

Luke's Milkmaids



By Elliot Silvestri

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Also by Elliot Silvestri

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The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Never Too Many Pregos

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Part One

“Drink this,” my mother said shoving a glass of milk in my face. I had spent the day at home and the moment she came home from work she presented me with another of what appeared to be one of her immune boosting shakes.

“What is it?”

“Just drink!” She got excited like this when she was trying something new on me. The easiest path was just to give in.

“Fine.” I sampled it. Not bad. Sweet. Milky. A little heavy and cloying on the tongue. “What’s in it?”

“Milk,” she told me.

“Just milk?” I asked skeptically. “Tastes a little weird for just milk.”

“Human breast milk,” she amended as I tried a second sip. It was all I could do to gag and spit it all over the floor. Mom, cool as always when it comes to any of my leukemia treatments, simply stated, “It’s full of all sorts of immune boosting compounds, plus it’s the best food for anyone!”

“It’s for babies,” I complained while looking for a place to put the glass down while not appearing to be grossed out.

“You’re a growing boy,” she pointed out.

“I’m eighteen. I’ll be nineteen in a few months.”

“But you’re underdeveloped,” she pointed out. I had battled childhood leukemia for most of my early teens and that had caused me to be smaller than most of my peers. It also made my mother insane and was still constantly searching for a way to help me, never mind that I had been given a clean bill of health by the doctors over a year ago, that I had completed high school on time and with honors, and that I showed no signs of regression.

It was at that point my father walked in and saw me eying the half-empty glass on the kitchen table. He immediately looked at my mother. “You didn’t,” was all he said.

“I had to try it,” Mom replied.

I turned on Dad. “You knew about this?”

He ran his hand over his bald head. Dad’s a nice guy, but lets Mom completely run my life. “She read about it on the internet, of course,” he glared at here. “There seems to be some evidence it can help some cancer patients. But I didn’t think she’d try it without discussing it with you first, and not try and trick you into this therapy.”

“Wait. Therapy?”

Mom sighed, exasperated. “You don’t just drink a glass and be done with it. You need to drink at least a pint a day for six months.”

A thought occurred to me. “Where are you going to get a supply of breast milk for six months?” I asked knowing the answer as soon as I spoke the words.

“The internet,” she replied brightly. After being out of work for years while she tended to my medical problems, Mom had returned to work in a legal office and had discovered the power of the internet.

“There can’t be that many women willing to sell...” I started to say and trailed off.

“You’d be amazed,” Mom said.

“No, he wouldn’t,” Dad said. “He’s home all day, usually alone, playing video games and surfing the internet. I doubt there’s anything on the web he hasn’t seen.”

Mom blinked and ignored the implication. “I’ve got a woman who’s agreed to a one month contract with options for extensions. We can start tomorrow.”

“Fine, but I get to start going to classes at community college if I have to go through with the treatment.” With my treatment and everything else, I hadn’t had

been permitted to go, or even apply to, college after I graduated back in June, even though I graduated in the top ten in my class. If I was lucky they'd allow me a January start at the community college.

The next day Carrie started showing up at our front door every day at 8am. A week later I was registered for classes at the CC.

Carrie was a nice enough girl. I didn't know what to expect the first time I met her. She was short, maybe five foot two at the most, but huge tits. That came with the territory, I suppose, since she was lactating. I tried not to stare, but her boobs were at least double Ds and I needed little incentive not to stare at any moderately attractive woman. She was a little heavy, which again was to be expected since she had a kid six months ago. Fake blonde hair—I could see the roots—and a little too much make up for my taste, she looked somewhat artificial to me. However it wasn't her skin or hair that ultimately interested my mother—and by extension, me—it was her breasts. More specifically: her breast milk.

My mother greeted her and they chatted like old friends. I took a close look at Carrie from across the kitchen, trying not to stare. She was youngish, older than me, of course, probably around twenty-five. She was carrying a small case.

"We'll give you some privacy in the den," Mom said to her. "You got the pump okay?"

Carrie held up the case. "Yup. It's working great." She grinned at Mom, then looked over at me. I tried to smile pleasantly.

"Will this early hour work for you?" Mom asked.

"Yes, I just dropped off Kenny and I'll have plenty of time to get to work."

"Great. Luke is looking forward to this. It'll really help him out." Thanks for lying, Mom. Carrie looked at me with pity in her eyes.

"Well, no use wasting time then. Let's get started." Mom led her to the den.

Fifteen minutes later she came out with two small bottles filled with her breast

milk. Mom handed her an envelope, exchanged some more pleasantries, and Carrie left. Mom handed me the small plastic bottles. They looked like bottles you'd nurse a baby with. They were warm to the touch which made sense. Breast milk was stored in the body at 98.6 degrees, approximately. Mom came back in the kitchen and looked at me holding the bottles.

"Well?" she asked. "Get drinking."

"Right," I agreed, opening one bottle and taking a sip. It wasn't bad at all. A little sweet, and thin, but tasty.

"You could try it over cereal," she suggested.

"Mom, please. It's warm."

"That's when it's best. If you freeze or chill it, the milk starts losing nutrients."

I took a few more swallows. "What was in the envelope?" I asked her. She pretended she didn't hear. I asked the question again.

"Money," she answered sharply. "To pay for the breast pump. And for her time."

"But not the milk?" I asked with a snicker and took another sip. I was starting to like the taste of breast milk. It was something exotic, like going to a fancy foreign restaurant and trying something you've never heard of but it sounds interesting.

"That's illegal, actually. Or it borders on illegality. So we pay for her time and the pump she needs. For you," she added. I looked away and finished off the first bottle. I didn't feel bad about the money. Even after my many medical treatments, my parents were doing okay. Dad never stopped working as a patent lawyer—exciting stuff—and Mom was back full time now too working some angle of the legal system. Then it occurred to me what had bothered me about Carrie. She was low-rent. She was poor and was probably doing this just for the money. I pushed that thought aside and put the second bottle in the refrigerator. "What are you doing?" she asked me.

"I just drank," I paused and looked at the bottle, "twelve ounces of milk. I need a break. I'll drink the rest later."

“You need a break?” she asked.

“It’s pretty filling.”

Mom left for work with Dad shortly after that. I went to the den and started hunting for a good location to hide a webcam.

It took a few days of trying, but eventually I found a spot in the bookshelf where I could hide a small camera and record Carrie while she expressed her breasts. My first few videos were low quality, out of focus and frame, but with practice I got better. To tide me over during my developing days as a voyeur I started searching the web for lactation videos. Internet Rule 34 applied here, as always. There were a huge amount of all sorts of nursing videos. These interested me only peripherally. I wanted to watch Carrie empty her breasts.

On Friday I was rewarded for my efforts. After she left the house I ran to my computer and ran the digital recording. It was perfect.

She sat down on the small couch, plugged in the breast pump—I could even hear the hum and suction noises from the device—and opened her shirt. She pulled open the flaps of her bra—I never knew that bras were made that way, and then I realized it had to be a special nursing bra. I had never had a girlfriend in high school—too sick, weak, and absent for that to work—so I was somewhat mystified by the workings of women’s lingerie. Her breasts were suitably large, swollen with her luscious milk. Her nipples were bright red and were surrounded by very large areolas. She pressed the cups of the breast pump to her nipples, the suction was applied and out squirted a small stream of whitish milk. Pause. Then another small stream. Pause. Repeat. It was fascinating.

Carrie had no idea she was on camera. That was probably a good thing since what I had done to her was illegal. What kind of sicko records a woman expressing her breasts so that a boy recovering from cancer could have a chance at life? Me. I was that sicko. I was also the recipient of her life-giving milk, so I somehow rationalized that in my mind. The fact that I pulled out my cock and jerked off to her emptying her tits was beside the point. I watched the fifteen minute video three times before I allowed myself to cum. I rationalized that spanking it to her semi-private activity was permissible because with her huge tits I sure more than one guy had put her in the spank bank. When she was done with the process I could definitely see that her tits had shrunk from being

emptied of milk. Intriguing.

I'm a naturally shy guy, but I forced myself to be a little more forward with Carrie. It took more than a week of me recording her before I was actually able to speak directly to this woman who had become my object of obsession. I had even pushed aside the idea of attending college if it meant I could watch her tits.

"Hi," I greeted her one morning. "Need anything this morning?" I asked her. Normally Mom answered the door, but today I was making an effort.

"Hi," she answered brightly. "No thanks, just the den." I nodded and waved her in.

Mom was in a hurry this morning, had to leave early for the office. She handed me an envelope as she left. "For Carrie," she said. "See she gets it."

I nodded.

Carrie was surprised I was the only one left in the house when she emerged from the den. I handed her the envelope and said, "Thanks."

She laughed a little and tossed her hair a little. "I should be thanking you. You're the one paying for something my son doesn't want anymore."

"Right," I agreed not knowing what else to say.

"You look good," she told me. "It's probably just my imagination, but you look like you're putting on weight. Your mother told me your whole story, so I'm glad to be helping someone recover from cancer. Leukemia. Am I embarrassing you?" she asked.

I shook my head no and tried not to stare at her tits. My face flushed when she caught me, but she was wearing a low cut shirt and plenty of cleavage was being displayed.

"This has actually been a bit of a godsend," she continued, barely acknowledging my head shake. "I can really use the money."

"Yeah," I agreed stupidly. Graduated at the top of my class and couldn't talk to a woman just because she has big tits.

“Is it weird?”

I panicked thinking she was talking about spying on her and recording her emptying her breasts and being a pervert. Of course that was weird. Instead I managed to control myself and asked, “Is what weird?”

“Drinking breast milk. I mean, it’s for babies.”

“Yeah. It was at first, I guess. But I’m used to it now. It’s the latest homeopathic fad in the alternative medicine community. And my mother is always willing to try the latest fad that shows the least bit of scientific evidence of positive outcome.”

She nodded and smiled. I got the impression there wasn’t a lot going on behind her brown eyes. “Well...good. Thanks again. I’ll see you tomorrow. Glad I can be of help.”

She was helping more than she knew. I ran upstairs to my computer, watched her empty her breasts, thought of her giant tits, and spanked another one out to those images.

A few days later I had let Carrie into the house and she was in the den emptying her breasts when I realized something was amiss. My parents were gone. The house was empty but for me and Carrie. It was taking her much longer than before to pump her breasts. I listened at the door and realized there was some heavy breathing going on in the den. I wanted to rush upstairs to my computer and activate the hidden camera, but I didn’t want to give myself away in the off chance she noticed the hidden device powering up. Shit. I waited until she finally emerged looking a little flush in the face but otherwise everything else was normal.

“Thanks again,” I told her, smiling.

“My pleasure,” she said. “Do you mind if I use the bathroom before I leave?”

“Not at all.” Now I wished I had set up a camera in the bathroom as well. The moment she was out the door I ran to my computer, downloaded the camera feed and was treated to a short film of Carrie masturbating while she pumped her

breasts. Did mechanical pumping turn her on that much? I couldn't see anything between her legs—she had just undone the button and zipper to her jeans and shoved her hand down to her pussy—but it was another treat I was going to save forever on my computer.

Naturally, I beat off again and again to this clip. But that was only satisfying to a certain extent. If I was a normal person, I simply would have approached Carrie and asked her out on a date or even straight up proposed having sex with her. But I wasn't normal and I didn't know what to do, so I engineered an event that would work to my favor.

The next day I left my cell phone in the den. Mom and Dad left, Carrie arrived to pump her breasts, I called my cell from the home phone. I let it ring and ring, having preset it to not pick up voicemail until the fifteenth ring. It was lame, but it was all I could come up with.

After ten rings I knocked on the den door and shouted, as if in a panic, "Carrie! I need my phone. I think it's the college calling!"

"Wait a minute," she said from behind the door. Her voice was muffled.

I pushed my luck. "I can't!" I shouted and shoved the door open. There was no lock and I walked in, pretending to avert my eyes from her seated position on the couch. Except she wasn't on the couch, she was standing up, walking toward the desk, her breasts out. The pump was on the floor switched off. I grabbed the phone from the corner of the desk just as the call went to voicemail. Perfectly timed. "Shit! Missed it." I now looked directly at her.

She was beautiful. Her shirt was open, her bra's flaps were open exposing the bare breasts to the cool air. A small dribble of milk slid down from her left nipple and over the curve of her flesh. It fell free and descended to the floor. I wanted to lick her breasts clean. I also noticed that her pants were again unbuttoned. The look on her face went from guilt to embarrassment to resignation of a ridiculous situation. "Sorry!" I blurted and looked away. "I needed to catch that call. It was from the college." I wanted to look back and leer at her, but that didn't seem a wise decision.

"It's okay," she said, completely casually. "You don't have to look away. I can't tell you the number of people who have seen my naked boobs."

I didn't look back, but decided to keep the conversation going. "Really? Why's that?"

She laughed. "Between childbirth and breastfeeding and everything else, you tend to lose you modesty." She laughed again. "When your mother put me in here, I almost told her don't bother, I can pump anywhere, but I didn't want to embarrass her. Or you."

"That's okay," I said, sensing an opening. "I'm cool with it. I mean, I have to be, right? I am drinking your milk."

"Yeah. It's kind of boring in here anyway. I wish I could watch TV or talk to someone while doing this."

Achievement unlocked.

The following day Carrie sat down on the living room couch, turned on the TV to some women's talk show, opened her shirt and bra, and started pumping. I sat down in the easy chair to her side and kept a sharp eye on her while she was busy. I'd have to relocate my camera, but live action was better than a video.

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

Carrie glanced at me. "Does it hurt to pump?" she asked.

"Yeah."

She shook her head. "Not really. It takes some getting used to, it's different from when I actually nurse my son. But it's actually okay because the milk keeps building up until it starts to hurt if I don't pump. Or nurse. My son still sometimes nurses."

"Oh. That's interesting."

She caught me glancing at her again. "You don't have to sneak peeks at me," she said, calling me out. "Just stare for a few minutes and get it over with." She laughed. "You look a little creepy when you look at me out of the corner of your eye."

"Right. Sorry." And so I stared. Her breasts were beautiful, full and white and

firm with milk. Each suck of the pump released a squirt of milk that I would soon be drinking. Her bright pink nipples were easily visible through the clear plastic cones of the breast pump.

“Getting enough of look?” she asked.

“Um, yeah, maybe.” I blushed and looked away, then looked back.

“You never had a girlfriend in high school, did you?” she asked me.

“No,” I admitted and continued to stare at the action of her breasts being drained.

“How’d you know.”

“The way you look at my breasts. And you have that virgin vibe about you.”

Now I was really embarrassed and looked away. Tears formed in my eyes and I tried to wipe them away without being obvious about it.

When I looked back at her Carrie just said, “Sorry. I didn’t mean...”

“It’s okay,” I interrupted her. I hated who I was right then. She finished up, gave me the milk, and left the house. I went upstairs to my room, tried to jerk off and failed.

The next day was much better. “I want to apologize to you for yesterday,” she said.

“It’s all right,” I replied. “Let’s forget about it.”

“No. I was wrong. I shouldn’t have teased you like that. I don’t want to piss you off because, believe it or not, I really need the money your parents give me for this.”

I held up my hands and waved her apology away. “No. Really. It’s okay. I don’t want to dwell on it. Just go ahead and pump and we’ll put it behind us.”

She nodded and walked to the living room. She opened up her shirt and pulled it off, tossing it on the couch. I noticed she wasn’t wearing her normal nursing bra with the industrial cotton and spandex panels and support weaves. It was a much sexier lace affair where the only concession to her lactation status was a pair of

nursing pads shoved into the cups, barely hiding her nipples. “I have a way to make it up to you,” she said unhooking her bra and letting it slip from her shoulders. Her tits swung free and the nursing pads fluttered to the floor. “Care to try it right from the source?” she asked, a tight smile on her face.

“Um,” was all I could think to say.

“I know it’s weird,” she said. “But after yesterday and all...” she trailed off. “And a person suckling is actually a lot of efficient than a breast pump.”

I stood there a minute. My cock got hard in my pants and I shifted around while she looked at me. I could just see a tiny pearl of milk forming on the tip of her nip. I didn’t want it to go to waste, but even with a woman offering me her breasts, I couldn’t say yes. I was a fool.

“I can see you’re excited,” she said. Her hands slipped under her breasts and she lifted them up a bit, offering them again to me. “Come on, try it. It can’t hurt you.”

Finally I nodded and walked forward. “Hold on,” she said as she sat down on the couch. “Let me get myself comfortable. I think we’ll need a pillow too.”

I laid down on the couch. She placed a pillow on her lap and I found myself eye to nipple with her. Already her milk was starting to flow. The pearly liquid oozed out her multiple ducts and slid slowly down her skin. “Go ahead,” she encouraged me. She put her left hand under her breast, lifting it up, presenting it to my mouth; her right hand when on the back of my head, pulling me forward slightly.

There was no going back. I opened my lips, put them on her breast, sucked slightly and brought the nipple into my mouth. I could hear Carrie sigh slightly over the roaring of blood in my ears. I put my hand down to my crotch and shifted my cock that was pressing painfully against the couch. Only then did I suck her nipple. A tiny bit of her sweetness leaked out onto my tongue. I swallowed and she sighed again.

“More,” she said.

I didn’t need any encouragement. I sucked in earnest this time and was rewarded with a spray of her life-giving essence. I swallowed again and sucked harder.

She gently caressed the back of my head.

“Good,” she said.

It was as if we had become two parts of a whole. She was giving herself to me and I couldn’t stop myself from taking from her. I started to understand how her breast worked and pulled a little more of her breast into my mouth, letting the fullness of her tits fill the space over my tongue.

“Mm-hmm,” she sighed.

I opened my eyes and glanced up at her. She was looking down at me. Her expression was one of contentment. I felt her fingers running through my unruly curly hair. I sucked again and watched her as I did so. She half-closed her eyes in contentment, then allowed them to flutter back open. Then I understood that not only did my nursing relieve her breasts of the painful swelling from too much milk, but I was also giving her pleasure. She liked having her tits sucked. I was happy to fulfill that need.

“Wait a second,” she said, leaning forward and picking something up off the floor. It was one of the breast pads. She pressed this to her free breast. “I’m leaking a little. Keep going.” I sucked again, harder now, seeing what I could do to her. Seeing what she considered pleasure and what was just necessary to drain her tit. She smiled down at me, sensing I was playing with her a bit, then let her eyes close. “Keep going,” she repeated and her head fell back against the couch. She wasn’t asleep, merely relaxed.

I keep sucking. Savoring the milk, enjoying what I was doing to her. I could hear her heart beat through her flesh, I could sense that I was the center of her world at that moment. I sucked and sucked until she stopped me.

“Okay, I think that one’s dry. You need to switch.”

And so I did. Her fresh breast was full and milk was already dribbling out of the nipple. I latched on and pulled her milk free from her flesh. I looked at her chest. The empty breast was noticeably smaller than the full one I now nursed from. I had done that too her. I reached up and touched her moist nipple with my finger. She didn’t open her eyes, but made a little noise in the back of her throat to indicate she knew what I was doing.

As I continued to suck, I now played with her empty breast. I lightly pinched the nipple between my forefinger and thumb. Another sound of pleasure from the back of her throat. Then I squeezed a little harder. Same noise again. Then I rolled it slightly just to see what would happen. It was beautiful and small contented noises came from Carrie. I was in control of her body and it was as if all was right with the world. I pinched and rolled at the same time as I sucked as hard as I could. Carrie inhaled sharply and arched her back a little. I had caused her a bit of pain, had done something unexpected and she had liked it.

“Careful,” she warned. “Not too hard.”

I nodded with her tit in my mouth. Her eyes didn’t open but she surely felt the jiggle of her flesh in my mouth. I eased back slightly and continued to focus on draining her second breast. Almost before I realized it, she was completely empty and I was disappointed there would be no more milk for that day. Carrie pushed me off her breast and indicated that I should get my head off her pillow.

“That was nice,” she said, putting her bra back on and slipping a new set of pads into place. Her bra seemed almost too big now; her tits didn’t need all that material to contain them. Had I drained her that completely? “Actually nursing empties them better than pumping,” she told me as she put her shirt back on.

“Oh,” was my only comment.

“I didn’t weird you out too much, did I?” she asked.

“Not at all.”

This made her smile. “Good, maybe we can make this a regular thing?”

We certainly could. When she left I ran to my room and jerked off as hard and as fast as I could. When I came I noticed that semen was the same color as breast milk, only thicker and with a different purpose. Jerking it once wasn’t enough, not after I had had a woman’s breast in my mouth for the very first time. It only took me a few minutes to recover. I could smell her scent on me still, I could taste her milk on my tongue, I could feel her breast against my cheek. I jerked off again and slept away the rest of the morning.

After that first time, we settled into a nice pattern that was mutually agreed to without a word being spoken. Carrie started coming to the house a little later than usual so to avoid my parents. She would bring a partially filled bottle of breast milk that I would stash in the refrigerator just to avoid any questions from Mom. She would take off her top, we'd assume our positions on the couch and I'd happily drain both her breasts.

It was easy to justify, though I told myself I needed no justification. I was still getting all the nutrition and immune system boosting compounds from Carrie's milk—that made my Mom happy. I was draining her breasts more efficiently and more quickly than the pump—that made Carrie happy. I was getting to touch a woman's boobs—and that made me happy. Everyone won.

This lasted about a week. Then one morning as I was working on emptying her second breast, I noticed, felt really, Carrie pushing her hand down to her lap and slipping between her legs. Almost immediately I realized what she was doing. I knew that she liked having her tits sucked and it only stood to reason that she must derive some sexual pleasure from my suckling. There was no real reason for me to stop her, it wasn't hurting or bothering me except she was wiggling a little and that disturbed the pillow. I didn't know what to do. Did she not realize that I'd figure out she was jilling off while I was nursing from her? I continued sucking while she played with herself. I opened my eyes and looked up at Carrie. Her eyes were closed and her face was contorted into a mask of intense concentration. She was biting her lower lip and her head was flung back. She wasn't paying any attention to me.

Eventually her breast stopped giving milk and I released the nipple from my mouth. This didn't stop Carrie from masturbating. She was too far gone in her own world of pleasure. I watched her face as her breath came quicker, a pink flush spread across her chest, and finally a whining groan of exhaustion and relief escaped her lips. She had her orgasm and sighed in relief. After a few seconds her eyes fluttered open to see me smiling up at her.

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed and yanked her hand out of her pants.

"Wow," was all I could say.

"I'm sorry," she immediately apologized. "I forgot where I was. You, uh, you made me feel so good, I kind of drifted off and...well."

“It’s okay. I don’t mind.” Not only didn’t I mind, it was incredibly fucking hot that a woman would want to masturbate when I was sucking on her tits. That was astounding. Especially since I was still a virgin.

“Anyway,” she said filling the silence with unnecessary words. “Sometimes I’ve needed to get in my car, drive a block, and jill off after you’ve drunk my milk. This was easier. Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” I repeated.

“I won’t do it again,” she promised.

“No!” I nearly shouted, scaring us both. “It was good, actually. If you want to masturbate while I nurse, that’s fine by me.”

“Nurse?” she asked me.

“Isn’t that what I’m doing?”

“Yes, but usually it’s associated with a baby not a, um, boy...teenager. Adult.” She obviously had trouble categorizing me. As long as she let me suck her tits, she could classify me anyway she wanted.

We unfolded ourselves from the couch and she ran to the bathroom to wash her hands. I couldn’t wait for her to leave so I could jerk off. But for some reason she seemed intent on hanging around.

“If there’s anything I can do to make it up to you,” she said.

“Carrie, please, it’s okay. I don’t mind. I enjoyed it. I didn’t know I had that effect on anyone. And you’re free to do it again.”

“Oh.” I finally managed to get her to stop talking for a minute.

I pressed my luck. “In fact, I’d like you to do it again tomorrow.”

Tomorrow didn’t come quickly enough. When it did, Carrie came in the door wearing a green tank-top that was low cut to the point of showing the top of her lacy bra. She had a big smile for me and a peck to the cheek as well. It was the first kiss I had gotten from a woman that wasn’t my mother or other female

relative.

It took her not time at all to get her shirt and light green bra off, releasing her wonderful mammaries. I was ready to hop on the couch and start nursing immediately, but she stopped me. “Let me get my pants off first.”

She didn’t have to spend any time persuading me for that. Her slightly too tight pants were summarily unbuttoned and unzipped, rolled down her hips slightly, then kicked off. She was wearing a pair of lacey green boyshorts that matched the bra she had been wearing moments before. I couldn’t help staring. It was obvious she shaved her pubes. Or maybe they were waxed. I knew her natural hair color was dark brown and there wasn’t a hint of color between her legs other than pink skin. Carrie didn’t seem the least bit uncomfortable to be all but nude in front of me. She settled herself on the couch with a pillow and I immediately joined her.

Her life-giving breasts were ready. I popped the first nipple in my mouth and sucked firmly. The milk squirted on my tongue and I swallowed. I pressed my face in a little closer and smelled the fresh scent of her skin. Carrie’s milk was flowing steadily and filling me up. After a few minutes I noticed something was wrong. She wasn’t masturbating.

I released her nipple and asked her, “What’s the matter?”

Her eyes were closed and they snapped opened when her wet nipple was exposed to the cool air. Autumn was upon us and my parents hadn’t turned on the heat yet. “What?” she asked confused.

“You aren’t, you know, touching yourself.” That was me, perfectly shy about asking a woman why she wasn’t masturbating when I had been sucking on her tit for two minutes. I was dumbfounded. My cock was already hard in my jeans and I wanted to jerk off while I nursed from her, but that seemed too forward and rude.

“Give me a couple of minutes to get warmed up,” she said. “I’m not a machine you just turn on and off.”

“Right,” I agreed. I’d read a lot about how women’s bodies worked, of course, because I was a lonely virgin with internet access, but all that I immediately forgot when I was next to an actual woman. I latched back on her nipple and

concentrated on draining her milk in a way that was rhythmic and what I thought she might like. This was why she was here, I reminded myself, not for me to get some sexual pleasure from, but to give me her milk so I wouldn't have a cancer relapse. That's what I told myself.

When her first breast was drained, I released it and moved on to number two. I encouraged her response by taking the empty breast in my hand and lightly squeezing her nipple. That caused a groan from Carrie. I glanced upwards. Her eyes were closed and she was biting her bottom lip again. I sucked a little harder on her nipple. Her breath came slightly and she snaked a hand under the pillow and between her legs. I could feel the movement of her fingers playing with her pussy as I sucked. Not wanting her to feel alone, I put a hand down between my legs and lightly rubbed my cock through my jeans. I wasn't bold enough to actually jerk off in front of her, but I was horny as hell too.

Maybe being aroused helped release her milk, but it seemed to take no time at all for her breast to empty and I was left sucking on her nipple with no reward. I released it with some disappointment. I had wanted her to cum when I was nursing from her. Carrie didn't seem to mind. Once I lifted my head from the pillow she shoved it away and arched her back to let her hand get deep into her panties.

"Fuck fuck fuck," she repeated softly as her hand frigged up and down at incredible speed. I watched with a stupid grin on my face until she suddenly brought her knees up and let out a keening cry. She came and it was beautiful. She relaxed a minute and I let my eyes caress her entire body. Her right hand stayed in her panties holding her pussy while she relaxed and recovered. "Oh, that was good." Her eyes opened and looked at me. "Do you need to cum too?" she asked.

I was dumbfounded by her question. "What?"

"You're a nineteen year old boy," she said. "You just sucked on my tits and watched me jill off. You must be horny." She looked at my crotch and reached out and touched my cock through my pants. I jumped away, embarrassed at the thought of being touched. I was still a stupid virgin. What better did I know? "You are horny," she said. "I could feel your boner."

"Okay. Yeah. I'll, um, take care of that when you leave. Is that okay?"

She looked at me quizzically and nodded her head. “If that’s what you want.”

And so we fell into that pattern—me nursing and her masturbating—for a few weeks. But I wasn’t satisfying her. I discovered that when I was lost in her wonderful breasts one morning sucking happily, she hadn’t started playing with herself yet, when I felt her hand on my pants, covering my cock. I released her breast and started to push her hand away from me.

“What’s the matter?” she asked. “You aren’t gay, are you?”

“No,” I said quickly. “You just surprised me, that’s all.”

“Sorry about that. I thought you might like a handjob.” She cocked her head to the side. “Would you?”

“You want to jerk me off?” My brain was frozen. All I could do was interpret what she had said aloud. Why would someone who wasn’t my girlfriend—a person who had never existed—want to give me a handjob? Hell, we hadn’t even kissed except for a few very chaste cheek pecks.

“That is what a handjob is,” she said. “Since I’m doing it to myself, there’s no reason I can’t help you out as well.”

“I need to drink your milk,” I told her. I couldn’t believe I was being coy and shy when an available woman was offering me manual sex. I was stupid.

“We’ll do it at the same time,” she said and then took control. “Unzip your pants.”

I couldn’t ignore her orders. I unbuttoned, unzipped and pushed them down to my thighs, but left my underwear on. That didn’t discourage her at all. Carrie reached right in and pushed my boxers down releasing my cock. “Go ahead,” she said to me. “Latch on and suck.” I did so and her milk filled my mouth. Her hand went around my cock and started stroking lightly. “You’re pretty good sized,” she said, complimenting my penis size as she found a natural up and down rhythm. I felt my loins start to lose control. “Not huge, but big. A lot bigger than I thought you’d be. You’re so skinny. You’re bigger than the last guy I fucked and—” that’s when I came, shooting my semen all over her hand, forearm, my stomach and my shirt. “Wow!” she exclaimed. “That was quick and powerful. I’m impressed.”

I was secretly pleased that I made her happy. And then I was immediately embarrassed I hadn't even lasted a minute in receiving a handjob. And I was further embarrassed my cum was all over the place. She slipped out from under the pillow and trotted into the bathroom, her breasts bouncing slightly as she walked. I looked at her half-nude form and admired the way the bottom edges of her ass just barely hung out of her small panties. A moment later she came back with a wet washcloth and cleaned me up. "I like doing this," she said. I was unsure if she meant giving me a handjob, cleaning me up, giving handjobs in general, me nursing her tits, or everything all at once. She seemed so casually happy about the strange arrangement that I didn't know what to say. I also didn't know what to do since she was wiping my cum from off my stomach and cock.

"Me too," I said. She nodded, only half hearing my words.

"Let's finish up," she said, getting back on the couch and tossing the washcloth aside for the moment. Immediately her hand went to her pussy and I could tell she was playing with her clit. I sucked her milk from her breasts. I tried to be subtle about it and pulled my boxers up so my dick wasn't hanging out naked and shriveled. She came hard before her breasts were empty but allowed me to finish drinking her milk.

I started to wonder where our relationship was going. Is that what we had? A relationship? Was she a friend? A girlfriend? The hired help? A pseudo-sex worker? I didn't know.

A week later Carrie, instead of insisting on me pulling off my pants, said to me, "It's your turn to get me off. How about you put your hand down my panties while nursing?"

I was shocked. I was getting further with a twenty-five year old woman than I had ever gotten with any girl from my school. Not that I had had much opportunity, but the mere fact that she wanted to and proposed the exchange was mind blowing. "You want me to masturbate you?"

She grinned. "I like to call it jilling off, but yet. I shouldn't have to do all the work around here."

"I've, uh, never done that to a girl before. I've never even touched a girl before."

“Then it’s time to learn,” she told me. “I don’t think the couch will work for this, though. Let’s go to your bed.” I led the way to my bedroom, half-eager but mostly scared out of my mind. Once she stepped inside my messy room, she casually shucked her clothes, even her pretty yellow thong panties and lay down on my bed, pushing the covers down to the footboard. One leg went up and she tilted her knee to the side, showing me her bare pussy. “Come on, time’s wasting.”

I doubt any other teenaged boy in the world had ever had this opportunity in his life. I got on the bed next to her, moving down her body slightly so that my mouth was level with her breasts. I was on my side, my contained cock pressing against her naked thigh, and immediately latched on to her breast. It didn’t even occur to me that I should take off my clothes. Once I started sucking, Carrie grabbed my hand and placed it between her legs. I was touching a pussy for the first time. It was warm and a little bit wet. I could just feel the slightest stubble of her shaved pubic hair under my palm. I froze, not knowing what to do while I sucked her milk. She sighed in frustration a little, and then put her hand on top of mine.

“Let me show you what to do,” she instructed me. With a good deal of non-verbal assistance on her part I learned how she liked her pussy played with. I was confused that she wasn’t all that excited about being penetrated with my fingers, but really liked it when I rubbed her clit. What did I know? I was a stupid kid, but I was learning fast.

Apparently I was fairly skilled in the pussy manipulation department as well because I had barely drained her first tit when she started biting her lower lip and grinding her hips. I didn’t stop rubbing her pussy. And then she came, her body shook a little, her thighs clamped on my hand, and she let out little whimpers of pain when I tried to move my hand away. “Just hold it,” she said. And I did so, waiting for her body to calm down.

“Oh, that was good. I love having my nipples sucked when I cum,” she said. “Roll over to the other side,” she instructed me. I did so, taking her other breast in my mouth to drink the rest of her milk and placed my hand back down between her legs, feeling her wet and hot pussy with my other hand. I was determined to give her a second orgasm if that’s what she wanted.

It wasn’t what she wanted. “No, no, my turn,” she said while pulling her breast

free of my lips and reaching for my pants. I helped her and together we pushed them off. My cock was already hard and pointing up at my belly. She smiled and took me in her hand. “Nineteen year old boys are always ready, aren’t they?” she asked me.

I made a non-committal sound. I couldn’t really speak well when she held my cock. Apparently women had that particular effect on me. Carrie lay back down and offered me her breast again. I latched on and started nursing again. She slowly and steadily stroked me up and down. She was in no hurry. It was almost like she was teasing me, trying to keep me under her spell. She didn’t have to worry about that. Any woman who would deign to allow me to suck her tits and was willing to stroke my cock could do with me as she pleased. “Let’s see if we can make to last a little longer this time,” she said.

I nodded and snuggled in next to her warm body, half resting my head on her soft tit. She signed and closed her eyes. I became only aware of my mouth sucking on her breast, her milk filling my belly, and her hand stroking my cock. Though I lasted longer this time—she needed to put some effort into jerking me off—I didn’t last longer than her breast. I erupted with a great spray of semen that covered her hand, arm, legs, and belly. I probably shot some across her denuded pussy as well, but I didn’t want to think about that. She didn’t let go of my cock once I came. “Keep sucking,” was all she said and I did so, her hand holding my slowly shrinking cock, not letting me go. I reached up with my free hand and grasped her free breast, pinching the nipple between my finger and thumb. She arched her back, sucked in her breath as I tortured one breast and emptied the other. It was divine.

A small cry escaped her lips and I released both her breasts. “Oh, that was lovely,” she said half in a daze.

“What?”

She looked at me, her lips in a lopsided grin. “You made me cum again.”

“Just by sucking your milk?” I was astounded.

“And pinching the other one,” she said, bouncing her tit in her hand. She looked down at her body, still covered in my spunk, and said, “I’d better go clean up.” She wasn’t the least bit ashamed or worried about the amount of semen I had sprayed over her. It didn’t exactly turn her on like I’d seen the terrible actresses

in internet porn pretending to be overjoyed at being coated in jizz, but she wasn't disturbed by it either.

And that exchange became our new regular pattern. We'd lie on my bed and I'd feast upon her breasts while masturbating her pink pussy. She'd jerk me off after she had come and that would be the end of it. I got used to taking my clothes off in front of her. She, of course, never had any such problem with me. I got the feeling she liked to be naked. I didn't mind the least.

This went on for a few weeks and I became more comfortable with her. I was actually able to talk with her. So of course I asked only stupid questions that would not impress any woman with any self-respect. "How old were when you lost your virginity?" I asked her after she had come and her first breast was drained.

"What kind of question is that?" she asked me because she couldn't believe that I'd ask such a stupid question.

"I don't know. I'm just curious I guess." I smiled at her, trying not to look like a fool. I didn't succeed.

"Fifteen," she answered.

"Wow," I said. It was a stupid comment because it could be taken so many ways and of course she took it the wrong way. Not that she could have taken it in any way that could possibly have been conceived as positive.

"What?" she snapped at me defensively. "Too young? Am I a slut?"

I blinked at her in shock. I could feel my cock starting to shrivel. Had I completely fucked things up? "Uh. No. I just never had a chance with any girls in high school. I would have fucked any girl who would have given me a second look. You're lucky."

She scoffed. "Yeah. Right."

"I'd have done anything to get laid in high school."

"Yeah, getting laid in high school just leads to getting pregnant too young and that leads to a shitty job, no time of your own because you have a kid and you'll

do anything to make some extra money so you can move out of your parents' house."

There was an uncomfortable silence between us then. I had opened up a subject that I should have been avoiding at all costs. "I, uh, I don't know what to say," I mumbled at her.

She shrugged and shook her head. "Don't worry about it." She raised her full breast up at me. "C'mon, let's do this and forget the whole thing."

I moved close to her, my naked body pressing against hers. My cock was only semi-hard as best, but she automatically reached down and started caressing me. Naturally my body immediately responded. Before I latched on to her breast I had to say something else. "I'm still a virgin and I feel incredibly self-conscious about it," I said. Only then did it occur to me that maybe some of what I was telling her went over her head. When looking at Carrie or speaking with her at times, I got the impression there wasn't a whole lot going on behind her dark brown eyes.

She offered me her breast again. It was very full; the skin was taut and a tiny bit of milk was leaking out the nipple. It was so full that it was approaching a level of hardness that caused Carrie pain if she didn't pump or get nursed. "Maybe we can do something about that sometime," she vaguely promised.

I nodded and started suckling from her. It put us back into our comfortable place. She jerked me off very nicely and I drained her breast. It was all we needed.

Sometime came the next week. We were naked on my bed and I was eagerly masturbating her pussy, it was wet and hot and she was actually writhing on the bed, enjoying what I was doing to her to the point it was hard to hold on to her tit as I suckled.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" she called out. It was one of her usual cries when she came, but her tone was slightly different this morning. She grabbed my cock, something she normally didn't do when it was my turn to pleasure her, and starting dragging it toward her. She wasn't jerking me off, she was just pulling.

I lost my latch on her nipple. "OW! What are you doing?"

"Fuck me," she said. "I need your cock in me now!"

“What?” Only I would respond that way when a woman was asking me to fuck her. Every other male virgin in the world would have jumped on her in a moment.

“Get inside me. Fuck me!”

I was scared and nervous, but I couldn’t let her know that. “Okay.” I was already rampant; her pussy was wet and hot. We were both ready. There was no reason I couldn’t fuck her. She parted her legs and raised her knees. I was between her legs and she was still gripping my cock. Without giving me any control of the situation, she guided my cock into her sex and before I knew it, I was fucking a woman. Automatically my hips started thrusting and I figured out the basic mechanics of sex in a less than a minute.

“Suck my tits,” she ordered. “I need that!”

I bent down, somewhat uncomfortably, and took her wet breast back into my mouth. This I found comforting and relaxed a bit. She sighed and I managed to keep pounding into her pussy while I fed on her breast. It didn’t take me long. Her pussy was a hot glove around my cock, gripping me in a way neither her hand or mine could ever hope to imitate. Shamefully, the whole act of copulation with her lasted less than three minutes, and then I was shooting my spunk into her cunt while her milk flowed out of her breast and into my mouth.

I was instantly ashamed. “Oh. Shit. Fuck. I didn’t mean to do that. I’m sorry. Oh no.” The words tumbled out of my mouth. I had fucked her and never given her the chance to cum. I was an incompetent.

She giggled a bit at my apologies. “No, it’s fine. I knew you wouldn’t last long. It’s okay. It was fun, but can you get off me so I can go clean up?”

“Yeah. Right.” I pushed myself off her body. She rolled off the bed, put a hand between her legs so my spunk wouldn’t drip all over the floor, and hurried to the bathroom. Then it dawned on me that we had just fucked without any birth control and she could very well be pregnant this very moment. Immediately I started to panic about other realities that were suddenly facing me. I knew she was borderline poor and my family, with two working attorneys, was fairly well off. Was Carrie making a play to get some additional support by getting knocked up with my kid? One of the risks of cancer treatment that doesn’t get a lot of publicity is the possibility of unintentional sterilization of the patient by the

drugs the doctors use. I didn't know about the viability of my sperm, but counting on cancer treatment to be effective birth control was just plain foolish.

A minute later she was back in the bedroom, all smiles, happily displaying her naked body and full tits to me. "That was very nice," she said with a contented sigh as she rolled back on my bed. "It's been too long since I've been laid and your hand—though very nice—wasn't doing it for me."

"Yeah. Wow. Can't believe I'm not a virgin any more—"

"You're welcome."

"—but we really should have used a condom or something." My heart was pounding in my chest. Would she clue in that I was accusing her of being a gold digger?

"Don't worry, I won't get pregnant," she told me.

"Are you, uh, are you on the pill or something?" I asked. Stupid question.

"Something," she replied and reached into her pussy. I watched in amazement as she pulled out a silicone disk. "Diaphragm. Can't go on the pill or get the shot because the hormones would mess up my milk production. I decided to surprise you." She tossed the diaphragm on the nightstand as if it were the most ordinary piece of rubber in the world.

"Surprise me?"

"De-virginize you."

"Oh. Thanks. But you scared me. I don't want to get you pregnant."

She smiled. "No worries. Did you enjoy your first time?"

I nodded eagerly. "Yes. Hell yes. You just surprised and scared me a bit."

That made her laugh. "Maybe we'll do it again sometime, right now, you need to drink my milk and get me off." She grabbed my hand and placed it on her pussy. It was still hot and wet. "I didn't cum yet and you've got to fix that."

I suckled her breasts and happily rubbed her pussy and clit. She didn't have any trouble cumming.

Sometime, as it turned out with Carrie was a frequent occurrence. In this example, it was almost every day. I got used to fucking her as I sucked her tits. It became my normal. We started trying different positions. Her riding me was the easiest because her heavy breasts were readily available to me as she bounced up and down. Life, from my perspective, was wonderful. I was nineteen, waiting for college to start. I had fully recovered from cancer. I had a pseudo-girlfriend we let me drink from her wonderfully milky breasts and fuck her almost every day.

The almost part was the one downside. Her contract with my parents specified that she had to come over every day to supply me with milk. During the week that was easy enough. We fucked and sucked in bed and I was all too happy to report to Mom and Dad that I was getting a full supply of milk. We couldn't fuck on the weekends because they were home. Carrie was relegated back to the den and I had to drink bottled instead of fresh. That was okay. Some days she had other things she had to take care of so we only had time to empty her breasts. No fucking. I managed to struggle through those trying days.

Before I knew it we were well into November and Thanksgiving was approaching. We figured it would be almost a week before we got to fuck, so we made the two days before the start of the holiday insanity count for all we could in bed. Carrie introduced me to the fine art of fellatio. She knew how to suck cock probably better than I knew how to suck milk. She let me cum in her mouth which in many ways was superior to cumming in her pussy.

Then she said it was time for me to learn how to eat pussy because every man needed to know how to please a woman that way. The unspoken implication was that we were only a temporary couple, thrown together by chance and commerce. I couldn't argue against that, but didn't voice it either. Cunnilingus, I almost immediately decided, wasn't bad at all. Carrie quite enjoyed it, writhing under my mouth and tongue as I licked her clit and pussy. I only made her cum a couple of times orally, but she didn't complain. "It gets me going almost as much as sucking my titties. It's a great warm up, but I need something right on my clit or in my pussy to make me cum."

I had no trouble cumming in her mouth, of course, because I was a man. I had no preference between her mouth and pussy. She would occasionally make me cum

with her hand, splattering my semen across her body. For some reason that puzzled me she liked the sensation of hot cum striking her naked skin. I didn't complain because I had no other outlet for my sexual needs. But what other outlet would I possibly have needed.

Thanksgiving came and went. We survived. Monday afterwards we fucked again and I lasted only a minute, maybe two, before I came in her pussy. She didn't mind. I had already made her cum once with my mouth. After I came in her pussy, I made her cum again with my hand.

"What should I get you for Christmas?" she asked me when we were done.

"What? Are we exchanging presents?" It never even occurred to me to think about getting her a present. I was almost certain at that point our relationship was one of strict commerce with a slight addition of personal attention, something along the lines of a dentist. You remain friendly, but distant. Our shared commerce was milk and sex. Still, there wasn't any reason not to give a personal professional a year-end bonus.

"I was thinking anal. You haven't tried that yet and everyone should give it a go at least once."

"Uh. Wow. I never even considered that," was how I summed up my response to her. Now, I wasn't personally opposed to the idea of trying anal sex with Carrie, it just hadn't occurred to me to ask for such a thing. To be honest, the idea wasn't all that exciting. I was already getting all the milk and straight up sex from her I could possibly have wanted. Anal would just have been the figurative icing on the cake—except that she had told me to pull out a couple of times and cum on her body instead of her pussy, so I'd done that already too. In short, it wasn't something that I was all that eager to try, but I didn't want to disappoint her.

Her eyebrows knitted together in puzzlement. "What's the matter? You don't want to?"

"Well, no, it's not that. It's just that I never really considered that. I mean...we're just having sex and I'm drinking your milk. You don't have to offer me anal sex."

"You don't like it?" she asked.

I blinked at her. “I’ve never done it.”

She wasn’t a very smart girl. “Ooh. Right. Forgot.”

I goggled at her. “You forgot I’ve only had sex with one person, that being you?”

She giggled. “Yeah.”

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. Sometimes her forgetful nature drove me nuts. “So, anyway, I don’t need to have anal sex with you. I’m pretty happy with what we’re doing now.”

“Oh that’s kind of a relief,” she said. “I’m really not that into anal, anyway. It’s just that all my boyfriends have always expected it, they loved it. So I thought I’d offer it to you too.”

Wait. Was she considering me a boyfriend? For a moment I was elated. I was actually worthy of the affection of a female human being. Then I panicked. I didn’t want to be the objection of affection of this female human being. I liked Carrie. She was nice and friendly and had big tits and had sex with me, but at that moment I realized in no way did I actually love her. That made me feel terrible. I was having sex with someone who might be doing that out of a sense of obligation. I took a close look at her then and realized something else: she didn’t consider me her boyfriend.

That was liberating.

“Well, thanks for the offer. But if you want to get me something for Christmas, maybe surprise me with something else.”

Then I realized I would need to get her a present. So I did. It was a necklace with a silver teardrop pendant. I couldn’t find a white teardrop and all the lactation jewelry I found online was oriented for mothers of babies and that was beyond weird. She seemed happy with it. She got me a small photo album of actual printed pictures. When I opened it they were all nudes of her and all very tasteful. They were black and white and made her look exactly like a model and not an internet porn star. She displayed her boobs to take advantage of their size and shape. It was blatant she wouldn’t have minded showing everything, but even though almost every inch of skin was on display, I only got hints of her pussy. Her ass was a thing of beauty, however. It wasn’t something I spent a lot

of time looking at, but I probably should have.

“Wow. Thanks. These are incredible”

She smiled proudly. “Thank you. Don’t show them to you parents,” she warned me.

“Did you get these done at a studio?”

“Sort of. A guy I know did them for me. I met him in one of my classes.”

“One of your classes?” Now I was confused.

“Yeah, I guess I didn’t tell you. I took a class this semester. Intro to business. I didn’t want to tell you because I thought that would be weird since you’re starting at the CC in January.”

“Right,” I vaguely agreed.

“This is my backup career,” she said. “Erotic modeling.”

“Oh?” Sometimes she had absolutely wacky ideas.

“Yeah. You’d be surprised but there are some websites out there that will pay money for pictures of women with big boobs, especially if she’s lactating.”

Actually, I wouldn’t be surprised. I knew there were. I hadn’t seen her on any of them, but that wasn’t important. “Really?” I said.

“But I kept these pictures just for you.”

“Thank you,” I said with all sincerity. I opted not to tell her about the videos I made of her pumping her breasts and masturbating.

“I know you like things a little classy,” she said, “that’s why I have them in black and white. And my photographer said that made them more difficult to light. It makes them art and not porn.”

I flipped through the book. I didn’t care if they were art or porn. They were sexy and I could spank to them. “That’s true,” I vaguely agreed with her.

“Christmas week is going to be hard,” she said, taking off her shirt. “I’m going to have to pump a lot more and that doesn’t nearly do the job that you do on my tits.” She grinned and tossed her bra to the floor to proudly display her boobs. “And we won’t get to have sex. This is a great pick me up every morning,” she said. “I know it’s kind of wrong that we’re having sex and not letting anyone know, but that makes it kind of fun too. Our little secret.”

“I’m pretty sure Mom and Dad would be pissed if they knew I was having sex with you. They’d both have trouble with the money thing. And Mom would pop her top thinking that her precious son was putting his life at risk by having an orgasm.”

“Take off your pants,” she ordered me, getting down on her knees. “I want to give you a blowjob. Consider it part of your Christmas present.” And she did and it was wonderful. She knew exactly how long and hard to suck on my cock, knew when I needed to cum, when to back off slightly, how to delay my orgasm by circling her fingers around the base of my cock and my ball sack, and then to let me release and cum in her mouth. She swallowed hard accepting all my semen, not spilling a drop. We then got on the bed and went through our usual ritual. I sucked her milk out of her tits and today she kept her panties on while a masturbated her.

“Nice,” she complimented me when I was done nursing and she had her orgasm.

“Want me to go down on you?” I asked. I was a bit high on her milk and sexual excitement. I had acquired an affinity for eating her pussy. I liked making her cum that way.

“No, I don’t think so. She picked up the necklace I had given her, put it around her neck and smiled at me. She looked beautiful wearing just her panties and my necklace. Then she rolled off the bed and stood up, pulling on her skirt and finding her bra. “I’ve got a lot to do today. Maybe tomorrow. Things will settle down after Christmas.” I watched her as she finished dressing; before she left my room she kissed me on the cheek, and then walked out, swinging her ass. I jerked off to her nude pictures.

My mother gets maudlin at Christmas time. Between Christmas and New Years one morning right after Carrie left, giving me one bottle of her milk and putting the other in the refrigerator, Mom burst out crying. “What’s the matter, Mom?”

“She does so much for this family there’s no way we can repay her!” Mom wailed

“Carrie?” I asked.

She nodded. “I mean, look at you. I’ve never seen you look so good, so beautiful. A year ago you were so skinny you were practically a skeleton. Now you’re perfect and healthy.”

I went into the bathroom and weighed myself which wasn’t something I normally did. It turned out Mom was right. I was almost fifteen pounds heavier than the last time I was in the clinic. Then I looked in the mirror. I did look better. It wasn’t just leaving adolescence behind, but I was actually filling out. I didn’t look like Death’s awkward little brother.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” I admitted when Mom came into the bathroom to see what I was doing. I wasn’t sure if it was Carrie’s milk or the sex I had with her, but I wasn’t going to risk stopping either one—just in case.

Part Two

After Christmas Carrie and I got back into our regular routine of milk and sex in the morning. We discussed some of our upcoming plans and discovered we would both be taking an Intro to Chemistry class together. She said she had to take it as part of her requirements. I was taking a full load of courses—though I was telling my mother I was only going part time. I needed to build up serious credit to get into a decent four-year program.

“I hope it isn’t awkward for you,” she said to me as I nursed from her second breast.

I had drained her well so I let go. Really at that point I was just teasing her. I wanted to fuck one more time before she left for the day. School started tomorrow and we were both nervous about our schedule. “It’s a big lecture classroom, I’m sure there will be lots of couples there that won’t want anyone else to know they’ve been fucking.”

“As long as you think so.”

“I know so,” I said latching onto her breast again and slipping my hand between her legs. We were just playing now and she knew it. I played with her pussy and sucked on her nipple until she started moaning and biting her lower lip. “Turn over,” I told her. “Get on your hands and knees.”

Her eyes flapped open. “Oh. Taking up my offer of a little anal?” she teased.

“No, I want to try you from behind. I’ve never gotten to fuck you that way before and you’ve got a great ass.”

She giggled. “I do, don’t I?”

I nodded as she rolled over and presented her ass to me, sticking its twin rounded orbs to the air. “I’ve jerked off to the pictures of your ass more than once.”

She laughed at me. “Naughty boy.”

I didn't say anything; I just got between her legs and probed with my cock, looking for the entrance to her pussy. Since this was new to me, I had trouble finding the right angle even though I could tell she was hot and wet. Carrie took matters into her own hands, reached down between her legs, and guided my cock into her vag entrance like a pro. I leaned into her body, letting her support our weight, and reached around her supply body to grab both her tits.

"Oh, tough boy," she said as I pinched her nipples. She complained but she loved it. We fucked for a few minutes before I came and flooded her pussy with my spunk. She groaned as I drove her forward into the mattress. I lay on top of her as we came down from our shared euphoria. I didn't let go of her tits the entire time. They were mine.

"You should probably get off me, I need to go clean up," she said.

"You don't like lying with me?" I asked.

"It's your cum that's getting all over the sheets," she told me.

"I want to make sure your scent is mixed in as well."

She pushed me off and walked to the bathroom, my semen trailing down her leg. Every time I saw my cum on her body I started worrying about getting her pregnant.

"Are you sure we shouldn't be using condoms," I asked her for the hundredth time when she returned.

"I told you, I'm not getting knocked up." She reached up into her pussy and pulled out her diaphragm to wave at me. "You're well-protected. I've already got two kids; that's enough."

"You've got two kids?" I blurted out. Real smooth. Of course I knew she had a son. I was the beneficiary of the milk he no longer wanted. Where was number two? "Since when?"

She glared at me. "You knew that," she told me. "My son is ten months old. My daughter is six years."

"Right. I'm sorry. Forgot. I only ever think of your son. Sorry."

What followed was the awkward silence while she dressed and I watched her. She fingered the teardrop necklace that hung around her throat, but she didn't remove it. "I'll see you tomorrow," she said and walked out.

Our schedule went a little haywire after that. I had a full schedule of classes to attend so she just dropped off her milk when I went out to class for the first few days of adjustment. We didn't get to fuck at all. Hell, I didn't get to nurse from her tits even. It was new and exciting, but I was getting horny and internet porn and Carrie's nude pictures weren't cutting it. It was a week before we were able to get back into my bed. Our clothes flew off and I latched onto her breast as she laid back and spread her legs.

"I need to be fucked," she groaned into my shoulder. I just grunted, her breast filled my mouth and she was leaking steadily. I could barely swallow what her nipple was squirting into my mouth. I couldn't bear to look at her free boob so I covered it with my hand, trying to keep the milk inside her. My cock easily entered her sopping cunt and I fucked her as hard and fast as I could. It didn't take me long to pop off in her tight vag. Immediately she grabbed the base of my cock, not letting me leave her pussy and not letting me shrink down either.

"What are you doing?" I asked. She was squeezing to the point of pain.

"I need to get fucked again," she said. "I haven't cum yet. You need to make me cum." She rolled me over so I was now on my back. She leaned forward and offered her leaking breast to my mouth. "Drink," she ordered. I didn't really need that instruction, but followed orders. I liked the way she took charge. I liked her body on top of mine, soft and smooth, yielding in every way that I loved. She kept her hand clamped on my cock until it started growing again, only then did she let go and start sliding up and down on my manhood. My second time took longer only because Carrie was now in charge of our copulating and she half-stopped a couple of times as she came. Her skills brought me off a second time. By the time I was done emptying my balls into her my cum was practically flowing out.

"That was good," she said from her position atop me. "I saw you in the lecture hall. You were right. There's a huge number of people I that class."

I nodded. "Yeah. I didn't see you. I'll look closer next time."

She rolled off me and cupped her hand to her pussy, holding in the little bit of

cum still inside her body. It was almost unnecessary judging by the amount that was running down her legs already. That was when I saw the bruise on her neck. I didn't think anything of it at the moment, but she came back from the bathroom with an angry look. "Shit fuck shit."

"Something the matter?" My panic meter started hitting the red zone. Immediately I started thinking that she was pregnant.

“My stupid boyfriend gave me a hickey. Now I’ve got to go to work and class with this damn thing.”

I managed to stop myself from saying “Boyfriend?” and managed to replace it with “Hickey?”

“Yeah, see?” she turned her head and pulled back her hair to better expose the hickey. It was the bruise I saw earlier. Fucking clueless.

“I missed it earlier,” I said still stunned that she apparently had a boyfriend.

“That’s because you only look at my tits,” she replied. “Fucking boyfriend. You’d think a guy I’ve only been seeing for only a week would have a little more common sense.” She sighed and pulled her hair forward, half hiding her neck. “Can you see it this way?” she peered into the mirror above my dresser.

“I didn’t know you had a boyfriend,” I said.

“Yeah, about a week now.” She continued to look at herself in the mirror as she started to dress. I let the silence fill between us. Finally it dawned upon her what was going on. “Oh, shit. I never told you did I? It’s kind of a weird subject to mention to the guy that I’m breastfeeding. And having sex with.”

“Yeah.” I didn’t know what to say.

“Maybe I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“No, it’s okay,” I said, lying.

“But I didn’t want to lie to you either. Is this okay with you?”

“Yeah, why wouldn’t it be?” I said trying to be cool. “It’s not like we’re dating or anything. It’s just milk and money and sex, right?”

She nodded her head in agreement, her breasts bouncing slightly jarring my necklace she still wore, “I know, right? Friends with benefits. I like having sex with you. It’s great. And the milk and the money, of course. But I need something else too. A boyfriend for romance, right?”

“Right,” I agreed.

She left a few minutes later, her hair pulled forward, doing the best to hide her hickey. I sat at my computer for fifteen minutes debating whether or not to post her masturbation videos to the web before time ran out and I needed to leave for class.

Chemistry class also consisted of a lab once a week. This lab was run by a grad student who either needed money or credit or maybe both. I had barely noticed her the first week, but when our initial lab reports were handed back I was pleased to see that I got a perfect score and a note from the grad assistant. “Please see me after class. –Nicky”

She was an elfin featured girl, not much older than me. Light brown hair cut very short, pixie style, finely boned and thin features with bright green eyes. Automatically, like any horny college student, when I walked up to her, I flicked my eyes to her chest. It was practically flat. She wore a plaid shirt over a camisole that was skin tight. She had nothing to hide; her breasts barely made noticeable bulges in the material. “You wanted to see me?”

“Luke. Great. Yes. Let’s get right to the point. I need an assistant. You’re the only one who got a perfect score on the first lab, so you’re my first choice. The school will either give you cash or credit?”

“What?”

“Money or class credit. Want the job?”

“Yes.”

“Great. Start with these.” She handed me a stack of papers. “Correct these and get them back to by Friday.” And that was my introduction to Nicky.

She shouldn’t even have been a concern of mine. She wasn’t my type; specifically: no tits. But I couldn’t get her out of my head. Not when I masturbated. Not when I did my homework. Not when I watched porn. Not when I nursed from Carrie. Not when I fucked Carrie. That’s what bothered me; I was fucking a beautiful Rubenesque woman with life-giving tits. Except Carrie had a boyfriend and was only fucking me for the extra orgasms and let me suck her tits because my parents paid her and she liked it. That was why I was

thinking about Nicky.

“What does your boyfriend think of our arrangement?” I asked her a few days after that. We were lying in my bed, her breasts were empty, we had just finished fucking but we were both too lazy to get up.

“He doesn’t know about you,” she said. “He doesn’t know about you.”

“Why don’t you tell him?”

“Because I don’t want things to get weird between him and I just yet.”

Uh-huh. And she didn’t want to have secrets with me either? Something was wrong. I took it down a notch. “What’s his name?”

“Steven.”

“And he knows you have two kids?”

“Yes. Of course he knows. He’s got a son himself.”

“Oh.” I paused knowing that Carrie was incapable of being quiet for extended periods unless she was fucking.

“He’s a little weirded out when we’re together and my milk starts leaking. Sometimes I wish he’d suck on them a little, but he’s just a little freaky about the breast milk.”

I grinned. “He doesn’t know what he’s missing.”

She swatted my hand. “That’s because you’re a freak.”

“Don’t let him suck your tits,” I told her, first licking one breast, then sucking gently on it. There was no milk left, but she ground her hips in pleasure. “These are for me. I need this milk.”

She sighed. “I know. And I love giving you my milk.”

Carrie wasn’t a complicated woman, but she wanted to be. She only lived for physical pleasure. That’s why she fucked me and Steven. She was practically a slave to her body, needing the pleasure her pussy and breasts gave her, but she

didn't realize that. She probably didn't understand her psychological need to be the one nurturing me with her milk as well. I decided I didn't mind sharing her pussy. Her breasts were still mine. "And they're all mine," I reminded her, pinching one nipple and sucking the other.

Friday I handed back the lab reports to Nicky; she gave me her stack and told me to double check her work why she checked mine. "Right," I agreed. We quickly went through the stack. Mistakes were minor and quickly corrected.

"There's a couple of real dummies in this bunch," Nicky said. "I'll give you the special needs group this time."

"Want to go for a cup of coffee?" I blurted out. It hadn't been my intention to ask her out on a date but my subconscious took control of my tongue.

She blinked at me, surprised. Then she looked down, her glasses slid down her nose a bit, she looked back up at me and shoved her glasses back up. "Are you asking me out on a date?"

I shrugged. "Sort of. Casual date."

"Aren't you a little young for me?"

"I'm nineteen."

"I'm twenty two."

"Is that a problem for you?"

"No," she said, looking askance at me.

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

This made her freeze. "No."

"Do you not like coffee?"

"Not especially."

"Water? Soda? Latte? Mochachino?"

“You’re persistent.”

“It’s just something to drink,” I said. If she’d just turn me down, we’d be done. If she said yes then maybe I could move forward with my inappropriate fantasies.

“Three o’clock at the union,” she said.

She was wearing another tight shirt showing off her tiny mounds. This one was a joke chemistry shirt featuring a test tube with the caption “If you’re not part of the solution, you’re part of the precipitate.” She was smart and funny.

“Is this a date?” she asked me

“Uh...yes?”

“Good,” she brightened a little. “Because I didn’t bring any money.” She ran her hand through her short hair and led the way to school’s tiny coffee bar.

She ordered some complex drink and then looked at me. I blinked twice and the barista sighed and asked me what I wanted to drink. Again. “Uh...what doesn’t have caffeine?” I asked. “I can’t really tolerate caffeine.”

Nicky rolled her eyes and took over. “Just give him a white hot chocolate,” she ordered for me.

“Thanks,” I said.

“C’mon,” she ordered, dragging me away after I got my drink and paid. “We’re going back to my place.”

“Why?”

“I can’t be seen here with you.” That seemed reasonable enough. Sometimes I didn’t want to be seen with me. We walked back to Nicky’s apartment. It wasn’t far from the college, just a few blocks from the union in one of the many apartment buildings put up to accommodate students and hopefully prevent a student slum from growing. On the way we chatted about nothing and fought the cold wind ——I was grateful for the hot chocolate.

Once inside her tiny apartment—one bedroom, one kitchen/dining room/living

room combo, and one bathroom—we sat down at the small table and she handed me another stack of lab reports.

“This is your next assignment.”

“Thanks.” I took them and started looking them over. I could feel Nicky’s eyes on me, studying me, as I studied the students’ reports. When I came across the one with Carrie’s name at the top I froze for a second, tried not to blush, and kept sifting through the stack.

“Am I embarrassing you?” she asked, mistaking my blush.

“No, no, not at all.” What was I supposed to say? Uh, you accidentally gave me the lab report of my wet nurse.

“Why’d you ask me to coffee?” she asked studying me intently.

I froze. I didn’t have an answer for her. “Um. Because I’m foolish and headstrong?”

She wasn’t convinced by my cuteness. “Why me? I’m essentially your boss. That’s a pretty bold move for a nineteen year old.”

“I don’t know,” I admitted. “I missed out on a lot at high school and I’m trying to make up for it now.”

She laughed. “I like that. You’re bold. So did you ask me out because you wanted to get to know me better or because you want to have sex with me?” I goggled at her a moment and she grinned wickedly at me. “I can be bold too.”

“Oh. Ha. You’re funny,” I said.

Nicky tilted her head slightly and viewed me through the corner of her eye. “I wasn’t kidding. I want to know the answer to the question. Did you ask me out because you wanted to get to know me better or because you want to have sex with me?”

I froze again. She kept looking at me. “Um...both?”

She smiled. “Right answer.” She stood up and pulled off the sweatshirt she wore

over the chemistry joke shirt. “C’mon.” She walked toward the bedroom.

“Where are we going?” I half stood, afraid of where we were going.

“It takes a while to get to know someone. It only takes a few minutes to have sex.”

“Oh.” I was frozen in place standing next to the table.

“We’re going to have sex,” she explained to me from the doorway to her bedroom.

“Oh.”

She raised her eyebrows. “You don’t want to?”

I immediately kicked my brain into gear. “No, I want to. I just wasn’t expecting this.”

“I’ve got condoms,” she said and went to her bed. She kicked off her shoes and looked expectantly at me.

That wasn’t what I meant, I thought, but didn’t say. I stepped out of my boots and joined her on the bed, lying next to her thin body. It occurred to me that she was thinner than I was—which was a change from Carrie’s body. She leaned over to me and kissed me gently on the lips. I tried to kiss her back without acting like a fool. I don’t think I accomplished that.

“Are you nervous?” she asked me.

“Yes.”

She sucked in her breath a backed off a bit. “Don’t tell me this is your first time. “You don’t kiss very well.”

I violently shook my head. “No, no. I’ve done it before.”

“With a girlfriend or...” she let her question trail off.

“Not a girlfriend,” I said.

“So, more of a casual thing or was it a one-time thing?”

“Casual,” I said quickly. “It was more than once. What about you?” I asked trying to get control of the conversation and immediately hating myself for having a conversation instead of trying to get laid.

“I’ve had a couple of boyfriends. But it’s been awhile. I’m horny and need to get laid. Let’s stop talking and start fucking.”

And we did. Some kissing to get warmed up. Then her shirt came off. Her boobs were tiny and were complimented by her tiny nipples and areola as well. They were the completely opposite of Carrie’s which was a refreshing change. I wasn’t that embarrassed about getting naked in front of her, mostly because she was already naked, except for her panties.

Her panties were plain white cotton which looked incredibly cute on her. She let me help her take them off as she lay on her back. I don’t know how she managed it but was completely at ease with doing that and opening her legs exposing her pussy to me. Unlike Carrie she didn’t shave her muff and kept it mostly natural except for some edging it looked like. I was still wearing my pants when she was naked.

“C’mon. Get them off. I’ll get the condoms.” She rolled to her side and pulled a box out of the squat nightstand. I was already mostly erect thanks to being an ever-horny nineteen year old. She ripped open the condom and rolled it on me without so much as a by-your-leave. That actually relieved the hell out of me because I didn’t want to look like an incompetent moron trying to roll on a condom in front of her. I was more than happy to defer to her expertise.

Before I knew it we were fucking in the traditional missionary position, her choice I believe. Her pussy was nice and tight, probably tighter than Carrie’s, but not so wet or hot. Maybe it was the condom. I wasn’t complaining though. I did have a hard time turning my neck so I could suck on her nipples while we fucked, but I got used to it. She didn’t mind and I liked rolling the hard pebbles of her nips in my mouth. There wasn’t nearly as much to latch on as with Carrie’s tits, but that was okay. They seemed super-sensitive because she groaned hard every time I sucked the flesh of her breasts into my mouth.

Of course, I came too soon. She wasn’t nearly to orgasm.

“I’m sorry,” blurted as soon as I was done.

A look of anger flashed across her face. “That’s okay,” she said. “I take a while to get going. Maybe we should—”

“No!” I blurted out and climbed off her to stumble to the bathroom. “I’ll fix this!” I pulled off the condom, tossed it in the toilet, did a quick washing job on my cock, and ran back to her bed.

“How are you going to?” she started to ask as I rejoined her. In response I slide down her body and placed my face between her thighs. “Oh...” she sighed, then added, “You don’t have to do that.”

I brought my face up from her pussy and gave her my response. “I want to do this.” Then I dove back to her sweet cunt. I tasted slightly of whatever lube was on the condom, but that was quickly overpowered by her natural musk and her copious flow of girl-juice. She started moaning and writhing under my tongue. I was barely able to keep a grip on her body and my face planted in her crotch. But eventually all that hard work paid off and she came. She did it silently, squeezing her thighs around my head and sharply inhaling as each wave of orgasm shocked her body.

“That was... astonishing,” she told me when I was done. I crawled up her body and lay down next to her. We kissed lightly a few times. It was odd to be kissing after giving her head first, but I wasn’t complaining. “I had a boyfriend who refused to go down on me.”

“Really? Why?”

“Because he was an asshole.”

“You dated an asshole?”

“I didn’t know he was an asshole until after I started dating him.”

“Oh.”

“But you like worshipping at the altar of Venus,” she said. “I like that.”

“Worshipping at the altar of Venus?”

Now she flushed with a bit of embarrassment. “I’m taking a poetry class this semester. The prof is big into Greek allusions. I’m an English minor as well.”

“Oh.”

“I like that you’re a man of few words,” she said.

“Thanks.”

“You like tits, don’t you?”

“What?” Was I busted in some way? What did she know?

“You practically broke your neck to keep your mouth on my boobs while we were having sex. It wasn’t necessary, but I liked it.”

“Well, yeah, I’m a guy. So of course I love breasts.”

“Mine are too small.”

“I don’t think so,” I quickly said. “I think they’re great.”

“Last boyfriend always said I should get implants.”

“That’s wrong,” I quickly declared. “No one should have surgery unless it’s going to vastly improve their quality of life. To alter your body for someone else’s pleasure...”

She put a hand over my mouth. “Point taken. And it’s one of the reasons last boyfriend got dumped.”

I pushed her hand away. “Okay, yes, they’re small, but they’re perfect as well.” I wiggled down a little to bring my face even with her chest. “Perky and happy and pink and sensitive and tasty.” I opened my mouth and gently licked her breast. Her nipple immediately reacted, hardening and pointing toward the ceiling. She laughed at my play. I then took the nipple in my mouth and sucked gently, enjoying the feel of her in my mouth, playing with the nipple and running my tongue around her narrow areola. She sighed and rested her hand on the back of my head.

After a minute of play I pulled back. “You seem to enjoy what your breasts do for you,” I pointed out.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed and pulled my mouth back to her tit. From her breathing and attitude it was obvious she was becoming aroused again. I brought my hand up to her free breast and discovered her hand was already busy twisting and pulling her tiny nipple. I mentally shrugged and dropped my hand down to her pussy. She happily opened her thighs and I groped around a minute before I found her clit.

Now, it was disappointing that Nicky’s tits didn’t give me any milk. That was a difference in sex between Carrie and her. Still, I quickly learned that breasts aren’t just full of life-giving milk, they are a way to arouse and excite a woman. They are not just for show.

“More, faster,” she grunted as I played her pussy, slipping my fingers into her tight hole then pulling back to tease her clit. I realized I had been stroking her up and down for some time while I concentrated and trying to pull non-existent milk from her boob.

“What?”

“My clit, rub it,” she ordered. I had pulled my hand away and she grabbed it and put it back where it belonged. I started rubbing her with redoubled enthusiasm and effort. It didn’t take nearly as long since she apparently was already worked up. Her thighs suddenly clamped on my hand and her breathing and squeaking announced her second orgasm.

“Oh, that was good,” she groaned. “Last boyfriend wasn’t nearly as good as you.” Her legs remained clamped together and I couldn’t pull by hand away from her wet pussy.

“Why do you call him ‘last boyfriend’?” I stupidly asked.

“Because when I dumped him I was determined that he would be my last boyfriend, ever.” I wondered if that mean she had intended on becoming a lesbian or if she had taken a vow of celibacy or maybe she’d just have flings with random guys the rest of her life. Those questions I didn’t ask. She noticed my hard cock was poking her in the leg. “Do you want to go again?” she asked.

“Um, sure. It seemed rude to ask again, though.”

She laughed and grabbed another condom from the box. This she rolled on my cock and instead of laying back, climbed on top of me. Riding my cock her tits looked a little bigger than when she was on her back. Nicky was no neophyte in having sex. She knew exactly how to move her body and display it. I was astounded that she wanted to have sex with me for no reason other than I was acceptable and she was horny. In high school I was in no way acceptable on anyone’s list. I lasted longer the second time we fucked, but she didn’t cum. That was okay, she said, because it was her turn to please me.

“Maybe we’ll do this again sometime,” she half-promised me.

It turned out that sometime became a regular time. As much as it pains me to say, between Carrie and Nicky, I was becoming exhausted and not because I was a cancer survivor. In the mornings I was nursing from Carrie and usually having sex with her, but not always, it depended on my schedule meshing with hers. I was forced to drink a lot more of her pre-pumped and bottled milk. Not that I complained. But fresh from the breast was better than bottled. Then I’d have class during the day. And then, again depending on schedules, I’d go with Nicky back to her apartment for another round of sex. That was exhausting. I loved it, but it was exhausting.

I still worshipped at the breast of Carrie almost every day, but I found myself more and more fascinated by Nicky’s not because they were bigger or milkier—they weren’t, obviously—they were smaller and dry, but because they were attached to a woman that was infinitely funnier, smarter, and more interesting than Carrie. Nicky had a plan for her life: finish grad school and become a research assistant at the university or one of the many high tech or drug research firms in the area. Carrie’s plan was to get through the semester and maybe then take a couple of more classes. And find a man and get married. It was implied that I wasn’t that man, and I was fine with that. Carrie had trouble with the basic chemistry lab reports we had to do. I was correcting and grading them for the class.

More and more Carrie was just becoming a milk supply for me. Even the sex wasn’t that great. I can’t explain why, but it was more thrilling to fuck Nicky

than my soft, curved milk maid. But I was a cad and couldn't let either woman go. I can't defend myself other than to say I was a horny nineteen-year-old who was banging two beautiful women at the same time.

Of course when these two women's lives intersected, my life started to fall apart.

We were in Nicky's apartment correcting lab reports. She was dressed only in standard white cotton panties and matching white camisole because we had already had sex and she liked parading her beautiful body in front of me, revealing nothing but showing everything. If nothing else Nicky stuck with what worked for her. "This one is not going to pass the lab portion of the class," she said, "and I doubt she'll pass the class as well."

"Who?" I asked, concentrating on the work in front of me. I was still pulling an easy A in lab and lecture.

"Carissa Anderson. I recognize the name. She's on the list of returning students. I have to offer her extra help and tutoring. Urgh."

It took a couple of seconds to click. Carissa Anderson was Carrie. Shit. This wasn't good, but I played it cool. And everything was going well until the next day I was talking to Nicky at lecture and Carrie came up to us. "You wanted to see me?" she asked Nicky, glancing back and forth between us. I tried to keep my face neutral, but I could feel the blood flushing to my face. They'd both know something was up and I'd be without milk and sex in the next few minutes.

I stood there mute as they discussed Carrie's grades and her need for tutoring. It was going on for far too long. I was frozen in place. Finally, Carrie turned to me and asked, "Why are you here then?"

"I'm Nicky's assistant," I managed to squeak out.

There was a pregnant pause that was broken by Nicky first. "Do you two know each other?" she asked, glancing back and forth between us.

"Yes," I quickly replied before Carrie could start talking. "Our families know each other. I didn't want to say anything earlier because I didn't want it to be awkward with my job."

Nicky just shrugged and shook her head. “No big deal.” And they went on with their discussion.

Next day Carrie showed up at my door after Mom and Dad had left with her evil smile. Once we went to my bedroom and I started nursing, she started talking. “You want to fuck her, don’t you?”

I nearly choked on her delicious milk. “What? Who?”

“Nicky the grad student lab assistant.”

“Why do you say that?” I asked and went back to her breast while trying to think of a way to avoid this conversation.

“I saw the way you were looking at her.”

“Oh,” I muttered into her boob.

She giggled and reached down to my crotch. Naturally my cock was hard and she interpreted that as a sign I wanted to fuck her. It was half true. I wanted to fuck any available woman. I was happy to fuck Carrie, but would have been happier with Nicky. She pushed off her panties and started pushing my pants down. I refused to release my latch on her tit. She found my cock and slowly stroked it. “See, you want to fuck me too, don’t you”?

“Uh-huh.” We started rolling on the bed. She was soon under me and my cock was pushing at the entrance to her cunt. Her pussy was extra smooth this morning; she must have shaved right before she drove to my house.

Carrie sighed as I entered her. “You can fuck her; I don’t care. I’m fucking other guys besides you.”

I knew that in the back of my mind, but I didn’t want to confront the thought. “I know,” I said as I switched breasts and started draining her left side.

“Tell me when you do fuck her. I love hearing dirty stories.” Oddly, I didn’t want to share my intimacies with Nicky as part of my morning activities with Carrie. “Want to hear about the guys I’ve fucked during my time with you?”

“No!” I burst out. A moment later I came inside her pussy.

She laughed again. “Oh, I think you do.”

That afternoon found me back in Nicky’s apartment. We corrected the lab reports in silence, our usual routine. When we were done, I looked up and she was glaring at me. “Are you going to tell me the whole truth about Carissa?” she asked.

“Who?” I played dumb knowing that strategy wouldn’t work.

“Carrie the not-so-bright returning student with the huge tits.”

“Oh. Her.” I looked away. “I was trying to avoid that subject.”

“Out with it.” She paused. “Or do you want to be my latest ex-boyfriend?”

I blinked at her twice. “Um. What? I’m your boyfriend?”

Now Nicky was the one to flush beet red and look away. She hadn’t meant to use the word and suddenly she had to face a reality she had created. “Sort of,” she half admitted. “Fuck that. If you want to be my boyfriend, you’ll tell me the whole story about Carrie.” She smiled wanly and half reached across the table to touch my hand. It suddenly dawned upon me that she was as scared of the answer I was to give her as she was to ask for and receive an answer. “Don’t forget, I tutor her tomorrow. I’ll find out one way or another.”

I grasped her hand in mine, nervous and scared. I had spent a lot of my time in hospital rooms in the pediatric cancer ward. I had seen too many inspirational videos and movies to start lying now. Honesty is always the best route, even if it hurts. Especially if it hurts.

“Okay, I’ll tell you, and if you’re pissed off, then I’ll have to live with that.”

Her eyes narrowed and she started to ask, “Are you—”

I cut her off. “Let me tell the story.”

“Fine,” she spat out.

“Okay, the primary reason I’m so skinny and socially inept is because I was diagnosed with childhood leukemia in seventh grade. I spent most of middle

school and high school in hospitals and getting treatment.”

“Oh. I didn’t know,” Nicky said, but I held up a warning hand.

“And I didn’t tell you because I didn’t want you to know. I want to be treated just like any other person. Good news. I’m officially a cancer survivor and my long term prognosis is good.” Nicky smiled in relief and that made me feel good. “Anyway, because of my lifetime of battling cancer, my mother became overprotective.”

“Understandable.”

“And even though conventional treatment was successful, she was always looking for a way to improve my survival chances. Her latest—and I have to admit it seems pretty damn effective—alternative treatment is milk.”

“Milk?” For a moment Nicky was puzzled. Then I dropped the hammer.

“Specifically human breast milk.”

The mental tumblers clicked into place in Nicky’s mind and she understood. I waited a minute as she processed this information and she finally said, “And Carrie is your supplier.”

“Yeah. It’s hard to get a hold of breast milk on the open market.”

She nodded. “Well, that’s weird, but if it’s working for you, why not?”

I sighed and looked away. “Full disclosure.” I couldn’t look her in the eye when I said the next few words. “I discovered that breast milk is pretty tasty. Carrie is a nice person, not bright, but a nice person. I don’t want to go into detail, but I found that breast milk fresh from the source is better than bottled and chilled.” I glanced at Nicky. Her lips were mashed together and she was staring straight ahead, studying the blank wall. I continued on. “One thing led to another and... yes we’ve had sex. I can only explain that by saying I’m a horny nineteen year old kid and she’s pretty wild in her sex life as well.”

The silence between us was troubling to say the least. I looked down at the table and prepared myself for the inevitable outburst that would precede her kicking me out of the apartment and her life.

Instead, Nicky asked, “Is it a physical thing or do you love her?”

“What?”

“Is it just milk and sex or do you love her and want a long-term relationship with her?”

I licked my dry lips and looked her right in her bright green eyes. “It’s just milk and sex. I don’t love her.”

She nodded, stood up, and pulled off her shirt and camisole to display her tiny tits. “Do you like these?” she asked.

I nodded earnestly. “I do,” I said. I wanted to reach out and touch them and suck them and lick them, but that seemed a little risky at the moment.

“If these were the only breasts you ever touched again your entire life, would you be happy?”

“Yes,” I answered honestly.

“I’m barely an A cup, she’s got to be packing a pair of double Ds. Don’t all men want women with big tits?”

“I don’t know about all men,” I said, “but I know what I like. I don’t need huge tits. Yours are exquisite. I’d be thrilled to have only them in my life...” I trailed off.

“But...” she prompted.

“I need Carrie’s milk.”

Nicky nodded and then grabbed my hand to pull me to the bedroom. “C’mon. You’re going to prove you love these tits.”

And I did everything I possible could to prove that to her. I sucked them, I kissed them, I licked them, I caressed them, and I didn’t even bother to go below the waist until she ordered me down between her legs.

“Like this?” I asked and licked her from the bottom of her labia all the way up to

where her clit was hidden in the folds of flesh that made her superb cunt the object of my affection. When she opened her legs and displayed her pussy with her labia open it looked almost like a wet, pink butterfly.

“Put your cock in me,” she moaned. “Fuck me.”

Forgetting where I was, I threw off my pants and shimmed up her body, positioning my cock to slip into her tight little pussy. At the last moment she stopped me with a stiff arm to the chest. “What do you think you’re doing buster?”

I was puzzled. “What? I thought you wanted—”

“Put a rubber on it.”

“Right!” I grabbed one from the nightstand, rolled it on like a pro, and sank my manhood into her. She groaned in appreciation.

“Good, good,” she complimented me. I lasted longer than I ever had before with her. I made her cum first. When I finally did cum, she held me until my cock had shriveled up and I needed to pull out or risk flooding her pussy with spunk. Unlike Carrie she was in a near panic about getting pregnant. That didn’t work with her life plan.

Carrie wore a traditional nursing bra when we met next. She pulled off her shirt and dropped the flaps to expose her nipples. I didn’t mind the get down to it attitude she struck. We didn’t always have time to have sex, but she started talking the moment I started sucking and her milk let down.

“So...you and Nicky, huh?”

“What?” I spluttered into her breast. She offered me her breast again and I immediately latched back on. Some things had become automatic for me, I had a conditioned response and I remembered that she needed me as much as I needed her. Her breasts became painfully engorged if they weren’t milked daily.

“Shh. Girls talk...and she wouldn’t stop talking about you yesterday when I had my tutoring session.”

“Sorry about that,” I mumbled.

“It’s okay. I don’t mind at all. I could tell what she was doing, she was marking her territory. She wants you all to herself and sees me as a threat. She doesn’t have anything to worry about, but she’s a nervous Nelly. And she doesn’t seem your type.”

“What’s my type?” I asked, letting my hand fall on her hip and sliding it down and around to rest on her covered pussy. She knew what I was up to and didn’t stop me.

“Soft, gorgeous, curvy and bit tits, like me,” she explained and opened her legs up a bit so I could massage her pussy through her thin yoga pants.

I didn’t think that was my type at all, but I said nothing, concentrating on masturbating her and lapping up her milk.

“She’s so skinny and has no tits. I don’t think you’ll be happy with her in the long run. Too much of a boy’s body. Men like women who are sexy and rounded. She’s flat and bony and all sharp points.”

Maybe, I conceded in my mind. But there’s more to a woman than just her body. That morning I just wanted to drink her milk and be done with her, but she was having none of that. Her hand went to my crotch, found my hard dick, and started pushing off my pants. I couldn’t resist. Before I knew it I was inside of her and sucking her other tit. I hated myself for not being able to resist her body, but I was weak and she was an incredible fuck. And she didn’t make me wear a condom.

Then I realized that she probably didn’t make the other guys she fucked wear condoms either. And I hadn’t seen her diaphragm in a while. All of these facts made me nervous but I was too stupid and too much a slave to my body and hers to pull out. I came hard in her pussy and continued sucking her breast until it stopped giving milk, and then I sucked harder. I wanted to hurt her. I’m not sure Carrie noticed.

It was several days later before I was back in Nicky’s apartment. We made love hard and fast and fierce. I still had to wear a condom, but I was happy about that. I didn’t tell Nicky about my feelings. When I went into the bathroom to clean up, I noticed a couple of prescriptions on the shelf. Being too nosy for my own good

I picked them up. One was birth control pills, Yasmin. That made me smile. The second one was something called Domperidone. Then Nicky walked in, gloriously naked, and saw me inspecting her pills.

“Surprised?” she asked.

“I understand the birth control,” I said, “but what is Domperidone? An anti-emetic?” I read the label. I knew that meant it prevented vomiting, but why?

“It’s a drug cocktail,” she told me.

“Okay, but for what?”

She looked away then snapped her eyes back to me. “They’re supposed to induce lactation when used together?”

“What?” I was dumbfounded.

“In conjunction with daily doses of blessed thistle. That’s an herb.” She grabbed a washcloth and wiped between her legs, casually, like it was something she did every day.

“Okay,” I said, though I wasn’t really okay.

“I haven’t started the last part of the protocol yet.” She finished cleaning up and tossed the cloth into the sink.

“Last part?”

“To induce lactation in a woman who isn’t pregnant, the most effective means is to start pumping her breasts,” Nicky said. “I need to get a breast pump.”

“That’s crazy,” I said, not thinking about the consequences of my words.

“No, not at all. It’s a proven therapy, mostly for women who’ve adopted and want to breastfeed their new babies.”

“Um, you’re doing this why?”

“To induce lactation, silly.” She turned around and strutted out of the bathroom. She might have just walked, but I saw it as strutting. I followed her.

“Why are you inducing lactation?” I demanded of her.

She crawled back on the bed and brought the sheet and blanket over her body for some warmth. I stood there, naked and chilled, unable to join her. She looked me right in the eye and said, “For you.”

“What? For me? Why?”

A sad look of concern crossed her face but she pressed on. “Look, I know girls—women—like Carrie. They take what they want and you don’t get anything in return. She’s letting you nurse now, but the instant something changes in her life, you’ll be left dry.”

I paused and considered my answer. “I don’t think she’d do that. She is getting paid for her...time.”

Nicky just shook her head. “That doesn’t make a difference.”

“But why would you do this without even asking me?”

Now it was her turn to pause and consider her answer. I knew she was thinking it over, she already knew the answer and was trying to work up the courage to answer me truthfully. “Because when I met you I felt the thunderbolt.”

“Excuse me?”

“The thunderbolt. That feeling you experience when you met someone you know you’re going to fall in love with.”

Long pause.

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

“You still shouldn’t do this to your body. I mean...you barely know me.”

“Thunderbolt,” she said. “And I can’t stand to know you’ll die if you don’t get a steady supply of breast milk.”

“I won’t die because of that.”

She looked away, her face flushed and embarrassed. “It’s easier for me to justify this way.”

“But I never asked you to do this for me.”

“That’s because it’s a gift,” she said. “Carrie’s doing it for the money.”

And the sex I added silently.

“And the sex, from what I can figure,” Nicky said.

“I’m flattered and humbled,” I said, truly feeling it.

“Come here and prove it,” she said patting the bed next to her.

I slipped between the sheets and pressed my body next to hers. It struck me that we were both preternaturally skinny and was no one’s idea of attractive bodies. That didn’t bother me. I kissed her. “You’ll need to increase your calorie and water intake,” I told her.

“Easily done,” she said reaching down and grabbing my cock. I was already erect for her.

“Do I need to use a condom?” I asked. “You’re on the pill now...”

“Maybe next time,” she said handing me one from the nightstand. I made a mental note to buy her a good quality breast pump. Having parents with money was nice.

And Nicky was right. Carrie began acting strangely toward me. The sex became less and less, which I was fine with because I was getting plenty with Nicky. She appeared at the door more and more often carrying more or less fresh milk in bottles that was recently pumped, claimed she had to run to class or work, and left. Nursing bras became a regular part of her wardrobe and rarely did more than open her shirt and dropped the flaps to let me nurse. Once we settled down to the intimate moment of lips on breast, she relaxed and the milk let down nicely, but it wasn’t the same. We only fucked when she wanted to. When I wanted to fuck, she wasn’t interested.

I'm ashamed to report that I still said yes every single time. She was pissed that I started to use condoms. She insisted it wasn't necessary, even showing me her already inserted diaphragm a couple of times. I wasn't swayed. And then, the incident.

It was a good start to the day. Carrie showed up a little early. Said hello to the parents as they were leaving, and then eagerly shed her shirt and bra, practically running up to my room. "My tits are so full," she complained. "You've got to drain them." I happily proceeded to do so. She was horny and started pulling off her pants as I nursed. I knew we were going to have sex and went with it, as always. After I drained her first breast and switched to the second, she started pulling at my clothes and I was shortly naked. She grabbed my hand and pushed it down between her legs, inside her yellow lace panties. She was wet. Very wet and horny. I started jilling her off and she started moaning in appreciation. Once her second breast was empty I grabbed a condom and started rolling it on.

"You don't need that," she said, tugging on my cock, not letting me slip it on.

"I'd feel better with it."

"It'll feel better to me if we're going raw dog." She pushed me onto my back and shimmed out of her panties. I should have resisted more. She ran her open slit along the length of my cock until she found the right angle and I slipped inside her. She was very hot and wet. She started humping her hips and I responded. I was a willing participant even if all the parts of the intercourse weren't my decision. "You like that, don't you?" she asked.

I grunted and took one of her nipples between my lips. I nibbled at it a bit, then sucked hard, causing a gasp of pain, but she didn't stop me or stop fucking. I even managed to get a bit more milk out of her. Carrie liked it rough, liked to be abused a bit. I was angry with her and was willing to dole out a bit of pain if that's what she was looking for.

I finally came inside and flooded her pussy with my spunk. She ground down on me and made herself cum. We breathed heavily for a minute, recovering, and then she started laughing. I was perturbed by that.

"What's so funny?"

She rocked back on her knees, keeping my cock in her pussy and displaying her

body to me, kneeling over my hips. “I’ve never had two guy’s spunk in my pussy at the same time before.”

It took me a moment to process the words. Then I shoved her off me and ran to the bathroom to wash my dick in the sink. She came in a minute later. “Sorry, but I was feeling extra dirty this morning and I wanted to try that out. It felt great by the way.”

I couldn’t look at her and I didn’t want to talk to her. “Uh huh.”

“It felt very naughty,” she said.

“I don’t like being used like that.”

“Then I suppose this is the wrong time to tell you that I wasn’t wearing my diaphragm.”

I glared at her and walked out of the bathroom.

“Relax, it’s perfectly safe,” she called after me.

I didn’t believe her but she was telling the truth.

That afternoon I went to Nicky’s still in a bad mood. She met me at her door with a giant smile on her face and waved a small bottle at me. For a moment I thought she was displaying a sample of something from one of her classes. “Guess what this is?”

I sighed and threw myself into one of her ancient and worn out chairs. “I’m not in the mood for games. What?”

She was disappointed and a bit crestfallen, but pressed on. “My milk.” I took a second look at her and the tiny amount of fluid in the bottle, it was a tablespoon at most, but it was clearly thin, rich human breast milk. “I just pumped it a few minutes ago. I saved it for you.” She uncapped the bottle and handed it to me. I brightened a bit. “Try it.”

I did. The liquid was sweet on my tongue, but there was very little to it. I savored it as long as I could, then let it flow down my throat. “Wonderful,” I said.

She still had her breast pump plugged in and ready to go. It was sitting on the floor of the living room. Nicky pulled up her shirt and pressed the cups to her breasts and turned the device on. “I’ve been pumping in the morning and afternoon, trying to get a flow going, but this is my first success.”

“Should you be doing it again so soon?” I asked as the vacuum extended her tiny tits into the clear housing of the pump, stretching them painfully, then releasing them. For a moment I was jealous of the pump.

“I was hoping to get a bit more for you,” she said, “but I think they’re done for the day. The good news is once you start lactating, it gets easier for the flow to continue and build.”

“You know what else helps?” I asked, watching her breasts continue to be abused.

“What? And are you an expert on lactation all the sudden?”

“I know a bit,” I said. “But what works even better than a mechanical pump is human suction.” I reached out and pulled the horns away from her breasts. The vacuum released and her tits, slightly red, retracted and relaxed. I fell to my knees in front of her and took her sore tit into my mouth and sucked gently. She stroked the top of my head.

“It’s the letdown reflex,” Nicky said, watching me. “I know all about it. For new mothers it occurs when they see their baby or hear their baby cry. For women who induce...it can be their lover’s face or voice.”

Her breasts were dry, but that didn’t matter. We went to her small bed and made love. She didn’t make me wear a condom. She didn’t even mention it. I simply stripped off her panties and pushed inside her. She smiled as I did so. I furnished extra attention to her tits. She was happy and proud that I did.

When we were done and I returned from cleaning up in the bathroom, she was standing up, her panties were back on—they were a pair of pretty green silk that just barely covered her pussy and ass cheeks—and she was trying to hook a matching bra over her tits. “You don’t need to wear a bra,” I told her. “I prefer that you don’t, actually.”

Nicky pouted a bit, putting on a show. “But I bought this just for you. The

panties and bra. I wanted to show you that I was filling it out. See?” It was a front hook and she just managed to get everything under control, sealing her tits inside the smooth silk. She bit her lip a bit. “I’m an A cup and this barely fits. Apparently induced lactation likes my tits.”

“Apparently it does,” I agreed with her. “But I like you out of your bra and panties. I like you naked. Or just wearing a camisole. Is that too much to ask?”

I started making sure I saw Nicky every day after that. It was tough on the weekends, but it was approaching the end of the semester and I was able to plead to my parents that I was studying. I didn’t really need to study as much as I claimed, I was aceing all my classes. I did all my studying at Nicky’s, usually in her bed and sucking her tits. They started giving more milk. It was slow and steady, but building. She did go a little wild and bought a pair of B-cup bras that she didn’t really fill, but she liked teasing me by wearing them. I wanted to insist that she only wear her camisoles or t-shirts when she left the apartment, but I held my tongue. I didn’t want to lose her over such a silly issue.

Her let down reflex steadily increased and we started to arrange times when we could meet in privacy at her apartment before we had class or lab together because she was starting to leak at the sight of me if I didn’t nurse from her right away. A couple of times we had to arrange last minute rendezvous in the microscopically sized TA room the grad student assistants used as a office so I could quickly drain her boobs of their milk before she went to lab. Half the fun of that was the risk of getting caught.

As the end of the semester approached I came home from fucking Nicky and found Carrie in the living room with my parents. Uh-oh.

“Here he is, Carrie,” my mother brusquely announced when I walked in. I immediately knew nothing good would come of this meeting. I’d heard that tone too many times in my life when I was in trouble. “Would you like to tell him or shall I?” My mother had the imperious tone down pat.

I looked expectantly at Carrie and put a neutral look on my face. She took a deep breath and glanced at my mother, looked away, then stared at the floor right in front of me. It was bad enough that she couldn’t look me in the eye. “I’ll just say it, Luke. I’m pregnant.”

For a moment I was floored. My stomach dropped and I started to feel faint. Oh shit. “Wow,” was all I could manage.

“I’ll still supply your milk until the baby comes,” she started to say, but was interrupted by Mom.

“Or until we find another supplier,” she interjected.

“Right,” Carrie softly agreed.

“Wow, that’s surprising,” I said not knowing what else to say.

Carrie raised her eyes from the floor and looked at me meaningfully. “My boyfriend and I are really happy. We weren’t trying or anything, but sometimes these things happen. Understand?”

I did. And I understood what she was silently telling me.

“I think you’d better go now, Carrie,” Mom said. “We’ll see you in the morning.” When she was out the door, Mom sighed in disgust. “I know she’s had a hard life and all, but this is her third child with a different man. She’ll never get ahead in life if she just continues to fuck around and doesn’t focus herself.

“Don’t be so harsh, Mom,” I said, sounding like I was reprimanding her but not meaning to.

“Don’t talk like that to your mother,” Dad immediately said, but his words were measured and not angry.

“Sorry,” I immediately apologized.

Mom waved away the exchange. “Don’t worry about it. I know you’d gotten to like Carrie, but really. Can’t she show a bit of self-control?”

Did my parents have any idea the full extent of the relationship between Carrie and me? Did they care?

The next morning Carrie showed up as usual. This time she pumped in the den like she had back on the very first day of our relationship, mostly because Mom was still at home and they spoke for a few minutes in the den while I waited

outside, then Mom left and I went into talk with Carrie. She was just finishing up. I watched as the last few tablespoons of milk were pulled from her tits and she pulled the cups free of her breasts. She wore a traditional nursing bra and brought up the flaps as she finished.

“Want to have sex?” she asked.

“No!”

“It’s perfectly safe. You can’t hurt the baby and I’m still pretty horny.”

“I bet.”

“Why are you so angry?”

“Is the baby mine?”

She shrugged. “Probably not. I had raw dog sex most often with Jason, but with you a few times as well. For all he knows and cares, it’s his. The baby is probably his.”

“Does he know about me?”

She shook her head. “Well, no, not really. He knows I’ve had sex with other men around the time I got pregnant, and he knows about them. He doesn’t know you were one of them.”

“Other men?”

She sighed and looked at me. “You never asked where I worked, did you?”

“Um. No.”

She finished dressing and handed me the warm bottles of breast milk. “The polite term is escort. I’ll let you fill in the details.”

“Oh.”

“Oh. Yeah. Exactly. There aren’t a lot of good paying jobs out there for girls with two kids and barely a high school diploma. The ones that pay the best usually involve having large tits. That I have.”

I was slightly disgusted.

“I like you, Luke.”

“Thanks.”

“You don’t have to believe me, but when we had sex, I did it because I genuinely liked you. It was fun. You’re nice. I’m sorry things got messed up.” She smiled a little, pretending to be coy. I was staring at her slightly curved stomach. She had always been full of soft curves and now I was wondering when she would start to show. “Sure you don’t want to have sex?”

“Thanks, but maybe later.”

I told Nicky the whole story when I got to her place. I broke down crying. She comforted me with milk and sex. I appreciated that. And then she gave me a fantastic blowjob. That’s a truly devoted girlfriend for you.

“That whole situation is fucked up,” Nicky said.

“Yeah. I’d rather not think about it.”

“So...when do I get to meet them?”

“Meet who?”

“Your parents.”

“Why?”

“So your mother doesn’t have to expend a lot of time and effort finding you a new milkmaid.”