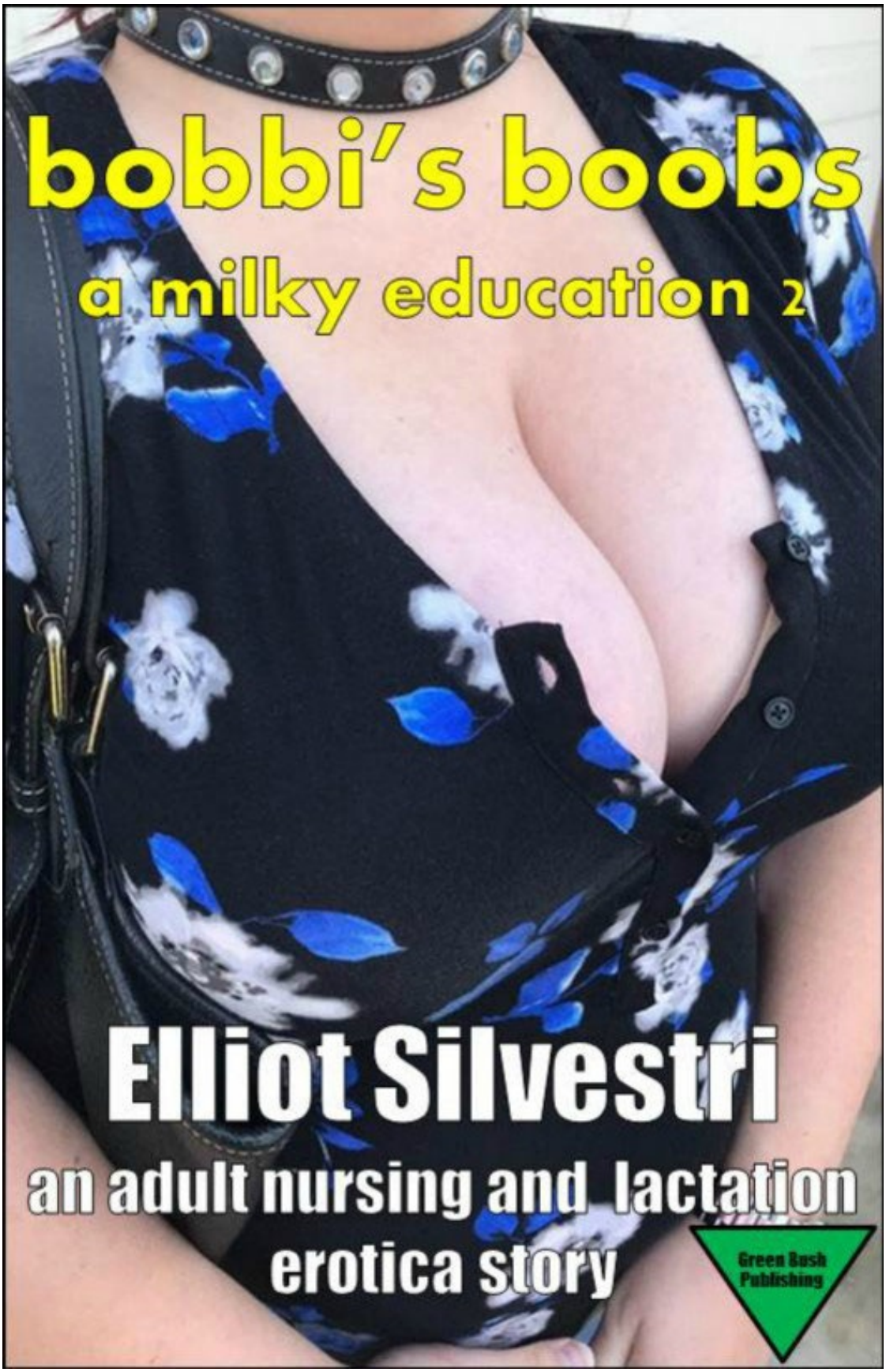
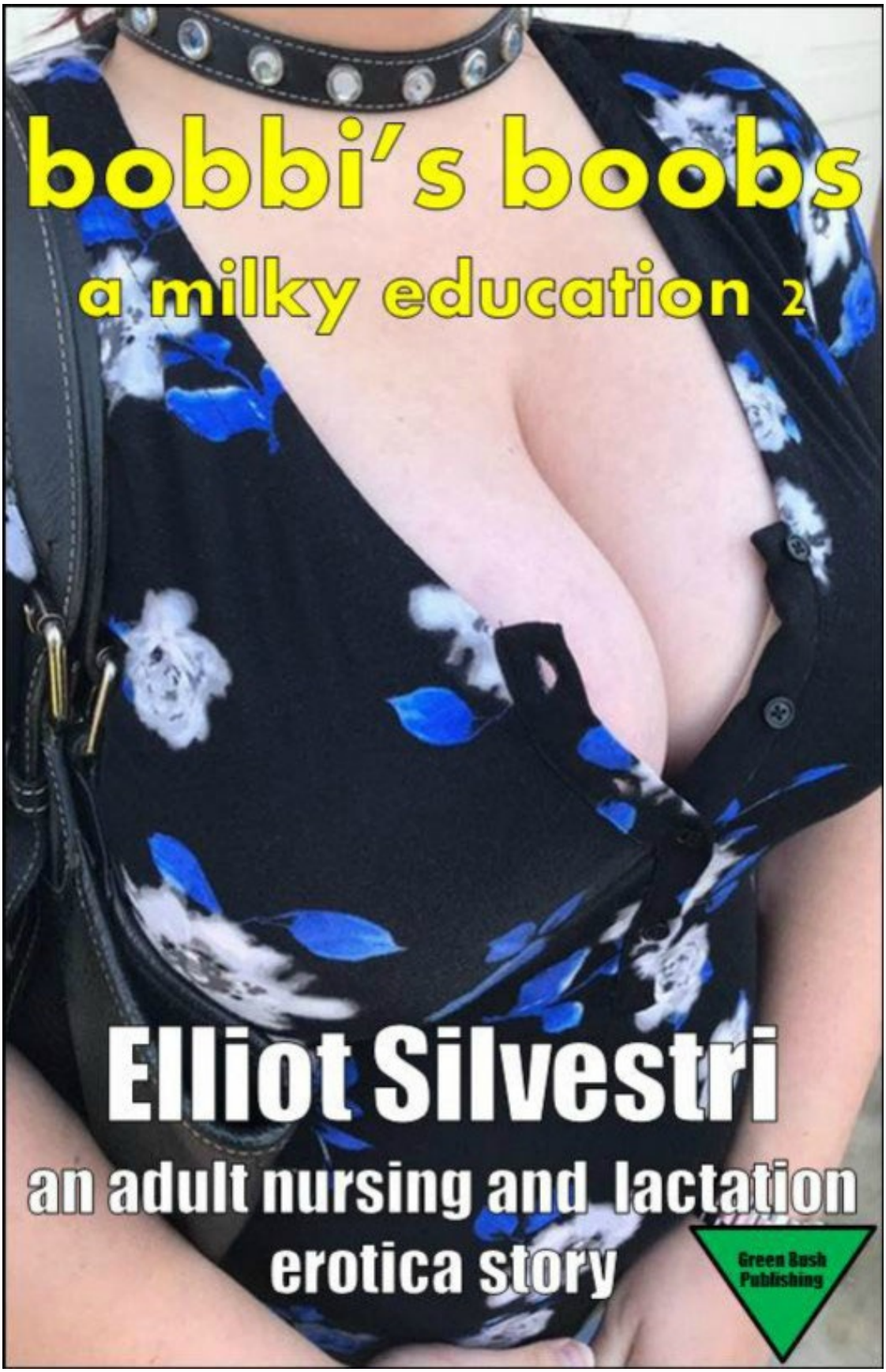

bobbi's boobs
a milky education 2
Elliot Silvestri
an adult nursing and lactation
erotica story
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Bobbi's Boobs:

A Milky Education 2

An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Bobbi's Boobs:

A Milky Education 2

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Chapter Five

I hurried inside the dorm and raced up to the room I shared with Bobbi. I could feel the milk leaking out of my tits.

“Where have you been?” Bobbi demanded as soon as I walked in the door.

I paused for just a second. I should have said nothing and just taken off my shirt so she could nurse. Instead, I gave her an honest answer. “I was with Evan,” I told her. With my shirt off I looked down at my bra. The cups were dark with moisture, but it wasn’t completely soaking wet. I pulled it off and freed my large breasts. I could feel them leaking still. It was late, later than the usual time I nursed Bobbi before dinner.

“Evan? What were you doing with him?” Even though she was angry, I didn’t miss her staring at my tits. I was full and she wanted my milk because of her athletic obsession with being the best runner on the track team, or whatever she was.

“We were on a date,” I told her primly, and then I added with anger: “What do you think we were doing?”

“Probably fucking him,” she said.

Even as we argued, we moved to her bed and got on it together so it would be easier for her to nurse. I wanted her to because my tits were starting to hurt and she wanted to because she needed whatever health benefits she thought that breast milk gave her.

And it was unspoken but we both had a certain sexual attraction for each other now.

It was a fucked up relationship.

“Yeah, so?” I asked her as she latched onto my engorged nipple.

She didn’t say anything, we just put our bodies together and I let her nurse. I hated to say it…well, no, I didn’t hate to say it. I loved the way she nursed from me and drank my milk. Maybe she got off on drinking my milk, but I got off on supplying it to her.

Like I said, it was a fucked up relationship.

Even so, it was nice to have her nursing on me. I was still a little bit high from having fucked Evan less than an hour ago, so it was easy for her to turn me on by nursing. I should I minded. I didn't. I was turning into a slut. To be honest, it didn't upset me.

Eventually she calmed down and I calmed down because nursing is just relaxing—and a turn on at the same time—and I got a little bit sleepy and things were going great when Bobbi abruptly asked me, "Are we going to have sex or what?"

My nipple was wet with her saliva and my milk and when she removed her mouth it immediately contracted in the cool air. "What?" I asked.

"No, I want to have sex. Don't you want to have sex?" Bobbi looked a little desperate to want sex so eagerly from me.

"Uh…sure. I just didn't know if you were into it or not." My reply was lame. And half a lie. Again. If she had asked me the exact same question a week ago, I would have said yes. I was desperate to fuck her or anyone else on campus or off. But now things were different. I had a boyfriend—sort of—now and I wasn't sure if I wanted to be with him or her.

Maybe both?

"I thought you liked having sex with me," Bobbi said.

"I do," I said quickly. I had only had sex with two guys before Evan and Bobbi, and it was pretty good, but sex with the two of them was fantastic. I was definitely confused, but it wasn't going to change my behavior. I knew I was going to keep having sex with the both of them until some disaster happened.

Before Bobbi could say anything else, I grabbed her face between my hands and pulled her close enough to kiss. I could just barely taste my milk on her lips. The kiss was all it took—and the fact that I was half naked and Bobbi had been sucking on my tits.

Kisses were always good and a few seconds later, she was helping me get her clothes off.

I knew I was at least a little fat. I wasn't enormous, but I needed to lose weight. Bobbi, however, had the perfect lean athlete's body and I desired it more than I wanted to admit to myself. Small, perfectly proportioned boobs capped with barely there pink nipples, lithe arms and legs, a flat tummy that just barely hid a girly six-pack, and an ass that was tight enough that I was certain she had steel implants under her skin. What I really loved was her pussy. Or maybe I was just obsessed in the moment. When she was naked but I was still in my jeans, I got down between her legs, pushed her thighs apart, and buried my face in her sex.

It was sultry and musky and sexy and going down on a woman shouldn't have been half as much fun as it was, but I didn't mind doing it for her and for me. As I got busy with making her cum, her little moans got louder and more enthusiastic even though I could tell she was trying to stifle them as much as possible. That made me suck and lick her all the harder. I even reached up and pinched one of her nipples while I went down on her. That was more than enough to make her cum, which she did all over my face and I loved it.

"Oh fuck, oh shit," she panted. "I didn't mean to cum like that." She was embarrassed. I was thrilled.

"It's fine," I told her, crawling up over her body to give her a little kiss without wiping my face first, forcing her to taste herself on my lips. "That's what sex is all about, getting a little dirty."

Or in my case extra dirty since I was going back and forth between partners.

She nodded and gave me a quick kiss, then settled in next to me, letting me know she wasn't going anywhere soon. "I'm sorry I'm making you do this."

"Sorry for what?"

"Having sex with me. I know you'd rather be fucking Evan. Or anyone else."

"What?" I was thoroughly confused. Okay, to be completely honest, while Bobbi had a fantastic body, her face was rather plain. It didn't help that she never wore any makeup and kept her hair in such a simple, boring style. Add to those facts that I had literally never seen in her anything other than athletic clothing—I don't think she even owned a skirt—and it suddenly dawned upon me that maybe Bobbi wasn't exactly who I thought she was. Or maybe I was clueless. Or maybe Bobbi didn't know who she was.

She lifted up her head and looked at me. “I’m ugly and I’ve got a boy’s body. The only reason you pretend to like me is because you have to because we’re paying you. And I know it’s for the milk. And having sex with you is probably the stupidest thing I’ve ever done but…but here we are.”

It was then that I realized that I had gotten myself in way deeper than I had ever planned. I was willing to lactate for and nurse Bobbi in exchange for money to go to college. Yes, I wanted to have sex with her—and in retrospect that wasn’t the smartest move on my part—but I also just wanted to have sex. Bobbi wasn’t as completely into her burgeoning athletic career as I thought. Maybe she liked girls more than she let on. Maybe—for reasons that made no sense—she had fallen for me. But that was crazy.

I didn’t know what to do. I silently stroked her short, soft hair for a minute before I said, “I like you, Bobbi. And I like having sex with you. And I don’t mind at all supplying you with my milk, but I’m not sure I want a…romantic relationship with you. Or maybe anyone,” I hastened to add. “Maybe with Evan it’s just a physical thing.”

She lifted up her head, displacing my hand, and looked at me. “Do you like boys or girls?” she asked bluntly.

“I could ask the same of you.”

Bobbi looked away. “I’ve never been allowed a relationship. Apparently because I can run fast, I’m not allowed to have a boyfriend or girlfriend. My coaches have always said there will be time for that later. It’s always later. And here you are available and all and I wanted to have sex with someone, anyone and I did.” She sniffed. She wasn’t crying, but she was damn close. I didn’t want to look down at her face because I didn’t want to confirm if I was right or wrong.

Before I answered her a question formed in my mind and I blurted it out without thinking. “Are you a virgin?”

“Well, not anymore. I had sex with you, right?”

That was true enough. “Have you ever done it with a guy?” While we were roommates and nominally friends, beyond her basic college classes and involvement with the track team, I didn’t know much about Bobbi.

“No. Have you?” She shook her head. “Sorry. Rude.”

“No, it’s okay. Evan, obviously. And two guys back in high school. They were bad choices. Evan though…”

“What about him?

“I don’t know yet.”

She inhaled deeply and let her breath out slowly. I recognized the calming technique she used right before a race. “And me. Have you had sex with any other girls?”

This was a crazy conversation, but my life was slowly spinning out of control. I leaned into the spin, accelerating the motion of the amusement park ride that was my life. “No. Just you.”

“You didn’t answer my question,” she said. “Do you like boys or girls?”

She deserved an answer. I didn’t have one for her. “I honestly don’t know,” I half laughed. “Maybe I haven’t made my mind up yet.”

I felt her head nod against my chest. “I think I know about myself, but I can’t tell anyone yet.”

“Not even me?” I teased a little. I had an idea about her.

“Not even myself,” she said.

We fell silent and then we fell asleep.

Chapter Six

I got pretty good at going back and forth between Evan and Bobbi. Apparently he was into fat chicks, which I understood, but he wasn't using me just for sex—though I may have been using him just for sex—because he wanted a romantic relationship. He thought my relationship with Bobbi was odd; that we were especially close for roommates and friends.

I kept him in the dark at to my exact relationship with Bobbi.

In high school I had fucked two guys my senior year because I was horny and had bad judgment. I went a year in college with nothing, and now I was fucking two different people, both of them beautiful and obsessed with me for some reason.

I figured it had to be my tits.

The next week was a bit crazy. I was constantly feeding Bobbi and sleeping in her bed, or she was sleeping in mine, every night. That made things easy for us to have sex whenever we wanted. We wanted it a lot. Or at least I did. Bobbi initiated just as much as me, but I was having a lot more sex than she was.

That was because every afternoon between lunch and classes, I went over to Evan's dorm and had sex with him. I should have been getting worn out, but I wanted to have more and more sex no matter how much I had.

During sex with Evan I quickly figured out that I like getting fucked doggy style better than any other position. Evan loved it as well. He was into big girls, obviously, but I'm positive he loved the view of my ass, grabbing and holding onto it while he fucked me. That suited me just fine because in that position he didn't have easy access to my tits. The less I had to explain about leaking milk, the better.

Thursday afternoon I met him at his room, gave him a kiss in the hallway—he didn't mind kissing a fat girl in front of his dorm mates as long as he was fucking me—and we went inside where I started getting naked before the door was closed. He watched me.

"Like the show?" I asked him, unashamed of being naked in front of him, even if he wasn't stripping off.

He grinned. “Yeah.” His eyes were on my tits and he reached out to fondle them. I wasn’t terribly worried about leaking because Bobbi had just drained them an hour ago, but I still feigned sensitivity.

“Careful,” I cautioned him.

“Mm-hmm.” His fingers lightly rolled my nipples and I shivered at his touch. It was too good. “Want to have sex?”

“That’s why I came here,” I told him as I crawled onto his standard issue dorm bed. I wiggled my butt at him. Today wasn’t about romance, it was just sex. Sex I needed.

He playfully slapped me on the ass and I shrieked, playing along with his game, shuffling to the side to pretend to escape him. “Let me get under you,” he said, completely naked now, his cock hard. I loved that about him. It didn’t take much to get him hard. The only time I’d ever seen him soft is after sex, and even then only sometimes.

“What? Why?” I started to panic. “Don’t you want to fuck me?”

“Yes, but I want you to ride me. I want you to do all the work for once.”

I shook my head. “No. I can’t. I’ll crush you.”

He had one knee on his bed, the other foot on the floor, and his cock was curved upward to the ceiling. I looked at him and he quickly flexed his lean, hard muscles. Maybe he wasn’t bodybuilder huge, but he spent enough time running and working out that I couldn’t see an ounce of fat on him. It was gorgeous. “I’m strong and I can take it. If nothing else, we’re going to try it once.” He grabbed a condom off his desk, tore open the package, rolled it on and lay down on the bed next to where I was kneeling. “You know what to do,” he said.

“No, I don’t,” I told him. “Every time I’ve ever had sex, I’ve always been on bottom.” I couldn’t help but reach for his cock and wrap my hand around it. The heat from his desire came through the thin sheath of latex. It was actually pulsing, throbbing. I loved that.

“We can figure it out,” he said as I threw my leg over his body and got into position. It took some doing, but nature took its course and I lowered myself

down on his cock, allowing it to slide into my pussy.

It felt good. Maybe it felt even better than getting fucked from behind. I felt I was in control because I was in control. Doing what was natural, I started moving my hips and riding on his cock, forgetting for a moment that I was the fat girl fucking the cute, sexy guy.

Evan ran his hands over my body, feeling my soft skin, exploring my curves. I barely noticed when his hands cupped my tits and by the time he did, I didn't care. They were big and it was impossible not to make them bounce when I was going up and down on Evan's cock. I was too into having sex and enjoying myself to realize how badly I had screwed up.

His fingers were twisting my nipples and I loved it. However, it was the wrong type of stimulation right then.

"You're really sweaty," Evan said, briefly pausing in the thrusts that were matching the rolls of my hips. "I love it."

I looked down at my huge boobs. They were leaking milk and they were leaking pretty steadily. I slapped Evan's hands away and grabbed my boobs, trying to staunch the steady flow of milk from my nipples while at the same time I struggled to get off Evan's cock, roll out of bed and hide my humiliation. I'm not athletic. I didn't get off Evan's cock so much as bounce around and look like an ungainly whale lost on land.

"What's the matter?!" Evan was truly alarmed. He must have thought I was having a seizure.

"I'm...we shouldn't have done this. You don't want to see this." I put one hand down on the bed and struggled to get my balance so I could get off him. It would have been easier if Evan's cock wasn't so big and hard inside of me.

He grabbed my hips in his hands and I looked down and was momentarily paused by his muscular forearms that were keeping me from moving. Those forearms could stop me every time without touching me. "What's the matter?" he demanded of me. "Are you hurt?"

I looked away from him, embarrassed. My face was bright red, I knew it. "My breasts…they're leaking."

“Oh. Heh. Is that all?” He grinned and I could feel him chuckling more than I could hear him laughing. “That’s…different. Did I cause that?”

“Sort of.” I didn’t want to discuss it while he was inside of me.

“Wow. That’s kind of hot.”

I struggled to get off Evan. “We’d better stop. You don’t want this.”

Evan pushed aside my hands, exposing my tits. “I don’t want to stop fucking you,” he said. “It’s just some milk, right?” He reached out and gently wiped away a few drops of the milk that were clinging to my nipple. I watched in fascination and horror as he put his finger in his mouth and tasted the milk that was supposed to be for Bobbi.

“Like sugar water,” he said. “Very sweet. Like you.”

I grimaced at him. “Yeah. Right. You can stop now.”

He shook his head. “Nope. I want to cum and I’m going to finish before you get off me.” Evan’s big hands held my hips in place and he started fucking me from underneath. I put a hand down on his shoulder and let him do what he wanted. My big tits rested against his chest and I could feel the milk slowly leaking out. He didn’t mind and his cock inside of me convinced me that I didn’t care either. He wanted to cum and I needed to cum.

It worked out well.

“Spend the night with me?” he asked when we were done and I was getting my clothes back on.

“I…I can’t. Not tonight.”

“Tomorrow?”

I gave it some thought. “Bobbi’s got a meet Saturday morning. I have to go with her and the team. Officially, I’m an equipment manager.”

“Oh…so that’s why I’ve seen you at the meets.”

“Yeah. But…soon. I can spend the night with you soon.”

“Jordan’s away this weekend, that’s why I asked.”

It took me a moment to remember that Jordan was Evan’s roommate. I was passing up a great opportunity. Fuck.

Chapter Seven

Bobbi nursed hungrily from me as I was flat on my back with her half naked body covering my completely naked body. It wasn't necessary for either of us to be naked while she nursed—I could just open up my shirt and bra and be done with it—but her hand was busy in my pussy while I kept my knees bent and pointed at the ceiling. Nursing combined with sex made both much more enjoyable for me. And while it was enjoyable, it also tended to stretch out the time it took in the morning. She was draining the milk from my tits, but she was also keeping me on edge, wanting more and more sex. I hadn't cum yet and I wasn't going to tell her to stop until I came…even though the bus for the team was probably waiting for us at that very moment.

I let out a deep moan as her thumb circled my clit for the millionth time while she rolled my free nipple between finger and thumb as her mouth sucked harshly on the nipple she was currently feasting on. I called it the triangle of pleasure doom because I was doomed to be the victim of her pleasure with those three zones simultaneously under attack. She looked up at me with mischievous eyes but said nothing because her mouth was full of tit and milk. I couldn't say anything because when I was on the edge of pleasure like that, the speech center of my brain went offline.

The only thing I could do was groan again to let her know I was right on the edge and I needed to cum. Bobbi probably could have drawn this out to last an hour or more—there was no way I could take that—but she knew as well as I did that we needed to get to the bus on time. As fast and talented on the track as she was, no team would wait for a prima donna no matter how good she was on the track. Or in bed.

I humped my pussy against her hand, wanting more, harder friction. She broke her latch on my fat nipple. "Do you want to cum?" she asked me, neither increasing nor decreasing the pressure on my pussy.

"Uh-huh," I managed to moan out.

"Fine then," she said, feigning exasperation. "We've got a bus to catch." And just like that it was like she was jackhammering my pussy with her fingers. Her hand was slapping against my vulva. I could feel my juices splattering all over the bed sheets, but I didn't care because it was exactly what I needed to cum. I scissored my legs around her hand, holding it in place while I came. To my

horror I could feel my body shaking. I had lost physical control of it to the point where it felt like I was peeing the bed.

“Holy shit,” Bobbi exclaimed as I finished cumming. “You must have loved that.” She was commenting on the ridiculous amount of bodily fluids I had leaked over the bed. Fortunately it was my bed, so my humiliation wasn’t complete.

I had to admit, the orgasm she gave me was the best I had had in a long time…if not ever. “Yeah, yeah. It was great.” I gave her a little kiss and regretfully looked at the clock. It was later than I wanted, but we weren’t late late. Not yet. I rolled my fat ass out of the bed. “C’mon. If we hurry, we’ll have just enough time to shower.” Our bags were ready to go; all we needed to do was shower and eat.

I got maybe a minute to shower. Bobbi took the other stall to hurry things along on the very off chance that someone would interrupt us. We got dressed, grabbed our bags, and were out the door. Breakfast was several very lame granola bars—and the milk that Bobbi had already drunk from me—as we walked to the bus. The trip wasn’t far to the college the track team was competing at, but it would still take a couple of hours. I sat in the front, near the coaches, while she sat in the back, with the other runners.

Maybe it was right then when I realized that as much as I was attracted to her and enjoyed sex with Bobbi, neither she or I was willing to take the social risk of declaring ourselves girlfriends. It was stupid not only because we had a relationship in private, but there were several publicly out members of the team. She wouldn’t be the only lesbian running track.

But I wasn’t sure if I wanted to be with her or Evan. Or both.

The track meet was fine. We did well. Bobbi won both her races. I managed to privately nurse her in the locker room with no one being the wiser. Of course, the coaches knew because they were the ones who had set up our arrangement. It was only that day that it occurred to me that maybe other girls were feeding some members of the track team. I checked out all the other non-team members that traveled with us all the time. I couldn’t tell just by looking, but there were a few members of the staff with big boobs that might have been nursing.

Bobbi was exhausted by the time we arrived back on campus. I wasn't. I was tired, but mostly bored and I didn't want to do homework. I called Evan. He was glad to hear from me. I left Bobbi in her bed, asleep, and walked over to Evan's room.

"How are you?" he asked as soon as I walked through the door. I didn't answer. I went to him, wrapped my hands around his waist, and kissed him.

"Horny," I told him after the kiss. Evan was stiff and not in the good way. There was a hint of stiffness in his pants, but his entire body was stiff. I heard an uncomfortable laugh from the other side of the room.

"Do you two want some privacy?" I looked over to see a guy I didn't immediately recognize. I figured it had to be Jordan, Evan's roommate I had never met.

"Oh. Jordan. Hi. I thought you were away this weekend."

"He is," said Evan. "This is Nate. He and I were actually studying."

I saw that Nate was sitting at Jordan's desk with a textbook and laptop open in front of him. "On a Saturday?" I asked. Admittedly it wasn't the evening yet. None of the parties on campus had gotten started.

"Kinky, I know," said Nate as he closed both book and laptop and stood up. "I'll leave you two alone." He had a knowing grin on his face. I felt like he was judging me, but I was horny enough that I didn't care. I wanted to get laid, especially after a long, boring day on the bus and at the meet while Bobbi only had one opportunity to nurse from me. I was full to bursting and I needed some physical relief and I didn't care how I got it.

I was proud how I waited until Nate said goodbye and closed the door behind him before I pulled my official track team manager polo shirt up over my head. "I hate wearing that fucking thing," I said tossing it to the floor.

"I thought that women hated wearing bras," Evan said with a grin. Now that Nate was gone, he was more comfortable.

Reaching behind myself, I unhooked my bra and released my tits with a sigh. "That too," I told him without shame, letting my breasts fall free. They were full

and I wanted some pressure relief from Evan. “Are you going to strip or what?” I asked. “I need to fuck.”

“They look bigger than normal,” he said to me, staring at my chest, as he pulled his shirt over his head and unzipped his pants. He was just as eager as I was to fuck.

Wasting no more time than was necessary, I kicked off my sneakers and yanked down my team-issued pants along with my panties. There was no need for slow, subtle anticipation and build. This encounter was all about pure, raw sex. I rolled onto his bed and gestured for him to join me. That’s all it took for him to join me. After a few seconds of kissing, I pushed his head down to my tits. I was overfull and I needed him to suck out the milk. It was wrong. My milk was intended for Bobbi, but she was exhausted and asleep and Evan was available.

The moment his mouth found my nipple, I could feel my milk let down. He must have tasted the sweet milk because he started to jerk back from the unexpected flavor, but I held him in place and he quickly settled down. We both knew what I wanted and once he realized I wanted it, everything was fine.

He sucked. My milk flowed. He swallowed. I felt my pussy moisten.

Everything was fine…except my free nipple started to leak milk.

I grabbed the leaking breast and held it tightly to my body, but that did little to staunch the flow. As Evan nursed on my left breast, I clutched my right and periodically lifted my hand up to my mouth, licking away the sweet milk; I didn’t know what else to do with it. After a few minutes of this, Evan abruptly switched sides and, thankfully, my left breast didn’t leak. He had drawn away enough milk to prevent me from spraying uncontrollably.

It was crazy how good it felt. It always felt good when Bobbi nursed from me, but before we started having sex, it was more a build up to something rather than a relief. With Evan, it was completely different. There was buildup, but that was because I knew it was a prelude to actual sex. This was all foreplay—weird, kinky foreplay, but foreplay nonetheless—and I couldn’t wait for his cock to be inside me.

“Is this okay?” he asked me, taking a quick break from sucking on me.

“Uh-huh,” I happily agreed as I searched around for his hard cock. It was easy to find because it was pressing hard against my thigh. Once I found it I absently ran my fingers up and down his length, keeping him interested.

“It’s very sweet.”

I didn’t know if he was talking about my actual milk or the fact that I was sharing it with him. Either way it didn’t matter.

“Thank you.”

“It’s a little bit weird too, don’t you think?”

I half shrugged. “It feels pretty natural to me.” I didn’t know why he wanted to talk; I wanted to fuck and kept pulling on his cock. “What’s weird about it?”

“Isn’t breast milk for…I don’t know, babies?”

I’d already gone through this whole introspection of the use of my body months ago. I’d already moved beyond it and here was Evan dragging me back. But I was willing to invest a few minutes if it got him completely on board with the type of sex I liked.

“It’s for whoever wants it,” I said, giving him a kiss and tasting the sweetness on his lips. “It’s for whoever I want to share it with.” I lifted my breast back up to his mouth and he responded in the correct way. “Doesn’t this make sex… better?” I asked him.

He happily nodded and I allowed my eyes to mostly close, luxuriating in the sensation of my milk flowing and the sexual thrill of having my nipples manipulated in exactly the way I loved. I didn’t just want him nursing from me; I could get that from Bobbi any time I wanted. I wanted to fuck him so I pushed his mouth away from my breast and wiggled further underneath him. “Let’s have sex,” I said while manipulating his cock, running it along my slit, inviting him in.

“Okay,” he readily agreed. “But a condom first.” He made to get out of the bed, or at least reach for wherever he kept his condoms.

I clung to his body, not wanting him to move away from me at all. “No, I’m

safe," I promised. "I can't get pregnant when I'm lactating."

He paused. "Really?"

I was enticing him to abandon good common sense and that scared the hell out of me. What the fuck was I doing? "Well, normally not. It's been known to happen, though."

His eyes narrowed and before I could let him think logically about what was happening, I pushed him away. I hated that I was so indecisive. "You'd better get a condom. I can't wait to see what sex is like without one, though."

Evan was nothing if not efficient. Out of bed. Open desk drawer. Open the condom packet. Roll on the condom. Back in bed and on top of me. I gripped his latex-covered cock and guided him inside of me.

"Yes," I moaned as he filled me up.

"So you like sex in this position?" he asked as he started thrusting.

"I like sex in any position," I managed to get out before I began making my embarrassing sex noises and everything else faded away.

Missionary was nice, but it wasn't my preferred position. We fucked that way for a few minutes, and then I pushed him off me and turned over. "I like it better this way," I told him.

Evan didn't mind. He let be roll my fat ass over, and then as I guided him back into me, he grabbed my hips and started fucking away, hard enough that the sound of flesh slapping against flesh was like a single audience member applauding our performance.

God it was good.

He slowed down and let his weight rest on me. I had to brace my arms to stay up, but it was worth it when he reached around me and grabbed my tits and started massaging them. It was too much sensation all at once. I had a minor little orgasm while he did that.

"You okay?" Evan asked as I crouched there, nearly paralyzed by the event.

“Yeah…”

“You’re shaking.”

“I came.”

“I guessed.”

“Keep going,” I told him. I wanted to cum again.

He resumed thrusting and playing with my tits. It took me a few seconds to realize that he was causing my milk to let down and drip all over his bed.

“I’m leaking,” I panted to him. It was just me telling him a statement of fact. I wasn’t upset about it at all.

“I know. Do you want me to stop?”

“No…”

And so he kept going. I kept shaking and leaking. He fucked me hard. I came. He came. It was perfect. He collapsed on top of me and I slowly slid down to the bed, my tits crushed under me, his weight pinning me in place. The saddest part was when we moved enough, his softening cock slipped out from inside me. Nothing lasted forever.

“Is it weird that I’m vaguely aroused by the fact that you’re lactating?” he asked me after he rolled off my body. I was simultaneously disappointed at the loss of skin to skin contact, but also relieved that I could breathe easier now that he wasn’t pinning me down.

“No.”

“Good, because the more I think about it, the more it turns me on that you can do that.”

I considered his words a moment. “Okay, maybe it is a little weird.”

He waited a little before asking—carefully asking—his next question. “Is the medical condition you have…is it dangerous?”

I turned my head and blinked at him a moment. “Medical condition?”

“Whatever it is that makes you lactate,” he said and then looked away, his face blushing. He must have been a little more embarrassed than he wanted to admit. “I looked it up and of course the first thing I found was a woman who lactated almost uncontrollably because she had a brain tumor. You don’t have a brain tumor, do you?”

That made me laugh. “No, no. I don’t have a brain tumor.” I actually sniggered at his wild assumption.

“Is it birth control pills then? That’s the most common cause of unwanted lactation,” he said and then hastily added: “At least, that’s what I read on the internet. Is that why you were willing to let me fuck you without a condom?”

I glanced down at his now completely soft cock. At some point in the last few minutes he had taken off the condom and tossed it in the trash. Somehow I had missed that.

“Umm…no. That was me being stupid. I’m not on the pill.”

“Oh. So why are you lactating?”

Despite wanting to be completely honest with Evan I found myself blushing because I wasn’t completely at ease with what I’d done to get a free college education. I didn’t look directly at him before I answered. “Um…I took some pills, some medication, to get me started.”

The puzzled look on his face deepened. “I don’t get you. You wanted to lactate just to lactate? I’m not trying to be judgmental, but that’s weird going into crazy territory.”

I frowned and steeled myself. If it didn’t work out with Evan, there was always Bobbi to go back to for sex. And maybe Evan wasn’t just an outlier; maybe there were lots of guys on campus who were into fat chicks who lactated. But probably not.

“Okay, I’m going to tell you a story and you might be angry or upset or think I’m sick in the head or any combination of those things, but it’s how I’m actually able to go to college.”

He pulled back a bit. “You’re weirding me out.”

“Whatever. Let me tell you a story and if it pisses you off, well, that’s that.”

And so I told him everything. Or just about everything. My family’s relative poverty. The strange way I found to fund my college education. My realization that lactating for profit wasn’t so bad. The odd relationship that Bobbi and I had…and what that developed into.

“Wait, wait, wait,” he interrupted me. “I get you’ve been letting Bobbi drink directly from your boobs, but you’ve been having sex with her too?”

“Yeah.”

“When…when was the last time you did it?”

“Had sex with her?” I had to be honest. “Um…this morning.”

He was taken aback. Or upset. And turned on, considering how my little story had made his cock get hard. “You’re…you’re bisexual?”

I had been actively avoiding that label, or any label, from the moment I first had sex with Bobbi. It was true and accurate. I found her attractive and I wanted to both fuck her and be her romantic partner, but the same was true of Evan. I found him attractive and I wanted to both fuck him and be him romantic partner. I wasn’t really cheating on one or the other, because I hadn’t officially had the relationship discussion with either one. But it was close to cheating. I was halfway hiding aspects of my relationship with Evan from Bobbi, and I was hiding almost everything about Bobbi from Evan. It was fucked up. And I couldn’t decide which I wanted to sleep with more.

Maybe I was a true bisexual, neither fish nor fowl, but still happy to fly through the air or swim in the water.

And I knew if I had to choose, I’d choose Bobbi because without her, I couldn’t get through college. There would always be more guys to fuck, but where was I going to find another person willing to pay a premium for my ready supply of milk?

“Yeah, I guess so, maybe,” I said answering his question, but only barely. “Does

it matter?”

He shrugged with a grin. “No. Not really. Actually it’s kinda hot. My girlfriend is bi and she fucks her roommate.” He chuckled a little. “It sounds like a cliché but boy does it feel good to be living it.”

Guys can’t hide their emotions very well. Or at least Evan couldn’t hide his sexual arousal very well, especially when he was naked. His cock was a full staff and was curved up toward the ceiling. It made me vaguely repulsed but also strangely aroused.

Still, it pissed me off a little. “Who said I was your girlfriend?”

“Sorry,” he quickly apologized. “I mean, you’re the woman I’m dating and I’m turned on that you like women too. I’m not threatened and maybe it’s wrong, but I’d totally give anything to watch the two of you together.”

“Keep dreaming,” I told him. It was such a typical fantasy…but I wasn’t put off by it.

“I’ll do that.”

He was teasing me, a little, but he wasn’t being obnoxious or rude and he hadn’t jumped out of bed telling me I was gross and disgusting and needed to pick if I liked men or women.

“You aren’t angry at me?” I asked him.

“No. Why would I be?”

“Because I’m a pervert who pretty much literally sells her body to get through college and I can’t decide between fucking a man or a woman.”

He shrugged. “So what? Nobody’s perfect. And there isn’t anything inherently wrong about any of those things. You’re just…different and open-minded.”

Chapter Eight

I wanted to spend the night with Evan, but I knew where my practical loyalties lay. It was late when I dragged myself out of his bed and back to my dorm room. It was more than a little weird slipping into bed next to Bobbi. I had taken off all my clothes except for my panties because I was desperate for skin to skin contact. She half woke up, pulled me close, and her mouth automatically went to my breast.

They were a little sore from all the attention that Evan had given them. They weren't as full as they might have been this late at night, but there was enough milk for her to settle in and nurse for a few minutes before drifting back to sleep.

It was a while before I managed to join her in slumberland, mostly because I was worrying that I was being unfaithful to both her and Evan. Officially, there was no romantic relationship between any of us. Unofficially, I was trying to convince myself that I wasn't in love with both of them.

I woke up with Bobbi at my breasts, nursing away. As always, it felt good. Doing it the way that she did, I woke up aroused and ready for sex. I was starting to feel like something between a slut and a fucking machine. In all honesty, I didn't mind either of them.

She paused. "Oh, you're awake," she said innocently and latched back on. I turned my head to glance at the clock. 5:38 am. Fucking early. Twenty two minutes before the alarm was supposed to go off. I wanted to sleep, but I didn't really mind why she woke me up, because I was either horny all the time now, or because Evan and Bobbi were making me horny.

"Yeah," I mumbled as her hand slipped inside my panties to cup my pussy. She didn't try to push her fingers inside me, but she didn't need to because she could easily feel my heat and wetness. I could feel my pussy leaking.

"Wanna have sex?" she asked eagerly. Obviously she wanted to and I wanted to too, but with her hand inside my panties, I realized more than anything, I needed to pee.

"Yeah, but I need to pee first," I told her as I came more awake. As I made to crawl out of the bed, she wrapped her arms around me, reluctant to let me leave.

"Don't go."

“If I don’t, I’m going to pee the bed.”

She groaned in frustration, sucked on my breast one more time before she let me go. I dashed out of bed and grabbed my robe off the back of the door, but I didn’t bother to put it on, not even the sleeves, I just ran the few steps down the hall to the bathroom, my boobs bouncing around as I did. No one was watching; the hallway was deserted. After using the toilet, I ran back to rejoin Bobbi in bed. When I left her she was in a t-shirt and shorts of some sort. By the time I got back, her clothes were on the floor and she was naked and waiting for me. I dropped my robe on the floor and yanked down my panties before getting into bed.

“Hi,” I said, slipping next to her.

“Hi,” she replied, pulling the covers over me and quickly sliding down my body to latch on to my nipple. It felt good and, as always, it relaxed and aroused me. When her hand went between my legs, I happily opened up and let her explore me. This time she slipped a single finger up into my pussy and I sighed happily.

I didn’t tell her about Evan fucking me the previous night, but she wasn’t an idiot. She had to know, right?

From there, everything went normally. She nursed at my breasts, draining my milk, while fingering my pussy and playing with my clit, getting me more and more aroused. By the time she was done having her morning snack, I was on the edge of cumming and I was humping my hips against her hand.

“You’re eager,” she commented with a wry smile.

“I need to cum.”

“Haven’t you been getting enough sex lately?” she asked archly.

I shook my head. “Uh-uh. I need more.” I wanted to tell her that she wasn’t enough for me, and that one person wasn’t enough for me, but I didn’t have the courage.

“Good, because I’m horny this morning,” she said as she kissed her way down from my tits over my slightly bulging belly and down to my pussy. When her tongue rasped over my clit, my entire body shivered and I wanted to cum right

then and there, but I wanted more of her tongue first. I held myself back as she continued to lick my clit and explore my pussy with her mouth and lips. Apparently I had good control of my orgasms, because I managed not to cum… but then I realized I was holding myself back for no good reason. The next time she drew her tongue over my clit, I let go and reached my peak.

Something alarming must have happened when I came because after my moment of pleasure had passed, I saw Bobbi looking up at me from between my thighs. “What?”

“I think you were loud enough to wake up the entire dorm,” she said.

I blanched. “I was?”

“Pretty fucking loud,” she said while nodding. Then she smiled. “I liked it. I must be getting better at eating pussy.” She kissed the top of my slit in satisfaction. “Want to do it to me now?”

Not only was it polite, but I wanted to eat her pussy. I needed to compare sex between her and Evan to better figure out what I was and what I wanted. “Yes.”

“Want to try something different?” she asked as she sat up.

“Sure?” I didn’t know what she had planned.

“Just a different position,” she promised me. “I’m letting my imagination wander.” She kissed her way back up my body and then kept going, grabbing hold of the tall metal frame to the bed and eventually squatting over my face to lower her pussy down on me. I would have been mortified to even suggest doing the exact same thing to another person because of my fat ass, but Bobbi was probably half my weight and twice as limber. It was a pleasure and a privilege to have her sit on my face so I could eat her out.

It was crazy some of the things you do in college. Add sex to the crazy and you get tales that you don’t want to share with anyone.

I was determined not to let Bobbi show me up in the pussy eating department. She was as hot and wet as I was, though her blonde pubic hair was carefully trimmed back to a near-plush length and was shaved at the sides to better accommodate her running shorts. I ate and sucked on her pussy making her

moan like she was in pain until her legs went tight around my head and she released her pleasure into me.

She didn't actually put all her weight on me, even after she came. When she was done, she rolled off the bed and started grabbing her running clothes.

"What are you doing?"

"Gotta keep training," she said. "Though I like sex first," she added and leaned down to give me a kiss once she had her athletic bra on along with her running tights. "I'm going to smell you on me for the next hour. I bet I come back here ready to fuck you again." She shoved her feet into her shoes and walked out the door.

I considered getting Buzzy out from the box under my bed, not to cum, but to keep myself on edge so I'd be good and ready for her when Bobbi got home. Instead, I just rolled over and fell back to sleep in her bed.

The movement of the bed as Bobbi slipped back under the sheets woke me from my drowsing. Her body was hot and sweaty but not at all unpleasant.

"Back so soon?" I mumbled to her.

She laughed lightly. "I've been gone an hour." I felt her hand go between my legs and I encouraged her by parting my thighs. "And I'm still horny."

"Good," I managed to say as she got to work on my pussy. What was wrong with me? Why did I want sex all the time now? I shouldn't have minded—and maybe I didn't—but being a slave to my base urges did get a little trying.

"I want to make you cum again," she said, giving me a quick kiss and all but ignoring my breasts. They were drained of their milk and had little attraction for her at the moment. I'd be full again in a few hours.

A little noise of pleasure escaped my lips. She took that as assent.

"You're beautiful when you're cumming," she complimented me with another kiss that I wasn't able to return. Her strong, nimble fingers had me quickly building up toward another climax. Still, her words annoyed me because I didn't think of myself as beautiful. "I want you to wake the dorm with your screams."

And I wanted to protest that I didn't scream when I had sex. I was noisy, sure, but I didn't scream. But then I could hear how loud I was being and maybe I was louder than I thought.

Between Bobbi's body heat and what she was doing to my body, I quickly got overheated and threw back the covers in a clumsy gesture. It didn't stop her, of course, but she did let her eyes travel over my plump body.

"And I love your body too," she added eagerly.

"Don't," I managed to squeak out, but she ignored whatever I was trying to communicate. Her hand was moving fast now back and forth, in and out of my soaking wet pussy. I only then realized she was naked, having stripped off before rejoining me in bed. It was her middle and ring finger slamming into me loud enough to sound like a repeated, violent slapping or spanking. I spread my legs wider, willing her to use me, to form her fingers like a cock and fuck me.

The noise I made as I came unsettled me, and I was at the receiving end of the pleasure. I twisted my hips, back, and limbs in an attempt to find additional relief. I knew I was too loud and was glad that the heavy dorm room door was closed because I could have wakened the dead with my pleasure cries.

"I probably shouldn't do that, but I love making you cum that that," Bobbi told me with a kiss.

"Uh-huh," I panted, not ready to do anything else. I did vaguely caress her arm but didn't have enough coordination to make it effective. We held each other a minute before panic slammed into me. "I'm gonna be late for class!" I blurted out sitting bolt upright.

Bobbi pulled me back to her. "No, we're not. It's Sunday. We're gonna spend all day in bed, nursing and having sex, okay?"

"Okay," I agreed. It was easier to agree than to argue. And I couldn't say no to sex.

We fell back asleep and I was woken by the buzzing of my phone letting me know I had received a text. It was Evan.

Want to come over for sex?

My answer would have been yes if it weren't for my half-asleep and completely naked girlfriend next to me in bed. She muttered something about rudeness and rolled over. For the moment I was sated enough that I didn't need to jump out of bed and run across campus for Evan's cock.

Still, I wouldn't say no to his cock if it came over to me.

Moving carefully, I picked out a message to Evan.

Do you want to come over to watch me fuck my girlfriend?

Again, I was jumping ahead. She wasn't my girlfriend, but Evan didn't care about that.

Really?! Are you serious?

I wanted to be serious. My heart was pounding in my chest because I wanted him to watch while I fucked Bobbi. Hell, I wanted him to participate in me fucking Bobbi.

Give me a few hours to sleep. Let me convince Bobbi.

How I was going to do that, I didn't know.

But Evan didn't care. Like any guy who was being enticed by the possibility of fucking two women at once, he thought with his dick.

Sure. Text me when she's convinced.

I was sure I was fucking up my life.

Okay.

Chapter Nine

“Want to fuck a guy?” I asked Bobbi when she woke up.

She looked at me like someone who was desperately in need of coffee—which she was—but knew she wasn’t going to get any—because she was an athlete and she didn’t pollute her body with caffeine. Whatever. “You’re asking if I want to fuck a guy?” she asked, as if I were asking her about the fine details of interdimensional travel.

“Yeah,” I replied a little too brightly considering the early hour (ten a.m. on a Sunday) and circumstances (she was, for all intents and purposes, my girlfriend and probably a lesbian).

“Why are you asking that?” she replied. It was obvious she was stalling for time, looking for a way to say no, to admit she was a lesbian, to make it seem like this wasn’t an unusual question to get on a Sunday after just having sex with your roommate.

“Umm…curious,” I said. I hadn’t gamed out how our conversation would go. I should have, but I was always lousy at predicting what things other people would say and do. “I guess I’m asking would you ever fuck a guy?”

She gave me a half-shrug which let the bedcovers slip down her body, exposing her breasts. “Maybe? Why?”

Her bare tits distracted me. “Umm…because Evan is curious about…you know…maybe seeing us have sex.” The words sounded incredibly stupid coming out of my mouth.

Bobbi’s eyes narrowed. “Are you being serious?”

I nervously licked my lips. “Kind of?”

“You want to do that for your boyfriend?”

My heart started pounding in my chest. “Evan’s not my boyfriend,” I said hurriedly. “He’s…he’s just a guy I’m seeing.” That was a lie. I considered him my boyfriend just like I considered her my girlfriend. I hadn’t managed to tell either of them that yet.

“And fucking,” Bobbi added.

“Okay, yeah, that’s true,” I confessed. She had figured that out, but it was obvious to everyone include blind Professor Griffin that we were fucking.

“He just wants to see two girls go at it.”

I tried to play that off as ridiculous. “If he wants to see that, he can just watch some porn.”

“Watching porn isn’t the same as seeing it right in front of you.”

“Okay true,” I conceded, “but…”

Bobbi waited expectantly. “But what?”

I didn’t have anything. “But nothing,” I sighed. “I told him everything about you and me and my milk.” I looked down sadly at my tits hidden under the t-shirt I had pulled on. “He said it was sexy and we got to talking and…” I took in a deep breath and decided it couldn’t get any worse. “We got to talking and he said he thought it was hot that you and I were having sex and when he said he’d love to see it…well, I thought that was hot too. I’d love to fuck you in front of him.” It was half a lie and not exactly how it had gone between us, but I wanted to have both Evan and Bobbi in bed with me. And if he fucked her, so much the better.

“That’s just crazy,” Bobbi declared.

“Yeah, well, there’s a good amount of missing sanity in me being your roommate just so you can breastfeed off me to give you a little advantage on the track.”

Bobbi looked at me blankly for a long moment. “Okay,” she finally said.

I didn’t understand. “Okay what?”

“Okay he can come over and watch us. And maybe he can fuck you while I watch.”

“Really?” I was confused but my pussy was on fire…and soaking wet.

The smile on her face told me she wasn’t just giving in. She wanted to try this

out as well. “Yes. Really.”

I sent Evan a text message telling him to come over and bring condoms.

I swear that he must have run across campus at a speed that would have put the entire track team to shame. He tried to be cool about it and must have taken a short breather before buzzing into my dorm, but his face was flushed and he was obviously recovering from being winded after extreme physical exertion. Plus it only took him five minutes to appear at my door instead of the usual fifteen or twenty.

“Hey,” I said when I opened the door. He was trying to look casual, but I could see the eager glint in his eyes.

“Hey yourself,” he said and leaned in for a kiss on my cheek. It wasn’t because he was ashamed of being with me, it was because he didn’t want to seem like a letch in front of Bobbi.

My roommate had thrown on some clothes before Evan arrived, which seemed sort of silly to me because of what we were planning, but I wasn’t going to piss her off by criticizing her mode of dress right then.

After kissing me, Evan’s eyes went to Bobbi who was standing expectantly next to her bed. “Hey Evan.”

“Bobbi,” he said with an eager smile.

I had forgotten they knew each other because of their on-campus sporting life.

“How do you want to do this?” Bobbi asked me.

“Umm…I haven’t planned that far ahead,” I confessed.

Evan didn’t say anything, which was smart because he knew that talking too much could only fuck this up for him. Going along with whatever Bobbi and I decided was the wisest choice of action.

Abruptly Bobbi pulled up her shirt, exposing her tits to us. Evan’s already smiling face brightened even more. “What do you think of these?” she asked him.

There was only one right answer and Evan nailed it. “They’re fantastic.”

“I thought you only like girls with big boobs.”

Evan shook his head so violently I thought it would go flying off. “No. Every woman is beautiful in her own way.”

Bobbi rolled her eyes. “Oh please. You’re just saying that to get laid.” Her eyes narrowed. “Or to watch me and Holly fuck.”

“Maybe,” he said carefully, “but it’s true too.”

Before Bobbi could say anything else, I stepped around Evan, walked up to her, and kissed Bobbi like the lovers that we were. “Stop teasing,” I told her and helped her lift her shirt all the way over her head.

“He just wants to watch us mess around,” she said resentfully. I occurred to me just then that she was jealous. She wanted me all to herself. I understood that, but I wasn’t going to send Evan away because of it.

“Yeah, but I want him to watch us,” I told her with another kiss. “And you want him to watch us.” Maybe that last part wasn’t true, but Bobbi didn’t resist as I pushed her back to the bed. She wound up on her back and I eagerly got out of my t-shirt and sweatpants. I showed off for Evan, dragging my tits across Bobbi’s face and letting suck on me a minute, which made me shiver and made my milk start flowing.

“Fuck,” I cursed, because it felt good to have her suck on me and I was losing milk that was dripping onto the sheets.

“What’s the matter?” Normally when Bobbi started nursing, nothing stopped her, but I was louder than normal.

“I’m leaking,” I said and pressed one hand to my right breast, once again futilely trying to stop the flow.

Unexpectedly Bobbi shifted her eyes over to Evan who was watching politely next to my desk. “Can he help out?” she asked.

“What?”

“You like being nursed from him, don’t you?” Bobbi asked me sharply. She was more perceptive than I gave her credit for.

“Yeah…” I answered carefully.

Bobbi took charge. “Come over and help Holly out,” she said to Evan. There was some repositioning of our bodies. Bobbi stay on her back, I moved closed to the edge of the bed, and Evan crouched on the floor. Bobbie continued to nurse from me while Evan leaned in and took my other nipple in his mouth.

Getting doubled nursed was incredible. Maybe couples were the societal norm, but I was already on board with thinking that a trio was much, much better and fuck society’s norms.

While they nursed, Evan’s hand went from my shoulder down my back to eventually rest on my ass. Bobbi wasn’t so subtle; she just lifted her hand up between my legs and fingered my pussy. When Evan moved his hand all the way around my ass he found Bobbi’s fingers already there.

“Oh. Sorry,” he said.

She gave him an honest smile, pushing my big tit out of the way. “It’s okay. Are you ready to do this with her?” she asked him.

I felt like I was being used by them…and I loved it.

“More than ready,” he said as he pulled his shirt up over his head.

I wasn’t sure what was going to happen, exactly, but I was more than ready

End Part Two

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

Contact us for a free ebook from Green Bush Publishing.

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