

Naughty Nursemaid

Alexis Alexandra

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After a nasty accident on the ski slopes that left me with several nasty injuries including a broken left leg and arm and three ribs on top of a dislocated right knee. Not to mention the severe concussion that left me in a four day coma. Once I was out of the hospital several family and friends stepped in to take care of me, but they all had lives and jobs of their own so after a week I hired an aid to take care of me and the house while I recovered. After interviewing half a dozen applicants I settled on Trish – a twenty-eight year old sweetheart that I immediately hit it off with. Friendly. Attentive to my every need without feeling overbearing. She was absolutely perfect in every sense of the word and it only got better when she had her things unpacked in the spare bedroom day one.

I was lying in bed trying to sleep when I heard a muffled moan coming from across the hall. I tried to ignore what was an obviously private moment but it went on non-stop for a good fifteen minutes without break. I got it, I had a few toys in my own closet and did not fault her for engaging in a bit of self-pleasure, but on the other hand I was tired and unable to do the same so was feeling grumpier than normal so I hit the button on the monitor to call for help. To my surprise the bedroom door opened about ten seconds later.

“Is something the matter?” Trish asked.

The first thing I noticed right after how quickly she got dressed and to my room was the small wet spot on her tee shirt right in front of her left breast. “I’ll try to be as delicate as I can, and please believe me when I say I’m not shaming you even in the slightest, but, um, I can hear you moaning all the way in here and...”

“OH GOD!” she said, her face turning beet red. “I am so sorry. I was pumping and, well...” too embarrassed to continue, her words trailed off.

“Pumping?” *Ah, I thought the spot now makes more sense, but I wanted to hear what she had to say.*

“I was using a breast pump and...I’m sorry I disturbed you. I’ll try to keep it down more but...”

“Feels that good huh?” I asked with raised brow. “No need to answer,” I offered as playful a smile as I could muster. “How old is your baby if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Oh, I don’t have any...”stopping momentarily she must have been reading the look on my face. “I induced so my boyfriend can enjoy his favorite drink but with staying here twenty-four-seven he can’t do that so I need to pump.”

“As long as you don’t throw any parties or anything you can invite him over. I mean, you’re not my hostage or anything and I’d be a horrible person if I robbed you of any outside contact for the next three months.”

“I appreciate that but unfortunately the agency I work for has very strict rules regarding bringing people into patient’s houses and I’d rather not lose my job.”

“I’ll do it,” I said, the words coming out so fast I was unable to stop them. “I mean...fuck it,” I said in a vain attempt at hiding my own embarrassment “I actually didn’t mean to say that, but now that it’s out, why not? At least it’s something different that water. Not that there’s anything wrong with water, but damn it I’d like a nice cold coke once in a while.” She just stood there looking at me as if trying to determine if I seriously wanted to drink her breast milk or was trying to entrap her. “Seriously. I’ve never been with another woman before, not that I’m say I want to be with you or anything but...oh god, please just come over here and feed me your milk.”

There was another long pause as she nervously chewed her lower lip and then she pulled her tee shirt off and showed me her huge, milk-filled mounds. I mean, I could tell they were big while she was fully dressed but holy cow! It looked like she had two cantaloupes and her nipples were long and hard. The look on her face told me this was the last thing she should be doing, but she never the less moved over to the bed, leaned down and after gulping offered me her left nipple. Opening my big mouth for the second time, I took it into my mouth and started sucking. The sweet fluid filling my mouth was literally the nectar of the gods and I greedily swallowed mouthful after mouthful – not stopping even as she started softly moaning. Hell, if anything her enjoyment made me want to do it all the more and all doubt and humiliation at what I was doing melted away.

After about five minutes she gently pulled away and stood up to ease the cramping muscles in her back. She then carefully adjusted my position and cradled me to her right nipple so we were both as comfortable as humanly possible. I did not hesitate to drink and as I swallowed every delicious drop she lovingly, tenderly ran her fingers through my hair while the other rested on my thigh. “This is totally inappropriate, but given the circumstances would you like me to give you some pleasure in return?”

“If only I was lactating,” I grinned. Her fingers moved under the long shirt I wore for modesty and stopped a fraction of an inch from my naked vulva. Had I not been confined to bed I probably would have gone my entire life having never experienced the pleasure of another woman’s touch and seeing as how it was most likely the only pleasure I would be getting the next three months I stared into her eyes, nervously smiled and said “Yes please” before once again latching onto her right nipples.

Trish started with a gentle clit rub that had me purring like a kitten and so turned on that less than a minute after she pushed two fingers into me I was squirting all over her hand and the sheet beneath me. It was honestly the most fantastic feeling in the world until the pain of muscles seizing around broken bones set in causing me to reel back in agony. To her credit, she immediately pulled away to check and make sure I was alright. Which I was. “Sorry, I probably should’ve given that more than two seconds of thought, but holy hell! I’ve never orgasmed so quickly in my damn life.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it and that you’re okay, but I think it’s best for both our sakes if I go back to...”

“Fuck that!” I exclaimed. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to yell. I’m okay, honest, and I really want to finish drinking your milk. And not to sound as completely desperate as I really am, I don’t think I’ll make it three more months without some sort of pleasure. Of course it’s your choice and I’ll respect whatever you decide.”

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I’ve never felt better in my life. Okay, that’s a blatant lie for obvious reasons but I think you get what I’m saying. Also, just throwing this out there, I have some toys in the closet if you want to use them on me or yourself. They’re all glass so very easy to clean when we’re done playing. Assuming you want...” the rest of my comment was cut off by her lips pressing to mine.

“I think we’re going to get along just fine,” she said with a huge grin. “Where in the closet?”

“The small black tote on the top shelf. So, I didn’t even know that was a thing. Induced lactation, I mean. How long did that take?”

“A few weeks to start and I’ve been building my milk supply for the last four years so I have quite a lot to give,” she answered as she walked across the bedroom in the direction of the

closet. “You know, if you’re interested I can work it into my daily routine,” she said, reaching up for the tote. “Inducing lactation in you that is. I took an accelerated route using medications but seeing as how you’re bedridden and unable to go talk to your doctor we can use all natural herbs, pumping and good old-fashioned sucking to get you started. It’ll take a bit longer to start producing that way, but it’s possible.” Sitting the tote at the foot of the bed she pulled the lid off and stared inside. Picking up a black velvet bag, she slid it off to reveal the clear and pink glass dildo safely hidden within. “Nice.”

“How long would it take to start lactating? Hypothetically speaking that is?”

“Maybe a month. Two tops. Are you sure you’re okay to do more?”

“Absolutely.”

“Would you tell me if you weren’t?”

“Absolutely. A little spanking is okay, but I’m no masochist. I give you my word you’ll be the first to know if I can’t go on. So, hypothetically, ah fuck it, when can you start inducing?”

“Right now if you’re okay with me taking that shirt off of you.”

“Yes please. And for all around ease I’m more than happy spending the next three months naked.”

“I’ll suck your nipples while we play tonight and then for the next three months I’ll add regular pumping to the daily routine,” she has as she put the dildo back in its velvet sleeve so she could take my shirt off.

“And I’ll add drinking milk to mine. Seriously, I’ve never tasted anything so damn delicious in my life.”

“Thank you. So, tell me, is this really the first time you’ve ever done anything with another woman?”

“It is and I love it. Not that I’m suddenly coming out as a lesbian or anything, but like I said, I’ve never had an orgasm so quickly in my life and if I can get more of that then I’ll spend the next three months with a smile on my face. What about your boyfriend though?”

“What about him? Oh, you mean us having sex? We’re in a mostly open relationship so he’ll be fine with it.”

“I know what you said before, but I really don’t mind you inviting him over. And if anyone asks I’ll tell them he’s my cousin or something.”

“He’s black.”

“I have a black uncle,” I shot back. “Seriously, as long as it doesn’t interfere with you taking care of me you may invite him over whenever you like.”

“I’m more concerned with him interfering with your healing process more than I am my job.”

“Oh? You mean he would want to fuck me with his big black cock?” I teased.

“Yes, yes he would. And if this has taught me anything it’s that you’d let him. Not that I’d have a problem with that, but you’re not exactly in any condition to be having sex.”

“I don’t know, a few pillows under the ass and...I’m kidding, mostly,” I giggled. “But seriously, a few pillows under the ass and I’d be all his for the taking.” Where these words were coming from was beyond me, but they just kept coming out of their own volition. “I’ve never been with a black man either,” I purred as the tip of her tongue flicked over my left nipple. “Is it true what they say about black men? Is he hung like a horse?”

“I’ve never seen a horse cock so I wouldn’t know but he’s ten and a half inches and as thick as my wrist if that helps paint a picture.”

“Jesus! I can’t believe these words are coming out of my mouth but will you please ask him to come over right now and fuck me? Again, your choice and I’ll respect your decision but god damn I need to see it to believe it. And I mean, if he’s going to be here showing it off he might as well put it to use, right?”

“Did you take an extra dose of pain killers today?”

“Nope, I’m just very easily excitable and if I’m high on anything it’s the excitement of drinking your milk.” Craning my neck, I latched onto her right nipple and started sucking.

“Are you on birth control?”

“Nope, but he can...”

“I’ll stop you right there. Jayden never wears condoms and he never pulls out so if he fucks you there’s a very high chance he’ll knock you up.”

“If you don’t want him to have sex with me you can just say no. You don’t have to lie to me, Trish.”

“I’m not lying.” Stepping away from the bed, she left the room and came back a moment later with phone in hand. She dialed a number and put it on speaker and after three rings a deep voice answered.

“Hey babe.”

“Hey. I’ve got my client Amelia here with me, or rather I’m here with her and I would like for you to tell her your rule number one when it comes to sex.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously. She thinks I’m lying so I want her to hear it directly from your mouth.”

“No condoms and I never pull out,” Jayden answered.

“See, I told you.”

“Hi Jayden, I’m Amelia. Trish told me she’s not allowed to invite people over so please let me be the one to do it. If you want to join us for sex, that is.”

“Nice to meet you Amelia, but what the actual fuck? Aren’t you in casts?”

“Not my lady parts,” I grinned.

“Babe?”

“She spent the last ten or so minutes drinking my milk and I made her orgasm in under a minute using only my fingers so I think she’s being serious, hun.”

“I feel like that would be taking advantage of...”

“PLEASE TAKE ADVANTAGE!” I replied with a bit too much enthusiasm. “I mean, it’s not taking advantage if I’m asking you to have sex with me. Like I told Trish, we can put a few pillows under my ass and as long as you don’t fuck me too hard my ribs should be fine. Please, as lovely as Trish has been in relieving some of my pent up sexual frustrations nothing beats a real cock and she tells me you’ve got a big one.”

“It’s your choice, babe,” Trish said.

“In your medical opinion is this a good idea?”

“As long as you give her a good slow fucking she should be fine and you have my word I’ll stop it at the first sign she’s having trouble.”

“I’ll be there in thirty minutes.”

“I know what I’m asking is insane, but I don’t want to go the next three months without sex so from the bottom of my heart, thank you,” I replied. “And just throwing this out there, if you knock me up I’m having the kid and you may play whatever part in its life you choose and if it eases any doubts you might have I’ll even sign papers saying I won’t go after you for child support.” The call ended without another word but my nurse assured me he was on his way.