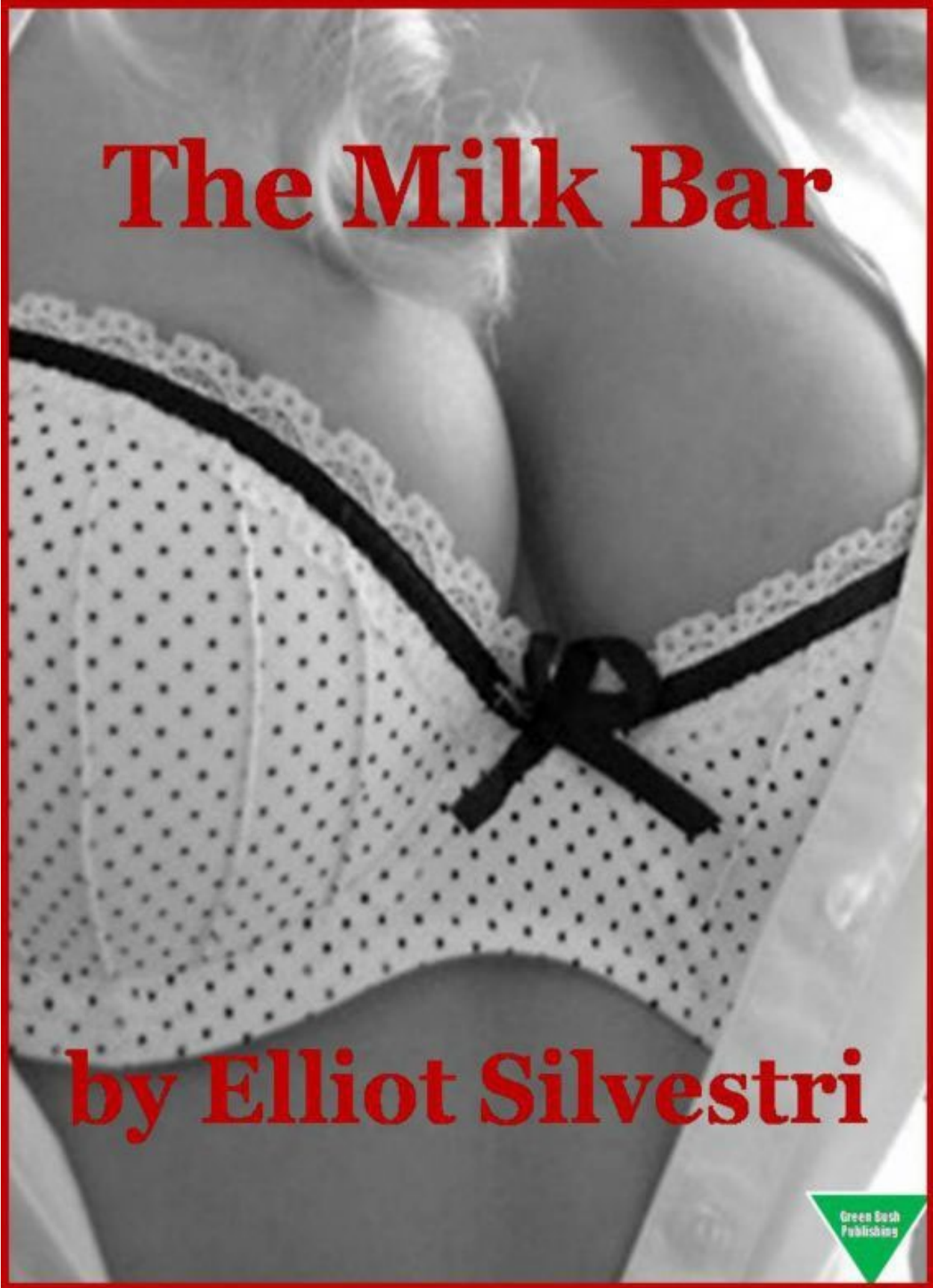
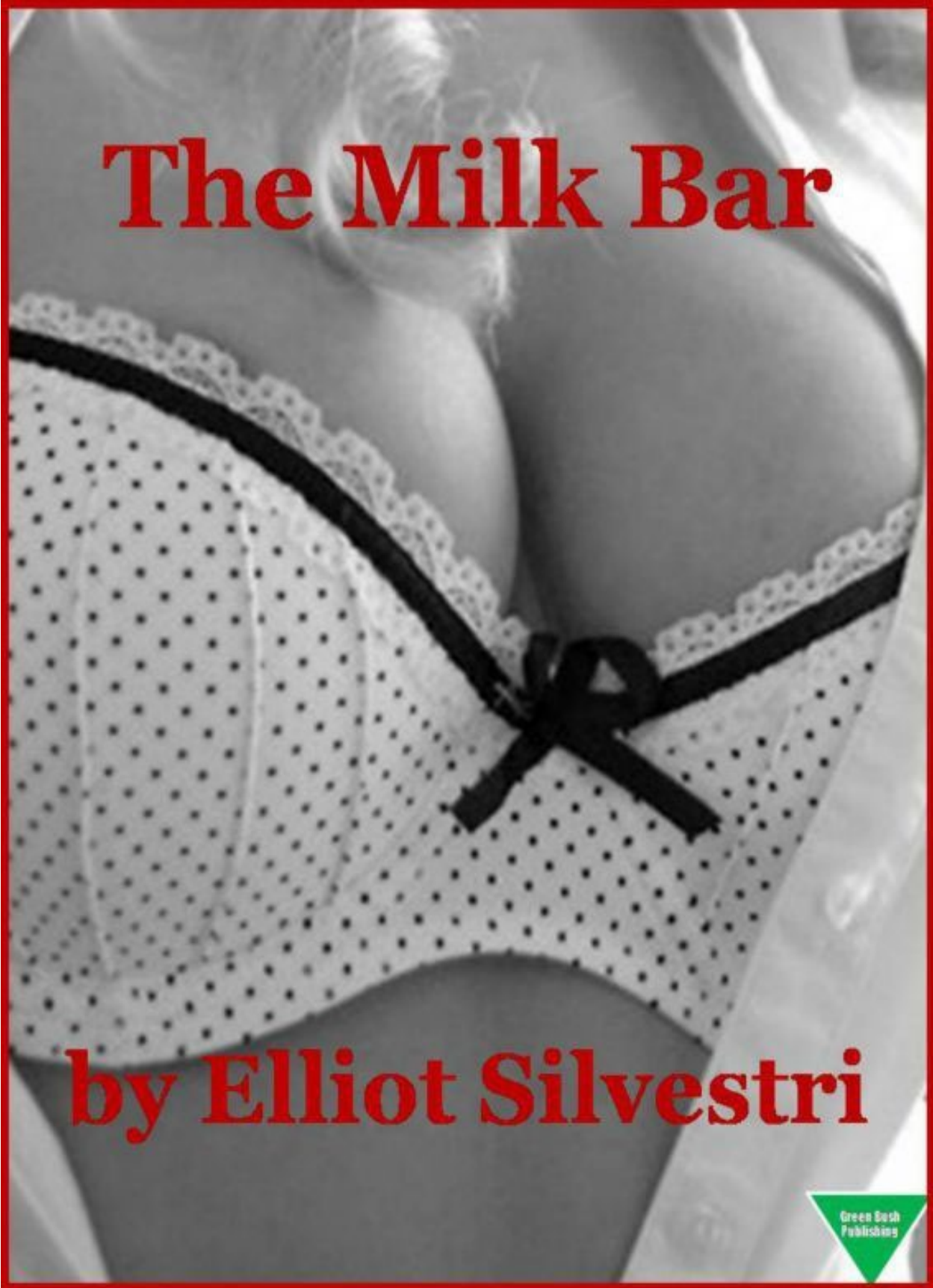




The Milk Bar

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Sash
Publishing



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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

At my wedding more than a few of the guests thought I was pregnant. True, I had put on a few pounds in the previous couple of years, but I'm certain most of those who were convinced I'd been knocked up were staring at my tits. They had grown by two cup sizes and I had put them on display in my wedding dress, but demurely. I wasn't hiding my massive boobs nor was I showing them off, but I was letting everyone know that I was proud of my assets.

Of course there were the ones who thought my husband's wedding present to me was a set of surgically enhanced breasts. No chance of that. I'm an all-natural girl. No tattoos. No piercings. No fake tits filled with silicone. I never even got my ears pierced as a girl; I was too afraid of the needle so my lobes were bare during the wedding. Even my blond hair is what nature gave me. If you don't like what you see, fuck off. I'm not here to keep you happy.

True, my breasts weren't exactly eye-catching once I left my teens. They were good-sized but not huge. Actually, I was pretty happy with them. Not so small that I didn't have anything to show off if I wanted (which was rare) but neither were they so huge that they were too much of a burden to haul around everywhere and get in the way. I was happy.

Then I met Mike. Michael. My boyfriend and eventual husband. He was fun and a bit goofy, not perfect, of course, but who is. Maybe he's a little too tall for my lack of stature. I barely top out at five-two and he's a good foot taller. But the sex was good. Hell, the sex was great. One night we had fucked and were just lying in bed before falling asleep. I was on my side and he was playing with my tits, lightly pinching the nipples, moving the smooth surface of his palm all over them, massaging them, just helping me relax.

"I love your tits," he told him.

"Mmm-hmm," I absently agreed.

"Can I suck on your nipples?"

There was no reason for him to ask that. He had often played and sucked on them many times before.

“Sure.”

I was on my right side. He wiggled down a bit, kissed the top of my left breast and took the nipple into his mouth. It felt good. It always did. My breasts weren't that sensitive to stimulation, but after sex my body was always aquiver with stray sensations. I felt a little thrum run from my boob to my pussy. That felt really nice. Mike didn't just give a lick and a nibble. He sucked on my nipple in earnest. It didn't hurt, of course, but he played with it in his mouth. His tongue swirled around my nipple. He sucked in all of my areola then abruptly released it. When his teeth nipped at my little hard nub I shivered with joy. Then he settled down to a steady pattern of suck and release. I pressed my body against his and let my skin slide against his.

There must have been a steady rise of lust in my body that I was unaware of while he was doing this because I was abruptly aware of my urgent need to cum. He hadn't put hand or cock anywhere near my pussy and I was simply lying there with my hands under my pillow enjoying the moment. I wasn't even pressing my thighs together in that desperate half-masturbatory pose some women try when their hands are bound and they want to get themselves off.

It just happened. I did nothing to encourage the process. I came. It wasn't the most powerful orgasm of my life. (That was when I was nineteen and half-drunk in bed with a guy I had met at a college party three hours earlier. He had put his finger up my ass while he was fucking me.) It was the most surprising because I like the buildup to that abrupt release of energy. But when Mike sucked on my nipple, there was none of that. It was an incredibly relaxing orgasm.

“Oh fuck, I just came,” I announced to him.

“What?”

“I came. You made me cum.”

“I didn't touch you,” he protested which was pretty funny because we were both naked and had recently fucked and he most assuredly had been touching me. He just hadn't been touching my pussy; one hand was folded between us and the other was resting on my hip.

“I came anyway,” I giggled. “Do it again.”

“What?” he asked clearly confused. That was amusing.

“Make me cum. Suck on my other tit.”

“Ooohhh.” Mike was usually a pretty smart guy but sometimes he needed to be clued in to the obvious. He pushed away the pillow his head had been resting on and snuggled in closer to my other breast, taking the nipple into his mouth, and sucking on me once again.

This time it took a lot longer. I couldn’t figure that out at first, but I solved it eventually. He used the same playing and sucking techniques as the first time and eventually I got my second orgasm. It was much like the first, wonderful and relaxing, not intense like one that originated from my clit.

“That was so good,” I sighed into the top of his head.

Mike laughed at me a bit. “I never would have guessed you were the type of girl who could get off just from having her tits sucked.”

To be truthful, I never would have guessed I was that type of girl either.

Like too many woman I was never particularly proud of my body, but luckily I never went into that shame spiral of hating it either. I was never too fat or too thin or—worse—never thin enough. I had luckily escaped getting brain damaged by the media into thinking I needed to be starving urchin thin via bulimia or anorexia. My boyfriend’s renewed interest in my breasts because he could use them to make me come made me happy. It was a weird happy because that wasn’t what breasts were for, right?

Still, the attention was nice. The orgasms were nice. He even went out and bought me a very nice bra. Not one of those super-sexy all lace and pushup wires, but a lightly padded full coverage bra in plain white with just a hint of simple flowers worked into the fabric that was so freaking soft I thought I would be able to sleep in it.

“I got the one the saleswoman said was the most comfortable on the lingerie market today,” he proudly announced to me.

That was when I figured he was a boyfriend worth keeping. He wasn't trying to make me sexier just by dressing me up the way he wanted; he was making me sexier by making me feel more comfortable in the skin and clothes was in.

When you're young, you don't tend to think about the consequences of your actions, especially the unintended consequences. When I discovered my little talent of orgasm by nipple suction, I was delighted and had Mike indulge me at every turn. It wasn't hard to convince him to play with my breasts, we was a man after all. In retrospect I probably should have kept count to see how many orgasms I had via tit and how many by clit. I'm not certain which one would have won, but it would have been interesting to keep track.

There were we in our mid-20s doing the things the young and stupid do—sex, alcohol, parties, work, sex, planning a life, some more sex—and like so many women I put on a little weight. Not much; Mike never said a word to me about my weight because he wasn't stupid. He could be clueless, but he wasn't stupid. I didn't bother looking at the bathroom scale because I didn't want to go down that ugly path but it eventually got to the point where I was no longer fitting into my favorite bra, the über-comfortable white bra that was my favorite gift from Mike.

One morning I was feeling good—partly because Mike had given me a couple of breast orgasms and a fucking to wake me up—and decided to put it on. After five minutes of struggling to get the fit correct, the cups correctly positioned, and the straps properly aligned I screamed, ripped it from my body, threw it on the bedroom floor and literally stomped on it.

Mike watched this over the top performance in contemplative silence.
“Something wrong?”

“I'm too fucking fat to fit into my bra!”

“You're not fat,” he said trying to suck up to me and calm me down in that tone men use when they know they're lying to you and you know it so it just irks you even more.

“Don't fucking lie to me!” I screamed. “I'm a fucking whale!”

“I bet you're the same weight as when we met,” he said calmly. He was probably glad my wrath wasn't directed at him. Yet.

“Fuck you I am,” I said stomping to the bathroom and pulling the scale out of the bottom of the closet. It was stupid but I wiped off the dust from the top not because I didn’t want to stand on a dirty scale but because I didn’t want the additional weight of the dust to affect the scale’s measurement. I breathed out, stepped on, and waited a long moment as the little computer inside the scale came to a final conclusion.

Mike stood in the bathroom doorway watching me. I’ll point out I was completely naked at the point because my morning routine had been disrupted by my failure to properly place a brassiere on my body and in my frustration I had ripped off my panties—mostly because I didn’t want the half ounce of cotton to up my weight.

When the scale made its final determination I was a whole pound heavier than when I first started dating Michael.

“Fucking hell,” I complained. “Scale must be broken.”

“I don’t think so,” Michael disagreed. “I think if you’ve put on weight, it’s all in your boobs.”

“Ha ha, you’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

He shrugged. “Why not.”

“I still think the scale’s wrong.”

“I’ll buy you a new one. And I’ll get you a bra in a bigger size.”

“Gee. Thanks.”

“Maybe your breasts are still growing. Maybe you’ve stopping growing up so you need to grow out a little.”

“Ha ha.”

He wasn’t far from the truth. True to his word he bought me a new scale and several new bras all of my choosing. The saleswoman commented that I even though I have been buying one size for the past few years breasts do grow and change. She professionally fitted me—or so she said, maybe she was one of

those lipstick lesbians who work in lingerie stores to feel up the pretty girls—and I got bigger bras.

When we were done the new scale confirmed what the old scale had said and Michael happily undressed my torso to suck on my tits. If nothing else his mouth on my nipples calmed me down after a stressful day at work. I could relax, have a little orgasm, have a little sex, and go to sleep. It wasn't a terrible way to live.

The first indication I had that something was going terribly wrong with me was when I did a half-hearted self breast examination and felt liquid seeping out of my nipples.

I panicked.

Then I calmed down and went to the internet. I knew discharge from nipples could be a sign of breast cancer but I had no other signs of ill health. The discharge was clear to whitish.

Two minutes on WebMD and other not so helpful sites convinced me that I had breast cancer, necrotizing fasciitis, syphilis, and the plague.

After another bout of panic I went to some better health sites and figured out that my breasts were simply producing milk.

Usually women lactate because of a rush of hormones during pregnancy and the need of a baby to nurse nearly nonstop for the immediately after birth. I was neither pregnant nor nursing so I was puzzled. Other reasons a woman might lactate? Anxiety, hormone imbalance, pituitary gland tumor, birth control pills, and stimulation of the breasts especially sucking or fondling during sex.

I went through the causes one by one. My anxiety at the moment was sky high, but normally I'm pretty even keeled. I didn't have any other signs of hormone imbalance; not once in my life have I ever had signs of PMS. I could have a tumor on my pituitary gland, but I'd need an MRI to determine that. I wasn't taking birth control pills. And then I came to the last possible cause: "stimulation of the breasts especially sucking or fondling during sex".

I stormed into the living room where Mike was playing some FPS on his Xbox instead of playing with my box (ha ha). I slapped him across the face.

“What the fuck! You just got me killed!” The machine made some weird game over noise and he managed to tear his eyeballs from the screen.

“I’m going to fucking kill you,” I seethed.

“What did I do now?”

“You made me fucking lactate you sex-crazed maniac!”

Michael stared blankly. “What?”

“My.Breasts. Are. Full. Of. Milk,” I explained to him with short, simple words.

“Ohh...” he said with realization and slowly trailed off with a nervous look.

“What?” I demanded from him.

“Well...”

“Well what?”

“I guess I had sort of an idea...”

“What!” I was about to tear his lungs out of his chest. Through his cock.

“Yeah...you’ve tasted a little different the past few weeks.”

“Tasted different?” I was stunned.

“Yeah. I thought maybe you were using a new soap or deodorant. You’ve only got about fifty different ones on the bathroom shelf.”

“Really?”

“Well...yeah. But that wouldn’t explain why I could feel liquid, milk, I guess when I was sucking on your tits.”

“And you didn’t think to mention this to me!” I screamed.

“Umm...I thought about it. But I didn’t want to upset you or change anything so I didn’t say a word.”

“Uh...huh.”

“And you were enjoying the whole tit play thing. So why upset a good deal. Right?”

“Right,” I said softly and vaguely.

“Are you upset?”

“I’m...confused.”

“Are we going to stop?” he asked. “Because I really like sucking on your nipples.”

The thing of it was I liked him sucking on my nipples. We did it every night at this point and sometimes in the morning depending on when we woke up and how much time we had. And of course he sucked on them during regular sex as well. Regular sex. Ha. Is there such a thing any longer?

Much like the human heart, the human body wants what it wants. I still wanted to have sex with Michael. That was a given. And I still wanted him to suckle my tits. It felt so good. It relaxed me. It made me lusty. It gave me orgasms.

It also made my tits grow. And they kept growing.

I found I didn’t mind it. The amount of milk my breasts was making was small. I never leaked, probably because Mike was draining me every morning and every night. It made my tits bigger, true. But that also got me extra looks from men, which I sort of enjoyed. I filled out some dresses better and I have actual real cleavage to show off, which was fun.

Give a man a sexual oddity and he’ll make a fetish out of it. As soon as he figured out that he was the one who had activated my breasts Michael was on target to become a lactation fetishist. He found recipes that were supposed to help nursing mothers produce more milk. He started buying more beer than before because supposedly beer has an ingredient that facilitates lactation. He even purchased mother’s tea—not that I drank all that much tea or coffee—that would keep my breasts “healthy”.

“Enough,” I finally told him.

“But you don’t want—”

I cut him off. “What I want for my tits is my business. Don’t presume.”

He didn’t argue because he didn’t want to be cut off from my milk. He had already fallen down the rabbit hole of lactation. Men are so easily controlled sometimes. All I had to do was threaten to cut off his milk supply and he’d do anything I asked.

It was kind of cute.

Wisely he didn’t move into the nutritional supplement section of the grocery store. I wasn’t going to start taking blessed thistle or fenugreek tablets because he wanted more breast milk.

While he might not have realized it all of that shit was minimally effective or just a waste of money. We both knew that what really got me started was his mouth on my tits twice a day. Sometimes more. Every night we got in bed together and I offered him my breasts and he suckled. Every morning I would wake up with him attached and removing every drop of my milk. It was the best alarm clock in the world.

Chapter Two

Men like to see how far they can push anything with sex. Twice a day wasn't good enough for Mike. Sometimes when we got home from work he'd push me to the bed and suckle me for half an hour while I relaxed and watched television or half-napped.

"How much do you think you're producing?" he asked me.

I rolled my eyes. Too often the conversation was directed about my breasts. It was tiring.

"I don't know. Maybe a half cup a day. Does it really matter?"

"Have you heard about those women who produce like two or three cups of milk a day?"

"You spend too much time on fetish websites."

"Yeah," he agreed. "Ever thought about posing for some pictures or videos? There's money to be made there."

"No," I told him flatly.

His smile was thin. "How about taking out an ad to sell your milk?"

I sighed. "Why these questions?"

"I think it's kinky hot that you lactate."

I sighed again. "Really? As if I didn't know."

"Yes."

"We don't need the money. Stop asking stupid questions."

"Would you let another man nurse from you?" he asked.

That gave me pause.

“Why are you asking that?”

“Because I like talking about your boobs.”

I rolled my eyes; it was an answer I was expecting. “Would I ever? Theoretically yes because right now I’m not sure how much longer I’m going to keep dating you. Realistically right now? No, probably not. Why? Tell me the real reason you’re asking.”

He shrugged and looked away. I could tell he was embarrassed. “I dunno. I think it would be hot to watch you feed another man.”

I gazed at him carefully. “That would get you off?”

“Yeah.”

“What would you do?” I was curious now. We liked to fuck after he nursed from me because we were both turned on by Michael’s sucking. Just the sensation got me going and apparently the whole ritual was enough for him to get hard and ready; but then again it doesn’t exactly take a lot of effort to get a healthy man in his mid-20s hot and horny in the presence of woman’s naked body.

He answered slowly. The words sounded rehearsed. He’d thought a lot about this. “I’d watched him take off your shirt, and then your bra, and then the two of you would lay down on the bed together, he’d suck your tits, he’d get every drop of milk out of you.”

“Okay, that’s what he would do. What would you do during this?”

He shook himself out of his daydream. “I’d watch. I wouldn’t say anything. I’d let it just happen.”

“Uh-huh. And what would you really do?”

Michael half-hung his head. He was playing games with me. “I’d jerk off while he was sucking you.”

“And that would be enough for you?” I asked. “Your new friend would get a nice

little feeding and you'd blow your wad and that's it? Who fucks me afterward? Having your tits played with for an hour gets a girl's juices flowing don't you know?"

"I could get you off," Mike offered.

"What? With your fingers and mouth?"

"Sure."

"I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"I need penetration too. I like getting fucked; I need more than just my clit played with."

"I can use my fingers inside you," he insisted.

"When there's a perfectly good cock lying right next to me on the bed?" I asked. "I don't think so. If he's going to suck on these tits, he's going to get the whole package," I insisted. It was pretty much pure bravado. I had no intention of going out and finding some guy to nurse my boobs, get all the milk, and then fuck me. Sure, I liked a bit of kink and sexy play like any normal person, but I didn't think I was the type to go searching out another man to fill the role of my boyfriend while my actual boyfriend was right there in the room with me.

"I'm not sure about that..." Michael said.

"Why not," I countered. "Wouldn't that get you off too? Don't lots of men like to see their wives and girlfriends fucked by strangers while they watch?"

He was stunned and rattled his head back and forth. "Yeah. Sure. Some. Not me."

"Not you," I repeated for him.

"No, not me."

"So it's okay for a stranger to nurse from me, but not have sex with me," I

challenged him.

“Right.”

“Hypocrite. That makes no sense.”

I could tell Michael was getting frustrated and he literally started pulling at his hair on both sides of his head. “I know it doesn’t make sense. It’s just a fantasy that gets me off.”

That was a minor revelation. How often was he jerking off to this little bit of pornographic theater in his head?

“What if it was a girl?” I asked him.

“What?”

“What if I let a girl undress me and nurse?”

If he hadn’t considered that before he was putting on an excellent show in considering the possibilities. “You’d do that?”

“Probably not, but I wanted to ask the question.” I slowly walked away from him, leaving the kitchen where we had staged this little argument about something that was never going to happen and headed toward the bedroom. “I’m pretty worked up right now. And my breasts are heavy. Want to help me out?”

By the time he got to the bedroom I was already topless and resting on my side upon the bed. Mike didn’t need any encouragement to fall upon my tits and suck hard at them.

It felt wonderful. Getting milked after a fight was a perfect release of stress. I could feel my milk flowing out of my nipples and Mike made the right moaning noises letting me know he was getting everything he wanted from me. I pulled at his clothes and helped him undress. In no time at all he was naked and his hard cock was pressing at my thigh. I was still wearing my jeans and even though I was topless I was in complete charge of what was about to happen next.

I was about to tell him I wanted another man to milk me while he watched because that was his fantasy.

I didn't tell him anything. I let him suckle me. I let my milk flow. When Michael reached for the button on my jeans I swatted his hand away. "When I'm done and empty," I told him.

He went back to my breasts with an eagerness I hadn't experienced in some time. I knew what he wanted and he wasn't going to get it from me all that easily. I relaxed and let him work his magic mouth upon me. It was wonderful. I shivered twice as he teased my nipples and drained my milk. He thought I shivered in the cool air; I actually had little orgasms, but I wasn't going to tell him that either.

As we approached the end of my milk supply I pushed him away from my tits. "You want to fuck, don't you?" I asked him.

"Yeah..." his eyes were half-glazed over with lust. His cock was still hard and some precum was leaking from the little slit. It wasn't possible for him to be hornier.

"I get to be on top," I told him and unbuttoned my jeans. They were a little tighter than I normally liked. Although I didn't want to admit it, I had started putting on weight. I knew I was eating more than before because I was producing milk, but I knew I shouldn't be eating quite as much as I was. Michael didn't complain as I wiggled out of my jeans and panties at the same time. He liked that little trick.

Getting on top was easy. He grabbed his cock in his fist and aimed it right into my pussy. I'm not a huge fan of being on top; I like to be fucked, but a little change up is nice from time to time. Plus he knew that when I was on top put me in charge. The fucking that night was slow and languorous, the way I liked. I leaned forward periodically and allowed him to suck on my tits, offering first one and then the other. He loved it of course. I let myself get lost in the pleasure of my body, but periodically pulled back from him so he wouldn't get too self-involved. I didn't want him to cum too soon.

When his cock got extra hard in my pussy I leaned all the way forward, dragging my tits across his chest, and whispered in his ear, "You really want to see another guy suck on my tits?"

"Yeah..."

“Then you’d better find a guy to make it happen.”

That was all he needed to cum. His spunk flooded my pussy making me hot and sticky inside. And that was all I needed to go over the edge and cum with him.

The internet can be a nasty place full of trolls and creeps and people looking pull off some scam. There probably isn’t a more wretched hive of villainy on Earth; still, it can be a nice place if you know where to look.

I told Mike exactly what I was looking for and to only bring me names and profiles of men that fit my criteria. Under 40, not-insane creepy (a hard criteria to screen for), in reasonably good shape, Mike had to meet him first and verify the guy was as advertised and get a real name and ID.

“Married or single?” Mike asked as he was writing down all my restrictions and rules.

“Um.” I hadn’t given that one any thought. If a guy looked to get milk from a woman was already married or in a relationship, wouldn’t he already have convinced his partner to do it for him? Maybe not, or maybe she refused and he decided to step out to the internet for what he needed. At first I couldn’t decide how to answer his question. “Single. I don’t want to break up any marriages.”

He nodded and added the criteria to the list. I expected Mike’s search to take a couple of months at the very least and I was prepared to shoot down any of them that struck me as being the slightest bit off.

To be truthful, the idea of what Michael was proposing excited me. I was always that plain girl in the back of the room. Not really sexy, not really ugly, nothing really special about her and I considered myself kind of lucky to have found Michael. And now here I was with some sort-of superpower—lactation, but every woman can do it—and suddenly I was the center of attention.

Well, the center of attention to a select group.

I actually ventured out onto the internet to see what was out there. I knew there had to be men looking for a woman to nurse from. There are too many men with too many kinks in the world for there not to be more than a few looking. While

the number of men in our area looking to hook up for a little milky breast play was low, the overall number was huge. I was dumbfounded and aghast.

“Where are all the women who these men want?” I asked Michael after closing out the web browser I had been using to find those in search of an adult nursing relationship.

He shrugged. “I don’t know. Maybe they don’t want to play the same game.” He kissed me on top of my head and copped a feel of my milk-heavy breast at the same time. Men with be men. “I’m very lucky,” he told me.

“True,” I agreed.

The search for the right candidate only took three weeks it turned out. Carson was perfect Mike told me after they met. He had met Carson on one of the many forums devoted to lactation appreciation. Then they met in person, without my permission, I pointed out to Michael.

“I don’t need your permission to meet people,” he said. “I need your permission to bring them into our bedroom.”

Surprisingly Carson did meet all the criteria I set up and Michael had even procured a copy of Carson’s driver’s license. He was the real deal.

“He’s a nice guy.”

“So what’s he doing cruising the internet looking for women giving up breast milk for horny little boys?”

“It’s a kink he just wants to try.”

“To try?” I asked. I was expecting to get a dirty old man who paid hookers exorbitant amounts of money to play with their boobs.

Mike shrugged. “That’s what he says.”

“Anything goes wrong and he’s out of here so fast...”

“It’ll be fine,” Mike assured me, slowly pulling me down to the bed and pushing off my shirt. I had taken to the custom of stripping off my bra the moment I got

home in the evening. My boobs were much happier free and unrestricted. Of course that meant easier access to my chest so Michael took every advantage of that as well.

I didn't mind.

"I love you, Kath," he mumbled into my flesh as he nursed from me and slowly pushed me toward orgasm.

"We'll see if you still love me after Carson fucks me," I told him and concentrated on the sensations he was sending to my pussy.

I wasn't sure what to expect when I met Carson in our living room, but I hadn't expected to meet a gorgeous man with blue-gray eyes and a shaved head. He stood a few inches taller than Michael and was lean and lithe. Not to denigrate my future husband, but if we weren't already in a serious committed relationship I wouldn't have said no to anything Carson suggested.

"How did you want to do this?" Carson asked me as we chatted in our little place. It was exciting and awkward at the same time. In a few minutes we were going to be partially naked and he was going to be nursing from my heavy tits. After that—hopefully—we'd be completely naked and fucking. Our fifteen minute conversation had made my panties more than just slightly damp.

He was magnanimous in his answer. "Any way you want. You're in charge."

Damn right I was in charge. But I still looked at my boyfriend for a bit of support. Michael nodded encouragingly at me. "Okay. All three of us need to go to the bedroom and you two need to follow my orders, right."

"As you wish," Carson answered happily.

Michael filled in the unnecessary detail. "He knows if he doesn't behave himself he won't be invited back."

I led the way and shed my shirt as soon as I entered the bedroom. Contrary to my new standards, tonight I was wearing a bra. It wouldn't be polite or acceptable to go braless in front of company. As Carson and Michael entered the room I perched my ass on the corner of the bed. "Get naked," I ordered. "I want a little visual treat."

I wasn't sure if I this would lead to locker room shyness or a dick measuring competition, but both Michael and Carson started undressing without a word. They didn't look at each other nor did they say anything, but seeing two men take off their clothes just for me was a heady surge of power to my ego. They paused briefly when they were down to their underwear.

"Everything off," I clarified.

And so they pulled off their last scrap of dignity. I knew what Michael's cock looked like. I didn't even give him a glance. Carson's though, I lingered on that. He was semi-erect and obviously excited. It wasn't huge, it was...average. But I wasn't disappointed. It was getting hard for me and me alone. I half turned on the corner of the bed. "Help me with my bra, Carson?"

After a quick glance at Michael who gave him an encouraging nod, Carson stepped forward. I lifted up my hair and he pulled and then unclasped my bra. It felt good to be free of its restrictions. Michael was trying to fade into the background. His hand was already on his cock, slowly stroking himself. I wasn't going to let that happen.

"Both of you kneel in front of me. You're both going to nurse. One breast apiece at the same time. Get close and chummy."

They moved slowly, and I couldn't blame them, but eventually they were down in front of me and while Michael needed no encouragement to put his lips to my nipple, Carson was the one that pulled up short.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

By that point I was positive I needed the both of them right there and right then. I grasped the back of his smooth head and brought it to my breast. That was all he needed. His lips sought out my nipple, latched on, and he suckled like he was born to the task.

I sighed deeply. My milk immediately let down and flowed steadily.

Some women claim to have orgasms while nursing their babies. I certainly had more than my share of orgasms while being nursed by my boyfriend and now my...lover? I had never heard of a women orgasming from using a breast pump, but surely one or two must have, right. To be nursed at double speed on both

breasts was pure bliss. I shivered and came with one of my little light orgasms. Then I had a second and a third. I lost count. I couldn't concentrate beyond the sensations running from my tits to my clit that quickly blossomed into climaxes.

I wasn't sure when I pushed them away but it was after I had lost track of everything except my pussy and tits and their mouths. Carson wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and I held him back with my hand on his shoulder. "Fucking good," I breathed.

"Did you come?" Michael asked. I couldn't even look at him. I had locked onto Carson's eyes and couldn't look away. They were full of lust.

"Yeah."

"That's good," Carson said.

There was a silent pause between the three of us. I had to be the one to break it. "I want you to fuck me," I said to my new lover.

"Okay," he agreed. As if he was going to argue the point.

I stood up with the intention of slipping out of my pants. He took that as permission to undress me. I allowed him the privilege. It was the least he could do for me. I had put on my fanciest green silk panties for him and he barely noticed as he pulled them down my legs and planted a kiss on my pubic mound, right in the middle of the tiny tangle of hair that I allowed to decorate the top of my slit. He wasn't even trying to give me head; he was just kissing me because he was so grateful for having nurse from my tits.

I appreciated that.

Then I was on my back with my legs spread as Carson moved up on top of me. I managed to keep control of my faculties and grabbed one of the condoms we had left on the nightstand. He didn't protest as I grabbed his cock and rolled it down his length. Yeah, I still had an IUD implanted where the sun doesn't shine, but I still wasn't going to do anything stupid with a guy I barely knew.

His cock was nice. I couldn't tell if it was bigger or smaller than Mike's. I didn't care. It was nice and hard and I knew what I was going to use it for. It slipped easily into my pussy.

As he pushed inside me I inhaled sharply several times, not really moans or groans, but shocks of reality as I comprehended what I was doing. I turned my head and saw Michael standing at the side of the bed watching Carson fuck me. It had been a few years since someone else's cock besides Mike's had been inside me. It was a weird experience, but the moment Carson started fucking me and Michael started stroking his cock in time with Carson's thrusts I knew it was a perfect experience as well.

"Don't waste it," I said to Michael.

"I won't," Carson replied oblivious to the fact I was really just using him as a warm up to my boyfriend. What a warm up it was. He fucked me good and hard. I came twice, stronger than my nipple orgasms, but not the mind-blowing after nursing experiences I was used to with Michael. Maybe I was too nervous. His weight crushed me into the bed and I wrapped my legs around his body. It was wanton and the action of a hussy and I was proud of what I was doing.

When he came inside me I wanted to cum again, but couldn't. I was so used to Michael's hot spunk pushing me over the edge the tiny rubber barrier between Carson's cock and my pussy was enough to disappoint.

I gasped out my appreciation any way as Carson rolled off me and flopped to the bed. While I was lying flat on my back with my legs spread Michael was on me in an instant, his cock slipping into my well-lubed pussy. He fucked me harder and faster than he ever had before. I cried out with my first sharp orgasm and that was all he needed. He came in my cunt, flooding me with too much spunk. It flowed out of me and wet the bed. I grasped my boyfriend as hard as I could as I came again, this time slower but with the same paralyzing intensity.

Only after I was done did I realize that Carson was there next to us, watching.

"Thank you," he said.

"You're welcome," I replied automatically. "But why are you thanking me?"

He chuckled. "It's polite. And I appreciated you sharing your milk with me. And letting me have sex with you."

"Oh, that was for me," I assured him. "Anyone who drinks my milk is required to fuck me," I joked.

It was a joke I was eventually going to learn to rue...and then appreciate all the more.

“We’ll have to do this again sometime,” Carson said.

Chapter Three

Sometime turned out to be a week later.

“What do you mean Carson wants to come over again?” Michael said to me.

“He texted me and suggested another nursing session this weekend.” Note to kinky boys out there who think it might be fun to share your wife or girlfriend with another man: be ready to realize she might want to fuck her new lover again and again.

I did with Carson. And I wanted him to nurse from me again with Michael. There was nothing better than having two men drink my milk at the same time. It made me feel so powerful and in control.

“Are you sure you want to?” he asked as he undressed for bed.

I grabbed him from behind and practically threw him on the bed, no easy feat for a girl my size, even if my boobs and tummy were getting bigger than I liked.

“Hell yes! Don’t you want to see him fuck me again?”

“Umm...sure.”

“You don’t sound so sure.” I tilted my head to the side, puzzled.

“Uh, maybe the fantasy was stronger than I realized,” he said.

“Okay, don’t get all creepy and weird on me. I still love you, but apparently I need a little variety of cock in my life. And variety of mouth and lips. Getting doubled sucked was pure fucking heaven.” I sighed with the memories. “And don’t forget this was your idea. And,” I added to further my point, “you had one mind blasting orgasm yourself when you fucked me after him.”

“Yeah,” he conceded.

I held up my right hand and said as solemnly as I could, “I solemnly swear I will not leave Michael for Carson. Any fucking I do with him is purely recreational

and my pussy will always belong to Michael.”

I was joking around—sort of—but a strange look came over Mike’s face.
“Really?”

“Sure, why not?”

“I love you,” he told me.

I kissed him. “I love you too.”

Text from Carson the day before we’re to have our second session together: I have something to tell you.

Me: What

You’re not going to like it.

Me: Try me.

I’m not married.

Me: I knew that, shithead.

I have a girlfriend and she knows about you.

Me: What the fuck are you talking about! Did you fucking lie to Mike?

I was fucking pissed and nearly beyond words. Luckily I wasn’t beyond writing.

No, I told him I’m single. I’m not married.

Me: Fucking splitting hairs on the point! You have someone else in your life. Don’t fucking call or text me again.

He was quick with his thumbs; I’ll give Carson that. His reply was almost instantaneous.

She wants to taste your milk.

I read the message over and over, understanding it but not comprehending it.

I had to admit it. It made my panties a little bit moist.

But I still didn't answer him I was too pissed off.

A little later when I talked to Michael I knew I had been played by the both of them.

He gave me his little revelation of truth. I blinked at him. "What do you mean you 'sort of' knew he had a girlfriend?" I was a bit shocked and upset at this point. I stood in the middle of our kitchen and wobbled back and forth. I couldn't find my center of balance in the middle of this news.

Michael cleared his throat and looked at the ceiling while he talked. He couldn't meet my gaze. That was okay. I barely understood what he was saying.

"Well, I asked him if he was married, but before he could answer I sort of said that if he was that was a nonstarter with you and me. So he had to be single."

"Uh-huh," was all I could manage to voice.

"So he asked me if it was okay if he had a girlfriend who knew what he was doing."

"Uh-huh."

"And I said I supposed so because that meant he wasn't married and he wasn't cheating. It's not cheating if she knows. Kind of like putting \$200 under Free Parking in Monopoly. It's not explicitly allowed or barred in the rulebook, but if everyone agrees that it's okay, then it's okay."

"I'm not Free Parking," I pointed out.

"It's an analogy."

"I fucking know what an analogy is," I seethed. "You're missing the point. It's only okay if everyone agrees."

He brought his guilty eyes down from the ceiling. "Well? Do you agree?"

At first I hated Deena. She was prettier and skinnier and sexier than me. She had longer hair and had a certain confidence about her that I didn't feel at all. Ever. We all met in a diner not far from the apartment I shared with Michael. For the first ten minutes I glared across the table at her and said next to nothing.

The conversation was about everything except our respective boyfriends nursing from me and having sex, the entire reason we had our little sit down in the first place. I was saying next to nothing anyway. At one point Deena leaned forward adjusting her seat and I was treated to a glance down her shirt. She wasn't wearing something slutty. She looked like a perfectly normally dressed state office worker showing just a tiny bit of cleavage. That was when I realized my tits had to be twice the size of hers. Maybe she was jealous of me.

I looked at her closer. She was older; so was Carson. Not that much older but I definitely saw some crow's feet at the corners of her eyes. She wasn't perfect.

I relaxed. "Have you ever done this before I asked her bluntly?"

Deena tried to make a joke of my serious question. "What? Have dinner at this place? Yeah, a couple of times."

I shook my head. "No. Have you every nursed from another woman." I looked her right in the eye while I asked the question and waited for the answer.

The men looked around nervously. I wasn't being loud and I doubted if anyone beyond our table heard anything I said.

Still, Deena had to swallow and she spoke her answer softly. "No. I've never done that."

"Do you really want to?"

"Sort of."

I tilted my head. "Sort of?" I repeated.

"It sounds a little bit sexy and Carson likes it, so I thought I might give it a try."

“Do you like women?” I asked her. “You know what I mean.”

Her answer was slow in coming. The noise of the diner around us seemed to waft away while Mike and Carson held their breath. “Yes. But I’ve only done it a few times.”

Back at our place I proudly strutted to the bedroom because that seemed the natural place to go. Deena followed me and behind her were our boyfriends keeping a close watch on the both of us. I took off my top and bra. Oddly, I didn’t feel the least bit shy about taking off my clothes in front of a woman I just met a few hours earlier. Carson I had already been intimate with so what did it matter.

“Get down on your knees and nurse from me,” I said while leaning forward a bit, accentuating my heavy breasts.

Either Deena was eager to perform this little act of kinkiness or was more than happy to comply with my request. Somehow breastfeeding Michael made me feel more powerful. I was scared of that power but I wasn’t afraid to use it either.

“Should I undress?” she asked as she went to her knees. Carson must have given her the details of our little fuck session.

“No.” I reached out and brought her head to my nipple. She parted her lips and let the warmth of her mouth engulf my breast. Her arms went around my body as she carefully nurse from my breast.

As always a little thrill of excitement ran through my body, nipple to clit, and I closed my eyes to enjoy the sensation. I could hear everyone in the room breathing, slowly, carefully, so as not to disturb the moment.

A woman’s mouth felt much like a man’s, except that Deena was a little hesitant about using strong suction. “Harder,” I encouraged her breathlessly. “Pull the milk from me.”

My supply hadn’t let down yet and my breasts were tender and swollen. I needed my milk to be released and Deena wasn’t up to the task.

“Like this?” she asked and took a long hard pull at my nipple. It should have hurt. It didn’t. I could feel my milk spraying into her mouth and then heard her

swallow.

“That’s better,” I complimented her. “Make it nice and hard.”

She was good at following orders and started to quickly drain me. Then I noticed that my free breast was leaking and dripping milk. It had never done that before or at least never to the point where I actually felt the milk coming out of me. I gestured to Carson. “I’m leaking. Help your girlfriend.”

He didn’t need to be told twice. When his mouth touched my nipple I could feel the milk spray into his mouth with a pulse that followed my heartbeat. Two people on my breasts at the same time was what I needed. Deena welcomed her partner and they both had their arms around my waist and back which was good because my eyes started to roll up into my head and I wanted to faint.

They didn’t let me fall and I simply let them nurse from me. I was getting one of my little orgasms every few minute or so. It was heaven. I was nothing more than my breasts and my clit. Whenever they decreased the suction to swallow or take a breath I came to my senses and looked at Michael who was rubbing his cock through his pants.

“Take off your clothes, Mike,” I told him and closed my eyes. I wanted him to jerk off, just to know that I could make him do it. I was wearing a skirt and needed something more than simply the little orgasms from my nipples. It was easy to hike up the material and slip my hand inside my panties where I jammed two fingers up into my pussy. The angle was wrong and I had to move around Carson and Deena’s bodies.

“I want to be fucked,” I announced.

They released my breasts and I scooted back on the bed. Deena watched at Carson started stripping off his clothes. That was when I realized I could get anything I wanted from them. Their eyes were glazed over with desire and milk-lust. I pushed off my skirt and opened my thighs. “Not you, Carson,” I said to him. Michael looked hopefully at me. “I want Deena’s tongue in my pussy.”

She didn’t need to be convinced to do what I wanted. Deena moved her face between my thighs and set to eating out my pussy. Everything she did was perfect. She knew how to lick and suck my clit. She penetrated my pussy with her tongue going deep and searching for my g-spot; she didn’t find it but I

appreciated the effort.

I had one strong orgasm on her face. I should have had more but maybe I was uptight about a woman kissing my cunt. I don't know. Still, her mouth and fingers made me sit up and nearly howl in appreciation.

But I wasn't done. My breasts still had more of my precious fluid inside. "I need you two to nurse from me," I told Carson and Mike. "You do that while Deena gets me off again."

Both were happy to comply. It was easy to get lost in the tangle of limbs that followed but I know that both Carson and Michael fucked me in the bed, both unleashing heavy loads of cum inside my pussy. Deena was fucked at least once while she ate my pussy. I'm certain she was fucked other times as well but I didn't bother keeping track of that.

The only strange part was waking up in bed the next morning with just Deena. Where were the boys? It didn't matter. I shook Deena away and told her, "My breasts are full."

"Uh-huh," she mumbled, rolled toward me and moved down my body. Her mouth sought out my full breasts and she nursed from me, half asleep. It was beautiful and relaxing; I had three small orgasms that morning.

I rewarded her by reaching between her legs and finding her pussy. I had never touched another woman before, but since I knew the anatomy it was easy to figure out how to make her cum.

"Oh, thank you," she sighed when I was done diddling her.

"Where are the guys?" I wondered aloud.

"Don't you remember?" Deena asked me.

"Nope. I don't remember a thing after about my twentieth orgasm last night. You three were really going after me.

She smiled in a way that told me she was hiding something and was also proud of what she had done. "Mike spent the night in bed with us; Carson was on the couch I think. He disappeared. I think they went out to get breakfast." She

smiled again. “I’ve already had mine, I think.”

Lying naked in bed with another woman who was similarly naked was uncomfortable. I never saw myself as the type of woman who bedded other women. Sure, maybe if my boyfriend was around maybe a third in the bed would be a fun idea. But just that, an idea.

Of course my conflicted emotions over how I felt about my current position held no bearing on the many orgasms I had received from Deena the previous night.

“Why did you do this?” I asked her. “All of this, I mean. Nurse from me. Sleep with me. Have sex in my bed while I watched. Everything.”

She half-shrugged and reached out to lightly caress the curve of my boob. It felt nice; I tried not to shy away. “Because I kind of like having sex with women. I’m not a lesbian—don’t get any ideas,” she half-giggled. “But it’s a nice change up from having sex with just men. I can see myself having sex with women, kissing them, going down on them, whatever, but I don’t think I’d ever actually be in a relationship with one. I’m not going to get married to anyone other than a man.” She paused and gave her statements some thought. “Is that homophobic? I don’t think so...”

“I don’t think so. You just like a little variety in sex.”

“Yeah. That’s it.”

“And the nursing. You like that too?” I asked.

Instead of answering she countered with another question. “You really like doing it. I could tell. You were practically in cumming right away, as soon as I kissed your tit. You love it, don’t you?”

To my complete horror, I actually blushed. “Yeah. Michael got me started on it and it’s nothing I ever expected to do, but I enjoy it. Maybe I enjoy it too much.”

Deena nodded. “Carson and I tried for like a year to get me to lactate. I could never do it.”

“Really?”

She looked away from me and stared up at the ceiling. “Yeah. It really disappointed him. I took all the homeopathic stuff, pumped my breasts three, four times a day, had him nurse from me. I even went to my doctor saying I was thinking about adopting and wanted to breastfeed the baby. She gave me a script for some drug that was supposed to induce lactation. I never took it. By that point I was just too frustrated and I started to think that maybe I’m one of those women who have dry tits and always will.”

“You’ll have to get a wet nurse or bottle feed when you have kids?” I said.

“Yeah. Probably.”

“I’m sorry that Carson did that to you,” was all I could think to say.

She shook her head violently. “Don’t be. When you get pregnant all sorts of hormones are produced. I’ll probably lactate from that. I hope. But it was something Carson wanted more than me. Still...” she trailed off and rolled back to her side to grin at me. “Still, I had a great time drinking from you. I completely understand why he has his little kink.”

I was about to say that I didn’t really understand what the men—and she—got out of nursing from me, but then we were rudely interrupted by the reappearance of Carson and Michael returning with bagels and coffee from Bruegger’s.

“Hey, Kath, how much milk do you think you’re producing?” Michael asked me.

I shrugged and took a bite of garlic and onion smeared with garden veggie cream cheese. “How the hell should I know?” I mumbled around my mouthful.

“Let’s find out.”

“This is ridiculous,” I said to the other three adults assembled in very nice home owned by Carson and Deena. It was at that point that I realized that while they weren’t married my new friends and lovers had been together more than a few years and had a significant ongoing relationship. They were married in everything but name.

“Why do you say that?” Michael giggled.

“Why do you fucking think?” I snapped.

We were in their living room. Deena had found her old breast pump. It was a top of the line model. I was impressed with it. Instead of letting me sit at a table and pump away to get what Michael described as an accurate measurement of my milk output, they had instead set up the device on the floor forcing me to kneel over the individual funnel-like attachments that sucked on my tits. I realized this was all in good fun and they were treating me like a dairy cow, but I didn’t like it. I was the only one topless, I was bent over the pump, and I certainly knew that my wide ass was on display for everyone to see.

We had come over to their place for this experiment and I came prepared. I had dressed in my slightly too tight yoga pants with a thong on underneath. Knowing that I would quickly be rendered topless I didn’t worry too much about my shirt or bra. It was supposed to be a casual, fun night hopefully ending in some more mind-blowing sex.

“I thought you liked lactating,” Deena teased.

I tried to answer but then the pump pulled hard at my tit. Some women can only orgasm with a good, strong vibrator. I wasn’t one of them, but a good, strong breast pump did incredible things to my tits. It pulled on me. I could feel my nipples elongating to ridiculous lengths. I could feel my milk spraying out and filling the bottles that were attached to the pump. I could feel the thrills running from my tits to my pussy. I wondered if everyone else in the room could smell my desire.

When the pump was done sucking for the moment I said, “I do, but when a person is attached.” The pump started up again. I groaned.

“It sounds like you enjoy the pump as well,” Carson pointed out.

I didn’t say anything. I couldn’t say anything. I could only moan. I wiggled my hips and pressed my thighs together trying to masturbate without my fingers.

“She loves it,” Michael taunted.

“I don’t like being on my hands and knees,” I complained.

“They have to hang down,” Michael insisted. “We want to make sure they get

completely drained.”

“Just a fucking excuse—” I was cut off by another moan brought on by the pump.

“Some people feel a woman produces more milk and sweeter milk if she’s properly stimulated during lactation,” Carson said and walked around behind me. His hands went to my waist. There was no reason to complain when his fingers went inside my pant’s waistband; he was doing exactly what I wanted.

“What are you doing?” Deena asked. She knew. She was just playing along with the scene.

“Properly stimulating her,” Carson said as he pulled my pants over the curve of my ass and pushed them down to my knees. My ass was now exposed in its pale white glory, marred only by the tiny thong running between my cheeks. This too he pulled down to my knees rendering me completely nude. I was actually relieved to be naked. Automatically my legs opened up a bit as the pump continued its hard sucking at my tits. They had to smell my wet pussy by now.

Carson carefully—and too slowly—eased my pants and panties off my legs. I didn’t complain the least when his hands went to my hips again and he knelt behind me. Somehow he had removed his jeans as well—I must have lost track of time and his actions. I didn’t complain when his cock pushed against my labia, parted my lips, and slipped into my pussy. Getting fucked by another man in front of my boyfriend felt normal. It felt good. I didn’t care he wasn’t wearing a condom. I wanted that too.

Between Carson’s cock and the breast pump I was beside myself; I couldn’t think I could only concentrate on what was happening to my body and let the orgasms come. I came and came again.

By the time Carson finished inside my pussy I was exhausted, but they weren’t done with me yet. Right after he pulled out Michael knelt behind me and pushed his cock into my sloppy pussy. It should have been too much; I should have been overloaded with sensation. As it turned out, it wasn’t nearly enough. Michael fucked me hard and fast. Each time he thrust forward his balls slapped forward onto my pussy and clit and I lost all track of what was happening to me.

When he was done—I didn’t even remember him cumming—Deena kissed me

on the cheek and slid her hand down over my rump to cup my sore, wet, and full pussy. “Do you want me to make you cum again?” she asked. “Fingers and lips?”

I shook my head no. I couldn’t even whine in complaint.

“You’ve done wonderfully,” she complimented me and shut down the pump.

My breasts were released from their vacuum-induced prison and I sighed with relief, but I couldn’t pull away from the soft plastic cups. I didn’t even have enough energy to do anything but roll over onto my side to sigh in this respite. “I’m glad that’s over,” I managed to mumble.

“You sure?” Carson asked.

“Wow,” commented Deena as she disconnected the pump and lifted up the collection bottles. I opened my eyes to see what impressed her. They had jokingly attached quart bottles to the pumps. It would have been impossible for me to produce anywhere near that amount of milk, but I was still impressed with what was in the containers. “That’s just about twelve ounces,” she said.

“Total?” I asked.

“Each.”

“Is that a lot?” Michael asked.

“It’s a huge amount,” Deena said. “Your girlfriend is like a human cow. She could produce enough milk to feed a small army. She’s got fucking fantastic tits.”

“Feeding the three of you is more than enough, thank you,” I mumbled. “How long was I hooked up to that damn thing?”

“Only half an hour,” Deena reported. “And you were squirting out milk all the way until the very end.” She knelt down next to me and felt my breasts. I didn’t have enough energy to swat her hand away. “Oh, they’re a lot softer than before. I wonder if you still have anything in there.”

“Nope,” I said.

Reluctantly she pulled her hand away from my chest. I looked down at myself. My breasts were red and the nipples were distended. I wondered if they would ever return to their natural size and shape. But maybe Michael liked me with bigger nipples. I put my hand on my pussy and felt the boys' leavings slowly leaking out onto my thigh. I should have gotten up and cleaned up, but I still didn't have the energy.

"Care for a taste?" Deena asked offering the bottles to Carson and Michael. They both indulged—of course—and then so did she. "I wonder what this would taste like with a little vodka?" she pondered.

"White Russian?" Carson joked.

"I bet we could hook her up to the pump again and get more out of her."

I didn't say anything but all three sipped at my milk, sampling it and smiling at each other. "Care for a taste?" Michael asked me, gesturing with the bottle he held.

I'd never tried my own milk before. It seemed odd to even consider it, but I struggled to a sitting position and held out my hand. The bottle was slightly warm, partly from his hand, partly from the pump, and partly from my milk. I sipped cautiously at the liquid. I knew it was supposed to be sweet but I was surprised at how sweet it was. It wasn't creamy at all, completely different from cow's milk. It was much more like a thick fruit juice but with extra sugar. I took another sip and wondered if it would be weird to down the whole bottle right then and there.

Luckily Deena walked back into the living room carrying several cups filled with ice and a bottle of vodka. I hadn't even seen her leave. "Impromptu White Russians," she announced pouring the vodka over the ice and then adding some of my milk to the glasses. She then stirred each glass in order and handed them around the room.

"Really?" I asked. "I don't think I need to get drunk to do stupid things."

"Drink up," Deena told us and downed hers in one swallow. "I've got other great things for you to try."

Did she ever.

Chapter Four

Like I said, at my wedding more than a few guests stared at my chest. I wasn't flaunting them in anyone's face, but I now had a set of tits to be proud of and no one knew that they were the result of my boyfriend-fiancé-husband's over-eager attention to my nipples. Well, no one but my boyfriend and two special guests at the wedding. It was a low-key affair. I wasn't big on the huge wedding for hundreds of people that costs a ridiculous amount of money. We had fifty people and that was more than enough.

After the reception was over Michael and I went from the small banquet hall in the hotel to our room upstairs. I'm pretty sure no one noticed that Deena and Carson exited shortly before we did. Even if they were noticed, who was to know that they were meeting us upstairs?

"You ready for this?" Michael asked me when we got to the extra-fancy suite we had for the night. (Okay, so we had one indulgence for the evening.)

"Yes," I moaned. My tits were full and they hadn't been drained this early in the morning when Michael had nursed from me. Here's a fair warning to every woman out there who is considering creating that special adult nursing relationship with her boyfriend or husband. Be sure he's going to be around all the time when you need him. If not, you're going to need a stand in to relieve the pressure on your tits because that milk doesn't stop flowing without a lot of pain. I had borrowed Deena's pump and had resorted to using it a few times during schedule conflicts, but it didn't do nearly as good a job as Michael's mouth. Or Carson's mouth. Or even Deena's sweet, tender mouth.

We didn't have long to wait. A few minutes after we arrived upstairs there was a knock at the door. Michael had removed his jacket and shoes, but he was still fully dressed. I had said the hell with that. I'm not a fancy dress girl. I had removed my veil and with some assistance from Michael had taken off my wedding dress. I wasn't going to need it. That got me down to my shoes, stockings, garters, panties, and corset. I was feeling a bit slutty walking around the hotel room like that, but I could do what I wanted, it was my day.

Michael checked the peephole on the door and let in our guests. Deena pushed in first, her five month's swollen belly leading the way. She was immediately followed by Carson and then our final two guests brought up the rear.

Jerry and Jenni was another couple that was seduced by the siren song of induced lactation. It's amazing the weirdos you can find on the internet; it's even better to meet these weirdos if you're already one of them. Jenni had long blond hair, big boobs, and was as willowy as an anorexic supermodel—almost. She ate like a horse. Everyone thought she was bulimic but in truth everything she ate went right to her tits to produce more milk. At a casual glance you'd think she'd had her boobs inflated by surgery. Nope. Milk inflation. Jerry was her husband who had suckled on her to keep her girls flowing.

And yes, I had indulged in nursing from her on more than once occasion. It wasn't nearly as strange as I thought it might be. Neither Jenni nor I were really intrigued by the whole girl-on-girl sexual experimentation like Deena was. Yes, more than once we played with each other, but it was really just a show for our partners. It was Deena who loved to go muff diving. (Full disclosure: I had gotten drunk once and gone down on Deena. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't good enough for me to go back for seconds. Deena, however, seemed to spend more time between my legs than anywhere else.)

"Everyone ready?" I asked after the appropriate amount of greeting hugs and kisses. There were a few positive responses so I plunged forward. "Then get naked. I'm the only one who gets to keep her clothes on." As they started stripping I turned to Deena. "Help me with the corset?"

I didn't really need a corset for my dress, but I wanted one since my gown was strapless. It looked better under my dress but it wasn't practical for the evening's festivities. Deena quickly unhooked the corset, took it off, and replaced it with a much more practical waist cincher that had attached half-cups to support my boobs. I had grown up expecting to go through life with B cups like every other woman in my family and here I was with a set of massive Ds. The waist cincher wasn't exactly elegant on me because of a couple of fat rolls—I had put on a bit of weight from all the heavy eating because of my lactation problem—but it made me feel sexy.

"Ladies first," I said sitting down on the corner of the raised bed and beckoning my best friends forward. They hadn't followed the rules of the evening exactly

and had left on a pair of matching yellow g-strings that barely covered their pussies and didn't hide their asses at all. In the days prior to the wedding Deena and Jenni had taken to calling themselves my milkmaids and milky bridesmaids. I liked it. They knelt down together and put their heads together to suckle my breasts. I let my hands wander over Jenni's big tits and Deena's small ones but they weren't as small as they had once been. Pregnancy had agreed with her body and started her chest to swelling. I dropped my hand lower and gently caressed the convex curve of her belly. Deena wasn't nearly as careful as she should have been. Of course she said the baby was Carson's but we all knew it was equally likely it had been fathered by Michael or Jerry. It didn't matter; it was theirs.

I closed my eyes and sighed with relief as my milk let down and flowed into their mouths. The little bitches only suckled a minute before stopping and giving me a little show of kissing with their lips and tongues covered in my milk. "Back to work, ladies," I informed them, pulling their heads back in place.

It was my little bit of heaven. They alternated their sucking, I'm not sure if that was by chance or design, but it was perfect. I was getting constant little electric shocks to my clit via the hotwire between my nipples and pussy. In no time at all I had my first little orgasm and then another...and then another.

At that point I had to push them away. I needed to save my milk. True, I could produce copious amounts when called upon but I wanted everyone to share. Well, almost everyone.

The men were naked and watching us, stroking their cocks. I crooked my forefinger at Carson and Jerry. The ladies hesitated before moving away. They wanted my milk, but they wanted to please me as well. I knew that Deena thought pleasing me meant crawling between my legs and eating my pussy. That was just one way to please me, but that's not what I wanted her to do at the moment.

My two lovers were just as eager as Deena and Jenni when they sucked on me. Being men they were much more forceful in getting the milk out of me. Instead of feeling the milk squirting from my nipples each time they sucked I could feel it being pulled from me. I didn't mind, it was just a different sensation.

As with the women, I let my hands caress the men's bodies. Okay, I reached

between the legs and stroked their cocks. They were already erect and ready to fuck. More than being nursed on my wedding night, I wanted to fuck but I still have Carson and Jerry plenty of time to drink my milk and for me to have my little orgasms as well.

When the time was right I pushed them away as well. Jerry was already half-inebriated by milk-lust and held onto my nipple with his mouth until we separated with that wet sucking noise of a seal being broken.

I flopped to my back and pushed up on the bed a bit. “Deena,” I moaned and gestured toward my pussy. I had forgotten that I was still wearing my panties but that didn’t matter. With Jenni’s help the ladies unhooked my garter belt and tugged off my tiny panties as well. They took the classy route and left on my stockings and waist cincher. Deena fell upon my cunt with an enthusiasm I hadn’t received in far too long. I was already wet and ready so all she needed to do was concentrate on my clit which she did.

But I wanted more. I grasped Jenni’s hand and didn’t let her slip away, though I’m sure she wanted to take off her panties and fuck the guys. I pulled her down over me and latched my lips on one of her heavy tits. It only took a few sucks to start her milk flowing; when it did I was relieved that Jerry hadn’t drained her before the party. The thin and creamy milk flowed over my tongue and down into my tummy as I nursed.

We all knew it was bullshit, but Deena half-blamed her pregnancy on her steady diet of milk from Jenni and me. I doubted it. You get pregnant from fucking a man without protection. But...maybe, just maybe all the hormones in our milk helped her conceive? Probably not, but she looked good pregnant. And since she was putting on weight I didn’t feel so self-conscious about my less-than-perfect body.

It only took until Deena pushed a hooked finger into my cunt and reached upward to tease my g-spot for me to cum and cum hard. I squirted all over hand. It wasn’t a drench, just a little ladylike gush of girlcum. I must have pushed Jenni away during my orgasm because she was kneeling on the edge of the bed anxiously waiting when I came back to full awareness.

“You okay?” she asked softly.

“Uh-huh,” I answered with a small nod. “I need cock. Go ahead with Michael.”

Jerry was on me and shoving his cock up into my pussy in two seconds. I wrapped my arms and legs around him and let him fuck away. I was here to enjoy myself and I had every intention of doing so...except with Michael.

Call me a pervert, but I wanted to have sex with everyone except my new husband on my wedding day. Call it a long tease. Call it a penalty for getting married. Call it punishment for inducing lactation in me that I hadn't asked for. It wasn't like he was suffering. On the couch across the large hotel room I saw Jenni straddle his hips and lower her pussy onto his cock. It was the perfect present for a newly married woman to give to her husband.

Jerry was a good lay but he didn't last very long. "Your pussy is so fucking hot!" he exclaimed after a minute. I bore down, forcing my pussy to clamp onto his cock; he lasted a few more strokes then exploded inside me. That pushed me over the edge once again and I briefly lost time while my brain scrambled during my orgasm.

Coming back to reality Jerry was getting off me and Carson was about to mount me in his place. I didn't want that exactly. "No, wait." With newfound energy I rolled from my back to hands and knees. "From behind," I told him wagging my wet and well-fucked pussy at him. Carson wasn't shy about entering a pussy where another man had just deposited a huge load of cum. It made the passage all that much easier.

Carson kept a firm grip on my hips and pulled me into him with each thrust of his cock. I again looked over at Michael and saw Jenni happily bouncing on his cock while Deena looked on. It wasn't enough, not yet. "I need your cock, Jerry."

He laughed at me. "You've already had it."

"I want to suck it."

That gave him pause; he had just cum inside me a few minutes earlier, but he just shrugged and got back on the bed with me, kneeling in front of my face. I took his cock into my mouth and tasted both my pussy and his cum on his soft manhood. Slowly and steadily he rose to the occasion. I'd never had two cocks at the same time before, one in my mouth and one in my pussy. It was almost too much with Carson pounding away at my pussy and Jerry filling my mouth. Almost, but not enough. I still wanted more.

Taking Jerry's now-erect cock from my mouth I called out to the girls. "I need you two." By this time Jenni was apparently done with Michael. She unsteadily climbed off his lap revealing his detumescent, wet, and sticky cock. His face was flushed with exertion and relief. My milkmaids weren't overly concerned with my husband. They left him alone on the couch and joined me on the bed.

"What do you need?" Deena asked.

"Nurse from me," I said. "Lay down and nurse." I popped Jerry's cock back in my mouth and sucked happily away. It took the girls a minute to figure out exactly what to do and for everyone to get into position. They laid nearly perpendicular to me, put their faces under my tits, put their mouths on my nipples and started drinking my milk. After a minute I could barely think. I had no control over my body other than to suck steadily at Jerry's cock. Everything about my body was pleasure: my mouth, my tits, and my pussy. I knew I must have had a series of orgasm while I was being used, but I don't remember any of them. I remember Michael moving to the bed and fucking Deena slowly and carefully with her rounded belly. I remember Jerry cumming in my mouth and me swallowing his load. I remember Carson cumming in my pussy and slapping my ass. I even remember Jenni reaching between my legs and playing with my clit ("Your wedding present," she giggled.) I don't remember any orgasms.

The next morning I woke between Jenni and Carson. We were on the huge king sized bed so there was room for everyone. Like a good man Carson emerged from sleep with morningwood. I backed my ass up to his cock and allowed him to slip inside my sore pussy. His cock actually made the soreness go away. Jenni shimmied down the bed and gently, lovingly suckled my breasts. It was a nice way to wake up

Michael was on the other side of the bed. Deena had gotten on top of him, kneeling, taking his cock into her pussy, her bulging belly protruding between them. Jerry was next to them, stroking his cock with his hand. I expected him to get up and either offer his cock to Deena's mouth, or even get behind her and fuck her in the ass while Michael's cock was in her pussy. Deena was pretty much open to any sexual exploration even while pregnant. I'd watched Michael fuck her in the ass before. I'm not into anal, but there wasn't much Deena wasn't into.

I was surprised when he didn't offer his hard cock to Deena and instead moved

up to Michael's face. I was even more surprised when Michael opened his lips and happily sucked on Jerry's cock. It wasn't something I expected of my new husband. There was nothing wrong with it. He could be open to new experiences as well. It was beautiful to see him fellating another man. Two men exploring their sexuality somehow makes them both more masculine to my eyes.

Michael must have felt my eyes upon him. He abruptly turned his head and locked eyes with me. "I love you," I told him across the bed and across our partners. Carson was pushing me to my first morning orgasm and Jenni's sweet mouth was helping him along the journey.

"I love you too," he replied and took Jerry's cock into his mouth once again. For just a brief moment I was jealous I wouldn't get to taste Jerry's salty cum in my mouth, but then Jenni pinched my free nipple to stop the flow of milk and bit down on the one in her mouth. A quick pulse of combined pleasure and pain shot down to my clit and I was seeing stars as I came.

About the Author

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

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