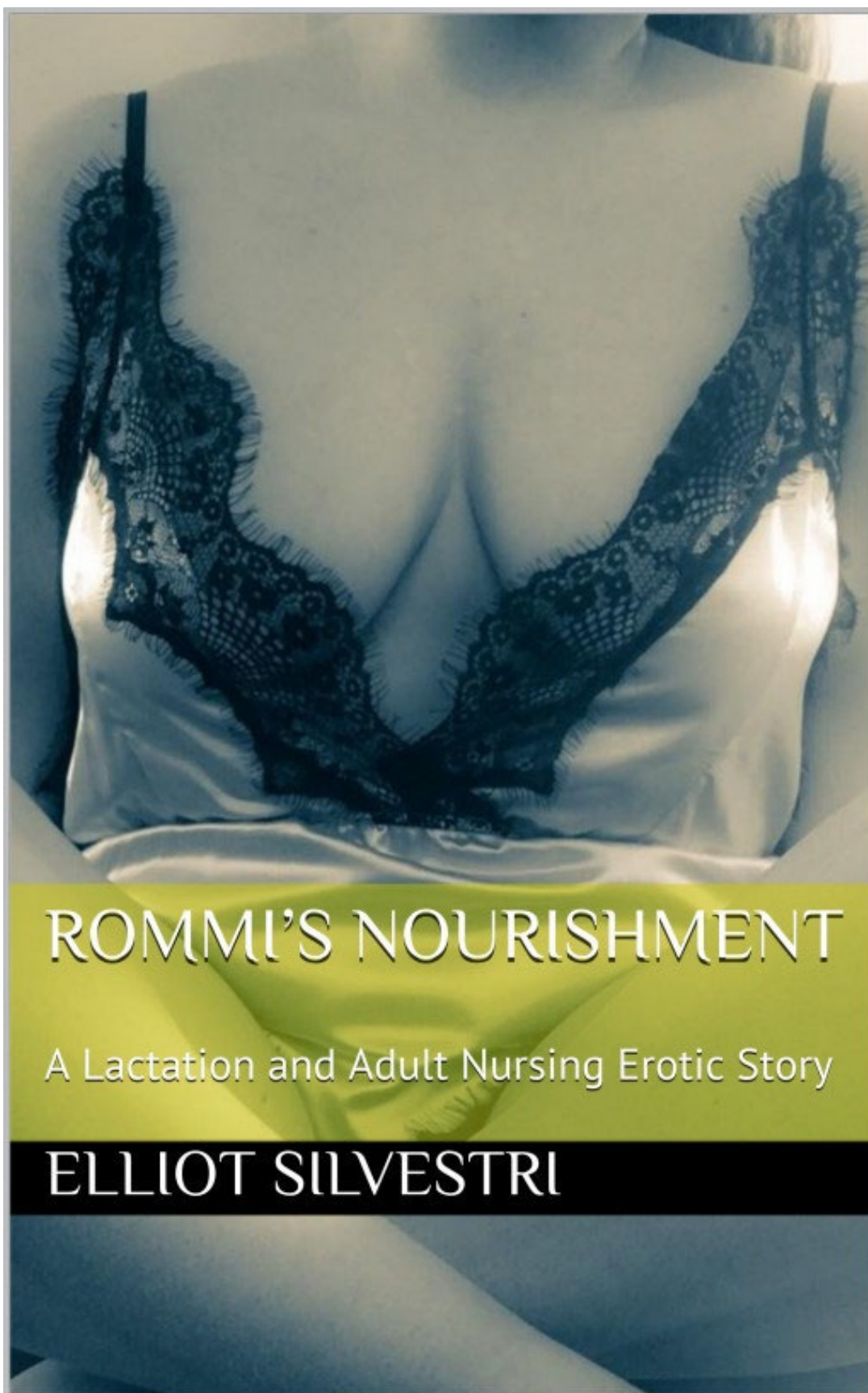
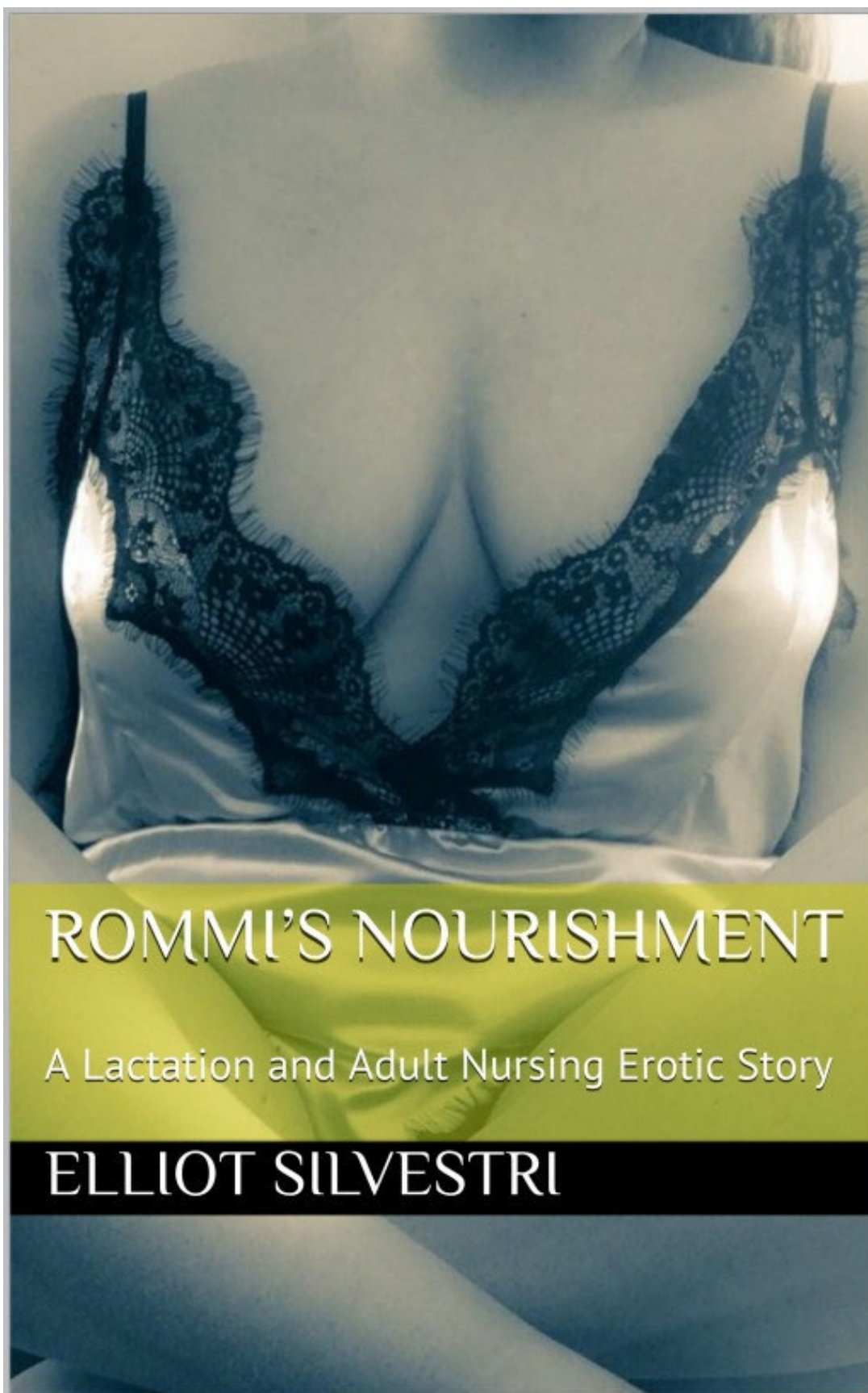




ROMMI'S NOURISHMENT

A Lactation and Adult Nursing Erotic Story

ELLIOT SILVESTRI



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Rommi's Nourishment: Milk Girls 1

An Adult Lactation Relationship Erotic Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Rommi's Nourishment: Milk Girls 1

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Author's Note

The original title of this work was Mothers' Milk. Note the plural possessive apostrophe; writers get off on that sort of detail. I changed the title because not only is it boring and predictable, but I didn't want it to get lost (as if it would even come up in a search) among all the advice books with the same or similar titles aimed at mothers who want to increase their milk supply for their newborn babies. I write kink plain and simple. I also didn't want to get caught in a hundred filters looking to screen out erotica and adult material. Add to that the sort of sentimental pablum that passes as emotional poetry making a resurgence among certain writers and readers, and I couldn't see fit to use the title. (And I'm not even going to mention the implied incestuous connotations. The less said about the Red Hot Chili Peppers seminal album Mother's Milk, the better.)

Other titles I rejected were Two Women Fucking and Playing with Breast Milk; Mommy and Me and Milk; Heavenly Soft Tiddies; Hamlet, Part Deux; Lactation Erotica Number Two, and (my favorite) Twilight, But With a Shitty Lactation Subplot.

Anyway, here it is.

Chapter One

The mommy and me class was ridiculous Rommi quickly decided ten minutes in. The exercises were too easy for her and the overly childish attitude the other women had toward their babies was borderline demented. Still, she kept control of her emotions—a skill she had developed since childhood—and stuck it out to the end. After a half hour of weak exercise—which most of the postpartum women desperately needed in Rommi’s opinion—there was a circle time meeting where they were supposed to share histories and feelings.

She felt like she was back in Kindergarten.

Rommi felt no shame in faking getting a text on her FitBit and then grabbing her phone. She furiously texted as if her life depended on it and then offered up a weak excuse of a family emergency before making a determined entrance with her baby.

Rommi didn’t make it any further than the Starbucks at the end of the strip mall from where the mommy and me class was being held. Little Grace Agnes was happily sleeping in her stroller while Rommi sipped a ridiculously oversized and over-sugared caffeine drink and tried to relax.

Motherhood wasn’t it was all that was cracked up to be.

She hadn’t been sitting there for more than five minutes when a woman walked in wearing exercise clothing and carrying a baby on her hip. It took Rommi a second, but she vaguely recognized the woman from the mommy and me class. Since it was impossible to hide, Rommi just nodded in acknowledgement of her and secretly wished for continued anonymity.

Two minutes later the other woman sat down next to Rommi at the long communal table. “Did you leave because you found the whole thing ridiculous as well?” she asked.

Rommi’s face went bright red with embarrassment. “Sorry. It was my first time and I was just checking it out. Sorry if I upset you.”

The other woman laughed. “You didn’t upset me. I wished I had your courage to get the hell out of there so quickly. You should have seen the look on the teacher’s face when I got up and left. It was like we were the only ones smart enough to get on the life boats as the Titanic was sinking and she was the captain.”

Despite the ridiculous situation, Rommi asked, “Did anyone else leave with you?”

“No. I think they were all too frightened or brainwashed to leave.”

“Oh.”

The other woman extended her hand. “Shelly.”

“Rommi.”

Shelly shook her hand and quickly ran her eyes up and down the smaller woman’s body. “If you don’t mind me asking, why the hell were you in that class? You don’t need the exercise.”

Rommi was almost thin, the result of years of athleticism in high school and college and continuing on into adulthood. She didn’t need a mommy and me exercise class. “Boredom, I suppose.” She glanced down at Grace. “I thought I was supposed to be involved in these sort of things. Turns out I hate them.”

“I need it,” replied Shelly. “But I hate them. Mostly because I’m too lazy to get my fat ass up and moving.”

“You’re not fat,” Rommi said automatically. It wasn’t a lie, but it wasn’t the truth either. Shelly had big boobs compared to the nearly perfectly flat chest that Rommi had. Beyond her large breasts, Shelly was very curvy. Maybe she could lose a little weight, but she was nowhere near fat.

“Thanks for the honest lie,” Shelly joked. She saw Rommi staring at her chest but wasn’t upset. “My husband would be upset if the first place I started losing weight in my boobs first.”

“Sorry,” Rommi apologized again. “I didn’t mean to stare.” She paused. “I just don’t have any...I thought getting pregnant and breastfeeding would make them

grow.”

“They didn’t grow at all?”

“Well...a little.”

“Mine went up a cup size. My husband was thrilled. As if I needed bigger boobs.”

Rommi didn’t know why, but she found talking to Shelly very easy. They talked, their children slept, they exchanged numbers. It had been years since Rommi had made a new friend. It was strange but exhilarating.

They got together the next day at Shelly’s place. It had to be in the afternoon because Shelly was working part time in the mornings. Rommi couldn’t decide if she was happy to not be working or if she was looking ahead to when she had to go back to work. Being a fulltime stay at home mom was exhausting.

Instead of a ridiculous exercise program that was supposed to involve their babies, Rommi insisted that they put the babies in their strollers and take a brisk walk around the neighborhood. She would have preferred a jog or a run—she had the stroller for it—but she didn’t want to push her new friend too fast and too quickly. Shelly wasn’t fat, but she did look a bit out of shape.

It was a warm day. They had fed the babies before the walk. The two of them easily fell asleep on the walk. By the time they returned to Shelly’s house—which was big and fancy enough to impress Rommi, but she reminded herself that Shelly was at least five years older than her—Rommi had worked up a light sweat while Shelly was practically dripping.

“I haven’t walked that far and fast in years,” she said after they transferred the babies to cribs. “I’m sweating like a pig. I need a shower.”

“Pigs don’t sweat.”

“I know,” Shelly said, “so I’m going to take a shower, if you don’t mind. Would you like one? You can use the one in the guest bedroom.”

At first Rommi was going to refuse, but she had a change of clothes in her car and it would make the walk seem like an actual workout. Plus having the time for a luxurious shower was a rarity for Rommi. And while Shelly's place wasn't quite luxurious, it was still fancier than her place.

She took the shower. It felt great. Shelly's guest shower had a dozen different settings of water spray and it felt like she was getting a massage. Worry about making the hot water run out was the only reason she exited the shower.

Not wanting to put a sweaty bra back on after realizing she didn't have a complete change of clothing, she went braless under her t-shirt. The shirt came down to just barely cover her butt. She was glad she had remembered to bring panties if not a bra. She put on her standard black and tight-fitting yoga pants along with practical sandals. Figuring she had taken far too long in the shower, she exited the guest bedroom to hear the shower running in Shelly's bedroom.

She frowned and checked in on the babies. By some miracle they were still asleep.

Backing out of the room she ran butt first into Shelly who was wrapped only in a towel. Managing not to shriek in surprise, Rommi clamped her hands over her mouth and tried not to laugh. Shelly held one finger over her lips, grabbed Rommi's hand, and pulled her from the room to her bedroom.

Keeping silent and not knowing what to do, when Rommi was brought back to Shelly's bedroom with its huge bed giant picture windows looking out on the gigantic back yard, she sat down on the edge of the bed and regarded herself in the mirrored doors that made up one wall. Behind the mirrors was the closet.

"I didn't want you to wake the babies," said Shelly as she dropped her towel and started hunting through a dresser for clothing. Rommi was shocked at how casual Shelly was about her nudity and she averted her eyes to the closet...which immediately gave her a reflected image of Shelly.

She couldn't look away. Shelly's boobs were big and beautiful. Rommi could definitely see now that she wasn't fat. She had a classically curvy body, almost like a model for a Renaissance painter. Her skin was smooth and flawless and irresistibly sexy. Rommi was temporarily ashamed of her tattoos. She didn't have many, but a few that now, next to Shelly, felt tawdry.

It was wrong, but Rommi couldn't help but glance at Shelly's sex. She couldn't see much but there was no evidence that Shelly had any pubic hair.

While she was staring, Shelly talked. "Marshall's my second. Nathan will be home at the end of school. You're lucky to have a girl. I wanted a girl, but I'm not sure if we're going to have a third. One thing though, with two kids you learn to grab every free moment you have and take advantage of it." While talking, Shelly had dressed: camisole, tank top, underwear, jeans. Casual mom chic.

Turning around to face Rommi, it suddenly dawned upon Shelly that she might have been a little too casual with her new friend. She actually blushed. "I apologize. I didn't mean to be so...open. I hope I didn't offend you."

Rommi stood up. "I'm not offended." She didn't add what else she was thinking.

Shelly gave her an affirmative nod. "Good. Sometimes I'm too casual. My one failing, my husband says."

Once more Rommi glanced down at Shelly's tits. "You're...uh...leaking."

Two wet spots had formed on Shelly's shirt, over each of her breasts. "Shit. Fuck. Marshall didn't nurse much for lunch and the warm shower must have gotten my milk flowing." Angrily, she yanked her shirt and camisole over her head, baring her breasts.

Unable to help herself, Rommi breathed softly, "They're beautiful," before snatching up the towel that Shelly had tossed to the floor. She pressed it to Shelly's chest, drying her leaking milk.

"It's no big deal," said Shelly. "It happens all the time. I'm sure it happens to you too."

"Yes, but..." Rommi didn't know what to do or say. They looked at one another and Rommi was acutely aware that she could feel Shelly's breasts under the thick towel. That wasn't enough. She wanted more. She realized she was only a couple of inches shorter than Shelly.

The older woman smiled at her. Rommi decided that was a good sign and abruptly leaned in for a kiss, pressing her lips to Shelly's. It was uninvited and

unexpected.

Even so, Shelly kissed back. Rommi's lips were soft and insistent and she found herself swept away in the moment.

It was Rommi who broke the kiss, just as she started it. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to." She turned away. "I've just always wanted to..."

"Wanted to what?" asked Shelly, partly amused and partly intrigued. "Wanted to kiss me? We only met yesterday."

"Kiss a girl." Rommi cleared her throat and still couldn't look back at Shelly. "Kiss a woman, I mean."

"Well, I liked it," Shelly admitted. "Your lips are very soft. It's not like kissing Gray at all."

Taking that as her cue, Rommi turned back to her new friend and kissed her again. It should have been awkward. It wasn't.

Shelly let the towel fall to the floor. She could feel her milk still slowly leaking. Pressed up against Rommi's body, she knew that the other woman's shirt was absorbing the milk, but she didn't care. She had more important issues to think about.

The kissing and exploring each other's mouths with their tongues was incredibly erotic. It was something Rommi had always wanted to do with another woman, and it was something that Shelly had never seriously pondered but was happy to indulge and explore. She found herself getting turned on despite the fact her baby was in the next room sleeping next to Rommi's daughter. She was getting turned on despite the fact that she was essentially cheating on her husband.

Breaking the kiss again, Rommi asked, "Do you want to?"

She kept the question intentionally vague. It was Shelly who confidently pulled them both to the bed. "We don't have much time."

It was time enough. The kisses increased in intensity. Shelly, interesting in seeing Rommi's breasts pulled up her shirt and was rewarded with a quick view of small but full breasts topped by large red nipples.

It was as if she had unleashed a ferocious she-cat. Rommi pushed Shelly to her back and kissed her way down to Shelly's large breasts. She latched onto the older woman's light brown nipple and sucked hard.

Shelly was used to aggressive nursing, but this was something else. There was the sudden pressure relief as her abundant supply of milk was allowed to flow free along with a definite sexual thrill. More importantly she reminded herself that she was open minded to everything. While this was the first time she had been alone with a woman, it was hardly the kinkiest thing she had ever done.

When the sweetness of Shelly's milk hit her tongue, Rommi was surprised at how delicious it was. She hadn't expected anything like that. It made her suck on Shelly's nipple all the harder.

While it was a fierce suckling, it was nowhere near the worst abuse Shelly's nipples had ever suffered. The situation and the fact that Rommi was nursing on her left breast caused a reaction that Shelly was used to but was new for Rommi. Her right breast started to leak; the drip was steady and Shelly hardly noticed it.

Rommi was the one who brought attention to Shelly's reaction. "You're...you're dripping," she said, pulling away from Shelly's breast and wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. She had noticed the drip because it had landed on her shoulder, wetting her skin.

"Yeah, my breasts do that when I'm turned on."

Now that Rommi's mouth wasn't covering Shelly's left nipple it too began to drip steadily.

"Why?" was all Rommi could think to ask.

Shelly shrugged, making her dripping breasts lightly spatter more milk on the both of them. "I really don't know. But it definitely has something to do with my husband."

"Your husband?" The situation was getting awkward with Rommi kneeling in front of Shelly so that she could suck on the other woman's nipple, but neither made a move to change positions.

"Yeah...the thing about Gray is that he's really into drinking my breastmilk. You

know how, for some women, actively nursing sort of acts like birth control? That's why we have seven years between kids."

"Oh."

"Are you going to stop?" asked Shelly.

"You want me to keep going?"

"You seemed like you were into it," said Shelly. "And I've never been with a woman..."

"Neither have I," Rommi admitted.

"Oh. Well. Do you want to stop?"

Rommi was staring at Shelly's steadily dripping nipple. "No." She moved forward and latched on again.

Shelly felt the thrill of contact and the way that Rommi drew out her milk. It was wonderful. Different from how Gray nursed from her, but just as erotic. When she felt herself getting weak in the knees, she gently moved Rommi towards the bed.

"Do you want to?" Rommi asked, suddenly nervous. She was eager to play with Shelly, but she was afraid as well. Ever since she was a teenager she had known she was bi, but that was a secret she had kept from everyone. Her friends. Her family. Her husband.

Everyone except Shelly. Now.

She let Shelly pull her up to her feet and move toward the bed. Right as they reached the foot of the bed, Shelly paused them and they kissed again. Rommi wasn't sure who initiated the kiss, but Shelly liked the sweet taste of her milk on Rommi's lips.

"You don't have to do this," said Rommi. She was half looking for a way out of the situation.

"I want to do this."

That was good enough for Shelly. She didn't want to feel like she was taking advantage of the younger woman, but that was enough consent for Shelly. They fell on the bed together, both topless and both eager to see what would happen for different reasons.

Shelly appreciated that Rommi was the aggressor. It made her feel less like she was taking advantage of a younger woman who might not know what she was doing. Rommi went right back to Shelly's breasts and started nursing again. Automatically Shelly's hand went to Rommi's hair and started stroking it. She could feel herself getting wetter and wetter which made her wonder how far this was going to go.

When Rommi reached up to hold her free breast while nursing on the other and then pinched the free nipple, Shelly made the decision she was going to let it go as far as possible.

If nothing else, Shelly was an intensely curious woman when it came to sex. She didn't let Rommi spend all her time nursing from her tits, after a few minutes, when she was good and horny, she pulled Rommi back up to her for a kiss. "My turn."

Rommi's breasts were much smaller than Shelly's. They weren't tiny by any measure and Shelly could tell they were swollen by milk. Lowering her mouth to Rommi's hard nipple, she first flicked it with her tongue before actually sucking. At first there was nothing, just a few small noises from Rommi. Shelly glanced up and saw Rommi's face scrunched up as she breathed heavily and quickly.

It didn't take long for the milk to start flowing. Even though she knew it would be sweet and thick, to actually taste it from the source was different than tasting it from her husband's kisses or had tasted it from her fingers after wiping up her leaking milk. Though open-minded, Shelly wasn't the sort of woman who would suck her own nipples just to taste her milk.

With Rommi on her back it was easy for Shelly to move her hand down Rommi's body. Thought Shelly would never have pursued this herself, once she was in, she was all it. Her fingers slipped under Rommi's tight yoga pants. Rommi quivered for a second and then calmed down. Shelly pushed her fingers down further, encountered Rommi's panties, burrowed under them, and eventually found the top of Rommi's pubic hair.

She didn't stop, but Rommi stopped her, grabbing Shelly's wrist. "You don't have to."

Shelly lifted her mouth from Rommi's small breast. "Do you want me to?"

It took Rommi a second to get the word out. "Yes."

"Then let me."

She pushed her hand all the way into Rommi's yoga pants, running her fingers over her curls and swollen lips to cup her pussy while she continued to suckle on her breasts. From the noises she made and the gyrations of her body, it was obvious that Rommi was loving Shelly's attention. It was made even more obvious when Rommi hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her pants and pulled them down, kicking off her sandals and then her pants, leaving her naked.

That was the most positive reaction that Shelly could possibly have. She didn't know what to do next. Her nipples were still leaking milk, but at a slower pace than before. The milk was getting all over her skin and Rommi's and the bed as well. She hesitated, not knowing what she should do next. The next step seemed obvious, but she wasn't sure if she wanted to go through with it.

Rommi had no such qualms. The few seconds of hesitation was enough for her to get frustrated and she pushed Shelly down to the bed, quickly moving on top of her. Rommi's fingers scrabbled at the button and zipper to Shelly's jeans.

"Are you sure?" Shelly asked.

"Positive."

They worked together, stripping Shelly's jeans away, leaving her in her rather plain and boring cotton panties covered with blue butterflies. Rommi had resolved not to let anything stop her now. Without giving herself too much time to think and Shelly enough time to react, she yanked down Shelly's panties and tossed them aside.

Unlike herself, Shelly had more time for personal grooming. Rommi looked between Shelly's legs and saw the other woman's pussy was practically bare, shaved clean. Practically. There was some fuzz growing back. She must not have had time to shave in the past few days and she probably wasn't planning on

having sex with a new lover today.

Shelly spread her legs, exposing herself to Rommi. Her pussy was dark pink and swollen. Gathering her hair to one side and tossing it over her shoulder, Rommi lowered her face to the other woman's sex.

It was everything that Rommi had ever secretly wanted in sex. She had had sex with men and now she was getting her chance with a woman. Eating pussy, she quickly discovered, wasn't so difficult. She just did to Shelly what she liked. Shelly moaned and writhed about so she figured she was doing it correctly. Sucking on Shelly's bold clit was something she had always wanted done to herself, so trying it on another woman was easy, the next best thing.

She inserted two fingers into Shelly's pussy, exploring, searching, and pleasuring. When Shelly unexpectedly orgasmed—and Rommi wasn't completely sure what she had done to cause such a reaction—she picked her head up and laughed at her lover.

“Did I...did I do it right?” Rommi sat up and knelt between Shelly's legs.

“Uh...yeah. I thought that was obvious.” She smiled up at Rommi and let her hand slide up Rommi's thigh, stopping at the crease between her leg and body. The two women exchanged looks and Shelly didn't have to ask. She moved her hand up to Rommi's pussy.

The younger mother hadn't had sufficient time to keep up on her own grooming. Rommi was a bit embarrassed at how hairy she was. Yes, her daughter had been born nearly a year ago, but she still hadn't gotten back into her regular routine. Her light brown pubic hair was untrimmed and unshaped. She couldn't remember the last time she had gotten a razor down between her legs, let alone getting herself waxed or otherwise attended to.

That didn't seem to discourage Shelly at all. She didn't mind the 1970s porn star bush that Rommi was sporting. Her fingers slipped between Rommi's swollen lips and up into her pussy. Her thumb found Rommi's clit and she rubbed that in circles as her fingers pumped in and out of her pussy.

She was so close to the edge already that it didn't take much effort on Shelly's part to get her off. Her thighs clamped together and she almost fell over. It wasn't the strongest orgasm she had ever had, but it was an unusual one.

“You’re dripping,” said Shelly.

“I get really wet when I get turned on.” She wiggled her thighs a bit, Shelly’s hand still trapped between her legs, showing her lover just how wet she was. It was impressive.

“I mean your tits.”

Rommi looked down at her small chest and noticed that her small nipples were leaking milk. That hardly ever happened. Grace was in the process of weaning herself and Rommi’s milk supply had never been overabundant. But now her nipples were slowly dripping. Their pace was nowhere near as fast as Shelly’s, but it was still fascinating to see herself autolactating.

“Maybe you lactate when you’re turned on as well,” said Shelly.

There wasn’t time for conversation beyond that. A wail came from the room where the babies had recently been sleeping. Both women sprang into action, quickly throwing on their clothes quicker than teenagers about to be caught trying to have sex.

A few seconds later they were out of the room and picking the babies up from the crib.

Chapter Two

“I had sex with Rommi today.”

Gray looked at his wife with only mild surprise. “Rommi?” he asked.

“The woman I met at Starbucks yesterday.”

“I thought you met her at the mommy and me thing you walked out of.”

“We were both at it. We talked afterwards at Starbucks.” Shelly rolled her eyes.

“You’re missing the important part. I had sex with a woman.”

“That’s hot. And I thought you were kidding.” They were laying together in the bed where, just a few hours earlier, Shelly had debauched herself with another woman.

Gray wasn’t upset that his wife had sex with someone else. They had an open marriage and while they weren’t exactly swingers, they had swapped with other couples on more than a few occasions. Shelly hadn’t ever voiced an interest in having sex with any of the women, but hadn’t said she was turned off by the thought either.

“I wasn’t kidding.”

Gray smiled. His cock was quickly getting hard underneath the covers but remained mostly trapped by his boxers. “So tell me about it.”

“About me having sex with Rommi.”

“Yeah. Tell me all the details. Tell me what she looks like. What are her tits like?”

Shelly smiled and snaked her hand under the covers to grasp her husband’s hard cock. She freed it from his boxers and started stroking him. “Small. Much smaller than mine. Bright red nipples. And she’s lactating.”

“Lactating? Did you taste her?”

Shelly went into detail about everything she had done with Rommi. Gray leaned his head back on the pillow and listened to her story while luxuriating in her manual skills.

“Are you going to do it again?” he asked her when the story was over.

“If it’s okay with you,” she said carefully.

“It’s fine with me...as long as you tell me all about it.”

“Perv!”

“Hey. You’re the one who married me!”

“And I regret it every day,” she laughed.

“What did her milk taste like?” he asked her, becoming more serious and sliding his hands up her nightshirt toward her breasts.

“A lot like mine.”

His hand was caressing the underslope of her breast.

“Can I get a chance to find out?”

“Maybe...” she sighed as his hand found a nipple and his other pulled the nightshirt all the way up.

They moved together smoothly having had years of practice together. With both breasts exposed it was easy for him to find a nipple with his mouth and latch on, drawing out the precious milk from within. It took her no time at all to leak forth her special elixir. Her body had been trained by his to produce milk whenever he wanted it. She knew she should have resented it, but instead she loved it.

He nursed from her for a minute, moving from one breast to the other to get both flowing. At this point in their relationship neither minded being wet from the copious amount of milk she produced; they were accustomed to the moisture as part of their lovemaking.

In the midst of his nursing Shelly took the time to pull her nightshirt up and over her head, leaving her completely naked. Since he didn't make any more effort to undress, even though she could feel his hard cock pressing against her body, she took the initiative to hook her fingers into his boxers and get them off his hips. Once they were down to mid-thigh she lifted up her foot and pushed them all the way off his body.

From there it was easy. Her pussy was wet; his cock was hard. He moved fully on top of her while she opened her legs to him. A moment later his cock was pushing between her already shamefully-swollen lips and into her body. As he did this he never lost his latch on her nipple and continued to nurse from her. She loved the feeling of his lips and mouth on her nipples. She loved how her body responded to his needs; she loved fulfilling those needs.

It was a good thing that he wasn't that much taller than her. Their bodies lined up nicely and it was easy for him to duck his head and nurse while he fucked her. She felt bad he had to keep his neck bent at an awkward angle while they had sex this way, but he always claimed it was worth it.

She tended to agree...especially when he made her cum from both sucking on her nipples, drinking her milk, and fucking her pussy. It was a full body orgasm unlike anything else she had ever had.

She came and she came hard. The sex wasn't especially good that night, but the thoughts of her fucking her husband on the same day she had fucked her first woman, that was more than enough to give her an extra thrill.

He emptied his balls into her. Her pussy was dripping afterwards, and not from her own lubrication. He had cum just as hard as she had.

That night when Rommi and Chad, her husband, were in bed together, she told him nothing about her day.

She didn't know what to say.

She was ashamed and embarrassed at what she had done with Shelly. She couldn't confess her adultery to her husband. Her body craved sex and it was the first time since the birth of their baby that she had had sex with someone other

than herself. Masturbation, getting herself off, was no longer doing it for her.

Rommi was calm about her decision, but it was still upsetting. She knew she was bi—she was pretty sure she was bi—and this was just a passing fancy with Shelly. It wasn't going to last.

Maybe they would have sex just a few more times and then she'd be done with it.

She was sure that Chad would want to start having sex with her again very soon.

The next morning, after Chad had left for work and she was home alone with the baby, she was bored...and horny. The only thing to do was to text Shelly. Rommi wasn't expecting an immediate answer, but she was thrilled when Shelly texted her back.

Come on over after noon. I'm working right now. We'll take a walk and then...

Rommi looked at the ellipses that Shelly had intentionally ended her message with. She knew what her new friend meant. That was enough to cause her to plunge her hand into her yoga pants and feel her suddenly sopping pussy.

She was thrilled that Grace was taking her morning nap. She couldn't resist and quickly got herself off with her hand. It was almost painful how quickly she was aroused by something so mundane and the orgasm she gave herself wasn't satisfying the way she wanted it to be. After briefly considering getting her vibrator from deep within her underwear drawer, she instead headed to the bathroom for some careful body grooming.

It had been too long.

She was nervous driving over to Shelly's home, not because of what she planned to do, but how she was now presenting herself to Shelly. Before it had been casual, everything had been casual, if she suddenly dressed up and put on makeup and behaved completely differently, it wouldn't be the same.

But if she didn't do things differently...would Shelly still want her.

Rommi hated second guessing herself about everything, but she couldn't help herself. That was the kind of person that she was.

She made an effort but tried to make it look like she wasn't making an effort. New yoga pants, yes. A little bit of makeup, okay, but nothing too fancy. Clean shirt and exercise bra because they were going for a walk. She wasn't going out on a date; she was just seeing a friend.

She knew that was a lie.

It was a date.

She wanted to have sex again but didn't know how to go about asking Shelly for it. Was pretending not to want to have sex a way to do that?

By the time she got Grace to the house, she was crying. Rommi knew her daughter wasn't hungry, just tired. Luckily Shelly was ready for them.

"Shall we just take them on a walk right away?"

"Yes."

It had worked last time so Rommi was quick to agree. They kept the conversation to bland subjects as they walked around the neighborhood. It didn't take long for Rommi to realize they were the only ones out and about and they could talk about anything without being overheard, even while out in public.

"Are we going to have sex when we get back to your place?" she blurted out, unable to help herself.

Shelly's eyes bugged out for a second and she quickly scanned the street they were on. It was the middle of the week. School was still in session; everyone else was at work. Realizing their privacy, Shelly calmed down and smiled at her friend. "Well, yeah, if you want to." She glanced at her son in the stroller. He was asleep and so was Grace. "We'll just have to be quiet with the babies."

"Right. Quiet and discrete."

“Gray and I used to do a lot of swinging. Do you and your husband swing?” The question from nowhere and so casual that Rommi didn’t know how to answer it. She knew the answer, but she just couldn’t get the words out.

Shelly waited. She was patient.

“I...no. We’ve never been swingers.”

“Oh. I would have guessed otherwise. You’re bi, aren’t you?”

“Uh...yes.” She had never said it out loud to herself, let alone someone else.

“Attractive bi women are always in demand in swinger circles. You’d do well in any group situation.”

“I...I didn’t know that. You aren’t bi?” Rommi was looking straight ahead. She couldn’t believe she was having this conversation.

“No, not really.”

“But...we had sex yesterday.” Rommi’s face was bright red with embarrassment. She glanced over at Shelly who seemed strangely cool and calm.

“Yeah. But I’m not bi. It was fun and I want to do it again, but I’m into men.” She shrugged her shoulders. “I let myself go with the moment yesterday. It was fun. It’ll be fun again, but I don’t think I’ll every have a long term romantic relationship with a woman.”

“Right,” Rommi agreed, relieved.

Shelly abruptly caught Rommi’s hand with her own. “I am looking forward to getting back in bed with you again.”

Rommi didn’t know what to think and was glad they were almost done with the loop around the neighborhood. They could have sex and not have to talk.

With the skill of mothers who had too much practice transferring a sleeping child from stroller to crib, the both of them smoothly transitioned their offspring. Upon seeing that Grace wasn’t waking up Rommi turned toward Shelly, found her right there next to her, and was given an unexpected kiss.

It was passionate and intense...and short. It was still strange kissing another woman, but pleasantly strange. It was soft and curious and Rommi happily opened her mouth to accept Shelly's exploring tongue.

"We should move to the bed," said Shelly, breaking the kiss.

Rommi didn't want the kiss to end, but she was in agreement.

They went from the nursery to the bedroom and Shelly dragged Rommi to the bed while kissing her again. Shelly's fingers found the bottom of Rommi's shirt and pulled it up. When she reached Rommi's athletic bra, she dug her fingers in and tried to pry the tight-fitting garment off her lover's body, but couldn't.

"What the fuck?" Shelly exclaimed with an amused laugh. "Is this some sort of chastity bra?"

Rommi sat up. "No. Just a jogging bra."

"Your tits are so small that you don't need a jog bra."

Saying nothing, Rommi dug her fingers under the tight material, and pulled it up to free her breasts. It felt good to have it off. Shelly gave Rommi an amused grin and reached up for her chest. At first Rommi thought the other woman was going to caress her exposed flesh, but instead Shelly just pulled off the disposable breast pad that was just wet enough to cling to her skin.

"Sometimes being a nursing mom is just awful," Shelly said. "But there are benefits." She leaned forward and latched onto Rommi's nipple. The young woman shivered and sighed at the soft touch. She hadn't realized it but her breasts had leaked just a tiny bit. It took no effort at all on Shelly's part to get her milk flowing.

Rommi circled her arms around Shelly's head and gasped at the pleasure. She could feel her free breast start to leak, but she didn't care. This...this is what she wanted.

"Oh god," she moaned. "It feels so good..."

"Mmm-hmm," Shelly agreed, her mouth full of nipple and milk. She swallowed loudly and then released Rommi's sensitive nipple before sitting up. "Let's do

this: I thought about it last night.”

She quickly pulled off her shirt and expertly reached behind her back and released her bra. She looked down at her large, swinging tits and then over at Rommi already on her back, her tiny milk-filled tits just small swollen mounds projecting up from her chest.

“Wait, first we need to switch positions. I need to be on my back and you need to be on top.”

What followed was a stupid delay while they switched positions and Shelly made Rommi turn around so that they were essentially head to foot, only their faces were directly in front of the other’s chest. It gave them both easy access to the other’s breasts.

Shelly wasted no time and quickly latched on to Rommi’s nipple and sucked. The milk flowed and Rommi moaned. The idea was that they could mutually enjoy each other’s milk and breasts at the same time. It took Rommi a bit of concentration to find Shelly’s large breast and prominent nipple, but when she finally did and started nursing, her milk started flowing as well.

Rommi tried not to think about what this meant. Was it wrong to nurse from another woman? Was it wrong to drink human breast milk as an adult? She could feel the milk pooling in her stomach and it felt good to drink it. Maybe what she was doing was wrong, but how could something that felt so good be wrong? She was making Shelly happy and pleasing herself at the same time.

The only difficult thing was concentrating on staying upright while Shelly got to stay on her back. It might have been a little unfair, but she could see the logic in it. After all, she was the one with the athletic body and small tits.

Shelly liked to pinch one nipple while she nursed from the other. That distracted Rommi and she was jealous at the same time because she had to support herself with both her hands while nursing. It was unfair. But then she felt a mild wave of orgasm pass over her and she decided that maybe it wasn’t so bad.

Rommi was disappointed when Shelly pushed back on her small breast, giving her some breathing room. “Did you just cum?” Shelly asked.

The question was enough to make Rommi blush and she was glad that her face

was already red from her exertion and lust. “Maybe just a little. How did you know?”

“Your milk squirted. The same thing happens to me.” Shelly frowned. “I’ve never been able to cum just from having my tits sucked. I’m jealous.”

She didn’t sound very jealous. She sounded like she was pleased.

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to cum so quickly.” It was her habit to apologize. She needed to apologize even if it wasn’t much of an orgasm.

“Want to make me cum?” Shelly asked.

“Sure.”

She pushed back on Rommi a little further and when her partner sat up, Shelly hooked her fingers into her loose pants and shoved them down, showing off her bare pussy. Rommi only had to give her a quick glance to confirm that Shelly must have shaved just for their date.

That realization made Rommi feel guilty.

“I want you to go down on me,” she said. “I want to compare what you do to my husband.”

The reminder that Shelly was married made the guilt worse. She tried not to think about the fact that she herself was married. “Why?”

Shelly gave a little shrug. “Because...I want to see if women or men are better at eating pussy.”

That was a good enough reason for Rommi. She was just looking for a reason, any excuse at all, to go down on Shelly again. She didn’t ask why Shelly couldn’t have made that determination from eating her pussy previously, but now was not the time to ask.

She did her damndest to try every little trick that she liked when having her pussy eaten, however the problem was it had been far too long since she had had sex with Chad, let alone have had him eat her pussy. She had always liked what Chad had done for her, but with her new relationship with Shelly, she was

starting to wonder that maybe Chad wasn't as good as he claimed. Yeah, he could get her off, but...

She loved to hear the little moans that Shelly made as her tongue explored around Shelly's clit. The sharp intake of breath was beautiful when she sucked on the swollen little nubbin of nerves. Shelly lubricated freely and Rommi could feel her juices all over her face by the time she got to the point of inserting two fingers in her pussy and stroking the front wall.

It only took a few seconds of that to make her quiver and cry out in a stifled scream that she had cum.

Rommi lifted her face up from Shelly's pussy. "So...am I better than your husband or not?"

Lifting up her head just enough to lock eyes with her lover, Shelly smiled. "Maybe better, I think. But I'll need a little more of a sample size to be sure."

"Care to try me now?" asked Rommi as she wiggled out of her yoga pants. She sat up and displayed her naked body to Shelly. Her pants and panties were tangled around her knees. She pinched her nipples, which briefly stopped them from dripping, and then ran her hands down her body, using her fingers to outline her pussy.

She wasn't bald, but she had taken great care in shaping and trimming her pubic hair. It was a triangle, close to perfectly isosceles in shape, but not exactly. She had done it herself. The length of the hair was short and trim; it was just a shade darker than the brown on her head. It was as far as she was willing to go. If Chad suddenly found that she had shaved her pussy completely that would open up too many questions as to exactly what she was doing. This was a good compromise.

Shelly smiled. "Sure. I've never tried before, but there's only one way to learn, right?"

Just her willingness alone was enough to make Rommi's stomach flip-flop. Maybe going down on another woman was a greater act, but to let Shelly do it to her...that would mean that Shelly, her lover, would be the first person to be fully intimate with her sex since the birth of her baby.

While Rommi was lost in thought, Shelly moved things forward. She pulled

Rommi down to her and together they got her legs freed from the restrictive yoga pants. A second later Shelly found herself face to face with Rommi's pussy.

It wasn't as if she hadn't had opportunities in the past to go down on a woman. She and Gray had been swingers for long enough to get offers from couples and women for her to join them. She had always turned them down, politely, because she figured she wasn't bi and was getting plenty of sex from the other men and Gray. It wasn't something that had interested her.

Maybe it was Rommi because she was sexy. Maybe it was Rommi because she had milk-filled tits. Maybe she was older and more curious. Maybe it was her sense of fair play and if Rommi had done it to her, she should do it for Rommi

And maybe it was because she wanted to have a better story to tell Gray. She wanted to hear how proud he was of her for going down on another woman.

As much as she liked giving Rommi pleasure, she found that eating pussy wasn't nearly as much fun as sucking on Rommi's tits. She liked the flavor of milk better and cunnilingus didn't seem nearly as intimate as nursing, at least to Shelly. Still, Rommi had a pussy that was both pretty and pleasant to behold and taste. Only when she went down on the younger brunette did Shelly realize that Rommi must have prepared herself for today as a date.

It made Shelly feel a little guilty because she hadn't prepared herself for today as a date. She would have to do better next time

Although she had made the other woman cum with her hand, Shelly found it difficult to achieve the same feat with her tongue alone. She had no shame in doing whatever it took to get a sex partner off, so she slipped one, then two, then three fingers up inside Rommi's pussy making a poor imitation of a man's cock, thrusting into her while licking her clit.

That was enough. She didn't exactly scream when she came, but the noise that Rommi made was extremely loud. It pleased Shelly because no matter how she fucked or sucked Gray, he wouldn't make any more sound than a little moan or grunt during sex. Maybe female sexual vocalizations were an aphrodisiac like nothing else.

What wasn't an aphrodisiac were the cries of a baby woken from a nap.

“Shit,” complained Shelly as she picked up her face from her friend’s pussy.
“This is getting to be more than just a bit of an annoyance.”

Rommi had wrapped her arms around herself as she came. She now sat up and looked around for her clothes. She managed to find her shirt but nothing else.

Shelly had wrapped a short robe around her body and was already headed out the door. Rommi followed, her ass and pussy just barely visible, but she figured there was no one around to complain.

“We’re going to need to get a babysitter for them at this rate,” Shelly commented.

Rommi silently agreed.

Chapter Three

Gray's cock was firmly seated in Shelly's pussy as she rode him. They were having a lot of sex lately; she credited Rommi with the sudden burst of libido. Maybe having a lover was a good thing for their marriage. She had barely started relating what she had done with Rommi earlier in the day when Gray insisted that she take care of his hard cock. She was more than happy to do so.

She rode him slowly as she told him everything that happened. She loved hearing him coo "good girl" when she revealed she had gone down on Rommi. She rewarded him by squeezing her breasts and spraying milk all over his chest. Some got to his mouth, but only a few droplets. He wanted more and so did she.

"Let me suck them," he insisted, reaching up for her tits.

She slapped his hands away. "No. Not yet." She ran her hands over her full breasts. There wasn't as much milk in them as there would be most days when she had been away from her husband all day. Marshall had nearly weened himself and it was Gray who was consuming most of her milk, but with the addition of Rommi's greedy mouth she knew she was making more milk now than ever.

Squeezing her breasts again she sprayed him a second time. It left her nipples dripping. Neither of them complained.

"Are you going to keep fucking her?" Gray asked as Shelly ground her pussy on his cock and pubic bone.

"Uh-huh," she answered. She didn't have to give it any thought. It was just a given. It was going to happen regardless of what Gray wanted or forbade.

"Can I watch the two of you?" he asked. He wasn't desperate, but he wanted to participate. Shelly thought about the times where she had fucked another man in front of him and he'd watched. Sometimes he masturbated to the scene, sometimes, if he had just fucked the female partner of the man she was fucking, he would just watch happily. He wasn't trying to humiliate or control her. He just wanted to see her happy.

"If she says okay, then yes," Shelly answered. She liked pleasing him. It was fun to be a slut with her husband's permission. She knew she was a lucky wife and woman, but that applied to him as well. What other woman would be so open-

minded to Gray's kinks?

"Can I join in?"

That question gave Shelly pause. She leaned forward and dangled a breast just out of reach of his mouth. "She's married."

"So are you." Gray's tongue reached upward trying to lick her dripping nipple.

"I think she doesn't like cheating on her husband."

"How do you know?"

Shelly shrugged her shoulders which made her breasts bobble fetchingly. "Just the impression I get from conversations with her."

"But she's cheating on him with you."

"But I'm a woman and he doesn't have what I have," Shelly pointed out, lowering her nipple again, this time just low enough for him to drag his tongue across the surface, but not giving him the chance to suck it.

"Would she let me nurse from her?" Gray suddenly lifted his head and caught her nipple between his lips.

"Maybe..." She loved the feeling on his mouth on her breast.

Gray refused to let go of her nipple and used his teeth to hold her in place. Shelly had suffered worse nipple torture in her life. She endured it. She wanted to see what he would ask next.

"Would she let the both of us nurse from her at the same time?" The words were muffled by her breast, but she could clearly hear him.

"I...I hope so..."

Once again Rommi went to bed with her husband saying nothing. She wondered about the vibrator that had gone unused in her drawer for so long. She wondered about her husband's cock that she hadn't used for so long. She knew now was

the best time to reveal to him that she had shaved herself as if for a date—though it wasn't a date with him—but she couldn't.

When he let out a little snore letting her know he was asleep, tears started to seep out of her eyes.

It was an easy pattern to fall into because Rommi wanted it so much. She didn't go over to Shelly's house every day because life interceded and Shelly had a life outside of Rommi's needs.

But she still went almost every day of the week. When she didn't go, she could feel the ache in her breasts, not just for sex but for the buildup of milk. Shelly was drawing out enough milk to increase her supply and Grace wasn't nursing enough to make up the difference. Rommi was reduced to hand expressing on occasion and even went back to using her electric breast pump. It worked, but it wasn't satisfying.

Then there was the day when, as they were lightly caressing each other after nursing and sex, Shelly asked the question. They had been careful to close the bedroom door and turn on the baby monitor when they had sex now. Though she hated to do it, Rommi even learned to stifle her cries as she came.

"I have a question to ask you."

Rommi felt her stomach, so pleasantly full of Shelly's milk, suddenly drop through the floor. "What...what question?"

"There's no easy way to ask this, so I'll just come out with it. Say whatever you want." She paused for half a second. "Would you mind if my husband watched us and maybe join in?"

Now Rommi's stomach tightened up. She didn't know what to think. She didn't know what game Shelly was playing at. Rommi had already pushed the limits of what was socially acceptable in any type of romantic and sexual relationship.

"Why...why does he want to watch?" It was a stupid question and she knew it.

Shelly kept her laughter to a little chuckle and then gave Rommi a quick kiss on

the forehead. “Why does any man want to watch two women together? To get off.”

Rommi knew that already. She felt stupid for having asked the question. “You said...join us. What do you mean exactly?”

Shelly smiled and trailed her fingertips over Rommi’s erect nipple. It was small and red and perfect. “What do you want it to mean?”

Rommi was nervous, more nervous than her first kiss, more nervous than when she had lost her virginity, more nervous than when she first went to bed with Shelly. It was strange not because she was about to have sex with Shelly and Gray, her husband, but because they were both looking at her, expecting her to strip. Or, more precisely, they were looking at her expecting her to take off her top so they could nurse from her small tits.

It sort of made sense. She had two breasts and so could accommodate two people nursing from her at the same time. It sounded hot. Just the thought of it alone had made her pussy wet. Actually doing it seemed a difficult next step.

“We’re waiting,” Shelly said. She didn’t exactly lick her lips in anticipation, but Rommi was positive that she wanted to.

They were in the bedroom. The door was shut. Shelly and Gray looked exactly like a middle-class couple getting ready for a Saturday afternoon neighborhood barbecue. The baby monitor broadcast the faint fuzz of a silent nursery. Rommi was in her black yoga pants, oversized tank top, and athletic bra underneath. It was a warm day though the air conditioning in the house was running steadily and Rommi could feel her nipples were erect from the cool air.

Shelly walked up to her and Rommi had to force herself not to take a step back. When Shelly kissed her lightly on the lips, she froze and didn’t kiss back. Then Shelly’s hand rested on her stomach. Shelly liked touch Rommi’s flat stomach; she said she liked feeling the younger woman’s muscles underneath the soft skin. Rommi didn’t have her pre-baby body back yet, but she still liked the compliment.

Her hand went up underneath the tank top and slid upward. Rommi started

enjoying the kisses. She pretended that Gray wasn't in the room. Allowing Shelly to lift her tank top up over her head was easy. It was the athletic bra that slowed Shelly down.

"It's pretty tight," Rommi told her.

"Yeah, I figured that out."

"Let me help." Rommi practically jumped out of her skin when she heard Gray's voice behind her. His fingers touched her back. They were warm on her skin. She admitted to herself that she liked it. His fingers went up underneath the back strap of the bra. There were no hooks; it held everything in place with compression and elastic and spandex. Shelly was tugging from the front so Rommi was compelled to put her hands up and let them strip her from the waist up.

"Aren't they beautiful?" Shelly asked Gray.

Gray, being almost a foot taller than the both of them, looked over Rommi's shoulder and down at her pert—and full-breasts. "They are," he agreed.

As his hands circled around her body, she froze...and then started to melt again when Shelly leaned forward and took a nipple into her mouth, sucking greedily.

The only thing that Rommi could do was melt back against Gray's chest. His hand cupped her free breast and massaged gently. His hand was large and knew exactly what it was doing. A moment later milk started to leak out. Just a few drops at first, and then a small stream.

Gray moved her body around and laid her on the bed. Shelly moved with her and lay next to her, lips quickly attaching to the nipple she had been nursing at. A second later Gray was there too, his lips on her other breast and he was pulling out her milk.

They didn't work in tandem, but to have both breasts nursed on at the same time was heavenly. The way her milk flowed was unlike anything she had ever experienced before.

Two hands pushed down under her waistband at the same time. One was Shelly's and one was Gray's. Once more Rommi tensed up but she had already

committed to this and she allowed them to use her body.

“She’s got pubes,” Gray said as his fingers found the hair above her pussy. Rommi hated that he stopped nursing from her.

“Yeah, so do I,” his wife pointed out, withdrawing her hand and pulling down Rommi’s pants and thong. She had worn the thong in anticipation of this sexy date and was now disappointed that she wouldn’t get to show it off in front of the couple. “She just doesn’t shave as much of it.”

With that Shelly pulled the leggings free from Rommi, leaving her naked and vulnerable. The married couple was still clothed. She felt like she was being used.

She liked the feeling.

She liked it even more when Gray’s lips—and Shelly’s—went back to her breasts.

She gasped at the pleasure.

And then there were two set of fingers trying to explore her pussy. But both husband and wife were getting in each other’s way in their eagerness to play with her sex. They paused and looked at each other, their faces just inches away from the other, across Rommi’s chest.

They stopped nursing and giggled at the situation, and then kissed each other.

“I think I want to see you fuck her,” said Shelly.

Gray glanced once up at Rommi. “Doesn’t she get a say in that?”

Shelly was eager to accommodate her husband. She looked up at Rommi. “Would you like my husband to fuck you while I watch?” She drew a finger over Rommi’s leaking nipple. “While I nurse from you?”

Rommi couldn’t say the words; she could only nod her assent.

It only took the couple a few seconds to get undressed. Rommi was familiar with Shelly’s body and barely glanced at her, even when Shelly’s large breasts came

into view. The bra she had been wearing had two dark spots on the cups and her nipples were leaking precious milk.

She saved her eyes for Gray. He had a nice body, a bit taller than her own husband, and leaner, which meant he was skinnier, but he had a nice cock jutting up from his crotch. The situation alone had made him hard, just like it had made her wet.

Shelly directed them. She had them both lay on their sides and Gray penetrated Rommi from behind. Shelly was the one who handled his cock and eased it into Rommi's pussy. She had seen him fuck other women before, but actually helping this time was more fun than she imagined. Rommi's pussy easily accommodated his cock and watching it go in was fascinating. Rommi didn't say a word about not wanting to do what Shelly wanted to see and so the older woman rewarded Rommi with a kiss. That kiss worked its way down her torso to her breasts and shortly Rommi was being nursed from and fucked at the same time.

"Oh god. Oh fuck! Oh shit!" Rommi exclaimed. She was pressed between the couple and there was nothing she could do. She came and she came hard. Her body shook. Her milk sprayed from her tits. Her pussy clenched down on Gray's cock and she was certain she was going to pee because she had so completely lost control. Her body quivered. She started crying.

"Are you okay?" Shelly asked, lifting her mouth from her friend's breast.

"Uh-huh," Shelly managed to say after the shocking orgasm had passed. "It was...too much."

"Do you want to keep going?"

Rommi smiled. "Uh-huh."

Shelly shifted her eyes to her husband. "Keep fucking her. I want to see you cum in her."

That made Rommi's stomach tighten up again. Before she could say anything, Gray started fucking her again. She wanted to say no, but she wanted what he was doing to her at the same time.

"We'll do this again," Shelly promised her as her fingers went to Rommi's pussy,

rubbing the clit gently. “You do want to do this again, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh,” Rommi agreed despite herself.

To Be Continued

Preview

Milk and Honey 1

Ever just look at your spouse or significant other and just say...fuuuucckk. What the hell am I doing in this relationship? Is this all there is to my life? A couple of kids? A job that borders on a career? A house? Sex on Saturday nights along with Tuesday and Thursday morning when our schedules shift just enough for some extra time?

I wasn't old enough to be having a midlife crisis, was I?

What does a married woman with two kids do for a midlife crisis? Divorce? Job change? Have another kid? New house? Affair?

I looked across the breakfast table at Seth. Ten years ago I was madly in love with him. Two years ago I was madly in love with him. Hell, last week I would have said that I was madly in love with him. Sure, he could drive me to annoyance with his obsession with discovering new craft beers, but as a hobby it wasn't the worst and he was a good father and husband and all of that shit that society tells us we're supposed to want.

He was eating toast, drinking coffee, and scrolling through the news feed on his phone before he had to leave for work. The kids were already gone to school. We could have gone back to bed and fucked. We had the time, but I didn't ask and maybe, just maybe he'd say that he had to get to work.

Glancing up he saw me staring at him. "Something the matter?"

I shook my head. "No. Just...not excited to go to work today."

He half-smiled and nodded. "We'll get a sitter this weekend and go out on a date. How does that sound?"

"Good," I quickly agreed. It should have been good, but it was just...ordinary.

Satisfied with his suggestion, Seth stood up from the table and went to the bathroom. I grabbed his phone from where he left it, keyed in the passcode, and

glanced at what he was looking at. The news from NPR. God, we were a cliché of middle-class white Americans. Two kids and a picket fence. We were boring.

I would have spent some time snooping through his phone, but I didn't have the time. Besides, it didn't matter. I had snooped through it every few days for the past few months. Except for an occasional foray into some really mild pornography—think barely old school Playboy-worthy—there was nothing interesting on his phone.

What I wouldn't give for Seth to be having an affair just so I could have something interesting in my life.

Of course, I could say the same about myself. I wasn't terrible looking. I wasn't that old yet. I had more than enough men make passes, both smooth and awkward and everything in between, at me. I always gracefully declined because that's not the sort of person I was.

I was a boring person, apparently.

Wife. Mother. Joint homeowner. IT career that was possibly going somewhere. Sex three times a week, never more.

Fuck.

It wasn't that we were that boring. Or we used to be more exciting. Back in college we had sex up against the science building in the middle of the night when anyone could have walked by and seen us. We even messed around in the library stacks. On our honeymoon we went to an exotic resort that featured a nude beach; it was less exciting than I thought it would be and my nipples got mildly sunburned.

We had played around with bondage, but that didn't do it for me. I was confident that if I asked Seth, he'd go along with almost anything I suggested for sex.

Was that I what I wanted? Something new with sex? I didn't want a new husband, more kids, a different house, or to travel the world. What else was there?

I probably should have turned to a life coach or personal counselor. Instead, I did what everyone in IT did way too much. I turned to the internet, which is always a bad decision.

There's a website for everything. I didn't know the business model behind SexAdviceExplorer.com but it was what I needed. It was almost a chatbot, just a simple Q&A session. It was easy enough to do it between password reset requests and other stupid issues.

Straight or gay or something along the spectrum?

The first question was a straight forward (HA!) question, but it made me think way too much. Was I a lesbian or bi? Did I even know?

The AI was better than I had anticipated.

You're taking a lot of time to answer. Do you need guidance? Are you questioning your sexuality?

Again, the question made me question everything. And I got caught up on the last word of the first question. Spectrum. Both Seth and I had tested ourselves and we were on the bottom of the autism spectrum, but I doubted that was the SexAdviceExplorer bot was asking about.

Straight, I typed in

Are you male or female (or do you identify as non-binary?)

Female. I liked how the website made you type in the answer rather than choosing from button options. It made it feel more like a conversation and less like dealing with a robot. Not that there's anything wrong with dealing with a robot, if that's what you're into.

Are you looking for a new sex partner, either with your current partner or alone?

NO! The exclamation point and all caps probably weren't necessary, but they felt good to use.

The bot was smooth. It just moved on. Is there a particular fantasy that you'd like to involve your current partner in.

No.

Is there a fantasy that your current partner would like fulfilled?

I don't know.

Do you believe he has a fantasy he hasn't told you about?

No.

Are you looking for something new and different? Do you think you're in a rut?

That was it. That was it exactly. Who says bots and AIs don't know the human condition?

Yes. Something new and different. I just don't know what.

There was a character count of one thousand for each answer. Good grammar wasn't necessary, the bot would just pull out whatever it found useful, but I found that I liked talking to it.

Oral, anal, vaginal or nipple?

I looked at the screen for a minute, dumbfounded. If the bot were a person, I might have smacked it. Instead, all I could do was type in, WHAT?!

The caps lock and extra punctuation did little to make me happier.

What type of stimulation would you prefer? The chatbot seemed to take my reaction awfully casually. But then again, it was just an AI.

But an AI programed by people.

And maybe it was a learning AI, which would mean that everyone who used the chatbot since its inception had an influence on how it reacts.

Sometimes thinking about the computer-human interface was headache inducing.

The question was straightforward enough, but I didn't have an answer for the AI.

I don't know.

Are you looking for something extreme or kinky?

Without thinking I automatically typed like I was replying to a friend. I don't know what I want.

Are you looking for an adventure?

An adventure would be better than living a life of slow desperation in the suburbs, I thought to myself. Sure.

You seem like you are uncertain.

Now the bot was sounding like a shrink. That made me nervous. Still, I was already all in on this little examination of my sexuality that I didn't really want to face.

I don't know what I want. I'm just looking for...something.

We can continue an exploration of what might interest you or you can just request a random event.

Random sounded like a terrible idea.

Continue exploring.

Oral, anal, vaginal or nipple?

I decided to push the limits of the AI.

I've never done anal. That was true. I wasn't necessarily opposed to it, but shoving a toy or cock up my finger didn't especially appeal to me.

So you're saying you'd like to try it?

No.

Oral, vaginal or nipple?

This was a narrowing path. It would randomly choose from the remaining

options until nothing was left and then push me that way. I could either choose or be forced into something. Vaginal was too common. Oral was...boring.

Nipple.

There's lot of ways women experience pleasure through their nipples and breasts. Clamps. Piercings. Slapping. Massaging. Pinching. Sucking. Some women get pleasure from exhibiting their breasts to partners and strangers (sometimes on the internet). Size and shape are often important to a woman's partner.

That was an info dump that was obvious. I wasn't planning on showing off my tits to photo sharing sites (with or without my face). Those were mostly harmless, but I knew the risk of being traced back to someone's true identity. Piercing was out. Just...no. I liked it when Seth touched and played with my boobs during sex, but he wasn't obsessed with them.

No piercings. If I waited too long the bot would start pushing me again. I needed time to think. I could feel myself getting sweaty, even in the air conditioned IT office. No one else was around, so I was safe for the moment, even though I could feel myself getting aroused. Plain cotton panties are nice because they'll absorb a lot more vag leakage than lace or silk. I shifted uncomfortably in my comfortable office chair.

Do you want to avoid all extreme and possibly pain inducing options?

No pain.

That leaves sucking, massaging, and exhibitionism. Which appeals most to you.

The bot wasn't great, but it was nice to move me along. I wasn't a big fan of massages in general. Maybe because I'd never paid for one and Seth was lame at them, but a stranger's hands on my body, even as a professional non-sexual service, didn't appeal to me. Exhibitionism was right out. Every bra I owned was full coverage and I had little interest in getting my, mostly male, coworkers revved up by giving them even a hint that I had cleavage.

I choose sucking. Looking at my response I mocked myself in my head. Pikachu I choose you. Sucking I choose you.

The bot went into info dump mode again. Many women enjoy it when their partners suck on their nipples. It is a common form of breast stimulation. Some women can orgasm just from nipple stimulation either through sucking or manual stimulation. Sucking is most commonly accomplished by a partner's mouth, but there are sex toys that can accomplish the same stimulation. These toys vary from simple suction cups that fit over the nipples to repurposed breast pumps.

Some caution should be used. Too much nipple stimulation can induce lactation in some women.

I liked it when Seth sucked on my tits before and during sex. This seemed like the lamest possible ending to SexAdviceExplorer.com. "What you need in your life, young lady, is for your sex partner/boyfriend/husband to suck on your nipples a little more before he fucks you."

I couldn't see myself buying a sex toy just for my nipples. I had thought about a vibrator in the past, but that wasn't going to happen.

But I kept reading the last line over and over.

Some caution should be used. Too much nipple stimulation can induce lactation in some women.

It's easy to lose track of time in front of a computer screen. Millions of people do it every day.

Some caution should be used. Too much nipple stimulation can induce lactation in some women.

I remembered what it felt like when I was a new mother and nursing my babies. It felt good. It wasn't sexy, but I liked it when my breasts were full of milk and I was sharing that special time with my baby. I never felt so close to them other than when they were nursing from me.

My kids were teenagers now and would be horrified if I ever mentioned breastfeeding to them.

Do you need more information, Malka?

I hadn't given SexAdviceExplorer.com my name. When I saw it there I started to panic and hyperventilate.

I gulped down some water from the bottle I always kept on my desk and blinked. My name wasn't all that common so the chance of a bot guessing it correctly was remotely small.

Looking back at the screen I read the line again.

Do you need more information or time?

I was being stupid and imagining things.

I had been using a proxy so it would be difficult (though not impossible) to track my website visitation. No one would know what I had been doing.

I closed the browser and erased all my obvious tracks.

Short of a full FBI cybercrimes investigation, no one would know what I had been doing

No one but me.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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