"Brandon's suckling you at least twice a day?" Steffe nodded. "Are you using a breast pump at work during the day?" Again a nod. "Have you tried some of the teas from the homeopathic stores?" Another nod "Then you're doing everything right."

Steffe looked away from her at directly at Brandon. "How was it?" she asked.

Brandon looked to Ramona who nodded with encouragement. "It was good."

Sweet. Thinner than I would have thought.”

His wife nodded and looked away. This wasn’t at all how Ramona had imagined the evening going. She needed to do something to salvage it. “There is one other thing you can do to help your milk come in,” Ramona said before Steffe could dissolve into tears.

“What?”

“Hormone therapy.”

“I don’t think I want to go to my doctor and request lactation hormone pills.”

“Well, no, that doesn’t make sense when you have a natural source of hormones that can help you out.”

“What?”

Ramona nodded her head toward her chest and gestured with her fingers. “My milk. There’s plenty to share. It’ll probably help you out.”

“Oh. That’s...strange.”

Brandon was immediately enamored of the idea. “Sounds good to me.”

Steffe slapped him on the shoulder. “This just gives in to your fantasy of seeing another woman have sex with me.”

“Close enough,” he laughed.

She rolled her eyes and looked away.

Ramona still hadn’t released her hand. “There’s nothing blatantly sexual about it. For me and my fiancé, it’s about intimacy, with Brandon right now it’s about me getting some relief and him living out a pretty dull fantasy. With you, though, it would be one woman helping out another, helping out a friend.”

It took a minute to rearrange the pillows on her lap, but Ramona was soon repositioned so that the O’Malleys could suckle her at the same time. Steffe’s hands were shaking with nerves.

“I’ve never done this before,” she commented.

“Neither have I,” Ramona said.

“My first time was two minutes ago,” Brandon commented.

“Shut up,” Steffe told him as she laid her head down on the pillow, her mouth but inches away from Ramona’s breast. “This is weird. It’s not my fantasy, it’s his.”

“And you’re doing this to help out your husband, the man you love,” Ramona said. Her breasts were throbbing now. Brandon hadn’t emptied her enough...but was there a thrill of lust in this as well? Between her thighs her panties were clinging wetly to her labia.

“Okay,” Steffe said as she closed her eyes. Ramona put her hand on her new friend’s head and guided her forward. If anything, Steffe was a natural-born tit sucker. She automatically chose the correct amount of force and amount of breast to bring into her mouth. The milk easily flowed and Steffe’s eyes shot open. She sucked a few times and then swallowed. “Wow. Oh geez. That is sweet. Weird. Not really tasty, but strange and...” she looked at Ramona and Brandon staring at her. “Okay, too much talking. Back to business.”

Steffe latched back on easily enough. After a few seconds of arranging herself Brandon moved back in and latched on quickly. The married couple sucked in tandem and Ramona found her passion rising, but tried to conceal it. Unsuccessfully. She groaned slightly and leaned back into the sofa. “Oh. That feels good. Don’t stop.”

They didn’t. The married couple worked the position of their heads so that it was easy for them to feed and for Ramona to enjoy the sensations they generated. The hotwire connection between her tits and her clit was doubled by the dual sucking and she wanted to grind her hips against something, anything. She wanted to put her hand between her legs and wildly masturbate until she came. Both of those scenarios were impossible because she didn’t come to the O’Malley’s house to have sex, she came to be relieved of her milk.

Ramona was forced to suffer under the tender mercies of the couple. The fifteen minutes where her tits were being sucked and drained were the fifteen longest minutes of her life. The pain was unbearable, the bliss was exquisite.

Finally Brandon pulled away and Steffe followed his lead. Ramona's mind was reeling. All she could think to say was, "Thank you."

"For what?" Brandon asked. "We should be thanking you."

"The relief," answered Ramona. "I feel better now. They hurt less." A wave of honesty overwhelmed her. "I'm horny too."

"Really?" Steffe asked. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "I didn't realize it had that effect."

Ramona nodded. "Yeah, usually my fiancé and I have sex after he's done feeding." She pressed her thighs together and wondered if Steffe could smell her wet pussy.

"I have to say, that was great," Brandon interrupted. "I really have to thank you for everything you've done for us."

"It was nothing," Ramona said as she rehooked her bra. She tried to stand up and in the process of doing so, became very light headed and collapsed back onto the couch.

"Are you okay?" asked an alarmed Steffe.

She tried to wave off Steffe's concerns. "I'm fine. Just a little light headed. Can I lay down somewhere for a few minutes?"

"Just lay down on the couch," Brandon suggested. "Let me get you some water too." He hurried out to the kitchen.

Taking the opportunity of his absence Ramona said quietly to Steffe, "I'd like a bed, if you don't mind. I want to get myself off. I'm too horny to drive home."

This little revelation took Steffe by some surprise. "Oh. Okay. Sure. Let me take you to the guest bedroom." She helped Ramona up and as they were exiting the living room, Brandon walked in from the opposite direction carrying a glass of water. He gave his wife a strange look. Steffe just bulged her eyes at him with a look that told him to keep quiet.

"Thanks," Ramona said when she was let into the small bedroom. Without

waiting for the other woman to exit she unbuttoned and unzipped her pants, dropping them to the floor to sprawl on the bed. She didn't mind that Steffe got a good look at her wearing her green panties. She didn't mind that Steffe took a moment too long to exit the room. Ramona felt Steffe's eyes on her as she slid her hand between her legs.

Her panties were wet from her drooling pussy. Ramona wasn't the least bit ashamed or surprised that it only took her a minute of anxious frigging to get off. She was sure the O'Malleys heard her moans and cry as she came. She didn't care. The quick orgasm did little to relieve her passion. She quickly skinned off her wet panties, spread her legs, and gave herself over to another session of self love. This time she went slower and played with herself, luxuriating in the sensations her pussy put out. Unconsciously her left hand slipped inside her bra to tease her nipple while her right kept up steady rubbing on her clit. It only took her a few minutes to achieve another orgasm. This one she kept quieter, but as she laid on the bed with her legs wide open she heard someone walking by the door.

Ramona froze. It could only be Brandon or Steffe and both had the right to walk around in their house as they pleased. Then she noticed the door was only slightly ajar. Just enough for someone to spy on her. Shrugging off the unusual circumstances she put her clothes back on and rearranged herself to be presentable. Finding her way back to the living room she discovered Steffe and Brandon waiting for her. Steffe immediately offered her the glass of water which she happily accepted.

"I probably should have warned you about that," she said to Steffe, unable to face Brandon with her tacit admission of solo sex. Her fingers were a bit moist from her pussy still.

"Perfectly all right," Steffe said. "Think nothing of it."

"Next time, tomorrow, I'd better remember to bring a change of clothes," she said, laughing at the uncomfortable still-wet panties.

"Sounds good to me," Brandon commented.

"Don't be crude, hon," Steffe said absently. "Will we see you tomorrow?" Steffe asked. There was a touch of anxiety in her voice again, this time not because her husband was feeding on the breast milk of another woman, but because she now

felt the need to suckle as well.

“Yes. Absolutely,” Ramona promised.

Tuesday was long and pointless in Ramona’s opinion. She pumped her breasts in the morning when she got up, but the pump never did as good a job as a human mouth. She didn’t know what to do with the milk and initially thought of dumping it down the drain, but then thought better of that and sealed it up in the storage bottle, popping it in the refrigerator for later. Work was boring and long and fruitless it seemed. She couldn’t wait to leave and go home and meet up with Steffe and Brandon again.

Her conversation Monday night with Mark had been unsatisfying. He was exhausted from travel and the initial day of training. She wanted to talk about what had happened with the O’Malleys but couldn’t bring herself to voice it. After a few minutes of conversation they gave each other half-hearted “love yous” and went to sleep.

If it had been up to her, Ramona would have been at the O’Malleys door at as soon as she was released from work and could drive to their home. They had let the eight p.m. meeting time stand, but Ramona said the hell with it and drove to their place at six thirty. She didn’t care if she was being a gate-crasher.

It was Brandon who answered the door when she rang the bell. “Mona? You’re early.”

“I know. My tits hurt,” she said as she walked in, not waiting for an invitation. He didn’t notice the small bag she carried in and dropped it in the entry hall. “I’m not interrupting, am I?”

Steffe emerged from the kitchen. “No, not at all.” She hurried over and gave Ramona a friendly kiss on the cheek. Why not, Ramona rationalized. She’s already had her mouth on my tit.” We were just finishing dinner. Would you like something to eat?”

Ramona shook her head. “No,” she said idly unbuttoning her blouse. “Do you and Brandon want some dessert?” She opened her shirt and displayed her ample cleavage.

“Wow. You don’t mess around, do you?”

Ramona tried not to be rude, but she knew what she needed and they had invited her to their home for just this purpose. “No. My breasts are sore and I’m hoping you two can help me out. I hope.”

Steffe grabbed her by the hand and dragged her to the living room. “I’ve been waiting for you,” she confessed. “I didn’t realize what it would be like nursing with my husband. We had the best sex last night!”

At this Ramona managed a polity laugh and quickly dispensed with her shirt and bra as the couple resumed their same positions from the night before on the couch. Neither had any hesitation about latching on and sucking her tits for which Ramona was grateful. Her breasts were full to bursting and she needed immediate relief. The moment they started sucking her milk let down and flowed into their mouths. Ramona sighed and leaned back into the soft cushions and let herself be milked.

When she had started lactating for Mark she never had imagined she’d be doing this, but here she was letting her breasts be emptied by a married couple who were interested in leading the same sort of relationship as Ramona and her partner. Best of all she was enjoying it.

Again her tits fired up her pussy and she wanted to masturbate when they were done drinking from her breasts, but she showed a little more restraint on the second day of her service to the O’Malleys. After her milk gave out they pulled away and Ramona said, “I think I will take you up on that offer of a drink and something to eat.”

“What would you like?” Steffe said. She had already taken on a submissive role Ramona was amused and pleased to realize. She was the devoted wife who was doing this for her husband.

“Not to fulfill a cliché, but do you have some wine and cheese? And some crackers perhaps? I ate earlier, but I’d like something to fill my stomach right now.”

Steffe disappeared into the kitchen. Ramona let her eyes take in the older woman’s body as she walked away. Steffe did have a very nice ass, even if her tits were dry and small. Brandon stayed with her as she found her shirt and put it

back on but left the buttons undone. She left her bra on the couch. There was no need for it right now.

“Thank you,” Brandon said again.

“It’s my pleasure,” she said with complete honesty.

“Will this trick work?”

“What trick?” she asked, a bit panicked.

“With your hormones in the milk. Will it make Steffe lactate?” He was anxious as well she realized. This was something they really wanted and they knew she wouldn’t be around forever giving them what they desired.

“It should,” she said with complete confidence. She stood up and walked to the kitchen where Steffe had laid out a tray with crackers and cheese. Three wine glasses stood on the counter, half-filled. Ramona picked one up and drained half its contents. “Good quality,” she said though she had no idea if the wine was supposed to be any good or not. They picked up their glasses and sipped. Without the least bit of embarrassment Ramona eager consumed almost half the cheese and crackers while they watched her.

“I guess I was hungrier than I realized,” she said when she was done.

“Eat as much as you want,” Steffe said. “We’re here for you.”

“Truly?” Ramona asked.

“Whatever you need, we can supply.”

Ramona nodded, finished her wine, and said, “Well then, how about this?” She suddenly moved close to Steffe and kissed the older woman before she could protest. The kiss lasted too long for one of casual affection. And then Ramona felt Steffe kissing back.

It was Ramona who pulled back first. “Did you like that?” she asked the married woman. It only occurred to her now that she was at least five, maybe ten years younger than this couple, and yet somehow she was in charge of the situation.

“I loved it,” Brandon said. He had observed the deep kiss and when Ramona glanced down she saw the outline of his cock straining against his pants.

She grinned at him. “I didn’t ask you, but I appreciate the response.” She looked back at Steffe. “Well, did you like being kissed by a woman?”

The answer didn’t surprise any of the three. “Yes,” she said in a small voice.

There was no way for Ramona to contain her excited smile. “Good. Then would you mind lending me your husband so he can fuck the horny out of me?”

“What?” Steffe was shocked. Brandon wisely chose to remain silent.

“I want to have sex with Brandon. You two made me super-horny and I need more relief than I can get from my vibrator at home.” She paused and cocked her head to the side. “If you don’t want him to fuck me then I’m open to having sex with you.”

Steffe froze. Ramona couldn’t read her expression. Although she wasn’t that into women Ramona had a few Sapphic affairs in college. Making love to a woman was a pleasure, but tonight she wanted to get fucked, she didn’t want to make love.

“That’s a strange request,” Steffe said, stalling for time.

“No it’s not,” Ramona said. “I’m horny and I need some relief. Which one of you wants to do it for me? Or do you both want to help me out. I wouldn’t mind that at all.”

“I’ll do it,” Brandon said suddenly. His wife stood there stock-still, no reaction at all.

“Good!” said Ramona. “Great! Do we want to do this in the guest room or your bedroom?”

“Guest room,” Steffe told them.

With a nod of her head Ramona turned around and paraded out of the kitchen. “Right,” she called, “come and get it.”

By the time Brandon made it to the guest room Ramona was already down to her thong. She had come prepared this night. She gave him a confident grin, bent over and pulled down her thong, displaying her curved ass for him to admire. "Get naked," she told him.

"Okay," he agreed, but glanced back into the hallway. Ramona heard Steffe's approaching footsteps but didn't give the other woman another thought. She pulled down the covers to the bed and sprawled on it. "Hurry up," she told him.

It a moment Brandon was naked. For an older man he was in pretty good shape, even if he had a little too much chest hair and a small belly, but she wasn't complaining. His cock was big and hard and that's all Ramona wanted at the moment. Neither were attempting technique or subtlety as he got on top of her. His cock probed at her a couple of times then slipped easily into her wet cunt. They both groaned as he filled her up and then they started fucking with a furious intensity.

"Yes, yes, yes," she encouraged him as he slammed his cock into her. Each impact of his pubic bone on her pussy gave her a little thrill of an orgasm. When he grabbed and twisted her nipple she groaned out loud and lifted her hips up to meet his thrusts. Her eyes popped open. She saw the ceiling, his shoulder, and a moving light from the doorway. After a second her eyes focused and Ramona spied Steffe watching them.

For just a moment Ramona felt embarrassed, like she had been caught by her parents while in bed with her boyfriend, then she remembered she was fucking Steffe's husband and quickly rationalized that it was perfectly permissible for the woman to watch them. After all, she had invited the two of them into her bed only a few minutes ago, unfortunately Steffe hadn't taken Ramona up on her offer. Steffe wasn't adverse to a little voyeurism it seemed. Ramona put on a little show for the wife, grunting a bit with each thrust, rocking her hips upward to better receive Brandon's cock. She caught Steffe's eye and proudly lay on her back knowing Brandon had committed some unpardonable sin of fornication in front of his wife.

Then Ramona noticed Steffe's hand was down her pants. The wife was playing with her pussy. She was using her husband's infidelity as a personal bit of porn. Ramona smiled at her new friend, licked her lips, closed her eyes, and cried out as a full orgasm took control of her body. It took Brandon just a few more

moments to cum inside her. His hot spunk nearly burned her insides, giving her another small thrill of an orgasm as he collapsed on top of her.

They rested a minute before Ramona opened her eyes. Steffe was still watching and still had her hand in her crotch. "Did you cum?" she asked the older woman.

Steffe shook her head, her straight black hair flying into her face. Her expression was strained. Ramona wondered if it was from the need to cum or because her husband had just fucked another woman. It wasn't really important why.

"Take of your pants, sit down, and make yourself cum," Ramona ordered.

It was as if she were a queen in charge of a minor subject. Steffe obeyed her order without question. Her pants and panties came off, Steffe saw down on the edge of a chair against the guest room wall, opened her legs displaying an already wet and red pussy. Ramona noted Steffe either shaved or waxed all her pubic hair, making her quim oddly hairless, but sexy nonetheless. Brandon and Ramona watched at the other woman closed her eyes and eagerly friggd herself in front of them. Orgasm didn't take her long at all. Her legs shook and she stifled a cry of pleasure as she came. There was a gush of liquid from her cunt as she lost control of her body and gave herself over to her base instincts.

"Beautiful," Ramona said.

She spent the night in the guest room. There was no reason to go home. After a quick call to Mark to let him know everything was fine, she had the most delightful night's sleep.

Ramona woke earlier than her normal time. Her breasts were slightly sore and were approaching fullness. She slipped naked from the bed and walked to her hosts' bedroom. The couple was still asleep, Steffe's hand resting next to Brandon's shoulder. Whatever the results of the previous night's sexual escapades, apparently everything had been forgiven between them. After a minute of observation Ramona intentionally bumped the door against the wall waking the resting couple. It took them a moment to fully come alive. They regarded Ramona leaning against the doorjamb as if they couldn't believe she was still there.

“My breasts are full. Is it okay if you feed in here?” she asked them. Without waiting for an answer she padded across the room and climbed into bed between them.

They hesitated a moment. “This is when Brandon normally suckles me,” Steffe said softly.

“He can do that when you two are done with me,” she informed them. It didn’t take much convincing for the couple to nurse from Ramona’s tits. She settled back against the headboard, supported by a small pile of pillows, enjoying the luxury of the bed they had warmed all night with their bodies, as Steffe sucked on her left tit and Brandon on her right. It didn’t take them long at all to drain her breasts.

“I need to piss,” Brandon said, rolling out of bed and heading for the bathroom. For a moment Ramona was angry with him for turning her on and leaving her, but then she remembered Steffe was still in bed with her. She rolled to her side, pulling her breast from Steffe’s mouth, and looked at the older woman.

“Ever have sex with a woman?” Ramona asked.

Now that she was awake and fully aware of what she was doing Steffe’s eyes opened wide and she slowly shook her head. “No. Never.” She had gone to bed wearing a thin nightshirt, nothing sexy, but in her morning feeding it had rode up over her hips exposing her bare pussy.

“Do you want to?” asked Ramona as she slid her hand along Steffe’s side to rest on her hip.

“Umm...” Steffe stalled for time as Ramona’s hand moved over her hip, along her thigh and between her legs. Ramona’s palm rested on her pubic mound, her fingers just barely teased Steffe’s smooth labia. She could feel the woman’s wetness leaking from between her lips. Strangely, Steffe did not resist and even opened her legs to allow Ramona easier access to her sex.

“Do you want to?” Ramona repeated. She moved her fingers slightly, massaging Steffe’s pussy. It felt different from her own pussy. It felt different from Adrienne’s back in college. It felt good. Was it because she was hairless?

It was all Steffe could do to nod her head.

“That’s what I wanted to hear.” Ramona moved her hand away. Steffe gasped in surprise at the loss of the pleasant pressure.

But then Ramona was moving down Steffe’s body. Before she knew it Ramona was between Steffe’s legs which she automatically opened wider. Ramona planted a quick kiss on Steffe’s belly right beneath her navel, then quickly trailed her tongue down to her mons. She didn’t stop there. Ramona wasn’t sure if she was frightened to stop or too turned on to stop, but she dipped her head down between Steffe’s thighs and licked the length of Steffe’s wet slit.

Steffe’s pussy was just as sweet and musky as Ramona remembered Adrienne’s had been. There was a faint groan and Ramona realized it was coming from her. Did she really love eating pussy this much? She didn’t remember her times with Adrienne all that well. Most of their sex sessions had been initiated because of too much alcohol and a too strong libido. Steffe seemed to enjoy what she was doing to her pussy. All of her hip wiggles and breathing responses were exactly correct. It was delightful to pleasure another woman. Steffe wasn’t the type of woman who needed much help in reaching her sexual peak. It only took two minutes at most for Steffe to wet Ramona’s face with her orgasm.

There was the sound of applause when Ramona crawled from between Steffe’s legs. The two women looked over to see Brandon standing at the bathroom door, hair still wet from his shower, towel around his waist, as he clapped slowly. “That’s a beautiful sight to see early in the morning.”

“Oh god,” Steffe blurted and covered her face with her hands, turning away from her husband.

“What’s the matter?” asked a puzzled Ramona.

“She’s a bit embarrassed,” Brandon explained unnecessarily.

“Why are you embarrassed?” Ramona asked politely. “You’ve done nothing wrong and your husband is happy, I’m sure, to have watched you just now.”

Brandon filled her in. “Steffe is from a very conservative, very religious family. To say they vehemently condemn homosexuality would be a vast understatement.” He paused and went around the bed to hold his wife. “She’s conflicted.”

“Oh? Really?”

Steffe nodded. “It’s hard for me to...you know...”

“Participate?” Ramona suggested.

“No,” Steffe shook her head. “It’s hard to admit that I like girls.”

“I see,” said Ramona, though she really didn’t. What was not to like about having sex with a woman. Sometimes Ramona was jealous of men in general because they got to have sex with women and no one batted an eye, but if two women made love, it was an epic event fraught with conflict. “And do you like girls?” she asked, pushing the issue.

“Yes,” she said in her small voice.

Brandon nodded. “She told me a long time ago she thought she was bi, sometimes growing up she thought she was a lesbian.”

Ramona leaned over her recent lover and gave her a kiss on the cheek. “There’s nothing wrong with being lesbian or bi,” she told her. “I’m sure you’re bi, most women are. I’d better leave you two now. Brandon, make sure to fuck her good, prove to her she still likes men.” A wicked grin crossed her face. “And make sure to suck her tits good too. She’s had enough of my milk and hormones to help get her flow going. I’ll see you two tonight.”

Chapter Two

“Oh, it’s quite nice to have others nurse from me,” she told Mark on the phone. At home she was bored. Her body was telling her to have sex or find some useful activity, but she didn’t have to work today and she didn’t have any other milking prospects until later in the week. Both Brandon and Steffe were at work. Expressing her milk with a pump was a waste of time. Mark was on a break from his training.

“Shit. Don’t tell me that. Are they enjoying it?”

She had opted to keep the full extent of her relationship with the O’Malleys secret from Mark for the time being. “Oh, yes, yes they are. Steffe wants to get her own milk flowing and she offered me to Brandon as a treat until hers comes in.”

“That’s...strange,” he said.

“I felt a bit like a two-dollar whore,” she admitted. The feeling had given her an intense thrill as well, but she didn’t admit that to Mark.

“They only offered you two dollars?”

Ramona laughed. “No. They didn’t offer me anything. It’s just as exchange between...friends.” She hoped her pause wasn’t noticeable. “Just food and drink. And company.”

“I miss you.”

“I miss you too. You’ll be home Friday night?”

He paused too long. “No, Saturday morning.”

She sighed. “I’ll be waiting.”

Wednesday night at the O'Malley's Ramona gave an imperious demand. "No, tonight I want Steffe to nurse from me. In your bed and alone. Sorry, Brandon, you're not invited."

They had just finished dinner and Ramona watched as the married couple cleared the table and did the dishes. She wasn't going to lower herself to actually do chores in their house. She was the guest and the source of milk.

Brandon protested. "But you're here to...you know...let me have your milk."

She gave him a withering gaze. Ramona had taken control of the relationship and she enjoyed every moment of it. "No, I'm here because I'm enjoying my time here. I have breast milk I enjoy sharing with the two of you, but it's my milk and I decide who gets it. Tonight, it's for Steffe. When she's done feeding from me, then you can have her to do with as you wish."

That was the end of the discussion. When dishes and chores were done Ramona grabbed Steffe's hand and led her to the bedroom. She didn't even ask if they should use the couple's bedroom; there was no need for that. As Steffe glanced back down the hall she saw Brandon watching them sadly as the door closed. She wasn't sure if he was sad because he wasn't part of the nursing or if it was because he was simply being shut out from his wife. Deep in her soul Steffe knew she didn't care.

"Take off your clothes, but leave your bra and panties on," Ramona ordered.

"Why?" Steffe blurted out without thinking.

Ramona turned her head slightly, looking askew at Steffe. "Does it matter? Do you want to taste my milk? Do you want to feel my skin and body? Do you want to make love with me?"

Although she knew all the answers to those questions, Steffe said nothing and just stripped off her clothes leaving them in an untidy pile on the floor. For her part Ramona only opened her shirt and dropped the flaps to her nursing bra exposing both her nipples.

"Oh," commented Steffe when she saw Ramona's unusual garb. After Ramona gave her a strange look she said, "I haven't seen one of those being used in person."

Ramona nodded and got on the bed. “Come here and nurse from me,” she said. Steffe felt a bit odd suckling while she was half-nude and Ramona almost fully dressed, but what was there to be done about the situation? She did as instructed and lay next to the younger woman, took her breast in her mouth and started feeding.

The initial awkwardness disappeared after a minute and the two women lay together enjoying the quiet time and the intimacy of their actions. There was no problem for Steffe to switch from one breast to the other. Almost too quickly Ramona’s breasts were empty.

Letting the nipple slip from her mouth Steffe looked up at Ramona with lust in her eyes. That was exactly what Ramona had been waiting for. “Stand up and help me get undressed,” she said. Ramona didn’t need any help undressing and Steffe knew that. It wasn’t the need for help, it was that in assisting Ramona, Steffe made herself subservient to the other woman.

She had already stepped out of her shoes before nursing Steffe. Her blouse was easily removed since it was already unbuttoned. The nursing bra came off next. Steffe simply unhooked it from the back and slipped it from Ramona’s shoulders. The dress slacks she wore zipped in the back so a touch of assistance was helpful. When these were removed Steffe was surprised to find her lover in a tiny black lace thong barely covering Ramona’s pussy and exposing her ass. As she was kneeling behind Ramona, she hesitated. Ramona looked over and down her shoulder at the other woman.

“Is something the matter?”

“No...” Steffe had to bite her tongue to stop herself from adding “ma’am” to her reply.

“Then take off my panties.”

Steffe hooked her fingers over the thin hip straps of the thong and drew it down Ramona’s legs. She stepped elegant from the scrap of material, wonderfully nude in front of the kneeling Steffe. The older woman didn’t get up from the floor.

“You want to eat my pussy, don’t you?” asked Ramona. She reached out and touched Steffe gently on the cheek with her fingertips. Her eyes told Ramona

everything she needed to know. She even managed to nod her head a tiny bit but that wasn't enough for Ramona. "Say it," she demanded.

"I...I...want to kiss your pussy," Steffe said with shame in her voice.

Ramona looked down at her scornfully. "You've just suckled at my tits. You watched your husband fuck me. I went down on you and made you cum. Answer me the way I told you to. Answer proudly.

Steffe cleared her voice and steeled her heart. "I want to eat your pussy," she said with a confidence she didn't really feel.

"Good girl," Ramona complimented her. She took two steps back, sat on the edge of the bed, spread her legs, and then lay back on the mattress, keeping her feet on the floor. "Make me cum," she ordered.

Alone on the floor Steffe hesitated again. Ramona's pussy was wet and open to her. It was beautiful. She kept most of her pubic hair but had shaved off any that fell outside the edges of her thong. It took all of her will to crawl forward to Ramona's body and open sex. She shut out everything she had been told in her youth, kissed Ramona on the thigh, then on the crease between leg and hip, and then finally on the top of Ramona's mons. With closed eyes she slid her mouth down and inserted her tongue into Ramona's pussy. Ramona sighed. Steffe was in heaven.

After the initial kiss it was surprisingly easy to lick and suck Ramona to orgasm.

When Ramona had been brought off several times by Steffe's joyfully talented tongue she pulled the other woman's face away from her cunt and gave her a kiss. After tasting her own pussy on Steffe's lips she smiled. "I think you've proved you're bi, don't you think?" she asked.

Steffe smiled, proud of herself. "Yes." She was still kneeling on the floor. Her knees hurt but she didn't mind. She was happy to have made her lover cum over and over. "I'm going to go get your husband. You wait here. He can suck your tits tonight and fuck you. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Steffe nodded. She realized she was still in her modest pink bra and panties. She started to remove her bra but Ramona stopped her. "Don't. Not yet. Wait for him."

Ramona strode confidently out to the living room, found Brandon watching television trying to distract himself from what was going on in his bed. She just crooked a finger at him and he was eagerly chasing after her. Back in the bedroom she had Brandon take off Steffe's bra. "Keep her panties on for now," she ordered.

The couple cuddled together on the bed while Ramona watched Brandon suck on Steffe's breasts. She watched from her chair on the side of the bed, completely comfortable in her nudity while Brandon was still fully dressed and Steffe wore her panties. Steffe still wasn't giving any milk. Soon she would Ramona knew. She insisted they keep up the suckling until Steffe's nipples were red and sore. "Make love to her now," Ramona said as she left the room to sleep in her own bed in the guest room.

On Thursday morning Ramona again surprised the couple in their bed. Both had slept in the nude. She slipped her hand between Steffe's legs and found her sticky. "He fucked you good last night?"

"Uh huh," Steffe happily agreed.

"You're so smooth down here," Ramona commented as she ran her fingers over Steffe's smooth sex. "Do you wax?"

"Yeah, every few weeks."

"Doesn't that hurt?"

"It doesn't hurt me," Brandon said from his side of the bed. Steffe was in the middle, sandwiched between her two lovers.

"Brandon likes me smooth," Steffe explained. "So if he wants that, I make him pay for my waxings."

Ramona nodded in agreement. "A fair exchange. This morning we'll be suckling on your tits first, Steffe. How do you like that?"

Her face brightened. "I like it. Yes. Please."

At Ramona's urging Brandon took up one of Steffe's tit while she took the other. The sucked on her at the same time, sharing the older man's breasts. They were

still dry, but Ramona imagined she might have tasted just a drop of sweetness on her tongue. After her morning training was over, Ramona became the center of attention again. Steffe had no trouble nursing from her lover, nor did Brandon. It was a pleasant way to wake up, but other duties called and soon Brandon had to leave the bed for the shower.

“If I don’t get moving I’m going to be late and I’ll spend the rest of the day catching up on everything.”

Ramona let him walk into the bathroom, waited a moment while Steffe snuggled up to her, and then announced. “I think I’ll join him. It’s been a while since I’ve given a blowjob. And I could use a shower as well.” She didn’t look back as she left Steffe alone in the bed. Ramona was pleased with the flavor of Brandon’s semen and he was appreciative of her aggressive oral skills.

David was an older man who lived alone in a very nice apartment building guarded by a doorman in a suit. She had to be buzzed in and was offered an escort to David’s door. She declined. Ramona had left the O’Malleys a message she would be late and not to wait for her because, “another milking opportunity has come up. Don’t worry, I’ll be by to see you later tonight.”

He wasn’t terribly old. He was a little strange looking with a bald head, pot belly, slightly large ears, and was barely half an inch taller than Ramona. Still, he obviously had some money for the apartment was blatantly expensive with its ritzy address and view; he was happy to entertain a female guest even if all she was doing was offering him her breasts.

After they exchanged some pleasantries David boldly asked, “How do you want to do this? I’m eager to get started.”

She smiled at his question. Her breasts were beginning to ache and he would be a nice change from the O’Malleys. Though she reveled in her time with the couple, it was nice to be alone with a man who just wanted her for her tits and her milk, nothing more. “It’s easiest if you get a couple of pillows and I sit down on your couch. You can lay down and nurse from there.”

He looked sideways at her. “I call it milking. I like to milk my girls.”

“Um,” she said. His manners were just a little odd. She wondered where he got his money because it certainly wasn’t because of his people skills. Probably an engineer or a computer programmer. Maybe an accountant. “That’s fine. Where’s the living room?”

David pointed and then scurried away to a hallway. He was back in a moment with a stack of three huge pillows. Ramona had found the living room and made herself comfortable on the couch.

“I really don’t like the pillow idea,” he said.

“Why not?” she asked. “It works well for me, and after all, this is my milk.”

He nodded but was unhappy. “I like to lay down on my back when I milk.”

“Um...how does that work?”

He smiled his goofy smile. “I lay on my back on the floor or bed. My girl gets on her hands and knees above me. I like her teats hanging down in my face.”

While she fought to maintain her composure, Ramona gave the idea a moment’s thought. “Well, maybe next time. This is our first meeting.”

Again he smiled and nodded. “Can I call you my cow? I like to call my girls cows. That way I know exactly what they are to me.”

At this point Ramona told herself she should just turn and run out the front door, but her breasts were aching and she wanted some relief. She wasn’t sure if she should pity the poor man for having no social skills or slap him for the odd insult. Instead she uncomfortably unbuttoned her shirt. “Give me one of the pillows,” she said to him trying to get control of the situation. She placed it on her lap and patted the cushion next to her. “Lay down. Let’s get started.” He did so and she opened up her blouse, exposing her bra.

“Can I undo the flaps?” David eagerly asked.

“Okay...” she agreed.

He was deft in his movements. He had done this before. Before she knew it her nipples were exposed and he had latched on to one. She gasped at the initial

contact and then relaxed a bit as he began nursing in earnest. He was very aggressive, which was fine at first because her breasts were so full, but as he milk was quickly drained, he insisted on sucking just as hard, harder even, to get every last bit out of her.

“Careful,” she warned. “It’s empty.”

For just long enough to get the words out David mumbled, “Not yet it isn’t,” and resumed his now painful sucking.

“You need to stop,” she insisted.

“When I’m done,” he quickly replied and went right back to the breast.

Ramona simply sat there a moment, stunned at his actions, before reacting. She took a deep breath and angrily yanked her tit out of his mouth. It broke free of the suction with an audible pop. Her nipple was red and sore, covered with his saliva. Moving quickly Ramona moved her arm in front of her breast to block his face.

“You’ll stop when I tell you,” she all but barked at him. “You hurt me!” Using her left hand she brought up the flap to her emptied breast and hooked it, preventing him from further abusing his privilege.

And for a moment he looked contrite. “I’m sorry,” he apologized. “I was just trying to get the last of the hind milk, that’s the best part.”

“Right,” she agreed with disdain in her voice. Every instinct told her to leave him there and walk out of the apartment. Every instinct except for whatever lived in her left breast. It was still full and just a drop or two of the thin white milk had started to leave from the nipple. “Can you control yourself for the other one?” she asked with a touch of sarcasm.

David continued his contrite stance. “Yes, of course I can. I’m sorry, I just got overexcited.”

It took every ounce of will she had for Ramona not to look down at the crotch of his pants. She didn’t want to see his erect cock. She didn’t want to know he was aroused and erect. She certainly wasn’t going to let him have sex with her. It had been a hoped for ending to her little fantasy, but any attraction she had to David

at their meeting had completely disappeared.

“Okay then, but more carefully this time,” she instructed.

He nodded, moved his pillow over a bit, and cautiously took up her breast between his lips. True to his word he used a lighter touch this time. His suckling wasn’t painful now, but neither was it enjoyable. She had become accustomed to feeling the intimacy of nursing with Mark or Brandon and Steffe, but with David it was mechanical, with no emotional connection whatsoever. She was, she realized, a cow, just as he had called her. Her stomach turned slightly in revulsion at her insight.

Then his sucking became stronger again. She paused for a moment before making some rash accusation. Her tit was largely empty at this point. He was getting the last of the milk out, she could feel it still flowing slightly. Ramona contained her emotions and let him remove the last of the milk, the sweetest milk, her hind milk.

When she believed she was truly empty, she touched him on the shoulder. “You’re done,” she told him firmly but without anger.

David pulled her tit forward one last time, then released his hold. “You have the sweetest milk I’ve ever tasted,” he told her.

“Thank you.” Ramona pulled up the flap on her bra, once again hiding her nipples safely away from him.

“Do you mind if I take a couple pictures?” he asked.

For a moment she just goggled at him. David scrambled off the sofa, reached into a lamp table drawer and pulled out a digital camera.

“I don’t think so...” she started to say.

“Don’t say no yet!” he blurted out. “Just of your breasts. I don’t need to see your face. They’re just for my personal collection. I have an album.”

“Umm...” she strived to find a way to tell him no gently but without any doubt of what she meant.

“I like to document all the breasts I milk,” he said with his weird smile. “You’ll need to undo your bra again, I need to see the nipples.”

“I’m going to have to say no to this today,” she said standing up and starting to button her shirt.

“Don’t!’ he begged and took a quick picture of her as her breasts began to disappear under the shirt. “They’re so beautiful. Every other woman’s is nothing compared to yours!”

The fact that he had suckled from other women and had a photo album of them and couldn’t ask this in a manner that wasn’t completely creepy sealed the deal for Ramona. There was no way he was going to get access to her bare tits and milk again. Inside David’s brain and personality there was something seriously wrong.

“No,” she told him flat out. “Just the fact you have a photo collection of women’s breasts you’ve nursed from is creepy enough.” She finished buttoning her shirt, was glad she hadn’t removed her shoes, and headed for the door.

“You should feel honored I even asked you!” he insisted. “Your milk was the best of them all.”

“I doubt that,” she said as he scrambled after her.

“I don’t need you, you know! I’ve got plenty of other women who will let me milk them!”

“So call one of them,” she said. For a moment she was lost, but then spied the front door. She opened it and was about to walk out then he screamed:

“I’ll pay you!” he offered. In a flash his wallet was out and he had a small collection of twenties in his hand.

Ramona paused for only a second, snatched the money out of his hand, and whispered to him. “I wouldn’t say that too loudly, you wouldn’t want the neighbors to think you were hiring a hooker, do you?” She strode out the door without a backward look. A moment later it slammed behind her.

The doorman nodded to her on the way out. Around the corner from David’s

apartment building was the local homeless shelter. Ramona couldn't help but smile as she dropped the twenties into the collection box just inside the main door. The shelter offered free meals to all who came every evening. There was no reason why The Blessed and Nurturing Mother's Shelter shouldn't use money earned by precious breast milk.

When she arrived at the O'Malley's and knocked on the door Ramona was surprised at Steffe's reaction to seeing her. "Oh my goodness, what happened to you?"

"What?" Ramona asked.

"You look like you've just been told your childhood pet died."

Stepping inside the foyer she glanced at the ornate mirror hanging over a side table. Her eyes were bloodshot and puffy and had a blank gaze. Her normally pale skin was now positively pallid. She looked awful. "I went to this guy who wanted to milk me...nurse me." Brandon came padding out of the living room in his bare feet to listen.

Steffe nodded in understanding, she already knew Ramona's plans. "And what happened?"

The story tumbled out of Ramona's lips and before she knew it she was crying. Steffe held her close as she shook and sobbed.

"Guy sounds like a serious creep," Brandon commented.

"He was," Ramona wailed. "And I don't have any milk left for you two. He took it all. He stole it!" She left out the detail of the money he had given her. They didn't need to know that, even if she had given it away. For someone to know she had been a virtual prostitute was too much. "Can I stay with you guys tonight?"

"Of course you can," Steffe said.

Though the bed was crowded, no one complained. Ramona was in the middle wearing her boring cotton nightshirt. Steffe and Brandon flanked her. She could

tell they wanted to have sex but that was the furthest thing from her mind at the moment. Steffe wore a cute, silky pair of pajamas and Ramona curled up next to her, resting her right hand on the other woman's tummy. Brandon pressed his body against Ramona. Although he wore a pair of boxers Ramona wished he was naked, not because she wanted sex with him, but because he looked ridiculous in the polka dot material.

When Brandon's alarm clock woke them Friday morning Ramona's tits were sore and full. She wasn't sure if the soreness was because they had gone into overtime production during the night or if they had been so badly abused by David the pain didn't register until the morning. Without a word Brandon immediately rolled out of bed and headed for the bathroom.

"Where's he going?" Ramona mumbled to Steffe. She needed some relief from her full tits.

"Shower. He's got an early meeting this morning.

"You need to help me," Ramona said as she pulled up her nightshirt to expose her tits. "They're full and sore."

She wasn't fully away yet but Steffe agreed with a soft, "Okay."

"Careful. They're sore. Soft suckling only," Ramona warned. Steffe nodded and wiggled down into the bed to gain easier access to Ramona's tits. As she promised her mouth was soft and warm on Ramona's nipples. Immediately her milk started flowing and Ramona found herself relaxing, curled up against Steffe and enjoying the warmth of the bed. She didn't mind her free breast dripped an irregular flow of milk onto the sheets. That was easily cleaned. The relief and mild euphoria that Steffe gave her was more than enough to make up for having to do simple household chores...but she was certain she was going to make Steffe do the cleanup.

Brandon's shower ended before Steffe had emptied the first breast and he came into the bedroom to see the women being intimate. "Shit," he cursed. "I don't have time for milk this morning."

"Are you sure?" Ramona asked him, rolling slightly away from Steffe. Her breast distended with the continued latch. She offered up her free—and wet—breast for him to suckle.

“No, I just don’t have time damn it all.” He threw off his bathrobe and started dressing.” And Steffe will have to rely on her pump this morning too.”

Ramona laughed. “No, she won’t. I’ll take care of that.”

Brandon continued to hurriedly and angrily dress. He stole glances at the cuddling women and wished he could join them. “I’m never doing early morning meetings again,” he muttered.

“I’ll save some for you tonight,” Ramona promised.

“See that you do,” he continued to mutter. “I don’t even have time for breakfast.”

“I can offer you some milk if you like,” Ramona giggled. Steffe was awake enough now to snort softly against Ramona’s breast.

“Thanks,” he said drily and walked out of the bedroom. There was some noise downstairs and soon they heard his car starting and backing out of the driveway.

“Now that he’s gone, you can stop for the moment,” said Ramona.

Steffe released her latch on the breast. “Why?”

In response Ramona just pointed at the pale blue silk that covered Steffe’s breast. There was a tiny spot of moisture wetting the material. She stared in disbelief. “I think you’ve started lactating,” said Ramona. “Take off your top.” Woodenly she responded. She couldn’t believe what her body was doing and the joy she felt. “A taste will confirm,” Ramona declared.

Her lips descended on Steffe’s bared breast and she sucked for just a few seconds. The unmistakable flavor of sweet breast milk coated her tongue and she suckled more eagerly. Steffe groaned in response and clutched Ramona’s head to her chest. “So good,” she said softly.

Ramona noted that Steffe’s breasts weren’t nearly as heavy and tight as hers were when full of milk, but the other woman was older and had just been induced to lactate. It would take a little time for Steffe to equal Ramona’s copious production. It didn’t take long for Ramona to completely drain the first breast and move to the other. Steffe moaned with the change but didn’t complain no matter how soft or hard Ramona sucked. When she was done she released

Steffe's empty breast with a wet smacking sound.

"With a touch of luck we'll have your tits full for tonight. Brandon will be pleased."

Steffe nodded happily, a silly smile on her face. "Can't wait," she managed to sigh.

"You need to finish me off now," Ramona said offering up her one still-full tit. Steffe complied happily, pushing the other woman back into the mattress and sucking like a contented babe. Ramona spread open her legs and guided Steffe's hand to her wet cunt. It didn't take any encouragement for her to start masturbating Ramona. This is how Ramona preferred to be nursed: a mouth on her tit and a hand on her pussy. Her orgasm came easily but Steffe never stopped sucking until she was dry and then some.

"Don't you have to get to work soon?" Ramona asked when Steffe was done with her tits.

"Uh-huh, but I'd rather stay in bed with you."

"Well, me too, but I have to work. It's a shitty job, but I still need the money."

"You should start selling your breast milk. You know, go into business for yourself," Steffe commented as she rolled away and struggled to get out of bed.

For just a moment Ramona froze thinking back to her episode with David.

"Yeah, some women do that," she said casually. "Most of them just give it away for free because some mothers of newborns who can't produce milk panic and will do anything to get the real stuff."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Some weirdos will buy it and drink it themselves, mostly old men who think it improves their virility, but who really believes that?" She shrugged.

"Mostly they're kinksters who get off on women lactating for them."

"But the women are actually only lactating for the money?" asked Steffe as she walked to the bathroom. She was gloriously nude and Ramona admired her buttocks as they rolled back and forth with each step.

“For the money, for the relief, whatever. There’s some money to be made, but it’s hardly worth the effort. You’re better off just sharing it with your husband. Or boyfriend.” Ramona finally forced herself out of bed and staggered to the bathroom where Steffe had already entered the shower. She poked her head around the shower curtain. “Want some company?” she asked her lover.

Steffe smiled at her. “Sure.”

Chapter Three

Ramona almost felt bad for Brandon. He got up early for work and got home late on Friday night. She barely could scrape together twenty hours a week at her job. But then again, Brandon was coming home to two women with full, milky breasts.

Though he was tired, Brandon was happy to see both Ramona and Steffe had made dinner for him. He was even more pleased to see that both were wearing low-cut blouses showing off their cleavage. Ramona couldn't help but smile when she realized her tits were a full cup size larger than Steffe, her faux rival. It had taken some coordination to find matching blouses and push up bras, but it was worth it to see Brandon's reaction.

"Is this show for me?" he asked looking from Ramona's cleavage to Steffe's.

"Yes," the two laughed at him.

Dinner was quickly consumed and dishes were ignored for a quick retreat to the bedroom. Inside Steffe and Ramona became the aggressors, stripping Brandon of his clothes. He willingly submitted to the treatment.

"Care to share?" Steffe asked Ramona as they wound up kneeling on the floor in front of Brandon and his semi-rigid cock.

"Of course." Together they gave Brandon a blowjob. He goggled in amazement as the two women took alternate turns sucking on his cock and balls, stroking his length bringing him to full attention. It was a salute to the women's cocksucking skills that he was brought so quickly to near orgasm. Steffe had to stop Ramona before she went too far with her enthusiasm to taste Brandon's spunk.

"He's close to cumming," she warned.

Every ounce of Ramona's will was directed to releasing Brandon's cock from her mouth. It slipped from between her lips with a harsh sucking sound. "You sure?"

“Uh huh. He gets that same glazed look and his cock starts twitching when he’s ready to explode,” she explained.

“C’mon, who wants to get my load?” Brandon moaned. “Mouth, pussy, or tits.”

“You’re going to have to wait,” his wife told him.

“What? Why?”

In response Ramona started unbuttoning Steffe’s shirt. The two women stood up and performed a slow strip tease for him, one undressing the other, but leaving on bra and panties so that he could see they had taken the time to purchase matching bra and panties sets. Though far from being twins, the desired effect was achieved. The show didn’t take long, but they stretched it out with long kisses and caresses.

“Very hot,” he complimented them when they were all but naked. “Are you two going to fuck each other now?” His cock was still hard and though he desperately wanted to jack off he kept his hand away.

“Nope,” Ramona told him. “You need to service your wife first.” She stepped behind Steffe, swept her long black hair out of the way to see the hooks of her bra strap. This was easily removed and allowed Brandon full view of Steffe’s full tits. Steffe cupped herself softly and raised them up for Brandon to admire.

“Suck me like you suckle on Mona,” she implored him.

“Happily.” Pulling her to the bed the couple got into position, his mouth to her tits, as Ramona watched with approval. She wanted to join them, but resisted. She wanted to jill off as they suckled, but resisted. Instead she sat primly on the bedroom chair, perched like an expectant bird, and watched.

Brandon took a few healthy sucks before he realized what was happening. It might have taken that long for Steffe’s milk—what little there was of it—to start flowing, but once it did his surprised expression was incomparable.

“Oh my stars and garters,” he exclaimed with a wry grin. “Are you lactating?”

Steffe could only smile in response. Ramona answered for her. “Since this morning. Savor it. She’s not producing much yet.”

Immediately he went back to the tit and sucked more. As Ramona had said there wasn't much milk yet, but Steffe's breasts were busy producing as much as they could. When he was certain the first tit was empty Brandon switched to the other and set about draining it as quickly as possible. Listening to his slurps and watching the couple so happily intertwined on the bed made Ramona jealous. She removed her bra, got on the bed, gave Steffe a kiss on the forehead and carefully piled some pillows next to the reclining wet nurse.

"I need some relief," she said and offered her breast to Steffe. The wife opened her mouth and accepted Ramona's gift. As always her milk flowed easily. The letdown was rapid and Steffe's mouth quickly filled with Ramona's creamy offering. The flow was so fast Ramona had to cup her free breast to keep it from spraying all over the couple.

"Empty," Brandon announced as he released Steffe's second tit.

Steffe reluctantly let go of Ramona's. "Go down on me," she told him. Brandon's cock was still hard. He wasn't going to get any relief soon. The women didn't care. Brandon complied and pulled off Steffe's panties then dived between her splayed legs. Steffe moaned again; Ramona harmonized with her. Steffe was a good titsucker if nothing else.

"Do I get any of her milk?" Brandon asked Steffe.

"No, for tonight she's all mine," Steffe said greedily. "Make me cum and then you can have a little cum of your own."

Brandon nodded and went back to work between her legs. When Ramona's first breast was empty she shifted to the other. Her sucking became more intense as Brandon slowly forced her way to orgasm.

Ramona brushed back a few stray hairs from the other woman's face. "You're so pretty, especially when a man is between your legs and you're sucking on my tit." Steffe smiled into the milky breast but didn't stop her nursing. "Tonight's kind of sad. Mark comes home tomorrow. It'll be our last time together." She smiled wickedly at her lovers. "Unless you don't mind him joining us...?" Steffe looked up into Ramona's eyes but didn't say anything. She clamped her mouth down tightly onto Ramona's breast then abruptly released it.

Steffe's final answer was a cry of passion as Brandon's tongue finally pushed her

over the edge and into the land of orgasm. If anything, Steffe was even prettier when she was cumming. Her cries were torn from her lips as if each bit of pleasure was surrendered after a lost battle with pain. When she was done Steffe settled back into the pillows that she and Ramona had been sharing. Brandon looked up from between his wife's legs to gauge her level of passion.

"I want to watch you two make love," Steffe said. There wasn't anything to be said. Brandon crawled from between Steffe's legs and helped Ramona remove her panties. She wasn't as brave or bold as Steffe when it came to pubic grooming, but she had gotten more aggressive with her razor. The normal growth of hair she had sported for so long had been reduced to a sharp isosceles triangle. Using scissors she had cut the length back to barely an inch. In the back of her mind she wondered what Mark would think of her new look. In the meantime she opened her thighs to let Brandon press his face in to her sex, but Steffe stopped him, shoving her hand between the two and covering Ramona's cunt with her palm and fingers.

"You don't need to eat her out," Steffe declared. Her fingers played a bit with Ramona's lips and copious moisture seeped from her pussy. "She's wet and ready. Just fuck her already."

Mark didn't need a second command. He moved quickly up her body, and kissed her fiercely as his cock probed at her cunt. Steffe hadn't removed her hand yet so she helped him find the right angle and slip easily into Ramona's pussy.

"Much better," Ramona sighed as Mark started fucking her. Steffe rolled to her side and watched the two copulate. It seemed so nice and normal to watch one's husband fuck another woman. It was delightful to watch and wonderful to feel the mixture of emotions roiling through her heart.

It didn't take either of them long to reach orgasm. Mark strained hard his balls and pelvis clenching hard with each orgasmic pulse. Steffe wanted to reach between the two of them and see how much spunk leaked from Ramona's pussy. It took a minute for Ramona's body to stop shaking from the orgasm. "Oh, that was good." The other two giggled at her. "I need to go clean up," she announced. "Apparently Brandon was saving up his cum to flood my pussy tonight." The married couple laughed harder as Ramona hurried to the bathroom, her hand between her legs to keep the semen from running down her leg and dripping on the carpet.

She wasn't in the bathroom that long, or so she thought. It was just some time on the toilet, some time cleaning her pussy from all of Brandon's spunk, some time admiring her body in the mirror, a little drink of water to sustain her through the night and keep her breasts producing milk. When she returned to the bedroom the O'Malley's were cuddled together and asleep. She smiled to herself. For an older couple they were cute and still in love.

Before Ramona got in bed with them, she went downstairs and found her back. Pulling out her cellphone she called Mark. "Hi. Yeah. I'm excited to see you too. One minor change of plan. When do you think you'll be getting home? That late? Okay. Let me give you the address of where I'll be. Come straight here. Yeah, the couple I've been nursing. Yeah. Oh, his isn't nearly as big as yours, honey." She laughed a bit. "Okay, honestly, about the same size. I didn't pull out a rule and measure. But Steffe has wonderful tits. Smaller than mine...and she just started lactating."

After putting the phone away she went back to the bed and curled up next to her lovers.

Morning was much more of the same. Ramona insisted that Steffe and Brandon both suckle on her first before Steffe could be serviced. Brandon woke with a morning boner but she didn't allow him out of bed until her breasts were drained. The couple worked rapidly together to drain Ramona's tits, but they took time to savor every drop she gave them. When she decided they were done she allowed them access to the bathroom to pee. It was odd they went together, but Ramona gave it little thought. When they returned Ramona crawled out of bed, stretched gloriously, and told them as she sauntered to the bathroom, "Wait for me. Steffe's milk is for me this morning."

"What about me?" Brandon complained.

"You've had your milk for the day. Today she's mine." Ramona was a bit surprised at her power over the couple. When she returned from the bathroom they were waiting respectfully for her. Steffe's tits were dry, not a trace of his saliva on them, and full—at least as full as Steffe's tits could be. She pushed Steffe down, lay next to her, and latched on to her right breast. Ramona closed her eyes, but she knew that Brandon was watching her. That was okay, she liked being watched. It didn't take long to drain one breast and then the other. Steffe responded perfectly, especially when Ramona put her hand between Steffe's legs

and lightly masturbated her. When Steffe's tits were properly drained she pulled back from the other woman and looked at Brandon. His cock was up, but not fully erect.

"Do you need me to blow you so you can fuck her?" Ramona asked. He shook his head and grabbed his cock, stroking himself a few times. That was enough to achieve full erection. "Impressive. Steffe, get on your hands and knees. He can fuck you doggy style this morning. I don't want him tempted by your tits."

Steffe willingly complied and offered her husband her pussy, arching her back exposing herself to him. Brandon moved quickly into her. Ramona watched as they fucked. They were still keyed up from her lactation starting it took almost no time at all for the pair to orgasm. She nodded with approval. "Very good. Let's get showered and ready for the day. I have a surprise for the both of you."

The married couple certainly realized it but didn't understand why Ramona was controlling them so. When they were out of the shower and dressed, Ramona was about to shower herself when she gave another order. "Brandon, go downstairs and get breakfast ready. Steffe, stay here and talk with me." They obeyed. There was very little talking in the bathroom. After she was clean and dried off, Ramona put on only a pair of panties and one of Mark's button-up shirts. She didn't bother to button it up, leaving her breasts free to move about and easily accessible. It was a tease for both Brandon and Steffe. She took a close look at Steffe, making sure she was wearing a bra and was fully dressed. Somehow all of her skin on display made her feel more powerful.

They sat down for breakfast and only then did she tell them her plan. "Mark's coming home today. He'll want fresh milk, he's been off mine for almost a full week. I only let the two of you feed from me this morning because I needed the relief. Both of you are to be hands off—and lips off as well—me today." She looked directly at Brandon. "You are not to nurse from your wife today. She's saving her milk for Mark tonight."

"What? Why?" He was confused. And after a moment's reflection, Brandon realized he was a bit aroused by the idea as well.

"Mark hasn't had her milk yet. You have. And you've had mine. We need to balance that out. I think I'll let him have sex with her as well. That seems fair, doesn't it?"

They both nodded.

“And since this is new to the both of you, I’ll have to have one of you under direct supervision at all times today. I need to make sure Steffe’s breasts will be full for Mark tonight.”

Again they nodded.

The day passed excruciatingly slowly. She had the couple run errands—alone—and do chores around their house. Ramona’s pussy was carefully grooved by Steffe. Ramona gave the other woman a breast massage—out of the sight of her husband—to give her a touch of relief from the new soreness of lactation and to make sure her breasts were producing. All the while Ramona paraded around in just her open shirt and panties. She didn’t dare touch herself between the legs, she knew she was moist and didn’t want to make herself cum unnecessarily.

It was late in the day when the doorbell rang. Ramona tossed aside her self-control and ran to the front door to fling it open for Mark. He was delighted to see her, especially in her state of undress. Flinging herself into his arms, she kissed him deeply. One of his arms encircled her, but his hand quickly dropped to her ass and slipped under the waistband of her panties. The other hand he pushed inside her shirt to cup her naked breast.

When they broke apart he said, “I’ve missed your tits, Mona.”

“They’ve missed you too,” she replied. Just the sight of him started her letdown reflex. She could feel her milk starting to leak from her nipples. “But before anything else let me introduce you to Brandon and Steffe, the O’Malleys.” Mark and Brandon shook hands politely, but Mark’s eyes locked onto Steffe’s tits and barely strayed from the pert pair. “As you know, Mark, Steffe has recently started lactating, with some help from me and her husband. To show her appreciation, she’s like you to nurse from her, isn’t that right, Steffe?”

Steffe looked startled, but nodded. “Yes. It would please me.”

“Take off your top and bra,” Ramona ordered as she led Mark to a chair and sitting him down. “You can sit here and nurse from her.” Ramona had judged their relative sizes correctly. When sitting down Mark’s face was just about level with Steffe’s tits.

For a long moment Steffe was uncomfortable as everyone watched her remove her top and then her bra freeing her small but full tits. Brandon said nothing. If he was in shock it was impossible to tell. If he was aroused he had gone into a near-coma at the sexual display in front of him. Steffe had to be led by Ramona close to Mark. The other man circled her waist with his arm and pulled Steffe close. With a practiced motion he latched onto her small left breast and started suckling.

There were a couple of long moments, then Steffe gasped and then sighed. Her eyelids fluttered closed and she went weak in the knees, but managed to keep upright. Mark sucked on her tit for a minute then pulled back.

“She flows quickly,” he commented. “It’s light and sweet, not as creamy as yours, Ramona.”

“Keep going,” Ramona told him. Brandon still said nothing. It was Steffe’s reaction that was most shocking. She lifted up her breast and offered it again to Mark. It had taken her almost no effort at all to learn the proper role of a lactating woman. Ramona was proud of how quickly Steffe had learned.

The group watched in silence for a few minutes as Mark suckled. “She doesn’t have much, does she?” he asked when he was done with the first breast.

“Just a few tablespoons at most,” Ramona said. “We haven’t measured her yet, haven’t really used a breast pump yet. Mouth is best to get the flow going and why waste all her wonderful milk?”

Mark nodded and latched onto the second breast. Steffe’s eyes fluttered again. She wanted to lay down but he kept her upright. Ramona noticed Steffe’s hand strayed toward her sex, but then fell back to her side. She didn’t want to masturbate through her jeans in front of everyone.

It didn’t take long for Mark to empty her second breast. When he was done he looked at Brandon. “Your wife has delicious milk. When it fully comes in, I bet it will be as delicious as Ramona’s.”

“Thanks,” Brandon said and actually blushed.

Ramona asked, “Steffe, are you horny?”

The other woman nodded and rubbed her thighs together. Her breasts bobbed slightly as she moved.

“Good. Take off your clothes and go to your bedroom.” Steffe started to walk away, but Ramona stopped her. “Strip first,” she ordered.

Steffe swallowed, kicked off her shoes, pushed down her jeans, and then pulled off her red and white striped panties exposing her denuded pussy. Ramona looked at Mark. “When was the last time you had a hair-free pussy?” she asked him.

He shrugged. “Had to be back in college.”

“Go with her, fuck her.” Steffe was already retreating up the stairs. Her ass was bumping up and down as Mark chased after her.

Brandon and Ramona were left alone in the kitchen. “Is it okay if he fucks your wife?” she asked him.

He opened his mouth to answer and nothing came out. After clearing his throat he tried again. “Do I really have a say in the matter?”

“Of course you do. But it’s ultimately her decision, isn’t it? I bet I know what would make it easier...if you fucked me alongside of Mark. Would you like to do that?”

Brandon gasped. “Yes!”

“Come on,” she said and grabbed his hand. Upstairs in the bedroom Mark and Steffe were already fucking. She was laying on her back crosswise on the bed, legs up in the air with Mark’s big cock deeply plumbing her depths. Mark heard them come in. “She’s got a tight pussy for an older woman.” If Steffe realized there were more people in the room she gave no indication. She was too deeply gone into ecstasy to notice anything beyond Mark’s cock.

Ramona left her shirt on, but bent over the heavy wooden footboard and dropped her panties. Looking over her shoulder she saw Brandon scramble out of his clothes. His cock was already rampant. She bent a bit further forward and arched her back, presenting her wet pussy to him.

He didn't need any encouragement or instruction on what to do. One cock is almost as good as another, but at the moment Ramona didn't care whose cock she had in her pussy. Mark was close enough that she could lean forward and kiss him as he continued to fuck Steffe. Brandon's hand reached around and cupped her breasts. They weren't sore yet, they weren't completely full. She looked forward to the next few minutes. Brandon would cum inside her and then Steffe could watch as both men nursed from her tits.

It was an easy way to cum and cum again.

About the Author

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

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com.

If you're the type of person to read author notices, why don't you go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com for a free book by Mr. Silvestri.