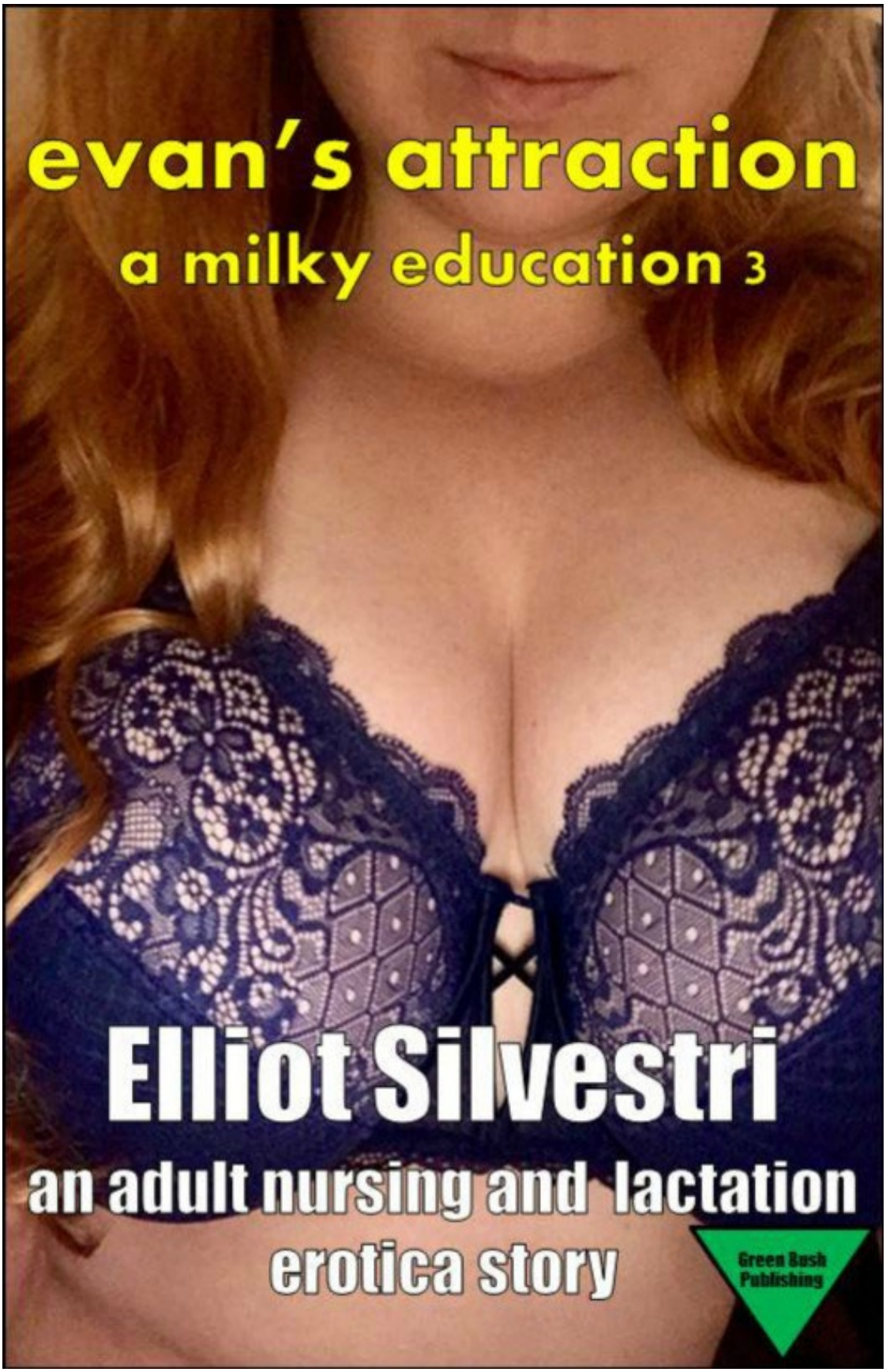
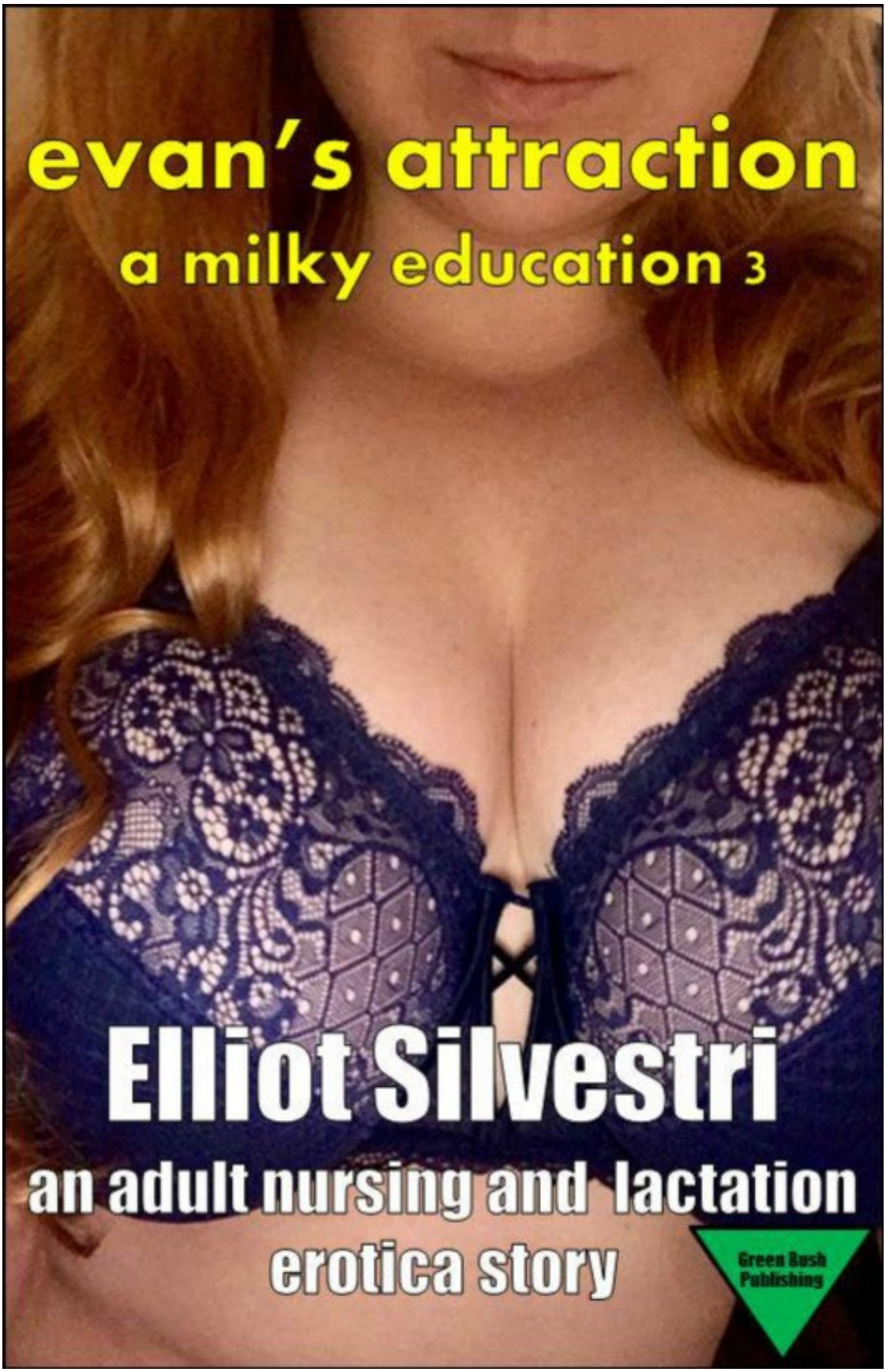

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Evan’s Attraction:

A Milky Education 3

An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Evan’s Attraction:

A Milky Education 3

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Chapter Ten

“Why don’t you fuck her while I suck on her,” Bobbi suggested to Evan.

It wasn’t exactly what I had in mind, but I was willing to go along with it.

And so was Evan. “Sure!” he said with enthusiasm, standing up and stripping down.

Both Bobbi and I turned out heads to watch him. I wished she had kept sucking on my breast, drinking my milk, but I was willing to make that small sacrifice for what was to come.

It would be over the top to say that Evan had the body of a god, maybe a demi-god at best. Athlete’s body with trim, firm muscles that weren’t bulging like overfilled water balloons, but were hard and perfectly formed, right down to his washboard abs. His chest was lightly sprinkled with sandy brown hair that matched what was on his head. The wiry hair on his chest tapered to a trail that led down to his cock. By the time he got his pants off his cock was standing at attention and was ready to go. That was good because my pussy was soaking wet and uncomfortably hot. I wanted his cock inside me.

As eager as he was, Evan was still a gentleman—or didn’t want to deal with the many side effects of sex—and rolled on a condom before he got on the bed behind me. “Is this okay?” he asked as he put his hands on my upturned ass.

I looked over my shoulder at him. “It’s more than okay,” I said eagerly. “I want you to do it.” I actually pulled away from Bobbi and reached between my legs, searching for his cock. It was resting on my ass, ready to go in, but Evan didn’t move. He wasn’t ready yet.

“Is it okay with you, Bobbi?” Evan asked my roommate/girlfriend/lover/milk beneficiary. He was overly polite now.

Bobbi had removed her hand from between my legs and put it between her own. I could just barely hear her starting to vigorously jill herself as she continued to nurse from my milk-laden tits. I wasn’t overly full. It had just been a few hours since she had last feasted on my tits, but the wonder of lactation was that I was always making more milk.

She pulled her mouth away from my breast. I was so large that she had to push it

aside and turn her head to answer Evan. It was a wonder that I didn't smother her with my big boobs. "Go ahead and fuck her," she said. "I want to hear her moan while I nurse."

That was good enough for Evan. He dipped his hips and I guided him in. My pussy was so used to him at that point that I easily accommodated his cock inside me. Once he was in position, he started pounding away. I locked my arms so I wouldn't collapse on Bobbi and smother her. She kept one hand on the breast she was nursing from and the other between her legs. I sensed she wasn't going to make herself cum but she wanted to be on edge while on the bottom of our little pleasure pile. I was fine with that.

Between—literally—Bobbi's mouth and Evan's cock I was quickly pushed up Mount Climax and was ready to take the leap when Bobbi moved her hand from her pussy to mine. Evan didn't stop pounding away and she managed to rub my clit while fondling his cock at the same time. That's was did it for me, not the actual sensations, but the thought of my two lovers showering attention on me. Maybe it was selfish, but that bit of selfishness gave me an incredible orgasm.

It was almost impossible to remain on all fours above Bobbi's body while I came. Somehow I managed it, but it was almost painful to stay in that position. By the time I was done, Bobbi had stopped nursing from me and was giggling. Evan even stopped fucking me.

"You came," she accused me.

"Yeah. So?" I wasn't ready for witty repartee.

"It's so easy to make you cum, and you're so beautiful when you're doing it." She absently brushed my hair out of my face. My one vanity and sometimes I hated having long hair because it was such a pain in the ass to deal with.

"Yeah," I said sarcastically. "Beautiful me and my fat ass."

Bobbi's brow furrowed in confusion but before she could say anything, Evan brought his hand down sharply on my fat ass hard enough to hurt. It was probably going to leave a bruise in addition to the red mark he had assuredly left behind.

"Hey!" he scolded me. "Quit calling yourself fat. You aren't some skinny twig,

but you've got a fantastic fucking body."

"You think so too?" Bobbi asked him as she wiggled out from under my massive boobs that were threatening to smother her.

"Hell yeah," said Evan as he slowly started moving inside me again. I felt my eyes roll up into my head. It felt incredibly good. He was going to make me cum again if he kept it up.

Bobbi ran her hand down over my shoulder to my back to my ass and I could feel her eyes staring at Evan's cock as he continued to rail me. "Me too," she agreed. "Beautiful with smooth skin and lush curves. I love holding her." She giggled nervously, but it was fine because Evan quickly agreed with her.

"Me too." He shifted his grip on my hips and ass. "I've been with skinny girls before, but Holly is much more my type." He paused and then hastily said to Bobbi, "Not that there's anything wrong with your body."

An uncomfortable giggle came out of Bobbi's mouth. "That's fine. I know what you're saying."

"I'm so glad you two can agree that I'm not some unsightly monster," I said. "But are you going to cum, Evan, or are you going to make me cum again first."

This time it was Bobbi who spanked my ass; I sort of liked it. "Don't be rude," she told me. "But make her cum," she said to Evan. "She's beautiful when she cums."

"Do you want me to cum too?" he asked her as he began fucking me faster.

"If you want," she said coyly.

And so Bobbi watched as Evan continued to fuck me. I hadn't come down fully from my previous orgasm, so making me cum was easy.

"Oh god, oh fuck," I cursed.

"Are you trying not to cum?" Bobbie asked me. "Go ahead and cum. I want to see you cum."

So I did. With Bobbi encouraging me and Evan fucking me, it was easy and satisfying. But Evan still hadn't cum once yet.

And then he pulled out of me.

"What the fuck! Keep going. I want to cum again!" Those words just burst out of me. Maybe I was being greedy, but I was still horny as hell.

"You can keep going," Bobbi told him. "Go ahead."

I looked over my shoulder at Evan. His condom-covered cock was sticking up above my ass and he had a confused look on his face. "I mean…" he said, unsure of what was going on. "You said you wanted me…uh…you said I was supposed to fuck you both."

I looked over my other shoulder at Bobbi. That wasn't exactly the plan. We didn't have an exact plan. It was just supposed to be a wild morning of sex between three stupid college students.

I couldn't read the expression on her face. "What do you want to do?" I asked her.

Although Bobbi and I had had sex before, other than that I was certain she was a virgin with men. She was probably a lesbian, based on what she had done with me and what she had said to me. I wouldn't have blamed her in the least if she stopped everything right then and there.

"I mean…" she started to say. "That's why you invited him over, right?"

"Yeah, but…do you want him to watch us or do you want to…" I didn't finish my sentence.

"If it's good enough for you, it's good enough for me," she said. "What's the easiest way to do this?"

It was disorienting to realize that she was asking what was the best way to lose her virginity.

"Uh…on your back or on your knees, I guess are you options. Do you want to look at him or not?"

“Well, you like to be fucked from behind, right?” she asked me as she changed position on the bed, getting next to me in the position I had taken while Evan had fucked me.

It wouldn’t have been my choice for my first time, but I wasn’t going to second guess Bobbi at that moment. I rolled to my side as Evan moved over and put his hands on her skinny hips. For a guy who professed to loving fat girls, he was awful eager to fuck Bobbi. Maybe it was the variety thing. Maybe he was doing what I thought he wanted. I didn’t know. Even so, I was excited to actually watch him fuck my roommate.

I reached between her legs, found her pussy, and it was soaking wet. If she was uncertain it wasn’t showing. Her body was ready if nothing else. I bent down and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. “I’ll help,” I told her as I grabbed Evan’s cock.

“What are you doing?”

“Guiding you in.” He probably didn’t need the help, but I wasn’t going to let them fuck without my help. Since he was already kneeling behind her there wasn’t much for me to do. His cock was still slick with my pussy juices and Bobbi was ready for it. She gasped once as the head parted her lips and then she moaned deeply as he slowly pushed all the way in.

“You okay?” I asked her as I let go of Evan’s cock.

The expression on her face swung back and forth between confused and ecstatic. “Okay, it’s not what I expected.”

“Can I?” asked Evan. He didn’t wait for permission; he just started thrusting away, but slowly.

“Okay,” Bobbi breathed out. She grinned at me. “It’s not bad at all.”

I couldn’t help myself and I gave her another little kiss before reaching down between her legs and feeling Evan’s cock going into her pussy. I wanted everything to be perfect for her so I found her clit and gently rubbed it. “You like this?”

“Uh-huh.”

The first time I had sex with a guy—with anyone—it was moderately bad. It wasn't terrible, but I wanted it to be fantastic. It wasn't. He got on top of me and shoved it in and banged away until he came. It sort of felt good, but I didn't cum. I had to go home afterwards and jill off to get the relief I wanted. In comparing first time PIV sex, Bobbi definitely had it better than me. I put my hand on top of hers and she looked at me and turned her head for a kiss before squeezing her eyes tightly shut and cumming.

"I came," she announced with satisfaction. I was familiar with her orgasms and new Evan hadn't shaken the Earth for her, but it had been a good effort on his part.

"Good!" I said brightly, kissing her, before I pulled back a bit and watched as Evan's face screwed up into a mask of pain. His fingers tightly gripped her hips and held her in place as he finished too. Evan announced his orgasm with a deep sigh, releasing his breath and slamming his cock into her one last time.

"Goddamn!" he managed to say as he came.

"Is…is that it?" asked Bobbi, a little confused as to the abrupt end of it.

"For right now," Evan answered as he eased his cock out of her and slowly collapsed his body to the now very crowded bed.

"I think I was expecting something more," Bobbi said, a little sad and a little disappointed. I think she was really expecting the Earth to shake underneath her.

"The first time isn't always the best," I consoled her, but I was actually jealous. Her first time with a cock was much better than my first time with a cock.

"It was…it was okay," she said. Maybe she was just being polite to Evan.

"I can make it better, I bet," I told her as I got off the bed and rolled her from her hands and knees to her back. It didn't take much for her to figure out what I was doing. Opening up her legs, I looked at her pussy where Evan's cock had recently been. She looked a little red and swollen, but that was also a normal sign of her excitement. With her fair skin and low body fat, any swelling or redness to any part of her body was obvious. The important thing was that she was wet— exceedingly wet—and I could see her engorged clit sticking out at the apex of her slit.

I could feel two sets of eyes on me as I lowered my face to Bobbi's pretty pussy and licked her from her taint to her clit, sucking a little on that tiny nub of sensitive flesh before releasing it. She shivered from my treatment. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Evan slipping the condom off his cock while closely watching us.

"You like that?" I asked her and then immediately set to eating her pussy, not giving her a chance to answer me. She inhaled sharply and shivered again. Maybe she had a little orgasm from Evan's cock, but I was going to give her a fantastic one with my mouth.

Bobbi's eyes fluttered shut and I knew that Evan was intently watching me. He moved around a little as I really began working hard on Bobbi's clit and pussy. I even slipped a couple of fingers up inside her, searching for that little spot behind her pubic bone that would made her cum if I rubbed it just right.

I lost myself in her sex. The scent and the taste were irresistible and knowing that Evan had been inside her just moments earlier made me want to make her cum like never before.

Everything was perfect. Bobbi was writhing around and I knew she was going to cum, when I felt Evan's hands on me. I was kneeling with my ass in the air on the edge of the bed. Evan was standing on the floor and either he wanted to prove something or he was just horny.

If nothing else he was horny because I felt his cock between my legs and then it was up inside my pussy. It wasn't distracting to eat pussy and get fucked at the same time; it was just a little different than what I was used to. I must have momentarily paused because I was looking up at Bobbi over the tiny swell of her barely there tits when she opened her eyes.

"What's the matter?" she asked me.

I lifted my face from her pussy. "Nothing," I told her. "Evan's fucking me."

"I can see that."

And that was the end of that conversation. She closed her eyes and let her head fall back. I reapplied myself to her pussy. Evan slowly and steadily started fucking me.

I curled my middle finger up inside Bobbi and she announced her orgasm with a high pitched whine and a little gush of liquid from her pussy. I lapped it up, not knowing what else to do and laid my head on her thigh as Evan continued to pump away. It didn't take me much longer to cum. My body clenched up and there was the lovely release of everything as Evan had his way with me.

"Are you going to cum again?" I asked him, twisting my head around.

He shook his head and pulled out of me. "No. Not yet." His grin was definitely the shit-eating sort. "I want to savor this."

"I bet you do," I said as I crawled up on the bed and flopped next to Bobbi. "But I need a break." I cuddled up next to my girlfriend while Evan slowly eased himself onto the bed on her other side, making us the bread in a Bobbi sandwich.

Automatically my hand went to Bobbi's breast. I liked holding her tiny tits, fondling the little nipples she sported. I wasn't doing much of anything but after a minute Bobbi almost whined, "You guys have got to stop that."

"Stop what?" I asked innocently and opened my eyes. My glance to her chest showed that while I was playing with her right breast, Evan was playing with her left. She was probably more fired up than she wanted to be.

"Stop playing with my tits."

She didn't sound like she wanted me to stop. I couldn't help myself. I wanted to keep things going. "Okay, how about I play with your pussy?" I took my hand from her breast and moved it down to her pussy. There was a brief attempt at closing her thighs and keeping me out, but she wanted it more than she wanted to admit out loud. Once my hand curled around her thigh, she parted her legs and I slipped a pair of fingers up inside of her. Apparently torturing my lovers was something that I liked because I found myself lowering my mouth to her tit and sucking it, rolling the little nipple between my teeth and gently nipping it.

Bobbi groaned in frustration. She was loving it, I was sure.

Evan joined me in sucking on her other tit and we glanced at each other over Bobbi's chest. I broke my latch on her and kissed Evan on the cheek. He turned his head and we kissed for a moment, giving Bobbi a moment's respite.

“Do you want to cum again?” I asked her, wiggling my fingers inside her pussy.

“Uh-huh,” she panted.

“Let’s see what we can do,” I said and nodded at Evan. He put his mouth back on her breast and I did the same while manipulating her pussy. It didn’t take long before Bobbi essentially did a back bridge as she came, once again giving off her whining cry of passion.

“I love making you cum,” I told Bobbi. She just nodded. Maybe she was a well-conditioned athlete, but she was soaked with sweat and exhausted.

“I just need a moment,” she panted. A second later she passed out…or maybe she just went to sleep. I don’t know.

“It’s crowded,” I said and struggled out of Bobbi’s bed, staggering over to my own. Evan didn’t move. From across the room they looked perfect together, two beautiful people with perfect bodies. I was jealous. But I still wanted Evan to fuck me.

And I must have drifted off to sleep, because the next thing I knew it was hours later, judging by the angle of the sunlight slipping between the blinds, and Evan was getting into bed with me.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey.” I kissed him, He was still naked, but so was I. Automatically, my hand reached for his cock

“Hey!” he said, slightly alarmed at my aggressiveness.

“I’m still horny,” I explained. He wasn’t hard. Not yet.

“Are you hungry?” Bobbi asked. She was standing naked in the middle of the floor, stretching toward the ceiling like she often did before a run. Her body was perfect.

“Yeah, I haven’t had breakfast or anything yet.” It was close to noon.

“Can you wait a minute or two?” she asked as she finished stretching and knelt

down next to my bed. “I’m pretty sure you’re full again.” Her mouth went to my breast and she latched on to the nipple. As usual my milk let down right away and I sighed pleasantly.

Feeding Bobbi was natural to me. When Evan latched on to my other breasts and started feeding, I realized that maybe breast feeding was perfectly natural, but with two lovers it was incredibly erotic and sexy at the same time.

I didn’t need either of my lovers to touch my pussy. I had three pleasant little orgasms only from my tits.

“Too much,” I said. “Too much.” I pushed them away. But it was fine. We needed showers and food.

Chapter Eleven

We skipped shower and headed to the dining hall. I was starved and Evan didn't have a change of clothes on him. I felt like everyone's eyes in the dining hall were on us, but on a Sunday morning, no one was noticing anything. It was just three lovers getting carbo-loaded in order to go back to their dorm room for some more sex.

Evan was staring at Bobbi's nearly flat chest as I worked on the dining hall's signature Sunday morning plate of double waffles. I had no shame. "If we both sucked on her tits long enough," he said in a soft voice that wouldn't carry, "would she start to lactate too?"

I glanced at him. "Yeah, if we did it long enough over a period of time." I shook my head at him. "But why?"

He rolled his shoulders. "Just curious."

Bobbi eyed him. "Don't get any ideas." She kept her voice low. "Holly supplies me with milk for health reasons. This isn't about sex."

My lactation was supposed to be about helping Bobbi succeed on the track team. I had turned it into a sex thing. I preferred it to be a sex thing.

"Are we not going to talk about this then?" I asked her, but also Evan. We were either ignoring or dancing around the issue.

"Talk about what?" Bobbi said so softly I barely heard her. The noise of the dining hall and our distance from everyone else kept our conversation private. She was being overly cautious for no reason. We hadn't done anything wrong.

"About what just happened in our room," I said carefully. I wanted to talk about it because it was the hottest thing I'd ever done. I was ready for more.

Bobbi glanced around nervously and leaned forward. "Not here."

Evan looked like he wanted to say something, but then thought better of it. Instead he leaned back and changed the subject. "I'm having trouble with the Human Bio lab for this week. Can you help me out with it?"

And with that the tension slowly slid away.

Evan walked back with us from the dining hall to my room. He claimed to have left his jacket there. I didn't remember him wearing a jacket, but I wasn't focusing on his clothes when he came through the door. Or rather, I was focusing on getting his clothes off him when he came through the door.

Once we stepped inside our room, the tension was back and I was still horny. I knew what was going to happen because I was determined to make it happen. "So you need help with Human Bio?" I asked him as he pretended to look around for his jacket.

"Yeah. The lab."

"Oh. I was hoping you needed some help with anatomy." I knew it was a terrible and cliché joke. I made it anyway. I was shameless. I also pulled up my shirt and revealed my boobs to him. I hadn't bothered with a bra because I was wearing a sweatshirt and Sunday mornings are one of the few times I can walk around braless and not have to worry about what others would say—or see.

Evan grinned like a stupid monkey. "I don't need any help with that," he said moving closer. "But if you need some assistance…" He reached for my breasts, cupped them, brought me in closer, and kissed me. My knees went weak and I wanted to collapse against him.

No. I actually wanted to fuck him, but I maintained some dignity because I could feel Bobbi's eyes on me.

"Gross," she announced.

I pushed Evan away and hefted my boobs, judging their fullness. The two of them had drained me less than an hour earlier, so I was still empty, but I was also horny. More than anything, I wanted Evan's cock in me, but I also wanted Bobbi to watch and participate. This wasn't going to be Sunday. It was going to be sexday.

"We're going to have sex," I told her, indicating Evan. "You're welcome to watch or join in—I'd love it either way—but I'm still horny." I reached for Evan's crotch, pressing my hand against his pants, feeling his boner. I had felt it when he had kissed me so I knew he was ready to go again.

"I'm not bi like you," she said abruptly, sitting down on the bed. "I can't switch

back and forth between girls and guys." She didn't come right out and admit it, but every indication I had from Bobbi was that she was most definitely a lesbian. I should have felt guilty for persuading her to try hetero sex with Evan, while I helped, but I didn't. College is a time for exploration, right?

"Okay," I said easily. "Would you like us to go back to Evan's and do it there?" I took my hand away from his hidden cock. It probably wasn't a good idea to be rubbing his through his clothes while talking to my girlfriend.

"I don't know," she flopped onto her back and stared at the ceiling. "I'm still horny too. Does having too much sex make you want to have more sex?"

"Yes," Evan said quickly. "But we can leave," he offered very politely. "It's fine."

"But I want to have sex with Holly," Bobbi said.

"There's plenty of me to go around." I felt a little silly not wearing a top while the two of them were completely clothed. I needed to make a decision of either putting my shirt back on or getting completely naked. I preferred naked.

"Should I go for a run while the two of you do it?" Bobbi asked. "Will you still want to fuck me when I get back?"

I wanted to tell her that I would fuck her any time of day or night, all she had to do was ask, but Evan spoke first. "It's not a problem for us to leave."

"No, wait, I have a better idea," I said and went to the box under my bed. It was a little awkward revealing my little box of lube and condoms and Buzzy while they watched, but we didn't have much in the way of secrets as it was. I grabbed my little yellow and black stripped vibrator and handed it to Bobbi. "Why don't you use Buzzy while Evan and I…" I didn't complete the sentence.

"I've never used a vibrator," she admitted, staring at my most prized possession (which shows how lame my life was) that I had happily handed over to her.

"Well, go ahead and use Buzzy and have fun," I told her as I shimmied out of my pants, getting completely naked in front of the two of them. That pretty much shut down Evan's brain. I could see the bulge in his pants now.

“Buzzy?” she asked.

I actually blushed at having used my nickname for my vibrator in front of them. It seemed childish. “Yeah. Don’t worry. I keep him clean. He’s safe.” As if Buzzy hadn’t been someplace where Bobbi’s fingers and mouth hadn’t been. Going back down to my knees I pulled down Evan’s pants and underwear to let his erection come springing out. I didn’t give him a chance. I grabbed it and put it in my mouth, sucking happily.

Everything else faded away as Evan pulled off his shirt and we moved onto my bed. Somehow I wound up on top of him, sucking his cock while he watched me. Maybe I wasn’t great at giving head, but Evan didn’t seem to mind what I was doing. It was weird to be hunched over his body, dragging my tits against his thighs, but sex forced everyone into strange positions. When I took a brief break from sucking on him, I tossed aside my hair and managed to see Bobbi on her bed. The familiar sound of Buzzy emanated from between her thighs and I could see her dragging my favorite toy around her pussy. Her head was back and her eyes were screwed shut. Apparently she was fine with us having sex in the room with her.

I focused my attention back on Evan. “Can I put the condom on you?”

“Sure.” Why would he object?

I grabbed one of the condoms that had been sitting in my toy box unused for so long, opened it, and somewhat clumsily rolled it onto his hard cock. I felt proud I had done it without any help from Evan. Proud enough to crawl on top of his body and lower myself down on him. It felt wonderful to have him inside me and I started pumping and rolling my hips, fucking him, as he held onto my fleshy body, staring at my large tits while we fucked. I leaned back a little, showing off for him. If he was strange enough to enjoy the view of a fat girl’s tits, I was happy to give him what he wanted.

What he wanted was more of me. It didn’t take much effort for him to sit up a little and get my nipple into his mouth. I almost melted right there. He didn’t really nurse on me so much as play with my nipples, teasing me. It was still enough to get my milk flowing. There wasn’t much milk, but it was enough to wet his mouth when he drank from me. The other breast slowly dribbled out drops that fell to his body. Evan didn’t mind. I think he got off on it happening.

Evan clutched my fat ass and lifted up his hips several times, meeting my rolling back and forth. That was it. He came. I could feel the throbbing of his cock inside of me. I wanted to cum—I needed to cum—so I let myself go and realized I was making a horribly unsexy noise as I came, but I didn't stop. I wasn't ashamed.

Despite my weight, Evan didn't seem to mind me on top of him at all. "Did you like that?" he asked me.

"I loved it."

"Do you want more?" he asked.

Even if he wanted more, he couldn't give it to me. Already his cock was fading inside of me.

"I always want more," I told him as I heaved my body off his and staggered across the room to Bobbi's bed. I knew Evan was watching me; that's what made it even more exciting.

Bobbi was still busy with Buzzy. She wasn't pumping him in and out of her pussy like I did, but she was moving him slowly along her slit, the tip of the vibrator just barely inside her entrance and the oscillating length pressing against her clit. I resolved to try that myself the next chance I got. While I wanted to join her, at the same time I wanted to watch and see what she would do on her own, but then again I wanted to give Evan a show because apparently I was a dirty slut who liked sex a little too much and wasn't loyal to any one person.

Just as Bobbi was reaching her peak, I put my hand on her upraised knee. She started gasping with the intensity of the orgasm. I could tell she wanted to make more noise, but she was having trouble getting enough air in her lungs to do it. Essentially, she was masturbating herself into hyperventilating. It was sexy and scary at the same time. Her eyes snapped open at my touch and I slid my hand down her inner thigh to draw Buzzy away from her pussy. Switching it off, I put it aside and curled up next to her, shushing her noises, getting her to calm down. Eventually her heaving chest settled down and she let out a long, shuddering sigh before slumping against me.

"Oh fuck," she whispered quietly in my ear. "That was…that was…that was…"

She couldn’t finish her thought, but I knew exactly what she was thinking. “Too intense?” Almost the same thing had happened to me the first time I had used a vibrator. Maybe I shouldn’t have left her alone, but she didn’t seem angry.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed and then managed to settle herself down. Being a runner she had better lung capacity and control than I did. “That got me really worked up,” she said.

“I could see that.” I smiled at her and gave her a little kiss because I knew that Evan was watching us.

“Know what I want?” she asked me.

I shook my head and pressed my hand between her legs. She was hot and soaking wet. I knew what I wanted from her. “No. What?”

“I want your tits,” she said pushing me to my back and bending her head to nurse from me. I should have said no, but I’m not the sort of girl to say no to any sort of sex. I was prevented from any further conversation when she put her hand between my legs, feeling my well-used pussy, and started jilling me off as she nursed. Looking across the room, I saw Evan watching us, his hand on his cock. It was soft because he had just cum, but I knew he wanted to be jerking off, watching his girlfriend fuck her roommate.

Even if I wanted to, I was in no position to help him out. Between Bobbi’s mouth on my tits and her hand between my legs, playing with my clit, I was practically paralyzed. My roommate knew exactly what she was doing. I didn’t have to wait long for the satisfying orgasm she gave me. I came on her hand, bucking my hips to increase the friction. There was an embarrassingly large amount of wetness on her hand, but neither of us said anything about that; me, because I wouldn’t, and she because she couldn’t, not with her mouth full of my breast and my milk.

After I came she continued to nurse on me. I could feel the milk flowing and I had no means or desire to make her stop. It felt good. It wasn’t going to make me cum again, but I that wasn’t a reason to tell her no.

“That’s fucking hot,” Evan said from across the room.

I turned my head to look at him. He was on his side, watching up raptly, but his

cock was still soft. That’s the sad thing about boys. Two or three orgasms and they’re done for a while. Girls can keep going. I wouldn’t want to be a boy.

“You think so?” I asked him while stroking Bobbi’s hair, giving us the appearance of two lesbians in love.

“Definitely. I could get used to this.”

So could I.

And so could Bobbi.

But nothing so perfect could last forever.

Chapter Twelve

I spent a lot of time over the next few weeks traveling back and forth between my room and Evan's. I might have walked so many miles that my ass got smaller. What didn't get smaller were my tits. I knew when I agreed to be Bobbi's source of breast milk, that my boobs were going to swell. I was fine with that. When Evan became my boyfriend, they swelled further because I was feeding two people—two adults with ravenous appetites for both sex and milk.

It was odd the way that the more I was nursed on, the more milk my body made. It was fascinating, but at the same time, I was hungry all the time. Bobbi and Evan were happy to take me to the dining hall and let me eat on their meal cards, but I was starting to feel like a pig. I was eating all the time—which was great on one level, because I loved eating, but on the other hand, I knew it couldn't be good for me.

I figured out a lot about myself that semester. Mostly I discovered that I was definitely bisexual, which is both a curse and a blessing. The great part was that, theoretically, I could date any person I set my eyes on. That goes with the old joke that I doubled my chances for a date on a Saturday night just by being bi. That's not true, of course, because I wasn't interested in all men and not all women are willing to date other women. And I wasn't interested in dating a lot of people. I was happy with Evan and Bobbi.

And that was the curse. I couldn't choose. Maybe I wouldn't spend the rest of my life with one or the other, but I couldn't see myself not having sex with both men and women until I died. Being young and stupid and full of emotions and hormones, I couldn't decide anything. Maybe if Bobbi and Evan were both male or both female, I'd be forced to make a choice or they'd want to force the issue, but they both offered me something the other couldn't; they didn't see each other as competition, but complimentary aspects of each other.

Plus they both liked watching me have sex with the other.

After her brief experimentation with Evan and his cock, Bobbi confided in me that she was most definitely a lesbian.

"I mean, it was interesting and all. And I came when we had sex, but I honestly can't see myself fucking another guy. Ever. I don't think I could fall in love with a guy, but a girl," she told me giving me a kiss as she eased off my bra and released my tits, "I could be with the right girl for the rest of my life." She

latched on to my breast and started nursing, sucking out the milk I had been making for her all day.

“You know I just came from Evan’s room, right?” I asked her as she continued to nurse but also unzipped my jeans and together we eased them down.

“Uh-huh,” she said, her voice muffled by my flesh.

“He and I just had sex.” It was true. I had been horny and Bobbi had been in class. I knew that Evan was free so I went to his room for a quick fuck while his roommate was gone. He fucked me hard from behind and made me cum. When he was done, he made me sit on his lap as he played with my tits and nursed a little, savoring my sweet milk before he had to go to his late afternoon class.

“I can smell him on you,” she said, taking a quick break from my breasts as she curled her fingers into my panties and up inside my pussy.

“You’re okay with that?” I tried to ignore her manipulation of my clit, but I knew she was going to make me cum. I was a sex machine, for good or bad.

Bobbi nodded eagerly, her eyes shining with desire. “Sometimes I get myself off thinking about you two fucking.”

“You do?” I asked in surprise.

“Uh-huh,” she said while giving me a little kiss. “It’s pretty fucking hot. I especially like watching you two.” After our first little group encounter, Evan had been invited back into our beds a few more times. I wasn’t at all shy about letting Bobbi watch which was developing an exhibitionist streak in me.

“You do? Isn’t that a little strange for a lesbian?”

She paused. My panties were around my thighs and she had managed to stuff a couple of fingers up my pussy while keeping a thumb on my clit. “Straight guys like watching lesbians fuck. Why can’t I do the reverse?”

I nodded in agreement. “Right. Different measures of violating conventions.”

“Uh-huh. Now shut up so I can fuck you.” Using her foot, she pushed my panties all the way off and rolled on top of me, sucking out some more milk before

slipping down my body and eating my pussy.

I woke up with Bobbi experimentally weighing my breasts in her hands. I was used to her handling me. For a woman with her own set of tits, she was endlessly fascinated by mine. When she noticed I was awake, she grinned at me. “I’m jealous of you.”

“Because I have big boobs? They’re only this big because I’m fat and lactating”

That remark got me a swat on my shoulder. “Stop calling yourself fat,” she told me for the hundredth time. “You’re beautiful and curvy. But yes, I’m jealous because they’re big and full of milk.”

“There’s ways to get you lactating too,” I told her.

“Ha. No. My coaches would freak out.” That was the truth. Almost all the women on the track team had cute tiny tits, not massive jugs like mine. And Bobbi’s coaches wanted her energy going into running, not making breast milk.

“So?” I asked, pushing her down and rolling on top of her, pinning her to the bed with my weight. I was naked and she was in her t-shirt and panties. “We could keep it a secret. We’d just have to suck on your tits every few hours for a couple of weeks. We could get your milk flowing.”

I could tell the idea excited her, the way her face lit up at the suggestion. I had only ever really tasted my milk. I wondered what it would be like to drink a good amount every day.

“You and Evan want to turn me into a running cow?” she asked.

I really hadn’t considered the idea before that moment. I knew that Evan would love to have two women who could supply him with milk. He loved to nurse from me, and he was always happy to suck on Bobbi’s little nipples when the three of us played together. She didn’t mind that. But actually starting her lactating? That would be a problem from start to finish.

“Sure,” I said, reaching up under her t-shirt and pinching one of her nipples. She shivered at my touch. “It would be fucking hot. And we could hide your bigger

tits under your endless supply of athletic bras."

I released her nipple and a wave of relief washed over her face, but before she had the chance to recover, I put my hand between her thighs, feeling her heat and her dampness even through the soft cotton. "Do you want to fuck?" I asked her, already knowing the answer.

"Always," she said, pushing down on my shoulders, encouraging me to pull off her panties and eat her pussy. I happily complied.

At the last home meet of the track season, I was rushing around in the locker rooms doing my usual shitty job as a team manager, when I walked in on Bobbi hugging one of her teammates. Calista was her name. She wasn't particularly talented or fast, but she was sexy in a butch way. Everyone knew more than a few of the women on the team were lesbians and I wasn't threatened by that fact because I had a special relationship with Bobbi. The other women often hugged and embraced before and after races as emotional encouragement. I wasn't going to say anything or interrupt them; I was just going to grab the folder I needed and get out of there.

But then I saw the hug was lasting longer than was seemed normal. And then I saw them kissing. Not the sort of kiss to the cheek for luck, but full on tonsil hockey kissing. It would have been fucking hot to watch them if it wasn't my girlfriend doing it with another woman. I even saw Calista's hand go down to Bobbi's butt and grab her ass. I faded into the shadows of the ill-lit locker room.

My stomach was a knot of anxiety. Was Bobbi cheating on me or was she just swept away in the moment. They kept kissing and groping each other. Bobbi was doing it as much as Calista. Maybe I was getting cheated on, but seeing two women with perfect bodies making out was fucking hot whether I wanted to admit it to myself or not. I kept watching until I realized that my hand was between my thighs, rubbing my pussy. It was fucking hot whether or not my girlfriend was doing it with someone else. I made a little sound of alarm, pulled my fingers from my pussy, and ran away, leaving Bobbi and Calista to their little tryst.

During meets I didn't get much of a chance to see Bobbi other than for our prearranged time for her to nurse from me. We had already done that when I

caught her with Bobbi so I wouldn't expect to see her until after everything was done for the day.

I ditched my responsibilities as team manager and headed across campus to Evan's room. If Bobbi could fuck someone else, then so could I. So what if I was going to fuck a guy she knew I was fucking on the regular, and that she had given permission for me to fuck. I suppose if I really wanted to screw with her sense of morality I would have hooked up with some other woman, but I didn't have time to do that right then and there.

Getting inside the dorms during the day was incredibly easy. I was a familiar face to most of Evan's floor mates. I wanted to surprise him in his room, jump all over him, make him fuck me, make him drink all my milk, drain my tits completely so there wouldn't be any left for Bobbi to have. Instead of knocking, I just opened the door to his room and walked in.

It should have been locked. It wasn't.

I should have knocked. I didn't.

I shouldn't have seen Evan fucking another girl on his bed, but I did.

She was pretty. Prettier than me. She wasn't nearly as fat as me. She had smaller tits. She was everything that Evan claimed didn't attract him to a woman, but there she was on her hands and knees, almost directly facing the door. He was kneeling behind her, presumably with his cock in her twat when I barged in. The three of us stared at each other for a long uncomfortable moment.

"What the fuck are you doing, Evan?" I demanded of him, even though it was obvious what he was doing.

"Holly. Hi. This is Cindy. She's in our Human Bio class."

Cindy, the pretty little slut, actually smiled at me and lifted on hand off the bed to give me a little wave.

"Hi, Holly."

I didn't answer her. I just slammed the door and walked away. It wasn't like I hadn't seen Evan fuck someone else before, but that someone else was Bobbi

and I had encouraged him to do it. I had helped him do it. And it wasn't like Evan and I had made a formal agreement not to date or have sex with someone else besides Bobbi.

Even so, I felt betrayed.

I was proud of myself that I got all the way to the library and up to the third floor study carrels before I sat down and cried to myself.

Chapter Thirteen

What killed me the most was when I finally went back to our dorm room, Bobbi was there, reading a textbook while she lay on her bed, and she pretended like nothing had happened.

“Where have you been?” she asked me when I walked in. “I couldn’t find you anywhere when the meet was over.”

I just waved my hand at her and flopped on my bed. After I had finished crying I had shoved my head in one of the tiny sinks in the library bathrooms and let the cold water wash away my tears and the puffiness I always got when I cried. I probably looked okay physically, but emotionally I was a wreck. There was the possibility that I would have been okay if only Bobbi or Evan had cheated on me, but the both of them just devastated me.

“Where were you?” Bobbi asked me.

I groaned and rolled over to face the wall. “Exhausted,” I said. “We were losing anyway.”

“We wound up winning. How come you weren’t here when I got back?”

I made a noise. “I was too tired to walk all the way back here. I stopped at the union and ate everything I could get my hands on.” I only wished that was true. My stomach as shrinking in on itself but I wasn’t hungry.

The tone of Bobbi’s voice changed, like she knew what I was up to. “If you went to Evan’s to have sex, that’s fine. You can just tell me. I’m not jealous of him.”

“I didn’t go to Evan’s. I didn’t have sex with him.” One lie and one truth. That balanced things in the universe, right?

“You’ve been eating in the union all this time?” she asked me doubtfully.

“Yeah, and other stuff too. What’s so hard to believe? Isn’t my ass fat enough for you to believe that?”

Bobbi fell quiet. “Okay. Fine. Whatever. I’ve got homework to do.”

I stared at the wall for a long time, not thinking, not doing anything. I could hear

her turning the pages of the book and shifting on her bed, but that was the only sounds in our room. Other noises drifted in from the campus and the dorm, but nothing that caught my attention.

I don't know how long I stared at the wall while Bobbi read, but it was ridiculously long. I should have done something, anything. Confronted her about Calista or even just asked her about it. Because I was forcing myself not to think, it took forever for me to come up with a way to broach the conversation.

"I lied," I said to the wall, but I knew she heard me. "I did go to Evan's."

"Why didn't you just tell me that? So you got horny and wanted to get laid. I understand. No big deal."

I rolled over and looked at the woman whom I had considered my girlfriend for the past month. "I walked in on him fucking some girl named Cindy." I bluntly spat out the words at her.

Bobbi sucked in her breath in surprise. But was she surprised because of my little revelation about Evan or because she felt parallel guilt for him. Did they know the other was cheating on me? I had no idea.

"Please tell me you're kidding," she finally said, giving no indication that she had been recently cheating on me. I didn't know for certain she and Calista had been fucking, but that was splitting hairs.

"Nope. She actually waved at me when his dick was in her." I started crying again, silently this time, but I could feel the tears sliding down my cheeks. "She's prettier than me. She's prettier than you." I half laughed, but it came out as a sad sob. "She might even have a better body than you."

A little noise came out of Bobbi's mouth. She dropped her book and slid off her bed to come over to mine. I should have shoved her away. I should have accused her of cheating on me just to see what happened. But I didn't. When she slipped onto the bed and held me, I let her. She was giving me comfort because of my cheating boyfriend, but she was just as much of a cheater as he was.

Still, I let her hold me for a minute. It felt good. And then her hands went up underneath my shirt and I knew what she was doing and I wanted to tell her no but I didn't. I let her get my shirt and bra off. Bobbi wasn't trying to seduce me

into having sex. She was trying to bare my breasts. I don't know if she was actually hungry to the point where her body craved my milk or if she was just a little bit horny—honestly, how much could she have done with Calista in the locker room with coaches and every member of the team possibly walking in at any second—or if she was trying to comfort me because she knew how much I loved to be nursed, but I let her.

Once I was topless, she latched on to my breast, which was heavy with milk because it had been hours since she had taken her fill right before her race, and started sucking happily away. It felt good, but I hated it. I wondered if this was how it felt for people who knew their significant others were cheating on them, but still had sex with them because they didn't know what to do. Did they all love the sex but hate the person, or hate the sex and love the person.

It was fucking confusing and I was ready to be done with relationships and I had barely started having one—okay, two—and they were both falling apart.

Some things can't be controlled. I couldn't control my body's milk production or it's response to Bobbi's nursing. I let out little sighs and moans as she nursed from me and I shivered with delight when her hand went between my legs and started rubbing. I was certain she could feel the wetness of my pussy through my leggings. Without wanting to, I wondered what her pussy was doing, how wet it was, and I pulled her closer to me.

Naturally we did wind up having sex, but as a bit of petty revenge, I made Bobbi do all the work. I barely touched her at all, but she was busy with my tits and pussy, making me cum. I did nothing to get her off, but I did allow her to ride my thigh, grinding her panty-covered pussy against me, which was enough to get her off.

"What are you going to do about Evan?" she asked me afterwards.

"I don't know," I moaned in complaint and rolled over. After heaving a sigh, I added, "Yes, I do. I'm going to fucking break it off with him. I mean, if he wants to fuck other girls, that's fine, but the least he could have done is told me. It's not like I'm not open-minded."

"Has he tried to call or text you?" she asked. "It has been a few hours."

"I don't know. I turned off my phone."

Breaking up with Evan would be easy. With Bobbi, not so much. We lived together. I was contracted to provide her milk. And I didn't want to lose my one friend. And If I lost my one friend I'd be replaced by someone else who'd be happy to provide her with milk for a free college education.

It fucking sucked.

"He probably was fucking her then because he figured you'd be busy at the track meet," Bobbi told me.

That was obvious to me. Now. I looked at Bobbi and wondered what she was doing when I wasn't around.

I had a good idea.

The next day I skipped my classes. I had a good idea where Evan and Bobbi were supposed to be all day. They must have figured I was in class all day being a good girl. That's what they thought of me, always following the rules because I was afraid of destroying my future. I hadn't skipped class once in my life.

I didn't meet Evan for breakfast. I didn't go to Human Bio with him. Instead, after leaving the dorm I ate a quick on the go breakfast from one of the kiosks and circled back to my dorm room. It would have been incredibly easy just to barge in; it was my room after all. But I didn't. Technically my room was on the first floor but the way the dorm was built into the side of the hill and it wasn't at ground level. Still, I could stand back far enough on the hill and stare into the windows. Usually we didn't close our blinds all the way but this morning they were, or they were angled the wrong way. I knew that Bobbi had a mid-morning class so I waited at the end of the hallway, watching the door to my room.

It wasn't a shock, but a disappointment, when both Bobbi and Calista came out of our room. They weren't holding hands or anything, but when they headed the opposite way down the hall, I followed, carefully and at a distance. When they exited the dorm, they gave each other a quick, friendly kiss. Again, not damning, but after the previous day, it was damning enough. Bobbi was going to get a reputation of a notorious lesbian on campus if she wasn't careful.

Going back to my room, I swept back the covers on Bobbi's bed and found the sheets still warm, but it was the wet spot they had left behind that was definitely not sweat that confirmed it for me. Bobbi and I hadn't had sex that morning and

she had nursed on me in my bed.

The numbness slowly spread through me. I waited for Evan outside the liberal arts building. Following him was easy. He wasn't looking for me. And Cindy was waiting for him. They kissed upon meeting and held hands when they walked back to her dorm. I lost them inside the dorm, but it didn't take a genius to figure out what they were doing.

I waited.

I waited a long time. Eventually they came out of her small dorm room. I marched up to Evan while he was holding her hand before they parted ways. The moment he saw me, he dropped her hand, but it was already too late. I could smell the sex on them. On him. "We're done," I told him, seething with anger.

"It's not what it looks like, Holly," he said quickly. "We're really just friends."

"Friends with benefits?" I asked him snidely. "Friends who fuck? You like fat girls like me, and you're just fucking her as a distraction?"

Cindy had the good graces to blanch at my words, but she didn't say anything. I turned to her. "He cheated on me. He's going to cheat on you." I marched away. If he liked fat chicks, I hoped he stared at my fat ass while I walked away. Maybe Cindy would clue in.

I waited for Bobbi back at our room. She came in at the usual time with a happy smile on her face. Of course she was happy. She had recently fucked her new girlfriend who was prettier than me and had a perfect body. "Hey, how are you?"

I only acknowledged her with a nod before pulling up my shirt to expose my tits. "Ready for me?" I asked.

"Always," she said happily. "You look very full. It's like I didn't nurse from you this morning." She sidled up to me and we lay down together on my bed. Automatically her mouth went to my breast.

Before she had the opportunity to lull me into complacency by nursing on me, I asked the question. "I saw you with Calista. Are you in love with her?" Maybe it was unfair of me to ask her that question when her mouth was full of my breast and my milk. I didn't feel like being fair.

Bobbi let my nipple slide from her mouth. She had the good manners not to deny that I'd caught her being unfaithful. Did that word even apply to our relationship?

"How…how do you know about us?" she asked.

I shouldn't have answered, but I did. "I saw the two of you."

With a frown on her face, Bobbi admitted it. "I'm not in love with her, but the sex with her…it's different than with you. Not better. Just different. And I don't want to be the person who fell in love with my roommate only for her to leave me for a boy."

"That's a lame excuse," I said, pulling down my shirt, denying my breasts and milk to her.

"I know but…but it's all I have. It's just sex with me and Calista," she hastened to add. "I'm not in love with her."

I practically snorted at her denial. "And I suppose you love me, is that it?"

The silence hung between us a long time. She looked away. "Love? Maybe I do."

The glare I gave her made her frown deeper.

"I don't know what I feel for whom," she said. Maybe she was being honest. I couldn't tell. "I don't know anything."

More than anything I wanted to scream at her, to tell her to leave, that I hated her, but it wasn't the truth. I didn't even hate Evan; I was just upset and depressed that he hadn't been truthful with me. I was certain that Bobbi was just a college fling, and it would end when her track career did, or we graduated, or she found someone else willing to nurse her, or I found a better lover, but for the moment, I was willing to overlook all of that.

My tits were aching for relief. There was milk to be sucked. I lifted up my shirt. "Go ahead," I told her. "I need it as much as you do."

End

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.

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