



His Milky Addiction (Dark Fantasies)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Willow

I've had a crush on Mason Astor for months.

Not only is he kind and smart, he's also rich and his family owns the school.

I'm just a scholarship student trying to make it, so I don't expect him to notice me.

Until my milky problem gets out of control.

Mason rescues me and we share an almost-kiss before I find out that the rich man my Mom is engaged to is none other than Mason's Dad. Forced to move into his house, I'm stuck in the orbit of the guy I'm intensely attracted to, but can never have.

However, when our parents go away for a week and we're left alone, there's no stopping the fiery attraction between us from exploding.

Soon, Mason is draining my aching, creamy mounds everywhere, stretching me and pleasuring me like I belong to him.

And I love every moment of it.

The more i get to know him, the more I realize that he's everything I've always wanted.

I'm falling in love with the one person I can never have.

But how will it end once our parents find out?

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Few things make my heart flutter as much as Mason Astor does.

The hottest guy in Astor High walks in, his cerulean eyes casting a spell on my body. I can't take my eyes off him, and I'm not the only one. He's followed by a group of adoring girls wherever he goes. I hear the high-pitched sounds as he strolls by casually, a hand in his pocket.

"Congratulations on turning eighteen, Mason. I wish I could attend your party." One of the cheerleaders speaks up. I don't miss the push-up bra Alanna is wearing, thrusting her tits up to her face. Her miniskirt reveals most of her legs and it's no mystery that she's trying to seduce him.

"Thanks. It was just family," Mason replies politely. He looks like a Hollywood star with that dreamy, dimpled smile, a straight nose, and that jaw that's chiseled to perfection.

My heart begins beating faster as he gets closer to me. I feel my nipples tighten under my school uniform, and if it weren't for the padded bra I was wearing, he'd know how hot I am for him. I've had a crush on Mason for ages since we did a Chemistry project together. I always thought he'd be stuck up and self-obsessed, but he was surprisingly kind. That just worsened my unrequited love for him, because I know rich guys like Mason don't end up with scholarship students like me.

"Maybe next time?" Another cheerleader barges in, fluttering her eyelashes at him. Mason, however, remains unperturbed by her actions. He carries himself with confidence, replying to her with a lopsided smile.

Mason Astor screams ‘old money’ and it’s part of his appeal. His family is an illustrious business family that owns the school. His dad and mom got divorced when he was a kid, but he’s the most pampered child in the family. The teachers adore him and nobody dares to go against his word. As a scholarship student who got in on her own merit, I’m supposed to hate him. Except, he’s way too nice to hate. Mason has a heart of gold to go along with his golden spoon. He’s never abused his power as an Astor and shows up to classes on time. He studies hard, and he even got early admission to Harvard. He’s a true example of nobility, someone who spends his weekends doing volunteer work.

I instantly shrink away as he approaches me, my back pressing on my locker. He smiles at me, his dimples lighting up my day.

“Hey, Willow.” My heart threatens to burst out of my chest when he pauses in front of me. This might be the best thing that’s happened to me today. I clutch my books closer to my breasts, hiding the secret I’ve been keeping from everyone. I can already feel the milk exert pressure inside my breasts and I know I’m so close to leaking. I screw my eyes shut, wishing to be spared that embarrassment. I started lactating a few days ago and I don’t even know why. I’m a virgin so I’m pretty sure I’m not pregnant. Maybe I should get myself checked, but I’m too afraid to tell Mom. She’s been busy these days, preparing for her wedding with Hugh. He’s mom’s new boyfriend and I’ve met him twice. He proposed to her last weekend and she’s been over the moon ever since. All I know about Hugh is that he’s rich and seven years older than my mom. It doesn’t help matters that we’re supposed to move in with him this weekend to prepare for his life with Mom as a couple.

“Hey...” I inhale deeply, feeling my nipples tighten. The familiar tingling in my teats begins, my pussy throbbing as I inhale his spicy, woody cologne. Mason is like the sun and I feel pale and insignificant compared to his bright personality. When my books brush against my tender nipple I moan involuntarily, the pain radiating around my breasts. I bite down on my lower lip awkwardly, noticing Mason’s eyes fixed on

me. They darken when they slip to my lips, lingering there for a moment before turning to my inflated breasts squeezed by my books. I clear my throat, trying to regain a semblance of dignity. “Good morning.”

Before Mason can reply, the school bell rings, jolting me out of my reverie. With an awkward smile, I run away, feeling my tits throb with every bounce. Mason remains staring at me, frozen in place as I round the corner and slip into the classroom. Oh my god, why am I so awkward around him?

Taking my seat at the back of the room, I pull out my phone. I gaze down at the link to a location that my mom has sent me and sigh.

It’s moving day today.

Mom’s been excited to move in with her fiancé ever since he proposed. She kept talking about how grand the proposal was. Apparently, he booked out the swankiest restaurant in town and got it decorated with roses just for her. Hugh proposed to her with a massive solitaire diamond ring and Mom accepted right away. They’ve only been dating for three months, and it makes me wonder how serious she is.

Mom has a thing for rich men and though I’m happy for her, I can’t help but wonder if she’s marrying Hugh for his money. My mom got pregnant when she was in high school and soon after, my dad left her. She didn’t get to go to college but got her high school GED and started working as a secretary right away. Raising a kid as a teenager wasn’t easy and she struggled to make ends meet by taking up odd jobs. Her family disowned her so, she was on her own. I love my mom and respect everything she did to raise me, but I can’t help but think she’s rushing into this marriage. After she heard I got into Harvard, she was determined to find a way to pay for my tuition. Though I got a scholarship, the living expenses are too much for mom to handle on her current salary.

Mom: Come here after school. Hugh wants to introduce you to his family.

I haven't spoken much to Hugh, but I know that he has a son from his first marriage. I have no idea how old his son is, but I'm kinda excited to meet my stepbrother.

Me: Sure.

I instantly become aware of the warm, tall body that fills the seat next to mine. My eyes look up from the phone to find Mason staring back at me. Instantly, I drop the phone and gawk. What's he doing here? Doesn't he always sit at the front?

"Good morning, class." The English teacher, Mr. Trent, bursts in with a smile. I don't know how he manages to be cheerful all the time when I'm constantly drowning in teenage angst.

"You were distracted this morning," he says. "Are you okay?" His gaze slips lower to my new, bigger tits that are bursting out of the white shirt of my school uniform. The button holding my chest together hangs by a thread. No wonder I feel so tender and sore. I'm engorged.

"Oh my gosh!" I stand up, horrified. It's been a while since I pumped. In my rush to get to school in time this morning, I forgot to milk myself this morning. I have no idea why they fill up with milk, but I've been doing some research online and it says a hormonal issue can trigger sudden lactation. Maybe I really need to see a doctor about it. I've been considering getting a breast pump but I don't want mom to be suspicious. She's always discouraged me from interacting with boys, worried I'd get pregnant at school like her. If she finds out I'm lactating, she'll think I'm pregnant.

"Willow." Mr. Trent brightens up. "I didn't know you'd be so enthusiastic about the Shakespeare group project. Why don't we start with you?"

“What?” My skirt almost grazes my knee, but I feel exposed. I am moist between my legs and I know it. From the way Mason looks up at me, he does too. I try to hold my breath to prevent my shirt from popping open but it’s a struggle when I feel something wet around my breasts. Oh god, I’m leaking. My mind goes crazy, trying to find excuses to escape the classroom, but with every moment I stand there, more and more milk trickles out of my swollen teats until I can feel my bra getting wet.

“You’ll work in pairs for this project. Each pair will be assigned a sonnet by Shakespeare to analyze.” I can’t hear the rest of his sentence. Panic grips me and I look around for a way to flee. I need to get to the bathroom fast.

“Let’s work together.” Mason stands up, putting his coat around me. I don’t miss the way everyone’s eyes turn to me, some of the girls glaring.

“Huh?”

“You want to pair up with Willow for the project?” the teacher turns to Mason, surprised. I’m not part of Mason’s social circle. He is friends with other rich kids and just the fact that he’s sitting next to me instead of them is weird. As a scholarship student, I am mostly on my own. When I managed to get into the prestigious Astor High on a scholarship three years ago, Mom was ecstatic. She thought it’d improve my future prospects, so I took it up. However, it soon became clear that I wasn’t like the rest of them. My classmates had private jets and went to Paris for weekend shopping trips while I stayed in a one-bedroom apartment and studied my Friday nights away. Though they weren’t obviously rude or impolite to me, I could always feel the difference in our stations. Over time, I just took to eating alone and spending most of my time in the library.

“She’s got all As. I can’t go wrong with her.” Mason shrugs, deploying his charming smile. I gaze down noticing a wet patch on my breast. Mason pulls his coat over my shirt, trying to hide it. When I gaze up at him, he smiles and I have no defenses

against that smile. He's trying to protect me. My heart melts at the kind gesture.

I sit back down as the others pair up. I turn to Mason, knowing I'm being watched. He doesn't mention my wet shirt, but I know it's growing damper by the moment and soon, even his blazer won't be able to cover me. My cheeks are hot pink when I meet his eyes. "You...didn't have to do that," I tell him. "I know you wanted to pair up with Shane."

Shane is Mason's best friend but he's not at school today. He comes from a rich family too, but unlike Mason, he likes to take advantage of his royalty status. Shane spends a lot of his time out clubbing and partying and he's often absent from school.

"Shane isn't here today," Mason says. "Besides, I need some brains in my team."

I smile. "Says the honors student."

I find myself opening up to his bright, warm personality right away. Mason has confidence but he's not cocky, which makes him such a rare breed.

"It never hurts to have two brains working together. Besides, if I pair up with Shane, I'll end up doing all the work."

"I thought you had tutors to do it for you," I pause, realizing I voiced what was in my mind and gasp. "I'm sorry....I didn't mean it like that."

"It's okay." He brushes it away with a wave of his hand. "I liked working with you on the Chemistry project. We got an A, remember?"

I nod. I was a nervous wreck throughout the project, working extra hard to prove that I could match up to Mason. We barely spoke, even though he was always trying to organize meetings with me. I was too self-conscious to dare to speak to the Mason

Astor. The girls always glared at me whenever we sat together, making it known that I wasn't good enough for him.

The rest of the class pairs up and Mr. Trent announces, "Okay, now that we're done making pairs, let me remind you that this is the final English project you'll do before you graduate. I feel a little sentimental knowing all of you will be gone in a few months." Someone on the front row snorts. "But I hope you'll do your best and make it something to remember."

I swallow. I'm turning eighteen next week and in three months, I'll be done with high school. I am looking forward to going to college. With my mom marrying Hugh, my expenses will be taken care of. Though I love learning, going to Astor High has been a tense experience. I can't wait to graduate. I turn to my left, studying Mason's profile. He might be the only thing I miss about Astor High.

I feel something wet drip onto my thigh and look down to notice that my shirt is soaked. The room fills with the scent of sweet, nutty breast milk, catching the attention of a few people who turn back.

"What's that weird scent? Can you smell it?" Instantly, my spine straightens. My shirt is wetter than before. It's turned translucent and my red bra is clearly visible under it. I gasp and Mason's head turns. Before I can do anything, he grabs me by the arm and stands up. Mr. Trent turns to him, an eyebrow cocked up.

"We're going to the library to get started," he says, dragging me away from my chair. I can't help but follow his lead, pliant like a rag doll. It's so embarrassing that I can't even wiggle myself out of such a situation.

"Mason—"

He's never walked out of class before, maintaining his image of a good student. I feel

so bad that he's breaking the rules because of me. Mason drags me out of the classroom and nobody speaks a word because his family owns the school. I follow him wordlessly, feeling the ache in my breasts intensify.

"Mason," I call out his name as we near the girls' restroom. He comes to a stop, reaching for the handle of the restroom and pushing us both in. I let out a scream, worried the other girls might see us together, but there was nobody in there. Mason opens all the stalls to check if the restroom is empty and after confirming it is, he pushes me against the door.

I moan as my tits bounce, leaking more milk. His blue eyes are blazing with hunger as his coat falls off my shoulder, revealing my wet shirt. There's no salvaging it. My red bra is clearly visible under the fabric. Mason's eyes widen as he takes in my huge, wet tits, licking his lips.

I hear a pop and the one button that was hanging on for its life clears away, offering him a peak of my cleavage. I breathe silently as Mason gazes at my exposed throat. The first three buttons of my shirt are off and there's no hiding my rack. He lifts his finger, gently brushing the space between my breasts. I moan when he touches me there, heat pooling between my legs. My thighs rub together, but it's no good. I want him touching my wet pussy, feeling how I leak for him.

"Why are you suddenly so wet?" he asks. His finger swipes over my bare skin, lapping up my titty milk as I struggle to breathe. He's so close, touching me so intimately and my body wants more. I want him to take off that sodden shirt and touch my aching nipples with those sturdy fingers. Every brush of his skin against mine is delicious. "Is that..." He brings his wet, cream-coated thumb to his mouth and licks. "Milk?" His head snaps up. "Are you pregnant?"

"No!" I panic. "It's just...I need to see a doctor. I don't know why I'm lactating all of a sudden."

It feels weird talking about producing milk with Mason, but damn, if it doesn't make my body glow like a firework.

"Lactating." He tries the word on his tongue. "I thought only pregnant women lactate."

"Not always," I tell him. "I don't know what's going on with my body but I assure you, I'm not pregnant."

He backs off a little, but he's still touching me. "So, your tits fill up with milk every few hours?" He tries to recall what he knows about lactation and I find it endearing that he's trying to understand me. But him saying 'tits' might be my new secret fantasy.

I nod. "I'm sorry you got dragged into it. I meant to tell my mom but...things are busy at home. I'll figure it out."

I feel I've unlocked a new level of intimacy with Mason now that he knows about my lactation problem. Nobody in the world knows I'm producing milk except me.

"That's why your breasts get so big, huh."

He noticed. "Yeah. I know it's weird."

"No." His voice is a deep whisper. His finger explores my breasts again and I don't want him to stop. I lean into his touch, pressing my soft, pillowy breasts against his palm. He grunts low and I close my eyes, letting him draw wet patterns on the tops of my breasts with his index finger. I'm soaked through, but I don't even care. All I want is to feel Mason's hand touching my aching breasts and letting me know he's nearby. "It's pretty sexy, actually."

“I...Thanks.” I whisper, a little disappointed when he stops touching me. His fingers come away, putting distance between us. “I’m so sorry you had to cut class because of me.” I snap my eyes open, still struggling to fight his gravity.

He leans closer, cutting off my words with a finger to my lips. My heart races as he drags his thick, masculine finger over my lips, cupping my jaw. His thumb brushes my lower lip and I inhale sharply, feeling my pussy clench in response. Mason turns me on with every touch.

“You’re so beautiful when you blush.” His voice is huskier than usual. I can see the desire darkening his eyes. I feel how much he needs me. If he dipped his head and kissed me right now, I’d just let him. His thumb grazes my lower lip and the air crackles with tension. My body wants him to take control, to press me against that wall and have his way with me. I close my eyes when he brings his lips a little closer. Every breath burns my lungs as I wait for our mouths to meet. Just when I feel the feather-light touch of his lips against mine, the bell rings.

Trrrrrrrr.

The loud sound pops my fever dream and Mason backs away, raking his hand through his dark blond hair.

“I’m sorry.” I come off the door and he reaches for the handle, opening it. “See you around.”

Then, he leaves, my chest aching not just from the buildup of milk, but a longing for the one man I can never have.

It’s official. I’m totally in love with Mason Astor.

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I'm in a weird mood when I get home. My body is thrumming with the awareness of what I did in the girls' restroom today. I can't believe I almost kissed Willow. If I'd taken just one more step toward her, she'd have felt how hard I was for her. She looked so damn sexy with that shirt open, those massive milky tits begging me to suck on them. And I swear to god that if that school bell hadn't rung, I'd have milked her dry until I could feel that sweet, nutty titty cream coating the insides of my mouth.

I've had a thing for her ever since we did that Chemistry project together. Willow is so shy and quiet, hiding behind her books, but she's really smart. She prefers to stay alone because she thinks the other rich kids won't be interested in her, but I find myself captivated by her mysterious aura. She's hard-working and so cute when she blushes. I can't take my eyes off her whenever she's close and I'm slowly going crazy. I need to tell her how I feel soon.

My Rolls Royce pulls up in the circular driveway, and I notice a U-Haul parked right there.

"Your new stepmother is moving in today," the driver, Harold, reminds me. He's been working for our family for over four decades and he's someone I trust.