

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation



by Elliot Silvestri

Green Sash
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Smashwords Edition

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Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

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Gretchen's Twins

Chapter One

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

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

“What? No!”

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

“But I love your big tits!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Uh-huh,” she mumbled dismissively.

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

She was asleep.

Chapter Two

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why do you want to fuck a married woman, Ethan?” she asked him. Nothing like a little boldness to drive away those too frightened by the whole situation either.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Did it bother you to be watched?”

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

“What about now?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He nodded.

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

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

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

I sighed and flipped through the terrible cable options on the television while Gretchen went back to her paperback. It wouldn’t be the first time we were stood up. Luckily five minutes later there was a knock at the door. Finally Ethan had responded to our texts. After checking the peephole Gretchen let Ethan in.

“We’ve been waiting,” she told him.

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

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

“Yes!” he said emphatically.

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

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

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

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

It’s hard to ignore a beautiful Nordic goddess. He was suddenly naked and on his knees. His cock jutted out from his crotch, pointing up to his belly from a nest of soft black hair. It was impressive, not huge, but nicely sized. One way to weed out the weirdoes when hooking up via online ad: reject anyone who sends nude pictures without being requested.

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

“You don’t shave,” he said to her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"For coming too soon."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ethan missed that she had angled her body so Gretchen could look easily at me while she was fucked. He eagerly got behind her and quickly found the right angle to glide his cock into her slippery hole. Like so many eager young men, I had faded from his vision; he was completely focused on fucking my wife.

She huffed and puffed, moaning at the right times while Ethan pumped his cock

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

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

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

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

And I was thirsty.

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

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

“What's he doing?” Ethan asked with his voice pitched a little higher than normal. Typical young male sex panic. Another guy near him when he's fucking a beautiful woman automatically equates with risk of him turning gay.

Gretchen's gentle swaying from his body rocking against hers stopped. I didn't stop sucking her milk, though. There was no way I was going to release her tit when it was flowing.

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

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

"Because I need to cum," she said.

"No, why is he sucking your tit?"

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

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

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

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

"That's okay, I don't need to," he answered.

"Ever try breast milk?" Gretchen asked, teasing him.

“Probably when I was a baby.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ethan pulled off for a moment. “Yes,” he answered quickly and went right back to the nipple. In the brief moment I could see he had left drops of her wonderful milk behind. They disappeared when he latched back on.

“Tasty?” she asked.

He just nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Save anything for me?” I asked her.

“Just a bit.”

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

“Still hungry?” she teased me.

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

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

“Slut,” I told her.

“Yes. Your slut.”

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

“Did you like that?” she asked.

I nodded.

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

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

Chapter Three

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wonderful," she agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

with complete adoration of her.

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

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

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

"Perfect," I told her.

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

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

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

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

"Better?" I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not on my wife,” I told him.

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

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

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

“Hell yes!”

“Is his cock big enough for you?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes.”

Chapter Four

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

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

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

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

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

“No, don’t!” Ethan warned me.

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

“Don’t!” Ethan warned me one last time. Gretchen just looked at me with a quizzical expression as I yanked open the door, reached out, grabbed the young woman by the arm, and snatched her inside the room, slamming the door shut in

the process. For a moment she was confused and surprised at how easy it had been to access the room.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This response pissed off Olivia. She turned to me and asked with a bit of a sneer. "Are you her pimp?"

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

That stunned her. “What.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ethan looked at her. They were holding hands. Both had stunned and frightened glows in their eyes. “I should have been more honest with Olivia. She got

jealous because I was acting weird and sneaky and hiding things from her.”

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

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

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

Gretchen looked at the girl. “How’d he talk you into that?”

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

“With another man or a woman?” Gretchen asked her.

Long pause. “A woman.”

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

“Just watch, don’t say anything,” I said softly.

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

Ethan and Gretchen started fucking like any other couple. They went for the easy missionary position. She went onto her back and her legs opened up exposing her wet pussy to his probing cock. Being barely twenty years old he was already erect—no outside help was needed—and pushing into her. The moment his cock disappeared into her wonderful cunt, Olivia gasped. Ethan and Gretchen were too wrapped up in each other to notice. I rested my hand on her thigh to steady

her. She jumped slightly at my touch, but I didn't move my hand.

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

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

"Really?" I asked skeptically.

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

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

"It's working," she told me.

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

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

I stared right back at her. "Yes."

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

Her tits were real and luscious. Her skin was taut and smooth. She had a simple gold ring piercing her belly button—a craze the kids are still wild about. Between her legs she had shaved away all her beautiful curls except for a finger-thin line pointing up from her slit. I preferred a fully furred pussy, but there was

no reason to complain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lots," Olivia said.

"Not good enough. Give me a number!" I demanded.

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

“Slut,” I told her again.

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

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

“Like that?” I asked her simply.

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

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

“Want to switch partners?” she asked me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Do you think we’ll ever see them again?” I asked my wife as I got on her bed, spread her legs and slipped two fingers up her pussy. She sighed lightly at my manhandling of her privates, but I knew she was enjoying my manipulations. Her cunt was wet and sloppy with Ethan’s cum. “Oh, you’re a dirty little girl,” I said as I kneeled between her legs and stroked myself to a proper erection before

sinking my cock into her.

“Oh, we’ll see them. I can guarantee you of that.”

Chapter Five

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“For what?” the girl asked nervously.

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

“No,” Olivia said softly.

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

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

“Not now. Not yet. You’re going to fuck me first. Get your clothes off.” Gretchen finished stripping. Her jeans and damp panties were kicked into the corner and she stood proudly naked in front of me and Olivia. I could see bits of dew clinging to her pubic curls. Wisely I eased myself off the bed and allowed the two girls to take center stage. When Gretchen got into her superior mindset it was best to avoid her or submit to her. Olivia was playing it wisely so far.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was good enough for me.

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Six

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Through her tears Olivia nodded. “Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

Olivia rubbed her sore elbow. “What?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Eating my pussy. Why?”

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

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

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

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

“She was fully dressed,” I pointed out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Milk Thief

Chapter One

“I shouldn’t be doing this,” she said to me.

I nodded in agreement and kissed her. It was a deep, urgent kiss of the sort shared by seventeen year olds. This is appropriate because the last time I kissed Ophelia was when we were both seventeen. And here it was seventeen years later and we were doing it again.

I pulled her shirt out of her waistband of her jeans and tugged it over her head. She didn’t resist and in fact helped me. Seventeen years had been very kind to her face and most especially to her chest. Ophelia had been the first girl in our school to develop tits and then overdevelop tits. In high school she wore industrial strength bras that varied from beige to white to pink. Now she wore a black lace number that was clearly more ornamental than practical. I could clearly see the outline of her nipples bumping through the thin material. Her dark red nipples were visible through the fine lace. Maybe they hung a little bit lower than in high school, maybe they were a bit bigger, but they were much as I remembered them, the pride of our school.

I dropped to my knees in front of her, unbuttoned her jeans, lowered the zipper, and tugged the denim down over her hips. Yes, she was a few pounds heavier now and had a few stretch marks, but I wasn’t complaining. Her panties matched her bra. I could clearly see the dark brown curls covering her mons that matched the curls that covered her head. I leaned in and lightly kissed her slightly bulging tummy. She stepped out of her shoes and I helped her step out of the jeans. She stood before me in her lingerie only. I looked up and smiled at her.

“This is familiar,” I said.

She smiled and turned around, pulling her hair over her shoulder. “Unhook me?” Ophelia asked. Too often in high school I forgot how wonderful her ass was. Her tits were so distracting that few eyes made it down and around to her buttocks, and that was a shame. When she turned I was eye-level with her shapely hindquarters; the bottom edges just hung out of her lacey bottoms. I leaned forward and lightly kissed one exposed cheek.

“You don’t need help with that,” I told her.

“Help me anyway.”

“I can do it from the front if you like. No need to turn around.”

She continued to smile down at me. “But I want you to do it this way,” she insisted.

There was no reason to argue; I didn’t have to show off skills learned in high school and college. I stood back up, pulled her back band slightly creating some slack, and unfastened the four strong hooks that served as the locks containing her massive tits. I pushed the brassier off her shoulders, reached around and cupped her breasts. They were slightly bigger than I remembered, or maybe I was just used to my wife’s smaller ones. Ophelia sighed and pressed back against me. My sex life had always been fucked up from losing my virginity with Ophelia because I didn’t figure out until my third girlfriend after her that most women didn’t—and couldn’t—cum just from having their tits and nipples played with.

It wasn’t a mistake that I regretted.

I twisted both her nipples, but gently. She gasped a bit, reached back with both hands and clutched my thighs with clawed fingers. “Do you like that?” I asked, teasing.

“Uh-huh,” she moaned. Ophelia had trouble talking when her tits were played with.

“Want to cum right now?”

Her head moved slowly side to side. “No....”

I ignored her wish and pinched her nipples firmly. She cried out in pain—and then with a touch of relief. I recognized the sign of her having already had a small orgasm. She was truly that easy. Ophelia was a slave to her body. “Good?”

“Yes,” she managed to mumble.

I kept her left nipple firmly pinched between index and thumb as I slid my right

hand into her panties. She didn't move to resist or slow me. First my fingers skimmed over her pubic hair and then I rested the heel of my hand on her pubic bone and curled my finger over her pussy lips, but I didn't penetrate her. She was wet and ready. Her hips twisted, trying to get me to finger fuck her. I resisted the temptation.

"Want me to fuck you?"

"Yes..." she moaned.

I pulled my hand out her panties and let go of the breast. I knelt back down and yanked off her panties. She stepped out of them and turned to face me. She was gloriously nude and beautiful. She'd barely changed from high school except for the slightly larger tits and a thin scar from a C-section that hovered right above her pubic triangle.

"How many times have you cheated on your husband?" I asked, remaining kneeling.

"Never. How many times have you cheated on your wife?" she replied.

I glanced at the rings on her left hand. "Never. Now get on the bed and spread your legs."

As I stripped off my clothes I watched her gazing into her eyes as viewed between her upraised knees. We said nothing else until I was nude and crawled on top of her body, my cock already erect. She reached down and grabbed me, guiding my manhood into her pussy. She was smooth and slick and wet and willing and ready. I went right into her, there was no resistance. Ophelia sighed with contentment. "A lot different from our first time," she commented. I preferred not to think about our first time clumsy lovemaking.

"Are you on birth control?" I asked. A wave of nervousness washed across me.

"No. Do you want me to be?" she replied. "Do you want to wear a condom?"

"No. I like you this way. Naked and unprotected."

"Exposed," she added. Was it wrong that I liked the risky game we were playing?

I kissed her again. My body pressed against hers, skin to skin, my chest crushed her big tits down into her body. We fucked. It wasn't at all like our first time. It wasn't like our last time either. It was wonderful. It was short and fast, a little too fierce. I know she came at least twice before I came hard inside her unprotected quim. Each spurt of my semen was like an electric shock to my body. Ophelia mewled as her orgasm took control of her body. She never had any control of herself when reduced to her primal actions. We huffed and puffed together until I rolled off her, my cock pulling wetly from her pussy. Laying beside her I dropped my hand onto her cunt. It was sticky and wet with our combined juices. I wanted my cum to stay in her pussy as long as possible. I didn't want it to leak out.

"Your mother putting you on the pill was the best thing that ever happened to me back in high school," I told her. Her mother had been so worried about her youngest daughter getting knocked up she was all too happy to acquiesce to Ophelia's request for hormone birth control. The two of us took advantage of her newfound protection every opportunity we had, which basically meant every day after school.

"You just didn't like using rubbers."

"Are you going to get pregnant from today?"

"Maybe." She sounded unconcerned.

"Will your husband be upset?"

"Depends on it hit his or not." She paused. "If he finds out about you."

I absently played with her pussy, feeling the contrast of her thick brown curls against the wet smoothness of her open lips and bare skin. "You should shave your pussy," I said. I wasn't able to focus on one train of thought, one subject. Just her presence had done that to me in high school. It was that much more intense being naked next to her after having fucked her. "You'd look good with a bare pussy."

"My husband likes it this way."

"Does he?" I asked doubtfully. "Most men like their women shaved—or waxed—completely bare and exposed."

“I trim and shave the edges,” she said. “Besides, it’s my decision. I don’t want to bother with all that maintenance.” She was a natural beauty to boot. Ophelia had never needed much in the way of makeup. In fact, it was normally distracting from her natural looks.

“What about what I want?” I asked her. “Don’t you want to please me?”

She licked her lips. “Having sex with you again isn’t enough?” she asked. “I’ve never cheat on my husband before. You should be honored with just that.”

“Did you like it?” I asked. “Did you like fucking someone other than your husband?”

Though she hesitated I knew her answer was already on the tip of her tongue the moment I asked it. “Yes.”

“Do you want to do it again?” I left it open as to whether we should fuck right now or meet again in a week.

There was no hesitation this time. “Yes.”

I pushed my finger into her pussy. She was soaking inside. I curled up next to her and took her breast into my mouth. With my finger deep in her pussy I used my thumb to rub her clit. She moaned hard and I sucked on her tit. She put her hand on the back of my head and clutched at the sheets with her other hand. It only took a minute for her to hyperventilate and then cum under my thumb. It was amazing she never got a slut reputation in high school; she loved sex. I continued sucking on her breast. I’d always loved doing that, playing with her big tits and hard nipples. I broke away when unexpectedly my mouth was filled with a creamy moisture.

“Don’t stop,” she gasped as I broke my connection with her. I swallowed, tasting the thick creaminess on my tongue. As I watched a few small droplets of thin white milk formed on the nip of her nipple, combined, and then rolled down the curving slope of her full breast.

It took me a moment to understand what I was seeing. “Are you still nursing your kid?” I asked. I knew her daughter was three years old. To be nursing at that age seemed...odd.

Ophelia shook her head. “No. Jess stopped that a long time ago.” She bit her lip to stop herself from saying something else.

“Then...” I prompted her. “What’s this?”

She looked away, unable to meet my gaze. “It’s for my husband. He likes my milk.”

I blinked at her. I couldn’t let the man she had married have something of Ophelia that I didn’t get to have as well. “Why?”

She half-shrugged, making her breasts bounce attractively. “He likes it. He likes the taste.” She paused and admitted, “I like the way it feels when he does it. It brings us closer. We have to spend time together every night for it to work. It’s... intimate.” It might have been intimate and made them close, but she was still fucking her high school boyfriend behind her husband’s back.

I leaned forward and took up her breast again, sucking her nipple between my lips, and drank deeply from her. Her milk was thin but heavy in texture and creamy on the tongue. Very sweet—like a fruit juice and not at all unpleasant. Obviously it wasn’t supposed to be unpleasant because babies had to drink breast milk as their only nourishment. I nursed from her for a minute, tasting her milk, feeling the sensation of the liquid spraying into my mouth. Ophelia stroked the back of my head as I nursed from her. She would sigh in contentment when I gently pulled her essence from her breast. After too short a time she pushed my head away and offered me her other breast. “Switch,” she said. I willingly went along. I climbed over her body and took up the other breast.

It took a moment longer to get the second breast started, but then the milk flowed and I settled into her. I watch her half-empty breast as it slowly leaked her precious milk. The droplets slipped down her smooth skin and wetted the sheets. She didn’t wipe it away. It slowly stopped on its own.

All too soon she pushed me away. “You need to leave some for Terry.”

A bit of anger rose in my chest, but I pushed it down. “Is he going to notice you’re not completely full?” Even after a few minutes of nursing from her, I could see that her tits were slightly reduced in size. She was a D cup in high school, when we met up again after the years I was certain she had grown to a double D, but that wasn’t really the case. She was just swollen from her milk

production.

“Maybe. Usually we nurse late at night, just before going to sleep. I’ll be fuller then. Don’t worry.”

“I’m not worried. I want to do this again,” I told her.

“Okay,” she quickly agreed. Why exactly she wanted to do this again I’ll never know. “But it has to be in the afternoon again if you want to drink my milk.”

We had run into each other—improbably—in the complex queue maze at the local Cineplex waiting to buy tickets to the latest kids’ movie. I was with my two, seven and five years old, and she had gotten her three year old daughter out of the house on a rainy day. It was strange seeing her again after so many years; so much history I thought was buried and gone came rushing back. As we chatted before and after the movie my eyes kept dropping to her impressive cleavage. She indicated with body language and eye contact that she knew exactly what I was looking at. Ophelia happily went along with flirting.

My wife wasn’t at all threatened by my unexpected reunion with my high school girlfriend. “You’re going to try to bed her, aren’t you,” Viola said as I discussed the day’s events with her.

I looked away, guilty. “Yes.”

She sighed. “One of the risks of having an open marriage, I suppose,” she commented.

“I’m pretty sure you fucked Tom not two weeks ago,” I reminded her.

“Doesn’t mean I have to like you fucking another woman,” she said.

It was odd I wound up marrying Vi since she was a complete contrast to my ideal type: tall and big breasts. Vi was barely a few inches over five feet, wore her blonde hair short and practical, sported breasts that were barely large enough to fill a B cup, and had hips so slim that she said it was a miracle she was able to have two children naturally. She wasn’t obsessed with retaining her youth, but after a weekend away with friends she came home with a belly chain

permanently encircling her hips, accentuating her flat tummy and angled hip bones. There was no clasp to the thin chain; it had been soldered in place at a body art studio. It was a bit out of place for a woman in her thirties, as was the completely shaved bare pussy, but I didn't complain.

"Do you want to meet her?" I asked. "Would that ease your conscious?"

"No. I don't need to see my competition," she dismissed my idea. "Where did you fuck her?"

"In the pussy," I smartly replied.

If I had been within arm's length, she would have slapped me. "Not on her body. Her place? A hotel? What?"

"A friend's apartment," I said. "Apparently it's quite the love nest."

"I bet."

"She lactates," I blurted out.

To her credit Vi took this in stride. "All women do. What makes that so special for her?"

"Her husband sucks her milk. It's like some game or bonding thing they do. Bonding, not bondage," I added.

"That's a little strange. But lots of couples do it."

"They do?" Okay, even though I had suckled Ophelia's milk and gone through my wife breast feeding two children the whole concept seemed strange to me. Then again, I had only suckled from her because I didn't want Terry to have some part of her I didn't have.

"Yes. Geez, it's not that rare. Get over it." She sighed dismissively. My wife, ever the sexual progressive. There wasn't anything she wouldn't try at least once—at least in my experience. "Are you going to meet her again?" she asked.

"If by 'meet' you mean 'have sex with', then yes."

“Good luck with that.”

Just because we had an open relationship didn't mean jealousy wasn't an issue.

Chapter Two

Hooking up with Ophelia a second time wasn't complicated at all. She called and set the time; I was free so I took the afternoon off from work and met her.

"Is this really your friend's apartment?" I asked when we met up in the parking lot to the complex. It was one of those generic places that were a transition residence for college students and new families. When she let us in with the key I took a good second look at the furnishings and decorations. "It seems so bland and...antiseptic."

She stepped in and set down her bag, then eyed me for a moment. "Not really. It belongs to the company I work for. We use it for clients who stay in town longer than the typical hotel stay. It's more cost efficient." That made sense. Ophelia was now an accountant for some generic company that sounded like it reveled in making widgets that no one ever saw. A nice generic, bland job no one would question or have interest in.

"And you have the key?"

"I'm in charge of the account. I have to have the key. Don't worry. A cleaning service is part of the deal." She tossed the key on the small table next to the door. I took a second look around. Nice, not flashy. Couch, TV, table, simple furnishings. No plants. The bedroom was my focus. And hers. We walked into the room and took a look around. We had left it a mess and either she or the cleaning service had come back and tidied up. It looked like something out of a home maker's magazine from the 1980s.

"Take off your clothes," I ordered her.

She was standing next to the windows. The afternoon sunlight was streaking in, highlighting her hair to a shade lighter than normal, accentuating her breasts beyond their already impressive size. "Just like that?" she asked. "I'm here just for you go have sex with?"

"Yes," I told her. "Were you looking for romance?"

A wry grin twisted on her lips. “No. Are you just going to fuck me and leave me?”

I took a step toward her. “Isn’t that what you want?”

She didn’t answer me and instead she pulled off her jacket and laid it over the back of the desk chair in the room’s corner. She casually unbuttoned her corporate and business approved blouse, exposing her impressive cleavage bundled tightly not by a bra but a bustier. Both were yellow, blending together so no one would question her clothing choices for the day. “It’s more supportive than just a plain bra,” she explained. She kicked off her shoes and lowered the zipper. Her pants fell to her ankles and she stepped out of them. A pair of yellow silk bikini panties covered her sex. They matched the bustier. My cock stiffened in my pants.

“Does your husband know you wore that under your clothes today?”

She looked away. Her face flushed red with embarrassment. Her arms came up and crossed in front of her chest, hiding nothing. She twisted her hips and brought up one thigh, trying to hide her covered sex from my eyes. In the process she half-turned exposing her side revealing the high cut of her panties. She wasn’t wearing a thong, but a good portion of her ass was exposed for my viewing. “No,” she admitted. Her shyness was fetching. I wanted to fuck her all the more for her false modesty.

“Does he know you were planning on getting fucked by your old boyfriend today?”

Her eyes flashed with a bit of anger and her hands dropped to her sides, balled up in fists. “No. Does your wife know you’re fucking your old girlfriend, Duncan?”

I calmly answered, “Yes.”

“Liar.”

I shrugged and pulled out my cellphone. “Care to call her and ask? We have an open marriage. She knows about you.”

Ophelia thought about it for a moment, and then shook her head, her brown curls

bouncing around her shoulders. “No. I didn’t come here to argue. I came here to have sex.” She smiled and looked down at the floor. “Dirty, secret sex,” she added.

“Come here,” I ordered her. Willingly she walked across the room. Her breasts bobbed inside the bustier. “How did you get this on?” I asked as I ran a finger down from the shoulder strap, over the swell of her breast and down the length of her torso, stopping at the edge of the bustier, just touching her smooth skin.

“You hook it in front, turn it around your body, pull it up in place, then attaché the shoulder strap,” she explained, keeping her mind focused on the clinical rather than the sexual tension between us.

“Turn around,” I ordered. She obeyed and I saw the line of hooks and eyelets running down her back. I also checked her ass. Her rounded cheeks hung free from the edge of her panties. I wanted to rip them from her body, but I controlled myself. First I detached the shoulder strap, and then one by one I released each hook. The bustier fell to the floor and she whirled around, pressing her naked breasts to my chest and kissing me. Her arms went around my neck and I rested my hands on her ass as we kissed.

I broke off first and told her, “You’re beautiful.”

She looked away shyly. “Thank you.”

“Now take off your panties.”

Ophelia couldn’t meet my gaze as she bent at the waist and pushed her final bit of clothing from her body. This time she didn’t pretend shyness, but let me observe her near-perfect body. Slightly over-large tits for her frame, slightly bulging tummy, tiny scar above her pubis, and what was most certainly a smaller triangle of pubic hair. “You shaved for me,” I said.

She still couldn’t meet my gaze. “Yes. You said you liked it shaved.”

“I do. Get on the bed.” She pulled back the covers and laid herself on her side to watch me strip. I was already half erect, but I decided to dive between her legs and closely inspect her grooming first. Ophelia was never that into oral sex, but I loved eating her pussy, or any pussy for that matter. She opened her thighs for me and I licked and kissed her sex as I inspected her handiwork. Like a proper

connoisseur of secret sex practices she had shaved all the hairs from her labia and just left a neat triangle on her mons. It was well done.

I nuzzled her remaining hair, slipped a finger inside her pussy and licked the top of her slit, enticing her clit to make an appearance. It only took a few licks for it to come out of its hiding place. I put my index finger on the little button and she gasped. "What did your husband think of your new hairstyle?" I asked her. She had never liked it when I talked during sex.

She moaned and tried to concentrate. "He, um, he hasn't seen it yet. I shaved this morning." She grabbed my hand and used it to rub her clit. The one bit of shyness she still retained was masturbating in front of me. I pulled her hands away and pressed my face into her cunt. Her girl-cum was starting to flow and I lapped it up, teasing her clit with my tongue. She moaned and groaned under my treatment. It was becoming too much so I pulled back, worked my way up her body, and sank my now very hard cock into her pussy. Ophelia sighed with contentment. "Yes. That's it."

Our fucking was short and fierce. I had no technique in pistoning in and out of her cunt; I just did it as hard and fast as possible. We couldn't have fucked for more than two minutes before I started to cum. "In your pussy or on your body?" I asked, pausing in my fucking.

"What?"

"Where do you want me to cum?" I asked pulling my cock almost all the way out of her pussy.

"On my body?" It was more of a question, but I wasn't in the mood for debate or quizzes. I pulled all the way out of her, took my cock in hand and pumped a few times, then my orgasm erupted; I sprayed my semen all over the body. A bit reached her tits, most landed on her stomach, and the last few dribbles found their way into the small tangles of her pubes. She was even more beautiful that way.

She shrieked a little as I came on her, but took it with great grace. When I was done she said, "I didn't mean for that."

"What? You said to cum on your body."

“No, I was questioning why you’d do that!” She was a little angry, but a little amused too. “What am I supposed to do now?”

“You never had a guy cum on you before?” I asked, a bit surprised.

“Not like this.” She gestured at her body, not wanting to touch my leavings. “What do I do?”

“Hold on,” I said and got off the bed. Instead of heading for the bathroom for a towel I grabbed my cellphone from the pile of clothes I dumped on the floor, turned on the camera, and snapped a few quick pix before she knew what was going on.

“Hey!” she screamed. “What the fuck! Don’t take dirty pictures of me! Get me a fucking towel or something.”

“Right,” I agreed, then dashed into the bathroom, grabbed a towel off the rack, and dashed back to the bedroom. She hadn’t moved. I resisted the temptation to take a few more pictures and instead wiped away my cum.

“Give me your cellphone,” she demanded when she was clean. “I’m deleting those pictures.”

“No,” I told her. “I’m saving them. What are you embarrassed about. You’ve got a great body.” I kept the phone in my hand and pulled up the pictures to show her. She glanced at the screen and looked at me with anger in her eyes.

“You just can’t take nude pictures of me,” she protested. “I have a reputation to keep.”

“It’s not like I’m going to post them to the internet,” I told her. “That’s just for me and Viola.” Smart phones are a great thing. I pulled up the website Vi and I had posted our porn pix to and showed Ophelia. She had calmed down a bit but I could tell she was still angry. That’s okay. Angry sex can be fantastic sex.

“You’re kidding,” she said. “You’ve posted dirty pictures of you and your wife on the internet. You’re crazy. What happens if someone finds them?”

I shrugged. “I don’t have a public job. It’s just me and Vi. We’re not doing anything illegal. Besides, there’s literally hundreds of porn sites on the web. The

chance of someone finding them and connecting them to me and Vi and actually making a stink about it is so remote I don't care."

"Why post them at all?" she asked me.

"The thrill. You've never had sex outside or someplace semi-public? Lots of people have an exhibitionist streak."

"I don't," she complained. I secretly doubted that. She had always dressed in a way that was sexy, but not revealing. I was certain Ophelia wanted to be an exhibitionist, but was too repressed to act upon it. She took a second look at the pictures Vi and I had posted. "Your wife's very pretty though," she commented.

"Isn't she?" I agreed. I gazed at my wife's nude body. She was using a vibrator on her pussy on the current picture. The next one showed her sucking my cock. Ophelia watched as I flicked through a few more of us.

"Okay, stop," she said. "This is frustrating."

"What is?"

"I didn't have a good orgasm yet," she complained.

"I can fix that," I said, locking my phone and tossing it aside. I pushed her back down on the bed and pushed my middle and index finger into her pussy. She inhaled sharply at the sudden violation of her sex. I held her down a bit, found her breast with my searching lips, and sucked the nipple into my mouth. Her body stiffened a moment, then relaxed as I started finger fucking her and nursing her breast.

Almost immediately her milk started flowing. Though I was expecting it this time, the surprise was still there. The liquid was sweet and heavy on my tongue. I had already figured out how to suck and swallow at the same time. After just a minute I started to realize exactly what she had talked about last time when she said it made her and Terry closer. It wasn't really a sexual act—except for my fingers in her pussy—but the intimacy that was needed for me to nurse from her was something that couldn't be generated by just casual sex. It was obvious that Ophelia loved everything about the act: my sucking, my manipulating her pussy, our bodies pressing skin against skin. It was incredibly tender and intimate. She placed one hand on the back of my head and the other on her free breast. She

lightly pinched the nipple and played with herself. I'm certain she wasn't aware that I was watching her busy fingers.

Too quickly the moment was over and she hyperventilated a few times before her pussy gushed forth her girl cum. High-pitched mewling escaped her lips as her orgasm took over her body. I continued sucking her tit as she came, watching her peak and then come down from her natural high.

"Stop," she whispered when she was done. My hand had already stopped playing with her clit; I was just cupping her pussy. I knew she wanted me to stop sucking her milk, but I wanted more of her bodily fluids. I wanted to possess her.

It didn't seem fair but I let go of her nipple and swallowed the last of her milk. "I want more of you," I said.

"Other side," she said. "Balance me off. I can't be empty on one side. Terry will know." And so I just leaned across her body and took up her other tit and started nursing. It was a completely natural position for me. It took no effort at all to get her milk flowing. She sighed and relaxed against the pillows. Her milk spilled into my mouth and filled my stomach. It was so easy to see how this bonded Ophelia and Terry. Some women talk about cooking food and providing for their family, equating food with love. It was so much easier to see how a woman's milk equaled love. I didn't want Terry to have any more of her than necessary. I wanted it all for me.

Still, Ophelia was aware of her body and pushed me away when I had sufficiently drained her second breast. "You have to leave some for Terry," she told me. I knew that, but I wanted to make her work for it.

She rolled off the bed and walked to the bathroom. I followed her and watched as she wetted a washcloth and started rubbing it over her body. "You getting rid of my scent?" I asked her.

"I don't want to take a shower," she explained. She was still naked and half bent over the sink. I could just barely see her pussy lips poking out from between her legs. There was little to do but walk up behind her and cup her breasts from behind as I pressed my body against hers.

Ophelia sighed. "Don't," she half complained. My cock was half-erect and pressed against her ass. I dipped my hips and searched between her legs until it

slipped into her wet pussy. “I need to get going,” she said, but she didn’t resist or complain. The washcloth was dropped to the sink. She braced her arms on the vanity and started breathing heavily as I began fucking her in earnest.

“I’m going to send you home with a pussy full of cum,” I told her.

“Uh-huh.” I couldn’t tell if she was agreeing or protesting. I didn’t care which.

I kept my hands on her tits. Little drips of milk seeped out of her nipples. She held up our weight with her arms. “I can’t come this way,” she groaned.

“Play with your pussy,” I told her.

“No,” she resisted. I took my weight back on my feet and grabbed her hand off the vanity and pressed it between her legs, making her fingers seek out her clit.

“You’ve jilled off before,” I hissed in her ear. “Now do it with me in your pussy.” Anxiously she frigged her hand between her legs. “Keep going,” I whispered to her. “Make yourself cum.” I stopped thrusting my hips forward into her and just rested, enjoying the slight sensations my cock received as she played with her pussy. Abruptly she cried out and came. Her pussy clamped down on my cock, became extremely hot and gushed out more girl cum. For some reason this brought tears to Ophelia’s eyes and she started sobbing lightly. I resumed fucking her as she cried and held herself up against the sink. It only took me a couple of minutes to cum inside her pussy.

After I pulled out I picked up the wet washcloth and wiped away my semen from the outside of her pussy. “You might not want to let Terry go down on you tonight,” I instructed her. “He might get a taste of me.”

She nodded and looked at me with red eyes. I had seated her on the edge of the sink. Her legs were open as I cleaned her. “”Why did you make me do that?” she asked.

“You needed to,” I told her. “You don’t know the power of your own sexuality. You need to express it and revel in it. I’m just helping you.”

“By making me cum when I don’t want to?” she accused me.

“Did you enjoy it?” I asked.

That question made her look away. “Yes.”

I lightly kissed her lips and made her stand up. “You’re a unique sexual creature,” I told her. “Hiding that from yourself is a crime. I think you can find happiness and ecstasy between your legs. You’re going to find that out very quickly.”

She nodded absently. “I need to get dressed,” she said and pushed past me. I expected to find her in the bedroom pulling her yellow bustier and panties back on. But no. she was in the living room where she pulled out a pair of white cotton panties and a nursing bra. As she dressed I watched. And then, of all things, she slipped a pair of nursing pads inside her bra. “Sometimes after sex I leak,” she explained. I dressed as she put on the rest of her clothes.

Before she could leave I caught her wrist. “Are we going to do this again?” I asked her.

She closed her eyes. She couldn’t look at me. I’m sure all sorts of emotions were roiling inside her right then, but I had to force the issue. I need to fuck and suck her more than I wanted to admit. I wanted to make her promise me access to her tits and pussy. “Yes,” she gasped to her own surprise.

“In a couple of weeks my kids are going to their grandparents for the weekend. Vi and I would love to have you over for dinner. Just the three of us. Or four of us if your husband wants to...come.”

She nodded and headed for the door. “Lock it behind you,” she said.

Chapter Three

The next day I sent Ophelia an email with a link to the website where Vi and I posted our pictures. In the email I asked if I could post her pictures as well. When she replied it was through text chat.

O: Can you remove or obscure my face from the pictures?

Dun: Yes.

O: Go ahead. Why not. It's stupid. I can't believe I'm letting you do this to me.

Dun: You secretly love it, don't you?

Long pause.

O: Are you serious about me meeting your wife next weekend?

Dun: Yes. She's intrigued by you.

O: Okay. I'll be there.

O: Why do I intrigue her?

Dun: Because you're still lactating and your husband likes it.

"Living the fantasy?" Vi said to me as we got dinner ready and waited for Ophelia's appearance. Getting dinner ready is really just code for picking up the Chinese takeout and setting the table to receive deposits of foreign foodstuffs from white paper boxes.

"What fantasy?" I asked innocently. She wasn't buying my act.

"Getting the chance to bed two women at the same time."

“You and I have done that before,” I said.

“Getting to bed your wife and girlfriend at the same time,” she amended.

“Ex-girlfriend,” I corrected her.

“High school ex-girlfriend,” she said. “You’ve fucked her twice in the past month. She’s now your girlfriend again. Or maybe your mistress. Which term do you prefer?”

“Girlfriend,” I answered as the doorbell rang. We both froze. My heart started to beat at twice the normal pace. I could see Viola was suddenly nervous as well. We had planned this out meticulously but anything could go wrong and Ophelia might not go along with us. Still, nothing ventured, nothing gained. I answered the door and greetings went all around. Vi and Ophelia said hello in that stiff, formal manner of someone who knows the other’s secret but doesn’t want to mention it.

Ophelia was amenable to Chinese takeout so we sat down at the table and Viola said, “I love your shirt.”

Our guest blushed a bit. “Thanks.” It was a plain white blouse, a little thin—intentionally so—allowing us to see through to the lace texture of the bra she wore beneath. It wasn’t especially low-cut nor was she wearing a push up bra, but Ophelia’s large boobs formed an impressive amount of cleavage that Vi could never hope to match.

“Does your husband know that you’re here tonight?” Viola asked, always direct and to the point. She was a bit horny and anxious. It brings out the dominant in her.

Ophelia shook her head causing her brown curls to bounce slightly. “No. Terry thinks I’m out an overnight accounting conference in the city.”

“So he doesn’t know you’re going to have sex with us tonight?” Direct and to the point as always.

Ophelia gasped and covered her mouth in embarrassment. “Oh my god! Are you always this direct?” Ophelia asked. Her face was bright red. I sort of liked seeing her on the spot like this. She took a healthy sip of wine to help regain her

composure.

“Yes, she is,” I answered for Vi.

“Does he?” Viola asked again.

Ophelia chewed on a mouthful of General Tso’s chicken while she thought over her answer. “No. But who says I’m having sex tonight with anyone?”

It was a little late in the game to play cagey, but Vi went along with it. “Why else would you be here?”

Ophelia replied, “Because I wanted to meet Duncan’s wife.”

“Your ex-boyfriend’s wife?” she asked. “The woman whose husband you’ve been fucking?” It was playfully asked, but the tension was there.

Ophelia didn’t back down. I admired her for that. “Yes. I wanted to see what type of woman was in an open relationship with him.”

“Now that you’ve seen, are you jealous?” Viola was playing again. “Limiting yourself to just one man when I can have whatever I want?”

Ophelia actually gave that a bit of thought. “Not really. I’d worry too much about what other people would think and say.”

Viola didn’t back down either. “I’ve had sex with either other men since I’ve gotten married. Duncan knows about all of them. He was there for some of them. I don’t regret sleeping with any of those men. I don’t worry about what other think of my private sex life.”

Ophelia asked tentatively, afraid to upset my wife, “You don’t think that makes you a slut?”

Vi shrugged and downed the remainder of her eggroll. “If a slut is a woman who enjoys sex with many men and women...” she trailed off.

Ophelia blurted out, a bit shocked, “You’ve had sex with women?” She looked at me. I played my stony face. “You knew that, of course,” she said, clueing in to what was going on.

“Yes,” I said. “And I like where this conversation is going.” I finished the last of my rice.

Viola ignored our aside. “Two women. One in college—that was strange and weird and fun—and one more recently.” She couldn’t resist adding, with her broad smile, “I’m thinking it’ll be three shortly.”

Ophelia half-gasped. “What? I mean...that’s not something I’ve really considered. It’s not really...I don’t think—”

Viola pressed on. “All women are bisexual, some more than others. Me? I’m probably 51/49 in my preference for men over women, but that’s certainly bi. I’m guessing you’re around 75/25. You want to have sex with another woman, but you don’t have the courage to initiate or go all the way on your own. You need assistance.”

“What makes you think I came here to have sex with anyone? With a woman? With you?”

Viola smiled. “You came, first off. Second, you knew I’d be here and you were intent on having sex with Duncan. You want to be an acolyte of Lesbos, but you can’t admit it.”

Ophelia took a big gulp of wine, finishing what remained in her glass. Liquid courage. “Maybe,” she said softly.

“But I’m more intrigued with your breasts,” Vi added.

“What?” Ophelia was brought back to reality.

“You’re still lactating, right?”

“Yes.”

“Your husband likes your milk. My husband likes your milk. I want to try your breast milk.”

“Oh.” Vi and I had already discussed Ophelia and Terry’s adult nursing relationship and she was fascinated by the idea and process.

“It’s something that Duncan never tried with me. Our kids didn’t breastfeed all that long. Are you doing to let me indulge?”

Very quietly Ophelia said, “Yes, if you want.”

Viola pushed back her plate. “C’mon. Let’s the two of us clean up dinner and then go to the bedroom. Duncan will get things ready for us.” Ophelia nodded mechanically and I left them alone in dining room. Upstairs in our bedroom I made sure the bed was ready, checked our lube supply, and pulled a few hand and leg restraints out of our toy box, just in case.

After getting bored of waiting, I snuck back downstairs to spy on my wife and girlfriend. They were now in the kitchen. The food and dishes were away. Vi had pushed Ophelia back against the counter, her big tits were mashed up against Viola’s small upper chest. The two were kissing intimately, hands around waists, tongue probing each other’s mouth. My wife had to reach up to kiss Ophelia. My girlfriend had to bend down slightly to kiss Viola, a new sensation for her, I’m sure. It was Ophelia who pushed back first and broke their kiss to pick up my half-empty wine glass and drain the remainders. She needed a bit more encouragement.

Viola laid her hand on Ophelia’s cheek, looked up at her, and asked, “Ready?”

Shakily, Ophelia nodded. Vi grabbed her hand and started leading her to the stairway. I shot up the stairs and pretended to be waiting for them in the bedroom.

“Ophelia’s had her first girl-girl kiss,” Viola reported upon entering the bedroom. Ophelia immediate turned bright red and giggled nervously. She was a bit drunk now. I smiled.

“Sorry I missed that.”

“Nervous?” Viola asked Ophelia.

“yes,” she admitted.

“Ophelia had a bracing shot of wine just now,” Vi told me. “She’s a little tipsy. That’s okay, though. Are you ready?” she asked Ophelia.

Her skin tone had almost returned to its normal shade. “Not really.”

“That’s okay,” Vi said. “Just take off your shirt.”

“What?” Even half drunk and primed for sex, Ophelia was still nervous with the two of us staring at her, expecting her to be our sexual plaything.

“I’ll help,” I said as I stepped forward and reached for her. She stood there, stock still, as I began unbuttoning her blouse, revealing her cleavage, the lacey bra, then the skin of her stomach, then I pushed the shirt off her and she didn’t resist. Half-naked she froze and waited for us to continue as we pleased.

Viola had moved behind Ophelia and took her hands, pulling them behind my ex-girlfriend’s back. She pressed Ophelia’s palms together, forcing her to stand up straight with chest out, making her tits even more prominent. “Even been tied up for sex?” Viola asked her.

Ophelia shook her head, but then said, “A couple of times. An old boyfriend wanted to but...”

“Viola played a lot of cops and robbers as a little girl with the neighbor boys,” I explained. “She liked getting tied up and then liked tying up other even more.” I saw Viola moving quickly, taking one of our nylon bondage straps and wrapping it around Ophelia’s wrists. There are a dozen ways to bind someone’s wrists behind their back and Vi chose the method that forces one’s chest forward. It’s especially fetching on buxom women.

When her hands were bound I said, “Let me help you with your bra.” I pushed her shoulder straps down. Vi unhooked the back strap and then I pulled down the large cups exposing her dark, full nipples. Viola stepped around Ophelia and exclaimed, “Wow!”

“I know,” I agreed. “Even more impressive naked, aren’t they?” I leaned forward and took Ophelia’s nipple in my mouth, sucking gently. After a moment I was rewarded with a small squirt of milk. Then I let go. A dribble of milk flowed from her left tit and down the curve of her breast to be absorbed by the material of her bra still hanging around her waist. “Try some?” I offered Viola.

My wife was never one to turn down the opportunity of a new sexual adventure. She leaned down, not nearly as far as I had to, took up Ophelia’s other breast and

sucked. It took her a few tries, but then I saw from the expression on her face that Ophelia's milk had let down and was flowing into Vi's mouth. She sucked greedily a minute and only pulled back to take a breath. "Sweet," she commented. "Thick and sweet, I think I like it."

"Me too," I said, leaning in and licking Ophelia's breast, cleaning the milk that hadn't stopped flowing. Viola went back to her breast and I sucked on what had become my nipple. We both suckled on Ophelia for a few minutes in silence until Ophelia protested with a groan of pain.

"What's the matter," Vi asked. She's nothing if not a conscientious hostess.

"My arms hurt," Ophelia complained. "We can do this, but can we lay down to do it? You don't need to tie me up."

Viola was probably a little hurt at that last comment, but it didn't matter. I turned her slightly and slipped the buckle of the strap, freeing her arms. She sighed in relief and automatically went to the bed, laying down on her back. I waited a moment, letting Viola jump in bed with our guest. It was wonderful to see the two women together. I wanted to grab my camera and take a few pictures, but that would be bad form. Instead I leered at Ophelia's big tits as she rode high and proud on her chest. Viola didn't wait for me and immediately lowered her mouth to her breast and began sucking happily.

Ophelia sighed, rested her head on Viola's head, and then looked up expectantly at me. "What are you waiting for?" She beckoned to me.

"Just admiring the view." I joined them on the bed and took up what had become my breast. I sucked hard on her nipple and my mouth filled with her creamy fluid. It was sweet and heavy on my tongue. As I swallowed I wondered if I was getting secondhand any of the wine she had drunk.

Viola had taken to drinking breast milk like a professional. I gazed across Ophelia's body at her and noticed the glazed look in her eyes. She was a bit drunk as well but more importantly I recognized the thrill of sexual excitement in her eyes. I placed my hand on Ophelia's tummy and slid it down to cover her pussy, which I could tell was hot and wet through the slacks and panties. Viola saw what I was doing and broke away from Ophelia's tits.

"Hey. I want her pussy too," she complained. I laughed a little.

“We can share her,” I said. Ophelia didn’t resist as we unbuttoned and unzipped her pants, then pushed them off. She was wearing a pair of pure lace panties, her brown pubic curls prominent behind the thin material. “You did come here for sex,” I accused her.

Ophelia giggled. “I know. But I did need the wine. And the foreplay,” she said.

Before I could make a move Vi slipped her hand inside Ophelia’s panties. My girlfriend’s eyes went wide at this sudden intimate touch from my wife. I pulled the sexy panties down her legs while Vi probed Ophelia’s wet pussy. Noticing something amiss, I pulled Viola’s hand away and looked at the triangle of hair decorating Ophelia’s mons. Her legs were slightly splayed and I could see her wet and ready pussy lips on display. “You shaved more,” I said to Ophelia.

“She did?” Viola asked. “She’s got so much hair.”

“You should have seen it before,” I said. “Like a classic porn actress.”

“I’ll shave her before she leaves,” Viola said, and then, once again moving quicker than I could react, she moved between Ophelia’s legs, forced her thighs wider, and pressed her face into Ophelia’s open snatch. Her head fell back to the pillow as she reveled in Vi’s tongue work. I moved next to her and kissed her deeply. Ophelia wasn’t completely gone. She pushed her tongue into my mouth as she groaned under Vi’s attention. I reached down and squeezed her nipple. It would not take long to make her cum.

Vi kept her tongue busy between Ophelia’s legs as I kissed and pinched her nipples. It almost no time at all Ophelia pushed me away and started hyperventilating. Her thighs squeezed around Viola’s head and her body shook with orgasm. It was a pleasure to watch. When she was done cumming, Ophelia collapsed against the pillows and Vi looked up with admiration at our lover.

“Wow,” she said in awe. “That was impressive.”

“I told you,” I said as I reached out and tickled one of Ophelia’s nipples. She startled.

“What? Don’t do that!”

Vi and I laughed at her. Then Vi asked, “So, who’s better between your

legs: a man or a woman?”

I glared at my wife. This had often been a point of contention between us, but I was curious to hear Ophelia’s answer. “Oh. Wow. I mean, I’ve only had one woman go down on me,” Ophelia said, trying to wiggle out of a decent answer.

“How many men in comparison?” Vi asked. Her face was shining with Ophelia’s girl cum.

Ophelia laughed nervously. “Let’s say around ten.”

“So compare me to those ten,” Vi said.

Ophelia looked away, unable to meet either of our eyes. “I think women are a little better,” she admitted. Vi smirked at me. I just grunted in annoyance.

“Was it so bad getting your pussy eaten by a woman with a true talent for cunnilingus?” Vi asked.

“No, it wasn’t unpleasant at all.” Still riding high on her orgasm, Ophelia added, “It was quite wonderful.”

“See,” Viola said to me. “But I’m not a sore winner. It’s time for Ophelia to show she can make love like a woman.”

“What?” Ophelia was a bit nervous. We were pushing her boundaries and even though every boundary we had broken had been a pleasant experience, she was right to be anxious at what might be coming.

“Relax,” Viola told her. “I just want to see you have sex with Duncan.”

“Oh.”

“Get undressed,” my wife ordered me. I rolled off the bed and the two women watched as I stripped off my clothes. Ophelia gave no indication at being uncomfortable at being the only one who was naked up to that point, but I did not ice her lifting one knee and pressing her thighs together in an attempt to hide her wet sex. When I was naked and my cock pointing out and up eagerly, I wanted to get on the bed on top of Ophelia and immediately start fucking. Viola had other plans.

“On your back,” she ordered. “I want her on top.”

I had no objection, so I lay down on my back as Ophelia got up on her knees. Viola handed her a small plastic foil packet. “Do you want to put the condom on him?” she politely offered.

“That’s not necessary,” Ophelia said. “We’ve already had sex without condoms.”

Viola looked at me with an arched eyebrow. “Oh really? When was the last time you had your period?” she asked.

“About two weeks ago. But I’m still very irregular. Don’t worry. Terry and I had sex this morning.”

“She likes it when a man cums insider her,” I added.

“All women do,” Viola confirmed. “It feels wonderful. But should I be worried about pregnancy or disease?” she asked Ophelia.

“Neither,” my girlfriend replied as she tossed a leg over my body and grabbed my cock. She guided me into her wet pussy, sliding all the way down my length until I was fully embedded in her body. She sighed in relief and started raising and lowering her hips. She was obviously not an amateur at this. At the bottom of each stroke she would grind her hips bringing her clit into hard contact with my pubic bone. Ophelia loved to fuck.

Viola went around to the front to watch us and knelt next to our bodies. She leaned in and took one of Ophelia’s breasts in her mouth and started sucking again. I couldn’t tell if Vi was getting much milk, but almost immediately her eyes rolled up into her head and her body started shaking with pleasure. There were only so many sensations her fragile body could take before being overwhelmed. I grabbed Ophelia’s hips and started thrusting my cock up into her tender sex.

Between Viola’s sucking and my fucking, Ophelia couldn’t control her body. She started shaking again and another orgasm swept over her body. Her pussy tightened on my cock and flashed hot and wet. I shot my spunk up into her unprotected pussy as she shook and mewled with pleasure. When her orgasm was done, she collapsed against me, pulling her tit from Vi’s mouth and crushing her tits to my chest. It was most pleasant.

“Fucking hell,” Vi breathed in admiration, “you cum awfully easily.” Sometimes it was easy to forget that Viola hadn’t had Ophelia as a high school girlfriend and didn’t know it was incredibly easy to make her body reach orgasm.

“Sorry,” Ophelia mumbled into my chest.

“It’s a compliment,” Vi said.

“Oh.” Her eyes were mostly closed and I suspected she wanted to go to sleep. Though she was an exceedingly competent lover, she also got easily exhausted when pushed to her limits.

“But you can’t go to sleep yet,” Vi said.

“I’m not goin’ to sleep,” Ophelia mumbled.

“Good. You need to go down on me,” Vi told her. Ophelia’s body stiffened on top of mine. Her eyelids fluttered and then slowly slid open. “Everyone’s had a turn tonight except me and I’ve had Duncan’s cock and mouth too many times. I want something new tonight.”

My wife practically jumped off the bed and started pulling off her clothes as Ophelia and I watched. In less time than it took to think about it Viola was naked. Well, naked except for the belly chain that always encircled her waist.

Ophelia started to move off me. “Oh, wow, that’s a very pretty, um, waist necklace?” she said.

“Belly chain,” I supplied for her. “That’s what happens when you go off with your friends on a weekend with too much drinking. It’s soldered shut.”

“It is?” Ophelia was eager to keep the subject on anything but lesbian sex.

“Oh yes,” Vi confirmed. She stood in front of us, completely comfortable in her nudity on display. Of course, Ophelia and I were already naked, so she was just catching up to us. Her small tits rode high on her chest, with the nipples turning puffy and bright red showing her arousal. One glance between her legs confirmed that as well. Her shaved quim showed off her prominent clit that was starting to poke out of the top of her slit. My wife was more than a bit of an exhibitionist.

I rolled Ophelia off me and turned to my side. Ophelia tried to delay the inevitable. “You shave...everything,” she said indicating Viola’s nude pussy.

“Yes. You should try it. Makes things a lot slicker during sex.”

“Maybe...” Ophelia hedged.

“I’ll even shave you if you want.” She paused. “Later. First, I want to have a nice little orgasm. Do you need Duncan to show you what I like?”

Ophelia shook her head. “No. I don’t think so.”

“Good.” Vi slipped back onto the bed and pressed her body up against the taller woman. Immediately Vi leaned in for a kiss and Ophelia didn’t resist. I moved away a bit, the better to watch and not disturb them. Ophelia closed her eyes and accepted Vi’s kiss. I knew she would. All Ophelia needed was the right stimulus and she was a slave to her sexual urges. Viola was aggressive. Letting her hands roam over Ophelia’s body, teasing her tits, and then rolling to her back. There was a smoldering look of lust in her eyes as Viola gently pushed down on Ophelia’s shoulders. “Just kiss your way down,” she instructed. “It’ll be wonderful.”

Ophelia half nodded and kissed the side of Vi’s neck, then kissed her shoulder and then her breast. Here she hesitated and pulled my wife’s nipple into her mouth, sucking a bit, as if she were nursing. But Vi’s small tits were long dry. I could tell the sensations were exciting Vi, but there would be no milk to reward Ophelia for her efforts.

I carefully moved off the bed and let the girls continue their play. Ophelia continued kissing her way down Vi’s body, slipping over the belly chain, briefly sticking her tongue into Vi’s navel, and then moving between my wife’s legs and facing her open pussy. I carefully went to the dresser and picked up my cell phone. Asking would break the moment and I had preset the phone function. There was no flash and no sound as I clicked a few pictures. I don’t think Ophelia saw me and Viola wouldn’t care. Actually, that’s not true. Viola liked to see herself having sex. I knew she’d want to see the pictures later. It was the only documentation we would have of a lesbian encounter for her.

Tentatively Ophelia kissed Vi’s mons, then moved down a bit to kiss her smooth labia. Vi lifted her knees and spread her legs wide, exposing her sex to our new

lover. With a deep breath for courage, Ophelia pressed her face forward and started eating my wife pussy. It was a lovely site. I made sure to take as many pictures as possible. It only took Ophelia a short minute to start enjoying the pleasure she was imparting upon Vi. And Viola was a gracious hostess, moaning and writhing in a manner that was a combination of encouragement, showmanship, and true pleasure.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world is watching two women make love. It's a hundred times more powerful when it's live in front of you rather than in some porn video. Viola's orgasms aren't as visibly powerful as Ophelia's but it was obvious when she reached her peak. She grabbed Ophelia's head and pressed it into her pussy. A nice little flow of girl cum soaked the sheets and Ophelia's face. Vi made her usual squeaking noises and then it was over.

Before letting her go Viola pulled Ophelia up to her face and gave her a deep kiss. Ophelia's face was wet and slick. Vi's pussy scent was strong in the air. "I love the taste of my pussy on someone else's lips," she told her lover.

"I think I swallowed your cum," Ophelia said.

"Did you like it?" Vi asked with a giggle.

"Um, yeah. It was different, but good."

"What did you think, Duncan?" Vi asked me.

I quickly put the cell phone away and approached the bed. "You know me, there's nothing more beautiful than two women making love."

"I can tell," Ophelia said looking at my cock. It was erect again. The two women laughed. "Going to use that on your wife?" she asked.

"No, you," I replied and rolled her to the side. I brought up her leg and pressed against her back to fuck her from behind as we lay on our sides. Her pussy was wet with her juices and my cum. I slipped right in and Viola watched us having sex again. Ophelia closed her eyes and sighed contentedly.

"This is nice," she said.

"Mind if I have a little dessert treat?" Viola asked and moved down Ophelia's

body. She took up the fuller of Ophelia's breast and started feeding again. I wasn't sure how long it would take me to cum, but that wasn't important. I had plenty of time. Vi busied herself draining both of Ophelia's tits and then reached down to her clit and rubbed vigorously to make our milk-maid cum yet again. That was enough to push me over the top. I spurted inside her pussy for the second time that night.

By then I was exhausted and soon fell to sleep. I can only assume the girls did the same.

Chapter Four

I awoke to the sound of the shower running. While it is convenient having a bathroom immediately attached to the bedroom, sometimes the noise and traffic isn't worth the proximity. Then I wondered where the two women who had recently been in my bed were.

There's no easy way for me to wake up, so I crawled to the edge of the bed, managed to blink myself to consciousness enough to stumble across the room and into the bathroom. It was the one room in our house where we had broken down and opted to spend some extra cash to make it nice. Nice, in this case, was an extra large shower-tub enclosure with a nice seat for relaxing. More often than not Viola and I used it as a support during shower-time sex. She often used it as a convenient seat when shaving her legs.

That's where Ophelia was sitting when I leaned in to see what was going on. Viola was between her wide-open legs kneeling and wielding a razor. A smear of shaving cream covered Ophelia's cunt and Viola was carefully denuding my girlfriend.

"You snore like a chainsaw," Ophelia said upon seeing me.

"I should have warned you," Vi said, barely glancing at me. Her fingers were splayed keeping the delicate folds of Ophelia's labia taut as she cautiously shaved away her curly brown pubes. "He has his charms, but he also has his shortcomings."

"What are you two doing?" I asked. My head was still fuzzy with sleep.

Ophelia fixed me with a haughty glare. "Isn't it obvious? Vi is cleaning me up. Are you jealous?"

The showerhead was spraying warm water over the pair, mostly onto Vi's naked back, but they were both covered with droplets of water. My wife's short hair had been turned to a shade of light brown by the water; Ophelia's was practically black. It hung thick and heavy over one shoulder. "A bit," I said. My cock was starting to get hard as I watched my wife busily grooming Ophelia.

“We woke up from your snoring,” Vi explained, “and I put my hand onto Felia’s pussy and she was so tangled and crusty with your cum, I practically dragged her into the shower. I shouldn’t even let you near her again. You abused her poor pussy.”

“I kind of liked it,” Ophelia admitted with a laugh. That caused Viola to giggle a bit as well. Encouraged, I started to move into the shower with them.

“Stop!” Vi ordered. “It’s already crowded in here. Wait your turn.”

“Where should I wait?” I asked.

“In the bedroom. We’ll be done soon enough. And when we are you need to take a shower first. Change the sheets on the bed while we’re in here,” Vi ordered. I was pretty sure that if I did all that, I’d get access to both of their pussies again. And probably Ophelia’s tits and milk.

Back in the bedroom I flew around the room, pulling off the comforter and sheets, replacing them both and tidying up as I listened to the distorted voices of my sex partners in the bathroom. Just as I was finishing they walked out of the bathroom wearing matching towels covering them from breast to the tops of their thighs. I immediately wanted to fuck them both and had that obvious look in my eye. “No,” Viola said. “Shower first.”

I nodded and dashed into the bathroom, taking the quickest shower in my life, toweling off, and reappearing in the bedroom naked with an erect cock. What I found was pleasing. Ophelia was on her hands and knees with her naked ass facing me as I exited the bathroom. I was certain that wasn’t an accident. Even with that inviting view I could barely see her sex. There was no evidence of hair anywhere between her legs, what little I could see.

Viola lay on her back, half underneath Ophelia. I stepped to the side and saw that she was eagerly drinking from Ophelia’s heavy tit. My girlfriend’s breasts were hanging down, heavy with milk, and she was in a position not unlike that of a milk cow. I couldn’t decide if I wanted to fuck her or drink from her breasts.

Ophelia’s head turned and her heavy mass of hair slipped off her back. “Can’t decide between the pussy and the breast?” she asked me.

“Yeah,” I said. My hand went to my cock and I absently stroked it.

“That’s what Vi thought too. She wants all my milk before you get the chance at it.”

I glanced at my wife. She had one knee up and the other pointed out straight, showing off her bare pussy, recently shaved as well, I was sure. She had one hand on Ophelia’s breast and the other was casually stroking her tiny tit. Her eyes were closed but she was certainly listening to our conversation. I made a hard decision. “Your pussy will always be there, but I can’t let Vi have all your milk.”

This comment caused Ophelia to giggle. Her breasts jiggled heavily with her torso’s shaking. I could tell that Viola was also laughing, but she kept suckling all the same. “Vi was certain you’d decide that,” she told me as I got on the bed and lay down half underneath our milk supplier and took her big, heavy tit in my mouth. The nipple was already dripping her milk. I sucked hard and got a great mouthful. It was warm and creamy and heavy on my tongue. My face was just a few inches from my wife’s; she spared me a quick glance, then closed her eyes again and resumed her liquid breakfast.

For a moment I wondered what Ophelia thought of being little more than a source of nutrition for her two new lovers. But when I sucked on her engorged nipple and she sighed a little bit in relief, all of those thoughts were banished and I knew she enjoyed the role into which she had been placed.

As I fed from her breast I wiggled my hand down between her legs and stroked her naked mons. It was smooth and slick, not one bit of stubble in evidence. Viola had done an excellent job. She was slicker than what was normal; my wife must have applied a bit of baby oil to Ophelia’s quim to soothe her suddenly exposed quim.

“There will be time for that later, Duncan,” Ophelia told me. In response I wiggled my middle finger up into her pussy and left it there, resting. She took in a deep breath and relaxed with me penetrating her sex.

It took only a short amount of time, fifteen minutes at the absolute most, before I emptied my breast. Vi had to be done before me, but she stayed under Ophelia’s body, playing with her breast and nipple, pulling out whatever dregs she could. Finally, she was done and let go of Ophelia’s slightly smaller tit and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “Are you going to take your finger out of

Felia's pussy?" Vi asked me.

I released my tit and said. "I think so. But I'm going to replace it with my cock." I looked up at Ophelia. "Do you want to do it missionary or doggy style?"

She blinked at me. "Who says I want to have sex with you?"

Before Vi could spit out a cutting quip I replied, "Your pussy. It's only ever this wet when you want to be fucked." I moved my hand a bit and applied the pad of my thumb to her clit. She groaned heavily.

"Okay. Yeah," she agreed.

"Missionary," Vi ordered. "I want to see you two do it like a normal couple."

Ophelia rolled over onto her back, bouncing the bed slightly. "Normal couple? With the husband's wife watching as he fornicates with an adulterous slut?" she asked with a bit of a giggle. "Oh, this is terrible. Never in a million years did I imagine I'd be doing something like this with my life."

I got between her legs as Viola moved out of the way. Before I mounted her I paused to admire Vi's handiwork. Not a hair remained on Ophelia's ready pussy. It looked a little sore and red, but I was uncertain if that was from the shaving, the workout I had given it the night before, or from her arousal at being nursed with the promise of sex. It didn't matter. I sank my cock into her and she moaned appreciatively. Our bodies moved together, two people fucking for pleasure and nothing more. I wanted to see her cum, to hear her cry out in bliss, to see her body overcome with delight. I also wanted to shoot my cum deep into her pussy, filling her womb.

As we fucked I was conscious of Viola moving around the bedroom. I knew she was taking pictures of our copulation and I didn't stop or say anything to Ophelia. Was she aware of what was going on around her?

Almost too soon I found myself jerking with the little death and I spurted three, four, five times inside Ophelia's sex. Her pussy clamped down on my cock, her hot box absorbing my pleasure and responding in kind. I collapsed on her when I was done. She ran her hand up and down my back, basking in the afterglow.

It was quiet for a minute, then Vi clapped lightly and politely. "That was

wonderful,” she complimented us, though I wondered if she was just exclaiming her enjoyment of the show we had put on for her.

“It was good,” Ophelia said softly, half mumbling into my chest.

“Do you want to clean up?” Vi asked.

“Yes.”

I rolled off her, but before she could get up, Viola moved between her legs and was inspecting Ophelia’s ravaged pussy. “It’s beautiful,” she said. I could see the combination of baby oil, my cum, her natural lubrication, our sweat, and who knows what else pooling on the outside of her labia.

“Thanks,” Ophelia said uncertainly. “Can I get up?”

“No,” Vi said, putting her hand on Ophelia’s tummy. “I’ll do the honors.” She wasn’t holding a washcloth or towel. Ophelia’s eyes went wide as Vi lowered her face to her lover’s cunt and started licking and sucking.

“Oh. Wow. Wait. You don’t have to do that,” she said. The words were hard for her to get out. Instead of just cleaning Ophelia’s dirty pussy with her mouth and tongue, Vi was also giving her a taste of her cunnilingus skills. She looked over at me in shock. I just smiled calmly back at her. “Don’t worry. If she didn’t want to, she wouldn’t do this.” Ophelia just nodded and lay back to enjoy the further attention Vi was giving her pussy. I watched the two women in what had become in my mind, a perfectly natural scene.

There was no way I was going to be able to fuck again right away, but my wife certainly deserved some relief. I went around to the edge of the bed where she was crouched on all fours as she dined between Ophelia’s legs. It was awkward but I managed to place myself so that I could eat out my wife’s pussy, giving her back a little bit of pleasure as well. I was right. She had shaved her own pussy this morning in the shower when she did Ophelia’s. No baby oil though. She didn’t need it. From the sighs and moans I knew that Ophelia had at least two small orgasms. I needed to use my fingers and the heavy implementation of tongue and jaw work to make Viola cum. It was worth it though.

When we were done we trooped back into the bathroom for the second showers of the morning. There was plenty of room in our shower for the three of us. We

were all satisfied so there was very little sex play, but the closeness and intimacy was what we were really looking for. Afterwards we dressed. I in my usually jeans and t-shirt, Vi in yoga pants an open dress shirt over a camisole. Ophelia had brought along a practical skirt and matching blouse. Underneath she wore plain white practical cotton panties—bikini cut—and a nursing bra. “Just in case,” she said.

The rest of the morning was passed pleasantly with breakfast, the news, cleaning up, talking about nothing of importance. Ophelia started getting antsy when noon came and went. “I need to get going soon,” she said.

I nodded. “We need to pick up our kids shortly,” I told her. “Grandparents can only survive with children for so long.”

“I’d really like to do this again though,” she said shyly.

Vi’s smile was broad and happy at those words. “I was hoping to hear that. You don’t mind getting a reputation as a slut?” she asked.

Ophelia giggled. “No,” she said. “Because no one is going to know.”

“I knew you were bi,” Vi added. “Every woman truly is.”

“Maybe,” Ophelia half-agreed. “But I certainly liked what you did for me.”

Vi bounced up out of her chair. “I have something for you before you leave.” She ran out of the room and bounced upstairs. Ophelia looked at me and I shrugged. A minute later Viola returned with a small chain in her hand. “It’s an anklet,” she explained. “I want you to wear it.”

“Okay,” Ophelia agreed, perhaps a bit too quickly considering what it symbolized to some people.

“Stand up, knee with your left knee on the chair.” I watched as Vi attached the anklet to her lover. “It’s sometimes considered a symbol of a hotwife to wear an anklet.”

Ophelia’s eyes opened a little wider, but she was getting used to not showing shock at Vi’s behavior. “Hotwife?”

“A married woman who is open to having sex with men other than her husband,” Vi explained, probably unnecessarily. “This used to be mine. I want you to wear it home. I want you to wear it the next time we see you.”

“Okay,” Ophelia agreed. She didn’t know what she was getting herself into.

Chapter Five

I waited two days before emailing Ophelia all the pictures we took over the weekend. Most of them were complete crap, but a few were dazzling in their intensity and sensuality. Resisting the temptation to post them to the website Viola and I usually used, I instead emailed them to Ophelia.

Here's the pix from the weekend. I know we didn't discuss it beforehand, but both Vi and I took the opportunity. You're beautiful in all of them. Normally I'd post something like this myself, but we didn't get your permission so... If you want, you can post them yourself.

It wasn't long before she sent me back an email with just a link in the body. When I clicked it I was taken to the usual amateur porn site. Ophelia had set up an account and posted most of the pictures I had emailed. True, she had edited them a bit, cropping out or blurring her face, but I still had a sexual thrill for the way she was exhibiting herself.

I couldn't let Ophelia just go back to her husband with the secret of a weekend tryst and not continue to pursue her. I was once again enthralled by her, but I couldn't let her know that. Vi knew, of course, and she was amused by it because she was certain nothing good would come of my obsession. "You're drunk on her milk," she pointed out. "You just want to suck on her tits to keep them away from everyone else. Terry. Me. Any possible stranger."

"You're over stating it," I said.

She smirked. "Am I? You can't keep away from her."

And of course Vi was right. I emailed Ophelia on Monday morning. Tuesday afternoon we were having a business meeting in her office. There was no

business. I simply pulled up her shirt, pulled down her bra and nursed for fifteen minutes. That's all. She had a couple of small orgasms. I got hard, but didn't feel the need to have sex with her. I went home and fucked Vi. She laughed and correctly surmised that I had visited Ophelia. I guiltily confessed the truth.

"See, I knew it. It's something new for you. An obsession. An addiction. Go have your fun, but be careful," she warned.

Ophelia and I continued to meet on and off for the next two weeks. Never for sex, at least not for me. She started wearing tops that were simple to open so I could suckle her breasts with ease. Usually she would orgasm from my sucking. Sometimes I had to add a finger or two between her legs, playing with her clit, but not usually. She never got me off, she never offered sex, she never offered a blowjob. I didn't necessarily need or want an orgasm. I just needed her milk. And I knew it was causing friction with her husband.

"He knows something is up," she told me as I sucked her tits in a semi-private corner of a downtown parking garage. We were in the back seat of her van. This is what we were reduced to.

"How?" I asked between hard pulls on her exposed tit.

"My milk supply is down for him, he can tell. I'm producing more milk, because of you, but he's getting less."

"Do you want to stop?" I asked her.

She didn't hesitate in her answer. "No. I just wanted you to know."

It wasn't long before Viola and I both got to see Ophelia again. I got home one evening and Ophelia's van was in our driveway. I hadn't see her that afternoon so I eagerly bounded inside to see what was happening. I knew there couldn't be much going on because our kids were there and my wife had good common sense. What I found was the two women cooking dinner while the kids played and watched TV. The conversation among the adults was muted and dull before and during dinner. When the kids were released to their own devices for the evening, things got interesting.

Viola poured Ophelia two huge glasses of water during dinner and then afterwards gave her two more. "What's going on?" I asked. "You can't be that thirsty."

The women exchanged a glance, then Vi started talking. "We discussed Felia's milk production problem and we decided that the best thing to do was increase her liquid intake and see how that worked out."

"Sounds reasonable," I agreed.

"And we had sex this afternoon," Ophelia interjected before Vi could say anything else.

I choked on the piece of cake I was eating. "What?" I managed to gasp out.

"Relax," Viola told me. "The kids weren't home from school yet. It was just a roll in the bed. And some milking."

"How much?" I sputtered.

"Just a bit of a taste and a treat," Vi said. Ophelia's face flushed red, but she managed to keep her composure. "I'm trying to get her to admit her fully bisexuality," my wife said softly so small ears couldn't overhear.

"You're turning me into a slut," Ophelia said softly, her face still red.

"You love it."

Now Ophelia couldn't hide her big smile. "I know, I do." I surreptitiously looked down at Ophelia's foot. She was wearing her anklet on her left leg. "Yes, I'm wearing it," Ophelia said catching my gaze. There was no way to know for sure if she was wearing it around her husband. Still, just the thought excited me.

"I want to fuck you tonight," I told her.

She shook her head. "That's not going to happen." My face fell in disappointment. "I'd like to though. I want the two of you again."

"When?" I asked eagerly.

“We discussed that already,” Viola said. “Before you got home. I tried to convince her to bring her husband over for a group encounter, but apparently that’s not in the cards.”

Ophelia looked down at the table. “I can’t.”

“Most men would be elated to know their wife is bi,” I interjected. “I bet he’d love to see you make love with another woman.” I tapped myself on the chest. “I’ll even take one for the team and be gone for the night, for the first time, if that’s what it takes to make it work.”

Now Ophelia slowly shook her head. “Okay, here’s the deal on why this can’t work. Yeah, maybe Terry would be cool with me bedding another woman. Sure, most men are into women having sex with women. I’d do that for him.” She allowed herself a small smile. “Especially now. But he wouldn’t be into sharing me with another man.”

“Even if he was having sex with that man’s wife?” I asked. I knew Viola wouldn’t have problem bedding Terry if it was what was needed to keep our relationship with Viola going and my access to her milk.

“Maybe,” Ophelia hedged. “But that’s not really the issue.”

“Then what is?”

“You are,” Viola said when Ophelia hesitated to answer.

“What?”

Now Ophelia spoke again. “He doesn’t like you. A while back he and I were talking about old flames and I told him you were my first and that drove him nuts. He started forming this irrational hatred of you.”

“But I never even met the guy!” I complained.

She looked sadly at me. “I said it was irrational.”

We spoke for a while longer, but the conversation was going nowhere. Finally Ophelia got up to leave. She and Vi kissed a little more intimately than was necessary, but the kids didn’t notice. SpongeBob Squarepants was on.

“Can you help me with my things out to my car?” Ophelia asked me. Her things were her purse and briefcase. It was an obvious ruse. We went out together, got in the back of the van and she opened up her blouse. Without a word I fell on her breasts and eagerly suckled them, her milk filling my mouth and stomach, the rich liquid flowing so easily, so happily. When I was done she told me, “This isn’t the end. I do want to have sex with you and Vi again. We just have set something up.”

I nodded and went back into the house where Viola consoled my misery with sex. When we were done I sucked on her small tits. They were small and I loved them, but they weren’t the same as Ophelia’s that were so full and giving.

“There are a couple of procedures I can try to induce lactation,” Vi offered as I played with her perky pair. I knew she was just offering out of pity, out of a sense of marital loyalty and responsibility.

“No, you don’t have to go through that,” I told her. “I’ll get through this.”

“We’re going to bed her again,” Vi promised.

I nodded. “She said she wanted to.”

“I told you that you’d get obsessed and so focused on this that...” she trailed off, realizing that pointing out I told you so wasn’t a great thing to do right then.

“She lets me nurse from her two or three times a week during lunches,” I told Vi, admitting a bit of my secret life to her.

“I know,” she said.

“You do?”

She sighed and wrapped her arms around me. “Felicia told me that a while ago.”

True to her word, Ophelia continued to give me access to her breasts and steady supply of milk. She had upped her water intake and added some dietary supplement that made her tits produce even more milk. Terry calmed down. I made sure to take my share as often as I could. Sometimes I became too eager

and Ophelia had to push me off her breast to ensure she had enough of a supply for Terry that night. It was over a month later before everything came together and Vi and I were able to have sex with Ophelia again.

I was in charge of bringing the kids over to the grandparents. When I got back to our house Ophelia was already there. I pushed aside all my depressive thoughts and worries and headed inside for an exciting night of fucking and sucking. What I found was Viola and Ophelia lounging on our oversized bed in matching outfits.

They must have gone out shopping together in secret and purchased the typical male fantasy outfit number three, the Merry Widow. They were both in white lace, with corsets that pushed up their tits. Viola's did an impressive job of making it look like she had large tits. Ophelia, of course, needed to help in that area and both women's corsets pulled their waists in tight. Matching g-strings, something neither of them normally wore, hid their pussies. White garters dangled down from the corsets to hold up their stockings, also white of course.

"Are you dressed all in white because you're virgins?" I asked wryly.

"White is the color of purity," Viola pointed out. "Pure, fresh milk. That's why we're wearing white." She got off the bed and sauntered across the room, flashing me her exposed ass as she retrieve a few objects from our toy box. That was when I noticed the tattoo on her left cheek.

"When did you get a tattoo?" I burst out, half-shocked and half-confused.

The two of them giggled. "Calm down," my wife said. "It's temporary."

"But very sexy," Ophelia said, rolling onto her stomach and showing me the matching tattoo on her ass. If it weren't for the six inch difference in height, skin tone, eye color, hair color, and general body and facial shape they could have passed for twins.

Apparently there are websites that will create custom temporary tattoos. Something new is learned every day. Their tattoos were a pair of women engaged in an intimate Sapphic embrace with their names displayed on their avatar's thighs. "I need a picture of this," I said grabbing my cell phone. "Lay next to Ophelia," I told Vi. She did so and I clicked off a few pictures of their curvy asses. Vi had placed her tattoo on her right cheek, and Ophelia had hers on

the left, so they nearly mirrored each other.

“We aren’t here to model for pictures,” Vi complained. “Felia is here for sex.”

“Right,” I agreed, setting aside my phone and stripping off my clothes. It didn’t occur to me that I’d be naked before they were, but I didn’t mind. “Get up on your knees,” I ordered Ophelia. Apparently it was my night to have my wishes fulfilled. She did so. Her tits were practically falling out of her corset. There’s only so much that modern lingerie can do. I pushed down her top a bit and out popped her full breasts. “I need a fix first,” I told her, lowering my mouth to her big tits and started sucking. Her milk let down right away and my mouth was filled with her liquid essence. A moment later Viola joined me at Ophelia’s teats and started suckling as well. I didn’t begrudge her this pleasure at all. I wanted to watch her feed from our girlfriend. We were there to share of each other.

I could tell from her breathing that Ophelia was getting more pleasure from our feeding than the two of us. We were just getting a liquid snack, she was being aroused. My hand dropped down to cup her ass and I pulled her body closer to mine. I sensed Vi sneaking her hand between Ophelia’s legs and pleasuring her pussy. I allowed her because I wanted my girlfriend wet and anxious to be penetrated when I fucked her. As usual it only took a few minutes for Ophelia to reach her first orgasm. She let herself cry out with pleasure and nearly collapsed from her knees but I kept her up, supporting her body slightly as she leaned against Vi and I while I kept one hand firmly on her ass.

“Oh gods that’s good,” she groaned as the two of us quickly finished our feeding. I let go of her tit and watched as milk continued to leak out of her dark, puffy nipple, roll down her boob and get absorbed by the corset. I licked her a bit more and sucked out what little milk remained in her tit.

“I want to fuck you,” I said to her. “Get on your back.”

She pulled away from a disappointed Viola. I don’t think my wife was done feeding. Both of her nipples glistened with our saliva and the bit of milk that remained behind. I started to crawl on top of Ophelia’s body, but Vi stopped me. “Are you just going to push her panties aside?” she asked.

“Isn’t that what you did with her fingers?” I asked.

“No,” she snapped at me. “I have a little class. I was masturbating her through

her panties. She's not some cheap porn actress." She sighed in frustration with me. "Let me help you," she said to Ophelia. I watched impatiently as Viola unclipped the garter from one stocking, and then the other, and then slowly, pull down Ophelia's tiny g-string panties, exposing her freshly shaved pussy that was wet and open for penetration. I started to move in again, but was blocked by my wife's body. "Wait," she warned me.

"What? Are you going to eat her out first?" I asked.

"No, I'm going to put her garter's back on," she told me.

"I don't need that," I said dismissively.

"Maybe not, but she's a classy lady and needs to be dressed properly for intercourse."

"Of for the love of—" But I let my wife clip the four garters back in place, keeping Ophelia's stockings in place. When she was done I quickly moved in with my cock at the ready. Ophelia opened up her arms and legs embracing me and accepting my cock into her pussy. It was slightly strange fucking her while she was still half-dressed, but her tits were out and her pussy was naked. What more did I need?

As we kissed and started fucking I was momentarily distracted by a buzzing noise that I recognized. Viola had settled herself on the other side of the bed with one of her vibrators. She was eagerly plowing her pussy with the large toy. I noted that she had simply pulled aside her g-string to expose her cunt. "What?" she asked me with a smart-ass grin. "I never said I was a classy lady."

We fucked without concern about the other. It was relaxing and freeing. Ophelia's big tits bounced underneath me and leaked out a bit of milk as I thrust into her. Every so often I would bend down my head and lick the remains milk from her tits, but I didn't suck them. It was Viola who came first, her orgasm announced with a series of high pitched moans and a small burst of girl cum onto the sheets. She seemed proud of herself. After that Ophelia had a couple of small orgasms and then I finally allowed myself to cum, releasing my thick semen into her body.

"Can I take a picture of your pussy?" Vi asked her. That was a bit surprising. What was more surprising was her positive answer. I rolled off my lover and

watched as she kept her legs parted when Vi moved in with her camera and took a few pictures of her red and wet pussy starting to leak out my white cum. “For posterity,” Viola told me.

“Uh-huh,” I said, unconvinced. “I thought it was men who were into the visual aspects of sex, the visual porn.”

“Girls can like it too,” Ophelia said. “It is your turn now?” she asked Vi.

“It is, but it’ll take Duncan a few minutes to get it up again. But I have a solution for that.” I silently groaned as Viola produced the treasures from the toy box.

“It’s just going to hurry things along, dear,” she told me. “And Felia wants to see you have sex with me. Is that so much to ask?”

It wasn’t, so I allowed Viola to wrap our two leather cockrings around me. The first went around my balls. The strap was secured shut with a strong snap and so kept my testicles separate from my cock. The other went tightly around the base of my cock and was also secured with a snap. It was tight enough to prevent the easy return of blood from my cock to my body, thereby slowly engorging my sex. It wasn’t painful, but there was some discomfort until I was distracted enough with actual sex, and that wouldn’t be for a few minutes.

When I was properly bound, Ophelia surprised me and pushed Viola to the bed and buried her face in Vi’s cunt. My wife eyed me as her girlfriend started eating her out. “We thought we’d put on a bit of a show for you to help you along.”

“Okay,” I inattentively agreed. I was already half in a sex stupor at watching Ophelia debase herself with my wife. It was beautiful. Even though she had already cum once from her vibrator, whatever Ophelia was doing for her was exactly what she needed. My eyes wandered from one woman to the other. Ophelia kept her ass in the air and I watched as my cum dripped out of her cunt. Viola writhed under her lover’s tender ministrations and eventually had another complete orgasm. My brain was no longer fully functioning as Ophelia made her way up Vi’s body, unhooked the top of her corset to get at her small tits, and then practically abused the hell out of her tender flesh. Ophelia sucked, nipped, squeezed, and all but bit off Vi’s nipples. I joined my girlfriend in abusing my wife’s tits. Ophelia kept one hand tucked between Viola’s legs and finally Vi cried out with another—and powerful—orgasm.

“Isn’t it nice to have it come from your tits and pussy at the same time?” Ophelia

asked her.

Viola was practically shaking with relief. “Oh, fuck, yes.”

“Let me help you with your panties,” Ophelia said coolly as she unclipped Vi’s garters and performed the same act that Vi had done to her earlier. By now I was fully hard and I wanted to fuck. Waiting for a ceremonial exposure of my wife’s pussy was exquisite torture. I’m sure the girls had worked that out earlier.

Finally Viola’s panties were off and her stockings were re-clipped to her garters. I fell upon my wife’s body and slammed my cock hard into her.

“Fucking hell yes!” she cried out as I gave it my all. My balls slapped on her ass as I frantically thrust as fast and hard as I could. She brought her knees up allowing me deeper access to her cunt. Our fingers intertwined and I pinned her to the bed. I knew the cockring I still wore was grinding into her clit and she loved every bit of the pain and pleasure mixed together. All the while Ophelia laid on her side next to us, watching our frantic copulation.

And then I came. It was more pain than pleasure until the end of my orgasm when the pleasure finally took over. When the orgasm was gone my cock was still hard because of the double rings. I didn’t know if Viola had cum or not. I didn’t want to leave her warm, inviting pussy, but the tightness on my manhood was becoming too much. I pulled out and carefully unsnapped. When I moved off Viola Ophelia moved in and pressed her hand to my wife’s cunt, snuggled up against her, and took a tit in mouth.

“You’re not going to get anything out of that, you know,” Vi said teasingly.

“You two have such passion,” Ophelia said. “If only I had that...”

We didn’t say anything for a minute. I got up and cleaned up a bit, picked up my wife’s camera and took a few more pictures of the two of them playing together. It was a very pleasant evening even when Ophelia had to go home to her husband with practically empty tits. There would be no milk for him tonight.

“Where were you supposed to be tonight?” Viola asked Ophelia as they carefully packed away her Merry Widow. They had taken alcohol and baby oil to her tattoo and removed it before putting her clothes on. She dressed in a fairly boring, conservative outfit that said “corporate worker”.

“Business dinner and bi-monthly meeting of our corporation accounting standards team.”

“Fun.”

“I’ll call you later,” she said on her way out.

Once again I sent her the pictures we had taken that night. Shortly thereafter she sent me the link for the pictures she had posted. The pictures were edited the same way: her face obscured, but the tattoos and sex organs were on full display as was my cum dripping out of her cunt.

A week later I was in her office and drinking from her tits. They were full and exquisite. She happily smiled down at me as I nursed. She was almost always at her happiest when someone was at her breast. She was that type of woman.

“I have news,” she told me when we were done. I had hard and was considering asking her for a quick blowjob before leaving. It would be a break in our normal routine, but routines were boring after too long.

“News?”

“Yes.” She carefully put her breasts back in place and checked to see if there were any stray drops of milk. There were none, naturally, I never let a drop of her precious liquid get away from me if I could help it. As she buttoned up she told me, “I’m pregnant.”

I blinked twice at her. “What? Wow. Congratulations!”

“I knew you’d be happy.”

“Well why not? I know you’ve been wanting a second kid, so this will be great. Vi told me how a lot of women can’t conceive when they’re breastfeeding, but that’s a lousy sort of birth control, isn’t it? It just took a while for your body to overcome the hormones, right?”

She placed her hands on my shoulders and kissed me lightly. I’m sure she could still taste her milk on my lips. “You know, it might be yours,” she said shyly.

I froze. I hated admitting I'd been lying...or at least purposely deceiving. "Um, probably not."

Ophelia shrugged without concern. "I know, but still...a couple of months ago you were fucking me almost as regularly as my husband. It could be yours. It makes me feel weird knowing I might be carrying the child of someone other than my husband."

"Okay, let me just say this because I never thought it would become an issue. It's extremely unlikely your baby is mine. I had a vasectomy after my second kid. I haven't been tested in a few years, but..." I trailed off. Ophelia was smart. She figured out the score almost right away.

"Right," she said. Her eyes started to water but she kept a brave face. "I didn't know that."

"I didn't tell you. It was fun to pretend that maybe you might get pregnant from me and maybe Vi and I should have told you the truth. I apologize for that."

She waved her hand and backed away from me. "No. Don't be. I was being emotional and silly. And besides, who wants the complications of having a child that isn't really Terry's?"

"Right," I distantly agreed.

"It might have been fun at different time, a different life," she said. "You'd better get going."

"Right," I agreed again and headed for the door, unlocking it and stepping through. I glanced at her, sitting behind her desk, wiping at her eyes with a tissue. Her jaw was clenched; she was determined not to cry.

I felt like shit.

We started purposely pulling away from each other after that. We met less frequently for milk feedings as her belly grew. She and Viola met up a few times, I'm not sure if the meetings were for sex or talking or shopping, and I didn't press the issue.

She did tell us that Terry never gave up nursing from her at night. I continued to feed from her as often as I could, but life started getting to busy for her. Toward the end of her seventh month, after I had nursed in her office, she unexpectedly pulled down my pants, leaned over her impressive belly, and gave me a wonderful blowjob, swallowing every drop of my cum as I had swallowed every drop of her milk.

“It’ll be a while before we can see each other again,” she told me. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

“I know.”

“Did you ever wish this baby was yours?” she asked me bluntly.

I thought a moment. Our time together in high school. Losing our virginity together. Her wonderful, life giving tits, her pussy that was now again covered in its natural hair, her curvy ass. The way she threw herself into an affair with me. And then discovering her slutty side, her bisexual exploration with Viola. And finally the thrill and disappointment of her pregnancy. “Yes.”

She nodded. In the end there was something of her Terry would have and I would not.

Ménage à Milk

Chapter One

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thank you."

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

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

"That's okay," I assured her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Right,” I agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What?”

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

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

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

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

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

“Okay, so what about Minh then?”

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

“Oh.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Two

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

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

"Um...sure?"

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

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

"We worked things out."

"Oh? And how is that?"

"We decided to share you."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes. Thank the gods,” Isabelle answered.

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

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

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

“Oh.” I finally managed to choke out.

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

“Oh,” I repeated.

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

“Uh...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Who?”

“Rachel Carson.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fuck you,” Isabelle mumbled.

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

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

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

Chapter Three

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Cum inside of me!" she panted.

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

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

"What?"

"Do it!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Jealous?” Isabelle asked.

“No, I’m just...worried.”

“Don’t be. Now suck my tits.”

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

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

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

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

"I know," she admitted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What do we do then?” Minh asked.

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

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

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

“A breast pump,” she answered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Minh’s forehead furrowed. “Why?”

“It’ll bring us closer together.”

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

“What?” Minh practically shrieked.

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

“Why?” Minh asked.

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

“How?” Minh’s tone was turning nasty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jealousy is an ugly, untamed, and unpredictable creature.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I suppose," Izzy grumbled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“A ménage a trois.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No shit,” Izzy mumbled under her breath.

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

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

Chapter Four

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's my breast!" I protested.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I want your milk!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“And she does that to me.”

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

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

Izzy had the good sense to blush.

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

Brainless, I know.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ah. Makes sense.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Five

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh? What's that?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I just nodded.

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

"I'm not lying," I insisted.

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

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

Never had I ever said stupider words.

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

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

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

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

“What?” I blurted.

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

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

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

“Maybe this isn’t a good idea.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

acting or what.

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

“Why was she here?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Should I not have bothered?" I asked.

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

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

"What did you decide?" I asked quietly

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

"Oh."

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

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

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

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

hope inside them.

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

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

“Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

“We’re not getting married,” I said.

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

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

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

our triad?”

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

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

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

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

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

Milk Addict

I really just picked her up at the bar because I could. Being divorced and approaching my late-thirties with very few pickup artist skills, I would sometimes go to the hotel bar where every business in the city would hold their conferences and get-togethers. If I was lucky, I'd find a horny wife who was away from her husband and looking for adventure. I'd been lucky twice so far... which was a terrible record considering I'd been doing the exact same thing for a year. She was pretty enough which short, short blonde hair and big boobs that were threatening to burst out of her mostly modest businesswoman's blouse. I'm sure a lot of guys looked at her and decided it wasn't worth the effort because the short hair, lack of makeup, and twenty extra pounds on her hips that were covered in boring black slacks said "dyke". I noticed the wedding band on her finger and decided to take a chance.

She accepted the drink I bought her, laughed at the joke about the incompetent governor and blink attorney general, then I decided to stop wasting time and propositioned her.

"Want to go up to my room and have the best sex of your life?" I asked with all the suaveness of a horny teenage boy.

She laughed at me. I smiled sadly and got up to leave, but she put a hand on my arm before I could leave the bar stool.

"Don't leave," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because I've been waiting for you to ask me that for the past fifteen minutes. It took you long enough."

I blinked at her. Third time lucky. "Oh."

"But let's go to my room instead."

That was luckier because I didn't have a room to take her to. We walked calmly and sedately up to her room, not even holding hands or playing little teasing games on the elevator. The moment she closed the door behind me she was all over me like a minx in heat.

As she kissed me fiercely, stuffing her tongue in my mouth, I struggled out of my jacket while she pulled off my shirt and worked her way quickly down my chest. I wished I had spent more time at the gym but she didn't seem to mind my lack of tan or slightly paunchy stomach. As she unbuckled my pants and started to push them down I stopped her. "Wait! I don't even know your name."

"Does it matter?" she asked with her fingers just inside the waistband of my underwear.

I hesitated in my answer. Did it? "No, I suppose not."

"It's AnneMarie," she told me as she pulled down my underwear and popped my half-erect cock into her mouth. It had been a long while since I had received a blowjob and AnneMarie was an expert at giving them. Her mouth was accommodating, wet and willing, her lips and tongue were strong. In less than a minute my cock was pointing toward the ceiling and I wanted nothing more than to empty my balls into her mouth.

"I'm gonna cum," I groaned at her.

Immediately she released my cock and grinned up at me. "You weren't going to cum in my mouth, were you?"

It was all I could do to prevent myself from shoving my cock down her throat. "Yes. I so wanted to." In frustration I leaned back against the wall. I felt ridiculous like that, leaning against a hotel wall with my pants around my ankles and an attractive and willing woman on her knees in front of me. Her hand was still around the base of my cock and she didn't seem at all put off by my behavior.

"Good," she said standing up. I watched with wide eyes as she quickly unbuttoned her red blouse to fully display her massive chest that was barely contained by the red silk bra underneath. I wasn't sure if it was a pushup bra or she merely needed huge cups to contain her tits, but my eyes didn't move from her cleavage. I goggled at her wonderful breasts. They had to be at least double D cups, maybe larger. What comes after double D?

Her pants came off too. I saw her bend half-way over and her arms moved but my eyes never strayed from her cleavage. "You're a tit man, aren't you?" she asked me.

“Uh-huh,” I agreed as I watched her breasts bobble and shake ever so fetchingly inside her bra.

“Come on,” she said grabbing me by the cock and leading me to the bed. “I didn’t bring you up here to give blow jobs. Let’s fuck.”

We tumbled into the bed and she wound up on top of me. I wondered how she had suddenly become the aggressor in this encounter. With her panties already off she straddled my hips and started running her wet quim up and down along my dick. “Oh, that’s good,” I mumbled.

“Got a condom?” she asked me. Abruptly the rubbing stopped and she looked at me expectantly. I froze.

“Yeah, in my jacket.” I started to push her off me, but she just held down on my hands.

“No need,” she said. “Just asking.” She wriggled her hips and suddenly my cock was up inside her pussy. “Oooh,” she sighed as I reflexively pushed up into her. “That’s the way I like it. Are you worried about getting me knocked up?” she breathed in my ear and kissed the side of my neck.

“What?!” I started pushing back on her harder, suddenly scared I was being used for something I didn’t want to get involved with.

She giggled in my ear now. “Don’t worry. I’m safe. What about you, are you safe?”

I breathed heavily from the anxiety she had inflicted on me. “I don’t have any diseases, if that’s what you mean. But I haven’t had a vasectomy either.”

“Good,” she told me. “I like my spunk to be full of little swimmers.” She leaned back and displayed her body to me. Her tits were still hidden behind her silk bra but her body was otherwise naked. She was full of curves, there was a slight swell to her tummy, but she was otherwise perfect. Apparently AnneMarie took her coif seriously because her pubic hair was as carefully trimmed as the few curls on her head. There was just a small triangle of blond hairs barely hiding her wet quim. She took notice of my inspection of her pussy. “Like what you see?” she asked as her hips started moving up and down again.

“Yes. I like your tits even better.” I reached up and ran my fingers over her bra then followed the edge of the silk touching both flesh and fabric as I fondled her. AnneMarie closed her eyes and enjoyed my touch. She never stopped pumping her hips.

I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her down to me. We continued humping as I scrabbled around her back, looking for the clasp to her bra. “Get it off, baby, and you get a treat,” she whispered in my ear. I was distracted by her pussy and the excitement of the moment. It took me far too long to find the hooks and then I began having trouble loosening them enough to pull the garment from her body.

As was befitting a woman with huge tits the bra had a substantial back strap with at least four hooks keeping it closed. It might have had six for all I could tell from the front.

“Having a touch of trouble, honey?” AnneMarie asked me.

“Nope, I’ve got it,” I told her, momentarily stopping my cock thrusts up into her pussy and concentrating long enough to slip the hooks from their eyelets. Her silk bra came off with a sigh and AnneMarie leaned back displaying her more than ample charms to me.

“Like what you see?” she asked. My eyes immediately went to her left nipple. It was pierced with a small golden ring. My cock got harder and I wanted to fuck her so hard she’d cry. My hips rose up and slammed into her wet pussy. She groaned in response to my needs. “You do like it,” she declared.

“Fuck yes.” I leaned up with my head and kissed her unadorned nipple, pulling it into my mouth and sucking furiously.

She gave a little moan of appreciation and ground her cunt down on my cock. “Yes,” she sighed with a shiver. “Suck the other one.” She pulled her breast from my mouth and turned her torso slightly, offering me her pierced nipple, dragging her pink flesh and metal ring across my lips until I automatically opened my mouth and took it in.

The contrast of metal and flesh on my tongue was odd. I had never been with a woman with a body piercing before. I only managed to date and marry the slightly dull and unadventurous women of the world. But then again I was

slightly dull and unadventurous, so I didn't really have anything to complain about. AnneMarie didn't seem to mind anything I did with her tit. I sucked on it, bit it lightly, teased it with my tongue, then released and pinched it just enough to make her moan. I sucked the right one and twisted the ring in her left nipple. It was odd to see her flesh stretch in such an unnatural fashion, but she didn't complain, in fact she seemed to enjoy every little bit of torture I inflicted on her.

"I know you love it, honey," she managed to wheeze out as I took the ring back into my mouth to play with it some more, "but you need to finish me off. I need to cum. Cum inside me."

Her tit slipped from my mouth. "Right," I agreed and redoubled my thrusting. Our flesh came together with the unmistakable slapping sound of vigorous sex. Finally, finally I reached my peak and came inside her pussy, flooding it with spurt after spurt of thick cum. Apparently that's just what AnneMarie needed to as well, she called out when I exploded inside of her and her body shook as her orgasm washed up and down her body. She fairly shook with pleasure and needed to support herself on hands and knees as she finished cumming.

"Good for you?" I asked her as she rested half her weight on me and slowly recovered from her climax.

"Hell yes," she moaned as she rolled to her side, collapsing on the mattress. We were both slightly covered with a layer of sweat. The room was warm and our enthusiastic fucking had exhausted us both. Even though it was almost too warm I moved closer to her and kissed her on the lips. She responded, opening her mouth and letting me push my tongue inside her.

"You're still horny," she told me as she pushed me away to look directly into my eyes. Hers were beautiful and light blue, the palest blue eyes I've ever seen. I must have been a boring choice of bedmate; I'm average height with dull brown hair and even duller eyes. Her hand had wandered down to my cock and she was now holding my balls. Her touch was firm, almost a little painful, as she played with my balls, making sure they were in working order. I could just feel the stickiness of our sex juices on the edge of my sack.

"I just haven't had time to lose my erection yet," I said automatically. Not that I normally shrank away immediately after cumming, but the intensity of our encounter had kept me at least semi-hard.

“You want to fuck me again, don’t you?” she asked.

My reply was immediate. “Yes.”

Her hand now went up my shaft. It was still wet with my semen and her juices. She stroked me and I closed my eyes. My body shook involuntarily as she played with my cock. “You like that don’t you?” I nodded my head. In truth, her playing hurt a bit. My cock was still super-sensitive after cumming and she wasn’t being gentle with me. “You’re going to fuck me again, understand?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“But first you need to suck on my tits. I like that. It gets me ready.” She took her hand away from my cock and I opened my eyes. Her hand now went to between her legs and she scooped up a bit of my cum and her juices. I watched as she brought her fingers to her lips and tasted them. “Delicious.” She smiled and offered me her fingers. I couldn’t have resisted if I wanted to. My lips parted and she deposited our mixed essences on my tongue. It was tart and musky, not all that unpleasant, not exactly pure pussy and not fully spunk either. Her smile brightened. “I like you.” She placed her hand on top of my head and pushed down lightly. “Suck my tits.”

She didn’t have to tell me again. I moved down and took her unpierced nipple into my mouth and started sucking happily away. AnneMarie rested one hand on top of my head and I snaked a hand down between her legs. She parted her thighs and let me push a finger into her cunt.

“Ooh, that feels good,” she said softly. I wasn’t sure if she meant my finger in her pussy or her tit in my mouth. It didn’t matter. I could feel her cunt getting hotter and wetter as I sucked on her nipple. It struck me that the harder I sucked the more saliva I produced. Oddly, her nipple seemed sweet as well. “Switch,” she ordered. I moved my head over to her pierced nipple. The cold metal felt odd on my tongue, but I ignored that and sucked again. Her nipple was sweet and warm and exactly everything I looked for in a tit. Her breast was large and soft and the perfect shade of white. AnneMarie didn’t indulge in tanning or sunbathing. I did detect the faintest of tan lines from her street clothes.

“Is that good?” she asked me.

I let loose her tit. “Yes.”

“You like it?”

“Yes.” I was puzzled by her repeated question, but went along with her talk.

“Fuck me,” she said rolling to her back and spreading her legs open. I didn’t need to be invited twice. I immediately got on top of her and my cock slipped right into her pussy. I wasn’t even aware that I had gone rigid again. “Oh, nice, sink it all the way in.”

I did as I was ordered and started fucking her with great vigor. She moaned and groaned underneath me. AnneMarie wasn’t fat by any means, but she wasn’t an anorexic waif either, she was a fully curved woman and her pussy could take a good pounding which I figured out is exactly what she liked in a fuck session. We fucked for a good ten or fifteen minutes before I finally managed to pop off again inside her unprotected pussy. She cried out with pleasure and I collapsed on top of her and laid there a minute.

The hotel room had crappy lighting and the room was already warm. We should have paused for a moment to turn up the air conditioning, but sex and lust had overtaken our minds. When I finally worked up the strength to roll off her and remove my cock from her cunt, it was a great relief to both of us. I looked over at AnneMarie’s tits to admire they way they stood up happily from her chest. That’s when I noticed the excess of sweat on her body. It wasn’t sweat. It was milk. Her tits were literally leaking milk. I’d never seen that before in a woman and I did a mild freakout for a second.

“What the fuck!” I exclaimed.

“What? What?” she asked looking around for alien invaders or a masked homicidal maniac. Then she noticed I was staring at her tits. And then she noticed her leaking milk. “Oh, that. I thought you got all my milk already. Sorry.”

“What do you mean your milk?”

“My breasts are lactating,” she explained carefully. “It’s what breasts do.”

“Right,” I agreed. “Did you have a baby recently or something?” I didn’t see any

stretch marks on her body, but that didn't mean anything.

"No, it's very easy for me to lactate," she said. "My husband loves it."

"Right," I agreed again. "Is that why your tits are so huge?" I asked trying not to sound like an ass or moron.

She smiled at me. "No, they're just naturally big. But when my milk came in they got firmer and rounder. Men love it. Especially my husband."

"Does he know you're having sex with other guys?" I asked her trying to change the subject but not picking a very good one.

"Oh, shit, thanks for reminding me." She hopped off the bed and grabbed her purse from the dresser, pulled out her cell phone and started texting. "I need to tell him a few things. This will only take a minute." She frowned and concentrated at the phone. "But yeah, he knows I have sex with other men. It's okay. He has sex with other women. But he doesn't know about you yet."

"Me?"

"Yeah, you. You only picked me up an hour ago. Do you think he's telepathic?"

"Uh, no."

She sighed and rolled her eyes at me. "Hold on," she said and texted standing there in the middle of the hotel room while completely nude and unconcerned that she was admitting to her husband that she had just cheated on him with me. And her breasts were lactating. That was the part I couldn't get over.

I watched her and she didn't acknowledge me. As she texted her breasts jiggled a little and her mouth twisted into a slight smile. That was all I needed to be completely enthralled with her.

Abruptly she looked up at me. Her smile changed from bemusement to wicked. "Can I take a picture of your dick?"

"What?"

"You know," she continued on, "for posterity. I like to keep a record of the guy's

I've fucked. Don't worry. Your face won't be in the picture...unless you want it to be." She brandished her cell phone, already aiming at my crotch, ready to take the photo before I had given my permission.

"Wait a second, don't you need my consent or something?"

She sighed. "That's what I'm asking for now." I could sense she was trying not to roll her eyes.

"Oh. Right." I should have given my answer more thought. "Why not?"

Immediately AnneMarie's expression perked up again. "Great!" She fell to her knees next to the bed and took my cock in her mouth. I didn't need much encouragement to start to get hard again. She stopped before the blowjob could go very far. "Just enough to get you a little hard. And I like to show a little wetness on cock's a take pictures of. Like they just fucked me." And with that she snapped off a couple of pictures of my semi-hard cock. It was odd to realize what she was doing, but who would recognize my cock if the picture ever did make it onto the internet?

Then she handed me with cellphone. "Take a couple of me with your cock in my mouth." AnneMarie didn't really give me a choice. She put her mouth on my cock again, taking about half its length, and then looked up at me with wanton eyes. I just took the pictures as ordered and handed the phone back to her. It was also artifice and posing. It didn't seem real.

"What's your name?" she asked me.

"What?"

"I didn't get your name. Or I don't remember it. But I need to attach a name to the picture."

"Oh. William."

She smiled. "Good. I like that. Plain and simple." She went back to the phone and did some more texting, presumably to her husband. I don't know. AnneMarie all but ignored me. I was sure if that upset me to be used like an object, a fuck toy for her, or if it aroused me, that she saw me as a sexual object that was both under her control and desirable to her own substantial libido.

When she was done she looked up at me. Another smile twisted on her lips.
“Robert says you have a handsome cock.”

“Robert?”

She rolled her eyes again. I wasn’t very good at this sexual play. “My husband. Don’t worry, he’s not gay or bi or anything like that. He’s just seen a lot of cocks that have fucked me and he knows what I like. Take it as a compliment.”

“Okay.”

“What’s your phone number?”

“Why?”

“Geez you ask a lot of stupid questions. I want to send you these pictures. Don’t you want a picture of my face sucking your cock?”

I hadn’t given the idea a thought before she mentioned it. “Um sure.” I gave her the number. She must have sent me the photos because she was just about to put the phone away when it rang. Taking a moment to glance at the ID, she got giddy with excitement and turned away from me to talk. I hadn’t noticed up to that point, but for a woman carrying twenty extra pounds on her hips, her ass was fantastic. I could have stared at it all day and night while she absently paced back and forth on the small aisle in the room.

“Hi honey! Yeah. Meetings were boring, the usual stuff. Uh-huh. No, he’s a nice guy. Very submissive.” Me? Yeah, I suppose so. I never asserted myself as much as I should have. My wife always told me that. “He’s kind of cute...in a nerdy way.” She glanced at me and gave me a wink, then turned back around. Was she kidding around or did she actually find me attractive. I could never figure that out. Women were forever a puzzle to me. “No, didn’t need to use the pump. William helped me out. Uh-huh. Maybe tomorrow morning too. I’ll have to see. Yeah. I need to go.” Pause. “You know why. Don’t ask me that now. I’ll tell you everything later. Love you. Bye.” She clicked off and looked back at me. “Want to spend the night?”

I double blinked at her. “You actually want to spend the night with me?”

She smiled with a look of understanding that a teacher give a very slow student.

“I’ve already fucked you, honey. I’d like to do it again. But in the morning.”

“I could be an axe murderer,” I pointed out to her.

“Then you’ve forgotten your axe.”

“I could still be a murderer.”

She smiled sadly. “Maybe. But that’s a risk I’m willing to take. Look, I’m tired. I like sleeping next to somebody warm. I like to have sex in the morning. My breasts fill up with milk at night and it’s easier to have someone suck the milk out rather than using a boring and somewhat painful breast pump. Do you want to spend the night and get laid in the morning or not?”

“Yes.”

AnneMarie took a deep cleansing breath. “Great. I sleep in the nude. That okay with you?”

I woke up with AnneMarie’s hand stroking my cock. “Look, I know it’s morningwood, but before we fuck, you need to empty my tits. They’re starting to hurt.”

It took me a minute to get my bearings. Hotel room. AnneMarie. Big tits. An almost painful erection. Hot room. Tangled sheets. Right: sex with a stranger and milky breasts. “Oh. Good morning. Wow. I must have fallen right to sleep last night.”

“Me too,” she agreed as she let go of my cock. “Enough small talk. You made a promise last night and you need to get to work.” AnneMarie was lying on her side and she lifted up her breast toward my face.

“Breast milk?” I asked. I licked my lips with nervousness. Maybe she interpreted that as hungry anticipation.

“Fresh from the source. You should feel honored, few have tasted milk as sweet and delicious as this.”

My stomach was quivering with fear and excitement. Last night I had drunk her milk without fully realizing it. Now I was going to do it because she asked me to. I wanted to fuck her again, that was for certain, but was I willing to actually consume her breast milk for that opportunity? My cock and libido said yes, but I couldn't force my mouth down to latch on to her breast.

"Having second thoughts?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah, it's just that I haven't done this before. Well, not knowingly."

"William, honey, just do it. You had breast milk as a baby if your mother raised you right. You had it last night. Lots of men drink their wife's milk. You know you want to." She smiled at me. I hadn't move my eyes from her full breasts. In the half light of early morning, I could start to see just the tiniest seepage of clear milk from her nipples. "And when you're done I'll fuck you any way you want as a reward."

I opened my mouth and latched on to her unpierced nipple. It was warm in my mouth. Instead of hardening with sexual excitement, the nipple shaped itself to fill my mouth and I sucked and I was rewarded with a sweetness on my tongue that was all but indescribable.

"Ohh, that's nice," AnneMarie muttered. "See, it's not hard."

I nodded and sucked again. More milk flowed. I swallowed. I sucked more. It was heavenly. Divine. I wanted more. I sucked harder. It came out quicker. AnneMarie sighed with relaxation and satisfaction.

"This is the way I like to wake up in the morning," she told me, kissing the hair on top of my head. I put my hand between her legs and felt for her pussy. She opened her thighs and allowed me access. I could feel wetness building. Her breast continued to produce milk, squirting it into my mouth and I swallowed. I normally ate a huge breakfast every morning and this was proving to be the most convenient way to settle my growling stomach. "It's good, isn't it?" she asked me.

I just nodded my head in agreement. A minute ago breastfeeding from an adult woman seemed stupid and insane. Now it was heaven on Earth, and I was receiving this ambrosia from an ordinary woman's tits.

“Keep going, honey. I need them drained. I won’t be seeing Robert until late tonight. You need to empty me so they don’t hurt at the end of the day.”

I did as instructed. I sucked on her tit for ten minutes as hard as I could, sucking out every bit of nutritious milk.

“Oh, very good,” AnneMarie said, pulling her tit free of my greedy lips. “You’ve emptied it. But don’t forget I’ve got two. Want to switch sides or put your head up on a pillow?”

“Switch sides,” I said. In a flash I jumped over her body and latched on to her other breast, this one the one with the pierced nipple. In my mouth the golden ring felt somehow correct on my tongue. It took no effort at all to get her milk flowing from the second breast. Indeed, it has already begun dribbling when I was working on the first. Her breast was faintly moist with her lost milk. I sucked on her nipple, drinking her milk, as I played with the ring that was somehow a part of her and foreign at the same time. She seemed to enjoy what I was doing, but having little frame of reference I didn’t know if I was truly pleasing her or if AnneMarie was merely tolerating my bad behavior to avoid painful breasts later in the day.

All too soon her breast was drained and had turned back to nothing more than a container full of possibility and oozing sensuality. I didn’t let go of her tit. She was forced to pull the nipple from my mouth. It came out wet and shining, slight discolored from my over-enthusiastic sucking. “Good boy,” she complimented me. “You did an excellent job. Now for your reward. How do you want to fuck me?”

I had no special fetish or kink or even a favorite position. My sex life up until that moment had been decidedly vanilla and I couldn’t think of a single thing that I wanted to do to this walking goddess of the breast. “I don’t know,” I breathed out. I was a little winded from the effort of nursing, having foregone breathing for a bit of extra milk.

“Lots of guys like to tit fuck me. I’ve got some KY in my bag. Do you want to do that?” She looked at me hopefully, eyebrows raised, her hands on her tits, raising them up slightly and pressing them together.

I shook my head. “No, I don’t think I’m into that. Could you just get on your hands and knees? I’ll fuck you doggy style.”

“Are you going to put it in my ass?” she asked. There was a naughty lilt to her voice and more than a bit of hopeful thinking.

“No. I just want to fuck you regular. Just from behind.”

She seemed disappointed. “No? Well, there’s KY if you change your mind.” With that she rolled all the way over, got up like I requested, arched her back down a bit to angle her ass upwards, and spread her legs. She looked at me expectantly.

My cock was still hard from waking up. And from sucking on her tits. I was fired up and ready to go. Her cunt was open and ready. It took no effort to slide into her wet sex. I didn’t lean forward at all. I just slammed back and forth in her, my hands resting on her ass. She moaned and groaned at all the appropriate times. I slapped her ass a few times as we fucked. She seemed to like it. In almost no time at all I came hard inside her pussy. My sticky cum shot deep into her cunt and I rammed against her, pushing her down into the bed, letting my full weight crush her, pinning her poor breasts against the mattress.

“Fuck that was good,” I said a minute later when I regained my breath.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “Want to go shower together.

Hotel showers aren’t especially well-made for dual showering, but we endured the difficulties. I paid extra attention to her breasts, making sure they were properly cleaned and completely drained of milk. AnneMarie seemed pleased with my attention to detail.

When we were done, dried, and dressed, she gave me a peck on the lips, grabbed her bag, and said, “It was wonderful. Maybe we can do it again sometime.” And with that she was out the door.

I sat on the bed for fifteen minutes wondering what had happened.

The next few days I passed in a melancholy stupor. I received the photos she sent me and spent a couple anxious hours beating off to them. Her face and lips wrapped around my cock were the perfect image for my masturbatory fantasies. For once I was actually starring in my fantasies rather than wishing I were

someone else.

What was missing beyond a woman's warm body next to mine, was AnneMarie's wonderful milk. I didn't realize it at first, but the taste of her milk was unparalleled. I wasn't so stupid as to believe that only her breast milk was like that, but I felt the need to consume breast milk again. So I called AnneMarie. She had inadvertently given me her cell phone number when she sent me her pictures.

"Hello?" Her voice was confused. Obviously she didn't recognize my number on her caller ID.

"Hi!" I said a little too brightly. "It's William!" Immediately I wanted to hang up and bury my phone in the back yard. This was a stupid idea.

"William?" she asked. Had I called at a bad time? Was it ever a good time?

"From last week at the Albany hotel?" It came out as a question. I tried to make my voice sound hopeful. I knew from her phone number she lived in the same area code as me, so she couldn't be very far away. She hadn't been in the city just for a night and was jetting off to California the next day. "We had a, um, good time together."

There was a pause then light laughter came over the phone. "Right. I remember you William. Sorry, I drew a blank at first. I wasn't expecting you to call. You caught me off guard."

"Sorry about that," I mumbled into the phone and then pressed on. If I didn't do it right away I knew I'd chicken out. I was that sort of person. "Look, I haven't been able to get you out of my head since last week and I was wondering if you'd want to get together again."

There was another pause. This one was decidedly uncomfortable. "Oh. I wasn't expecting that either. I had pretty much written you off as a one-night stand, Will."

That made my heart leap.

"But I don't know if I'll be able to do anything with you in the near future," she continued on in that tone I'd heard one too many times from other women, polite

but firm insistence that I was a nice guy, but they weren't going to give me any more time out of their lives.

"Oh. Well then. Sorry to have wasted your time," I said into the phone and went to disconnect, but her voice came through and stopped me.

"It's the milk, isn't it?" she asked. "And not the sex. It's always the milk," she said. "Sex you can find anywhere, a woman's milk—her essence really—is difficult and rare to find."

"Yes," I agreed. She must have gone through this before with other losers like me. "I don't know what to do..."

"It'll be hard," she told me. "Finding a someone to have sex with you can be difficult in the best of times. And you're looking for something special beyond just sex, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Look, I can't give you much in the way of advice or what to do...but your best option is to find someone who is willing to have sex with you and after that you need to tell her that you have a breast milk fetish and you'd like her to try and lactate for you."

I listened with a stunned silence for a moment. "That'll take...forever."

"A year if you're lucky," she said.

"That seems like forever."

"It'll be hard, honey. I'm not going to sugarcoat it for you."

Without thinking I blurted out, "Couldn't you just let me, you know, feed from you maybe once or twice a month?"

I could hear her shaking her head over the phone. "No. That's not going to happen. I only allow others to nurse from me when my husband isn't available. My milk is for him."

"But—"

“No,” she repeated. “I’m not saying never, ever, but don’t count on it. Next best advice I can give you is look on adult dating websites that are kink-friendly. Don’t go looking for a girl on a ‘Lactating Lasses Looking for Love’ site. Those are ninety-nine percent male and you’ll wind up wasting your time.”

“Right,” I absently agreed.

“Keep me in mind,” AnneMarie said. “I’m not doing this to be cruel, I’m doing it so you know what realities you’re up against. Goodbye.” And she hung up.

I could have been stupid and called her back a hundred times. But I didn’t. I could have been stupid and stalked the hell out of her on Facebook. But I didn’t. I went to my bed and cried instead.

AnneMarie was exceedingly polite and helpful, but kept me at arm’s length. She refused my friend request on Facebook. She did send me some links to helpful websites. She did send me some nice photos of her breasts, a few of which showed her milk flowing. For those I was exceedingly grateful.

And then I did the stupid thing and looked on Craigslist for willing women who wanted to have sex with breast-fixated men. I started sending out wild emails and calls to every woman in my area who had any ad on Craigslist. I knew most of them were prostitutes but I didn’t care. I knew what I wanted I wasn’t going to stop until I got it. Most of them blew me off, of course. The few who did respond—the professionals—quickly figured out my kink. Some were willing to go along and play out the fantasy for me, but they all told me their breasts weren’t lactating and that was that. Those conversations I always ended. Playing and pretending wasn’t what I wanted. I needed the real thing.

The worst mistake I made was losing myself in the terrible pornography on the internet that appealed to breast milk fetishists. Most of it is terrible, none of it showed what I wanted to experience. Too much spraying of milk and images of women’s breasts being horribly abused and tortured. I didn’t want that. I wanted to see the sweetness of a woman feeding a man or woman she loved with the milk she produced just for them. There was a tiny bit of that, but not nearly enough.

And then I received a reply to an email I had sent to a prostitute on Craigslist.

Her ad was subtle, but anyone reading it would know exactly what she was offering. Katherine's phone call was direct and to the point. "Is this William?"

"Yes."

"This is Katherine. You replied with an email to my ad on Craigslist. Are you still interested?" She paused expectantly.

It took my brain a minute to process what she was saying. "Yes, but only if your lactating."

The pause on the other side of the conversation was telling. "Yeah. If that's what you want, that's fine with me."

"Are you lactating?" I asked directly. I'd been through this process one too many times to waste any emotional energy on the exchange.

"Yes." She seemed disinterested in the information. "Don't you want to know anything else about me?" she asked.

"Nope. As long as your breasts work, that's all I need." And with that we set a time and date. I didn't care that I was committing a crime by hiring a prostitute. My life had been normal up to the point that I met AnneMarie and a little bit of criminal activity wouldn't deter me in the least.

She came to my house, which I thought was bold and brave of her. When the bell rang at the appointed time I had to restrain myself from running to fling it open. What I found at my front door was a rather ordinary looking woman in her mid-twenties. Plain brown shoulder length hair, average frame, perhaps a little overweight by a few pounds, average height, unremarkable face, and modestly dressed. She wore a little makeup and a necklace but that was the extent of her ornamentation. "Katherine?" I asked expectantly.

"You must be William," she said sticking out her hand and acting much like an insurance saleswoman. Then I noticed she was carrying a small briefcase.

"Right," I said. "Come on in." She stepped in. I noticed that maybe her chest was slightly above average, but not exceedingly so. "What's with the briefcase?" I asked.

“Makes me look professional,” she replied as she glanced around my small entryway. I led her to the living room. “It’s supposed to be a good cover. At least that’s what I’ve been told, but I’ve never had a run in with the cops.”

“How long have you been doing this?” I asked. It seemed odd to be asking her about her profession, but I didn’t want to actually broach the subject of why she was here in my house. That would be the right way to approach the problem and I generally don’t approach any problem from the correct direction.

“About six months,” she answered. “The money’s pretty good and it’s hard to find a regular job right now.”

“Yeah. I hear you.”

“So, how do you want to do this?” she asked me. “Do you just want to suck on my tits or do you want to have real sex too?”

I licked my lips and swallowed hard. Her words were magic in my ears. “Can I just suck on you for a while and then go from there?”

Katherine shrugged. “Sure. It’s your time and money.”

I’d already paid her by credit card, which was weird. At this point I just wanted to see her tits. “Take off your shirt,” I told her.

She nodded and absently unbuttoned her blouse. “Okay if I sit on the couch?” she asked. I nodded. Her bra was plain white, not lacy or anything fancy, but nice. Not a nursing bra I quickly noted, not that such a garment was necessary. Casually she reached behind her back and unhooked the garment, freeing her breasts. They were nice. Heavy and full, but not huge. She had large nipples, almost red in tone, but smaller than AnneMarie’s. I stood there thunderstruck by the beauty of her chest. “Are you ready?” she asked sitting down and placing one of the couch’s small pillows on her lap. She must have done this before with other men.

I took a deep breath to calm myself then quickly laid down on the couch, rested my head on the pillow, and took her fat nipple in my mouth. As I took my first suck I closed my eyes and lost myself in her breasts. The warm, sweet milk slid over my tongue and went down my throat. I was immediately in ecstasy. I sucked eagerly and hard, trying to get every bit of milk out of her. I should have

been savoring every drop, but I just wanted to get as much as possible as quickly as possible.

“Slow down,” Katherine told me, “there’s plenty of time and plenty of milk. No hurry. Enjoy yourself.” I nodded into her breast as slowed down a bit. She obviously knew what she was talking about. She was a professional. Her milk was divine. In my mind it didn’t measure up to AnneMarie’s, but that was probably wishful thinking and false memory. With each suck I could feel her jets of milk spraying into my mouth and filling up my stomach. This was exactly what I wanted, exactly where I wanted to be. It was perfect.

I half opened my eyes and looked up at Katherine. Her eyes were also closed. I felt that made me closer to her. She rested one hand on my shoulder and in the other she held a small cloth and cupped her free breast, keeping her milk from leaking all over. Both breasts were bare and unpierced. I wondered if she ever considered piercing one of her nipples like AnneMarie did. It probably wasn’t the right time to suggest it.

We settled into our positions and I continued to suckle her. It was heaven. Katherine seemed to be enjoying herself—or at least she didn’t mind what I was doing to her. Her milk was warm and sweet and she didn’t mind sharing it with me...for her stated price.

All too soon she lightly pushed on my face. I let her breast slip from between my lips and looked up at her, puzzled and hurt. “Time to switch,” she told me. “You aren’t getting any more out of that one.”

“You can tell?” I asked.

She rolled her eyes. “Of course I can tell. I always know when my breasts are full or empty. Geez. This isn’t the first time I’ve done this. Can’t you tell you weren’t getting any more milk?”

To be honest, I had slipped into such a contemplative and contented state she there could have been a circus parade through my living room without me noticing. “I was trying to get the last drops,” I told her and looked at her nipple. It was wet from my saliva, red and slightly distended from my sucking, but there weren’t any drops of milk hanging either.

At her urging I moved over to her other breast, latched on, and began draining it.

She sighed and settled back on the couch. I felt my cock getting hard. I repositioned my arms to half encircle Katherine's body, but it felt wrong to actually embrace her. That was far too intimate a gesture to make with a prostitute. Her left breast gave milk as easily as the right. I was settled down now and was able to relax while drinking from her now. It was casual and relaxing. My anxiety was gone and my belly slowly filled with her liquid essence. I was contented.

And then it was over. Katherine abruptly pulled her nipple from my mouth. I expected it to be spurting milk everywhere, but except for a fine sheen of saliva, it was dry. "You've emptied me out," she said somewhat absently looking around for her bra. "I can't believe you just sucked on me for nearly an hour."

Immediately I looked at my watch because I didn't believe her, but sure enough it had been an hour. Had she intentionally let me suck on her that long? My cock was hard and I wanted to fuck, but the agreement I negotiated with her was for tit sucking only, no sex. "Wow. The time went fast."

She slid out from underneath me and got to her feet. I rolled over and displayed my rampant erection beneath my pants. Katherine smiled slightly. "Yeah, I get that a lot from my clients. Usually they say it after we've had sex, but this is good too." Her eyes traveled down my body and she saw my flesh straining beneath the fabric. "You're still hard," she commented. "I don't normally have that when I leave a client."

"Yeah. I guess I didn't think that far ahead."

"You gonna beat off after I leave?"

She was bold in her questions. I never would have had the nerve to be that forthright in questioning someone. "Yeah. Probably."

That made her smile. "Probably?"

I hate to admit it, but I blushed at her questioning. "Yes then. I will."

"For an extra twenty I'll give you a handjob if you can finish in less than five minutes."

It was worth the twenty. She had soft, sure, and supple hands. It might have been

the most satisfying masturbation I had ever received. And with that simple exchange she was out the door.

Following our first encounter, I set up a routine with Katherine. Once a week she would come over to my place, and I'd empty her tits of her delicious milk. Then, depending on how much time I'd taken at playing with her boobs and drinking her milk, I'd either get a handjob or blowjob from her. Very rarely we would actually fuck because for that I needed to hurry and I wasn't going to hurry through my lactation session with her. That was precious time that was to be savored, not rushed. Then I noticed more and more that we had plenty of time to fuck. Not that I really minded, but I started to wonder what was going on.

"My milk is drying up," Katherine explained to me.

"What? How can that happen?"

She shrugged. "My daughter is starting to wean herself. My milk production is going down. It happens. But it was a fun and profitable run for me." She smiled and slipped her bra back on, turning around to allow me to fasten the hooks. It was all part of our routine. Then I opened my pants, pushed them down, and sat on the couch. She got on her knees in front of me and took my cock in her hand, slowly stroking me. "Did you really think this would last forever?" she asked.

"I was hoping."

"You need to find a girlfriend who will indulge you," she told me before placing the entire length of my cock in her mouth. I had learned from her long ago that she made most of her money giving head to all sorts of guys. I was the exception, I was the only one who wanted her tits. Everyone else wanted her to suck them off. Katherine had become an artiste at sucking cock over the months that I continued to hire her. It was always a good way to end our sessions. I liked her to come over late. I'd drink her milk, she'd suck me off, and then I'd toddle on to bed and sleep the still sleep of the just and satisfied.

I finished in her mouth, as usual, it seemed a nice parallel exchange of fluids, and after she had a drink of water and got ready to leave she told me, "We need to get you a girlfriend."

“I know,” I said. She’d intimated the same thing many times before, but I’d gone on to ignore her advice.

“No, we need to get you a girlfriend,” she repeated. “I’m not going to be doing this,” she said indicating her breasts and crotch, “much longer. I didn’t tell you but a few weeks ago I got a real job and I’m just seeing a few clients until they find someone else they can trust.” She smiled fondly at me. “You’re one of the last that I still see.”

“What job did you get?” I asked her.

“Don’t try to change the subject. We’re going to get you a nice girlfriend. To do that you’re going to start asking nice girls for their phone numbers and you’re going to call them. One new number every day until you get a date. We’ll start there.” She smiled and stood up a little taller. “And my job is with social services. I serve the community on so many levels.” She pulled a small sheaf of papers out of her bag before leaving. “These are your instructions. Follow them. Keep track of the girls’ names, numbers, and refusals. If you don’t...well, let’s just say you won’t have access to my tits any more. Next time you see me I’ll give you a discount if you’ve been a good boy and followed instructions.”

And so I followed her orders. Partly because I knew she was right, partly because I was terrified that she would cut off my hard won access to her milk—access that I had paid good money for. The instructions were very details. I was impressed. She must have created them just for me. Apparently she was getting tired of being my nursemaid and wanted me to find someone else willing to put her breasts to good use. At first I tried to wheedle out of Katherine’s orders. I was going to put down AnneMarie’s name and number as my first strikeout, but I figured somehow she’d figure out what I’d done. That would be wrong. So on Sunday afternoon I went to the library, stalked around, and finally approached the cute assistant librarian who worked the research and info desk on the weekends.

“My phone number?” she asked, a little confused.

I swallowed and forced myself through the process. “Yeah. I know you must get asked for it a lot...I thought I might take you out to coffee or something.”

“No...”

“Oh, sorry.”

She put out a quick hand to stop me from walking away. “No, I’ve never been asked for my phone number before.” She glanced surreptitiously around. “At least at the research desk.” Grabbing a pen she scribbled her name and number on top of one of the help slips they handed out to lost patrons. “Call me.”

Getting Elle’s number was surprisingly easy. I was shot down in short order by Carrie at the grocery store, Terri who worked the reception desk at my office, Dominique at the coffee bar, some nameless woman who just stared at me when I approached her in the mall, but Marissa at Madeline’s Coffee Bar thought about it for a moment before telling me she was seeing someone else right now. “But if I wasn’t...” she said looking me up and down after I put my coffee on her table, “well, maybe I’d say yes. It’s still nice to be asked.”

I managed to get one more from Aurora, a visiting rep at the office, but I didn’t think she was serious. I got regular rejections at the hotel bar, which I learned was a decent place for picking up women interested in a one-night stand, but not a relationship. Still, I had amassed an impressive two numbers in two weeks, which was two more numbers and near-relationships than I’d been in for over two years. When I called Katherine to tell her of my success she instantly told me to call Elle and invite her out.

“Why her?” I asked. “Why not Aurora? She’s actually more attractive and has bigger breasts.”

“Librarians are inherently kinky. Take her out, get her in bed, show her that you’re both a gentleman and cocksman and there won’t be anything she won’t say no to.”

This put me and Elle out at the open mike night where second-rate comedians tried their all at our local megabookstore’s small performance stage. (“You got to bookstores?” I asked her incredulously. “Sometimes a girl needs to buy a book, not just borrow one,” she explained.) We laughed at giggled, mostly at the comedians efforts rather than their material, but it was an enjoyable evening. When the performances were over I walked her outside to her car. We were

holding hands and I didn't want to let go as we stood next to her open door. "I don't want this date to be over," I told her. I went with sweet and gooey over strange and creepy on Katherine's advice.

"Neither do I," she said refusing to let go of my hand.

I didn't know what else to say so I blurted out, "Well, we could go back to my place and have sex."

Elle's eyes opened slightly and a smile burst onto her face. "That sounds good."

Being naturally awkward and as smooth as shattered glass, I stood there a moment not knowing what to do. "It does?" I managed to stammer out.

"Yes," she said with great confidence. "If you didn't think so, why did you ask me?"

I didn't have an answer to that, so instead we made plans for her to follow me back to my place. Once at my house we went inside and I froze up again, which was okay because Elle practically attacked me. We fell onto the couch and she was tugging at my clothes and pulling hers off at the same time. "Hell it's been a long time since I've been laid," she hissed in my ear.

"You? But you're so beautiful you must get asked out all the time." Lame, I know.

She laughed a little and pulled back from kissing my neck. "Guys don't make passes at girls who wear glasses," she said pulling hers from her face. I had barely noticed the wire and lenses that were normally perched on her nose, to me they were just part of her face. Since I also wore glasses, it was my default setting in understanding how people look and see. "Haven't you heard that before?"

I nodded. "But I don't think it's true."

"It's more true than you realize...at least I'll get some lines, but then when guys realize I'm not just some dummy, that I have a brain, I often get quickly forgotten."

"Oh."

“Where’s your bed?” she asked. She was half on top of me and half on the couch. Her thigh was pressed up against my crotch which was half-enjoyable and half-uncomfortable. “I need some fucking.”

“Up the stairs,” I told her. In a flash she was off me and leading the way. Her shirt was left behind on the living room floor along with her shoes. My shirt was opened and my pants were straining against my erection. Upstairs our clothes came off quickly and we were in my bed rolling around naked before I fully evaluated what we were doing. We should have slowed down a bit, but I was distracted by three very important things. First, Elle was naked and beautiful. Two, she had surprisingly large tits that she kept hidden beneath her modest clothing. I got on top of her and kissed my way down from her face to her tits where I paused and sucked a bit more than I should have.

“Ooh, that feels good, baby, but keep going down.” She shifted her weight and opened up her legs a bit more. I knew what she wanted and didn’t mind eating pussy at all, but I preferred her tits. Still, I didn’t want to disappoint. I continued my way down her body, briefly pausing at her belly button and then onward to her pussy.

She kept her pubes trimmed back to a very short length and shaped to a neat triangle. Her pussy hair was just a shade darker than what was on her head. On her back with her legs spread, she was a sight of beauty. Her labia was puffy and slightly opened. Her scent was strong and musky; it was easy to smell her desire. I dived in. She wasn’t that wet but immediately responded to my attentions. Elle loved to have her pussy eaten. I hadn’t been between her thighs for more than two minutes when suddenly she clamped them around my head and all but screamed with ecstasy. Her body shook as her orgasm took control of her body.

“Fuck! You know how to eat pussy,” she complimented me when she was done. “Now get up here and fuck me.”

Following orders I slid up her body and pushed my hard cock into her well-prepared pussy. I fitted into her nicely, sliding all the way in as she cooed with contentment at being filled with my hard flesh. “Oh, that’s nice, that’s good,” she whispered half to me half to herself.

“Do I need to worry about—” I started to ask her.

“Don’t worry about anything,” she whispered in my ear. “Just fuck me and cum

inside me.”

So I did. It was hard and fast with no technique but lots of enthusiasm. As I came insider her pussy I tried not to think about her getting pregnant; I tried not to think about any STIs we might be exchanging; I tried not to think about how good it felt in comparison to fucking my ex-wife even though I sure my memory was faulty.

When I was done and I laid on top of her she ran her hands up and down my back, lightly caressing my ass every time she moved her arms. I tried to hold my weight up off her as much as possible, but I knew I couldn’t do it very long. It didn’t matter because my cock quickly withered and started to slip out of her pussy. “Do you like cream pies?” she asked me quietly.

“What?” Why was she talking about dessert now?

“I love it when guys go down on me after they come in me,” she said. “It’s extra naughty.”

“Um...no,” I said trying to think of a tactful way of turning her down. “I’ve never done that.”

“Care to try it? Never know what you might like...”

“Wow. Uh. Not tonight. Maybe some other time.”

She laughed at me. “That’s okay. It’s not every guy’s thing. Maybe I can change your mind later on.”

“Maybe,” I said doubtfully. I rolled off her and laid on my side. “But do you mind if I kiss your breasts?”

She rested her fingertips lightly on her breastbone. “My, such formal and polite language for a tawdry encounter.”

I grinned. “Can I suck on your tits?” I asked, amending my first request.

“Sure,” she happily agreed. I wiggled down her body and pulled her tit into my mouth. I closed my eyes but I could feel her watching me. I sucked on her nipple, playing with it, rolling it between my lips and tongue, I even lightly bit it.

With one hand I reached across her body and lightly held her other nipple, squeezing it ever so lightly, just to remind her that I wasn't done with her breasts until I had had both. She didn't seem to mind my play at all. "And all guys love boobs," she said after a while.

"Am I hurting you?" I asked.

"No. Just watching. And commenting. It feels nice. I learned pretty quick in high school not to flaunt the size of your breasts unless you want unwanted attention. Do you like big boobs?"

"Uh-huh," I mumbled into her breast.

"Typical," she teased.

I rolled over her body, releasing her first breast, leaving it wet, red, and erect, and got on the other side of her body, taking up her other nipple. Elle actually raised up her torso a bit to offer her breast to me. That was a good sign.

As good as the play was, it wasn't perfect. Though her breasts were large and full, they weren't full of milk. They stood up proudly and her nipples responded to my touch and my lips, but they didn't offer up the liquid ambrosia that I craved. But she did spend the night and we fucked again in the morning. She didn't mind in the least that I played with her breasts the entire time.

"I'm glad you finally got laid from someone you weren't paying," Katherine said to me as I nursed from her full breasts. It had been far too long to go without fresh milk. I knew it was bad to keep going back to Katherine, but she was the only woman that was offering me her breast milk...for a price.

I nodded at her, refusing to let her breast slip from my mouth. Her breasts were smaller than I remembered. It had been almost a two weeks since I had seen her, paid for her milk, and they were definitely smaller. She admitted as much. Her supply was drying up and soon there would none at all. She wasn't going to keep it up for me because she promised me that there would only be two more months of service from her. I was facing a deadline that I wasn't going to meet.

"Still haven't found a girl with active tits though, huh?"

“No,” I mumbled into her breast.

“How many times have you gone out with is Elle?”

I held up five fingers.

“And how many times have you gotten her into bed?”

To be honest, Elle had gotten me into bed as much as I had seduced her, but I wasn’t going to split hairs with Katherine. I held up five fingers again.

“You need to tell her the next time you see her that you’ve been grooming her to get her tits lactating for your pleasure. You need to tell her that you want to use her.”

That was enough to make me pull back from her breast. “What? That’ll drive her away!”

Katherine shrugged and pulled up the flap on her now dry breast and offered me her other one. “Maybe. Maybe not. But look at it this way: tell her now and maybe she’ll dump you. But then you won’t be wasting time with someone who doesn’t enjoy the same things as you. Let her figure out what you’re doing six months from now and she’ll resent what you’ve been doing to her and you’ll have wasted more time. But if you reveal your big secret now maybe she’ll go along with it...or at least you won’t have wasted your time.”

I followed her logic, but it was hard to face that kind of harsh reality.

“And if she is into it...” Katherine let her words trails off.

“Now I understand why so many men go to prostitutes,” I told her. “You’re more honest and helpful than psychologists.”

I sat Elle down at the kitchen table before we went out on our planned date.

“Okay, what do need to tell me?” I was able to sense that she was nervous about our little meeting. Maybe she thought I was going to dump her? That was hardly likely considering that I was so incompetent with relationships.

“This is hard for me to say, so I’m just going to do it and if you want to walk out and never see me again, I understand.”

I noticed her hands trembling a bit as she rested them on the table. She nodded and didn’t say anything. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath.

“I want to keep dating you, but we can’t do that unless you’re willing to induce your breasts to lactate.” I had practiced that short speech a hundred times. There was no way for it to sound smooth, suave, subtle, or seductive. I waited a moment expecting to hear her get up and walk out. There was silence. I opened my eyes. She was just staring at me.

“That’s an odd request,” she said softly.

“So’s asking me to eat a cream pie on our first date,” I said a little too quickly.

“Touché,” she riposted.

“Are you going to leave now?” I asked her.

“I’m considering it,” she said. Then shook her head and corrected herself. “I mean I’m considering your request; I’m not considering leaving. Not yet.”

“Oh.”

“Can I make a counteroffer?”

I shrugged. I had nothing to lose. I was still positive she was toying with me and was ready to walk out the door.

“It’s a weird kink. I’ll give you that. But I’m willing to try it. If you’re willing to go to swingers parties with me.”

My brain stopped working. “What?”

“I like having sex with groups. Large groups. Orgies. If you want to continue to date me, you have to let me go to my group parties. Or come with me.” She smiled. “And cum with me.”

“Oh.” My brain still wasn’t working.

“I should be honest with you,” she said looking away from me and staring at the wall. “While we’ve been dating I’ve gone to some group parties. I’ve had sex with other men and women without telling you. I figured it was okay since we hadn’t agreed to be exclusive.”

“Right,” I said, not really understanding what I was saying.

“So, I suppose you asking me to try lactation as a kink for you isn’t outrageous,” she said. “I just don’t know if anyone else would want that. It’s strange.”

“Not like group sex with anonymous strangers?” I asked.

“Oh, it’s not anonymous,” she said. “I know most of them pretty well. I’m popular at the parties. Single women are a rarity in the swinger scene.”

“Right.”

There was a long awkward pause between us. “So...do you want to give it a go?” she asked me.

“What?” I asked. I had already forgotten where the conversation had gone.

She sighed and inclined her head back and forth as she went through her points. “Do you want to go to swingers parties with me? If you’d like to, I’m willing to try the whole lactation thing that you seem to be into. But,” she held up a finger, “I think we need to make our dating exclusive at this point. Otherwise we should go our separate ways.”

I nodded and tried to think. My brain still didn’t work but I managed to come out with, “You had sex with women at these parties?”

“Yes,” Elle said in a small voice.

“And men?”

“Yes.”

“Um...can I have sex with other women at these parties?”

“Yes.” Her voice brightened slightly.

“And...do I have to have sex with the men?”

“That’s optional.”

And so we started on a regimen of homeopathic drugs and nipple stimulation designed to get Elle’s breasts working the way I wanted them to. I was surprised she was willing to go along with my plan.

“What if we break up?”

“Then I’ll stop,” she told me. “It’s not like I’m getting a tattoo that says ‘William’ inside a heart.”

“Right.”

And we started planning our first outing to a swinger’s group. Elle knew a lot of couples into that particular lifestyle and she spent some times making inquiries into where we should go first. Though it was certainly the fantasy of many men, the thought of actual group sex made me nervous. It didn’t seem to bother Elle of course because it was her kink. I didn’t know which god to thank for dropping her into my life and her willingness to go happily along with my insanity.

“They’re getting bigger,” she told me one night after we had finished fucking. I was lazily rubbing her nipples, just feeling them under my palms. Before we had fucked I had sucked on her breasts for a good long time. I wasn’t sure if she was lying to me or not, but she always said my sucking relaxed her and turned her on as well. Why she would be lying to me I couldn’t figure out, but that is how my brain worked. I had no self-confidence and a terrible self-image.

“They are?” I asked. I peered down at her rack and tried to properly evaluate them as Elle laid on her back. “I can’t see any difference.”

“They feel heavier and my bras feel tighter. You’re making them grow.”

“You’re just saying that to make me feel good.”

She laughed at me. “You really need to get a more positive outlook on life. Not everyone is going to abuse you like in high school. Not everyone is going to look

down on you or leave you just because you aren't living up to their standards." I had told Elle about my ex-wife and her quick marriage to a guy I just referred to as the wanker. He probably never had to wank off once in his life. He probably had cheerleaders giving him blowjobs in junior high.

"I'll try."

"Once you have a room of women to choose from who'll happily have sex with you, I'm sure things will change."

"Right," I agreed.

It takes a long time to get a woman's breasts to start lactating. I was more than willing to put in the time necessary with Elle. I knew what I was getting into. But she had needs as great as mine and that is why we wound up at one of her orgies before I had harvested a single drop of milk from her breasts.

"I think this is a bad idea," I said as we walked up to the front porch of the upper middle class suburban house. It was a nice neighborhood where the streets curved around so you didn't have to see more than one of your neighbors at a time. There were plenty of nice cars in the driveway and on the street. Obviously there was a party going on inside; I doubted anyone in the surrounding homes had any idea exactly what type of party it was.

"You can't chicken out now," Elle told me. She had a firm grip on my hand and refused to let go. "I told everyone I was bringing a date and you aren't going to embarrass me now." She was nicely dressed in a silk blouse, black skirt, and high heels but nothing too fancy. Elle had made me change three times before she deemed my clothing acceptable for the party. "Aren't we going to wind up naked anyway?" I asked in protest after we had inspected nearly every item in my closet.

"But you want to make a good first impression."

"I'm terrible at parties."

"Just stick with me and everything will be fine."

And so I did. She rang the bell, we were let in, and I refused to let go of her hand. I was scared out of my mind. We were invited inside by a woman who was undoubtedly the epitome of middle America wife of a successful accountant. She was pretty, but not strikingly beautiful. She was fully clothed and the party seemed like any generic cocktail or dinner party. Everyone knew Elle. That made me nervous. Everyone greeted me warmly with a minimal amount of joking and leers or suggestive comments. Those were probably all in my mind. I was offered a drink and we were shown to the buffet table. I forgot everyone's names almost immediately. We were there for half an hour and I started to get bored. The conversation was generic focusing on weather, local politics, and someone's sports obsession. The people were nice enough, but there was the complete absence of sex and sexual tension. I expected an orgy to have sex and nudity. None of that had made an appearance.

I started to think that Elle had put me on and this was just a party of acquaintances and Elle wanted to see how I did under pressure with her friends. That made me relax a bit. I didn't need to do anything other than pretend to be uncomfortable at a party; that I could easily do. Then I noticed the number of those in attendance had decreased and I hadn't witnessed anyone leaving. Then I saw a couple sneaking upstairs; that was understandable at any party. But I remember that when they had been introduced to me, they were with different partners, different spouses.

Maybe Elle wasn't putting me on.

"Are you ready to go downstairs for the big show?" she asked me.

"What show?"

Elle tilted her head to the side and gave me a goofy grin. "We didn't come here for mediocre wine and so-so hors d'oeuvres, Will. I picked tonight because of what's going on downstairs."

"What's going on downstairs?" I asked stupidly.

"That's where the orgy is," she told with a barely concealed sigh. "Why do you think we're here? Upstairs is the cocktail party, downstairs is the orgy."

"Right," I said. "But you didn't tell me that."

She grinned at me. “I don’t tell you everything.”

A few of the couples and groups around us were giving us knowing smiles as we headed down to the basement. The stairs were narrow and poorly lit and when we hit the bottom the room was obviously originally meant to be a rec room for the kids who had probably moved out years ago. The ceiling was low, the lighting was purposely dim, the room was crowded with too many bodies, but this time most of them were either half-undressed or completely nude. No one was having sex as far as I could see, everyone was watching the woman at the far end of the room.

She was seated and topless; her pants were still on. Two nude men were kneeling in front of her, their backs to the crowd while she stared out at everyone else. For a moment I wasn’t sure what they were doing, then it dawned upon me they were kissing her breasts. Then I realized they weren’t just kissing her breasts. They were sucking. They were feeding from her.

I stood there shocked. Elle pressed closer to me. The entire crowd was watching this intimate moment. Then the two men pulled off her tits and a man standing next to the woman made an announcement. “I need another couple to feast on AnneMarie’s breasts. Who wants to volunteer?” Immediately hands shot up and accompanied by catcalls and shouted pieces of advice. “Nudes only, please,” he added. More people stripped down. Elle nudged me.

“Don’t you want to volunteer?” she said softly in my ear.

“No. Yes. I don’t know.” Once again I wasn’t able to keep up with events around me. Two volunteers had already approached the throne-like chair that was set on a small dais. This time it was a man and a woman, both middle-aged, but in rather good shape; her buttocks stood firm and well-defined as she knelt down in front of AnneMarie. With no hesitation at all the couple took up AnneMarie’s breasts and started nursing happily.

“We should strip,” Elle said to me, “so we can be next up. They want couples, pairs.” She started unbuttoning her shirt. I didn’t move.

“I know her,” I said softly. I recognized her face. I recognized the shape and size of her breasts. I recognized the ring through her left nipple.

“What?”

“I know her,” I repeated. “AnneMarie. I slept with her once. She was lactating then too.”

“When?” Elle asked. I glanced at her. She had removed her blouse and pants and was awkwardly reaching behind her back to unhook her bra.

“Almost a year ago, I guess.”

“She was brought in special for this party,” Elle explained. “That’s why I brought you.” She reached over and started unbuttoning my shirt.

“Did you know I had been with her?” I asked. Elle was naked. It seemed so perfectly natural to her. I wanted to put my hands up and keep her from undressing me, but I didn’t. The crowd around us didn’t seem to hear our conversation. They were watching AnneMarie and talking amongst themselves.

“No,” she answered. “I didn’t know anything about her. That’s her husband up there,” she pointed out.

“Oh.” And with that Elle had my pants off. I stood there, anonymous among all the other naked and half-naked bodies. Elle was the most beautiful among all the women, but I couldn’t take my eyes off AnneMarie and the couple feeding on her milk. I wanted to shove my way to the front of the room and take my turn. Unconsciously my cock hardened. Elle’s hand went around it. Her hand was the only thing keeping me from rushing the small stage when the next change of couples was made. I didn’t see where the others had gone.

“You want to do this?” Elle asked me.

“Yes!” There was more confidence in my voice than I had ever heard before.

She led me by the cock toward the front of the room. We had to wait another cycle—this time with a couple that certainly didn’t need any extra snacks or high-fat milk treats—before we got our turn.

Her husband spotted us—most likely his eyes fell on Elle and he wanted a closer look—and brought us up to his wife. AnneMarie was sitting straight and proud in her chair, leaning ever so slightly forward to offer us supplicants her breasts. If she recognized me, she didn’t give anything away. I knelt down next to Elle and with just a touch of encouragement and guidance from her husband we both

latched on and were sucking AnneMarie's milk out of her tits. I had been careful. I positioned myself so that I got her left breast, the one with the ring.

It was every bit of wonderful that I remembered. AnneMarie sighed a bit, enjoying the attention. Her milk was sweet and heavy on my tongue. The ring was a perfect hard contrast to her soft flesh. It was every bit as wonderful as I had remembered, even better the second time I got to feed from her. I briefly glanced over at Elle as she was attached to AnneMarie's breast. Her eyes were closed she was concentrating on the moment. I knew she was getting every bit of goodness that I was and that made me jealous.

And all too soon it was over. AnneMarie's husband told us we were done, another couple was brought up to replace us. I hadn't gotten more than a minute of milk. My cock was still hard. Stars were shining in Elle's eyes.

"Wow," she said as we stepped away. She grabbed my hand and pressed it to her pussy, forcing my fingers inside. She was sopping wet. My eyes went wide. "I've never done that before," she said. "I can see why you want more."

I nodded. "Uh-huh."

"C'mon," she told me, pulling me by the hand. "I know at least one couple that wants to get down with me tonight."

We went on a wild search through the house for a minute, peering in doors and checking out couples and groups that were having sex. The basement was actually a large L-shaped room. Those who had already fed from AnneMarie were on a large mattress on the floor lost in a tangle of limbs and bodies. There was more sex there than I could contemplate, but neither Elle nor I wanted that right then. She pulled me up to the second floor of the house and started looking in bedrooms.

"If a door is closed it means they want privacy. Open means come on in and join the fun," she explained to me. It didn't take us long to find Elle's friends. It was supposed to be a couple, but there were four on the large bed in the middle of the room. "Hi, Jason. Hi, Donna," Elle said brightly. "I don't know your friends."

"Mike and Carol," Jason answered after he let Carol's breast slip from his mouth. All four were already in the midst of some tangled knot of lovemaking. The women were pretty enough. They were naked and willing, which for my

milk-fueled cock was all that I needed right then and there. Soft, pale flesh with wet genitalia peeking out was everywhere. “Are you ready to join us?”

“Goddess yes,” Elle said crawling on the bed. “Will might want to start off slow.” She looked at me. “Do you just want to watch me have sex or would you like to do something with Donna or Carol?” she asked me.

It was Carol who spoke up first. “He’s cute,” she announced. “I’d love to give him a blowjob.” She hopped off the bed before I could protest and fell to her knees in front of me. Her warm, moist mouth went around my cock and I shuddered with the strangeness of the experience. Elle watched me for a moment before kneeling on top of Jason’s body, guiding his cock into her pussy as she lowered her hips onto him. It was all absurdly non-normal but I had no trouble enjoying it.

I’m somewhat ashamed to admit that Carol’s blowjob only lasted three minutes at most before I came in her mouth. She never let go of my cock, swallowing every spurt that I pumped out. As I came she looked up into my eyes and happy took every bit of my semen, as if nothing were untoward. My short stamina I partly blame on her mouth, partly on the situation, partly on the newness of the environment, but mostly because I was watching Elle ride Jason’s cock. She relished every moment of their encounter. She was happy when Donna laid down next to Jason and reached up to caress Elle’s breasts. I couldn’t keep track of what everyone was doing. Carol got back on the bed and Mike mounted her from behind. She barely looked at him, she kept her eyes on me.

“I can help you get it back up again,” she said to me. “And when you do, you can have my pussy. Does that sound good to you?”

I nodded. Elle giggled at my predicament. I was leaning against the wall. I desperately wanted to fuck again, but my cock was soft. I envied Mike and Jason for their staying power.

It was Donna who actually pulled me onto the bed, but not for a blowjob. She pushed my head down between her legs where I ate her out. It was strange because I didn’t know if she had been recently fucked, fingered, or eaten out by someone else. It didn’t matter. I made her cum a couple of times, then she pulled me up on top of her. My cock slid easy into her open cunt. It took me a lot longer to cum the second time. I noticed Elle looking over at me several times while

Donna and I fucked. She wasn't jealous I figured out, she was just curious. She was happy to see me enjoying myself. At various points I saw her making love with Mike, Jason, and Carol in all sorts of combinations. I had Donna to myself.

She liked it when I finally came inside her pussy. When we were done and I was breathing heavily next to my recently found lover, Elle came over and kissed me firmly on the lips. "Now do you see why I do this?" she asked me. I could only nod yes.

Elle and I never had sex with each other that night. I was too exhausted. It was fun to watch the three girls play with each other as the men sat ruefully on the sidelines watching their wives and girlfriends continuing to fuck while they were out of the game.

When we were getting ready to leave, by chance Elle and I ran into AnneMarie and her husband. "So nice to see you again," she said as she walked out. I wasn't sure if she was talking to me or Elle. It didn't matter.

She and I spent the night together as had become our custom. In the morning Elle woke me with one hand on my cock and the other pressing her breast to my mouth. "What's this all about?" I mumbled into her soft flesh as I began suckling her.

"Last night was incredible," she told me. "I've had sex with women before, of course. I've had sex in front of other before. I've even been in some ritual sex with other couples...but drinking AnneMarie's milk it was...I don't know how to describe it. Incredible. Amazing. Mind-blowing. Fantastic." She giggled slightly, a sound that was completely foreign coming from her. "I understand you better now."

I pulled her nipple from my mouth briefly. "How's that?" She shifted position slightly to more easily stroke my cock. I didn't need any encouragement this morning. I woke up hard and was ready to fuck but she wasn't quite there yet.

She continued to stroke me as she considered her answer. "The act of taking milk from a person, to drink her milk, to consume her essence...it's incredibly intimate, isn't it?"

"Yes."

“It’s incredibly erotic also.”

I just nodded now.

“It’s an aphrodisiac too, I think.”

I nodded more vigorously and played with her nipple in my mouth.

“Fuck me,” she said softly.

Her previous indulgence of my kink quickly disappeared. Elle all but moved into my house so that it was that much easier to stimulate her breasts. I found her tits in my face every morning when I woke up. Every evening when she and I got home from work her shirk quickly came off and she was forcing her impressive cleavage to my mouth. As we drifted off to sleep every night she insisted I suck on her tits. More than once I went to sleep using her tits as my pillow.

She went so far as to buy a breast pump for the times when we couldn’t get together on the schedule we had created. She doubled the dosage of the blessed thistle extract that was supposed to encourage milk production. Slowly steadily there was a change to her body.

“Shit! My boobs are getting bigger but nothing!” She had just fastened a bra around her torso. Her flesh was spilling over the edges of the cups making for unsightly bulges.

“Maybe you could use the next set of hooks on the strap?” I suggested.

Elle glared at me with blazing eyes. “I already did that!” she snapped at me. IN frustration she practically ripped the garment from her body, hunted around the set of drawers I had given her until she found a completely utilitarian sports bra, pulled that on over her tits and stormed out the front door.

During my lunch I left work, went to the store and bought her a set of nursing bras that were designed to expand and grow with “the nursing mother’s sensitive and changing bustline.” I had to contain my snort of derision as I read the tag. The clerk raised her eyebrows at me when I went to pay. “My wife’s been complaining way too much,” I explained. “New baby and all.”

“I see,” she said primly.

I wondered if she spied my lack of a wedding band.

Back at home Elle had calmed down by the end of the day. She laughed when I presented her with the nursing bras. “That’s very practical of you,” she told me. “But unnecessary, I think.”

“Aren’t you going to be full of milk all the time soon?” I asked her.

“But I’m not a nursing mother,” she pointed out.

“Close enough, though.”

Laughing, she took off her bra and had me suckle her tits. There was just a touch of sweetness to them that night. It took me a little too long to realize what had happened. When I released her nipple from my mouth she was shaken out of the relaxed reverie that normally accompanied my encouraging sucking. “What?” she asked.

In response I just grasped her full breast and squeezed carefully but firmly. It took a few squeezes as she silently watched me work. Then, as if by a miracle, a few dots of white milk appeared on her nipple. I carefully caught them on my finger and brought the moisture up to Elle’s mouth. Happily she opened her lips and licked the richness from me.

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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