

*Roman Charity:
Four Tales of Erotic Lactation*



by Elliot Silvestri

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Also by Elliot Silvestri

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The Breast of Dawn

By Elliot Silvestri

Chapter One

Dawn stared with disgusted disinterest at the troll suckling from her engorged breast. After a year of captivity she had become accustomed to the monster draining her breasts daily of her milk. It wasn't a terrible existence. It could be worse. She was mostly well treated; there were no beatings or torturing, she was well-fed, she was even allowed to stay in the forest above the cave during daylight hours. Naturally she was chained by her ankle to a rock in the cave... but still, Dawn considered it a step up from her previous placement. The only downside was that her troll owner nursed from her breasts every day.

His lips were thick and strong, they pulled unnaturally at her nipples and his huge bulk closed in oppressively. Gronash was a typical troll as far as Dawn knew. He was huge, over seven feet tall, bulky, muscular, purplish skin, bald head, and pointed ears. Nothing remarkable. His thick lips latched to her breasts every day and drained her milk. She had become accustomed to it, but couldn't help cringing every time at the huge incisors that poked out of his mouth, threatening to slash her tender flesh. That never happened, even the first time he nursed from her. Gronash was surprisingly gentle with Dawn, which surprised her, for she had always been told that trolls were horrid monsters that were more likely to kill you than to look at you.

That turned out to be untrue. Trolls were supposed to be stupid as well, but Gronash was also intelligent, much more so than most of the humans she had dealt with most of her life. Perhaps he was so careful with her because he needed her and had paid a high price for her slavery and maybe it was the nature of trolls to kill and eat elves, humans, and other trolls on a regular basis. She didn't know. What she did know is that every time Gronash placed his lips upon her flesh she involuntarily recoiled—he said and did nothing about her autonomic response—and then she relaxed as her milk started flowing and she began to enjoy the sensation of being nursed.

That is what Dawn hated the most. The reason for her slavery was also one of the few pleasures in her life, a life of slavery.

As he continued to nurse from her, Dawn felt the tightness of her breast's skin

lessen. She knew that he intentionally fed her foods laced with herbs designed to make her lactate more than was natural, but since he was her only supply of food, she had little choice in the matter. Her breasts were too large for her thin frame, it seemed every bit of nutrition she took in immediately went to her breasts and then out to Gornash's stomach.

The first breast was drained. He released it with a smack of his lips and immediately glommed onto the full tit. Again she had her involuntary reaction of recoil, then her milk started flowing and her body responded to the stimulation Gronash supplied. She had been certain upon her capture the big troll would rape and kill her. That was not the case. He needed her milk. What she didn't expect was her growing attachment to the troll. True, he was her jailer and had only one use for her, but he showed her more affection and care than her previous owners.

She sighed heavily and rested on of her tiny hands on top of his smooth head. The other she let trail down to between her legs. A tiny scrap of material protected her modesty and innocence. Her fingers slipped under the magic cloth and caressed her nether lips. They were wet proving her arousal. The nub of her pleasure button was erect and she teased it with her fingertips before her hand was slapped away by Gornash's meaty palm.

"Not while I feed," he grunted at her then latched back on to her tit. She knew better than to argue. There were punishments that he had devised to keep her in line. They had largely become unnecessary lately, but there was always the threat. She nodded though he couldn't see the motion and continued to stroke his head—that he didn't mind. Her body continued its arousal and she absently rubbed her thighs together, waiting for him to finish his feed, waiting for him to leave, waiting for the opportunity to masturbate in peace.

What had surprised her about Gronash more so than her previous owners was his amount of self-control. He had never fucked her, had never abused her. Once she was in the possession of a troll she was certain rape and murder were in her immediate future. She had been wrong. She knew this was because the milk of a virgin elf was highly prized for its healing and other properties. It was why Dawn had been a slave her entire life, it was why she was still a virgin at the ripe age of nearly a hundred years.

"Done," he muttered, letting go of her empty breast. She looked down and saw her chest was noticeably deflated. Gronash always insisted she stand while he

fed from her. Because of their considerable height difference—he topped out over seven feet and she barely reached five—she was forced to stand on a short series of steps. She automatically assumed the position when he appeared for his evening feeding arms behind the back, chest out, back against the wall, eyes averted from his gaze. Once done with her milk he brought a bowl of her evening meal and left her in the cell.

She ignored the food and immediately got down from the steps and laid on her bed, legs splayed and both hands furiously masturbating her pussy. Now that she was alone and in relative safety she pulled off her tiny g-string leaving her wonderfully, gloriously nude. Her body was finely shaped into the epitome of elven beauty: long blonde hair tumbled down her back, pierced by her highly pointed ears. Her almond shaped eyes were angled upward following the line of her eyebrows and ears. Her skin was the purest white and not a hair grew on her body only on her head. She didn't understand why human women grew curly hair between their legs hiding their pretty pussies, maybe when she was older hers would grow.

It didn't take her long to cum, it never did. Once her body was excited by Gornash's nursing she just had to finish teasing her clit hidden among the folds of her taut pussy and a relaxing wave of orgasm overwashed her body. When she was done she slipped her g-string back on and ate her food. She had to keep up her strength, her only value in life was in the magical milk her breasts produced, and once that stopped she was useless.

Dawn knew that elven breast milk was used the world over as a general restorative and healing potion, but to keep an elf slave for that purpose was prohibitively expensive for all but the richest of lords and kings. Gronash wasn't terribly rich though she imagined he must have treasure of some sort. He was a troll after all. There was a steady trade in elf milk as an aphrodisiac—vials of such were often bought illicitly and most often were completely fake. The only way to be sure was to get it directly from the source. Dawn had been used to feed and heal many different humans by her first owner, but all of those she could see some obvious wound or illness, with Gronash there seemed to be no wound or illness from which he suffered. She doubted he kept her just as a trophy or because he savored the flavor of her milk—which she had to admit after tasting it many times herself was sweet and delicious. A few times Dawn had been used as the finest dessert table for the king, drinking directly from the source. Her milk had been highly praised and complimented.

But all that had changed a little over a year ago when she had gone to sleep one night in her cell and then been woken up in Gornash's cave. He never offered an explanation, but his treatment of her was better than her human master so she did not press the issue. She was a slave and that was her lot in life.

Chapter Two

Beventen peered through the brass tube given to him by the wizard he was certain was a fraud, but it turned out the old man was the real deal. He could see nearly a mile with the device, through trees and leaves and anything else. His vision came to rest on the chained form of the elf. She was beautiful, as all elves were, and wore only a tiny loincloth protecting her modesty from prying eyes. Of course, in the forest there were few prying eyes, but Beventen took his time to study her curving buttocks, her long hair, her full tits that were too large for her tiny frame, and he even took the time to study her hidden pudendum. All of that was perfect. There were two items that disturbed this otherwise perfect vision of loveliness. The first was the iron manacle around her ankle and the chair that kept her within easy reach of the troll's cave. That could be easily removed. The second problem was the scars and tattoos on her back. Some were exquisite, most were ugly. Those would be harder to correct. Still, that was a problem for the future. The immediate problem was her capture and dealing with the troll.

Being a treasure hunter and general hero-for-hire was often a difficult job. Beventen often rewarded himself with the treasures of the women he freed. That would be impossible with this particular recovery job. At first he was certain he would have been able to resist based upon the amount of gold he was to earn on the job, but seeing the near-naked elf sunning herself on a rock in the middle of the forest, he lost some of his resolve. Taking her back to the wizard deflowered would make her worthless. There would be a tired whore in Cantaville tonight.

He wound up his tiny crossbow, checked the quarrel already loaded into small weapon, double checked the rapier in his scabbard and started the march through the forest. Her rock was only a mile away, but by the time he arrived there the sun would be near the horizon, dusk settling, and her troll owner would be coming to collect his possession. Beventen needed to be there at the right time.

The little elf was still on the rock catching the last of the sun's rays when he arrived. No sign of the troll yet. That wasn't good, but Beventen wasn't worried, he was prepared. He didn't bother to conceal his approach and the elf's acute hearing picked up on him from a good distance. It was easy to see the sudden

change in her posture when she detected him. He didn't hurry or slow, but approached slowly and steadily. Once he broke into the clearing she regarded him silently.

"This is your lucky day," he told her. She looked at him blankly, expecting nothing from him. "I'm here to rescue you," he added.

"I don't need to be rescued."

He looked at her in surprise and then wondered if that was a ruse. Beventen looked around, expecting a sneak attack from the troll. But nothing was in sight. "You like being a prisoner?" he asked her, trying to look at her highly angled eyes and not directly at her oversized breasts.

"I didn't say that. I said I don't need to be rescued." Her voice was even and a bit sweet, not beaten down like a person who had been a prisoner her entire life. He mentally shrugged. What she wanted was no concern of his. He just needed to complete his job and get paid.

"When does the beast come to get you? Surely it doesn't leave his prize outside all night."

"Gronash will be here shortly. And then he'll most likely kill you."

"I doubt that."

"You don't look like you could kill a troll," she replied curtly.

If she wasn't so valuable he would have smacked her for her impertinence. But his job was to deliver her undamaged, even if she did have a smart mouth. "I'm more dangerous than I look," he muttered. And it was true. Though he wore some light leather armor and a brass helmet, carried a sword and a crossbow, he wasn't tall or physically imposing. In the past he had considered intentionally scaring his face or taking up a more dramatic cloak or tunic to wear, but there was never a need. Sometimes subtlety was more effective.

Before their conversation could continue the troll emerged from the cave entrance not far from Dawn's rock. The massive purple troll sniffed the air with his oversized nose and scowled at the unimposing figure cut by Beventen. "Thought I smelled human," Gronash muttered. He wore animal hides artfully

stitched into a suit, at his side he carried a heavy spiked mace. "Leave," he ordered.

"Sorry, I have to take the elf girl," Beventen apologized. "Nothing personal." The troll was twenty yards away and he raised his tiny crossbow at the creature. He sprung the trigger and released the bolt. It struck the troll dead center on his chest. The troll reached down, plucked the tiny missile out of his armor, and tossed it away.

"That's it?" he grumbled and charged Beventen, swinging his mace. He made it almost all twenty yards before he tripped over his big feet and went sprawling in the forest litter, sliding to a stop just in front of Beventen.

"Yes. Sorry," he apologized and put the little crossbow away to draw his rapier. The troll wasn't dead, merely stunned, struggling to get to his feet, but he had lost all control of his body and could merely flop around in the dirt.

Moving quickly but cautiously, Beventen moved in with his sword, avoided the giant's flailing limbs and neatly sliced him across the neck. Bright red blood spurted and pumped from the open wound, staining the leaves on the forest floor. Dawn screamed at the unexpected and casual violence, seeing her captor and protector in his final horrifying moments before he died was a shock.

Beventen waited until he was certain the troll was dead, nodded once the body stopped moving and the blood flow dropped to a trickle. "Wait here," he ordered Dawn and slipped into the troll's cave.

"Where would I go?" she asked, mostly to herself. "I'm still chained."

Inside the cave Beventen was impressed. It wasn't an animal's hole; it was a fairly nice home. There was no heavy, cloying animal smell. There were lamps lighting the darkness and furniture filled the rooms. Everything was neat and orderly. That made it easy to find the books Clotid had requested, along with additional restraints for Dawn. In a chest he found a shift and a dress she could wear. Once outside he recovered the key Gornash kept on his belt and approached Dawn with it.

"I see you didn't try to escape," he said to her.

"You know I couldn't," she sneered at him, her lip pulled back in anger. The key

was made of iron as was the chain that tethered her to the rock. The manacle that went around her ankle was an alloy of iron, copper, and perhaps brass. An elf couldn't tolerate cold iron against her skin, it would burn her tender flesh. There was just enough iron in the manacle to protect her flesh but also prevent her from attempting to remove it.

"True," he nodded. "Let's get you out of that manacle and into this dress."

"And those bindings?" she asked.

"Of course. I can't risk you escaping."

"This is your idea of rescue?" she asked.

"Yes. Well, at least you'll be treated humanely by a person instead of a troll," he pointed out.

"What makes you think I want to be treated humanely? I've been treated humanely before. Gornash's treatment was better."

"Too bad you don't have a choice in the matter."

After a short struggle he imposed his will upon her. The dress was over her body, the manacle was gone and leather bindings were wrapped around her wrists. Her arms were bent behind her back and a leather leash was attached to her wrists. Beventen held this and led her out of the forest.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Does it matter?" he replied. "But not far. I have a boat waiting in the river just a few miles away. We'll be safely there before dark."

Dawn said nothing as her breasts started to ache.

They traveled along the forest path used by the now-dead Gronash and other forest creatures. Soon they came to the boat as Beventen had promised. He loaded her in and they set into the water, traveling with the current. It didn't take terribly long to reach the town of Cantaville. He pulled her out of the boat and led her through the mostly empty streets. Eventually they arrived at a crossroads where an inn stood across from a house of ill repute. Dawn was not surprised to

find herself taken to the whorehouse.

Inside Beventen was greeted with cries of congratulation and mockery, all of which he accepted good naturedly. There were several offers to buy Dawn, but he declined them all. He already had a room waiting upstairs and was led there by an attractive, but assuredly underage girl. Beventen made no attempt to hide his leer as he watched the girl's buttocks sway up the stair ahead of him.

Upstairs there was a bath waiting for him. But first he retied Dawn's restraints, then stripped down in front of her showing no modesty, and bathed himself while she stared at the wall. Once he was done bathing, he picked her up. She screamed in protest, but there was no help coming. He pulled off her dress and attempted to do the same to her panties, but they refused to come off.

"Fucking hell," he complained and pulled out his dagger from his pile of clothes.

"No, don't," Dawn protested.

"I'm not going to hurt you, girl," he said. "I just need to get your panties off. Then a bath to get that troll stink off you."

"You're not going to get them off with a knife," she cried.

"Oh?" he asked brandishing the weapon. "Then why didn't they come off when I pulled them?"

"They're magic panties," she told him. "Only I can remove them. They're impervious to any blade or attack."

"Really?" he said, impressed. "Chastity panties, how nice. A present from the troll?"

"No, from my previous owner. To protect me."

"Well, get them off and get in the bath," he ordered. He watched the elf as she carefully bathed herself. She was beautiful, he admitted again. With her panties off he could take her right there and fuck her brains out. Which would make her useless and worthless. And probably get the wizard Clotid would kill him. It wasn't worth it when for a few brass bits, he could have any whore in the house.

She washed her breasts very carefully. They were huge, which was nice, but she was taking too long. "Hurry up," he ordered. "Get dressed." He opened the door, found the hall attendant and ordered his reserved whore for the night.

Once back inside he looked at his prisoner. She was wearing her magic panties and nothing else. "You put back on your dirty panties?" he asked with a snicker.

"They're magic," she reminded him. "They can't get dirty. Aren't you going to get dressed?"

"I'm going to fuck a whore in a minute, there's no need." He called out to the hallway. "And get a fuckin' servant to wash my clothes." Then he turned back to Dawn, grabbed her and quickly put a metal collar around her neck. To this he attached an iron chain. "Don't bother to try to escape," he warned her.

"Where would I go?" she asked.

He pulled her from the bathing room to his rented suite. Inside the sumptuous rooms there was an oversized bed upon which lounged a pretty whore. Beventen ignored the half-naked woman and instead led the half-naked elf across the room to where a series of large metal rings were set into the wall. Picking one at random he locked the end of the chain to it and only then turned to the whore.

"Mabel, where have you been?" he asked her.

"Waiting right here for you, Bev," she answered, but her eyes flicked over to the beautiful elf. "I see you have a prize already."

"Yeah, but I can't fuck her, and I've already paid for you." He walked calmly over to her. The woman couldn't have been more different from the elf. Her long brown hair fell in curls around her shoulders, her breasts were much smaller, barely bigger than those of a teenage girl which somewhat reduced her value as a prostitute, but once a man had experienced her pussy, that quickly changed. She wore a shift that was translucent, showing her dark brown nipples to the wandering eye and didn't come down long enough to hide her sex. A bounty of tangled curls hid her pudendum from sight.

Beventen approached her, lifted the shift off her body and pushed her down on the bed. "Ready for a quick fuck?" she asked him, spreading her legs. He looked at her open sex and started forward, but then remembered himself.

“Wait a moment,” he said, turned to his pack on the floor and extracted a silver phallus with a white crystal affixed to one end.

“Don’t tell me you can’t get it up any more,” she giggled at him. “But if that’s your kink, I can indulge.”

“I’m not getting the drips from a two brass whore,” Beventen muttered. She ignored the insult and allowed the mercenary to slide the device into her pussy. It didn’t hurt, there was a tiny bit of pleasure involved in being filled, and he smiled once the crystal lit up blue. “You’re clean,” he announced and pulled the magic device from her.

“Of course I am,” she complained. “Lady Desdem runs a very hygienic establishment.”

“Uh-huh,” he commented absently. “Let’s get down to business.” He got on the bed and pushed her head down to his crotch.

She automatically responded, opening her lips and taking his substantial cock into her mouth. He responded almost immediately, his cock hardening and growing delightfully huge. Though too many women became whores out of need, those who worked in Lady Desdem’s houses actually enjoyed their work. They had to be beautiful and skilled, of course, but Mabel went beyond that to truly enjoying every sex act her performed. When Beventen was sufficiently prepared—hard, erect, and wet with her saliva— she tossed a leg of his hips and lowered her moist and hot pussy onto his cock. She sighed, her eyelids fluttering slightly as he filled her void.

He grunted in approval, bucking his hips a bit and then allowing her to establish a rhythm with her hips. Mabel was used to working with all manner of men who had all sorts of needs. From farmers and simple laborers at the bottom of the rung who wanted a simple fuck and suck because the wife was pregnant or there was no wife, all the way up to high class clients like Beventen who knew the finer things in life and wanted a quality whore to fuck. Still, that didn’t make him much different from every other client she had. The mercenary thrust pleasantly in to her reached up and caressed her breasts like an affectionate lover. It didn’t take too many wriggles of her hips to extract a decent orgasm out of him. He came hard inside her cunt, a nice thick flow of spunk that filled her pleasantly. She faked a small orgasm for his benefit and then leaned forward,

letting her breasts and skin connect with him. He embraced her for a minute, basking in his dénouement. And then he—which did not surprise Mabel the least—lightly snored. It took him less than two minutes to cum and fall asleep.

She grinned and shook her head as she threw one leg over his prone body, releasing his cock from her body. Her immediate thought was to leave him sleeping there, go down to the common room and perhaps turn a few more tricks before the night was over. Beventen had paid for her for the entire night, but what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. Then her thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the elf-girl. "Before you leave could you get me a bowl?"

Mabel turned her eyes on the little elf. She had never fucked in front of an elf before and quite honestly had forgotten the girl was there. She didn't mind performing for an audience, though usually she got paid extra for that. Her eyes glanced at the elf's huge tits and for a moment she felt a pang of jealousy.

"Why would I get you a bowl?" she asked unkindly.

"I need to express my milk," the girl explained. "If I don't have a bowl...it will go on the floor. I don't want to upset anyone by doing that."

Everything clicked into place for Mabel right then. The girl was a virgin elf and lactating. Her milk was incredibly valuable, which was why no doubt that Beventen had been sent to fetch her. The man had forgotten to empty her breasts, silly man. There was an opportunity for money to be made. "Wait here," she told the elf, then giggled lightly. As if the chained girl would go anywhere.

She returned a few minutes later carrying a large ceramic bowl and several glass jars. "Here," she said. "Empty them and I'll take care of the milk."

Dawn rested the bowl on her lap and took up her right breast in both hands. Already a few drops of milk had formed on the impressive nipple. This the elf ignored and firmly squeezed her generous mammary pushing her hands from her chest to the nipple, forcing out the rich, creamy milk. It sprayed in several directions at once. The bowl was well-placed and large enough to catch all off the liquid. Mabel watched, fascinated, as the girl repeated the process again and again.

"How long will this take you?" she asked.

The elf-girl shrugged. "I don't know. It's been a very long time since I had to do it this way. There's almost always someone who wants to nurse me."

"Is it true what they say about elf milk?" Mabel asked.

"What do they say?"

"That elf milk is the magic elixir that cures every disease, mends broken bones, and turns men into horny satyrs because it's also an aphrodisiac?"

Dawn shrugged. "I don't know. Humans believe all that because if they didn't I wouldn't have spent my entire life as a slave."

The latter comment all but fell on deaf ears, she had seen too many slaves of all sorts to care. "There's an open market for elf milk. We get requests for it all the time here. The stuff you find is normally fake, but that doesn't stop counterfeiters."

The elf just looked at Mabel and continued to squeeze her tit.

"We can sell your milk tonight if you want," Mabel offered. "Beventen will never know. We can split the money."

"And where would I keep the money? And how would I spend it?"

Mabel immediately understood her argument. "Seems unfair that you have to empty your breasts and get nothing for it."

"I've gotten nothing for it for most of my life."

The silence that filled the air between them pushed the two females apart.

"I'm going to sell it anyway," Mabel told her.

"Fine."

She continued to watch Dawn express her milk. It was a fascinating process. "Can I help?" she asked after long minutes. The bowl was barely a tenth full.

"I don't see how," Dawn answered, squeezing again. The milk sprayed and decorated the edges of the bowl with little pearls of liquid that eventually slid

down and joined the growing puddle.

Mable tried to speak, lost her voice, and then forced out the words. "I could... you know...help you by sucking out the milk. It must be painful to be so engorged, so full. I've seen some of the mother's here do it."

"You want to drink my milk," Dawn sighed.

"Well, no. I would save it in the bowl. So we can sell it."

"It'll mix with your saliva and be ruined." Dawn released her breast and shifted her position slightly. "If you want to nurse from me, that's fine. I don't mind."

Mabel licked her lips nervously. She did want to do that. She just didn't want to admit it to the girl. "I don't need to do it," she said slowly. "I'll just do it to help you out."

Dawn slipped her hand under her full breast and lifted it slightly offering it to the human woman. "Go ahead," she said. "I know you want to."

She started to lean forward, then caught herself. Mabel couldn't admit that she needed to nurse from Dawn. In her heart she knew that she needed to, but couldn't bring herself to say it or do it. After a long moment Dawn shrugged and shifted the bowl back into place and started to squeeze her full breast.

"No. Wait!" Mabel said, placing a restraining hand on the elf's motions. She didn't know why she couldn't voice her need, or even act upon it. On many occasions she had sex with another whore for the amusement of a client. This wasn't even remotely the same thing. Instead of speaking, she closed her eyes and leaned forward letting her lips rest on the elf's big breast. Dawn moved the bowl aside and placed it on the floor. Mabel said nothing, carefully kissed her way down the soft flesh until Dawn's nipple slipped between her lips.

Automatically she began sucking. Dawn leaned back and enjoyed the sensation of being nursed gently. Her hand came up and stroked Mabel's curly hair. Mabel was exhilarated by the hot milk filling her mouth and then the sensation of swallowing and having her stomach fill with a pleasant sensation. She sighed and rested her face against Dawn's flesh. She knew she shouldn't be drinking the elf milk because every swallow was more gold she would never see, but she couldn't stop herself. It was delicious and inviting and the perfect food.

Dawn relaxed in the sensation of being nursed. She enjoyed sharing her milk this way. As much as she hated being a slave, she had resigned herself to that role, as long as her milk was drained every day. Her right leg came up and she rested the heel on the edge of the soft chair. She slipped her fingers into her panties and started playing with her clit. It was nice to masturbate at the same time as when she was nursed. Gronash didn't like it but the human whore didn't seem to mind.

Before she knew it, Mabel had completely emptied Dawn's breast leaving them with just the bowl of milk from the one breast. She was mostly sated, but it still took all her energy not to slurp up the cooling milk. Then she noticed Dawn's busy hand inside her panties. It was true that elf milk was an aphrodisiac, Mabel concluded upon seeing what the girl was doing. "Let me help you with that," she said huskily and tugged at the elf's white panties. They refused to move.

"I'll do it," Dawn absently whispered. Her hand pushed the silken material from off her hips and she spread her legs wide. Mabel immediately moved in and kissed the elf's nude clit, then dipped lower, pushing her tongue into the tiny pussy hole. Dawn groaned and rubbed her pussy on Mabel's face. Mabel responded by licking, then sucking the elf's clit and putting her own hand between her legs. Beventen's semen was leaking out of her pussy. She didn't mind the stickiness and eagerly frigged herself, unable to resist the siren lure of illicit sex.

It took Dawn almost no time at all to reach a peak of orgasm, announced with a shrill shriek and a small gush of liquid from her tight pussy. The shriek woke Beventen.

"What the fuck are you two girls doing?" he complained upon waking. He blinked, bleary-eyed, at them.

Dawn gasped and plucked her panties from the floor, pulling them back up and covering her quim. Mabel looked at the mercenary with annoyance as she kept her fingers busy between her legs.

"Oh." He grinned lasciviously at them. "Don't stop on my account."

Mabel didn't want to stop. She had fucked him without any real pleasure, had feasted upon Dawn's delightful quim, and had drunk the elf's milk. The combination of all three made her horny than a minotaur in heat. She needed relief. "Care to fuck me again?" she asked her while looking over her shoulder.

She waggled her naked, curvy ass at Beventen, splaying open her pussy lips for him to delight in the sight of his and her mixed fluids.

“I’ve already had you once tonight,” he said looking at her exposed sex, then flicking his eyes to the moisture that leaked through Dawn’s panties. “I’m looking for a little adventure.”

“You can’t have me,” the elf-girl said disinterestedly. “Rape me and my milk will be useless to you and whoever you plan on selling me to.”

This stopped him short even as he started rising from the bed for his cock had already risen from his crotch. “A little sucking won’t hurt you,” he said, looking now at her small red lips that surely would be a tight fit for his manhood.

“Do you know nothing?” Mabel asked him. “It’s not actually getting fucked that ruins a virgin elf,” she told him. “It’s your seed. Once it touches her body, she’s useless to you.”

Beventen stood in the middle of the room, idly stroking his cock as he listened to the whore. She probably knew what she was talking about. This was her line of business. And he couldn’t bring a deflowered and defiled elf to the wizard. He’d surely turn Beventen into a slug for such an affront, but the elf’s beauty was too powerful to be ignored. “I’m sure that’s true if I unload in her pussy, but her mouth doesn’t lead to the same destination, does it?” he asked the prostitute.

“Are you willing to risk that?” she riposted.

He stroked himself a few more times. “Fine. Bring me a young girl then, a pretty one with blond hair and a smooth pudendum. I’ll fuck the tart while the elf watches.”

Dawn held her tongue. She had no intention of watching him have sex with anyone. She had ignored his copulation with Mabel and could ignore a new whore as well.

Then he noticed the bowl of milk. “Drinking my profits?” he asked angrily.

“Saving them for you,” Dawn said calmly.

He grimaced and grabbed his pack that had been stowed in the room since his

arrival. He pulled out several metal jars and carefully poured the milk into them. "I shouldn't have to do this," he muttered, his erection twitching during the entire process. "Are you getting me a girl to fuck or not?" he snapped at Mabel.

She jumped up and ran out the door, not bothering with clothing, there was no need. She was back in a minute, towing a slightly built, yellow-haired and very young looking girl into the room with her. Her tits were smaller than Dawn's but that was to be expected. Beventen sealed the jars and looked at the new whore. She was pretty enough and wore the filmy thigh brushing shift most of the girls favored when on duty.

"Are you a virgin?" he asked her, standing up and presenting the girl with his now half-erect cock.

She smiled in what was supposed to be a seductive manner. "I can be if you want me to be," she said with a wink.

He walked over to her as Mabel watched and reached between her legs. Her pussy had been denuded but he could still feel a few random hairs on her cunt. It would have to do. "Strip and get on your hands and knees," he ordered.

Dawn curled up on the oversized padded armchair and half looked away. Mabel perched herself on the side of the bed as the young whore stripped off her garment and presented herself to the mercenary. "Not like that," he growled. "Turn around so I can fuck you while looking at her." He pointed at the elf.

She did so without hesitation. Beventen found his magic phallus and pushed it inside her pussy. "Hey," she complained as the cool metal invaded her flesh.

"Shut up," he told her. The crystal lighted blue. He pulled it out and shoved it in her asshole.

"Demons' hell!" she shouted.

"Shut up," he said again, smacking her on the ass.

"Ass costs extra," she said.

"Don't worry about it, honey," Mabel said. "It's all covered."

The crystal lit blue again and he removed the tool from her anus. “What’s it going to be first?” she asked him, wagging her hips a bit as enticement.

“Shut up, whore,” he said, getting behind her and shoving his now erect cock into her. He wasn’t sure why he was so angry or horny, but he needed to fuck.

“She has a name,” Mabel said. Then she paused. “What’s your name, honey?”

“Misandra,” the girl replied breathily. Unexpectedly she was enjoying the rough treatment and skillful cock play Beventen was giving her.

“You’re not a virgin, are you?” he asked as he thrust. Once inside he didn’t look at her, he gazed at Dawn.

“No,” she groaned out. It was starting to hurt now. Though she always lubed herself before going to a client, sometimes it wasn’t enough. Mabel put a calming hand on the girl’s shoulder.

“How about here?” he asked, pressing his thumb against her puckered asshole. He didn’t move his eyes from the elf who didn’t even give him a sidelong glance.

“No!” she shrieked, pulling away from him. He grabbed her hips and yanked her back. She cried out in pain again. Mabel watched and did nothing other than drop her hand between her legs to masturbate again.

“Why not?” he demanded. “Are you saying ‘no’ because your ass as never had a cock in it before or because you don’t want me to fuck you there?”

“I’ve been fucked in the ass before,” she whimpered.

“Thought so,” he said, pulled out of her cunt, pumped his cock a few times with his hand and came over her ass and back. He heavy drops of semen decorated her skin in a pleasing manner. He smiled at his relief and her humiliation. “Clean her with your tongue,” Beventen ordered as he stared at Dawn. She gave no indication as to realizing what was going on in the room. She almost looked half asleep.

Mabel was still horny and fell to the task given her, licking up the salty and musky spunk from Misandra’s back. The girl knew not to move during the

process. Mabel tried to jill herself while she licked and swallowed Bev's spunk, but it was nearly impossible.

"You still horny?" he asked the older whore.

"Yes," she whined.

"How do you want to get off?" he inquired. Now that he had his pleasure twice, he was more relaxed and wanted to see how he could tease the poor girls given the duty to care for him tonight.

Mabel's hand went back to her pussy and she looked around the room. "I want her tongue," she said pointing to Dawn. Beventen smiled and pushed Misandra away.

"Get over here," he ordered the elf. "You need to make Mabel cum with your tongue."

The elf regarded the mercenary dolefully. "I don't have sex with humans...or anyone for that matter."

"Bullshit," he snarled. "I saw her with her face between your legs. Time to return the favor. You won't have any spunk on you. Don't worry."

She hesitated, considered refusing, and then gave it. Acquiescing was just easier. Mabel laid back on the bed, her feet on the floor. Dawn knelt on the floor between her legs; there was just enough length in the chain for her to perform the duty. She regarded the woman's red and open pussy. It couldn't correctly be described as beautiful or even pretty, but there was something compelling about the woman's raw and open sex. It was...hungry and inviting. Dawn looked up doubtfully at Beventen. He nodded. "Do it." The young girl whore was curled up on a corner of the bed, half-watching, half-asleep.

Dawn pushed back her hair, tucking it behind her pointed ears, and pressed her face to Mabel's open set. It wasn't bad, she immediately decided, finding the woman's clit and getting to work. It wasn't bad at all.

Chapter Three

The next morning Beventen woke to the bed rocking. He sat up bleary eyed and observed the two females on the other side of the bed. Mabel and Dawn were cuddled together. Misandra was nowhere to be seen. It took him a minute to understand what was going on. Mabel's head rested against Dawn's chest, she was nursing from the fine-boned elf. Somehow Dawn had managed to reach down and cup Mabel's pussy with her hand. That was the rocking; Dawn was getting the whore off while she nursed. The affectionate embrace was most alluring and Bev's cock hardened as he contemplated fucking Mabel as she nursed. Then he realized he was losing money.

"Stop! That milk is worth gold!"

Mabel let go of Dawn's heavy breast with a wet smack. A drop of milk ran out of the corner of her mouth and dripped down to her chest. Her eyes were half-lidded as if in a stupor. Was she drunk? "But it's so delicious," she moaned. "Nectar of the gods. You have to try it."

He recoiled slightly. "I don't think so. It's for babies and old men. And concubines apparently."

After releasing the teat, Mabel's head started to clear. She looked at Bev. Moving more quickly than he could have anticipated, she rolled across the bed, grabbed his face and kissed him, pushing her tongue into his mouth. It lasted a long minute before she broke from him. "Don't you want more?" she asked him.

He wanted to say no, but couldn't. Bev just nodded. She pulled him across the bed and lifted up Dawn's still full tit for him. Once he had tasted the residue from Mabel's mouth, he needed no further encouragement to suckle. His lips went to her breast and the milk started flowing. Mabel reached down, found his cock hard, and started to stroke it. Bev responded by vague thrusting his hips, looking to release his seed while he filled his belly.

"No!" Dawn protested. "I can't get his essence on me!" Mabel nodded. Bev never released her tit, already too far gone in the mind-numbing affection that

came with the drunkenness of elf-milk. Mable slithered down and took his cock into her mouth. As he sucked, she sucked. The ejaculation happened naturally and she swallowed every droplet of his semen as Bev finished Dawn's milk.

"Time to leave," Beventen announced when the group had recovered. "We've got an important appointment with a wizard down the river." He dressed as the women drowsed together. It was pretty to see them so affectionate together, but he didn't have time for that. He unlocked Dawn's chain from the wall. "Time to get dressed," he told her.

A few minutes later they were walking together through the busy streets of the town. No one paid any particular attention to the mercenary holding a chain around a slave's neck. Slavery, though not officially illegal, was the basis of much labor on the frontier, especially if the slave was an elf. He had procured from the whorehouse a dress that was appropriate for her to wear amidst the humans. His pack carried their meager supplies along with the bottles of her milk, kept in careful magic suspension.

The barge waiting for them was a fairly new riverboat that had its twin giant paddlewheels powered by some unseen and presumably magical force. They boarded along with a small crowd of other travelers. Bev bribed a purser for a better cabin and was settling in for a pleasant journey, after locking Dawn's neck chain to a heavy bolt in the floor, when there was a knock at the door.

Mystified he answered it and was surprised to see Mabel standing there, a wry grin on her face. He wasn't pleased to see her. "What are you doing here?" he demanded no letting her in.

"I'm coming with you," she announced.

"Ha. That's a lie I'm sure you've told many a time before."

Over his shoulder the concubine saw that Dawn was still with Beventen. She smirked at him and pushed inside. "You'll need some amusement on the trip," she told him.

"It's only two days and if there isn't another tart on the boat I'll just seduce whoever is available."

"You'll need my help to take care of her, to milk her," Mabel said as she took a

seat on the bed, crossed her legs and let the loose skirt she wore slide well up her thigh. "For some sexual release for yourself."

"I don't want you here," he said. "Get out."

"I'm not leaving," she said, adjusting her cleavage which was impressive considering what she had to work with. Her neckline hovered dangerously low threatening to release her tits to full view.

"I'll throw you overboard myself."

She fixed him with a dead glare. "You'll never hold out for the entire trip," she told him. "Elf milk is...addictive. Once you've had a taste, you can't stop drinking the stuff, I know."

He scoffed at her. "Because you've had a taste or two last night and this morning?"

That smart remark caused her to frown in anger. She tried to keep control of her emotions under control. "You think I haven't learned anything working in a whorehouse? Elf milk is the ultimate aphrodisiac. We've sold watered down versions of it before. Just enough to give a man a jolt. But here's the thing: once you start on it, it's almost impossible to stop. Why do you think virgin elf slaves are so valuable?"

"I don't give a shit," he told her. "You just want more of her milk. That's not going to happen. I don't care if you've addicted yourself. Get the fuck out."

"You've drunk from her breast as well," Mabel pointed out. "I know you intend to drink more from her on your trip. If you manage to keep yourself from going into a frenzy and raping her, you might be able to deliver her to the wizard. Assuming she isn't despoiled, he'll probably be glad to take her from you. You think you can do that all by yourself?" she asked while idly unlacing the front of her dress. As she spoke her breasts eventually came into view. "It'll be a lot easier with me along for the ride," she pointed out while running a finger around her exposed and erect nipple.

Beventen closed the door and said, "Take off your dress." She stood up and did so, letting the material crumple to the floor. She wore a supporting garment that pushed up her tits and nothing else. "Take that off too and get down on your

knees.”

Mabel knew exactly what to do and pulled Bev’s cock out of his pants. It had only been a few hours since he had last cum, but already he was erect and ready to fuck again. She licked the head of his sex, a drop of precum had formed. It was sticky and salty. She savored it on her tongue.

“It’ll be a few hours before we can milk her again. I’ll get you through this.” She sucked his cock into her mouth and he leaned back against the wall of the small but comfortable cabin. He managed to keep his eyes open for a minute as she fellated him. Dawn regarded him from across the room; her face wasn’t angry, just resigned. She was a slave to her body even as she enslaved the wills of others.

Abruptly he pulled out her mouth. “Turn around and get on the bed. I want to fuck you in the ass.” When she obeyed his orders, presenting her slim, pert buttocks to his cock, he slapped her once to prove he was still in control and scooped a bit of her leaking moisture from her cunt and spread it on his cock. “To ease the way,” he muttered as he pressed the tip against her brown rosebud.

For a moment Mabel tensed, then relaxed her sphincter. It was a trick she had learned after working in the red light district for too long. Beventen’s cock slid slowly into her. It hurt, but it was a good pain. Only when he started thrusting did her mind wander from the pain to another plane of existence. She was in another world. Her hand automatically slid between her thighs and she frigged her little clit. Eventually he came, emptying into her bowels and they slid onto the rough blanket that topped the bed. His weight on her felt nice. She didn’t want him to leave her.

Together they turned their heads and watched the nearly motionless form of the elf-girl. She looked wistfully out the small window of the cabin. The motion of the boat rocked the room slightly. Her large breasts jiggled slightly in unison with the rocking. It was easily visible under the thin material of her borrowed dress. Mable and Beventen slipped off to sleep as they watched the object of the obsession.

It was hours later when they woke. Beventen had slipped off her but their bodies had remained pressed together. The cabin was small and warm, a sheen of sweat covered them both. His cock was soft between her buttocks and they pulled

wetly, tackily, apart. Dawn ignored them carefully. The couple awkwardly pulled their clothes back on and agreed to find the riverboat's dining room. They weren't gone long enough for Dawn's taste, but they did return with food for her. For that she was grateful but hated that they watched her eat. She took her time knowing they would want to nurse the moment she was done.

"Take off your dress," Mabel ordered. Dawn had been certain that the mercenary would be the one to order her about, but she complied nonetheless. "Now lay down on the bed between us."

Dawn did as she was bid. What choice did she have in the matter. Almost immediately the couple latched on to her breasts, one each. They suckled happily together. "You should try to stop," Dawn said to them, certain they weren't listening. Both held a breast in one hand, supporting her a bit as they nursed. "The more of my milk you drink, the stronger the addiction becomes. It isn't good for humans. I've seen what it does to men. I've seen men fight and kill over me."

Beventen opened his eyes and regarded her dolefully. "I regret that I cannot. Even your scent is heavenly." He grabbed her hand and brought it to his crotch. She felt his hard cock under his breeches. "See what you do to me?"

"I do that to every many who drinks from me. And every woman. When there is no wound or disease to heal, the milk drives humans wild with desire."

"And what about trolls?" Mabel asked, smacking her lips wetly as she let go of the girl's teat. "What did he get from you? Why didn't he go insane with desire?"

"Maybe he did," she answered as the whore went back to her drink. "I don't know anything about trolls."

"And does elf milk affect women in the same way as men?" Beventen asked, reaching across Dawn's body and slipping a pair of fingers into Mabel's cunt. She was moist. Her lips were swollen and ready to be taken again.

"Yes," Dawn answered. "In many ways." Bev brought his hand back and probed at her mons trying to see if he could feel her pussy through the white panties. They were like steel beneath his fingers. "And you can see why I need to wear these," she pointed out.

Bev and Mabel ignored her. They were in another stupor as her milk controlled their minds and bodies. “This is why your master wanted you to bottle my milk, so you wouldn’t become an addict.”

“Too late,” Mabel giggled. Her breast was empty now, as was Beventen’s. The mercenary pushed at the elf’s body.

“Get away. I need to fuck my whore now.”

And the pair did. Dawn felt her desire rising as the two copulated fiercely. She retreated to her tiny bed in the corner of the cabin and pushed her hands inside her panties. The two would be in a milk-fueled frenzy now. They would fuck for a while until their desire was sated and then pass out. She had seen it happen before. She had participated in it before just as she had encouraged it this time. In her underlying nature it was natural for her to offer her breasts to whomever desired it simply because it pleased her to see other suckle from her teats. She knew the dangers it presented to humans, but she couldn’t help herself.

A drop of her milk welled up from her now soft breast. She wiped it up with a finger, brought it to her lips and swallowed. Her brain fired with desire and one hand’s fingers plunged into her cunt while the other vigorously jilled her clit until she came with a whimper as her new masters fornicated with wild abandon on the bed.

And so it went with the threesome as they traveled up the river. Dawn saw the pair becoming more and more addicted to her milk. Mabel was kind enough to perform cunnilingus a few times on the poor elf for some additional relief, but that was always a risk because she needed to remove her panties for that and they weren’t certain if Beventen could restrain himself. So they locked him out of the cabin while the girls made love. It drove him wild with desire and drew the attention of some of the other passengers. A few gold coins slipped to the purser took care of that problem.

On the morning of the third day they woke from their milk-hangovers and Beventen slipped his hand between Mabel’s legs as she woke. She was wet and ready, as she always was now. He wanted to fuck her. Sleepily he rolled on top of her body, kissed the side of her neck, and then kissed his way down to her chest, taking one of the nipples into his mouth, pretending he was nursing from Dawn.

He was alarmed and delighted when he felt a trickle of milk in his mouth. Bev swallowed and backed off. He grabbed her breast with both hands and squeezed, trying to force more milk out of her tit.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Mable complained. She had been hoping for a fuck but now was just being abused.

“You’ve got milk,” he told her as a few small pearls of thin milk welled up from within her breasts, joined together on the tip of her nipple, then slowly slid down the slope of her small breast. Beventen leaned in and licked her clean, then latched on to her tit, sucking as hard as he could

Mable was awake now and she manipulated her free breast, playing with the nipple and fleshy tit until her other breast gave up a drop of milk as well. She wiped it up with her finger and brought it to her mouth. “Delicious. Why am I lactating?” she marveled at herself.

“It’s what elf milk does to human women,” Dawn said from the safety of her bed on the floor.

The two humans were in too much of a stupor to have any real reaction to Dawn’s words. “Don’t worry,” she said. “Her milk is nothing like elf milk.”

They continued to ignore her. It didn’t take Beventen long to empty the tiny amount of milk from Mable’s breasts. When he was done the two fell hungrily to the elf’s tits, sucking her milk greedily. They had all but forgotten why they had gone on this journey in the first place. When her breasts were empty they fell back to the bed and furiously fucked, fueled by the natural aphrodisiacs in the elf milk. It didn’t take long at all for Beventen to cum inside of the whore’s well-used pussy. Dawn wondered what terrible end would befall these two unfortunate lovers.

After a while they were spent and lounged together on the bed. The boat had stopped moving a while ago. Dawn was still chained by the neck to the bolt in the wall. Something was bound to happen soon and she prepared herself. She kept her back to the couple. There was no reason to treat them with respect now that they were addicted to her milk; they showed no self-control at all.

“Do you think the wizard knows about her tattoos and scars?” Mable asked as Beventen idly played with her tangled and matted pubic hair.

“Why?”

“If he thinks you damaged or marked her, you probably won’t get paid. You might wind up dead.”

“Don’t talk about me like I’m not here,” Dawn insisted quietly. They continued to ignore her.

“I think he’s smart enough to figure out the truth,” Beventen said. His eyes were barely open, he was still enjoying the mellowness of Dawn’s milk and the desperate sex it had fueled. Their reverie was broken by a sharp banging on the door.

Somehow Mabel managed to stumble to the door and open it for the purser. “I regret to inform you that we’ve reached our destination and all passengers must disembark.” He was a seasoned professional. Not Mabel’s nude body, the fact that she had obviously recently had sex, or the chained up elf-girl in the corner of the room flustered him.

“We’ll just take the return trip back down the river,” Beventen said. His eyes cast around the cabin looking to see where he had put his purse to bribe the agreeable man with some coin. “Let me pay our passage.”

“I’m afraid that’s not possible, sir,” the purser said. “Your party is waiting for you on the docks. I have orders to remove you.”

Beventen would have been happy to fight every member of the crew for the right to return, but that seemed like too much effort. It was also but a cloud dream for the two sailors that accompanied the purser had the trio packed, dressed and deposited on the docks in short order.

“You must be the mercenary Clotid hired,” said a man-at-arms accompanied by a group of four sell-swords. “And the girl is your quarry. Who’s the old woman?”

Beventen blinked in the bright sunlight. “She’s...Mable, my companion.”

“Who are you calling old?” Mabel said indignantly.

The man ignored her. “My name is Hartel. We have a wagon for the elf. You can accept your payment here and now, or you can speak with Clotid himself if you

so desire.”

“I’d like a wagon ride, please,” Beventen said. “I need to renegotiate the terms of my contract with Clotid.”

Hartel shrugged. “Your option.” The group got into the wagon pulled by four mules. Two of the sell-swords walked, two rode. Dawn was chained and bolted to the floorboards of the wagon. The mercenaries put up a cover over the wagon and they continued their journey in silence. It didn’t take long for Beventen and Mabel to fall asleep. Dawn wished she could do the same as her human captors.

It wasn’t long before the trio reached the wizard’s tower, were roused, marched through the gate, and unceremoniously in a large mostly empty room. The door was locked behind them. Only then did Beventen and Mabel realize that Dawn was no longer with them, she had been taken away by the guards. While not exactly a prison cell, the room was close enough.

“We’re fucked,” he told Mabel as he sat down on the floor, put his back to the wall, and let his throbbing headache take over.

Chapter Four

He wasn't sure how long it was before the door reopened, but he was on his feet in a moment, scrabbling for his sword. It was gone along with his belt, scabbard, and dagger he kept in his boot. Beventen didn't bother searching for other weapons he normally secreted on his body, they would be gone as well. He was a realist. Mabel was slower to react than him, slowly getting to her feet to confront the old man who stomped into the small chamber.

"You wanted more money," he said bluntly.

"Who's this?" Mabel demanded. Her head was throbbing with the first signs of withdrawal from elf milk. She was cold and hungry and her fingers were starting to shake.

"The wizard Clotid," Beventen said, blinking at his temporary employer.

"He doesn't look like much of a wizard," she sneered.

The old man gazed at her with ice cold blue eyes. He wore a grizzled brown beard, an old linen shirt and brown leather trousers and boots like those of a farmhand. Barely visible beneath the thinning hair that fell over his forehead was a blue tattoo of a star. He knew he didn't look like much and that was the way he preferred it. "Shut up, whore," he said mildly. "I have business to attend."

"Don't tell me what to do, old man," she snapped. It was a poor decision brought on by the irritation of withdrawal.

Clotid regarded her calmly for a moment, then snapped his fingers. She flew back five feet to hit the stone wall and suddenly she found she could no longer breathe. Mabel choked and tried to gasp, but found her lungs no longer operated correctly. Something was terribly wrong and she was certain she was going to die. Then as suddenly as it began, the threat was gone. She hauled in a breath and huddled against the wall. Clotid turned back to Beventen. "You didn't like our deal?" he asked.

“It was a lot of work to get her here,” he said, trying to gather his thoughts. The milk intoxication laid heavy in his mind. “I don’t need extra money, just...I want to have a chance at her milk.”

“No,” the wizard said curtly. “You two are already addicted. You’re starting withdrawal now. It’ll be painful enough. Perhaps when it leaves your bodies, you’ll rethink your position, but for now you’ll remain here. I can’t have elf milk addicts running around.”

“That wasn’t part of the deal!” screamed Beventen.

The wizard didn’t let his anger rise. There was no need. “I gave you warnings. I supplied you with equipment to capture her body and her milk, but instead you partook of it. You must now pay for those actions. You and your...companion.” He turned to leave and then half-turned back. “I’m actually doing you a favor, believe it or not.”

“I don’t believe it,” Beventen said.

“Elf milk is dangerous,” Clotid said as he walked away. “You used it foolishly. You could have had a fortune, instead you let yourself be seduced by pleasures of the flesh.”

The heavy steel door opened as he approached, then closed silently as he passed through. Beventen raced after the wizard, trying to slip out the door and make his escape. He was too slow. He pounded his fists on the cold surface to no avail.

Clotid walked through his tower, more of a small manor house with a tower attached, but he always preferred the traditional wizard residence of a tower. There would be time to talk with the elf girl tomorrow. She was safe enough in her cell. The guards were locked out as securely as she was locked in. He went to his private chambers where Alixe awaited.

The handsome young man was merely a toy. The wizard how found him working at an inn as a stable boy and immediately decided that was a complete waste of the boy’s talents. He hired him as his assistant and brought him home, one of the many perks of being a rich, powerful wizard. Alixe was on the bed wearing his customary leather brassard, silver torc, and gold cockring. There was no reason for such a beautiful boy to wear more clothing. He was blonde, well-muscled, and knew exactly what Clotid liked.

He assisted the older wizard out of his clothes. Clotid lay down on the bed and allowed Alixe to take his cock into his mouth. Immediately the sex organ started rising and was hard and ready for sex in but a minute.

“How would you like me tonight, sir?” Alixe asked respectfully.

The boy had manners. He knew his role and place in the world. Clotid cupped his cheek with one hand and eased the boy’s mouth back to his cock. “In your mouth tonight, dear boy. I’m looking to relax. I have a lot of work with the elf tomorrow.”

“Yes, sir.” Alixe took the wizard’s proud cock into his mouth and sucked greedily. Clotid had never asked if the boy preferred sex with men or women. It didn’t matter. Clotid did as he pleased. The boy didn’t complain, he was the beneficiary of the wizard’s essence almost every day. Soon Clotid would grow bored with the boy and send him on his way—well-rewarded, of course.

In short order Alixe used his mouth and hands on Clotid teasing up a nice orgasm that the wizard spilled into the boy’s mouth. Alixe swallowed every drop. It was his job and his pleasure, at least from Clotid’s perspective. The boy didn’t even know what wonderful things were happening to him to have a wizard gift him with such untainted magic every day.

Chapter Five

Clotid silently watched the elf girl sleeping in the bed. He could appreciate her beauty, but had no desire to possess it. She was just a material good that was going to get him more power than he desired. "Wake up," he said softly. It was all he needed.

In a moment the girl was awake and blinking at the wizard. It took her a moment to realize where she was. She sighed and sat back down on the bed.

"I'm not here to harm you, child," Clotid said.

She sniffed and turned away from him. "I'm not a child. I'm older than you. And you certainly want something from me."

"I doubt you are older than me," he gently corrected her. "But that's not important now. I'm sure your time here will be much more comfortable than with the troll or in the hands of the mercenary."

"I'm sure," she said into the wall.

"Ah, yes, I would need to prove my goodwill first, wouldn't I?" he pondered aloud. With a wave of his finger the iron band around her neck fell away, releasing her from captivity.

"You're freeing me?" she asked.

"Of course," he said. "Where would you go?"

She opened her mouth to reply and no words came out. Dawn's entire life, all her memories, had been one of captivity. She could run, but to where? Her eyes welled up with tears, but she refused to cry, not letting a single drop roll out of her almond-shaped eyes and down her cheeks. "Where would I go?" she asked, half to herself, half to Clotid, looking askance at him.

"My name is Clotid. You have free roam of my house. I warn you not to tempt the guards, they are few, but few humans have the will to resist the call of elf

milk.”

“I would never—” she began to say but the wizard cut her off.

“I know you would do whatever it takes to stay alive. You’ve manipulated your way here. That’s fine, but don’t lie to me. You put yourself at risk.”

She looked directly at him now. “I’m free to leave, but I have nowhere to go. You’re keeping me a prisoner just like Beventen, like Gronash, like the king...”

“I’m proposing an agreement. You can stay here and enjoy life in my home for as long as you like. I’m currently looking for your family, your country, your people, but elves are a secretive race and are difficult to contact when they wish to remain hidden.”

“What’s the catch,” she said knowing that everyone in the world had always wanted something from her.

Clotid continued as if he hadn’t heard her. “You can leave when you want, you have complete free will. I only ask for one thing.”

“My milk,” she finished for him.

“Your milk,” he concluded. “You are no fool.”

“You do want something from me.”

The wizard’s lip curled. “No one stays under my protection without contributing something. Your breasts are already starting to swell and hang heavy with their precious liquid. You’ll have to pump them or find someone to nurse from you soon.”

“You want to nurse from me,” she concluded with a sigh.

Clotid laid a hand on his chest. “Gods above, no. Never. I’ll never lay my lips on a woman’s breast—elf or human or else wise. I prefer boys. And the last thing I need is elf milk causing havoc with my magic.” He grinned at his small rhyme. “If you’ll look in the wardrobe you’ll find a variety of garments you may wear. You’ll find a device that will efficiently pump the milk from your breasts. This bell pull will summon servants to help you as needed.”

“What’s to stop me from seducing one of your guards and getting rid of my virginity?” she challenged him, her bright eyes flashing, a little bit of life coming back to her.

“Nothing. Once your maidenhead is gone and you’ve been despoiled by semen, human semen no less, your milk will dry up, you’ll be useless to me, and you’ll be useless to your people. They don’t want a girl about to give birth to a half-breed. I don’t want a girl who can’t support herself. I’ll kick you out of my home and you’ll have to find your own way home. Your choice.” He nodded once and left her rooms.

Dawn sat on her bed for a long time contemplating her situation, then finally went to the wardrobe. As promised it was filled with clothes and on a shelf a case held a pair of glass cups connected with tubes to a central collection jar. It was easy to see the intent of the device but she couldn’t understand how it worked.

Since her breasts were steadily swelling and they were rapidly approaching the point of pain, she decided to make a calculated risk. She opened the front of the dress in which she had awoke, exposing her tits to the air. Immediately her nipples erected and she felt her body ready to spew forth her milk. Pressing the glass cups to her breasts they were suddenly soothed from the dull ache of being too full, then her teats were pulled forward, extracting her precious milk. The thin white liquid slid down the clear tubes to the collection jar.

A sigh escaped her lips as the tension eased away from her tits and the magical device got to work. She watched in fascination as the cups pulled on her tits, lengthening her nipples as the milk squirted out, then they released and the milk started to flow as if on its own. She closed her eyes, settled back in the chair next to the bed and let the pump do its work.

It wasn’t long before her breasts were delightfully lightened and she disengaged the strange device from her chest. As an unexpected bonus the toy had aroused her passion. Looking around to make sure she wasn’t being observed, she set the pump aside, making sure not to spill the milk, leaned back in the chair, hiked up her long skirt, and slipped her fingers into her panties.

She knew her body. Her pussy was wet and ready. Her clit was erect like her nipples had been minutes ago. It took her a few relaxing minutes to jill off and

scream in pleasure, her own pleasure. It had been too long since she had been so...free to do as she pleased and not for the amusement or pleasure of another.

Putting herself back in order she pulled the bell rope and almost immediately a wizened old crone appeared, pushing the door to her room open. "Yes, milady?" the woman inquired.

Dawn indicated the bottle of milk. "I assume you know what to do with this?"

"Yes, milady," the crone replied. "I'll take care of it. Would you like a meal or a bath or something else?" She hobbled over to the pump, disconnected the jar and waited expectantly for her orders.

Dawn knew not what to do. Never before had she been the one giving orders. "I think a bath, then a meal."

"Yes, milady. I'll show you to the bathing pool."

It took her little time to settle into a relaxing routine in Clotid's home. She pumped her breasts every morning, the milk was taken away by the crone servant. After that Dawn would bath, dress, wander the gardens Clotid maintained for his amusement or experiments, explore the library he maintained, sunned herself in the solarium, and looked for other amusements. Though she was safe and free to do as she wished, Dawn discovered she didn't know what she wished.

She never heard anything about Beventen or Mabel, nor did she inquire. She did encounter the guards as she moved about the castle, but they were respectful and kept their distance, undoubtedly warned by Clotid about the danger she posed to them. She would visit the kitchens where she chatted with the fat old cook, Hester, and her ancient crone servant, Batilda. They both claimed to be widows now serving Clotid and his guards. They seemed happy and were too happy to chat with her, but avoided any subject that was either forbidden or unknown. They pushed her toward the library where she could read, they would play simple card games with her in their free time and little else.

"What happens to my milk?" she asked Batilda one morning.

"I don't know," the old woman admitted. "I deliver it to Clotid's workshop and that's it."

“When will I know about my family?” she asked.

Hester could only hazard a shrug.

“Are the guards eunuchs?”

“I doubt it,” Batilda said. “But they’re also under spell from Clotid, so I doubt they pose a danger to you.”

“Are there other servants in the house?”

“A few in the gardens and farmland,” Hester admitted. “A few cleaning staff, old dwarves who keep to themselves.”

Dawn nodded and finished her card game with the old ladies. She continued to exist in her idyllic, safe, and boring existence.

That was all upset one morning when she rang for Batilda and instead of the old crone walking in, a handsome young man walked in. Dawn was temporarily surprised at his appearance, she hadn’t bothered to put on a proper dress and her breasts were exposed. This was nothing new to her, of course, but it was the first time it had happened in Clotid’s house.

“Who are you?” she demanded, taking on the role of a haughty lady of the manor.

“Alixé,” he replied while staring at her tits. “I’m Clotid’s servant.”

“Oh,” was all she could think to say while buttoning up her dress, tucking her breasts safely away. “You can take the milk.”

“I’m also his lover,” Alixé added.

Dawn rewarded him with a smile. “He must trust you,” she said.

He nodded and made no movement to pick up the glass jar of her milk. He held his head oddly and then looked at her out of the corner of his eye. “He trusts me too much, I think.”

“Why would you say that?” she asked warily.

“He thinks I only like boys, like him.”

“He’s a man,” she pointed out, trying to redirect the conversation.

Alixé shook his head slowly. “He’s a wizard. He’s not human.”

“I didn’t know that.”

“I’m human.”

“I can see that.”

“I like fucking women too,” Alixé said with a hint of menace.

Dawn swallowed and nearly lost her voice. “I’m not a woman,” she pointed out softly. “I’m an elf.”

He grinned broadly. “Close enough for me.” He advanced rapidly across the room, grabbed her arms and pinned her against the stone wall. For a moment she was too shocked to do anything, then started to scream. Alixé clamped a hand over her mouth. “Don’t make a noise,” he warned.

“Or what?” she hissed at him. She wasn’t sure if she should be angry or afraid.

Instead of replying he backhanded her, knocking her to the floor. In a moment he was on top of her, pulling up her dress and searching for her cunt. He found it blocked and tried to rip off her white protective panties. They stymied him.

“The fuck—?” he complained trying to tear the fabric away, scratching her skin in the process, but making no progress. The scratching and the unexpected blow of the pain caused Dawn to scream in fear and anger. She tried hitting him, but he was too big and strong for her blows to have any effect.

“Shut your face—” he started to say, raising his hand to smack her again, but the blow never landed. She had shut her eyes in anticipation of the impact that never came. After a moment she looked up and saw his fist raised up, but his entire body frozen. A moment later he lost his balance and tipped over to the side. She anxiously scrambled out of the way and cast around to see what had happened.

Clotid walked into the room, his head slowly shaking, the corners of his mouth

downturned in anger. With a wave of his hand, Alixe's frozen body skittered across the room. Dawn sat with her back against the bed, breathing heavily. She wasn't sure if Alixe was dead or alive or somewhere in between.

"I apologize," Clotid said. "I put too much trust in the boy. He didn't realize he was just a momentary distraction. One that should have known his place. Are you injured?" he asked kindly.

"No, I don't think so."

He nodded accepting her answer. "And your maidenhead is still in place. Stupid boy should have known better." Dawn just nodded. Hester then bustled in, her eyes wide with shock. "Help the girl clean up and calm her down. See to her injuries, if any. I'll speak to her in my library when you are done."

Hester nodded. Dawn then suddenly burst into tears. It was the first time she had cried in years. Hester cradled the girl against her bosom, rocking her gently. Clotid picked up the glass jar of milk and walked out of the room; Alixe's frozen body levitated up and followed the wizard.

After a few minutes Dawn regained her composure and looked up at the cook. "Where's Batilda?" she asked. "I called for her and Alixe appeared."

"She's...she's, I think she might be dead. I saw her body in the hallway when Clotid called me."

This caused Dawn to burst into tears again.

Chapter Six

An hour later she was in Clotid's private library, bathed, dressed, her scratches expertly cleaned and bandaged by Hester. The old wizard motioned for her to sit next to him in one of the many comfortable leather chairs. "I apologize again. I should have been monitoring the boy better. I thought he might have more resistance to your charms, but he turned out not to be anything more than a simple boy."

Dawn just nodded. "Where is Batilda?"

Clotid regarded her for a moment. "She's dead, killed by Alixe, knocked down a flight of stairs. Stupid boy. I've taken care of him; you've nothing further to fear."

She nodded again.

"I had hoped to tell you this under better circumstances, but now is no worse or better than tomorrow. I have a place for you to go to live with other elves."

This information didn't even register with Dawn. "What?"

"I've found people who will accept you. You can go home."

"Go home? I have no home."

"You will now."

She nodded, not understanding, but going through the correct motions to appease him. Clotid understood her confusion and tried again. "If you like I can sell you back into slavery. King Meneles is still looking for you. He became quite the milk addict during your imprisonment in his castle."

The name broke her out of her reverie. Memories long forgotten were not brought to the forefront. She shuddered and finally met his eyes. "Meneles?"

"I hate the man," Clotid said. "I have my reasons to keep you from him."

She nodded again. “What happened to Batilda?”

“Dead, I’m afraid,” he said kindly. “I’m not sure if she fell down the stairs because of her age or clumsiness or if that wretched boy Alixe pushed her down. He’s been...dealt with. You don’t need to worry about him any longer.”

“Did you kill him?” she asked.

Clotid seemed taken aback by this accusation. “Whores of the gods, no! But I’ll impose upon you not to ask what exactly I did with him. Few people in this world would want to know and I believe at this point with your weak constitution, the information would be too terrifying.” He sighed. “Even I can be a fool. I allowed myself to be blinded by his beauty and...other skills. Even an old wizard has his weaknesses.”

“Fine,” she breathed out. “I’m to be a slave no longer?”

“That’s correct.”

“Who is coming for me?”

“An agent of the elf community. They’re currently organized in a tribe at the northern edge of the Adirindrak Forest. Your escort will be here in a few days.”

“Do I still need to give you my milk?” she asked.

“No.”

“Why not?”

He looked away, perhaps ashamed at the answer, perhaps bored by the conversation. “I have struck a deal with the elf council to which I am releasing you. Your milk paid for your stay here and your protection. That is no longer part of the bargain.”

“You don’t need my milk anymore,” she accused him.

He said nothing.

“I could despoil myself—as you have put it—with one of your guards,” she said,

half rising out of her chair.

“That would be a poor decision. I agreed to deliver you safely to the elves in pure form. It would be a waste of your time to try at this point. I have ensorcelled them to keep your virginity intact.”

“What do these elves want with me?” she asked.

“You’ll have to ask them when they arrive.”

“What if I refuse to go?”

“You can stay here if you choose.”

“But you don’t want me to.”

“You are a perceptive girl.”

“What deal have you made?”

Clotid smiled. “Everyone wants to ally with a wizard when they are weak and then kill the wizard when they are powerful. The elves wish to ally with me now. I’m giving them something they want—you—and in return they’ve agreed to a favor for me.”

“What favor?”

“That information is not for you,” he said clearly and firmly. The conversation was at an end. “Please feel free to use my home as you wish for the next few days until the elves arrive.” He left the library.

The next few days passed as if Batilda was simply taking a few days away and Alixe was back to working in the stables and out of the house. The guards were polite but distant with her. She continued to milk her tits every morning, leaving the milk in her room when she went to breakfast in the kitchen. When she returned it was gone, her pump cleaned and placed back in the wardrobe. It was still idyllic, even though she didn’t much enjoy her life.

Chapter Seven

Almost a week after Batilda's death Dawn was woken in the middle of the night with a hand clamped over her mouth and a blade at her throat. "Don't move, don't scream if you want to live," a rough voice said behind her. There was another body uncomfortably close behind her. She didn't know what to do and simply stayed limp.

The blade and the hand didn't move for a long minute. "Good," the voice said lowly, softly in her ear. "The wizard's guards and wards aren't all that effective, are they?" The question wasn't directed at her so she remained silent. Then the hand let go of her mouth and slid down her torso to feel her breasts. The hand expertly evaluated her tits' size and heaviness. "Full. Still a virgin? You may speak, but softly."

"Yes," Dawn managed to find her voice and not scream in panic.

"Good." The hand now traveled down between her legs, briefly pried at her panties which denied entrance, then slid a little lower to cup her pussy through the material. Dawn tensed but the hand didn't explore further.

"Has the wizard mistreated you?"

"No."

"Then what are these marks on your back?" She was pushed forward and her nightgown was pulled down, exposing the scars and marks on her back.

"From previous owners," she said. "Beatings, torture—"

"Branding and tattoos," the voice said, disgusted. "This torture will be paid for with flesh."

Abruptly the door flew open and the oil lamps on the walls ignited, flooding the room with light, all but blinding Dawn and her attacker. For a moment Dawn was temporarily paralyzed, and then realized the body behind her truly was

paralyzed. She slipped away from the blade at her neck and looked over to Clotid marching angrily into her room followed by four guards. She wondered why he even bothered to have guards if he was so powerful.

“I don’t like my home violated,” he raged at the masked and hooded infiltrator. “Even if it is done by an invited guest.”

Dawn looked at the figure on her bed. He was dressed all in black, wore a cloak and hood and a mask. Angrily she reached out and yanked off the hood and mask. She shouldn’t have been surprised to find an elf looking back at her. It took her a moment to understand the elf was undoubtedly female, but something was wrong with her appearance that Dawn didn’t understand at first.

“You should have used the front door and you would have been admitted,” Clotid said. “You’re lucky that a guard didn’t kill you. You’re even luckier that I didn’t kill you.” He paused and considered his words. “I’m still contemplating it.” He glared at the interloping elf. “What do you have to say in response?” he asked.

The elf remained frozen.

Clotid sighed. “It’s late.” He absently waved his hand, releasing the elf from his paralyzing spell.

“I needed to make sure she was as promised,” the elf replied. Her voice was slightly softer, but still harsh to Dawn’s finely tuned ears.

“I don’t like elves using their magic to slip inside my home. I don’t like my trust violated.”

The elf stood up from her half-folded position on Dawn’s bed. “Council’s orders. I didn’t have any choice in the matter.”

“It’s not wise to cross a wizard,” he told her. “Be sure to bring that message to your council.”

“I will.” The elf acted brave, but Dawn could tell she was intimidated to near her breaking point.

“What’s your name, elf?” Clotid asked.

“Zarya.”

Clotid nodded. “Where’s your sigil?”

The elf pulled off a glove and displayed a ring. Clotid nodded again. “They match. In the future, don’t be so foolish. We’ll finish this in the morning.” He turned on his heel and left the bedroom, followed by the guards.

Dawn found herself staring at the elf. “What the matter girl? Never seen an elf before?” Zarya asked.

“No.”

This simple response caused Zarya to pause. “Of course not. You’ve been a slave your entire life.” Her lip curled in anger. She threw off her cloak and started stripping off some of her outer garments. “I suppose you have lots of questions for me,” she said. Her voice was still husky even though there was no need to disguise her voice. That was when Dawn noticed the scar on the other elf’s neck.

“What happened?” she asked, touching her own throat.

Self-consciously Zarya’s hand went to the scar. “I’ve worked some dangerous jobs for the council. Haven’t gotten through all of them perfectly safely.” By now she had pulled off most of her clothes and was wearing only a form-fitting tunic and brief shorts. Her leggings, boots and other clothing had been tossed aside. Dawn noted the mature elf barely had any breasts in contrast to her oversized ones. She felt self-conscious, more so than she ever had before.

Her eyes roamed over the elf’s face and noted her highly angled eyes, arching eyebrows, and delicate features. Zarya had light brown hair that had been cut short, giving her a cute, almost pixie-ish appearance. It was then Dawn noted the elf didn’t have pointed ears.

“What happened...here?” she asked, touching her own ears.

Zarya’s eyes flashed in anger, then she closed them and calmed herself.

“Sometimes jobs get dangerous. Sometimes you get caught. Sometimes you get your ears cut back to look like a human.” She glared at Dawn, challenging her.

“Any other questions?”

“No.”

“Good. Take off your panties.” She stepped over to the pile of clothes that partly covered the small pack she had brought into the room.

“What?”

“Take off your panties. I can’t do it for you, that I already know. I need to make sure you’re a virgin.” She stood up holding a golden phallus in her hand. In the pack Dawn saw a variety of ropes and restraining devices.

Not knowing what else to do, Dawn pushed her only protection from her loins, exposing the soft flesh of her sex. “Lay down on the bed,” Zarya ordered. She did so, automatically opening her legs, knowing what the elf wanted. She was embarrassed and humiliated. Is this what it means to be an elf?

She wore only her short nightdress that contained her breasts, but not her modesty. Zarya kneeled between Dawn’s legs and pressed the golden phallus against the elf-girl’s sex. She tensed up and pushed back, trying to preserve her virginity. “Relax or it will hurt. I have to do this.”

Nodding unconsciously, Dawn tried to will herself to go limp. She felt her lips part and the cool metal penetrated her pussy. She wondered if this device would take her virginity or if she would still be considered pure to the elves. Zarya studied the girl’s sex carefully, then abruptly slipped the metal rod out of her pussy. “Good. Excellent. Now sit up and take off your top.”

Dawn knew what was coming and followed the orders. Zarya now had a small golden cup. She hesitated a moment. “It’s easier if you draw it out yourself and I catch it in the cup.” To this Dawn nodded, taking her large breast in hand and massaging it, squeezing it until her milk seeped up through her nipples, formed tiny beads on the pink flesh, then dripped off into the cup. “Keep going,” Zarya said as the milk started to fill the cup. When it was half full, Zarya pulled the cup away and studied the contents.

“You need to make sure my milk is good?” Dawn asked.

“Yes.”

“And the cup is magical? It does that like the silver cock?”

Zarya looked up from the cup and suddenly laughed. “No.”

“How then?” Dawn asked, puzzled.

“The dildo made sure your maidenhead was still in place. It is. The milk, there’s only one true test for its purity.” She closed her eyes and upended the cup into her mouth, swallowing the creamy liquid. “I should feel the effects shortly, no?”

“It’s an aphrodisiac for humans,” Dawn said.

“It’s an aphrodisiac for elves too,” Zarya replied. She pulled off her tunic and dropped her shorts to stand nude before Dawn. Her breasts were tiny. Between her legs she was as smooth as Dawn, not a hair in sight in contrast to human women and men. Dawn wondered if that held true for male elves as well. But all over her body were scars, some small, some large. All showed her time in service to her tribe had often been violent and dangerous. “Have you ever made love with a woman before?” Zarya asked, her eyes starting to get glassy.

“Sort of,” Dawn admitted. “But human women.”

“And obviously not men,” Zarya added. “Your milk is pure,” she declared, her hand straying to between her legs. Two fingers disappeared up into the swollen lips of her cunt. “You’ll have to give me some relief tonight,” she said while getting on the bed and pushing Dawn back down. Zarya’s lips kissed Dawn’s neck, then her collarbone, then her breast. Zarya had some self control, but Dawn tensed as the other woman continued kissing her way down the young elf’s body until she felt Zarya’s lips on her sex. “I’ve never had a virgin before,” Zarya said and then plunged her tongue into Dawn’s tight pussy.

There was no fear, Dawn simply relaxed and allowed Zarya to explore her pussy with tongue and lips and fingers. Zarya was an expert; she had done this many times before. Though Dawn had recently had sex with Mabel, it wasn’t nearly the same. The human woman was much larger than her, Zarya was almost exactly the same size as Dawn, except for her breasts. When Mabel went down on her, Dawn had no real say in the matter; she had to go along with the humans. Zarya seemed to know exactly what Dawn needed to climax. And she did exactly that, bringing the girl to a pleasant and relieving orgasm that Dawn had never been able to master on her own.

She sighed with relief, and then to her amazement, she began to cry. Zarya had

been resting her head against the elf's thigh until she noticed what Dawn was doing. Immediately she slid up the younger elf's body and embraced her tightly, letting Dawn cry as long and hard as she wanted.

"What's the matter?" Zarya finally asked her when the tears had stopped flowing.

"No one has ever done that for me before," Dawn managed to gasp out.

"What? Made you cum?"

Dawn shook her head. "No, not that. Others have made me cum. But the way you did it, because you wanted to give me pleasure, it was different and wonderful and beautiful."

Zarya kissed her gently on the lips. "You'll find life with elves is different than with humans. We live freely. You'll have to wait and see."

The elf-girl hesitated to ask her next question, and then quickly blurted it out. "Can I go down on you?"

This made Zarya laugh, deep and throaty. "Yes, of course. I was hoping you would." The older elf rolled to her back and opened up her legs. Following Zarya's earlier example, she kissed her way down the elf's body, noting the hard muscles under her skin and the many scars that decorated her body—one that sliced partway into her left areola. She kissed the older elf's small breasts and nipples, both of them, then quickly progressed down her torso, landing on her open and wet slit.

She didn't pause and plunged right in, wanting to give the other elf as much pleasure as she had received. Her love making was clumsy, but earnest. Zarya rested a hand on the back of Dawn's head, guiding her mouth to the most sensitive folds of her pussy, encouraging her to use her tongue vigorously on her clit. Abruptly, unconsciously her thighs clamped around Dawn's head, and she twisted hard under the girl's ministrations. "Don't stop!" she ordered.

Dawn redoubled her efforts, licking and sucking on Zarya's clit while she slipped a finger into the elf's tiny pussy. The fact she didn't know what she was doing had little negative effect. "Cumming!" Zarya announced without warning, and then Dawn's face was soaked with the elf's girl-cum. She desperately

swallowed to keep from choking on the bountiful amount of fluid. Zarya's orgasm lasted much longer than Dawn could have anticipated but finally her legs relaxed and Dawn's head was released.

She backed up and smiled at Zarya, wiping the elf's sweet liquor from her face. "Sorry," Zarya apologized. "I cum pretty hard and usually it's pretty wet."

"It's fine. No, it's good." Dawn hesitated, not knowing what to say. "I was going to thank you, actually. I've never really made love with someone before. It's always been...just sex."

"Or worse?" Zarya questioned, prompting Dawn's unpleasant memories.

The elf-girl looked away. "Yes."

"Come here," she said. It was a request, not an order, but Dawn was happy to comply. Zarya kissed her after embracing her, gently kissing and licking away her own leavings from the girl's face. "There's one more thing we need to do tonight. Do you trust me?" she asked.

Dawn shrugged. "Don't I have to?"

Zarya's eyes flashed in anger. "No! That's the answer of a slave, a prisoner. You have free will. Never forget that."

The vehemence of her answer caused Dawn to carefully choose her next words. "Yes, I trust you. There's no reason not to."

"Good. A much better answer." She got off the bed and went to her pack once again. "I hadn't planned on using this, but a good elf-scout is always prepared for all emergencies." She turned around and fastened a belt around her waist, shimmying it down to fit snugly around her hips. It struck Dawn again how boyish Zarya was with her tiny tits and slim hips. Then she noticed that what she was wearing wasn't so much a belt as a harness. There were additional straps hanging from the belt that Zarya clipped and adjusted into place between her legs, covering her quim.

"What's that?" Dawn asked, raising an uncertain hand to indicate the harness.

Zarya didn't answer her directly. "I'm going to take your virginity," she

answered while carefully attaching the golden phallus she had recently used to explore the shallow depth of Dawn's cunt. "It'll probably hurt a bit." She stood with one hand on her hip, the other holding up the tool that was now jutting upward from between her legs.

Dawn recoiled slightly. "Why?"

"I could make up an elaborate story, carefully crafted to make you believe this was necessary, but the true answer is I want to. I like fucking pretty girls and beautiful women. I know this is something you haven't done. I want to take your maidenhead."

"I—I thought you had to deliver me to the elf council a virgin."

Zarya laughed lightly and moved forward. "No, not entirely. I have to deliver you not despoiled by a man's penis or his ejaculate. The actual existence of your hymen is unimportant."

"Then what was that test for earlier?" she demanded, angry.

"I wanted to touch your pussy. I wanted to see for myself."

"That's awfully deceitful."

"I apologize, but when in the presence of a living, breathing dispenser of pure, unadulterated aphrodisiac...I can only say I'm proud I haven't ravished you yet."

"Ravished? Isn't that what we already did?"

Zarya pursed her lips. "No, in this case I'm using ravishing instead of raping."

"Oh," Dawn said in a small voice.

"Touch it," Zarya said, indicated her fake cock.

"Why?"

"Just touch it," she ordered.

Dawn complied. It was warm and a tingle went up her arm. "What's that?"

“I lied earlier. It is partly magic. Not strong, but there is a charm in it. Touching it raises your libido.” She smiled encouragingly. “Shall we give it a go?”

Dawn realized she had a choice. She also wanted to please Zarya because she was used to having to please everyone around her. She could refuse, but what would that bring her. As always, Dawn took the easier route. “Okay,” she acquiesced and lay back on the bed, spreading her legs and exposing her wet pussy to the horny elf.

Zarya didn’t wait for Dawn to change her mind. She was instantly on top of the girl, laying on her, kissing her lips and cheeks and neck, feeling the girl’s heavy breasts against her tiny ones. The golden phallus pressed against Dawn’s thigh and she contemplated the curve of warm metal as she absently kissed Zarya back.

Then the older female backed up slightly, took her faux phallus in hand and carefully parted Dawn’s nether lips with it. Dawn tensed up, stiffening all the muscles in her body.

“Shh, relax, honey, relax,” Zarya said softly as she carefully lined up the device and wiggled it forward to the still intact hymen. “The tenser you are, the more it will hurt.”

“It’ll hurt?” Dawn whined, her eyes were clamped and she had bitten her lower lip in anticipation of her deflowering.

“Only if you resist.”

She forced herself to breathe and relax while sending her mind elsewhere, to the blackness of night pierced by bright starlight. Zarya pressed forward and there was an uncomfortable presence in her pussy that felt alien and wrong. Her breaths came quicker and sharper; her mind was reeling with the unreality of the situation. And then...and then a sharp flash of pain caused her to yelp in pain. It hurt like the tortures in the hells where only the most evil demons lived. And then it abated and she realized her pussy was full, but comfortably full. It was different than her finger, more robust and powerful. She felt...different.

And then Zarya started thrusting the phallus back and forth inside her. Dawn’s eyes rolled up into her head and her legs went around her lover’s waist. A low, rising moan escaped her lips and she knew ecstasy.

The next day she and Zarya were riding horses away from Clotid's manor. Dawn was still sore between her legs, but it was a pleasant soreness. Riding a horse was a new experience, always before she had been properly transported in a wagon. It felt good to have a horse between her legs. Powerful and strange. In their packs was Dawn's pump and supplies for the journey which Zarya promised would last a week. She felt safe as they left the outer gate of the manor. Zarya reached across from her horse, taking the girl's hand in hers—making the guard at the gate jealous as he saw the two women being oddly intimate—and smiling with confidence.

“Ready to meet your people and become a proper elf?” she asked her lover.

“Yes.” Her breasts bobbed slightly under her dress. She was bringing life-giving milk to her people and she would be happy she knew.

The Collegiate Milkmaid

By Elliot Silvestri

Chapter One

“I’m getting some weird discharge from my nipples,” Kelly said, squirming uncomfortably on the examination table. She hated going to the student health center, but where else was one to go while in college? At least they didn’t immediately make her strip and put her feet up in the stirrups.

The doctor’s manner was kind enough. He looked like a dropout from a hippie commune: long gray hair pulled back into a straggly pony tail, wool socks and sandals, wire rim glasses. He looked at her over the rims and asked, “Which nipple?”

“Both,” she answered.

“That’s odd. Usually it would be one or the other. Is it bloody or yellowish, pus-like?”

“No,” Kelly answered, anxiously jiggling her foot against the table. “Just white-ish.”

He frowned. “Doesn’t sound like an infection. But have you had your nipples pierced recently? Or removed jewelry from them?”

She was shocked at the question, then realized that pierced nipples were probably as common on a college campus as beer and fake IDs. “No, not me.”

“Well let’s take a look and we’ll do a sample.” He looked at her expectantly.

Kelly hated to be naked in front of anyone, even her boyfriend. Knowing this was coming was why she had delayed coming to the health center for so long. Reluctantly she pulled off her sweatshirt, unbuttoned her blouse and pulled down her bra. The folded washcloths she had placed in the cups fell onto her lap; they weren’t soaked but it was obvious something was making them wet.

The doctor raised his eyebrows. “How long have you been like this?” he asked.

“Two days now,” she said softly.

He peered closely at her breasts. The old doctor had no way to knowing that her

breasts were uncomfortably swollen. At first she had attributed it to her monthly cycle and too much college food. But that didn't matter now for a white droplet appeared on the tip of Kelly's nipple and started sliding down her areola and onto her breast. She grabbed one of the washcloths and quickly wiped away the liquid.

"Don't do that," the doctor said. "I'd like to take a sample."

Kelly blushed. "Sorry."

"Not to worry, I'm sure it'll happen again. Tell me, could you possibly be pregnant?"

Now her face turned bright red. "No. Well, I don't think so. My boyfriend and I...we've fooled around but we haven't had...intercourse. Yet."

"Hmm."

"What?" Kelly blurted. "I'm not pregnant, am I?"

"I don't know. I'd like to do a pregnancy test and sample the discharge, but...it looks like you are lactating."

"What? Lactating? Why?"

"I don't know," he said getting a small sample tube and pressing it against her nipple as another drop appeared. "But let's find out, shall we?"

After collecting a few milliliters of the fluid seeping from Kelly's breasts the doctor drew some blood, asked for a urine sample and announced he would be back shortly.

Over an hour later he finally reappeared with the test results. "Well," he said firmly settling his glasses on his nose, "it is breast milk. You aren't pregnant and based on your blood sample your hormones are well within normal range."

"What does that mean?" Kelly asked, her entire reasoning process gone with the unusual roller coaster of information she had been riding.

"A woman lactates for one of several reasons. Pregnancy and the hormones

pregnancy causes in the body. An otherwise organic hormone imbalance caused by some secondary reason: a tumor on one of the hormone producing glands or hormone injections for other reasons.”

“But none of that applies to me,” Kelly said.

“The only other reason is stimulation of the nipples and breasts, by sucking, to stimulate milk production. That’s usually only seen in women who are breast feeding children for a long period of time, or for those women who are using breast pumps to try and stimulate production. I’ve seen that in a few women who have adopted infants and want to breast feed them.” He paused and thought a moment. “But I don’t think any of that would apply to you, does it?”

“Would it if my boyfriend likes to suck on my nipples?”

Much earlier Simon had asked her, “You never get tired of this do you?”

Kelly was stripped to the waist and he was holding her with one hand by the wrists above her head while he dipped his head down and alternately sucked and nibbled at her breasts.

She sighed and wiggled half-heartedly against his restraints. “Yes,” she lied and giggled.

“You’re the first girl I ever met who could cum just from having her tits played with,” he told her.

“I know,” she sighed as he sucked her right nipple deeply into his mouth. “You’ve said so before.”

“And I still marvel at it.” Simon slid his free hand down her belly and stopped at the top button of her jeans. “How many times tonight have you cum?”

“Eleven,” she answered as he sucked hard on her right nipple making her groan and cum again. As she did he popped open the button to her jeans and started easing down the zipper. “Don’t,” she sighed.

“Don’t what?” he asked as his finger tips met the top edge of her pubic hair just

beyond the elastic band of her red and white striped underwear. “Don’t make you cum again or don’t go into your panties?”

“Panties,” she moaned her answer.

“You don’t really mean that,” he told her and slipped his hand all the way down between her legs. “You’re soaked,” he marveled at the wetness he encountered, cupping the whole of her pussy with his hand. She spread her legs to accommodate his invasion of her pants. “I don’t think I’ve ever made you cum by playing with your pussy,” he whispered in her ear. This will be something new. Can you even cum that way?”

“Uh-huh,” she grunted as he spread her labia with index and ring fingers, then delved into her cunt-proper. Kelly tensed her entire body and he searched out her clit. It wasn’t hard to find. It stood up proud and erect, after only a few rubs she gasped loudly enough to startle Simon to inaction as she clamped her legs around his hand, nearly crushing his fingers, and let the orgasm take over her body.

Simon let go of her wrists and kissed her lightly on the lips when she was done shaking from the violent internal explosion. “That was wonderful to watch,” he told her.

“You’re strange,” she laughed at him, but kissed him back anyway.

“I just know what I like and what I want.”

She dropped her hand to his cock. “I know what you want.”

Too eagerly he undid his pants and exposed his cock to her. “You must be able to read minds,” he complimented her.

“Just small ones,” she joked, taking his erect organ in her hand and lowering her mouth down onto him.

Like most college boys Simon was easily excited and easily satisfied. Kelly had spent four years in high school band playing coronet and applied her musical talents and strong lips to her sex life. Simon soon ejaculated a copious load of semen into her mouth. Kelly wasn’t a shy girl, even if she was a virgin. And swallowing was easier than having to clean up a huge mess on her sheets. The

warm liquid went down her throat and into her stomach without complaint.

She liked the way his body shuddered after orgasm. With his sex in her mouth, she was in complete control of him, body and mind. That's what she loved most about sex with Simon.

Even though she was just a freshman, Kelly practically had her own private dorm room. She had been assigned a sophomore roommate who had barely ever moved in; Shondra spent almost every night in her boyfriend's apartment. Once they had hooked up Simon spent many of his nights in Kelly's dorm room.

After telling her that the primary reason he had been attracted to her was her large breasts (a full D cup) and she didn't immediately kick him out of her bed, he knew that she was the girlfriend for him. Upon discovering that her nipples were her most sensitive sex organ was only icing on the cake. Every opportunity that presented itself, he would sneak up behind her, cup her breasts and bring her to orgasm. It was even enough to keep him happy even when she told him she was a virgin and wasn't going to give that up right away.

She woke up in the morning with Simon's mouth on her tit. Her red and white striped panties were soaked and her body was ready to cum, so she just let him bring her off.

"Did you like my alarm clock?" he asked her.

"I've been woken more rudely on other occasions."

"They're getting bigger," he commented as they got dressed. Kelly had spent the past five minutes adjusting her bra to get it to hold her breasts correctly.

"You wish," she commented.

"And it's been fulfilled."

She noticed he was correct. None of her bras were fitting correctly and her shirts were all tight.

She started leaking during her Intro to Accounting class. It was her most boring class and she started daydreaming about Simon. Started fantasizing about him, in fact; how his mouth felt on her nipples and how his cock felt so good in her

mouth. Maybe it would feel even better in her cunt.... Usually this just made her panties wet, but today it made her shirt damp as well. Realizing the skin around her breasts was growing clammy, she came out of her reverie and started to panic. What was wrong?

Sitting in the back of the giant, darkened lecture hall had its advantages. Since this was a crack of dawn 8:30am class, most of the students were still half-asleep. Kelly slipped her arm inside her oversized sweatshirt and started examining her damp bra and shirt. It wasn't blood, she realized right away after checking the tips of her fingers in the lights, but it wasn't sweat either. Something wasn't right.

It took all her willpower not to rush out of the class and run screaming in a panic to the health center. She hated going to the health center. The class was finally over after what seemed like days but was only an hour, she rushed back to her dorm room—certain that everyone could see what had happened to her, like getting her period for the first time in junior high—and carefully examined her breasts. Whatever liquid was, it was impossible to see now. Everything seemed normal. Still, in the back of her mind she knew something was wrong.

Simon wanted to spend the night with her again, as usual. She told him no, feigning a stomach ache and too much studying, she spent the night alone. He called late that evening, to check how she was feeling. Her panic was over, but she was still nervous about the leaking from her breasts.

“Are you feeling any better?” he asked her.

“A little,” she admitted, hoping he wouldn't be too concerned with her. “I just need a little time alone.”

“Does alone mean no phone sex either?” he asked hopefully.

It was annoying just the sound of his voice could set off desire in her body. Unconsciously her free hand strayed to her nipple and she started teasing herself. “No,” she said quietly, “maybe I'm open to that.”

“I'd love to suck on your tits,” he whispered in her ear.

She twisted one nipple slightly and pressed her thighs together with her bed sheet between them. She was wearing just her nightshirt, nothing else so it was

easy to feel her bare skin and get her clit stimulated with the friction from the cotton cloth. It had been a favorite way of her to masturbate for a long time. She didn't want to stop now, even when Simon then said, "When I'm done with your tits, I'll straddle you, my cock already hard because just being near you makes me that way. I'll hold down your arms with my knees and then I'll stroke myself until I cum all over you. My cum will be on your tits, your stomach, your hair, your face." He sighed and paused a moment; Kelly could hear small noises in the background and knew he was cumming. "It'll make you so beautiful," he gasped.

While he had been talking, she let go of the phone and cradled it between shoulder and ear, freeing her other hand to delve between her legs. Her clit was already swollen and it only took a few rubs when her own orgasm matched Simons. She breathed heavily as they both recovered from their climaxes.

"Was it good for you?" Simon finally asked her.

"Uh-huh," she said weakly into the phone.

"Want to go again?" He loved to see how many times he could make her cum.

Kelly almost accepted his offer, but then she realized both her hands were wet, not just the one between her legs. That scared her, again, but she tried to remain calm. "No, that's okay. I'm tired. I'll just go to sleep now."

After she disconnected up she didn't go to sleep, she hurried to the bathroom and carefully inspected her breasts again. They looked normal. Whatever was seeping out of them was slightly whitish with no strong smell. She was certain her breasts had some weird infection because the liquid seeped out whenever she squeezed them or she had cancer. That was too horrible to contemplate. Kelly resolved to go to the health center in the morning, the hell with classes.

Chapter Two

She stalked all the way from the health center to Simon's room. She burst in without knocking and screamed at him: "Do you know what you did to me?!"

Simon was stunned for a moment and couldn't talk, then he regained his voice. "I certainly didn't get you pregnant if that's the problem," he said, trying to keep a bit of wit about him.

"No!" she yelled and threw her bag at him. He ducked and it crashed against the wall. She turned around and slammed the door, then whirled back around to face Simon. "You made me lactate!"

He looked at her dumbfounded for a long minute. "What?"

She explained what had happened as simply as possible. "You sucked my nipples so much and so hard that you actually got my body to start producing milk."

"Weird," was his comment.

"That's all you have to say?" she raged on.

"Sorry?" he offered. "I guess I can stop doing it. But you love it when I suck on your tits. You didn't encourage me to stop, did you?"

Kelly stopped short; she had to admit that was true. She had loved every minute of Simon suckling on her. "I'm still angry," she said, but it was obvious her anger had mostly abated.

"I can tell," he agreed, getting up from the bed. "Can I see?"

"See what?" she asked.

"See you lactate."

She rolled her eyes. "You are crazy. Why would you want to see that?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. Just plain old curiosity."

“This isn’t funny,” she told him.

“I agree. But I have a fascination with the female body and I’m interested in every part of it.”

She rolled her eyes again, but didn’t resist as he pulled off her sweatshirt and started unbuttoning her blouse. Try as hard as she might, it still felt good to have his hands on her body. After opening her shirt and easing it off her shoulders, it was easy enough to reach around behind her and unhook her bra and expose her wonderful tits.

He noticed the small gauze pads falling out of the cups. “What are these?”

“To keep me from leaking through my shirt,” she said. “What do you think?”

Simon only half heard her; he was bent forward focused on her sharply defined pink nipples. “I don’t see anything happening.”

“You need to suck on them a little,” she said, putting her hand on the back of his head and drawing him forward to her teat. Willingly he opened his mouth and took her nipple. She closed her eyes and dropped her head back. It was wonderful as always. Her nipple was connected to her cunt as if with an electric wire. It took him almost no effort at all to make her ready to fuck—if she had wanted that.

It was a new experience for Simon. This time he wasn’t trying to make her cum, he was trying to get her milk flowing and he soon found that was as easy a task as bring her to orgasm. After only a few sucks he could taste an unusual sweetness on his tongue. He backed off and looked at her nipple glistening in the light from his saliva. Her heart beat once and a tiny bead of light white milk appeared on the pink surface. Another heartbeat and it was joined by several more. The formed together to a smallish drop that started to slid down the slope of her breast. Before it could slide too far and drip off the bottom curve of her tit, Simon leaned in again and licked her from the bottom slope up to the nipple again.

Kelly sighed. “That’s nice.” Her anger was gone and she was given over to her body.

Silently Simon pulled her to the bed where he laid Kelly on her side, attached

himself to her bottom breast and started suckling in earnest. It was strange and sensual at the same time. The more he sucked, the more easily her milk flowed. It was sweet—unlike cow’s milk purchased in the grocery store—and filling as well. The thin milk would lie heavy on his tongue until he audibly swallowed. It warmed him down to his belly. It wasn’t like sucking from a straw, his whole mouth was filled with her teat; it was warm and soft and perfect.

It didn’t take very long for Kelly to have her first orgasm. It was a soft, mild one and very nice. She knew each successive one would be more and more powerful. She concentrated on Simon’s mouth, letting him do all the work that she needed to reach her climax. It was a nice, gentle lovemaking; she kept her head on the back of his head, running her fingers through his hair. After her second climax, she could feel that her left breast was smaller than her right. He had drained her completely.

“We need to switch sides,” she told him softly. In the half-light of the darkened dorm room they shifted positions and Simon started to work on her full teat. She had a few more small climaxes as he worked draining the full breast.

“You taste fantastic,” he told her, pulling back unexpectedly.

“I’m glad,” she replied, half-asleep with her pleasure.

He gently squeezed her breast and expressed some of the milk. “Taste this,” he ordered her, catching the droplets on his finger and bringing it to her lips. She willingly opened her mouth and tasted her milk.

“Mm-hmm,” she agreed.

“You need more than that,” he said, sucking strongly on the tit and getting a complete mouthful, then brought it up to Kelly’s lips. He kissed her, forcing her mouth open with his tongue and deposited the milk.

It was an odd ritual, Kelly notes as she swallowed the small mouthful, and actually quite tasty, if a bit over-sweet. It certainly wasn’t any worse than tasting and swallowing Simon’s cum. And it certainly was pleasurable.

Kelly was astounded at the ease with which she and Simon fell into their new, strange rituals. He began spending more time in her room, moving in and making it his primary residence. They spent every night together, which was

good for her milk supply because Simon would suckle from her before going to sleep and when they woke up in the morning, sometimes in the middle of the night if he woke up in their narrow bed. If they found each other in her room in the middle of the day, it was by unspoken agreement he was allowed to nurse if she wasn't busy. It was wonderfully enjoyable for both, once they worked out the mechanics of how they needed to position their bodies to allow him easy access to her nipples.

Simon especially loved having sex with Kelly with her on top where he had easy access to her bountiful breasts. In that position it was easy for him to suckle and bring her off again and again all the while thrusting inside her. It was hard for Kelly to object; it was an unusual situation to be sure—she couldn't bring herself to discuss the strange nature of their physical relationship with her friends or family, either at college or back home—but everything about it she enjoyed.

Except for the leaking. Simon was somewhat miffed when he discovered a box of nursing pads on Kelly's dresser. "What are these for?" he asked her, half-angry, half-upset.

She sighed and rolled her eyes. "So I don't leak through my shirts," she told him. "I'm tired of wearing heavy sweaters and sweatshirts to hide my leaking."

"Aren't I draining you enough?" he asked, worried that he wasn't providing Kelly the service she needed.

Seeing his concern, her heart almost melted. She laid her hand on his face and told him, "No, no, what you're doing is wonderful. But sometimes when we're both gone all day at class and my boobs are making milk, and I'm thinking about you, I just start leaking. I need the pads so I don't embarrass myself."

Everything about their relationship was a learning process. They had taken to meeting with a few friends for dinner in the dining hall almost every night. Kelly had never been overly concerned with her weight, she was lucky to be active enough and genetically blessed enough to avoid the freshman fifteen, but she stopped short in her meal when Becca commented, "Shit, Kelly, I don't know how you eat so much and never gain a pound! I've put on more than my share of the freshman fifteen."

Kelly looked down at her loaded plate and froze. She was eating easily as much as the boys, if not more. She knew right away why, because she was producing

milk and it was being sucked away by Simon. Her face flushed red with shame. They would know the secret Simon and her shared.

The other girl at the table, Nancy who was far more overweight than the slightly plump Becca, immediately commented. "Splurge and purge I bet."

Simon's face grimaced in anger at Nancy's inappropriate comment and the position Kelly had been placed in. Before he could say anything Becca's occasional boyfriend Max spoke up. "Bulimia is only for sorority girls, Nance. Besides, look at Kelly's chest. There's no way she's doing that."

"Thank you," Kelly said to Max, curtly to end the conversation. "I'll take that as a compliment."

"I bet you will," he teasingly leered at her. "I know why Simon is so in love with you. All that food is going right to your tits."

Kelly blushed again. Simon kicked Max under the table. "You know nothing," he told the table. And it was true. For all the jokes, they had no idea that Kelly was lactating.

"Then how does Kelly eat like...that," Nancy said, her voice dripping with jealousy.

Trying to adopt an attitude of cool and nonchalance, Kelly replied, "Very high metabolism and good genetics. Jealous much?"

Back in her dorm room Kelly stalked about in anger. "Bitches," she muttered, kicking at the dirty laundry on the floor. "Jealous. They've got nothing or are too fat to be noticed."

"You shouldn't let them get to you," Simon said, patting the space on bed next to him.

She sighed and sat down next to him, allowing Simon to unbutton her shirt. "I know, but I can't tell them why I eat so much without discussing this," she gestured to her chest as Simon struggled with releasing her mammaries from the heavy-duty bra. "And this is only for us."

"I agreed," said Simon, finally managing to slip off the supporting straps of her

bra and exposing her tits. “Let me help you forget about it,” he said, lowering his mouth to her already flowing nipple.

“Did your fraternity put you up to this?” the surprisingly attractive saleswoman asked Simon. She was easily the age of Simon’s mother, but there was something especially attractive about the woman in charge of the lingerie section of the department store. Maybe it was the atmosphere, maybe it was his nervousness, but even though he was sweating bullets, he was excited.

“Uh, yeah,” he said, agreeing with the silly stupidity of a college prank. “They make us do this stuff,” he said in a stage whisper.

“And it has to be a nursing bra?”

“Yes,” he said, pulling a piece of paper from his pocket. “Size 38D. And they said it had to be pretty too.”

The saleswoman showed him several options, and while he wanted to be particular about which one he bought, he didn’t want to seem as if he were being too particular. Selecting the best of the bunch, he quickly paid for his purchase and was sent on his way with a smile on the saleswoman’s face.

Kelly looked at him in disbelief. “You’ve got to be kidding me,” she said.

“No, why not? It’s perfect isn’t it?” He displayed the nursing bra hanging on his arm like the actors from mid-seventies Cross Your Heart commercials.

“It’s a nursing bra,” she pointed out. Not only was it a statement of fact, it was her complaint as well.

“Yes,” Simon agreed. “Try it on,” he encouraged her.

She sighed and rolled her eyes, but stripped off her shirt and pulled off the bra she was already wearing. Her cups were literally overflowing, and once off the bra had left angry red stripes on her body. Simon helped her adjust the straps and slides, carefully hooking the back and making sure it fit correctly.

“See?” he asked when they were done with the adjustments. “Isn’t that better?”

She had to admit it was. Comfortable even.

“Now sit down on the bed,” he told her. When she did, he lay down on the bed placed a pillow in her lap and put his head down on the pillow. He reached up to the top of the left cup and unhooked the front, pulling down the material to expose her areola and damp nipple. “This is perfect,” he announced, taking her teat in his mouth and sucking out the milk.

Kelly was inclined to agree. She closed her eyes, leaned back against the pile of pillows and ran her hand slowly through Simon’s hair. Already her quim was starting to moisten and her orgasm was slowly building. It was near perfect indeed.

Chapter Three

The approaching Thanksgiving break was a source of anxiety for both Kelly and Simon, and beyond that the longer separation of winter break. They both knew that even the less than week-long period of Thanksgiving break was enough for her milk to dry up, and while restarting the process wouldn't be horrible, by the time that happened the end of the semester would be upon them and there was no real solution for the month long separation they were facing over Christmas.

Still that didn't stop them from ending their nursing relationship. Kelly was surprised at how incredibly enjoyable and relaxing it was to have Simon's head in her lap, suckling on her breasts as she watched her small television, or studied her textbooks, or even talked on the phone with her friends back home, or sometimes her parents. Sometimes she hardly even noticed when he lay down next to her, unbuttoned her shirt and opened the flap to her bra to nurse. Only when her loins started burning with desire did she realize what he was doing.

The best time was when nursing was a precursor to sex. Sometimes he would suckle just a little to get her in the mood and they would have sex like any other horny college students. Other times, especially when they lay down together at night to sleep, he would suckle a little to relax her, then slip his hand down inside her panties and start stroking her clit and ever-moistening pussy. She always responded so easily after he suckled her even for a just a minute. Though Simon liked her on top, bouncing up and down on his cock, sometimes they switched roles and he took her from behind, getting her up on hands and knees, letting her heavy tits swing back and forth as he slammed into her, enjoying the sensation of her round buttocks against his abdomen.

Less than a week before they were scheduled to leave for Thanksgiving break, Kelly came back to her dorm room to find a gift wrapped present on her desk. Simon was sitting in the ancient lounge chair next to the window pretending to study.

"What's this?" she asked, a broad grin on her face. Her breasts were full and she wanted him to nurse, but a present was a good enough reason to delay.

"A present for you," he replied, telling her nothing at all.

Eager to see what he bought her, Kelly ripped off the shiny wrapping paper and goggled in amazement at the contents of the box. She was stunned.

“Other girls get lingerie or jewelry or sex toys from their boyfriends,” she complained. “I get nursing bras and a breast pump.”

“It’s the perfect solution,” he said. “This way you can keep up your milk supply while we’re separated.” He beamed, proud of his idea.

“I’m not a cow,” she said.

“I never said you were.”

“What am I supposed to do with the milk?” she asked him, not really addressing the subject at hand.

“Pour it down the drain. Donate it to some needy breastfeeding milk bank. It doesn’t matter.”

Kelly was torn. It was so odd to be using a device that was designed for working mothers. “Okay, let’s see how it works.”

Simon had spent far too much money he didn’t have on the pump but to his state of mind, it was more than worth it. They puzzled through the directions, hooked up the various tubes, cords and collection bottles, before Kelly stripped to the waist and applied the soft plastic horns to her fully engorged teats. “I feel silly,” she said as Simon turned on the pump.

“No need to feel silly, it’s a perfectly normal thing to do.” He watched as the suction drew Kelly’s nipples into the length of the funnel-like horns and gently squeezed them. Nothing happened. The suction released then started again. Still no results.

“This is only perfectly normal if you’re a nursing mother,” Kelly muttered, but the sensations on her tits was starting to convince her otherwise.

“Does it hurt?” Simon asked.

“No, but I don’t think it’s sucking strongly enough.”

He adjusted the dial on the device, and as he watched the next cycle, her let down response began. A tiny bead of milk formed on her nipple, then was joined by several more that joined together and slid down the suction tube and into the bottle. "There," he said, delighted. "It's working."

"Uh-hum," Kelly absently agreed; her eyes half-closed and dreamily glazed over.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Simon accused her.

"Maybe," she muttered and squirmed her hips. Suddenly her jeans seemed too tight in the crotch.

Simon didn't mind if she got off with the pump. It was fascinating to watch the milking process. Each time the suction started a tiny squirt of milk would practically shoot down the collection tube and into the bottle. It only took a few minutes for the bottles to be more than half full and Kelly's breasts to be deflated from their previous bursting state.

"Want to stop?" Simon asked, noticing the flow was slowing.

"No," Kelly almost whined. "I'm almost there!" Her face strained in anxiety and she scissored her legs together, trying to stimulate her clit with the material of her jeans. She was holding one horn against each tit so it was impossible for her to manually stimulate her sex, but even so it didn't take her long to orgasm. "Turn it off," she whispered. He did so and she gently pulled the horns away from herself; they released with a soft sucking. Her breasts were slightly pointed, momentarily shaped like the cones of the horns, then they slowly started regaining their normal shape.

"Okay," she breathed. "That was pretty good. We can keep the pump."

Simon smiled and took the collection horns from her hands. "I'm glad you see it my way," he said happily.

"This is better than a vibrator," she declared. "I think we're going to get through our breaks just fine." She half opened her eyes. "What should we do with the milk?"

He was still holding the collection bottles. "Easy answer." He unscrewed the cap

and took a sip. “Delicious. Almost perfectly fresh. Maybe I should save some for my morning coffee.

Chapter Four

Thanksgiving break was surprisingly easy for the couple. It was less than a week apart and they managed to get by with a few phone sex calls and heavy use of the pump. She didn't tell Simon, but Kelly was curious and alone in her bedroom she couldn't resist tasting just a sip of her milk. It was good, the flavor reminded her of Simon and she guiltily drank the contents of the bottle down. She didn't know why she felt guilty—she wasn't really denying Simon anything, the other bottles she had collected she had simply dumped down the bathroom sink, but she couldn't deny the feeling. Maybe it was because she was drinking her own milk, which just seemed...wrong, even though there really wasn't anything wrong with it. She had consumed plenty of other bodily fluids in her lifetime and this was no different than saliva or semen or sweat, all of which she had willingly taken into her mouth without complain.

To assuage her odd guilty feeling she secretly stored a pair of her collection bottles in the back of the kitchen freezer and promised to bring them to Simon. Not that he needed to have her frozen milk, but saving it that way didn't seem like such a waste and she was certain he would appreciate the gesture.

The oddest, creepiest part of the break was the way her cousin Mike kept staring at her breasts. For years she had been the object of his attentions—he was only a year younger than her but had an unnatural obsession with her breasts. Certainly hers were large—and they were larger now that she was nursing Simon—but his constant staring at her chest was beyond creepy and appropriate, especially across the dinner table at Thanksgiving. He finally managed to corner her on the back porch as she was helping clean up from their overly elaborate dinner.

“Did you get them done?” he asked her with a leer, his overly long brown hair falling into his eyes.

“Get what done?” she replied, thinking he was referring to food or the desserts yet to come.

“Your boobs. They're bigger than last time I saw them.” He grinned and Kelly froze. She immediately panicked thinking he knew what she was doing with Simon, maybe he saw some evidence of her breasts leaking or caught the outline through her heavy sweater. Maybe he heard her using the pump before dinner...

Then she relaxed and realized it was just Mike's obsession again. When she had pumped earlier in the day, the house had been all but empty and Mike hadn't even gotten to the house yet. She was fed up with his ridiculous obsession and decided to make him squirm because of it.

"Of course not," she said, straightening up from rooting through the cabinet putting away plates that only came out during big family dinners. She leaned forward ever so slightly and stuck out her chest to accentuate her bustline and immediately wished she was wearing something low-cut to show off her now impressive cleavage. "Why?" she arched an eyebrow, a trick she taught herself after hours of practice in the mirror. "Do you think I did?"

"Uh, yeah. That's what I was asking." Mike wasn't the brightest of her cousins.

"Well, you're wrong. But I'll tell you a secret." She dropped her voice ever so slightly making him lean in to hear her.

"What?" he asked just as quietly.

"At college, to make some extra money, I signed up to be a wet nurse for one of a professor's baby. I had to take some pills to get my milk going and then I nurse the baby every morning between classes. That's why my boobs are so big."

During the explanation Mike's eyes kept getting larger and larger; Kelly glanced down to his pants and noticed a growing erection as well. "Really?"

"Yeah," she whispered. "But if I don't nurse the baby every day, my breasts start to hurt. So I was wondering...would you help me out by sucking out my milk?"

His eyes went impossible wide when she asked him the question. Inwardly, the groaned at his predictability but kept a secret smile on her lips.

"Really? Yeah I'll help!"

It was a stupid reply. Kelly reached out and slapped him on the forehead with the heel of her hand. "No, stupid! They're big because they're not done growing yet, you moron. Some women have bigger ones than others. Now stop staring at my chest or I'll tell your mother you tried to feel me up." She turned on her heel and marched back into the house laughing to herself.

Back at college, she and Simon settled back into their old pattern. He was pleased with her gift of frozen milk, promising to use it in his morning coffee. Before they knew it Christmas break was upon them and they were separated once again. The month-long break was more painful than Kelly anticipated, physically and emotionally. Although she kept pumping her breasts and kept a steady stream of phone sex calls going to his house, it was almost too much to endure. They supplemented the calls with internet chats and video, but that was lacking as well. She missed Simon's mouth on her tits and even though her breasts were large enough for her to suckle herself, it wasn't what she wanted. It felt nice enough and the milk was always sweet and warm, but it only produced a longing in the pit of her stomach.

The end of January and their return to her dorm room was Kelly's happiest day in her life. It took her a few minutes after arriving back in her room to understand that something was different, not wrong, but different. Then it occurred to her. All of Shondra's belongings were gone. She officially had a single room, complete privacy! Not that it was really any different from before since Shondra never slept there.

Simon hadn't arrived back on campus yet and Kelly was full of jittery excitement at his return and the fact they would have a single for the rest of the year. When the inevitable knock came at the door she flung it open anticipating Simon's return. Instead she was confronted by her RA who was accompanied by a little mousy-looking girl carrying suitcases and boxes.

"Hey, Kelly," the RA said, in her bored, distant tone. "Shondra's gone. This is Helen. She's your new roomie. Come see me if you have any problems." And with that the RA disappeared. It was the most words Kelly remembered her ever speaking to her at once.

"Hi," Helen piped up. She looked about twelve, had short brown hair, a plain Jane face except for her eyes that were unnaturally perky and bright. She wore jeans and an ancient faded plaid flannel shirt, neither of which showed any curve of her tiny body. Helen looked little more than an escapee from a mental institution.

"Hi, I thought you were my boyfriend coming to visit."

"Sorry," Helen said and entered the room. "Don't worry about me. I'll get the

rest of my stuff in. I don't have a lot. Which is good since you're taking up a lot of space." She looked around. Shondra hadn't much to start with either so Kelly had naturally taken up every available inch of space in the room.

"Don't worry," Kelly sighed. "I'll make space for you."

"What do you mean you have a new roommate?" Simon complained eyeing the small pile of clothes, bags and boxes on the spare bed Kelly had previously used as a storage area.

"Shut up about that and get over here," Kelly said, dragging him to her bed. Her shirt was already off and her nipples were dripping milk. Just the sight of Simon was enough for her let down reflex to kick in and her milk was suddenly flowing like a faucet.

Simon did as he was bade and lay down on Kelly's bed with his head in her lap. She softly stroked his hair as he suckled at her breast. It was nice, very nice. Her milk simply flowed out of her body and right into his mouth with hardly any suckling at all. "I'll explain our situation to Helen and we'll work something out."

He pulled off her breast. "You're going to tell her you're nursing me?" he asked, and went right back to feeding, no waiting for an answer.

"No, I'll sidestep that issue and just let her know what kind of privacy we need."

"I'm sure that'll work," Simon mumbled around her flesh.

Helen was apparently a study-bunny who spent most of her time in the library or science labs. Kelly learned that her new roommate was taking a near double-load of courses and had little time to socialize. It was somewhat of a shock when Kelly came home from classes Friday afternoon to find Helen sitting on the edge of her bed, sipping rum from a glass on the nightstand, while reading from her chemistry text.

"You don't strike me as the drinking type," Kelly said, eyeing the large bottle on the window ledge.

"You don't strike me as the nursing type," Helen slurred, pointing across the room at the black leather bag that held Kelly's breast pump. Kelly groaned

inwardly and froze. She had gotten out the pump that morning to relieve her breasts because Simon didn't spend the night; she had spent too much time emptying herself and enjoying the sensations of the suction—instead of carefully stowing the device away under her bed, she had accidentally left it out in plain sight.

“Uh, I'm not,” Kelly lied unconvincingly.

“Then why do you have nursing pads in your bra right now? I found your box, your secret stash, and that would explain the pads in the trash as well.”

Kelly was stunned. “You're smart.”

Helen raised her glass in a mock toast. “That's how I got into college.” She took a drink. “So tell me your story.”

She hesitated, then sat down on her bed opposite Helen, took a deep breath, and spilled absolutely everything about her and Simon's relationship. It felt good to tell someone her secret, and it felt a little bit naughty too because she was doing something no one else on campus was, so she more than happily answered all of Helen's questions and accepted the drinks of rum that her new roomie offered.

“Fascinating,” Helen commented when she was done with the story. “I've heard of stuff like this before, but you always think it's for way-weird people, not your college roommate.”

“Thanks,” Kelly said dryly. “How did you know that was a breast pump anyway?”

“My older sister has almost the exact same model.” She poured herself another drink. “What do you do with your extra milk?”

“I give it to Simon to drink. Usually he adds it to his coffee.”

Helen was momentarily stunned, but took the revelation in stride. “Weird. You two must really be in love.”

Kelly hadn't really thought about it, but she did love Simon. She had just gotten too caught up in their sex and nursing life to think about their emotional connection. “Yeah, I guess we are.”

Their conversation was interrupted by a knock on the door. It was Simon, looking for his evening snack, but he was amused by the two slightly drunk girls.

“Guess what,” Kelly gushed to him. “I told Helen everything.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Everything?”

Helen concluded the triad. “Everything. And you should be grateful for a woman like Kelly, few would be so generous to allow her boyfriend to suckle her breasts.”

“I am grateful,” he said, a little stunned at what Kelly had told Helen.

“Can I watch?” Helen asked eagerly. “I’ve seen babies nurse before, but not an adult.”

“Uhh,” Simon stammered.

“Sure,” Kelly piped up, starting to unbutton her shirt. “Careful, honey, I’ve been drinking so you might get a bit of a buzz from my milk.” She unhooked one of the flaps, exposed her engorged breast and said, “C’mon, I need to be emptied.

Feeling a little silly, he lay down on the bed, took her nipple in mouth and started sucking. Kelly sighed and stroked his hair. Helen remained silent, watching the pair. Simon kept his eyes closed and listened to Kelly’s heartbeat.

“You’re starting to leak,” Helen pointed out. A wet stain was spreading across the fabric of Kelly’s nursing bra.

“Shit,” she cursed. “I’ve soaked through my pad. Can you hand me another one?” Kelly pointed to the box on her desk.

Instead of getting the pad, Helen instead went over to Kelly, knelt down next to the bed, pulled down the bra flap and put her mouth on Kelly’s breast. Simon pulled off Kelly’s other tit and watched as Helen started to suckle. Kelly did nothing; she only looked on in stunned silence.

Chapter Five

Seeing no reaction from Kelly, Simon decided to go back to his breast and continue on as normal. He could hear Kelly's heartbeat as he continued to feed but he could also hear Helen's breathing and swallowing as she had joined him in suckling. It hardly took any time at all for Kelly's usual reaction to manifest itself. Her breathing became irregular and labored and soon enough she clutched both their heads to her chest as her orgasm caused reflexive convulsions in her body that ended with a heavy, shuddering sigh.

"That was wonderful," Kelly sighed, releasing the two from her embrace.

"I know I'm a little drunk, but I think that was wonderful too," Helen declared. "Does she always cum so easily," she asked Simon.

"Usually," he said. "Sometimes more than once. She's done that a few times."

"You must love your breast pump," Helen said to Kelly. "Does it get you off every time you use it?"

Kelly's face flushed slightly at the question, but then she realized she just had an orgasm brought on by the suckling of her boyfriend and roommate at the same time, so she had little to hide. "Only if I want to. It's nice."

"That must be great. Sometimes I have to use my vibrator on high for what seems like hours before I can cum."

"Really?" asked Simon. "That's something I'd like to see."

"I bet you would," commented Kelly, thinking her boyfriend was joking.

"I'd love to show you," Helen coyly. "Want to watch?"

"Yes," Simon eagerly responded.

"No, I don't think so," Kelly contradicted him.

"C'mon, Kelly," she said softly. "It's not like we're going to have a lot of secrets. Maybe you'd feel better about it if Simon was fucking you while I masturbate?"

“Sounds good to me!” Simon agreed and started pulling off his shirt.

“What?” Kelly said, confused, but still somewhat excited by her climax. “I don’t think this is right.”

“Doesn’t matter if it’s right or not, honey. It matters if it feels good.” Helen then started rooting through her still half-unpacked bags until she found her vibrator. Both Kelly and Simon’s eyes widened when the small woman displayed the toy. It was easily twice the size of Simon’s cock.

“You use that?!” Kelly gasped.

“Uh-huh!” Helen said, pulling off her shirt. Underneath she wore no bra, but what looked more like a t-shirt than a camisole, which is what Kelly assumed the undergarment must be. Even so, Helen couldn’t even fill the tiny cups that were formed into the cami. Rather than pulling off this article of clothing, she instead dropped her pants, exposing her lower body with her sex hidden only by a tiny pair of purple panties. Helen lay down on the bed, showing the couple the cheeks of her ass that was exposed by the tiny panties. She positioned herself to point her cunt across the room at Simon and Kelly, placing her head on the foot of the bed. Once on her back, she arched up, pulled off her undergarment, stuck her knees in the air and turned on the purple vibrator.

Simon noted her panties had stuck ever so slightly to Helen’s naked labia; she was wet already and the vibrator slipped easily between her shining lips. Helen gave a little sigh as she eased the long toy into herself. He was struck somewhat by her overly youthful appearance that was enhanced by the way she shaved her light brown pubes to a tiny triangle around her pussy lips. Luckily this was somewhat offset by the silver ring that dangled from her navel.

The vibe apparently bottomed out about two-thirds of the way down its shaft. Helen held it in place a moment, then suddenly shot open her eyes and looked at them. Simon and Kelly hadn’t moved other than to place Simon’s shirt on the floor. “I want to watch too,” Helen said, perfectly calm and pleasant even if she was half-naked with a vibrator buried in her twat.

“Right,” Simon agreed, standing up and dropping his pants, exposing his already hard cock.

“Take it,” Helen encouraged Kelly who opened her lips and took as much of

Simon's length into her mouth and started sucking away. Kelly liked to give head, but she didn't necessarily like to watch girls masturbate so she kept her eyes closed as she set to work on Simon's cock, sucking and stroking it the way he liked. Curiosity got the better of her, so occasionally she would open her eyes and peak at her roommate using her vibrator. She found her technique fascinating, Helen varied the speed and force she used to stimulate herself and was completely uninhibited about how she displayed herself. Kelly wished she could be that way.

The entire time Simon was getting his blowjob he couldn't take his eyes away from Helen's busy vibrator. There was no reason for him to look at his cock in Kelly's mouth. He'd seen that plenty of times before. Watching a different girl get herself off with a giant vibrator was something new. "I'm gonna cum," he warned Kelly.

She backed off, keeping only the head of his cock in her mouth, and rapidly stroked the length of his shaft. Kelly was familiar with Simon's reactions and it only took him a few seconds to reach his climax, spewing his seed into her mouth while his legs shook, barely able to keep him upright. Showing her considerable fellatio skills, Kelly managed to keep Simon's entire deposit in her mouth and she gamely swallowed it all.

"Fantastic," Simon crowed, collapsing on the bed next to Kelly. He kept watching Helen and the busy fingers between her legs.

"See," she huffed between labored gasps. "You both have gotten off already, and I'm barely there yet."

"Want some help?" Simon offered.

"No," Kelly started to insist.

"I'm not going to fuck her," Simon said. "I'm just going to help her with the vibrator." Simon had noticed that Helen had fallen into a pattern that wasn't working for her. She would grab the vibe with both hands and anxiously saw it back and forth in her quim desperately trying to reach orgasm, but never quite reaching her peak before the strength in her thin arms would give out and she had to rest and once she had regained her strength she needed to work herself up again to once again not reach the peak she wanted.

“You are?” Helen asked a look of desperation in her eyes. Her arms were sore and tired and all she wanted was to cum.

“Yes,” he bluntly stated, getting up from Kelly’s bed and going over to help the smaller girl. “Let me,” he said, taking the vibe from her hands and sitting alongside her prone body. “You like it hard and fast?”

“Yes,” she said, leaning back and gripping the blankets with her fists.

Simon experimented a minute, exploring Helen’s depths and the angle of her pussy, all the while Kelly looked on at her boyfriend about to pleasure another woman. He adjusted his grip on the large artificial cock and turned the speed up to high. “You normally keep it on low?”

“Yes, too fast and it makes my fingers tingle.”

“Well now it’ll make your pussy tingle.” He started a bit slowly at first, then, once he sensed that Helen was starting to respond to his attentions, he stepped up the pace of the in and out motion of the vibe until his arms were a blur of activity. Helen’s breathing became shorter and shorter while her body became a spring-loaded trap of tension.

Without warning she suddenly screamed out loud, scaring both Kelly and Simon, who stopped working her pussy with the vibe. Her body arched off the bed and the voyeurs were amazed to see a gush of fluid erupt from Helen’s pussy, soaking Simon’s hand and the bed sheet. After her climax had ended, she collapsed back onto the bed and softly cried, small tears slipping down the sides of her face as she whimpered, “Thank you, oh thank you.”

Kelly was startled. She never had that much trouble cumming, but she wasn’t certain her orgasms were anywhere near as powerful as what Helen had just displayed. She wondered if she was missing out on something; her climaxes came so easily and so frequently it seemed almost a shame. “That was...” she said, but words failed her. “Wow,” was all she could ask.

“Thanks,” breathed Helen, regaining a bit of her composure. It wasn’t clear if she was addressing Kelly or Simon or both.

“That got me horny,” Kelly declared. “You’re going to have to help me out again,” she told Simon while unzipping her jeans and shimmying out of the

garment. Simon reached up, hooked a single finger into the waistband of her white cotton panties and eased them down over the swell of her hips. As with Helen, they stuck to her wet pussy before releasing and exposing her ready sex. Unlike Helen, Kelly eschewed aggressive shaving of her pubes, trimming just the edges. She was proud of her full bush and felt no need to fall in with contemporary mores of shaving. "Come here," she ordered him, pulling his face to her cunt. Not wanting to break their embrace they slipped onto Helen's bed, she moved over, making room for the couple. Simon fell between Kelly's legs and started eagerly lapping at her pussy. Helen moved against the wall, rolled to her side and watched Simon eat her roommate's cunt. It was a good show; Simon performed his task with enthusiasm. Helen was compelled to slip her hand between her legs and start working her clit.

Helen had always considered herself a sexual adventuress, but up until now in her sex life had consisted of little more than long masturbation sessions with her various dildos and vibrators. This might have been her mousy looks, but certainly part of it was her natural shyness as well. Her only person-to-person encounter was with a slightly geeky freshman who was more than willing to eat her pussy all night long—and give her more orgasms than she could count—he wouldn't do more than take off his shirt, refusing to even let her touch his cock. She was thrilled to discover Kelly and her boyfriend were so kinky and was willing to do whatever she needed to stay with them.

So she simply masturbated as she watched to the two lovers. Simon happily and easily brought Kelly to orgasm. The trio slowly drifted off to sleep during a mumbled conversation.

Chapter Six

Helen woke the next morning to the sounds of Kelly getting dressed. Sometime during the night she had been covered over with a comforter from Kelly's bed. She was still nude and Simon was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Simon?" she asked drowsily, only half awake.

"He has an early morning class," Kelly said as she unpacked her breast pump.

"What are you doing?" Helen asked, slightly alarmed at what she saw.

"I need to pump. Simon barely had time to get dressed this morning. I'm full and he didn't take care of me."

"I'll help," Helen said timidly.

Kelly looked at her strangely, not sure how to respond. It was one thing to fool around with another woman when there was a man in bed with the, it was another entirely to go one-on-one with another woman. "Like you did last night?"

Helen shrugged. "If you like. Or I can just nurse from you so your tits aren't so full."

Kelly hesitated, and then relented. "Okay, that would be nice." As much as she liked to use the pump, it was always nicer to share the experience with Simon. After they had been intimate, how could Kelly refuse to grant Helen her request?

Helen eagerly got out of bed, not bothering with a robe or covering up, as Kelly took her customary semi-reclined position on her bed, supported by her wealth of pillows. Placing her head in Kelly's lap, Helen waited for Kelly to open her shirt and drop the flaps to her nursing bra. The moment the curvaceous woman's nipple was exposed Helen took it in her mouth and eagerly started sucking.

"Careful," Kelly warned, "not so hard and fast." Helen half-nodded her understanding, not wanting to let go of the other woman's tit, and slowed her pace. There was no need for Helen to be so aggressive; Kelly gave her milk

easily, practically flowing into the other girl's mouth like a slow faucet. She sighed and settled back. It felt lovely and she tried not to let the physical sensations take control of her mind and body.

It only took her a few minutes to drain Kelly's right breast. "Stop," Kelly ordered her, "you need to switch."

"Uh-huh," Helen agreed, happy to take a moment's rest. "If I eat like this every morning I won't need to have a breakfast at the dining hall."

Kelly smiled and brought Helen's mouth to her breast and relaxed as her left tit started draining. She smiled happily and stroked Helen's short hair.

The stimulation she felt on her breasts and the situation was enough to raise Kelly's libido. Observing Helen's lithe, athletic body as she suckled was enough to pique her curiosity. She cautiously laid her hand on the girl's side, gently stroking the skin covering her ribcage, then experimented with longer strokes until she was cupping Helen's bare breast. It was soft and sweet, completely different in texture and firmness to her own. At first Helen gave no reaction, and then her nipple hardened under Kelly's palm. She sighed, gulped down another mouthful of Kelly's sweet milk, rolled her body slightly, and exposed her near-hairless quim to Kelly's gaze. It was easy enough for Kelly to slide her hand down Helen's body. Not a word was spoken between the two women, but the air was thick with their breathing.

Kelly paused as her fingers reached the bump that was Helen's pubic bone, a fraction of an inch from her carefully sculpted hair. To encourage her partner, Helen spread her legs enough to show off her glistening lips. Egged on by Helen's steady suckling, she dipped her fingers down the last few inches and cupped Helen's ready sex. The girl sighed against her breast and ever so slightly humped up her hips, trying to get Kelly to delve deeper.

Kelly gave into Helen's desire and inserted her middle finger into Helen's cunt. It was warm and wet, not unlike her own, but different as well, maybe because of the size and the angle and it wasn't her own, but it felt nice anyway. It was easy to find Helen's prominent clit and she began rubbing it the way she liked to be touched.

She hadn't been listening to her own body and before she knew, she had her own orgasm with Helen's eager suckling. Kelly froze for half a minute as she rode out

the effects of the little death. Helen had stopped suckling and had carefully removed Kelly's hand from her cunt.

"Don't you want me to finish you off?" Kelly asked.

"No, it'll take too long. I'd love to cum and all, but I don't have another hour. And I don't want to go to class drunk." She smiled. "Drinking makes it easier for me to cum. Maybe tonight."

Kelly nodded, unsure of how to proceed. Luckily time interrupted them. "I have to get to class. Maybe tonight," she agreed with her roommate.

"It's a date."

What have I done? Kelly asked herself as she buttoned up her bra and shirt before running to class. I'm not a lesbian. Maybe I'm bi?

Chapter Seven

Kelly decided during the course of the day she wasn't a lesbian, she liked boys but there was nothing wrong with fooling around with a girl as well. Her reaction the night before and in the morning was just a physical reaction to being suckled. It felt good and brought them closer together, so why not do it?

Helen greeted her at the door the moment she opened it. Kelly was dragged inside by the smaller woman, pushed to the bed and had her shirt all but ripped open to expose her chest.

"Slow down," Kelly laughed, all but completely mauled by Helen.

"Uh-huh," Helen mumbled, unhooking the nursing bra flap and clamping down on Kelly's now exposed nipple. She sucked hard a few times to start the milk flow, and then settled down to a steady rhythm of nursing.

"Mmm, I've been waiting for this all day," Kelly sighed, the slight weight of Helen's body on top of her own a comfortable presence.

Helen smacked her lips slightly when she pulled away from Kelly's teat. "Me too," she agreed gazing down at Kelly's exposed breast. Little beads of thin white milk formed on her nipple and Helen watched as the coalesced and then started sliding down the long slope of Kelly's breast. Before it could be lost in the fabric, she darted her tongue forward and licked the droplet up to the fleshy mound, and then resumed sucking again.

"Quit playing," Kelly told her, shifting her body slightly to a more comfortable position.

"That's half the fun," Helen half-whined in complaint, but still settled down to work on emptying Kelly's milk. After a few minutes she pulled back again and said, "I can feel the heat from your pussy."

"It's wet too," Kelly said. It felt so good when someone sucked on her tits, and she had two small orgasms already, but she knew she needed to have a least one big one before the night was over. She raised her hips slightly, trying to rub her crotch against Helen's body.

“Want me to help you out?” Helen asked eagerly, pulling away from the breast.

Kelly met Helen’s gaze, uncertain as to how to answer her roommate. Helen’s eyes were bright with anticipation; she had no shame in having sex with another woman. “Sure,” Kelly agreed, a sinking feeling in her stomach; she wasn’t sure if the feeling was one of anticipation or fear or willingness—maybe a bit of them all.

“Great!” Helen announced and shimmied her body down the bed until her face was level with Kelly’s navel. She tensed up, Kelly thought that when Helen offered to get her off, she meant perhaps with a hand, but it was obvious when Helen undid the button to her jeans and lowered the zipper. “I’ve never done this before,” Helen confided in her.

“You haven’t?” Kelly was shocked. “You gave me the impression you were a big slut.”

Helen blushed. “Well, I wouldn’t call myself that. In fact,” she hesitated a moment, pushing open the other girl’s pants to expose her lower belly and the top edge of her pink panties, “I’m a virgin.”

Kelly burst out laughing. “You are not. With all those toys and the way you act, so eager to get into my pants, and Simon’s. Yeah right.”

“Well, I’m a technical virgin. I’ve done all sorts of things with myself and with toys and with a couple of boys, but I’ve never had a cock in my pussy.”

“Really? Huh.” Kelly didn’t know what else to say.

“And you’ll be my first girl,” she said, tugging at Kelly’s waistband. Taking the hint Kelly lifted her hips and helped Helen ease them down her legs. Helen was still fully dressed while Kelly was down to an open shirt and bra along with her pink underwear. She kissed Kelly once on her belly right above her underwear’s waistband, then lightly on the panties where her pubic hair made the material bulge up slightly. Taking a breath, Helen grasped the sides of Kelly’s panties and pulled them off her hips, exposing her wet pussy. Kelly’s stomach was twisting around itself with her nerves and the tension of the moment. Helen didn’t look up she only gazed at her lover’s pussy, Kelly’s pubes slightly glistening with her juices. She took a deep breath, filling her nostrils with Kelly’s scent, and then gently eased the other girl’s thighs apart, displaying her sex lips, wet and red

with desire.

Helen had heard women's cunts described as beautiful flowers and other such tripe, but Kelly's was no flower; although it was pretty and fascinating to look at. Taking a deep breath, Helen mentally steeled herself, bent her head forward and lightly kissed the other woman's pussy.

It wasn't unpleasant; it was rather nice, really. Knowing what she liked, Helen set about licking and sucking Kelly's labia, hole, taint, and clit. She was fascinated when, after just a few licks, Kelly's previously hidden and tiny clit suddenly bloomed and Kelly clamped her thighs around Helen's head. Knowing she was onto a good thing, she didn't let her clit escape from her lips. Sucking, nibbling, licking, teasing; it didn't take Helen long to be rewarded with a gush of Kelly's girl juice as the other woman came with a stifled scream into her pillow.

Both panted heavily, taking a rest from their lovemaking, when they were suddenly alerted to another presence in the room. Simon was standing in the corner next to the door, lightly applauding their performance.

"How long have you been standing there?" Helen asked, somewhat embarrassed, somewhat proud. She didn't move from her position between Kelly's legs.

"Long enough to see the best parts." He grinned; it was obvious his cock was hard beneath his jeans.

"You weren't supposed to see that," squealed Kelly, alarmed at what her boyfriend had just witnessed her doing. Or rather, what he was seen her receiving.

He smiled; what else could he do? "That perfectly all right," he reassured both of them. "Watching two women make love is the most beautiful sight in the world."

Kelly resisted snorting. "Don't try to flatter me. Helen left you one full breast. Do you want it?"

Simon went from coolly distant to boyishly eager in a moment. "Yes, please!" In an instant he was on the bed with the two girls, unhooking Kelly's one covered breast, and began suckling. Both girls giggled at his reaction. Unconsciously Kelly's hand went to Simon's head, stroking his hair.

“Boys are so predictable,” she sighed.

“Uh-huh,” Helen agreed, watching from between Kelly’s legs as Simon fed.

“Honey,” Kelly said softly after a few minutes.

“Mmmh?” Simon asked, refusing to let go of Kelly’s breast.

“Want a special treat?”

“Yes,” he quickly said, letting go for just a moment to answer her.

She stroked his head a few more times before finally voicing her request. “Fuck Helen while I watch you.”

“What?” Simon gasped. The request was enough to get him to drop her breast for the moment.

“She’s a virgin,” Kelly revealed. “And I think you should be the one to deflower her.”

“I’m a technical virgin,” Helen piped up. “He’ll fit inside me just fine.” Without waiting for a further decision she jumped up and started stripping off her clothes. Simon marveled at her ability to be so uninhibited, and then ogled her body. It was slim, almost boyish, except for the ever-so-slight flair of her hips and the lack of a penis, plus her tiny tits—Helen was physically completely different from Kelly, but Simon found her equally desirable.

When she was naked, instead of lying down on her own bed, or doing something so bold such as taking Simon’s cock in her mouth, but instead she got back on the bed with Simon and Kelly, lying between Kelly’s legs. She gave the other woman’s pussy a few friendly licks, looking up Kelly’s body to lock eyes with her lover.

“I thought you wanted him to fuck you,” Kelly said to her, half-distracted by Helen’s busy tongue.

“Oops! I do!” She shifted her body so instead of lying on her belly, she got up on her hands and knees, presenting Simon her ass and wet cunt. “This is how I want to do it my first time,” she announced. “Between a man and a woman.” Helen

couldn't help giggling at her joke.

"Should I put on a condom?" he asked the women.

"I'm not on anything," Helen said, settling into Kelly's pussy. "You decide."

Although he normally fucked Kelly bareback because she was on birth control, and opted to wear a rubber with Helen. Grabbing one from the stash under the bed, he rolled it on and grabbed Helen's hips, ready to take her maidenhood.

"That's awful rude and sudden," Kelly commented, looking at him positioning his cock at the entrance to Helen's sex.

"It's what she wants," Simon said in protest as he started prodding her exposed pussy.

"It's what I want," Helen echoed as she reached back between her legs to guide Simon's cock inside her. After years of abusing herself with all manner of large dildos, vibrators, plugs and toys, Simon's entrance into Helen was a path of ease. Stripping her of her maidenhead was more a formality than a shocking event.

"Oooh, that's nice," Helen groaned as he sank his length into her.

"Girls should lose their virginity on their backs, like a lady," Kelly groused, only half-serious.

"Uh-huh," Helen complained as Simon started sliding his cock in and out of her upraised quim. "This is how I want it." She smiled and happily went back to lapping at Kelly's cunt.

Kelly wasn't sure if this was how she wanted it. It had been fun to have Simon suckle her, that was nice—though a little weird. And the sex with him was usually amazing. The nursing bras and breast pump were odd but necessary for Simon so loved to have her milk to drink. But to start having sex with another woman, to have a threesome in the bed she shared with Simon, to let another woman suckle at her breasts along with Simon...while it all felt so good and wonderful, it was more than just a little weird now.

But Kelly had trouble keeping track of her thoughts while Helen ate her out and Simon proudly fucked her roommate. It was beautiful to watch him with another

woman and she wasn't the jealous type, so it was very, very nice to watch other people enjoying themselves. She wasn't doing anything wrong, so why did she feel so guilty about nothing?

Chapter Eight

They fell into their triad oh-so-easily. Simon was undoubtedly the most satisfied. He had two women to fuck, both eager to fall into bed with him or the group at any time. Helen was happy as well, she was the rarest of beasts—a true bisexual who was happy with a man or a woman or both at the same time. The confidence she gained at having sex with her two lovers was enough to send her out on her own to find others to bed. She didn't tell Simon or Helen about the other women and men—it was easy enough to meet them at the bars uptown, and even easier to get a little drunk and go back to their rooms. Since she was discreet, she told herself it didn't matter what Simon and Helen knew.

Kelly was the most ambivalent of the trio. She certainly loved Simon. For a while she was unsure if she wanted to use the word love to describe her relationship with Helen, but then admitted to herself her affection for the other woman wasn't just a sisterly or friendly emotion, it was full-blown love; she tried not to think that her actions and emotions hinted that she might be a lesbian, even though Helen and Simon were happy to label her as bisexual. Oddly, as the most ambivalent member of the trio, it was her participation that allowed them to exist at all. Helen was a true bisexual, no way would she ever be satisfied with just Simon or Kelly. Simon, like most men, wanted to fuck as many women as possible and didn't deeply care who they were. It was Kelly's breasts, and their life-giving milk, that sustained them all. Both Simon and Helen were happy to suckle from her as often as possible. It was the one activity that Kelly enjoyed beyond everything else they did in bed.

It was because of that special ability, her uniqueness in the group, that made her so upset when she came back to her room one day after class to find Helen applying the cones of her breast pump to her tiny tits. Kelly gasped at the sight. Helen had the good graces to look mortified for her actions.

“What are you doing?” Kelly gasped.

Looking away in shame, Helen pulled the suction cones away from her breasts and shut off the pump. Her small tits were slightly swollen and her nipples were a light shade of purple; she had set the pump to its maximum setting.

“I'm sorry,” Helen whispered, closing the buttons on her shirt, hiding her abused

tits away. She looked down at the floor, unable to meet Kelly's gaze.

"What are you doing?" Kelly repeated. She was frozen to the ground, unable to move which was good because she felt like slapping her roommate. It wasn't because Helen was using something of hers, it was because Helen was using her pump to try to bring in her own milk. An insane wave of jealousy washed over her. "How long have you been doing this!" she demanded.

"A few days," Helen softly admitted.

"You're trying to start your milk, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Why? Do you think you can steal Simon away from me? Because you can't. He loves me. He likes you; he fucks you, but he doesn't love you."

"I know, but..."

"But what?" Catching hold of her emotions for a minute, Kelly dropped her bag to the floor and took a deep breath.

"But I wanted to be more like you. I wanted a boy for what my breasts could offer him."

It was so sad and pathetic that Kelly believed her. She was taken aback, but tried not to let that show for she was still angry. "Really? You think the only way you can keep a boy is if he drinks your milk?"

It seemed silly, but Helen had to admit the truth. "Yes. It worked for you, didn't it?"

"Well, yes, I'll have to admit that is true. But Simon didn't stay with me just for my milk..." Even as she was saying the words, it suddenly seemed to her that is exactly why Simon stayed with her. What else did she have to offer him that a hundred other girls on campus couldn't offer? Then again, she knew that Simon was a fetishist, he loved to suck her tits and loved to drink her milk. Was it love of her that drove him to that pattern or love of her milk alone? Would another girl's milk be enough to cause him to leave her, to stray from her? She loved him, but she also loved the way it felt when her breast was in his mouth, how

wonderful it was to go from almost too full to completely drained. And not just that sensation, but how he—or Helen for that matter—could get her off just by sucking her.

It was a heady mix of circumstances.

“Has some other boy asked you to lactate for him?” Kelly asked sharply.

“No, I was seeing if I could start and maybe get a boy that way.”

Kelly sighed and rolled her eyes. “You know my milk—or yours for that matter—doesn’t have any magical power to keep a boy—or girl—in your bed.”

“I know,” Helen admitted sheepishly. “But sometimes it seems that way.”

“That’s awful silly thinking for a girl as smart as you.”

“We all have strange beliefs.”

Kelly shook her head, but then opened her arms to Helen. “Come here,” she said, bringing the smaller woman to her embrace. As Helen was thinking how comforting it was to have Kelly’s big breasts pressed against her, she was startled and surprised by the taller woman’s lips suddenly pressed against her own. Unconsciously she opened her mouth and allowed Kelly to slip her tongue in. She stiffened; as much as they had played in the past, never before had Kelly kissed her so intensely, so intimately.

“I love you,” Kelly told her. It was enough to make Helen go weak in the knees. Drinking Kelly’s milk, fucking Simon in front of his girlfriend, having sex with the both of them at the same time, having furtive assignations with a parade of other men and women—that was all very exciting and fun, but it never made her go weak in the knees like Kelly’s kiss. “I know you’ve been sleeping with other people.”

Helen gasped before Kelly could continue. “How...?”

Kelly smiled. “You talk in your sleep. And you’ve called me the wrong name at the wrong time. Not that I minded all that much.”

“Oh.”

“I want you to know,” she took a deep breath before continuing, “that I do love you. Silly as it seems, I know you’re bi, I don’t know what I am, but I would always gladly have you suckle at my breast. And I would do the same for you.” She gently pushed off Helen’s shirt and led her to the bed.

It was impossible for Kelly to actually draw any milk from Helen’s tiny tits, but that didn’t stop her from trying. The two women lay together on the bed and Kelly suckled first one breast and then the other, never hurrying, enjoying the taste of the other woman’s nipples in her mouth. It was a different sensation, strange, but good. Helen stroked Kelly’s long hair as they passed the afternoon in silence.

It took an impossibly long time for the first result Kelly wanted, but eventually—with some manual stimulation after she pushed down Helen’s jeans and panties—she got the smaller girl to cum.

“Thank you,” Helen whispered as she drifted off to sleep.

Simon found the two women sleeping together and thought nothing of it. He didn’t even realize he was living a charmed life.

It wasn’t until almost the end of the spring semester before Kelly got the second result she had desired. After months of steady nursing—morning, noon, evening and night—at Helen’s dry breasts she was rewarded with a trickle of milk. It was small at first, but it eventually became a steady flow that filled Kelly’s mouth and warmed her belly. They even invited Simon to suckle at Helen’s breast. He steadfastly refused, choosing to stay with Kelly instead.

Luke's Milkmaids

By Elliot Silvestri

Chapter One

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

“What is it?”

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

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

“Milk,” she told me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

he said.

“I had to try it,” Mom replied.

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

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

“Wait. Therapy?”

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

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

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

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

“You’d be amazed,” Mom said.

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

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

“Fine, but I get to start going to classes at community college if I have to go through with the treatment.” With my treatment and everything else, I hadn’t had been permitted to go, or even apply to, college after I graduated back in June, even though I graduated in the top ten in my class. If I was lucky they’d allow

me a January start at the community college.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fifteen minutes later she came out with two small bottles filled with her breast milk. Mom handed her an envelope, exchanged some more pleasantries, and Carrie left. Mom handed me the small plastic bottles. They looked like bottles

you'd nurse a baby with. They were warm to the touch which made sense. Breast milk was stored in the body at 98.6 degrees, approximately. Mom came back in the kitchen and looked at me holding the bottles.

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

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

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

"Mom, please. It's warm."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You need a break?" she asked.

“It’s pretty filling.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is it weird?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thanks again,” I told her, smiling.

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

“Not at all.” Now I wished I had set up a camera in the bathroom as well. The moment she was out the door I ran to my computer, downloaded the camera feed and was treated to a short film of Carrie masturbating while she pumped her breasts. Did mechanical pumping turn her on that much? I couldn’t see anything between her legs—she had just undone the button and zipper to her jeans and

shoved her hand down to her pussy—but it was another treat I was going to save forever on my computer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Achievement unlocked.

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

“Does it hurt?” I asked.

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

“Yeah.”

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

“Oh. That’s interesting.”

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

“Right. Sorry.” And so I stared. Her breasts were beautiful, full and white and firm with milk. Each suck of the pump released a squirt of milk that I would soon be drinking. Her bright pink nipples were easily visible through the clear plastic cones of the breast pump.

“Getting enough of look?” she asked.

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

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

“No,” I admitted and continued to stare at the action of her breasts being drained.
“How’d you know.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She nodded and walked to the living room. She opened up her shirt and pulled it off, tossing it on the couch. I noticed she wasn’t wearing her normal nursing bra with the industrial cotton and spandex panels and support weaves. It was a much sexier lace affair where the only concession to her lactation status was a pair of nursing pads shoved into the cups, barely hiding her nipples. “I have a way to make it up to you,” she said unhooking her bra and letting it slip from her shoulders. Her tits swung free and the nursing pads fluttered to the floor. “Care to try it right from the source?” she asked, a tight smile on her face.

“Um,” was all I could think to say.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“More,” she said.

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

“Good,” she said.

It was as if we had become two parts of a whole. She was giving herself to me

and I couldn't stop myself from taking from her. I started to understand how her breast worked and pulled a little more of her breast into my mouth, letting the fullness of her tits fill the space over my tongue.

"Mm-hmm," she sighed.

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

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

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

"Okay, I think that one's dry. You need to switch."

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

As I continued to suck, I now played with her empty breast. I lightly pinched the nipple between my forefinger and thumb. Another sound of pleasure from the back of her throat. Then I squeezed a little harder. Same noise again. Then I rolled it slightly just to see what would happen. It was beautiful and small contented noises came from Carrie. I was in control of her body and it was as if

all was right with the world. I pinched and rolled at the same time as I sucked as hard as I could. Carrie inhaled sharply and arched her back a little. I had caused her a bit of pain, had done something unexpected and she had liked it.

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

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

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

“Oh,” was my only comment.

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

“Not at all.”

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

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

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

I'd happily drain both her breasts.

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

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

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

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

"Wow," was all I could say.

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

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

"Anyway," she said filling the silence with unnecessary words. "Sometimes I've

needed to get in my car, drive a block, and jill off after you've drunk my milk. This was easier. Sorry."

"It's okay," I repeated.

"I won't do it again," she promised.

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

"Nurse?" she asked me.

"Isn't that what I'm doing?"

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

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

"If there's anything I can do to make it up to you," she said.

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

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

I pressed my luck. "In fact, I'd like you to do it again tomorrow."

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

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

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

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

I released her nipple and asked her, "What's the matter?"

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

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

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

"Right," I agreed. I'd read a lot about how women's bodies worked, of course, because I was a lonely virgin with internet access, but all that I immediately forgot when I was next to an actual woman. I latched back on her nipple and concentrated on draining her milk in a way that was rhythmic and what I thought she might like. This was why she was here, I reminded myself, not for me to get some sexual pleasure from, but to give me her milk so I wouldn't have a cancer relapse. That's what I told myself.

When her first breast was drained, I released it and moved on to number two. I

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

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

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

I was dumbfounded by her question. "What?"

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

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

She looked at me quizzically and nodded her head. "If that's what you want."

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

breast and started to push her hand away from me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was secretly pleased that I made her happy. And then I was immediately embarrassed I hadn’t even lasted a minute in receiving a handjob. And I was further embarrassed my cum was all over the place. She slipped out from under the pillow and trotted into the bathroom, her breasts bouncing slightly as she walked. I looked at her half-nude form and admired the way the bottom edges of

her ass just barely hung out of her small panties. A moment later she came back with a wet washcloth and cleaned me up. "I like doing this," she said. I was unsure if she meant giving me a handjob, cleaning me up, giving handjobs in general, me nursing her tits, or everything all at once. She seemed so casually happy about the strange arrangement that I didn't know what to say. I also didn't know what to do since she was wiping my cum from off my stomach and cock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Then it's time to learn," she told me. "I don't think the couch will work for this, though. Let's go to your bed." I led the way to my bedroom, half-eager but mostly scared out of my mind. Once she stepped inside my messy room, she casually shucked her clothes, even her pretty yellow thong panties and lay down

on my bed, pushing the covers down to the footboard. One leg went up and she tilted her knee to the side, showing me her bare pussy. "Come on, time's wasting."

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

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

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

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

It wasn't what she wanted. "No, no, my turn," she said while pulling her breast free of my lips and reaching for my pants. I helped her and together we pushed them off. My cock was already hard and pointing up at my belly. She smiled and took me in her hand. "Nineteen year old boys are always ready, aren't they?" she asked me.

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

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

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

"What?"

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

"Just by sucking your milk?" I was astounded.

"And pinching the other one," she said, bouncing her tit in her hand. She looked down at her body, still covered in my spunk, and said, "I'd better go clean up." She wasn't the least bit ashamed or worried about the amount of semen I had sprayed over her. It didn't exactly turn her on like I'd seen the terrible actresses in internet porn pretending to be overjoyed at being coated in jizz, but she wasn't disturbed by it either.

And that exchange became our new regular pattern. We'd lie on my bed and I'd feast upon her breasts while masturbating her pink pussy. She'd jerk me off after

she had come and that would be the end of it. I got used to taking my clothes off in front of her. She, of course, never had any such problem with me. I got the feeling she liked to be naked. I didn't mind the least.

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

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

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

"Fifteen," she answered.

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

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

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

She scoffed. "Yeah. Right."

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

"Yeah, getting laid in high school just leads to getting pregnant too young and that leads to a shitty job, no time of your own because you have a kid and you'll do anything to make some extra money so you can move out of your parents' house."

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

mumbled at her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Get inside me. Fuck me!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

A minute later she was back in the bedroom, all smiles, happily displaying her

naked body and full tits to me. “That was very nice,” she said with a contented sigh as she rolled back on my bed. “It’s been too long since I’ve been laid and your hand—though very nice—wasn’t doing it for me.”

“Yeah. Wow. Can’t believe I’m not a virgin any more—”

“You’re welcome.”

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

“Don’t worry, I won’t get pregnant,” she told me.

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

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

“Surprise me?”

“De-virginize you.”

“Oh. Thanks. But you scared me. I don’t want to get you pregnant.”

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

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

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

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

Sometime, as it turned out with Carrie was a frequent occurrence. In this

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

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

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

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

I had no trouble cumming in her mouth, of course, because I was a man. I had no preference between her mouth and pussy. She would occasionally make me cum with her hand, splattering my semen across her body. For some reason that puzzled me she liked the sensation of hot cum striking her naked skin. I didn't complain because I had no other outlet for my sexual needs. But what other outlet would I possibly have needed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I blinked at her. "I've never done it."

She wasn't a very smart girl. "Ooh. Right. Forgot."

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

She giggled. “Yeah.”

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

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

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

That was liberating.

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

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

“Wow. Thanks. These are incredible”

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

“Did you get these done at a studio?”

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

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

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

“Right,” I vaguely agreed.

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

“Oh?” Sometimes she had absolutely wacky ideas.

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

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

“But I kept these pictures just for you.”

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

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

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

“Christmas week is going to be hard,” she said, taking off her shirt. “I’m going to have to pump a lot more and that doesn’t nearly do the job that you do on my tits.” She grinned and tossed her bra to the floor to proudly display her boobs.

“And we won’t get to have sex. This is a great pick me up every morning,” she said. “I know it’s kind of wrong that we’re having sex and not letting anyone know, but that makes it kind of fun too. Our little secret.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Carrie?” I asked.

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

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

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

Chapter Two

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

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

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

“As long as you think so.”

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

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

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

She giggled. “I do, don’t I?”

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

She laughed at me. “Naughty boy.”

I didn’t say anything; I just got between her legs and probed with my cock,

looking for the entrance to her pussy. Since this was new to me, I had trouble finding the right angle even though I could tell she was hot and wet. Carrie took matters into her own hands, reached down between her legs, and guided my cock into her vag entrance like a pro. I leaned into her body, letting her support our weight, and reached around her supply body to grab both her tits.

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

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

“You don’t like lying with me?” I asked.

“It’s your cum that’s getting all over the sheets,” she told me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Right. I’m sorry. Forgot. I only ever think of your son. Sorry.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I didn't know you had a boyfriend," I said.

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

"Yeah." I didn't know what to say.

"Maybe I shouldn't have said anything."

"No, it's okay," I said, lying.

"But I didn't want to lie to you either. Is this okay with you?"

"Yeah, why wouldn't it be?" I said trying to be cool. "It's not like we're dating

or anything. It's just milk and money and sex, right?"

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

"Right," I agreed.

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

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

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

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

"What?"

"Money or class credit. Want the job?"

"Yes."

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

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

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

"He doesn't know about you," she said. "He doesn't know about you."

"Why don't you tell him?"

"Because I don't want things to get weird between him and I just yet."

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

"Steven."

"And he knows you have two kids?"

"Yes. Of course he knows. He's got a son himself."

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

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

I grinned. "He doesn't know what he's missing."

She swatted my hand. "That's because you're a freak."

"Don't let him suck your tits," I told her, first licking one breast, then sucking

gently on it. There was no milk left, but she ground her hips in pleasure. “These are for me. I need this milk.”

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

Carrie wasn’t a complicated woman, but she wanted to be. She only lived for physical pleasure. That’s why she fucked me and Steven. She was practically a slave to her body, needing the pleasure her pussy and breasts gave her, but she didn’t realize that. She probably didn’t understand her psychological need to be the one nurturing me with her milk as well. I decided I didn’t mind sharing her pussy. Her breasts were still mine. “And they’re all mine,” I reminded her, pinching one nipple and sucking the other.

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

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

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

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

I shrugged. “Sort of. Casual date.”

“Aren’t you a little young for me?”

“I’m nineteen.”

“I’m twenty two.”

“Is that a problem for you?”

“No,” she said, looking askance at me.

“Do you have a boyfriend?”

This made her freeze. “No.”

“Do you not like coffee?”

“Not especially.”

“Water? Soda? Latte? Mochachino?”

“You’re persistent.”

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

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

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

“Is this a date?” she asked me

“Uh...yes?”

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

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

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

“Thanks,” I said.

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

“Why?”

“I can’t be seen here with you.” That seemed reasonable enough. Sometimes I

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

Once inside her tiny apartment—one bedroom, one kitchen/dining room/living room combo, and one bathroom—we sat down at the small table and she handed me another stack of lab reports.

“This is your next assignment.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh. Ha. You're funny,” I said.

Nicky tilted her head slightly and viewed me through the corner of her eye. “I

wasn't kidding. I want to know the answer to the question. Did you ask me out because you wanted to get to know me better or because you want to have sex with me?"

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

She smiled. "Right answer." She stood up and pulled off the sweatshirt she wore over the chemistry joke shirt. "C'mon." She walked toward the bedroom.

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

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

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

"We're going to have sex," she explained to me from the doorway to her bedroom.

"Oh."

She raised her eyebrows. "You don't want to?"

I immediately kicked my brain into gear. "No, I want to. I just wasn't expecting this."

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

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

"Are you nervous?" she asked me.

"Yes."

She sucked in her breath and backed off a bit. "Don't tell me this is your first time.

“You don’t kiss very well.”

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

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

“Not a girlfriend,” I said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Before I knew it we were fucking in the traditional missionary position, her choice I believe. Her pussy was nice and tight, probably tighter than Carrie’s, but not so wet or hot. Maybe it was the condom. I wasn’t complaining though. I did

have a hard time turning my neck so I could suck on her nipples while we fucked, but I got used to it. She didn't mind and I liked rolling the hard pebbles of her nips in my mouth. There wasn't nearly as much to latch on as with Carrie's tits, but that was okay. They seemed super-sensitive because she groaned hard every time I sucked the flesh of her breasts into my mouth.

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

"I'm sorry," blurted as soon as I was done.

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

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

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

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

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

"Really? Why?"

"Because he was an asshole."

"You dated an asshole?"

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

“Oh.”

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

“Worshipping at the altar of Venus?”

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

“Oh.”

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

“Thanks.”

“You like tits, don’t you?”

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

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

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

“Mine are too small.”

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

“Last boyfriend always said I should get implants.”

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

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

I pushed her hand away. “Okay, yes, they’re small, but they’re perfect as well.” I wiggled down a little to bring my face even with her chest. “Perky and happy

and pink and sensitive and tasty.” I opened my mouth and gently licked her breast. Her nipple immediately reacted, hardening and pointing toward the ceiling. She laughed at my play. I then took the nipple in my mouth and sucked gently, enjoying the feel of her in my mouth, playing with the nipple and running my tongue around her narrow areola. She sighed and rested her hand on the back of my head.

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

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

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

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

“What?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

that I wasn't that man, and I was fine with that. Carrie had trouble with the basic chemistry lab reports we had to do. I was correcting and grading them for the class.

More and more Carrie was just becoming a milk supply for me. Even the sex wasn't that great. I can't explain why, but it was more thrilling to fuck Nicky than my soft, curved milk maid. But I was a cad and couldn't let either woman go. I can't defend myself other than to say I was a horny nineteen-year-old who was banging two beautiful women at the same time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was a pregnant pause that was broken by Nicky first. "Do you two know

each other?” she asked, glancing back and forth between us.

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

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

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

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

“Nicky the grad student lab assistant.”

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

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

“Oh,” I muttered into her boob.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fine,” she spat out.

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

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

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

“Understandable.”

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

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

“Specifically human breast milk.”

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

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

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

I sighed and looked away. “Full disclosure.” I couldn’t look her in the eye when I said the next few words. “I discovered that breast milk is pretty tasty. Carrie is a nice person, not bright, but a nice person. I don’t want to go into detail, but I found that breast milk fresh from the source is better than bottled and chilled.” I glanced at Nicky. Her lips were mashed together and she was staring straight ahead, studying the blank wall. I continued on. “One thing led to another and...

yes we've had sex. I can only explain that by saying I'm a horny nineteen year old kid and she's pretty wild in her sex life as well."

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," I answered honestly.

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

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

"But..." she prompted.

"I need Carrie's milk."

Nicky nodded and then grabbed my hand to pull me to the bedroom. "C'mon.

You're going to prove you love these tits."

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

"Like this?" I asked and licked her from the bottom of her labia all the way up to where her clit was hidden in the folds of flesh that made her superb cunt the object of my affection. When she opened her legs and displayed her pussy with her labia open it looked almost like a wet, pink butterfly.

"Put your cock in me," she moaned. "Fuck me."

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

I was puzzled. "What? I thought you wanted—"

"Put a rubber on it."

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

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

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

"So...you and Nicky, huh?"

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

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

“Sorry about that,” I mumbled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then I realized that she probably didn’t make the other guys she fucked wear condoms either. And I hadn’t seen her diaphragm in a while. All of these facts made me nervous but I was too stupid and too much a slave to my body and hers

to pull out. I came hard in her pussy and continued sucking her breast until it stopped giving milk, and then I sucked harder. I wanted to hurt her. I'm not sure Carrie noticed.

It was several days later before I was back in Nicky's apartment. We made love hard and fast and fierce. I still had to wear a condom, but I was happy about that. I didn't tell Nicky about my feelings. When I went into the bathroom to clean up, I noticed a couple of prescriptions on the shelf. Being too nosy for my own good I picked them up. One was birth control pills, Yasmin. That made me smile. The second one was something called Domperidone. Then Nicky walked in, gloriously naked, and saw me inspecting her pills.

"Surprised?" she asked.

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

"It's a drug cocktail," she told me.

"Okay, but for what?"

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

"What?" I was dumbfounded.

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

"Okay," I said, though I wasn't really okay.

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

"Last part?"

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

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

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

“Um, you’re doing this why?”

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

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

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

“What? For me? Why?”

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

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

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

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

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

“Excuse me?”

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

Long pause.

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

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

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

“I won’t die because of that.”

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

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

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

And the sex I added silently.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'd feel better with it."

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

I grunted and took one of her nipples between my lips. I nibbled at it a bit, then sucked hard, causing a gasp of pain, but she didn't stop me or stop fucking. I

even managed to get a bit more milk out of her. Carrie liked it rough, liked to be abused a bit. I was angry with her and was willing to dole out a bit of pain if that's what she was looking for.

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

"What's so funny?"

She rocked back on her knees, keeping my cock in her pussy and displaying her body to me, kneeling over my hips. "I've never had two guy's spunk in my pussy at the same time before."

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

I couldn't look at her and I didn't want to talk to her. "Uh huh."

"It felt very naughty," she said.

"I don't like being used like that."

"Then I suppose this is the wrong time to tell you that I wasn't wearing my diaphragm."

I glared at her and walked out of the bathroom.

"Relax, it's perfectly safe," she called after me.

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

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

"Guess what this is?"

I sighed and threw myself into one of her ancient and worn out chairs. "I'm not

in the mood for games. What?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Right,” Carrie softly agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

“Don’t talk like that to your mother,” Dad immediately said, but his words were

measured and not angry.

“Sorry,” I immediately apologized.

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

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

The next morning Carrie showed up as usual. This time she pumped in the den like she had back on the very first day of our relationship, mostly because Mom was still at home and they spoke for a few minutes in the den while I waited outside, then Mom left and I went into talk with Carrie. She was just finishing up. I watched as the last few tablespoons of milk were pulled from her tits and she pulled the cups free of her breasts. She wore a traditional nursing bra and brought up the flaps as she finished.

“Want to have sex?” she asked.

“No!”

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

“I bet.”

“Why are you so angry?”

“Is the baby mine?”

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

“Does he know about me?”

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

“Other men?”

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

“Um. No.”

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

“Oh.”

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

I was slightly disgusted.

“I like you, Luke.”

“Thanks.”

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

“Thanks, but maybe later.”

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

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

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

“So...when do I get to meet them?”

“Meet who?”

“Your parents.”

“Why?”

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

True Cow Girl

By Elliot Silvestri

Chapter One

In junior high school calling a girl a cow was one of the biggest non-profane insults regularly used. I was lucky enough to be within traditional weight and height boundaries so that insult was never used against me. It's ironic that later in life, after having two kids, becoming and being called a cow became an odd mark of pride for me.

Like so many other things it starts off innocently enough. I had two kids and breastfed both of them. My husband was fascinated with this whole process, not just the fact my boobs went from a respectable C cup to an overflowing D. Every man is excited by that event. But Michael not only liked this, but liked to watch my babies nurse, and didn't mind that I had to wear nursing bras and stuff them with leak-proof pads. I wasn't surprised that he didn't mind getting a little breast milk on him from time to time when I leaked in bed. But when we had sex for the first time after giving birth, he latched on to my tit and wouldn't let go until he had drunk half his fill.

I liked being on top, it gave me a sense of control. I wasn't big on lying back and letting a man slam his cock into me; I always wanted to be an active participant during sex. So there I was, kneeling above my husband, working his cock back and forth in my cunt, when he sat up and kissed my neck, which I liked, then worked his way down to my breasts, which I also liked, then I realized he was sucking on my left nipple, which I normally liked, but he wasn't sucking to give me pleasure, but to drink my milk.

"Stop that," I said, pulling my tit from his mouth. "That's for the baby."

He didn't say anything and went right to my other tit. He made a noise I interpreted to mean he thought my milk was delicious.

"There won't be enough for the baby," I complained, pulling my other nipple out of his greedy mouth, crossing my arms in front of my breasts and leaning back out of easy range.

"Sure there will be," Michael argued. "Haven't you always told me that your breasts will make as much milk as he needs?"

“That’s with just him drinking!” I hissed at him.

“What about women who have twins?”

I opened my mouth to answer, but nothing came out.

“That’s what I thought,” he said, pulling me back to him. His lips clamped on my left tit again and he started sucking my milk. It was...nice. His latch and suck was much stronger than my son’s. I could feel the milk being literally sucked, pulled from my body. When one of my children nursed, I knew my milk was being taken, but I couldn’t feel it like I could with Michael. It caused a shiver to run up my back and I squeezed his cock with my vag muscles. It felt good. I couldn’t help myself, my body responded on its own, my hips pumping back and forth, trying to make his cock spill its seed in me again. I clutched his head to my breast and ran my fingers through my husband’s curly hair.

The orgasm I had was strange, both good and strange. It didn’t just originate from my clit and cunt, but from my breasts as well.

He was right—a fact I resented—my baby, only six months old, didn’t suffer at all. And Michael nursing from me simply increased my overall milk supply. I could feel my breasts getting bigger. I hated it when he was right, but I certainly enjoyed it when we lay down in bed together and he took my full breast in his mouth and slowly drained me. It was a little slice of heaven connecting to the two of us.

It was so easy to fall into a pattern of behavior that you don’t even think about how you’re acting and how your behavior is completely different from the rest of the world. At first it seemed strange that Michael liked to suckle from me, but then it became the most normal thing in the world and I started looking forward to lying down in bed and having him latch on to me. I’d drift off to sleep running my fingers through his hair. Sometimes we’d fuck first, then nurse and sleep. Other times he’d suckle first, then we’d fuck, then sleep. Most often it was just suckling and then sleep. They were all good.

“What is this?!” I demanded when I opened the small jewelry case.

“It’s a necklace,” Michael patiently explained to me.

“I can see that.” I picked it up from the case and carefully examined the odd

little piece. It was a choker necklace in silver and black. The black band intended to go around the neck was slippery-smooth, I wasn't sure at first if it was silk or satin, but it was much thicker than usual for those materials. The heavy clasp was ornamental silver, as was the sliding charm, which was a tiny and cute square bell. When I turned over the material I noticed my name, Beth, carefully and ornamentally stitched into the thick silk. I fingered it while thinking.

Michael noticed my actions and spoke up. "I had it specially made for you. The chain is thick because it needed a certain stiffness and strength to take the ornamental stitching. Try it on."

He took it from my hands, slipped behind me, and before I knew it the necklace was encircling my throat. I had to admit that he had done an excellent job with the sizing, not too tight or loose, he must have somehow gotten my neck measurement without me knowing. It was pretty, austere and bold in its own fashion. I adjusted the band so that my name appeared just below the pulse of my jugular, the charm centered above the notch of my collar bones. I admired myself in the bedroom mirror while Michael unbuttoned my shirt and started disrobing me. He kissed the side of my neck. "You look beautiful."

When my bra came off exposing my full breasts to view, it suddenly came to me what I looked like. "I'm a cow!" I cried out as Michael squeezed my tits forcing a slow drip of milk.

"Uh-huh," Michael agreed with me, not at all upset with what he had done.

I would have physically pushed him away if he didn't already have one hand down my pants. I was a slave to my body; his fingers were rubbing my clit, making my panties wet. The other hand was wrapped around a breast, massaging the milk slowly out of it. "That's mean," I complained. It was more of a sigh than an actual complaint.

"You're a beautiful cow," he whispered in my ear, and then pulled his hand out of my panties to turn me around. His mouth latched onto my free breast and he started suckling. It felt wonderful. I looked down at his face as he drank from me. My heart warmed at the sight and I pushed my pants down off my hips.

"Girls don't like to be called cows," I told him.

"You do," he replied while pulling off my breast and turning me around. I was

wet and willing and ready so when he pushed me down on my hands and knees, I didn't resist. So what if he wanted to call me a cow in private? Who else was to know? "Ready to be bred by your bull?" he asked, nudging his cock against my wet sex.

"Fuck me," I sighed, dropping my shoulders to the bed and keeping my ass in the air. Michael slipped into me and started thrusting with great enthusiasm. I moved my hands under my chest and played with my teats. My milk was slowly seeping out, wetting the sheets of the bed. My body faintly shook with each of Michael's thrusts and each time I could hear the tinkle of the bell around my neck. I was a cow.

I squeezed around his cock with my vag muscles, trying to pull his seed from his cock. It didn't take long. Obviously this was a fantasy he had been planning for some time.

When he splashed his hot seed inside my vag, I could feel it heating up my cervix. That was all I needed; I moaned because it was too much to bear, my body shook and broke out all over in a fine sheen of sweat as I orgasmed. Michael kept thrusting into me, each thrust ending with another spurt of cum flooding me.

It might not have been traditional, but I did enjoy the orgasms.

Chapter Two

A few weeks later Michael brought up the subject of the necklace. “You don’t wear it when you go out in public, out to work,” he said to me.

Unconsciously my hand went to my neck and I touched the fine, thick silk that encircled my throat. It was true. I wore the necklace around the house because I wanted to please Michael, because I did enjoy how he treated me in bed when I wore it, because I enjoyed when he suckled me, but I felt uncomfortable wearing the unusual necklace where people might inquire about it. The necklace was an odd ornament for someone who didn’t decorate their desk in a bovine theme.

“It would be hard to explain to my co-workers,” I explained.

“Every time a bell rings,” he quoted, “an angel gets its wings.”

“Yeah, like they’ll believe that,” I said.

He pulled me close and started stripping of my shirt and bra. “You’ll wear it tomorrow,” he ordered me. “Or I’ll lock it around your neck and you’ll never get it off.” His lips clamped on my tit and started sucking. He knew how to manipulate me.

“Okay,” I agreed. “I’ll wear it to work tomorrow.”

And, as promised, I did. For the longest time no one in my office said anything and I started wearing it to work on a regular basis. Of course I always wore it at home when Michael and I fucked. We had moved to have sex almost exclusively in the rear entry position. I enjoyed being fucked that way, even with the animalistic symbolism of that particular position.

It was at work that I was almost outed for the first time. I encountered Marie, who worked in a cube the next row over from me, in the break room while making coffee. “That’s an interesting necklace,” she said, pointing at my collar.

I froze and blushed, then tried to recover myself. “Thank you,” I stammered. “It was a gift.”

“It’s cute,” she said innocently. “It almost looks like a cowbell.”

I laughed, probably a little too nervously. “Every time a bell rings,” I said for her, “an angel gets its wings.”

Luckily she laughed too.

“Michael calls me his angel,” I said, compounding the lie.

“Really!” Marie said. “My boyfriend calls me that too. That’s why I got my tattoo.”

I suppose I shouldn’t have been surprised, but Marie seemed so quiet, so demure, that a tattoo wasn’t at all her style. I certainly hadn’t seen one on any of her exposed skin at the office. I hoped I wasn’t about to find out something I was going to regret.

“Tattoo?” was all I could say. “Do you have an angel tattoo?” I asked immediately regretting the direction of the conversation.

She shook her head. “No, that would be too obvious. I have wings.” She smiled as if sharing a naughty secret.

“Where?” I blurted without thinking.

“On my back of course,” she replied, turning around and tugging down the neckline of her blouse to expose the top edge of some carefully inked feathers. Judging by the relative size of the few feathers I saw, the wings must cover her entire back.

“Wow,” I said, amazed in more ways than one. “That’s...impressive.”

“You should see me without my blouse on,” she said without a hint of humor or tease.

“Yeah, maybe,” I vaguely agreed.

“I’ll bring you pictures too,” she promised.

I shivered, unsure if I was excited or scared by that prospect.

It was Friday night and Michael was fucking me, as usual from behind, he was enjoying himself, spanking my ass, then leaning forward and squeezing my tits to make a little milk flow out. This he would wipe away, and knowing him, he'd suck my milk off his fingers. I was especially horny and had already gotten two orgasms when he abruptly pulled out.

"What are you doing?" I complained. "Don't stop!"

"I've got a present for you," he announced.

I froze, the last time I got a present from him I wound up with a cow bell around my neck. I couldn't imagine what he had for me now. My leeriness wasn't eased at all when he threw on his robe and disappeared out the door. I waited a few moments, still on my hands and knees, then said the hell with it and rolled over to my side. After a few minutes Michael reappeared in the doorway carrying a large wooden contraption he had put together in his workshop.

"You're not supposed to be lying down," he said. "You have to get up on your hands and knees for this to work."

I looked at him skeptically. "For what to work?" Actually, Michael is very handy and his small inventions and household repairs are very reliable. What worried me was his bringing a strange wooden contraption into our bedroom during sex.

He didn't hear me. "Actually, maybe we should try it on the floor first." Without looking at me he placed the machine on the floor, grabbed some cords and hoses and started hooking them up. Only when I recognized my old electric breast pump and saw it had been integrated as part of the toy he had created did it dawn on me what he had built.

"No way, you're not forcing me to use that!"

He glowered down at me. I wasn't sure if this was part of the game or if he was truly angry, but I started to move to his contraption. Michael carefully positioned me above the structure, moving me slightly then adjusting all of the lifts and clamps until everything was to his liking.

"There," he announced. "Perfect fit!"

It was little more than a scaffold-like structure designed to hold the suction

funnels of my pump, these could be raised and lowered on the structure. The funnels he raised up to my large, full tits, positioning them right over the nipples so that they were ready to spew forth milk. He had arranged a neat and orderly system that arranged the collection bottles, hoses, cords that connected to the breast pump.

“You’re going to love this,” he whispered in my ear as he turned on the pump. I felt the familiar tug of the funnels around my breasts, it was a little harsh, then it let go, when nothing happened. A moment later the tug was back and I could feel my milk being sucked from my tits. It was familiar and nice. I had used the pump extensively when I had returned to work after giving birth, but hadn’t used it in a while. And of course I had never used it while completely naked (except for my necklace-collar) and on all fours.

“Comfortable?” Michael asked me.

“Uh-huh,” I responded dreamily. I had forgotten the strong suction of the pump not only drew out my milk, but stimulated my pussy as well. I was already wet from our early fucking and this only helped make me wetter. Michael had put me not on hands and knees, but let me rest on my forearms and knees, forcing my ass into the air and bringing my tits closer to the floor. I should have been ready for what came next.

“This is going to be great,” he announced as his hard cock slipped its way between my open sex lips and well up into my cunt where it belonged. It was wonderful. He fucked me from behind, adding a slap to my ass every now and then. I could hardly think except to concentrate on the cock in my cunt and the suction on my tits. When Michael carefully pressed on the brown rose of my asshole, I clamped down on his cock causing him to flood my cunt with his spunk.

He groaned and thrust a few more times before pulling back and removing his cock from within my body. I waved my ass at him, but didn’t move my chest away from the milking machine he had created for us.”Are you done yet?” he asked.

I looked down at the collection bottles and funnels. The suction pulled at me again and another squirt of milk went into the bottles.

“Not yet,” I said, wishing I could reach down between my legs and frig my clit,

but that would break the suction and spoil the game. “Soon.”

I stayed in my position on the floor as Michael fell on the bed and watched the machine pull the milk from my tits. He smiled at me and I knelt there proudly, wondering what he would do with my milk.

“You’re a good cow,” he complimented me.

“You’re a good bull,” I said. “Are you trying to breed me?” We hadn’t really discussed birth control since our last child and he certainly hadn’t made any attempt to use a condom when fucking me, but the constant flow of milk from my tits had disrupted my cycle and fertility. I wonder if I was even capable of getting pregnant now.

“Maybe,” he smiled, watching the last of my milk dribble into the nearly full bottles. He rolled off the bed and turned off the pump. I pulled away from the funnels and examined my slightly reddened breasts. The cups always left unusual marks on them that faded in a few minutes.

“What are you going to do with the milk?” I asked him as he carefully screwed the caps on.

“Use it on my morning cereal, maybe as creamer for my coffee.”

And damn him if he didn’t drink that milk. He found that it was fine with cereal or straight, but mixed with coffee it wasn’t so good. It served him right to have a sour taste in his mouth.

It was good, the machine he built for me, my milking machine. Sometimes we would fuck while I used it, sometimes he would watch me be milked, then he’d fuck me, other times I just used it to relieve my over-full breasts. As with everything else, it was strange at first, then it seemed ordinary, commonplace and comforting.

Chapter Three

I looked at the picture a minutes and only then did it occur to me that it was just a sterile, antiseptic tattoo parlor. Marie was posing away from the camera, but looking back over her shoulder letting the viewer know it was her. She was topless, of course, but instead of wearing pants she was only in a thong. The outlines of the angel wings on her back—which I assumed would be on her back alone—went from her shoulder blades all the way down over the arch of her back and the hump of her rear end and tapered off to points at the tops of her thighs.

It must have taken hours and hours to have all the inking done on her back. And that was just the black outline. It was slowly being filled in. So far she had gotten halfway down. It was oddly beautiful and scary at the same time. Just looking at the photos sent a familiar shiver up and down my spine.

I pulled up the office messenger service on my computer and dashed a note off to Marie.

Got the pix. Very impressive.

It was a minute before she responded.

Thnx. It's a work in progress. 1st time ive shown someone at work.

That was weird. Marie had never shown the slightest inclination at friendship before.

How much time has it taken?

(pause) Over a year now.

No, I mean, how many hours have they worked on you.

Oh. Probably about 100.

“Wow,” I whispered to myself, then typed. Wow.

My boyfriend thinks it's beautiful.

It is, I agreed with her.

You should get one, she typed back.

A hot flash rushed over my body. I don't think so. No. Needles scare me.

She immediately typed back. It doesn't hurt.

Doesn't mean I won't be scared, I replied.

C'mon. My artist will give you a small one for free.

Really? I wasn't interested in getting a tattoo but I found the subject intriguing.

Sure. For all the business I've given him, 15 minutes under the needle is nothing.

I don't think so.

Guys find them sexy.

And so I found myself calling Michael telling him I'd be home late from work, I was going out for drinks with a few of the girls. Except "drinks" meant "tattoo" and "girls" was "Marie."

It was a very nice, very clean place. Not quite as sterile as a doctor's office or surgical room, but very clean, brightly lit and had none of the appearance of a traditional tattoo parlor I was expecting. Marie quickly got the artist to agree to do a small tattoo for me for free, then set me to look through the many, many books of art that I could choose from for my work.

As I breezed through the books looking for exactly what I wanted, Marie pulled off her shirt and bra, as casual as if she were stripping down in a locker room, then lay on a padded table in the back half of the parlor. The artist set to work, adding detail and color to more of her feathers. I barely spared her a glance as I looked for what I wanted. Most of the traditional artwork I wouldn't even consider, but once I found the section of cartoon animals, it was easy to pick out what I wanted.

The assistant artist, who Marie's friend directed to work on me free of charge, took the book from me and then asked the important question. "Where do you

want this?” He was kind of cute, probably barely out of high school with a scraggly blond goatee and too many earrings, but still kind of cute. I would have seriously reconsidered and walked out if he was ugly, but he was cute so I didn’t mind telling him.

“Right here, on my butt,” I said pointing to my left cheek. He grinned at me and I blushed.

“Okay, take off your pants, hop up on the table and I’ll get started.”

I took the table next to Marie. Her head was tilted in my direction. Apparently the pain of tattooing didn’t bother her in the least. Her eyes were slightly glassy and she was relaxed. “What’cha gettin’?” she asked dreamily.

“You’ll see,” I said nervously pulling down my work slacks and shivering slightly. The room wasn’t cold; I was just scared. As I stood there in my shirt and panties, I realized I needed to make a decision. Since I wasn’t wearing a thong I was either going to have to pull up my panties and give myself a wedgie or pull them down and let Mr. Junior Artist get a full moon, and who knows what else.

“Where you gettin’ it?” she asked, grinning.

“Right here,” I said, smacking my left ass cheek. She giggled slightly as I climbed upon the table and pulled down my undies.

“I’m Tim,” the artist said as he reappeared with his tools and a stencil from the book. “You’d better show me exactly where you want this.” I propped myself up on one elbow and positioned the stencil on my cheek with his help. He grinned at me as I blushed. “Don’t be embarrassed,” he said. “I’ve done tats right on the naughty bits. This is nothing. And since it’s on your ass, it’ll hardly hurt at all.”

He lied. Or at least he gave me his opinion on how much a tattoo hurts a woman who never had one before as compared to how much it hurts a barely-post teenage boy who was half covered in ink already. It wasn’t screamingly painful, more like someone was slowly and steadily scraping my skin over and over again. I wondered what it would have felt like if I had it done on a sensitive bit of skin.

Marie kept craning her head to try and catch a glimpse of my work, but her artist

wasn't having it. Eventually hers was done before mine and he let her up from the table—after applying some Vaseline and a bandage over the fresh ink—and she immediately rushed over to see what I was having done.

“You’re kidding!” she exclaimed after looking at my ass.

I wasn't surprised at her reaction. I was a little surprised to see that she didn't even bother to cover up before inspecting my work. Her breasts were smaller than I expected. She showed no shyness in displaying them for me, the artists or the few other customers in the parlor. That wasn't at all surprising when I noticed that both nipples were pieced through with a bright steel rod that had little balls on each end holding it in place. Quiet Marie, I thought to myself, so reserved and focused on her job...spends her time adding to her huge back tattoo and getting her nipples pierced. What other surprises was she keeping from the office?

“A cow?” she asked, her eyes not having moved from my butt.

“Yes. I think they're cute.” It wasn't truly a lie, and Michael would appreciate it I was certain.

She shrugged. “It's just that most women get flowers, or butterflies, or birds, cute little animals and such for their first tattoo. You got a cow.”

“I like cows,” I said. It was then that she noticed I was staring at her chest. My eyes hadn't moved from the barbells going through her nipples. I was fascinated with the way the light sparkled off the balls.

“Apparently you like women's breasts too,” she commented with a light laugh.

I winced. Hopefully she thought it was because of the needle and not my embarrassment. Last thing I needed was to discover that Marie was a lesbian and thought I was coming on to her. “No, it's not that,” I said. “It's just that I've never seen pierced nipples before. Well, not up close and in person,” I amended.

“You like them?” she asked raising her hands to cup her small boobs. “Ian did them for me.”

“That's right, I did,” my tattoo artist, apparently named Ian, said.

“You want yours done?” she asked me.

“No!” It came out more emphatically than I intended.

She laughed. “It took me a while as well. Small steps.” She still didn’t make a move to cover herself. She must have been proud of her body. It was attractive enough; she was a small woman, barely above five foot two, but lithely built with curves in all the right places.

“I would have thought your tits were bigger,” I blurted trying to change the subject and doing a horrible job of it.

She laughed and gathered up her top and bra. She displayed the undergarment to me; it had copious padding that added to her small Bs bringing her up to an adequate C. “I wear the thick bras because they hide my piercings better, especially the rings. I like wearing rings better than studs and barbells, they’re prettier.”

I just nodded in agreement as she slipped on the bra and then her shirt. Marie didn’t seem to be suffering any of the pain that I was undergoing, but she was probably used to the tattooist’s needle—and who knows what else. After getting dressed she looked down at my naked ass again. I was starting to feel seriously underdressed in the small parlor.

“It looks good, cute and sexy,” she complimented me and Ian.

“Thanks,” I breathed. Ian said nothing. The pain was starting to increase from an annoying itch up to an eight-hour sunburn level. Then Marie did something completely shocking. She laid her hand on my ass right next to my tattoo. I froze, then looked over my shoulder at what she was doing.

I have naturally pale skin, not pasty white, just the kind of pale where the day after summer any tan I might have had is instantly gone. I was delighted to see that my tattoo stood out boldly from my skin, but alarmed to see that everywhere around it my skin had turned bright red, as if my ass had been exposed to the sun all day. This was where Marie had placed her hand. It wasn’t exactly sexual, but it wasn’t exactly completely innocent either.

“You do have sensitive skin,” she commented. “The flesh is hot. Your ass is going to be sore tomorrow.” She didn’t remove her hand. I was torn between

telling her to get it off and telling her if she was going to leave it there to do something a little more exciting with it. I was acutely aware that her bare hand was barely inches away from my now moistening pussy.

“Done,” Ian announced, breaking the spell between us. Marie removed her hand, looking more than a little guilty. I started to pull up my panties but Ian stopped me. “I’ve got to put the bandage on first.”

The tattoo was barely two inches across but after slathering the Vaseline across my already sore bottom and then taping on the wide bandage, I felt like I was wearing a diaper instead of panties. Ian went over the aftercare instructions with me as Marie listened in. Not that she needed to know how to care for a tattoo. She’d been through this a hundred times before.

Once out of the parlor and walking back to my car, I began to quiz her again. “You do this all the time?”

“Yes. It’s going to take about twenty more hours to finish my feathers.”

“How many other tattoos do you have? I just saw your big one.”

She smiled as she reached her car. “You’ll have to wait to see those,” she said, then quickly kissed me on the lips, slipped into her car and drove off. I was left wondering what the hell that was all about, what she was hinting at, and if I’d be able to sit down long enough with my ass on fire to drive home.

Michael immediately knew something was up when I limped inside the house.

“Did you hurt yourself?” he asked, not overly concerned since I was moving, but slowly and jerkily.

“No.”

“Then what’s the matter?”

I sighed and looked at the kitchen chair. There was no way I was sitting on that hard wood surface. “Okay, let’s go into the bedroom and I’ll show you.”

I hobbled in front of him. I’m sure he was staring at my ass and could see the bandage hiding my tattoo. What was I thinking? I’m not the sort of person to

make sudden, rash decisions like getting a tattoo or picking up a stranger in a bar. I was going to be stuck with this tattoo forever. I had been careful with the placement so it would be hidden even when wearing a revealing swimsuit, and even in today's world lots of different people got tattoos for all reason. So why had I gotten a cow permanently placed on my ass?

Once in the bedroom, I dropped my slacks to the floor and laid belly down on the bed. I was certain Michael could see the bandage under my panties.

"What?" he asked.

He was clueless so I eased my panties over the hump of my ass to display the bandage to him.

"What is that?"

"Take it off and you'll see."

Apparently he was either too eager or too stupid to realize he shouldn't just rip it off, which he did causing me to scream out in pain, but he didn't even hear my shout.

"Holy shit!" he cried out. "That's fantastic."

I was surprised and looked over my shoulder at him. "It is?"

His eyes were shining in excitement. "Yeah. Sexy. And cute." He touched it with one finger and I squirmed away.

"Don't. It hurts. Can't you see the red?"

"Oh, sorry." He barely heard me; he was still staring at it. "I really want to fuck you now," he said while starting to undress.

"Don't," I warned him. "My ass hurts too much to have you slamming into me and I'm not laying on my back while you fuck me. You'll have to wait until it's healed."

I forced him to wait two days before I allowed him to fuck me again. He thought that was an unnaturally cruel and long time to go without sex, even though I

allowed him to nurse whenever he requested it. Michael seemed to forget that I liked sex too—I had become accustomed to getting fucked just about every day, sometimes twice—and the wait seemed interminable to me as well.

Still, he appreciated the tattoo—even though it was completely out of character for me. Michael said the decoration only added to my sexiness, that it gave him something else to look at and admire when he was fucking me. Plus it reminded the both of us the current lynchpin of our relationship.

Chapter Four

Marie was surprisingly cool and distant at work, which I appreciated because it would just be too odd for her to suddenly become my best friend just because we got tattooed together, I saw her tits, and she put her hand on my ass. I did take closer note of her, however. And I could tell that she always wore a padded bra to hide her nipple rings, though I didn't look too closely. I didn't want to be caught leering at another woman's breasts at work.

I discovered Marie was fun. She liked to send me emails and notes through the day. She had a wicked sense of humor and a sharp wit that she kept otherwise completely hidden from our co-workers. I began to trust her more and more—why not? She had seen my bare ass and had talked me into a tattoo. But I didn't yet trust her enough to tell her the secret that Michael and I shared.

Between Michael's nursing and my regular sessions with the milking machine he had created, my breasts felt full almost all the time. I purchased a small hand pump to take to work. In the middle of the day during my lunch I would slip off to one of the private lockable offices and pump to relieve some of the pressure. It was almost too much to bear during the day. If I didn't get a chance to pump I would often wind up letting down my milk the moment I saw Michael at night. He took this to be a sign of love, even though I always told him it was simply a physiological reaction. It didn't mean anything like love. But you try telling that to a man sucking milk from your tits.

Michael started taking pictures of my ass and my tattoo, sometimes when I was lying on the bed, sometimes when I was on the milking machine. It started off with him saying he just wanted a few pictures of my tattoo. I knew it wouldn't end there; but I didn't try to stop him. Maybe I liked the extra attention he gave me because of my tattoo. And pictures were harmless enough.

He was admiring my ass and tattoo while I was hooked up to the machine one night when he started on his next conquest with my body. "You need something on the other cheek to help balance it out," he said, tracing my cow tat with his fingers.

"It's not on my ass cheek," I said. "It's on my hip." I knew this wouldn't hold true with him.

In response he brought his hand down sharply on my tattoo, slapping the flesh off my ass. "That's your hip?" he asked.

I giggled as the milker sucked another squirt of liquid from me. "No."

"Then we're going to put something over here to balance you off," he said drawing an invisible circle on my right cheek.

"I'm not getting another tattoo."

"No, not a tattoo..." he said thoughtfully.

"You're thinking too much," I told him over my shoulder.

He just grinned back at me.

My breasts hurt, I typed to Marie a few days later.

That time of the month?

No, I replied. Not now, I think I'm skipping this month.

Skipping? She asked.

Sometimes I skip a month.

Pregnant? She asked me.

I shouldn't have been message chatting with her at all right then because I was trying to concentrate on a claim. Which partly explains my next comment to her. No. I think Michael's been over-milking me.

I didn't notice the long pause between this and her next message. I wasn't paying close attention. The claim was overly long and complicated. I hated detailed insurance regulations.

Over-milking? Her message came to me. What? I don't even...

The moment I looked at the message I knew I was busted. My face flushed red

and my stomach hardened and sank through the floor. I was certain she could feel the heat from my face even if she couldn't see me. I still lactate, I typed back to her while looking for a way out.

Oh.

I decided to go for a full confession. And Michael likes to nurse from me.

That's...different, she replied.

Yeah. I typed. What else to say? Michael likes to, you know, drink my milk. My legs were shaking and I could feel my breathing stop. What was she going to think or say?

I knew there was something kinky about you. She would have included some stupid smiley icon if our work messenger allowed it. That's kinda hot. Kinky hot.

Don't tell anyone! Ever!

Who would I tell?

That was true. Marie hardly ever spoke to anyone at work; and if I was keeping her secret then she could certainly keep mine. Okay, just don't tell anyone. It's kind of embarrassing.

Tell me about it; it sounds hot.

So I told her. Everything. Including the way he likes to nurse from me. The way I have to wear my bell, the way he likes to fuck me, the reason why I got my tattoo, the way he likes to watch me on the milking machine.

He built you a milking machine?

Yeah. It's weird, but kinda feels nice when I'm in the mood for it, especially when I'm too full and he's not around to drain me.

Kinky. Can I try it?

I'd never thought about sharing my milker with anyone else. It seemed a little bit like asking to share someone else's vibrator. It's perfectly okay to use one, but

you just don't share it with a casual acquaintance, even a friend, unless you are physically intimate with that person.

Um. Yeah. Maybe. It's really just a breast pump hooked up to a frame.

And so a week later, when Michael was out with friends and I had put the kids to bed for the night, I was dragging the milker out from under my bed to show Marie.

"Oh, it's simpler than I thought it would be," she commented. I looked down at the familiar piece of machinery.

"Yeah, sometimes simple is better," I commented, feeling a little like I was showing her my secret stash of porn or sex toys—probably because this was a sex toy.

Without saying anything else, she pulled off her shirt and was in the middle of unhooking her bright white padded bra before I could gather my thoughts and speak again. "What are you doing?" I asked her, completely shocked.

"Trying it out," she said as she manipulated the small balls that held her barbell nipple piercings in place. "You said I could."

Not really I thought to myself, but in the presence of her naked breasts I found myself unable to protest. "Oh."

She looked down at the machine. "How does it work?" she asked, obviously eager to try it out.

"You get down on all fours—knees and elbows, forearms really—put your breasts in the funnels, turn on the pump and off you go."

She got down like she was supposed to—her skinny ass pointed into the air—but no matter how she tried to drop her chest down, her tiny tits wouldn't reach the cups. I had to get down on the floor with her to adjust the height controls on the suction funnels. It was a challenge making the adjustments trying not to touch her breasts, but somehow I managed to do it with a minimum of skin to skin contact. I don't think she noticed.

"Turn it on," she said once she was happy with the placement. She looked up at

me as I was about to flick the switch. Her eyes were shining with eagerness, completely in contrast to my reaction when Michael first showed me the milker. My heart nearly melted when I saw her in that position, submissive and eager; it made her beautiful and sexy and I suddenly wished I had taken advantage of her—at least a little bit—while I was helping her into the milker.

I flipped the switch and her eyes widened suddenly as the suction kicked in, grabbing her virgin breasts and pulling them. I knew from experience it wasn't exactly painful, but the first time using the machine can be a little shocking. Through the translucent plastic I could see her pink nipples elongate, then spring back as the machine let go. "Oh," she moaned, surprised at the ferocity of the milker. "That's...nice. Harsh, but nice."

The machine fell into a steady rhythm, sucking her nipples and giving her pleasure. I didn't realize how focused on her breasts Marie was, she was obviously building toward an orgasm. I wondered how much her nipple rings stimulated her and if that was why she had them done.

I laid down on the bed and watched her. "Do you like it?" I asked her.

"Mm-hmm," she sighed. "It's nice. It's good. No wonder you let Michael do this for you." She glanced down at the collection bottles hanging beneath her. "No milk yet."

I laughed at her. "It would take you weeks, months even, of stimulation to start you lactating."

She half-closed her eyes and moaned. "I could get used to that. I wonder if my boyfriend would like me to do this for him." She wiggled her ass a bit, showing off her excitement. I had never seen another girl orgasm in front of me (porn films don't count) and I wanted to see it happen now. I laid on my side and slipped my hand between my thighs, not stimulating my pussy just yet, but leaving it close enough so I could feel the warmth I was generating.

"You're gonna cum," I said softly to her.

"How do you know?" she asked, wiggling her hips trying to stimulate herself some more.

"I can tell. Let it happen," I ordered her.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed, nodding her head. A few beads of sweat broke out on her brow and moments later she cried out in pain, pulled away from the suction cups and slipped to the floor, tears slid down her cheeks. “Oh, that was wonderful,” she whispered to me. “No wonder you love your husband.”

It wasn’t exactly why I love him, but seeing her getting off, made me want to masturbate as well. “Do you mind if I get off?” I asked her.

“Go ahead,” her voice was husky and distant. I doubt she even understood what I asked her. It didn’t matter. I opened my pants, slipped my hand inside my panties, found my wet and slippery clit, and in a minute I was moaning and shivering with desire. Another minute later a wave broke in my body and I had my own orgasm.

We lay their together, quietly, for a few minutes. It was Marie who broke the silence. “Can I watch you use the milker?” she asked.

“Uh,” I stammered. What did it matter now? I wasn’t exactly sure how far one could go and still be considered a straight girl, I was pretty sure I had already crossed the line to bi-curious. “Sure, why not?” I got up from the bed, unbuttoned my blouse, pulled off my nursing bra, kicked off my pants because at the end of the day I insist on being pant-less, and knelt next to the machine.

Marie moved over to make room for me. I adjusted the funnels back to my height, positioned my large breasts into the cups and hit the switch. When the suction first pulled at my nipples did I realize I was wearing only my silky black panties, which were partially soaked with my juices and starting to slip into the crack of my ass. I realized all of this and it made me feel sexy so I was happy to show off in front of Marie.

“Wow!” she exclaimed as the first squirt of milk issued from my nipples and the thin white liquid flowed down into the collection bottles. “That’s so cool. And sexy.”

I smiled at her as she watched more and more of my milk dribble into the bottles.

“Do you like how it feels when it’s pulled from your tits?”

“It doesn’t hurt, sometimes it feels really nice.” She moved around behind me

and put her hand on my left ass cheek, pushing up the material of my panties. “What are you doing?” I asked her.

“I want to see your tattoo,” she said. By now it was as if I was wearing a thong, but it felt good and sexy to show off in front of her.

I had barely started filling the bottles when Marie suddenly shut off the pump. “I want to taste it,” she said. “I can’t wait for the bottles to be filled.”

“Okay,” I agreed. What did it matter to me? I pulled my boobs off the suction funnels and started unscrewing one of the bottles, when I felt a mouth on my left tit. I looked down at Marie’s face. Her eyes were closed and ecstasy was on her face as her mouth was attached to my breast, sucking the milk directly from me.

I was scared, but it felt good. I told myself I was just nourishing another human being. There was nothing wrong with what we were doing, I had to remind myself. My free breast was dripping slowly so I grabbed a cloth I kept next to the milker and soaked up the excess milk. I wasn’t sure if I was in love with Marie, but I loved what she was doing to me.

“Let’s lie down on the bed,” I told her softly. She broke her latch on my nipple and nodded her head. We crawled up on the mattress, I laid on my side and she took up my breast again, slowly, steady pulling my milk from my tit. I watched as her jaws worked, keeping the suction going as I stroked her hair and just enjoyed the sensations, relaxing with my friend.

Eventually she drained my first breast so we shifted positions and she settled into my other breast. It was stimulating and relaxing as well. We didn’t feel the need to have sex, but Marie wiggled her hand between my legs and cupped my pussy through the silk of my panties. It was nice, so very nice that it took no effort at all for the two of us to fall asleep in each other’s arms.

We were woken by Michael, who flipped on the bedroom light and announced, “Lesbians are hot.”

“I’m not a lesbian,” I complained sleepily, squinting my eyes against the light. My protest was weak; it’s hard to claim pure heterosexuality when you’re sharing a bed with a half-nude woman while wearing only a pair of panties. And wet panties at that.

“Bi then,” he amended. “Still hot.”

“We’re not lesbians,” Marie spoke up. She sounded more awake than I was, maybe she hadn’t been sleeping, but she certainly wasn’t shy about letting my husband see her naked tits. “We didn’t have sex.”

He held up his hands in protest. “I’m not judging. Though I wouldn’t mind watching...”

“That’s okay,” I said rolling off the bed and grabbing my bathrobe to cover up. Yeah, Michael had seen me naked hundreds of times before, but somehow in front of Marie, it felt wrong...or at least dirty. “I think we’re done for the night.” Those few words were enough to completely crush Michael’s spirits. Too bad, I say. I invited Marie over for me, not him.

Marie, on the other hand, wasn’t the least bit shy about showing off her body. She nonchalantly and languidly rolled off the bed, and instead of looking for her shirt or bra, she found her nipple rings that she’d placed on the dresser and casually started to re-insert them. Michael goggled at this uninhibited display of sexuality.

“You sure you two ladies don’t want to have a little ménage a trois?” he asked anxiously.

“Maybe some other time,” Marie said after slipping on her shirt and patting him lightly on the side of his face. He was too stunned to have any reaction. “I’ll see you tomorrow at work, sweetie,” she said to me, moved in quickly, kissed me in a way that I could only describe as intimate, and swept out the door.

Michael was on me in an instant, pulling off my robe and opening his pants to display a rampant cock. “What are you doing?” I asked him, pretending to be uninterested in what he was doing.

“Fucking you,” he grunted, pushing the head between my wet pussy lips.

“Oh,” I sighed as he started thrusting in earnest. “Did Marie excite you so?”

“Yes!” he cried out. “I’m going to watch the two of you fuck,” he told me. I’m sure he thought it might have been pure fantasy, since I had always demurred whenever he suggested a threesome before, but with Marie, it was much more

likely to happen.

Not that I was going to encourage him.

Chapter Five

That was hot last night, Marie messaged to me the next day.

Yeah, it was, I agreed. I always tried to keep my office texts very neutral. I was certain they were constantly monitored by the company, but Marie didn't seem to care.

I was so full of your milk that I couldn't even eat breakfast this morning.

This made my face turn red. Now I was positive that we were being spied on. Not here, not now, I replied to her.

We've got to do it again, she sent me. My boyfriend wants to sample you as well. Would that be okay?

This left me wondering how I get myself into these situations. Uh, maybe. Not right away. I'd like to get with you again first. I didn't want to be the village cow, where everyone with a passing fancy of a lactation fetish came to me for a feeding. This was something I did for my husband. And apparently for the woman I was trying to seduce.

That sounds great! I could hear her enthusiasm through the messenger. Tonight?

No, not tonight. I have a headache. Ha! My jokes always came off flat on messenger.

We negotiated back and forth through the day. I was alternately hot and bothered by the idea of what we were planning, and then nervous and scared that we'd be caught—by whom I don't know—and even that made it more exciting to me. Who would have known my breasts were such a source of excitement to others?

And don't forget to have Michael there, she sent me right at the end of the day before she walked out the door.

Michael? I hadn't known he'd be part of this too. Not that it mattered; if she wanted him there, I was more than willing to share.

I insisted on having an evening snack for Marie when she came over; we were

meeting too late for dinner, but as a good hostess I couldn't just expect Marie to hop into bed with us without at least offering something to eat or drink. She was arriving late enough that the kids were already in bed asleep.

"It's completely unnecessary," he pointed out to me. "You're the snack. Or drinks, at least."

"Ha ha," I commented, laying out a platter of crackers and cheese. "I'm more than that."

"I'll say," he whispered in my ear, wrapping his arms around me from behind and cupping my breasts. I tried to push him away, I was very full and didn't want to start leaking, but his hands on my tits felt so very good. If the doorbell didn't ring just then I probably would have hiked up my skirt and pulled off my panties, but as it was we were interrupted by Marie's appearance.

I invited her in, offered her cheese and crackers—she took a few just to be polite—but she didn't let us chat idly, Marie went right to the heart of the matter.

"I'm glad Michael's going to be with us tonight," she said. "It'll be nice to have a partner for this."

"A partner?" I asked confused and glanced at my husband. Michael looked away, either embarrassed or guilty, maybe both. "What's going on?" I asked both of them.

Michael still couldn't meet my gaze, but Marie was calm and cool as always. She smiled and raised her chin a tiny bit. Her long black hair fell away from her face. "I've been...talking with Michael. We have something special for you tonight."

I've always been a little slow when confronted with strange, unexpected situations and this was no exception. I finally figured out that she must have been talking to each other behind my back. Before I could do or say anything to protest, Michael suddenly found his voice.

"Take off your shirt," he ordered me.

I blinked at him, it was a blunt approach, but my hand almost automatically went to the buttons on my blouse. Only when Marie spoke did I hesitate.

“Might as well take off the rest of your clothes as well,” she said. “It’s not like you’re going to need them.”

And again I didn’t know what to say. Marie took the initiative and started unbuttoning her own shirt while Michael looked on, a boy happily caught between two candy stores.

“Why don’t we go to the bedroom first,” I suggested.

Marie eagerly led the way, her shirt unbuttoned, exposing her padded bra but little else. As she ascended the staircase I followed her, watching her tight ass as it swung back and forth in front of my eyes.

Once in the bedroom, she dropped her bright red shirt from her shoulders, keeping her back to me. Her inked wings were only partly hidden by her tight black pants and the thin bra strap that cut across her back just under her shoulder blades. “Undo me,” she asked, pulling her hair aside and looking over her shoulder at me. My hands were fairly trembling when I reached for her black bra and tried to slip free the hooks. After a few attempts I finally managed to work it and the strap came free. She turned around, smiling proudly, and presented me with her bare tits sporting a pair of bright gold rings. I stood there mute, excited but not knowing what to do.

“Let me help you,” she said, reaching for my shirt and starting to undo the buttons. I noticed Michael sitting on the corner of the bed, happily watching the two of us. Before I knew it my blouse was on the floor, Marie had moved in close to me, slipping her arms around me to unhook my bra. She kissed me lightly on the neck as she pulled the bra away, exposing my milk-full tits. “Ready?” she asked Michael.

He nodded and she led me to the bed. Before I could mount the mattress, Michael fell to his knees in front of me, unzipped my skirt and pulled it off, leaving me in just my panties. Or rather my thong; I only owned two thongs, and since this was a special occasion, I decided to go with it to show off my tattoo.

“Get on your hands and knees,” Marie ordered me.

“On the bed?” I asked, confused. Usually I only did that with the milker.

When she said yes, I simply followed orders. Marie laid next to me on one side,

Michael on the other. It was obvious what they were planning on doing. My boobs were hanging down, full and ready to be emptied. They worked their heads under my chest, while Marie and I giggled, until their mouths found my nipples and they started suckling.

It was heavenly.

I could feel my milk flowing into their mouths, each one nursing at their own pace. Michael tended to suck harder and take bigger gulps, he was eager to drain me. Marie took her time, enjoying both the experience and time with me; she was gentle compared to him, but just as insistent.

They made me hold that position for a good fifteen minutes while they suckled me. It started off being novel and sensual and more than a bit erotic, but toward the end my arms were getting tired. I wasn't used to being stuck in the same position for so long. "You two had better finish up," I told them. "I'm getting too tired and I don't care how much you like this. I can't go all night."

Reluctantly Michael let go of my tit, gently kissed the side of my breast and rolled off to the side. Marie, however, didn't heed my request and kept on draining me, though by this time I could feel there was nothing left to feed her. "Let go," I prompted, tugging my breast away slightly. She grinned around my nipple and refused to let go, keeping a strong latch on me. I pulled back a little harder, just to the point of pain, but she still refused to let go. Michael laughed at my predicament.

"This isn't funny," I told him.

"Then just pull away," he said.

"It'll hurt!" I complained; secretly I was sort of enjoying the slight torture she was putting me through.

"I think that's what she wants," he said.

I let Marie nurse a moment longer, then pulled back in earnest. She resisted, looping an arm around my waist to keep me close. In retaliation, I put one hand on the side of her face and forced her away from me. It was a struggle, but I was bigger and eventually prevailed, though at great cost. It felt like she was ripping my tit off when I finally broke the suction.

She immediately pouted. “I wasn’t done,” she all but whined.

“You’re done,” I told her, gently holding my breast. “See, there’s nothing left.” I squeezed to extract any remaining milk. There was none, of course, not even enough to form a pearly drop on the tip of my nipple.

“I’m still thirsty,” she said playfully. I knew she was lying, but played along anyway.

“Then why don’t you give Michael a blowjob and drink his spunk,” I suggested.

Marie immediately brightened. “That sounds great! I love man-cum.” She turned to him. “Take off your pants,” she ordered.

He looked at me, helpless and confused. His eyes were wide with shock and excitement. I could see the outline of his cock under the denim of his jeans. “Should I?” he mouthed to me.

My chest was tight and I could feel a gush of wetness in my panties. Whatever else I wanted or knew about our relationship, I was eager to see Michael receive a blowjob from Marie. It certainly wasn’t cheating, not if he was doing it right in front of me. Was it?

“Yes,” I whispered to the two of them.

Marie didn’t need to be told twice. She moved over to his side of the bed, unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them down. Together they pushed off his pants and she, without a hint of hesitation or shyness, reached into his underwear, pulled out his already stiff cock, and put it in her mouth.

I was never a bit watcher of porn. It always seemed a bit artificial and contrived to me. The complete opposite is true of a live sex show. Marie didn’t cheat to the camera or perform actions that might look interesting on screen, but added nothing to Michael’s pleasure. She simply took his cock into her mouth, sucked long and hard trying to make him cum. One hand she wrapped around his balls, the other held firm the base of his long prick; I laid on my side, my hand inside my thong, just barely playing with my clit as Michael received what was certainly an expert blowjob. I almost wished I was a man just so that Marie could give one to me.

So talented was my friend that she could even take all of Michael's length into her mouth and down her throat without gagging. While he wasn't ridiculously endowed like a freak from an adult film, I myself couldn't get more than half of Michael's cock into my mouth, so I was duly impressed. Because she was a much better cocksucker than I was, I was disappointed for Michael when she suddenly backed off, freeing his wet cock from her mouth and said. "I don't want to swallow his cum," she announced. "I want to see him fuck you."

She didn't have to suggest that to me twice. Although Michael was eager to get off in her mouth, I was worked up enough that I wanted a cock inside of me. I yanked off my thong—I was happy to be rid of it—laid back on the bed and spread my legs. I could smell the scent of my eager pussy waiting to be satisfied. Apparently my perfume was enough to pull Michael away from Marie's mouth—along with a slight push of encouragement from her. He fell on me and slipped easily into my cunt. I immediately tilted my hips to accept his hard, eager thrusts and wrapped my legs around his waist, crossing my ankles so he couldn't escape—not that he wanted to.

"Oh, fuck her hard," Marie whispered from her spot on the bed. I was barely aware she was still in the room; when you've debauched yourself this much, it hardly matters if another person watches you and your husband fuck. It was just another thrill I was marking off some unknown checklist of kinks, erotic acts and fantasies I never knew I had.

Michael was already worked up by his oral treat from Marie, and I had been playing with myself that entire time as well, so it didn't take him long to grunt twice—like he always did—then shoot his cum inside my pussy. I locked up my limbs and let him slam into me harder and harder until he was done. Not that I minded in the least, each time his pubic bone hit the top of my pussy, he squished my clit and that was all I needed to cum myself. Once we were both done, he rolled off me and sighed in relief.

"That was wonderful." It wasn't Michael complimenting me; it was Marie applauding us both.

"Thanks," Michael said, happy to accept her compliment.

I snorted. He was too eager to be the center of any lauds.

"May I?" Marie asked. She made some gesture, I barely saw what she did since I

was still coming down from my orgasm high and my eyes were half closed, so I went along with it.

“Sure. Why not?”

A moment later I felt fingers probing in my cunt. At first I thought it was Michael, seeking to bring me off again, but then I realized something was amiss. It didn't feel like Michael's fingers. I opened my eyes to witness Marie probing my cunt while Michael happily watched her. She didn't notice me watching her at first, not that I pushed her away or tried to stop her. Plunging her fingers deeply into me, she scooped up Michael's sticky white leavings and brought them to her mouth. My eyes went wide in surprise; while I'd certainly swallowed my share of cum over the years, I'd never seen it eaten like that before.

“Delicious,” she told me. “I was lying before. I did want to taste his cum, but I wanted to see him fuck you too.”

I shrugged. What did it matter? Everything felt so good and wonderful, did it really matter if she wanted to eat my husband's spunk from my cunt?

“I've got a request,” Michael spoke up. “I want to fuck Marie.”

This announcement caused me to giggle. “Do you think I'll say no?” I asked him.

“Maybe,” he hedged.

I was certain that something had gone on behind my back when the two were talking, planning this evening. I decided to surprise him. “Go ahead,” I offered. “I doubt you can get it up for her.”

It's not that I didn't want Michael to have a good time, it's that I was feeling a twinge of jealousy to see how eager he was to fuck her. I wanted to be the center of attention; it was one thing for Michael to get a blowjob from her before he laid me, it was another entirely to see him fuck her. I had to hand it to him, though, just the idea was enough to make his cock stir, and then when she reached for him, he had a rampant erection in no time.

Marie smiled triumphantly, quickly stripped off her pants and oh-so-tiny panties

to display her denuded pussy, then got on her hands and knees to present him with her skinny ass. She looked over her shoulder at us. “Well?” she asked, wiggling her hips to entice him forward.

He didn’t need the encouragement. His cock was in his hand ready to guide himself into her sex, when he suddenly stopped himself. My heart skipped a beat; I wasn’t sure if I wanted him to change his mind, or just go forward so I could see what he looked like when he was fucking another woman. “Do I need a condom?” he asked.

That’s Michael, ever practical.

“No,” she said, “I’m safe; I won’t get pregnant.”

He hesitated just a little bit again. Was she lying? Did she want to get pregnant? Uncertain what to do, he looked at me and I nodded my head giving him my permission. I needed to see him fuck her. What woman wouldn’t want her man to prove his masculinity by fucking someone else while his partner looked on?

He plunged his hard cock into her sloppy-wet cunt with a grunt. She replied with a slightly surprised yelp, then settled into a steady moaning and groaning as he pistoned his hips back and forth, slapping his pelvis into her taut ass.

“Uh-huh, uh-huh,” she groaned, trying to encourage him.

“Make her cum,” Michael said, looking at me.

“What?” I was confused. He was the one fucking her, not me.

“Put your hand between her legs, find her clit, and get her off,” he ordered me. Now it was my turn to hesitate. Was this something they had planned? Was he seeing how far he could get me to go? Or was it that he wanted to include me in the most intimate act two—or three—people could have.

What did it matter? Marie’s fingers had already been in my cunt. I knelt down next to their coupled bodies, slipped my hand underneath Marie’s body, slid my fingers down along her tummy until I encountered her sloppy pussy. It wasn’t hard to find her clit, it was hot and bulging out. She felt familiar and strange at the same time, as if I were touching myself, masturbating, but through an odd veil. It was obvious she liked having her clit roughly rubbed. Just a couple of

strokes made her cry out in pleasure.

“No,” she half-whispered. “Too much.”

I found my sadistic streak. Michael held her firm and I rubbed for all I was worth. This brought her off again and I laughed at her helplessness. It sounds crueler than it was for Marie’s orgasms were hot and fierce. A minute later Michael, overexcited by two women performing all manner of sexual acts on each other, came hard inside Marie’s cunt. He grunted several times, once with each thrust as he deposited more and more of his semen deep within her.

When I saw the bliss on Marie’s face when Michael came inside her, my heart melted. She looked so cute and happy, there was no way I could be jealous or upset with her because it was just so beautiful.

Michael was all but spent after that and though we tried to encourage him, he slowly drifted off to sleep. Marie and I cuddled up together, soft skin on soft flesh. I couldn’t resist slipping my hand between her thighs and feeling Michael’s spunk slowly leak out of her.

“That was nice,” I said to her as I slipped my middle finger up inside her shaved pussy.

She sighed slightly as I fingered her, then ducked down her head to latch onto my nipple. I didn’t expect her to express any milk from me, but I was pleasantly surprised when I felt a bit of milk start to flow and looking down at my exposed breast, a few pearly beads of milk appeared on my nipple. I wiped the excess milk away and licked my finger clean as Marie continued to nurse. After a few minutes she pulled away unexpectedly and looked up at me with a mischievous grin. She scooted up to my face and kissed me; I could taste a bit of my milk on her lips. I was delighted when she didn’t immediately break the kiss, but slipped her tongue inside my mouth. She fed me back my milk; it was sweet and delicious, especially after she had warmed it for me.

“Tasty?” she asked.

I didn’t answer her and just kissed her back. We fell asleep while gently kissing each other. I never would have thought I would be sharing a bed with my husband and a female lover, but it seemed so right.

Chapter Six

In the morning she was gone, which was a good thing; you try explaining to your three year old why Mommy's special friend spent the night sleeping in her bed with Daddy. She did, however, leave me a present, of a sort.

"What's that," Michael asked when I finally managed to roll out of bed and stagger to the shower. I'm not a morning person.

"What's what?" I mumbled.

"On your ass," he pointed out and helpfully dropped a hand mirror down so I could catch the image that had been drawn onto my skin.

I tried focusing on the drawing, but I couldn't get my eyes to focus and catch my balance at the same time. "What is it?" I asked him.

He laughed and shook his head. "Well, I guess she wanted you to keep it on a while. It looks like it was drawn in permanent Sharpie."

Do you like the tattoo I gave you? she texted me the moment I sat down at my desk.

NO! I immediately fired back.

I could almost hear her giggle in the next comment. It looked cute on your ass. You should think about getting it permanently done.

Put my husband's initials on my ass, like he owns me?

Yeah, why not, it would be like a brand. You are a cow, aren't you?

What she had drawn on my butt was a stylized version of my husband's initials, set up to look like an old style western ranch brand. I never saw myself as the type of person who got tattoos done, but then again I never expected to hop into bed with my husband and another woman or to be nursing both of them for their and my sexual satisfaction. And besides, Michael said I needed something on the other side of my rump to balance out my cow tattoo.

Yes, I hesitantly agreed. Maybe I should get his initials branded on my butt.

Which is how I wound up back at Marie's tattoo parlor once again, my skirt on the floor and my bare butt exposed to the discriminating eye of Ian the tattoo artist. Marie was nowhere to be seen—at least by me. A few days previous she had finished the final few feathers on her angel wing back tattoo and upon entering the parlor had immediately stripped down to her tiny g-string so she could prance around the place showing off the final finished work to any and all who would look. Personally I was pretty sure she just wanted to be all but naked and show off her body to friends and near-strangers.

I was face down on the green leather table trying to relax, telling myself it would be a nice little surprise for Michael to admire when I got home. It seemed to me that Ian was being slow, the prep time was taking too long after he had transferred the design to my right cheek. I mean how long does it take to get a tattoo gun ready? He had already run a razor over what I was certain was an already hairless ass and then chilled me with a series of alcohol wipes. I could feel the room getting hotter while I waited, which was nice since I was half naked and I figured he must have turned on the heat.

“Ready?” Ian finally asked me.

“Uh-huh,” I mumbled; I was in a half-doze from the room's warmth and my general laziness.

“You'll feel a sharp stinging,” he warned.

Right, I thought, it didn't hurt that much last time.

Then a white hot burning hit my ass and I screamed and jumped up. I was certain Ian had set my ass on fire or had taken a knife and plunged it as deeply as he could into my flesh. “Calm down,” Ian said, trying to relax me, but I was in too much pain to hear him.

Moments later Marie appeared in the small room. “What's going on?” she was still near-naked. Her nipples were adorned with charms dangling from her piercings. She wore only her panties and shoes. Just the sight of her was enough to calm me down.

“He tried to kill me!” I accused him, pointing a finger at Ian.

He looked genuinely puzzled. "I was just doing the brand," he innocently insisted to her.

Marie looked down at his tools, clamped her hands over her mouth, and tried not to laugh.

"What?" I demanded.

She got control of herself and managed to get out, "No, she didn't want a brand! She wanted her tattoo to look like a brand."

And so went the great brand tattoo confusion debacle. One of the many services the parlor offered besides piercings, tattoo and other assorted body modifications was branding. Ian had placed a white hot piece of wire on my skin to create a physical burn which would turn into a scar. I wanted a tattoo of a brand, not an actual brand.

"What do you want to do?" Ian asked me.

I twisted around, looked at the raised red line on my butt, gave it some thought and said, "I'm a cow. Might as well finish it."

I laid back down on the table. "It's going to hurt, isn't it?" I asked her.

"Yup," she agreed.

"They don't give anything for the pain here, do they?"

"Nope."

"Help me out then." I opened my shirt, pulled down my bra to expose my nipples. "Suckle on me."

To her great credit Marie didn't hesitate; she didn't care what Ian thought. Her suckling let my milk down and when Ian pressed the next hot wire to my skin, somehow the pain seemed so much less. Marie nursed on me through the entire process; something I can never fully thank her for.

It felt like my ass was on fire when he was done. I could barely drive home. The entire way I kept asking myself why I thought it was a good idea.

Somehow, when I got home, showed Michael what had happened, opened my shirt for him and lay down in bed together, it all seemed worth it. I was a cow; I had my brand to prove it. Best of all, I wasn't the least bit ashamed by it.

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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