



# **Milk Addict**

**By Elliot Silvestri**

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**Also by Elliot Silvestri**

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I really just picked her up at the bar because I could. Being divorced and approaching my late-thirties with very few pickup artist skills, I would sometimes go to the hotel bar where every business in the city would hold their conferences and get-togethers. If I was lucky, I'd find a horny wife who was away from her husband and looking for adventure. I'd been lucky twice so far... which was a terrible record considering I'd been doing the exact same thing for a year. She was pretty enough which short, short blonde hair and big boobs that were threatening to burst out of her mostly modest businesswoman's blouse. I'm sure a lot of guys looked at her and decided it wasn't worth the effort because the short hair, lack of makeup, and twenty extra pounds on her hips that were covered in boring black slacks said "dyke". I noticed the wedding band on her finger and decided to take a chance.

She accepted the drink I bought her, laughed at the joke about the incompetent governor and blink attorney general, then I decided to stop wasting time and propositioned her.

"Want to go up to my room and have the best sex of your life?" I asked with all the suaveness of a horny teenage boy.

She laughed at me. I smiled sadly and got up to leave, but she put a hand on my arm before I could leave the bar stool.

"Don't leave," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because I've been waiting for you to ask me that for the past fifteen minutes. It took you long enough."

I blinked at her. Third time lucky. "Oh."

"But let's go to my room instead."

That was luckier because I didn't have a room to take her to. We walked calmly and sedately up to her room, not even holding hands or playing little teasing games on the elevator. The moment she closed the door behind me she was all over me like a minx in heat.

As she kissed me fiercely, stuffing her tongue in my mouth, I struggled out of my jacket while she pulled off my shirt and worked her way quickly down my chest. I wished I had spent more time at the gym but she didn't seem to mind my lack of tan or slightly paunchy stomach. As she unbuckled my pants and started to push them down I stopped her. "Wait! I don't even know your name."

"Does it matter?" she asked with her fingers just inside the waistband of my underwear.

I hesitated in my answer. Did it? "No, I suppose not."

"It's AnneMarie," she told me as she pulled down my underwear and popped my half-erect cock into her mouth. It had been a long while since I had received a blowjob and AnneMarie was an expert at giving them. Her mouth was accommodating, wet and willing, her lips and tongue were strong. In less than a minute my cock was pointing toward the ceiling and I wanted nothing more than to empty my balls into her mouth.

"I'm gonna cum," I groaned at her.

Immediately she released my cock and grinned up at me. "You weren't going to cum in my mouth, were you?"

It was all I could do to prevent myself from shoving my cock down her throat. "Yes. I so wanted to." In frustration I leaned back against the wall. I felt ridiculous like that, leaning against a hotel wall with my pants around my ankles and an attractive and willing woman on her knees in front of me. Her hand was still around the base of my cock and she didn't seem at all put off by my behavior.

"Good," she said standing up. I watched with wide eyes as she quickly unbuttoned her red blouse to fully display her massive chest that was barely contained by the red silk bra underneath. I wasn't sure if it was a pushup bra or she merely needed huge cups to contain her tits, but my eyes didn't move from her cleavage. I goggled at her wonderful breasts. They had to be at least double D cups, maybe larger. What comes after double D?

Her pants came off too. I saw her bend half-way over and her arms moved but my eyes never strayed from her cleavage. "You're a tit man, aren't you?" she asked me.

“Uh-huh,” I agreed as I watched her breasts bobble and shake ever so fetchingly inside her bra.

“Come on,” she said grabbing me by the cock and leading me to the bed. “I didn’t bring you up here to give blow jobs. Let’s fuck.”

We tumbled into the bed and she wound up on top of me. I wondered how she had suddenly become the aggressor in this encounter. With her panties already off she straddled my hips and started running her wet quim up and down along my dick. “Oh, that’s good,” I mumbled.

“Got a condom?” she asked me. Abruptly the rubbing stopped and she looked at me expectantly. I froze.

“Yeah, in my jacket.” I started to push her off me, but she just held down on my hands.

“No need,” she said. “Just asking.” She wriggled her hips and suddenly my cock was up inside her pussy. “Oooh,” she sighed as I reflexively pushed up into her. “That’s the way I like it. Are you worried about getting me knocked up?” she breathed in my ear and kissed the side of my neck.

“What?!” I started pushing back on her harder, suddenly scared I was being used for something I didn’t want to get involved with.

She giggled in my ear now. “Don’t worry. I’m safe. What about you, are you safe?”

I breathed heavily from the anxiety she had inflicted on me. “I don’t have any diseases, if that’s what you mean. But I haven’t had a vasectomy either.”

“Good,” she told me. “I like my spunk to be full of little swimmers.” She leaned back and displayed her body to me. Her tits were still hidden behind her silk bra but her body was otherwise naked. She was full of curves, there was a slight swell to her tummy, but she was otherwise perfect. Apparently AnneMarie took her coif seriously because her pubic hair was as carefully trimmed as the few curls on her head. There was just a small triangle of blond hairs barely hiding her wet quim. She took notice of my inspection of her pussy. “Like what you see?” she asked as her hips started moving up and down again.



“Yes. I like your tits even better.” I reached up and ran my fingers over her bra then followed the edge of the silk touching both flesh and fabric as I fondled her. AnneMarie closed her eyes and enjoyed my touch. She never stopped pumping her hips.

I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her down to me. We continued humping as I scrabbled around her back, looking for the clasp to her bra. “Get it off, baby, and you get a treat,” she whispered in my ear. I was distracted by her pussy and the excitement of the moment. It took me far too long to find the hooks and then I began having trouble loosening them enough to pull the garment from her body.

As was befitting a woman with huge tits the bra had a substantial back strap with at least four hooks keeping it closed. It might have had six for all I could tell from the front.

“Having a touch of trouble, honey?” AnneMarie asked me.

“Nope, I’ve got it,” I told her, momentarily stopping my cock thrusts up into her pussy and concentrating long enough to slip the hooks from their eyelets. Her silk bra came off with a sigh and AnneMarie leaned back displaying her more than ample charms to me.

“Like what you see?” she asked. My eyes immediately went to her left nipple. It was pierced with a small golden ring. My cock got harder and I wanted to fuck her so hard she’d cry. My hips rose up and slammed into her wet pussy. She groaned in response to my needs. “You do like it,” she declared.

“Fuck yes.” I leaned up with my head and kissed her unadorned nipple, pulling it into my mouth and sucking furiously.

She gave a little moan of appreciation and ground her cunt down on my cock. “Yes,” she sighed with a shiver. “Suck the other one.” She pulled her breast from my mouth and turned her torso slightly, offering me her pierced nipple, dragging her pink flesh and metal ring across my lips until I automatically opened my mouth and took it in.

The contrast of metal and flesh on my tongue was odd. I had never been with a woman with a body piercing before. I only managed to date and marry the slightly dull and unadventurous women of the world. But then again I was

slightly dull and unadventurous, so I didn't really have anything to complain about. AnneMarie didn't seem to mind anything I did with her tit. I sucked on it, bit it lightly, teased it with my tongue, then released and pinched it just enough to make her moan. I sucked the right one and twisted the ring in her left nipple. It was odd to see her flesh stretch in such an unnatural fashion, but she didn't complain, in fact she seemed to enjoy every little bit of torture I inflicted on her.

"I know you love it, honey," she managed to wheeze out as I took the ring back into my mouth to play with it some more, "but you need to finish me off. I need to cum. Cum inside me."

Her tit slipped from my mouth. "Right," I agreed and redoubled my thrusting. Our flesh came together with the unmistakable slapping sound of vigorous sex. Finally, finally I reached my peak and came inside her pussy, flooding it with spurt after spurt of thick cum. Apparently that's just what AnneMarie needed to as well, she called out when I exploded inside of her and her body shook as her orgasm washed up and down her body. She fairly shook with pleasure and needed to support herself on hands and knees as she finished cumming.

"Good for you?" I asked her as she rested half her weight on me and slowly recovered from her climax.

"Hell yes," she moaned as she rolled to her side, collapsing on the mattress. We were both slightly covered with a layer of sweat. The room was warm and our enthusiastic fucking had exhausted us both. Even though it was almost too warm I moved closer to her and kissed her on the lips. She responded, opening her mouth and letting me push my tongue inside her.

"You're still horny," she told me as she pushed me away to look directly into my eyes. Hers were beautiful and light blue, the palest blue eyes I've ever seen. I must have been a boring choice of bedmate; I'm average height with dull brown hair and even duller eyes. Her hand had wandered down to my cock and she was now holding my balls. Her touch was firm, almost a little painful, as she played with my balls, making sure they were in working order. I could just feel the stickiness of our sex juices on the edge of my sack.

"I just haven't had time to lose my erection yet," I said automatically. Not that I normally shrank away immediately after cumming, but the intensity of our encounter had kept me at least semi-hard.

“You want to fuck me again, don’t you?” she asked.

My reply was immediate. “Yes.”

Her hand now went up my shaft. It was still wet with my semen and her juices. She stroked me and I closed my eyes. My body shook involuntarily as she played with my cock. “You like that don’t you?” I nodded my head. In truth, her playing hurt a bit. My cock was still super-sensitive after cumming and she wasn’t being gentle with me. “You’re going to fuck me again, understand?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“But first you need to suck on my tits. I like that. It gets me ready.” She took her hand away from my cock and I opened my eyes. Her hand now went to between her legs and she scooped up a bit of my cum and her juices. I watched as she brought her fingers to her lips and tasted them. “Delicious.” She smiled and offered me her fingers. I couldn’t have resisted if I wanted to. My lips parted and she deposited our mixed essences on my tongue. It was tart and musky, not all that unpleasant, not exactly pure pussy and not fully spunk either. Her smile brightened. “I like you.” She placed her hand on top of my head and pushed down lightly. “Suck my tits.”

She didn’t have to tell me again. I moved down and took her unpierced nipple into my mouth and started sucking happily away. AnneMarie rested one hand on top of my head and I snaked a hand down between her legs. She parted her thighs and let me push a finger into her cunt.

“Ooh, that feels good,” she said softly. I wasn’t sure if she meant my finger in her pussy or her tit in my mouth. It didn’t matter. I could feel her cunt getting hotter and wetter as I sucked on her nipple. It struck me that the harder I sucked the more saliva I produced. Oddly, her nipple seemed sweet as well. “Switch,” she ordered. I moved my head over to her pierced nipple. The cold metal felt odd on my tongue, but I ignored that and sucked again. Her nipple was sweet and warm and exactly everything I looked for in a tit. Her breast was large and soft and the perfect shade of white. AnneMarie didn’t indulge in tanning or sunbathing. I did detect the faintest of tan lines from her street clothes.

“Is that good?” she asked me.

I let loose her tit. “Yes.”

“You like it?”

“Yes.” I was puzzled by her repeated question, but went along with her talk.

“Fuck me,” she said rolling to her back and spreading her legs open. I didn’t need to be invited twice. I immediately got on top of her and my cock slipped right into her pussy. I wasn’t even aware that I had gone rigid again. “Oh, nice, sink it all the way in.”

I did as I was ordered and started fucking her with great vigor. She moaned and groaned underneath me. AnneMarie wasn’t fat by any means, but she wasn’t an anorexic waif either, she was a fully curved woman and her pussy could take a good pounding which I figured out is exactly what she liked in a fuck session. We fucked for a good ten or fifteen minutes before I finally managed to pop off again inside her unprotected pussy. She cried out with pleasure and I collapsed on top of her and laid there a minute.

The hotel room had crappy lighting and the room was already warm. We should have paused for a moment to turn up the air conditioning, but sex and lust had overtaken our minds. When I finally worked up the strength to roll off her and remove my cock from her cunt, it was a great relief to both of us. I looked over at AnneMarie’s tits to admire they way they stood up happily from her chest. That’s when I noticed the excess of sweat on her body. It wasn’t sweat. It was milk. Her tits were literally leaking milk. I’d never seen that before in a woman and I did a mild freakout for a second.

“What the fuck!” I exclaimed.

“What? What?” she asked looking around for alien invaders or a masked homicidal maniac. Then she noticed I was staring at her tits. And then she noticed her leaking milk. “Oh, that. I thought you got all my milk already. Sorry.”

“What do you mean your milk?”

“My breasts are lactating,” she explained carefully. “It’s what breasts do.”

“Right,” I agreed. “Did you have a baby recently or something?” I didn’t see any

stretch marks on her body, but that didn't mean anything.

"No, it's very easy for me to lactate," she said. "My husband loves it."

"Right," I agreed again. "Is that why your tits are so huge?" I asked trying not to sound like an ass or moron.

She smiled at me. "No, they're just naturally big. But when my milk came in they got firmer and rounder. Men love it. Especially my husband."

"Does he know you're having sex with other guys?" I asked her trying to change the subject but not picking a very good one.

"Oh, shit, thanks for reminding me." She hopped off the bed and grabbed her purse from the dresser, pulled out her cell phone and started texting. "I need to tell him a few things. This will only take a minute." She frowned and concentrated at the phone. "But yeah, he knows I have sex with other men. It's okay. He has sex with other women. But he doesn't know about you yet."

"Me?"

"Yeah, you. You only picked me up an hour ago. Do you think he's telepathic?"

"Uh, no."

She sighed and rolled her eyes at me. "Hold on," she said and texted standing there in the middle of the hotel room while completely nude and unconcerned that she was admitting to her husband that she had just cheated on him with me. And her breasts were lactating. That was the part I couldn't get over.

I watched her and she didn't acknowledge me. As she texted her breasts jiggled a little and her mouth twisted into a slight smile. That was all I needed to be completely enthralled with her.

Abruptly she looked up at me. Her smile changed from bemusement to wicked. "Can I take a picture of your dick?"

"What?"

"You know," she continued on, "for posterity. I like to keep a record of the guy's

I've fucked. Don't worry. Your face won't be in the picture...unless you want it to be." She brandished her cell phone, already aiming at my crotch, ready to take the photo before I had given my permission.

"Wait a second, don't you need my consent or something?"

She sighed. "That's what I'm asking for now." I could sense she was trying not to roll her eyes.

"Oh. Right." I should have given my answer more thought. "Why not?"

Immediately AnneMarie's expression perked up again. "Great!" She fell to her knees next to the bed and took my cock in her mouth. I didn't need much encouragement to start to get hard again. She stopped before the blowjob could go very far. "Just enough to get you a little hard. And I like to show a little wetness on cock's a take pictures of. Like they just fucked me." And with that she snapped off a couple of pictures of my semi-hard cock. It was odd to realize what she was doing, but who would recognize my cock if the picture ever did make it onto the internet?

Then she handed me with cellphone. "Take a couple of me with your cock in my mouth." AnneMarie didn't really give me a choice. She put her mouth on my cock again, taking about half its length, and then looked up at me with wanton eyes. I just took the pictures as ordered and handed the phone back to her. It was also artifice and posing. It didn't seem real.

"What's your name?" she asked me.

"What?"

"I didn't get your name. Or I don't remember it. But I need to attach a name to the picture."

"Oh. William."

She smiled. "Good. I like that. Plain and simple." She went back to the phone and did some more texting, presumably to her husband. I don't know. AnneMarie all but ignored me. I was sure if that upset me to be used like an object, a fuck toy for her, or if it aroused me, that she saw me as a sexual object that was both under her control and desirable to her own substantial libido.

When she was done she looked up at me. Another smile twisted on her lips.  
“Robert says you have a handsome cock.”

“Robert?”

She rolled her eyes again. I wasn’t very good at this sexual play. “My husband. Don’t worry, he’s not gay or bi or anything like that. He’s just seen a lot of cocks that have fucked me and he knows what I like. Take it as a compliment.”

“Okay.”

“What’s your phone number?”

“Why?”

“Geez you ask a lot of stupid questions. I want to send you these pictures. Don’t you want a picture of my face sucking your cock?”

I hadn’t given the idea a thought before she mentioned it. “Um sure.” I gave her the number. She must have sent me the photos because she was just about to put the phone away when it rang. Taking a moment to glance at the ID, she got giddy with excitement and turned away from me to talk. I hadn’t noticed up to that point, but for a woman carrying twenty extra pounds on her hips, her ass was fantastic. I could have stared at it all day and night while she absently paced back and forth on the small aisle in the room.

“Hi honey! Yeah. Meetings were boring, the usual stuff. Uh-huh. No, he’s a nice guy. Very submissive.” Me? Yeah, I suppose so. I never asserted myself as much as I should have. My wife always told me that. “He’s kind of cute...in a nerdy way.” She glanced at me and gave me a wink, then turned back around. Was she kidding around or did she actually find me attractive. I could never figure that out. Women were forever a puzzle to me. “No, didn’t need to use the pump. William helped me out. Uh-huh. Maybe tomorrow morning too. I’ll have to see. Yeah. I need to go.” Pause. “You know why. Don’t ask me that now. I’ll tell you everything later. Love you. Bye.” She clicked off and looked back at me. “Want to spend the night?”

I double blinked at her. “You actually want to spend the night with me?”

She smiled with a look of understanding that a teacher give a very slow student.

“I’ve already fucked you, honey. I’d like to do it again. But in the morning.”

“I could be an axe murderer,” I pointed out to her.

“Then you’ve forgotten your axe.”

“I could still be a murderer.”

She smiled sadly. “Maybe. But that’s a risk I’m willing to take. Look, I’m tired. I like sleeping next to somebody warm. I like to have sex in the morning. My breasts fill up with milk at night and it’s easier to have someone suck the milk out rather than using a boring and somewhat painful breast pump. Do you want to spend the night and get laid in the morning or not?”

“Yes.”

AnneMarie took a deep cleansing breath. “Great. I sleep in the nude. That okay with you?”

I woke up with AnneMarie’s hand stroking my cock. “Look, I know it’s morningwood, but before we fuck, you need to empty my tits. They’re starting to hurt.”

It took me a minute to get my bearings. Hotel room. AnneMarie. Big tits. An almost painful erection. Hot room. Tangled sheets. Right: sex with a stranger and milky breasts. “Oh. Good morning. Wow. I must have fallen right to sleep last night.”

“Me too,” she agreed as she let go of my cock. “Enough small talk. You made a promise last night and you need to get to work.” AnneMarie was lying on her side and she lifted up her breast toward my face.

“Breast milk?” I asked. I licked my lips with nervousness. Maybe she interpreted that as hungry anticipation.

“Fresh from the source. You should feel honored, few have tasted milk as sweet and delicious as this.”



My stomach was quivering with fear and excitement. Last night I had drunk her milk without fully realizing it. Now I was going to do it because she asked me to. I wanted to fuck her again, that was for certain, but was I willing to actually consume her breast milk for that opportunity? My cock and libido said yes, but I couldn't force my mouth down to latch on to her breast.

"Having second thoughts?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah, it's just that I haven't done this before. Well, not knowingly."

"William, honey, just do it. You had breast milk as a baby if your mother raised you right. You had it last night. Lots of men drink their wife's milk. You know you want to." She smiled at me. I hadn't move my eyes from her full breasts. In the half light of early morning, I could start to see just the tiniest seepage of clear milk from her nipples. "And when you're done I'll fuck you any way you want as a reward."

I opened my mouth and latched on to her unpierced nipple. It was warm in my mouth. Instead of hardening with sexual excitement, the nipple shaped itself to fill my mouth and I sucked and I was rewarded with a sweetness on my tongue that was all but indescribable.

"Ohh, that's nice," AnneMarie muttered. "See, it's not hard."

I nodded and sucked again. More milk flowed. I swallowed. I sucked more. It was heavenly. Divine. I wanted more. I sucked harder. It came out quicker. AnneMarie sighed with relaxation and satisfaction.

"This is the way I like to wake up in the morning," she told me, kissing the hair on top of my head. I put my hand between her legs and felt for her pussy. She opened her thighs and allowed me access. I could feel wetness building. Her breast continued to produce milk, squirting it into my mouth and I swallowed. I normally ate a huge breakfast every morning and this was proving to be the most convenient way to settle my growling stomach. "It's good, isn't it?" she asked me.

I just nodded my head in agreement. A minute ago breastfeeding from an adult woman seemed stupid and insane. Now it was heaven on Earth, and I was receiving this ambrosia from an ordinary woman's tits.

“Keep going, honey. I need them drained. I won’t be seeing Robert until late tonight. You need to empty me so they don’t hurt at the end of the day.”

I did as instructed. I sucked on her tit for ten minutes as hard as I could, sucking out every bit of nutritious milk.

“Oh, very good,” AnneMarie said, pulling her tit free of my greedy lips. “You’ve emptied it. But don’t forget I’ve got two. Want to switch sides or put your head up on a pillow?”

“Switch sides,” I said. In a flash I jumped over her body and latched on to her other breast, this one the one with the pierced nipple. In my mouth the golden ring felt somehow correct on my tongue. It took no effort at all to get her milk flowing from the second breast. Indeed, it has already begun dribbling when I was working on the first. Her breast was faintly moist with her lost milk. I sucked on her nipple, drinking her milk, as I played with the ring that was somehow a part of her and foreign at the same time. She seemed to enjoy what I was doing, but having little frame of reference I didn’t know if I was truly pleasing her or if AnneMarie was merely tolerating my bad behavior to avoid painful breasts later in the day.

All too soon her breast was drained and had turned back to nothing more than a container full of possibility and oozing sensuality. I didn’t let go of her tit. She was forced to pull the nipple from my mouth. It came out wet and shining, slight discolored from my over-enthusiastic sucking. “Good boy,” she complimented me. “You did an excellent job. Now for your reward. How do you want to fuck me?”

I had no special fetish or kink or even a favorite position. My sex life up until that moment had been decidedly vanilla and I couldn’t think of a single thing that I wanted to do to this walking goddess of the breast. “I don’t know,” I breathed out. I was a little winded from the effort of nursing, having foregone breathing for a bit of extra milk.

“Lots of guys like to tit fuck me. I’ve got some KY in my bag. Do you want to do that?” She looked at me hopefully, eyebrows raised, her hands on her tits, raising them up slightly and pressing them together.

I shook my head. “No, I don’t think I’m into that. Could you just get on your hands and knees? I’ll fuck you doggy style.”

“Are you going to put it in my ass?” she asked. There was a naughty lilt to her voice and more than a bit of hopeful thinking.

“No. I just want to fuck you regular. Just from behind.”

She seemed disappointed. “No? Well, there’s KY if you change your mind.” With that she rolled all the way over, got up like I requested, arched her back down a bit to angle her ass upwards, and spread her legs. She looked at me expectantly.

My cock was still hard from waking up. And from sucking on her tits. I was fired up and ready to go. Her cunt was open and ready. It took no effort to slide into her wet sex. I didn’t lean forward at all. I just slammed back and forth in her, my hands resting on her ass. She moaned and groaned at all the appropriate times. I slapped her ass a few times as we fucked. She seemed to like it. In almost no time at all I came hard inside her pussy. My sticky cum shot deep into her cunt and I rammed against her, pushing her down into the bed, letting my full weight crush her, pinning her poor breasts against the mattress.

“Fuck that was good,” I said a minute later when I regained my breath.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “Want to go shower together.

Hotel showers aren’t especially well-made for dual showering, but we endured the difficulties. I paid extra attention to her breasts, making sure they were properly cleaned and completely drained of milk. AnneMarie seemed pleased with my attention to detail.

When we were done, dried, and dressed, she gave me a peck on the lips, grabbed her bag, and said, “It was wonderful. Maybe we can do it again sometime.” And with that she was out the door.

I sat on the bed for fifteen minutes wondering what had happened.

The next few days I passed in a melancholy stupor. I received the photos she sent me and spent a couple anxious hours beating off to them. Her face and lips wrapped around my cock were the perfect image for my masturbatory fantasies. For once I was actually starring in my fantasies rather than wishing I were

someone else.

What was missing beyond a woman's warm body next to mine, was AnneMarie's wonderful milk. I didn't realize it at first, but the taste of her milk was unparalleled. I wasn't so stupid as to believe that only her breast milk was like that, but I felt the need to consume breast milk again. So I called AnneMarie. She had inadvertently given me her cell phone number when she sent me her pictures.

"Hello?" Her voice was confused. Obviously she didn't recognize my number on her caller ID.

"Hi!" I said a little too brightly. "It's William!" Immediately I wanted to hang up and bury my phone in the back yard. This was a stupid idea.

"William?" she asked. Had I called at a bad time? Was it ever a good time?

"From last week at the Albany hotel?" It came out as a question. I tried to make my voice sound hopeful. I knew from her phone number she lived in the same area code as me, so she couldn't be very far away. She hadn't been in the city just for a night and was jetting off to California the next day. "We had a, um, good time together."

There was a pause then light laughter came over the phone. "Right. I remember you William. Sorry, I drew a blank at first. I wasn't expecting you to call. You caught me off guard."

"Sorry about that," I mumbled into the phone and then pressed on. If I didn't do it right away I knew I'd chicken out. I was that sort of person. "Look, I haven't been able to get you out of my head since last week and I was wondering if you'd want to get together again."

There was another pause. This one was decidedly uncomfortable. "Oh. I wasn't expecting that either. I had pretty much written you off as a one-night stand, Will."

That made my heart leap.

"But I don't know if I'll be able to do anything with you in the near future," she continued on in that tone I'd heard one too many times from other women, polite

but firm insistence that I was a nice guy, but they weren't going to give me any more time out of their lives.

"Oh. Well then. Sorry to have wasted your time," I said into the phone and went to disconnect, but her voice came through and stopped me.

"It's the milk, isn't it?" she asked. "And not the sex. It's always the milk," she said. "Sex you can find anywhere, a woman's milk—her essence really—is difficult and rare to find."

"Yes," I agreed. She must have gone through this before with other losers like me. "I don't know what to do..."

"It'll be hard," she told me. "Finding a someone to have sex with you can be difficult in the best of times. And you're looking for something special beyond just sex, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Look, I can't give you much in the way of advice or what to do...but your best option is to find someone who is willing to have sex with you and after that you need to tell her that you have a breast milk fetish and you'd like her to try and lactate for you."

I listened with a stunned silence for a moment. "That'll take...forever."

"A year if you're lucky," she said.

"That seems like forever."

"It'll be hard, honey. I'm not going to sugarcoat it for you."

Without thinking I blurted out, "Couldn't you just let me, you know, feed from you maybe once or twice a month?"

I could hear her shaking her head over the phone. "No. That's not going to happen. I only allow others to nurse from me when my husband isn't available. My milk is for him."

"But—"

“No,” she repeated. “I’m not saying never, ever, but don’t count on it. Next best advice I can give you is look on adult dating websites that are kink-friendly. Don’t go looking for a girl on a ‘Lactating Lasses Looking for Love’ site. Those are ninety-nine percent male and you’ll wind up wasting your time.”

“Right,” I absently agreed.

“Keep me in mind,” AnneMarie said. “I’m not doing this to be cruel, I’m doing it so you know what realities you’re up against. Goodbye.” And she hung up.

I could have been stupid and called her back a hundred times. But I didn’t. I could have been stupid and stalked the hell out of her on Facebook. But I didn’t. I went to my bed and cried instead.

AnneMarie was exceedingly polite and helpful, but kept me at arm’s length. She refused my friend request on Facebook. She did send me some links to helpful websites. She did send me some nice photos of her breasts, a few of which showed her milk flowing. For those I was exceedingly grateful.

And then I did the stupid thing and looked on Craigslist for willing women who wanted to have sex with breast-fixated men. I started sending out wild emails and calls to every woman in my area who had any ad on Craigslist. I knew most of them were prostitutes but I didn’t care. I knew what I wanted I wasn’t going to stop until I got it. Most of them blew me off, of course. The few who did respond—the professionals—quickly figured out my kink. Some were willing to go along and play out the fantasy for me, but they all told me their breasts weren’t lactating and that was that. Those conversations I always ended. Playing and pretending wasn’t what I wanted. I needed the real thing.

The worst mistake I made was losing myself in the terrible pornography on the internet that appealed to breast milk fetishists. Most of it is terrible, none of it showed what I wanted to experience. Too much spraying of milk and images of women’s breasts being horribly abuses and tortured. I didn’t want that. I wanted to see the sweetness of a woman feeding a man or woman she loved with the milk she produced just for them. There was a tiny bit of that, but not nearly enough.

And then I received a reply to an email I had sent to a prostitute on Craigslist.

Her ad was subtle, but anyone reading it would know exactly what she was offering. Katherine's phone call was direct and to the point. "Is this William?"

"Yes."

"This is Katherine. You replied with an email to my ad on Craigslist. Are you still interested?" She paused expectantly.

It took my brain a minute to process what she was saying. "Yes, but only if your lactating."

The pause on the other side of the conversation was telling. "Yeah. If that's what you want, that's fine with me."

"Are you lactating?" I asked directly. I'd been through this process one too many times to waste any emotional energy on the exchange.

"Yes." She seemed disinterested in the information. "Don't you want to know anything else about me?" she asked.

"Nope. As long as your breasts work, that's all I need." And with that we set a time and date. I didn't care that I was committing a crime by hiring a prostitute. My life had been normal up to the point that I met AnneMarie and a little bit of criminal activity wouldn't deter me in the least.

She came to my house, which I thought was bold and brave of her. When the bell rang at the appointed time I had to restrain myself from running to fling it open. What I found at my front door was a rather ordinary looking woman in her mid-twenties. Plain brown shoulder length hair, average frame, perhaps a little overweight by a few pounds, average height, unremarkable face, and modestly dressed. She wore a little makeup and a necklace but that was the extent of her ornamentation. "Katherine?" I asked expectantly.

"You must be William," she said sticking out her hand and acting much like an insurance saleswoman. Then I noticed she was carrying a small briefcase.

"Right," I said. "Come on in." She stepped in. I noticed that maybe her chest was slightly above average, but not exceedingly so. "What's with the briefcase?" I asked.

“Makes me look professional,” she replied as she glanced around my small entryway. I led her to the living room. “It’s supposed to be a good cover. At least that’s what I’ve been told, but I’ve never had a run in with the cops.”

“How long have you been doing this?” I asked. It seemed odd to be asking her about her profession, but I didn’t want to actually broach the subject of why she was here in my house. That would be the right way to approach the problem and I generally don’t approach any problem from the correct direction.

“About six months,” she answered. “The money’s pretty good and it’s hard to find a regular job right now.”

“Yeah. I hear you.”

“So, how do you want to do this?” she asked me. “Do you just want to suck on my tits or do you want to have real sex too?”

I licked my lips and swallowed hard. Her words were magic in my ears. “Can I just suck on you for a while and then go from there?”

Katherine shrugged. “Sure. It’s your time and money.”

I’d already paid her by credit card, which was weird. At this point I just wanted to see her tits. “Take off your shirt,” I told her.

She nodded and absently unbuttoned her blouse. “Okay if I sit on the couch?” she asked. I nodded. Her bra was plain white, not lacy or anything fancy, but nice. Not a nursing bra I quickly noted, not that such a garment was necessary. Casually she reached behind her back and unhooked the garment, freeing her breasts. They were nice. Heavy and full, but not huge. She had large nipples, almost red in tone, but smaller than AnneMarie’s. I stood there thunderstruck by the beauty of her chest. “Are you ready?” she asked sitting down and placing one of the couch’s small pillows on her lap. She must have done this before with other men.

I took a deep breath to calm myself then quickly laid down on the couch, rested my head on the pillow, and took her fat nipple in my mouth. As I took my first suck I closed my eyes and lost myself in her breasts. The warm, sweet milk slid over my tongue and went down my throat. I was immediately in ecstasy. I sucked eagerly and hard, trying to get every bit of milk out of her. I should have



been savoring every drop, but I just wanted to get as much as possible as quickly as possible.

“Slow down,” Katherine told me, “there’s plenty of time and plenty of milk. No hurry. Enjoy yourself.” I nodded into her breast as slowed down a bit. She obviously knew what she was talking about. She was a professional. Her milk was divine. In my mind it didn’t measure up to AnneMarie’s, but that was probably wishful thinking and false memory. With each suck I could feel her jets of milk spraying into my mouth and filling up my stomach. This was exactly what I wanted, exactly where I wanted to be. It was perfect.

I half opened my eyes and looked up at Katherine. Her eyes were also closed. I felt that made me closer to her. She rested on hand on my shoulder and in the other she held a small cloth and cupped her free breast, keeping her milk from leaking all over. Both breasts were bare and unpierced. I wondered if she ever considering piercing one of her nipples like AnneMarie did. It probably wasn't the right time to suggest it.

We settled into our positions and I continued to suckle her. It was heaven. Katherine seemed to be enjoying herself—or at least she didn't mind what I was doing to her. Her milk was warm and sweet and she didn't mind sharing it with me...for her stated price.

All too soon she lightly pushed on my face. I let her breast slip from between my lips and looked up at her, puzzled and hurt. "Time to switch," she told me. "You aren't getting any more out of that one."

"You can tell?" I asked.

She rolled her eyes. "Of course I can tell. I always know when my breasts are full or empty. Geez. This isn't the first time I've done this. Can't you tell you weren't getting any more milk?"

To be honest, I had slipped into such a contemplative and contented state she there could have been a circus parade through my living room without me noticing. "I was trying to get the last drops," I told her and looked at her nipple. It was wet from my saliva, red and slightly distended from my sucking, but there weren't any drops of milk hanging either.

At her urging I moved over to her other breast, latched on, and began draining it. She sighed and settled back on the couch. I felt my cock getting hard. I repositioned my arms to half encircle Katherine's body, but it felt wrong to actually embrace her. That was far too intimate a gesture to make with a prostitute. Her left breast gave milk as easily as the right. I was settled down now and was able to relax while drinking from her now. It was casual and relaxing. My anxiety was gone and my belly slowly filled with her liquid essence. I was contented.

And then it was over. Katherine abruptly pulled her nipple from my mouth. I expected it to be spurting milk everywhere, but except for a fine sheen of saliva,

it was dry. “You’ve emptied me out,” she said somewhat absently looking around for her bra. “I can’t believe you just sucked on me for nearly an hour.”

Immediately I looked at my watch because I didn’t believe her, but sure enough it had been an hour. Had she intentionally let me suck on her that long? My cock was hard and I wanted to fuck, but the agreement I negotiated with her was for tit sucking only, no sex. “Wow. The time went fast.”

She slid out from underneath me and got to her feet. I rolled over and displayed my rampant erection beneath my pants. Katherine smiled slightly. “Yeah, I get that a lot from my clients. Usually they say it after we’ve had sex, but this is good too.” Her eyes traveled down my body and she saw my flesh straining beneath the fabric. “You’re still hard,” she commented. “I don’t normally have that when I leave a client.”

“Yeah. I guess I didn’t think that far ahead.”

“You gonna beat off after I leave?”

She was bold in her questions. I never would have had the nerve to be that forthright in questioning someone. “Yeah. Probably.”

That made her smile. “Probably?”

I hate to admit it, but I blushed at her questioning. “Yes then. I will.”

“For an extra twenty I’ll give you a handjob if you can finish in less than five minutes.”

It was worth the twenty. She had soft, sure, and supple hands. It might have been the most satisfying masturbation I had ever received. And with that simple exchange she was out the door.

Following our first encounter, I set up a routine with Katherine. Once a week she would come over to my place, and I’d empty her tits of her delicious milk. Then, depending on how much time I’d taken at playing with her boobs and drinking her milk, I’d either get a handjob or blowjob from her. Very rarely we would actually fuck because for that I needed to hurry and I wasn’t going to hurry

through my lactation session with her. That was precious time that was to be savored, not rushed. Then I noticed more and more that we had plenty of time to fuck. Not that I really minded, but I started to wonder what was going on.

“My milk is drying up,” Katherine explained to me.

“What? How can that happen?”

She shrugged. “My daughter is starting to wean herself. My milk production is going down. It happens. But it was a fun and profitable run for me.” She smiled and slipped her bra back on, turning around to allow me to fasten the hooks. It was all part of our routine. Then I opened my pants, pushed them down, and sat on the couch. She got on her knees in front of me and took my cock in her hand, slowly stroking me. “Did you really think this would last forever?” she asked.

“I was hoping.”

“You need to find a girlfriend who will indulge you,” she told me before placing the entire length of my cock in her mouth. I had learned from her long ago that she made most of her money giving head to all sorts of guys. I was the exception, I was the only one who wanted her tits. Everyone else wanted her to suck them off. Katherine had become an artiste at sucking cock over the months that I continued to hire her. It was always a good way to end our sessions. I liked her to come over late. I’d drink her milk, she’d suck me off, and then I’d toddle on to bed and sleep the still sleep of the just and satisfied.

I finished in her mouth, as usual, it seemed a nice parallel exchange of fluids, and after she had a drink of water and got ready to leave she told me, “We need to get you a girlfriend.”

“I know,” I said. She’d intimated the same thing many times before, but I’d gone on to ignore her advice.

“No, we need to get you a girlfriend,” she repeated. “I’m not going to be doing this,” she said indicating her breasts and crotch, “much longer. I didn’t tell you but a few weeks ago I got a real job and I’m just seeing a few clients until they find someone else they can trust.” She smiled fondly at me. “You’re one of the last that I still see.”

“What job did you get?” I asked her.

“Don’t try to change the subject. We’re going to get you a nice girlfriend. To do that you’re going to start asking nice girls for their phone numbers and you’re going to call them. One new number every day until you get a date. We’ll start there.” She smiled and stood up a little taller. “And my job is with social services. I serve the community on so many levels.” She pulled a small sheaf of papers out of her bag before leaving. “These are your instructions. Follow them. Keep track of the girls’ names, numbers, and refusals. If you don’t...well, let’s just say you won’t have access to my tits any more. Next time you see me I’ll give you a discount if you’ve been a good boy and followed instructions.”

And so I followed her orders. Partly because I knew she was right, partly because I was terrified that she would cut off my hard won access to her milk—access that I had paid good money for. The instructions were very details. I was impressed. She must have created them just for me. Apparently she was getting tired of being my nursemaid and wanted me to find someone else willing to put her breasts to good use. At first I tried to wheedle out of Katherine’s orders. I was going to put down AnneMarie’s name and number as my first strikeout, but I figured somehow she’d figure out what I’d done. That would be wrong. So on Sunday afternoon I went to the library, stalked around, and finally approached the cute assistant librarian who worked the research and info desk on the weekends.

“My phone number?” she asked, a little confused.

I swallowed and forced myself through the process. “Yeah. I know you must get asked for it a lot...I thought I might take you out to coffee or something.”

“No...”

“Oh, sorry.”

She put out a quick hand to stop me from walking away. “No, I’ve never been asked for my phone number before.” She glanced surreptitiously around. “At least at the research desk.” Grabbing a pen she scribbled her name and number on top of one of the help slips they handed out to lost patrons. “Call me.”

Getting Elle’s number was surprisingly easy. I was shot down in short order by Carrie at the grocery store, Terri who worked the reception desk at my office,

Dominique at the coffee bar, some nameless woman who just stared at me when I approached her in the mall, but Marissa at Madeline's Coffee Bar thought about it for a moment before telling me she was seeing someone else right now. "But if I wasn't..." she said looking me up and down after I put my coffee on her table, "well, maybe I'd say yes. It's still nice to be asked."

I managed to get one more from Aurora, a visiting rep at the office, but I didn't think she was serious. I got regular rejections at the hotel bar, which I learned was a decent place for picking up women interested in a one-night stand, but not a relationship. Still, I had amassed an impressive two numbers in two weeks, which was two more numbers and near-relationships than I'd been in for over two years. When I called Katherine to tell her of my success she instantly told me to call Elle and invite her out.

"Why her?" I asked. "Why not Aurora? She's actually more attractive and has bigger breasts."

"Librarians are inherently kinky. Take her out, get her in bed, show her that you're both a gentleman and cocksman and there won't be anything she won't say no to."

This put me and Elle out at the open mike night where second-rate comedians tried their all at our local megabookstore's small performance stage. ("You got to bookstores?" I asked her incredulously. "Sometimes a girl needs to buy a book, not just borrow one," she explained.) We laughed at giggled, mostly at the comedians efforts rather than their material, but it was an enjoyable evening. When the performances were over I walked her outside to her car. We were holding hands and I didn't want to let go as we stood next to her open door. "I don't want this date to be over," I told her. I went with sweet and gooey over strange and creepy on Katherine's advice.

"Neither do I," she said refusing to let go of my hand.

I didn't know what else to say so I blurted out, "Well, we could go back to my place and have sex."

Elle's eyes opened slightly and a smile burst onto her face. "That sounds good."

Being naturally awkward and as smooth as shattered glass, I stood there a moment not knowing what to do. “It does?” I managed to stammer out.

“Yes,” she said with great confidence. “If you didn’t think so, why did you ask me?”

I didn’t have an answer to that, so instead we made plans for her to follow me back to my place. Once at my house we went inside and I froze up again, which was okay because Elle practically attacked me. We fell onto the couch and she was tugging at my clothes and pulling hers off at the same time. “Hell it’s been a long time since I’ve been laid,” she hissed in my ear.

“You? But you’re so beautiful you must get asked out all the time.” Lane, I know.

She laughed a little and pulled back from kissing my neck. “Guys don’t make passes at girls who wear glasses,” she said pulling hers from her face. I had barely noticed the wire and lenses that were normally perched on her nose, to me they were just part of her face. Since I also wore glasses, it was my default setting in understanding how people look and see. “Haven’t you heard that before?”

I nodded. “But I don’t think it’s true.”

“It’s more true than you realize...at least I’ll get some lines, but then when guys realize I’m not just some dummy, that I have a brain, I often get quickly forgotten.”

“Oh.”

“Where’s your bed?” she asked. She was half on top of me and half on the couch. Her thigh was pressed up against my crotch which was half-enjoyable and half-uncomfortable. “I need some fucking.”

“Up the stairs,” I told her. In a flash she was off me and leading the way. Her shirt was left behind on the living room floor along with her shoes. My shirt was opened and my pants were straining against my erection. Upstairs our clothes came off quickly and we were in my bed rolling around naked before I fully evaluated what we were doing. We should have slowed down a bit, but I was distracted by three very important things. First, Elle was naked and beautiful

Two, she had surprisingly large tits that she kept hidden beneath her modest clothing. I got on top of her and kissed my way down from her face to her tits where I paused and sucked a bit more than I should have.

“Ooh, that feels good, baby, but keep going down.” She shifted her weight and opened up her legs a bit more. I knew what she wanted and didn’t mind eating pussy at all, but I preferred her tits. Still, I didn’t want to disappoint. I continued my way down her body, briefly pausing at her belly button and then onward to her pussy.

She kept her pubes trimmed back to a very short length and shaped to a neat triangle. Her pussy hair was just a shade darker than what was on her head. On her back with her legs spread, she was a sight of beauty. Her labia was puffy and slightly opened. Her scent was strong and musky; it was easy to smell her desire. I dived in. She wasn’t that wet but immediately responded to my attentions. Elle loved to have her pussy eaten. I hadn’t been between her thighs for more than two minutes when suddenly she clamped them around my head and all but screamed with ecstasy. Her body shook as her orgasm took control of her body.

“Fuck! You know how to eat pussy,” she complimented me when she was done. “Now get up here and fuck me.”

Following orders I slid up her body and pushed my hard cock into her well-prepared pussy. I fitted into her nicely, sliding all the way in as she cooed with contentment at being filled with my hard flesh. “Oh, that’s nice, that’s good,” she whispered half to me half to herself.

“Do I need to worry about—” I started to ask her.

“Don’t worry about anything,” she whispered in my ear. “Just fuck me and cum inside me.”

So I did. It was hard and fast with no technique but lots of enthusiasm. As I came insider her pussy I tried not to think about her getting pregnant; I tried not to think about any STIs we might be exchanging; I tried not to think about how good it felt in comparison to fucking my ex-wife even though I sure my memory was faulty.

When I was done and I laid on top of her she ran her hands up and down my back, lightly caressing my ass every time she moved her arms. I tried to hold my



weight up off her as much as possible, but I knew I couldn't do it very long. It didn't matter because my cock quickly withered and started to slip out of her pussy. "Do you like cream pies?" she asked me quietly.

"What?" Why was she talking about dessert now?

"I love it when guys go down on me after they come in me," she said. "It's extra naughty."

"Um...no," I said trying to think of a tactful way of turning her down. "I've never done that."

"Care to try it? Never know what you might like..."

"Wow. Uh. Not tonight. Maybe some other time."

She laughed at me. "That's okay. It's not every guy's thing. Maybe I can change your mind later on."

"Maybe," I said doubtfully. I rolled off her and laid on my side. "But do you mind if I kiss your breasts?"

She rested her fingertips lightly on her breastbone. "My, such formal and polite language for a tawdry encounter."

I grinned. "Can I suck on your tits?" I asked, amending my first request.

"Sure," she happily agreed. I wiggled down her body and pulled her tit into my mouth. I closed my eyes but I could feel her watching me. I sucked on her nipple, playing with it, rolling it between my lips and tongue, I even lightly bit it. With one hand I reached across her body and lightly held her other nipple, squeezing it ever so lightly, just to remind her that I wasn't done with her breasts until I had had both. She didn't seem to mind my play at all. "And all guys love boobs," she said after a while.

"Am I hurting you?" I asked.

"No. Just watching. And commenting. It feels nice. I learned pretty quick in high school not to flaunt the size of your breasts unless you want unwanted attention. Do you like big boobs?"

“Uh-huh,” I mumbled into her breast.

“Typical,” she teased.

I rolled over her body, releasing her first breast, leaving it wet, red, and erect, and got on the other side of her body, taking up her other nipple. Elle actually raised up her torso a bit to offer her breast to me. That was a good sign.

As good as the play was, it wasn't perfect. Though her breasts were large and full, they weren't full of milk. They stood up proudly and her nipples responded to my touch and my lips, but they didn't offer up the liquid ambrosia that I craved. But she did spend the night and we fucked again in the morning. She didn't mind in the least that I played with her breasts the entire time.

“I'm glad you finally got laid from someone you weren't paying,” Katherine said to me as I nursed from her full breasts. It had been far too long to go without fresh milk. I knew it was bad to keep going back to Katherine, but she was the only woman that was offering me her breast milk...for a price.

I nodded at her, refusing to let her breast slip from my mouth. Her breasts were smaller than I remembered. It had been almost a two weeks since I had seen her, paid for her milk, and they were definitely smaller. She admitted as much. Her supply was drying up and soon there would be none at all. She wasn't going to keep it up for me because she promised me that there would only be two more months of service from her. I was facing a deadline that I wasn't going to meet.

“Still haven't found a girl with active tits though, huh?”

“No,” I mumbled into her breast.

“How many times have you gone out with is Elle?”

I held up five fingers.

“And how many times have you gotten her into bed?”

To be honest, Elle had gotten me into bed as much as I had seduced her, but I wasn't going to split hairs with Katherine. I held up five fingers again.

“You need to tell her the next time you see her that you’ve been grooming her to get her tits lactating for your pleasure. You need to tell her that you want to use her.”

That was enough to make me pull back from her breast. “What? That’ll drive her away!”

Katherine shrugged and pulled up the flap on her now dry breast and offered me her other one. “Maybe.Maybe not. But look at it this way: tell her now and maybe she’ll dump you. But then you won’t be wasting time with someone who doesn’t enjoy the same things as you. Let her figure out what you’re doing six months from now and she’ll resent what you’ve been doing to her and you’ll have wasted more time. But if you reveal your big secret now maybe she’ll go along with it...or at least you won’t have wasted your time.”

I followed her logic, but it was hard to face that kind of harsh reality.

“And if she is into it...” Katherine let her words trails off.

“Now I understand why so many men go to prostitutes,” I told her. “You’re more honest and helpful than psychologists.”

I sat Elle down at the kitchen table before we went out on our planned date.

“Okay, what do need to tell me?” I was able to sense that she was nervous about our little meeting. Maybe she thought I was going to dump her? That was hardly likely considering that I was so incompetent with relationships.

“This is hard for me to say, so I’m just going to do it and if you want to walk out and never see me again, I understand.”

I noticed her hands trembling a bit as she rested them on the table. She nodded and didn’t say anything. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath.

“I want to keep dating you, but we can’t do that unless you’re willing to induce your breasts to lactate.” I had practiced that short speech a hundred times. There was no way for it to sound smooth, suave, subtle, or seductive. I waited a moment expecting to hear her get up and walk out. There was silence. I opened my eyes. She was just staring at me.

“That’s an odd request,” she said softly.

“So’s asking me to eat a cream pie on our first date,” I said a little too quickly.

*“Touché,” she riposted.*

“Are you going to leave now?” I asked her.

“I’m considering it,” she said. Then shook her head and corrected herself. “I mean I’m considering your request; I’m not considering leaving. Not yet.”

“Oh.”

“Can I make a counteroffer?”

I shrugged. I had nothing to lose. I was still positive she was toying with me and was ready to walk out the door.

“It’s a weird kink. I’ll give you that. But I’m willing to try it. If you’re willing to go to swingers parties with me.”

My brain stopped working. “What?”

“I like having sex with groups. Large groups. Orgies. If you want to continue to date me, you have to let me go to my group parties. Or come with me.” She smiled. “And cum with me.”

“Oh.” My brain still wasn’t working.

“I should be honest with you,” she said looking away from me and staring at the wall. “While we’ve been dating I’ve gone to some group parties. I’ve had sex with other men and women without telling you. I figured it was okay since we hadn’t agreed to be exclusive.”

“Right,” I said, not really understanding what I was saying.

“So, I suppose you asking me to try lactation as a kink for you isn’t outrageous,” she said. “I just don’t know if anyone else would want that. It’s strange.”

“Not like group sex with anonymous strangers?” I asked.

“Oh, it’s not anonymous,” she said. “I know most of them pretty well. I’m popular at the parties. Single women are a rarity in the swinger scene.”

“Right.”

There was a long awkward pause between us. “So...do you want to give it a go?” she asked me.

“What?” I asked. I had already forgotten where the conversation had gone.

She sighed and inclined her head back and forth as she went through her points. “Do you want to go to swingers parties with me? If you’d like to, I’m willing to try the whole lactation thing that you seem to be into. But,” she held up a finger, “I think we need to make our dating exclusive at this point. Otherwise we should go our separate ways.”

I nodded and tried to think. My brain still didn’t work but I managed to come out with, “You had sex with women at these parties?”

“Yes,” Elle said in a small voice.

“And men?”

“Yes.”

“Um...can I have sex with other women at these parties?”

“Yes.” Her voice brightened slightly.

“And...do I have to have sex with the men?”

“That’s optional.”

And so we started on a regimen of homeopathic drugs and nipple stimulation designed to get Elle’s breasts working the way I wanted them to. I was surprised she was willing to go along with my plan.

“What if we break up?”

“Then I’ll stop,” she told me. “It’s not like I’m getting a tattoo that says ‘William’ inside a heart.”

“Right.”

And we started planning our first outing to a swinger’s group. Elle knew a lot of couples into that particular lifestyle and she spent some times making inquiries into where we should go first. Though it was certainly the fantasy of many men, the thought of actual group sex made me nervous. It didn’t seem to bother Elle of course because it was her kink. I didn’t know which god to thank for dropping her into my life and her willingness to go happily along with my insanity.

“They’re getting bigger,” she told me one night after we had finished fucking. I was lazily rubbing her nipples, just feeling them under my palms. Before we had fucked I had sucked on her breasts for a good long time. I wasn’t sure if she was lying to me or not, but she always said my sucking relaxed her and turned her on as well. Why she would be lying to me I couldn’t figure out, but that is how my brain worked. I had no self-confidence and a terrible self-image.

“They are?” I asked. I peered down at her rack and tried to properly evaluate them as Elle laid on her back. “I can’t see any difference.”

“They feel heavier and my bras feel tighter. You’re making them grow.”

“You’re just saying that to make me feel good.”

She laughed at me. “You really need to get a more positive outlook on life. Not everyone is going to abuse you like in high school. Not everyone is going to look down on you or leave you just because you aren’t living up to their standards.” I had told Elle about my ex-wife and her quick marriage to a guy I just referred to as the wanker. He probably never had to wank off once in his life. He probably had cheerleaders giving him blowjobs in junior high.

“I’ll try.”

“Once you have a room of women to choose from who’ll happily have sex with you, I’m sure things will change.”

“Right,” I agreed.

It takes a long time to get a woman's breasts to start lactating. I was more than willing to put in the time necessary with Elle. I knew what I was getting into. But she had needs as great as mine and that is why we wound up at one of her orgies before I had harvested a single drop of milk from her breasts.

"I think this is a bad idea," I said as we walked up to the front porch of the upper middle class suburban house. It was a nice neighborhood where the streets curved around so you didn't have to see more than one of your neighbors at a time. There were plenty of nice cars in the driveway and on the street. Obviously there was a party going on inside; I doubted anyone in the surrounding homes had any idea exactly what type of party it was.

"You can't chicken out now," Elle told me. She had a firm grip on my hand and refused to let go. "I told everyone I was bringing a date and you aren't going to embarrass me now." She was nicely dressed in a silk blouse, black skirt, and high heels but nothing too fancy. Elle had made me change three times before she deemed my clothing acceptable for the party. "Aren't we going to wind up naked anyway?" I asked in protest after we had inspected nearly every item in my closet.

"But you want to make a good first impression."

"I'm terrible at parties."

"Just stick with me and everything will be fine."

And so I did. She rang the bell, we were let in, and I refused to let go of her hand. I was scared out of my mind. We were invited inside by a woman who was undoubtedly the epitome of middle America wife of a successful accountant. She was pretty, but not strikingly beautiful. She was fully clothed and the party seemed like any generic cocktail or dinner party. Everyone knew Elle. That made me nervous. Everyone greeted me warmly with a minimal amount of joking and leers or suggestive comments. Those were probably all in my mind. I was offered a drink and we were shown to the buffet table. I forgot everyone's names almost immediately. We were there for half an hour and I started to get bored. The conversation was generic focusing on weather, local politics, and someone's sports obsession. The people were nice enough, but there was the complete absence of sex and sexual tension. I expected an orgy to have sex and

nudity. None of that had made an appearance.

I started to think that Elle had put me on and this was just a party of acquaintances and Elle wanted to see how I did under pressure with her friends. That made me relax a bit. I didn't need to do anything other than pretend to be uncomfortable at a party; that I could easily do. Then I noticed the number of those in attendance had decreased and I hadn't witnessed anyone leaving. Then I saw a couple sneaking upstairs; that was understandable at any party. But I remember that when they had been introduced to me, they were with different partners, different spouses.

Maybe Elle wasn't putting me on.

"Are you ready to go downstairs for the big show?" she asked me.

"What show?"

Elle tilted her head to the side and gave me a goofy grin. "We didn't come here for mediocre wine and so-so hors d'oeuvres, Will. I picked tonight because of what's going on downstairs."

"What's going on downstairs?" I asked stupidly.

"That's where the orgy is," she told with a barely concealed sigh. "Why do you think we're here? Upstairs is the cocktail party, downstairs is the orgy."

"Right," I said. "But you didn't tell me that."

She grinned at me. "I don't tell you everything."

A few of the couples and groups around us were giving us knowing smiles as we headed down to the basement. The stairs were narrow and poorly lit and when we hit the bottom the room was obviously originally meant to be a rec room for the kids who had probably moved out years ago. The ceiling was low, the lighting was purposely dim, the room was crowded with too many bodies, but this time most of them were either half-undressed or completely nude. No one was having sex as far as I could see, everyone was watching the woman at the far end of the room.

She was seated and topless; her pants were still on. Two nude men were kneeling



in front on her, their backs to the crowd while she stared out at everyone else. For a moment I wasn't sure what they were doing, then it dawned upon me they were kissing her breasts. Then I realized they weren't just kissing her breasts. They were sucking. They were feeding from her.

I stood there shocked. Elle pressed closer to me. The entire crowd was watching this intimate moment. Then the two men pulled off her tits and a man standing next to the woman made an announcement. "I need another couple to feast on AnneMarie's breasts. Who wants to volunteer?" Immediately hands shot up and accompanied by catcalls and shouted pieces of advice. "Nudes only, please," he added. More people stripped down. Elle nudged me.

"Don't you want to volunteer?" she said softly in my ear.

"No. Yes. I don't know." Once again I wasn't able to keep up with events around me. Two volunteers had already approached the throne-like chair that was set on a small dais. This time it was a man and a woman, both middle-aged, but in rather good shape; her buttocks stood firm and well-defined as she knelt down in front of AnneMarie. With no hesitation at all the couple took up AnneMarie's breasts and started nursing happily.

"We should strip," Elle said to me, "so we can be next up. They want couples, pairs." She started unbuttoning her shirt. I didn't move.

"I know her," I said softly. I recognized her face. I recognized the shape and size of her breasts. I recognized the ring through her left nipple.

"What?"

"I know her," I repeated. "AnneMarie. I slept with her once. She was lactating then too."

"When?" Elle asked. I glanced at her. She had removed her blouse and pants and was awkwardly reaching behind her back to unhook her bra.

"Almost a year ago, I guess."

"She was brought in special for this party," Elle explained. "That's why I brought you." She reached over and started unbuttoning my shirt.

“Did you know I had been with her?” I asked. Elle was naked. It seemed so perfectly natural to her. I wanted to put my hands up and keep her from undressing me, but I didn’t. The crowd around us didn’t seem to hear our conversation. They were watching AnneMarie and talking amongst themselves.

“No,” she answered. “I didn’t know anything about her. That’s her husband up there,” she pointed out.

“Oh.” And with that Elle had my pants off. I stood there, anonymous among all the other naked and half-naked bodies. Elle was the most beautiful among all the women, but I couldn’t take my eyes off AnneMarie and the couple feeding on her milk. I wanted to shove my way to the front of the room and take my turn. Unconsciously my cock hardened. Elle’s hand went around it. Her hand was the only thing keeping me from rushing the small stage when the next change of couples was made. I didn’t see where the others had gone.

“You want to do this?” Elle asked me.

“Yes!” There was more confidence in my voice than I had ever heard before.

She led me by the cock toward the front of the room. We had to wait another cycle—this time with a couple that certainly didn’t need any extra snacks or high-fat milk treats—before we got our turn.

Her husband spotted us—most likely his eyes fell on Elle and he wanted a closer look—and brought us up to his wife. AnneMarie was sitting straight and proud in her chair, leaning ever so slightly forward to offer us supplicants her breasts. If she recognized me, she didn’t give anything away. I knelt down next to Elle and with just a touch of encouragement and guidance from her husband we both latched on and were sucking AnneMarie’s milk out of her tits. I had been careful. I positioned myself so that I got her left breast, the one with the ring.

It was every bit of wonderful that I remembered. AnneMarie sighed a bit, enjoying the attention. Her milk was sweet and heavy on my tongue. The ring was a perfect hard contrast to her soft flesh. It was every bit as wonderful as I had remembered, even better the second time I got to feed from her. I briefly glanced over at Elle as she was attached to AnneMarie’s breast. Her eyes were closed she was concentrating on the moment. I knew she was getting every bit of goodness that I was and that made me jealous.

And all too soon it was over. AnneMarie's husband told us we were done, another couple was brought up to replace us. I hadn't gotten more than a minute of milk. My cock was still hard. Stars were shining in Elle's eyes.

"Wow," she said as we stepped away. She grabbed my hand and pressed it to her pussy, forcing my fingers inside. She was sopping wet. My eyes went wide. "I've never done that before," she said. "I can see why you want more."

I nodded. "Uh-huh."

"C'mon," she told me, pulling me by the hand. "I know at least one couple that wants to get down with me tonight."

We went on a wild search through the house for a minute, peering in doors and checking out couples and groups that were having sex. The basement was actually a large L-shaped room. Those who had already fed from AnneMarie were on a large mattress on the floor lost in a tangle of limbs and bodies. There was more sex there than I could contemplate, but neither Elle nor I wanted that right then. She pulled me up to the second floor of the house and started looking in bedrooms.

"If a door is closed it means they want privacy. Open means come on in and join the fun," she explained to me. It didn't take us long to find Elle's friends. It was supposed to be a couple, but there were four on the large bed in the middle of the room. "Hi, Jason. Hi, Donna," Elle said brightly. "I don't know your friends."

"Mike and Carol," Jason answered after he let Carol's breast slip from his mouth. All four were already in the midst of some tangled knot of lovemaking. The women were pretty enough. They were naked and willing, which for my milk-fueled cock was all that I needed right then and there. Soft, pale flesh with wet genitalia peeking out was everywhere. "Are you ready to join us?"

"Goddess yes," Elle said crawling on the bed. "Will might want to start off slow." She looked at me. "Do you just want to watch me have sex or would you like to do something with Donna or Carol?" she asked me.

It was Carol who spoke up first. "He's cute," she announced. "I'd love to give him a blowjob." She hopped off the bed before I could protest and fell to her knees in front of me. Her warm, moist mouth went around my cock and I shuddered with the strangeness of the experience. Elle watched me for a moment

before kneeling on top of Jason's body, guiding his cock into her pussy as she lowered her hips onto him. It was all absurdly non-normal but I had no trouble enjoying it.

I'm somewhat ashamed to admit that Carol's blowjob only lasted three minutes at most before I came in her mouth. She never let go of my cock, swallowing every spurt that I pumped out. As I came she looked up into my eyes and happy took every bit of my semen, as if nothing were untoward. My short stamina I partly blame on her mouth, partly on the situation, partly on the newness of the environment, but mostly because I was watching Elle ride Jason's cock. She relished every moment of their encounter. She was happy when Donna laid down next to Jason and reached up to caress Elle's breasts. I couldn't keep track of what everyone was doing. Carol got back on the bed and Mike mounted her from behind. She barely looked at him, she kept her eyes on me.

"I can help you get it back up again," she said to me. "And when you do, you can have my pussy. Does that sound good to you?"

I nodded. Elle giggled at my predicament. I was leaning against the wall. I desperately wanted to fuck again, but my cock was soft. I envied Mike and Jason for their staying power.

It was Donna who actually pulled me onto the bed, but not for a blowjob. She pushed my head down between her legs where I ate her out. It was strange because I didn't know if she had been recently fucked, fingered, or eaten out by someone else. It didn't matter. I made her cum a couple of times, then she pulled me up on top of her. My cock slid easy into her open cunt. It took me a lot longer to cum the second time. I noticed Elle looking over at me several times while Donna and I fucked. She wasn't jealous I figured out, she was just curious. She was happy to see me enjoying myself. At various points I saw her making love with Mike, Jason, and Carol in all sorts of combinations. I had Donna to myself.

She liked it when I finally came inside her pussy. When we were done and I was breathing heavily next to my recently found lover, Elle came over and kissed me firmly on the lips. "Now do you see why I do this?" she asked me. I could only nod yes.

Elle and I never had sex with each other that night. I was too exhausted. It was fun to watch the three girls play with each other as the men sat ruefully on the

sidelines watching their wives and girlfriends continuing to fuck while they were out of the game.

When we were getting ready to leave, by chance Elle and I ran into AnneMarie and her husband. “So nice to see you again,” she said as she walked out. I wasn’t sure if she was talking to me or Elle. It didn’t matter.

She and I spent the night together as had become our custom. In the morning Elle woke me with one hand on my cock and the other pressing her breast to my mouth. “What’s this all about?” I mumbled into her soft flesh as I began suckling her.

“Last night was incredible,” she told me. “I’ve had sex with women before, of course. I’ve had sex in front of other before. I’ve even been in some ritual sex with other couples...but drinking AnneMarie’s milk it was...I don’t know how to describe it. Incredible. Amazing. Mind-blowing. Fantastic.” She giggled slightly, a sound that was completely foreign coming from her. “I understand you better now.”

I pulled her nipple from my mouth briefly. “How’s that?” She shifted position slightly to more easily stroke my cock. I didn’t need any encouragement this morning. I woke up hard and was ready to fuck but she wasn’t quite there yet.

She continued to stroke me as she considered her answer. “The act of taking milk from a person, to drink her milk, to consume her essence...it’s incredibly intimate, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“It’s incredibly erotic also.”

I just nodded now.

“It’s an aphrodisiac too, I think.”

I nodded more vigorously and played with her nipple in my mouth.

“Fuck me,” she said softly.

Her previous indulgence of my kink quickly disappeared. Elle all but moved into

my house so that it was that much easier to stimulate her breasts. I found her tits in my face every morning when I woke up. Every evening when she and I got home from work her shirk quickly came off and she was forcing her impressive cleavage to my mouth. As we drifted off to sleep every night she insisted I suck on her tits. More than once I went to sleep using her tits as my pillow.

She went so far as to buy a breast pump for the times when we couldn't get together on the schedule we had created. She doubled the dosage of the blessed thistle extract that was supposed to encourage milk production. Slowly steadily there was a change to her body.

"Shit! My boobs are getting bigger but nothing!" She had just fastened a bra around her torso. Her flesh was spilling over the edges of the cups making for unsightly bulges.

"Maybe you could use the next set of hooks on the strap?" I suggested.

Elle glared at me with blazing eyes. "I already did that!" she snapped at me. IN frustration she practically ripped the garment from her body, hunted around the set of drawers I had given her until she found a completely utilitarian sports bra, pulled that on over her tits and stormed out the front door.

During my lunch I left work, went to the store and bought her a set of nursing bras that were designed to expand and grow with "the nursing mother's sensitive and changing bustline." I had to contain my snort of derision as I read the tag. The clerk raised her eyebrows at me when I went to pay. "My wife's been complaining way too much," I explained. "New baby and all."

"I see," she said primly.

I wondered if she spied my lack of a wedding band.

Back at home Elle had calmed down by the end of the day. She laughed when I presented her with the nursing bras. "That's very practical of you," she told me. "But unnecessary, I think."

"Aren't you going to be full of milk all the time soon?" I asked her.

"But I'm not a nursing mother," she pointed out.

“Close enough, though.”

Laughing, she took off her bra and had me suckle her tits. There was just a touch of sweetness to them that night. It took me a little too long to realize what had happened. When I released her nipple from my mouth she was shaken out of the relaxed reverie that normally accompanied my encouraging sucking. “What?” she asked.

In response I just grasped her full breast and squeezed carefully but firmly. It took a few squeezes as she silently watched me work. Then, as if by a miracle, a few dots of white milk appeared on her nipple. I carefully caught them on my finger and brought the moisture up to Elle’s mouth. Happily she opened her lips and licked the richness from me.

## **About the Author**

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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