



Milk for Sale

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
Publishing



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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

I never intended to become a sex worker. Jeez, does anyone? I'm not really sure if I should call myself a sex worker. I'm not really a prostitute; I don't have sex for money...okay I do have sex with people who pay for my time, but only when I want to have sex with them. (And truth be told I often want to have sex with them.) But I get paid for my time, not my pussy.

Yeah, I know that's what all sex workers, including prostitutes say. But my clients ARE paying for my time.

And one other thing.

My milk.

Let me back up.

High school was fine. I made it into community college and struggled to my associate's degree (in only three years, stupid fucking calculus). Along the way I met a guy and intended to get married but I got pregnant instead. Stupid fucking condoms. Marriage was on the horizon and the wonderful guy, father to our daughter, decides the family plan isn't for him and runs away to Arizona. Who the fuck runs to AZ? Old people and losers, I tell you. I get a monthly child support check and not much else. I had to move back in with my parents. That sucked, but Delilah gets plenty of time with Grammy and Pappy.

I landed a shitty job as a telephone rep for an insurance company. Okay, it wasn't that shitty, but I didn't like it. I practically celebrated when our office laid off half the staff, including me, and I got lots of time at home with my daughter living the semi-high life of unemployment benefits. When the deadline for my benefits ending started to loom I still had no job skills and no one was hiring. All I had was a room in my parents' house, my three year old daughter, and big boobs full of milk because Delilah didn't want to stop nursing.

You know that shit line relatives tell you? “You have such a pretty face.” Okay, I was a bit chubby. I still am. I’m not really fat, but I know I should lose some weight. Still, I had a pretty face, right? Maybe I could get work as a specialty model? Unrealistic, but I had to grasp at something.

After desperately searching all the usual employment websites I started combing through the alternative sites, one of which was sponsored by the local alt weekly paper. I didn’t have the skills to be a massage therapist or a tattoo artist or a door to door canvasser for a social activist group. Hidden among these ads were the one for exotic dancers. Strippers. Yeah...no. I couldn’t see me shaking my fat ass on stage even with the special qualifier “Looking for all types of girls. Tall, short, skinny, big, pretty, or not.” I liked how they called “ugly” “or not”. I had big tits and a pretty face, but no confidence, no coordination, and no way were a bunch of disgusting horny men going to see my fat naked ass.

“Looking for women currently lactating for a medical study. Cash payment for your time.” It wasn’t a job but my parents would appreciate any money I brought in, even if it was from a medical study.

I called the number certain it was a come-on.

“Doctor’s office.”

“Umm...I’m calling about the study for lactating women?”

“Are you currently lactating?”

“Yes.”

The woman’s tone was bored and brusque. She definitely worked for a doctor’s office. She sighed, annoyed, and said, “Let me get your information.”

Ten minutes later I was set up with an appointment for Dr. Patterson and a \$250 payment later in the week.

He was a middle-aged guy in a typical office setting. Sort of. Dr. Patterson was a shrink so the interview took place in an office that was pretty much like someone’s living room. He said he had privileges at the medical center. But what

did I know? I had expected an ob-gyn's office, but not in this case.

"I'm doing a study of the psychological effects of breast feeding on women," he explained. That was good enough for me.

He asked a whole series of dull questions about my life, and history, and my pregnancy, and my daughter's nursing habits, all the usual stuff. It took close to two hours, but he was funny and cordial, and even a bit flirtatious which threw me a bit because I could see his wedding band plus the pictures of his family on the table behind his desk. Besides, he was too old for me.

"That's about it," he said concluding the interview and sliding an envelope with \$250 over to me. I immediately opened it and counted all the cash.

"Really?" I was amazed it was that easy. "You don't need to take a sample or run some tests?" I joked.

He smiled beneath his gray moustache. "Not unless you want to," he said.

"Is there another two fifty in it for me?"

Silently Dr. Patterson reached into his desk and pulled out an envelope that was a twin to the first. I could see the bills through the thin paper. I wanted that money.

"I'm always interested in samples," he said.

I raised my hand to my blouse and held it at the top button for a moment, and then I casually open it exposing a bit of cleavage and way too much skin. "Are you serious?"

"Only if you want to," he said neutrally, but his eyes didn't leave my chest.

"For two fifty? I can be serious about that." I undid some more buttons letting him get a view of my bra. I couldn't believe what I was doing. My family would be ashamed.

I didn't care. The money was good for a bit of humiliation.

"I don't have any way to collect your sample," he told me.

“Oh?” My shirt was all the way open now. I reached into my bra and drew out one breast. It was creamy and the nipple was big and red. “Are you sure?” I couldn’t believe what I was doing. I hoped it was worth the money.

Dr. Patterson waved me around his desk. I walked carefully, slowly, and with as much dignity as I could muster with one tit hanging out.

By this point we both knew what was going to happen; I couldn’t believe I was going to do it.

I walked up to him and leaned forward as he did the same. “Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked me, probably to protect himself.

“Yes.”

His lips met my nipple and it was drawn deep into his mouth. I shivered with delight and nervousness. Although my daughter was almost three she hadn’t really finished nursing yet. She and I enjoyed our private time together. And producing milk was something I never had trouble doing.

A couple of strong sucks and I felt milk let down. Dr. Patterson put his hands on my hips and started drinking deeply from me. Being suckled by an adult man is a completely different experience than an infant girl. Instead of being completely an act of nurturing, it was highly sexualized. His eyes were closed so Dr. Patterson didn’t see me look down and spy his obviously erect cock in his pants. He was a true professional though. Except for his hands on my hips, some awkward fumbling as he pulled out my other breast, and his lips on my breast he never touched me.

I wished he would have. It had been far too long since I had last had sex with anyone but myself. By the time I was done nursing him, Dr. Patterson had made my panties wet.

But he was done. “You’d better take your money and leave,” he said. “I have another patient soon.”

I nodded, tucked my tits back where they belonged, scooped up the two envelopes, and left proud of earning \$500 in two hours. On the way out I was certain I heard the sound of his zipper being lowered.

That should have been the end of it. I'd never speak of it again and it would be my secret shame. The next day I received a call from the doctor's office. It was the same bored secretary. "Dr. Patterson wants to know if you want to be part of his extended study."

"Yes."

And so I began returning to Dr. Patterson's on a weekly basis.

"You know I can't afford to give you five hundred dollars every time I see you," he said to me when I walked into his office. "I am doing a study on lactating women...I have a special interest in them."

"Of course," I said. Up until that moment it hadn't occurred to me that he would pay me for the privilege of getting my milk. I thought we were doing it because he wanted to and I wanted to as well. It was only, slightly later on, that I figured out I had something that was in high demand and many were paying good money for it. Breast milk...who'd have known?

"Is a hundred a session enough?"

It was everything I could do not to gasp as the figure. "Yes."

"Good. Shall we begin?"

I thought we were in for some special date so I had worn my lace black bra purchased for my cousin's wedding a year prior. It was sexy and you could clearly see my nipples through it. I was certain it was what he wanted to see me in. "Let's," I said as I opened up my shirt to show off my bra and tits. I was eager this time; I thought I knew what was happening.

He clucked his tongue at me. "Next time, I'd like to unbutton your shirt, if you don't mind?"

"If you want."

"And I'll remove the bra as well."

"Okay."

“And wear something more demure next time. Plain white, please. A nursing bra if you still have one.”

“Right.”

I turned around and moved my hair aside so he could unhook my bra. It fell to the floor and he whirled me around so that his lips could latch on to my nipple. I sighed with relief as my milk started flowing and clasped his head to my breast. We cuddled right there on the edge of his desk as he nursed from me.

It was fucking incredible. I was so turned on that I wanted to drop my panties right there for him and let him fuck me to his heart's content. I didn't care he was married. I didn't care that it was borderline illegal. When you have someone who has a passion for breast milk nursing from you, all rational thoughts leave your head.

It took only fifteen minutes for him to drain every last drop from my breasts. We have moved slightly in those minutes and I purposely pressed my leg against his crotch. When he was done he let go of my breast and wiped his mouth with a handkerchief he produced from his jacket pocket.

“Want me to take care of that for you?” I asked him moving my leg against his hard cock.

“That's not necessary,” he said.

Before he could protest further, I reached down, unzipped his pants, and plunged my hand inside. It took a minute to pull out his manhood, but it was worth the effort. He was so worked up by the mere act of nursing from me that his cock was swollen to unnatural proportions. For a simple head doctor he was hiding a huge cock. I stroked him only a few times before he started cumming. Not wanting to make a mess of his office he managed to catch most of his cum in the handkerchief.

“Thank you,” he said when the handjob was done.

“My pleasure,” I told him and prepared to leave.

“Wait a minute,” he said pulling out another envelope from his desk and quickly sorting through the bills. “This is for your time, of course. Nothing else.”

“Of course,” I agreed. “Same time next week?”

“Yes. Please.”

I walked out of his office with two hundred dollars. I also walked out a sex worker, a prostitute.

I wasn’t ashamed. I was earning good money for a little effort.

Chapter Two

I was making decent money off Dr. Patterson once or twice a week, depending on his mood and his need to suck on my tits. I didn't mind him drinking my milk. It was strange, but it was worth the money. More than once I had to rush to the bathroom to masturbate when he was done with me. I should have asked him to help me out; he would have because I was still giving him a handjob on top of letting him nurse from me. Not always. And he always paid extra when I jerked him off. But he didn't pay me for the actual masturbation. He only paid me for my time. He was always careful to specify that. I didn't mind.

I was a bit upset about my size. I wasn't exactly fat, but I hadn't bothered to lose the baby weight from my pregnancy and I was eating too much to keep up my milk supply for Dr. Patterson. I didn't exactly join a gym to lose weight, but I went into one to see what their initial introductory offer was.

Richard was one of those overly buff guys you see in gyms. He was friendly enough and not an obnoxious asshole.

The initial interview was very revealing. "And why do you want to start an exercise program?"

I patted my slightly bulging tummy. "I need to lose the baby weight."

"Uh-huh. I get that a lot. How old is your baby?"

"Three," I answered with a blush.

"Don't be embarrassed. I've gotten the same answer from women whose kids are in high school."

I tried to laugh. "So I'm not the worst of the bunch then?"

"Not at all. Are you still breastfeeding?"

"What?" I said. It seemed an awfully forward question for a guy signing me up for the gym.

“Don’t mean to be too nosy, but some women, and men, will take all sorts of supplements and pills to help them lose weight, build muscle. If you’re still breastfeeding, then it wouldn’t be harmful to just you, but to your kid as well.” He looked at me expectantly.

“Umm...,” I looked down at my feet. “I still give my daughter a little bit now and then. But I’m mostly done.”

He chuckled. “Okay. Good enough. Are you ready for your first session?”

What followed was a tour of the gym and him instructing me on each piece of equipment. He gave me the low-impact, high results tour. By the time we were done I was sweating profusely. That was actually good because Rick had one hell of a body and seeing him move around and helping me out made my sweat and made my pussy drool. It had been too long since I last had sex. While he didn’t take off his shirt, he was wearing tight shorts and a tight tank top that showed off all the goods.

By the time I made it to the locker room to shower I was glad it was the middle of the day and the place was nearly empty. I had the showers all to myself so I could masturbate in peace. This was becoming a theme in my life, jilling off in the bathroom.

I settled into a routine visiting Dr. Patterson twice a week and the gym twice a week, alternating days otherwise I would have been exhausted.

I should have seen it coming. One day I was in the gym working out and Rick was there in his tight clothes showing off his muscular body. I smiled at him every time he walked by. We chatted a bit and I continued my routine. I had gotten to the point where working out was more a treat for my eyes than a way to lose weight.

In the middle of the session Rick came over and handed me one of the plain white generic towels. I had been glancing at him as he experimented with some weights on a machine. He was showing off his ass and that was all I needed to start the fantasy machine in my head. When he approached me I tried to calm myself down and hoped he didn’t notice my damp panties.

“Here,” he handed me the towel.

“I’ve got one of my own. Thanks.”

“Umm...go ahead and use it. You’re leaking.” He half nodded toward my chest. I glanced down and saw two huge wet spots over my breasts. Shit! It was obvious it wasn’t sweat. It was my milk.

I grabbed the towel and draped it over my neck to hide the spots. When I glanced around the open room I noted there were only two other people working out. I was in luck, I supposed. “I don’t want to stop now,” I told Rick.

“I thought you told me you were done breast feeding.”

He was awfully nosy for someone who was supposed to be an exercise instructor. “I’m mostly done. It doesn’t seem to want to stop.” How much milk had I lost that morning? I was wearing a fairly thick sports bra over my shirt. I felt super-stupid.

Rick’s nod of agreement didn’t help. “I’ve heard some women are that way.”

“What way?” I asked defensively. I was still using the stair climber and only had two minutes left before I was done for the day.

“Once they start lactating they can’t stop.”

“I haven’t figured it all out yet.” I sounded like an idiot.

He stepped closer, almost too close to be safe around the stair climber, and lowered his voice. “Lactating women are very popular with bodybuilders,” he confided in me.

That made me laugh and I fell out of my rhythm. “Really?”

A nod confirmed his statement. “Some guys will pay big bucks for breast milk.”

“What?” Now I stopped and allowed the machine to slow down to nothing.

He nodded again. “It’s seen as a power food. Builds up muscle with very little waste. Better than steroids because it can’t be tested for.”

“That’s ridiculous.”

This time I got a shrug. “That’s the word.”

“And they pay for this?”

“A hundred bucks for an eight ounce bottle.”

“Holy shit.”

“A hundred fifty for fresh.”

“Really.”

Rick glanced at the other men across the gym. “Yup. Just letting you know. In case you’re looking to make a little money on the side.”

I glanced at the other two men working out wondering which one he was talking about. “Do you know anyone in the market?” I asked. It was an innocent question. I wasn’t planning on doing anything with it. Right away at least.

“Yeah.”

“Who?”

“Me.”

My panties became like a lake. It couldn’t be that easy. “So, if you’re getting it fresh...how do you know how much you’re getting?”

Now Rick rolled his shoulders like he was trying to work out to stiff kinks. “The provider is paid for her time. There’s no real way to measure it if you’re getting it, you know, fresh rather than from a measure bottle.”

“One fifty and I’ll give you thirty minutes a day.”

“Deal. Be here tomorrow thirty minutes before we open.”

It took a call to Dr. Patterson to re-arrange our schedule, but I was at the gym door at the appointed time and Rick let me in. I was wearing my usual workout clothes so everything would look normal. We went to the office in the back that had a desk, a table, and a very nice couch.

“Do you mind if I lie down while we do this?” he asked me. “It’s more comfortable that way.”

“Sure.” I casually pulled my sweatshirt over my head letting him get an eyeful of my unsexy sportsbra—or maybe he thought it was sexy, you never know why body builders—and then casually removing it like this was something I did every day rather than once or twice a week. But he didn’t know that. I liked the way my breasts felt free and unrestricted by anything. I primly perched on the edge of the couch and waited for him to join me.

“Tell me if I’m hurting you,” he said as he laid down with his head in my lap. The moment he sucked my nipple into his mouth a nearly melted. He was warm and wet and I lost myself in his mouth. Rick was wearing his customary tight t-shirt with the gym’s logo emblazoned across the front along with his too-tight shorts. Like too many guys who worked out all the time he kept his hair too short. I wanted to run my fingers through it. Instead I concentrated on his crotch, watching his erection grow as he nursed from me.

When I realized his nose was literally inches from my pussy, I knew he had to be smelling my desire. It only took a few minutes of his suckling for my panties to be saturated. I had little to lose at that point, other than some steady cash, and reached out to cup his cock.

I didn’t even bother to rest my hand on his chest or side first. I went right for his manhood. He grunted once into my breast, moved his legs a bit wider apart, and let me stroke him. When he switched to my mother breast I momentarily pulled my hand away, but when he settled in I burrowed my hand under his shorts and tight underwear. It was the first time I had touched a man who didn’t have any pubic hair. After a moment I realized it must be part of the whole bodybuilding culture. Rick didn’t complain at all when I continued to stroke and tease him. I wanted to see his cock spurt. I wanted to see how much extra money I could get out of him.

Unfortunately he drained my milk supply before I could make him cum. “That was fantastic,” he told me. I was unsure if he meant my milk or the casual handjob I gave him. He sat up and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Would you like to cum?” I asked him. It had been too, too long since I had last had sex. Dr. Patterson was nice, but I didn’t see myself having sex with him. He

was more of a handjob sort of guy.

“Um...wow, that’s awful forward,” Rick stammered.

“This from the guy who’s been sucking on my tits and enjoying a handjob from me,” I said as I brought my hips up, hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my yoga pants and panties, and stripped them both off in the same motion, leaving me naked but for my socks. I had earlier kicked off my sneakers. “You sure you don’t want to enjoy a little of this?” I asked, spreading open my legs. I had more pubic hair than he did, but I had shaped mine into a nice neat triangle. I wanted to know what sex with a hairless guy was like. I just wanted sex.

He licked his lips and his eyes glazed over as he stared at my pussy. “Turn around and get on your knees on the couch,” he told me. I did so and felt like a huge slut. I decided to go with the feeling and stuck out my ass a little further than necessary. It took him no time at all to get his clothes off, step behind me, and sink his cock into my soaking wet pussy.

I was in heaven. He grabbed my hips and fucked me hard and fast. I moaned as loud as I wanted, not having to muffle my pleasure like I did in the bathrooms, or my own room at home so my parents wouldn’t hear me jilling off in the middle of the night. His cock was beautiful and filled me perfectly. But I wasn’t going to complain regardless. He wasn’t huge, but that was fine. I didn’t need a monster weapon splitting me in half. I just needed some satisfaction.

In all we couldn’t have fucked longer than five minutes before he came inside me. His hot spunk, and his finger searching out my clit, made me cum as well. It was dirty and wonderful. He collapsed against me and it took all my strength to hold up his body but I loved feeling his hard muscles against my soft skin so I didn’t complain and happily endured the test of my vigor.

He slowly shrank and when his cock slipped out of my pussy I asked him, “Care to join me in the showers?” The gym had separate rooms for both men and women, but I wanted to push that tradition aside for just once this morning.

Rick glanced at the clock. “I have to open in five minutes.”

“Then we’d better be quick.” I walked casually out into the gym and headed for the men’s locker room. I could feel Rick’s cum dripping from my pussy to my rounded thighs. It was delightfully slutty. He padded quickly behind me. The

gym was set up with windows that opened to the sky but not the parking lot. No one would see us. I found the men's communal showers and turned on one showerhead, making Rick join me under the water. He washed me quickly and efficiently. I let him wash himself after stepping out of the water, taking a towel to dry my body, discarding it when I was done, and then wrapping another around my hair.

"I'm going to get my clothes from the office," I told him and walked carefully through the gym, naked, to the office where I pulled my clothes back on. I should have thought ahead and packed an extra pair of panties in my bag, but I hadn't planned on our encounter going this far...or well. Rick joined me a minute later, threw his clothes on, and trotted out to the main entrance to let in the early customers. He ran back into the office, handed me an envelope, and started to run back.

"Want to do this again Thursday morning?" I asked.

He hesitated. I don't know if he couldn't afford my prices or was conflicted about what we had just done. I opened the envelope and found my full fee waiting. "Yes. Thursday morning is good."

Mondays and Wednesdays my breasts belonged to Dr. Patterson. Tuesdays and Thursdays I was available for Rick. The one bad thing about having your milk supply going to feed two different men is the supply actually increases the more they nurse. I wasn't sure how much I was producing with just Delilah occasionally nursing from me, but now I was putting out enough to satisfy the two men even if my daughter had finally decided that nursing was no longer for her.

I went into search mode. I wanted something to round out my weeks on Friday. I needed another client. There were plenty of internet ads from non-nursing mothers looking for breast milk for their children, but that didn't interest me. The pay was too low. It took a while but I finally found one that wasn't too creepy and was fairly close to home so I wouldn't have to drive far to make some additional money.

My parents were a little suspicious of my sudden influx of cash, but they didn't complain because I was now paying my own way. I told them I had a casual job

at the gym where Rick worked and that was good enough for them. Keeping track of the money was the problem. I knew this was borderline illegal, but if I kept everything accounted for I could simply declare myself an entertainer like a kid's birthday clown, and suddenly I had not real tax problems to worry about. I wasn't taking money from Rick or Dr. Patterson for sex. I was taking their money for the time I spent with them. And my breast milk. I was a little fuzzy on that. Selling breast milk wasn't outright illegal, but it was frowned upon... especially the way I sold it.

I liked the honesty of the ad that I found. "Retired gentleman looking for fresh human breast milk. Willing to pay good money. Must be FRESH. I'm open minded and will not judge you. Not a creep."

The fact that he specified he wasn't a creep was the part that got me. I had to at least email him.

Phil was a nice old man. "Phillip Lincoln. Captain. Retired. U.S. Army." That's how he always introduced himself. When I met him in person I wasn't sure what to expect. He was over sixty, that's all he'd ever say, and looked like he had once been in excellent physical shape, but now was deteriorating quickly.

"Would you believe I'm only sixty three years old?" were the second set of words he spoke to me. After his customary, "Phillip Lincoln. Captain. Retired. U.S. Army." He loved to say that.

"Um..." I said not wanting to be obnoxious either way.

He waved his hand at me and beckoned me inside his house. It was a nice place in the middle of bland suburbia full of nice furniture and was far too neat and clean for a man living by himself. "Don't answer that. Have a seat." He waved his hand at the soft in the living room and sat down heavily himself. It was only upon sitting that I noticed he was using a cane to get around.

"So...you're the girl selling breast milk." He stared at me under his white hair. If not for the cane and the white hair he could easily have passed for forty. Phillip had incredible piercing blue eyes. They were dreamy to say the least.

"Yes sir." I suddenly became aware of the various awards sitting on his mantle and hanging on the walls.

“You don’t mind doing this?” he asked. “It’s not something most young women want to do.”

“I need the money,” I explained.

He nodded. “Heard that. “You been doing this long?”

“Only a few months...but I enjoy it.”

That caused him to laugh. “I suppose you should enjoy your work. Have you been selling to anyone near as old or creepy as me?”

“I don’t think you’re creepy, sir,” I said far too quickly.

He glared at me. “Really. But I’m old, am I?”

“Older than my other...um...customers.”

“That creep you out.”

“No sir.” I hadn’t given it much thought. I was getting plenty of sexual relief from Rick so I saw Phillip as merely another source of money.

“Stop calling me sir. Don’t like women doing that. Call me Phillip.”

“Okay, Phillip.”

He grunted. “I suppose you want to know why I’m doing this.”

I shook my head. “No. You have your reasons, but I’m here just to provide a service.”

“Aren’t you the least bit curious?”

After a moment’s pause I gave him my prepared answer. “I suppose you just enjoy it and are willing to pay for it. Human breast milk is in short supply.”

He grunted again before giving his answer. “I’m dying of cancer.”

“I don’t think breast milk will cure that.”

That earned me a nod. “Nope. It won’t. But it’s hard for me to eat anything, keep anything down. Damn doctors want me to drink that disgusting enteral formula. Baby food. The great thing about the internet is it gives you all sorts of options. One of the best options if you check out all the alternative medical websites is human breast milk.” He huffed at me. “I suppose if I’m forced to eat baby food, I might as well get it from a pretty girl.” He sized me up. “You’ve got a pretty face, a little chunky, but I like that, nice curves on you. You’re quite the tomato. Don’t like skinny girls. You’ve got big tits too. I like that.”

I smiled at him. “Would you like to see them?” I offered. Despite myself I liked Phillip. I could tell he wasn’t the kind of man to put up with any shit.

“Yes, but don’t be stupid girl. We need to negotiate a price first.”

“Fifty dollars for half an hour and all the milk you can drink,” I told him. Yes, it was less than I charged Rick and Dr. Patterson, but I found Phillip funny and I genuinely liked him.

My response earned another glare. “Bullshit. I’ve looked around. The going rate for anyone offering what I want is a hundred a session. Older men like me...sometimes it takes me an hour to get all the goodness you’re offering. I’m not dead yet. Shouldn’t take me that long.”

“If you say so,” I agreed.

“Don’t be so eager to please,” he told me. “You need the money, charge an honest fee.” Phillip reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out an envelope. I stood up and took it from him, quickly flipping it open to check the contents. Five twenties.

“Thank you,” I said. “How would you like to do this?”

Now he leered at me. “Reminds me of my time back in the army. We’d go out and hire girls...” He shook his head. “Never mind. Didn’t mean to insult you. I’ve got precious little pleasure left in life. Annoying kids who can’t wait for their inheritance. I’d rather give it to a pretty girl who shows me her tits.” He grinned again. Take off your shirt and show me your tits,” he said.

Grinning the entire time I unbuttoned my blouse to reveal a mostly demure white bra that showed off my abundant cleavage. He leered at what I was showing off

and waited eagerly.

Twisting my hand around my back I unhooked the back strap and let the cups fall from my boobs, but I held my palms over my nipples, hiding what he wanted to see. I'd been reading up on the art of stripping and teasing.

"Why don't you join me on the couch?" I asked him and sat back down, not moving my hands from what they were covering.

It took him a minute to struggle out of the chair and make it over to the couch. When he was halfway over I dropped my hands and picked up a pillow from next to the couch's arm. The sudden revelation of my nipples made him stumble and he almost fell to the couch.

"You shouldn't do that to an old man," he told me. I placed the pillow on my lap and helped him get into position. I was an old hand at this now. Phillip was well-shaven and I could smell his aftershave.

Although he claimed to be weak, the moment his lips touched my nipple he sucked it in stronger than any of my other clients. His sucking was so insistent that my milk let down immediately filling his mouth. I could hear him swallowing and his throat working.

I closed my eyes and concentrated on what he was doing to me. Always before I managed to keep myself fairly quiet with my other clients, but there was no reason to be quiet now. We were perfectly alone and I was going to enjoy myself. I moaned and sighed as the moment took me. I wasn't sure how long we went before he stopped and spoke to me.

"Enjoying this much, are you?"

"Uh-huh." My panties were a wet mess between my legs. "And you?"

"You're sweet," he said. I wasn't sure if he meant my performance or my milk. He went back to my tits, now sucking on the other one. I moved ever so slightly to adjust to the correct position and in the process checked out his crotch. I wasn't positive but I was pretty sure he had an erection. How rare was that in a man of his age and in his condition?

I put my head back and relaxed, letting him remove my milk and glory in the

sensations he caused to surge through my body. After only a few minutes I couldn't help myself. I reached out and gently cupped my hand over his cock. He definitely had an erection. Phillip pulled his mouth off my tit and looked up at me.

"You don't have to do that, honey."

I put my hand to the back of his head and brought him forward again, this time to my other breast. With a silent shrug he wrapped his lips around my full nipple and started nursing again. With every suck I could feel a little surge run through my body and I started rubbing his cock. It wasn't much and I didn't do it very firmly, but I could tell he enjoyed it as much—probably more—than what he was getting from my tits.

When he was finally done and released my breast, he looked up at me curiously. "You don't have to do that, sweetheart. That wasn't part of the deal."

"I like giving people pleasure," I told him. "Do you want me to stop?"

"No. But I'm pretty sure I'd be a complete disappointment to you if you take this any further."

"Would you like to have sex with me, Phillip?"

It took a bit of struggling, but he got off the couch and beckoned me to follow him through the house. We wound through the rooms eventually ending up in what must have been a den or family room in previous years, but had recently been converted to a bedroom. There was some medical equipment by the side of the bed. I tried not to look at that. "It's been too long for me, honey," he said lying down on the bed.

"Just leave everything to me." I couldn't believe what I was doing. I liked breastfeeding Phillip but it was hardly my nature to start fucking people I hardly knew. The again I had recently started giving handjobs to Dr. Patterson and Rick the bodybuilder was little more than a casual acquaintance. I chalked it up to the mood breastfeeding put me in. I went with my mood and stripped off my pants, posed for Phillip for a moment in my green silky panties, then pulled them off too. His hand was in his pants, pulling at his cock.

"Let me help you," I said and with his assistance we soon got him out of his

pants and shirt. He wasn't in the best of shape, but if you spend five minutes at the beach it's easier to see a hundred other people in worse shape than Phillip. His chest hair was sparse and gray which was fine because it matched the nest of hair around his cock. He had lost some of his erection and he wasn't at full staff, so I bent over and wrapped my lips around his cockhead and sucked the life back into him.

"You know what you're doing, don't you, baby?"

I didn't answer. It took a little work to get him where I wanted him. Once he was fully engaged I hopped on the bed with him, straddled his hips between my thighs, and lowered my wet pussy to engulf his cock. He filled me nicely and I slowly started humping him.

"If I die this way, it'll be the best way to go," he grunted as he grasped my thighs and watched my tits slowly bounce.

"Should I tell your family how you went?" I giggled at him.

"Hell no," he barked. "Those fuckers can wonder why I died with a hard dick."

He didn't much longer before he came inside me. I wasn't anywhere near my peak but I pretended not to be disappointed.

"Sorry, sweetie, but I told you it's been too long."

"It's better that you cum before you completely exhausted yourself," I told him.

"Ungentlemanly not giving a lady an orgasm first," he grumbled.

I laughed. "I'm hardly a lady."

"You are in my book." His cock was quickly shrinking inside me. I was disappointed but I needed to cum in my state of heightened arousal.

"Do you mind if I jill off?" I asked him, putting my hand between my legs and teasing my clit a little.

"Is that what the kids call it these days? Sure. Why the fuck not. Pardon my French."

I locked eyes with him and started playing with myself in earnest. I couldn't keep eye contact very long. When I cum I need to close my eyes, but I was certain he took in all of the show I was giving him.

When I came I gushed out a little bit of girl cum and most of his spunk. That was okay. He was delighted with the results. I could tell because when I was done he told me to get his wallet and he rewarded me with another fifty dollars.

"You don't have to do that," I told him, but I accepted the money anyway.

"Like hell I don't," he said. "I'd rather give it to you than to my damn kids who come over and start an argument because I'm not dying quickly enough. You've made an old dying man happy today. I'll gladly pay twice what you're charging for a second round." He leered at me.

I side stepped his invitation. "I don't think you'll be able to perform again today," I told him, looking at his limp cock. "Besides, my tits are empty. But I can come back again sometime if you want."

"Every week until the day I die," he insisted.

"You're not going to die any time soon," I said. "You look healthier than most people walking around downtown."

"Heh. Honey, I've got leukemia and a bum knee and arthritis in my back. This country has gone to shit if that's the truth."

"You have leukemia?"

"It sucks. Better than throat cancer. That's what took my wife. We've all got to go some time and if you can make me die in bed sucking on your tits or with my cock in you, I'll be thrilled at the way I arrive in Heaven."

"I doubt that will happen."

"It's happened before. Not to me, of course. But I've heard tales."

And that's how I had Phillip sign on as a regular client. Out of all my clients I liked him the best. If not for his leukemia and age, I could easily have fallen in love with him and married him, but neither of us was looking for that type of

relationship.

Chapter Three

Between Phillip, Dr. Patterson, and Rick the bodybuilder I had built up a little bit of a clientele and was making steady money. It wasn't great money, but it was money nevertheless. I was pleased with myself. Most days I had a client to service, that took about two hours, then I had plenty of time for myself and to take care of Delilah. I was considering looking for a fourth when she fell into my lap. Not literally, of course. Although she did wind up in my lap. And I was completely surprised to have a woman as a breastfeeding client, but there was no reason to refuse her, especially considering the position she found me in. I wasn't sure if I would like having a female client, but in the end, everything about it was wonderful.

"Goddamnit, Rick! On the fucking company couch!"

I was riding Rick's cock while kneeling on his lap. We were on, of course, the couch in the gym's office. It was our usual early morning rendezvous and he was sucking on my tits, drinking my milk, as we both took a little too much time enjoying ourselves. Our relationship and progressed (or deteriorated depending on your point of view) to sex and breastfeeding at the same time. Sometimes we mixed up the order, but I had resigned myself to being a milk supply for hire. The fact that I had sex when I supplied my clients was just a bonus for them.

And me.

My immediate response to being caught was to run and hide. That wasn't practical at the moment so I pulled my boob from Rick's mouth and covered them the best I could. It was hard not to hide. I turned around and looked for the female voice that had caught us in the act.

"And with a chubby, no less," she continued. "You have no self-control, do you?"

"Raeanne, I can explain," Rick began and pushed me, gently but most-assuredly firmly, from his lap and onto the couch. I didn't mind. Occasionally it was nice to be manhandled by a strong man. He stood up and approached our interloper.

It's hard for a man to look dignified while naked and sporting an erect cock wet with our combined juices. Rick tried. I thought he looked kind of hot, but my brain was slightly addled by too much fucking and tit-sucking without an orgasm.

I did manage to keep enough presence of mind to shrink into as small a ball as possible on the corner of the couch and let Rick deal with the problem.

"Oh, I bet you can you slut."

It was now that I got a good look at the other woman. Combined with her name it suddenly dawned upon me that she was another employee at the gym. While not exactly a traditional beauty when it came to her face, Raeanne had a stunning athletic body. It was practically perfect. I was jealous. Rick quickly crossed the office and grabbed her arms while she stood there her face contorted with anger.

She was strong enough to break his grasp and slap him across the face. The slap was loud enough to startle me and I considered grabbing my clothes and dashing out of there. Rick said the one thing that saved the situation. Luckily it was the truth. "I'm only using her for her breast milk."

I wasn't sure if I should have been offended or not. I chose not. It was the truth. We had a relationship built on cash and milk, not affection.

His words were enough to give Raeanne pause. "Really?" she asked. "You expect me to believe that?"

Rick gestured at me. "There she is. Go ahead and see if she's lactating or not."

It was fairly early in our session and Rick had only spent a few minutes sucking on one of my tits. I was definitely full on the right side. I wondered if this was included in our bargain or if I should charge him more for a display for his... boss? I didn't know Raeanne's exact relationship with him. Friend? Lifting partner.

I looked at Raeanne and tried my most winning smile. She glared at me then her eyes flicked to my chest. I could feel my milk dripping from my breast. It was a bit embarrassing and I covered up with my hands. I didn't feel all that much more dignified holding my tits as a fully clothed woman looked at me. She stepped around Rick and walked up to me. "You're leaking," she said.

“Sorry,” I mumbled and looked at the floor.

Raeanne turned around and spoke to Rick. “How long have you been getting her milk?”

He shrugged. “A couple of months.”

It was three months but I didn’t bother saying that.

“That explains all the money you’ve been taking out of our accounts.”

“All of those expenses are directly related to health and exercise,” he defended himself.

She looked at me. “The milk...sure, yeah, we’ve talked about that. But the sex? Come on, Rick.”

“Exercise,” he said.

“Ha. Fucking ha ha.” Raeanne wasn’t amused.

“Look, I probably should have said something earlier but...” he trailed off his statement very weakly.

“How often are you milking her?” Raeanne asked as if I weren’t there. I should have protested but I was too scared. I didn’t like the phrase “milking her” like I was a cow or something less than human.

“Twice a week.”

“Getting any results?”

“Most of the pain in my hands is gone. I’ve lost a few pounds. I feel stronger. Might be a placebo effect.”

“I see.” Now Raeanne looked at me for the first time like I was an actual person. “You think you can do more than twice a week, sweetheart?”

“Um...sure. I only have a couple of other clients right now.”

Raeanne shook her head. Maybe she was embarrassed for me. Maybe she

couldn't believe what she had to deal with in her life. "Fine. We split her. We each get her once a week and then alternate the third day of the week, back and forth."

"Hey! Don't I get a say in this?" I protested. I wasn't a possession they could just trade and barter. I was a person offering a valuable commodity. "You can't tell me when and where I have to show up to give you my milk."

Raeanne's angry glare should have disintegrated me in the corner of the couch. I tried to hold firm. "Maybe," she conceded, "but I found you fucking my boyfriend on the couch we both bought when we opened this franchise. You shouldn't be complaining about much right now."

"Oh," I said quietly. So they were partners in ownership of the gym. And they had a romantic relationship. They probably lived together too.

"We'll have to move this little meeting from here to our house," Raeanne continued. "We don't want a surprise inspection from the company."

"Right," Rick agreed.

"Great," I said. "Well, not that's settled, I need to get out of here." I stood up and started grabbing my clothes.

"Hold on there, missy," Raeanne said. "Rick didn't finish with you. Did he?"

I shook my head no.

"Great. I'll start today. Right here. Right now. Rick, you'd better get the place ready to open." Rick nodded and left. I was alone with a female bodybuilder who was intent on emptying my breasts of their milk.

"I didn't bring my pump with me," I told her. "We might have to put this off a day or two."

"Why?" Raeanne asked. "Rick was getting it straight from the cow; I'm getting the same bargain. I'm not paying for second-rate milk that's been sitting out or refrigerated." She was a health nut, of course.

"Um...you want to suck on my breasts to get the milk?" I asked, confused.

“Yeah. Isn’t that how Rick gets it?”

“Yeah,” I lamely agreed. I sat back down on the couch and pulled the pillow Rick used to get his head to the correct height. “Okay, I’m ready.”

She shook her head. “Nope. Not like that.” She pulled a stool from the corner of the office. It was one of those that matched the ones behind the front desk. From behind the desk she rolled out the comfortable Aeron chair and took a seat. Pointing to the stool she indicated where I should sit.

It took a minute to get everything adjusted to the correct height. Raeanne showed no embarrassment at taking my nipple into her mouth and sucking on it. I was nervous so it took a couple of minutes before my milk would fully let down. Once it started flowing, Raeanne’s posture and demeanor changed. I wasn’t able to fully relax, but it felt good to have her lips on my breast. It felt good to have anyone’s lips on my breast.

I sat there stiffly, but once my sweetness entered her mouth and coated her tongue, Raeanne calmed and let my body show her how to suck. Her arms went from gripping my flesh along the ribs to encircle my body and pull me closer. It took only a few minutes to empty the breast Rick had been working on. I indicated it was time to change and Raeanne followed my lead. She had the correct instincts on how to feed from me and we were both enjoying the sudden intimacy between us.

In the middle of her feeding, Raeanne pulled back to look up at me. “I didn’t realize it was so sweet.”

“Yeah. I think it tastes a bit like cantaloupe juice.”

“It changes. It’s not the same flavor as when I started.”

I nodded. “Uh-huh. A full feeding gives different types of milk.” I wanted to explain more, but she went back to the breast and sucked some more.

It didn’t take very long for her to empty me out. I expected her to stop when she realized no more milk was forthcoming, but she didn’t. She latched on to my nipple, keeping it between her teeth, and rasped her tongue across the tip.

I gasped lightly and tried to pull back, but her hand found my other breast and

kept me in place. “You like that?” she asked around my nipple, her teeth still clamped in place.

What reason did I have to lie? “Yeah, that’s nice. You should stop. I’m going to need to cum if you don’t.”

She sucked my nipple in again and then I felt her fingers between my thighs. For a moment I tried to clamp them together, but she was too strong and pushed her way up to my pussy.

“Do you like girls?” she asked me as she stroked the outside of my pussy. She didn’t penetrate me; she was just teasing my labia and clit. But it was enough to get me excited, as if I wasn’t excited enough from her tit sucking.

“I’m not a lesbian,” I said trying to keep my mind of her fingers and my need to be penetrated.

She laughed. “I’m not either. But I like girls. I’m bi. You’ve never been with a woman?”

I shook my head no.

“Do I get the same benefits as Rick when I get your milk?”

I wanted to cum. I needed to cum. I couldn’t tell her no; my body insisted on a need for release.

“Yes,” I breathed.

She pulled her hand away and I gasped at the sudden loss of contact. She grabbed my hand and pulled me back to the couch where she sprawled me, knelt down, and put her face between my legs. Raeanne knew exactly what she was doing. Her lips and tongue were joined by a nimble pair of fingers and in short order I was cumming with a series of embarrassing yelps. She laughed and continued working her fingers into my pussy, extending my orgasm, making me cum longer and harder than I thought possible. Finally my body gave out and I collapsed on the couch, my pussy oozing girl cum down my legs and onto the cushions.

Raeanne stood up and kissed me lightly on the lips. I could taste myself on her

and saw her face slick with my pussy juice. I didn't react. I couldn't react. Then Raeanne stripped off her clothes. Since she was dressed for work she was in an exercise outfit: tight shirt, tight pants, sneakers, the whole deal. Under her shirt she wore a small sports bra. She didn't need a big one; she had small tits. When the bra came off I was dazzled by the tiny bright red nipples that topped her tits. Her belly was flat; I could easily make out her tight abdomen muscles that pairs well with her muscular arms. When she pulled off her pants she showed off equally muscular legs and a pussy completely bare of any hair. In that respect she matched Rick perfectly.

"Come here," she ordered me. I stood up and she kissed me lightly again, spun me around, and then she sat back down on the couch where I had recently been. She opened her legs and displayed her pussy. I knew what a desirable woman's body looked like; it looked exactly like Raeanne's. Even standing up I could see her pussy was wet. It was open. I knew what she wanted from me.

I wasn't the least bit shy about doing it.

When I knelt down between her legs I just put my face up to her cunt, kissed her once on her mons, closed my eyes, extended my tongue, and licked my way down to her clit. She was amazingly smooth, unlike my own pussy. No stubble, nothing. Completely hairless. I decided she must wax or have had serious laser removal at some point in the recent past. It was easy to like how smooth she was. Raeanne's scent, her flavor, wasn't that different from mine: musky tinged with sweat. I was still worked up enough that I had no embarrassment about eating another woman's pussy. It was actually enjoyable.

Was I bi like her?

"Good, good," she whispered to me, putting her strong hand on top of my head and moving my face exactly where she wanted to be licked. I did to her what I liked to have done to me. It was easy. It was also dirty and naughty and that was the best part. I felt like a different person making love to a woman. There wasn't anything wrong with it at all. I was incredibly happy between Raeanne's thighs. And when she came it was with an uncontrolled scream. Her thighs almost crushed my head and her body bucked as she vibrated in pleasure.

"Are you sure you aren't bi?" she asked me when she was done cumming.

I shook my head. "No. I've never been with a woman before."

“For a first timer, you know exactly what you’re doing. Get used to it. We’re going to keep doing it.”

“How many times?”

She laughed and brought my face up to hers to give me a kiss. Then she licked her juices from my cheeks. “As many times as it takes to make up for what Rick did without me.”

Chapter Four

As Dr. Patterson was feeding on me I asked him, “Is it wrong that I get turned on when you nurse from me?”

He stopped with a sigh. This wasn’t part of our usual routine. I was supposed to be quiet while he nursed, then give him a handjob before I left. “It’s not unusual,” he offered. “It’s a normal human reaction.”

“Is it okay that I let others do this besides you?” I asked

He probably wasn’t expecting that question, but he took it in stride after a small double take. “It’s fine. You’re allowed to do with your body as you please.”

“Is it okay if I have sex with my other clients? I liked having sex with them; I just want to know if my behavior is normal. You’re a shrink and all, that’s why I ask.”

The look that flashed on his face told me he was upset that he was just getting jerked off when other’s got to fuck my pussy. “It falls within the realm of human sexual behavior. You’re an outlier, certainly. It’s not common behavior, but it’s not terribly strange. And if you enjoy it and aren’t being coerced, it’s perfectly fine.”

I nodded. “Good. I didn’t want to get the reputation for being a dirty slut.”

He nodded and went back to my breast. Then I asked, “Would you like to fuck me today before I leave, or just the usual handjob?”

This interrupted his rhythm and I could tell, even without a degree in psychiatry, that I was starting to annoy him. “Why are you asking this?” he was starting to sound more like a shrink. I liked that.

“I just thought I’d offer. I have sex with most of my other clients and I find it incredibly relaxing after I’ve been drained. Nursing gets me worked up and then I need to cum. I’ve been going to use the ladies’ room to jill off there when

you're done with me. I thought I'd give you the option of finishing with me so we both get some satisfaction."

"My wife wouldn't approve," was his terse response.

"Oh. I see. And she approves of this," I said, gesturing at my nipple covered with his saliva.

He sighed. "There are a certain amounts of agreements that are set up in any marriage," he told me. "While she might not approve, to use your word, of what you and I currently do, it isn't strictly forbidden in our marriage. Us having sex, traditional straight sex, is forbidden. Trust me on that."

"I could speak to her about it, if you like."

He was getting pissed now. I don't know why I kept teasing him. I couldn't resist. "No, thank you."

"I can include her as well, if you like. I'm bi."

That, strictly speaking, wasn't true. I had had exactly one sexual encounter with Raeanne at that point. But I was looking forward to having more.

"That won't be necessary," he said. "We're a pretty conservative couple."

Except for the need for you to breast feed from a woman half your age, I thought. I didn't say that, of course. I wasn't stupid. Still, it was interesting to see some of the hypocrisy from some people.

I gave him his customary handjob when he was done. I considered giving him an extra tease, maybe getting down on my knees and sucking him off instead, but I decided Dr. Patterson just needed my milk. And someone to jerk him off. That was enough. I'd have to look elsewhere for additional money.

My early mornings with Raeanne and Rick were progressing nicely. They had a nice house not far from the gym. I found it strange they had even more workout equipment in their house considering they owned gym, but that wasn't my business. Whenever I showed up in the morning only one or the other was there, which was fine. I figured the other half of the partnership was opening the gym. The added benefit was that I would feed them in their bed, which was usually

still warm.

Rick would attack my breasts, get on top, and fuck me good and hard. I was helpless to resist anything he did to me. I liked that about sex and breastfeeding with him.

Raeanne was another story. She was always naked when I arrived. Usually she was still in bed; I had a standing invitation to come in the house and join her. After I stripped down to my panties she would nurse from me and we would make love afterwards.

Making love, it was an odd term for the Twenty-first century, but it was the only one that really fit when she and I had sex. We weren't fucking, not really. Though occasionally we would get out her vibrators. There was lots of masturbation and oral sex, but that wasn't really fucking to me.

"Are you sure you're not a lesbian?" she asked after I had gone down on her and made her cum three times one morning.

"Pretty sure."

"Bi?" she asked, hinting hopefully.

I actually blushed. I couldn't believe what I was doing. I kissed the top of her slit where her clit hid and said, "Maybe. I don't think I'm in love with you, but I like making love with you? What does that make me?"

She just laughed and pulled me up her perfect body. I never got an answer, but I did get to kiss and hold her. That was good enough for the moment.

Phillip was another matter entirely. I only visited him once a week. He drained all my milk, but it always took him longer than Rick, Raeanne, or Dr. Patterson. I didn't mind. The entire process with him was enjoyable and he had a sharp, cutting wit that I appreciated, but whenever I took off my clothes and we had sex I was certain I was going to kill him. His heart raced, his face turned bright red, he sweated profusely, and I was certain he was going to have a stroke. Or a heart attack. Or something that would kill him right there and then. I'd be a murderer.

"Don't worry about it, honey," he always told me when he caught his breath after cumming. "If I die this way, I'll die happy."

“I don’t want to kill you.”

“We’re all going to go sometime.”

I couldn’t argue with that. I wasn’t really in love with Phillip—Captain Lincoln — but I had an incredible affection for him. Like the non-blood related uncle that wasn’t creepy but was super cute and friendly to the point of inappropriate. A family reunion party and a few too many drinks and suddenly you’re in bed together. That was me and Captain Lincoln.

I knew something was wrong the moment I drove by his house. Normally I just parked in the driveway but today there were three other cars I didn’t recognize. There was space on the street, but the whole vibe was wrong. I couldn’t just leave without at least putting in an appearance to check on Phillip. The door was answered by a woman I didn’t know but recognized from the one photo Phillip had on his wall of his family. It was his daughter.

“Hi,” I said. “I’m a friend of Phillip. I was just checking on him to make sure everything was okay.”

To her credit, his daughter wasn’t stupid. Nor was she friendly. “You’re that whore,” she spat at me and tried to slap me across the face. I stepped back quickly enough to avoid her hand. She screamed something at me and a man her age appeared at the door. Boyfriend? Husband? Brother? I didn’t know and couldn’t figure it out at the moment.

“Daddy’s dead because of you,” she screamed at me.

Puzzled, I looked at the man next to her. “My father died yesterday. Are you the girl he’s been...um...hiring?”

I didn’t answer his question. “Phillip’s dead?”

He nodded. His eyes were bloodshot. I couldn’t tell if his sister’s were in the same state, but her face was red enough with her screaming and carrying on. “Don’t you fucking dare come to his funeral or I’ll call the cops on you and have you arrested for being a whore!” She slammed the door in my face.

I wasn’t stupid. I could have made a scene, but what right did I have to be there? None. Crying I went back to my car and drove away. I didn’t get very far. I

wanted to go to see someone, anyone who would appreciate how I felt. That wouldn't be anyone in my family. Oddly, the only mental health professional I knew wouldn't give me any of the comfort that I needed. Instead of driving to Dr. Patterson's I went to the gym.

A quick search of the staff only turned up Rick. Raeanne was nowhere in sight. I was crying and he was smart enough to realize I needed some time alone with him. He met me in the office and locked the door behind him. I pulled down my shirt and bra, and then pulled his mouth to my breast. It wasn't exactly what I needed but my breasts were full and I needed some relief. Any human contact was good, and this was very good contact.

I didn't cum from his nursing, but I felt much better when he was done. Rick was smart enough not to ask any questions until I was ready.

"What happened?" he asked as I put my top back on.

"Phillip died," I said with a body-wracking shudder.

He looked at me blankly. "Phillip?"

"One of my other clients."

"Oh. I'm so sorry."

"Thank you."

"Are you going to be okay?"

"Yeah...eventually. Not tonight. I'm going to go home to my kid and cry and she won't know why and I won't be able to tell her why."

"I'm sorry," he said. He wasn't helpful at all. "You have tomorrow morning with Rae," he reminded me.

"I know. Thanks."

I was pissed he told me that I needed to work the next morning. Work never goes away.

Raeanne was waiting for me the next morning. She comforted me in a way only a woman can.

“Do you need someone to replace him?” she asked me when we were done. Rae was a few inches taller than me so when we cuddled after sex she was behind me and always cupped my breasts while holding me against her body.

“What? You can’t just replace a person like that!”

“I meant the money. Rick and I can’t do any more a week than what you are already charging.”

“Oh. Yeah. I’ll probably need to do that sometime soon. Not today.”

“I can probably hook you up with some other athletes who want your milk and are willing to pay.”

“Thanks.” My reply was listless at best.

“You going to be okay the next few days?”

“Yeah. I’ll survive.” I hated that I chose that particular word. Stupid me. “I woke up with a headache this morning.”

“Not surprising.”

“I’m going to go home and go to bed,” I said.

Raeanne nodded in sympathy. “Get some rest, but listen to me. Don’t spend the next week in bed. Come to the gym. Work out. You’ll feel better. Trust me. Physical exercise is the best way to a mental health. I know.”

“You know?” I wasn’t trying to be sarcastic.

“Depression runs in my family. It hit me hard when I was in high school. That’s when I started working out. It made me feel better. I was lucky. I have two cousins who killed themselves over stupid shit.”

“I’m not going to kill myself,” I told her.

“I want to see you tomorrow,” she said to me.

“I’ll come to the gym tomorrow,” I promised.

“Good.”

I followed their instructions, but it didn’t seem to help...much. For the next two weeks I wandered through my life like a zombie. I suppose I could have been a sexy zombie if I felt like it. I didn’t.

By special arrangement I went over to Rick and Raeanne’s house one evening. I was surprised to find both of them at home. It was supposed to be just Rick.

“Do you know how hard it is to find time when the both of us are home and it’s a reasonable hour?” Rae asked me when she invited me inside.

“Uh...no.” Since they were the owners of the gym and the managers, they were working most of the time, usually together, but not always. They had an assistant manager who helped out, but they still probably clocked sixty hours a week at the gym, not including time they actually worked out.

She ignored my lame reply. “Come to the bedroom, Rick is waiting for us.”

“Us?”

“We’re giving you a special treat since you’ve been working out so much and you still don’t seem like yourself.”

They had been avoiding the issue, but I was still in mourning for Phillip. I shouldn’t have been so seriously attached to him, but I was. Two weeks wasn’t enough to pull anyone out of the depression of mourning.

Raeanne was dressed more casually than I had ever seen her before: jeans and a t-shirt that wasn’t sexy tight. No shoes, no socks. I felt out of place wearing my frumpy sweatshirt and sweatpants. I was walking advertisement on how not to get laid. As always Rick looked incredibly good when I walked into the bedroom. He was naked. When he was naked he always looked good. His body was without flaw as far as I could tell. His cock was flaccid but that was sure to change shortly.

My tits started to ache the moment I saw him. I had been giving Rick and Rae extra time nursing because I needed relief from all my milk build up, but it

wasn't often enough even though I told them I wouldn't charge them. I had considered giving Dr. Patterson extra sessions without charge, but decided I didn't like him that much. They had given me the names of a few bodybuilders who wanted to nurse from me, but I hadn't called them yet. I was too depressed to do anything other than go through the motions of life.

"You didn't have to get naked to nurse," I told him as I pulled my sweatshirt over my head. I was wearing just an old bra underneath. I took that off without even thinking about it.

"We're going to have sex, so why delay," he said. That was another slightly sore point. I was still having sex with both Rae and Rick after they nursed, but my heart wasn't really in it. They always came, I made sure they did—I was conscientious that way—but I only did rarely. When I started getting on the bed I noticed that Rae hadn't left the bedroom.

"Are you going to watch?" I asked her, perhaps a bit more harshly than I intended, but she brushed off my slight anger.

"No, I'm going to participate," she said as she pulled off her t-shirt. She wasn't wearing anything underneath it. As always her tits were perfect. I'd lost a few pounds and was a bit slimmer—except for my tits, they just seemed to keep getting bigger—but there was no way I'd ever have the body Rae sported. I was jealous of her, but that jealousy melted away every time her lips touched my body.

I shook my head, not understanding. "No, I agreed to nurse Rick tonight."

Rick spoke up. "Yeah, but Rae wants a taste of you too. Is that a problem? We share everything else."

I didn't feel like arguing. I laid down on the bed and was quickly sandwiched between them. Both latched on to my tits at the same time. That was nice and I sighed. Getting doubled nursed was a new experience. Sure, I'd used the breast pump on both my boobs at the same time before, but this was different. This was human contact and nursing it was so much better.

As always I felt Rick's cock quickly hardening against my thigh as he drank from me. Both of them had hands on me. I enjoyed the contact; it took me away from my dull worries and depression. There was a little battle as the two of them

pushed at each other's hand to slip my sweatpants off. I helped by lifting up my legs and letting them do the real work. Underneath I was wearing a boring pair of plain cotton bikini panties. Dullsville. I wasn't in the mood for sexy.

It was Rae's hand that went inside my panties, skimmed over my now unruly bush of pubic hair, and fingered my slit.

"You're wet," she told me, taking a break from her breast.

"I'm always wet when I get nursed."

She ignored my anger. "Just relax, honey, we're going to make you feel really good tonight."

"Uh-huh."

Rae pulled off my panties and clucked at my bush. "You need to do a little trimming, hon."

I shrugged.

"Would you like me to do it for you?"

"Don't you wax?" I asked, as if that mattered.

She laughed. "Nope. Had it all lasered off a few years ago. Easier for competitions. Cleaner. But I still shave my legs."

And with that she was gone to the bathroom. I turned to Rick and let him suckle me. It was nice.

When Raeanne returned she had a razor and shaving cream. I was rolled to my back and she got to work. Rae knew exactly what she was going and quickly wetted, lathered, and started shaving my pussy. With Rick sucking on my tit, it was easy to relax and let her to do me as she wished. It only took a few minutes before she was done.

"There, much prettier, don't you think?" Rae asked.

I looked down and instead of my normal triangle Rae had spent some time

working my pubes. My hair was now shaped into an elongated heart. “Yes,” I absently agreed. It was pretty and nice and sexy. It wasn’t enough.

By now Rick was done with his breast and he started to move to the one Rae had been nursing from. She pushed him away. “That one’s mine.”

“What about me?” he complained.

“Well...fuck her while I nurse,” she told him.

That was new. I opened up my legs so that Rick could enter my freshly groomed pussy. He was rock-hard like he always was when he nursed, and slipped easily into me. I sighed with the contact. It was very good. Rick held himself up on his forearms while Rae got her head between the two of us and resumed nursing on my still mostly full tit.

That was what I needed. Being nursed and fucked at the same time brightened my mood considerably. Rick and Rae took turns giving me kisses. I liked to be kissed. We didn’t do a lot of it because it didn’t seem like a professional thing to do while I nursed either of them, but I was willing to do it during sex.

“Would you like me to go down on you while he fucks you?” Rae offered.

“What? How?” I said, my words were slow and thick.

“Get on your knees, he’ll fuck you from behind, I’ll lay on the bed.”

“My milk...”

She actually giggled at me. Rae wasn’t the type of woman to giggle. “You’ve been dry for the past five minutes. You’ve been to some other world during that time, huh?”

“Yeah.”

Rick got off me, turned me over and I managed to get up on my knees. His cock went right back in and filled me up. That was perfect. At some point in the previous minutes Rae had taken off her jeans and was down to her athletic panties. They were really like boyshorts but were cotton and spandex and showed off her body wonderfully. Plain black. She should have worn something

sexier. I wanted her sexier for me.

True to her word she got on her back and squirmed beneath me. She wasn't really eating me out while Rick fucked me, but she wiggled her tongue on my clit and slipped a finger up inside my pussy to join Rick's cock. I liked that a lot. But the best part wasn't me being fucked but my face near her hidden pussy. I could smell the scent of her passion and wanted to lower my face to eat her out, but I couldn't get my hands to work the right way and pull of her panties. She didn't help and then, before I knew what was happening, Rick was cumming inside me and I was cumming as well.

I liked being filled with hot semen. I liked being fucked. I could feel every pulse of Rick's cock as he shot more and more spunk in me.

"Thank you," I sighed when he pulled out.

To my surprise Rae didn't stop eating me out. She changed her position a bit and put her tongue up my twat. After a moment I realized she was sucking Rick's cum out of me. Was that wrong? I didn't know or care. She cleaned me up and reveled in the taste of her man's cum. Rae kept working my pussy until I came again and collapsed on her.

Now my face was directly on her pussy but she rolled us to the side and hopped off the bed. "Did you enjoy that?" she asked me.

"Hell yes," I sighed.

"Good. Want some more?"

"Always." My mood was elevated by the sex. That was good.

"Rick and I want to put a show on for you."

"A show?"

"Just lie back and relax," she told me as she strutted over to her dresser and pulled out an article of clothing.

"Are you sure about this?" Rick asked.

Raeanne sighed. “Of course I am. Are you afraid or ashamed?” she asked him as she pulled off her athletic panties and pulled on the other set. I wasn’t sure why she was doing that because she looked better naked. I looked at Rick and he reached into the nightstand to pull out a bottle of lube. What sex game were they going to play?

When I looked back at Rae she had finished pulling on her new panties. They weren’t panties. She was wearing a harness and she started fitting a dildo—also pulled from her dresser drawer—into it. I didn’t need to be lubed up; I wasn’t sure why Rick had pulled out the bottle.

“Hands and knees, honey,” Raeanne said. I started to move thinking she wanted to fuck me. That was fine. But it was Rick who moved first. I froze. He handed off the bottle to Raeanne and got on his hands and knees, presenting his ass to his girlfriend.

“Holy fuck,” I whispered to myself. Rae rolled a condom onto the dildo and then greased it up with the lube. “How often do you two do this?” I asked as she approached Rick. He arched his back a bit when she put her hand on him.

“Whenever I’m in the mood,” Raeanne answered.

“Does he like it?” I asked her.

“Yes, I do,” Rick admitted before Raeanne could say anything. “Lots of men do.”

She gave him a smart smack on the ass. “True. It took him a lot of courage to say he wanted me to fuck him up the ass. Because in the gym that’s gay. Being gay is okay...if you’re gay, right honey?”

“Right,” he agreed as she placed the fake cock against his asshole. I saw his face tense and then Raeanne started pushing into him. I moved down the bed so I could see her fucking him. It was fascinating seeing the dildo disappear into his ass.

“Doing good,” she told him. And just like that as she slowly started fucking him in short, shallow strokes, his cock grew and got hard, without being touched.

“You like that?”

“Uh-huh,” he agreed. His face was contorted. I wanted to reach for his cock and stroke it. I wanted to make him cum. My hand reached out of its own accord.

“Don’t,” Rae warned me. “Sometimes he cums just from being fucked in the ass. Sometimes he needs a little stroking. Sometimes I don’t let him cum at all.”

“I’ve already cum once tonight,” he complained.

“And that might be all you get,” she said.

I moved back up the bed and slipped my hand between my legs, teasing my clit, watching them. It was an odd way to have sex, but I could tell they were both enjoying it. Rae’s eyes were closed and her head was back. She had lost interest in Rick and was simply enjoying herself. I recognized the look on her face and a minute later she came with her customary body shudders.

“I don’t think you get to cum again tonight,” Rae told him as she pulled her cock out of his ass. He was still erect and there was a look of relief mixed with disappointment on his face.

Raeanne unrolled the condom from her dildo and dropped it in the trash. She looked at me. “You ready?” she asked.

“For what?”

“Your turn.” She ripped open another condom packet and rolled it on the long blue dildo. Somehow it now seemed larger than it had when it was going into Rick’s ass. I was scared.

“Um...no. I don’t want to be fucked in the ass.”

She laughed at me and I wasn’t sure if I actually had a choice to say no. “I’m not going to fuck you in the ass.”

“You’re not.”

“No, we’re going to make love like two civilized women along with a nice strap-on dildo.” She squirted some lube into her hand and stroked her fake cock a few times. “You probably don’t need lube, but it’s force of habit.”

I nodded and laid back, opening up my legs to her. Raeanne was on me in a minute. Together we grabbed her fake cock and guided it into me. Then she started fucking me like a man, only she was a woman. Her hard body pressed against my soft one. Everything about her was hard like a man, her muscles, her expression, her haircut, her cock...everything but her tits. They mashed into mine and I could feel her nipples, which were hard, pressing into my soft flesh.

She fucked me with odd bucks of her hips, but it felt good. She knew how to fuck like a man. I wrapped my legs around hers and held her close, kissed her, bit her neck and ears. I sure I was louder than I thought and I didn't mind. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Rick jerking off. I didn't bother to see if he made himself cum. That wasn't important because Rae made me cum when she lowered her head and bit my nipple at just the right time. It might have been a fake cock in my pussy, but it was hers and it was wonderful.

I went home that night with a changed attitude and frame of mind. Maybe I wasn't over Phillip's death, but I was getting there.

Two days later I woke up with a pounding headache. I was now a dedicated sex worker so I got up, got my daughter ready for the day, pushed myself into the car and drove to Rick and Raeanne's house. It was Rick's morning and he was ready and eager to feed. I took off my shirt and bra and let him nurse. I figured I had an annoying headache or maybe the beginning of a cold. Rick had a bad habit of not looking me in the eye until after he had fed that morning. When we were done and I had collected my weekly fee from him, he finally noticed my pained expression.

"You okay, honey?" I wasn't sure if he was genuinely concerned or just worried I was going back down the road to depression again.

"Headache," I reported.

"Your face is swollen," he said. "Near the back of the jaw." He pointed but didn't touch.

I, stupidly, reached up to touch it and was immediately rewarded with the sensation of a sledgehammer to the face. I nearly collapsed to the floor. "Fucking hell."

“Open up,” he told me. I did so and he looked in my mouth. “Yeah...you need to go to the dentist. Today. You’ve got one hell of an infection.”

I started to cry. “I don’t have dental insurance,” I whined. “I can’t afford a dentist right now.”

“No problem,” Rick said. “Let me call my guy. He’s the perfect dentist. Doctor Maestro.”

“You’re kidding,” I mumbled through my pain.

Two hours later I was leaning back in the exam chair and opening up my mouth for Doctor Maestro. He was probably forty-something with black hair that had gone to steel-gray and ice-blue eyes. When my eyes went to the mirror he held I noticed his hands were huge and strong, which wasn’t surprising. He was a friend of Rick’s. They had met at the gym.

“You have a nice rack,” he told me as he inspected my swollen gums and painful tooth. His assistant was out of the room.

I didn’t bother to try to answer.

“There’s no fee for this,” he said. “Rick said you can pay me in milk. Is that right?”

I nodded yes and regretted that as well. Talking would be easier.

Dr. Maestro looked at my chest and said, “Would you mind undoing a couple of buttons so I have something to look forward to? I know it’s a strange request.”

I didn’t need to say anything. I slipped open two buttons and let some cleavage show along with the edge of my bra. I wasn’t sure how many nursing sessions equaled a root canal, but I was certain I would be able to make the payments in installments.

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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