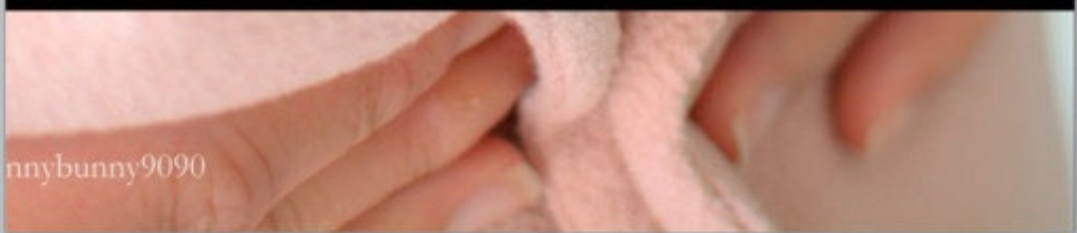




SHELLY'S SUPPLY

A Lactation and Adult Nursing Erotic Story

ELLIOT SILVESTRI



nnybunny9090



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Shelly's Supply: Milk Girls 2

An Adult Lactation Relationship Erotic Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Shelly's Supply: Milk Girls 2

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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

Rommi didn't start crying until she arrived home. Up to that point she had been ecstatically happy, sailing along on an orgasm high. She had just had her first threesome with Shelly and Gray. It had been wonderful.

Sex with Shelly was always good, but it had been for far too long since she had been properly penetrated with a cock. She had missed that. She didn't feel like it was cheating on Chad because they hadn't been having sex in almost a year. Of course it wasn't cheating when she had sex with Shelly, because Chad wasn't a woman.

Rommi knew her logic was twisted and flawed, but she had to justify herself somehow.

It was the twisted and flawed logic that started making her cry because she knew she was lying to herself and by extension she was lying to Chad, if not outright then by omission.

Her tears brought her down from her happy high to a depressive low that practically crushed her.

It was only when Grace woke up in the back where she was in her baby seat did Rommi get ahold of herself. Rommi's sobbing had woken her daughter. She quickly got ahold of herself and realized that Chad wasn't home yet. That was good. She still had time.

Everything with a baby was more difficult and took longer. Rommi knew she had time but she still rushed. Grace wasn't hungry, she just wanted to play. That was solved by putting her in the playpen with an armful of toys. Rommi then went to the shower, leaving the bathroom door open to listen for signs of problems, and quickly washed of any scent or left behind traces of contact with either Shelly or, more importantly, Gray. She spent a lot of time with the water directed at her pussy, washing away any evidence of his having cum inside her.

She had never immediately showered afterwards when she had sex with Shelly. Doing so now made everything seem more tawdry, more dirty, more wrong.

It didn't stop her from showering. It didn't stop her from resolving to keep her secret from Chad.

When she was drying off she noticed in the mirror that her breasts seemed almost deflated. They had always felt empty after her dates with Shelly, which only made sense because Grace had drastically decreased her active nursing from her, but this time it was obvious they were empty. That too made sense because she had both Shelly and Gray nursing from her, drawing out her milk at twice the normal rate. It had given her huge orgasms, but it had also completely dried her up. She knew the milk would return, and the more demand that was put upon her body the more she would make.

She was looking forward to feeding both Gray and Shelly. She wanted to please them both.

Just that thought gave her shivers and she quickly dressed in preparation for Chad's return from work. He was always staying late now, which was good because they needed the money, but it was annoying as hell because it meant that Rommi had way more than her fair portion of the child rearing.

It was late when Chad got home. She had already fed Grace and put her to sleep. She had made dinner for herself and watched TV until Chad walked in.

He had that look on his face. That look he had had for far too long. "I want to talk with you," he said almost before he was in the door.

Just the way he said it made her stomach fall through the floor. When she had that experience with Shelly and Gray, it was exciting, like riding a roller coaster. This time it was the complete opposite, like the dread when someone is delivering bad news.

"What...what do you want to talk about?" Rommi just stayed on the couch, unwilling to move. He stood in the doorway to the kitchen, unwilling to come all the way in.

He didn't ease into it "I know you've been wondering why we haven't had sex since...since Grace was born. And I've been...working late. But it's not just because of either of those things." He hesitated and took a deep breath. "It's me. I've been...I've been with someone else."

Rommi didn't know what to say. She should have expected such a confession from him, but it was still a shock to hear it. A long uncomfortable pause. "And he's a man."

It would have been the perfect time for Rommi to confess her transgression, but she didn't.

She couldn't.

She knew she should have, but she couldn't.

Instead she said, "You've been fucking a man instead of me."

It wasn't a question; it was a statement of resignation.

"I don't really want to go into detail," he said, avoiding the issue.

"How long have you known that you're gay?" she asked him.

"I'm not gay!" he snapped at her, his long-seething anger coming to the forefront. "I'm bi!"

Rommi wasn't sure if her husband was lying to her or to himself. Or both.

"Okay, how long have you known that you're bi?"

Chad looked away from her. He suddenly found the wood grain patterns in the doorjamb more interesting than the conversation they were having. "I don't know. All my life. I thought that maybe it would go away when you and I got married."

"That's fucking great," said Rommi, somehow not feeling like she was a hypocrite.

"I'm sorry, but I thought that you should know."

"Yeah...thanks."

"And I'm sorry."

"You already said that."

"Well what the hell else am I supposed to say?"

"I don't know. Maybe a promise you won't stick your dick in someone else?"

He looked down at the floor. "I can't promise that."

Rommi now felt like a hypocrite for not confessing because she fully intended to cheat on him again. It made no sense. Nothing did.

The next morning Rommi woke up to an empty bed. Chad had spent the night on the couch. She didn't complain. He left early. She texted back and forth with Shelly, telling her everything about what Chad had confessed to her.

She was relieved when Shelly told her to come over as soon as she could. Even though Shelly worked half days, they were flexible. That worked out well when the two women wanted to make their little affair more physical. Rommi was taking advantage of her friend now and she knew it. Rommi felt like a horrible human being, but she couldn't control herself. It made her wonder what was wrong with her.

The moment that Shelly let her into the house, she put down Grace and embraced her friend. That only lasted a second before giving Shelly a kiss on the side of her neck, and then the cheek, and then finally on her mouth.

It was Shelly who broke the kiss. "What are you doing?"

Rommi smiled. "Kissing you. Let's have sex. My tits are bursting with milk." That was an exaggeration, but she could feel their fullness.

"I thought you wanted to talk about Chad."

"I want to fuck." She started pulling at Shelly's top, wanting to reveal her breasts. She was just as eager to nurse from Shelly's breasts as she was to offer her own milk.

"Not now," Shelly said, a hint of anger in her voice. "The kids. We need to walk. I need the exercise and you need to talk and unburden yourself."

It wasn't what Rommi wanted, but Shelly wasn't going to be persuaded to do otherwise. Grace was starting to get fussy and sleepy, ready for a nap and Marshall was already in his stroller.

They walked the neighborhood like they normally did. Instead of a conversation, Shelly grilled her on everything that Chad had said and what he intended. By the time she was done Rommi was exhausted, but not from the walk.

But when Rommi thought she was done, she was wrong.

Shelly had one more question. "What did he say when you told him about us. Well, me. And Gray."

Rommi didn't answer right away. She didn't want to answer at all.

"Well?" Shelly was impatient.

"I didn't tell him," Rommi admitted softly.

"What! Why not! It's one thing to have an affair, but it's another thing to pass up the perfect opportunity to say something. It would have kept you both on the same footing. Now...you've made things more difficult on yourself."

"I know."

"Why not just tell him. It's not too late. Say you were shocked by his confession of him being bi and knowing all his life and you didn't know what to say." Shelly let out a little laugh. "It's funny that the both of you are bi and didn't know. Fucking hell. What type of families did you both grow up in where you couldn't be honest with one another? Or yourselves?"

"I don't know. Good Catholic guild, but he's Episcopalian. Though...we really haven't been to church since we got married. Other than Christmas and with our families when we visit."

"Tell him, it'll be easier once you do."

Rommi nodded and looked down at her sleeping daughter. Marshall was asleep as well. They were nearing Shelly's house; that was good. "I can do that," she said aloud and tried to mean it. "Is your husband okay with you being bi?"

Shelly laughed. "I'm not bi so he's fine with it."

"He saw you have sex with me."

“Yeah, but I’m not bi. I know we had sex,” she looked around the street. As always the middle-class neighborhood was completely empty in the middle of the day. Not even any delivery trucks. “I know we had sex, but I’m not bi. I know we’re going to have sex again. Call me heteroflexible or whatever. I don’t care if I never have sex with a woman again. I’m not going to fall in love with any woman, including you. Can you say the same?”

Rommi was silent, counting the steps back to Shelly’s house. It was just there in the distance. Her tits were aching with the fullness of milk. She was sweaty from their fast walk through the neighborhood. She couldn’t say the same about her sexuality. She knew she wanted to fuck other women in her life. She knew that she had fallen in love—or some sort of love, at least—with Shelly, but she’d never admit it to Shelly. She couldn’t do that. Not now.

“I can’t,” she admitted. “I love Chad.” Even as she said it, Rommi wasn’t sure if it was true or not, but she had to say it. She felt some sort of affection for her husband, but was it love? “But I want to have sex with women.” The house wasn’t so far away now. The real trick was to get the babies inside, nurse and have sex, and hopefully shower before the little ones woke up. “I might even fall in love with a woman.” She gave Shelly a quick look askance. Shelly was focused on the house up ahead as well. It was hard to tell with her big sunglasses on. There was a faint sheen of sweat on her body and forehead. That made her only look more sexy in Rommi’s eyes. And she couldn’t keep her eyes off Shelly’s softly bouncing breasts as well.

Her mouth watered at the idea of sucking her friend’s milk from her breasts.

What was wrong with her? Rommi had fallen down into some weird, kinky place in the world where she didn’t want to be and couldn’t escape from.

They got the babies into the cribs without a problem. Rommi was relieved. She needed to have sex as an outlet for her confused emotions.

“Want to shower first?” Shelly offered.

Rommi shook her head. “No. I want to...I want to make love to you. I want to taste your sweat.” She licked her lips and tried to make her expression sultry like a vixen.

Shelly chuckled softly. “I’ve never heard that before.”

“And I want to taste your milk and drink all of it,” she added.

“Well, that I can help you with,” said Shelly as she pulled her shirt up over her body. The athletic bra she was wearing was new. It had a zipper in the front and Rommi eagerly lowered it, freeing her friend’s milky tits. It was too much to resist and she pushed Shelly up against the hallway wall, ducked her head and latched on to a soft brown nipple.

Shelly groaned and her milk started flowing.

It was easy to let Rommi do it. They both wanted the sex and the attention and the pleasure that came from offering their breasts and milk to their lovers.

Shelly spared a glance downward. Rommi’s eyes were closed and she was intensely focused on sucking Shelly’s easily flowing milk. Her free breast wasn’t just dripping; it was lightly spraying onto the side of Rommi’s head and shoulder, getting her hair and shirt wet. Rommi didn’t appear to care.

Putting her hand to her leaking nipple, Shelly tried to staunch the flow, but it was pointless. It wouldn’t stop, not when Rommi was feeding on her. Not when she was this aroused by the other woman’s presence and sexual needs. She brought her fingers up to her mouth and tasted her own milk. It was sweet and rich as always.

Inside her panties she could feel herself getting damp. She wanted to fuck, preferably with a cock, but she would make do with Rommi’s mouth and fingers.

Still pressed up against the wall, Shelly awkwardly stripped out of her athletic bra. It was easier to get on and off with the zipper in front, but that didn’t take into account being pressed against a wall while being nursed and Rommi wasn’t releasing her latch on Shelly’s nipple. As her lover continued to suckle, Shelly hooked her thumbs into her waistband and pulled down her athletic pants and cotton panties to mid-thigh. She was now naked essentially from her knees up and her jiggling and shimmying finally distracted Rommi away from her human dairy feast.

“You’re making this difficult,” she complained as she switched breasts, licking away the milk that had dribbled down on Shelly’s stomach and the underslope of her flesh.

“Let’s go to the bed,” Shelly encouraged her. “It’s easier there.”

Rommi gave one long, hard pull on her breast, drawing out the milk so quickly it was almost painful. “Are you calling me easy?” she asked breathlessly after she swallowed.

“No easier than me.” She pushed away her lover and bent over to leave her leggings on the floor along with her panties. Only then did she draw Rommi back toward the master bedroom.

Somehow Rommi managed to strip off all her clothes quickly and efficiently before they arrived at the bed, leaving a trail of scattered clothing behind her. It was the first time that Shelly had gotten a good look at Rommi’s ass while it was naked and in motion. She was a lithe, fit woman and her buttocks were taut. There was no spare flesh or fat. It was a thing of beauty to watch in the few short steps it took them to get to the bed.

Rommi turned and pulled her to the bed. Shelly landed on top and immediately squirmed down to find a nipple with her mouth. They were both sweaty from the brisk walk and as her tongue touched Rommi’s skin, she could taste the saltiness the sweat had left behind. This was almost immediately washed away by the sweet milk that Rommi produced to Shelly’s eager sucking.

Too quickly she felt Rommi’s hand between her legs, exploring her pussy that was wet and swollen from the little attention she had given it.

“No,” she sighed around Rommi’s small breast. “Not that. Not yet.” She went back to nursing, sucking all the milk that Rommi had to offer. Rommi didn’t move her hand away but just continued to cup Shelly’s pussy. Her fingers remained calm with just her middle finger resting between Shelly’s swollen lips.

She allowed Shelly to nurse from her. She wanted Shelly to nurse from her. She was jealous of Shelly because Shelly had her husband to nurse from her along with Rommi and Rommi only had Shelly. Chad would never nurse from her tits. Rommi knew that she could ask Shelly to have Gray join them again, but that wasn’t something that could go on indefinitely.

And then Rommi felt Shelly’s fingers searching out her pussy. She spread her legs and let Shelly have her body. Too often that’s what being a woman meant, letting others use your body for their pleasure or survival...only this time

Rommi didn't mind at all.

The sensation of milk being sucked out along with Shelly's fingers diddling her pussy and clit was more than enough to push aside all other thoughts. She was rapidly headed toward and orgasm and she happily welcomed it. Sex was the only pleasure in her life now; there was no emotional pleasure at all.

When she came she scissored her legs tightly around Shelly's hand, pinning it in place as her body shook with pleasure. Rommi didn't want it to stop because the orgasm ending meant she would have to face her life.

"Are you done?" Shelly asked when Rommi's body stopped quivering. Watching her cum was beautiful but the way she clamped her thighs around Shelly's hand was actually painful.

"Yes. That was good. I needed that."

Shelly carefully examined her wet fingers. She was reasonably certain that her fingers hadn't been broken, but she would bet even money that there was a minor sprain in her wrist or at least one finger. "You almost broke my hand," she exaggerated.

"Sorry."

"It's okay. I'll live." She smiled at her friend and glanced down at her chest. Her breasts were still dripping steadily. "I think I have a way for you to make up for it."

Their interlude didn't last very long. Shelly rolled to her back while Rommi moved next to her. Rommi's mouth went to Shelly's breast and suckled happily. This time when Rommi went for her pussy, Shelly was more than happy to open her legs and allow herself to be masturbated. She had just gotten to the edge of the moment of crisis when the baby monitor kicked on and they heard the unmistakable sounds of children crying.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" Shelly hissed under her breath.

Rommi raised her mouth from Shelly's breast. "Do you want me to keep going?" she asked even while continuing to move her fingers rapidly in and out of Shelly's pussy.

“Yes....fuck! No. I can’t cum listening to a baby cry.”

In anger she pushed her lover away and sat up. As always there was a robe on the back of the door. A second later she was headed down the hallway looking to save her son from whatever was making him cry. Rommi followed a few seconds later, pulling on her clothes.

By the time they sorted out the children and calmed them down it was time for Rommi to leave. They left Shelly unsatisfied and frustrated. She couldn’t wait for Gray to get home. It took some time but eventually she got Marshall settled down. Slipping off to the bedroom she gave herself the gift of a few minutes of private pleasure.

It wasn’t often that Shelly had used her vibrator in the past few months, having been largely satisfied by Gray’s attentions along with Rommi’s. Shelly was a satisfied woman. The battery was still charged and all she had to do was kick off her leggings and press the delightful device to her pussy. She barely needed to insert it. Less than a minute later she was cumming.

The orgasm didn’t satisfy but it took the edge off. She’d have to wait for Gray to arrive home to fully drain her breasts and fuck her.

She wanted a cock and a vibrator just wasn’t the same.

Chapter Two

Shelly couldn't help herself. She sent a message to Rommi when she was certain that her friend and lover was still home alone with her daughter.

You need to confess everything to Chad. Tonight.

Her response wasn't immediate, but it was exactly what Shelly expected.

I can't. He will leave me. Or worse.

Shelly could sympathize with that, but she wasn't going to play stupid games with a person who needed to grow up and be a woman, not a girl. He's going to find out eventually. Tell him or I will.

There was no way to make it sound like an order or ultimatum, but that's what Shelly intended it to be. She went so far as to turn off her phone for the rest of the night.

Rommi was left wondering what exactly she would say and if she would blow up her marriage because of her actions, both cheating on her husband and then not confessing when he admitted his infidelity.

The only thing that Rommi could do was hold her baby and cry. Grace didn't understand what was happening, but was happy to have her mother's attention.

Chad wasn't so late this night and when he walked in Rommi quickly evaluated him, trying to determine if he had been fucking some other man or woman after the office closed for the night. There was no way of telling for sure. Hell, she hadn't known when he was fucking someone else so how was she to know if he had just had his cock where it didn't belong?

"I'm trying not to be late anymore," he said apologetically. "But we did have a project to finish tonight."

She'd have to trust him. He had trusted her and she'd betrayed him just like he had.

Maybe they were perfect for each other.

"I should have said something last night," she began.

“I’m just glad you didn’t kick me out for...you know,” he interrupted her.

“Where would you go?”

“I don’t know.”

“I fucked someone else too,” she blurted out, not wanting to let him distract her.
“A man and a woman. Married couple.”

Marshall looked at her a long time. She couldn’t read his expression. “Are you just saying that to make me feel better? Because it makes me feel worse.”

“No. It’s the truth.”

“Did you do it today, just to upset me?”

It was odd that he could so quickly change directions in his opinion of her motivations.

“No...it’s been going on a while.”

“Oh.” Silence. “How long?”

“A few weeks.”

“You’ve been fucking a married couple for a few weeks and I had no clue...”

“I had no clue you were fucking some guy,” Rommi interjected. “And to be fair, I only fucked the husband once.”

“Oh.” He heaved a sigh. “I’m not sure if that makes it better or worse.”

“Well...apparently we’re both bi and ashamed to admit it to anyone, even ourselves.” She tried a wan smile. “Maybe we are meant for each other.”

Chad picked his eyes up from the carpet and looked at her directly. “You were more interested in the wife?”

“I...yeah, maybe. I don’t know. Well...I had sex with her more so I suppose yes. But it was more a partner of opportunity than of love.” It was an opportunity of lust, but Rommi wasn’t willing to fully admit that just yet.

“What do you mean?”

“She’s into breast milk...and so am I it seems.” She sighed. “And her husband too.”

“Oh...that’s...”

“Kinky?” Rommi helpfully suggested.

“I was going to say weird.”

“Okay, so I told you about it. I just have one problem now.”

Chad laughed. “Just one problem. Okay. Sure. What’s the problem?”

“My tits are full of milk and I need to get rid of it.”

“What do you want me to do about it?” Chad was at his wit’s end and didn’t know what to expect.

“Shelly and Gray would know what to do.”

“You can’t be serious...”

Rommi’s hands went to her breasts. She cupped them and she could feel they were swollen with milk. After sex with Shelly they had kicked into overdrive and Grace hadn’t nursed nearly as much as Rommi wanted.

“I’m serious,” she said. “I get off on it.”

Chad’s mouth worked for a moment before he managed to get the words out. “You get off on people nursing from you?” It was half a question and half an accusation.

It was hard for her to admit the truth. “Y-y-yes.”

“Why?”

It was a stupid question, but Chad didn’t see that. “I don’t fucking know! I just do. I liked it when my nipples were sucked before we had Grace and I like it even more now.”

“That’s twisted.”

“So is your ass fucking some random guy, and yet here we are.”

“That’s not fair! I didn’t—” and he stopped himself short.

Rommi went on. “I like it even more now because I like it when my nipples and tits are played with and you can’t imagine how it feels to have your milk drawn out of you, not to feed a baby but to share something so intimate with a lover it’s revealing a secret without telling anyone.” She gasped at herself. “It’s like sex and love and breathing. You need all of them to live, really live.”

Chad just stood and stared at her for one of those long, uncomfortable pauses that disturbed the both of them. “You don’t...you don’t expect me to do that to you, do you?”

She regarded him for just as long a pause as he did to her. “Yes, I expect you to...if you want the chance to suck Gray’s dick.”

It was a stupid thing to say and she regretted it immediately, mostly because there was no way for her to make good on the implied promise.

“Oh.”

“I did something completely stupid,” Rommi confessed over the phone to Shelly the next morning.

“What?” It sounded like Shelly was busy doing something that morning, probably work related, but she was kind enough to give Rommi a few minutes of her time.

Rommi purposely hyperventilated for a few seconds and then blurted out, “I promised Chad that he could suck Gray’s dick.”

Silence pervaded on the phone for an extended period. Rommi was afraid to say anything. Shelly didn’t know what to say and didn’t want to ask if she had heard Rommi correctly.

Neither could say what restarted the conversation.

“Did you want to get together again?”

“Yes!”

Gray came home to find his wife in bed with Rommi. Both women were naked and caressing each other. The bedsheets were bunched up around their waists and Gray couldn't pull his eyes away from their bare breasts.

It wasn't often that his wife called him to come home from work for a quick roll in bed, so when it did happen, he made sure to be ready. He was ready. His cock was hard inside his pants and he was already unbuttoning his shirt as he walked in.

“What are you two up to?” he asked, already knowing the answer. It was impossible for him to wipe the wide grin off his face. He had been thrilled when Shelly had told him about her fling with Rommi and had been even happier when she invited him to join her and Rommi in bed. This was the second time and it was a surprise, which was better still.

“Not so loud,” Shelly hissed at him. “Close the door quietly. The babies are sleeping in the other room.”

Gray didn't have to be told twice how to behave when sex with two women was on offer. He would do what was necessary to make that happen again and again.

After his shirt was off, he closed the door for some additional privacy. The baby monitor was on the dresser, he noted, as he kicked off his shoes and dropped his pants.

By the time he got to the bed, Shelly was on her back and Rommi was eagerly sucking on one nipple. Shelly smiled languidly at her husband and waved him over to her bare breast. “I need you,” she said. “I'm losing my milk.”

For just one panicked moment Gray thought that she meant her milk supply was drying up, but then he saw the thin, rich milk welling up around her nipple. There were little streams of milk flowing down the swell of her flesh. Unbidden,

his mouth started watering. It wasn't just seeing his wife in bed with another woman, but the fact that they were both lactating. He knew that over the years Shelly had inadvertently caused automatic responses in his body. Dripping milk: erection and salivation. Watching her masturbate: erection and sympathetic masturbation.

This was new. Her in bed with another woman? The sudden need to fuck them both. Shoving his pants and underwear down, his cock was already hard—of course—but it was also leaking precum like he had never seen before.

It wasn't necessary for him to undress, but as much as he liked nursing from his wife's tits—and by extension any woman's tits, which would include Rommi—he only took so much pleasure in drinking her delicious milk. He only took so much pleasure in getting her off by nursing. He'd rather fuck her—preferably while nursing from her—or both her and Rommi. He wasn't that particular if his wife was giving him permission to have sex with her lover.

Gray slid onto the bed next to his wife and immediately latched on to her exposed breast. He wasn't interested in lapping up the wasted milk. He knew there was plenty to spare—especially with two women in the room—and he enjoyed the act of nursing as much as the flavor. The nursing was what got his wife off—the sucking and drawing out of the milk—not licking the soft flesh of her tits.

Shelly moaned a little as he got to work and then sighed as his hand traveled down her body to seek out her pussy. She could feel it damp and warm, ready to be used. But Gray was a little disappointed and very surprised to find that she still had her panties on when he reached her mound.

“I was saving myself for you,” she informed him.

Gray didn't move his mouth from her breast; he was too enthralled with the sucking of her milk and the steadily growing warm sensation in his belly. Normally at this point he'd be getting erect, but right now he was already fully erect. There was no further effort needed on his part.

He shoved his fingers into her panties, skimmed them over her shaved-bare skin, and followed the furrow of her pussy with his middle finger, before plunging it into the depths of her sex.

For just a second Shelly tensed up, but at the familiar touch of her husband, she relaxed. She relaxed even further when Rommi happily started pulling Shelly's panties off her, over Gray's busy fingers. Gray appreciated the assist from his wife's lover but didn't know what was to happen next. Before, with the two of them, he and Shelly had planned out everything beforehand. This was much more spontaneous.

As always, with any good marriage, the wife had the perfect answer to his unspoken question. "Make me cum," she told him. "Make me cum and then I want to watch you fuck her."

That was good enough for Gray. He got to work on her pussy. Rommi and her must have been playing for a good time before he got to the bed. She was soaking wet. It didn't take much imagination on his part to picture the two women in bed together, Rommi going down on Shelly, getting her hot and bothered, and then stopping, waiting in anticipation of Gray and his cock. They even took the extra step of putting Shelly's panties back on her.

Gray wasn't certain what Shelly was thinking or exactly how close she was when he first touched her, but he thundered his fingers in and out of her pussy. She was sopping wet to the point where he could feel her natural lubrication splattering each time the palm of his hand impacted against her swollen labia. The sticky, wet splashing sound was nearly obscene. He didn't release his latch on her breast and kept sucking as hard as he could, heedless of whether she enjoyed it or not, because she always seemed to enjoy getting nursed during sex.

Rommi was forward thinking enough to smash a pillow on her friend's face just as Shelly started to cum. Shelly wasn't particularly loud in bed...except occasionally she was. This was one of those times and Gray should have anticipated it. Her scream was muffled just enough to not disturb anyone outside of the bedroom. That was something that Gray missed about sex before children. The wonderful noises his wife occasionally made when she was fully invested in the moment.

He cock was throbbing with his pulse. He wanted to fuck and cum as quickly as possible, but he wanted to do what his wife wished as well. He wanted to fuck Rommi in front of her.

It was too much to resist and he started climbing on top of her, pushing Rommi

aside, to get his cock between her legs to properly fuck her.

“No,” Shelly stated flatly, pushing back at him and pulling her legs together. “We’ve got this all worked out. You just need to play along.”

She turned over and got into the doggy position. It wasn’t a position they used often, mostly because of Gray’s intense interest in being able to nurse from her during sex, but he was willing to go along with her.

He knelt behind her and rested a hand on her upturned buttocks while using the other to guide himself into her waiting pussy. Gray liked it when he went right in without any effort. There was no better feeling when his wife was that ready for him. Without thinking, he started thrusting away.

Rommi, though temporarily forgotten by Gray, didn’t just sit and watch the couple. She rolled to her back and wiggled underneath Shelly’s body, stopping far enough to bring themselves face to breast again. Both women were enthralled with each other’s milk, more so than they would admit to each other or to themselves. They both nursed greedily as Gray fucked his wife.

He was a little jealous, but he couldn’t have everything all the time, and he could have his wife’s milk whenever he truly wanted.

It wasn’t long before Shelly pulled her large breast away from Rommi, forcing Gray to straighten up. “Don’t stop there,” she told Rommi.

The pretty, younger woman continued her journey downward. Gray wasn’t sure what was happening until he felt Rommi’s head down where his cock connected to Shelly’s pussy.

This was something he never would have imagined happening. It wasn’t exactly a fantasy of his, but he wasn’t turn down an opportunity like this. How many more times could this possibly happen in his life.

Rommi seemed to focus on Shelly’s clit, which only made sense, but he would feel her tongue on the underside of his cock every few strokes. When he was a teenager, this was exactly how he imagined a three-way with two women would be like.

It didn’t take long before Shelly was quivering again. This time she had to stifle

her loud moans into Rommi's pussy and thigh. He slowed down for a moment but once her little death had passed, he started thrusting away again with the intention of making himself cum.

"No, no, don't waste it on me," she all but barked at him. "You need to fuck Rommi."

Shelly awkwardly tried to move away. There was a tangle of limbs and a lot of confusion as the three tried to disengage themselves without hurting one another.

"Lay on your back," Shelly ordered. "I want her to ride you."

"Why?"

"So I can suck her tits, duh," his wife teased him. "Don't you want her milk dripping all over you?"

Gray had his doubts about Rommi's small tits being able to produce that much milk, but he didn't argue.

Once he was on his back Rommi eagerly scrambled on top of him and slid her pussy down on his cock. She was just as wet as Shelly—maybe even more from the denial she had to go through—and she happily bounced up and down for a few strokes before Shelly lowered her mouth to Rommi's tits and started nursing.

Gray found the position they were in to be uncomfortable at best. It was fine to have Rommi riding him, but inserting his wife into the equation made her movements limited and she seemed to be getting in the way. The fantasy of having two women at the same time didn't fully reflect the reality. Still, it wasn't anything he was going to give up. How many more times would this opportunity come up?

They had been swingers...but that was a while ago. They supposedly had an open marriage but he had never bedded anyone else without his wife in the room.

Abruptly Shelly switched from nursing on Rommi's small breasts to kissing Gray. He happily accepted her kiss, tasting the sweet milk on her lips and tongue. "Come in her," Shelly whispered breathlessly in his ear. "I want to feel

you fill her up with your cum.” And then her hand snaked down around his leg and Rommi’s; he could feel her fingers pressing against the thick vein on the underside of his cock. He was so close that her pressing down wasn’t going to stop anything...but it was going to delay when he would cum. “Cum in her,” she crooned in his ear.

Gray stared up at Rommi. She was grinning, pleased with herself. Her small tits bobbed and moved with her body as she pumped her hips up and down on him. He barely had to move his hips at all. He was transfixed by the motions of her breasts when he noticed that they were slowly dripping milk down her body and onto him. It wasn’t the steady flow that his wife had, but it was still impressive.

Reaching up her grasped her tits and squeezed them like he did to his wife. They were smaller so it took him a few tries to get it right, but she didn’t complain as he experimented. When he found the right grip and pressure, her tits unleashed a veritable shower of milk all over him. That, along with her grinding hips, was too much for him. He came.

Shelly started laughing when she felt his cum pushing by her fingers pressing on his cock. It wasn’t hard enough to prevent him from cumming—they weren’t that twisted and kinky, they both loved for him to cum—but she pressed hard enough to make him work for the orgasm.

Her hand slid down to his balls and she gave a little squeeze, heightening the pleasure. It was almost too much. “Do you like fucking her? Cumming in her?”

“Uh-huh,” he panted.

“I have other plans for you,” she told him.

“Okay.” He was eager and willing to go along with anything she suggested. At least at the moment.

After he came, she had moved her hand back up to the base of his cock and squeezed tightly. It didn’t hurt and on the positive side, his erection didn’t abate at all.

“Did you cum yet?” she asked Rommi.

The younger woman shook her head.

“Well finish yourself off. His cock is still good, right?”

Gray suffered underneath her grip and the unwanted friction of her pussy on his over-sensitive cock was almost too much.

Almost.

As she started humping him again, he felt his lust returning. Shelly moved and while keeping a grip on Gray’s cock, she put her fingers on Rommi’s clit, not that she needed it. After less than a minute Rommi gasped and ground down on his cock, pushing Shelly’s fingers out of the way. She tried to hold herself up, but couldn’t do it and wound up collapsing onto Gray.

Automatically his hands went to her firm ass, much like he always did with his wife when they fucked with her on top. It was strange to feel the firmness of her muscles under her smooth skin.

Shelly lay down next to them and kissed her husband’s shoulder. “I’ve got milk still,” she said, always practical.

“Give me a minute.”

“Want to get your dick sucked?” she then asked him.

“Sure. Give me ten minutes, though, for that.”

“It’ll take a little longer than that...”

Chapter Three

Gray reflected that both Rommi and Chad were much better looking than he and his wife. It wasn't just that the other couple was almost ten years younger. Shelly had always been more than just a few pounds overweight and he had been balding since college and to call his face classically square was overly complimentary.

And still the other couple felt they had to be the ones who were asking something special of them. Gray liked that. He wasn't sure if he was completely on board with having another guy suck his cock, but if it meant that he could continue to sample Rommi's milk whenever he wanted, he was willing to give it a try.

It was strange to be out on a date again, and a double date of all things. Both couples had to find babysitters and they dressed up for the restaurant. It wasn't a terribly fancy restaurant, but it was more than nice enough to get to know one another before going to bed together.

Of course the women already knew each other well enough. Gray didn't need to spend any time talking with Rommi. They were both focused on Chad which made the situation seem more like a job interview than a date.

He wasn't a good conversationalist.

He was handsome, even Gray could see that. When Shelly whispered in his ear, "He's fucking cute," after they met in the restaurant's lobby, he was sure of it.

It was nice to hear her say that. It was how, when they were active swingers, she let him know which men she wanted to have sex with. Inserting fucking was the intentional tip off. "He's cute," meant little. "He's fucking cute," was the difference.

The dinner was a formality, though Shelly had told him he could back out at any point. It was just an opportunity for him to approve Chad. He didn't know why his wife was trying to be so protective of him. He'd seen plenty of men fucking before, in porn and when they had their visits to swingers' clubs. He supposed it was because it was one thing to see it and another entirely to participate in it.

From the way that Shelly was staring at Chad, Gray knew that he wasn't going to tell her no. if nothing else, his wife deserved the chance to relive—or maybe

rekindle—their swinging days. If the price of admission was having his dick sucked by another man, that was a price that Gray was willing to pay.

Besides, he'd heard that men were often the best at fellatio even compared to women who loved to do it.

It would be a lie to say that he wasn't a little bit curious.

The waiter circled the table as they finished. "Dessert?" he offered.

Gray couldn't help himself. "No thanks. We're going to the milk bar later."

Rommi turned bright red while Shelly just rolled her eyes and shook her head. She had heard the same joke too many times from her husband.

Chad barely seemed aware of the joke but laughed with Gray to go along with the moment.

Part of the night-out adventure was the hotel room they had booked. It wasn't a sleazy hotel, but just the act of checking in with another couple was low-key filthy. It would have been too difficult to work out the logistics if they were to go back to one house or the other.

The hotel room featured two queen-sized beds. Gray had argued that one king-sized would have been better since neither couple planned on staying the entire night. It was just for sex. Shelly had argued back that it would look suspicious that four of them were checking into a room with one bed. Gray wanted to bring up what he and friends would do for a hotel room back in college, but he dropped the issue.

They had money now.

Once they were all inside the room, it was as if all the sexual tension had dissipated. Gray had been eyeing Rommi's low-cut blouse all day, wondering what type of bra she was hiding underneath the material that created cleavage that Gray knew was completely artificial because he'd seen her naked. He had caught Chad checking out Shelly, which was fine with Gray, but it was his understanding that Chad wanted to suck his cock. That made the whole thing confusing.

Did Chad actually want to suck him off or not? Gray felt a little offended.

He also got quickly annoyed at the small talk the women were making. They admired the size of the room and the view from the window. It was only a five story tall building but they had a decent view of the park across the street.

They were avoiding the activity they had all come to the hotel for.

Gray wasn't hard and ready to fuck, but he was getting frustrated.

Since they were at the window, he went up behind Rommi and tapped her shoulder. She turned around enough for him to grasp her wrist and ease her away from Shelly.

"I can undress my wife anytime I want. I can have her milk anytime I want. I want to taste yours. Take off your top and bra so I can."

Rommi let out a nervous laugh and looked to Shelly who nodded encouragement at her friend. Only then did she think to look to her husband who gave her a nervous little nod.

She had warned him ahead of time that she fully intended to fuck Gray. She also told him she'd fuck Shelly as well and he was more than welcome to watch. He would also be welcome to have sex with Shelly if she agreed. That was enough to convince him.

Or maybe he was just eager to fuck another man, but with permission this time.

Only he wasn't going to fuck Gray. He was just going to suck him off.

That's what Rommi had told him they all agreed to. Her head was spinning with confusion. Was her husband gay or bi or both and what about herself?

She stood there too long for Gray so he pulled her close and kissed her unexpectedly. He knew from past experience asking for a kiss first was polite in swinging situations, but he wanted to see what the limits with this inexperienced couple was. He knew that kissing for many couples was incredibly intimate and could cause an unexpected reaction.

He got two reactions, both unexpected but to different degrees. Chad almost

immediately got hard and had to adjust his cock inside his pants; but Gray didn't know that. Rommi got wet, but Gray didn't know to what extent. Her pussy wasn't exactly gushing, but her milk started letting down. His hand went to cup her small breast and he felt the dampness.

"Here, let me help you."

Rommi didn't resist when he started pulling her blouse up over her head. He tossed it aside and saw that she was wearing a white lace bra that artificially pushed up her breasts. Through the thin material he could see the redness of her nipples. This was aided by the fact that her bra was wet from her leaking milk, making the outline of her nipples along with the color easily visible through the material.

"Do you want me to take that off you?" he asked. Gray considered himself an expert at bra removal.

"No. I can do it." She almost casually unclasped the hooks on the strap and let the garment fall from her small breasts. She tossed it aside and stood up proudly to let everyone see her tits that had started to leak. A few droplets let go from the tips of her nipples to land on the carpeted floor, but no one other than Gray noticed.

Shelly had moved to Chad and was kissing him while rubbing his erection through his pants. Rommi's stomach tightened up and seemed to drop to the floor with jealousy. She wanted to stop Shelly. Chad didn't belong to her, but then Gray moved forward, blocking her view. He reached for her nipples and lightly pinched them. She shivered at the sensation, loving it.

It was easy to pull her over to the bed. He sat down on the edge and had her stand in front of him, nursing from her tits. Her milk flowed easily and steadily, forcing him to pinch her free nipple to staunch the flow.

Rommi wasn't waiting for him to use her body. She was horny and eager. She opened her pants and dropped them to the floor, stepping out of her shoes at the same time. Gray's free hand drifted down to her hip and he noted that she was wearing a thong. It was an entirely unnecessary bit of clothing—it was coming off and Gray was more interested in her tits than her ass—but he appreciated the effort that she had made.

He knew he should have been paying at least a little attention to his wife and Chad, but this was only his third time with Rommi and he intended to make the most of it. Pushing her back, he stood up and quickly got out of his clothes. His cock wasn't fully hard but it was well on its way. Rommi took the opportunity to pull down her panties. A few seconds later they were on the bed together, Gray on his back and her eagerly sucking his cock.

Managing a quick glance over at his wife, he saw Shelly turning away from Chad and pulling up her hair. Chad knew what to do and lowered her zipper, allowing her to drop the dress to the floor.

"Get undressed," she told him as she pulled down the straps to her industrial strength bra. As always, Shelly dressed for function, not fantasy. She didn't put on a strip show for him either. She was undressing for sex and nothing else.

Well, maybe some erotic nursing, Shelly admitted to herself.

Chad just goggled at her when she was naked. He hadn't started undressing at all. He couldn't take his eyes away from her large tits.

"Get undressed," she repeated with some frustration and a meaningful glance to the next bed where their spouses were already engaged in a lewd act of adultery.

Despite herself, Shelly's pussy was already wet and she felt her milk welling up. Her hands went to her nipples and after a few experimental squeezes of her breasts, the milk started to flow.

Chad saw what she was doing and froze. "You're leaking," he said as he finished unbuttoning his shirt.

"Uh-huh, just a little milk. Just like your wife. I'd love for you to taste it." She moved closer to him and then pushed him back onto the bed. In his surprise, he went over easily. Shelly was on him before he could recover. She straddled his body and leaned over him, putting her tits in his face. At first Chad didn't know what to do, and then instinct took over.

He had never tasted his wife's breast milk. He had no desire to do so. He told himself he wasn't disgusted by it, but to sexualize something that shouldn't be sexualized seemed very morally wrong to him. He tried not to think about the morality of cheating on his wife with another man.

To his great surprise, the milk was sweet and not unpleasant. It filled his mouth and he was forced to swallow. Again he shoved aside thoughts of what he had done with Greg. Swallowing Shelly's milk wasn't at all like giving Greg head and swallowing his load.

But it was. The texture and taste were different, but it was exactly the same.

The presence of a warm female body on top of him was enough to get him hard. Shelly wasn't stupid. She could feel his erection in his pants. She was fully aroused and was certain that she was leaving a wet spot on the front of him, not that she cared all that much. As fun as it was to have a new man sucking on her tits, it wasn't enough to get her off. She needed a little more.

"Want to fuck?" she asked him, looking down at Chad's face which was mostly covered by her large tits.

His eyebrows went up and he pushed aside her breasts. "Are you serious?"

It was a ridiculous question to ask considering the circumstances.

Shelly turned her head and looked meaningfully at Rommi and Gray. She was riding his cock. His mouth was firmly attached to one breast while the other leaked out onto his chest.

She turned her head back to him. "Yes."

Together they quickly pushed down his pants, releasing his cock. It wasn't huge. It wasn't remarkable, but it was hard and ready to be used. Before he knew it, Chad found Shelly's hand holding his cock and then she was sitting down on it and he was deep inside her.

Shelly rocked her hips a few times before opening her eyes and smiling beatifically at him. "Like it?"

"Yeah."

"Just don't cum too soon. I need to get off first, okay?"

"Yeah, fine." He was already too involved with fucking Shelly to give any thought to her words.

Shelly continued to ride Chad while she turned her head and looked at her husband in the middle of sex with Rommi. Her female lover's face was a mask of ecstasy. Her nipples were steadily dripping milk and her skin was flushed with excitement. Gray knew what was expected of him: he could fuck her all he wanted, but he couldn't cum, not until Shelly said so.

Gray was sucking heavily at Rommi's small tits. They gave plenty of milk and she seemed pleased with what was happening. Nothing seemed to stop the steady flow of milk from her nipples, but that didn't bother either of them.

"Oh...oh...oh..." Rommi exclaimed. Shelly recognized the sudden red flush to her skin and then it happened. Her entire body shook as the orgasm overtook her. The orgasm went straight to her tits and milk seemed to spray everywhere, soaking both Gray and the bed.

The sight of it made Shelly pump her hips all the faster. She wanted to cum and move on with the next step. It was strange to think of sex as a chore, but here she was.

The little orgasm she gave herself wasn't satisfying, but it was good enough. It took the edge off. Her steadily dripping nipples seemed to slow down and she looked down at Chad with a wan smile on her face. "I'm getting off you now," she told him.

"Why?" He groaned in complaint as she disconnected their bodies.

The look she gave him was pure evil. "You promised my husband a blowjob, didn't you?"

She slowly moved away from him. Chad was left with a wet cock straining upwards as Shelly moved into the bed next to her husband. He could have complained, but instead he just watched.

Rommi had cum as well. She moved off Gray's body and slid upwards, her face blissful and calm. It took him a moment to realize what the women were doing with Gray. Shelly offered her husband her breast and he greedily started sucking on her nipple. Rommi, though much smaller in the breast department, all but shoved her tits in his face and turned his head to suckle from her. It was a minor battle between the two women, both vying for his mouth, until Shelly pulled Rommi down to her chest, getting both Rommi and Gray to nurse from her at the

same time. Chad couldn't see her face but it had to have the most serene expression on it.

Looking over her shoulder at Chad, she frowned at him. "What are you waiting for?"

"What?" Chad was confused.

"Gray's cock needs sucking."

Only then did Chad look to the other man's cock. It was hard and curved upward in an arc that made the thick organ point at his navel.

Without thinking about what he was doing—and not thinking about what he was doing had brought him into bed with Greg—Chad moved from one bed to the other. He crawled up between Gray's legs—and between the women—to take Gray's cock in hand. He didn't take time to admire the other man's cock or to think about what he was doing. They were beyond that. He lowered his mouth to Gray and started sucking and licking.

It was much like Greg's: firm and throbbing and it filled his mouth nicely, but it also had the familiar flavor of his wife's pussy combined with it.

Chad wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not.

"Do you like that?"

Chad lifted his eyes from the close-up view he had of Gray's cock, but saw that Shelly wasn't speaking to him. She was speaking to Gray. His mouth was full of her breast, so he just nodded as Chad continued his act of fellatio.

"Is he better than me?"

There was a pause before Gray nodded again.

Shelly laughed. "Better than any woman you ever had suck your cock?"

Once more Gray nodded.

"You remember the deal," Shelly sighed. "You don't stop sucking until Chad

finishes you off.”

Gray said nothing and tried not to think that it was a man sucking his cock, but it was hard not to because the style of his blowjob was so different from any woman he had. It was better. The best he had ever had. It was going to be impossible not to cum, not after fucking Rommi, being coated in her milk, and then being caught between the two women, happily sucking at his wife’s milk supply.

When it came it was life-changing. Gray had no intention of seeking out sex with men, but he certainly wouldn’t turn down an offered male blowjob.

He wasn’t sure if Shelly came from being nursed, but he knew that he could solve that problem easily enough. Or maybe Rommi could. And if not her, then Chad. There were so many options.

Hours later the two women were sleeping next to each other in the large bed. Rommi’s head was nestled next to Shelly’s large breasts. Gray wasn’t sure when they had fallen asleep, but it didn’t matter. He started dressing and Chad came out of the bathroom.

Gray held a finger to his lips. “Keep quiet. Let’s leave them like this.”

“What?” Chad was clearly confused.

“Get dressed. Let them spend the night together. They deserve it. Go home. Take care of your daughter.”

“But...”

Gray gave him an angry stare. “Think of what you had tonight. Do you want to upset your wife by waking her up and making her go home? Be a man and let her have a night with her girlfriend.”

Not having a response was enough to get Chad to dress and leave the room. He was worried about his wife having a lover, but he didn’t have a basis for complaint.

It was only when he got to his car, ready to go home and relieve the babysitter did he realize that he had been used by the other. Yes, he had one orgasm, when

Shelly had jerked him off while Rommi watched as Gray drained the last of her milk from her small breasts, but that was it.

Was he being punished?

He didn't know, but it was better than losing his marriage.

End

Preview

Milk and Honey 2

After that exciting Saturday night, we began doing things a lot differently in our sex lives. First, I got Seth to start sucking on my tits whenever we were in bed together. Not only did it feel good, but I was positive I could sense lactation starting in them. Maybe it was my overactive imagination, but I knew I could feel it. Second, we started looking for other opportunities that would allow Seth to experience some exhibitionism and public sex, but without the involvement of the police.

And on Monday morning I used part of my Amazon package on the way to work. They were called snake bites, but in reality they were just small suction cups. Small suction cups that were designed to fit over an average woman's nipples. Luckily my nipples were of average size and they fit perfectly. They didn't hurt when I applied them, but after a few minutes I could definitely feel the pressure they exerted.

That didn't stop me.

I wore a cotton camisole with a large, loose-fitting sweater over it. It was easy to pull down the cami, exposing my tits, put the snake bites on, and then allow my giant sweater to cover them up while I happily drove to work. Yeah, if you knew where to look, you could definitely see weird projections over my tits, but who was going to be looking at my tits inside my suburban assault vehicle during rush hour traffic.

I hoped no one.

I'm sure Seth hoped that someone got at least a hint.

Halfway to work I really started to feel the effects of the snake bites. I could have just pulled them off—it wasn't like they were irremovable—but I had made myself a promise to use them to and from work every day until I truly started lactating.

In my excitement to try out my snake bites (and keep them a secret, temporarily,

from Seth) I hadn't planned out how I would remove them before walking into the building. I only started thinking about that when I pulled into the parking lot. As it turned out, it was a fairly simple problem to solve. I sat in my ridiculously oversized and factory lifted station wagon for a few minutes, pretending to listen to the radio, while I reached under my sweater and slip off the snake bites.

Hiding it was the easy part. My sweater was so huge that I could have hidden a couple of pineapples and a keyboard inside my sweater and no one would have been the wiser.

No, the problem was when I took off the first snake bite, I wanted to cry. While I hadn't cut off circulation to my nipples, I hadn't been actively promoting it either. The moment the blood started to flow, I experienced pain like I had never had before. It wasn't worse than childbirth, but it was fucking damn close... except that it was centered on my tits and not lower down.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I used every pain management technique I had ever heard of to get through my minute of crisis.

"That's going to leave a bruise," I panted.

After briefly contemplating leaving the other one on for the rest of the day and to hell with prying questions and weird looks, I took in a deep breath and braced myself.

The pain wasn't as bad as I expected. It wasn't comfortable, but I didn't pass out.

"Yeah, two fucking bruises."

I pulled my cami into place and was glad I wasn't wearing a restrictive bra. Still, I had to walk carefully so that my boobs didn't jump around all over the place and knock me to my knees in pain.

In retrospect, wearing the snake bites for so long was probably a bad idea.

However, also in retrospect, even though my nipples and areola were slightly bruised, I was never more turned on at work than that particular morning. I went through the day with a beatific smile on my face and a pleasant demeanor no matter who came to me with the stupidest of problems.

Putting them back on was a bit more difficult than taking them off, not because of the pain, which had mostly worn away during the day, but because I was trying to do it in my car in the middle of the parking lot without attracting attention. I got smart and dialed down the amount of pressure on the snake bites, so getting home was a lot easier. I felt the stimulation without the pain. It was all a learning process.

I couldn't wait to tell Seth all about it. I just had to suffer through dinner and teenagers for that to happen.

"What do you think of these?" I asked Seth when we were getting ready for bed. I displayed my sore nipples to him, pulling down the straps of my tank top that I was wearing to bed.

"Nice," he said, but then his brow furrowed. "What's...what's wrong with them?"

"Bruised," I said sadly. "I wore my snake bites to work and I got this." I gestured to my chest.

"Snake bites?" And this is where I learned I shouldn't try to keep secrets from my husband.

"Yeah...let me explain about that."

I showed him the snake bites I had purchased. He was calm about it, which pleased me.

"And you put them on your breasts and they gave you bruises?"

Looking down at my bare breasts I nodded. "Well, yeah. But the bruises are barely visible. I don't think I actually bruised until I wore them home. If I had just stuck to wearing them in the morning I would have been fine."

"Then why did you do that?" he asked me insistently.

I smiled at him and couldn't help licking my lips a little. "Because it felt good. I mean...really good." I started to reminisce about something that had literally happened less than twelve hours earlier. I was fantasizing and I didn't regret it in the least.

He looked at me with mild exasperation. “How am I supposed to suck on you if they’re bruised?”

I loved him for that. First, that he was fully throwing himself into my fetish. Second, that he was showing compassion for my stupidity. And third, that he wasn’t insisting that he suck on my tits in the middle of the cul-de-sac, though I probably would have gone along with that inane plan if it meant I got my tits gently sucked so that I could cum.

“You can still do it,” I told him. “But you just have to do it carefully.

Seth’s eyes narrowed on me. “Only if you promise not to use those...snake bites to the point where you’re hurting yourself.”

I raised my hand as if taking an oath of office. “I solemnly swear I won’t use my sex toys to hurt myself.”

We got into bed and Seth made good on his promise to nurse from my gently and carefully. It felt great. It didn’t make me cum, but it was enough to get me relaxed and wet. It was also enough to get him hard. And that combined was enough for the two of us to carefully fuck, and on a Monday night now less. That got me off. And it got him off. I’m sure he was fantasizing about fucking me in the middle of the cul-de-sac, but that was fine with me. We’d do that soon enough...when the weather warmed.

The next morning was Tuesday and we had our usual sex before getting out of bed. Seth led off with another round of careful nipple sucking, but by then my bruises had faded enough that it didn’t make a difference. I was starting to think that my tits and nips were plenty tough and it was going to take more than just some mild snake bite usage to hurt me.

I had taken my new usual position on top of Seth and he was happily and gently sucking on me while I rode him. It was very nice. It was the best way to start the morning, much better than the plain missionary position we used to use just enough to keep true lust at bay.

“You like this?” I asked him while thinking about how much effort it would take to smother him with my tits. They were sure to grow as my milk came in.

“Oh hell yes I do,” he told me in a slightly muffled voice. My boobs were very

good at absorbing excess sound.

“Even though we’re not doing it in the middle of the cul-de-sac?”

That made him laugh. He didn’t exactly choke, but I’m sure he would have if milk was actually flowing from my tits. “Do you want to do that?”

I smiled down at him. His cock was still nice and hard. I liked having that fleshy spike up inside my pussy. It connected us in a way nothing else could. “Sure, if you want to.”

“I think that would be a little...excessive. And probably illegal.”

“I thought that’s what you got off on.”

He chuckled again. “No, I get off on people watching us fuck. Or maybe the risk of getting caught while we fuck in public. I don’t get off on getting arrested by the police.”

“Okay, then we’ll have to figure out a way to do it in public without getting caught by the cops.”

Seth cupped my breasts and lightly massaged them, which felt really great, and was almost enough to distract me from what we were supposed to be doing.

“I’ve already got a plan for that,” he said.

“You do?” I moaned. My hips were going up and down on their own accord. Maybe I liked having my tits played with but that didn’t stop the rest of my body having desires as well.

“I do.”

“What...what is it?” I managed to get out. I was getting close to cumming. I wanted to cum. I wanted to cum while Seth pinched my nipples but I couldn’t articulate that just yet. I was going to, but right at that moment I wanted to ride his cock and nothing else.

“There’s lots of possibilities. We can record ourselves fucking. We can do it on a webcam. We can go to a swinger’s club. What do you want to do?”

I couldn't answer him. What he was suggesting was crazy. I'd never do anything like that, but I wanted to make him happy and the more I thought about it while he fucked me—because I wasn't capable of moving on my own any longer—the more I wanted to go along with his crazy schemes. They all seemed so dirty...so I wanted to try all of them, but I couldn't—I wouldn't—tell him that.

I didn't want him to think I was that type of woman...even though I really was that type of woman. And that type of wife. The type who'd do anything for her husband as long as he fulfilled my fantasies as well.

When I came I shuddered on top of his cock. It was perfect. My orgasm was just subsiding as he came inside me. I collapsed on him and let him finish. I was trembling to the point where I couldn't remain kneeling.

"Sit up," he told me, pushing on my shoulders.

I struggled into the position where he could see my full breasts. "Like this?"

"Uh-huh." He reached for the nightstand. I didn't understand what he was doing at first, but then he had his phone in his hand and I knew he was using the camera. "Just a quick picture," he said focusing on my tits. "This is the first step."

I realized it was just a baby step, just my tits, but they were my tits and not his dick.

But then I realized the thrill of being photographed just for his sexual pleasure and it was easy to let him do it. I trusted my husband.

Maybe I shouldn't have.

Maybe he shouldn't have trusted me.

I didn't know what he did with the picture. Of course I had my guesses as to what he was going to do with it, but I wasn't certain. After our usual, but reinvigorated, Tuesday morning sex everything proceeded as normal. Shower. Dress. Breakfast. Drive to work.

Seth left first.

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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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