

# Milke & Cookie

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Smashwords Edition

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### ***Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation***

Try as she might Catherine couldn't manage to button her chef's coat over her oversized breasts. "Stupid fucking tits," she muttered under her breath. It was not the way she wanted to start the day at her new job. "Knew I should have ordered a bigger size," she continued to talk to herself. Her vanity had gotten the better of her. One size bigger wouldn't have made a difference, she knew, but she had lost all those pounds which was twice as difficult working in a bakery and here she was unable to get her new chef's coat closed. It was five a.m. and her new boss was waiting in the kitchen for her.

"Fuck it," she declared and quickly unfastened the few buttons she had been able to force through their holes. Ripping off the coat she quickly divested herself of the thin white cotton tank top and then reached behind her back, found the row of four hooks holding her industrial strength bra in place, unhooked them all, and released herself from her lingerie prison. Dropping it on top of her bag along with the pads she always kept stashed inside, she pulled the tank top back over her head and pulled the coat around herself. This time, free of the bra, her boobs sagged down a bit and she managed to get the buttons done all the way to the top. Then Catherine looked in the mirror of the small combination bathroom-employee locker room, and realized she looked a little too prudish. She undid the top button and pulled it back to the side, holding it back by refastening it under the decorative button. Just a hint of cleavage showed.

She grinned and stuck her tongue out at herself in the mirror. "Such a pretty face," she had heard all too many times older female relatives, "but only if she'd lose the weight..." Well, she was pretty, damn it, and so what if she wasn't rail thin like so many of her cousins and—shudder—her sister. She was happy and her tits brought more than enough male attention.

The locker room door opened and in swept Mrs. Sienna, part owner of the store. Donna Sienna's was a combination Italian bakery, sandwich store, and coffee shop. Getting hired here after working at the supercenter in store bakery was a dream come true. It was an actual bakery chef job not a line worker pumping out endless sheet cakes for whining children's birthday parties. "Are you nervous,

dear?” Mrs. Sienna asked. She was a nice older lady with just a touch of the traditional Italian grandmother in her—the sort who ruled her home and business with an iron fist gloved in velvet.

“A bit, ma’am,” Catherine apologized. “Sorry to keep you waiting.”

“Call me Teresa, dear. And don’t apologize. Let’s get things done.” Her eyes swept over the locker room and she immediately spied Catherine’s giant brassier hanging on top of her bag. Then her eyes flicked over to Catherine’s chest. “Is the chef’s coat too small?” she asked, frowning.

“Ah, yes ma’...Teresa. I think I told you the wrong size.”

Teresa sighed. “Will you be able to work today?”

“Of course!” she immediately replied.

“Good. We’ll get you the right size for tomorrow.” Teresa’s eyes flicked to the bit of cleavage that Catherine had exposed. “You have such a lovely figure. Don’t let anyone tell you otherwise. We need a pretty face in here,” she said bluntly, “too many old Italian men who’ve eaten too many cannoli. Let’s go!” she commanded. And out into the kitchen they went.

From that point everything became a whirl of mixing, measuring, baking, and introductions to new co-workers and procedures and routines. It took Catherine less than two minutes to realize Teresa was right on the old man bakers. They were all from the same extended family and all were well into their fifties if not fifteen or twenty years older. More than once she had a conversation to Carlo, Antonio, and Franco where only her tits were addressed, not her face. Catherine didn’t mind; she was used to it.

When the morning’s whirl of activity had wound down Teresa brought Catherine out to the front of the shop. “You won’t be working register or the coffee shop, but it’s a good idea to know what our customers are like,” she explained.

Catherine nodded, glad for a respite from the heat and frenetic activity of the kitchen. She was given a quick tour as customers zipped in and out of the store buying coffee and pastries to start the day. “Later on we open up the sandwich section for lunch. Mornings are mostly coffee and treats. A lot of office workers pick up preorders for parties—cakes and such.” She guided Catherine behind the

counters and lowered her voice. “And it doesn’t hurt to have a little eye candy either, if you don’t mind me saying. Anything to bring in a handsome devil or two.” She winked at Catherine

Coming from a woman old enough to be her grandmother Catherine couldn’t help but blush and giggle at the statement. “I’m really not—” she started to say.

“Nonsense,” Teresa cut her off. “You’re very pretty. Beautiful even. And a little display of your bosoms doesn’t hurt either.”

Her light blush blossomed into a deep red. “Ah. Wow. Thanks.”

Teresa patted her hand and started to lead her back to the kitchen when a new pair of customers walked in. They were local cops in search of decent coffee and a brief respite from the cold weather. Autumn had set in and the air was chilly, but that wasn’t the reason Catherine’s nipples hardened. The first, smaller, cop was nondescript with a bushy moustache. The other, younger, taller, and handsomer one had caught her eye. He had to be at least six feet four inches tall and two hundred and twenty pounds, all of it muscle. He barely fit through the front door without angling his shoulders to slide through. Catherine hoped her chef’s coat was heavy enough to hide her now-prominent nipples.

“That’s the kind of customer I want you bringing in,” Teresa said. “If I were ten years younger...” She trailed off and then caught herself. “What the hell. I’m still going to flirt with him.”

Without realizing it Catherine found herself being dragged to the front register. For a woman barely five feet tall Mrs. Sienna was surprisingly strong. “Sergeant Orlov, Officer Milke, this is our new chef, Catherine.”

Both men looked briefly at her face, then their eyes locked on her cleavage. “Please to meet you,” she said over the counter.

Orlov grunted. Milke said nothing at all.

“It’s always good to be friendly with the local cops,” Teresa said. “They bring in the best business.”



“Again, Bobby?” Orlov complained. “We’ve been eating lunch there every fuckin’ day this week.”

“It’s got the best food in the area,” Milke replied. “And it’s not just shit grease burgers either. I’m paying, what do you care?”

“Fuckin’ hells,” Orlov grumbled but he relented when he knew he’d have a free lunch. “You’ve just got eyes for the fat girl’s tits.”

“That’s awful disrespectful, Jerry,” Milke said. He might have been fifteen years younger than his partner, but Robert Milke had the manners of an uptight accountant from the 1950s. He was far from an accountant, however. Milke spent too many of his off duty hours in the gym. When the two walked patrol together it was like a giant and a dwarf were walking down the streets of the city. “We’re supposed to respect the citizens we protect, you know.”

“Great. Yeah. Perfect. Tell you what, ask the girl out today and I won’t say a single bad thing about her for the rest of my life.”

Milke stopped short as he put his hand on the bakery’s door. “Yeah. You mean that?”

“Sure. Yeah. But you got to come back with her phone number and date, rook.”

“Done.”

For a moment Orlov regretted his words. He had seen the girl making goo-goo eyes at Milke. Getting a phone number and a date wouldn’t be a problem for his Adonis of a partner. He suddenly wished he’d sold his silence for a higher price.

As it was it took Milke ten minutes to put in their order, then another five to fumble around for the right words to impress the new chef. In the course of listening in on the awkward and painful conversation Orlov learned her name was Catherine. Finally, disgusted at the rate of progress, he interrupted Milke. “Look, ah, Catherine. Yeah. What my partner Bobby is trying to do is—and get this, even if he looks like he can crush a cinderblock with his hands, because he can but he lacked real balls when it comes to women—ask you out. Want to date this dumb ox?”

Both Catherine and Milke gaped at Sergeant Orlov. He looked expectantly at

Catherine. He wasn't put off by the uncomfortable stares; he was used to dealing with squirrely criminals. Horny cops and chefs didn't bother him. Finally, Catherine managed to bleat out, "Yeah..."

"Great. Give him your phone number. Dinner and a walk around the park this Friday night." He tipped his hat to both of them. "Fucking hell, I've gotta do everything myself."

Catherine tipped the wine glass upward, emptying the contents into her mouth while Bobby studied the menu. She was nervous and when alcohol was around while she was nervous, she drank it. Sometimes it settled her nerves. Sometimes it just got her into trouble. As she put the glass back down she noticed that Bobby had barely touched his.

"Sooo...what makes a big strong guy like you interested in little old me?" she asked and immediately regretted it. Thankfully the restaurant was dark and her face was already flushed from the wine so a little extra blush from humiliating herself was hardly noticed.

Bobby's eyes flicked up at her. "Umm. You're very pretty and you always are very polite when Jerry and I come into the bakery. Let me apologize for him one more time."

She ignored the apology and plowed forward. "C'mon," she said, slurring her words just enough to realize she needed to slow down her wine consumption. "Tell me why you really asked me out." Catherine leaned forward a little bit to display her cleavage. She wasn't dressed like a slut, but she was wearing a powerful pushup bra with a plunging V-neck dress.

"I really liked the giant chocolate chip cookies you made on Wednesday. They're my weakness. The sign too. 'Catherine's Cookie Creations'." He grinned at her.

Catherine's face couldn't get any redder, which was lucky. She opened her mouth and heard herself saying. "That was my nickname when I was little. Cookie. I hated it." She wasn't drunk enough to let out a braying laugh and clamp her hands over her mouth. Instead Catherine winced and managed to hold Bobby's gaze.

He chuckled lightly. “That’s cute. For a little girl, I suppose.”

She focused herself. “You’re avoiding the subject between us,” she said. “Tell me why you asked me out.”

“I just did,” he said evenly.

A shake of her head contradicted his answer. “Nope. The reasons are right here between us. You can’t take your eyes off my boobs.” Now it was Bobby’s turn to blush a bit. As he started to protest her assertion she continued on. “It’s always the first thing guys notice about me. How could they not? They’re huge.” She grinned. “I’m going to be too forward and tell you that I totally said yes not because of your polite manners or constant staring, but because I can see you’ve got huge muscles under that jacket, under that uniform you wear during the day. I’ve never been with a guy as built as you. Does it take a lot of time working out to stay that big?”

“I work out a couple of hours a day,” he admitted.

“Steroids?”

“Nope. Those are just bad news overall. This is all natural.” He sat up a bit straighter in his chair—as if that were possible—and stuck out his chest a bit more. Catherin felt her panties getting damp.

“Wow. Then why would a guy like you be interested in a girl like me?” she asked bluntly. “I’m short and fat.”

To his credit Bobby didn’t look away. “You’re pretty, you’re polite, and I love a good chocolate chip cookie. They’re my one weakness. If ever a supervillain were to capture me, I’d fall apart once he rolled out the flour, chips, and sugar.”

“Really?” she asked. “Your only weakness?”

“My only one.”

Catherine started to wonder if she could be the supervillainess who might break this hero’s cool and collected exterior.

Bobby helped her out of the car and supported Catherine as they stumbled up the steps to her apartment. She wasn't nearly as drunk as she was showing, but she liked the feeling of his arm around her shoulders and leaning into her solid chest. At the door he paused as she fished out her key. "Come in for a nightcap?" she asked him. He barely drank his wine during their dinner. A guy as big as he was certainly wasn't feeling any effects of the alcohol.

"That's okay."

"Water?" she offered. "Use the phone? Admire the view?"

He laughed. "That's quite all right. I don't think you're in a state where you should be inviting strange men into your home."

"You're not a strange man. You're a cop," she pointed out. "I've got chocolate chip cookies?" she taunted him.

There was just a moment of pause. "Store bought?" he asked with a touch of disdain.

"I made them myself at the bakery," she promised.

He wanted to go inside as she pushed the door open. "I really shouldn't. It's not a good idea on a first date."

"And I've got fresh milk too," she said, "Officer Milke."

He walked in behind her. As promised there were fresh cookies in the jar and milk in the refrigerator. "This is hardly a traditional method of seducing a man," he said to her as he dunked the thick, soft cookie into the wide mug of milk.

"I know what you like," she said. "And I'm going to use that against you." She finished off her small portion of the oversized cookie, stepped back from the table, and pulled the straps to her dress down off her shoulder, quickly shoving the material over her rounded tummy to let it fall on the kitchen floor.

"Catherine!" Bobby barked out. He wanted to tell her to put her clothes back on, but his eyes were riveted to her enormous tits pushed up into nicely rounded mounds by her purple bra. She was a bit uncomfortable with his stare as it wandered down her torso to her convex belly, and then further down to the

matching panties she wore. “That’s, uh, not really appropriate for a first date either.”

She laughed at him. “Probably not. But you’re a little too stiff and formal. And I’m not nearly as drunk as you think. More importantly, I’m far too horny to let you leave here without a roll in bed. What do you say?”

“Uh, well, yeah, that would be nice, but I don’t want to take advantage of you.”

That caused her to burst out laughing. “If anything, Bobby, I’m the one taking advantage of you.” She whirled around table, plopped herself in his lap, and pressed her lips to his. He didn’t resist and kissed her back. She pressed her tits against his chest. It was rock solid. Their tongues touched for just a moment, then she pulled back and asked a question. “So why does a big strong guy want to date a short, fat chick?” She fixed him with a steady glare. “Don’t give me bullshit either. I don’t like your answer I’ll kick your ass out and use the vibrator in my nightstand.”

Against her naked thigh she could feel Bobby’s erect cock pressing hard, trying to escape the confines of his pants. He leaned into her, kissed her lightly on the lips, and said, “I like soft girls.” He exhaled with the admission. “Soft and round. I’ve date a bunch of girls I’ve met at the gym and I don’t like women with rock hard muscles. I want softness.”

“Good answer,” she told him, kissed him again, pushed her tongue between his lips, into his mouth, then pulled back just as quickly. “Take me to bed?” she asked, standing up.

It was her that took him to bed. She grabbed his hand and pulled him to her small bedroom that was filled with a queen-sized bed. It barely fit inside the room. He watched her ample ass cheeks roll and bounce inside her panties. She wasn’t truly fat, nor was she big-boned. She was a full-figured girl who had all the right padding and a little extra in all the right spots. He wanted to throw her on the bed, yank off her purple panties, and fuck her hard and furious until she came in a wailing scream, but he instead allowed Catherine to take the lead.

“You like blowjobs, don’t you?” she asked whirling around to face him. “All guys like blowjobs, right?”

“Uh, yeah,” Bobby replied. He wasn’t used to a woman being so forward about

sex.

“Great!” She knelt down in front of him and started unbuttoning his pants. Catherine was eager to get him naked. She wanted to see his beautiful body. Bobby didn’t resist at all; he was too surprised at her eagerness that he allowed her to pull down his pants letting his cock pop out. She didn’t waste any time and took his length into her mouth while sliding her hands up under his shirt. Bobby helped her by pulling off the knit pullover. Even with his impressive manhood in her mouth and poking down her throat she managed to sigh at the sight of his sculpted chest.

“You don’t need this to warm up at all, do you?” Catherine asked when she let his hard cock slip out between her lips. He was pointing up at the ceiling and she wanted him inside her now, earlier if possible.

“Uh, no, no I don’t.” He laughed nervously. “You don’t have to go down on me.”

“I like giving blowjobs. It helps get me wet. You don’t mind do you?”

Bobby shook his head. “No. That’s fine.”

There was no way for Catherine to hide her smile. “Good.” She grabbed the base of his cock and guided it back into her mouth with her right hand and used her left to reach around her back and unhook her bra. Bobby didn’t notice her maneuver; his eyes were closed and he rested one hand lightly on the side of her face. She looked up at his body. It wasn’t perfect, but it was close enough for Catherine’s taste. With a bit of deft choreography she divested herself of the bra and surreptitiously slung the pads she kept inside the cups under the bed. She didn’t want to waste his cum inside her mouth so she stood up, releasing his cock from her mouth, and slid its length between her breasts as she rose. “Ever get a titty fuck before?” she asked him, kissing his chest. She barely came up to his collarbone. That was okay with her.

“No.”

“Want one?” she asked. “Wait, never mind. We can play that later. Right now, just fuck me.”

She fell back on the bed and scooted backwards until her head hit the pillow. She was down to just her panties and she slipped one hand inside them, feeling her

moisture, and admiring Bobby's body. Her knees were up and spread for him. She was ready. He was not.

It took him a moment to struggle out of his pants which were bunched around his ankles. When he was free of them, he suddenly found his self-conscious gene and wanted to hide his erection behind his hands. "You sure about this?" he asked trying to delay what seemed to be the inevitable.

"Yes. Why? What's the matter?" Her fingers were teasing her clitoris and she desperately wanted him to tear of her panties and fuck her.

"It's a little fast."

"Of course it's fast," she grumbled. "We could go through a few weeks of getting to know you dating and all that shit, and then have sex, but I don't want to wait around for that. I need some immediate gratification." She eyed him. "Are we going to do this or what?" She pulled her hand out of the panties and cupped her massive breasts that rode high on her chest.

"Yes. I just don't want to get you pregnant."

In response she rolled to her side, yanked open her nightstand drawer and pulled out a box of condoms. "I've got you covered," she said. "Well, not yet. Let me get one of these babies on you and then you'll be covered."

Working with practiced motions Catherine ripped open a packet, grabbed Bobby by the cock, and rolled the rubber down his length. She was impressed with his size. Not huge, but nice sized; big enough to satisfy all but the most particular of size queens. Armored in latex he was just as handsome. Bobby wondered how many men she had slept with to be able to perform such a task with such ease. Now didn't seem the time to ask.

"Pull off my panties and fuck me," she ordered. There was no escaping now. "Make it rough. I like it a little rough."

Bobby nodded, crawled on the bed, his cock bobbing up between his legs, reached for her hips and yanked the scrap of fabric off her body. She arched up her back, getting her ass off the mattress, to ease her undressing. Now that she was fully nude Bobby couldn't help but notice his newest partner had taken care to completely shave her pussy. It suited her well. He wasn't especially hirsute

but next to her completely smooth body he felt like he was fully clothed with his chest and leg hair.

Catherine spread her legs wide, grabbed his cock, and pulled him forward into her. He glided deep into her pussy and she sighed contentedly. “Oh, that’s perfect. Fuck me. Fuck me hard.”

He followed orders and started slamming his cock in and out of her cunt as fast as he could. The pressure had been building for too long and he needed relief. He didn’t want to admit it, but he desperately needed it. Consequently their coupling lasted only a few minutes at the most before he shot his load inside her pussy. Bobby came with a strangled cry and managed to support his weight on top of her by resting on his forearms and elbows. Their legs were still tangled and his manhood was in her pussy. He didn’t want to crush her.

“Sorry I came so quickly,” he apologized as he rolled off her and laid on his back. The bed faintly groaned as he shifted his weight. Catherine looked greedily at the milky-white spunk trapped in the condom. She loved the feel of hot cum shooting inside her pussy, but it was far too soon to play such a risky game with him.

“That’s okay,” she told him gently.

“Did you, ah, cum?”

It was hard for her to answer. “Well, no. But is your tongue tired?”

“What?”

“Go to the bathroom, clean up, and get back here with your tongue,” she ordered. For a cop he was awfully passive when it came to sex. Still, he followed her instructions and upon returning to her bed he discovered her with splayed legs. “Get down and do your job,” she told him.

He might have been a bit shy about sex, but once he was told what to do, Bobby showed great acumen in eating pussy. Her cunt was sloppy wet and she was ready to cum. His tongue quickly found her clit and roughly abused it until her chunky thighs wrapped around his head and she came all over his face.

“Don’t stop,” she gasped when the orgasm’s wave had passed over. “Make me



cum again.” She grabbed the back of his head and pressed it back into her cunt. Bobby was only too happy to make her body peak again. For the third orgasm he had to work hard and was forced to put two fingers inside her pussy, stroking upward until he discovered her hidden button. Once her third little death had wracked her body, Catherine was forced to push his face away from her cunt. “Enough. Oh, that’s more than enough.”

Bobby kissed his way up her body. She was completely comfortable with that. She enjoyed it. Then she realized his lips were on her right nipple and she tensed up. He immediately noticed her reaction. “Too sensitive?” he asked.

“Uh-huh,” she replied and grabbed his face with both hands, pulling it up to hers. She kissed him, tasting her pussy on his lips. She pushed her tongue into his mouth and enjoyed every bit of her flavor. “Do you have anywhere to be in the morning?” she asked.

“No.”

“Stay with me tonight,” she begged. “Stay with me?”

When she woke in the morning his hard body was wrapped around hers. She felt his semi-erection pressing against her hip. His hand trailed over his breasts and down her tummy to her smooth pussy. Nothing needed to be said as they woke up; they both knew they were going to have sex. It was just a matter of positioning their bodies and shaking off the dregs of sleep.

And then his mouth was on her breast, sucking at her nipple. Catherine groaned and held his head exactly where she wanted it. Her nipple hardened in his mouth, and then softened as he teased and sucked. She forgot where she was, who she was with, and what she was doing. Everything became focused on her breast, her nipple. Her left hand went to her free nipple and she gently tweaked it as Bobby worked at the other one. The unmistakable sensation of letdown coursed through her body and Catherine felt herself entering the state of complete relaxation she could only achieve when being nursed.

And then Bobby abruptly pulled off ruining the moment. “You’re breast is... sweet,” he said. “And wet,” he added, puzzled.

“Shit!” Catherine cursed and slapped her hands over both nipples. “Sorry.”

“About what?” he asked, still confused.

Under her fingers she felt her milk flowing, wetting her hands, and slowly dripping down her skin. “Umm, I should have warned you.”

“About what?” he repeated, a little worried now.

His body was still all but perfect in the morning’s light. She saw hers as still too fleshy. “It’s my milk,” she explained. “That’s what tastes sweet.”

“Your...milk?”

“Yeah, my breasts lactate,” she said. “It’s a medical condition.” She sat up and sidled away from him. To his credit he didn’t recoil from her.

“Are you...pregnant?” he asked. Bobby was sweet and cute, but he wasn’t the brightest button on the jacket.

“No. I have a thyroid problem. Had. Sort of. It’s being treated.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I have hypothyroidism. It’s partly why I’m overweight. One of the symptoms is unwanted lactation. It’s normal...for what it is. The milk won’t hurt you.”

He blinked and took in what she was saying. “Oh. Strange. Are you going to be okay?”

“Yeah. My doctor just needs to monitor me. I’m on a drug regimen. I’m just like all the normal girls,” she asserted, “just a little fatter and a little fuller of milk.”

“Does it...hurt?”

“No. Well sometimes, then I use a pump to express the milk. I’m not supposed to use it too much because that can cause the milk to really come in stay around.”

“Can I...taste it again?” he asked. His eyes were shining with lust.

“Why?” she asked.

“It tasted good.”

“That’s a little strange.”

He looked chastised. “Sorry. Forget I asked.”

Now she felt terrible for turning him down. And then she realized her tits hurt because they were so full of milk. And she remembered how good his lips on her nipple felt.

“Okay, sure. Just be careful. They’re sensitive when they’re full.”

Bobby climbed over Catherine’s curvy body and lowered his lips to her breast. The moment he started sucking she sighed with relief as her milk started flowing. Unconsciously her hand went to the back of his head, keeping it in place so that he might not pull away. Her other hand covered her free breast; milk was starting to seep out of the nipple. The liquid that filled his mouth sat heavy on his tongue even after he swallowed. It was sweet, much sweeter than cow’s milk, thinner but richer at the same time.

The entire time he nursed from her breast Bobby was conflicted. He immediately loved the taste and feel of Catherine’s milk in his mouth, but at the same time he knew it was wrong to nurse from a woman like that. Milk was for babies. But he couldn’t stop himself from suckling at her breast. It was too good, too rich, too warm. When he realized her first breast was dry Bobby moved over to the other, pushing her hand aside and latching on to suck with gusto.

He contemplated her nipples as he sucked. They were initially hard, then softened inside his mouth. As he nursed he played with them, rolling them around with his tongue, gently nibbling on them, letting go and then sucking them back into his mouth as hard and fast as he could. Catherine seemed to love everything he did to her. She didn’t stop sighing and moaning the entire time he worried at her tits.

When he was done indulging at her tits, Bobby pulled off and realized his cock was hard. There was no reason to waste his erection. Catherine happily opened her legs and lightly adjusted his cock to the right angle. He was halfway inside her before he realized his mistake.

“Hells bells,” he cursed. “I need a condom.” He pulled out to Catherine’s

annoyance and a disgusted groan.

“Go ahead a fuck me,” she complained. “I’m safe right now.”

There was no correct way to respond to that, Bobby knew, so he simply opened her drawer, plucked out a rubber, quickly rolled it on, and was back on top of her in a moment. Since there was no complaint when he re-entered her pussy, he happily fucked away for a minute.

“I want on top,” she abruptly announced.

“What?” He paused in his thrusting. So intense was his concentration—he didn’t want to cum too quickly this time—that he hadn’t seen her displeased expression.

“Get off me,” she clarified. “I want to ride your cock.” She pushed her forearms against his chest. The action was ineffectual, but he got the message and rolled off Catherine and onto his back. In an instant she was on top of him, throwing her leg over his hips, grabbing his cock, and settling her pussy down on his erection. “Fucking good,” she commented to herself.

While he had never been a fan of the female superior position, Bobby was happy to accommodate Catherine’s request especially after he experienced her enthusiasm first-hand. The way her tits bounced and shook as she rode on top of him was an unexpected delight. It didn’t take either of them very long to finish their coupling. Judging by her wowl of pleasure as she came, his lover was pleased with his performance.

“I didn’t mean to put you on the spot like that,” Bobby apologized for the hundredth time later in the day. Although he was charming, his constant apologizing was starting to get on Catherine’s nerves.

“Bobby, look, I don’t want to seem rude, but you’ve got to deal with it. Like now. Yeah, my breasts leak some milk. So what? You enjoyed sucking them. So what? I enjoyed you sucking them. So what? Who’s going to know?”

“It just seems a little...I don’t know...wrong I guess. Isn’t human breast milk for babies?” For a man who stood well over six feet and carried massive muscles that weighed in excess of two hundred twenty pounds, he could be unnaturally insecure and lacking in confidence.

“Human breast milk is for humans,” she told him. “There’s nothing wrong with what we did.”

“Right,” he agreed. “It just feels wrong to me.”

She sighed and fiddled with the top button of her shirt. They were eating lunch at her kitchen table. It was more of a brunch actually. It took them some time to get out of bed, showered, dressed, undressed to have sex again, showered and re-dressed again, before food was remembered. There was a deliberate confidence to her loosening the button to show off her cleavage. “Would you like to feast on these babies again?” she asked him bluntly.

Bobby swallowed and didn’t answer for a long minute. Catherine said nothing and waited expectantly. Finally he managed to reply, “Yes.”

“Great. Go home; work out and get buff; do whatever it is you do on the weekend. Then come back here if you want to get into my bra and panties again. I’ll make you dinner. Bring some cookies for dessert. I’ll supply the milk.”

She wasn’t sure if he’d actually come back to her place. Catherine went through her weekend routine and in late afternoon she started cooking dinner for two. If he didn’t show, no great loss. She’d have leftovers for lunch tomorrow. If he did...

When the knock came at the door, Bobby was standing in the hallway holding a box of gourmet chocolate chip cookies. “Come in,” she said with a smile.

Dinner went well. Catherine remembered to control herself and didn’t fall to her

knees and offer to suck Bobby's dick the moment he was inside her house. She also managed to restrain her appetite and eat only modest portions of the eggplant parmesan she had prepared. Bobby was a gentleman as ever, continuing to keep his eyes up and focused on her face, even though she had deliberately chosen to wear yet another blouse that showed off her cleavage. It was, in fact, difficult to hide her tits unless she was wearing a turtleneck and oversized, baggy sweater.

All of that just meant she was utterly floored when Bobby asked, "How big are they, anyway?"

"What?" She knew exactly what he meant; she was just surprised he had asked the question.

"How large are your breasts? If they're bigger, does that mean they produce more milk?" His question was naively innocent she couldn't help but answer honestly.

"They're double Ds. Sometimes I wear an E sized bra, depends on the fit. And I'm forty inches around."

"Oh. Wow. That's..."

"Large. Yes, I know," she said with a knowing smile. "Want to know how much I weigh?"

"Um. I wasn't going to ask that."

"I'm five foot six and I weigh just under two hundred pounds. At my heaviest I was up to two hundred thirty. I know I'm fat."

"You carry it well," he said, trying a compliment.

"How much do you weigh?" she asked, turning the tables on him.

"Two hundred forty two," he automatically answered. "I have seven percent body fat."

"I'm sure that's remarkable," she said dismissively. "How big is your cock?"

“What?” It wasn’t that hard to shock Bobby, Catherine had come to discover. She just needed to be bold and forthright with him.

“How big is your cock?” she repeated. “How long and what’s the circumference?”

“You’ve seen it,” he said, trying to squirm away from the question.

“Yes. I know. It’s very impressive compared to the other men’s cocks I’ve held. But I want to know two things. What size you are...and that will tell me the second thing.”

“What’s the second thing?”

“If you’re vain enough to have masturbated and actually measured yourself. Don’t lots of guys do that? Aren’t bodybuilders really into measurements?”

“I’m not really a bodybuilder. I work out for my job.”

“Uh-huh. Have you measured yourself, or did some previous curious girlfriend do it for you?”

“No.” The denial was evasive.

“Do you want me to measure you?” The grin was sly and teasing.

Bobby swallowed and made a quick decision. He didn’t want her jerking him off to get a possibly inaccurate measurement of his manhood. It might not fully rise to the occasion if he was put on the spot. “Best measurement I’ve gotten is eight and a half inches and four and a half around.”

Her grin widened and she nodded in appreciation. “Very nice. I’m a bit of a size queen.”

“Yeah, I got that idea.”

“Want to have a little dessert?” she asked.

“Sure. I got the cookies at a different bakery. I hope you aren’t upset I didn’t buy them at Donna Sienna’s—”

But Catherine was unbuttoning her shirt exposing a bright green bra under her black blouse. “You like milk with your cookies, don’t you?” she asked. It was incredibly difficult to find a front closure bra in her size, and when she had the only color available was green. If Bobby noticed the bra’s color at all he gave no indication it bothered him. When the blouse was fully unbuttoned she left it on and pushed it wide open, only then did Catherine slip free the double hook in the front and expose her tits to the air.

She sat up straight, pushed her plate aside, and opened her bra all the way to rest her enormous boobs on the table like a dessert feast for her boyfriend.

“I like milk too,” he agreed. His eyes didn’t move from the expanse of flesh she showed off. Her dark pink nipples hardened under his gaze.

“Come over here and have a taste,” she encouraged him.

Catherine had been drinking water all day hoping her breasts were busy making more milk. Bobby moved around the table and then fell to his knees next to her. She only had to turn halfway in her chair and he dove forward, slurping up her hard nipple in his wet mouth.

The moment he made contact she knew her tits had been busy little girls all day. Two hard sucks and she experienced the letdown she normally got only from her breast pump when she set it on it highest setting. The setting she used to make her tits give her an orgasm. She didn’t cum right away when he started sucking and her milk let down, that took a few minutes, but it was obvious to the both of them what he was doing to her.

When the first breast was drained she still hadn’t reached her peak so she quickly clutched his head to her breast and made him latch on. Her breathing wasn’t under control and she wanted to put her hand down inside her panties and jill off by rubbing her little clit. That was the hard part to resist. She knew she could cum by her nipples alone, but it was so much easier with some clit-play. To resist such easy temptation she kept both hands on Bobby’s head until it was all too much and her body stopped resisting and her orgasm came.

“Oh, thank you, thank you so much,” she repeated again and again. Bobby wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and sat back on his heels as he knelt next to her.



“You don’t have to thank me,” he said. “I enjoyed every moment of it.”

It took a long moment before Catherine sufficiently caught her breath. “It’s still polite to say thank you.”

“I think I love this,” he suddenly blurted.

“Love what?”

“Your breasts. Your milk.”

Catherine didn’t feel the least bit uncomfortable sitting at the kitchen table with her breasts exposed to him. It felt normal and natural. She turned around and grabbed the small box off the counter. Her kitchen and dining area were so small it took no effort to reach the box. Pulling out a single chocolate chip cookie Catherine offered him the treat. “A reward for a job well done,” she rewarded him.

“Thank you,” he said with a happy smile.

“But I’m not satisfied yet,” she told him. “I want you to take me to bed and fuck me.”

He took a big bite out of the cookie and contemplated the woman he now considered his girlfriend.

“I will on one condition,” he said.

“What’s that?”

“Can I call you Cookie?”

By the time he was done with her that night she was positive her neighbors had heard her screams of ecstasy. Every orgasm he gave her was wonderful, especially the ones where he shot his hot jism into her pussy.

It was so easy for the two of them to fall into a relationship. Catherine supplied him with milk and cooked for him. She was determined not to let four years at the

Culinary Institute go to waste. He appreciated everything she made for him. Bobby supplied her with every bit of sexual gratification she required. They quickly figured out that her sex drive was much greater than his, but it didn't matter because he learned how to please her with his mouth—on both her tits and her pussy. She made him promise to make her exercise on a regular basis. She had no interest in developing muscles like female bodybuilders, but she wanted to lose some of the fat on her tummy and thighs—as per her doctor's orders.

Catherine found it easy to go to the gym with him and walk the treadmill as he lifted free weights or used exercise machines. Watching the other eye candy in the gym wasn't so bad either. Her doctor was pleased with her slow weight loss as it edged ever downward. She was now fighting Bobby's instincts to keep her on the extra curvy side because he liked women with big tits and asses. Still, she knew it could have been a much worse relationship.

Best of all the pills her doctor put her on did help regulate her thyroid but it didn't stop her from lactating. Of course Bobby nursing from her every night had an impact on that as well.

When discussing her new exercise routine and weight loss with Teresa her boss commented, "How have you lost all this weight and not gone down at least one bra size, dearie?" Occasionally the traditional Mrs. Sienna bubbled to the surface. Catherine found it endearing.

It was easy for her to deflect the comment. "You should see the rest of my family," she replied. "I might have the smallest boobs at the next family gathering."

"Well, I'm glad for that."

"What?" Catherine was a bit puzzled over that comment.

"Honey, your chest brings in more customers than my muffins. Why do you think I put you in front of the kitchen window to decorate the cupcakes? It's not because you have some special talent in decorating." She paused and considered her words. "Although you do a very nice job topping the cakes."

"Are you saying you hired me for my boobs?" she teased the older lady.

Teresa chuckled. “They helped you, that I’ll admit.”

Everything was going so perfectly Catherine shouldn’t have been surprised when it started to fall apart.

Bobby insisted on coming to the bakery for lunch every day that he could. Usually Jerry was with him. The older cop didn’t complain much. He stared at Catherine’s tits as much as Bobby. It was when she was casually talking to the pair—something Teresa didn’t mind as long as Catherine kept her cleavage on display for the other customers—that Bobby slipped.

“Will I see you tonight, Cookie?”

Jerry snickered at the nickname and failed at keeping a straight face. Catherine was mortified and quickly said yes, then retreated to kitchen.

“Shut up, Jerry,” Bobby grumbled when Catherine was gone. His partner liked to rib everyone for any reason, but this was too much for the veteran cop.

“I’m surprised you don’t call her Bessie or Moo-moo,” he chortled into his coffee.

“Shut. The. Fuck. Up.” The rest of lunch was uncomfortable. Catherine didn’t see them leave. She didn’t want to.

After she had gone home and made dinner Catherine finally managed to lose some of her embarrassment. It was only when she felt her breasts getting too heavy and realized she was hungry that she looked at the clock. Bobby was more than an hour late than his usual time. A wave of nausea washed over her. Maybe he was dumping her. Then the phone call came. She didn’t recognize the number but answered it anyway. “Catherine. It’s Jerry Orlov, Bobby’s partner.” For just a moment she thought he was calling to apologize. “We’re at the hospital. You’d better get down here quick.”

It wasn’t nearly as bad as she had imagined. He wasn’t shot. He had hadn’t been knifed or jumped by gang members. The car that had hit him was, according to Jerry, “...in worse shape than he is. He must have been distracted. Stupid fuck walked right out in front of it and BANG!” He clapped his hands together.

Catherine jumped at the noise.

“Sorry.” He continued with his story. “One of those little shitbox Priuses. Crumpled the front end. Bobby’s leg is broken in ten different spots. Doctor’s had him in surgery a while. A long while. He’s going to be out of everything for a while. You want to go see him?”

She didn’t trust herself to say anything so she just nodded.

Jerry guided her from the waiting room down the hall to the recovery room. She had expected tubes and nurse and machines and all manner of devices hooked up to Bobby. The truth of the matter was he had only one IV going into his arm. His leg was wrapped in bandages and elevated. Other than that he appeared completely fine. The moment he turned and looked at her she burst into tears. He gestured for Jerry to bring her over.

There was no resistance in her body as Jerry brought her over to Bobby. Then, for once in his life, he showed a little class and left the room.

“I thought you were dead,” she managed to say between sobs.

“Hey, I wasn’t even going to come to the hospital, but department regs say cops have to whenever we get his by a car.”

She sniffled and wiped away her tears. “That’s not funny.”

“That’s too bad, because the morphine made it funny,” he laughed.

“Are you going to be okay?”

“Fuck yeah. Just broke my leg. And on duty too, so I’m all set. Union has good bennies for on the job stuff.”

Once she was slightly reassured she took his hand and sat down next to his bed. “Why didn’t you call me right away?”

“I was busy,” he said dismissively. “Doctors are pains in the asses.” He laughed at his malapropism “I had to make Jerry call. The department only calls family, not girlfriends.”

“I thought you were dead.”

“Nah, I’m too tough to die just from a simple car accident.” He was more talkative under the morphine than when he was just his normal self. Catherine wasn’t sure if she liked that or not. “Do me a favor, Cookie?”

“What?”

“I’m starving. Haven’t had a thing to eat—”

“I’ll go get you something,” she said starting to rise out of her chair. Bobby caught her by the wrist and stopped her.

“No, I’m hungry for you.” His grin was loopy crazy. Catherine wasn’t scared of his crazy expression, but thought his request was insane.

“No, not here. Not in the hospital.”

“Please?” he begged.

Catherine found she had little resistance to his wide open eyes and helpless begging. He was already too dependent upon the aid of others. She was immediately charmed by his need.

“Fine, but make it quick.”

“Uh-huh,” he agreed as he watched her take out her tits. Her blouse was quickly unbuttoned and then she exposed just her left breast. It took them a minute to figure out the best position in which to feed him. The only real solution was for her to lean over him, putting both hands on the far side of his small pillow and let her breast hang in his face.

He happily suckled on her breast, relieving her of the building pressure and relaxing her from the tension that had been building since the phone call. She felt a bit like a ridiculous milk cow hanging over him, but there was no way for him to sit up or her to lay down next to him. It didn’t matter after a minute. Her milk let down and she lost herself in the moment. After a few minutes she wanted to put her hand down her panties and play with her clit, but that didn’t seem at all appropriate in a hospital. After another few minutes of sucking she wouldn’t have stopped Bobby from putting his hand down her pants however.

But his hands were busy holding and kneading her tit.

“It’s going dry,” he complained as he released her nipple. Catherine said nothing but just pulled out her other breast from her bra and popped it into his mouth. Two minutes later she was contemplating asking him to put his hand in her panties. Little groans were escaping her lips. A moment of panic was quelled when she thought that maybe the hospital would see Bobby’s heart rate shoot up. But a quick scan of the room revealed he wasn’t hooked up to any monitors.

“Feels good,” she moaned to him. “More.”

“Uh-huh,” he huffed into her soft flesh.

So wrapped up in themselves it could be forgiven that they didn’t hear the door open. “Mr. Milke we do have an option for a later dinner if you—” The nurse who walked in stopped dead in her tracks upon viewing the pair. She was an older woman who had worked in a hospital for twenty years. This was hardly the strangest thing she had ever seen. “I’ll be right back,” she said and whirled on her heel and marched out the door.

“Fuck!” Catherine cursed and pulled her tit out of Bobby’s mouth. He had seen the nurse walk in but he didn’t seem to care about what she had seen. She turned around—too late, of course—and adjusted her bra to stuff her boobs back safely inside.

“What are you doing?” he complained.

“The nurse!” Catherine cried out. “She’s coming back. With food for you!”

He grinned crazily again. “Well, I won’t need any drink.”

“Fucking hell,” she said and angrily buttoned up her shirt. “You’re going to get me in trouble and kicked out of here.”

“Aw, you’re safe. I’m a cop. I can make sure you don’t get arrested for sexual battery with two very dangerous weapons.” He laughed again.

“You’ve had too much morphine,” she told him and stepped over to the attached bathroom to check her appearance in the mirror. Satisfied she didn’t look like a hooker, she confronted him again. “I knew that was a bad idea.”

“I thought it was a great idea,” he said. “I feel a lot better.”

Before she could answer there was a knock on the door and it opened halfway. “Mr. Milke, can I come in?” It was the same nurse. “I do have something for you to eat if you’re hungry.”

She glanced at Catherine sitting in the bedside chair. Bobby briefly requested a meal but before she left the nurse fixed her eye on the plump chef in the chair. “Very good, Mr. Milke. Just a word of warning. You should probably avoid any sexual contact for a couple of days. You don’t want to get yourself too tired out or pull any stitches or re-injury yourself.”

Catherine’s face was burning red when the nurse left. “Never fucking do that to me again,” she cursed at him.

Bobby could only giggle to himself and then he drifted off to sleep caused by the heavy medication load.

He was released from the hospital two days later. Catherine had been forced to resort to using her pump during those days. Her milk had built up making her tits hard and painful. Normally she hated pumping her breasts, event to relieve the pressure. This time she decided to enjoy it and set up her vibrator along with the pump before she started expressing her milk.

Once she viewed the process as a means of pleasure rather than a chore, Catherine didn’t mind milking her breasts. The sensations were strong, but not at all unpleasant. Pumping was a strange thing to do. She watched as the vacuum pressure elongated her nipples, forcing the thin white liquid to spray into the receiving cups, then released and the pressure subsided. A second later the process repeated. Before meeting Bobby expressing her breasts was an annoyance, now she understood it as a type of foreplay for her body. When her breasts where empty, Catherine tossed aside the pump’s cups, took up her oversized vibrator, twisted the control to the highest setting, and pressed it hard against her clit.

The orgasm was almost overwhelming. She rolled to her side and clamped her thighs to her hand holding the vibe. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she rode out the powerful waves of pleasure her body had generated. When it was finally over

and she dared risk pulling the vibe away. Once it was removed she shuddered twice and then relaxed, switching off the vibrator. But the tension wasn't completely gone from her body. Catherine rolled again onto her back, spread her fleshy thighs, and nestled the vibe into the entrance of her pussy. It was sopping wet and the silicon vibe went right in with just a gentle motion. Only then did she switch it back on. Her pussy came alive and she arched up her legs and back, anxiously thrusting the vibe in and out of herself as fast as she could. It didn't take very long for the first orgasm to arrive. It was quickly followed by a second, and then a third, each more powerful.

Only then was she done. She still missed Bobby, but she knew she'd be able to live a few days without him.

Once Bobby was safely transported to his home Catherine moved in with him—temporarily she told him—to nurse him back to health.

“Literally,” he laughed as he took her fat nipple into his mouth and sucked contentedly. They were lying on the bed together. With some careful positioning and lots and lots of pillows they were able to get into a position comfortable for him. It was a somewhat inelegant position for Catherine, but she was willing to put up with a little back strain for the relief and pleasure his lips and tongue offered to her tits.

“Literally nursing you?” she asked.

“Mm-hmm,” he mumbled into her breast.

“Do you expect me to put on a nurses uniform and cap as well?”

He released her tit with a wet smack. “I’m not into dressing up for sex,” he said. “But if you want...”

“Maybe I’ll just put on my chef’s toque. Would you like that?”

Bobby had already gone back to her breast and shook his head. They didn’t need costume play for sexual relief. They just needed her tits.

The hospital had told him to wear large comfortable sweatpants or sports shorts



during his initial healing. It took some struggle, but when Bobby was done suckling from Catherine she had to strip off his pants exposing a rampant erection that pleased her to no end. Her shirt was already off, but she had kept on her jeans while she fed her boyfriend.

“It’s probably easiest if I get on top,” she told him contemplating his dick.

“Go easy,” he warned her. “I’m still a man on the mend.” Wiggling out of her jeans and green panties was a delightful show for Bobby. He admired how her soft flesh bounced around until she was naked. His eyes inspected her wet pussy as she carefully straddled his hips. “You shaved,” he commented.

“I shave all the time,” she answered. “I just did an extra good job for you this morning.”

Taking his big dick in her hand Catherine moved about until she was properly positioned to accept him into her body. His cock sliding inside was easy, as was slowly settling her weight on his hips. Her grunted slightly at the awkwardness of their lovemaking, but that was forgotten when she leaned forward and offered her breasts to him again. He took them in his hands and guided the heavier right breast to his mouth. Everything was going perfectly until Catherine started bouncing up and down on his strong hips. Normally this would have been exactly what he wanted. Instead he started screaming in pain.

Catherine immediately stopped with a horrified look on her face. “Did I hurt you?” she gasped out.

A small groan escaped his lips. “A little. Fuck. I don’t want more pain meds. They make me act stupid and put me to sleep. I want to fuck you too, though.”

“No problem,” she said. “I’ve got just what you need.” Catherine carefully pulled his cock from her pussy and threw her leg over him, careful not to disturb his cast.

“I wanted to have sex with you,” he complained, “not for you to leave me.”

“Just wait,” she told him as she trotted over to the bag of supplies she had brought along for their night together. Inside she pulled out of large tube of KY. “Scoot over to the edge of the bed,” she instructed him.

“I don’t think putting it in your ass will be any easier on my leg,” he commented with a wry grin.

“The lube isn’t for my ass,” she said tartly. “And you should be so lucky to get my black cherry.”

“Oh?” he asked as he levered himself over.

But Catherine was now already kneeling next to the bed. It was just about the right height for her plan. She squirted out a healthy handful of the sticky-slick lubricant and smeared it all over Bobby’s cock.

“That feels nice,” he said, “but I wanted more than just and handy.”

“You’ll get more than that,” she promised as she doled out another dose of the lube and wiped it between her pendulous breasts.

“Oh.” Now he knew what she was planning.

Before taking up her breasts Catherine wiped the remains of the lube on the outsides of her breasts and then using both hands pressed them around Bobby’s slightly trembling cock. “Have you ever had a titty fuck before?” she asked him.

“No,” he confessed.

“You’ll like this.” It took a bit of practice before she found the right motion to slide his cock up and down between her breasts. He helped a bit thrusting his hips at the right moments. “It would be easier if was on my back,” she told him.

“You’ve done this before?” he asked.

“You might not believe how many guys have asked me for it.”

“Uh-huh,” he absently replied, distracted by the sensations coming from his cock he didn’t at once realize she hadn’t answered the question. “Wait. Have you done this before?” he asked.

Catherine delayed her answer by temporarily stopping her bouncing and wrapping her lips around his cock’s head and sucking gently. She tasted the KY, his precum, and just a hint of her pussy. After thinking a long moment she

finally said, “A few times. Three different guys.”

“Uh. I probably don’t want to hear the details.”

“I’ll tell you if you want,” she teased and started to move her breasts up and down again.

“No, just make me cum,” he asked. “Make it quick.”

She didn’t make it quick, but she didn’t draw it out either. There was no reason to torment her wounded warrior. Once she figured out he liked her tongue to rasp across his sensitive head it became incredibly easy to make him cum. When his cock erupted thick ropes of jism painted her chin, neck, and the tops of her breasts. Bobby’s body jerked and tensed in a mixture of pleasure and pain.

“I like milking you,” she said when he was done.

“Thank you,” he breathed out heavily. “Wow. That was fantastic. We have to do it again...but later.”

“And I’d like to thank you,” she said.

“Why?”

“For loving me. For wanting to please me.” She scooped up a bit of his cum from her breast and contemplated the thick liquid a moment before licking it off. The taste was salty with a bit of a chemical aroma; thick on her tongue it was difficult to swallow, but she happily did it for him. “For not making me be someone I’m not.”

“What? What do you mean?” He was puzzled at her comment. He was also thrilled with the aftershow she was giving him. He had never seen anyone enjoy his leavings before. It was weird and erotic.

“Do you know how many guys have asked me out, dated me, taken me to bed, asked me to do all manner of things for them in bed, and then they turn around and either say outright or hint at the fact that I need to lose weight—but I need to make sure my tits stay big or otherwise they’ll dump me.”

The vehemence in her voice surprised him. The message of her telling him this

was obvious, but he still needed to ask why. “Why do they want to do that?” he asked her.

“How the fuck should I know?” she snapped. Then she grimaced and looked down at her cum covered breasts. “I know,” she said, her voice now a whisper. “Because they secretly loved fucking a fat girl with big tits, but they couldn’t let their friends and family know that, so I had to lose weight for them and be acceptable to them.”

“Oh. But you’re not fat.”

Catherine looked up at him with shining eyes. “I was. I am. I’m not gigantic, but I’m fatter than fucking society says I should be. You should have seen me two years ago. I was fifty pounds heavier. You should have seen me in high school. I was the fattest girl walking the hallways. It’s always going to be a struggle for me to stay at a good weight and deal with my thyroid.”

“I love you for who you are. I love the fact you can cook and you are happy with yourself. You’re pretty and brave and—”

“You love me?” she interrupted.

The words had slipped out before he had realized it. “Yes,” he said with his voice full of confidence.

“Thank you. I love you too,” she leaned over and kissed him. Some of his cum smeared off her tits and on to the bed and his chest, but he didn’t complain even when he tasted himself on her lips.

“Don’t get me wrong,” he said. “I love the fact that you have big tits too. And nice round ass.”

“And milk?” she asked.

“And your milk,” he added.

“Are you going to dump me the minute your cop buddies start teasing you about me being fat?” she asked.

He scoffed at her suggestion. “Cookie, I never would have gone into Donna

Sienna's if Jerry hadn't asked me if I wanted to see the new fat girl who worked there. 'Pretty, with big tits, but she's a fatty,' he said."

Her expression softened. "You came to see me because I was fat?"

"Jerry's an asshole, but he knows a pretty girl when he sees one."

## **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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