ELLIOT SILVESTRI

ON CASSIE

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF SWEET, CREAMY LACTATION



HONEYSUCKLE

BOOK 3

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Honeysuckle 3: On Cassie

An Erotic Novel of Sweet, Creamy Lactation

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Honeysuckle 3: On Cassie

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Chapter Eight

She pulled away from me, sloshing through the water to the other side of the tub and pretended like everything was fine. Following her cue, I slipped back into the water and hoped the red flush I felt on my chest and face would just be written off as an effect of the hot water.

I couldn’t believe the shit I was hearing coming out of her mouth.

“What?” I repeated.

“I think I’m going to fuck Sam tonight and then I’m going to break up with him,” she repeated for my benefit.

“That’s a terrible plan,” I let her know.

“He’s good fuck, but I can’t see myself staying with him beyond the end of the school year.”

I tended to forget that Honora—Honey—was only eighteen and graduating high school shortly. She was already a slut and crazy. Not a good combination.

“You shouldn’t fuck a guy and then dump him. It’s...it’s fucking rude.” And in bad taste. And the markings of a terrible slut with low self-esteem, but I didn’t want to get into that.

“Why not? It’s not like I’m going to spend the rest of my life with him. I’m not even going to be with him through the summer. He’s leaving for college at the end of July. I’m not in love with him. I’m just fucking him.” She paused and looked askance at me. “Do you plan on living the rest of your life with Jake? Or are you just fucking him?”

She made a good point. I wasn’t sure where I was going with my relationship, such as it was, with Jake, but that was beside the point. I didn’t want her screwing up her life when she was so young. It was bad enough that I was having sex with her. There was no way our relationship was going to go anywhere other than sex and exercise.

I didn’t want it to.

I didn't think that Honora wanted it to.

And Honora was crazy. I didn't think anyone could sustain a relationship with her.

"My point," I said trying to focus on the problem at hand, "is that it's rude to fuck him and dump him. Do you want to be the person who uses other people just for sex?"

She shrugged. "Why not. He's just using me for sex. I mean, he's been on and off again with Alexis for the past two years. He's fucking around on her."

I opened my mouth to reply and then closed it. I had forgotten how complex and petty high school relationships could be. "Are you being safe?" I asked just to make sure she wasn't disease-riddled or pregnant.

"Ah...duh. Yeah." She said all three words like I was stupid. Like any teenager would.

Fuck her.

"That's good to hear."

"So, how long are you going to fuck Jake for? Are you going to dump him first or is he going to move on to some other slut?"

I wanted to slap her for implying I was a slut, but she was right. And I wanted to know what my relationship, such as it was, was going with Jake.

It wasn't like I was going to marry him and spend the rest of my life with him.

Right?

Without meaning to, I had set up a routine with Jake and Honora. I would go to his house and put her through her workout routine every day. Usually he was at work when I was there. More often than not, I would wind up having sex with Honora because I couldn't help myself and I felt like I was getting away with something. I'd leave and come back later in the afternoon or early evening for sex with Jake.

And nursing. They both nursed from me. My tits were getting as much of a workout as mybody. I kept checking. They weren't getting any bigger, which was a relief, but they were sore all the time. I could feel the milk in them and it needed to be sucked out.

Maybe if I didn't have two lovers at the time, it wouldn't have been so bad.

The next day was just like any other. Two clients in the morning. Lunch. Jake's house for a workout with Honora and then sex with Honora. I didn't feel bad about it. I should have, but I didn't. She gave me the update on Sam. She had fucked him. He had asked to fuck her ass. She used that as a pretense to break it off with him. I didn't comment on it.

After sex we both showered. She wanted to play in the shower, but I said no. Then she headed out to hang with her friends. I wanted to know exactly what she was doing with her friends. Eating French fries? Getting drunk? Having a traditional-style Roman orgy? Ghost riding in the Target parking lot? I guess I didn't care because it got her out of the house and it got me some alone time with Jake.

Even so, I went home because it was just weird to wait for him in his own house. I wasn't a kept woman or his wife.

I didn't want to be either.

After showering and a quick trip home, I changed and drove back to Jake's. He was home. He greeted me at the door with a kiss. I felt like someone special. He had ordered Chinese takeout for dinner.

It was almost like a real relationship, but at the same time it wasn't.

"Do you know we've never gone out on a date?" I asked Jake as we sat across each other in his small dining room. The round table was glass which always made me wonder what it would look like from underneath if we fucked on it.

"Haven't we?" he asked as he combined his rice with General Tso's chicken.

"No. We just meet up for sex." I paused for half a second. "And sometimes you buy me takeout."

A realization came over his face. “Oh. Uh...do you want to go out on a date?” he asked me.

“Are you asking because you want to take me out or are you asking because I’m embarrassing you?” I didn’t mean to be a bitch, but I couldn’t help myself.

He looked at me, his fork halfway to his mouth. He hesitated and put it back down. “Honestly, I don’t know.” He paused and stirred his rice some more. “Why are you asking?”

“I want to know what’s going to happen with this relationship that we have going.”

“We have a relationship?”

“Even if it’s just fucking, it’s a relationship,” I pointed out.

“Fucking and sucking,” he added.

My tits tingled at the word. “Fucking and sucking,” I agreed.

“I don’t know where it’s going. I’m having fun. I like you. I can’t predict the future.”

I took a gamble. “Honora says you date women for maybe three months and then move on. Is that true?”

He hesitated to answer. “I suppose it is. I mean, maybe I haven’t met the right woman. Maybe I’m a womanizer. A player, as the kids say.”

“So I should expect things to end in a month?”

“Maybe not,” he replied.

“Why not?”

“Because you have something those other women did not.” He was staring directly at my chest.

I asked anyway. “What do I have?”

He grinned and refrained from licking his lips. “You’ve got tits full of milk.”

I’d go into more detail about what happened next, but it wasn’t much different than every other time he took me to his bed and fucked me after sucking on my tits and draining them of milk.

The sex was incredible.

The sucking and nursing was incredible.

He shared some of my milk with me.

I loved kissing him when my milk’s sweetness still lingered on his lips.

I promised myself that I would cut it off with Honora. That I would make it, whatever it was, work with Jake.

Naturally that didn’t happen.

Chapter Nine

I still had other steady clients besides Honora. I didn't feel the least bit guilty about overcharging Jake for being her personal trainer because not only could he afford it, but because she was taking up far too much of my time and energy, physical and emotional.

Still, one client didn't pay the bills.

Rachel was still three times a week. We had an established routine as well. She trusted me far too much. I had a key to her place because she didn't want to be bothered answering the door when it was time for her personal trainer (ME!) to come put her through an exercise routine.

Really, all I am most of the time is the voice of discipline. Most people don't need me to show them how to do exercises. They need me there to make sure they do them.

When I let myself into Rachel's house on Monday morning, I could hear music playing in the back of the house. That wasn't unusual. She often used music to motivate herself.

Wandering back into the sun room where we normally did our workout, I found Rachel on her knees in front of a man.

She was dressed in her housewife casual of yoga pants and top.

He was completely naked.

Also, his hard cock was in her mouth.

It took them a moment to realize I was there. I stared longer than I should have. The guy she was sucking off was handsome. I realized far too late that I should have gasped the moment I saw what was happening to let them know I was there and quickly exited. I didn't.

I took in the scene and savored the tingling and wetness in my pussy.

Only when I realized they didn't know I was there did I let out a little startled scream and stumbled back against the open double doors.

That caught the guy's attention. He was surprised for a moment when he saw me, and then he grinned.

Why wouldn't he?

He had an erect cock anyone would be proud to own.

Along with a body in fantastic shape.

No wonder Rachel wanted me to keep her moving. A guy like this wasn't going to fuck any old fat-ass housewife. He could have his pick of the coterie in the cul-de-sac.

For her part, Rachel lost her balance, fell to her side, twisted around, wiped her face free of what I assumed was saliva (her partner hadn't cum yet and the liquid was clear, not white) and went momentarily white and then red.

I should have turned around and left, giving Rachel some dignity.

I didn't want her to have any dignity. She knew I was scheduled and should have planned accordingly.

Or maybe she had planned accordingly.

"Cassie!" she burst out. "You're early!"

I shook my head slowly, staring at the massive erection in the room. The guy grinned at me and nodded. He knew what was up.

Him.

"No. I'm right on time. I'll...I'll uh...give you two a little privacy."

"You don't have to leave, sweetheart," he said to me as I started to exit.

That was enough for me to stop. What did I have to lose other than a client and some steady income?

"Yes she does," Rachel hissed at me.

"I already knew you were having an affair," I pointed out to Rachel. She was the

one who had told me repeatedly. “This must be…” For the life of me I couldn’t remember his name. I don’t know why.

“Reggie,” he said, stepping around Rachel as she climbed back to her feet. He extended a hand to me and I shook it.

I’d never shaken the hand of a naked man before, let alone a naked man who was still sporting a boner.

“Cassie.”

“Charmed. I was just giving Rachel a bit of a workout.”

I nodded. “I can see that. That’s why I was here too. To give her a workout.”

“Personal trainer!” Rachel blurted out. “That sort of work out! Not sex.”

Reggie just shrugged. I admired the ripple of his muscles as he did so. I wanted to reach out and touch them.

“Do you want to join us for a personal workout?” he asked.

I laughed at his flirting. He was obviously turned on. The evidence was right there in front of me at waist level. It had recently been at eye level for Rachel.

Before I could answer Rachel said, “She’s not into that!”

I frowned at Rachel. “Why would you say that?” My eyes didn’t leave Reggie’s cock. More than touching his shoulders or pecs, I wanted to caress that piece of his anatomy. “I love sex. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Oh!” Rachel looked chastised and confused. “Well...I just assumed you were lesbian. I didn’t mean you didn’t like sex.”

“I’m not a lesbian.” I looked directly into Reggie’s eyes, forcing myself to look away from his cock. “I’m bi.” That was a bit of a lie. I liked having sex with women (see my ongoing affair with Honora) but I didn’t see myself as bi.

“Really.” His interest went way up. As if that were possible. “Are you sure you wouldn’t like to join us?”

There was only one right answer to that question. “I’d love to join you.”

That was enough permission for me. I reached out and took his cock in hand. It was warm and slightly wet with Rachel’s saliva. Under the smooth skin it was as rock hard as the rest of his body. “How do you enjoy your blowjobs?” I asked as I went down on my knees, taking Rachel’s spot as she looked on in astonishment.

My left hand cupped his soft, velvety balls. He had to shave or wax because he was so smooth. My right hand stroked his length. He wasn’t huge, but he was more than enough for any woman.

“I enjoy them from two women at the same time.”

I laughed and put my mouth on his cock and started sucking. Rachel could join in or fuck off.

What the hell was wrong with me?!

This was not normal behavior for me at all.

And I was loving it.

The blowjob I proceeded to give Reggie was just like any other blowjob I had given in the past. I enjoyed doing it for him and his moans and gestures of appreciation were like that of any other new lover.

And then I felt him pushing me aside. He wasn’t pushing me back like he was done with me slobbering all over his cock and he wanted to move on to the main event of him slamming his weapon into my pussy. He was pushing me aside.

Opening my eyes I saw that Rachel had joined us. She wrapped her hand over the base of his cock, making me relinquish my grip on him. Happily I allowed him to withdraw his cock from my mouth. Rachel didn’t even hesitate. She picked up the blowjob where I had left off.

Really, there are only two reasons to give a guy a blowjob. The first reason was to get him hard enough to fuck while getting him a little wet too, so penetration was easier. The second reason was to give head to completion so there didn’t have to be any other sex. Completed blowjobs were high school level sex.

Reggie was already hard and ready to go. I wanted his cock in my pussy, so I was starting to resent Rachel. She had already been sucking on him and if she kept going she was going to finish him off making both her and me unhappy.

Or at least me unhappy. Maybe she wasn't so eager to fuck Reggie and was trying to end her relationship with him.

I didn't want to have her in charge of his cock, so I went low, and sucked his balls into my mouth. The first time I ever did that with a man I was surprised at the velvety texture and how the actual balls just rolled around in the sack. I preferred it when guys shaved their balls because the hair was just gross inside my mouth.

That's why sucking Reggie's balls was a delight.

It also brought my face uncomfortably close to Rachel's face when she was performing a sex act. I don't watch much porn, but seeing her blow him up close was both a little intimidating, a little erotic, a little crazy, a little instructive, and a bit of a turn on. I didn't need my own personal sex show, but I was enjoying it.

It was Reggie who gained control of the situation. He pushed both of us away. "Ladies, ladies, please. There's plenty of me to go around." He grinned. He was the cat that caught two canaries and couldn't decide which one to eat first.

Or fuck first.

"I want to be the one to go around with you first," I said, not giving Rachel an opportunity. Moving as quickly as possible, I pulled off my top, baring my breasts, while I got to my feet. A second later I was rolling down my yoga pants and kicking off my sneakers. Two seconds after I stood up, I was as naked as Reggie.

It was the first time Rachel was getting a look at me without any clothing.

I hoped she was jealous. I'm not saying I had a perfect body, but I worked damn hard to get where I was...and I knew that what I had was better than Rachel.

Reggie eyed me and nodded in approval.

"Are you down?" he asked me.

“Uh-huh,” I nodded. “Where? Right here?”

“Sure!” There was a padded bench in the exercise room we could use, or we could just fuck right on the ground. I’d fucked in less comfortable places. To his credit, Reggie actually paused and gave a thought to what he was doing. “Is that okay with you, Rach? I mean, we’ve banged a lot of times before and Cassie is new to me.” He gave her a broad wink. “You can watch.”

Rachel was cool. Cooler than I would have been. “It’s fine. Go ahead. I’ll watch.” She took a few steps back and slowly started disrobing, not as a tease, but because she knew she was getting fucked after me. “Just don’t waste everything you have on her.”

Reggie nodded and pulled me close for a kiss.

He wasn’t a very good kisser, but that was fine. I wasn’t there for the kisses. I was there for the cock.

He was strong. Very strong. Stronger than me. Definitely stronger than Jake. I tried not to think about Jake as Reggie abruptly spun me around and put me down on my knees. If the exercise bench hadn’t been so low, I would have been happy to have been bent over it. Instead, I was just down on my hands and knees with his cock probing for my pussy’s entrance.

I had to guide him in. That was fine. His cock eventually found the way and I sighed in relief as he pushed in and filled me up. I had to look up when he grabbed my hips and got to work on fucking me.

Naturally I locked onto Rachel. She was naked now except for her sneakers and socks. Her back was against the wall and her naked ass was on the padded weight bench. She had a better body than I gave her credit for. Bigger tits than I would have guessed. I knew she tanned and I always warned her about the terrible effect it had on everyone’s skin. I didn’t know that she tanned completely naked.

And of course she shaved or waxed or whatever her pussy hair into a neat little triangle. Removing it all would be slutty. Not doing anything would imply she didn’t care about her appearance...at least to her husband and her lover.

Both of her hands were busy between her legs which were open wide to give her

complete access. One hand was frigging her clit and the other hand at least two fingers up inside of her.

She saw me watching. Neither of us said anything. I couldn't help but look at her. She was almost beautiful, but she wasn’t exactly to my taste. I don’t know what she thought about me and I didn’t care.

I especially didn’t care as Reggie got busy fucking me hard. He wasted no time plowing into me. The rough sounds of sex filled the air. I hoped that Rachel appreciated the show I was putting on for her. My ass is very lean so each time Reggie thrusted into me wasn’t the sound of hard flesh smacking a fat ass, it was hard flesh on hard flesh.

Fuck it felt good.

“You have a hot pussy,” he told me.

I just grunted. I was so worked up that I was already on the verge of cumming. I wanted to hold back for a little bit longer. I put one hand to my breasts and groped myself like I needed that extra little thrill. I didn’t need it; I was checking to see if I was leaking.

I wasn’t.

That was good. I didn’t need to freak out either Reggie or Rachel.

“You gonna fuck me when you’re done with her?” Rachel asked, her voice husky with desire.

“You know it,” he said.

I could feel his cock throbbing in me. It was like having an iron bar shoved up inside me.

I loved it.

“Make her cum,” Rachel ordered. “I want to see her cum.”

Whether this was a show she was putting on for her lover or if it was how she actually was during sex (and I didn’t know if Rachel got up to wild times in the

sack with multiple partners; all I knew was that she regularly cheated on Michael with Reggie. Maybe she had other lovers) I didn't know.

I couldn't let my mind drift. I didn't want this to last forever. I wasn't sure how much time we had, but since I wanted to cum and I was on the verge, I decided to just let myself go. I lowered my chest to the floor so that was ass was all the way up and the rest of my body was completely exposed so that Reggie could fuck me nice and hard.

His cock was hitting the right spot inside me. I didn't even need to pinch a nipple or frig my clit. I came. I came and it was delicious.

I knew I had to have been making all sorts of inhuman noises while I came, but I didn't care. That's just good, dirty sex.

Still, I needed to know my status with Rachel. I looked up at her, panting heavily. She had stopped masturbating and was grinning at me triumphantly, like she had won some sort of competition.

"Did you cum?" Rachel asked. The question wasn't directed at me.

"Not yet," Reggie answered.

She took her hands away from her pussy and displayed herself in full glory. From my angle I could see everything. I'm sure Reggie could as well. Her pussy was dark pink and glistening wetly. If she hadn't cum, she was close to it. Her outer labia was swollen and puffy. Her inner lips were splayed wide open just like her legs.

She was ready to be fucked.

I wanted to see her fucked.

Much to my disappointment, though I knew it was coming, Reggie pulled his cock out of me and stood up. He went right over to Rachel. She met him by standing up and kissing him. It was a much more intimate kiss than what he had exchanged with me. I saw her fingers wrap around his cock. It was good to know that she wasn't the least bit reluctant to touch the amrita I had left behind on his cock.

I felt like I was spying on them. I liked that feeling.

As she masturbated him, he pushed her back up against the wall. If Rachel could have resisted, I doubt that she would have. He picked her up, pinned her against the wall with his body, and then, with her assistance, slid his cock into her pussy.

I couldn't see it all, but I could see enough. It was incredibly hot and I was more jealous than I had any right to be.

She grunted noisily as he fucked her. The passion they showed was more like an elaborate Hollywood romance than two actual partners. It was much hotter than a porn flick. I understood why Rachel was so happy to cheat on her husband.

It was wrong but it was hot.

She came first. Reggie was an experienced lover but I still admired him for the control that he had in not cumming too soon. I also admired his taut ass. I would have happily rubbed and massaged and licked his ass if he had asked me.

Hell, I would have done it even if he didn't ask, but the time didn't seem right.

"I love you." I barely heard the words. They were whispered by Rachel, but she said them. Reggie didn't reply. His face was a mask of concentration. He continued to fuck her. Whatever emotional control she had temporarily lost, was either recovered or forgotten as he continued to fuck her.

Rachel's face became one of a woman gasping for air. She couldn't breathe. He wasn't choking her. He was fucking her so hard that her body didn't know what to do.

As I watched, she came twice more before Reggie finally gave it up and came in her pussy.

My fingers were rubbing my clit while they were fucking. My orgasm joined theirs, but I kept my reaction very low key. Somehow it felt wrong to jill off while watching them fuck. There's no logic to that, it was just how I felt.

"Okay, that was fucking hot," I complimented the two of them. They both looked at me as Reggie let Rachel down. Her legs had been half wrapped around

his waist, but mostly his body pinning her to the wall and his strong arms was what was keeping her aloft.

“Thanks—” said Rachel, but caught herself short. “What’s wrong with boobs?” She actually pointed at my chest.

Shit!

I looked down. My nipples were both dripping milk. I wasn’t that sweaty, so I couldn’t use that easy lie. I wiped my hand across my chest and took a nonchalant attitude.

“Just a little bit of milk. My hormones are messed up. Sometimes I lactate when I’m turned on.”

It wasn’t a true lie, just a partial one.

“That’s fucking weird,” said Reggie. He actually stepped back and grabbed a towel from his bag. He didn’t use it to wipe his sweat. He used it to clean off his cock. “You didn’t get any of that on me, did you?”

Asshole. This was the usual reaction I got from guys when they discovered my lactation. Grossed out and turned off.

I appreciated Jake all the more now.

“No.” My answer was flat. I stood up and grabbed my clothing. I was pissed off and I wasn’t going to stick around.

Chapter Ten

I went to my usual afternoon training session with Honora. I was still pissed off from what happened with Rachel and Reggie (mostly Reggie) that I worked Honora extra hard. I refused to give in to her teasing and flirting. I turned a deaf ear to her pleas to go easy. I enjoyed making her sweat and exhausting her.

When her hour long session came to an end, I ignored the clock and kept pushing her. If she was aware of the time, she didn't say anything. Maybe she was scared of me at that point.

After ninety minutes of body abusing exercise Honora collapsed to the floor and refused to move. I didn't blame her.

She was face down and sweating profusely. That in itself was sexy. I noted that her ass was smaller than I remembered it, and was more shapely.

Right then I made the decision that we were going to fuck. She didn't have a choice in the matter.

"Get undressed," I ordered her.

"Why?"

"We need to have sex. Right now."

Honora groaned in protest. It was the first time I had witnessed where she didn't want to fuck. That was interesting, but I still had needs. I'm sure she was complaining simply because she could and because I was insisting and I had overworked her.

I gently rolled her over with my foot and pulled off my t-shirt and bra, freeing my tits. I could feel the buildup of milk in them. They weren't leaking. Not yet. I didn't want them to leak. I wanted them in Honora's sweet mouth.

She looked up at me from the floor. "I'm hot and sweaty and exhausted," she complained.

"Great. Just the way I like you. Get undressed." I pulled down my shorts and panties, leaving me just in sneakers and socks. I stared down at her and wondered what she would do if I just sat down on her face.

Probably eat me out, but that wasn't what I wanted or needed.

"It's too much work," she complained.

"Don't make me undress you," I warned as I rubbed my bare pussy. Even though I had already cum earlier in the day with Reggie, I was ready for more.

There was something seriously wrong with me.

She unzipped the front of her bright red bra, releasing her tits. They were still young and firm and glorious. I felt a wicked thrill run through me.

Kneeling down next to her, I ran my hands over her sweaty skin and cupped her breasts. She didn't complain when I lightly teased her nipples.

Then I leaned down and kissed her. She kissed back, but I wasn't interested in that.

She gasped loudly when I abruptly pinched her nipples. "Are you ready to get up?" I asked her.

Honora's eyes went wide at my bit of torture. When I started pulling on her nipples as well, she sat up and followed my lead. "You don't have to do this," she gasped out.

"But I want to do this," I said and dropped one nipple so that I could circle my hand around the back of her neck and pull her in for a kiss.

She happily kissed me, probably because the amount of torture I was putting into her was half of what it was.

We had always fucked in her room. (Alternatively, I had often fucked in Jake's bedroom as well, but we weren't going there today.) They had a big, huge house to take advantage of. I should take advantage of it.

But today I was too eager to cum again, to have my tits sucked and my milk drawn out.

The reasonable place to have sex was the bedroom. Or maybe the living room with its huge couch. Probably not a good choice since we were both sweaty. But

still.

Not wanting to leave a mess, I just went over to one of the benches that were against the wall. Sitting down on the edge, I spread my legs wide and pointed to my pussy.

“Get to work,” I told Honora.

Not romantic. Barely sexy. Very dominant.

She did exactly what I wanted. Honora didn’t even bother to take off her exercise leggings. She just knelt on the floor and put her face to my pussy and got busy with me.

For an eighteen year old, she was very talented with her tongue. And her fingers. She knew when to suck and when to lick and when to rub.

I wasn’t giving her anything back. I just let her go and go until I came all over her face.

It wasn’t a very satisfying orgasm, but it was good enough to get my nipples dripping. When I pushed her back from my crotch she looked up at me and my wet breasts.

“May I?” she asked politely.

“I want you to.”

She sat up a little but remained on her knees. Her face went to my chest and she started nursing from me. The milk was already flowing so I immediately filled her mouth with my liquid goodness. I didn’t bother to pinch off the dripping nipple. The mess had already been made and I was enjoying the milk flow.

I leaned back and let her work on my tits. She even went the extra distance and put her hand between my legs to cup my pussy. Honora wasn’t trying to get me off again, she was just holding me. It was surprisingly sexy and intimate and sweet.

All of that was forgotten when she sucked my tits so hard that I came. I shivered delightfully on her hand that held my sex. I didn’t exactly squirt, but I left the

bench and her hand completely soaked.

She pulled back from me and sat on her heels, a smug look on her face.

“What?” I demanded of her.

“I liked making you cum.”

I gave her a half-smile. “You’re very talented,” I told her, avoiding telling her she was crazy. “For someone so young.”

“Thank you.”

She didn’t even hear the slight I gave her.

“Is something the matter?” she asked me.

I couldn’t tell if she was actually concerned or not.

Shaking my head I said, “No. Nothing for you to worry about. Just bullshit going on with my job.”

“Something about me?” she asked.

Right away I could tell that she was worried that something had happened between me and Jake. He was the only stable person in her life, including me. I don’t think I was all that stable.

“No. You’re fine.” I grinned down at her. I knew I was being malevolent, but I couldn’t help myself. I was still pissed off about Reggie and Rachel. Leaning forward I cupped her tits in my hands. They were more than a handful. “I’ve been thinking about these.”

“You have?” she asked eagerly. Too eagerly. “What have you been thinking?”

It was so easy to manipulate her. It was going to cause her problems down the road, but I didn’t care. She wasn’t my problem.

“Do you really want to lactate like me?” I asked.

It took an inhuman amount of effort for her not to jump up and down and clap

her hands like a little kid, but her eyes lit up and she became ecstatic at my offer. “Yes! Yes! Oh please yes!”

“Do you know how we’re going to do it?” I shouldn’t have made it a joint effort for the two of us, but it seemed more natural that way.

“Drugs?” she asked in a way that was supposed to be innocent, but in no way was.

“No. Kids these days. Sucking. Lots and lots of sucking.”

“That’s all it takes?”

“Yeah.”

“But what about pregnant women? Hormones and all that. And you?”

“I’m an exception. Hormones will help, but your body will make the hormones you need to lactate all on its own.” I tweaked her nipples again. She gave a delighted little shriek. “And to start that hormone production all you need is a little nipple stimulation.”

“Okay,” she nodded, going along with my plan.

“Stand up.” She did so and I drew her close. She had shed her bra but was still wearing her athletic tights.

Her tits were still fantastic. They were always fantastic. I wondered when then would start to droop and sag. They were almost too big for her frame. Putting those minor concerns aside, I took one nipple into my mouth and sucked.

Her dark pink flesh immediately hardened under my tongue. She let out a little sigh. I slowly pushed down her tights and her thong (again with the thong! The girl needed proper athletic underwear) over her very round but now firm butt. I only pushed them down to mid-thigh. From there I could get my hand between her legs and slip a finger into her pussy.

Doing that was incredibly easy. Her pussy was so juicy my finger met no resistance as I penetrated her. Honora leaned forward and let me support her weight as I continued to nurse from her.

I knew there would be no milk from her tits and that disappointed me. I didn't spend a lot of time with my own milk. I had tasted it, sure, and it was sweet and warm, but I didn't like drinking it.

I liked making it.

And producing it for my lovers.

Still, it would have been nice to taste the liquid sweetness from her tits.

I didn't rub her clit or explore her pussy. I just rested my finger inside her. I was surprised when I turned my head and released her right breast. My eyes were closed and I searched blindly for her left breast.

It seemed to have disappeared.

Opening my eyes I discovered the source of the problem.

Honora had taken her breast in her hand and lifted it up to her mouth. Her tits were big enough and she was flexible enough to get the nipple all the way to her mouth.

I was amazed and a bit jealous. If I wanted my nipples sucked, I had to find someone else to do it or use my breast pump.

That gave me a little shiver.

She looked guiltily at me and let her breast fall back into place. I was momentarily distracted by the artful bouncing it had.

"Sorry," she apologized.

"For what?"

"For doing...that."

"For sucking on your nipple?"

"Yeah. That."

"It was sort of hot. I can't do that. Mine are too small." I paused. "It's probably a

good idea for you to suck on yourself."

She gave me another strange look. "Why?"

"It takes a lot of sucking to get your milk flowing." I hefted both her tits in my hands. "I don't know if there is a relationship between size and difficulty starting, but yours are big and more sucking is better."

"Okay." She sounded nervous now, so I decided to give her a little present from when I had stopped at my place between Rachel's appointment and hers.

"I've got a surprise for you."

"Another one?"

"Yup." Carefully moving her aside so she didn't fall because her tights were still around her legs, I walked over to my bag and pulled out my old breast pump.

She was confused at first when I showed it to her.

"Okay...you want me to use that?" she was with some trepidation.

"No," I said carefully. "I'm just offering it to you if you want to use it."

"And if I use it, you say, I'll start lactating."

"I'm not guaranteeing anything. But you need to do it if you want milky tits like mine." I held my small boobs up for her to admire. "Just be careful. It can hurt if you don't use it correctly."

What followed was a short lesson in how to use a breast pump. Mine was decent quality with a separate pump that plugged in (no batteries for me) and tubes for the vacuum effect and bottles for milk collection.

"What does it feel like?" Honora asked as I helped her get everything ready to be used.

"There's only one way to find out," I told her as I pressed one of the collection cones to her large breast, covering up the nipple. "Are you ready?"

Nervously she nodded and held the other cone to her left breast. I could do it on

my own, but for her first time, she needed a little help.

I turned on the pump and she made an expression like she had just bit into the most sour lemon in the universe...and then her eyes rolled upward like she was going to have a seizure.

I want to say that the suction control had inadvertently gotten pushed all the way up when we were preparing the pump for her. But the truth of the matter is that I enjoyed having the pump set to maximum because it was more efficient for me and I could occasionally get off just from the pump.

The right thing to do would have been to turn off the pump immediately and adjust the setting, but I let it go on longer than necessary. I wasn't sure if Honora was enjoying it or not, but I certainly was enjoying her reaction. It was that varied state between extreme pleasure and extreme pain and not being able to decide which is which.

Honora hadn't yet gotten to that point in her life where both at the same time were not only good, but preferred.

She would get there.

"Oh fuck oh fuck!" she cried out. "Get it off! Get it off!" Honora started pulling at the cone still in her hand. She elongated her breast but was too afraid to pull it all the way off.

The suction was rather strong, I'll admit that.

I still didn't turn it down or off.

The pump finished its first cycle and released her nipples.

"Oh thank god," she breathed in relief.

Mostly.

The second cycle started and her nipples were drawn back into the cones.

I watched in fascination. Because my tits are a lot smaller than hers along with my nipples, they didn't get drawn in nearly as much as hers did. At most I could

fill half a cone. She completely filled the cone with her breast and still had plenty of overflow. Her nipple half-filled the collection point of the cone. It couldn’t have hurt that much.

I wanted to see it again.

And again.

As the second cycle finished, she shivered with relief.

“How do you make it stop?” Honora asked me.

“Just wait a little.”

The third cycle started. She gasped and shivered and let out a little whine.

Some women might be into nipple torture and getting their most precious flesh pierced, but that wasn’t me. Maybe it was Honora. Honestly, I wasn’t going to find out, but she just needed to find her groove.

The cycle finished.

“You okay?” I asked her. She wasn’t begging to rip the pump off her tits.

“It hurts,” she complained.

“You’ll get used to it,” I said but took a tiny bit of pity on her and surreptitiously dialed down the strength just a little.

When the fourth cycle started up, Honora was ready for it. She looked down at her tits and saw her nipples stretched out to completely fill the space available.

I couldn’t get that much of a fill because I was so much smaller than her.

I’ll admit it. I was jealous.

And turned on.

“Wow!” she said as she continued to stare at her boobs. I didn’t blame her for staring. I was staring.

“What?”

“I didn’t know my nipples could do that.”

“Do what?”

We were both semi-mesmerized by the process of her nips getting stretched out and then released. It was hot even if no milk was being produced.

“Stretch that far.”

“Imagine what’s happening inside of someone’s mouth when they’re sucking on your tits,” I murmured.

“Yeah...that’s hotter,” she added.

I wanted to take the pump away from her and show her what it did to my tits, but before I could say something, she added, “Do you mind if I get myself off?”

“What?”

With her free hand she reached for her pussy and started rubbing. Her underwear and pants were still tangled around one ankle, but that didn’t bother her.

“Do you want me to do that for you?” I offered.

She laughed but didn’t stop rubbing.

“A few times when I’ve used the pump when I’m really horny, it makes me cum,” I admitted to her.

I could have shoved aside her hand and flicked her to an orgasm, but it was just as much fun to watch her diddle herself. I wasn't turned on and I had a plan.

“You...you don’t mind...do you?” she managed to pant out.

I slowly shook my head. I didn’t mind at all. I was rather eager to see her get herself off.

In the end, it wouldn’t have mattered if I had given my permission or not. She just kept going.

Not that I’m an expert or anything, but people have different O-faces under different circumstances. Honora’s O-face with me was just fine. When she was jilling herself off while the breast pump was attached to her tits, her O-face looked like she was enduring some unimaginable dental procedure.

It was still kinda hot.

“Oh fucking fucking fucking hell!” she screamed when she was done.

I turned off the pump.

The look she gave me was a combination of frustration and relief. Isn’t that always the way of it with sex?

“Oh...maybe you want to leave that on a little longer?” she asked as I released the pressure on the first cone.

“You don’t want to bruise your tits. Trust me on that.”

I examined the nipple I had just freed. It was a little sore and red, but there didn’t appear to be any bruising. I’m sure that if I left the pump with her, her nipples would be bruised within a day.

She made a little squeak of pain when the second cone was released, but no further complaint.

“How often do I use it?” she asked, looking dreamily at the pump.

“At least twice a day. Up to four times if you’re brave. That’ll hurt a bit, but you’ll get used to it. And your milk will come in faster too.”

She nodded. “I can do that.”

“I sure hope so.” I switched the pump back on.

“What are you doing?”

Grinning at her, I said, “Do you really want to see a breast pump in action?”

When she just gave me a blank look, I proceeded forward, pressing one cone to my left nipple, letting it get stuck, and then the other cone to the right. I was used

to this so it didn’t bother me.

I clearly struck a chord with Honora. Her eyes had gotten incredibly wide and large. Looking down at my tits, I saw the steady cycle of the pump stretching out my nipples. It only took a few cycles before the first drops of milk appeared and then they started spraying.

“Holy fucking shit!” Honora was clearly impressed.

“Feels good,” I said, keeping my voice low and husky. I wanted to see what she would do.

“I know,” she quickly agreed with me.

Not waiting for her to think about what she was doing, I put my hand to my pussy and unashamedly started jilling off just like she had. I could feel Honora’s eyes on me as I performed.

What I really wanted was for her to put her face in my crotch and make me cum that way. I couldn’t ask her for that; I needed her to know that she needed to do that for me.

I didn’t masturbate in earnest. I was doing it just to keep Honora’s interest and to give me a little extra incentive to get to an orgasm. Eventually.

I let the pump do its work. Normally I hated using it. I wasn’t a big fan of seeing milk being artificially withdrawn from my tits, but in front of Honora it appealed to my exhibitionist side.

She moved in close, watching. Her hand strayed between her legs.

I didn’t want that. She had already made herself cum. I wanted her to make me cum.

There was only one thing to do.

I grabbed her hand and pulled it from between her legs and put it between mine. She got the idea right away.

Putting a hand on her shoulder I let the pump do its work and rocked my hips

back and forth in time with her hand, putting her fingers exactly where I wanted them to go.

I wasn’t at all ashamed to cum on her hand and leave it soaking wet.

I should have been ashamed to have sex with an eighteen year old girl that I had convinced that lactating was a good idea.

I deserved everything I had coming my way.

Chapter Eleven

I didn’t have sex with Jake that day. As usual, we had set up a date, of sorts, but after fucking Reggie and then fucking Honora and getting her started on induced lactation, I figured that I had done enough damage to the world. Sending a text to Jake I claimed that I had a headache and just needed a night to myself.

What was my relationship with Jake anyway? Sex? We certainly weren’t going to get married. Did I ever see myself married? Was I going to be alone in the world for the rest of my life?

Clearly, I didn’t have much trouble attracting men (and women when I wanted them) but my problem was keeping them. Either I sent them running because my tits lactated (something I could have addressed and solved if I would just go to the damn doctor and discuss it) or I forced them away by being stupid or crazy or worse.

I got some cheap takeout and gorged myself on food that was bad for me. I tried watching some television, but that didn’t work. It was stupid and puerile and I hated it.

Masturbation was the solution. That and alcohol could solve most of life’s problems.

Before I could get naked and get myself in the mood, I got a message from Jake.

I’ve been thinking about what you said. Maybe I should get serious. Would you like to go out with me on a real date tomorrow night? Dinner and drinks and, if you like, we can go to a club for a comedy night or there’s an exhibition on Lark as well. I think maybe we should back it up a bit and act like adults.

He put that all in one message. And then, as I was reading it, he sent me another.

We’ll make it a real first date. No sex. Not even if you want to. We’ll go our separate ways tomorrow night, maybe a goodnight kiss, and then maybe after that, we’ll consider sex again. How does that sound?

The fucker.

It was like he was up to something, I just didn’t know what. I didn’t answer his text right away, even if that meant he knew that I had read it and didn’t bother

answering. I could make him sweat.

I didn't have my pump any longer, so I had to hand express my milk. I didn't want to be overflowing in the morning.

I had to fish into the back of my nightstand drawer to find my trusty vibrator. You'd think that after all the sex I had had during the day, I wouldn't need more.

You'd be wrong.

Happy that it was still charged (thank you modern technology and reliable batteries), I gently nudged it between my labia. I was surprised at how easily I opened up to the rounded purple head. I tried to tease myself, but in short order, maybe ten seconds, I was pounding away at myself like a virtuous nun who just discovered the joys of masturbation.

It was a good night's sleep.

The next day I didn't have to worry about Rachel. She wasn't on my schedule. I went to all my other training sessions like it was a perfectly normal day. It was a perfectly normal day. To them.

The most difficult part was going to see Honora. I had already made the vow not to have sex with her. She was too young. Too impressionable. Too crazy.

I had a plan and she couldn't be part of it.

As soon as I walked into the house, Honora was her usual horny self, flirting with me and expecting to have sex after we were done with her workout. I recognized all her actions and attitude and I didn't blame her. I was once eighteen and if I had had her confidence back then, I would have been doing the same thing.

"Honora—" I said, holding up a warning hand to her as I stepped back when she wiggled her ass up against me, pretending to get into position for the exercise I wanted her to do next.

“Honey!” she interrupted me.

“Don’t call me that,” I said, frustrated.

She rolled her eyes at me like any teenager would. “It’s my name,” she insisted.

“It’s your nickname.”

“Well, if we’re fucking, I think that’s sufficient reason for you to use my nickname.”

“Yeah. About that. We need to stop.”

“What?” She was surprised and angry. I didn’t blame her.

“I’m having sex with Jake,” I reminded her. And Reggie too, recently, I reminded myself even as I wanted to forget it.

“So. I’m okay with that. We’re going to mess around until I go to college. You can keep fucking Jake. You can even have a special relationship with him after that.” She smirked at me. “If he keeps you around for another month. You’re getting stale for one of his girlfriends.”

I recognized how Jake and Honora used their lovers. She must have learned it from him. Jake was handsome and young and rich and taking care of a young woman who wasn’t related to him; I suppose I should have admired him for not fucking Honora.

(Oh fucking please all the stars in the universe, don’t let Jake be fucking Honora!)

Honora had even more money than Jake, as I understood it, and she, while not being insanely hot, had that certain something that drew young men (and women as well) to her. Part of that was her personality and button-cute face. But a good portion of it was her willingness to fall into bed with almost anyone.

I glared at her, trying to tell myself that Jake wasn’t just fucking me for fun and we had a chance at a relationship.

“We’re going to stop having sex,” I told her.

“But you just showed me how to use your pump yesterday,” she almost whined. Her hands went to her tits, cupping them, lifting them up a little, as if offering them to me. I noticed her athletic bra seemed not so snug as it once had been. Had all my hard work with her panned out and she was actually losing weight? “I can’t wait to start making milk like you.”

I only hoped that I hadn’t created a monster. It was nice that Honora wasn’t driven away by my natural lactation ability, but her imitating me was most definitely not a good thing.

“That’s fine,” I told her, regretting the decision I had made yesterday. “But I’m going to stop having sex with you. It’s not professional.”

“That’s what makes it more fun!”

“It’s not a good idea to have sex with more than one person at a time.”

Her smile got saucier. “We don’t have to have threeways or orgies or anything like that.”

I glared at her. “You know what I mean.”

“What does that matter?” she asked, changing tactics. “I mean, I’m still fucking Gerry and Warren. I’d like to fuck Alice, but that’s for another time.”

“You can fuck whoever you want,” I told her. “I’m limiting myself to one person at a time now and I’ve chosen Jake.”

She scoffed at me. “Yeah. Good luck with that. He’s probably already fucking some other floozie right now. Are we done?”

We were barely halfway through the daily routine I had set for her.

“Yeah, we’re done.”

“Good. I’m going to go call Gerry and see if he wants to get laid.”

She stalked out of the exercise room.

I hated myself for admiring her ass as she stomped up the stairs.

Then again, I had put a lot of work into making that ass look good.

My date with Jake was exactly as he promised. I dressed up in a nice lavender dress that complimented my body and didn't bind in all the wrong places. He wore a blazer over a dress shirt. It was the most I'd ever seen him dressed up, which was strange since I wasn't exactly sure where all his money was coming from.

He actually combined all three parts of his promised date into one location. A restaurant with a bar that featured an hour of comedy open mic followed by three professional comedians who weren't half bad. The open mic was mostly terrible, but I wasn't there for the comedy.

I suppose people say all sorts of things about dinner and drinks. I could, but what's the point? I wasn't there for the food and alcohol.

I wasn't even there for the sex.

I was there for the time with Jake.

And it was good. It was very good.

Instead of driving me back to his house in his very fancy BMW, he drove me to my apartment and walked me to my door.

I felt self-conscious. Everything I had I had earned on my own. I had been on my own after college. Minimal support from Mom and Dad, which was good, but annoying as well.

It wasn't like I lived in a terrible place, but it was definitely a few steps down the ladder from Jake's place. I was used to that.

But I felt it all the more that night.

"Can I give you a kiss goodnight?" he asked politely. I felt like I was back in high school after a gym dance.

I stifled my laugh. "Of course. You've done a lot more with me already." I

leaned in a bit and raised my chin. He wasn't that much taller than me, especially now that I was wearing heels, but it was the gesture.

He shook his head at me. "I know, but we're starting over. First date. Can I kiss you?"

I nodded eagerly.

He kissed me. Closed mouth, but it lingered on my lips.

It was just intense enough to make my pussy moist and for my tits to tingle. I was familiar with the sensation. I'd be leaking soon. I was glad I was wearing a bra that wasn't entirely necessary with the dress.

"Goodnight," he said stepping back, but not letting go of my hands.

"Want to come in?" I offered, playing coy, but hoping he would grab me and fuck me up against my apartment door.

His smile was tight. "Yes, but I'm going to say no."

I frowned. "Why not?"

"First date. Manners. I want to keep you. But I promise I'll call you tomorrow."

I wanted to reach out and feel his crotch. I was positive I had felt his hard cock when he had pressed into me.

We both wanted to fuck, so why didn't we?

I had to keep reminding myself this was because he wanted to keep me.

He could have me (or almost anyone) in a moment, but he wanted to keep me.

He dropped my hand and stepped back. I admired him for that; he had more self-control than I did.

After Jake left, I was forced to go into my apartment alone. I felt like I had failed in some way.

Once more I was forced to use Purple Peter the Pussy Penetrator to get myself

off. He was turning out to be the most dependable person in my life and he was a fucking vibrator. My tits were all but screaming for relief after I came. I was forced to hand express my milk. I was regretting giving my pump to Honora.

The next morning turned out to be revelatory and promising.

I had two messages waiting for me on my phone. The first was from Jake.

I had a wonderful evening last night, but it was all because of you. Would you like to come over to my place tonight? I'm having a personal chef drop off a homemade meal because I can't cook and I'm not even going to pretend that I can.

Naturally the answer was yes. I was totally going to fuck him. Again.

And then I read the second message.

It was from Rachel.

I know things got weird on Monday, so I want to apologize for that. I'm hoping you'll be by today for our session. I'm also hoping that we can talk.

I now knew what it must feel like to men when a woman in his life says she wants to talk.

To Be Continued

Preview

Milk Fever: Denial

The first week of Skip going back to college was the hardest. My job didn't change, but his schedule did. I was forced to humiliate myself and buy a decent breast pump because he wasn't around enough to nurse from me and relieve all the pressure and soreness from my milk. Being full of milk made me horny, but it hurt.

Luckily he was taking an Intro to Organic Chemistry class. That was a saving grace. It had been years since I'd been in a classroom, but since that was what I had my degree in, I told him I could help him study.

Helping a lover study in college is more fun than helping a boyfriend study in high school.

I was in a relationship that I didn't want to be in, but I was loving all the benefits. No, I didn't want a boyfriend, but yes, I did want someone to fuck and suck me. No, I wasn't looking for someone twelve years younger than me, but boy did he have the stamina to make me cum and cum and cum again. No, I wasn't going to stay with him forever, but hell yes I was going to keep fucking and sucking him for the time being.

That was the problem. How long was the time being?

I was working twelve hour shifts four days a week and he was back at college, sophomore year. He should have been studying during the day and partying at night. Instead, he was studying during the day and spending way too much time at my place at night. Or in the morning, or whenever I had a day off. I knew I was adversely affecting his grades, but between his mouth and his cock, I really didn't care. He had his daddy's money and car and who knows what else. He'd be fine.

He even had the key to my house which I knew was a stupid thing to give him,

but since his cock had been in my pussy, it didn't seem to be that big a deal to give him my key as well.

Third week into his semester and I came home on a Wednesday night to find him in my kitchen doing a really bad job at making spaghetti and meatballs (frozen meatballs that only had to be microwaved). I mean, how do you fuck up spaghetti and meatballs? Literally boil water, warm the jar of sauce, nuke the meatballs.

How did he fuck that up? He overcooked the spaghetti to near-mush, added water to the sauce (?), and under-nuked the meatballs. They were still frozen in the middle.

"Sorry for the lousy meal," he apologized as we cleaned up his mess after attempting to eat at least some of what he had made.

"You're going to need to do better than that," I said, indicating the remains of the so-called food in the trash, "if you want to keep getting in bed with me."

"I will," he promised.

"And I need to see your quiz score," I said firmly. "Otherwise you're going home with no milk and no pussy."

He froze but then reluctantly went to his backpack where he had slung it onto my couch when he had walked in. Right away I knew he hadn't gotten a perfect score because Skip is a terrible actor. I was worried because I wanted my tits sucked and if he had done well I had promised him full service. I didn't want to use the breast pump tonight but neither did I want to reward him for something he didn't earn.

The quiz score wasn't great. It was passing, but only just barely. Ten questions and he got seven right. I sighed. "All that studying we did together and this is the best you can do?" I asked him in the resigned voice of a tutor severely disappointed in her student. I actually was disappointed because I had spent a lot of time working with him on the exact content in front of him.

"In my defense, it is a passing grade, and further, half our time studying is done naked and me sucking on your tits."

There was truth to what he said. In fact, what he said was one hundred percent correct. It was still frustrating. He would be rewarded, but only just.

I started unbuttoning my shirt. “It’s passing,” I admitted. “You can have my milk tonight.”

He looked toward the bedroom.

I sat down on the couch.

“Here?” he asked.

“Yes. Do you think you’re getting something other than milk?”

He sighed but laid down on the couch with me. I carefully arranged a pillow in my lap and he put his head on it while I unhooked my bra and freed my full breasts.

They were full. I could feel the milk wanting to escape.

Skip got right to work. He knew the routine. I needed it as much as he did, and since milk was his reward for a job well done, this was a special bonus for him because I had tied my milk to his chemistry grades. Still, I needed to be drained and I was going to cum from it, so why not allow him to do the work? He was much better than a breast pump.

As soon as he latched on, I could feel milk start to flow. There was no way to stop it. I should have left one cup of my bra on, but I liked to be free, especially now that my tits were larger, swollen with milk all the time. While Skip eagerly drank from my right breast, I watched as my left nipple steadily dripped milk. It got in his head and then slid down his forehead to soak into the pillow. I could have pinched the nipple to stop it, but I didn’t want to. I like the milk flow and the more that ran out, the less that Skip would have. That was part of his punishment.

I wasn’t going to stop him until I came. I knew I was going to cum. It had been a day since he had drained my tits and I needed to let my milk out and cum. The orgasms helped, both with my mental health and with making more milk.

It was a wonderfully vicious cycle.

It was easy to let him take control off my tits and make me cum. I wanted to cum so there was no problem in the process. Since we had fallen into our pattern, it was easy to let my body do what it needed. I was pleased with how quickly I came because normally that meant more orgasms for me. I was going to have a couple more before we were done, but he wasn't going to get any.

My body was so well-trained at this point that I just needed him to nurse from me for a few minutes—and he knew exactly how to suck on my nipple to draw out the milk while making it feel ecstatic—and I could cum. I let myself cum. I don't know why anyone would hold back from an orgasm. It feels so wonderful that denying it should be a crime, a sin, a betrayal of humanity.

It only took five minutes from the time I bared my tits to my first orgasm. That was about average.

"Switch," I instructed him after I came. He would have responded to a gentle nudge, but I was very audible in my orgasm, and I couldn't just shut up after that.

Moving smoothly, Skip lifted up his chin and released my right breast for my left. It was always easier for me to cum from stimulation on my left side. I have no idea why. Plus, my body was already primed for orgasm, so it took less than five minutes for him to get me off a second time.

As he nursed on my left, my right dripped, slowly and erratically, but it was mostly empty by that point so it didn't soak the pillow. It did get his shirt wet, but I didn't care about that.

After I peaked the second time, took my right breast in hand and squeezed it, partly for the stimulation and party just to spray my milk all over Skip's chin and neck and shirt. I liked marking him that way. Plus it felt great to force out my milk.

"Good?" he asked me when I was done cumming.

"Very good," I complimented him with a light kiss on his lips. They were sweet from my milk. Deliciously sweet.

"Can I…?" he cautiously asked.

The answer was no because he hadn't earned any special treat. I glanced at his crotch and could see the bulge of his hard cock inside his jeans. He wasn't going to get to use it no me, but that didn't mean he couldn't cum.

"No, you can't fuck me," I said as I pushed his head off my lap and experimentally spread my legs. I was wearing a loose skirt. The idea was to let a little air down to my hot and wet pussy. Nipple orgasms are great, but I couldn't deny myself a clitoral one as well, not when I had a willing boy ready to serve my needs.

"But—" he started to protest and then silenced himself as I lifted my ass up off the couch and yanked down my skirt and thong. I was wearing thongs way too often to work. There wasn't anything wrong with it, but it seemed dirty. That's probably why I was doing it, not because I felt like a wanton slut all the time when I was walking around the chemical plant with milk-filled tits.

I parted my thighs again and he stared at my pussy. I wasn't into heavy grooming of pubic hair, but I had trimmed and shaped mine so it wouldn't be exposed by my increasingly smaller thongs. It was a strange thing to do because the only person who ever saw me in a thong besides myself was Skip, and he usually only gave it a cursory glance before ripping it off to fuck me.

"Can I…?" he asked again, thinking I had changed my mind.

"No, but you can eat me out. Make me cum again and maybe I'll change my mind."

That was a lie. I was lying to my lover. I wasn't going to change my mind, but that was part of his discipline. If he wanted to fuck me he'd have to be bringing home at least Bs on his quizzes. A barely passing C would only get him a drink of my milk.

Skip didn't need to be told twice because he was a horny young nineteen-year-old boy. He got down on the floor, kneeling between my planted feet, and pressed his face to my pussy.

As I slid down on the couch to give him easy access to my sex, his tongue licked up along my slit and found my clit. I gasped in delight. For a young boy he knew how to please a woman. I had done an excellent job of teaching and training him. Whatever woman he wound up with should send me a thank-you note for

all my hard work.

It was hard to keep my thighs splayed open. They wanted to close on his head. Skip was a strong young man and used his hands to keep me opened up to him. I liked the little struggle we had going on. It made him work harder to please me and he should work hard to please me.

As I approached orgasm I could feel my milk welling up again. There was no way to stop that. Just before I peaked I looked down at my tits. They weren't exactly spraying milk everywhere, but it was damn close. The way it flowed out of me was more like a gentle river. The thin, white liquid slipped down my breasts to my tummy to slide off my sides or, for a lucky little bit, to mix with the top edge of my pubic hair.

This did not go unnoticed by Skip. He left off my clit—which was a relief because my entire pussy and lower body was tingling with energy—and sucked the little bit of milk out of my hair.

"You've been a good boy," I complimented him.

"So can I—" he asked eagerly.

"No," I quickly interrupted. "But you can take out your cock and I'll watch while you jerk off on me."

He was clearly disappointed. "But…"

"Bring me a B or better and maybe then your cock can find its way back into my pussy."

Falling back on his heels, he looked up at me in disappointment. I closed my legs and looked pointed back at him. "Or you can go home and jerk off there."

There's something sexy about a fit young man jerking off in a little sex show for my amusement. It was hard on me too—I had to hold back from abandoning my strict discipline and not grab his cock and guide it into my pussy—but I persevered.

It didn't take Skip long at all. His cock was hard when he got it out of his jeans. It was beautiful as always. His hand was busy on his shaft. Already the head was

shiny with precum. It was almost over too quickly. The little ropes of white cum arced up into the air and splashed down onto my thighs.

“Go get a washcloth and clean me up.”

He nodded and got back to his feet, awkwardly pulling up his jeans and shoving his cock away.

I allowed him to spend the night, but I put on a pair of plain white cotton panties. He could have my tits anytime he wanted that night—and I woke up in the middle of the night with him sucking happily on my nipple—but my pussy was off limits.

Everything was perfect.

I knew it couldn’t last.

I was right.

Sometimes I hate being right.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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