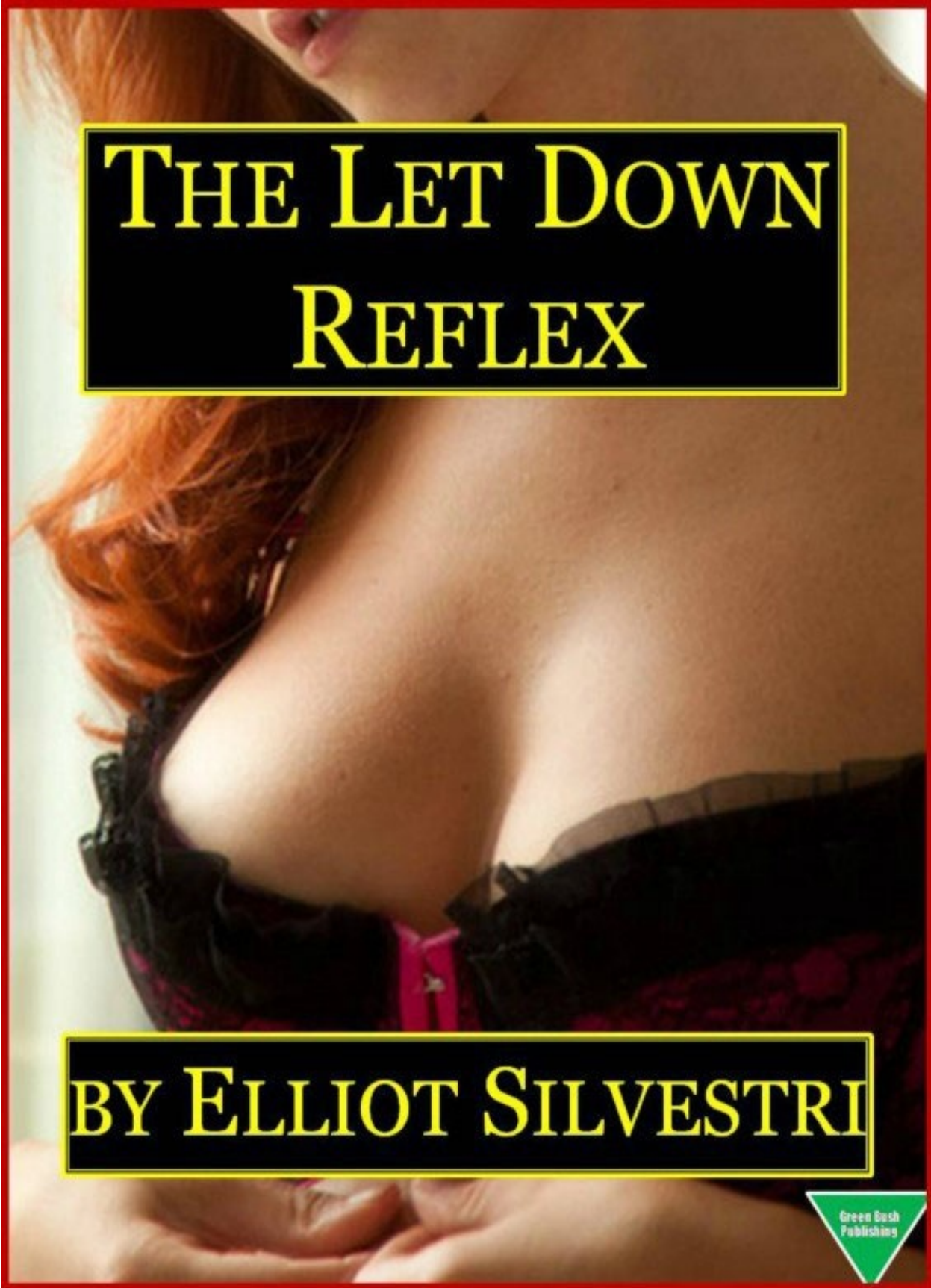
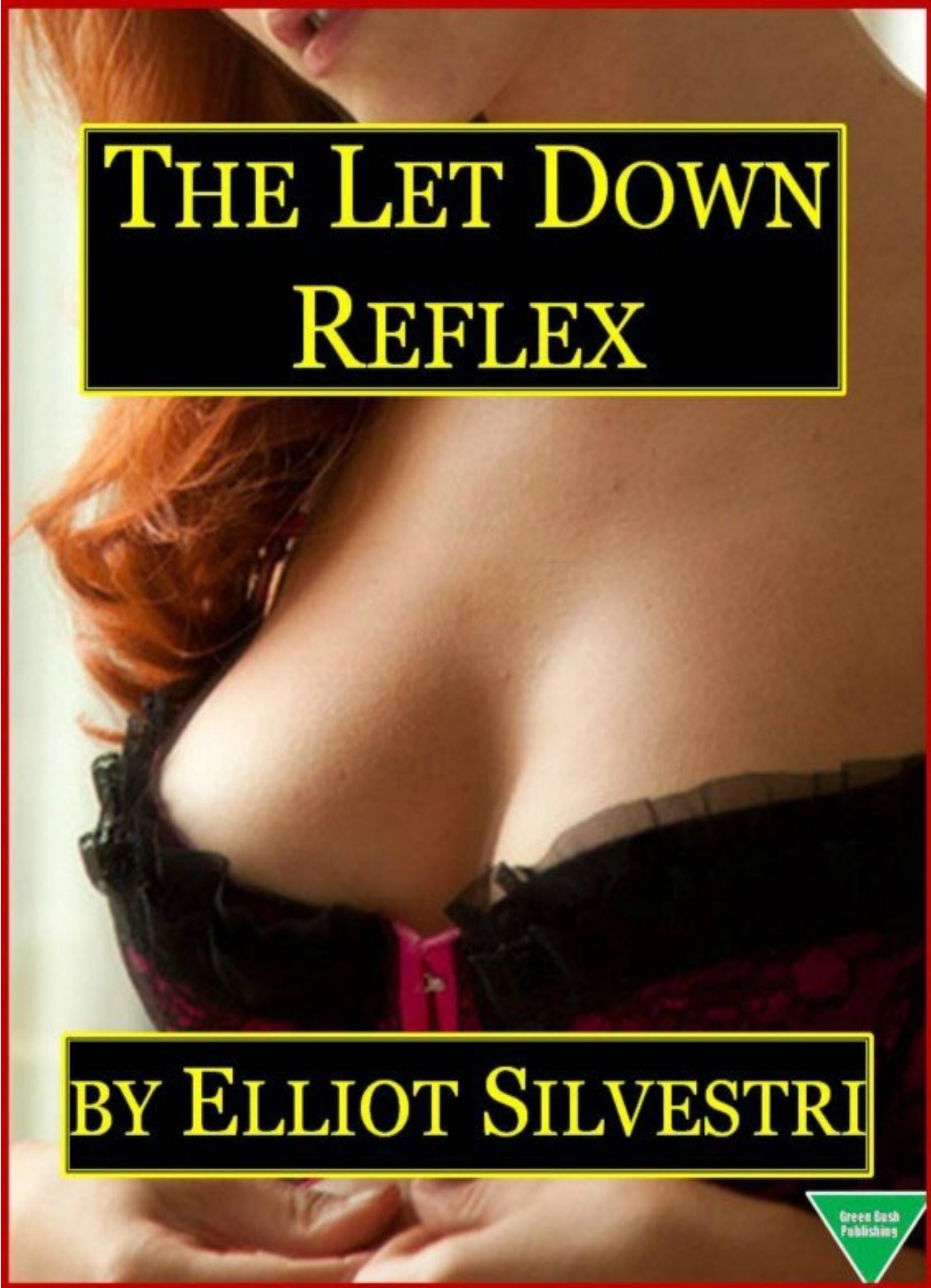




THE LET DOWN REFLEX

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Bush
Publishing



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The Let Down Reflex

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

“Okay, I’m uncomfortable and can’t go to sleep. Come over here.”

Maggie pulled Walter close to her body, but pushed him down so that his face was even with her breasts. She had been trying for the last half hour to fall asleep but her tits were full of milk and her husband hadn’t feasted upon them all day. She was irritable and they were starting to get sore from the steady swelling that had increased throughout the day. Getting out the breast pumps she had to use on occasion was not an option, not when she had a pair of nimble nips next to her.

Though he was only half awake Walter responded as he had so many times before. His mouth opened and he latched on to Maggie’s fat nipple. He started nursing; even in the twilight fog that fell over him right before sleeping he knew how to please his wife. It only took a few gentle pulls and her milk started flowing. She sighed at the letdown reflex.

It was doubtful that Walter was even really awake. He had done this so many times for his wife that it had become second nature and took no effort on his part at all. Other than the disturbance to his sleep rhythms he barely ever noticed. For his efforts he received her rich, nutritious milk so it wasn’t exactly an uneven exchange.

She let him nurse for several minutes. Unconsciously one of his hands had slipped under her heavy breast and was supporting it just a little, bringing it up to his lips. In the half-light of their darkened bedroom she looked down at her husband while he suckled. It made her feel good to see that he still needed her for some physical reasons beyond just sex—though the sex was good too—and that she could provide him with what he wanted from her body. True, she didn’t have the body she had when she was twenty, she was a little heavier, her breasts a little, droopier—but bigger and fuller as well—but there was very little that he complained about.

Once the initial letdown at run its course and she felt her breast going dry Maggie pulled the nipple from his mouth, adjusted the pillow under his head,

and let him start on her other tit. The switch was always the most annoying part of feeding Walter. There was a break in that slow buildup of lust she always got from being nursed. The switch always broke her rhythm and that was annoying beyond anything else in her relationship with Walt. This time it went smoothly and he settled in immediately to the feeding and she felt herself getting hornier by the moment.

They didn't always fuck after she nursed her husband, but when they did it was always amazing. This time Maggie couldn't wait. As he sucked her milk out of her heavy tit she slipped her free hand down her body and into her panties, the only garment she commonly wore to bed. Skipping right over the triangle of dark, curly hair she pushed her fingers up inside her pussy, testing her wetness.

Her fingers came out soaked and sticky. She wasn't surprised. Try as she might, Maggie couldn't resist. She was distracted by Walt's lips and tongue on her breast and her own fingers in her cunt were too much of a distraction. The little nub of her clit was already swollen. Once she started rubbing it her eyes closed and she moaned unselfconsciously. If Walt heard, he gave no indication.

She started jilling off slowly. There was no need to rush. Walter would be drinking for some time and she wanted to enjoy herself. Her pussy started lubricating, too much as had become her normal state of arousal when she was nursing, and soon her fingers were almost too slippery to really make the right motions on her clit the way she liked. And she was hampered by the scrap of fabric encircling her hips. She wanted to yank off her panties and kick them off but that would disturb Walt and break his rhythm, his steady pattern of suck and rest and suck and rest and then perhaps a playful nip with his teeth while he swallowed the mouthful of milk he had extracted from her. Then the pattern repeated.

She kept her fingers busy in her panties and extended her leg a bit toward her husband's side of the bed, trying to force her thigh into his crotch, looking to feel his hard cock pressing against his shorts, throbbing for release. It was all a little much for her to concentrate on so she lost herself in her fingers and Walt's mouth.

And then he fucking stopped.

"What's the matter?" she hissed at him.

“No more milk.” His answer was flat and to the point. He was already drifting back to sleep but the increased motions of her fingers kept him awake. “Are you masturbating?” he asked pointedly

Maggie made no reply to that.

Now that she wasn’t restricted by Walt’s need to suckle her, she was able to use both hands on her cunt, but the panties were still in the way. Maggie went into a small paroxysm of motion—frigging herself while wiggling out of her panties—as the sensation of Walt’s mouth on her tit ebbed away. Finally the cotton undergarment was off and she kicked it away, opened her legs all the way up, and set to work on her pussy in earnest with both hands.

She barely noticed when Walter shifted his weight and his presence disappeared, and then reappeared a few seconds later. The noise she noticed, however. She always noticed the noise, the steady humming and buzzing. On other nights that sound alone had made her wet and brought her in the mood to have sex.

In an effort to make him feel useful Maggie opened the lips to her pussy wide with her fingertips and Walt slid the vibrator into her cunt. She didn’t allow him to use the vibe on her, however. Oh no. Maybe after she had her first cum, but only after that. Her feet planted firmly on the mattress and she grabbed the vibrator away from her husband then proceeded to pound away at her pussy with the toy on full speed. Finding the right angle was always a little tricky. The little extra nub on the vibe’s base as heaven itself when it impacted her clit. She didn’t want to think of what she looked like when she fucked herself with her purple vibrator: eyes screwed shut, legs splayed, muscles tensed, hips arched up, breasts bouncing all over the place.

But it wasn’t about appearances; it was about the orgasm. And that came hard and fierce with a guttural groan from the back of her throat. She pressed the fake phallus hard against her clit as the orgasm paralyzed her body and she saw stars behind her closed eyelids.

As she came down from the high so helpfully provided by her body, Walter slipped the vibrator from her pussy—she had all but lost her grip on it—and slowed down the speed setting. She didn’t close her legs; she wasn’t ready for that yet. Walter slipping it back inside her and slowly made love to her cunt with her favorite toys. Maggie clutched the sheets and let him use her body. She

wanted to be used.

Sometimes during sex she completely lost all sense of what was going on around her in addition to losing time. Though she had never been blackout drunk, Maggie often equated the two, just losing oneself in the moment and reemerging later on having lived through the ordeal but not remembering much of it. That was exactly how she felt when Walt was done using the vibrator on her.

“So fucking good,” she panted when he finally pulled the toy out.

“Glad you liked it.”

“Are you going to fuck me now?” she asked, reaching out and caressing his cock through his shorts. He wasn’t erect. He wasn’t completely soft either, but Maggie had been hoping for a raging monster in his pants and that was hardly the case. Her heart dropped a little.

“No,” he shook his head. “I’m too tired.”

“How about a blowjob?” she offered. “You can just lay back and relax. I’ll do all the work.”

Though he laughed gently, he still turned her down. “Maybe tomorrow,” he said. “It’s already nearly midnight and I have to get up at five thirty.”

Walt might make good money as an auto mechanic, but the hours were sometimes pure hell.

“Okay honey,” she said, trying to keep the disappointment out of her voice.

A minute later he was snoring next to her and she was left holding her tired pussy trying to figure out what had just happened.

Chapter Two

Maggie always had a couple of hours in the early afternoon that were completely her own. The kids were still in school and Walt was still at work. Her schedule in working from home was very flexible. She decided to take a walk. Pat's house was only a half mile up the road; it was a good walk and helped clear the cobwebs out of her mind after working at the computer all morning.

It was impossible for her to say exactly what Pat did for a living. He was almost always at home and was always cagey about how he earned his money. She had an idea that he had some pile of cash hidden away and was simply living off the interest. While he never seemed to be short of funds when needed, he didn't spend extravagantly either. Maybe he was scamming the system and was living off a shady settlement from the government. He had implied he used to have a state job years ago. Maybe he was a drug dealer, but he didn't seem the type and he certainly wasn't hustling for money either.

His house was a simple, but nice, colonial set back from the main road off a minor side street, half hidden in the trees. She walked up to the front porch, rang the bell, checked the driveway for his girlfriend's car—it wasn't there—and walked inside.

"Pat?" she called out walking into the foyer. Having no kids and money to spare he could have had a beautiful house with all the amenities. Instead he saved his money and lived plainly—except for two items. The pool in the back yard—which was luxury that could really only be used a maximum of three months out of the year in upstate New York—and the home theater he had set up in the living room.

"In here," he called out from the living room

Where else would you be, Maggie thought to herself. She wended her way to the living room in the back of the house. One wall was dominated by a ridiculously large flat screen TV, another was filled with a huge couch flanked by reclining chairs, while the rest of the space was filled with stereo equipment and a variety of game consoles and media players.

“What are you playing?” she asked upon walking in the room. The sound was lower than usual. He grasped a wireless controller in his hands and was staring at the screen where he was sorting through a large inventory list for some FPS.

“Do you really care?” he asked.

“No.”

“Why did you come over?”

“Why do you think?” she replied. Even though it was early May the weather was warmer than usual. A slight sheen of sweat had formed over her skin. She wanted to take off her clothes and get in a shower.

“What if I’m not in the mood?” He still hadn’t looked at her. Maggie gazed at his profile. Strong nose, plain chin, clean-shaven, short brown hair, dark brown eyes—he was handsome but not in a way that would make him stand out in a crowd. She knew what the rest of his body looked like—again, well put together, but nothing incredible. His body matched his personality—good enough, but flying under radar.

“I’m in the mood,” she all but snapped at him, then shook her head. “No, I’m just a bit uncomfortable. Can you give me a little relief?”

He paused the game and glanced over at her. Each time he gave her the once over she still got a little weak in the knees. She loved that feeling. Maybe she didn’t have a perfect body, but that was okay. Pat never complained. Walt never complained. They both liked her big tits, maybe her tummy was rounder than she wanted, maybe her ass was a little bigger than it should have been, but she still received enough stares from men to assure herself she was doing something right.

“I suppose...” he said, dragging out the moment longer than necessary. “Walt isn’t helping you out enough?”

“He’s working a lot,” she said, which was the truth. “He hasn’t given me the full attention I need in a few days.” That was a complete lie. He had drained her tits the night before but the problem was they had already refilled by the middle of the morning and they were sore again.

That was always the problem with keeping her milk supply constantly available, the more her lovers consumed her ambrosia the more she made and the only way to get it to stop was to go through the painful withdrawal and let her supply dry up.

She had never managed to withstand more than three days of withdrawal before begged Walt or Pat to give her some relief from the pain.

Plus the way getting nursed turned her on more than made up for the inconvenience of sore breasts.

“And you expect me to just service you at your whim?” he asked.

“Yes,” she answered and pulled off her t-shirt and athletic bra in one smooth movement. Her heavy breasts fell out and she walked confidently toward Pat letting them bounce slightly with her steps. “Have you been playing video games all day without a break? Without any nutritious food to keep you going?”

“I don’t like it when you act like such a mom,” he commented as she reached his spot on the couch, straddled his legs, and presented her tits to his face.

“But I am a mom,” she pointed out.

“Don’t remind me,” he started to say, but she pushed her nipple against his lips as he spoke. If nothing else, Pat was a man and couldn’t say no to breasts, especially beautiful breasts topped with light brown nipples that were slightly crinkled in the cool air. He took the proffered body part into his mouth and sucked.

Almost immediately Maggie had a shivering thrill run through her body. A moment later her milk started flowing and the quake of the milk letting down extended all the way to her pussy which started moistening at the thought of what they were going to do when Pat was done with her tits.

Her t-shirt was still in her hand. She pressed this against her free breast to staunch the milk that was flowing from the nipple and dripping down on Pat’s shoulder. It wouldn’t do to waste the precious fluid. She sighed and cuddled his head closer to her body, slightly mashing her breast, but that was okay. She caressed the back of his head, feeling his curly hair under her fingertips.

Pat nursed differently from Walt. That was an oddity that she could never get over. She could always tell who was sucking on her tits regardless of anything else. The two men's lips and mouths were so completely different that it was almost as if two different stimulations were being performed on her. The end result was always the same, but her two lovers were so different that it was as if she were two different people in the same body depending on who she was fucking at the moment.

"Uhhh," Maggie groaned as Pat started pulling her milk from her. Now it wasn't just flowing freely, he was drawing it from her body. That was good. That sensation is what always got her pussy wet.

"You like that?" he asked quickly, taking a brief respite from his feeding.

"Uh-huh," was all she managed to say. Her power of speech tended to fade when she nursed a man.

She wanted to lower her body down a bit to rub her cunt against his legs or hips or the cock that was hidden inside his pants. That was impossible; her breasts would be too low for Pat to nurse and Maggie so desperately wanted him to drain her tits.

Instead she settled for rubbing her crotch and hidden clit against his stomach. It wasn't nearly the same, but she endured while he did her the favor of sucking on her tits until all her milk was gone. She barely even noticed when he switched sides. She did enjoy, however, when he pinched her now free nipple causing a little shock of pain to reverberate through her body. She liked it even better when he didn't let go of her nipple.

"I'm done," he announced and abruptly let go of the nipple between his fingers and the one in his mouth.

Maggie was disappointed. "What if I'm not done," she asked.

"What if?" he asked.

"I want to have sex," she announced.

"You always want to have sex."

“You sound like a castrated old man,” she commented and got off his lap. Pat watched as Maggie kicked off her sneakers, then pulled down her sweatpants and panties to display herself before him. True, she did need to lose a few pounds, but there was nothing wrong with her body. It was full of curves in all the right places. Her tits were big and her pubes were neatly trimmed back to a fancy heart she told him she had done for him, but he was certain the same lie was told to her husband.

He didn’t do anything at all, compelling Maggie to unbuckle, unbutton, and unzip his pants, and then pull them down to his knees, letting his cock flop out. It was erect as she knew it would be because she had allowed him to nurse from her. The nursing always worked, she didn’t know why exactly, but it did.

There was no objection when she got back on his lap, grabbed his cock, and inserted it in her cunt as she lowered pussy onto his stiff rod. “You always make me do all the work,” she complained as he filled her up. Pat had no reason to complain; the walls of her pussy were wet and velvet smooth, still tight after two kids and many lovers.

“You like doing the work,” he told her. “You like the workout.”

To that she didn’t complain. Walking and jogging were exercises she only engaged in because she didn’t want to become obese. Sex was her preferred exercise. She bounced on his cock using thighs and knees and legs. He clung to her and slammed his cock into her when it was the right time. Their coupling had nothing to do with love and everything to do with lust. That was how they preferred it.

Their fuck session lasted a good fifteen minutes with Maggie doing all the hard work. Pat held out as long as he could and then finally grabbed her hips, thrust upwards a few determined times, and emptied the contents of his balls deep in her pussy. She shuddered at the liberation of his sperm and allowed her body to cum.

“Is this the extent of our relationship?” Pat asked when she got off his lap. Maggie held a hand against her pussy as she walked to the kitchen, found a paper towel, and removed most of Pat’s leavings from her cunt.

“Did you want something more?” she asked him.

“It’s rude to answer a question with a question,” he said.

“Fine. Yes, this is the extent of our relationship,” she told him. “Unless you want to do something about your girlfriend.”

“Leave her?”

“If you want. I have no intention of leaving Walt.”

Pat considered that a minute. This was the same conversation they had had over and over again for the past year. “Does Walt know about you and me?”

Maggie threw the paper towel away and ran water in the sink a moment before filling a glass. “Yes and no.”

“What kind of shitty answer is that?”

“No, he doesn’t know that you and I fuck on occasion.” She left it unspoken that on occasion meant usually twice a week—or more. “Yes, he suspects it, but he doesn’t know it.”

“Does he care?” Pat was mystified.

“Does he care? Yes. Is he upset and angry? No. He works too hard to get upset about petty shit like this.” She walked back to the living room. Pat had pulled his pants back up, hiding his cock, but hadn’t zipped up yet. “I’d fuck him every night if he wasn’t so exhausted all the time. You’re my extra relief.”

She turned around and opened up the shades that blocked out the light from the pair of windows in the otherwise dark room. It looked onto the backyard. Pat’s modest house from the road sported a nice deck that attached the house to the swimming pool. The faint sheen of sweat had dried on Maggie’s skin and it faintly itched. Pat winced at the light now streaming into the room but didn’t complain. He was staring at her ass. She knew he was. She didn’t mind. It was nice to be admired by a man almost ten years her junior.

“I want to go swimming,” she announced.

“Did you bring your suit?”

“No.”

She didn't bother waiting for an offer or one. Maggie turned on her heel, marched to the sliding glass door in the back of the house, opened it, and headed for the pool. The sun felt good on her skin. The air wasn't truly hot yet, it was still late spring. She preferred to swim when the air was muggy and there was no respite from the weather other than hiding inside or letting water slip over her body.

There was a fence that ran around the edge of Pat's backyard. It wasn't really a privacy fence; it wasn't tall enough, but it didn't matter. The only thing on the other side of the fence was woods and more woods. True, someone could be hiding out among the trees and spying on Maggie. She didn't mind taking that risk.

She heard Pat come outside as she approached the edge of the pool. Pausing for a moment, she considered whether or not she should dive in. The water looked cold and outside she wasn't nearly as hot as she had been inside Pat's house.

“What if Lauren comes home when you're swimming naked in my pool?” he asked her.

“Then you'll have a lot of explaining to do,” she replied, tucked her head, raised her arms and dove into the crystal water.

It was freezing. She wanted to scream in pain the moment the water washed over her body, but luckily she was underwater and couldn't do that without drowning. Instead Maggie kicked for the opposite end of the pool. She broke the surface right under before she met the wall, did a kick turn, and swam back. Her body felt energized. She loved slipping naked through the water even if her big tits did tend to build up a bit of drag that she hadn't had to fight when she was a teenager. Pat watched her. She stopped at the end where he stood and spat some water on the deck. “Want to join me?” she asked.

“Too cold.”

“Baby.”

“I'll get you a towel.”

“I’m not done swimming yet.”

“When will you get out?” he asked.

“How long before Lauren gets home?”

“It’s rude to answer a question with a question.”

“How long before Lauren gets home?” she repeated.

“About an hour. Think you can swim that long?”

“No. Why don’t you tell her about us? It’s been a long while since I’ve had sex with another woman. I’d like to sleep with her. I bet she has beautiful boobs.”

“She does,” Pat confirmed. “I don’t think she’s bi.”

This too was a conversation they had too many times. Pat was nervous about losing his girlfriend; Maggie didn’t understand why he wasn’t willing to take the risk. If Lauren was so flighty and insecure about her boyfriend fucking a married friend, he was better off without her. It was odd because in everything else Pat didn’t seem to care all that much about things and relationships. Just with Lauren. Maybe he was truly in love with her.

“All women are bi. There are just some who haven’t discovered it yet.”

“I don’t think that’s the case with Lauren,” he countered.

“I doubt it. She just needs the loving of a good woman.”

“Uh-huh. I’ll be right back with a towel.” Pat disappeared into the house. Maggie did a couple more lazy laps mostly to try to keep warm as she waited. She also gave some thought to her situation.

When Pat reappeared with the oversized pool towel she got out and wrapped herself in it. Then she made a proposal. “I want you to go to bed with Walt and me,” she said. “It’s been too long since I’ve had two cocks at once.”

“What?” Pat sputtered.

She didn’t bother answering; she moved right to the heart of the subject. “Do

that for me and I'll seduce Lauren for you. I'll get her in bed with you and me. You'll be amazed what two women can do to one man at the same time. And you'll get your own private lesbian sex show out of it."

All Pat could do was stare at his lover. "You're out of your freaking mind."

"I'll call you in a couple days and tell you when to come down to our place," she replied easily. "You aren't nervous about being around another man's cock, are you?"

Chapter Three

Pat was clearly nervous as the three of them settled down to drinks in Maggie and Walt's small living room. Their kids had been banished to friends' houses for the evening. They finally had a night alone—and they promptly invited a third to share their bed.

“Don't be nervous, Pat,” Walt said. “I don't mind that Maggie's been fucking you for the past months. I could barely keep up with her five years ago.” He was five years older than Maggie and sometimes played the age card a little too generously, but Maggie didn't mind.

Even with the words of assurance—or perhaps because of the words of assurance—Pat's hand continued to shake. He took a large swig of the glass of whiskey in front of him. He wasn't a big drinker and it hit him hard. “You don't mind?” he said as his throat burned with the smoky liquid.

“I love seeing my wife fuck other men. She's quite a performer. When she's fucking in front of me it's a show for me. It's about me, not you.”

“The hell with that,” Maggie said. She had barely sipped at her glass; she wanted every sensation that night to be fully felt. “I just want the two of you to nurse me at the same time.”

“What?” Pat asked after another sip of his drink. The second swallow burned slightly less.

“I want both of you at once,” she told him and her husband. This was news to Walt, but he wasn't that surprised because his wife was full of surprises. “I know that normally for a woman that means one cock in her mouth and one in her pussy—”

“Or her pussy and ass,” interjected Walt.

Maggie barely acknowledged his interruption with a flick of her eyes and continued on. “—But for me it means I want you both nursing from me at the

same time.” She started to unbutton her shirt. Pat watched. His throat was dry. He took another sip of his drink. The burning going down his esophagus didn’t really help. She only undid the top few buttons before she unceremoniously yanked the garment over her head. Underneath she wore what was undoubtedly an industrial strength bra. Pat searched his memory and realized he had never seen his lover in any bra other than an athletic bra or something that was plain and utilitarian. Only now did it dawn upon him that she eschewed lace and silk brassieres because her large breasts were uncomfortable unless they were carefully contained.

Walt moved behind his wife and worked upon her supporter until the hooks released. She glanced over her shoulder and caught the material as it slipped from her body. With a smile she revealed her naked breasts to Pat. He had seen them many times before. It wasn’t anything new—except now he saw them while her husband was watching. That made him uncomfortable and he shifted in his seat realizing that his cock was growing. The tightness of his pants was half the cause of his discomfort. Pat decided to focus on Maggie, not Walt; that would make this encounter so much easier.

“I want you both kneeling in front of me,” she ordered. “Then you need to nurse. I’ll dam full. Walt suckled last night and it’s been too long.”

Pat saw a few beads of her white essence form on her nipples and then slowly slide down the lower slopes of her tits. He had seen her milk flow before and every time he was transfixed by the process. It was natural and normal he knew—but somehow it was oddly wrong as well. Women pushing forty weren’t supposed to be lactating. They were supposed to be settling down and moving into the old mother part of their lives. That wasn’t true of Maggie at all. Her tits were at full production and she wanted to use them at every opportunity.

Months ago, the first time he and Maggie had fucked, she had asked him to suck her nipples and hadn’t warned him about her milk. When he tasted the sweetness of her nipples he thought he had tasted something she had spread on her nipples as a treat for him. When she revealed she was lactating he didn’t know what to think.

“I love it when my milk lets down,” she whispered in his ear while stroking his cock with her hand. “That’s the best way to make me cum.”

“Breast milk?” was all he thought to ask.

“Yes. Drink it. My husband loves it.”

He didn’t mind fucking another man’s wife. It was her choice to get married; it was her choice to sleep with other men. But to drink milk from another man’s wife’s tits? That was more than just passing kinky to Pat.

She encouraged him with a blowjob and other half-implied promises of carnal delights. He gave in. It was odd. He felt strange for doing it. But then when he listened to her moan and sigh and agree to do anything he suggested just so she could cum, he was sold on the idea of drinking her milk.

Sweet and tasty, that was how he thought of Maggie. A sweet and tasty slut.

Pat didn’t need to be asked twice to nurse from her. His emotions were confused at the moment, but he was sure that a good orgasm would help relieve his mind of any guilt or conflict. It was easy to ignore Walt’s presence while being mesmerized by Maggie’s lactating tits. Pat did as he was told, got on his knees in front and slightly to the right of Maggie. She hugged his head to her heavy breast as he opened his mouth and immediately started suckling. It didn’t take any time for her milk to fully let down; the foremilk was already flowing.

He initial sigh of delight that Maggie made when she inhaled sharply through her nose reached Pat’s ears. That always made him hard. He shifted around uncomfortably, trying to get his cock in the right position, so it wouldn’t be so restrained by his underwear and pants.

Then he felt Walt’s body next to his. Pat had already closed his eyes and felt there was no reason to open them. Their heads were close together and Pat could hear all the sounds Walt was making; the same sounds he normally made alone with Maggie.

And then Maggie groaned. “Oh fuck,” she nearly whined. “You guys are going to make me cum.”

“Go ahead,” Walt said. “Cum.”

“I can’t. Not standing up.”

Pat said nothing and continued to suckle. He kept up a steady beat: suck, rest, suck, flick her nipple with his tongue, suck, rest, swallow. Repeat. Don't suck too hard, it'll piss her off with the pain. Don't suck too softly, it'll just be annoying and not extract any milk from her heavy tits.

"Cum," Walt whispered to her.

Maggie's legs started to buckle and shake. Her body swayed. Walt circled her waist with his arm to keep her upright. Pat picked up the cue and pressed his free hand against her back, keeping her steady.

"More," she moaned.

They men before her continued the efforts to drain her tits. Maggie felt like her entire body was on fire and she needed to run to escape the burning, but she couldn't do anywhere. She shook and nearly passed out, but with the support of her men and clutching their heads to her breasts, she managed to stay upright.

When her orgasm was finished Maggie started laughing and giggling. "I've never cum standing up before," she confessed to them.

"Never?" Pat asked surprised. He seemed to remember fucking her up against the wall of his bedroom at least once. Or maybe that was some other girlfriend. Sometimes his lovers tended to blend together.

"I fucked you inside the walk in closet of my sister's house," Walt pointed out to her.

"Okay, I've never cum standing up without the support of a wall."

"That's better," Walt said.

"I need to cum again," Maggie confessed and started wiggling out of her pants. Before Pat could comment or protest Maggie was naked. He felt back on his heels while Walt stood up.

"Shall we go to the bedroom?" he asked taking his wife's hand and starting to lead her.

"Coming Pat?" she asked as she turned around, showing him her curvy ass. Her

wanton smile over her shoulder was all he really needed to follow—under normal circumstances. But these weren't normal circumstances. But then again Walt did say he wanted to watch Pat fuck his wife, didn't he?

And they had invited him in, hadn't they?

Pat shook off his confusion, got to his feet, and followed them into the bedroom where he found Maggie on her knees pulling down Walt's pants while sucking on his cock at the same time. They worked fast when they were horny, apparently.

He didn't need the benefit of Maggie's mouth on his tool; already his cock was hard enough to be painful inside his pants. He started undressing as he watched the married couple. Maggie watched him out of the corner of her eye. It was soon obvious to Pat that Maggie wasn't all that interested in having sex with her husband. She looked up at her partner and removed his cock from her mouth. "How do you want to fuck me?" she asked Pat.

"What?" The situation was already out of his control. Pat didn't like not having firm control over everything in his life. But the opportunity to nurse from Maggie's tits—at her request—while her husband watched had been more than enough to impel him along this path. The chance to fuck her while her husband watched was strange enough to more than intrigue him—it wasn't something that would normally temp Pat, but he was also a connoisseur of new sexual experiences.

"How do you want to fuck me?" Maggie repeated.

"Um...what choice do I have?" He was confused by the question.

"Pussy, ass, or mouth," she said with a small sigh of exasperation. Maggie had taken to stroking Walt's cock to keep it hard.

"Oh. Umm... pussy, of course."

"Okay, get on the bed on your back."

After he did so Maggie was almost immediately on top of him, grabbing his hard cock and sliding it into her pussy. He looked at the heart shape of hair that hovered over the slit to her opening and wondered if she spent all that time

shaving her pussy for him or her husband. Or both of them? Or some third partner he hadn't yet met?

Pat glanced at Walt out of the corner of his eye, wondering what her husband's reaction would be to his wife almost matter-of-factly getting on another man's cock—without even the tiny barrier of a condom—would be. Walt just smiled and approached his wife, kissing her on the lips. She sat up a little taller so her face was level with her husband's cock. He stood at the side of the bed and she turned her face to admire his manhood.

"You'll have to fuck me, Pat," she said as she gave Walt's erection a kiss on the side of the shaft. "I can't bounce up and down and give hubby a blowjob at the same time. I'm not a porn actress." And with that she swallowed up Walt's cock. For a woman who wasn't a porn actress she showed remarkable skill in accepting a larger than average sized cock into her mouth and down her throat. It was like he was getting his own personal sex show.

Then Pat remembered why he was there: to fuck Maggie. He started thrusting his cock up inside her pussy. It was remarkable wet and tight. As he grabbed her hips to hold her in place he looked up at her bouncing tits. They weren't nearly as big as they had been at the start of the night. Maybe it was the angle; more likely it was because he and Walt had drained them of their precious milk. At first he tried to time his thrusts with the bobbing of her head as Maggie fellated her husband, but that proved nearly impossible for him so he set his own pace, deciding to indulge in his own pleasure this time.

Was he being used for some weird game between Maggie and Walt? Did it matter? He got to fuck a beautiful and wanton woman while her husband watched. He got to nurse from her milk-heavy tits whenever he had the desire but more often when Maggie felt the need for strange lips on her nipples. Was there any downside to this arrangement? He would shortly find out.

Much to his disappointment, Pat was the first to cum. When he erupted inside Maggie's tight cunt he grunted hard several time. The sudden introduction of his spunk into her caused Maggie to stop sucking Walt's cock. She announced to Walt, "He came in me."

"Uh-huh," was all Walt said. His eyes were screwed shut. He rested on hand on her shoulder and balanced himself against the bedpost with the other. Pat

watched as Walt's balls tightened up against his body; it was obvious he was going to cum shortly. The dark hair surrounding Walt's cock did little to hide the details of his member. Pat watched in fascination—it was better than any porn video he had ever viewed—as Maggie circled Walt's balls with one hand and steadied his cock with the other. Walt made some awkward hip thrusts, then he orgasm sprayed his cum into Maggie's mouth.

She might not have been fully ready for his climax and was only able to catch most of his thick cum in her mouth and on her tongue. Her throat worked to swallow his leavings, but she had miscalculated and let go of his cock before his orgasm was done. A few thick, heavy drops shot out of Walt's cock and landed on Pat's chest. At first neither of the married couple noticed anything was amiss. Pat could only lay there in shock. He didn't want to wipe off the semen—he wasn't sure if that was rude or if it was just an expected occurrence. He was certain that freaking out was the wrong reaction.

It was Maggie who spotted the splash of thick cum on Pat's chest. "Oh shit. Did that land on you?" she blurted out. His voice was thick with lust for Pat's semi-hard cock was still inside her pussy.

"Yes," was all Pat could say.

Walt was silent.

"Let me fix that." Maggie leaned down, extended her tongue, and licked the cum off him. Somehow that did make it all better.

"Thanks."

She grinned and wiggled down on his cock. Much to her delight he was getting hard again. Pat liked the treatment he was receiving. "Thank me when I get in bed with you and Lauren."

Chapter Four

“You haven’t said a word to her yet?” Maggie hissed at Pat when Lauren was busy in the kitchen bringing out the last of the food for their dinner. Pat had invited her over on the pretext that Maggie was trying to meet all the neighbors in the area because their development rarely saw any interaction between neighbors.

Pat winced. “No,” he said softly.

Maggie glanced toward the kitchen and saw Lauren hard at work. “And you expect me to seduce her into your bed with me?”

“Yes.” It was a painful admission to make but Pat hadn’t known how to bring up the fact he had another woman who wanted to fuck him and his girlfriend. He hadn’t know how to explain Lauren had the wonderful opportunity to fulfill the sexual fantasy of the typical American male who gets to fuck two women at the same time. He had fallen in love with Lauren and he didn’t have the courage to ask her a question that could possibly result in her leaving him forever.

“How much wine do you have in the house?” she asked sharply.

The question confused him for an instant and then he answered, “About five bottles, I guess.”

Lauren was on her way back. “We’re going to need them all,” she said softly then turned to greet Lauren. “How did Pat talk you into cooking for us?” she asked. “I didn’t mean to impose on him, but I like to get to know my neighbors.”

With a roll of her eyes that told Maggie everything, Lauren tossed back her long honey-brown hair and said, “If I didn’t cook for him, Pat would only eat takeout and microwave meals the rest of his life.”

“That’s not true,” interjected Pat.

“Grilling hot dogs and hamburgers doesn’t count,” Lauren riposted quickly.

Maggie giggled at them and tried not to hate herself for that schoolgirl act. “You two seem a perfect pair. How long have you been together?” she asked and picked up the bottle of wine of the table, topped off Lauren’s glass first, then moved on to her own.

“A little under a year,” Lauren replied. Her lipstick was a deeper shade of red than Maggie could wear, but she wasn’t here for fashion or makeup hints. She held up a warning hand. “Whoa, on the wine. Are you trying to get me drunk?”

The three laughed together and Maggie said coyly, “Maybe. Your boyfriend is cute and I’m a little jealous of you.”

“But you’re married,” Lauren said as she pointed at the pair of rings on Maggie’s left ring finger.

Maggie waved them dismissively. “Marriage. You try staying married for twenty years to a man who works too much. Let’s eat.”

The dinner went well. Maggie kept Lauren talking and kept filling her wine glass. When they had finished eating, Maggie stood up and steered Lauren to the living room with Pat’s oversized couch that faced the huge television and entertainment center filled with video games. They stumbled down the three steps together, laughing all the way. Maggie’s laughs were slightly forced at the stupid joke that Lauren had made, but she was fairly sure that Lauren was drunk just enough to be open minded but not so drunk she would pass out any time soon.

Maggie faked stumbling on the floor and fell against her companion, pushing the both of them into the couch where they collapsed in a heap of limbs and peals of laughter.

“I’m drunk,” Lauren announced unnecessarily.

Pat followed them into the living room and watched from the doorway.

“How drunk?” Maggie asked. Their bodies weren’t exactly intertwined, but they were close and pressing on each other. Maggie’s heavy breasts overtopped Lauren’s much more compact chest, nearly overpowering the other woman in a display of feminine secondary sex characteristics.

“Just drunk enough,” Lauren said.

“Blackout drunk or college frat party drunk?” Maggie clarified.

“Umm, just a little bit less than college party drunk. I’m not that stupid any longer.”

“Want to know how drunk I am?” Maggie asked.

“How drunk?” Lauren giggled. “Crying in your beer drunk or running naked down the street drunk?”

“This drunk,” Maggie said and firmly pressed her lips against Lauren’s. For just a moment Lauren resisted, then relented, letting Maggie push her tongue into her mouth. Lauren unconsciously put her hands around Maggie’s shoulders and leaned into the kiss. It had been a while; Maggie had forgotten how soft another woman’s lips and tongue could be. The kiss lasted much longer than either of them realized. Pat watched in amazement.

“Oh. Wow,” Lauren breathed when they broke apart at last.

“That was amazing,” Maggie said with a smile and then kissed Lauren again but this time on the cheek and then the neck. Lauren’s eyes were wide and staring at Pat who couldn’t believe what he was seeing. His mouth hung open and he had grabbed his crotch with one hand.

“Um. Yeah.” Lauren looked nervously back and forth between Maggie and Pat. She didn’t know what to do or think. She tried to ignore the way her body was responding to Maggie’s kisses and the closeness of her warm, soft body. “Should we be doing this?” she asked no one in particular.

“Yes,” Maggie whispered in her ear and kissed her neck again. Lauren shivered with desire and tried to resist everything her body was telling her to do.

“Yes,” Pat said more emphatically. The stridence of his response brought Lauren out of the moment. She opened her eyes and laughed slightly at him.

“You just want to see two lesbos go at it while you watch,” she accused.

A shake of his head countered her argument. “No, I want to participate. Besides,

you're no lesbian."

Maggie slipped her hands under Lauren's shirt and pushed them upwards. Lauren didn't resist even when Maggie's fingers reached her bra and burrowed beneath the supportive underwire. Maggie kept pushing and forced up her shirt. The lack of resistance only encouraged Maggie. It had been too long since she had been with a woman. Eventually the shirt and bra went all the way up and over Lauren's head, exposing her breasts. Maggie immediately covered Lauren's sensitive, tiny nipples with her palms. "Are you enjoying this?" she asked.

Lauren giggled nervously. "Yeah, but I don't know if I should."

"Just enjoy it," Maggie said and kissed Lauren's neck again, then moved lower and kissed her collar bone, and then she dropped again and Maggie gently sucked Lauren's nipple into her mouth.

"Ooh," Lauren moaned.

"You like that."

"I do," she groaned. "Pat loves to suck my tits."

Maggie glanced over at her lover who had removed his shirt and was anxious to join the two women. She gave him a curt shake of her head and went back to sucking Lauren's nipple.

"Wanna go to the bedroom?" Maggie asked after a minute.

"Uh-huh," Lauren groaned. Maggie wasn't sure how much of the question Lauren actually understood since she was under the influence of alcohol and lust.

"Want me and Pat to make love to you?" she asked.

"Uh-huh!" This reply was clearer and more emphatic.

The trio stumbled through the house and tumbled into Pat's bed. Clothes were shed haphazardly and Maggie was quickly down to her panties and socks, Pat was naked with his erection already straining to enter any warm mouth or pussy, but Lauren still wore her jeans though they were unzipped exposing her green

lace panties. Her shoes had been lost on the trek to the bedroom.

Maggie had maneuvered the trio so that Lauren was in the middle. She motioned for Pat to fall on his girlfriend's breast and tease her nipple. She did the same as him and Lauren was shortly squirming underneath their attentive oral care. Lauren's hands went to the back of their heads, alternately caressing and moving them about as her nipples quickly became over stimulated. Maggie carefully placed her hand on Lauren's flat tummy, covering up the gold ring that pierced her navel—the mere presence of the body jewelry reminded Maggie she was that much older than her companion—and started moving it down toward the girl's sex.

Unexpectedly Lauren arched her back and gave a little scream of delight. Maggie pulled back though Pat stayed close to his girlfriend. "What's the matter?" Maggie blurted.

Her face was already flushed from her arousal, but somehow Lauren managed to blush a deep red. "I came," she said quietly.

Maggie laughed a bit.

Pat added, "Her tits are very sensitive."

"You've come that way before?" Maggie asked.

"Yeah," Lauren slurred. "It's weird."

"That's never happened to me!" The mere fact she was with a woman who could have an orgasm from nipple stimulation alone made her upset—and jealous. Maggie had been feeding babies and her husband with her milk-filled breasts for ten years and had never come close to experiencing a climax in that fashion.

"Maybe I can help you out," Lauren suggested with a sly glance. Then she flushed again and blurted, "I can't believe I just said that."

"I don't mind. I want to try." Maggie quickly wiggled between Pat and Lauren, rolled on her back and offered up her breasts to the pair. "Go ahead."

Pat looked to his girlfriend for permission. She wasn't looking at him. Her eyes were riveted on Maggie's full and heavy breasts. "I've never..." she started to

say.

“Yeah, I know,” Maggie interrupted. “You’ve never done this before. You have to try it once to say you’ve done it.” She reached up and hooked her hand around the back of Lauren’s neck, pulled her down for another quick kiss, then pushed her face down to her breast.

Lauren was a good girl and opened her mouth, accepted Maggie’s fat nipple, and started sucking. Maggie looked meaningfully at Pat who quickly followed Lauren’s lead.

It only took a few seconds for Maggie to relax. Her let down reflex quickly kicked in. Being stimulated by two mouths at the same time was an incredibly powerful feeling. After only a few hearty slurps Lauren abruptly backed away, letting Maggie’s heavy breast fall from her mouth.

“You taste so...sweet.” She smacked her lips and tried to focus.

“I’m lactating, baby,” Maggie said. “My tits are full of milk.”

Lauren just blinked at her new lover. Pat said nothing, he was already well into nursing from Maggie. He didn’t want to stop; he was addicted to her sweet, thin milk that could not be mimicked by any other substance on Earth. “Oh,” was all Lauren said.

“Suckle me,” Maggie said softly as she held her breast up for the other woman to nurse.

The gesture was pure and without agenda beyond an indulgence in lust, but Lauren was frozen in place. She didn’t know what to do. Then she saw Pat was happily nursing away. “What’s he doing?” she asked. She hadn’t thought the question through.

“Nursing,” Maggie said.

She nodded. “Has he done it before?”

Maggie saw no reason to lie. “Yes.”

“You’ve had sex with my boyfriend already?” Lauren asked.

“Yes,” Maggie repeated.

“That’s not...nice,” was all Lauren could think to say.

Maggie nodded in agreement. “Men are slaves to their cocks. I’m a slave to getting my tits drained. In some ways, it was inevitable.”

In no way was what Maggie described inevitable, but in her inebriated state Lauren didn’t fully process that. She just nodded again. “I’d love to share him with you,” Maggie said. “Sometimes my husband doesn’t drain my tits enough. Please nurse from me,” she all but begged.

Lauren leaned forward and took Maggie’s nipple back into her mouth. There was a bit of hesitation, and then she sucked.

Maggie stayed on her back for a few minutes letting the couple enjoy her breasts, then she found Lauren’s hand, picked it up, and moving together, she pushed Lauren’s fingers into her panties. Once her fingers glided over Maggie’s carefully sculpted pussy hairs, Lauren showed no vacillation at all. Before she knew it, Lauren’s fingers had opened her slit and wiggled up inside her pussy. Lauren was a natural at making love to a woman.

It took little effort for Maggie and Lauren to strip off Maggie’s panties and for her to encourage Lauren to get between Maggie’s thighs. How drunk with lust was Lauren? Maggie didn’t care. The moment Lauren’s nimble tongue found her clit she arched her back and let the woman make love to her cunt. Once again Maggie had proved to herself that every woman was bisexual and merely needed to be made aware of it.

Pat wasn’t willing to be left out of the fun. He moved behind Lauren and removed her jeans and green panties. Maggie wanted to delve into Lauren’s womanhood, but Pat had restrained himself too long. He plunged his cock into his girlfriend’s twat. When he started fucking her Lauren stopped her cunnilingus as she adjusted to the stimulation she was now receiving and then resumed her feast between Maggie’s legs.

Maggie was pleased that Lauren brought her to orgasm with her tongue and fingers. She was sure if Lauren had cum from Pat fucking her, but that was okay. When the girl was done with Maggie’s cunt she rolled Lauren onto her back and went down on her. Pat had apparently finished the job for Maggie found

Lauren's cunt a sloppy mess of pussy juice and semen. That didn't stop her from putting her face in Lauren's sex and cleaning her up. It didn't stop Lauren from cumming a second or third time. It certainly didn't stop Pat from lifting Maggie's hip up and penetrating her cunt.

His cock wasn't as rock hard as it had been at the beginning of the evening, but just the thought of fucking two women in the same bed at nearly the same time was enough to get him up and inside Maggie's pussy.

At some point Pat passed out. He was exhausted from fucking the two women and he had drunk too much wine to find the courage to brave the night with the both of them. Maggie and Lauren found their limbs intertwined as Pat snored lightly on the side of the bed. Lauren wasn't at all shy about giving kisses to Maggie now.

"How come you're milking?" Lauren asked her.

Maggie laughed. "Lactating, not milking. Lactating is the process of creating milk. Milking is the process of removing it."

"Lactating then."

"I breast fed my kids, I always had an ample supply—good genes maybe, maybe big tits, who knows—then my husband, as a goof, tried my milk one night when my son was starting to wean himself. Walt discovered he liked the taste of it. I liked the feel of it when he nursed from me. And...we never stopped."

"How long?" Lauren asked.

"Ten years, about."

"And you don't want to stop?"

She shrugged. "Sometimes I do. Sometimes Walt wants to. Sometimes we argue about it, but we always start up again. It's so incredibly intimate. It makes me love him more when he does it to me."

"Really?"

"Really."

“It’s just him that nurses from you?”

“Him. And Pat. A few times,” Maggie qualified with a lie. “A few other lovers.”

“It makes you feel closer to them?”

“Yes. I want all my lovers to nurse from me.”

Lauren nodded, kissed Maggie on the lips, then wiggled down a bit, took up Maggie’s heavy left breast, and started nursing again. She didn’t stop until Maggie told her both tits were completely empty. That only happened after the orgasm.

Chapter Five

When Maggie walked into Pat's living room a few weeks later something seemed off but she couldn't put her finger on it. He was in a dark mood, but that wasn't it, not completely.

"What's wrong?" she asked not bothering to take off any of her clothes first. Her breasts were heavy with milk. Walt had missed nursing that morning and the previous night. Maybe he had nursed two nights ago, but Maggie was desperate for some relief. Only after Pat answered her question did she open her shirt and comfort him so that he could ease her swollen breasts.

"Lauren left me," he said before falling on her fat nipple.

For a minute Maggie said nothing at all. Her breasts were too full and she couldn't concentrate on anything but the urgent sucking from Pat's lips. Sometimes when she was full to bursting it took so long for her milk to let down. Not this afternoon. She started flowing once she nestled in next to Pat. Her free breast started dribbling while he nursed from the other. She wadded up one of Pat's shirts he had tossed on the floor and pressed it against her heavy breast. That was good enough to staunch the leaking.

"I'm sorry to hear that," she finally said once her milk was steadily filling his mouth.

"I shouldn't have had you seduce her," he complained, taking a quick break from suckling.

To that Maggie only gave a half-shrug. "You can't prevent what was inevitable."

"Her leaving me was inevitable?" His words were half-muffled by her flesh.

"If making you happy means you want to have sex with other women, and watch her have sex with other women, then yeah, it was inevitable."

"Did I want that?" he asked. "It was all your idea." There was more than a hint

of accusation in his voice. He had even stopped nursing from her to glare into her eyes.

“Would you have been happy with her for the rest of your life repressing your desires?” she asked him and leaned forward slightly, pressing her nipple into his mouth. Automatically he sucked, taking her milk, but he wasn’t completely convinced. For her part Maggie merely closed her eyes and allowed him to take her liquid essence from her body. As always, it felt good. She moved her hand down to her crotch, slipped her fingers inside her sweatpants and panties, and played with her pussy until Pat was done with her tits. He was such a typical male; the mere act of nursing from a woman’s breasts had grown his erection. When he was done with her tits, he pushed off the remaining bits of her clothing and shoved his pants off as well.

His cock entering her pussy was her triumph. He didn’t mind at all when she pressed her cunt scented fingers to his lips. He kissed and sucked them and then he came inside her.

Maggie’s visits to Pat’s house slowly tapered off. It was a natural progression to their relationship. During her marriage to Walt Maggie had many different lovers, none of which expressed a desire to stay with her for very long. She wasn’t sure if it was her milk or her personality. She needed a lover who wanted to nurse from her as desperately as her husband wanted her essence. But there were always new potential bed mates to be found.

“Park in the garage,” Maggie instructed.

“Why? Isn’t your car going to be there? Are you hiding me from your husband?”

“No, he knows about you. I just don’t need anyone else knowing about you. People in this neighborhood talk and gossip too much.”

“Really? That’s not what you said before...”

Maggie was quick to end that part of the conversation. “I lied,” she said bluntly. “I lied to get what I wanted. Do you want to come inside or not?”

Once inside Maggie quickly removed her shirt and bra. “We only have a couple

of hours before my kids get home from school,” she explained. “I had to tell Walt not to nurse last night because I wanted to be full for you. Are you ready?”

Lauren nodded her head and nervously licked her lips. “Yeah.” Her stomach was a hard pit of worry. It was one thing to get drunk and have sex with another woman while your boyfriend watched; it was another entirely to go over to her house with the intention of having sex with her in private.

“Nervous?” Maggie asked. She cupped her breasts, teasing her new friend, and then let her milk-heavy tits fall back into place as she led Lauren to the bedroom.

“Yes.” Lauren’s head was starting to spin as if she were drunk. Was it from the lust? Was she remembering what it had been like the first time she had sex with Maggie? Was it her anticipation of sucking on Maggie’s milky tits? She was ashamed that her panties were already moist with anticipation of getting naked with the object of her lust.

“Don’t be. This is perfectly natural.” Inside the bedroom Maggie sprawled on the unmade bed. She was already topless and looked delicious wearing just a pair of jeans. Still, Lauren froze at the sight of the pretty older woman waiting for her new lover.

“This is perfectly natural?” Lauren asked. “Two women having sex? You want me to drink the milk from your breasts?”

“Are you ashamed of your desire?” Maggie asked.

“No,” Lauren half-lied.

“You’re lying,” Maggie accused her.

“Sort of,” Lauren allowed.

“Why isn’t it perfectly natural for two women to enjoy each other’s bodies?” Maggie asked. “You’re only my fifth female partner. I’m not a slut.” She rolled one nipple between her fingers. A tiny dribble of milk escaped and rolled down her breast. “You don’t buy that shit that homosexuality is evil or a sin, do you?”

It had taken Lauren years to repress her religious upbringing, but this was the most extreme situation she had ever found herself in, even if she had pursued

Maggie as much as Maggie had pursued her. “No. It’s just not...something I’ve ever done before.”

“Except for two weeks ago,” Maggie amended for her.

“When I was drunk and trying to impress my boyfriend.”

Maggie smiled. She shifted her legs, pressing her thighs together. She wanted to masturbate. She wanted Lauren to nurse from her and go down on her at the same time, but first things first. “And what are you doing now?”

“I’m about to get in bed with another woman,” Lauren said, her face flushed with embarrassment. She couldn’t say anything more.

“Take off your clothes,” Maggie said. “Everything but your panties.”

Lauren couldn’t deny her lust. She slowly stripped for her friend and lover. It wasn’t a lascivious show from a sleazy gentleman’s club. It was a woman taking off her clothes nervously as if she were about to have a doctor’s examination. She stopped when her breasts hung as free as Maggie’s and wore only a pair of yellow bikini underwear. It was everything she could do to throw her arms across her tits and hide herself. She twisted nervously in place as Maggie gazed at her. She knew her breasts were smaller than Maggie’s, but that was okay because she wasn’t lactating.

“Come here,” Maggie said. “Nurse from me. When you’re done, you need to go down on me and make me cum. Do you want to do that?”

Lauren nodded eagerly. She needed to be told what to do. Once that had been accomplished she was eager to do what Maggie ordered. In a blink she was nuzzled up next to Maggie, whom she first gave a quick kiss on the lips, then moved down to her milk engorged breasts. It was hard to pick which one to start with, but once she finally settled in, took Maggie’s fat nipple between her lips and started sucking, everything seemed to calm down.

Deep in her heart Lauren still felt what she was doing was wrong, but it was the kind of wrong that just needed a simple correction of morality.

She nursed. Maggie sighed when her breasts responded and her milk started flowing. The lactation let down to her always signaled the start of sex, the long,

slow build-up to her eventual orgasm. Lauren slurped at her tits; that was okay, she was still a novice. Maggie opened her eyes and watched Lauren's mouth work and the muscles in her neck strain with each swallow. Maggie quickly discovered she liked stroking her new lover's long, smooth hair. It calmed and soothed them both.

When Lauren came up for air, Maggie gave her a quick kiss on the lips and tasted her own sweet milk. "Have you ever considered getting your breasts to lactate?" she asked.

Lauren's eyes went wide and an electric thrill dazzled her skin. Her nipples hardened and her pussy became a veritable pond of moisture. The idea was disquieting. And arousing.

"No."

"Maybe you should."

About the Author

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