ELLIOT SILVESTRI

# WITH RACHEL

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF SWEET, CREAMY LACTATION



HONEYSUCKLE

BOOK 4

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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**Honeysuckle 4: With Rachel**

**An Erotic Novel of Sweet, Creamy Lactation**

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Honeysuckle 4: With Rachel

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Version 2

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## Chapter Twelve

I was nervous as hell when I got to Rachel's house. I had convinced myself she wanted me over because she wanted to scream at me for ruining her life. I would happily take that because I had deserved it to a certain extent.

What was I thinking when I was fucking Jake and Honora...and then Reggie in front of Rachel? It was a bad decision, even if she had implicitly encouraged it to happen.

I decided to be bold and face the music and be done with her.

When she opened the door I found that I lost most of my courage. We just stared at each other for a moment through the glass panel of the storm door.

And then she opened it and gestured me through.

"I just want to apologize for what happened on Monday," she said as I stood nervously in the middle of the foyer.

"There's no need for that," I said weakly.

"No. There is. I've dumped on you before when I've told you about my affair with Reggie. It's none of your business and I dragged you into it."

My face flushed red and I tried to extricate myself from the situation. "No. Really. It's fine. I involved myself. Had nothing to do with you. Let's just forget that Monday happened and never mention it again."

"I'm great with that," she said, much to my relief. And then she kept going. "But Reggie can't stop talking about you."

I wondered how much she was talking to her boyfriend. And why about me. Okay, I knew why about me. Because I had fucked him in front of her and had watched while he had then fucked her. But why was I the subject of their illicit conversations?

“Well, I’m glad I impressed him.” What the fuck was I supposed to say?

“He’s obsessed with you right now,” she said with just a hint of anger in her voice and a bit of jealousy and probably some other emotions that I couldn’t identify.

“Sorry about that. Didn't mean to get in your way.”

“I know he fucks other women,” she said, trying to explain something.

“Okay...so why do you…” I didn’t know how to phrase my question.

“I fuck him because...well, you’ve seen his body. You’ve had his cock. The sex is incredible! Much better than with Michael.”

“Okay…”

“He wants to fuck you again,” she quickly blurted out.

I had my doubts. “You can’t be serious.”

She nodded enthusiastically. “He is. I am. We are.”

“He was grossed out by my lactating,” I reminded her, looking down at my small chest.

“Um...he said that was more of a shock reaction. He’s obsessed with it now. I mean obsessed!”

“Well, I’m sort of seeing someone else right now,” I told her. “It’s pretty new so I don’t want to involve other people. You understand.”

She nodded and looked away, sighed deeply, inhaled, and quickly spat out another stream of words I never would have expected from her. “He wants to fuck the two of us again. Together. He wants to watch you and me together. I know that’s a big ask.”

“Oh.” I didn’t know what else to say.

“And he wants to taste your breast milk.”

“Ah. I...uh...I see.”

She looked me directly in the eyes. “I want to try it too.”

Silence.

The longer the silence filled the air, the more uncomfortable I became. “Oh,” I said again.

That didn’t help.

“Would you be willing?” she asked. “I’d do anything to make it happen.”

Why was Rachel putting herself in this situation for an (admittedly handsome) man (who knew how to fuck) who was only a boyfriend? A man she was cheating on with her husband. And who was cheating on her with other women.

Including me.

Maybe I didn’t understand rich people at all.

“Okay…” I said cautiously.

It was like I had found the hidden, secret key to her cold, uncaring heart. Rachel’s eyes lit up and she actually clapped her hands together against her chest. I’m sure if she had been a little younger, she would have started jumping up and down like a teenage girl.

Maybe like the teenaged girl I had recently been fucking.

The one with the big tits that I had recently dumped. (Okay, it was more complicated than that, but still…)

The one with the big tits that was eager to start herself lactating.

What the fuck was the matter with me? My life was a shambles and spinning rapidly out of control.

What the fuck did it matter? Things were so fucked up and no longer in my control, I could just do whatever the hell I wanted and enjoy the ride before it crashed and burned.

“How do you want to do this?” Rachel asked, calming herself down and trying to maintain a respectable attitude, but her enthusiasm was barely contained.

“Uh...I don’t really know.”

Her eyes unfocused and she gazed off into nowhere. “I wish Reggie was here. That would make things a little easier.”

“Aren’t we supposed to be working you out?” I asked her, remembering what my role in the world actually was. “It’s my job to keep you in shape, not to help you have an affair with your boyfriend.”

Her smile didn’t waver. “Why can’t you...we...do both?”

I didn’t have an immediate answer for her. “Because…” I started saying, stalling for time.

She suddenly yanked her phone out of her bra. (I hate it when women keep their phones inside their bras. It’s fucking disgusting.) “Wait a second. Let me call Reggie. He can be here in less than an hour.”

Without waiting for me to acknowledge her plan, she called her boyfriend (I noted that he had his own entry on her contacts list, because of course he did, labeled Reggie BF). I just stood there, agog, while she had a quick chat with him. I felt worse than I had after I had fucked him in front of her two days earlier. I should have left and be done with it.

But I was curious. It was a terrible way to be, but I couldn’t help myself.

When she ended the call she looked at me like a huge weight had been lifted from her shoulders. “He’ll be here in a while.”

I shook my head. “This is a terrible idea.”

She wiggled her hips at me and said, “Work me out. I’ll be good for you. I won’t complain at all. When Reggie gets here, we can see how things go.”

“I’m your personal trainer,” I reminded Rachel. “Not your...personal toy.”

“Is it money?” she asked, going with the solution that always worked for her. “I

can compensate you for your time." Her attitude was pleasant. She was used to getting her way when she offered enough money.

"I'm not some sex worker you can just pay off!"

(And yet that was basically what I was with my complicated relationship with Jake and Cassie.)

"I'm not paying you for sex or anything like that," she said carefully. "I'm compensating you for your time."

I just dismissed her with a wave of my hand. "Do you want to do your workout or not?" I demanded.

"Yes I do."

And so we did.

I worked her as hard as I ever had. Yeah, I was trying to punish her because I was being a bitch and because I could and because she wasn't complaining. She was willing to work through some physical punishment for a sexual thrill at the end.

I wasn't completely comfortable being the means for that sexual thrill, but I had forced myself into the situation.

And then Reggie appeared in the exercise room. Of course he just let himself into the house. It only made sense. He was fucking Michael's wife; why wouldn't he just walk into the house like he owned the place?

While I didn't get nearly as exhausted as my clients during their workouts, I did exercise alongside them. I wasn't sweaty, but Rachel was.

Of course the moment I saw Reggie walk through the door, I broke out in a light sweat and my panties got damp. As much as I was complaining inside my head, I knew that I was going to do this and I was going to love it.

My life was completely fucked.

Even so, I tried to keep some control over what was happening.

Since I noticed him first, I abruptly said to Rachel, “Your boyfriend is here. Do you want to watch while he sucks the milk out of my tits?”

I startled her enough to fuck up her current rep. She struggled off the floor and forced herself not to run to Reggie. He looked slightly nervous, which was weird considering his large size and previously cocky attitude.

“This was her idea,” Reggie said, his hand up slightly as if fending off an attack.

I wasn’t going to attack him. But he was going to do what I wanted.

“That’s great. And you’re going to do exactly what I want.”

It was easy for me to whip off my athletic bra. It was all I was wearing on top since I had previously removed the look tank top when I started working Rachel. My tits came out and Reggie just stared, like any other man would. He acted like he hadn’t seen them before.

They weren’t huge. They were certainly smaller than Rachel’s. But they were full and nicely proportioned.

I cupped them, rolling the nipples between my fingers just hard enough to get them erect. I wasn’t hiding anything. I was teasing.

“Ready?” I asked him.

Unconsciously he licked his lips. I didn’t think it was because his mouth was watering in anticipation of my milk, but I could have been wrong.

He nodded. “Yeah. I’m ready.”

“Ever try breast milk before?” I was still teasing him. Why the hell I was doing that I had no idea because it was entirely unnecessary. But isn’t that what teasing is all about?

“No,” he said softly. All his bravado was gone. I liked that. He was mesmerized by my tits.

There was no place in the room for easy nursing. Just as I was considering what to do, I felt my fingers getting wet. A quick glance downward confirmed that I

had unintentionally started releasing my milk.

*Shit!*

“Holy shit!” Reggie exclaimed upon seeing the liquid leaking from my nipples.

I shrugged and frowned. “Yeah. This happens to me all the time.”

While I didn’t expect it, Reggie reached out with one hand toward my breasts, but at the last moment he pulled back.

“May I?” he asked politely.

Something had gone on between him and Rachel after I left. I wouldn’t be finding out any time soon, but I could take advantage of it.

“No,”I told him firmly. “We need a proper bed. I’m not going to fuck on an industrial carpet again.

I felt it was a reasonable request.

“Are we going to use your bedroom, Rachel,” I asked, turning to her, “or are we going to use a guest room?”

Rachel wasn’t as under my spell as much as Reggie was, but she was close. “We don’t have a guest room. Just the study. No bed. All the bedrooms are for the kids.”

I occasionally forgot that Rachel had kids. Three of them. I was always done and gone before they returned home from school. I think one was at college. I don’t know. I didn’t bother keeping track.

“So your bedroom then,” I declared and picked up my bra. I had no intention of putting it back on, but I wanted it handy if we were interrupted. Planning ahead was always a good idea. “Lead the way, Rach.”

She hesitated just long enough to put on a good show and then left the room with me and Reggie following; me topless and him staring at me. I was positive his eyes were on my ass as we climbed overly elaborate stairs in the middle of the house because my eyes were on Rachel’s ass.

I admired the hard work I had put into maintaining her shape and firmness.

I still wasn't sure I was going to fuck her.

A minute later we were in the bedroom. The giant-sized bed dominated the room. I climbed up on top of it. Literally climbed on it. There were two steps up to the mattress.

Settling back into the pile of pillows, I fixed Reggie with a stare and lifted up my tits at him. "Lay down, put your head in my lap, and start sucking," I told him.

This was the real moment of truth. It was one thing to stare and profess an interest in nursing. It was another to actually follow through.

Reggie actually followed through. He got up on the bed and moved around, grabbing a pillow and placing it on my lap so he could more easily rest his head.

I pretended I did this all the time. It was an act. A terrible act that I loved.

He got into position, brought his lips to my tits and latched right on. I'm sure he loved playing with tits (Rachel's and other nameless women he fucked by the score) and sucking on nipples. This was the first time he was ever going to get a material reward for sucking on nipples.

I was already well-primed so when he sucked, my milk squirted into his mouth. Maybe not exactly like a firehose, but close enough.

He only sucked twice, his cheeks hollowing as he sucked, and then he pulled back in surprise. "Fuck! Fuck that's sweet. Like juice or something."

"Babies love sugar," I told him. "Now keep sucking. You're wasting it."

He looked back at my dripping nipples and got back to business.

Nursing is a natural activity for everyone. Even so, Reggie nursed me in a way I had never experienced before. It was like he was in love with not only my body and my breasts, but my milk as well.

Maybe that was overstating it.

As usual, I was making my little groans of appreciation. Getting nursed always felt good. If he kept it up for long I was going to be able to cum without touching my pussy which was soaking my panties more than I wanted to think about.

“You’re getting it everywhere.”

I opened my eyes to look at Rachel. She was staring at me, not with anger, but with fascination. Or maybe obsession. Was she worried that I was going to steal her lover away from her? Was she jealous I had something she didn’t and couldn’t hope to equal?

I was wrong on those accounts.

“Sorry,” I said in a tone that clearly communicated I didn’t care that my free breast was leaking milk down my body and into her sheets. That was her probably. More likely, it was her cleaning lady’s problem.

Whatever.

“Let me take care of that.” She had a towel from the workout room in her hand. Rachel climbed up the steps to the bed. There was plenty of room for the three of us. There was room for six people. Maybe Rachel had a secret life where she and Michael had weekend orgies with friends and co-workers.

I doubted that. She would have told me. She loved to brag about fucking Reggie.

Instead of pressing the towel to my breast or using it to wipe up some of the wet spots I had left behind, Rachel laid her head on the pillow next to Reggie’s and went right for my nipple.

I was delighted. I hadn’t expected it of her, but it wasn’t really a surprise. Something was going on between her and Reggie.

It was the first time I had ever had two people sucking on me at the same time.

I wished I had done it earlier in my life. They weren’t nursing in time with each other. The opposite, in fact, but it was incredible.

I was going to cum just from my tits and I couldn’t wait for it to happen.

I wanted to jill off, but with the two of them on my tits, it was next to impossible to get my hand down where I needed it.

In the end it didn't matter, because they were sucking and licking so hard and fast, and my milk was being drawn out quicker than it ever had been before. The sensation was unbelievable, as was the orgasm afterwards.

"I think we made her cum," Reggie said as he struggled out of his shirt. I watched as he then pushed off his shorts, releasing his cock. It was gorgeously large and erect. I reached for it.

"Can you make me cum again?" I asked him.

"Don't I get a turn?" Rachel all but pouted. I glanced her way. Though I was reluctant to let go of Reggie's cock, I did so, if only to shock Rachel and finally be done with her.

"Sure, you get a turn."

She was a bit alarmed when I put my hands on her, but Rachel was accustomed to me touching her when I showed her how to do an exercise so she didn't pull away.

She might have wanted to pull away when I began pulling at her top, trying to get it off and release her tits.

"Now that's what I'm talking about," said Reggie, nodding his head in approval.

I glanced his way. "You like watching two women have sex?" I asked him.

"What real man doesn't?" He had replaced my hand on his cock with his own. He wasn't stroking to get himself off; he was doing it to remain hard.

Rachel blanched a bit. "Are you serious?"

Maybe sucking on my tits was okay, but she wasn't willing to go any further than that.

I didn't care. Using my superior strength I pulled her shirt and bra off, exposing her tits. They were nice. Nicer than I remembered from previously when I

watched her get fucked by Reggie after he had fucked me.

Reaching out, I fondled her full breasts, tweaking the nipples a little before I bent forward and took one into my mouth, sucking it a bit, stretching it out, before releasing it.

“Maybe we shouldn’t do this…” she said nervously.

I could sense that I had pushed her to her limits. That wasn’t good enough. I needed to push her beyond them and be done with her.

“No, we definitely should,” I insisted as I pulled down my athletic tights and panties so I was as naked as Reggie.

“I’m not gay. I mean, I’m not lesbian,” Rachel quickly insisted.

“Neither am I.” I reached for the waistband of her pants. She was protesting but didn’t get out of the bed nor did she try to physically fend me off.

“I get it, you’re bi.”

I shook my head as I eased her pants down. “I’m not bi. I just occasionally have sex with women.”

“Who doesn’t?” Reggie piped up.

I laughed even though he wasn’t that funny. “He’s right,” I told Rachel as I got her panties down below her hips. She was wearing exercise appropriate clothing. Her panties were designed for athletics. I found that hot.

Her neat little triangle of black hair that did nothing to hide her pussy and everything to enhance it, came into view.

I knew I was going to win.

“It’s hot seeing her strip you,” Reggie said to Rachel.

Those were the magic words. She wanted to do whatever her younger lover wanted. If he wanted to see her stripped by another woman, she’d do that.

If he wanted to see her fucked by another woman, she’d do that as well.

Or so I hoped.

She let me get her pants all the way off, but she didn't immediately open up her legs and pose like a porn star. She held them somewhat modestly together, as if posing like a fetish model. A fetish of what, I don't know, but it was still hot.

"Eat her out while I fuck you," said Reggie, suddenly wanting to be the one in charge of the scene. What he didn't know was that I was the one who was in charge.

It was lucky for him that I did want to eat out Rachel. Why? I haven't the faintest idea. I didn't especially want to make her cum, and it wasn't like we were in a relationship where I had a sort-of obligation to make her cum, and in the end I just wanted everything with her to stop.

Maybe I just wanted to prove how crazy I was. I dunno.

It was easy enough to force her to open up her legs. Rachel didn't protest at all, probably because she wanted to see what was going to happen. As long as she didn't actively participate, then she wasn't lesbian or bi. It wasn't something that she did; it was something that happened to her, even if she enjoyed it.

Fuck that. If I'm going to do something new and kinky, I want to be an active participant and enjoy the fuck out of it.

Once her legs were open, her head fell back, and I scooted forward, burying my face in her pussy.

It was a nice pussy. Despite her slight reluctance, she was already wet and I could see her lips were swollen in anticipation of something. Maybe not me eating her out, but certainly something in the sex realm. I licked her from perineum to clit and then sucked on her little pleasure organ.

As it turned out, Rachel was incredibly easy to manipulate when it came to sex. As soon as I started sucking on her little clit, she was writhing around and moaning loudly. Clearly, even being married and having a lover, she wasn't getting enough sex. Or at least enough oral sex.

I was face down in her pussy which meant that my ass was up in the air. Reggie got behind me with his hard cock and easily slipped it inside me. I knew it was

stupid to have sex with him again, but my body was craving more and more sex, especially after being so eagerly nursed, so I didn't protest.

He fucked me like a pro. I loved it. He must have gotten a lot of experience from all the women he fucked. It made it difficult to focus on eating Rachel's pussy, but somehow I managed to get fucked and eat pussy at the same time.

I was having just a bit of trouble getting Rachel over that last little hump so she could cum. I solved the problem by inserting a finger into her and fingering her G-spot until she came.

She came harder than she expected because I left her gasping.

Reggie finished inside me a minute later as I kissed Rachel's inner thigh. She was still quivering from the orgasm I gave her.

As it turned out, getting rid of Reggie and Rachel was harder than I thought it would be.

# Chapter Thirteen

I had plenty of time to go home, shower, and then show up on time for my appointment with Honora. I wanted to work her hard and then make her suck my tits. Maybe I'd even make her go down on me and make me cum. I wasn't going to do the same for her. Today was all about Cassie. Everyone else could suck a (metaphorical) dick.

Yeah, I know that broke my rule about no longer having sex with Honora, but some rules are really just guidelines and some guidelines don't need to be followed if you're strong and independent like me.

Everything was going swimmingly and I had the hubris to think that I could do whatever I wanted.

I was a little surprised when I rang the bell at Jake and Honora's house that he answered the door instead of her. Hell, I wouldn't have been the least bit surprised if it was anyone else other than Jake.

"Hi," I said brightly as I moved to step inside. "Fancy you home in the middle of the day. Where's Honey?"

He didn't step aside to let me in. He actually blocked the way.

I misinterpreted that as an invitation for an embrace. Normally I loved feeling his hard muscles against me, but this time he didn't embrace me.

He pushed me away.

I was slow to realize it, but eventually I figured out that something was amiss.

He wasn't just playing games or teasing me. He was glaring at me with real anger.

"What?" I asked innocently. I'm not that good a liar, but I thought I pulled this one off fairly well. I actually didn't know what was the matter. There were a lot of possibilities such as: me fucking Reggie, me fucking Rachel, me fucking Cassie, me considering a long-term relationship with Jake, just to name a few.

"You really don't know?" His anger was barely contained.

“No. I don’t.” I was getting angry now because I didn’t know what was happening. “Where’s Honey?”

I didn’t do the stupid thing and try to look over his shoulder. There was no sign of any other life in the house. I was about to turn around and walk away.

That’s what I should have done.

It still wouldn’t have changed anything.

“She’s not here,” he said.

“I guess you don’t need my services any longer.”

“No. Why did you give it to her?” he abruptly asked.

“Give what to her?” I was thinking a good fucking or maybe my breast milk.

I was wrong.

“The breast pump,” he said flatly.

“Oh. That. She wanted to try it. Teenaged girls are weird,” I said, trying to explain away the situation. I don’t know why I bothered. It was destined to be doomed. Everything was over but the arguing.

There was no reason to argue, but we did it anyway.

“You’ve been having sex with her,” he accused me.

I blanched and then blushed. It was hard to remember that I hadn’t done anything wrong. Anything legally wrong. It was definitely wrong to fuck an eighteen year old girl while fucking her legal guardian and keeping it a secret from him.

“Okay, I’ll admit it. Yes, I’ve had sex with Honora.”

“Why?” he demanded, his voice rising.

I took a step back. I was strong and in good shape, but he was bigger and stronger than me. I was still a woman and I wasn’t stupid. He could easily hurt

me.

“Why did I have sex with her?” I asked, stalling for time.

“Yes! Why!?”

“Because she’s young and hot and she came onto me!” We were having this argument in the middle of his very nice subdivision with its fancy houses. I glanced around. It was rich and nice, but because it was rich and nice meant no one else was around.

“That’s a fucking excuse! Do you seduce everyone you see as a personal trainer?”

“No!” Though I could see how he would think that. I fucked him, and we met at the gym. I fucked Cassie. I fucked Rachel. I fucked Reggie, though I wasn’t really training him.

“Do you know I heard her using that breast pump last night?”

“How would I know that?”

“It was loud and she was getting off on it!”

“Well, she’s a horny girl and she probably has a vibrator or two hidden in her room as well!” Probably that wasn’t the best argument to make, but I wasn’t thinking clearly.

“You got her to do it, didn’t you?”

I was sweating profusely, and not in a good way. I wiped away the sweat dripping from my forehead. “Fucking hells. We had sex. She saw my tits were lactating. She was curious. Just like you! She has tits and wanted to try it herself!”

“You didn’t have to help her!”

I don’t know why I helped her. I wanted to make her happy. Maybe I wanted a woman I could nurse from. Who the fuck knows. “You’re right. I didn’t. We’re done, right. I already figured that out. We’re done. I don’t want to see you any

longer.”

“Don’t you fucking dare call her or me ever again!”

I walked away. It was the smartest thing I did that day.

Well, I walked away while giving him the finger. That made me feel slightly better.

I drove away until I got to the closest Stewart’s. I pulled into the parking lot away from all the other cars, put my head against the cracked faux-leather of the steering wheel, and started crying.

I wondered if Jake’s other relationships ended this way.

After ten minutes of crying, and pointedly ignoring the people who were walking by my car pretending not to notice me crying, I got a hold of myself and drove home.

I took a shower and cried in the shower.

That only pissed me off because I didn’t want to be crying. It was barely a relationship. I knew I wouldn’t have much, if any, difficulty finding someone new who was interested in me. There’s always a demand for fit women with slightly above average looks. The hard part for me was finding someone who wasn’t put off by my lactation.

Ever get to that point in life where you just want to say “fuck it” and leave everything behind, move to the other side of the country, and start over.

I was at that point.

I should have just started packing and hit the road. I can travel light. My lease was month to month. There’s always a need for personal trainers, right. It wasn’t like a pandemic was suddenly going to spread across the globe and destroy my gig work.

Instead, my phone buzzed with a message.

Sighing, I looked at it.

*Want to come over for a quick suck and fuck?*

Glancing at it again, it took me a second before I realized the message was from Honora. I had half hoped it was from Rachel and Reggie.

*What the fuck was wrong with me!?*

With another sigh, I composed a reply.

*You should know that it's over between me and Jake. I can't come over to your place.*

I wanted to lecture her on the appropriateness of her behavior, but more than that I wanted everything to be over and done with.

In seconds she had sent back a reply.

*Well then can I come over to your place?*

"What's wrong with you, girl?" I asked aloud even though she was on the other side of the city. I could have asked the same question of myself.

*No. We should—*

And before I could finish writing the message, another one popped up. Or rather, a picture popped up.

It was from Honora.

It was of her.

It was of her tits.

Well, her cleavage actually. No nipples. Not that it mattered. She was old enough to start producing her own porn if she wanted.

I figured the picture was an enticement to get me to say yes.

It didn't work.

*No. We should break everything off. It's gotten too complicated.*

I held the phone in my hand and considered blocking her number so I couldn't get any more unsolicited sexts from her. That was when my phone again buzzed with a message.

*Let's set up something dirty for tomorrow. This was followed by a wink emoji.*

My instinct was to immediately say no and be done with it, but the message was from Rachel. Because my life couldn't get any more crazy.

I was done with her as well.

And Reggie.

But I wasn't quite done with them because I knew right then when I saw the message I most definitely wanted to fuck the both of them.

Again: what was wrong with me?!

And then Honora texted me back. Just because you and Jake ended it, doesn't mean we have to. I think sneaking around is more fun, don't you?

I came to my senses. No, I definitely did not think that sneaking around to fuck an eighteen year old was more fun than having an actual adult relationship.

So what did I do?

I texted back the woman who was offering to fuck me along with her boyfriend (and not her husband) because that was the mature, adult thing to do.

*Sure. What time? Where? What do you want to do? I'm down for anything.*

And I blocked Honora's number because I'm not fucking stupid all the time.

Just some of the time.

# Chapter Fourteen

I settled myself down and got to work. Most of my jobs were through word of mouth. I hadn't had to advertise in months. I sent out messages to all my past clients and anyone I thought might be interested or have a line on a new gig. I made phone calls though I hate making phone calls. It took a couple of hours but it paid off rather quickly. I had a half dozen prospects for new gigs by the end of the day.

I was feeling better about myself.

When the doorbell rang, I went to answer it without giving a single thought to who might have been at my door.

I shouldn't have been surprised that it was Honora, but I was.

"You can't be here," I told her right after I opened the door. Upon recognizing her, I started to close it.

She did that classic move of shoving her foot into the door. Honora must have planned ahead because she was wearing real shoes and not sandals or flip flops. "I just want to talk to you for a minute," she promised.

I knew she was lying.

"Go away, Honora!"

"Or what?" she spat at me.

"Or I'll call Jake and have him take you away!"

I didn't know if it was a hollow threat or not.

"So call him," she said almost casually. "See what happens."

I didn't want to deal with Jake's bullshit so I relented and let the door open. "One minute," I said.

"Of course," she readily agreed and stepped inside, closing the door behind her.

"What do you want?" I asked.

“Just this.” She yanked up her shirt to show off her tits. I took me a second to realize that she hadn’t worn a bra, which was a danger for women like her with huge tits.

I hated to admit it, but I was once again mesmerized by her rack. They were gorgeous as always. Maybe her nipples looked a little bigger and redder than I remembered, but that might have been my memory, or it might have been the breast pump working its magic on her.

“Put your shirt back on,” I told her in a tone that I didn’t believe.

Instead she pulled it over her head and tossed it aside.

“One last fuck and suck for a goodbye?” she asked, squeezing her upper arms together to create cleavage that didn’t exist without her bra.

“No. You need to leave.” I wanted to suck her full breasts and luscious nipples so badly that I could feel my panties getting wet.

“I’ll do anything you want,” she promised.

“Do you know how terrible that sounds coming out of the mouth of an eighteen year old girl?” I asked her while making sure I was more than an arm’s length away from her.

“No. But why don’t you teach me?”

For a girl who had a few too many pounds and hadn’t shown all that much athletic ability in the time I had known her, Honora managed to slip inside my personal space, press her soft tits up against my chest and kissed me.

I’ll admit it. I kissed her back.

And I let my hands wander down her back to cup her juicy ass.

And I didn’t resist when she pushed her tongue into my mouth and slipped her hands up under my shirt.

Together we got my top and bra off.

Before I knew it, we were on the couch kissing and sucking and rubbing and doing everything except having sex.

This was all prelude to sex.

Her body was the best it had ever been. I took great pride in that knowing it was because of me.

She knew exactly what to do and got her mouth on my nipple as we rolled around on the couch. It was too much to resist and I allowed her to nurse from me.

Yes, I know it was a terrible decision. Why should I stop making terrible decisions just because I broke up with Jake?

It felt good. It felt good enough that I opened my thighs and started jilling off as the semi-rough material of the couch scratched my ass. I liked the contrast in sensations. I just hoped that when I came I didn't completely soak the couch.

She was too focused on my tits to bother with my pussy. I didn't need to bother with my pussy either because I could feel my orgasm coming whether I got clit stimmed or not.

When I came, I didn't squirt all over the couch. I shivered and shook as Honora slurped up my milk.

After I was done with I wasn't sure if I wanted to return the favor for her. She pulled back and knelt on my couch.

"Can I come by every day to do this?" she asked pretending like I hadn't just repeatedly told her no.

"No. You need to leave now."

She cupped her tits and offered her nipples to me, but in a subtle way. "But I've been using your breast pump. Who's going to get to drink my milk if not you?"

"You seem to have plenty of guys who want to sleep with you."

Thumbing her nipples to stimulate them, she cocked her head to the side and

smiled at me. “And girls,” she corrected me. “Don’t you want to be with me when I start making milk?”

“No.” I pushed her off me. Yes, I was being fucking rude by not returning the favor of her making me cum, but I didn’t give a shit. I got off the couch and started dressing. It was my fucking apartment. I hadn’t been evicted. Not yet. She could get the fuck out. “You need to leave,” I told her bluntly.

Honora opened her legs, exposing her pussy. I purposely looked her in the eyes. I didn’t need such a blatant display like that. “Don’t you want a little taste of me first?”

“No.” I put my shirt back on but didn’t bother with my bra. I had already pulled my pants back on. “Leave or I make a call.”

She smirked at me. “To Jake?”

“To him or the cops. Your choice.” I had my phone in hand and my serious voice in my mouth. The same voice I used when I was making a reluctant client finish a set of reps.

“You aren’t serious,” she said doubtfully.

I scrolled through my contacts and showed her the screen with Jake’s name. Right as I was about to press the call button, she jumped up and started gathering her clothes.

“Wise choice,” I told her.

“You’re a fucking bitch.”

“Yes. And?”

“And I can’t believe I fucked you.”

I watched as she quickly dressed. “With age comes wisdom.”

And with that she was out the door. I was relieved. I was burning bridges, but that wasn’t a problem. Always forward, never back. I’d never need her bridge again. Or Jake’s.

I did regret losing my breast pump to her, but I could always get another one.

Or I could just get another lover or two and have them do it for me the old fashioned way.

I was looking forward to my meeting with Rachel. And Reggie.

# Chapter Fifteen

The next day I went to Rachel's for our morning appointment, as normal. Everything was back to normal, I told myself.

I needed to be professional.

I needed to behave myself.

I needed to check my phone before I went in her house because the night before I had set up profiles on all the dating sites.

I was proud of myself for being honest and posting that I was actively lactating and if that was a problem, I didn't want to hear from any prospective dates.

I had arrived in Rachel's neighborhood fifteen minutes early so I decided to check my status. I stopped in the same parking lot where I had cried the day before.

Today, I wasn't crying. I was incredibly turned on because I had twenty replies from people who were interested in dating me. Maybe people was stretching it a bit, nineteen guys and one woman. Most of the guys sounded like creeps or freaks, but still, that gave me more than a few dating options.

I didn't bother replying to any of them because I was being professional. I drove the rest of the way to Rachel's house and arrived five minutes early.

She greeted me at the door in an outfit that would be better to take off than to work out in.

"Hey," she said, already flirting the moment I walked in. "Do we have to do the full workout today or can can we—"

I cut her off. "No. We can't. We have a date tonight. Right now, you'll work so hard you're going to be sweating puddles on the floor and if you don't do them right, you won't get to play with me tonight. I used my trainer voice.

It intimidated her just enough.

"Okay…"

“Let’s get to work.” I marched through the house.

I could feel her eyes on my ass. I had worn my tightest athletic pants. I wanted her to get a good look.

I’m not sure what changed Rachel, maybe it was Reggie, maybe she needed a new thrill in her life, maybe she was bored with her life, but I sensed that she thought our workout was going to be an hour-long flirting session.

She was wrong.

Very wrong.

I worked her so hard that she was moaning in pain, and not in a good way. I went way over the hour she paid for because I was enjoying making her hurt.

Eventually she just dropped to the floor and refused to work any more.

That was fine. I was done torturing her.

“Good job today!” I told her in my brightest, praise the puppy voice.

“You killed me.”

“You’re surprisingly talkative for a zombie.”

“Ha. Not funny. I’m not going to have enough energy for our date tonight.”

I shrugged my shoulders. “Then I guess I’ll get to fuck Reggie by myself. You can watch if you want.”

“No…”

Apparently fucking her boyfriend alone wasn’t permissible.

“Then get your ass off the floor and get to the shower. Maybe a hot bath will help.”

For all her complaining Rachel was still in good shape and was whining just because she could. She managed to get off the floor without my help. “Shower. Jacuzzi,” she said. “I’m disgusting and sweaty.” She looked down at her body.

She was covered in sweat. Not sexy sweat. Sweaty sweat. Gross. I had been a bit turned on at the twenty minute mark of her workout, but got turned off at the forty minute mark.

“Yes you are. That’s why you need a shower.”

“I’m going to strip down right here,” she teased me.

“That’s fine. I’ve seen you naked before.”

“Then I’m going to slip in the Jacuzzi and maybe let the jets work on me,” she said. “If you know what I mean.”

I paused for a second. “Do you actually have a Jacuzzi?”

“Yes. In the basement.”

Her house was so big that it had a wing just for an exercise room.

“Hmm.” I was tempted, but I controlled myself. I needed to start controlling myself more. “Don’t overuse it,” I told her as I left the room. “You don’t want to wear out your pussy before tonight.”

I was never prouder of myself for walking out on that statement.

I have to say that I was mildly surprised that Rachel showed up at all. Of course, I was nervous about going to a stranger’s house but I was now in the habit of making bad decisions. Reggie’s place was nice. Or nice enough. It wasn’t anything super fancy like Rachel or Jake’s house, but it showed he had a little money.

I rang the bell and waited expectantly. I didn’t know what to expect when the door opened, but it was just Reggie dressed casually like he was just back from a run or was settling in for a long evening of playing video games.

“Hey,” he said, stepping aside and gesturing for me to enter.

“Where’s Rachel?” I asked as I walked in. I didn’t know Reggie all that well, but

I had already fucked him twice, so it couldn't be that dangerous. Right?

"She'll be along shortly. She's always late. Did you know that she hates it that you're always showing up on time? Throws her day off."

I laughed and walked in. It was a standard suburban tract home. Nothing fancy, but I was more comfortable there than I was at Rachel's or Jake's.

"Maybe I should start showing up earlier," I commented.

He nodded and led me to the living room. Low couches. Thick rug on the hardwood floor. Giant screen television. Way too much electronic equipment scattered on the shelf and entertainment center.

"That's a good idea. I bet she'll be at least fifteen minutes late. Maybe longer."

"Fifteen minutes?" I asked, taking a jovial attitude. "That's more than enough time for my last boyfriend to complete everything and leave me alone in bed."

Reggie grinned. He had bright hazel eyes. Hazel. Sexy.

His eyes weren't the only reason I wanted to fuck him.

Fuck him again.

"I can guarantee you that I can last longer than fifteen minutes," he promised and put his hand on my arm, pulling me closer.

I didn't resist. I didn't want to resist. He pulled me in close and kissed me. I lost myself in his kiss. This was what I wanted and needed right now. Sex with no strings attached. I let my hands grip his rock-hard ass as he pushed his tongue into my mouth and felt me up.

I felt like I was at my eighth grade dance.

Good memories of getting felt up for the first time.

"You have small tits," he told me, breaking the kiss.

"Yeah, that's obvious," I said, indicating my chest. "Anyone can see that. And you've seen my bare tits."

“But...how do you make milk then?”

“Breast size has nothing to do with it. Most breast tissue is fat, not milk glands. It’s all about the right amount of hormones and remaining hydrated.”

His hands were massaging my tits. It felt really good. I could feel my milk about to erupt. I wanted his mouth on my nipples. I wanted anyone’s mouth on my nipples.

“I thought it was gross, at first,” he said, “but it’s actually kind of sexy.”

“I’m getting a lot of that lately.”

“Can I try some?” he asked politely. He still had his hands on my tits, but he wasn’t just groping them, he was...admiring them with his hands, which sounds weird, but it’s the absolute truth.

I grinned at him. “Sure you can, just be sure to save a little for Rachel.”

As he pulled at the bottom of my shirt, he shook his head. “If she wanted it so badly, she would have shown up on time.”

I lifted my arms up and he removed my shirt.

Seeing that I wanted this as much as him, I then unhooked my bra behind my back and tossed it aside. “Are they as good as you remember?”

He didn’t answer me. Reggie just pushed me down onto the couch and kissed my neck and then kissed lower, and then kissed my breast, and then he finally took my nipple into his mouth.

I sighed in relief. Right away my milk let down and I could feel it streaming into his mouth, flowing like a river. It was perfect. My other breast welled up with milk and I could feel it leaking out, but I didn’t care. This was perfect.

“Oh, fuck yes…” I moaned for him as I pulled at his clothes. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to get naked, it was that he was more focused on nursing from me. Still I managed to get his shirt off easily enough and feel his muscular shoulders. Getting his shorts off was more difficult, partly because he was pulling at my tights and trying to get me naked.

“Wait, we just need a moment,” I said, pushing him away from my chest. He tried to remain latched on, drawing out the flesh of my breast, but finally he released me.

“A moment for what?”

“Don’t you want me naked?” I asked him.

“Well, yeah...but I want your tits...your milk...more.”

The moment’s break was enough for me to get my fingers in my pants and yank them down. It was easy enough to get naked. It was strange to have him continue to stare at my tits and not even give my pussy a cursory glance. Even as he pulled down his shorts and kicked off his shoes, he continued to stare at my tits.

It was a mixture of sexy and creepy.

Not saying anything else, he leaned in and latched on to the other breast. The milk flowed. I felt it in my pussy and clit and tits. He moaned. I sighed.

It was perfect.

He didn’t even bother to put his hand between my thighs. He didn’t want my pussy. He wanted my tits and milk. I wasn’t even that worried about my pussy. It was all about the tits.

And his cock. I couldn’t help but curl my fingers around his already hard cock. I didn’t stroke it like I was trying to make him cum. I was just keeping him interested until I came.

“Good...good,” I heard myself moaning. “Don’t stop.” It was easy to encourage him. I didn’t even think about it.

My milk just flowed from my tits. I could feel how I filled up his mouth again and again, forcing him to swallow faster and faster.

As much as I wanted to jill off, I kept my hand away from my pussy, but I needed the other hand to pinch off my nipple that was leaking milk. I had to pinch it really hard to stop the milk from escaping. I wanted to be nursed. I didn’t want to leak it all over the place. That would be a tragic waste.

And then, as he sucked on me and kept sucking on me, I came. It's always good to cum. It's even better to cum with someone who only wants to fuck and suck you.

"Ohhh…yesss…" I moaned loudly as I came. I clutched his head to my body. Even as I came, he didn't stop sucking.

That's what I needed in a lover.

Eventually my milk must have given out. He drank it all. My arms were getting tired from holding him in place.

I released him.

Reggie pulled back from me, licking his lips and then wiping his mouth with his hand.

"You like the taste?" I asked, thrusting my chest forward for him to more fully admire my tits.

He nodded. "Yeah. It's good." He grinned at me. "Thank you."

"For what?" I had my hand on his cock still. I continued to slowly stroke him. He barely glanced at what I was doing.

"For letting me drink your milk."

"I got something out of it too," I reminded him.

"Yeah, well. I need to say thank you."

I chuckled. "Why? Your mother pound good manners into your head?" I wanted to lean forward and take his cock into my mouth, but I delayed.

"Because...because I'm basically stealing milk from you."

My chuckle evolved into a full out laugh. "I'm giving it away for free."

He actually blushed. His face went red. "Well, yeah, but...some guys think that breast milk is really good for building muscle and some bodybuilders buy it off the internet for a ridiculous amount of money. Like thirty bucks an ounce."

And so the truth came out. He wasn't fucking and sucking me because he wanted to do it just for fun. He was doing it to get his body in even better shape.

Don't get me wrong. I loved how his body looked and felt. But right then my hand stopped on his cock. I wanted to walk out. I was there to get laid and have fun; he was there to use my milk to get buff. Get buffer. Maybe he even hated how my milk tasted.

Fucking bastard.

I was just about to let go when the front door slammed.

We both jumped a little.

I pulled my hand away from his hard cock and he hopped off the couch as Rachel called out, "Sorry I'm late!"

She walked in and caught us...well, not exactly having sex, but we looked guilty as hell. "Couldn't wait for me, could you?"

"You were late," I told her. I wanted to reach for Reggie's cock and guide him into my wet pussy just to show off in front of Rachel, but I managed to control myself.

"Is there any left for me?" she asked Reggie.

"I don't know…"

I lifted up my right breast and shook it at her. "This one is still pretty full...if milk is what you're looking for." I spread my legs a little wider. "Or you can go down on me and make me cum that way."

"I want your milk," she said and began stripping off her clothes which was an unnecessary thing, but I didn't mind. Her body wasn't quite as good as mine, but her tits were soft and fantastic to look at.

And touch.

She joined us on the couch and went directly for my right breast. I couldn't help but moan when she started sucking. My milk was already flowing and I easily

filled her mouth before she noisily swallowed.

My hand found Reggie’s cock and I guided him to where I wanted him to go.

Yeah, he was using me for my milk. I don’t know why Rachel was sucking me. Maybe she just liked breast milk. Maybe she discovered she was bi. Maybe she was trying to please Reggie.

I didn’t give a fuck. I was getting fucked and sucked at the same time.

She drained me like she was born to suck tits. Maybe she was bi. Reggie fucked me with his thick cock. It was a little difficult dealing with the two of them at the same time, but Reggie held himself up with his strong arms and fucked me like a pro.

I came a second time. I couldn't distinguish if it was from my tit or my clit. I didn’t care. I came and seemed to keep cumming. My body quivered with pleasure. And then Reggie grunted hard. His cock got even more rigid inside my pussy and a second later he flooded me with his cum.

It was so wrong and so good.

Rachel sat back and wiped her chin as she grinned at me, shaking with pleasure, as Reggie used me.

I could easily learn to love this.

After he was done Reggie pushed himself off me. “I need to piss,” he said and left for the bathroom.

Rachel cozied up to me. I didn’t mind it. I wanted a chance with her tits, but I had a few questions as well. This was the perfect time for it.

“Why do you cheat on your husband?

“Because it’s fun,” Rachel replied. “I’m bored. This isn’t a relationship. It’s a distraction, fucking Reggie. Fucking you.” She smiled and gave me a kiss on the cheek. “Why are you fucking us?”

“I don’t know. But Reggie apparently is only after my milk.”

“He likes fucking you better than me. He likes your body more.”

“I doubt that. He’s just after my milk.”

Rachel winced and looked away. What the fuck.

“What’s with the face?” I asked her.

“Okay, I’m just going to be honest with you. Don’t get angry.”

I was already getting angry. “Okay,” I lied.

“He asked me to try to start lactating. Did you know you can order hormones and stuff off the internet to induce lactation?”

“Yeah...I knew that.” I pushed myself off the couch and started putting my clothes back on.

“Where are you going?” Reggie asked as he came back from the bathroom.

“I’m leaving.” I finished dressing, found my shoes, and pushed by him.

“Why?”

“It’s my milk and my tits. Go fuck your girlfriend.”

It wasn’t how I wanted to leave, but it’s the way it happened. I kept my tears in check as I drove. Eventually I found a parking lot where I could pull over and cry a bit.

When I was done crying, I pulled out my phone and unblocked Honey’s number.

I knew she’d take me back.

That’s how fucked up my life was.

# End

Preview

# Milk Fever: Devotion

“If he doesn’t want to nurse from you, I will,” Analise repeated.

“Umm...it’s a little early in the morning for me to be having confusing feelings about sex,” I said as I wrapped my robe around me and tied it tightly shut. I wasn’t embarrassed at being mostly naked in front of Analise (and certainly not in front of Skip with only his shorts on that made it obvious he already had an erection, though maybe it was only morningwood, but still). I needed to keep control on things and this was not the way to do it.

“I wasn’t talking about sex,” said Analise. “I was talking about nursing. I want to taste your milk.”

I had to look away from her because I didn’t know what to think. Skip was flicking his eyes back and forth between me and her. There was no way to tell what was going on inside his head, but I really wanted to know. “She has one orgasm and suddenly she wants to take on every kink that she’s heard about,” I said scornfully, trying to humiliate her a little and get Analise to pull back. She was acting crazier than usual. Or maybe she was at her usual level of crazy and this was just a new wrinkle, a new kink.

Before Skip could response, Analise had her own indignant answer. “I didn’t have just one orgasm! I had, like, a dozen! I lost count. Anyway, I spent last night reading up on adult nursing. It’s not about sex, well...not all about sex.”

“It’s about sex,” Skip muttered.

I had to agree with him, but I still had to challenge Analise on her assessment. “If it’s not about sex, then why are you suddenly so eager to start nursing from my tits? Are you secretly bi and that’s why you’ve been holding back with Skip?”

As I asked the question, the pieces seemed to fall into place.

Even so, Analise didn’t seem at all perturbed. “No! To jump start my own lactation, extra hormones often help. I can get those hormones from your milk.” She sounded smug about it, but she was staring at my chest the entire time, so maybe she was just eager or maybe I was on the right track.

Maybe this pretty girl wasn’t straight or bi, but she was a lesbian. Nothing wrong with that. We’ve all had our experimental phases. I had mine in college and the quick flash of that memory immediately made me receptive to trying again.

Or maybe it was that my tits were on fire because they were so full of milk and I needed them drained.

That’s what I had been dreading. Once I had gotten serious with daily sex and nursing for my sexual pleasure I knew that my milk production ramped up. It was a curse and a blessing. I knew that I’d either need to taper off or endure some pain to get rid of my excess milk.

The last thing I needed was someone else nursing from me, forcing my tits to make even more milk.

Of course, there was the bonus sexual satisfaction that came with another partner…

“I’m not going to nurse you so you can lactate,” I told her even as I considered the possibility. It sounded kinky and hot and I knew that I wasn’t thinking straight.

“I was hoping…” she said in a small voice. I hadn’t realized how loud and enthusiastic she had been up to that point. Yeah, I had crushed her a little, but she’d had to suffer.

“I’m not going to be your sex tutor or anything else,” I told her flatly. “Now if you’ll give us a few minutes, I need to have Skip drain my tits this morning before I go to work.”

I turned my back on her and took Skip’s hand in mine with the intention of taking him back to bed.

Analise, of course, wouldn’t leave it alone. “Can I watch?” she asked.

I glared at her over my shoulder. “I was hoping you would leave.”

“You let me watch last night.”

“That was last night.”

“I don’t mind if she watches,” Skip said.

I wanted to smack him, but he wasn’t thinking clearly based on the size of his erection. All the blood was flowing away from his brain and into his cock.

Still, I needed to do something with my tits and milk, even if it meant getting out the breast pump.

“Fine. Whatever. Just don’t bother us while he nurses.”

We went to the bedroom. True to her word, Analise remained silent as we filed into the room. I opened my robe and rolled onto the bed. I sort of liked being naked in front of Analise; weird, I know. Skip followed me, arranging his cock inside his shorts so that I could reach and hold it while he nursed.

We had gotten to that standard in our private time. I had to be in control of him and that was the easiest way.

Closing my eyes, I tried to forget about Analise being in the room.

Skip got right to work and, knowing what I liked, he started sucking. My milk let down. I was cradling his head with one hand and holding his cock with the other. I wasn’t jerking him off, just holding him, reminding him that I was the one in charge and if he was good he’d get a reward at the end. His hand that wasn’t under his body went to my free nipple, pinching it hard enough to staunch the flow of any excess milk.

Everything was perfect. I knew I was going to cum from Skip nursing me. I wanted to cum and have a little more control over him and prove my superiority over Analise, making her watch me nurse her ex-boyfriend while I got off on it.

Perfection only lasted a few minutes before it was interrupted by a faint humming noise.

Opening my eyes, I took in a sight I never expected to witness in my bedroom. Or anywhere else for that matter.

Analise had been dressed like a typical college student: shirt, jeans, comfortable shoes. She now had her back up against the wall; her shoes were off along with her jeans and panties (though they were tangled around one ankle). She had the silver vibrator that she must have brought along in her purse, shoved up into her pussy. (Completely shaved. I couldn't help but notice that. I didn't know if that was something new for her or not). The humming was coming from the vibrator. Her eyes were unfocused but she must have been watching us. Apparently we were now her new favorite porn channel.

I was flattered.

A little disgusted, but flattered.

I should have made her stop and leave, but it was a bigger turn on being watched and masturbated to than I had anticipated. I wasn't sure if Skip knew what was going on. I wasn't going to tell him because I was close to orgasm and I wasn't going to let Analise cum first.

Sex wasn't supposed to be a race, but there I was making it a stupid competition. Luckily, Analise was still inexperienced or maybe she just took a while to cum.

I climaxed first. I liked my nipple orgasms. It was something special that most women couldn't do and I could.

We locked eyes as I let out my little noises. Analise was fascinated. I grinned triumphantly at her and moved Skip's mouth from one breast to the other. He nuzzled right up to me and got to work. The second orgasm was always easier than the first. Sometimes I came twice on the second breast before he was done. "Keep going," I said, not taking my eyes off Analise.

I wasn't sure who I was talking to. Skip? Analise?

Both?

She kept going and so did Skip. It seemed like his sucking was in perfect synch with the rhythm of her plunging the silver vibrator in and out of her pussy, between her pouting lips.

We peaked at the same time. I couldn't help myself and neither could she. Sex is like that. Her vocalization was low and loud, almost a grunting while mine was a higher register. I know that skip was well-familiar with my noises, but Analise's came as a surprise to us both.

"Fuuuck that was good." I hated the way she drew out the word.

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself." I tried to keep the sarcasm out of my voice.

"I want to cum again," she added.

"I can't help you with that."

"But I can," Skip said. Only then did I notice he was leering at Analise. He said he'd fucked her I don't know how many times, but maybe this was different. She was doing it to herself with my vibrator and she was liking it. That was different from just laying there while he used her like a disinterested human fleshlight.

I wasn't going to have him going back to her. Maybe I wasn't in love with Skip, but she couldn't have him just because she was horny now. He was mine.

When Skip started to move, I stopped him. He knew when I meant business. Usually we fucked after he nursed from me. Today wasn't going to be any different.

"You need to help me first," I insisted as I crawled on top of him. The one thing I now loved about my body is how easily I got wet and ready for sex, especially after being nursed. Since Skip was young and perpetually horny, he was still hard and ready as well. It was easy for me to insert his cock between my lips and sit down on him.

As always, his cock slid easily inside of me, filling me up, making me wish I could fuck him always and forever.

Analise made a little sound from against the wall. I didn't even turn my head in her direction. I was already halfway gone and I was going to have another orgasm before I let Skip cum.

He knew the rules.

The steady, low hum of the vibrator didn't stop. I only remembered that detail later, when it did stop.

As I rode Skip, he kept glancing Analise's way while I just fucked him. My tits weren't completely empty—they were never completely empty—so once I started getting worked up again, they started leaking.

This was normal and I just let the milk drip down on his chest. He occasionally reached up and massaged my tits, but that wasn't the focus at the moment. The focus was my pussy and clit.

It was great when he started nursing from them again. I liked it when he nursed and fucked at the same time.

And then I realized that the hum from Analise's vibrator was gone.

And I could hear Skip steadily breathing as he tried to hold back.

And then I felt the angle was wrong and there was someone else there.

The someone else was Analise. She was kneeling on the edge of the bed and had taken my nipple between her lips as I rolled my hips on top of my lover.

Except for the fact that she had done it completely without invitation, it was fantastic to feel her nursing from me. She was a natural at it, but then again, aren't we all naturals at nursing?

I wanted to tell her to stop, but it felt too good. I wanted her to keep going, but there was no way I was telling her that.

I just endured—and enjoyed—it.

It was a combined orgasm and it was heavenly.

Analise never stopped nursing through it. And that was perfect.

I was gasping as I worked through the intensity of the moment. And then Skip came in me.

I loved it when he came in me,

Analise kept going. She was greedy for my milk.

I couldn’t blame her.

Maybe she’d be getting the right hormones from me, but I didn’t care. I just wanted the kinky sex I was used to.

This was making it kinkier and I wasn’t sure if that was good or not.

(But really, it was good.)

Finally we had to stop because Skip went soft and I looked down at Analise and she realized I was glaring at her.

“Sorry, I couldn’t help myself,” she said sweetly, innocently.

“Really?” I asked skeptically. “Or were you just trying to weasel your way into my sex life?”

I wasn’t going to put up with bullshit from a nineteen-year-old girl who didn’t know how to behave in an adult situation.

“Both?” she asked hopefully with a shrug.

“I said you could watch, not participate,” I continued to lecture as I got off Skip’s dick. Even soft it was still impressively sized. Not huge, just nicely sized that was pleasing to the eye and the pussy.

I’m sorry,” she repeated in a lame effort to show me her sincerity. “I really am. But you’re the one who taught me how to cum.” She eyed my old silver vibrator she had left on the floor. Saying that I’m the one who taught her was an overstatement, but I wasn’t going to quibble at the moment.

“Whatever,” was my dismissive comment. “I need to clean up and get ready for work.” I eyed her up and down as she stood next to the bed. Her eyes were on Skip’s cock. I couldn’t blame her. “I suppose you have to get ready for school?”

“I don’t have class until noon,” she replied.

I noted that Skip was checking her out as well. Her top was still on, but she was

naked from the waist down. From where I was standing she had a nice ass and her pussy was on display to Skip's lascivious eyes. I couldn't blame him, but I didn't want him leering at her either.

"Why are you leering at her?" I asked Skip.

The smile on his face disappeared. Busted. While I didn't expect him to completely ignore other women, especially an attractive woman like Analise who was naked in front of him, a little discretion would have been nice.

His answer was, if nothing else, completely honest. "Because she's hot, like you."

I sniffed at his reply. "Faint praise. I suppose you'd like to fuck her."

Maybe he wasn't thinking. Maybe he was. "I sure would."

Of course Analise grinned stupidly at him.

The little exchanged had me soured.

I glared at Skip. "What do you mean you want to fuck her?!" Maybe the anger in my voice woke him up. His answer was reasonable and pissed me off.

"You yourself said we don't have a real relationship. Does it matter if I'm fucking someone else?"

Saying nothing, I walked away and went to the bathroom. I needed to shower and get to work. They were just kids and it didn't matter if they skipped a day of class.

I half expected to find them fucking in my bed when I got out of the shower.

They weren't. I suppose they had good enough sense not to do something so stupid.

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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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