I Promised I Wouldn't Cum. (Milk, MFF, Sex)

I’m waiting for my wife in the mall, and watching breasts go by. There goes a cheerleader-type babe, now a mature woman whose massive breasts practically say “Ga-BONG, ga-BONG” with each step she takes. I take off my glasses to clean them, but am captivated by the sight of a woman coming this way. Even with my fuzzy vision, my cock is getting chubby from checking out this woman.

Her big breasts STRAIN against the fabric of her tee. They jostle. But they strain UP against that worn-out cotton fabric. I thank the maker for making women like this, who can make me feel like a stallion just by walking by.

Those really impressive, really big boobs come close, and then drop down next to me on the bench. I put my glasses on. Whoa. I’ve been getting a hard-on scoping out . . . my wife.

It’s a good life.

Lana is wonderful to me, and I try my best for her. Want proof that she’s good to me? She agreed to try an Adult Nursing Relationship.

If you didn’t know, that means her breasts give milk. I suckle her. Every chance I get.

Some years back, she read about it on-line, and found herself getting really interested. And wet between the legs, too.

Guess how much convincing I took. Hmm, my wife will get firmer, bigger breasts, and I’ll spend more time with her. And with them. I had to think about it – for three seconds, perhaps.

So we started with regular nipple-sucking and herbal supplements. It took diligence, but a month in we’d get some drops. Four months in, she was giving perhaps a cup a day. And yes, I’d get a stiffie, sometimes. But not all the time. It really brought us closer together, made us more loving, more cuddlesome. Our friend Marge said we looked more “couple-y.”

And yes, my wife’s lovely round C cups grew to a full D. Then they started to swell over the cups of those. Watching that bubbling up of the boobs always made my shorts a little tighter. She got compliments everywhere she went . . . so the whole thing was working out pretty well. She was turning me on by simply walking around. Her boobs always bounced, but now they jiggled. She had me leaving pre-cum spots in my shorts pretty much all the time!

YOU stare her big, round areolas in the face and see what effect it has on you! Her breasts are so smooth, too – the areolas and nipples shine, in the right light, y’know? Her nipples are small. But remember that to nurse, one has to take the nipple, the areola, and part of the breast into one’s mouth, to drain out the milk that’s built up in there.

We love it.

Lana’s hips are . . . generous. All of her is. Her hair is thick and brown, worn in a very attractive bob. I’d LIKE to go on about her plush ass and shapely, long legs, but let me get on with the tale.

Once in a while, Lana would give me a handjob while I nursed. Mostly, she’d stroke me languorously, not steadily. She said she was building up cum inside me, for later. And she was! Suddenly, I was cumming like a teenager again. After ten years of marriage, I was not painting her tits with my cum the way I used to, but suddenly she was all about getting to see my cumshots – she’d ask me to cover her belly, or finish in doggy-style and cum right across her back. And because I was spending an hour or more of face-to-face time with her sweet, meaty breasts each day, I was now shooting cum as far as the back of her head! I have to admit, it made me feel pretty manly.

Yes, there was more sex between us – but usually not RIGHT after the nursing. I’m trying to say that it made us both feel more sexy, but it usually a tender, sharing thing, not a hot-hot-hot-and-do-me-now thing. Nursing releases oxytocin, the bonding hormone. Look it up, if you like.

Lana is close with our next-door neighbor, Jill. She’s a good woman, and I like her. But she bought a big house and then got a pay cut. So she struggled. I was only slightly surprised to hear that she chose to become a surrogate mother for some well-off couple out west. It really did solve all her financial problems, and then some.

Being good friends, we helped her during the pregnancy as best we could. After the birth, we had her over every Monday for a while. I would admire her lithe body, covertly, and try not to notice that her nipples seemed bigger now. After one of our Monday dinners, Lana took me aside to tell me this: Jill was producing milk, and so Lana confessed OUR milky little secret. Jill’s eyes got round as silver dollars, and she got very quiet. She said “Actually, I’m producing way too much milk. The doctors said they could give me something for it, but they’d rather wait a month to see if it calms down, because I’m making SO MUCH.” They giggled over that together, but then Jill got even quieter and said “Um, I understand if you don’t want to, but . . . would you have me over during one of your milking times? I mean, um, I want to feel someone AT my breast, just once, and . . . maybe even taste someone else’s . . . you know?” Poor Jill was bright red and looking at the floor. Lana flushed too, and said she’d discuss it with me.

I got very still myself. Was my loving wife SUGGESTING we invite another woman into our intimate time? Or was she watching me to see if I would get all hot and bothered at the very thought?

I love my wife – and we get along great. But she does NOT want to hear that I was looking at another woman, under most circumstances. She’s not jealous in a way that makes you crazy, but she has been . . . a little insecure about me finding her attractive. This culture is hard on women who are taller than their men. I’m 6 foot – Lana is maybe an inch taller. She’s always felt gawky, though I never saw her that way.

For the record, I am nuts about her figure, her face, her style. But you know and I know that some people just can’t be secure about that.

So . . . I asked her what SHE thought about bringing Jill over. She wouldn’t meet my eye, but she said “You get SO much out of nursing from me . . . I thought I’d like to try it, and see what you’re experiencing. Just once! And . . . I love it when you latch on. I’d like to feel, um, two mouths latching on. But only if you’re okay with it, sweetie!”

We looked at each other for a moment, then hugged . . . we both wanted to try this, even though we’d never never never so much as discussed anything like a threesome.

I said “Okay, so, Monday - but what are the ground rules about what I’LL be doing, hon?”

She buried her face in my chest and said, “Well, it seems only fair that whatever I get to do, you get to do, too.”

“So,” I said “I can take my cue from you? If you take your shirt off, then I get to, too?”

“Well, that’s how I arranged it with Jill, so . . . yeah.”

This was starting to get really interesting.

Monday night, there was a LOT of giggling. We were all nervous, and just picked at our food. I couldn’t stop looking at these hot women, and they kept shifting in their seats, as if there were something very, very hot between their thighs.

“Now, Don,” said my wife, shakily, “Jill tells me that she HAS to pump milk or her breasts get terribly sore. Just look how they are all swollen up right now! And we are here to help. Am I right?”

I hadn’t missed it. Jill’s little frame had firm, A or B-cup breasts when I met her. She stood five foot two and had the dark Mediterranean looks and thick black locks I always went for, before I met my blondish wife. But since the pregnancy, Jill's breasts sat even higher, and seemed closer to oranges than to peaches. I tried not to stare, but her nipples seemed ON. They struggled to burst through the thin cloth covering them.

Jill turned the lights low, and sauntered gingerly to the divan. With her eyes closed, she took a deep breath and peeled her tank top off.

Wow.

Her breasts were jutting away from her chest. I knew that look – it meant she was FULL of milk. But her nipples! They PULSED. You could see them throb with the pounding of her heart! Jill had the biggest nipples I’d ever seen anywhere – as big as the last joint of my thumb. No wonder she couldn’t hide them. A drop of white appeared at the end of one breast, then rolled down her panting torso.

I watched my statuesque wife kneel and put her face near that breast. More white fluid pulsed out. Lana opened her mouth, and hesitated. Maybe it was her hot breath, but just before she clamped her mouth onto that protuberant orb, a tiny line of white arced out and up, of its own accord. The other breast started to drip, but I think the one my wife was on had started streaming!

A moan that seemed to start in her TOES came out of Jill. She told us later that she’d been waiting all her life to feel what giving milk was like. “And you ARE really beautiful, Lana,” she had said, with a shy smile.

The breast nearer me began to stream, too. I was totally ready to get down there and suckle it, but I had to adjust my pants first and hope no one noticed my growing erection. The thin stream grew stronger, and the arc of milk pulsed along with Jill’s heartbeat – which was clearly racing.

I’d been suckling my wife’s low-slung breasts assiduously for some months, so I thought I knew what nursing from a woman was about. But Jill’s milk FLEW into my mouth. I was in heaven. It streamed and streamed, and Jill couldn’t help grasping our heads and pushing our faces into her bulging chest. When she let go, I pulled back to get some air – but the milk spouted out of her all the same.

Lana never let go. She wanted more, and more! Jill started rubbing her knees together. Her hands fluttered like she wanted to use them on her pussy, but was trying not to. I was rock-hard and aching in the balls by now, myself.

When I put my mouth back on her . . . there’s no other word for it . . . *muscular* nipples, I swallowed as best I could. Jill started to pant harder, and her moans grew higher. I didn’t know if it was possible for a woman to cum just from nipple stimulation, but it sure looked like it! I wasn’t sure if it was polite to bring her off on our very first nursing together . . . but I didn’t get a chance to ask my wife’s opinion. Jill gave a high-pitched “Ohhhhhhh ohhhhh!” and MASHED our faces into her now-softening breasts. Even more milk shot out of her. She shuddered crazily, arching her back and then trying to hide her face in her hands. She came down slowly, with little aftershocks rocking her, as I and eventually my wife removed our grateful faces from her thick, dripping nipples.

By now, my cock was aching from all my blood trying to force its way in. There was NO more room, but the blood tried hard, all the same.

When she’d recovered enough, Jill got off the divan (try Google images “divan”) so my wife could take her place. I was happy to think I’d be getting more milk, but my cock was hurting! Enough pre-cum had seeped out of me that the front of my shorts were soaking, and even my jeans showed some wetness.

Lana said “You poor dear. Look, Jill, look how hard your milking breasts made him!” Jill looked. She was still panting a bit from her orgasm, but as she looked at the tent my cock was making, she seemed to MEAN that panting.

“Look,” said my wife, removing her shirt, “We’re sharing, here. If you like, you can do to him whatever I do. But I draw the line at doing more. Okay? This is all friendly, and I won’t feel like he’s cheating on me as long as you only copy what I do. What do you think?”

Lana had started stroking my trapped erection, lightly, nails on denim, as she spoke. I breathed harder, and watched Jill. She looked at Lana meaningfully, and started scratching HER nails up and down my jeans-covered cock.

It was amazing. Two women holding and squeezing my rod, even through clothing. I made a note to be sure to skip the undershorts next time, to feel them better.

So now all of us were topless. Lana laid back against the divan, holding each of our hands. We smiled, and gently descended on her big, wobbling breasts.

Lana’s let-down wasn’t as spectacular as Jill’s, but we certainly felt it on our tongues when it came. My poor cock was ruby red by now, I was sure. I LOVE my wife’s breasts, and what with all the stimulation this evening, my balls were packed full with a load they wanted very much to launch.

After maybe 20 minutes at Lana’s breasts, I was totally full, and Jill had sweat plastering her hair to her forehead. It’d been a big evening for us – none of us had ever done this sort of thing before. We relaxed together, had some wine (they didn’t trouble to put their shirts back on) and eventually said goodnight.

As soon as she was gone, Lana CLAMPED her mouth onto my cock, and the cum inside me lurched. I said “If you don’t feel like swallowing tonight, you’d better move NOW!” She smiled around my erection and bobbed faster. I lasted MAYBE half a minute before blasting a huge stream into her mouth. After the first cumload, she took me out and pointed my pole at her bobbling breasts. I frosted those mountains with long, long streams of white. I hadn’t cum like that in years.

“I think you got a lot out of tonight, eh, hubby?”

I took her to bed and gave her all the cums she wanted. I love my wife – ya got to SHOW her, y’know?

**PART II**

As the weeks went by, we got very close with Jill. The next time we were together, Jill couldn’t help stroking herself to orgasm as we sucked her. It was wild – she’s not a screamer, but she’s loud. And Lana, when her turn came, tried jilling off (pardon the expression) on the divan, and couldn’t say enough good things about it – she’d never masturbated in front of other people before, but with us glued to her wonderful breasts, she got a lot out of it.

“Baby, take off your pants. Jill, each of us got to cum – I think you had cluster-cums! It’s only fair that he gets an orgasm too. Is that okay?”

I paused in my race to de-pants, to make sure Jill was up for it. She laughed and said “Yes. Yes, yes, yes!”

They sat me down, and Lana said “Remember the rules – you can do anything to him that I do. And no more” She put her right hand on my pulsing cock. Jill did, too. They stroked me slowly, and I watched their breasts nodding along with their efforts. Lana grasped one of my nipples. Jill duly grasped the other. I felt the effects shoot down to my prick, and I shuddered a bit. The precum was damn near running out of me, and the slickness made their hands feel a LOT better. I knew I couldn’t keep from cumming, but I did want to make it last. They watched my face contort, and kept stroke, stroke, stroking my sensitive pole. But they did not speed up.

This was new – my wife and I had never discussed having a threesome, and even if it was only a handy, it was pretty hot. My cockhead was turning purple. I think my face was, too, as I tried to keep the cum inside for just a few moments more, so I could enjoy this as long as possible.

It felt so good! They smiled at each other, and then my Lana leaned in and LICKED my cockhead. Jill grinned wider, and leaned in to do the same. That’s when I couldn’t bear it a moment longer. Just as she licked me, I shot a YARD of sperm straight up. They screamed in happy surprise, and my wife Lana applauded as more white ribbons flew out of me. But Jill didn’t stop stroking my streaming cock. Soon there was sperm all over her arm and hand. I came more. I felt it welling out of my balls and zapping all the way through me. My semen pipe seemed VERY long, that day, and I felt thick cum rushing all that way, felt every millimeter the cum-bolts traveled.

When I was finished, gasping and very wet, Lana scooped sperm off Jill’s chest and arms and smeared it across her boobs. Lana squealed and started smearing hot cum off of my torso and onto Lana’s. They ended up hugging and laughing, as I tried to catch my breath, and to admire the way their breasts smooshed together.

We got together with Jill every other night, more or less, for milking sessions that got increasingly hot. Little by little, barriers were falling. We stopped being shy about getting naked with each other. Lana found herself telling Jill how to get me off. Jill told us about her favorite sex toys, and eventually showed us how we could use them on her.

I purchased an electric breast pump. All that milk was enough to make me pretty full, sometimes, and it’s hard to do athletic stuff with two naked hotties when your stomach’s full. Always, one breast would be in someone’s mouth, when we milked Lana or Jill, but sometimes another mouth would be busy at a pussy – so we might plug the other breast into the sucking machine for a bit.

Both women, of course, grew even firmer breasts, and my wife’s great big breasts started to approach bowling-ball size. If she bent over in public for some reason, all eyes would be glued to her cleavage. I particularly liked watching this Goth college girl who worked in the grocery store check out my wife. She stared openly. One time, watching my Lana, this girl started to massage her own boob before she caught herself.

Jill, who had been a little pudgy before the pregnancy, was getting very fit. She credited exercise, and pouring out all those calories through her nipples. She went on about the weight-loss aspect of it all the time, and teased me that she’d persuade ALL her girlfriends to start nursing, and then she’d bring all those firm, bouncy breasts to me!

I wasn’t jealous of how Lana and Jill grew expert at eating each other’s pussies or masturbating each other – I (if I say so myself) have a really good touch, and they agreed that I was the best of us at manually bringing an orgasm to bloom in them. But Lana was a little antsy about letting Jill have access to me. She did, but she directed Jill, and watched carefully. Every once in a while, she’d ask me if I’d like it better if she were more like Jill in some way or other. And with a whole heart, I told her I loved HER and everything about her, and would not want her any different.

We kept up this delightful milking-and-more thing for months. Giving milk makes a woman produce lots of oxytocin, the “bonding hormone.” We grew very close.

Then came a week that Lana had to be out of town on business. For five days. She told us, and saw Jill’s face. Yes, Jill had a pump, but she always said she preferred our mouths. And Lana said “I trust you guys – I really have moved beyond jealousy. Mostly. Jill, you can come on over and get anything you feel like from my man – except that only I am allowed to make him cum. So while I’m not here, you are not to give him any orgasms, okay?”

Jill was very pleased. I wasn’t. But I certainly understood that Lana was being very generous, letting me hold and suck and suckle and suck off and masturbate another woman in her absence. I guess the “he doesn’t cum for you” rule was her way of keeping some control of the situation, even in her absence.

And I figured that five or six days without an orgasm wouldn’t WRECK me.

Jill was over every night. She said she wanted to keep me company. And I didn’t worry that she was falling for me – we were pals. She was clearly into giving milk, but I really got the impression that it didn’t matter too much who was sucking it out of her.

In fact, she told me that first night that she’d been telling her whole story to a colleague of hers, a Caribbean woman named Armanie. Armanie felt she could stand to lose some weight. She wanted to try what Jill called “shooting calories out through your nipples.”

About this point, Jill’s hand was dipping between her thighs – was the thought of Armanie turning Jill on? The dizzying fragrance of a warming cunt made me think so.

This colleague – what was the name again – Armanie - had gotten a pump and the herbal supplements, but was thinking about adding a mouth to the routine. She was between relationships, and she was bi. Armanie apparently wanted Jill’s help. More plainly, she wanted Jill’s mouth on her boobs. Sucking her nipples. Jill, who saw herself as hetero, felt it’d be more comfortable if she could bring Armanie to join US.

Naturally, I said the whole thing would have to wait until my wife Lana came back. And then I resumed snacking on Jill’s hot breast while the pump ground away, sucking the sweet stuff from her other nip. Jill got back to pleasuring her pussy, now that she’d said what she wanted to say, and I tried not to let the smell of her pussy drive me up a wall. My balls felt like they were plumping up each minute I was snacking on those great big nipples.

By day three I was starting to suffer from blue balls. I could have jacked off after Jill went home, but I wanted Lana to see a serious cumshot so she’d know she could trust me. Of course, it got tougher and tougher to keep from bringing myself off. Every day Jill would come and present her breasts to me, and tell me hot stories about her past sex life, and what she had on her sexual bucket list, too. She could really spin a tale. Listening to her horny stories while mashing my face into her milk-spouting breasts was awesome – apart from how it ratcheted up my increasing sexual frustration. The whole thing made my cock leak something fierce, I tell you.

Day five, and I was going out of my mind. I went to work, but my cock was hardly going down by this point. I had to walk around with a great big soft semi-erection all day. It was hot against my thighs. My balls felt like lead. Like lead that hurt.

I got home to find my Lana naked and waiting for me. As we kissed, I could feel her breasts were amazingly hard. “I know you are full for me, dear husband, so I thought I’d do the same in sympathy. I haven’t pumped any milk in 20 hours – and I’m ACHING.”

I went to nurse from her, but she stopped me and said “I want to give you a tit-fuck you’ll never forget.”

I broke a land-speed record for getting naked. Even so, my cock had gone 110% stiff when I saw her and I damn near wrenched it as I tried to get out of my pants, shorts, and socks all at once.

Suddenly I was going slowly – gingerly – into the deep valley of her wonderful breasts. I was going slowly ‘because I thought my cock might burst. Not that I was about to cum – but that the pounding of blood in my erection was so strong I thought it MIGHT just rupture!

Lana gathered her enlarged, engorged boobs in her hands as best she could. They were too full of milk to move in their normal, supple ways. But she bunched them into place around my stretching, straining flagpole, and nodded at me. We didn’t need lube. Her milk ran of its own accord now, out of her nipples and into her valley – also down her sides. Also down her stomach. There was a LOT of milk.

I groaned from the tension built up in me – five days with no release, five days in which I got to nurse from Jill and five days of giving Jill climax after climax – I was so full of cum it might have squirted out of my EARS. I took a deep breath and started thrusting.

Her slick tunnel of breastflesh seemed more wonderful than any mouth. My cock lurched with pre-orgasm fuck-fits. “Tell me when it’s going to cum!” she said. She had almost finished that sentence when . . . I SHOT. And it was a cum like no cum I’ve had before or since.

It SPRINKLED. There were drops of clear cum everywhere! It was like someone had turned on a sprinkler system somewhere. It was raining cum.

Three seconds of clear syrup splattering from my cockhead . . . then a filament of white FLEW from my cockhead. Darts of cum ricocheted off the bottom of her chin before she could yank me from her sweet cleavage, and point my exploding cock away from her face. More streamers leapt out of me, smacking the headboard, her bobbling tits, and wrecking the sheets.

I was groaning, and getting louder. The cum might be flying by the pint, but I felt this cum was only starting.

She watched in fascination as the streams shot less far, but didn’t slow down. The cum was getting thicker. My inner muscles were spasming as hard as they could, to force out the tankfull of cum fluid, and great puddles of the stuff were collecting on her torso, in her cleavage, and on the bed. It got harder and harder to push the stuff out! I was SO backed up, cum-wise, that the tail end of this orgasm was bringing thick, gummy, semi-solid sperm wads out of me. This was becoming the longest orgasm of my life!

Even as the climax faded, white semen came out of me, thicker and thicker. Lana wound ribbons of it around her fingers. Then, she gently pulled strings of semi-solidified semen out of me. Oh God! That was like nothing I’d ever experienced – I felt cum moving all the way through me. My pipe seemed reluctant to let this stuff go, it was hanging on. I was done orgasming now, but not finished ejaculating. The stuff just kept blorping out of me for a minute more. Normally I go soft at this point, but five days with no release meant I was STILL ready for more, even as bits and pieces of sperm-laden gel kept escaping from me.

“WOW!” said Lana. She was a mess – her hands were covered in my flow, and her torso was criss-crossed by more cum than I had ever seen. I couldn’t believe it all came out of me.

“Honey, I am sorry. I needed to see that I could trust you. I wanted you and Jill to be able to nurse, but I had to know you wouldn’t take advantage while I was away. And . . . that cum! I can’t believe it! I guess you really did go five days without any release. And the fact that this great big THING of yours is STILL hard, well, that’s pretty convincing.”

“So you have earned a reward. Jill, get out here!” Out of the closet stepped Jill. I jumped a foot in the air. When I got over the shock, I noticed that Jill was flushed nearly scarlet, and one of her breasts was auto-dripping milk.

“That was the hottest thing I have EVER seen!” Jill said.

“Jill has wanted to fuck you for some time, now – but I wouldn’t let her. Now that I know you respect my wishes, honey, I think it’s okay for you to have her – when I allow you to. Can you live with that? I mean, can you live with having two women’s pussies sucking on you, sometimes, AND live with NOT having her unless I say you can?”

I was pretty stunned by all this. Sure, I’d thought about having both women, fully, but I NEVER thought I could! My cock bobbed in front of me – way out in front of me - and I guess it made up my mind for me.

“Well," I said in a careful tone, "Okay, Lana.”

They laughed and laughed, and the tension was broken. Then Lana got serious and said “My boobs are about to burst. Both of you, help me with this, and then, Jilly, you can have him. But get on top – I want to see his big ol’ cock slide into you.”

We nursed Lana for 15 minutes, and my cock just would not relax and go down. It waved and pulsed in the air. Lana’s headlamp areolas sure felt good against my face. Finally, she pushed me onto my back.

“Okay, you can keep sucking on me while she rides you. Jill, I want you to have a good time. But this is new to me – I’m not sure how I feel about it. So today, he does NOT cum in you. Got it? His cum is for ME – me alone!”

Jill was grinning too widely to answer, I think. She nodded, then leapt into position and nosed my stone-stiff cock into place against her notch. Wow. She was HOT in there!

Lana put one still-milk-giving breast to my face, but I was still able to watch Jill inserting me. Jill waggled her hips as she tried to wedge my cock into herself, but it wasn’t easy. She was tight! Even with all the excitement, she hadn’t had a cock in there for some months, and it was a tough fit.

Little by little she managed to wedge my steely erection in. She bounced a few millimeters up and down, and almost imperceptibly got more and more of my length in. It was awesome. My wife’s milk was sweet down my throat, and at the same time a new pussy was swallowing me. Jill had worked hard to envelop the first half of me, when she started to shudder in a way I recognized. It was awesome. She was shaking and the gut-throbs I felt through our joined genitals told me she was going to have an orgasm – a big one.

Even after that gigantic cum I’d had, I felt sperm rising in me. Fuck me, I’m only human, and this was the hottest thing that had ever happened to me. I started to shake my head “no” to tell them I couldn’t take much more. But Lana thought I was just getting into it, and my head was halfway buried in her bowling-ball of a breast. She bore down on me, mashing more boob into my face. Well, all over my face at once - her breasts are that big!

I tried jerking my hips to throw Jill off me before I came, but she just took the added motion as more stimulation – she started to cum, her cunt was drooling all over my cock. My penis juddered and expanded a final quarter-inch, splitting her velvet pussy, and ready to cannonade the inside of her.

I had to hold the cum in. Lana was actually allowing me to have sex with another woman, and I could NOT make her mad, I could NOT make her sorry she did. She’d NEVER go for this again if I did. So I clamped down and WILLED that orgasm of mine not to happen.

It was impossible. All this stimulation, my wife was now using both hands to mash my head into her breast, the breast still trickled milk into my mouth, though I’d tried to stop sucking. But now I couldn’t breathe. Somehow not being able to breathe made the sperm bash harder against the gates. I felt it hammering inside me to be let out. I tried, I really tried. But that cum was not going to be denied.

I put both hands on Lana's ribs and PUSHED. She pulled back in surprise, and I gulped air, and shouted "STOP!" Everyone froze. "I'm gonna cum inside you, if you move a muscle!"

Jill did her best to hold still, but now that I could see her, I saw she was an inch from cumming, herself! If she let go and climaxed, there'd be no way I could keep from disobeying my wife's condition, there'd be no way I could keep from spurting.

Lana went to Jill and put her arms around her, and gently lifted. That little pussy of Jill's didn't want to let go, but Jill controlled herself, sucking air like it was Lamaze class, though you could see she really wanted this cum. The two of them slowly pulled her off my straining, bursting cock. And I heaved a sigh of relief - the cum stayed inside me.

Then Jill gave a great spasm and FELL onto Lana, who laughed and put her fingers to work in Jill's overtaxed and over-denied pussy. I looked away. They'd gotten us disconnected one half-second before I’d have cum with all the force I could muster. If I watched Jill cumming, it might set me off, too!

The two of them held tight to each other as Jill worked through a serious climax. Because I was studiously looking away, I was able to notice that my crank was huge, as red as I’ve ever seen it. I scooted out of my position and went to get moist towels for Jill AND for me – to keep that cum down.

MAN was that close. My semen-pipe burned for a half-hour after that. I was damn lucky, my first threesome almost involved my wife getting totally pissed at me, but I’d made it by the barest margin.

After Jill went home, I did have sex with my wife. I’d like to tell you that I masterfully rewarded her with an hour of vigorous lovemaking . . . but let’s get real. Even with a half-hour’s break, I was still SO turned on by what had already happened, I was lucky to last five minutes. I came a LAKE inside her. She told me later that it was dripping out of her for the rest of the day.

Lana deserved everything I could give her and more – the next day I took her to a show, gave her flowers, and made sure there was a lottery ticket in the bouquet where she could see it. She even won! Well, she won seven bucks. But a win IS a win!

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So now there was a new routine. Jill came over almost every night, and we all shared the women’s milk. And I was permitted to have sex with Jill in front of Lana, and with Lana in front of Jill. My wife even said that when she was away, I could still “service” Jill, because it made her (Lana) feel that I was super-studly to know that women wanted me that much. Her only rule was that I was NOT to cum with Jill. I was only permitted to cum with/on Lana.

I should have known this was a recipe for trouble.

**PART III**

Chapter 3 –Someone Does Her Level Best To Get My Semen.

Happy weeks went by. My muscles got firmer, with all the mother’s milk I was drinking. Jill instructed us in how she liked her pussy eaten, in how to hold her during her orgasms. Lana’s breasts flowed more and more freely, what with all the demands that two avid admirers placed on her milk supply.

Jill had been a little pudgy, before the pregnancy. Now that she was at our home every other day, she was losing weight, because of all the calories she was pouring out of her stiff nipples. Lana was getting more shapely, too, as her breasts expanded from the very pleasant effort of generating milk.

Now, remember Jill’s colleague Armanie, who wanted to lose weight? And who apparently wanted Jill’s lips sucking milk out of her? Well, Jill liked and trusted this woman enough to tell the truth. And suddenly the colleague got VERY interested in the whole lactation thing.

Lana and I heard about this Armanie – quite a bit. It was clear that Jill was sweet on her, and soon they started a relationship, never mind that Jill had only dated men in the past. Before they became exclusive, Jill told Armanie about how we three had been sharing milk, and more, across the last months.

Armanie’s cunt drooled at the very idea, we were told. She didn’t want to rush into it, but Jill said that it was something they both wanted – for Armanie to join us. So while Jill took a hiatus from sharing her orgasms with us, she would sometimes come over, do some nursing, and tell us Armanie wanted to make a foursome as soon as she was giving milk reliably. She wanted to nurse, and then to nurse several people at once. Sometimes, Jill said, she couldn’t talk about much else!

She hesitated to tell us this, but “Armanie has major-league boobs. I’ve never seen any like them. And . . . they grow. When she’s turned on, they grow.”

The day we were all waiting for came a month later.

Armanie was from Trinidad, or Tobago – I could never remember which. She was caramel brown, and . . . holy shit, was she built. To get an idea, go Google Kristina Milan, or better yet, check her out on Dailymotion.com. I’ll wait.

Any woman has the right to big breasts, but this babe abused the privilege. Yes, Armanie was tall, and broad in the beam, but what I mean is that her breasts were . . . gigantic. Monstrous? Well, they bulged out ALL over. Big, dinner-plate areolas that were more or less the same color as her light brown breasts. Cog-shaped nipples that seemed just perfect.

How do I know? ‘Cause on the big night, Jill came in, and introduced Armanie – and then they just shucked their tops. Jill’s super-nipples were already hard, but we all stared at Armanie’s giant bra. It was bigger than any foundation garment we'd ever seen - BUT IT WASN'T BIG ENOUGH. Those enormous breasts were shoved up, pressed against her chest wall. Clearly, her super-massive boobs were PUNISHING that poor garment.

My lovely Lana said “Oh, THAT’S how this evening will go? Well, four can play at that game!” Being good hosts, we took off our shirts, too. Now, Lana’s boobs had been growing a bit since she was nursing TWO breast-worshippers these days. She’d gone from having big breasts to having great big breasts! But oh, my, there was a surprise in store.

Jill said “Shall we?” and took off her bra. It was marvelous to see how filled her boobs were, how proudly they stood, as they were loaded with all the milk they could hold.

I had to adjust my pants, I was as hard as a tree trunk by now. The women were polite enough to pretend they didn’t notice.

Lana took off HER bra – it SHOT off her when she undid the clasp, because it really wasn’t big enough for her expanding titties any more.

Armanie smiled at them – she looked like she had won the sex lottery. Men, LISTEN to women when they talk – they talk about boobs almost as much as we do. Clearly, breasts are appealing, no matter who you are. Why else would “women’s” magazines show so much skin?

“Show them, Armie!” Jill said, sounding like a kid in a candy store.

Armie’s bra took a LOT of undoing. And the reveal was . . . awe-inspiring. Yes, her breasts plumped out over her stomach, but also across her ribs, and blocked your view of her arms, and . . . they were just EVERYWHERE. Lana and I goggled. But Jill said “Wait for it!”

Those gigantic breasts . . . grew! Right in front of my eyes, the biggest breasts I’d EVER seen bobbed a bit – even though Armanie wasn’t moving. It was GROWTH! Jill held her girlfriend from behind and cupped her ass, which clearly pleased Armanie a lot – and her breasts shifted – because they were swelling more!

“When I get turned on, they grow a little” Armie said, shyly.

A little? NOTHING these mammoth boobs did was little! Okay, The Joy of Sex informs us that breasts may grow by as much as ¼ when a woman is turned on – but the author never warned me that if each breast is bigger than my head to START with . . . well . . . Jesus!

My cock was begging me, by then. It wanted OUT of the pants, and IN to something warm, wet, and sucky – it didn’t care what. I held Lana close and said “Um, now what?”

“Now, you help me get the milk flowing!” said Armanie. And the thought clearly turned her on, because one of her uber-breasts bumped up another notch in size when she said it – then the other did too! Holy shit!

Jill said “Now, now, we’re guests here. The right thing to do, I think,” here she winked at Lana “is to help Lana with HER flow.”

Armanie tried to grab her breasts, to show how full HERS were, but her arms were no match for the amazing BULK of those round, soft spheroids. Clearly, she thought she’d get all the attention, but she sighed quietly, and nodded. We all proceeded to the bedroom.

Jill and Armanie got to Lana’s breasts before I could. But as Jill suckled, she crooked a finger at me so I could get to work pulling milk out of HER nearly-hard by now breasts. This was partly ‘cause she loved it, but also she wanted to watch her girlfriend Armanie live with a little frustration. Lana was in a sort of trance, blissed out, letting milk flow into two eager mouths, and asked me to bring her the vibrating egg she sometimes used. I saw Armie’s eyebrow arch at this, but she never stopped sucking - not for a moment.

Lana’s orgasms are shuddery, but quiet. It was not long before she was jerking under the attention of all of us (I was using the toy on her) and I stopped just before she reached her peak.

“What? What!” She was not best pleased.

“Honey,” I said, “Look at you – bottomless, without inviting your guests to enjoy the same privilege. Or me.”

I hadn’t looked, but my dick FELT purple. I recognized the way Jill’s knees were rubbing each other. Armanie, who certainly had a frank quality to her, was gently stroking her own crotch through her shorts.

“Fine. Fine! Do it – do it and get back to doing me!” called my wife. It’s not nice to keep the one you love waiting.

We all got nude just as fast as we could – it was amazing, as Armie bent over, to see her breasts hang lower than her knees. They didn’t get long – they stayed nice and round. They were THAT big! For all I knew, they were getting bigger. It’s hard to keep track, without a tape measure. I mean, how can I be sure whether “Oh my fucking god” breasts have grown to be “Oh my FUCKING god!” breasts?

I clamped my mouth onto Lana’s pussy, and in short order her jerking told us she was close. I handed the egg vibrator up, and Armanie reached for it – but Jill grabbed it first. Armanie, mouth full of my wife’s milk-giving breast, moaned in protest.

Jill put the vibrator to her naked pussy and tried racing Lana to an orgasm. Lana had a serious head start, but Jill had a short fuse. Still, as I was the one loving Lana’s labia to a grand finish, I took it as a personal challenge, and stepped up my game. Lana started rocking against the back of the divan. I slipped a hand to Armanie’s gigantic globe of a breast, and gently caressed the surface – well, as much of it as I could reach. She promptly grabbed my hand and pressed it DEEP into her yielding flesh. I wondered if I was feeling milk against my wrist, when Jill’s moans crescendoed – but Lana got to her climax first! Shaking and gasping, she shimmied uncontrollably, which mashed her still-streaming boobs into the faces of her lovers, while I grabbed her ass so I could keep my mouth pressed to her core.

Well.

We were ALL panting after that one! Armanie smiled at Jill, and said “Okay – now it’s MY turn!” Jill hopped to it, planting her mouth on Armanie’s trimmed-but-not-shaved puss. Lana smiled at me, knowing that this was a breast-man’s dream made flesh . . . a LOT of flesh . . . and we both started kissing Armanie’s neck and stroking her breasts. GEEZ, it had never taken so much EFFORT to stroke breasts before!

Armanie reached out and held my pounding cock. Jill said “Now, remember- he’s only supposed to cum in his wife, unless she specifically says he can cum for us!” Armanie smiled, but kept moving her soft hand on my hard cock. She was good at it, too.

At last, both Armanie’s breasts got a mouth on them – my Lana, and Jill, they started, but once the milk got really streaming, Jill invited me to jump in. And I jumped! Those giant-sized breasts were like nothing I’d had my hands and face on in my life – they swelled and settled of their own accord. Thin, steady streams of milk auto-streamed out of her even when we paused our suckling to gasp for breath – it was magnificent. When we sucked, milk POURED out her dark, dark nipples.

“I’ve never seen breasts GROW like that,” said Lana, and then “Oh, SHIT.” Her cell phone gave the ring that said it was her boss phoning. Sometimes they needed her RIGHT AWAY, so she had to drop whatever it was she was doing – even if she was doing someone!

She grabbed her phone and - with a significant look at Jill - ran to her home office, on the other side of our house. I read that look to say, "Jill, you're in charge, now. Be a good host and do what you like, but remember: My husband only cums for ME."

Jill and I kept suckling Armanie’s gigantic breasts, and after a minute, Armanie took Jill’s hand and put it to her own drooling core.

Maybe Armanie had a short fuse. Maybe having a mouth on each nipple had her close to climax anyway. But Jill had been strumming Armanie's pussy for only a minute when moans of unmistakable meaning began to crescendo out of Armanie. I sucked her gigantic breast for all I was worth as I listened to her climax work its way from "going . . . going . . ." to "GONE!" The blimp-breasted brown babe shook and rocked, her eyes closed. Then she convulsed violently enough that neither Jill nor I could keep our mouth clamped onto her nipples. More milk than I would have believed FOUNTAINED out of her fabulous breasts, spraying all over us and the sheets and the lamps and . . . well, everything for several feet around.

Jill hung in there, digitally - she clearly knew just what to do for Armanie, and the climax was a long one, with shivers and funny little noises coming from her throat. But those massive, unpredictable breasts flew in all sorts of directions, still spewing milk fitfully, still growing a bit and then settling down, waxing and waning all on their own, while we watched with undivided attention.

Finally Armanie heaved a sigh (an impressive act, with that much boob-weight) and said "Well, Jill, what can we do for you?"

My cock was throbbing like an engine, now, and Armanie gently handled it while she was talking things over with Jill.

Soon Armanie and I were each suckling milk from Jill. I was starting to feel full, really, but that nectar of the gods is SO SWEET, so satisfying going down the throat, I couldn't stop. Armanie had her face in Jill's boob, but her hand kept moving slowly across my quivering hard-on. I'd been running pre-cum for some time, and the slickness made the feel of that questing hand many times more exciting!

"All that sperm," murmured the buxotic brown goddess, and wiped her sticky-from-precum hand in her foot-long-and-then-some cleavage. She then wrapped her megabreasts around my cock, which LURCHED from this new stimulation.

I'd never had anything so amazing - my pelvis and half my thighs were submerged in hot boobs. My cock pulsed, begging for mercy. And over my knees, little streams of milk ran down.

"I . . . I think you'd better stop that . . . soon," I said.

"Why?" Armanie asked innocently, while trying to heft the astonishing amount of boob-flesh between us so as to breast-ball me some more. They were gigantic enough to be too heavy for her to lift easily, but firm enough to respond to her efforts.

"I can feel . . . a lot of sperm in me," I gasped between the dizzying sensations her giant breasts were giving me.

"Soooo?" Armanie asked teasingly, still pouring those mammoth boobies over and along my thudding cock.

"So . . . \*gasp\* . . . I promised Lana . . . that I would not . . . cum when she's not here."

"Oh!" said Armanie, pulling away and freeing my rigid pole. It looked enormous. It bounced around as if looking for those gigantic pillows it had just been enjoying so much.

I had just registered the real good fortune of her timing, as little bolts of heat were starting to shoot up my bloated sperm-pipe, when BAM - I was pushed onto my back, and this huge-breasted incarnation of sex grabbed my super-hard cock.

"Don't!" I managed before she plunged my bigger-than-ever pipe into herself. Oh god! Her pussy was like melted butter in a pressure cooker. My balls drew up and readied to launch everything they had.

"Don't what?" Armanie smiled down at me. She'd placed her hands on my chest, and with her soft bulk on me, I couldn't really move.

"Don't . . . do . . . that!" I could barely speak, the ecstasy was so powerful. I shouldn't have looked, because with her arms straight and her hands holding me down, her gigantic breasts were squeezed up, up, and out from between her arms. Drops of her milk steadily rolled down my ribs.

"Why not?" She smiled even wider, enjoying her power. Her big, fleshy hips moved up and down, gently, but never stopping.

"I'm . . . I'm not supposed to . . ." I was starting to lose the power of speech.

"Oh, right," she said. But her clasping, clamping pussy just kept pistoning away at my trembling, tremendous erection. "Well, you better not cum then, should you?"

I hung on as her pussy pumped and sucked. I tried to hold the sperm down, despite the biggest tits I'd ever seen rising and falling in front of my face, bouncing against my chest. I realized I'd get no help from Armanie, and it was up to me to remain faithful to the pledge I gave my wife. I love my wife, and I was not going to betray her.

Then those shudders started moving through Armanie's flesh, and into mine. Her climaxes started slowly, but took hold of her and shook her like a rag doll. Milk started dripping faster from her meaty nipples, and more pressure wrung my stiff, stiff cock.

I could hang on, I told myself . . . knowing perfectly well it was a lie. Geologic-level pressures were building up in my cum organs while the goddess of tits was pile-driving my cock up into her. When had I last cum? I'd saved up a couple of days worth of sperm to be good and hungry for tonight's festivities, but that now seemed like a genuinely stupid move, as I felt my balls straining at the seams because they were so packed with sperm. I was too turned on to argue, or even speak. Part of me hated what this woman was doing to me, but a lot more of me was flooded with desire, with animal rutting, with the instinct to spurt semen everywhere, anywhere, only spray it now, now, now!

I clenched my teeth, and clenched my eyes shut so I wouldn't see the acres of breastflesh that were right in front of my face. She was moaning higher now, and someone else was yelling, too, but most of my awareness was on my bursting erection. It felt like steel, like a two-foot cannon of cock, and it was going to blow any moment. That juicing, juddering pussy sucked on me, harder and harder. I felt the lava-hot cum start to move inside me.

I tried to keep from shooting, I tried everything. I felt myself failing to contain it. There was too much cum in me, too much happening to me. Her vacuum-pump cunt brought me right to the point of no return. So much ecstasy! So much shame, too . . . I was failing my bride, my love!

Then cum SHOT in an unending stream out of me! I wasn't even pumping, I was just splattering cables of cum up into her . . .

And then not! The cum was landing on ME. That pussy was yanked away, and all I knew was the unbroken stream of cum flying out of me. It was landing on me, flying a yard to the left, and then a yard to the right, and then FOOM, I now started PUMPING sperm as if a fire hose was going off in my vas deferens.

I was barely aware of anything but this colossal cum, but loud voices sounded in the room, a lot of angry voices. I only shuddered and shot, shot, and shot more cum. I later found stripes of it six and seven feet from where I'd been lying. More and more white stuff flew out of me, and I couldn't hear, couldn't see, could only fire sperm into orbit. I kept on cumming, shooting cum with all my might.

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Later, when I came to, I learned what happened. Jill was furious with Armanie. Jill's take was that very first time she brought her new babe to meet her old friends, Armanie acted selfish and trampled on the trust Jill had built with us. When Jill saw that I was going to cum at any moment, she started SHOUTING at Armanie. Instead of listening, Armanie began cumming around my super-erect erection. So Jill more or less tackled her friend, and pulled Armanie off me, but THAT was the moment my wife Lana came in, to see my cock acting like a Roman candle, spurting sperm by the gallon. I couldn't process any of it, at the time. All I could do was blast more and more semen.

Each of those women was mad at the other, and I don't know how angry anyone was with me. When they left the room, still arguing, I more or less passed out. Sperm was STILL pouring gently from me, I gathered, from the fact that I woke with one thigh COVERED in dried cum.

Later that night, Jill came over to apologize, saying Armanie had been a major-league dick about things. They had broken up. Jill wanted us to know that her relationship with us was more important to her. We'd been friends for some time, we'd been there for each other in a thousand ways. Armanie could go fuck mud for all she cared.

Lana was pretty good about the whole thing, once Jill explained things. She realized that I had done my best to live up to our agreement and Jill had done her best, too. Assholery can be found in business, politics, and sexual relationships, she said. But she saw that we'd been trying to be loyal to her.

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The next day, she held me close and said "You're the best, you know that? I've been thinking about how you tried to 'stay loyal' to me. And I want to show you how much I appreciate it."

I said "Um, okay . . ."

"First - you know how you keep trying to get me to go to Croatia? Well, I'm willing - let's do that."

"Great!" Croatia is across the Adriatic from Italy, it's got the beauty and historic quality of Italy, and at half the price.

"And if you like, Jill would come with us - she understands we're the married couple, and she'd be happy to be our mascot, our playmate, if you like."

"Well . . . okay." (If your wife wants to include a second woman, DO NOT sound too enthused.)

"Um, there's more. I found an adult-nursing-relationship club in Europe. And I want to see what their big annual meeting is like. It's being held in Croatia next month. Would it be okay for the three of us to go THERE?"

I had to think about it.

For almost a second.