

Skye's Wild Side

Faye Valentine

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Skylar's Wild Side

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Lying back on the pile of pillows with my eyes closed and body relaxed, I was enjoying an early morning suckling from my husband before getting out of bed and getting the day started, when my phone rang and interrupted the euphoric state that kept me going during the monotony that was work. Seeing it was actually the office calling, I gently removed my husband's mouth from my left nipple and answered. "Hello?"

"Morning. May I speak with Mrs. Vaughan please?"

"Speaking."

"Hello, Mrs. Vaughan, this is Mr. Carlisle from HR calling. I wish I could say I had good news, but we are being forced to downsize due to recent cutbacks and lost contracts and unfortunately your name was on the list of employees to lay off."

"If this is a joke it isn't even remotely funny."

"I wish it were, Skye, but unfortunately you are the sixth of fourteen calls I have to make this morning."

"I'm damn good at my job, never late and the only time I missed was maternity leave. Why me?"

"Unfortunately, I do not have those answers for you Mrs. Vaughan. I have been instructed by Mr. Patterson to inform you not to come to the office. All of your personal affects will be carefully packed and delivered to your home along with your last check. If you step foot on the property for any reason you will be arrested for trespassing."

"FUCK YOU! I'll be there in half an hour to pick my stuff up and if you even think of stopping me you damn well better have the god damn army there to stop me!"

"Please don't make this any harder than it has to be, Mrs. Vaughan. You are not being singled out here. In this world of disgruntled employees shooting up the workplace this is the best measure we can take to ensure everyone's safety. Your keycard has already been deactivated and security has been instructed to call the police if they see you or any of the other layoffs on the premises. For what it's worth I'm really sorry to see you go and if I had any..."

Pissed off, I hung the phone up mid-sentence and slammed it on the nightstand. "What was that all about?" Kyle, my husband of seven years asked. "Please tell me you didn't lose another job."

"You can go to hell too!" I angrily snapped back. But he had reason to believe it was my fault based on my very rocky past with respects to working. Throwing the blankets back, I got out of bed and stormed into the adjoining bathroom. Leaning over the sink, my hands on the edge of the vanity I fought back the tears for as long as possible, but they won out and cascade down my cheeks like tiny waterfalls.

"I'm sorry," Kyle said from the doorway. I know how much you loved your job and that you would never do anything to jeopardize it. So, what happened?"

"They laid me and a bunch of others off due to cutbacks. I'm not even allowed to go pick my stuff up. They're going to mail it to me because they think I'm going to shoot the place up or something."

"It's not the end of the world. You can file for unemployment and..."

"I don't want unemployment!" I cut him off. "I want my job back."

"You know what? Forget about that place or finding another job. Right now you need to calm down, clear your head and in a day or two file for unemployment and hit the want ads hard

and heavy. I know it's not what you want, but what other options do you have? That are legal," he added when he saw the look on my face that said I was ready to go full on bank robber.

With three kids between the ages of one and four, a car and mortgage payment as well as other bills it would not take long for us to sink with only his salary to keep us afloat and I did not want to be the cause of any fighting, unpaid bills or evictions even if losing my job was not my fault. "Fine, I'll file for unemployment first thing tomorrow morning," I sighed. "Well, I suppose since I'm no longer in a hurry to get out the door I should be the one to go put the coffee on."

"I'll take mine with milk," my wonderfully optimistic husband grinned. "And seriously, it wasn't your fault so there's no reason to beat yourself up over it. We have about half an hour before we need to be up so how about we get back in bed and pick up where we left off before being so rudely interrupted?"

"Really? I lose my job and all you can think about is sucking my tits dry?"

"I don't want you spending the day uncomfortable because I failed in my husbandly duties," he grinned. Leaning in, he latched onto my right nipple and started sucking. Pulling me closer, two fingers pushed into me and he used his thumb to massage my clit.

"Dammit! Alright, let's go back to bed, but you've got exactly twenty minutes to have your way with me and not a second longer."

"I'll only need five," he grinned. We both knew that was a lie as he loved taking his time in order to keep me edging until I lost my mind, flipped the tables so to speak and rode him like a bucking bronco, stopping only when he filled me with his potent seed – the same seed that had so easily knocked me up three times already and gave him the early morning treat he so loved suckling from my milk-filled breasts.

"Yeah right." Taking him by the hand, I dragged him into the bedroom, pushed him back onto the bed and pounced on top of him before he had a chance to get up or roll out of the way. "We both know you'll be late for work if I let you take charge so this time it's my turn." Scooting back, I wrapped my fingers around his cock and sucked his balls into my mouth one at a time.

"Mmmm...I thought I was going to drain your full tits before breakfast?"

"Don't worry your big fat cock off," I said after licking up his growing shaft. "I'm just going to get you ready to blow and then you can drink to your heart's content." Switching to sucking him off while gently playing with his balls, it did not take long before he was at his full nine thick inches. Choking him down – easily taking the length, but having no end of difficulty with the girth no matter how many times I've given him a blowjob, I used my throat muscles to massage his shaft while swirling my tongue around the head as best as my full mouth would allow.

When I tasted pre-cum I sat back, straddled his hips and lowered myself down until there was nothing more to take. Leaning down, I offered him my right nipple and he greedily latched on and bit down hard enough to make me squeal, but not so hard to hurt me or draw blood. Breast milk shot out and hit the back of his throat. He swallowed and did it again – this time a little harder. After a third time, he stopped biting and sucked my milk down as quickly as I was able to feed it to him.

But our early morning tryst was not meant to be. As I was just getting into the rhythm of bouncing up and down on his hard pole as he drank my milk, I heard the pitter-patter of feet coming down the hallway. Rolling to the left, I grabbed the blankets just as the door opened and out four year old daughter Brooke walked in rubbing her sleep-filled eyes. "Mommy, I don't feel good," she groaned pitifully.

“What’s wrong honey?”

“My tummy hurts. I…” and then she was projecting the contents of her stomach all over the carpet.

Kyle and I looked at her and then each other. “Not it!” I said first. “Go to the bathroom sweetie and I’ll be there in a minute.” She gave no response as she turned and walked back out of the bedroom, but we heard her throw up again and I just gave my husband an apologetic smirk that said how sorry I was while at the same time conveying the glee at not being the one to scrub vomit out of the carpet. “So much for spending the morning in bed,” I sighed. Putting on a pair of panties and wrapping my robe around my body, I ran to my daughter’s aid as her father took care of the messes she left behind.

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I was so distracted with losing my job, taking care of a sick child and getting breakfast ready for everyone that I completely forgot to call my sister and tell her she would not be needed for babysitting duties – a job she has done free of charge for the last four years so that I could work and help provide them with a future they deserved, and by the time it dawned on me to call there was a knock at the door.

“Hey sis,” Erica greeted me from the front porch. “You okay? You look like you’ve been run over by a bus.”

“Come on in. Sorry I forgot to call earlier but it’s been a busy morning. Brooke is sick with an upset stomach and I lost my job so you don’t have to stay if you don’t want to. And before you say it, no, I was *not* fired. They called to tell me I was permanently paid off.”

“That sucks. But don’t let it get you down, you’ll find something else and in the meantime there’s always unemployment benefits.”

“That’s the same thing Kyle said.”

“It might not be one hundred percent of what you were making but it’s better than nothing, right? Is Kyle already gone for work?”

“Yeah, he left about five minutes ago, why?”

“Because I have an idea of how you can make some quick cash to tide you over until you find another job, but I don’t think he would like hearing it.”

“If he won’t like it chances are I won’t either.”

“Not even if I could guarantee you’ll make more in an hour than you previously made in a week?”

“I’m not getting into stripping. Or porn.”

“It’s nothing like that. I have a secret that I’ve never told anyone, but since you’re in need I’ll make an exception.” After making sure the coast was clear, my sister popped her right breast out of her bra and the top of her shirt and gave it a gentle squeeze towards the nipple and to my surprise a jet of milk shot out.

“HOLY SHIT! Wait, you’ve never had kids so why are you lactating?” I asked as she put her breast back in her skirt and bra.

“I induced almost two years ago and it’s the best decision I’ve ever made in my life. Look, I know what I’m going to say next is bold, crazy and likely to piss you off, but there are a ton of adults out there that love drinking breast milk straight from the source and with huge milk-filled udders like yours you could make some serious bank.”

“Are you out of your damn mind? There’s no way in hell I’m cheating on Kyle no matter how much money they offer.”

“It’s not really cheating if you’re not having sex. I mean, you can if you want, but it’s not mandatory or anything. And it’s not just men that drink it Skye. Plenty of women share the fetish as well.”

“Jesus Christ, Erica, is that how you’ve been able to afford a new house and car on a receptionist salary?”

“Exactly. And since all of the clients pay in cash to avoid a paper trail, it’s pretty much tax free. Anyways, there you have it. If you ever mention it to anyone I’ll deny it and disown you, but if you want to provide your family with everything they deserve and get yourself out of any debt you might have without resorting to illegal activities then this is your best route.”

“It’s no route at all. I cannot cheat on my husband.”

“Would he bitch at you for being a wet nurse?”

“No, but that’s completely...”

“The same thing except with adults that are willing to pay you a lot of money for the service. I’m talking five hundred bucks for a ten minute session. Where else are you going to go and make that kind of money legally? Some women do one session a day and their out, others, like me, do two or three an hour until they’re out of milk. I’ve made as much as five grand in a day letting men and women suckle my breasts, Skye. How about this, call Kyle and ask what he thinks about you selling your milk. If he’s for it then try a session. If not, then we forget it was ever mentioned and move on to finding you other gainful employment.”

“I don’t need to call him,” I sighed. “He’s brought it up in the past so I already know he’ll tell me to go for it, but that’s selling it to milk banks.”

“Same difference.” Taking her phone from her purse, she typed for a few seconds and then my phone went off. “I just sent you an address. Go there and tell Heather I sent you. She’ll want proof of production so just follow along and you’ll be on your way to making money again. And don’t bother opening your mouth to argue with me as I will not take no for an answer. And don’t try lying to me either as I’ll know if you’ve been there or not. Now go.”

“I am not going to...”

“Do exactly as you’re told? Yes, you really are. How get dressed in something sexy and forget the bra. I’ll call and tell her to expect you within the hour so get your ass in gear. Kyle won’t be home for eight hours so you have plenty of time to have fun and let the clients drain your breasts.”

Shaking my head, I left the living room and went to my private bathroom where I took a quick shower, dried off and put on a pair of panties and my sexiest dress – a strapless burgundy and black affair with plunging neckline and diamond cutouts on the sides. After doing my hair I put on a pair of heels and went back out to the living room where my sister paced back and forth. “I can’t believe I’m even entertaining this insane plan.”

“I can. And with that stunning body you’ll have clients lining up for miles. Now go earn some money.”