Elliot Silvestri



Milk Fever: Desire

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An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

He was nineteen and I was thirty-one, so everything was aboveboard and perfectly appropriate...except that I didn't tell anyone about my relationship with Coleton.

Well, almost anyone, but I'll get to that.

I just needed someone to help around my newly purchased home. I was too short of time and too lazy to do it myself. I asked around and my boss recommended his nephew who was attending the local university and needed to make some extra cash over the summer before starting his sophomore year.

Cliche, I know. But I didn't even meet him for the first two weeks he was cleaning up the yard and flower beds. I just left an envelope of money and saw that over the week the lawn was mowed, the flower beds weeded, the trash was removed, and every little thing I left on the To-Do list was completed.

Two weeks in and because of changing shifts at the plant, I had a day at home in the middle of the week. I was sleeping in because twelve-hour shifts suck. And then the lawn mower started up and I couldn't sleep because of the noise under my bedroom window. Angrily I threw on a robe and stalked outside to scream at Coleton the lawn boy who was ruining my day off.

I'll admit it. The moment I saw him I would have soaked my panties if I had been wearing any that morning. The moment I saw him I realized that I was wearing just my thin robe over my thin nightshirt that normally barely made it over my hips. I wasn't exposed, but I could feel my nipples harden in the cool air. Or maybe it was because I saw a beautiful boy in a tank top with muscular arms and shoulders working on my flower beds. I hoped that my short robe was long enough to cover at least the tops of my thighs because I could sense my inner thighs getting slick from my over lubrication. But that was the least of my problems.

"Turn that off!" I screamed at him. It was only slightly ironic because I wanted

to scream at him “You’re turning me on!”

Coleton looked up to see a half-naked crazy woman screaming at him. He did the only logical thing and turned off the machine. “Sorry,” he said.

“What are you doing mowing the lawn at the crack of dawn!” I complained.

He looked sheepishly at the sky. “It’s almost eleven,” he said. “And it’s a rototiller. Not a lawnmower. This bed needs to be completely torn up. I didn’t know you were home. You’re never home.”

I glanced at the pickup truck parked in my driveway. My car was safely stored inside the garage. Of course he didn’t know I was home.

“Sorry. You woke me up,” I explained. “I’ll do inside now.” I turned around and retreated with what little dignity I had left. The grass felt good against my bare feet. I couldn’t stop thinking about his muscular forearms. Did he get them to be so strong from landscaping or from beating off? My legs were as naked as my feet. My house was on a slope and I was headed up it. Could he see my naked pussy from my angle of retreat?

Did I want him to see my pussy?

I sure as hell did, I admitted to myself when I was inside. I checked my nightie and robe. There were no obvious signs of liquids inadvertently soaking into them. That was good.

A shower was needed, I told myself when I was inside. I would look and feel better. Plus the window in the bathroom gave me a quick peak at what he was doing.

I didn’t masturbate in the shower because I didn’t want to fall down and hurt myself. I didn’t want my life turning into some sex farce.

I didn’t masturbate at all. I washed and dressed (nothing too sexy or revealing, but just revealing enough: a cami and shorts, an open loose-fitting shirt over the cami) and waited for him to finish his work. I knew I was going to invite him inside for three reasons. One: I needed to pay him. Two: I wanted to apologize. Three: I wanted to seduce him.

It had been far too long since I had gotten laid, longer still since I had been properly laid, and nineteen year old boys were all about hormones and sex. Surely he'd want to get laid too, right. I mean, I was a few years older than him, but what handsome boy wouldn't want to go to bed with a sexy, experienced, older woman. That had to be a fantasy of his, didn't it?

I hoped I was still sexy enough for a nineteen year old. I knew I was being stupid, but sometimes a woman has needs.

The rest of his time around the house seemed to take forever. I was eager for him to come inside, but he seemed only interested in tending my lawn and garden. I surreptitiously snuck looks out the window, monitoring him, hoping he'd take off his shirt at the very least. But he didn't. That was disappointing.

Finally he was done and he rang the bell to the front door. I wished he had knocked at the back door because...sometimes a girl wants secrets.

"Come in," I told him. "I have your money around here somewhere." I left the door open and retreated inside. I hoped my shorts were tight enough around my ass to interest him. Guys liked round asses, didn't they? After a moment's hesitation, he followed me all the way to the kitchen. The living room would have been better, and the bedroom better still, but one step at a time.

At least I didn't open the door completely naked and grabbed at his shorts offering him a blowjob.

"I haven't had time to talk to you," he said. "But have I been doing a good job?"

I spent too much time pretending I was writing out his check without making it look like I was checking out his package. His shorts were too baggy. But I had spent enough time looking at his forearms.

Nice.

"You've been doing an excellent job for me."

He brightened a little. "Thanks. Landscaping sucks but the money is decent. Truck's a hand-me-down from Dad."

"Do you have a girlfriend?" I asked him as I handed over the check.

He was taken aback by my question. I didn’t blame him. It was way too forward, but I asked it anyway because I didn’t have anything to lose.

“Uh...not right now.”

I nodded because I didn’t know what else to do. “That’s good.”

I let the words hang between us for a moment because I didn’t know what else to say. I was a terrible seductress.

“Why...why are you asking that?”

It was easy to forget that a nineteen-year-old might be an adult and might be as sexy as hell, but he probably hadn’t developed all the necessary social skills to survive in the world.

That’s okay; neither had I.

“Because it would be a bad idea to make a pass at you and invite you into my bed if you were seeing someone.”

“Oh,” he said a little relieved...and then he truly understood what I was saying. He laughed uncomfortably and then realized I was serious. “Oh...you aren’t kidding.”

“Why would I kid about something like that?” I slowly slid my hand down from my chin, over my chest and traced the space down between my breasts on my tight camisole. I could feel my nipples were hard. I didn’t dare look down to see if there was any other problem; I didn’t want him to be disgusted by me.

“You’re really serious?” He stared at me dumbly. “I mean...this sort of thing…”

“Look, Coleton—

“Skip,” he interjected.

“What?”

“Skip.”

“Skip what?”

“That’s my name.”

I shook my head. “No, your name is Coleton.” He was confusing me.

In response he rolled his eyes at me. I felt like a teacher in a middle school. “No one calls me Coleton. Except my grandparents. It’s a family name. Everyone calls me Skip.”

“Oh. Should I have been writing your checks out to Skip?”

“Nah. My legal name is Coleton. But call me Skip.”

We were getting off topic. “Great. Fine. Look, Skip, I really only invited you inside to fuck you. If you don’t want to fuck, that’s fine. You can keep doing my landscaping and all that. If you want to get laid...well that’s great too.”

The argument over his name was forgotten. He was staring at my tits through my camisole. I liked that the nipples were prominently projecting outward. It didn’t take much to capture the interest of young men.

“I mean...are you serious?”

I was getting tired of his repeated question. What type of stupid college student was I trying to seduce? “Yes.”

“I mean...I’m all hot and sweaty,” he pointed out.

“Oh.” I paused. “Right. No big deal. We’ll both be hot and sweaty afterwards. You can use my shower.”

“Okay.” He agreed with a nod.

But then he just stood there.

I wasn’t sure how to proceed either. It had been over a year since I had actually had sex with someone else. If I needed to get off, I just used my vibrator and didn’t have to worry about the romance. I was pretty certain the nineteen year colds didn’t need all that much romance either.

“Well then...follow me to the bedroom.”

I turned around, again wishing I had worn shorts that were a bit tighter in the ass, and sauntered to my bedroom. I didn't look back but I could hear him following me. Along the way I casually lifted up my camisole and dropped it to the floor right in front of my bedroom door. My tits bounced free, but he couldn't see that. Taking a few more steps inside the room, I turned smartly on my heel.

Seeing that he had removed his shirt didn't surprise me all that much. He had also managed to step out of his boots. That was good. The surprising part was that he had his shorts halfway off. They were down around his knees.

I gasped. Not because he had a huge erection. He did. Or at least he had a cock impressively sized that I thought it was huge. It wasn't' huge. It was big, but not gigantic. I gasped because the last time I had slept with a guy, it took a five minute blowjob to get him hard enough.

Nineteen year old boys don't need a five minute blowjob to get hard. They just need a half-naked and willing woman.

"What?" he asked when he saw I was staring at his cock. He momentarily went to hide himself, but then realized he wasn't in any danger. I wanted to see his cock.

"I...uh...I wasn't expecting you to be naked already."

He let his short drop down all the way. Had he gotten hard between the kitchen and the bedroom or had his shorts hidden his erection while we were talking and he was staring at my tits.

"Sorry. Should I have waited?"

"No. This is fine." I realized a little too late that I wanted a little romance. A kiss or two. Maybe some erotic undressing. But I had invited him for sex, not romance.

"Okay. Good." He let his shorts fall the rest of the way down and then peeled off his socks. And then he was gloriously naked. He was tan from working outside all summer. He had a definite tan line around his waist. He was much paler between his knees and waist, but that was fine. It was kind of sexy. I hoped he didn't mind that I was pretty much pasty white from toes to crown because I worked inside all the time and five minutes of direct sunlight would burn me

crimson. “How do you want to do this?” he asked, suddenly completely causal about his erection pointing at the ceiling.

“Do you like to eat pussy?” I asked him, trying to reassert myself as the dominant member of our little tryst. Without waiting for an answer I yanked my shorts and panties down in one movement I hoped was smooth and casual. I pulled them down together because I didn’t want him to see the rather plain and boring cotton panties I was wearing. I could have put something on that was all lace or silk, but that would mean I was planning on casual sex with a boy I barely knew.

I know. I’m fucked in the head.

“I love to eat pussy,” he announced loudly. Maybe he was staring at my pussy now instead of my tits. That was good.

I’m not ashamed of my body, it could be a little less curvy, but it’s not bad. And I knew I had huge tits. I can read my cup size. I’m not stupid. I just happen to wear baggy clothes because I got tired of guys staring at my chest in high school and grabbing at my boobs.

I mean, I sort of liked the attention, but at the same time I didn’t like it. Life is confusing. And then when they started leaking…

I flopped down on the bed and scooted toward the headboard on my back. He moved slowly and cautiously onto the bed, following me. At first his face was at my feet, and then it was between my knees, and then I ran into the headboard and he kept moving forward. I was happy to open up my legs and let him kiss my inner thighs. He didn’t slow down at all and put his face right to my pussy.

Since I was already wet, this was some sort of ritual that was unnecessary, but I wanted to do something before I just let him shove his cock in me. I was one of those lucky—or unlucky—women who lubricated easily. I could already feel my pussy juice running down between my ass cheeks, but I tried not to think of that. I just let Coleton—Skip—go to work on me. Maybe he liked it. Lots of men loved to eat pussy because they felt they needed to make a woman cum from oral. I was willing to go along with that.

Sadly, Coleton—Skip! Fuck!—didn’t have advanced pussy-eating skills. He wasn’t terrible. He was just...uninspired.

I moaned and moved around a bit. It was the least he deserved because I was the one who had lured him into my bed. I didn't wait too long though. I wanted his cock. That was an easy transition to make.

"I need your cock," I announced pushing back on his muscular shoulder with my heel.

"Sure. Do you have a condom?"

Good man that he was thinking ahead, because I wasn't.

"Fuck! Shit! No!"

He grinned at me. Relax. I do. Out in the truck. Wait for me?"

"Sure." What else was I going to say? No? You forgot to bring condoms into your employer's house so I'm not going to fuck you now. I could wait a minute.

He jumped off the bed, pulled on his shorts—no underwear—and ran out the door. I heard the door slam. A minute later the door slammed again and he reappeared in my bedroom, condom in hand and once more I was treated to him revealing his hardon to me. He hadn't lost an inch of cock to the moment.

I was sort of disappointed that he just didn't leap on me, cock first, but he didn't. And that was smart. He actually paused and put on the condom while I watched him, and then got back on the bed, crawling up to me.

"I've never gotten in bed with someone so quickly before," he said to me.

It only then really hit me that we were both nervous about what was going to happen, for different reasons, but being nervous in general made things, metaphorically at least, a little sticky. Literally, I was nice and slick. I knew because while Skip was out in his truck, I had plunged my fingers into my pussy. I was hot and ready to go.

The moment he was close enough, I ignored my nervousness as much as possible and reached down between us to grab his cock. I found it easily enough. It was the only thing on the bed that was like a piece of shaped steel. It was hot and throbbing. This wasn't going to be anything like the last time I had sex which had been a disaster.

“Careful!” he cautioned me.

There wasn’t any real need for me to be careful. I just needed to put him in my pussy, feel him fill me up, and let him do what came naturally. The only thing he needed to worry about was impressing me.

“I know what I’m doing,” I said confidently which wasn’t a complete lie, but it hid the nerves I was worried about.

We had to move around a bit and find the right angle and do all the graceless fumbling necessary when getting to know someone else intimately. Eventually I got him into the right position and I tilted up my hips and he sank all the way into me.

I think we were both surprised at that.

“I didn’t hurt you, did I?” he asked nervously.

Moving my head back and forth, I told him no. He had definitely stretched me and it felt good, but he was assuredly larger than my vibrator. I might have to upgrade to something bigger. “It feels fantastic.”

“Do you mind if I go fast?” he asked me right before he started pounding away at my pussy like a madman. “I think I’m gonna cum pretty fucking fast.”

Horse and cart. Egg and chicken. Which one caused the other? While it was fun, he was a little rough, which was okay, but he came in under a minute and I didn’t get off at all.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. Didn’t mean to cum so fast,” he kept repeating over and over.

The problem was I was worked up and needed to get off. Normally I’d be happy to use my vibrator and be done with it, but I had seduced a nineteen-year-old boy into my bed and I was going to make the most of it, damnit!

“You aren’t done, are you?” I demanded of him. “Because I’m not and because I’m not, neither are you.” I can be bitchy when I don’t get my way in bed.

“Just give me five minutes,” he begged, his voice muffled by the pillows. “I can

go again. I promise."

That was the one saving grace of a nineteen-year-old boy. I had forgotten they weren't one and done. They could go and go, just like a thirty-one-year-old woman could go and go because she was just reaching her sexual prime.

I was starting to understand the whole MILF and cougar thing.

"Okay, five minutes," I agreed. "Do you like tits?"

He picked up his head where he had it buried in the pillow next to me. "Of course I like tits."

"Do you like mine?"

He lifted up his whole body. I liked how he had been crushing me, but I liked the view of his muscular body as well. His cock hadn't shriveled up, not yet. He was still inside me. Skip looked at my tits. They were big and round and topped with slightly too large nipples that were currently soft from his warm body.

I wasn't vain, but I liked my tits as well.

"You have fantastic tits."

"Let me tell you a secret," I said. "There's a direct connection between my nipples and my clit. Think you can make that work?"

"Sure. Gimme a second."

Skip wasn't the unskilled amateur that I had him pegged for. He pulled out of me, much to my disappointment, and quickly toddled over to the bathroom, hand holding the condom to his cock, but that wasn't really necessary; even softening he was still impressively large. Certainly large enough to keep a condom on.

After a flush of the toilet and some water running in the sink he was back. This time he kissed me. I liked his kiss. Soft and not overly aggressive. His tongue pushed into my mouth and I realized I liked being penetrated. It wasn't as good as having my pussy penetrated, but one thing at a time.

"Nice kiss," I told him. "But you promised me you loved my tits."

Skip just nodded and moved down my body. He got a little more aggressive when his mouth reached my nipple. I didn't mind. I loved it. As I had promised, there was a direct connection between my nipple and my clit. I could feel both pulsing in time with my heartbeat as he sucked on one nipple and pinched the other. His left arm was trapped under his body so I casually moved my hand to my pussy just for a little masturbation.

I wasn't sure if I was going to get myself off or not. I could have, but I wanted to see what Skip would do for me.

Abruptly he let go of my nipple. "Am I doing it wrong?" he looked worried.

"No. Perfect. Keep going." I hated it that he was ruining my rhythm.

"But...uh…" He wouldn't finish the fucking thought.

"What?"

"You're...you've got you hand on your...um…"

"Pussy," I finished for him. And I was calling him a pussy because he was acting like a pussy. I want that to be clear. "I'm playing with my pussy because I like to play with my pussy when my nipples are sucked. Okay?"

"Sure...do you want me to."

"I want you to suck on my tits," I told him, hoping simple language would work for him.

"Sure," he mumbled as pulled his face back to my breast.

"Suck on me," I instructed him. "Suck them nice and hard. If you're good, you can make me cum just from that."

Maybe he took it as a challenge or maybe he just wanted to please me. Whatever. He started sucking harder and pinching and rolling my other nipple. I liked it. My pussy was getting hotter and wetter and I knew I was going to cum.

I knew something else was going to happen as well, but that was how my body worked and I wasn't ashamed.

I still kept a finger on my clit, rubbing gently because I liked sex and I was going to get off come hell or high water or unwanted interruption from a phone call or intruding family member.

None of those things happened. I came. I came from a nipple orgasm. They're hard to explain. My pussy gets tight and I feel the orgasm, but it's different from a clitoral orgasm. They aren't as powerful and they aren't as satisfying, more like an appetizer than a main course, but I was happy with what he did for me.

I tend to be noisy in bed so it was good that I lived alone.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked after I was done cumming. I wasn't exactly screaming, but I'm sure I worried him.

"No. it was good." I told him with a kiss. "Very good."

"I'm hard again," he reported to me.

Nineteen year colds are so predictable. His cock was hard and pressing against my leg. "Do you have another condom?" I asked him.

I wasn't on birth control of any sort. Not having a boyfriend for over two years will do that to a young lady.

"Fuck! No!"

"Not out in the truck?" I was disappointed.

"No. Sorry. Fuck. And I flushed the first one. Can't reuse it."

"Shouldn't reuse it anyway." I wasn't going to risk getting pregnant just to get off with a terribly-thought-through encounter with a boy I barely knew. Luckily he had fingers and a mouth. Those would have to do.

"Should I run to the store?"

I lived in middle suburbia. He'd have at least a fifteen minute drive to any story. I wasn't willing to wait a half hour to get fucked. He'd have to show me his other skills.

“Just suck on my tits,” I told him. “Make me cum again that way.”

“Okay,” he readily agreed.

I was thinking about giving him a blowjob after he was done with me, but then I realized I wanted something in my pussy. “Can you use your fingers in my pussy while sucking on me?”

“Of course. That’s easy.”

I’m glad he didn’t say I was easy. His mouth went back to my nipple and his hand went between my legs. He had big hands and big fingers. They filled me up surprisingly well. They weren’t a cock, but we’d get to that.

He also kept sucking on my tits. The next orgasm I had was a mix of nipple and clit. The third was all clit. The fourth was an all-body thing. I can’t explain it either. Yeah, I’m a horny, randy young woman who, if I hadn’t had a better upbringing, would be a giant slut.

“You can really cum,” he complimented me.

“Thank you.”

“You have really sweet tits too.”

“Thank you.”

“That’s not just a compliment. They taste sweet, not like skin at all.”

I fixed him with a deadly gaze. He got nervous. I liked that. “That’s because I’m lactating. Breast milk is very sweet.”

His eyes went wide when he realized what I was telling him.

“I...I drank your breast milk?”

“Yes, yes you did. And did you like it?”

The expression on his face was somewhere between being complete stunned and revulsion and arousal. I could see that Skip didn’t know what to think.

“It wasn’t bad,” he finally admitted.

“I’m glad you liked it,” I said happily. I wrapped my fingers around my large tits and squeezed them. I’d been making milk ever since I hit puberty, to lesser and greater amounts. It depended on a lot of things. How turned on I was. How much stimulation I had gotten to my breasts and nipples. Where I was in my cycle. If I had been taking hormonal birth control.

When I squeezed them for Skip, I didn’t erupt into a pair of milk fountains, though that would have been great. Instead I just managed to force out a few drops of milk that welled up and ran down my skin.

He was fascinated. I could tell.

“That’s… that’s wild. Do you have a baby?”

I laughed at him. “No. Of course not. I just make milk naturally.”

“That’s weird and wild and cool,” he said as I did it again. He reached out and wiped up some of the droplets and tasted them. He was impressed with the sweet taste, I knew it.

At least he wasn’t repulsed.

“Want a blowjob?” I offered him.

I wasn’t going to let his beautiful hard cock get away from me.

“Really? Sure!”

All nineteen-year-old boys are alike.

I went down on him because I wanted that cock inside me again, inside me anywhere and I wasn’t going to have him in my pussy (pregnancy) or my ass (never anal on a first date, though this really wasn’t much of a date) so my mouth would have to do.

The thing about blowjobs, is I hate to give them lying down. The angles are all wrong and my neck gets cramps. I loved having his cock in my mouth and smelling his sweaty body and musk, but it was too much after a minute.

When I took his cock out of my mouth, the first thing he said was, “Am I too big for you?”

I was torn between saying something nasty and just moving on. I moved on because he was cute and I wanted to please him because, like I said before, I’m fucked in the head and I was still horny as fuck.

“No. I’m just getting a sore neck. Why don’t you stand up on the floor and I’ll give you head that way?”

He was agreeable to that because what nineteen-year-old wouldn’t be. There’s something both submissive and powerful about getting on my knees in front of a man. I’m sure he felt like he was king of the world, but with him in my mouth, I felt like the empress. I was in charge of him: his pleasure and if I wanted I could completely fuck up his cock and balls for the rest of his life.

As I was going along, sucking his cock and bobbing my head back and forth, he was completely in my power. I could have stopped and left him crying, but I didn’t want that and he didn’t want that.

He was big, but not huge. I could get most of him in my mouth. He had a lovely head with a prominent ridge where I could wrap my lips around and suck on the velvety head. He produced a good amount of precum which had a pleasant flavor. He liked it when I held and squeezed his balls. He loved it when I bobbed and used my hand at the same time.

I knew all of this because he gasped and groaned audibly when he came. The flood of cum in my mouth was almost too much, but I managed to swallow most of it (if a woman is going to give head, she should do it completely). By the time I was done with him, he was panting and he stumbled backwards to the bed, unable to stand on his own two feet any longer.

“I’m going to shower,” I told him as I got off my knees “You’re welcome to join me.”

Before running the water, I drank several glasses of water to get the taste of his cum out of my mouth because while it was fun to taste in the heat of the moment, I wasn’t going to have that aftertaste with me forever.

It only took him a minute to come into the bathroom and see me showering. I

had one of those fancy modern showers that was more of stall with frosted glass. No curtain necessary. He poked his head around the glass and looked me up and down. I had just finished soaping up and was rinsing off. “Well?” I asked him expectantly.

Silently he stepped in with me. Instead of getting under the water, he went down on his knees and kissed my belly. I moved to press my back against the wall and opened up my legs for him. My pussy deserved his every attention.

“Are you going to be working here tomorrow?” I asked him after the shower. I was in my short robe and nothing else. He had to get back into his sweaty clothes, but that was fine with me.

“Should I?”

“Yes. I’ll have some...indoor work for you.”

Chapter Two

“Should I do the yardwork first or…”

I had greeted Skip at the door. I didn’t tell him I had been waiting for him. I wasn’t exactly sitting in the living room staring out the front bay window waiting, but I was making sure that he wouldn’t just pull up and start work without...checking in.

“Or should you come inside and speak with the lady of the house first?”

“Yeah…”

“Come inside.”

I hadn’t been sure of what to wear, so I went slutty. Not that I needed to seduce him today, but I wanted to show off my assets. My camisole was tighter and smaller with nothing on underneath it. My shorts were tight as well. I was spending too much time at my desk and not enough exercising, but I’m sure he liked the view of my ass.

He, of course, was dressed in short and a tank top and his workboots. There was no way for him to dress up for sex if he was going to work as well. That was fine with me. As long as I could see his forearms, I was good.

And his cock. I started thinking about his cock and could feel myself getting wet.

I led the way through the living room. Maybe I was swinging my hips more than necessary, but I liked the way it felt and I knew I was going to get laid the way I wanted: I had a dozen condoms waiting for us in my bedroom.

“I couldn’t stop thinking about you last night,” Skip nervously confessed to me on our short journey to heaven.

“Oh? What about me?” I looked over my shoulder at him with what I hoped was a sultry gaze.

“Your...ah...your breasts.”

I reached the bedroom and walked inside before turning around. Leaning forward slightly I thrust my chest out at him, trying not to be obvious about it, not that it mattered, and asked him, “What about my tits exactly?” I used the slightly vulgar tits instead of breasts. We were going to fuck; we might as well use the right language. “What about them couldn’t you stop thinking about?”

He looked at me blankly.

I prompted him. “Their size? Their softness? My big nipples?” Okay, my nipples aren’t that big, but they looked big when they were hard underneath the camisole. And I knew they were hard because I was turned on and I had just in the chill morning air when I opened the door.

“Uh...their...uh...your milk,” he blurted out and pointed at my chest.

Looking down I saw that he wasn’t just giving me an answer. He was indicating that my milk was leaking out.

Sometimes that happened. It had only happened a few times in the past. Usually when someone had been sucking on them and I wasn’t emptied so they continued to leak. This time I saw that I was leaking without touching myself or anyone touching me.

Was I that turned on?

I’ll admit it. Sometimes when I got horny and masturbated I’d play with my tits and make my milk come out. It felt good. It got me off. It was sort of sexy to feel my milk spraying upward and covering my chest.

I’d never auto-leaked before. I must have been horny for Skip.

But in the moment I was a little bit embarrassed at what my body was doing so I did the only logical thing and whipped off my top, exposing my tits, but at least now I didn’t have wet spots in the front of my cami.

Skip’s eyes went wide. “Was this what you wanted?” I asked him. I was just supposed to be a line to lure him into bed, not that I needed to do any luring.

“Yeah...sort of.” He got nervous and paced around. I saw from the way his shorts moved that he had an erection. I think whenever he got near me he had an

erection. I liked that. “But I actually dreamed about your...uh...your breast milk last night.”

I smiled. I couldn’t help myself. “You did?”

He nodded. “Uh huh. Can I...can I try it again?”

Those words were music to my ears. Never before had anyone ever asked to suck on my tits and drink my milk.

“Sure!”

We moved onto the bed. He kicked off his boots and joined me. We laid on our sides, face to face, and he didn’t go straight for my tits, which showed he had some awareness of social conventions. He kissed me. I didn’t really remember kissing him the day before, but this kiss I remembered. It was fantastic. He put his rough, calloused hand on my cheek and held my face while he kissed me. I gripped his forearm and marveled at the wonderful play of muscles just underneath the skin.

“Do you mind if I?” he asked, not really finishing the question.

“If you what?”

He got nervous as he wiggled down lower on me, but I lifted up my breast to his lips and he latched on like a seasoned professional—professional what, I don’t know—and started nursing from me.

It was perfect right from the start. His sucking wasn’t too hard or soft. My milk was right there so it flowed easily. I loved the way it felt when it came out of me. I don’t have that much even though I have big boobs, but every drop felt like heaven as he extracted it from me.

Skip rested his hand on my hip and I wanted him to shove it between my legs and penetrate my pussy, but I managed to show some decorum and just focused and breathing and lactating. If things went perfectly, he’d be able to make me cum without one more stitch of clothing coming off.

Not that I wanted that, but I was willing to go along with it.

After a few minutes, as I was slowly reaching toward my climax, he let my nipple escape his lips and he gently rolled me away from him. I was upset and didn't know what was going on, but then he latched onto my breast that had been getting crushed between his body and mine and the bed.

The milk practically squirted out of the nipple when he gave the gentlest of sucks to it. He grabbed the breast he had just been nursing from and firmly pinched the nipple. I gasped and told him to keep going.

"You like that?" he growled into my flesh as he continued to suckle.

"Uh-huh," I muttered as he continued to push me along toward orgasm. I was going to cum even if he didn't touch my pussy or clit.

It felt amazing to have him draw my milk out of my breasts. I had been looking forward to it since yesterday, of course, but actually doing it was much better than I had fantasized.

There's no way to accurately describe what it feels like to have a strong man at my breast, suckling from me, and drinking my milk. It was just amazing. I'd had a few do it before, but with Skip, it was much, much better. If I never had a cock in my pussy again, as long as I could have someone nurse from me, I'd be sexually satisfied.

I don't know if he liked suckling from me or if he liked my reactions—I was getting very wiggly and my moans were louder than necessary—or if he wanted to see if he could give me a nipple orgasm again, but when I came it was like my body was on fire. I reveled in that for a minute and then it was like his suckling was putting out the fire.

It was strange and I loved it.

"That was fucking amazing," he said to me, pulling back from my breast and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Can you cum that easily all the time?"

"You thought that was easy?"

He shrugged. "My last girlfriend...she couldn't cum at all."

That made me sad. “Is that why you broke up?”

“Um... partly.”

I sensed I was starting to get into territory that was none of my business and would only piss off Skip, but I couldn’t not pick at that scab. “She couldn’t cum at all.”

“Not with the entire time I was with her.”

“Ever?”

“Ever.”

“Did she...ever cum by herself. I mean, could she cum or hadn’t she learned how?”

“Learned how?” I had now puzzled Skip. I liked that.

“Yeah, Some women have to learn how to cum. It doesn’t come naturally to them.” I smirked. “It took me a little bit to learn, and I was twenty before I really had a good orgasm. Maybe she was like that.”

I spoke without thinking. If Skip was only nineteen, it stood to reason his ex-girlfriend was roughly the same age. Maybe she hadn’t learned how to climax yet, just like I had.

Skip looked at me like I had just given him some great revelation. “Shit.”

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said anything.”

He nodded and looked away. “I’m still horny,” he said.

“I noticed.” I was staring at the rather impressive tent he was pitching on my bed. I reached down and caressed him through his shorts. “Want to get to use that?”

“Hell yes!”

Nineteen year old boys are so predictable. I liked that.

I continued rubbing him through his shorts until I dipped my hand into his elastic waistband. His cock almost felt familiar to me now. Wrapping my hand around it was a task, but I was up to it.

Together we pushed down his shorts and underwear. I scooted down and licked the length of his underside and then took as much of him into my mouth as possible. I wasn't going to give him a full blowjob, just enough to keep him interested. He was already interested but I wanted to taste him, to have him in my mouth, to control him that way.

I had forgotten that he made precum like I made milk and pussy juice. Taking him in my mouth was just a way of ensuring that I had to swallow the clear, slippery fluid. I was happy to do it, but it was sort of pointless at the same time.

"Let's put this boy to work, shall we?" I asked him.

Skip nodded eagerly.

I slipped off the bed and wiggled out of my shorts to show off my fancy pink lace panties. Turning away from him I showed Skip that they weren't panties. I was wearing a thong. Maybe it showed a bit too much of my ass. I wasn't in perfect shape and maybe my ass was a little large, but I was hoping that Skip appreciated a nice, large ass. Then again, he was a horny young guy, so he was probably happy to have any female ass in front of him.

Getting off the bed wasn't just and opportunity for me to show off my ass and stylish choice of undergarment. I went and dipped into my bottom nightstand drawer and pulled out the pack of condoms. I wasn't expecting to use all twelve, but I was hoping to make use of at least a couple. There was some fumbling about as I got one out and opened it. Skip was happy to let me put it on him. I didn't know exactly what I was doing, but he didn't seem to mind and once it was on, we were ready.

"Can I ride you?" I asked him.

He nodded like he always did. "Do you need help getting your panties off?"

I smiled back with confidence I didn't fully feel, but I was faking it awfully well. "I know what I'm doing."

It was only afterwards that I realized he was asking to strip me. Oh well. I shimmied out of my thong in what I hoped was a sexy move. It probably wasn't, but Skip didn't complain.

I had taken some time early that morning when I was showering to trim and shape my pubes. I didn't go to a fully waxed hardwood floor, but I knew most guys weren't into a huge bush. After I was done I liked the results and Skip wasn't complaining as he stared at my naked pussy, so it was all good. Climbing on top of him I grabbed his cock and started to get into position.

"Don't you need me to get you wet first?" he asked, stunned at my forwardness.

I took his hand and put it between my legs. I knew I was soaked. I was ready for his cock. "You've already made me wet."

This being our second time, I didn't just slide down on him like a fireman rushing to the truck. It took me a couple of up and down strokes before I got all the way down on him and felt his fat cock fill me all the way up. He wasn't huge, but he was perfect for me.

"Oohhh...fuck that's good," I moaned.

"Holy shit," was his comment.

"You like that?" I asked him, rolling my hips a bit, getting ready to take him for a full ride.

"Yeah, but I wasn't talking about my cock...or your pussy."

I snapped my eyes open and looked at him. "What?"

He pointed at my chest. Once again I gazed down at my tits. Nothing seemed amiss until I focused on a nipple. It had formed a little white droplet that hung there for a moment before falling free and landing on Skip's muscular chest. "That's not a problem, is it?" I asked him as I started to ride.

I'm not very strong and my thighs aren't that powerful, so I wasn't going to be able to do this long. If he was going to complain about some milk, we'd be done damn quick.

“Hell no,” was his answer. “It’s sexy. But sort of wasteful too.”

He picked up his head and latched onto my breasts, sucking a little, pulling out milk and making me shiver in delight.

I could work with a man who was willing to suck my tits while I rode him. The sex wasn’t as rough and vigorous as I liked, but there are always trade-offs, aren’t there? Besides, it felt better to have him sucking on my tits than to play with them.

Eventually I realized I wasn’t going to be able to ride him forever. I wasn’t that strong and my thighs were starting to cramp. I wasn’t going to be able to cum before I collapsed, so I just stopped moving and let Skip continue to suck on me while I just gloried in the attention.

It didn’t take him that long to realize I had stopped moving and so of course he stopped sucking. “What’s the matter?”

“My legs. I’m too tired.” I tried to draw his face back to my tit but he resisted.

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

I shook my head. “I want to be on top.”

“Just kneel and I’ll do all the work.”

It was worth a try. I re-positioned myself and was kneeling in an easy position over him. I didn’t lean very far forward which made my tits out of easy reach of his mouth. His cock was barely inside my pussy, but a second later that didn’t matter. He grabbed my hips and thrusted up into me, lifting his ass off the mattress and pounding into me.

I’d had guys do this before, but never so effectively or so well. I just knelt there, enthralled by his body’s ability and his stamina and forcefulness. I was going to cum and there was nothing I could do about it.

I looked down at him, awestruck. I couldn’t say anything. I wanted to shower him with compliments, but the sounds I made when I opened my mouth were just those of pure, blissful sex. What I did shower him with was my milk that continued to drip steadily out of both my tits, splashing down on him, covering

his skin. I tried to point this out, but I couldn't move my hands from his shoulders; I hoped I wasn't gripping him so tightly that I hurt him.

When my orgasm arrived, I was relieved. It made everything terrible go away. My pussy over-lubricated, but that was fine. My fingers tightened down hard on Skip's shoulders and I hoped that I didn't bruise him, but it was like squeezing rocks. I don't think I could hurt him if I tried.

As much as I wanted to tell him to stop slamming into me, I couldn't. My whole body was shaking and the power of speech had been lost to me. A few seconds later I realized why he didn't stop. He came in me. It wasn't as good as it could have been. I liked the feeling of hot cum filling my pussy, but he was wearing that condom. But it was thrilling to know that I had helped him cum.

He was done and I was done and I couldn't move because my legs were too cramped and I was exhausted from the good orgasm. "Do you mind if I stay on top of you?" I asked him as i bent forward, squishing my breasts against his body.

"It's fine."

"Can I stay here forever?"

He laughed. "I don't think that's possible."

"Please?" I was half kidding, half serious.

Before he could answer, his cock had softened enough to slip from my pussy. I groaned at the sudden exit. I wanted him in me forever. Yes, it was selfish, but I was that kind of woman. The one good thing was that it allowed me to feel like it wouldn't be wrong for me to roll to my side and collapse next to Skip.

We just stayed like that for a minute. It was nice. Skin to skin and pleasant exhaustion on both of us. But Skip was an enthusiastic young man and I couldn't have expected him to just be happy with that, but I was happy with what he did ask me when he broke the silence.

"Can I suck on your tits a little longer?"

"Um...what?"

He was looking down at my chest and my tits were still young enough to stand up proudly on their own, especially after a good fucking. “I dreamt about your tits and your milk last night. Can I suck on them a little longer?”

“Of course you can, but maybe take off the rubber first?”

He jumped out of bed, showing more energy than I had, rushed to the bathroom, flushed the toilet, ran the water, rushed back, and jumped back in bed with me. His mouth immediately found my breast and he got to work extracting the last of my milk from my tits.

He crouched over my body and just sucked. He moved his mouth back and forth between my nipples. I could feel him drawing out the liquid. There wasn’t much, but there was enough. The little bit that he didn’t get seemed to well up on its own and coat my breasts. When he moved back to the breast, he’s lick all over and around the areola to get every drop that he could.

Meanwhile I had moved my hand down to hold his cock. He was soft and a little bit wet, but that was fine. I was having trouble deciding if I should suck him off when he was done with my tits or if I should have him fuck me again. His mouth on my nipples was a major distraction.

“Don’t stop,” I whispered to him. “Don’t stop, don’t stop.” I kept repeating myself over and over because it was all I could do. My nipples had never been this sensitive and this responsive. He was going to make me cum again and I loved it.

I grabbed his head and smashed it to my breast as I came, which had the unfortunate side effect of him biting down on my nipple. I didn’t notice it at first, but he left it bruised.

Being stronger than me, he pulled back. “You almost smothered me.”

I smiled up at him. “It’s a good way to die.” I was still holding his cock and it was nice and hard now. “Want to fuck me again.”

“Yes.”

We scrambled for another condom. In the confusion, he got me on my hands and knees, putting it in me from behind. It had been a long time since I had done

doggy. He reached around and grabbed my breasts as he fucked me. I liked it more than I should have.

He made me cum. He made me cum hard. I felt vulnerable with my ass in the air, but he didn't abuse me or take advantage of me. Skip was a great, if inexperienced, lover. Just as he made me cum a second time in that position, he came as well. I was sad it was over, but I couldn't expect him to go all morning.

I felt like I was back in high school or at least college. That was the sort of sex I was having: no strings attached, rough and good and passionate. I didn't want a relationship and so it was perfect. If I could keep Skip coming back on a regular basis for sex with me, I wouldn't have to worry about my physical needs. I wouldn't have to go out on dates. I wouldn't have to deal with all the annoying aspects of a relationship.

"This is great," I told him after we had spent a few minutes recovering. "Do you want to keep doing it?"

"Like again, right now?" he asked, worried, I guess, that he wouldn't be able to get it up again. He might have been nineteen, but he didn't have inhuman stamina.

"No, not now. Just in general. I'm looking for a friend with benefits. Someone who can come over and, well, cum over, in, and on me."

His face flushed. I suppose he had never been propositioned that way before. In all honesty, I hadn't propositioned anyone like that before, but I was older and more mature.

Yeah, that sounds good.

"Umm...sure?"

"You don't sound so sure," I told him. "If your worried about the time, it won't be on mornings all that much. I have a pretty variable schedule."

"No, I'm not worried about that, but thanks for the info."

My eyes narrowed. I wasn't upset if he was going to tell me no because he wasn't into women over thirty who were lactating. I could deal with that. I could

even deal with if he said he just wanted to fuck me a few times because he was horny. “So what’s your answer.”

He cleared his throat and hemmed and hawed a bit. “Lyra...can I call you Lyra?”

I folded my arms over my chest, hiding my tits from him. “It’s my name.”

“Lyra, “I might have lied about having an ex-girlfriend,” he admitted to me.

“Might have lied?” Now I was angry.

“Uh...yeah.”

“In what sense?” My heart was thudding in my chest. I was certain that if I looked down at my tits they would have been shaking in time with my heartbeats.

“In the sense that I have a girlfriend currently.”

“You fucking lied to me!”

He had enough morals to admit to that. “Yes. And I’m sorry. But you threw yourself at me and I was horny and my girlfriend she’s....”

“What?” I demanded of him.

“She’s terrible in bed. I’ve never been able to make her cum. I don’t think she can cum.”

I quickly analyzed that. “And so you used me for some sexual pleasure of your own because your girlfriend is a terrible lay.”

“When you put it that way, it sounds terrible.”

Not wanting to give him too much, I admitted, “I might do something similar if I was in your shoes.”

He picked up his head. “You have a boyfriend too?”

I swatted him on the shoulder. There was no way I had bruised it by gripping too hard. “No! But...I understand.”

“Great!”

“But you should tell her about this,” I told him. “Or break up with her. It’s just dishonest to fuck someone and have a relationship with someone else.”

“Right. Got it.” He nodded enthusiastically. “Makes sense. You’re very wise. I guess sleeping with an older woman was a good idea.”

I kissed him. “I hope so. Now...do you think you can get it up again before you finish my landscaping?”

“Maybe…”

“Maybe?”

“I wouldn’t say no to a little oral assistance.”

I gave it to him but I didn’t let him finish in my mouth. With a cock like that, he had to finish in my pussy.

Chapter Three

“How’s Coleton working out for you?” The Big Bird asked when I returned to work the next day. My pussy was a little sore and so were my nipples, but that was to be expected.

The Big Bird was my boss, He used to be colonel in the army and was nearly seven feet tall. Everyone called him the Big Bird or just Bird. It helped that his actual last name was Schwann. Coleton—Skip—was his nephew.

All of that didn’t stop me from blushing when he asked. I quickly looked away and pretended to be busy shuffling papers on my desk while I formulated my response. “Great!”

“Good to hear. He needs the money.”

I nodded sagely and got myself under control. Skip wasn’t going to be bragging to his uncle about banging the woman who hired him for yard work. He wasn’t going to tel anyone if he was smart. “College is expensive. I spoke with yesterday. He said he was starting back at classes next week.”

Big Bird laughed at my naivete. “I’m sure his father is paying for most of it. If anything, he needs the money to keep his girlfriend. She has expensive tastes.”

I was simultaneously sickened at being reminded that Skip had a girlfriend he was cheating on with me and interested in why his girlfriend had expensive tastes. “Oh? How’d he find someone with expensive tastes. Skip seems such a down to earth guy.”

Bird looked at me with narrowed eyes. “Skip?”

I secretly died inside. “Yeah, he told me he hates being called Coleton. He commented on it when I handed him his check.”

“I’m sure he had to ask someone outside of his friend group on what to do with a check. Kids these days don’t use them.”

I winced again. I was fucking up right and left. “Yeah, my father always insisted I pay for everything with a check. Paper trail and all. I agreed to start paying him via Venmo.”

“Very modern of you.”

“So about his girlfriend?” I prompted Bird without trying to seem obvious about it.

“Don’t know much about her,” he said. “He just complains all the time about having a girlfriend is expensive. I told him to get a friend with benefits, it’s cheaper and easier.” He laughed. “Though in my time we called them a side piece. Hell if he was married, I’d have told him to get a mistress.” He laughed again and saw that I was giving him a dead eye. “Shit! I’m sorry. I’m too old to be talking to women without a chaperone. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

I wasn’t offended at his antiquated attitude. I was offended that Skip followed his uncles advice and followed it with me. I waved aside his concern. As a woman in a chemical plant, I heard worse on a daily basis. “It’s fine. But you probably shouldn’t give him such advice.”

“I know,” Bird nodded in agreement. “I’m sure he ignored me.”

My phone buzzed and I pulled it out, ending our conversation. Naturally it was Skip.

When can I see you again. I’m thirsty for you...and your milk.

The words were enough to get me wet, both in my pussy and my tits. I swear I was leaking milk just at his message.

And I hated myself for it.

And I hated myself for my reply.

Come over tonight after nine, but only if you’ll drain my tits.

A girl had needs.

To Be Continued

Preview

Margaret Over Billy 1

“A threesome,” Billy blurted out before his could get his brain to stop his mouth from operating. Right away he knew he had screwed up. It was a simple question, one he should have been ready for. He’d only been dating Hedy for a month and while she proved to be a fun and innovative bed partner, when answering her question, he should have come up with something unrealistic like “Sex with you on the moon,” or something overly romantic like, “Sex with you under the stars on the beach.” The wrong answer was “a threesome.”

Instead of walking out on him or slapping him and then walking out, she just rolled her eyes. “Completely predictable,” she said. “Typical male answer.”

Billy let out a silent breath of relief. “I am a man and you asked.” He nervously lifted his water and tried now to down half of it to cover his tenseness. The restaurant was noisy enough to cover their conversation, but Hedy liked to push the limits of what was acceptable. Like how the dress she was wearing was far too low cut to be considered respectable. Billy was having trouble keeping his eyes off her cleavage.

“With who?” she followed up on her original question.

“What?”

“A threesome with who? You, me and…?”

Once again he knew the answer right away, but he also knew that the answer would get him into deep trouble. This time he managed to keep control of his mouth and not just blurt out a name. Hedy tilted her head expectantly and waited. She waited long enough that she had a chance to start nibbling on the appetizers that the waitress brought to their table.

The name was right there on the tip of his tongue desperately waiting to get out. He wondered if she already knew and was just teasing him. That was impossible. No one except porn stars and extremely kinky women wanted to do a three-way.

He'd never met either of those so he had resigned himself to simply living out his life with this rather mild and ordinary fantasy unfulfilled. It wasn't that Hedy wasn't kinky, but she had never given him any indication she was even vaguely interested in doing something like that.

"Are you going to answer me or are you just going to keep staring down my dress for the rest of dinner?"

"There's no right answer to this question."

"Sure there is," she said. "Pick the right woman and you'll find the two of us together in bed with you."

The way she said it along with the way she implied that he had a chance of fucking her with another woman, made Billy instantly hard. He knew it was a trap, but then realized if she was pushing it this far, she might tell him no, but she wasn't going to walk out on him.

Probably.

He could pick some famous actress or other unattainable woman and just brush off the whole thing, or he could keep it realistic and maybe she'd award him a pity fuck for being honest.

"Kimi," he forced out.

The pause from Hedy was simply excruciating. She carefully chewed the last of her appetizer while contemplating his request. He knew he was doomed. The problem was that Kimi was a possibility and might even be a real threat to Hedy.

"My office manager?" asked Hedy.

"Y-y-yes," Billy stuttered.

"That's a bold choice."

"She's the hottest of your friends that I've met." That was also the wrong answer. He knew that right away. Hedy had the title of accounting manager at her small company; she was the entire accounting department. Kimi was the office manager; fifty years ago she would have been called the secretary and had

the same responsibilities but would have been making a tenth of her current salary. Their company was small enough to actual value people for their skills.

“You’re trying to fuck my friend and co-worker?” Hedy asked.

Billy went on the attack; it was the only way out of the situation. “You brought this up. I was just playing along. It’s never going to happen. I know that.”

“What makes you think it’s never going to happen?”

“Why would you fuck me and your friend? There’s no benefit to it. You’re just flirting with me.”

She smiled as their dinners arrived. Billy looked down at the plate of potato skins that he was supposed to be sharing with Hedy. She had eaten her half. He hadn’t taken a bite. “Maybe,” she teased.

Hours later they were back at her place in her bed. She was riding on top of him with some enthusiasm. Hedy was doing all the work. She was bouncing up and down on his cock. He couldn’t believe he was so lucky to be able to fuck her, especially after he had nearly blown it with her earlier that night.

She was beautiful. Nice full breasts with slightly upturned nipples. She had freckles scattered all over her body. While he didn’t normally go for women with brown hair, hers trended toward auburn which was nice. Even better was that she insisted they have sex on their first day because, as she put it, she wasn’t going to waste time on a guy she wasn’t sexually compatible with. Apparently they were sexually compatible because here it was a month in and they were still having sex.

“Why do you fuck me?” he blurted out as he watched her. Her face was contorted with concentration as she ground her pussy down on him. While Hedy trimmed and shaped her pubes, she didn’t go for complete hair removal, which Billy appreciated because it made the mess of hair that covered his torso look less bad.

Her eyes popped open. “Because I’m horny.”

He was taken aback. “Really?”

“Fuck yes. Shut up. We’re fucking.” She closed her eyes and concentrated again.

“But that’s it?” He couldn’t follow instructions to save his life.

Her eyes opened again. “You’re honest and good in bed.”

“Thanks!” It was an odd compliment but Billy was happy with it. “It’s great to be with someone who can overlook my shortcomings.”

“Like talking too much during sex?” she asked. Her body had stopped moving. Billy realized he had fucked up.

“Sorry.”

“Just keep quiet for a minute so I can cum. Let me cum first and I’ll make that threesome happen for you.”

He was certain she was just kidding so he let out a little chuckle, but said. “Okay sure. Sounds great.”

She laid her fingers on his lips. “Shut up and I promise I’ll make it happen,” she said with deadly seriousness. “Just don’t cum first and if I do a three-way with you, you’ll have to do something special for me, okay?”

“Sure,” he agreed, not thinking it was going to happen.

“Promise?” she asked.

He nodded agreement.

Her eyes shut and she started moving again. “Stay quiet and I’ll make your dreams come true.”

While he knew she was exaggerating, he went with it. Just watching Hedy cum was a treat in itself.

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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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