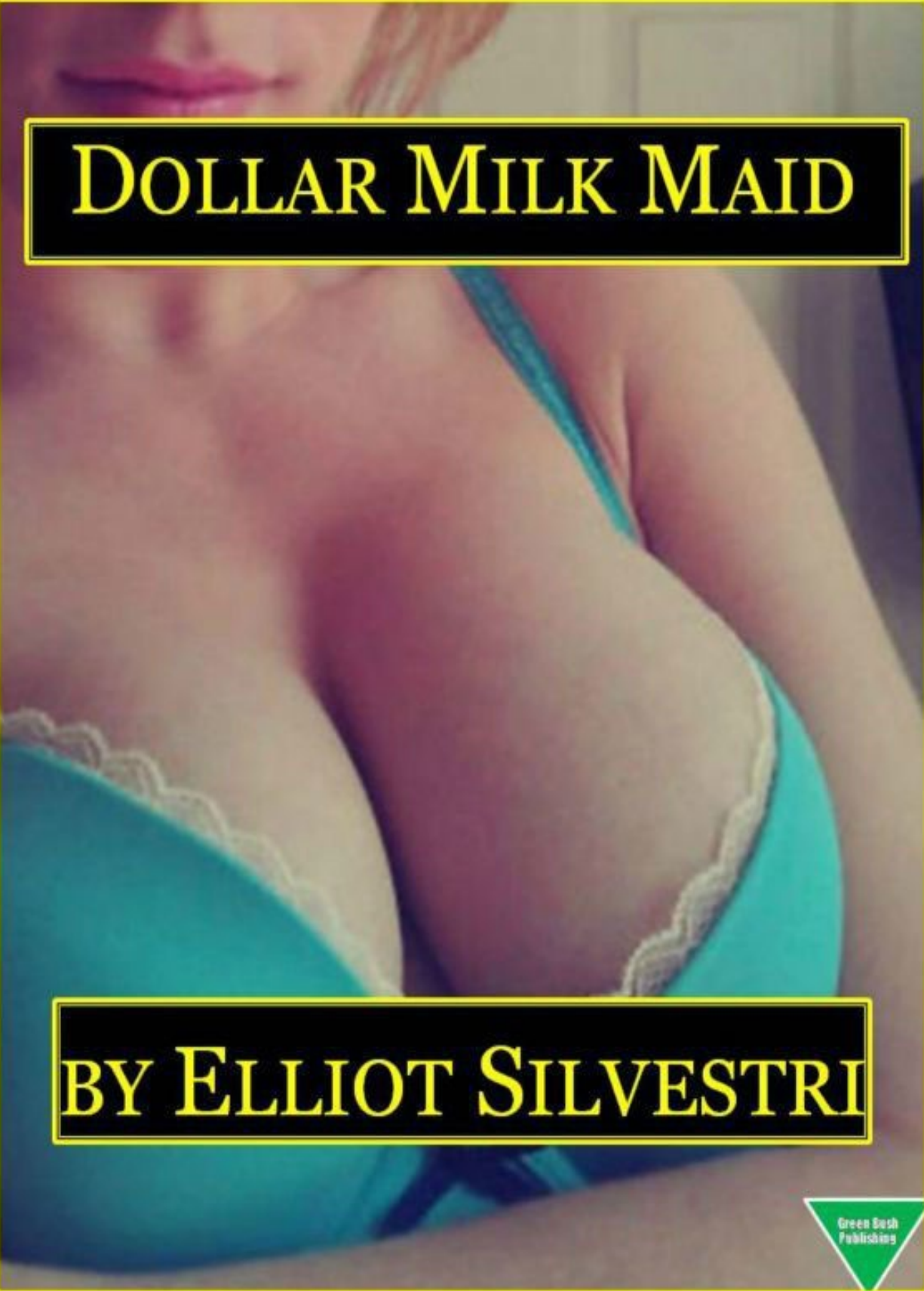
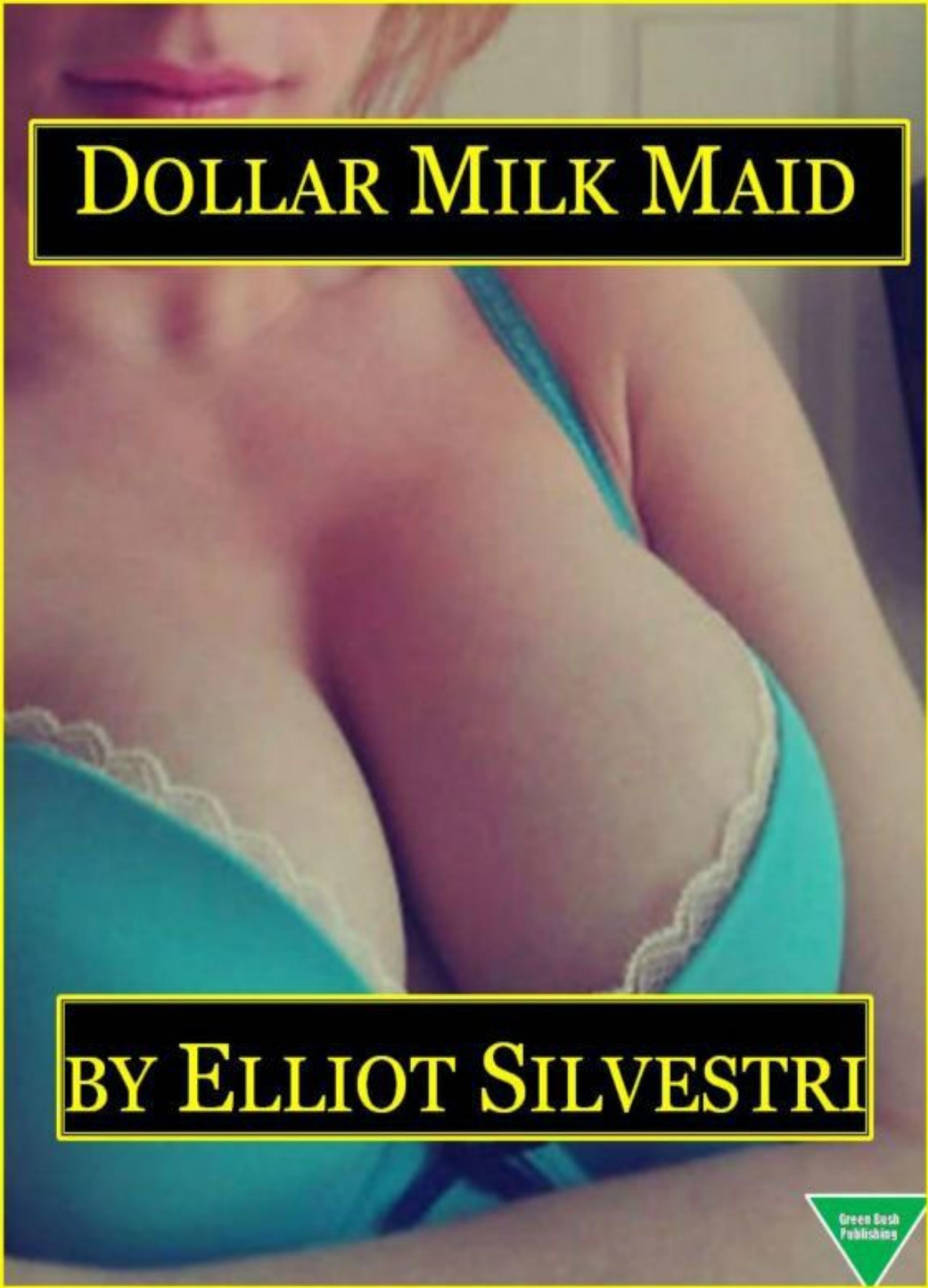




DOLLAR MILK MAID

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Bush
Publishing



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Dollar Milk Maid

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Prologue

“I love you. You don’t know how much I love you.” Adam was on his knees in front of Karli, begging. She hated it. She hated to see people beg. She hated to see men beg in front of her. She knew that some women loved this type of man’s protestations of love, but she despised it. She wasn’t in love with him in any way.

Her look should have told Adam everything, but he was too far gone with lust and love to comprehend. “No, you don’t,” she told him.

“But I do,” he insisted.

“You don’t,” she contradicted him and picked up her shirt from the bed floor. Karli looked around for a moment for her bra, didn’t see it, and put on the shirt to cover her naked breasts as she prepared to leave Adam’s apartment. It wasn’t the first time she’d be walking around in public braless.

“I love your breasts,” he countered.

That gave her half a moment’s pause. His expression of love for a certain part of her body was probably true enough from his point of view. Of course, he most like believed he was truly in love with her and she loved him as well. “I’m not going to stay with a man who thinks loving my breasts is an appropriate emotional response.” As she walked by the couch she found her bra tucked against one cushion. Picking it up she tucked it into her purse.

“But I’ve paid you,” he said almost whining.

“True. But that transaction is done. You got what you paid for. Don’t bother calling me again.”

Suddenly his mood shifted from one of despair to anger. Karli had never been happy with Adam as a client. He was a little off but she had been eager enough for the money so she had pushed aside her concerns until tonight when he started declaring his love. “Whore!” he all but screamed at her. “You’re a fucking

whore.”

Karli paused and looked at him. It wasn't the reaction he was expecting. It was doubtful he knew what reaction he was expecting other than for her to throw herself at him and accept his twisted love. Calmly, too calmly, she walked across the living room and calmly slapped him across the face. “I'm not a fucking whore.”

A pink bloom formed on his cheek. “You took money from me.”

Her calmness filtered through her body. “I took money from you because you wanted my breast milk. I would never have sex with you.” She walked away just as calmly, opened the door, and started to walk out.

“I'm going to call the cops on you and report you for being a fucking whore,” he threatened.

She paused. “Do it. Do it and discover that they're more interested in arresting you.” With that Karli left his apartment.

Chapter One

Karli had always been blessed—or cursed, depending on who was asking and what Karli’s mood was at the time of the question—with large breasts. They started growing in early middle school and didn’t stop all the way through high school. Her opinion on them varied depending on the day, her mood, the time of day, the day of the week, whether the compliments she had received lately had been honest or sarcastic. Some women said they had a relationship with their boobs. Karli didn’t consider herself that type of woman; she didn’t have a relationship with any part of her body: hair, tits, legs, fingernails, appendix, elbow, pussy, knees, or toes. They were merely part of her. She accepted them and dealt with it.

But they were difficult to deal with when the D cups suddenly began to feel too small. Being a senior in high school she had a hundred other things to worry about in addition to her huge tits.

And then they started leaking milk. Karli freaked out and told her mother. After a rushed emergency trip to the doctor she was diagnosed with galactorrhea, spontaneous lactation.

“Do your breasts get a lot of stimulation?” the doctor had asked.

“Can you see these things?” Karli snapped. She held them up for the slim, underweight middle-aged woman to see. “Just walking stimulates them!”

“There’s a chance that a non-cancerous pituitary tumor could be causing it,” friendly Dr. Anne Greenberg said.

After an MRI confirmed nothing was amiss, she was advised to wear softer, more supportive bras and was given a prescription for a medication that should make the condition go away after a few months.

Karli actually enjoyed her professional bra fitting and convinced her mother to spend a ridiculous amount of money on supportive lingerie. Buying pad used by breastfeeding mothers was weird, but slipping them inside her bras during the

day soaked up the little bit of milk that leaked out her nipples. Though her mother had the prescription filled, Karli never took the pills. She didn't like the idea of taking any drug that wasn't life-saving. There were too many stoners and pill-poppers in her high school.

It was easy to lie to her mother and claim the condition had gone away.

The truth was Karli liked to lay in her bed at night and hand express her excess milk. It was relaxing and good foreplay when she wanted to masturbate.

Going away to college Karli hadn't given her condition a second thought. She was just another big breasted freshman in a sea of other pretty girls. After dating a few boys and only getting semi-serious about one—she focused on her studies—her milk flow became just a background part of her life, even if she hid the pads used to soak up her excess milk from her roommate.

Sophomore year was a little more difficult. Her financial aid was cut. There were the continual cuts to education in general. There seemed to be very little money coming from home and Karli felt terrible asking for money. She already had a part-time job on campus working for the minimum pay offered to work study programs. The need for more money pushed to find something that was easy and made good money for minimal time and effort.

Nude modeling for the art classes—mostly figure drawing—paid almost twice the rate of everything else on campus but at best she would have two hours per week. She signed up anyway with the encouragement of her new roommate who was a party girl and always looking for trouble. Megan didn't mind taking off her clothes at the drop of a hat. More than once she had been seen running topless through the door to the showers. Karli wasn't a prude but was a bit more modest. Once the art professor saw her body, he was thrilled to have her pose for the classes.

“You have all the classic curves the old masters spent their entire lives trying to capture,” he gushed at her.

Karli could only blush and shyly accept his compliment. There was something oddly freeing and sensual about being naked in a room with people drawing her body. But it was deadly boring and it still wasn't enough money.

Megan had dragged her to an off-campus party where the company was dull and obnoxious. Taking her life into her hands Karli left early and alone and walked home in a semi-drunk stupor. She stupidly went on her computer searching for other nude modeling jobs. Somehow she wound up on Craigslist. A few typing mistakes brought her to the section where ridiculous amounts of money was being offered for breast milk. She couldn't determine if the offers were jokes or from concerned mothers who couldn't breast feed their newborns or were from perverts. She shook her head and stumbled to bed.

The next morning she check her browsing history and saw the same offers on Craigslist. The money was too tempting.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” she muttered to herself as she began a non-drunk search and examination of the listings. It was a long and laborious process. There were a lot of listings not in her area and Karli figured out they were from desperate men looking for some perverse thrill any way they could get it. She felt bad for the women who were desperate for anyone to supply breast milk for their babies, but Karli didn't think she was the right person for that job.

One ad came up that intrigued her. It was direct and non-creepy but shaded with a slight tone of desperation. “I’m looking for fresh breast milk preferably from a young woman. I wish to do the extraction myself. Nothing illegal.” She knew exactly what I wish to do the extraction myself meant. That’s what intrigued her. It sounded almost illegal...but not quite. And the money that he offered was more than she could make in a week. How long would it take? An hour at most? Was it worth the risk?

It was easy to spot Tony the moment he walked into the coffee shop. The picture he had sent Karli was incredibly accurate, which surprised her, and since he was six and a half feet tall wearing a business suit he easily stood out in the crowd of mostly college students. Under his jacket she noted he hadn't been exaggerating about his weight of two hundred fifty pounds—all of it muscle. For a moment she was frightened; he looked like he could snap her in half with his bare hands. Why did a man who claimed to work as an insurance salesman need such huge muscles?

Fighting off her flash of fear Karli was about to raise her hand and wave to him when he spied her and quickly made his way over. “Karli?” he asked politely holding out his hand.

She stood up, bumping the table slightly making her glad she hadn’t yet ordered, and shook his hand. “Yes. Hi. Tony, right?”

“Yes. Let’s sit.” Up close she could see that he was significantly older than her. He said he was forty in his emails and that appeared to be true. As he sat he pulled his wallet out of his pocket and extracted a pair of cards. Karli started to panic, thinking he was paying her in advance making her think the other students in the shop would believe she was a prostitute, then realized he was just showing her his driver’s license and business card. “You can keep the card, but I’ll need the license back,” he said.

“Right,” she said blankly staring at the license and noting his full name was Antonio DeFalcone, which would explain the dark curly hair and complexion her father would describe as swarthy.

“You’ve never done this before, have you?” Tony asked.

“What? How did you know?”

“It’s my responsibility to give you my actual identity information and you’re supposed to write it down. Modern day paranoia.” He passed her a pen. “Put my license info on the back of the card. Keep the card. Keep it in a safe place where the police or a close friend can find it if you run into trouble. Me revealing myself gives you security.”

Karli nodded and did what he said. “I feel like a fucking amateur,” she told him.

His smile dismissed any reservations or nervousness she had. “Everyone has a first time.”

“What about you?” she asked, still writing. “What if I’m a psycho who is going to rob and kill you?”

Tony looked her up and down. She saw his gaze fell toward her breasts and she self-consciously tugged up the zipper to her sweatshirt. There was no need for her to glance down, she knew her cleavage had been on display and now that

made her ashamed. “Don’t cover up like that,” he said softly. “You have lovely breasts.”

“You haven’t seen them yet.”

His smile was disarming. “I will soon.”

It was easy to make the decision. It was harder to actually go through with it, but two days later Karli forced herself to take the bus to the address Tony had given her. It was in a respectable neighborhood at the edge of the city, easy to get to but outside the student slums and more dangerous sections of town. It was a small co-op building, no doorman but a neat and tidy lobby. When she found her way to his door Tony was waiting for her, dressed more casually after work.

“Are you ready for this?” he asked.

“Not really,” she said setting down her bag and giving him the place the once over. He wasn’t married and lived alone, but the place wasn’t a stinking bachelor’s pad. Tony put some pride in his residence. He had probably hired a professional decorator and had a maid come in once or twice a week, but the mere idea that those things occurred were enough to reassure Karli. “How do we do this?” she asked.

He chuckled. “You’ve never really done this before?” he asked, amused.

Karli stammered out an answer. “I mean, I’ve had my boyfriend, ex-boyfriend that is, play with my breasts and, you know, but I’ve never done it with a near-stranger.”

From his pants pocket he produced an unsealed envelope and handed it to her. Automatically Karli opened it and saw five crisp twenty dollar bills. Her heart thudded in her chest. She was more excited by the money than by what she was about to do.

“Always get pair first,” he instructed her. “That’s the first step. Second step is for you to take off your top and bra. Third, we lay down on the bed together and I’ll drink your milk. Fourth, if everything is good, we can set up a second appointment, if not, we both leave like adults. It’s as simple as that.”

Karli continued to stare at the money. “Right,” she softly agreed.

“Just to be clear, I’m paying you for your time and milk, not anything else.”

“Right,” she agreed, snapping back to herself. “I’m not a prostitute.”

“You’ll keep your jeans on and I’ll be fully dressed.”

“Right,” she said again and started to unbutton her shirt with the idea that she needed to get this over with. Her fingers fumbled with the small buttons and in frustration she just yanked it over her head.

After she had brushed her hair out of her face Tony was giving her a bemused look. “Would you like to go to the bedroom first?” he asked.

“That would be nice,” said Karli trying to keep her dignity about her. She was wearing a plain white industrial strength bra that held everything just right and in place. It wasn’t pretty but it worked. Tony led the way to a bedroom that matched the rest of the house filled with an enormous bed, easily four times the size of her dorm room cot. He sat down and waited expectantly. This was the awkward part for Karli. She wasn’t a prude, but taking off her clothes in front of a stranger was an odd sensation. Not wanting to yank the shoulder straps down and then twist the bra around to unhook the back strap she struggled at making her hand reach up behind her back and grope for the hooks. She failed.

“Would you like some help with that?” he asked. The words weren’t said lecherously but politely, as if he were offering to take her bag and coat.

Karli, much to her credit, blushed and turned around. “Yes. Please.”

It took him no effort at all to unfasten the four hooks holding her breasts in place. The bra slipped away and she dropped it to the floor and then turned around to display herself to him. Karli kept her arms under the tits, supporting them slightly, but allowed her hard nipples to fall under his eyes. He examined her body carefully and eagerly, but also ever so politely. “Beautiful,” he breathed.

Her blush intensified and she smiled. “Thanks. Do I just lay down here?”

A quick nod confirmed her question. “On your side please.”

Karli’s breasts weren’t so huge that they fell all over the place but pressed

together like two pillows. Tony quickly joined her on the bed, moved his hard muscled body next to hers, she smelled his scent—a mix of soap and a bit of cologne, and he wiggled his body into place. It was strange being so intimately close to a man she didn't know. Before she could put her thoughts into words his mouth opened and he latched onto the nipple next to the mattress.

He sucked once, firmly but gently, and she shivered at the sensation. He had tucked one hand next to his body; the other went over her waist and pressed at her back, holding her in place. Karli had rested her head on the pillows and tried to remain calm. At the second suck her body unconsciously shivered and she rested her hand on his shoulder. It was a casual yet intimate gesture.

“Ooh,” she moaned without realizing it.

Immediately Tony let her nipple slip from his mouth. “Did I hurt you?”

She shook her head. “No. It felt good,” she whimpered. “Sorry. I didn't mean to distract you.”

“Glad I could make you feel good,” he said and went back to her breast.

Karli repressed the desire to grind her crotch against Tony's leg. She tried not to think about masturbating, though it would be so easy to slide her hand down inside her jeans, inside her panties to where her pussy was moist and in need of a good frigging. She put those thoughts aside and concentrated on the image of the twenty dollar bills in the envelope.

Except that Tony's lips and tongue felt so good on her breast. She could feel him extracting her essence in distilled form from her body and that was a delirious thought. Her eyes had been shut but now she opened them and looked down at Tony's face. His eyes were closed and he concentrated on her breast. His hand rubbed her back softly. Her breast quivered slightly with each suck from his mouth. A tiny drop of her translucent white milk formed on the tip of her free nipple. It hung there many long seconds, slowly getting bigger and bigger, until finally it reached the point where it couldn't resist gravity any longer. The drop slid along the lower slope of her tit and dropped off to land on Tony's chin. He didn't notice.

Secretly Karli was delighted to see her milk flowing. She had seen it leak from her nipples before, but it was different now that it was being caused by a man.

She shivered with satisfaction.

He paused. "You okay?"

"I'm perfect."

"Good. This breast is dry," he said. "You don't have a lot of milk, but it is tasty." Tony grabbed a pillow and tucked it under his head to bring it up to the level of her upper breast. "So you're enjoying this?"

"I certainly am." Karli couldn't repress her excited grin. She wondered if Tony could smell her excitement or if he was too focused on her milk to notice the scent of her pussy. His face settled onto the sensitive skin around her areola and he resumed nursing from her. This time she could feel the milk flowing more easily. The slight beard on his chin ever so slightly scratched at her soft skin and she tried not to giggle.

This was the best job she had ever had...even if it was awfully close to selling herself.

Almost too soon it was over. "You're dry again," he told her and released his grip on her body. The release was a disappointment. Karli wanted the suckling to go on forever, but that wasn't going to happen now. More than anything else she wanted some release at that moment. She knew that it was possible for some women to have a orgasm from nipple play alone and she wanted to find out if she was one of the those women.

"Oh. You don't have to stop," she said.

Tony laughed a bit. "There's nothing left in there," he said, pointing at her tits. "I'm paying you for time and milk. I'm pretty much done." The look of shocked disappointment on her face pulled at his heartstrings. Tony knew what he wanted and was happy to pay for it, but he also wanted his suppliers to be happy as well. "You look flushed. Are you feeling okay?"

Karli tried to brush away his concern. "I'm fine."

"Do you need a moment alone?" he kindly asked. "To...relax."

At that moment what Karli wanted most of all was for Tony to strip, tear off her

pants and fuck her good and hard. But she knew that wasn't going to happen for a variety of worthy reasons. "That would be nice."

"Go ahead and masturbate," he told her as he got off the mattress. "I'll give you as much time as you need."

He walked out of the bedroom and closed the door without looking at her which was to Karli's great relief since she felt humiliated when he said it. Once she had come to grips with what he knew and said Karli quickly unbuttoned her jeans, shoved them halfway down her thighs along with her panties and started rubbing her hand across her pussy.

Normally when she jilled off Karli liked to play with her nipples a good long time and then progress down to her clit where she would tease herself some more, then either slip her fingers inside her pussy to search for her g-spot hidden up inside or go for broke and give her little clit a good rubbing until she came.

Tonight she already had her nipples stimulated more than enough and all she wanted was a good hard orgasm. Her palm rubbed across her clit three times before her sexual pent-up energy exploded.

"Oh...fuck," Karli whispered when she realized that her pussy had leaked out more than just a little of her girl cum. The bedspread wasn't soaked, but she had left behind an obvious wet spot. There was little to do about it. She pulled her pants up, found her bra and put it on but then realized her shirt was out in the living room. Time to face the music.

"I'm sorry," she said the moment she caught sight of Tony working in the kitchen. "I, um, I left a wet spot on the bed. I'm so sorry!" She grimaced and covered her face with her hand.

"Perfectly all right," he told her. "It's washable. Did you enjoy yourself?"

She wasn't sure if he was asking if she got off during her masturbation session or if she had found nursing him a pleasant way to earn a few dollars. Luckily the answer to both questions was the same. "Yes. Yes I did."

"Perfect. Here, take this." He passed her another business card. "It's a friend of mine. I can't afford to hire you all the time, maybe once a week if that's okay with you. Reid's a good friend. He'll appreciate it if you would make your time

available to him as well.”

She took the business card he proffered and noticed it was for, of all things, a dentist. “Um, thanks. Can I ask you a question?”

“You just did, but sure. Go ahead.”

“Why do you do this?”

“By this you mean pay women for their time and the opportunity to drink their breast milk?”

“Yeah.”

He shrugged and resumed putting away the clean plate from the dishwasher. “I can’t really say. I dated a woman for a while who was a single mom and her kid was at the tail end of breast feeding. I got a taste of her milk and I’ve wanted it ever since. Who can really explain one’s kinks?”

“Wouldn’t it have been easier to just stay with her?”

That statement made him laugh out loud. “Umm...no. She was a little too far on the crazy side of the sanity line. Sex with her was great, but she had a lot of baggage and problems. Besides, all women eventually dry up and their milk ends.” He paused and considered Karli’s chest a moment. She had gotten so comfortable with him that she had forgotten her shirt was still in the living room, but wearing a bra in front of the man who had just drank her milk wasn’t discomfiting. “What’s your story?” he asked. “You look a little young to be single mom. Maybe. Why do you have milk?”

Trying to make it seem like the most mundane information Karli said, “Medical condition. My boobs are too big and easily get over stimulated and they lactate. It’s weird.”

“You’re a smart girl turning a medical condition into easy money.”

“Thanks...I guess,” she said.

“Be extra smart and say yes to Reid when he calls you. I’m going to give him your number, if you don’t mind.”

“No...that’s okay.”

“Does that make you uncomfortable?”

“A little.”

“Just say yes to him. He’s a great guy. You won’t regret it.”

Chapter Two

“Tony says you’re a great guy and to go ahead and completely trust you,” Karli said into her phone. She was hurrying to class from her dorm room. It seemed odd to be arranging work between classes, but a girl did what a girl had to do. Besides, no one could hear anything from the other side of the conversation and it was early enough in the morning that the few students up and about were still half-asleep.

Reid laughed. “He said that, did he?”

“It’s not true?” Karli asked, teasing. He had a pleasant voice and had texted her first before calling. It seemed safest to make the call outside on the podium while heading to class than inside the dorm where it was too easy to eavesdrop.

“I suppose it’s true,” he relented a bit. “I don’t want to seem rude but I do have to get to work shortly. I’d like to arrange a time for us to meet. Do you have place you want to go to establish my identity?”

“Um, yes. But why don’t you just scan your license and all that and email it to me. I’ll send you my address. I trust Tony.” As the words came out of her mouth she realized how stupid they sounded.

“I can do that. Expect them this afternoon.”

“Right. Where do you work?” she asked. The moment she asked the question she winced; it sounded so stupid.

“I’m an optician,” he said.

“Oh...neat. Maybe I’ll go to you for my next glasses.” Karli winced harder and realized she needed to get off the phone. “Okay, I’m almost to my class, gotta go, bye!” It took her another five minutes to reach the classroom.

“I’m so sorry I sounded like an idiot on the phone when we first talked,” Karli

apologized after Reid let her into his house. It wasn't exactly opulent, but it was obvious to her eyes that being an optician was working out for Reid.

He smiled. "Think nothing of it."

"I just didn't want you to think I'm an idiot."

"I never really gave it much thought."

For a moment she wasn't sure if he was insulting or teasing her. His manner was so dry and plain it was hard to tell. She decided to go with teasing. "Anyway, I'm going to college and I'm doing this to help with expenses."

A wry grin pulled at one corner of his mouth. "Sounds like what too many strippers claim," he commented. "Is it true?"

Karli's hand slapped over her mouth and she blushed. "Fuck. It does, doesn't it? Here, wait, I've got my ID here." She quickly rummaged through her bag and pulled out her university card. Reid took it, glanced at it once, and passed it back to her.

"Nice picture. I didn't doubt you were telling the truth."

"Right."

He tilted his head to the side and twisted his lips. "You'd be amazed at what some of the women I've hired have claimed."

"Maybe," she agreed. "How do you want to do this?" she asked.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" he asked and handed her an envelope from the kitchen table.

"Right," she agreed and opened it up, quickly counted the bills, nodded, and tucked it away into her bag.

"I've got a room set up for us," he said and inclined his head, indicating she should follow.

Interestingly he led her not to what was his bedroom but what might have been a

guest room. It had a full size bed, a simple comforter covering the mattress, and not much else. It was plain but something seemed off. Karli froze and took in her surroundings. It was plain suburbia and seemed a little too ordinary, a little too plain, and a little too common. While Tony's place had been cleaned by an overenthusiastic maid, Reid's place was positively antiseptic. When she hesitated Reid turned around and looked at her, puzzled.

"What's the matter?" he asked innocently.

That's when she saw the ring. He was married. Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick.

"I'm sorry," she said backing away. "I don't mind selling my breast milk, but I don't think I can do it with a married man." Karli had brought her bag with her and reached into it to fish out the envelope. "I'll return your money. I'm sorry, I can't do this."

After she found the money Karli looked up and saw that he wasn't angry, but he seemed on the verge of tears. "Fuck, I'm sorry, Reid, but I can't do it with a married man. I know it's not sex and all, but I have my limits and that's one of them."

"I'm not married!" he burst out.

She froze and prepared herself to be attacked. Stupid stupid stupid! she cursed herself. Never should have gone into his house! "Okay, but you're wearing a wedding ring," she pointed out.

Seeing the band Reid realized he had been caught. Karli was amazed that he then proceeded to try and rip it from his finger. "It won't come off!" he explained a little too vehemently.

"That's okay," Karli said, backing slowly toward the guest room door. "You can leave it on. It doesn't matter." She dropped the money envelope on the table next to the bed.

"I can't get it off without cutting it and I'm not going to cut off the wedding ring my wife gave me!"

Now he had a slightly crazed look in his eyes.

“Don’t worry. I won’t say a thing to your wife,” Karli promised as she moved into the hallway. Seeing that she was escaping Reid followed.

“I’m not married!” he insisted. “I’m a widower!”

Karli paused. If he hadn’t been acting so insane she might have believed him. For just a moment she was certain his wife was dead because he had murdered her. But there was an imploring tone to voice as well. Either he was a very good liar or he was telling the truth. “Okay, yeah, how am I supposed to know that?” She took the skeptical tone her mother always used when Karli was trying to pass a lie about the latest weekend party back in high school.

Reid held up a finger, marched past her, down the hall, and into a different room. Curious, Karli followed. The room was a small home office. It too was obsessively neat and tidy. He opened a filing cabinet, pulled out a folder and handed it to her. Inside she found a death certificate and an obituary. She didn’t bother to read the details.

“Oh, fuck, I’m so sorry,” she apologized. Karli covered her face with her hand and gave back the folder. “I feel so stupid.”

“It’s okay; I should have told you before. Normally I do that at the pre-meeting. But we didn’t have one. And I probably should get the ring removed...but I’m not over her yet.”

Karli wasn’t surprised. The death certificate was barely two years old. “Oh. Wow. Sorry. I mean...about everything. I apologize.”

“Don’t let it concern you,” he said.

“But, wow. I’m so sorry what can I do—”

He abruptly cut her off. “Nothing. You’re making it worse.” He paused. “There is one thing. Go back in the room and take off your shirt.” His voice was flat but it was obvious he wasn’t kidding.

“Right,” she agreed, whirled about on her toe, and marched back to the guest room. It was easy to pull off her shirt the moment she entered. After having been through a few of these encounters with Tony she knew the drill and wasn’t the least bit shy about removing her bra without being told. Karli artfully arranged

herself on the bed before Reid had time to walk in. She was fairly sure she had acquired the art of looking wanton and desirable while lounging topless on a bed. It helped that her large breasts pillowed against each other in a fetching manner.

When he took stock of her positioning Reid merely grunted in appreciation and lay down on the bed next to her. There were no preliminaries. Reid took her breast in his mouth and sucked firmly but not urgently. Her body responded as it always had: her milk flowed. It had been almost a week since Tony had last hired her and her breasts were hard and full of milk. It was a relief to have Reid suckling at her tit. She unconsciously sighed as he set to work on her. Her eyes closed as his opened at the noise. He gave no overt indication to her that he heard her contentment.

He didn't pull her close, but it was impossible for their bodies not to touch. She could feel milk seeping from her lower breast and it must have been slowly soaking the bed cover. Karli didn't mention this to Reid. It was his responsibility to know that; he was the one who was experienced in this sort of thing, according to Tony. It was impossible for Karli not to enjoy being nursed; she was starting to think this was what she was born for. As they settled in Karli's mind went to a state of semi-consciousness where she enjoyed all the sensations Reid's mouth and tongue gave her.

It wasn't surprising that she didn't feel his hand first on her hip, then against her back. Reflexively he moved closer to her and she helped him. Their bodies fit together nicely. If Karli felt his hard cock against her thigh she gave no indication; her mind was on other matters. If Reid heard the shift in her breathing he gave no signal because he was too focused on her rapidly emptying tit.

"You've gone dry already," he commented breaking free from her flesh.

Karli half revived from her trance. "Oh. Sorry."

"Don't be. Your milk is very sweet. Roll a bit; let me get to the other one."

The slightly damp spot on the bed went unnoticed and Reid took up Karli's heavy breast. In no time at all they were back into their stupors. Karli noticed her panties getting wet and her desire rising. She now wanted the nursing to be over so she could masturbate. Their bodies were pressed so tightly together that she

couldn't slip a hand into her jeans and play with herself. Her moan of frustration alerted Reid.

"Am I hurting you?" he asked politely. She glanced down and saw her breast wet with his saliva and the nipple dribbling a little bit of milk.

"No. Just making me horny," she said honestly.

"Can't be helped," he answered and went back to her tit. She barely lasted a minute before her hips wiggled a bit. She wanted to get his leg between hers so she could rub her pussy—more specifically her clit—against his thigh and get off. It was unseemly but she couldn't stop her body from responding to him. She literally bit her tongue and tried to contain herself. A little moan of pleasure escaped her lips but thankfully Reid didn't stop sucking this time.

He kept sucking and sucking and then her arms went around his shoulders. Before either of them knew what was happening Karli's body shook with orgasm. Her panties became soaked with her girlcum and she breathed heavily with relief. Her grasp on his body was so strong that even when he released her nipple it took Karli a minute to realize that he was no longer in need of her body.

"Oh, that felt good," she breathed out when the orgasm had subsided.

"Glad I could help you out," Reid said and detached himself from her body.

Karli's eyes snapped open and her cheeks blazed red. "Oh fuck. I didn't mean to cum," she said.

"Perfectly okay." Reid got off the bed and adjusted his clothing.

"Is that illegal?" she asked suddenly worried that she was turning into a prostitute. Was it illegal for her to have an orgasm or just him? Did that enter into the equation at all? What the hell was she doing with her life?

"It's fine," he told her. "You're not the first one it's happened to."

"Right," she agreed. In a flash she was off the bed and pulling on her bra and shirt. "I don't mean to be rude, but I have a paper I need to start and I need to get back to my dorm and all so if it doesn't bother you I'll just be going."

“That’s fine,” Reid agreed.

Karli was out the front door three seconds later. On the drive home she was bothered the entire time because her panties were so wet that she felt like she had peed her pants. She had never been so happy that Megan wasn’t around to ask a hundred questions.

The next day when Karli opened the envelope from Reid to pay for a snack at the campus store she found that Reid had overpaid her. Later in the afternoon she texted him a message.

Hey. You overpaid me. Making a down payment on our next time?

It was hours later when he texted back. Keep it. Consider it a tip.

Karli considered her reply carefully. She was embarrassed at having cum from his nursing and from the way she had suspected he was some insane ax murderer when in fact he was just despondent over his wife’s death. She needed to make up for the mistakes in some meaningful way. I can’t do that. Would you like another appointment?

She liked the word “appointment” because it hid so many truths. That she was selling herself. That he only wanted her for her milk. That what she was doing was borderline illegal. But she also liked it because it made her seem like a professional, that she was providing a service only an elite few could: doctors, lawyers, car mechanics.

This time the wait for a reply was only a few minutes. Karli realized her first text was in the middle of the day when he was probably working. Now it was the evening and he was probably home. Alone. Sad and alone? She wasn’t sure. Yes. I’ll call later to set it up.

The words weren’t particularly sexy but they made Karli’s pussy moisten. She didn’t know where Megan was but the risk was worth it. It only took her two seconds to shuck her jeans, another two to lock and chain the dorm room door, and less than five seconds after first thinking about it, Karli was on her narrow bed with her fingers in her pussy and on her clit rubbing happily away. She had no self control. Her masturbation session lasted two minutes at most before she

came and wet her fingers with her girlcum. “Wow,” she exclaimed at herself when she was done.

The image in her head wasn’t anything particularly dirty or nasty. It was Reid, that handsome older man sucking at her breast. That had been more than enough.

Karli was all too glad to go back to Reid’s house two days later. She had to brush off Tony for a few days because she couldn’t schedule the two of them and her classes. Tony made several offers but Karli wanted to have plenty of milk for Reid so she turned down Tony’s offer.

She refused to feel awkward when she walked through the door; she had pushed from her mind the fact she had masturbated to Reid’s image three more times since she had last seen him. She refused to remember the whole issue of his dead wife. She didn’t want to acknowledge that she had cum from his lips on her breast.

But she was back because he had made her cum that way.

“Hi!” she said brightly as she walked in when he opened the door. “Good to see you.”

“Hello,” was Reid’s slightly stilted reply.

“Ready to get down to business?” she asked.

It was an over-eager request. She didn’t ask for the money first, which was against Tony’s cardinal rules, but Karli didn’t care. She wanted to feel Reid’s lips on her tit again.

“Um. Sure. You seem happy to be here.”

“Can’t a girl love her job?” It was easier to think of what she did for money as a regular job rather than something else. It might have been lying to herself, but it did wonders for her mental health.

“Sure,” he agreed. “Would you care to go the guest room?”

“Absolutely.” Karli led the way. The path was emblazoned in her mind. The air in the house was filled with the smell of baking. “Are you making something? It smells delicious.”

“Apple pie,” Reid admitted. She gave him a sidelong glance as they walked down the hallway. “I like to bake,” he explained. “It helps relax me.”

She laughed at his statement.

“Don’t laugh,” he half lectured her. “It’s a very common thing to do. Even for men.”

“I wasn’t laughing at that. I was laughing at the idea that most people have a glass of milk with their apple pie.”

A smile pulled at the corners of Reid’s mouth. “Well, I’ll have my milk first, I suppose.”

Karli managed to maintain her composure and walked into the guest room as she unbuttoned her shirt. By the time Reid caught up to her she started to reach behind her back to unhook the bra. It was difficult to remove because it was one of her more industrial strength brassieres and had four hooks. “Can you help me with this?” she asked.

Reid stiffened his back. “Certainly,” he replied. She turned her back and he carefully loosed the hooks and allowed Karli to slip the garment from her shoulders. As she turned back she kept the cups of the bra over her nipples, looked him right in the eye, and then dropped the bra. Without breaking eye contact she draped herself onto the bed, unbuttoning the top of her jeans as she did so.

Since he didn’t break eye contact either, Reid missed the opening of Karli’s jeans. He joined her on the bed and immediately set up on her breast. The moment Karli’s milk started flowing she took in a deep breath and relaxed. It felt incredible to have her essence pulled from her body and for Reid to stimulate her. At first he was just drinking her milk, but then he started playing with her nipple as well, running his tongue over the little projection just to tease her, letting a little slack occur, letting it rest in his mouth, nipping slightly at her sensitive skin. Everything he did increased her arousal and made her pussy pulse. She could feel her tiny clit hardening and her cunt start to drip with her

juices.

This was why she wanted to sell her breast milk.

Too soon he was done with the first breast and Reid immediately switched to the second. By now Karli's breathing had increased to a steady, shallow beat and she clutched Reid's body to hers. This was actually counterproductive since she wanted something, anything, between her legs, rubbing at her pussy. Reid didn't notice. He continued to suckle at her, removing every drop of her rich milk.

"Delicious," he mumbled into her breast, taking a quick breather.

"Uh-huh," Karli absently agreed. "Keep going." She wanted him to get off as much as she wanted to. For no good reason she wanted to please him with her milk and her body. While he gently placed one hand on her back she threw a leg over his hip and ground her crotch on his thigh. There was no need to be subtle.

But then he was done. "You've gone dry," he said as her nipple slipped from his mouth. It was wet and over stimulated, but she hadn't cum. Karli groaned in frustration. She wanted a nice little orgasm to tempt him with.

"Keep going," she encouraged him. "I'm sure there's more in there." She still had one hand on the back of his head, but he twisted his neck and her hand slipped free.

"No, that's okay. I think we're done."

"Fuck," Karli groaned in complaint as he stood up. She was by no means a skinny girl, but she wasn't fat either. Karli maintained a young woman's place of near-perfect curves covered with just the finest hint of softness beneath the skin. It wasn't muscle, but it wasn't sloppy fat either. She was a zaftig woman with all the benefits and none of the detriments. It was easy to catch Reid's eye as he stood up. Just by clearing her throat she was able to move his eyes up from her tits and to her eyes. Without saying a word she slipped her hand down her tummy, pushed open the zipper to her jeans, and slithered her fingers into her green and white striped panties.

"You don't have to..." Reid started to say.

Karli said nothing. She closed her eyes and rubbed her clit. There was no need

for her fingers to delve into the folds of her pussy; she had so soaked her panties everything around her sex was slippery with her natural lube. It only took her a couple of minutes—two very long minutes—but Reid willingly watched Karli masturbate herself to orgasm. He was rooted in place.

When she was done and breathing heavily Reid swallowed hard and walked out the door. Karli gasped at his rudeness and yanked up her pants. In a moment she was racing after him. She caught him in the kitchen taking a pie out of the oven. “Oh,” she said upon seeing him.

“Didn’t want it to burn,” he explained.

No other conversation was necessary. The instant Reid put the pie on the stove top to cool Karli fell to her knees in front of him and pulled at his belt. He didn’t resist or help her. It felt natural for Karli to push aside his clothes and take his cock into her mouth. She hadn’t fellated anyone in a while but she kept her nervousness hidden. There was no problem accepting him into her body, even if it was just her mouth. It wasn’t much different than a kiss. It wasn’t wrong. She wasn’t doing it for the money; she was doing it because it felt natural and right. It wasn’t so easy to set aside her horniness so she focused on that.

For his part Reid did little to help or encourage her. Karli was nervous because she knew there was no way she was as experienced as some of the women he must have had sex with. He was much older than her. He didn’t complain during the process. He barely made any noise. There was the light touch of his hand on top of her head. When his breathing came irregularly and heavy Karli backed off just far enough to keep his cock head in her mouth and she stroked the underside of his manhood until he started spurting his salty cum.

While she wasn’t enamored with the act of swallowing semen, for Reid she did it because she still felt she needed to make something up to him. It was thick and salty and had a slightly chemical tang to it, but she let him fill her mouth and she swallowed. It wasn’t bad at all. Maybe it would have been unpleasant if she wasn’t into sucking his cock, but she needed to complete the act to fulfill him and satiate her lust and her guilt.

When his cock was done pulsing and he leaned back against the kitchen cabinets she allowed his still rigid member to slip from her mouth. “Thank you,” he breathed at her.

“My pleasure.” Only then did she fully realize she was still topless and kneeling on the floor. She rectified one of those problems by standing up. “I’m going to go grab my shirt,” she said and buttoned her jeans closed when she realized, in her haste, that she hadn’t zipped or buttoned them. A minute later she was back with her bra on and as she pulled on her shirt. “I hope you enjoyed it.”

“I did,” he said holding out an envelope to her. “This is for your milk only, nothing else. While I appreciate what you did for me, I’m not paying for that.”

“No,” she agreed. “Never for that.”

Chapter Three

Karli was perfectly happy with her steady income from her two regulars. Tony was always happy for her services and Reid was her preferred client. They happily paid for her milk. She didn't have a repeat masturbation and fellatio performance with Reid and was unsure what she would do if he asked for such a service. In her heart she knew she'd happily do it for him. Although always polite and friendly there was a certain distance in his attitude that made her want to figure out what was bothering him so much. Certainly he seemed not to be over his wife's death, but he was getting a steady supply of breast milk from a beautiful—well, pretty—young woman who was available to him.

But occasionally she'd need some extra money or Tony and Reid had other more pressing business to attend—apparently adults out of college had more responsibilities than actual college students did. When she needed the money she'd go to the internet, hunt down a new client and head out for an appointment. She didn't always follow Tony's advice on meeting new clients. She knew it was stupid, but most men with a breast milk fetish were harmless. It was easy to sort out the creeps and weirdos; Karli convinced herself she had a sixth sense about who to avoid. Once in a while she'd get a request for more than just some breast sucking and she'd turn down the guy flat. More than one hurried her out of the house or apartment; she knew they wanted to masturbate in private when they were done with her. That was fine.

Then she found Adam. He was a mistake. He had sent her a photo, a very nice photo of himself, nothing creepy or pornographic. It was obvious he was younger than the 40-50 year old men she was used to dealing with. At most he was thirty. Still, there was nothing overtly wrong about him until he started professing his love for her barely before he was done suckling from her.

She did worry about him calling the police. He never did. She never called them either; what was she going to tell them? "The guy who I took money from so he could suck on my tits threatened to call the police on me for prostitution."

When she told Reid he became concerned. "Does he know where you live? Does he know anything about you?"

The answer was no. She used a cheap cell phone for all her business transactions. Maybe he knew her real first name, but not her last. He probably surmised she was a college student, but that was little to go on. After establishing her relative safety he was satisfied and immediately offered to hire her again.

Walking into Reid's house was a welcome change from Adam's slightly off-kilter and just out of college apartment. Reid was obviously more refined and sophisticated. She was all too happy to take off her top and bra for him.

Because she was so used to it, she automatically headed for the guest room where all their previous transactions had taken place. "Why don't we go to my bedroom?" he asked.

"Mr. Robinson, are you trying to seduce me?" she automatically asked.

He turned beet red and quickly replied, "No. No. Not at all. I just. Um. I want to be more comfortable. The bed in the guest room is...old and used. My bed is bigger and better."

She wagged her eyebrows at him. "I bet it is."

It was hard for Reid to settle the sinking feeling in his stomach. "Stop that. You know what I mean. I just don't want you to think I'm a creep like Adam was."

"Then maybe we should stay in the guest room," she suggested. "Adam immediately wanted to get me in his bed."

That shocked Reid. "Oh. Maybe we should stay downstairs then."

That wasn't what Karli wanted. "No. Let's go to your bed. I want to see your room. It'll be a nice change."

Unfortunately his master bedroom was as sparse and functional as the rest of his house. It was nice and well-appointed, but nothing special. There was a TV too large for the room on one wall, a queen-sized bed, a chest of drawers and a dresser, and not much else. "It's nice," she declared upon walking in and giving the space a once over with her eyes. She was disappointed, but started unbuttoning her shirt anyway.

Without asking Reid stepped behind her and helped with the heavy hooks holding her bra closed. Karli didn't think his help was at all unusual. She welcomed it but only after the bra slipped free did she realized that perhaps she had become too comfortable with Reid. Was that so bad?

They didn't need to speak any words as they got on the bed together. Karli lay on her side and offered up her breast to Reid. He at once took it in his mouth and set to suckling. It was the sensation she had been waiting for and inhaled deeply when he caused her milk to let down. "Oh, that's nice," she sighed and slipped her hand down her body to unbutton her jeans. She didn't need to release the tension; she just wanted to be free of her clothes when he nursed from her. There was no hurry.

Karli concentrated on every sensation Reid's talented tongue brought to her nipple. He would suck, then nibble, then nip, then massage her sensitive tit, then suckle once again. It was heavenly. Karli eased down her jeans' zipper and started wiggling out of the heavy material.

"Hold still," he told her.

"Sorry," she apologized. "I need to be naked."

"You need to be naked?" he asked taking a break from her breast for a moment.

"It feels better when I'm naked," she told him.

"Uh-huh," he vaguely agreed.

Reid didn't protest when she went back to undressing herself as he fed from her tit. Once her jeans were off she found it easy to use her toes to remove her socks and suddenly she was down to just her bright orange panties. Grinning, Karli put her leg between Reid's thighs and felt his hard cock. She wanted to fuck him, but knew that wasn't going to happen. Maybe he'd watch again while she masturbated?

After he finished the first breast they switched positions slightly and as he latched on to her heavier tit she pushed her hand into her panties and gently cupped her pussy, not playing with it yet.

She could feel the moisture flowing from her sex and wanted desperately to

tease and rub her clit, but the time wasn't right. Not yet. She did inch her fingers lower to feel her wetness. Reid pretended not to notice.

In truth, it was an unconscious groan that slipped past her lips. Reid was playing and teasing her nipple—she was certain it was half for his amusement and half for her milk—so he was the cause for the groan. “Did I hurt you?”

“No, no. You know exactly how to nurse from me,” she sighed. “More.”

“You're here for my pleasure,” he informed her.

“A happy worker loves her job,” she said.

“You like being treated like a milk cow?”

“Sometimes,” she admitted. “It feels really good. The milk builds up and then you release it and play with my nipples. It's not sex but it's oh-so-close.” With her free hand she raised her breast to his lips again but Reid was looking at her hand that was moving ever so slightly inside her panties.

“Are you jilling off?” he asked.

“Not yet, not really. Do you want to watch?” she offered.

Instead of replying Reid went back to her tit and sucked more. Harder. He pressed his body against hers forcing her arm tight against her body allowing her only the tiniest bit of motion to play with her pussy. He was teasing her, she knew it.

Eventually her breast ran dry and he released her. Karli glanced down and saw her nipple, red and wet, then looked down at Reid's crotch and saw his cock pressing against his trousers. She wanted to fuck but she didn't know how to ask him. Was it inappropriate?

“Want to watch me get off?” she asked.

“Go ahead,” he replied.

Acting coolly, as if she did this all the time, Karli divested herself of the orange thong that had been hiding her pussy. She spread her legs wide for him to admire

the work her razor had done trimming back her pubes to a nice, neat teardrop that adorned her sex. She looked him in the eye and slipped her fingers inside herself. Her eyes closed and she concentrated on her clit.

She didn't want to hurry, she wanted to tease and put a show on for Reid. Going into the semi-conscious state that always came to her when she was masturbating Karli couldn't say with any certainty how long she was showing off for him. Then he grabbed her wrist, stopping her play. Karli's eyes snapped open in anger and frustration. "What—"

While she had been jilling off Reid had removed his clothes and was now between her legs pushing her right hand out of the way. Her left had been pinching her nipple, giving her a little extra kick. She hated to admit she liked a bit of pain on her nipple. It was the first time she had seen Reid fully naked. For an older man he was in fairly good shape, maybe he had a little bit of a gut and maybe he was a little too hairy, but his cock was rampant between his legs and he was moving into place.

She didn't stop him. "Yes," she encouraged him and helped by slipping her hand between their bodies to hold her cunt open. It was unnecessary. She was sopping wet. He slid easily into her pussy. Karli knew she should have protested, but it felt too good. He filled her up and started fucking her properly.'

"Oh god. Oh fuck," she cursed as she had her first orgasm. The other boys she had fucked in her short sexually active career hadn't lasted nearly as long as Reid. Or maybe it just took him longer to climax because he was old. It didn't matter because he was a good lay. After her initial small orgasm he suddenly pulled out of her.

"Turn over," he ordered. "On your hands and knees."

Karli obeyed. There was no way for her not to obey. She had never been fucked from behind before and Reid didn't give her a moment to figure it out before his cock was probing between her legs and then up into her pussy.

"Oh," she exclaimed, delighted.

Getting fucked like an animal was completely different from laying back and being a lady. She felt dirtier, she felt sexier, she felt wanton and used and she loved it. His cock explored into her pussy and found wonderful little folds and

hidden crevices she didn't know existed. When it hit the front wall of her cunt she cried out a little each time until she came again. A few tears squeezed out under the eyelids from the orgasm's intensity.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck," she heard herself repeating. "More. More." She sounded stupid to herself but Reid didn't seem to mind. He fucked her harder and then, after he slammed into her again and again, he came and filled her sex with his spunk.

Never before had she been fucked bareback. The explosion of his thick cum in her pussy was a brand new sensation. She loved it. Always before her partners had worn a condom and that had left a barrier between her and him and she knew something had been lacking. Fucking without restriction was so much better. It was right and natural.

She came shortly after his explosion. It wasn't hard, she knew it was her body's reaction to the introduction of his semen to her pussy. She had no fear.

He collapsed on her and they rested a while before he rolled off and stalked to the bathroom. She could barely move and did nothing to stem the slight trickle of Reid's spunk out of her pussy. Karli's body was still faintly trembling with pleasure when he came back. "That was incredibly awesome," she enthused to him. "Can we do it again?"

Reid chuckled. "I'm not nineteen any longer. I'll need to wait a bit."

"Do you want a blowjob? That'll put you back in the mood." She was too eager, too enthusiastic.

He shook his head. "You'll have to realize it'll take me a little bit of time to recover. But I would like to fuck you again if you don't mind."

"Mind? I'd love it." She giggled and rolled over, displaying her curvy body to him. She hoped he was pleased with her. But what middle-aged man wouldn't appreciate the body of a nineteen year old girl?

"Do you like your nipples played with?" he asked her seriously.

"Like it? I love it."

“Do you like them pinched?” he asked.

“Pinched. Um, not really.”

“I noticed you pinching your nipple when you were masturbating.”

She blushed. It seemed a stupid reaction but it was hard to admit what she liked when the things she liked weren’t exactly common. “Well, a little, I guess.”

“I’d like to do something to you.”

“What?” she asked and almost regretted asking. Surely it was going to involve pinching her nipples—would it be painful or pleasurable? Or...both?

He didn’t verbally reply and instead went to his dresser, opened the top drawer, and withdrew a two foot length of chain with a complicated metal device on each end. He displayed it for her and she slightly shook her head and raised her shoulders.

“I give, what is it?”

“Nipple clamps on a chain. It’s a common enough toy. I’d like to use it on you. I...like to see women suffer a bit. Their expressions of pain I found...arousing. I hope this doesn’t disturb you too much.”

Karli wet her lips and swallowed slightly. Her pussy was already sopping wet from her previous lust and Reid’s spunk, but she knew in the pit of her stomach that she wanted to see what the nipple clamps would feel like on her flesh. “Will they...hurt?” she heard herself asking.

“A little,” he admitted. “But you can see here in the clamp they are adjustable. I’ll put them on you and let them tighten until they are at the highest threshold of pain you can withstand.”

Then Karli realized she was nodding and Reid approached with the chain and clamps. “Get on your knees,” he ordered. And she was up with her chest outthrust watching as Reid took stock of her nipples. “Hold this end,” he said giving her one clamp. Then he squeezed her left nipple, drew it out, and applied the clamp. Karli hissed in surprise but then realized it was just a pleasant pressure. “Painful?”

“No,” she said too quickly.

He started to twist the knob on the side and she felt the pressure increase steadily. “Tell me when it’s too much,” he said.

Karli watched and suffered as the knob went around once, then twice, only then did she stop him. “Too much,” she protested.

Reid turned the knob halfway around again. He whimpered at the torture and went to remove the clamp. He slapped her hand away. “No. You may never touch without my permission.”

For some insane reason she obeyed. He took the other clamp from her hand and applied it to her left tit. The second one hurt worse than the first and she whimpered as he tightened it.

“Painful?”

“Yes.”

“Good, that’s how they’re supposed to work.”

“How long?” she asked unable to form a longer sentence.

He didn’t answer her. “Put your hands behind your back, fold them together.”

Karli obeyed as Reid watched. She looked down and noticed his cock was rising. He hadn’t been lying about this torture pleasing him.

“You’re beautiful,” he said softly.

“Thank you.” It was all she could think of to say. The pinching on her nipples was incredibly painful and she found it hard to focus on anything other than the pain. “Can I—”

“No,” he cut her off. “I want to admire you longer. If you need to cry, go ahead. There’s no shame in it. But you are stronger than you think. You can endure the pain. When they come off the pain will get worse and then you will have such relief that you’ll want to do it again just to feel the exquisite relief from the pain.”

Karli realized tears were starting to flow out of her eyes but her voice remained steady. “How long?”

“Until I’m ready for them to come off. Concentrate on something other than the pain and you’ll endure longer.”

Karli’s mind searched for a subject other than the burning fire on her tits but could only come up with, “Why do you have these?”

He laughed at her. “Because I like to see women suffer.”

“That’s terrible.”

“I’m fucked up.”

“Do you hire other women to do this?” Reid was right, the conversation was distracting her slightly. He took a step back but kept an eye on her bright red nipples.

“No.”

“Then why do you have these? Did you buy them for me.”

“No.”

“Why do you have them then?”

“They were my wife’s,” he said.

Karli’s mouth opened but she wasn’t able to speak. Her muteness was half from the pain and half from the surprise.

“She wore them well. You wear them almost as well as she did. Maybe with some practice you’ll be here equal.”

Karli groaned in pain. “She liked this?”

“No. But she did it for my pleasure.”

“What else did she do for your pleasure?” Karli gasped.

Reid tilted his head. "Do you really want to know?" He moved closer, took her hand from behind her back, and placed it on his cock. She didn't need to be told to stroke him; that happened automatically. The gentle motion disturbed the chain and gave her little shocks of pain and she realized she had become mostly acclimatized to the pain. Then she realized his cock was hard and he was ready to fuck again.

"She let me fuck her while she wore them," Reid said. "Get on your hands and knees. After I cum again I'll take off the clamps."

Too fast Karli whirled around to present him with her ass. The chain bounced on her heavy tits and gave her painful electric shocks of pain. Her ass went up in the air and her chest went down to the bed. Her breasts pressed against the soft mattress and she was afforded some relief.

Then Reid's cock was invading her pussy and he was fucking her again. It felt... wonderful. She couldn't concentrate on either the pain in her tits or the pleasure in her pussy. He fucked her long and hard. Before he was done she was screaming for him to cum, begging for his pleasure to be satiated.

And then his spunk flooded her again and she began bawling in release.

She didn't notice the lack of his cock in her pussy. "Roll onto your back," he ordered. She obeyed. When he twisted the knobs in unison to release them more pain flooded into her body from her nipples and this time she did scream in pain and began gasping for air. Her hands went to her nipples and she cradled them tenderly, sobbing as she sought to console herself.

"You did well," Reid said softly.

Karli could only rock back and forth and let out a small keening noise of relief. Finally the pain was gone and replaced with an odd sensation of pleasure. She didn't mean to but she finally drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Four

It was the warm, relaxing sensation from her nipples that woke up Karli. Reid was already nursing from her tits as she shuffled off her slumber. “What are you doing?” she half-mumbled to him.

His answer came as a quick break from his sucking. “A little morning snack.”

She relaxed in the sensation for a few minutes, feeling her arousal rise, then she finally fully woke and the moment of the morning hit her. “Fuck!” She sat bolt upright, tugging her tit painfully from Reid’s mouth. “It’s morning. Fuck. I’m going to miss class. Shit! Did I spend the night too? Fuck a duck with a brick.”

“I fell asleep too,” Reid said, disappointed that he wasn’t going to get more milk from Karli. “Sorry about that.”

“What time is it?” she asked rolling out of the bed and searching for her discarded clothes.

“Six thirty seven,” he answered after glancing at the clock.

“Oh.” She came up short. “What’s today? Thursday? I don’t have class until ten thirty.”

Reid gave her a winning smile. “Then get back in bed with me and we’ll have a proper morning.”

Karli hesitated. They were veering dangerously far from their relationship of client and professional. Still, he had woken her in a most polite and erotic manner. Her milk was already flowing and her libido was active. “What the fuck, why not?” she said and slipped back in bed with him.

A morning feeding, Karli realized, was almost better than doing it in the afternoon or evening. She was already relaxed, her breasts were full and ready to be relieved, and Reid’s lips and tongue knew exactly how to stimulate her. She wasn’t the least bit shy about reaching down and tugging on his cock. “Want to

fuck?” she asked him.

“When I’m done with your milk,” he said quickly between slurps.

It didn’t take all that long for him to drain her heavy breasts. When he started to climb on top of her body, Karli pushed back and threw a leg over his body. “I’m on top this time,” she told him. There was a moment of confusion as they aligned their bodies and then Karli found the right angle. She eased her pussy down the length of his cock and sighed contentedly. “That’s what I need.”

“Enjoying yourself?” Reid asked, looking up at Karli and her heavy swaying breasts.

“Mm-hmm. Can you suck on them a bit more. I want both at the same time.”

He was happy to oblige her. Karli didn’t need all that much stimulation from both breast and cunt to reach orgasm once before Reid popped off inside her which brought about her second climax.

“I feel like such a slut,” she mumbled into her chest as she lay atop him, relaxing in the hazy afterglow of sex.

“Go with the feeling. You aren’t really a slut, you just enjoy sex.”

“Weird sex.”

“All sex is weird if you think about it. I don’t want to bring this party to an end, but I need to get ready for work.”

Karli groaned and crawled away from him, letting his cock pull free of her pussy. A bit of his cum dribbled out along the length of her thigh.

“I would like to see you again tonight if you’re willing,” he asked.

She paused a moment. “That would be...nice.”

Karli couldn’t believe she was rushing to Reid’s house so quickly after class. She was pushing aside studying and other responsibilities to fuck a client and make

some extra money. It was wrong in so many ways. She was turning into a prostitute. She was experimenting with kinky sex. She was ignoring the real reason she was at college. She was all but dating a man nearly twice her age.

All of that meant nothing the moment Reid opened the door to his house. Her stomach fluttered and, more encouraging and more disturbing, her milk started to let down. She had thought she had her lactation problem under control and had barely needed her breast pads since she had started hiring herself out as an active lactation consultant. “Hi!” she said a little too brightly.

“Hello,” Reid said. His normally reserved demeanor allowed him to crack a small smile in appreciation of her appearance. Eschewing her normal long sleeve t-shirt or Oxford dress shirt and jeans combo, Karli had found an old scoop neck blouse that showed an impressive amount of cleavage, something she normally never did. It made her feel sexy—and a bit slutty.

“Um, I’m starting to leak, would you mind if we got down to business right away?” she asked upon walking inside.

“Of course. Shall we go upstairs?”

Though she was ready for anything the nursing session that followed was surprisingly chaste. When she went to unbutton her jeans to tease Reid into another round of sex, he stopped her with a surprisingly firm grip on her wrist.

“No.”

“Don’t you want to have sex?” she asked as he went back to her breast.

He glanced up at her and released her breast from the single suck he had taken to speak the one word that had interrupted his feeding. “Yes. But later. Milk first. Then dinner.”

That surprised her. She happily let him suckle both her tits, removing every drop of milk from them before she said anything else.

“Dinner?” she asked when he sat up.

“I wanted us to have a little something to eat while we talked,” he answered. “Come downstairs and eat with me.”

“Okay.” She went to put her shirt back on but he stopped her.

“No. I like you topless. I like to look at your breasts. They’re beautiful.”

Karli had the good manners to blush at the compliment. She left her shirt off to go to the kitchen with him. He had made a surprisingly good yet simple casserole that took only a few minutes to reheat. She noticed the apple pie on the counter and smiled, but said nothing about it.

It was a bit odd to sit at the table without a shirt and eat while Reid was completely dressed, but she tried to behave as if this was normal behavior.

“Why did you want to make me dinner and talk?” she asked bluntly when they sat down.

He pushed his food around on his plate a bit before answering. “I want to make you an offer of exclusivity.”

“Pardon me?” She stopped with her fork halfway to her mouth.

“I don’t want you selling your milk to anyone else. I’ll up your pay to \$400 a week for at least three guaranteed nursings per week with the understanding that you can’t serve other clients. I’ll pay extra if I go above five nursings per week.”

“Wow.”

“I don’t want you to feel like I’m trapping you with this offer. I’m a bit jealous of Tony, even though I suspect I’m getting much more of your milk than he is. I especially worry about the other men you’ve been seeing.”

“That’s a lot of money,” she said side-stepping the issue.

“Not really. I can afford it. It’s for something I want. I’m sure you can use the money; college students aren’t known for their high incomes.”

“Well, yeah. But what about...the extras.”

“Sex?” he asked.

She blushed. The pinkness extended from her face down her neck to the tops of

her breasts. It was a fetching look. “Yeah. That.”

“That’s outside of the agreement. I can’t pay you for sex. That would make you...a prostitute and though I don’t have any moral qualms about prostitution I don’t want to pay for sex.”

“I don’t want to be a prostitute either,” she agreed.

He shrugged. “Who would know? It’s your body, you can do with it as you please. I just don’t want to pay for it. I’m happy to have sex with you, but I won’t pay for it.”

“But you’ll pay for my milk?”

“Yes.”

Now it was Karli’s turn to push her meal around her plate as she contemplated his offer. “What about the clamps?”

“What about them?”

“Will you use them on me again?”

“Do you want me to use them on you again?”

The next words were incredibly difficult for Karli to speak, it was something she needed to say but admitting it out loud was totally revealing and bared her soul to Reid, a man she barely knew. “Yes. I do.”

“Then I’ll use them on you when I feel it’s the right thing to do.”

She tried to draw a deep breath and found she couldn’t. The next question was just as hard as the previous statement. “Can I ask you to put them on me?”

“Yes, of course you can.”

The inside of Karli’s panties moistened more than she had anticipated. “I think I might want to say yes to your offer.”

“Might?”

“What else do I get out of it?” she asked. In fact, Karli had been ready to say yes the moment he made the offer, but had been too surprised to do so.

“Affection. Friendship. Relief from milk-heavy breasts. Sex. I have other toys to torture your tits with; I’m sure you’ll enjoy those as well.”

Karli swallowed and shifted in her chair. She could smell the scent of her arousal wafting up from her loins. “I’m going to say yes in that case.”

His smile was genuine this time. It was the first time she judged his smile was open and honest, not just the expected response to her questions or statements. “In that case I have something special for you.” He stood up, went to a cabinet in the kitchen and removed a small and simply wrapped package no bigger than a large paperback novel.

She accepted the gift and hesitantly opened it. When the contents were revealed she wasn’t really surprised until she held it up to admire and then the full impact of what he had given to her hit Karli.

“A nursing bra?” she asked. The piece of lingerie was elegant yet functional for a nursing mother. The white material was soft under her fingertips but when she held it up the front flaps for the cups fell open.

“Yes. I thought it was appropriate.”

“You bought this for me?”

“Yes.”

“How did you know my size?” she asked. Her mind wasn’t fully functional. It was the first time she had received a gift of lingerie from anyone...and it was a nursing bra. Not a corset or a thong or garter belt and stockings. A nursing bra. She was stunned...and secretly pleased.

“I found the tag on your bra. You tend to leave them lying about my place.”

“Oh.”

“Put it on,” he told her.

To her surprise she obeyed. It was easy enough. It worked like any other bra...it just had two extra access ports.

Once it was in place she stood up with a bit of pride, her back arched ever so slightly to enhance her bust line. He smiled at her. "Beautiful."

"Thank you." She looked down at the floor.

"The last time I saw a woman so beautiful wearing such a bra, it was my wife."

"Your wife?"

He nodded. "Cathy indulged my fetish. Probably more than she should have. She lactated for...years for me. I loved her very much. She became so accustomed to wearing nursing bras she once said it seemed odd to her that bras would be made any other way."

"Oh. Wow." Karli didn't know what to say to that.

"Would you mind lowering the flaps?" he asked.

Silently she fulfilled his request and displayed her tits for him.

"Come over here," he said, motioning for her to come around the table. She followed his order. He pulled her body close when she came within arm's reach. His head was just about level with her breasts. It was easy for him to take a nipple in his mouth and gently suck. It felt nice.

Karli didn't worry at all that she was a replacement for a lost wife. Did it matter if she was?

About the Author

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

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