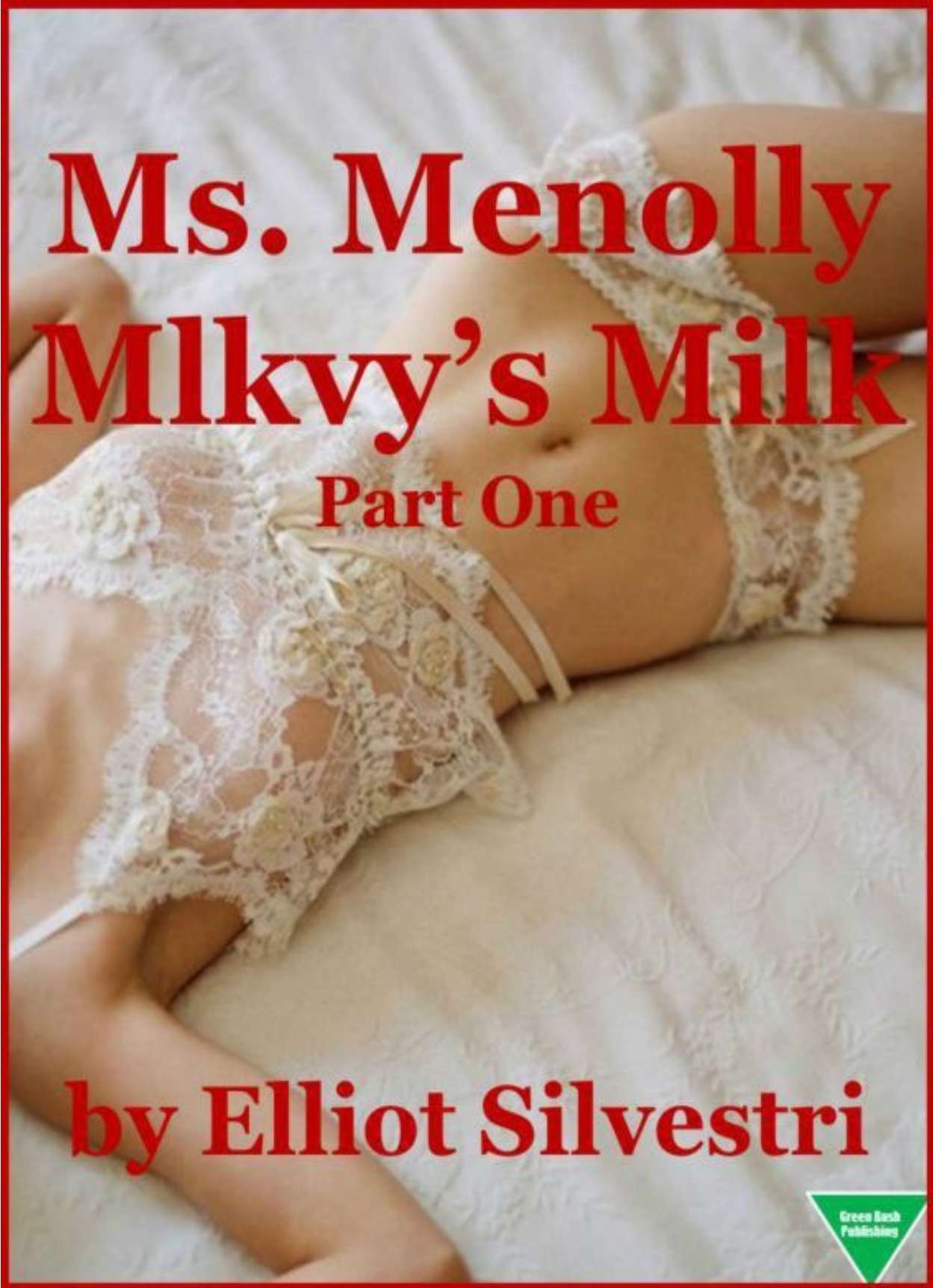


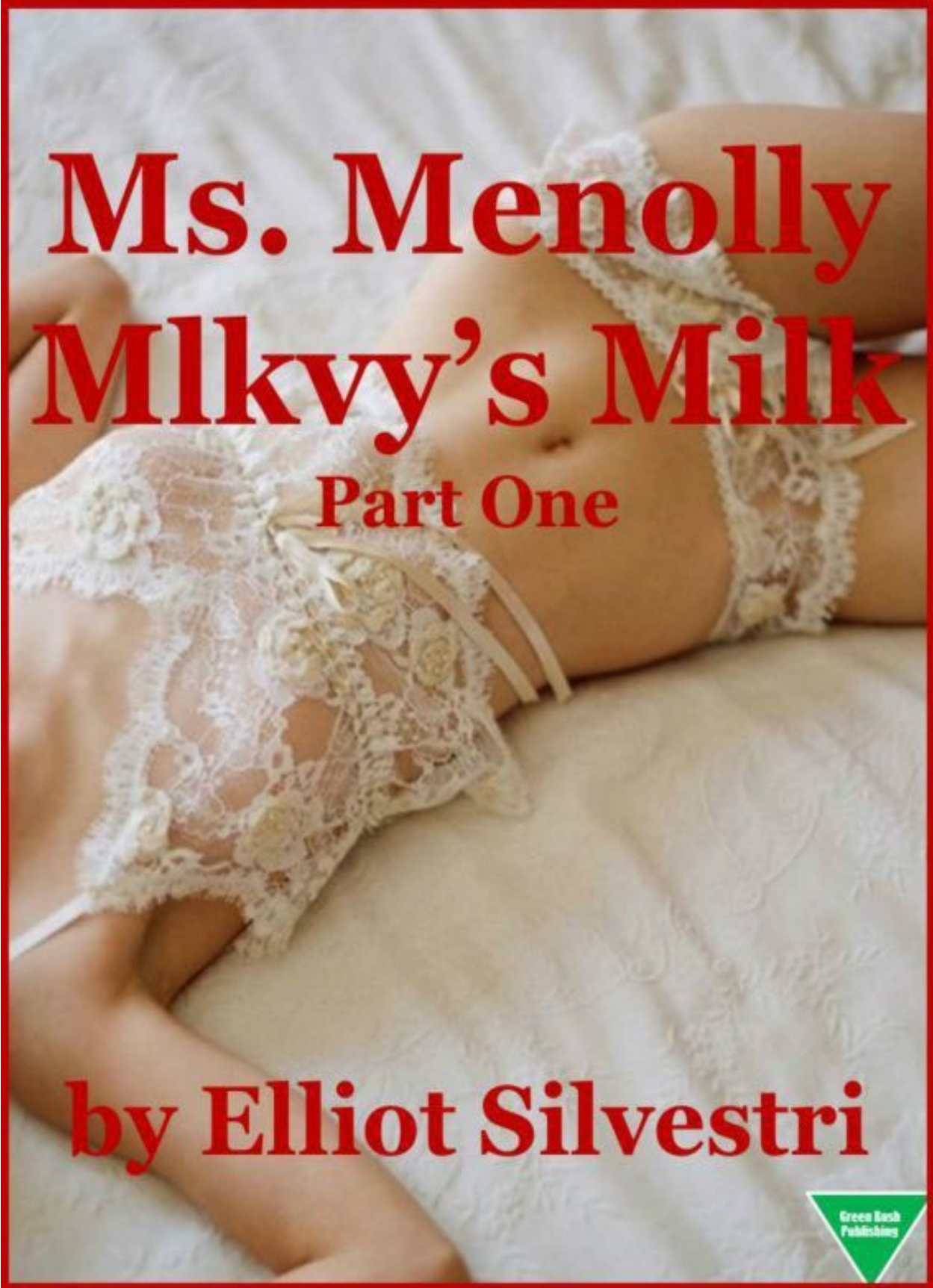


Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

Part One

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
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Smashwords Edition

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I can't believe how much debauchery I engaged in last night. Don't take that the wrong way. I liked it.

Part One

Chapter One

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy never expected to be so charmed by the parents of two of her students, but there she was laughing to nearly the point of tears with Scott and Joanie as they recounted more and more twins stories.

“I’m five minutes older than my brother,” she bragged, “and I haven’t let him forget it since...well, Kindergarten when we learned to tell time.”

Joanie could tell that Scott was smitten with the young blonde who was their twin sons’ Kindergarten teacher. Sure, she was young and pretty with perfectly straight flaxen hair and white teeth and near-flawless skin—her few freckles only enhanced her beauty—but a terribly lacking bust line. From her miniature seat at the table designed for small children Joanie was certain Menolly would be lucky if she could fill an A cup. Maybe she was a few years older than the teacher and had a few more miles on her body, but she was proud of her large breasts partly because they had been made so large at the behest of her husband.

After Scott passed her their secret signal for the third time she inwardly sighed and decided to follow his request. Certainly Menolly was pretty enough, but to play a game with their children’s teacher was dangerous to the point of madness. But Joanie and Scott had an agreement. She was obligated to make the request.

Reaching out, Joanie placed her hand on top of Menolly’s and said, “We don’t want to waste your time on Parent-Teacher night, but we’d really love to talk with you more when you get a chance. Would you like to come over to our house sometime next week for dinner?”

Ms. Mlkvy was slightly taken aback. She had only been teaching for a few years but this was her first invitation to a student’s house. “Um...sure?”

Menolly only saw Raymond and Roland a few minutes before it was their bedtime.

“Adult time,” Scott announced upon putting them to bed. The boys giggled uncontrollably. It was too strange to have their teacher over at their house for dinner.

Once he returned from putting the boys to bed he said, “I’m sure we’re going to have at least one bounce-back tonight.”

Joanie nodded and finished pouring a large glass of wine for Menolly. It wasn’t enough to get her truly drunk, but it was enough to make her tipsy and lower her inhibitions.

“So you say you’ve never been invited to a student’s house before?” Joanie prompted their guest.

“Yeah...I don’t know why. I suppose it should be more common around here, right?”

“They’re scared off by your beauty,” Joanie told her wisely.

Her face was completely fetching when she blushed. “I can’t help my looks,” she said lamely.

“I don’t mind them,” Scott commented as he took a sip from his glass.

Joanie half-frowned at him. “Of course you don’t,” she said but then turned to Menolly. “Most of the parents in this school district, I’m sure you’re aware, are mostly older even if they have kids in the elementary school. Bedroom community full of professionals and state workers. We’re not quite that old yet.”

Joanie nodded. “That makes sense. When I was teaching in the city all the mothers seemed to be very young—teenage moms—or were grandmothers because the other parents weren’t around anymore.”

Scott nodded. “But let’s not talk about that. Let’s talk about you.”

Menolly suppressed her urge to giggle. She was feeling the effects of the wine and felt a little intimidated by the couple. “What about me?”

“Let’s play twenty questions,” he said not giving her a choice.

“Okay,” she answered warily.

“How long have you been teaching?” he asked bluntly.

She decided to play along. “Three years now.” Her answer was immediate. She didn’t have anything to be ashamed of

“How old are you?” Joanie asked.

That caught Menolly by surprise. “Twenty seven.”

Scott took his turn. “Huh. Only seven years younger than us. Menolly’s an unusual name. Where is it from?”

That was easier to answer. “It was from a science fiction book my father read when I was born.”

“Mlkvy’s an unusual name. Where is it from?”

“No vowels,” she said. “You wouldn’t believe how many times I’ve had to have it corrected on official records. It’s Croatian...or so I’ve been told. My family history is murky.”

“And you’re a twin?” Scott said.

“Yep.”

“Is your brother blonde as well?” Joanie asked.

“Yes he is.”

“Do you have a boyfriend?” Scott inquired when it was his turn.

That was another question she was unprepared for. “No, not right now.”

Joanie followed up. “Ever been married?”

Menolly made a face. “Ugh. No. Haven’t found the right person yet.”

It was then that Joanie broke the pattern of whipsawing the questions back and forth between husband and wife. “You said person. Are you straight or gay? Or

bi?”

The question was asked almost innocently but it caused Menolly to blush to the point of making her face bright red. She was certain they could see right through her. “No, no, I’m straight. It’s just that in teacher school you’re trained to use as many gender neutral terms as possible...”

Joanie nodded in understanding. “That’s okay. I’m teasing a bit. But I’m a little disappointed you aren’t bi. I am.”

The admission caught Menolly completely unaware. She didn’t know what to do or say so she simply sat at the kitchen table between the nice married couple that were the parents of two charming little boys and said nothing. Was it possible they knew something about her?

“It’s true,” Scott added. “My wife’s pretty flexible in more ways than one,” he joked.

Joanie rolled her eyes. “Stop,” she told him half-heartedly. “Women’s sexuality changes as they get older,” she explained and by the same measure made Menolly think of a whole bunch of questions.

She laughed and took a large swig of her wine. The dinner was starting to get out of control. “I wasn’t aware this was going to be an inquisition,” she stated between nervous giggles.

“Just getting to know you,” Scott said. “Ever had sex with more than one person at a time?” he asked.

“What?” Now she was shocked. “No.”

“Would you like to?” Joanie asked as she rested her hand on Menolly’s knee.

“Oh.”

Joanie continued. “You’re young, you’re pretty, you’re sexy,” she said, “and you have the most incredible blue eyes. Scott and I have an...unusual marriage compared to a lot of couples. We thought we’d let you know because we’re interested in you. We like you.”

The young teacher glanced over at Scott, he smiled and downed the last of his wine. "Let me be bold. If you're interested, we'd love to invite you into our bed." It hadn't been exactly as Scott and Joanie had planned, but they decided that an invitation was necessary right away. She might be frightened off, but she also seemed inquisitive and eager.

"I...uh...I've never had that type of invitation before," she managed to stammer out. As much as she hated to admit it, Menolly was intrigued and more than a bit aroused. She hadn't taken any opportunities in college to play with her sexuality because she was always studying. Many of the other students thought it was because she was stuck up. The truth of the matter was she couldn't risk losing her scholarship and was so focused on being a teacher she didn't want to risk anything to jeopardize that goal. Now that she had achieved the goal—a fully tenured teacher—she didn't know what she wanted to do with herself next.

"You don't have to give us an answer right away, we just thought we'd extend the invitation to let you know who we are," Joanie told her but didn't remove her hand from Menolly's knee.

"Wow," she said. "I don't know what to say."

Scott helped her out. "Say no if you aren't at all interested. Say let me think about it if this is all too much, too fast. Say yes if you'd like to come into our bed and have a couple of mind-blowing orgasms."

Menolly upended her glass and looked Joanie right in the eye. "Yes."

The walk up the stairs and to the bedroom was extremely uncomfortable. Joanie grabbed Menolly's hand and drew her out of the dining room and up the stairs giving Menolly a perfect view of her new friend's butt. Her very sexy, very shapely ass. Menolly was conflicted about how that made her feel: good that she was responding to the other woman, but also uncomfortable because she was so at ease with the way she was feeling. Scott was immediately behind them so she was certain he was staring at her ass. And that made her feel good about herself.

"How do we do this?" she asked when Joanie opened the door to the bedroom and led her inside showing off the huge bed that was only half made. Oddly, that didn't bother Menolly. Her bed was usually in the same state as well unless she

had just put on new sheets.

“Like this,” Joanie said as she abruptly whirled around, stepped inside Menolly’s personal space, and firmly planted her lips on Menolly’s. It caught the blonde woman completely by surprise even though it shouldn’t have. Joanie’s kiss was warm and intimate. She didn’t shove her tongue into Menolly’s mouth, but waited for the other woman to part her lips before taking advantage of the opportunity. It lasted for what seemed like half of forever, but in reality couldn’t have been more than few seconds, before Joanie pulled back with a satisfied smile. “Ever kiss a woman before?” she asked.

Menolly shook her head and let out a half-laugh. “No, I’ve only had two serious boyfriends in my life.”

“So why do you want to have sex with me and Scott?” the older woman asked as she brushed back her light brown hair from her forehead.

She hadn’t been expecting to be quizzed right before having sex. “I don’t know... curiosity, I guess. Maybe because I’ve been given a chance, maybe I want to see who I am. I’ve always sort of had this attraction to women and doing it with a man in the room or bed,” she glanced at Scott, “makes it more acceptable.”

“Good answer,” Joanie told her and moved forward again, slipping her arms around Menolly’s waist. “Are you ready for this?”

She nodded her head firmly. “Yes.” Then she had a second thought. “Wait. What about your boys? They’re just down the hall. We’ll wake them up!” Reality was coming back to her. What was she doing? She was a Kindergarten teacher about to go to bed with the parents of two of her students. This was the way she was supposed to be acting.

Scott chuckled. “Hardly. Once they’re out for the night, to wake them is tougher than bringing back the dead.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really,” Scott reassured her as he moved closer, almost trapping the young woman between him and his wife. “How would you like to do this?”

“I...I don’t know,” she answered. “I’ve never done this before. Have you?”

Joanie laughed. “Had a three-way with another woman? Yes.”

“Oh. Good. I wouldn’t want to do this with someone who didn’t know what they were doing,” Menolly said as she tried to buy more time for herself to think and perhaps wiggle out of the strange situation that she didn’t really want to escape from.

“Why don’t we take the lead then,” Scott suggested. “Just say ‘red’ if Joanie or I do something that you don’t want.”

“Red?”

“It’s a safe word,” Joanie explained. “It’s better than ‘no’ because some people like to scream ‘no, no, no’ when they really mean ‘more, more, more.’”

“Oh. Okay.”

“How about this?” Scott asked, putting his hand on her neck and turning her head to kiss him. He wasn’t as good a kisser as his wife, but that was okay because Joanie was busy unbuttoning Menolly’s shirt. She concentrated on what Scott was doing with his tongue and mouth because focusing on the fact she was being undressed by another woman made her head spin.

In short order Menolly was divested of her clothing but for her rather plain bra and panties. Scott was still standing behind her, turning her head halfway around and kissing her. Joanie started undressing and waited for Scott. He removed his hands from Menolly’s neck and broke off their kiss so he could unhook her bra and free the blonde’s small tits. He pushed the straps off her shoulders and revealed her nipples to Joanie who smiled.

“They’re very pretty and pink,” Joanie told her.

“But so small,” Menolly said somewhat sadly.

“Still pretty,” Joanie said. She was also down to her bra and panties; Menolly wondered when that had happened. “Let’s get on the bed.” She pulled Menolly after her and they tumbled onto the mattress in a tangle of limbs. Scott stood and watched them. Menolly tried to not to think too much about what was happening

and simply let herself be propelled along with the moment.

Joanie's kisses were insistent and her caresses as her fingers teased Menolly's nipples were perfectly distracting. Their bodies cuddled together and then Menolly felt Joanie's fingers inside her panties.

"Take them off," Joanie panted, breaking away from the kisses she was raining down on Menolly's lips, cheeks, neck, and ears.

Menolly obeyed because she wanted to, because she wanted this to happen and didn't know how to actually make it happen unless she listened to the older woman. Once her pink and purple plain cotton panties were tossed to the floor, Joanie got on top of her and started kissing her way down to Menolly's tiny tits and their pert nipples. She only lingered there a minute, bringing the little pink buds to full erection, before continuing her progress down Menolly's body.

"Oh god," Menolly moaned.

"Is this okay?" Joanie asked after she kissed the blonde's belly button and started moving lower.

"Um...yeah...I'm just nervous."

"Don't be. Do you want me to do this?"

Menolly nodded. She couldn't say it; she wanted it but she couldn't say the words.

Joanie's hand went down between Menolly's legs and cupped her pussy. "You're pretty serious with your razor, aren't you?"

Now Menolly giggled nervously. "My last boyfriend liked me that way and I kind of got used to it and it feels nice," she admitted. Joanie moved her hand away to reveal a vertical strip of hair at most an inch wide that just barely covered Menolly's labia and ran three inches up to her belly. "It's just as pretty as your boobs," Joanie told her and lowered her face to Menolly's pussy.

There was little that Menolly loved more than cunnilingus. Penetrative sex was nice and she had occasional orgasms that way, but a tongue on her clit was the best way to make her cum. She had dumped half dozen potential suitors who

either refused to go down on her or didn't know their way around a woman's most intimate anatomy.

None of that was a problem with Joanie. She knew how to find a clit, she knew how to use her tongue, and she knew how to make a woman cum. This wasn't the first time that Menolly wished she was quieter in bed. She wasn't the type of woman who thrashed about during orgasm, but her legs shook and her cries of passion were nearly loud enough to shake the walls.

When she came down from her orgasmic high, she found Joanie grinning up at her from between her legs and Scott was softly applauding. "Impressive and beautiful," he said. While his wife had been feasting between Menolly's legs, Scott had stripped and revealed his cock jutting outward from a small nest of black, curly hair. He had one hand on the base and was slowly stroking it. At that moment she wanted Scott to fuck her but knowing his wife was still between her legs prevented her from reaching out and grabbing his manhood which was a silly reaction. Surely this kinky, married couple had experienced this exact same thing before, hadn't they?

"I get loud when I cum," she blushed. "I should have told you."

"No, no," Joanie told her. "The surprise was better." She crawled up Menolly's body and lightly kissed the blonde on her lips. Menolly tasted the flavor of her pussy and wanted to pull Joanie close and kiss her deeply, but the older woman pulled away. "Do you mind if Scott takes a turn with you?" she asked.

"Um...sure." What else could she say? Isn't this why they had brought her to their bed.

"Condom?" Scott asked. "Or are you on birth control?"

"You'd better get a condom," she said. Somewhat to her surprise he pulled a partial box from the top drawer of the large dresser in the corner of the bedroom. As he walked to the bed he ripped open the packet. For the first time in the night Menolly showed some initiative and grabbed the condom out of Scott's hand. She then grabbed his cock and started rolling it down into place.

"You've done this before," he complimented her.

She smiled. "Yeah, a few times."

Once it was in place Scott got on the bed and pushed her back down into the mattress. Menolly opened up her legs and she automatically reached down to his cock once more to guide him into her pussy. That wasn't necessary. Joanie's hand was on her husband's cock and she was doing the honors.

"I've done this before for other women," Joanie explained as she moved Scott's cock forward and into Menolly.

"That's a nice, tight pussy," Scott said as he started fucking the no-so-innocent blonde woman.

And just like that Menolly realized she was being fucked by a married man while his wife watched. And the world didn't end. And they were both having fun. And she realized she was enjoying what was happening. There was no reason to think what she was doing was wrong in any way.

Joanie intertwined her fingers with Menolly's and the two women smiled at each other. The older brunette bent down for a kiss which Menolly immediately returned and then switched to kissing Scott. It felt wrong to kiss a man so intimately in front of his wife, but Menolly relished the thrill that ran through her body as she did so.

"Is he going to make you cum?" Joanie asked as she watched Menolly's face as she was fucked. Scott was so busy thrusting his hips and focusing on his cock that he all but missed their conversation.

"You already made me cum," she said. "I don't think I'm going to cum again."

With a nod Joanie acknowledged Menolly's problem and sat back on her heels. She reached behind her back while Menolly watched and unhooked her dark red bra to free her breasts. They were impressive and hung heavily from Joanie's chest. "I felt a little confined," she explained. Menolly nodded. Only then did Joanie reach between the lovers' bodies and seek out Menolly's slit.

It must have been something the two had done or practiced before. Scott lifted up his hips and never stopped fucking Menolly. Joanie squirmed her hand down into Menolly's pussy and immediately found her clit. The new angel Scott was using to fuck her felt incredible and Joanie's busy fingers were causing her to gasp and cry out as she was rapidly pushed towards orgasm.

When she came she lost all sense of what was going on. She never wanted the sensation to stop but eventually it had to for Scott had lost his erection when he had cum inside her. They paused breathily, sweatily and Scott pulled his shrinking cock from her pussy and padded away to the bathroom leaving the two women alone.

“I love watching him fuck other women,” Joanie said to break the loud silence between them. “I’m not jealous...other than the fact that I haven’t gotten to cum yet.”

“Oh...um...I suppose I can help you out with that,” Menolly said. She had been expecting this sort of request and had half been looking forward to the moment, but when faced with the reality, it made her extremely nervous.

“I’d like to see that,” Scott said as he walked back into the bedroom. His cock was no longer erect, but that didn’t seem to effect his libido.

“Come here,” Joanie told her, pulling the girl across the bed and half on top of her body. “Just do what feels natural.” Her smile was lusty. “Or unnatural, if you like.”

Menolly nodded and quickly kissed Joanie’s lips, then her neck, then her sternum, then her belly button—briefly noting the little later of padding that came with a twins pregnancy and a few years of living—and then finally stopped at the top edge of the Joanie’s red lacy panties.

“Let me help,” Joanie said, arching up her back and pulling off her last bit of clothing. And just like that Menolly found herself face-to-face with another woman’s pussy for the first time in her life.

Joanie didn’t spend nearly as much time grooming her cunt as Menolly did. While she did shape her dark brown curls to a nice triangle, it looked largely natural and oddly womanly. She couldn’t believe what she was about to do, but Menolly closed her eyes, kissed the top edge of Joanie’s pubic hair, then moved her lips and tongue further down, exploring her new lover’s pussy.

A soft sigh of contentment filled the bedroom. “Honey, you know exactly what you’re doing.”

When she heard those words, Menolly felt a certain amount of pride. She always

thought she had been a good lover, but that had only been with men. Now she was hearing the same compliment from a woman on the most difficult of all sexual arts: cunnilingus.

Scott watched as Menolly ate out his wife. The young blonde had a tiny little ass that shook ever so slightly when she enthusiastically licked and sucked Joanie's pussy. The sight was enough for him to start feeling arousal again, but he doubted he'd be able to get hard enough to fuck Menolly's pussy again that night.

Joanie was a connoisseur of cunnilingus. She had slept with too many men and women to remember all the details of every lover but the ones who knew how to eat pussy correctly she kept close to her heart. It was obvious that Menolly was a natural and Joanie was loving every minute of the younger woman's tongue in her cunt. When Joanie started gasping for air Scott took her hand and helped her through the little death as she climaxed.

"Stop please," Scott instructed Menolly when she didn't seem aware that Joanie had cum. She had continued to tongue the brunette's clit.

"What? I'm so sorry," she apologized as she looked up from Joanie's cunt, her face smeared with the older woman's juices, looking a little mortified and a little proud of herself. "I was getting into it," she explained.

"No worries," Joanie told her as she managed to regain control of her breathing. "You have a very talented tongue. You must give wonderful blowjobs."

"Um...I guess," she offered with a shrug.

"Maybe I can have one sometime," said Scott.

"Sure," Menolly agreed. "Do you want it now?"

"No," Joanie interrupted. "I need Scott for something else right now."

"Oh...what? Is he going to fuck you now?" Seeing the possibilities of what could be done in a group of three lovers made Menolly's mind spin out new fantasies she wanted to fulfill.

"No," said Joanie. She looked at her husband. "My boobs are getting hard. I

need a little relief.”

“Sorry about that, hon,” Scott said and moved onto the bed next to his wife. Instead of kissing her or mounting her for sex like Menolly expected, he instead latched on to her breast and sucked on her prominent red nipple.

“Ohh,” his wife sighed. “That’s what I needed.” They almost seemed to forget about Menolly’s presence between Joanie’s legs until she opened her eyes back up. “He’s nursing,” she explained to Menolly as the two women watched Scott eagerly suck on Joanie’s large breast.

“Yeah, I can see that. You like your nipples played with?”

Joanie licked her lips seeing that Menolly didn’t fully understand. “No, he’s actually nursing,” she specified. “I’m still lactating from breast feeding the boys. It feels really good when he does it.”

“You’re still lactating?” Menolly asked. Their sons were five years old...so had her breasts been producing milk for that long?

“Uh-huh,” Joanie said dreamily as her eyes fluttered shut. “He loves it.”

“Hmm-hmm,” Scott agreed with half a nod as he continued to suckle on his wife.

“Really?” Menolly asked in amazement. “I can’t believe that.”

In response Joanie lifted her hand up to her free breast and squeezed the heavy flesh behind the nipple, rolling her fingers forward to force the milk out of the nipple. When her milk erupted in several fine points of spray that coated her fingers and full breast with the thin white fluid Menolly gasped in amazement.

“I guess so,” Menolly agreed.

“Care to try it?” Joanie asked.

“Sure!” The younger woman now found that she was up for almost anything. Playing this sort of game with the couple was an education in and of itself. She reached out and grasped Joanie’s tit, squeezing it in the same fashion as she had witnessed Joanie doing.

Again there was a spray of milk this time wetting Menolly's hand. Her action made Joanie laugh.

"Not like that," she giggled. "You're wasting it. I meant for you to suckle it."

"You want me to nurse from you?" she asked. It had never occurred to Menolly that such a thing was actually done, but there was Scott happily drinking his wife's milk right there on the bed.

Joanie's eyes fluttered closed and she half-nodded while holding up her breast to Menolly. It was obvious what she wanted. At this point Menolly didn't even ask herself if what she was doing was right or normal or was something she had ever considered in her life. She just snuggled up against Joanie's soft body, lowered her mouth to the other woman's moist red nipple, and sucked gently.

There was an immediate squirt of liquid in her mouth. It was completely unlike letting a man cum in her mouth. The flavor was different: sweet and rich. Menolly sucked a second time and allowed the milk to roll around on her tongue before swallowing.

"It's very sweet," she said after she had swallowed and licked her lips.

"It certainly is," Scott agreed. He had released his nipple as well and looked across Joanie's body at her. Both of Joanie's nipple were now red and puffy and slowly leaking milk. She groaned in anger and frustration. She wanted to be nursed. Abruptly Scott reached across Joanie's body and grabbed the back of Menolly's head, kissing her, pushing his tongue deep into her mouth, letting his wife watch while he kissed the woman who moments before had been nursing from Joanie's breast.

"Stop fooling around and nurse," complained Joanie.

With a satisfied grin Menolly dropped her head back down and nursed again. It was odd to feel another woman's nipple in her mouth, though it was vaguely satisfying as well. With each suck more and more milk filled her mouth and she swallowed it all happily. Menolly had never minded swallowing men's cum and this had to be much more nutritious than semen. For a few minutes it was a nice, relaxing way to end their collective roll in bed.

But then Joanie started moaning out loud, almost as if she were in pain. Menolly

asked, “Am I hurting you?” She regretted having to let the nipple slip from her mouth, but it seemed like the right thing to do.

“Nope,” said Scott. “She’s just getting horny again. It’s a side effect of nursing. I’ll help her out.” He slid his hand between his wife’s legs and started masturbating her. She parted her thighs and lifted her knees to allow his better and deeper access.

Menolly went back to her nipple. She had quickly decided that though a little strange and more than a little kinky, she quite liked nursing and drinking Joanie’s milk. But then Joanie grabbed her hand and led to down between her legs, pushing her husband’s finger fingers aside. Menolly was happy to finger and play with her new friend’s pussy and that was exactly what Joanie wanted.

It didn’t take very long for Menolly to get the older woman off. She just played with Joanie’s pussy the way she liked to play with hers. It was different doing it while sucking on her nipple, but that was easy to deal with and before she knew it Joanie was crying out once more with an orgasm that shook her body.

Not knowing what was expected of her Menolly took her cue from Scott and watching him surreptitiously from under her eyelashes. She keep sucking as long as he did. Joanie made all the usual appreciative love-making sounds as she slowly came down from her orgasmic high. The milk that had been flooding into Menolly’s mouth slowly declined into a trickle and then almost nothing at all. Finally Scott released his wife’s tit and Menolly did the same.

“Thank you,” Joanie said to her new lover and pulled Menolly to his lips, kissing her once more and not letting go. It occurred to Menolly that Joanie was savoring the sweet flavor that lingered on her tongue.

The aftermath wasn’t nearly as uncomfortable as Menolly had expected. Joanie donned a robe while Scott lounged in the bed watching as she dressed. Oddly, Menolly found herself more at ease with Joanie than with Scott. She’d never had sex with a woman before and thought that she would want to cleave to Scott but the opposite turned out to be the case.

It was Joanie who escorted her to the front door and gave her a goodbye kiss.

“Thanks for the um...interesting evening,” she laughed as she shrugged on her coat.

“I’m glad you enjoyed yourself,” Joanie said. Menolly wasn’t the least put off by Joanie’s automatic assumption that she had enjoyed herself. She had. Her orgasms were ample evidence of that. “We’ll have to do it again sometime.”

“Sometime soon?” Menolly heard herself asking a little too eagerly.

Joanie replied with a kiss.

Chapter Two

The next day at work, teaching a group of unruly Kindergarteners, Menolly found herself rethinking the previous night's events. Was she really that type of woman...the one who fell into bed with near strangers, but strangers who were also the parents of two of her students? What would her family say if they knew? True, her family didn't have any real idea of what she did in the privacy of her bedroom with her previous boyfriends...but this wasn't a matter of a new boyfriend. Or a new girlfriend for that matter. It was a matter of...what exactly?

She almost regretted putting on the fancy, sexy thong under her otherwise demure teacher uniform of tan slacks, white blouse and blue sweater. Although no one could tell she was also wearing her lacy, see-through bra that made her soft pink nipples more prominent. Sexy lingerie was not the best choice of undergarments with elementary school children running around.

During her morning break when the students were with the music teacher she checked the messages on her cell phone.

Scott and I talked it over. We can't wait to get you back in our bed. This weekend? The message from Joanie was out of place with other requests regarding grades and progress on writing and reading skills. It even said the text was from Mrs. Jensen.

Every regret that Menolly had about the previous night was immediately washed away as she was flooded with memories of images and sensations she wanted to have again. She had no plans for the weekend.

That sounds really tempting, she texted back.

Give in to temptation, Joanie teased.

Menolly thought better of the situation, but then asked a follow up question. What about your twins?

That's what grandparents are for. Want to spend the night?

She did. Yes.

I knew you did. I've got something special for you.

What? Joanie found herself sending back, eagerly waiting for an answer like a teenage girl.

A moment later another text arrived with a picture attached. The text was only one word. This. The accompanying picture was of Joanie's pussy but she had shaved her pubic hair to match Menolly's style, a simple landing strip an inch wide.

Despite the situation Joanie couldn't help but grin and laugh to herself. That's very tempting, she texted back.

Scott shaved me this morning. Can I see yours again?

The request was odd but certainly not out of line with modern dating norms, or so Menolly told herself. Can't. I'm in the classroom working.

You're on your phone working? Joanie asked. Go to the bathroom and take a quick picture.

While she had never considered herself a dirty girl who engaged in sexting, Menolly was too eager to please Joanie. Are you going to show it to anyone? she sent as she quickly made her way to the teacher's bathroom

Just with Scott, Joanie promised.

That made Menolly wonder if she actually was chatting with Scott. The conversation was remarkably similar to other requests she'd received from past boyfriends. Once she was in the small bathroom she wondered how she was going to take a picture of her cunt. The only place to sit was on the toilet and that wasn't going to be her place to pose. Making a quick decision, Menolly quickly pulled off her sweater and shirt along with her pants. She stood in front of the mirror and quickly inspected herself and only then took a picture.

She could see the faintest trace of her pubic hair through the lacy panties and her nipples were almost visible behind her bra. It wasn't enough. To equal Joanie's picture she pushed her thong down to the middle of her thighs and unsnapped the

clasp of her bra. It was a front closure so her tits were immediately on display. She took two quick pictures of her nude body, then turned around and pulled her thong back into place between her buttocks. She clicked off one more picture off her tiny ass and then sent the whole set back to Joanie.

It took a minute for the pictures to transmit during which Menolly dressed and then checked her phone. The pictures had been received by Joanie and she had already sent a response.

You're so pretty. And your tits...beautiful. I'm jealous. I've already forwarded these to Scott. See you on Saturday.

After a glance at the room's clock Menolly sighed, turned off her phone, and headed out the door to the music room. A dozen and a half five year olds awaited their teacher.

It was Scott who greeted her at the door, naturally with a kiss, but it was done with the door open for everyone to see. The neighborhood was all but empty because it was early evening in the middle of winter, but Menolly more than understood the significance of what Scott was doing with her there.

"I brought wine," she announced holding the large bottle up for him to take.

"Thanks," he said happily as he took it from her. With his other hand he led her into the house where Joanie was cooking in the kitchen.

What followed was a completely bland and normal dinner among friends. They studiously avoided the topic of sex and what was sure to happen in a few hours. That put Menolly at ease and she pretended that she was nothing more than a boring school teacher visiting with friends. That all ended when Joanie abruptly announced, "I'm so jealous of your tits."

Menolly gasped a bit. They had all been drinking, already having consumed the bottle of wine she had brought along with one of the Jensens'. It wasn't exactly out of character for Joanie considering what they had already done and what they were planning, but the moment took her by surprise. "Why would you say that?"

“They’re so small and cute.” She wasn’t slurring her words but she did look a little bit drunk. “You can’t imagine what it’s like having to haul these two girls around all the time. And it’s worse since I started breast feeding five years ago.”

“And never stopped,” Scott said smugly. “But don’t all women complain about their tit size? Either too big or too small or not enough in proportion or some such bullshit?”

“Mine are too small,” complained Menolly.

“They’re perfect,” Scott said to her, then he turned his head and addressed his wife. “Yours are perfect as well.”

“You’re just saying that because they’re full of milk.”

“One of the many wonderful things about them,” he replied.

“I’m taking my bra off,” Joanie announced and stood up. She pulled her plain blouse over her head and then pushed down the straps to her bra letting her heavy breasts spill out. She then spun it half around and unhooked it, tossing the strong garment to the table. “They’re full,” she told her husband and Menolly. “I need to be nursed.” Her pale breasts were topped by the bright red nipples and

Scott grinned at Menolly. “She’s been drinking. That means there’s alcohol in her milk.”

“You know that’s a fucking myth, Scott.”

He didn’t stop grinning. “Why don’t you find out, Mel?” he asked their guest.

She shook her head. “Don’t call me that.”

“Mel isn’t your nickname?”

“No.” She blanched a bit and admitted, “My mother’s nickname for me growing up was Lolly.”

Joanie laughed. “And what do you like to be called?” she asked trying to get by this uncomfortable moment.

“Nell.”

Her raised eyebrows showed Joanie had her doubts. “Nell is it. How about Nellie?”

“Maybe,” she said. Her eyes had barely moved from Joanie’s tits ever since she had taken off her bra. “I’m sorry. Your breasts are really distracting. I want to taste them.”

“And my milk?” she asked.

Menolly nodded.

“Let’s go to the bedroom then,” Scott suggested.

Upstairs in the bedroom neither Scott or Menolly removed any of their clothes as they settled in around Joanie’s body. She had removed her weekend stretch pants and was wearing a pair of silky red panties with black polka dots.

“Come here, Nellie,” Joanie said to the blonde woman and they kissed as if they were old friends and then kissed again as if they were new lovers. And then Joanie pushed Menolly’s head down to her breast. Once she started suckling Joanie sighed and looked over at her husband. “Are you going to join in?”

“I was thinking about watching until you two start lesbianizing each other.”

She rolled her eyes at him. Scott continued. “How does it taste, Nell?”

The younger woman let the nipple slip from her mouth. “Sweet. I can’t taste any alcohol though.”

“See,” Joanie snapped, “I told you so.”

“Just keep nursing, Nell,” Scott told her.

It was an easy order to follow. She lowered her mouth to the wet nipple and sucked eagerly on it. Joanie moaned in appreciation. “Slow down, honey. There’s plenty for you.”

Menolly nodded with the nipple in her mouth, snuggled up to her friend, and

continued nursing. “Aren’t you going to join us?” Joanie asked, gesturing for her husband to come over to the bed.

He shook his head back and forth. “Nope. I’m going to watch.”

“But I’m going to need to be fucked,” she sighed as she played with her free nipple. It wasn’t that she needed extra stimulation to her breasts, but she knew if she didn’t keep her hand busy it would soon be in her panties and playing with her clit.

“I’m sure that Nellie will be more than happy to give you a few orgasms,” Scott told her.

There was unrestrained frustration as Joanie flopped her head back and forth. “No,” she insisted. “I need to be fucked. I need cock.”

“You’ll get it,” Scott promised as he slowly undressed. Both women watched him out of the corner of their eyes. It wasn’t as if he was a professional stripper but he took his time and made his disrobing an event rather than a roadblock that needed to be overcome before he was naked. Menolly took careful note of the sparse hair on his chest that wended down his skin to his flat belly and into the waistband of his black boxers that clearly showed the outline of his erect cock.

That was more than enough for her to push her hand down into Joanie’s panties, discover her friend’s pussy was wet, and start playing with her clit. Joanie moaned in frustration. She wanted a cock, not a finger, but there was precious little she could do about it when her body automatically started responding to Menolly’s caresses. Her hips started moving around and she lifted her pussy upwards to increase the friction.

Leaving on his underwear, Scott walked around the bed and sat down on the edge next to Menolly. He didn’t touch his wife but instead he started stripping the clothes off their blonde friend. Menolly knew what he was doing and allowed—and even helped—him slip off her blouse and jeans. Underneath she was wearing a plain white cotton camisole that did nothing to hide or enhance her small breasts and around her hips she wore the tiniest of g-strings that completely exposed her buttocks and even though she was pressed against Joanie, Scott was sure that her pussy was barely covered by the scrap of fabric.

“You came prepared for sex, didn’t you?” he asked as he admired her body.

Menolly nodded but didn't let go of Joanie's big breast. The milk was flowing nicely now and she barely needed to suck between swallowing mouthfuls of the bountiful liquid. Joanie's other breast started to leak the precious nectar but neither woman noticed and Scott didn't bother to do anything about it. He had other things on his mind.

It wasn't a problem at all for Scott to remove Menolly's thong. When he pulled on the garment she lifted her hips and wiggled in just the right way to get it free. He knew he could have just moved the material to the side and played with her pussy as he pleased, but it was more fun to have her completely bare and free.

Once her pussy was exposed she expected him to pull off his boxers and fuck her. Menolly wanted that and she couldn't wait. Instead, though, he lifted up her leg and placed his face between her thighs and started licking and sucking her already moistening pussy. Once he started this Menolly lost focus. She couldn't suckle from Joanie and play with the other woman's pussy at the same time while Scott was eating her pussy.

Joanie immediately noticed. She had been headed toward a nice orgasm when Menolly's fingers faltered and lost their rhythm. "Focus!" she commanded the younger woman.

That was all but impossible for Menolly. "I can't," she all but whined. That annoyed Joanie.

"Get your face out of her pussy," she commanded Scott. "I get to cum first."

"Says who?" he mumbled around Menolly's sensitive flesh.

That only increased Joanie's frustration. She sighed in annoyance and pulled Menolly's fingers out of her pussy. "Nurse," she told the blonde. "And let him make you cum," she added.

Menolly looked up at her and nodded eagerly with her expressive blue eyes. It was hard for Joanie to work up any anger toward the teacher. She was so sweet and innocent looking, especially when her mouth was full of her breast.

Since she was so worked up and excited about rejoining the Jensens in bed it was easy for Menolly to cum. She did so with a minimum of fuss and a great deal of enthusiasm. Joanie appreciated that she didn't bite down on her nipple

when cumming and continued to nurse throughout the process.

“Okay, honey,” Joanie said. “My breast is empty. You can let go.”

Being told this surprised Menolly. She had been steadily nursing while Scott ate her pussy and didn’t notice any lack of milk. “It is?” she asked after she let go.

Joanie laughed. “It certainly is. See?” She hand expressed her right breast that Menolly had been nursing from and nothing came out. When she switched to her left, a gentle spray covered her skin.

“Oh,” marveled Menolly.

Even though she was frustrated Joanie had to laugh. “Are you going to fuck me or not, Scott?”

“Nellie hasn’t made you cum yet,” he said as he wiped his face clear of Menolly’s juices. “She needs to make you cum first. Then I’ll fuck you.”

“Fine. Do you want to go down on me?” she asked Nellie.

“No,” interrupted Scott. “I want her to nurse from your other breast while she gets you off with her hand.”

“Oh, like she was doing before you rudely interrupted?” Joanie snapped at him. “Come over here, pretty girl,” she addressed Menolly, helping the smaller woman roll over her body for easier access to her full breast. She then proceeded to push Menolly’s hand down into her panties. “And make me cum.”

Menolly didn’t need to be told twice. Her fingers went into Joanie’s pussy and her mouth latched onto the nipple capping the still full breast. The two women drew close together while Menolly nursed and Joanie moaned in appreciation of the other woman’s nimble fingers. It only took her a few minute to cum which she did with a muffled gasp of passion. When Menolly pulled her fingers away Joanie grabbed her wrist and kept the hand right where she wanted it. “Keep nursing,” she said. “Make me cum again.”

And so she did. It took Menolly a good ten minutes to finish draining Joanie’s breast during which time the older woman came two more times. When it was finally over Scott moved over to his wife and started pulling off her black and

red panties. “Oh, now you want to treat my pussy the way I deserve?” she asked sharply.

“Uh-huh,” was all Scott managed to say as he sank in cock into her already used and very wet pussy. Menolly pulled back a bit and unconsciously put her fingers into her mouth, tasting Joanie’s pussy as she watched the married couple fuck hard and fast with an almost unbridled passion.

It wasn’t a very long coupling and the sound of flesh striking flesh was almost unsettling, but Menolly could see from the expression on their faces they were both in the throes of passion so there was nothing to worry about. She couldn’t be certain but she thought that Joanie must have cum once again. She knew that Scott came because of his heavy grunting and as he started cumming Joanie grabbed Menolly’s hand pressing it between the couple’s tangle of legs. Menolly felt the pulse of Scott’s semen throbbing in waves into his wife’s pussy. It was an extraordinary intimate moment and Menolly understood the significance of what Joanie was doing. They didn’t consider her just a casual bedmate.

When Scott rolled off his wife after a few light kisses he said, “Okay, Nellie. Prove how good you actually are. Joanie’s on a sex high. Eat her pussy and make her cum again.”

Just after she started moving was when Menolly realized what Scott was actually asking of her. He had just cum inside his wife. Joanie was eager to cum again and he wanted Menolly to make it happen with her tongue. To her credit Menolly barely hesitated on her way down between Joanie’s legs. She had gone down on a number of men in her life and had swallowed more semen than she cared to remember. What was a little more semen even if it was already deposited in Joanie’s pussy?

Scott watched her eagerly and happily. Joanie would have observed as well if her head wasn’t already flopped back and her mind was halfway to paradise because of Menolly’s eager tongue work. She found Joanie’s new flavor somewhat exotic and an exciting combination of male and female. It wasn’t bad at all. If Scott’s intent had been to humiliate her it didn’t work. She licked Joanie’s clit to make her cum. She swallowed the spunk that Scott had left behind. It all made her feel like a cherished lover to both of them.

After making Joanie cum one more time with her tongue on Joanie’s clit and a

finger up her pussy, Menolly pulled back with a satisfied look on her face which was smeared with the sexual secretions of both her lovers. "Do you want more?" she asked.

Joanie flung her head back and forth. "No. No more. Not right now. It's your turn." She pushed her smaller lover down to the bed and returned the favor of cunnilingus to Menolly who was happy to open her legs up to receive this treatment. It wasn't at all hard to make her cum because she was so keyed up and ready to orgasm. After her initial small climax Joanie lifted her face from between Menolly's legs and asked, "Do you want Scott to fuck you?"

Menolly automatically nodded her head. "That would be nice."

Scott chuckled. "I'm going to need a little help," he said as he stroked his flaccid cock. It wasn't completely soft but it was hardly to the point where penetration would be easy.

The blonde was more than happy to help. "Bring it up here," she requested indicating her mouth. Scott was happy to comply as his wife went back to work on Menolly's pussy. Menolly once again tasted the combination of Joanie and Scott but this time on his cock rather than in her pussy. The flavor agreed with her and her oral work agreed with Scott. He was sufficiently hard in no time and still she continued to suck on his cock.

"Keep it up and I'm going to cum in your mouth," he told her. "Would you like that?"

In truth she wouldn't mind it at all but she released him and shook her head. "A fucking would be nice."

Joanie pulled her head up from the blonde's sopping wet pussy. "Want to try something new?" she asked.

Menolly couldn't help but giggle a little. "Almost everything I'm doing with you two is new in some way."

"Let me get a condom," Scott said.

"No need," Menolly said. "I'm safe right now."

The married couple looked at each other with questioning eyes. "Are you sure?" Joanie asked. "We're both clean and I assume you are but..."

"I haven't had a vasectomy," Scott finished for her.

Menolly eagerly nodded her head. "I'm safe," she repeated. "If there's one thing I know it's my cycle. I can set my watch by it."

It took a minute for them to carefully position her but once everything was in place Menolly was glad they were using her for their pleasure as much as her own. She was on her side with Scott penetrating her pussy from behind. She liked sex doggy-style and had been on her side a few times before in this position. Scott used his hand to keep her upper leg lifted into the air. That gave Joanie enough space to move in allowing her to lick Menolly's pussy and Scott's cock at the same time. The blonde was certain this wasn't the first time the couple had done this particular maneuver but that didn't bother her. They were skilled at what they were doing and she enjoyed every moment of it. A cock in her pussy and a tongue on her clit at the same time was a little slice of heaven that would normally be impossible without two giving lovers. When she came it was with a mewling cry of relief and indulgence.

She had fully intended on resting a few minutes before moving on to some other bit of kink but sleep unexpectedly took her before she could request they use her a little more but that too was okay because she woke the next morning between the couple. The morning sex they shared was slow and languorous and completely satisfying.

Chapter Three

It was so easy to fall into a pattern with the married couple. She found herself spending more and more time at their house. The twins, her students, were initially nervous about her frequent visits but then quickly got used to it and were more than happy to see Ms. Mlkvy for yet another dinner. They even got kisses for bedtime...and then Ms. Mlkvy would join the twins' parents for other types of goodnight kisses.

"I want to come over to your place on Friday," Joanie told her over the phone in the middle of the week.

"Oh. What for?" She knew but wondered why Joanie wanted to do it at her place. The Jensen's house was much more convenient for them all.

"Scott's taking the boys out for the evening and I'll be all alone at home until far too late for me. Why don't we make it a girls' night?"

Menolly hesitated. She didn't mind exploring her sexuality with the couple. She enjoyed having sex with them both. It had been a little difficult coming to grips with the fact she was perfectly at ease making love to a woman but in her mind as long as there was a man in bed with them, a little lesbian activity, being a bit bi-curious, was perfectly acceptable. And now Joanie wanted to change that dynamic.

"Umm..." she said trying to buy time and think of a way to wiggle out of it. She wasn't opposed to having sex with Joanie. Just the opposite. It was that she was opposed to having sex alone with Joanie. She was certain Scott knew about it, but without a man in the bed what did that say about her.

"Is there a problem?" Joanie asked after a very long and uncomfortable pause between them.

Menolly shifted the phone to her other shoulder as she continued to look through her students' artwork. "No, not really...it's just that..."

"What?" Joanie asked a little bit upset that Menolly was drawing out the process

unnecessarily.

“I’ve never been with another woman before,” she said. “Alone.” The last word was the operating word and that made Joanie realize what was going on.

“I see...you think going to be with another woman—alone—will make you a lesbian?”

“Well, no, not really...”

“Is it me then?”

“Not at all!” she said quickly. “I love you,” she blurted.

The phrase hung between them.

“Oh,” was all Joanie managed to say.

Menolly quickly backtracked. “That is, I mean, I love you, not that I want to marry you, you’re already married, but I love spending time with you and having sex with you and Scott, but this is all so new and weird and I’m making myself sound like an idiot.” She sighed and considered banging her head on the table to make the pain go away.

“We can just have girls’ night out if you want,” Joanie said. “We don’t have to have sex.”

There was disappointment in her voice and Menolly realized that is exactly what Joanie wanted from her. While she may have been open to other activities as well, sex was always on the menu.

“Okay, I’m fucking this up. I’ve never done this before. How can I make this right?”

To be continued...

About the Author

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

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