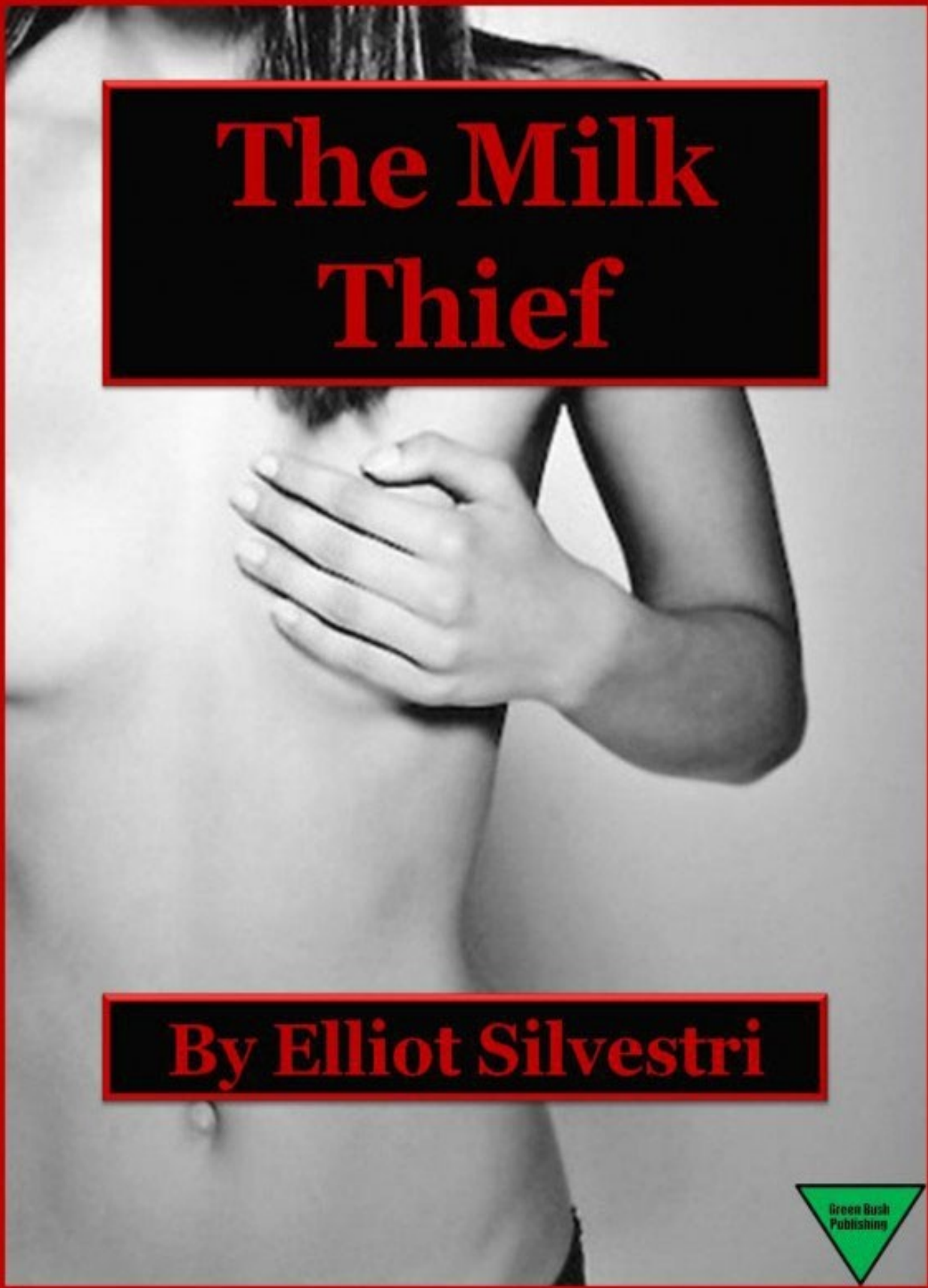
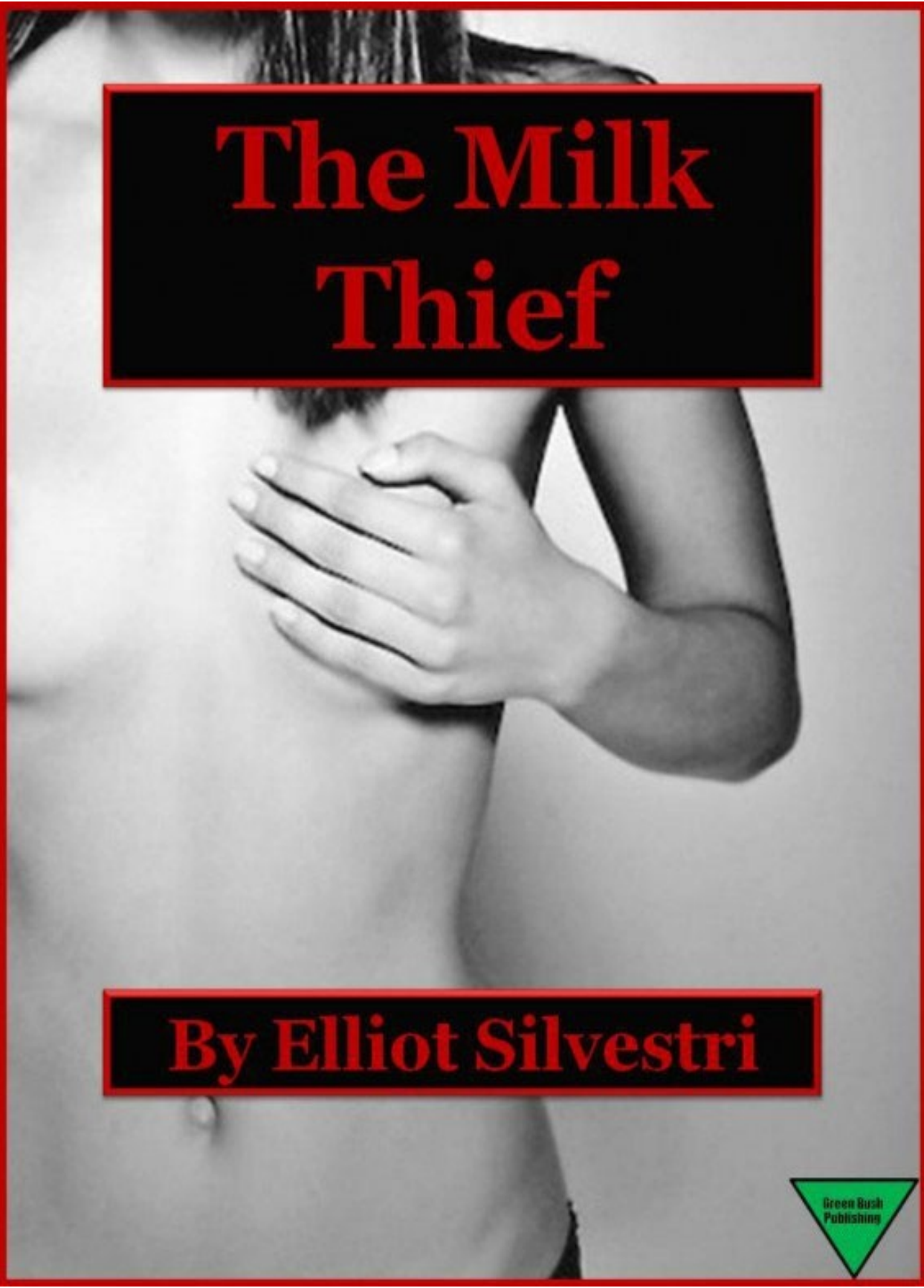




The Milk Thief

By Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
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Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Gretchen's Twins

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Chapter One

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

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

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

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

“This is familiar,” I said.

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

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

“Help me anyway.”

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

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

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

It wasn’t a mistake that I regretted.

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

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

“Want to cum right now?”

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

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

“Yes,” she managed to mumble.

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

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

"Want me to fuck you?"

"Yes..." she moaned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You just didn't like using rubbers."

"Are you going to get pregnant from today?"

"Maybe." She sounded unconcerned.

"Will your husband be upset?"

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

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

"My husband likes it this way."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was no hesitation this time. “Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

production.

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

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

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

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

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

I looked away, guilty. “Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"In the pussy," I smartly replied.

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

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

"I bet."

"She lactates," I blurted out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Good luck with that.”

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

Chapter Two

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

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

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

"And you have the key?"

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

"Take off your clothes," I ordered her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I calmly answered, “Yes.”

“Liar.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She looked away shyly. “Thank you.”

“Now take off your panties.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What is?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Play with your pussy,” I told her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Did you enjoy it?” I asked.

That question made her look away. “Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Three

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

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

Dun: Yes.

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

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

Long pause.

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

Dun: Yes. She's intrigued by you.

O: Okay. I'll be there.

O: Why do I intrigue her?

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

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

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

“Getting the chance to bed two women at the same time.”

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

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

“Ex-girlfriend,” I corrected her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ophelia gasped and covered her mouth in embarrassment. “Oh my god! Are you

always this direct?" Ophelia asked. Her face was bright red. I sort of liked seeing her on the spot like this. She took a healthy sip of wine to help regain her composure.

"Yes, she is," I answered for Vi.

"Does he?" Viola asked again.

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

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

Ophelia replied, "Because I wanted to meet Duncan's wife."

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

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

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

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

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

Ophelia asked tentatively, afraid to upset my wife, "You don't think that makes you a slut?"

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

Ophelia blurted out, a bit shocked, "You've had sex with women?" She looked at

me. I played my stony face. “You knew that, of course,” she said, clueing in to what was going on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What?” Ophelia was brought back to reality.

“You’re still lactating, right?”

“Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sorry I missed that.”

“Nervous?” Viola asked Ophelia.

“yes,” she admitted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My wife was never one to turn down the opportunity of a new sexual adventure. She leaned down, not nearly as far as I had to, took up Ophelia's other breast and sucked. It took her a few tries, but then I saw from the expression on her face that Ophelia's milk had let down and was flowing into Vi's mouth. She sucked greedily a minute and only pulled back to take a breath. "Sweet," she commented. "Thick and sweet, I think I like it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What? Don’t do that!”

Vi and I laughed at bit at her. Then Vi asked, “So, who’s better between your legs: a man or a woman?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh.”

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

had other plans.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Between Viola’s sucking and my fucking, Ophelia couldn’t control her body. She started shaking again and another orgasm swept over her body. Her pussy tightened on my cock and flashed hot and wet. I shot my spunk up into her unprotected pussy as she shook and mewled with pleasure. When her orgasm

was done, she collapsed against me, pulling her tit from Vi's mouth and crushing her tits to my chest. It was most pleasant.

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

"Sorry," Ophelia mumbled into my chest.

"It's a compliment," Vi said.

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

"But you can't go to sleep yet," Vi said.

"I'm not goin' to sleep," Ophelia mumbled.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh yes," Vi confirmed. She stood in front of us, completely comfortable in her nudity on display. Of course, Ophelia and I were already naked, so she was just catching up to us. Her small tits rode high on her chest, with the nipples turning puffy and bright red showing her arousal. One glance between her legs

confirmed that as well. Her shaved quim showed off her prominent clit that was starting to poke out of the top of her slit. My wife was more than a bit of an exhibitionist.

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

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

"Maybe..." Ophelia hedged.

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

Ophelia shook her head. "No. I don't think so."

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

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

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

documentation we would have of a lesbian encounter for her.

Tentatively Ophelia kissed Vi's mons, then moved down a bit to kiss her smooth labia. Vi lifted her knees and spread her legs wide, exposing her sex to our new lover. With a deep breath for courage, Ophelia pressed her face forward and started eating my wife pussy. It was a lovely site. I made sure to take as many pictures as possible. It only took Ophelia a short minute to start enjoying the pleasure she was imparting upon Vi. And Viola was a gracious hostess, moaning and writhing in a manner that was a combination of encouragement, showmanship, and true pleasure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“This is nice,” she said.

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

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

Chapter Four

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

starting to get hard as I watched my wife busily grooming Ophelia.

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

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

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

“Where should I wait?” I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

mouth with the back of her hand. “Are you going to take your finger out of Felia’s pussy?” Vi asked me.

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

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

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

“Okay. Yeah,” she agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

It was quiet for a minute, then Vi clapped lightly and politely. “That was wonderful,” she complimented us, though I wondered if she was just exclaiming her enjoyment of the show we had put on for her.

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

“Do you want to clean up?” Vi asked.

“Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

When we were done we trooped back into the bathroom for the second showers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Five

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

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

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

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

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

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

And of course Vi was right. I emailed Ophelia on Monday morning. Tuesday

afternoon we were having a business meeting in her office. There was no business. I simply pulled up her shirt, pulled down her bra and nursed for fifteen minutes. That's all. She had a couple of small orgasms. I got hard, but didn't feel the need to have sex with her. I went home and fucked Vi. She laughed and correctly surmised that I had visited Ophelia. I guiltily confessed the truth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sounds reasonable,” I agreed.

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

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

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

“How much?” I sputtered.

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

“You’re turning me into a slut,” Ophelia said softly, her face still red.

“You love it.”

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

“I want to fuck you tonight,” I told her.

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

“When?” I asked eagerly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Then what is?”

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

“What?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I nodded. “She said she wanted to.”

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

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

“I know,” she said.

“You do?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the left, so they nearly mirrored each other.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

asked her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fun.”

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

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

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

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

“News?”

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

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

“I knew you’d be happy.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Right," I distantly agreed.

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

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

I felt like shit.

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

She did tell us that Terry never gave up nursing from her at night. I continued to feed from her as often as I could, but life started getting to busy for her. Toward the end of her seventh month, after I had nursed in her office, she unexpectedly pulled down my pants, leaned over her impressive belly, and gave me a wonderful blowjob, swallowing every drop of my cum as I had swallowed every drop of her milk.

“It’ll be a while before we can see each other again,” she told me. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

“I know.”

“Did you ever wish this baby was yours?” she asked me bluntly.

I thought a moment. Our time together in high school. Losing our virginity together. Her wonderful, life giving tits, her pussy that was now again covered in its natural hair, her curvy ass. The way she threw herself into an affair with me. And then discovering her slutty side, her bisexual exploration with Viola. And finally the thrill and disappointment of her pregnancy. “Yes.”

She nodded. In the end there was something of her Terry would have and I would not.