

Milking Megan

Crimson Rose

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The big day had finally arrived and while I should have been excited to go off to college I was scared to death. Not because I harbored some fear of crowded classrooms, open spaces or getting a higher education, but because I feared my secret getting out and people making fun of me for it. I wanted to continue living at home, but the school's freshman on-campus housing rule prevented that if I wanted to keep my financial aid and scholarships.

During orientation I was a wreck and looked like a paranoid nutcase as I continuously glanced around the packed auditorium to see if anyone was staring. Even if they weren't it felt as if all one thousand pairs of eyes were locked onto my large breasts. After that grueling experience I scheduled my classes and was assigned a dorm room. Thankfully, I was not given a roommate and I crashed on the bed and let out a pathetic sigh. *One day down, four years to go*, I thought as I stared at the bottom of the top bunk.

That was a week ago. A shy girl by nature, I mostly stayed to myself and returned to my dorm room right after classes to minimize any accidents from happening where the entire campus could see it. Taking my shirt and bra off, I tossed them into the hamper and looked down at my full breasts. Sitting at my desk I unlocked the bottom right file drawer and pulled out the pump. Placing it over my left nipple I squeezed the handle and closed my eyes as the milk freely flowed. Using slow, steady pumps, I filled an entire bottle and was nowhere near empty, but my right breast was really starting to ache now so I attached another bottle to the pump and got to work.

In another zone, I did not hear the door open and close or the person taking two steps into the room. "HOLY SHIT that's hot!" a woman exclaimed.

Eyes darting open, I jumped out of my chair. My arms flew up to cover my bare breasts and the pump with half-full bottle went flying across the room. "WHO THE HELL ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM!" I screamed.

My name is Sarah and it looks like we're roomies," the petite brunette replied, dropping her bag on the floor and walking towards me with hand extended. "Pleasure to meet you." When I didn't take her hand, she shrugged and continued. "Um, if you don't mind me asking, where's the baby?"

My face went three shades redder and my head bowed. "I...I don't have a baby."

"I'm so sorry."

"What? No, no. It's not like that. Look, since we're going to be roommates and there's nothing I can do about it, I'm going to tell you my secret but please keep it to yourself. I don't want the whole damn school finding out.

"Before you go telling me your secrets can I have your name?"

"Megan."

"Pleasure to meet you, Megan," she said with offered hand. I hesitated and then shook it.

"I gather you're not comfortable showing your tits to others."

"Not especially."

"Why? If I had a set like yours I'd have them out at every opportunity. I take it they're so big because you're lactating? So, if you don't have a kid then why are you producing milk? Wait! Did you induce for a boyfriend or something because that would be pretty fucking cool?"

"No, nothing like that. And yes, they are big because I'm producing enough milk to feed about ten babies. I have never been pregnant in my life. In fact, I'm a virgin."

"NO WAY!"

“Believe me or not, it’s the truth. I have a problem with my pituitary gland that causes me to produce way more prolactin than normal. If you don’t know, prolactin is the hormone responsible for telling the body to start producing breast milk. In my case, I’ve been producing since I hit puberty at thirteen and have been keeping it a secret ever since. My parents, brother and a few very select friends know about it, but for the most part I don’t like talking about it.”

“Why? There’s nothing wrong with producing breast milk. What do you do with it after you pump it? If you don’t like it then why do you keep doing it? Can you take medicine or something to stop it?”

“I dump it out after I’m done and I have to keep doing it because according to doctors I’ll never stop producing and it really hurts when my breasts get too full. There are drugs I can take but the side effects are far worse so I refuse to get on them. Look, I really don’t like this situation, but I need to pump the rest of the milk. Do you mind stepping out for like half an hour so I can have some privacy?”

“I just got here and I’m not going anywhere. Sorry, but you’re just going to have to do it with me here. If it makes you feel more comfortable I’ll take my top off as well. My tits aren’t anywhere nearly as big as yours, but I don’t mind showing them off,” she said, tossing her shirt on the floor before I could even reply. Her bra followed and my eyes went to her perky 34B’s of their own accord. “Why do you dump it out? Why not donate it to a milk bank, or better yet become a wet nurse or something? I was never breast fed as a baby. Is it any good?”

Walking towards me, I thought for a split second she was going to latch on and start sucking my nipple, but she grabbed the full bottle from my desk, opened the cap and gulped half of it down. Her eyes went wide and she smiled. Emptying the bottle, she sat it on the desk and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “That was fucking delicious! Look, I know we barely know each other, but I’m willing to help you with your...problem, if you’re willing to let me.”

“Help me how?”

“I’ll gladly drink every drop of milk you can produce.”

Thinking she meant from the full bottles I shrugged. “I’ve never had anyone drink it before, but whatever,”

“Cool.” Giving me a huge grin, she leaned in and suckled my right nipple.

“Jesus Christ! What in the hell are you doing?” I shrieked, jumping back as if I had just been kicked by a mule.

“You said I could drink it.”

“I thought you meant from the bottles. I’m not into women like that.”

“You don’t have to be. I mean, it’s not as if we’re having sex or anything. I think it would be more comfortable on the bed.” Taking me by the hand, she dragged me to the bed and once again latched onto my right nipple.

“P-Please stop. I’m not comfortable letting another woman suck my nipples.”

Drinking a few more mouthfuls, Sarah finally pulled back and looked up at me. “That’s because you’ve never had your nipples sucked by anything other than a pump. I’ll make you a deal. Let me drink all of your milk straight from the source this time and if you like it then I get to do it whenever you need to relieve the pressure. And if not then I’ll never do it again and will only drink it from the bottles. I’m going to start drinking again. If you agree then relax and enjoy it. If not then push me away.”

Sarah latched back onto my right nipple and started sucking. And then I felt a hand moving up my thigh and under my skirt. “Oohhh god! W-What are you doing?” I gasped when her fingers snaked their way into my panties – her middle finger sliding up and down my slit.

“Just relax and let me make it feel good for you.”

My mind reeling, I could not believe what was happening or why I felt so powerless to tell her no as she continued sucking down my milk. Her middle finger slowly parted my virgin pussy and made its way in one millimeter at a time until she hit that thin veil of flesh that was my maidenhood. Tensing, I did not move for fear of breaking it.

“Damn! So you really are a virgin then?”

“I wasn’t lying. Now please take your finger out of me.”

“Does it hurt?”

“No.”

“Does it feel good?”

“N-N-No.”

“Liar. Admit that it feels good and I’ll make it feel better.”

“Why are you doing this to me? I am not a lesbian.”

“You don’t have to be a lesbian to enjoy having your nipples sucked, Megan. I take it you want to remain a virgin for whatever reason so I won’t push it in too deep, okay?” she said, keeping her finger pressed firmly against my virginity as she started rubbing my clit with her thumb.

I had to admit as humiliating as it was having another woman doing these things to me I could not deny how amazing it felt. Hooking her finger up and down inside of me, my hips bucked of their own accord and I felt the invading digit going deeper as it tore through my hymen. “Aahhhh!”

“And there it goes,” Sarah giggled. “Come on, let’s get out of the rest of these clothes so I can give you a proper fingering.” Getting to her knees, she spun me around on the bed and had my skirt on the floor and her fingers in the waistband of my panties before I could say anything. “You are so gorgeous.” Panties around my knees, she lowered her head towards my crotch and sucked my clit into her mouth. My back arched, hips bucked as her tongue slid in. “Tell me it doesn’t feel good and I’ll stop.” Kissing her way up my belly to my chest, she sucked my left nipple into her hungry mouth and pushed two fingers into my newly deflowered pussy.

Too shocked at being taken by Sarah as if she owned me, a soft moan escaped my lips that she took to mean it was okay to keep fingering me because she not only did so, but increased the pace while giving my sensitive nipple a few playful nibbles between drinks. “Oooohhhh god!” It all happened so fast my mind had no chance of keeping up with all the new sensations coursing through my body as I writhed under her expert fingers and mouth and I exploded in orgasm for the first time in my life.

Pressing her lips to mine, she kissed me as the milk she held in her mouth filled mine and I was forced to swallow. It was the first time I had ever tasted my own milk and while it caused my cheeks to heat up, it did taste pretty sweet. Her fingers pulled out until only the tips remained and when she pushed them in I was stretched more than ever. “Uhn...uhn...J-Jesus Christ! Please don’t use so many fingers. I was a virgin five minutes ago in case you forgot.”

“My bad. I got a little carried away there,” she said, removing her index finger as she continued to slowly fuck me with her middle and ring. “So, be honest, how do you feel about having sex with another woman now?”

“I’m still not a lesbian, but I won’t lie, it feels really fucking good. Especially you drinking my milk. By the way, that mouthful you gave me was the first I’ve tasted.”

“Are you serious? What’s wrong with you? My god, if I had a perpetual supply of milk I’d be sucking my nipples twenty-four-seven. Will you do it for me? Suck your nipples and drink your milk I mean. And while you’re doing that I’m going to lick and finger your pussy to another orgasm. Unless, of course, you don’t want me to do that given you’re not a lesbian and all that,” she smirked.

“I have absolutely no idea why I’m letting you do these things to me, but okay, you can lick and finger me. And you may drink the milk from my tits anytime we’re alone. But if you tell a soul about any of this I’ll toss you out the window head first.”

“I can live with that. And thanks. I can see in your face how embarrassed you are and it means a lot that you’re willing to share your secret and let me have sex with you even though we barely know each other.”

“Seeing as how we’re going to be rooming together for the next year I’m pretty sure we’ll going to know each other pretty well.”

“I don’t want to push my luck, but do you think you can lick my pussy?”

“I’m not a lesbian.”

“And yet here we are. So, you’re okay with me licking and fingering you to orgasm but you won’t return the favor? That seem awfully selfish.”

“Fine, I’ll try it but if I don’t like it I won’t do it again.”

“Thank you. That’s all I ask for. But first, drink your milk.”

As if under a spell, I lowered my head and took my right nipple into my mouth since it was still the fullest. No sooner did I start sucking then my mouth was filled with the sweet, slightly warm fluid and I swallowed – sending a jolt of excitement to my throbbing clit. I was kneeling on the bed and Sarah moved under me. Holding my by the thighs, she pulled me down onto her face and her tongue pushed into my pussy. Gulping down a dozen more mouthfuls, I suddenly dropped on top of her. Spreading her pussy open, I licked. Fearing if I stopped to think about it I would chicken out. Raising up, I expressed the milk from my breasts onto her clit and then sucked it into my mouth. I had no freaking idea what the hell I was doing, but it made her moan so I figured I was doing something right and kept at it.

Thrusting one, two and finally three fingers in and out of her tightly clenching pussy, I concentrated on her clit while occasionally drinking my milk and squirting it on her and licking it off – confident I had lost my damn mind, but too wrapped up in the pleasure I was giving and receiving to care.

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“Well, as far as hellos go that was by far one of the best,” Sarah said as she leaned her head on my shoulder.

“I don’t know what came over me. It was like I was powerless to stop. Not that I’m complaining or anything. I’ve thought a lot about my first time and while I always imagined it to be with a man it was perfect.”

“So, does this mean you’re batting for team pussy now?”

“I wouldn’t go that far, but I also won’t say no if you want to do it again. If you’re thirst I have a lot of milk left to express. Or I can pump it for you to drink later.”

“You can toss that pump in the trash sweetheart. You won’t be needing it as long as we’re roomies.”