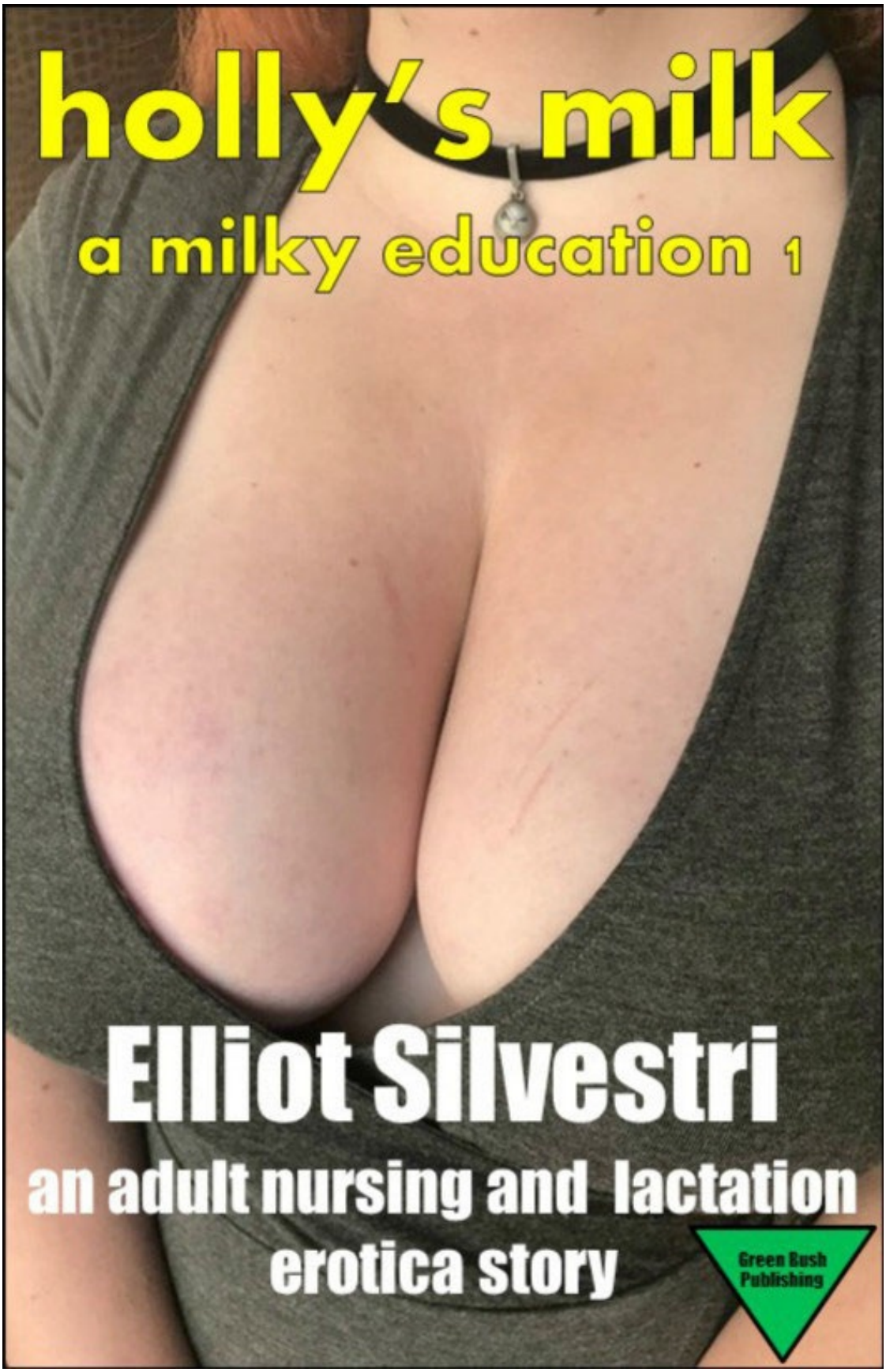
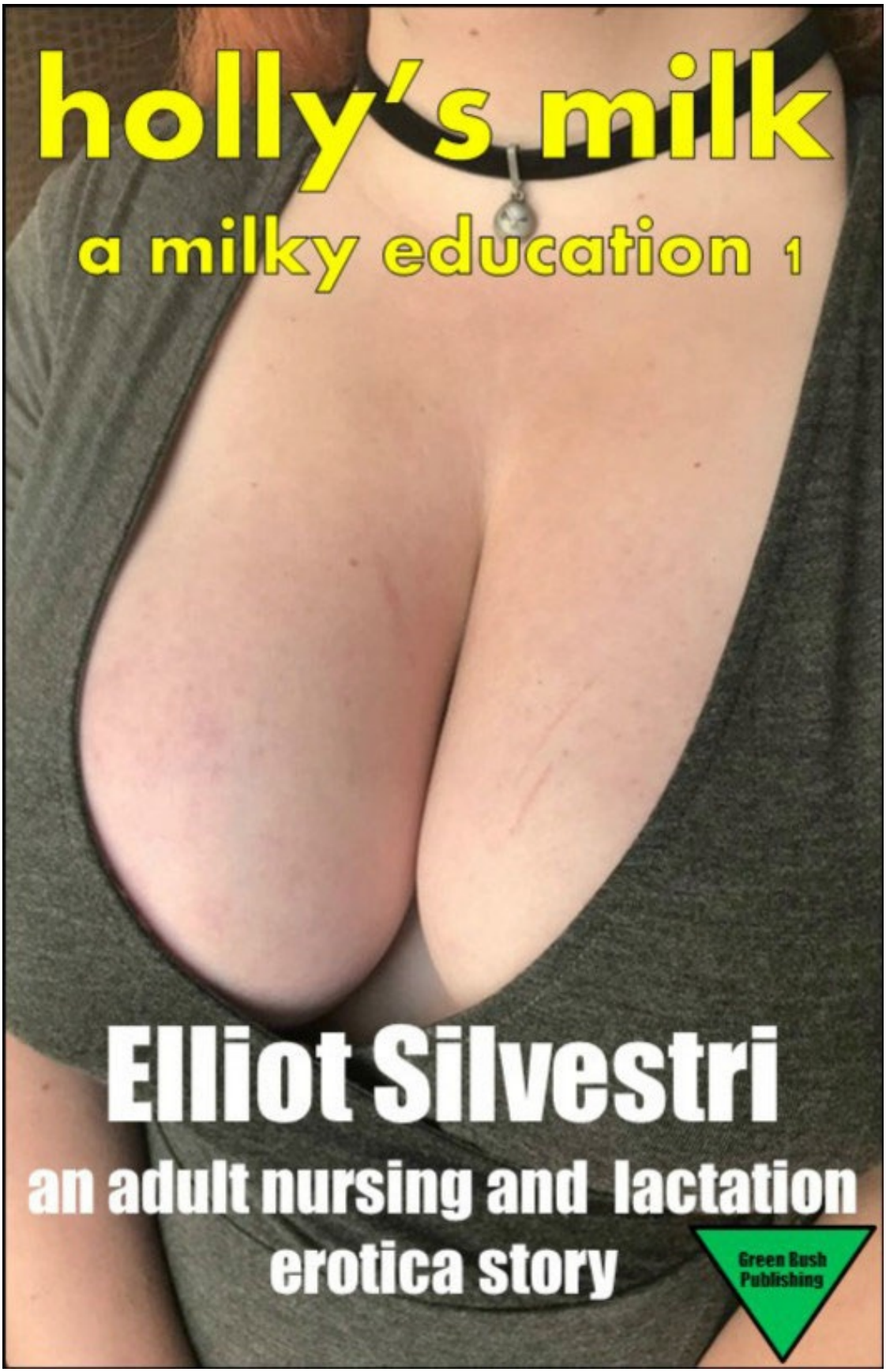

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Holly's Milk:

A Milky Education 1

An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Holly's Milk:

A Milky Education 1

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Part One

Chapter One

The alarm went off and Roberta woke up with a groan. It only took her a few seconds to stretch and stumble out of her bed before she came over to mine and slipped under the covers.

“Just a quick snack,” she said as her fingers pushed up my nightshirt.

I helped her to get to my breasts. It was nice feeling her lean, muscular body press up against mine while I was still half asleep. It was even nicer feeling her lips close around one of my fat nipples and begin sucking. I tried to remain silent, but a soft moan escaped my mouth. If Bobbi heard me, she didn’t give any indication, she just sucked vigorously at my breast. Almost immediately my milk let down and I could feel it flowing in to her mouth followed by the pleasant sensation of her swallowing. My arms went around her, because it was easiest to nurse her that way, but, strictly speaking, it wasn’t necessary to hold her.

I mostly kept silent and enjoyed what she was doing to me—waking me up and getting me excited—and was extremely disappointed when she abruptly switched from the bottom breast to the top—I was lying on my side—to evenly nurse me. She knew that it was important to keep both breasts at more or less the same level. She couldn’t just nurse from one because that would make me lop-sided and half her milk supply would dry up.

I’m not sure if she knew how good it felt when she nursed from me. I’m sure she had some idea—because I was more than willing to do it—but she was probably blissfully unaware of what she did to me all the time. I wanted to stroke her hair and cuddle her close—which I sort of did anyway—but I didn’t force the issue. I wasn’t that stupid.

Abruptly she broke the latch she had on my nipple and slipped out of bed. “Just some quick energy,” she said like she always did. “I don’t want to run with a full stomach.”

“Right,” I agreed and watched her get dressed.

Without the least bit of shyness Bobbi threw off her tiny tank top and pajama bottoms. I tried not to ogle her body, but she probably didn’t even notice me looking at her. I was more intimately familiar with her body than anyone else—except maybe her physical trainer or coach. Five foot eight and a hundred and

twenty two pounds, all of it lean. Her breasts were much smaller than mine and topped with little nipples and areolas that were such a pale shade of pink they were barely noticeable. Her little girls disappeared beneath a tight athletic bra that squished them down to nothing. She pulled on a pair of running tights—no underwear—that conformed to her muscles. Bobbi didn't shave her pubic hair, other than at the edges, but she trimmed it down to almost nothing which made the triangle of dark blonde hair between her legs practically invisible.

When she turned around to find her sneakers I couldn't tear my eyes away from her butt. It stuck out and was highlighted by the wild color scheme of the tights —no dull black yoga pants for my roommate—and I imagined lots of guys would be admiring her legs and ass as she ran. Except it was six a.m. and except for a few other insane athletes who were up at the crack of dawn, the campus and the track would be deserted. Their loss.

It was extremely cold outside—in my opinion, at least because forty degrees is insanely cold—so after Bobbi bound her short hair back in a tiny pony tail and put a hat over it. With that final flourish she was out the door for her morning run, leaving me alone and frustrated.

I pulled my nightshirt up over my head and threw in on the floor. Since it was the only thing I slept in, I was naked. My vibrator was in a box under my bed and my pussy was wet from the short amount of time that Bobbi had nursed on me. It had gotten wetter while I watched her get dressed. While trying to decide if getting Buzzy out of the box was more hassle than it was worth, I put my hand down between my legs and fingered myself. In addition to being wet, I was also hot. As much as I wanted to cum from just my hand, I knew it wasn't going to happen that easily. After a few seconds attention to my clit, my fat thighs automatically clamped on my wrist and I sighed in frustration.

My feet his the cold tiled floor and I scrabbled through the plastic box where I kept Buzzy, so named because he buzzed menacingly and was stripped yellow and black. It was an impulse buy when I was horny and a little drunk, but it was a good choice. I hopped back into my warm bed and turned on Buzzy—who only needed a switch to be pressed to get turned on, unlike me who needed my tits sucked to get turned on. The floor was freezing and I wondered how Bobbi could go outside dressed in practically nothing.

Buzzy got right to work after I ran him along my wet slit for a few seconds. I

plunged him inside of me, and the little vibrations he generated ran right from my pussy up to my brain. I tented the sheets of the bed with my knees so I could masturbate with Buzzy and still remain warm under the covers. I knew it wouldn't take long. I normally woke up horny and Bobbi nursing from my tits got me going even more. I could feel the little ridges of my little honeybee vibrator as I worked it in and out of myself, angling it just right to hit the areas I needed.

The climax I had wasn't earth-shattering, but it was enough of a kick to make me get out of bed and stumble toward the shared bathroom of the dorm. Our floor was small enough that we only had two showers in the bathroom which suited me just fine. The less people staring at my fat ass while I showered and got ready for the day, the better.

I took my time. There was no hurry. No one else was waiting to use the showers. What self-respecting college student gets up at six a.m.? By the time I was done washing my ample flesh and long hair (my one vanity, I suppose) I was stepping out of the shower with my robe wrapped around me, when Bobbi walked into the bathroom. "Hey!" she said brightly.

She was always too happy after running for nearly an hour.

"Hi."

"It's exhilarating outside today," she said as she kicked off her sneaker and then stripped off her hat, athletic bra, and running tights. I stared jealously at her perfect body. She didn't notice as she slipped by me. "Is the water still hot?" she asked she turned it on. No answer was necessary from me. "I'll meet you back in the room in a minute," she called to me.

I took my time getting dressed. I only pulled on my underwear and jeans. There wasn't any reason to put on a bra or shirt, not with Bobbi expecting me to be ready for her.

As I expected, she hustled back into the room a minute later, hair wet, face pink from a thorough scrubbing, and an eager look on her face. "I'm starving," she said.

I was still wearing my robe because I was cold, but I took it off and lay down on my bed, moving over to the wall before Bobbi joined me. "You could have a

regular breakfast, you know," I pointed out to her as she got into position, her face level with my tits.

"Yeah, but this is the perfect energy food," she said right before she latched on and started suckling.

How desperate was I to get through college without any more student loan debt that necessary? Desperate enough to answer an ad looking for a student willing to undergo induced lactation to supply breast milk to a fellow student athlete. What did that net me? Essentially free room and board. All I had to do was live with the other student and be her milk supply for the entire year. Part of the agreement was I would keep my production up over the summer.

It had all the potential to be a scam or a joke. It wasn't.

The downsides? I put on weight from the pills they gave me to start lactating. That wasn't so bad because I was already overweight. Plus I had to schedule my life around Bobbi, but that was okay as well.

The real downside? I found myself falling for Bobbi and that wasn't allowed at all.

I peered down at the top of Bobbi's head while she nursed from me. She was convinced—or at least her coaches were—that breast milk supplements were the perfect energy food for all athletes. Maybe it was. Bobbi had some impressive track performances over the past year, including setting some minor records. I was almost afraid of asking how they had originally convinced her that this was the best thing to do to help her running career. Her scholarship was dependent on her remaining on the track team and she was willing to do anything it took to do that. Since doping was a game she wasn't willing to play, my breast milk was brought in to take the place of the drugs most other athletes used.

Bobbi abruptly looked up at me and let my fat nipple fall from her mouth. "Did I hurt you?" she asked.

"What?"

"Did I hurt you? Did I suck too hard? You made a noise."

I realized I must have been moaning while she nursed. I couldn't help it. I liked

it too much not to. “Sorry. Sometimes it feels too good.” I gave her a winning smile. “You know that it feels good.”

“Right,” she agreed and switched breasts. “You’ve got a lot of milk this morning,” she said before she got back to feeding.

“Uh-huh,” I absently agreed as I closed my eyes. I had plenty of time to let her nurse. Then I could go to breakfast and make my first class of the day with plenty of time to spare. Then back to the room for Bobbi’s lunch, then afternoon classes, then nursing her for dinner, then studying, then her nursing again as a late night snack, then to bed and repeat the whole process over again.

She nursed and I tried not to let the sensations of my milk letting down and flowing bother me. I tried to push aside the thrill of her sucking on my nipples and how it made my pussy wetter and wetter. I knew I should speak to her about it, to tell her that I loved nursing her and if she wanted to do something more, I’d be happy to help her out.

But I didn’t say anything because I couldn’t afford to. If I fucked up my relationship with Bobbi—which was weird, to be sure, but friendly and we got along well—I wouldn’t have any way to pay for college. I was forced to be her friend, not her lover, and I had to suffer with that.

By the time she was done draining my tits, I wanted to get Buzzy out again, but decided that wasn’t a good idea. Instead, I finished getting dressed while she did the same. Once again, she had no shame, but this time pulled on another athletic bra and matching underwear that was functional and nothing else, followed by a tight shirt, nylon pants, sneakers, and a fleece jacket. I found one of my industrial-strength bras and put over that a t-shirt and then a shapeless sweatshirt. We were done and ready.

She went to class; I went to breakfast.

Chapter Two

“Hey Holly!” The greeting came from a guy standing at the table where I was sitting. I looked up and blushed. Not only was he cute, but he could easily see all the food I had on my tray. I had eaten most of it, but still. I was eating alone because I didn’t want people to see how much I ate. No one would believe that I was eating not just for myself, but to help produce the milk that Bobbi needed.

I looked up at him, face bright red, and search my memory for his name. My embarrassment and his cuteness kept me from finding the answer. I pretended I was chewing so I didn’t have to say anything.

“Mind if I sit down?” he asked.

The dining hall was mostly empty. He could have sat anywhere .Why was he embarrassing me?

“Sure,” I said between clenched teeth, pretending I had a mouthful of food.

He sat down. I recognized him, but couldn’t place his name or where I had seen him before. “Worried about the test today?” he asked as he dug into the stack of pancakes on his tray. I stared at his food and spied the ID card he had left next to the plate. By straining a little I could just make out the name. Evan Becket. It helped me out but I still couldn’t place him.

“Test?” I said when I realized he was staring at me.

“Our class,” he prompted. “Human Bio? Test today? Didn’t you study?”

I went into panic mode before remembering that I indeed did study the night before. Evan must be in my bio class. That’s where I had seen him before. I found myself staring at his forearms. They were muscular. Not bulky, but strong, like he gripped things all the time. I wondered what it would be like if they gripped me. Specifically my fat ass. I tried to focus.

“Yeah. No. I’m not nervous. Just ready for it to be over.” I kept my eyes on his forearms. It was easier than looking at his face. It’s not like I have a forearm fetish. I had plenty of other problems and that wasn’t one of them.

“I’m sure you’ll do fine,” he said. “I mean, you’re already following the first rule about being ready for the day.”

I blinked at him. There was a patch of whiskers on his jawline he must have missed when shaving that morning. It was cute. “What rule?”

He gestured at my tray. “You’re eating a good breakfast. You won’t be distracted by being hungry, right?” He grinned and shoved a forkful of pancake into his mouth.

I was mortified. He wasn’t calling me fat, but he was pointing out that I ate like a pig, so he was calling me fat. My appetite disappeared, but he didn’t.

“I think you’re pretty brave,” he said after he swallowed.

“What? Why?” Did he know about me and Bobbi?

“You’re one of the only people who speak in the class. I mean, I know it’s a lecture class of…I don’t know. The hall holds a hundred and fifty, right? And it seems like you always have an answer ready when Dr. Drumm tosses it out there.”

Fat and brave. I guess that was something.

He continued talking while I sat there and barely ate. If I had better willpower, I wouldn’t have eaten anything else, but I was a slave to my body and, truth be told, the college could whip together a decent breakfast.

When it was time, Evan walked with me to the classroom, the second largest lecture hall on our smallish campus. He was amiable and polite. Maybe he didn’t mean to call me fat. He did have nice forearms. And a cute butt. The jeans he wore showed off that. When we got to the hall, it was already half filled mostly with people who never came to class unless there was a test. Evan took charge and found us seats. He was forced to sit one row behind me and to my right. I wondered if he was looking at my ass when I sat down. My sweatshirt was zipped up all the way so there was little chance he was trying to get a look at my cleavage.

When the tests were passed out, I focused on the questions and tried to put my fantasies of Evan aside for ninety minutes. I’m sure it was my imagination, but I felt Evan’s eyes on me the entire time. It was my imagination; why would a cute guy like him be interested in a fatty like me?

He was waiting for me in the lobby outside the lecture hall. That was odd. “How’d you do?” he asked me, falling in step next to me as I walked out of the building.

“Fine. It wasn’t that tough.”

“Yeah, great. Me too. Thanks for your help.”

“Help?”

He paused and gave me a strange look. “For helping me calm down and focus. I always get nervous before a test.”

I didn’t know what he was talking about. “Sure. No problem.”

“Going to your next class?” he asked.

I shook my head. “No. I don’t have anything to do until this afternoon. I was going to go back to my room and catch up on some reading.”

He nodded. “Good plan. Not wasting your time. Smart.”

The big grin on his face and his general demeanor was telling me something else. I didn’t want to admit it, but I was still horny after Bobbi’s morning feeding. And I needed some stress relief after the test. And he was gripping the strap of his backpack with his arm up in such a way that I could see every flex of his forearm. It was distracting. I wasn’t focused. I asked the question I shouldn’t have. “Unless you’re not busy and you want to go back to my place where we can have wild, passionate sex until we pass out from exhaustion.”

It was the longest sentence I had ever spoken to him. Evan stopped in the middle of the path we were walking on. I kept going a few more steps before I realized he had stopped. His face had gone from amusement to shock. “What?”

“If you’re not busy,” I said with a confidence I didn’t feel. After a moment, I resumed walking back to my dorm. I could feel his gaze on my fat ass. A second later I heard his feet scrambling on the path to catch up to me.

“Are you kidding?” he asked me.

I kept my eyes straight ahead, refusing to look at him because if I did, I'd chicken out. "There's only one way to find out, isn't there?"

We walked the rest of the way back to my room in silence. The dorm was quiet; those who had morning classes were already gone and those who didn't were still sleeping. The moment we stepped into my room—and I was momentarily glad that Bobbi had an obsession with keeping our place relatively neat and clean—Evan turned to me, pushed me against the wall that was covered with a hundred notices of on-campus doings, and kissed me like I'd never been kissed before.

First, I had kissed boys before. Six of them, in fact

Second, I wasn't a virgin. I wasn't a slut, but I wasn't a virgin. But college was different from high school.

Third, I wanted to fuck Evan. I barely knew him, and probably any guy would do at the moment, but he did have nice forearms.

Fourth, I was sure it wasn't going to happen because the moment he got my sweatshirt off and saw how fat I actually was, he'd run from the room.

As we kissed he ran his hands down my sides because I was pressed against the wall and he couldn't reach all the way around to feel my back and ass. I kept my hands on his slim hips, afraid to do anything stupid. He had strong lips. I liked that.

He broke the kiss first. "This would probably be easier on your bed," he said. I nodded in agreement and moved toward the bed, but he stopped me and jerked down the zipper to my sweatshirt. I let it fall off my shoulders. At the bed he pulled up my t-shirt; I let him. He glanced down at my huge tits, smiled, and reached around behind me. After a few seconds of fumbling with the multiple clasps, I pushed him away.

"Let me," I said. Either he was incompetent with bras—and what boys weren't?—or he was stymied by the five industrial strength hooks necessary to keep my tits under control. Instead of unhooking the bra, I just grabbed it and pulled it over my head, exposing my tits to him. I expected him to run screaming from the room.

Instead he nodded and grinned and kissed me again. He lifted his hand to my breast and I felt my nipple contract at his touch and my knees wanted to buckle. Whatever he wanted to do to me, I'd be happy to let him.

I stepped out of my shoes and he went down on his knees in front of me. Evan was better at opening the button to my jeans. They fell into a crumpled pile on the floor and I was left in just my socks and underwear. I wished the underwear wasn't so…boring. But Evan didn't care. A moment after getting my jeans off, he hooked his fingers into the waistband of my undies, looked up at me and asked, "Is this okay?"

I just nodded.

He kissed my convex tummy and pulled down my panties.

Even though I was completely naked and Evan was still fully dressed, I didn't feel the least bit vulnerable. I felt powerful…and excited.

Evan kissed me again, pressing me down onto the bed; I happily let him. "You've got great tits," he said as he ran his hand up my leg and cupped one of my huge boobs. He was half lying on top of me and I could feel his hard cock pressing through his jeans against my leg.

"Thanks. Be careful. They're sensitive."

"Uh-huh," he said as he kissed my lips again, and then my neck, and then my shoulder, and then I felt his lips closing on my nipple and I panicked because I didn't want him to wind up with a mouthful of milk that was supposed to be for Bobbi. I didn't want him to be disgusted by my lactation. I pushed his face away from my nipple.

"Careful!" I tried not to yell. "They're sensitive."

"Sorry," he apologized and I felt he really meant it.

I grabbed his hand and shoved it between my legs, letting him feel how hot and wet my pussy was. "This is where I want you," I told him.

That was good enough for Evan. We kissed some more as he fingered me. He wasn't nearly as good as my vibrator, but it was fun to share sex with someone

else. After a minute of really mediocre foreplay, he moved around again, getting up on his knees to pull off his shirt, revealing a chest that wasn't exactly skinny, but was incredibly lean. He then repositioned himself between my legs, kissing my tummy before sliding his tongue all the way down into my slit.

He was much better at eating pussy than he was at fingering it. What we were doing was crazy and stupid, but it felt incredibly good and I wasn't going to stop the good times just because I was making a foolish decision.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!" I cursed as I clamped my thighs around his head. Either Evan didn't care or that was his kink and before I knew it, I was cumming, my body shaking, my flab quivering, as he pinned me down with his face. Apparently he didn't know that when I said "Oh fuck!" during sex I meant he had to stop. I was forced to push his head away from my pussy to actually stop him. "Too much," I complained, panting heavily. It actually wasn't too much, but I needed a bit of a rest.

Evan's face was wet with my pussy, but he didn't seem to mind. "Did I make you cum?"

Maybe he was good at eating pussy, but he didn't know everything.

"Yes," I laughed at him. "But I want more."

"More?"

I reached down between us and found his cock was still hard inside his jeans. "Your cock."

"I didn't want to…I didn't want to assume you wanted to, you know, have actual sex," he stammered out.

"Isn't that why I invited you back here?" I asked him.

"Well…yeah," he laughed and he unbuttoned and unzipped, giving me a better view of his impressive bulge still half-hidden in his underwear. "Uh…do you have a condom?"

Fuck! No, I didn't. Why would I. And to expect Evan to have one on him during class was kind of stupid as well.

“Uhh…no, I don’t.” And I was pretty sure that was going to be the end of that.

Evan, however, wasn’t going to let it go because—looking back on the situation from a more mature perspective—he was young and horny and wanted to fuck.

Jumping off the bed he grabbed his shirt and pulled it back on. It was inside out, but that didn’t matter in the moment. “Gimmie a minute. I’ll be right back.” He dashed out of the room.

I was left alone and naked and only half-satisfied. After a few seconds reflection, I realized where he was going. My moderately progressive college made sure the vending machines in every dorm didn’t just have soda and chocolate and crappy snacks, but also had a selection of three types of condoms. Evan was back in less than a minute, knocking at the door, a three-pack clutched in his hand.

“I hurried,” he said. “I didn’t want you to change your mind.”

I quickly pulled him inside before someone saw me naked. I’m sure he was glad that no one saw him ducking into the floor fatty’s room for a shame fuck. I would have been happy to have helped him undress, but Evan was like and over-eager puppy and stripped off his clothes in a flash. His cock was still hard and to my eyes it was huge. Bigger than Buzzy. Maybe not as large as his forearms, but he had nothing to be ashamed of in the locker room—unless, of course, it got out that he had fucked me.

He started fumbling with the package of condoms, trying to open one up. “Need help with that?” I asked as I slipped back onto my bed.

“No,” he muttered. “I know what I’m doing,” he said. I watched in fascination as he rolled the condom carefully onto the head of his cock and then all the way down the length. He was slightly curved and it was a beautiful cock. I couldn’t wait to hide it away inside my pussy.

Once he was suited up, he climbed back onto the bed and on top of me. I’ll give him credit. He didn’t complain about my fat rolls. We went totally traditional and got into missionary position, him between my legs. It took a bit of fumbling about, but eventually he found my entrance—I had to help him—and when he pushed inside of me, I remembered what was so great about sex with an actual cock.

Everything.

We didn’t talk about what we wanted or how to fuck, we just did it. The rawness of the moment was really the best part. It was hard and fast and Evan lasted a good amount of time for an eager young college guy. He actually made me came a second time before he came; I appreciated that. I kept my moans and noises to a minimum, even though I wanted to scream as loudly as possible. I would have been happy for him to flip me over and fuck me from behind because that way I could stifle my screams into the pillow.

After he came and we rested together a minute, he pulled out, took off the condom, tied it off, and tossed it into the trash. I was certain he was going to throw on his clothes and run for the door, but instead he got back in bed next to me, skin to skin, and held me like he was an actual boyfriend.

“That was great. Thank you.”

I was exhausted. He as spooning me from behind—his arms were around me and I could feel his now soft cock against my ass—and I was running my finger up and down the ropey muscles of his forearm. “Uh huh. Thank you too.”

That was the last thing I remember before I fell asleep.

Chapter Three

“What the fuck!” Bobbi declared, waking up both me and Evan. I sat bolt upright on the bed, letting the sheets fall and exposing my tits, not that it mattered. She had seen my tits plenty of times before.

“Sorry!” I apologized. Unnecessarily. Bobbi wasn’t offended at the sight of my boobs and I didn’t have to apologize for having sex in my bed in my room.

Evan’s reaction? “Oh shit.”

Bobbi just looked at the two of us hiding under the covers of my bed for a long moment. “I’ll give you a minute,” she said and then backed out of the room, leaving me and the guy I had just fucked alone. It was probably going to be the last time I saw him.

Wasting no time, Evan practically jumped out of my bed and started gathering up his clothes, dressing quickly. “You didn’t tell me your roommate would be back so soon.” He glanced at his phone and saw the time. “Shitstains! It’s noon. I’m fucked. We fell asleep. I didn’t mean to do that.”

I didn’t bother dressing. I’d just have to take my shirt off to nurse Bobbi, but I did slide my ass out of bed to grab the robe I usually wore to the bathroom. “Sorry,” I apologized to him and I meant it.

He was mostly dressed and was stomping his shoes back on. “Sorry nothing. This was great. I’ll give you a call later. Is that okay?”

I was in shock. I expected him to fuck and run. It was probably just a nice lie he was telling to make me feel good about have cheap, tawdry sex with a girl of low self-esteem, but it was a nice gesture on his part.

“It’s…fine,” I agreed.

He smiled at me and walked up to give me a kiss. I didn’t resist when he swept back to robe after kissing me, to get a view of my naked body again. “Beautiful,” he said, and then furrowed his brow.

“Is that sweat?” he asked, looking at my naked breasts. I glanced down at my nipples and saw that between the sex, the sight of Bobbi, and the time of day, my milk had started letting down. Maybe Evan was into fucking fatties, but he

certainly wasn't into fucking fatties whose tits leaked milk.

I covered myself with the robe. "Yeah. I tend to sweat when I sleep. Sorry."

"Don't apologize." He gave me a quick kiss and opened the door. Bobbi was there with a pissed look on her face. She allowed him to leave and then marched inside.

"My milk is already letting down," I said. That tended to happen at our usual feeding times when I was full. "Do you want to use your bed or mine?"

Her expression changed from pissed to disgusted after peering at my bed. "Mine. I'm surprised you have any milk for me."

"He didn't nurse on me at all," I told her as we got onto her bed.

"Whatever. Just…just let me drink. I'm hungry."

As Bobbi cozied up next to me, I reflected at how her body lean and angular, was halfway between Evan's and mine in shape.

It was the first time that Bobbi had ever really been mad at me. We'd had disagreements before, sure, but this was different. It didn't stop the bond between us, however. She needed to nurse and I needed her to nurse because my tits were starting to ache and if I didn't nurse her then my college money would be gone and then everything would fall apart.

So she nursed, but she wasn't gentle about it. Normally my milk let down and she'd suck it down, but it always felt good. This time was different. It still felt good, but there was a certain pressure to perform, a certain amount of discomfort at the same time.

Even so, I couldn't help from making the little noises that I always did when Bobbi nursed. Even after Evan and I had fucked and I had cum twice. I was that much of a hormonal slut that I imagined having sex with her while she nursed. It was exquisite torture.

Eventually we fell into the usual rhythm of breathing and nursing. It was a forced intimacy that had been affecting me in the wrong way. And maybe Bobbi as well. We liked each other well enough, but I felt myself falling for her

physically and emotionally. I don't know what exactly she had been feeling for me, but her anger at seeing me with Evan gave away at least some of her feelings.

Neither of us had had a romantic partner during our time at college. It wasn't just our studies, Bobbi's training, and our nursing that was preventing us from having a relationship with someone else.

Generally, during Bobbi's lunchtime feeding, I tended to doze, which is what I did that day until she rudely woke me up when she finished. "Why were you fucking him?" she demanded as she sat up, her hunger quenched for the moment.

I shrugged and pulled my robe around me, momentarily modest. "I don't know. I was horny and I wanted to and he was cute and it seemed the right thing to do just then. What does it matter. I can have a boyfriend if I want." It was a little early to be making the boyfriend leap, but I put it out there anyway.

"I thought you—"" and she caught herself before finishing the statement. "It's not going to interfere with our agreement, is it?"

Our agreement was an actual contract that I had signed. It was worth real money to me. "Of course not."

"Does he know about…about what you and I do?" she demanded.

"No."

She nodded. "Good. Fine. I mean, it's not like I have to stop you from having friends, right?"

"Right."

She headed for the door. "I'll see you at dinnertime."

"Right."

I was never an athlete and, in my opinion, athletes are more than a little weird

because they are so obsessed with an activity that, under the best of circumstances, will give them a career that'll last a less than five year in most cases. But that's just me and no one cares about my opinion.

They'll do anything and everything to give themselves a little advantage. You don't see students obsessing over what material their pens are made of or what type of ink is used to write notes, but I haven't met a serious athlete who couldn't tell me the exact fabric composition of every item of their clothing along with the manufacturing process. But again, just my opinion.

A lot of college athletes had moved beyond traditional doping—pills and such—to other things that they believed gave them an advantage. Sleeping inside of oxygen rich tents. Sleeping inside of oxygen poor tents. Working out with weights lining their uniforms. Wearing only a certain color. Eating only a certain food. Somewhere along the line some coach—probably the parent of a newborn—became obsessed with the idea of breast milk being the perfect food for babies and athletes. I'm not going to go through the tortured logic—pure, easy to digest, high energy, low allergen reaction—but it directly benefited me.

Evan was semi-true to his word and texted me instead of calling. I'd never been in a text conversation like that before and I loved it. The flirting and teasing and planning and hoping. Our schedules didn't mesh for another hookup until the next afternoon, but I was looking forward to it.

After my afternoon class, I met Bobbi in our room for her evening meal. Well, the first part of her evening meal. She drained my tits dry and then we went to the dining hall for a proper meal. Even if I had been producing enough milk to sustain an active adult woman I doubt that it would have all the nutrition she needed. My milk was just a supplement, not a complete replacement. Things were much better between us when Evan wasn't there. We had dinner, chatted, went back to the dorm, studied, hung out, and then got ready for bed.

As usual, I put on my oversized nightshirt while Bobbi dressed in her tiny tank top of fuzzy bottoms.

"How full are you?" she asked.

I put down my water bottle—I was always drinking water because milk

production demanded it—and cupped my breasts, hefting them up a little to get a feel of their weight and fullness. I wasn't bursting, but I was getting there. "Pretty full. You hungry?"

I'd learned that because athletes have so much muscle mass they are always hungry, always burning calories just by sitting there breathing. Bobbi was no exception. "Midnight snack," she said as she gestured for me to get in bed. She followed me under the covers.

Her hands pulled my nightshirt up over my breasts, essentially leaving me naked. I didn't go without underwear during the night because I'm some sexy monster looking to get laid. I was tired of getting so turned on by Bobbi's nursing and soaking my panties that it was just easier to go without. She latched on right away, settled in next to me, and nursed away.

As always, I focused on the pleasure of giving her my milk. And it was pleasurable. And as always, I fantasized about what it would be like to go beyond just nursing Bobbi to actually having sex with her. I stroked her short hair and she didn't mind. I let my imagination run wild, thinking about what it would be like to have sex with both Bobbi and Evan. Those fantasies were even better.

Generally Bobbi kept her hands to herself when she nursed, except for occasionally repositioning herself or me. Tonight she rested her hand on my hip and then slowly, but steadily, let it slide down to my ass, gently cupping my big butt. I noticed she was playing with my nipple in her mouth a lot more than normal. Or maybe I was imagining it. Or maybe I was wanting to imagine it. She moved between my breasts, making sure both were sufficiently drained, and then finally looked up at me.

"Do you know how sweet breast milk is?" she asked me.

I did know because, out of curiosity, I'd tasted it myself. It's very sweet. Like fruit juice without any real flavor. "No," I said.

"Try it," she encouraged me. With her fingers, she manipulated my nipple a bit, squeezing the soft flesh of my breast until it produced a few whitish drops on the tip of the nipple. She wiped up those little pearls with her finger and offered it to me, an inch from my lips. I couldn't resist. I had to find out what game she was playing. I tasted my milk on her finger, sucking in her fingertip just far enough

to taste—and to tease. As I expected, it was deliciously sweet. I sucked longer than necessary.

“More?” she asked.

“Sure.”

Instead of squeezing my breast and making me produce more milk, she leaned up toward me and gave me a kiss on my lips. That wasn’t enough for her—or for me—and she pushed her tongue into my mouth. It wasn’t a casual or teasing kiss; it was the kiss of a lover.

I didn’t know why exactly she was kissing me—Actual attraction? Jealousy? Fear of losing my milk?—but I wasn’t going to complain.

She moved on top of me, letting her weight rest on me as we continued to kiss. When I tugged up her tank top to free her breasts, she leaned up and helped me. She encouraged me to suck on her little nipples, moaning a little as I did in inexpertly, but at the same time she pulled my nightshirt all the way off so I was completely naked.

I figured that Bobbi wanted it as much as I did. When she laid back down on top of me, I ran my fingers down her muscular back and inside her small pajama bottoms. Her ass was incredibly firm. A strong contrast to mine. I was eager and I wanted more. She didn’t complain when I rolled her over so she was on her back and I pulled off her bottoms, exposing the little triangle of her blonde pubic hair at the apex of her muscular thighs.

“You don’t have to,” she said as I kissed my way down from her pert breasts, to her flat tummy, to the edge of her mound.

“I want to,” I told her as I pushed apart her thighs, exposing her pussy. I licked once along the length of her slit, tasting her muskiness and seeing she was as wet me. I had never done this before but I had fantasized about it more than I wanted to admit to myself. I knew what I liked so I just did that to Bobbi. Finding her clit was easy because it was swollen pink and almost throbbed under my tongue. She gasped as I licked and sucked on it, struggling and writhing to the point where I thought she was fighting back.

“Do you want me to stop?” I asked as she pushed back at my shoulders.

“No,” she gasped desperately. “Finish me off!”

Apparently I was doing everything right. I locked my arms around her strong thighs and held her in place while I continued to pleasure her pussy. It didn’t take too much longer to actually make her cum. I wasn’t sure if she was going to be able to because too many women are hung up about sex and don’t know how to have an orgasm, but Bobbi didn’t have that problem. When she came she made a noise that frightening me, like she was in real pain, and her pussy got so wet and hot that I thought she was on fire, but apparently that was just the way that Bobbi came.

“Good?” I asked her when she was done but still panting with exertion.

“Yeah. Good. I needed that.”

“Glad to help,” I said as I repositioned myself next to her naked body. She wiped my chin and cheeks with her hand, removing her juices, before we kissed again. I wanted to do more, but we just held each other for a minute and before I knew it Bobbi was softly dozing. I resolved to let her sleep for a bit, then wake her up for more sex, but I fell asleep too soon.

Chapter Four

But Bobbi wasn't done. She woke me up in the middle of the night with her mouth on my breast, nursing. She'd done that before, climbed into my bed for a quick drink, but this was different. She nursed and played with my nipples. I took her hand and slid it down my body, hoping she wasn't disgusted by my rolls of fat, until we got to between my legs. She wasn't shy about holding my pussy, but she was hesitant about actually exploring me. After a little bit of encouragement she got the idea, manipulating my lips and clit, making me pant, wanting more. Eventually she stopped nursing on my tits and just played with my pussy.

"More," I begged her. "Harder. Faster."

"Are you sure? I don't want to hurt you."

"More!" I demanded, thrusting my hips back and forth to get her to do what I wanted. She got the idea. Maybe her pussy was a delicate little thing, but mine was made for rough sex. It took Bobbi some experimentation, but eventually she got to the point where her palm was slapping directly against my pussy, jamming her fingers in and out of my wetness, until I came. I clutched her body to mine. It was heaven. I wanted more, but we both must have passed out.

The alarm on Bobbi's phone went off. It was six a.m. Again. Bobbi slipped out of my bed, stumbled naked over to her side of the room, found her phone, turned it off, and stumbled back into my bed. "Early," she complained.

"It's always early."

"Mm-hmm," she agreed. Her mouth quickly found my nipple and she settled in to feast on my milk, like any other morning. And like any other morning, it felt good, especially with her naked body next to mine. She drank quickly, steadily coming awake. Bobbi let her fingers explore my body and I wasn't ashamed. I told myself I wasn't ashamed.

My breasts weren't nearly as full as they normally were in the morning because she had nursed from me in the middle of the night, so her quick energy breakfast was cut short. Bobbi smacked her lips on my nipple and said, "I want more, but I need to go run."

“Okay,” I sleepily agreed.

“Will you be here when I get back? In bed, I mean.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” I mumbled.

“I mean…you know…to mess around a bit,” she said.

I opened my eyes. She was looking directly at me. I wanted to tell her about my secret affair with Buzzy, but I didn’t. “I’ll be here,” I promised her. Sex does that to the brain. You have a little, and then you want a whole lot more.

I drifted back to sleep, normally I’d get out Buzzy, fuck myself, and go to the showers, but I wanted Bobbi’s warm, sweaty body next to mine for a little sex before I showered. I wanted to get out Buzzy and keep myself on edge but that seemed rude, so I just tucked my hand between my pudgy thighs and kept myself on edge until Bobbi returned almost an hour later.

She was hot and sweaty and stripped off all her clothes and climbed in bed with me and latched on to my tits and started sucking away. There was no objection when I slipped my hand between her thighs and found the entrance to her pussy. She was nice and wet already; she must have been fantasizing about me.

Bobbi was quick and efficient with drinking my milk. She had to be. We were running out of time if we wanted to shower and eat an actual breakfast and get to class

“Is this bad,” she asked as I started thrusting my finger in and out of her pussy, making her give up my nipple so she could properly pant as she approached orgasm.

“Yes,” I told her with a wicked smile. “That’s why it feels so good.”

She was on her side with her right knee pointed at the ceiling to give me access to her pussy. Her body was beautiful and I loved that she allowed me to play with her. I kissed her while I fingered her.

“This is crazy and stupid,” she said with her eyes screwed shut. She was right on the edge.

“Uh-huh,” I agreed, going faster while I reached out to tweak her nipple. That was enough. She came on my hand, her pussy suddenly soaked and her thighs trapping my wrist.

“I should do something for you,” she said when she had recovered.

“That’s okay. We’re running out of time.” I started to get out of the bed.

“No. I want to do something for you.” She pushed me back down.

I expected her to put her hand between my legs and make me cum again that way. I was wrong. Rolling on top of me, she quickly kissed her way down my body, ignoring the rolls of fat, before she was all the way between my legs, staring directly at my pussy. I wasn’t ashamed, but I wasn’t expecting this from Bobbi. She had always seemed more…demure. Maybe she might mess around with the girl supplying her with breast milk, but she wouldn’t go full lesbian and eat pussy.

I was wrong.

And she was one of those artists born to eat pussy. Or at least I found her to have the cunning linguist’s talent.

“That wasn’t bad at all,” she declared after my orgasm. “It was kinda fun.” She wiped her face with her hand, removing most of what I had left behind on her smooth skin.

I didn’t know if she was reconsidering her stance on her sexual orientation, or what, but I was fine with what we were doing. I couldn’t help myself. I glanced at the time. “We need to get moving if we’re going to eat and go to class.”

I knew that Bobbi would never consider skipping a necessary meal and I wasn’t skipping class, not when I was going through all this to pay for college. We grabbed our robes and headed for the bathroom. There are two showers on our end of the dorm and normally in the morning they were unused except by me and Bobbi. So naturally this morning one was occupied. “Fuck,” I cursed softly. “You go first. Make it quick.”

She shook her head and grabbed my hand, dragging me into the shower with her. I should have fought back harder, but I didn’t want to. The showers were just

large enough for two people. Two normal sized people, so I was squishing Bobbi more than necessary and there wasn't much space in the shower, but somehow we managed to get clean—mostly—with a minimal amount of giggling. We even managed to finish up and leave before the other girl got out. What she was thinking I'll never know and that's a good thing.

After that, the day went pretty much as normal. Breakfast. Class. Lunch and a breast milk snack for Bobbi (but no time to fool around because of her practice schedule). Class again. Lab. And then I went to Evan's room because he kept texting me during the day and I kept responding and between him fucking me the day before and Bobbi's sudden sexual interest in me, I was hornier than a teenage boy discovering an older brother's porn collection.

I went to his room with the express purpose of getting laid again.

It wasn't much of a date. We didn't even pretend to spend a few minutes studying, even if only for appearances to ourselves. As soon as the door to his somewhat messy room closed and I was sure his roommate was gone, we were kissing and falling onto his bed. We tumbled out of our clothes, eager to get naked and experience sex with the other again. Neither of us had any shame, only enthusiasm.

We kissed and groped and I knew we were going to have sex and it was going to go a little more smoothly than last time because he'd already told me that he had condoms and then in the middle of kissing when I could feel his hard cock against my thigh and I was wishing it was inside of me already he paused.

"God I love your body."

I froze.

And then I grimaced at him and tried to push him off me.

He frowned at me. "What's the matter?"

"I don't like being made fun of. I'm leaving."

"What? Why?" He was genuinely puzzled.

I just glared at him while he lay on top of me. He wasn't really pinning me down; I could have rolled to the side to escape him, but I was frustrated (sexually and emotionally) and angry.

"I know I'm fat. You don't have to mock me."

He blinked, not comprehending my words. "I'm not mocking you. I don't like short girls but I do like girls with curves." He paused and looked at my chest. "And big tits. I'll admit that. I'd probably never go for a girl with a flat chest."

For half a second I wished I was one of those girls who didn't have enough self-respect to walk out on a guy she wanted to fuck. I wanted to fuck him. I wanted to get laid, but I didn't believe him.

"Right. You with your perfect body and your gorgeous forearms, you aren't fucking me just to get closer to Bobbi, right?" I flopped my head back and glared at the ceiling. "Being on the track team isn't good enough for both of you, right?"

He actually laughed at me. "Bobbi Church? I didn't know she was your roommate until she walked in on us. I can assure you, I have no interest in her."

"Right," I said sarcastically.

He grabbed by tits, which was quite rude and presumptuous of him, but in the context of the moment I sort of loved it because, sadly enough, I still had the urge to get laid. "You've got these big, beautiful boobs. She's got nothing. Flat. Boring. Okay, maybe it makes me shallow, but the first thing I see on a girl is her tits. Yours looked great under your shirts…and they look better naked."

I shrugged. "So big tits, so what. I've got 'em because…because I'm fat." That was only half a lie.

He shook his head at me. "Okay, maybe you aren't rail thin and maybe you aren't athletic, but that's fine with me. I prefer girls with nice curves." He ran his hand down my side over my ample hip and around to my fat ass.

"You're lying."

"If I'm lying, why am I naked in bed with you?" he asked with a charming grin.

I hated that charming grin because it made me want to fuck him more. “Because you’re a guy and you want to get laid.”

He nodded. “Well, that’s at least partly true.” He handled his cock a bit, showing me how hard it was, as if I didn’t already know. “But why would you think that?”

“Because I know what pig parties are and how guys love to play that stupid fucking game where they have a contest to see who can date or fuck the ugliest or fattest girl.” I closed my eyes as if that would somehow stop the tears from welling up in my eyes.

“That’s disgusting and I’d never do that. First, because it’s dehumanizing to everyone involved. Second, because you have the perfect body type for me and besides, you’re fucking hot.”

I laughed at him. “I don’t believe you.”

He turned my face towards his. “You have beautiful eyes and smooth skin. I love that. Maybe it’s shallow, but I love girls with long hair. And big tits. And a generous ass. But I like you too. It’s not just sex.”

“Maybe if it was sex, it would be easier.” I looked down at his cock. It was still hard. Maybe he was telling the truth or maybe he was just so eager to fuck he’d do or say anything to get inside me.

“How about we fuck,” he suggested, “and then talk about our relationship later?”

Hormones are a wonderful thing. Maybe he was treating me as a thing to fucked, but I wanted him to fuck me. He did have a beautifully athletic body. And his forearms…

“Okay,” I agreed and kissed him. If we were kissing we weren’t talking and saying stupid things. We kissed for a bit and then he moved to my neck and shoulders and then downward and I was certain he was going to go down on me, but he paused at my boobs and I panicked and literally pushed his mouth off my nipple.

“What?” he asked innocently.

I could tell my milk hadn't let down, but it wanted to. I could feel it. "Really sensitive nipples," I reminded him of my lie.

"Sorry."

I grabbed his hand and put it between my legs so he could feel my wet pussy. "How about we just have sex?" I asked him.

"Sure!" He jumped out of his bed, grabbed his package of condoms, and rolled one on in record time. I was fascinated at how he did it. He paused before getting back in bed with me. "Can I make a request?" he asked politely.

"Okay."

"Can I fuck you from behind?"

I blinked. "Like…doggy style?"

He nodded.

I'd only ever had sex on my back, missionary position. I supposed a little change of pace couldn't be bad, could it? "We can try—" I managed to get out before he interrupted me.

"Great!" His face lit up like the sun. "Um, get on your hands and knees and—"

It was my turn to interrupt him. "I know what to do. But I'm going to point out that this is hardly romantic."

"This isn't about romance," he said. "This is about sex."

I did as he asked, getting on all fours with my fat ass in the air while he knelt down behind me. I felt a bit dehumanized, turned into an animal, but then Evan's hands were on me, caressing my ass, reaching between my legs, probing my pussy with his cock, and I put my hand down between my thighs to guide him into me.

It was surprisingly easy to have sex in that position. He slipped right it, aided by my wet pussy, and he went all the way in, nestling into me like he was meant to be there.

“Oh fuck,” I groaned once we figured out what we were doing.

“Uh-huh,” he agreed. Keeping a firm grip on my hips and ass with his hands, aided by his strong forearms, he started moving his cock in and out of me, faster and faster, harder and harder, to the point where he was all but ramming it into me like a weapon. We were going so hard and fast that our bodies were slapping together. It wasn’t a pretty sound, but I appreciated his enthusiasm.

Not that I had a lot of experience with sex, but I quickly decided that getting fucked from behind was much better than missionary. Or at least Evan was good at doing it that way because he was hitting all the right spots that way. In the back of my mind I realized that missionaries hated sex, or at least hated that other people enjoyed sex, and that position wasn’t good for everyone.

I was gripping Evan’s bedframe so hard when I came I was certain I was going to bend it. He paused in his thrusting when I was coming down. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” I puffed. “Why?”

“Because you sounded like you were in pain.”

I looked at the pillow beneath me. “No. Just cumming.”

“You were loud,” he said.

My face was already red from exertion so I couldn’t blush. “Sorry.”

“No. I liked it. Can I keep going?”

“Please.”

He started going again. It felt really good. He didn’t make me cum a second time, but I got really close before he came.

Immediately after sex is when it’s most awkward. We disentangled our limbs from each other. He got out of bed and got rid of the condom. Evan was polite enough to hand me a small towel to clean up with, which was better than having to get partially dressed and going to the men’s bathroom. When all that was over, we got back in bed together and enjoyed the feeling of skin on skin.

“This was great,” he said.

“Um-huh,” I agreed. I was exhausted. I’d been having a lot of sex lately, but I figured telling Evan that I’d been having sex with Bobbi wasn’t the right choice just then. His hand came up my body to caress my breast and play with my nipple. What he was doing was nice, keeping me on edge just enough so that I was considering fucking him again, but it was so nice that I forgot what and who I was. “Feels good,” I said.

“You’re wet.”

I smiled. “Uh-huh. My pussy is wet for you.” I wasn’t the best at sexy talk, but I figured I didn’t have to be.

“No, you’re sweaty or something,” he said.

I came to my senses and sat up. “Shit!” I cursed and looked down at my tits. Both my nipples were starting a steady drip of milk. Mortified, I covered up my nipples with my hands to staunch the flow and struggled out of the bed. “I’m sorry,” I apologized as I scrambled about for my clothes, specifically for my bra because if I could get that on, I could finish getting dressed with a minimum of humiliation and get out of Evan’s room.

“For what?” He was confused.

“For…this.” I sort of shook my tits at him. “I’m leaking.”

He was puzzled. “Leaking what?”

“Milk,” I explained, exasperated. I found my bra on the floor and scooped it up. Only then did I realize he truly had no idea what I did for Bobbi and what my tits were doing every minute of the day. “I’ve got a…condition. I’m lactating.”

He was surprised. “Really?” A look of intense interest passed over his face.

“Yeah. I need to get back to my room. This was great and all, but…uh…I need to leave.”

“You don’t have to,” he said quickly.

“Yeah, my milk is making a mess. I need to leave.” I managed to get my bra on and though I was still leaking, the generous amount of material that made up the garment would save me from complete humiliation as I tried to run across campus. My other clothes quickly followed the bra.

“What are you going to do?” He was puzzled by my actions. I didn’t blame him.

“I’ll take care of it at home.” It was time for Bobbi to feed anyway. That’s why I was letting down.

“You can stay and take care of it here,” he said generously. He just wanted to fuck me again. I just wanted to fuck him again, but my tits and obligations weren’t going to allow that.

“That would be great…but no. I’ll…I’ll call you later,” I said as I ran out the door. My face was red with humiliation but I managed to get out of Evan’s dorm before I started crying. I was glad it was night and dark. No one could see the tears on my face.

As I was hurrying back to my room, my phone buzzed in my pocket. I pulled it out and looked at the message. Naturally it was Bobbi.

Where are you? I’m hungry.

I texted her back. Back in ten minutes.

I was hoping to get a free college education because I could lactate. I never expected the emotional roller coaster.

End Part One

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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