

The Collegiate Milkmaid

By Elliot Silvestri



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Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

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 bedsheet

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 on 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, he groaned at his predictability but kept a secret smile on his 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 bedsheet. 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 pussies 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.