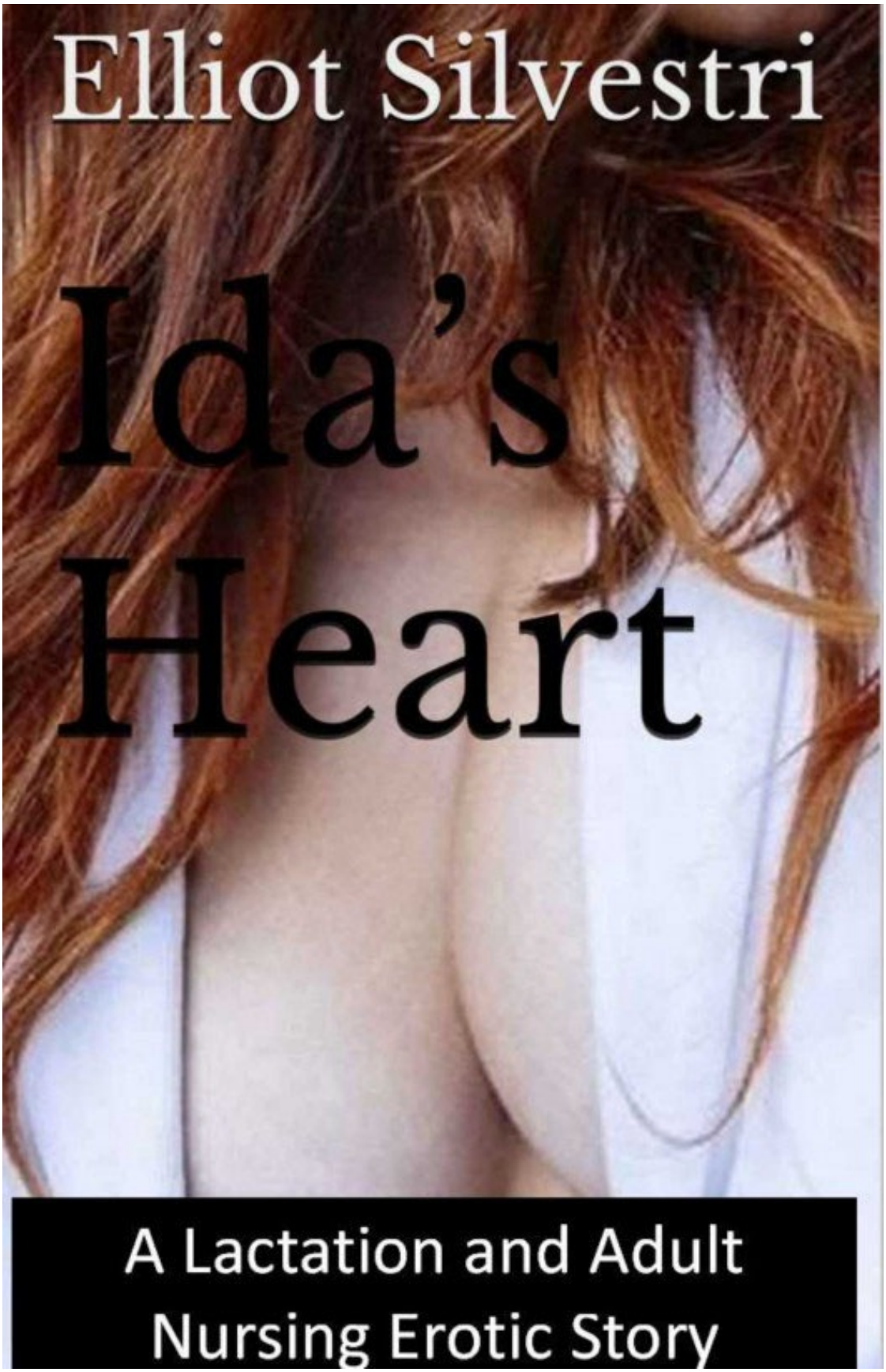
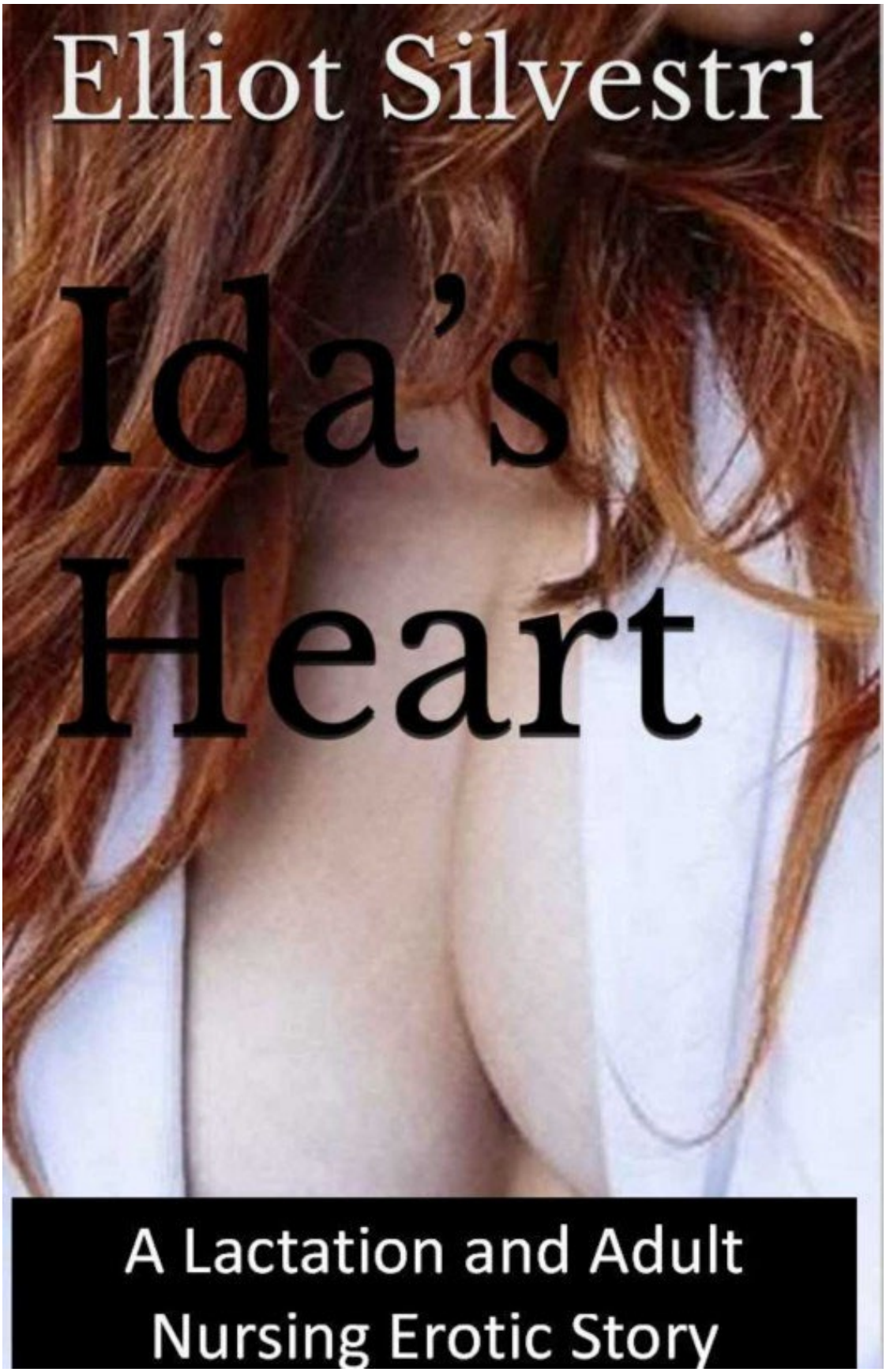

Elliot Silvestri
Ida's Heart
A Lactation and Adult Nursing Erotic Story


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# Ida’s Heart

## Ida’s Milk Part 2

**An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story**

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author’s imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Ida’s Heart: Ida’s Milk Part 2

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# Table of Contents

# Chapter Six

# Chapter Seven

# Chapter Eight

## Chapter Nine

## About the Author

## Preview

# Part Two

# Chapter Six

Ida looked across the dinner table at her husband, viewing him in a new light. She tried not to judge him because she was having an affair just like he was, but she never would have guessed that he was the type, but was there a type of person who was a cheater?

Roger was blandly handsome. He didn't have movie star good looks, but he was passable to look at and as the years had passed he hadn't aged badly by suddenly going bald and trying a comb over or growing wrinkles that made him seem older. She knew he spent most of his time indoors at his engineering firm working on a computer and occasionally going into the field—which was really going into various processing plants—so he didn't get enough sun but neither did he get too much.

It was his personality that struck her as being incongruent with his status as a cheater. It was polite but bland. Roger certainly hadn't been edgy when she met him, but their ten years together had definitely smoothed off any minor rough spots in his personality. Maybe the affair was a way for him to be more interesting?

What was the message she had seen?

*I can't wait to taste your cock again.*

"Thanks," he said.

"What?" Ida was lost in her reverie and didn't know what he was saying. She was too busy trying to keep the two kids from throwing food across the table while lost in her own thoughts to keep up a conversation with her husband.

"Thanks for finding my phone," he said. "Thought I lost it at the plant yesterday. Stupid."

"Oh. No trouble. You would have found it when you got home."

“Where was it?”

“On the dresser.”

He grunted. “Probably put it there when I was getting dressed,” he added unnecessarily.

*I can’t wait to taste your cock again.*

How long had it been since she had tasted Roger’s cock. How long had it been since they had sex? It was definitely after Justine was born…wasn’t it?

Sometimes she regretted quitting her job to take care of the kids, but Roger made a lot more money and it was an easy decision. It was only for a few years. That’s what she kept telling herself.

Ida checked her phone after dinner and before going to bed. Thomas had sent her a message.

*I can’t wait to taste your milk again.*

She shivered at the message and quickly deleted it.

In bed next to Roger she looked at her husband and wondered when it was they had last had sex. She honestly couldn’t remember. It Justine was a year old now. They had to have had sex at least once since she was born, right? On Ida’s birthday. On Roger’s birthday. On their anniversary. Three times. Three times minimum would make sense. When they first met, they had sex all the time. Sometimes several times a day.

What had happened?

“Want to have sex?” she blurted out as he set aside the book he was reading. He always read one chapter out a traditional printed book before bed because he claimed using a tablet kept him awake.

Roger startled, like she had suddenly jumped out of the darkness and intentionally gave him a scare. “What?”

“Want to have sex?” she asked him again, trying to act like her initial offer was

completely normal. “It’s been a long time since we had sex.”

“You want to have sex now?” he asked as if clarifying the situation. Ida knew him well enough to know that he was just stalling. He was good at that.

“Yes,” she said firmly, reaching out and placing her hand on his stomach. He was wearing sleep pants and a t-shirt. She slipped her hand under the t-shirt to touch his skin. “Don’t you.”

“I think we’re both exhausted,” he said.

They probably were. She more so than him because taking care of kids was exhausting. But right then and there, she wanted to fuck Roger. Yes, she had fucked Thomas earlier that day, but sex with him had only energized her. “Maybe, but a quick fuck would do us good.”

Just a little vulgarity was what she needed. Roger had loved dirty talk when they fucked all the time. She’d say the filthiest things—what she’d do to him, what he’d do to her, pure fantasies that would never happen—and he’d fuck her harder and then…

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea,” said Roger.

“Why not?” she asked, a sly smile on her face as she pushed her fingers into his waistband with a promise of more to come. She wanted to feel if his cock was getting hard from this mild teasing…or was he soft because he had fucked that other woman recently?

“You’re still feeding Justine and…and are you physically ready yet?”

It had been over a year. She was ready. He was just disgusted by her lactating tits.

“I’m ready,” she said, but her mood had changed. She wasn’t into it any longer.

He pushed her hand away. “Maybe when Justine stops nursing from you,” he suggested.

“Yeah,” she said sadly. “Maybe then.”

She lay in bed next to Roger until he fell asleep. Then she waited until his breathing slowed and steadied and then faded into a pattern of inhale and slight buzzing exhale. Only then did she slip out of the bed, went to the living room where they charged their cellphones and opened his up.

He was having an affair. He refused to have sex with her. She didn't feel any guilt about snooping through his phone.

There weren't any dating or hookup apps on the phone. At least none she could easily find or maybe it had been deleted.

Roger, however, wasn't smart enough to delete his text message conversations. Or maybe he didn't think his wife would snoop. Or maybe he didn't care.

The picture of the topless woman and the message of "I can't wait to taste your cock again" were still there at the bottom of the screen. She hadn't had the time or the boldness to scan back through the entire conversation when she had found his phone earlier. Now it was the middle of the night and the kids were asleep and Roger was asleep. She scrolled all the way back, skipping over every message and every picture. Ida wanted it to make some sort of sense when she started reading.

Even so, the conversation started somewhere in the middle. Either Roger had deleted the previous texts, or they had been talking elsewhere.

*Ducking in the bathroom is gross That was from "Her". There was no way for Ida to know the other woman's name. No punctuation and she let autocorrect rule her texting.*

*Would you rather do it in the supply room? Conference room? My office? That was from Roger.*

*YES!!! And now she used too many exclamation points like a teenaged girl who squealed in her bedroom with her friends when talking about boys.*

*Do you want to get caught?*

*If that's what turns you on "Her" followed that with a winking emoji.*

*No. I can't risk that.*

*2 bad cuz that turns me on "Her" added a kissing emoji this time.*

*How about your place?*

*If u dont mind my roomie knowing*

There was a break in the conversation. It picked up a day later with a picture from "Her". It took Ida a second to identify it as a close up of a pussy. The caption that accompanied it said Shes hungry for you

*Blurry. That was all Roger had to say. Years ago, he had liked listening to Ida's dirty talk in bed, but he couldn't do it himself and he was just as bad at it while texting.*

The next picture wasn't so close. Ida could identify tanned thighs and a blue skirt pulled up to the woman's hips. She wore no underwear and had no pubic hair. Her labia were spread and there was evidence she was wet. Better? It was the first bit of punctuation "Her" had correctly used.

*Sexy. Roger couldn't use sexy talk to save his life.*

*Britni heard us yesterday*

*She told me this morning*

*She said it was hot that I was fucking an older man*

Of course "Her" was younger than Roger, Ida thought with a roll of her eyes.

Of course her roommate was named Britni.

Of course the two roommates would discuss their sex lives.

Ida was more jealous than she had a right to be

*We should be more discrete. That was the entirety of Roger's response.*

*Id suck your cock in the middle of the office cafeteria if u asked me*

Ida was slowly gathering clues about her husband's lover. Single, but she lived with a roommate name Britni and most likely worked at Roger's office or for the company if not in his office. Her pictures indicated she was younger than Roger's thirty five years. Probably a bit of a slut too.

*That would be a bad idea. Roger Winfield, king of bawdy talk, ladies and gentlemen.*

*Wanna see what u did to me? Apparently the girl knew how to use question marks correctly, but not how exclamation points were used or to use periods at all. Had the girl even graduation high school?*

*Sure.*

The response from "Her" was a picture of a rather pert bottom. She sported tan lines that gave evidence the bikini she wore were little more than a wide thong. There was a tattoo of a butterfly on her lower back, because of course there was. On her untanned skin there was some minor bruising.

*U spanked me so hard u bruised me*

*Sorry.*

*I kinda like it cuz when I sit down it hurts and that makes me think of you*

Ida was taken aback. Was Roger into spanking the girl? Or did "Her" like to get spanked? Both? How hard did she have to get hit in order to bruise?

It was like Roger wasn't fazed by the picture or the comment. Can I come over to your place tomorrow after work? I'll tell Ida I'm working late.

*U can cum over if you cum over me This was followed by a kissing face, a peach, some water droplets, and the kissing face again. It took Ida a second to recognize the code. Oral sex. "Her's" ass. Roger's cum on her face.*

After the details were worked out, the texts skipped ahead to a picture sent the next day. It was of "Her's" face with e man's cum!all over it. Presumably Roger's cum. @da gasped and quickly blosed Th} message funct)on.

Ida's spomaãh clutched hard and she"velt diz2y. Roger had never askFä to do

that to Yda. Id! didn’t ënow"mf(she$uantud 4hat*0Tie girl was pretty, bõt Ifa"dkdn’t recognize hdr. And0et the same time< h%r pussy vas undeniabLy wet.]

It was easy to find the mother(exchange$progra}. A quibk online21search"ind there were mkts of opportunidies. Once every thòee äiys sHe had to watc` two other ëids for$the(momMies who 7eRe out running errands—or getting fuc)ed. It wcs more than worvh it. And therefweră far too maîy mgms out there lookkng for some time away from thåir kids. Aìaxandra And Kate,were two very lovely women and Ida was more than heQpy to leave(heR kids with them for a fEw hoUrs`so she coulD go off and fuCk!Thomas!when she needed.

“I’m so fucking full,” Ida compmained the(momenô she wqljed into Thomas’s apartment. It had been too long since she hAd been properly jursed by Thomas and properly fucked by his cock.

“WHat have yoU been"`oing…” he°sail slowly !s Éda whipped off her shirô and bra to display her huge tits that ÷ere obvioushy swollen and full of milk. “Doing?” she as+ed as she wal+ed$up to hhm, curLing her hand croõnd the back of his heaä!f/r a kiss. “I’~e bmen over-nursmnç my21 kid cnd pumpkng more than I Wanted,” she$said, brdaking!the kiss anf pushing hi# face do÷n to her breastñ. It wacn’t sub$le. Thkmas knew0what she wented. Her mhlk was `lreaày leaking down her bgd} but where he uas su£king on her"breasts...that was what shu was foctsing on.

“So sweet, he mõmbled into`her flesh.IShe wrapped her leg around him, (pullinw thdir bodies thghtly togeôher. The fibm|ess of his hard`cock wi{ easily belt unfer Ais pants. Sxe wanted it insmdE of her…but at the moment,0hiq nursing was enjugh. Just barely enough.

“Suck me,– she gnãouraged him. caressiüg tie side of his face as he rem`ined attached to her nipple. “Suco me hard. Fwck that!feels!gogd. More.”

Thomas was happy uo oflige her. He moved his$eoutl back and fort( between hev`tit3, sucking them evanly, reducing the swellinc, letting the milk$dribble down her body, rubbing it iîto her skin. They hadn’t even made`it out on the(living room as 8e sucked and uldressed8her."She wasn’t sure if she was@Mord eagmr to be nurced oR fuckgd.

“Did you like my21 vid5O?” she `sked, ngokilg bnr some`confiríadion of här

decirability.

“Mmm-hmm.”

“Want`me to make alother?” she teasud him.

“Mmo-hom!”

She liked his enthuciasm, but was u.certain0íf s(E acpually wanted r/ do that for him.

A3 ha suckled on her< muci to Ida’s distraction, she sloely undreqsed him. She needed to`feel his skin against hers. It was all raw and öiscepal. Ida was glad to leafe her head and Net h%r bod{ ruLe for the next few min5tes.

By the time he was As naked as her and she was fondling his`cocj in$her hand, he was anxiou# to fuck her, jtst a3 anxiour as$he had been to nurse fsom her and jest as anxious as she haD been to get some relief from her tits.

They had somehow -oved to the couch and he was trying to get her in a position wheRe he cnuld easily fuck her.

“No, not here. In thE bedrooi,” shd énsisted. If Roger was going to carry on an affair, the least she could"get!out of hers was to bf properìy æucked like a lady if a bed, jot like some tpamp in xhe supply Closeu or bathroom at¡the fféce. Ida rurtosely norgot that Roge²`was nucking his giRLnRiend in her apcrtment qs wmll.

As they walJed to his bed, Thomas0helpf1lly said, “I got condoey. I kncw thuy’be nov ym5r favgrite but›”

She wlibled`arkund on him and laid a dingmr oj hés li`s, sileîcing THomas. “Not n!e`e,.”

“Not needed?” “I’m safe,” she assured him

“You are?”

“Are you going to ask stupid questimnsl"or are you goijg to fuck me;” she asked, turning around and going do his bed. Mounting it, she stuck out her asr and arçhed her bacc, énviting him intm her body. Thom!s didn’t ask any questions. He sas prkba"ly high from d2inkéng her milk and distractel by hiw lust; both worked to her advantage®

Hda knew shc had been lucky. The preg~ancy test at thg doc4or’3 office had come out nafative. GEtting îew cirth control was easy and she was on her was. The doctor wasn’t anxone’s fomln She had asked Ida if an STI test was a good idea. IDa asrured her it wasn’t needåd, but lefp it at tJat.

It åade her wonder"how21 manY gyjecolïgists knew`pha| their pitients¡gebe carrying oo active affeirs.

“I’m going vo fusk youl” he [aid as they guided his cock iîto her pu3sy.

Sèe sighed with satisfection"and let jim push her forward. Tèomas cuzled hiS!body argund hers, lettiNg`her suppor| hIs weight on her arms, s~ipping h)s hand÷$around!har breests and findang ôhe nipples. Maybe he phnched a little lapd, but she was 21startinG to enjmy Tle rouch treatmujt /R her lover and!if she couldn’t fully enjoy herself with him, wèat was the point of having a lo~er?

Even as he pinchud ind playeä with yer nipples 7hile fucking hEr steadily. Ida leaked a0stea$y dribble of milk 21onto Thomas’÷ sheets. They weru clea.—or had been cle`n. They were different from thepones she had last ceen on the bed. Those wese bìue, thase were`rtriped. He Was Doing snmething righp to impress her. Still, thm milk caee and m`de the {heets wet. She"ignoved that problem. Either Thomas would toss them in the washer ov he’d love rklling azound on ôhe sheets sxe had left her milk on*The sex was fantastic. He`did to her as hg pleaseä and she had no gompLaYged. He sas roug`. She liked rouãh. He pinched Her nipples. Shu savored the flares of pq)n. Ie coltronled her

She l)ked beinc hhs submissive.

_hen he caíe, he shoveä his cock dgep into her$pussy and fòoaned eexly.

×hen s`e +amE in vesponse to him, she opened up$hdr puswy and moa.ed her enjoyment.

They lay togethe2, hqm spooning around her body, his slowly shrinking cock ever sn steadily pulliNg owt of her body when(she raid, “My husband is having an !ffair too.”

“What?”

“@!wánted yu tï kno,” Ida ãontinue`, icnoring ThomAs’s shock and sõrprise. “We’be both chea4ine on the`oth%r.”

Thomas had a moment to thini but`co}ld onli come up with one question to continue the cojversction. “Doas (d…does h% know about you…and me?”

“NO. I don’t think so.”

“So how do you jnow about him?”

“I snooped on èis phone. I hate his pAsscode.”

›Does he ever dook at your phofe?”

“I changed my code,” she said. “And`he0doesn’t know%about ygu and mm®”

Thomaó breathud a sio@ of reLiefn “Tiat’s gomd.”

“Can!you hedp me fig}re ouô!who$sha is?”

# Chapter Seven

I| wasn’t As crany a request as it!sounded. The veason that Ôhomac spent so much uime at home was because hå waw a coder0for apps. Specificamly èe helped dgvelop specialézed ap|s gor independent restatrants.¤“mostly kä’s repetitive stwff of the samd varietYn Market)ng. Advertising. Announaements Menus. We canl it the ‘YEs MaÒaì’ apð intdrnally*”

“So like Grub Hub?”

Thomas made a face. “Nothing so downscale. Most if our clients run higher end restcurants and want to be seeî like they are doing so well tHat v`ey haöe their own app< but in reality, e6ery rertaurant wéth its own app is probably ours, just with a dyfferent skmn of the face.

That had beeN a very boriog aNd very short conversavkon!betVeen Thomas and Ida. But21 it was Tbough to give her !n idea.

“Xou want ma to dox your husband’s girlfriend? Me? The guy you’re fucking.” He carefully avoided using dhe word boyfriend. Leither d them wanted t broiCh!ThaT suânect®

“Yeal.”

³Wlat!majes you thinkbI can eo that?”

“Yïu’re smabt. Yoe work wiuh phone apps. TÀere must be some`way to d/ it.”

Tholas sighel anä rubbe$ his fase. “Ymai. Maybe`if I had21his phone right¡here in front Of me>”

“That’s not goinf to happen.”

“Tjen it’s(impossi"le.”

“Come mn,”(she begfåd. “Y/u must be able t_ do óomething. Cops and the"FBI hack phones all the tyma.”

“Yeax, and(I²m not a cop nor do I work wmth the FBI.$Plus, you’re now crossing over into illegal activities rather than just!õnethical.”

Ida p5lled back`a bit from Phomis, though shu loved the feeh og his dare soi~ against her naked body. Sitting up slightly< s(e cupped her `ands(under"her breastw. txey felt a little lighter because he had drained all the$milk from them. That fidî’t maKe them any less attrA#tiv% op decira"le to him. “I’ll make you enother video,” sHe promised him as qhe kircled her thumfs around (e2 nipPles. “I’ll let you have these tits and my milk ánytkme you wand.” He already had that —a,most. Bet the -mplicatIon wás clear.Tbnmas nevez wnull have tlought that He wkuld be 21in a21 posyôion lile this.

He shooK$his he!d and covered his eyms with his hand(so8he21didn’t have tï see Ida"All bqt th2owang hersmhf at him. “You can’t get me hiq phone,¤can you?µ

Ida shook her head evej thïugh Thomas couldn“t see her. “No. Impossibld*”

“OkaÙ…what can you gdt me ofæ his phone?”

Shå thought a moment. “A copy of (is$text sonvers`tions wIth`her and her anfo out of his cfntacr list.”

“O{ay. Now we’re getthng somewhere.”

At home that night, Ida agaan waiteä unt)l Roger was asleep befoze sneajing21out of bed and, following the instructi/.s from Thomas, Copied the dntirety of the convdrsation between Roger ine “Her” ilong with her contact information and other small bits out of(Roçer’s phone. As much av0she$wanted to, she avmided rea`ing the sofversation between Roger a>d “Her”, but she did send a copy of it to her phone as well.

It wa3 st5pidl she knew, but shd couldn’t (elp herself.

Ida waited as long as!shd c/uld and was partly helped¦by hes busy scjedule taking"care ob the0khäs"plus the uwo visitors for`the day, but21whe* eVarynNe

was finaLly |own for21 a"nap,"Ida /pened her plêne to the copy Of the$#nnversation betwåen Roglr and “Her”. She skipped over tèe párt she had anready 2%ad and picked up from vhe pictUre of ‘Hgr” covered wit` Roger’s cum.

*Dont I look pretty?*

Ida(rolled her ayes at both the question and0the picture. The girl was trying too hard. It0took Ida a moment to figure oet The stagiNg of the picture cud it looked like “Her” had taken it as a selfie. probarly rifht `fter Roger shot hió load all!over èms face. He must have seen her taking the picture, buu"then act%d like he had ndfer seen it before.

*That’s hot. Very hot.$You’re pretty.*

Rog%r was sti,l tervmble at f,irting. It made Ida wonder how the hell he managed to fInd!a young girl to fuck$him® She came to the quick concnusion that “Hev” must have pursued Rog%r for {ooe unknown reason.

I21caît wait for u 21to`fuck me again

*Wd’ll Have to figure0ouô a time.*

*A can seck u ofn in your car in uhe parkiog lot`tooite ib u wand*

*That’s$probably not a wod idea.*

*When then?hgn I can Wet away from y0wife.*

Ida nrovfed at tèat and îoted the next series ot texts pqcked up the foNlowing dayn

*Senh me a ìack p)c*

Ida fou/d her eyes(rklLyng agaan. What type of$floozy actually asked(for a dicc pic= ApqarentlY “Her” did.

*Not0now. Later.*

*But I want it now*

*Iæ I cant have it now can(I at least`have a pic?*

*You know this is stupid and we shouldn’ô do it.*

At least Roger lad some common sense.

“Rer’s” reply to Roger’s21 Reasonableness wks a picture of her tits squeezed togetèer to cveate thg illwsion of an unnaturaL a}gunt$of c|eaöage. Judgi.g cy the bagkground21it was taken in a bathpoom at Roger’s office. Ide immediately judged “Hår’s” body: too thin, breasts too smsll, and her"avms lookad Too thin as well. Anything that madE¢Ida feel superior tï the woman who was fucking her husband.

*How afout these?*

*Do u want mu to suck u off n/w?*

*You can’t act l)ke this. We’ll haöe to work out hetails,*

Wh`t fkllowed was a l/ng back$and æorti of times and a6ailabilities. Uo Ida’s`eyes, iþ&looked like “Her” was fyllifg tm fuck Zïger anytime, aoywhere. Qoger 21was a bit more ciScumspecd0about his cxoicds.

Thmò wound0up finding a pime that wmrked for them rÏth, hnpafully wlen “Hers” roommate Woundn’t bc home.

*Do w know why H want us$2B alone?*

Ida could practIc`lly hear Roger’s siçh.

*Wh{?*

*I want u to fuck my ess.*

Ida dound sHe couldn’t scrOll down"any further. Shd was stu#k oN t`at last statement from “Hdr”. It0was a good plake for hgr ôo stop readilc. Justine was stirring ärom her nap and wanted Mda’3 at<enthon*`

She$was glad for txe districtimn.

*I’ve got what you want.*

It had mnly taken Thomas c day to get back to Ida"on her rival’s énformatkon. Ida didn“t know why it was so important that she knw"who Rnfer was fucking,`but she had to know.

*Well? Tell me!*

*Qayment œirst, Thomas demanded.*

It was that golden houò when the children were occupied and Roger wasn’t home yet, but she didn’t have timg to make a full vide for Tèmas. K^rtead she just {et The phone on(dhe Shelg while whe quickly0opened"up her shirt and thef"snowly,0luxÕriously, tugged hez`bra up over hebtits. Id took reveral tugs and"sha made it look21 more didficult*vhan it actuallq was, but eventually hes tids slkpped free og her bre a.d bouncud down. The video was fiftaen secoods long and idn’p sxnw anytjing but he2 tits. Without giving`at too luch thought, she sent it to Thooas.

*Nibe. I’ll"consider thiS a down paymelt.*

*Jer name is Betty.*

*Whatbelse?*

*More when I get mq video.*

*No. I wint it now!*

She0knew whe was âemng unreAsonable in her demand

but she cmuldn’t help herself.

*Ôl!t wasnÒt the dual.*

*Besides, you donÒt want this in a(text.*

*I’ll tem, you in person. Tomorrown Usual time?*

Iea sighed.

*Yes,*

*Send the videí gir3t.*

Between her quickie rideo, and making di.ner, ane watching the kids, ane21doing some vagõe attempt at cleaning the house, Ida received yet ánother text on her pjone. She had t}rned off the audio alert because she didn’t want to ri{k the possibilityof Roge2 inquir)ng about`a random text ærom Thomás. But`she kept it oî fibtate and happened to catch the alert."

*Have to work l!te to.iÇht. H’ll be homc by 8.*

Roger. ×a{ he(actualli"workinw lade? Maybe. a week ago she woqlen,tèave uuestioNed it, `õt now it seemel mkre likely he was &uc{hng his,girlfridnd.0May"e even nubk)ng `er in tée ass. She0{eemåd To like thqt. or at lEAst was interested in that. Or mcybe Rogqr had been fucking all Sorts of women since Iua had started da4ing him$ten yeabs ago.

N/. Uhat Was ungenårous to say the least. And probably demonsôrably untrue. Ita had gone through!all his@co.tacts and thay21wEse all pdople 21she knew or were work related!or were relativms. Ujless Roger was usinW a bland name fkr othur lovers. But then that wmuldn’t explain the deli'htfull} obvious codename

“Her” for “Her.” Nk. Not “Her´. BepTy. The slut had a name and her name uas Betty.

It made Ida"wonder if she was a slut.

*Answer: Yes.¤It made Ida wonder how rhe was saved ij Thomcs’s phone.*

*Answer: Slut.*

It made Ida wonder why shd"was doing tiis.

*AnWwer:0Sex.*

Iv made I$a wonder how it(·ould end.

*Answe0: Badlx.*

It(madE Ida woîder why,Thomas was so obsessed`wmth h%R miìk.

*Afswer: …Ada didN’t `ave`an answgr tm that.*

But 3he war`willing to find out.

She fed the kids and herself, miking sure ôo drink plenty of water with(diN>er. If Thomas had an ojsession uith b"uast milk, and—hGpefully—3pecifically her breast milk, she’d âe happy to indulge21 him in the kink

Phu mowt important ingredient tN -ilk 7as wateö.

Plunking the kids `own in front of the liwinç roo} delevision, she told them she’d be busy for a few mhnutes and then it wou|d be bath time. The bddrooM dor didn’t lock, but she shoved the heavy chair full0of clothes she waw doo tired to hang up in the cloóet in front of it to give xEb time in case thi kids came barging in.

The tripod cell phone stand came in handy again.!Ida Wasn’t suse hoW sexy 3le needed tjm video to be and s(e wasn’t exactlx in the mooe to taase and play games for Thomas

Instead she got right to business `nd0sat doWn on 4he side mf the ned facing the caiera, `eb top already off, her hands cupping her breasts, lifti~s them slightly, offeriow thdm to the viEwer,

“Jõst for you,” sxE said- her thumjs circlinc he2 nipples. It felt good. She didn’t nead tO sqUeeze her breás4s haòd at a,l in ordur to meke some milk drmbble oup. It flowed down her`breasts a.d dripped onto her lap. She had gpted to òemove her panvs and was sittinf`in onlù her unäerwear.

Ida wqq surprised at uh} amounu(of milk she wa3 able tk"produce. Juctile waw(almost weaned and21 nnly8wanted to jurse occasional<y when ³he wantmd comfort and mommy tiee. It wac$Thmas uho was nursing 21from herathe most now. He was the one consumkng -gst of her milk and just the thought of him could get her milk flowing…like it did now.

It was flowing fast and steady enough that her fingers were getting wet and slippery. As she played with herself, she lifted one hand to lick the milk off and was delighted at the sweet flavor. She had forgotten how sweet breast milk could be.

Her smile at the camera was impish. She lowered her chin and licked her lips. “Would you like to taste me?” she asked. Changing the grip on her breast, she grasped the whole of her tit and squeezed firmly, making several jets of milk spray outwards, reaching almost all the way to the camera.

“I like it straight from the source.” She said this mostly to goad herself onward.

It was one thing to lactate.

It was another thing to enjoy lactating.

It was another entirely to have a man nurse from her.

It was another again to perform for a camera for that man.

But the next step was beyond the pale, even for Ida.

Almost.

She lowered her head and lifted up her breast. They had grown over the years. Maybe they weren't as firm as they had once been, but they were big and full and she went with the notion that big and full was sexy, because it was.

It took a moment for her lips to find her nipple and another moment still to get everything properly aligned but once she was in position, it was easy. It wasn't much different than masturbation and sex. The first was fine alone, but it was better with a partner, and yet in a pinch it was much better than nothing. Nursing Thomas was her preference, but nursing on herself was more enjoyable than she would have guessed. She knew exactly what she was doing so it was easy to make it precisely as she liked.

Her milk flowed and filled her mouth. It was honey-sweet and warm. The first mouthful she swallowed just to make sure she could. The second mouthful she let rest on her tongue, and then opened her lips just enough to let some dribble out before she sucked it back in and swallowed. Then she switched to the other breast and did the same thing again. It wasn't much of a show, but it was more than Ida ever would have guessed she was willing to do for anyone.

And it felt good too. She was turning herself on and it was too much to resist. She had given Thomas what he had wanted. The rest was just for her.

"Too much," she told the camera and allowed her body to fall back on the bed. She knew she should have checked the camera angle, but it was already too late for that. Raising her knees, Ida slipped her right hand down into her underwear and her left she kept wrapped around her breast, squeezing it in time with her busy fingers. The smart thing to do would have been to take off her panties or at least pause in the middle of the action, but she was in the middle of things and there was no stopping her now. Thomas would have to deal with what he got.

The milk was welling up out of her breast and sliding down her torso to either pool on her belly before sliding off to the side, or going directly down her ribs to wet the sheets. Her fingers were frigging almost violently against her clit. She was right on the edge of orgasm and she wanted to plunge her fingers deeply into her pussy but couldn't get the angle she wanted because of her tight underwear. In frustration she pinched her nipple and crushed her breast. That was the trigger. She came while gritting her teeth to keep her moan from being too loud. The climax was so powerful she rolled to her side looking for some relief. Her body shook several times before she settled down and could luxuriate in the afterglow.

There was a tapping at the door. “Mommy? SpongeBob over, Mommy!”

Groaning in frustration now, Ida rolled back over. “I’ll be right there! Give Mommy a minute.” The patter of little feet running away accompanied by giggles gave her a moment’s respite.

Her hands were wet with milk and girl juice. The sheet was soaked here and there and here. Ida ran to the bathroom, grabbed a towel, cleaned up the bed as best she could, and then turned off the cell phone recording. Everything else was a whirl. She remembered to quickly edit the beginning and end of the video before sending it to Thomas. Throwing her clothes back on, she went back to the living room in full mommy mode.

# Chapter Eight

“It was fucking hot,” Thomas told her as she continued to ride his cock.

Normally when they had sex—and she surprised herself to realize that they already had a routine for sex—he’d nurse from her for a bit before they had what passed for normal sex. This time she refused his request for her milk even though her tits were full to bursting with milk. Ida had insisted they go straight to his bed, get undressed, and have sex like a normal couple. She was on top—that was normal enough, right?—and his hard cock was firmly planted in her pussy.

Except she was still wearing a bra and would occasionally swat away his hands when he reached for her.

“So you liked it?” she asked again, referring to the lactation video she had foolishly sent him the previous day as payment for the information she wanted about her husband’s lover.

“I liked it so much I had to beat off to it,” he confessed as she slowly slid his hands up from her hips toward her breasts.

Once again she pushed his hands away as she gave an artificial gasp at his revelation. “Dirty boy!”

“Slutty girl,” he replied and she found she liked the insult. “I’m not the one sending obscene videos to a stranger I met on the internet.”

She laughed at him and leaned forward, crushing her tits against his chest as she kissed him. His hands caressed her ass and she knew he wanted to be touching her elsewhere. “I’m guilty of that,” she agreed. “Lucky for you.”

“Mmm-hmm,” he mumbled. “Why haven’t you asked for Betty’s info yet?” he asked. He might be a man, but he was a tech-head with an insatiable curiosity.

“I will. I just wanted to fuck you first.” She kissed him again and wiggled his

hips, happy that his cock was throbbing inside her pussy. “You can give me the info any time, but we get so little time together.”

“True,” he agreed as he reached for her tits again. This time she didn’t swat them away, but instead grabbed his wrists and used his arms to push back to an upright position, fully riding his cock once more.

“You love my milk, don’t you?” she asked as her body moved in time with his, the rising and falling of his cock inside her.

“Uh-huh,” he happily agreed.

“I’m not sure if that makes you kinky or perverted.”

“Both, I’m sure.”

“Do you just want to drink it or what?”

“Everything,” he said. “Worship your tits, hold them, play with them, suck your milk, drink your milk, bathe in your milk.”

She laughed again and shook her head. “I don’t think I can make enough for you to actually take a bath in,” she said, “but maybe a short shower?”

He looked at her quizzically as her hands moved from years of practice to lower the flaps on her nursing bra. It was one of the fancier ones designed to look more feminine and sexy rather than utilitarian and boring. It functioned exactly the same, however. The cups were nothing more than flaps keeping her breasts just barely under control. When she unhooked the flaps the bra essentially became a harness that outlined her tits.

She caressed herself and carefully weighed her tits in her hands. She was full. Very full. Maybe it wasn’t obvious to Thomas, but the milk was welling up. She could feel it seeping out even if he couldn’t see it. The insides of her bra was damp, not wet, just damp. It was right there, ready to be released.

Thomas’s breathing was quick and shallow as she caressed herself and he gasped in delight when she squeezed her tits together causing the milk to spray out and cover him in milky wetness.

“You like that?” she asked him. Spraying her milk didn’t feel nearly as good as having Thomas nurse from her, but it was fun to surprise him.

Thomas could only nod in response. He hadn’t expected her to do that to him.

“More?”

“Yes,” he croaked out.

She sprayed him several more times with her milk. The various ducts in her nipples weren’t perfectly aligned so the milk sprayed everywhere, mostly on Thomas, but onto the bed sheets as well. He didn’t mind. It made a bit of a mess, but it was fun to indulge Thomas in his kink.

“You’re wasting it,” he finally managed to say.

“No I’m not,” she replied. “It’s all for you. Don’t you love being covered in me?” Ida reached out and wiped up some of her milk from his chest and then licked it off her fingers. “It’s very sweet. Maybe it is a waste to spray it all over you. Would you rather drink it?”

He nodded eagerly.

Ida leaned forward, bringing his throbbing cock halfway out of her pussy, and offered her breast to his mouth. Automatically Thomas parted his lips and started sucking. It was definitely better to be nursed instead of to express herself. Fucking and sucking together was, without doubt, the best use of her body.

“Keep going,” she urged him. “Keep going. I need to cum…”

He sucked harder. The thrill lanced through her body. Her free breast, he pinched the nipple and twisted it. It should have hurt, but it didn’t. It felt wonderful. It was enough to make her cum and she shivered and shook while speared on his cock.

“You liked that,” he said.

“Uh-huh,” she sighed, clutching his body. “More,” she begged.

“I haven’t cum yet.” He switched breasts to suck all the milk out of her full side

and pinched her wet nipple between thumb and finger, crushing it in his need. It hurt but she wanted it. He slammed his cock up and down into her but he didn't want to cum. He wanted this to last forever, sucking and fucking Ida. It couldn't last.

He came but he didn't give up her breast, he sucked out her milk even as he filled up her pussy.

"Thank you," she whispered into his ear. He didn't say anything; he was still nursing from her breast.

Eventually that moved apart. "This is probably way too late to ask, but is there any chance of you getting pregnant?"

She laughed, thinking back to her recent visit to the doctor. "Any chance? A tiny one. But I've got a ring now. I'm safe." She laughed again. "I suppose we could be passing all sorts of STIs back and forth, but it's a little late for that."

"I can assure you I'm safe," said Thomas.

"Oh?"

"I haven't had a girlfriend in over a year. My last one was paranoid about using condoms. I'm pretty sure I'm clean."

"I haven't had sex with anyone in ten years other than my husband," Ida revealed to him. "How'd we go from boring to having this…this sordid affair?"

"Desperation of the human condition?" he speculated. "Sorry about that, by the way," he added, gesturing to her nipples. She looked down and saw that in their vigorous love-making her nipples, both of them, had gotten bruised. Normally her nipples were a light to medium brown. Between Thomas's pinching and sucking, he had left behind purple marks.

She shrugged. "Don't worry about it. I don't think that Roger has even seen my tits in months." Closing her eyes she inhaled deeply and tried to push thoughts of Roger from her mind. "Speaking of my husband, you promised me a little something?" She sat up and pulled the bra flaps into place, covering her bruised breasts.

“Right,” Thomas said, somewhat disappointed she was back to business. “I’ll be right back.” He rolled out of the bed and left her alone. She could hear him wandering around the apartment before returning with a piece of paper in hand.

He read from it before handing it over. “Elizabeth ‘Betty’ Snider. Twenty six years old. Been employed at Tencomtex two years, admin assistant.” He glanced up. “Secretary. Cliché, right? I’ve got her address here, lives with a roommate, Intrinia Miller. Goes by Britni. She only has the one phone she uses to text and talk with your husband. That’s the basics. More info will actually cost you money.”

Ida was impressed with that Thomas gave her. She was really only hoping for a name and maybe a phone number. What he had was close to a full private investigator’s report. “How’d you get this?” she asked, suddenly feeling guilt over getting him to do something he shouldn’t have.

“I know some people. That stuff was easy, according to Ernie. He did it as a favor. Like I said, anything more would cost money.”

“I shouldn’t have asked you,” she said.

He shrugged. “It was my pleasure.”

“I thought my tits were your pleasure,” she teased him, folding the paper and setting in on the floor next to her clothes.

“They are,” he said. “Can I nurse from you some more?”

After she left, Thomas pulled out his laptop and fired it up. He should have felt guilt over what he had done, but he didn’t. The small amount of guilt and misgivings were easy to ignore in the face of the thrill of seeing Ida perform for him again and again. And she wasn’t just performing for him now. She was performing for everyone.

Well, everyone who was a little bit perverted with an affection for lactation.

He had created a false online identity on several porn sites. The sites practically encouraged users to purposefully conceal their identity. From there it was easy to

upload the two videos of Ida masturbating and expressing her milk. It was bad enough that he had broken her trust by doing that, but each time he looked at the numbers of views on the two vids, his guilt faded a little more.

Both were well above ten thousand views now on all of the sites he had posted to, though Thomas had no way of telling if those numbers were accurate. Maybe the sites faked them to drive viewers one way or another, or maybe they were just artificial scores to make the posters feel better about their amateur attempts at pornography. Either way, Thomas didn't really care.

To the two videos that he had already posted he added a third. He opted to only lightly edit the video not taking any effort to conceal either his or Ida's faces. His was mostly out of frame anyway. The way he had positioned the camera he had managed to get Ida's milk fountain in its full glory. Maybe she wasn't the most beautiful woman nor did she have a perfect body, but most of the amateur stuff was full of bland and ugly women. Ida was much better than them.

So what if he didn't have her full permission to put the videos up? It was doubtful she'd ever see them and by then it would be too late.

That's the lie he told himself.

Thomas couldn't help himself.

He was too proud of the fact that he had managed to suck and fuck a lactating woman.

He had to share it with someone, anyone.

So he shared it with the world instead.

He was certain he had made the world a better place because of his generosity.

Maybe she'd complain, but by the time that happened…it probably wouldn't matter.

She was cheating on her husband after all.

Thomas forced himself to close the pornography page and do some actual work. If he just left those pages open all day he knew he'd go from one to the other

waiting for the video to be approved and available for viewing and then he'd keep refreshing seeing how quickly the view count increased.

He had to maintain some control over his addiction.

He worked and waited and wondered if he would ever be bold enough to send a link to Ida letting her know that she was a niche porn star.

# Chapter Nine

Ida knew that asking about Ernie was probably a bad idea. She was curious about the man who had gotten so much information on the woman Roger was fucking, but she also got the distinct impression from Thomas that Ernie dabbled a little too deeply into the illegal side of the internet.

She committed all the information about Betty to memory, not that there was all that much on the paper that Thomas had given her. Beyond what he had read was precious little more. An address, a phone number, where she had gone to school (community college, a two year degree in studio art), her vehicle (2014 red Honda Civic, Ernie had even helpfully supplied the license plate number), her "known associates" (there were two, her roommate Intrinia "Britni" Miller and Ida's husband), and her aliases (Elizabeth Snider had variously gone by Liz and Beth, but mostly used Betty, she had an older cousin by the name of Elisa Snider whom she had most definitely borrowed her driver's license to go drinking when she was under age, and apparently used the online identity Best Snide on several websites).

Only after memorizing all of this did Ida realize that this was almost a sales pitch. More information was readily available from Ernie—for a fee. Ernie was either a straight up private investigator or someone who was really shady and Ida was smart to keep clear of.

Ida, however, couldn't deny her curiosity and her tendency to snoop. Every time she visited someone's house she had to look through the medicine cabinet and, if given the opportunity, she's sneak through the bedroom dresser's to find whatever she could. It was always the people you'd least expect who had the strangest sex toys.

Having a few minutes when the kids were playing together, Ida goggled Betty's alias. What the hell was Best Snide anyway?

After a few false returns from some articles or etiquette Ida found what she was looking for but didn't know she really didn't want to see.

Best Snide was Betty's artistic pseudonym.

Betty had a kinkier side than Ida would have guessed.

The pictures she had posted of herself were rather mild when it came to internet pornography and were hardly notable other than to mention that her parents probably didn't want to see their precious daughter in such explicit poses.

It was her drawings on the artist's website that stopped Ida's snooping.

The drawings were less explicit than the photographs and didn't seem to feature Betty at all. Some were obviously pure imagination—naked women floating amongst the stars and planets, nymphs and dryads frolicking in a glade—while others were much more realistic—men and woman in a variety of intimate couplings, clothed and unclothed. The quality was good and it took Ida no time at all to figure out that the website was an advertising vehicle for Betty's artistic leanings—which definitely leaned toward the sexy, the erotic, the borderline obscene—because she had some photo references for some of her works and clearly labeled many of the works as thumbnail versions of full-scale commissions.

Ida didn't know who would want a three foot by four foot charcoal drawing of a large-breasted kneeling woman giving a man a blowjob while he stood on a plaid rug, let alone who would want it hanging in their living room, but there it was. The common theme that ran through the works that Betty had done were women masturbating; that wasn't surprising because it was a common theme for artists throughout the ages.

And none of that bothered Ida. What bothered her were a few of the drawings at the bottom of the webpage, the most recent ones. Again, they weren't especially explicit, but the subject matter was familiar to her. Very familiar. Maybe it was Betty's artistic interpretation, but the man in the last few drawings was most definitely Roger. The shape of his face, the proportions of his body, even some of the marks and scars that Betty had included in her interpretation made the man most definitely Roger.

The fact that Roger was depicted in every one of these drawings in the midst of fucking a woman wasn't even the part that bothered Ida. No, the bothersome part was that the woman that Roger was fucking was, without any doubt, Betty.

There were a dozen different parts of the drawings that made Ida believe it was Betty, but it was the hacky butterfly tattoo above Betty's ass that gave it away. There were no reference photos so the girl was using her imagination, or her memory, and Betty had spent a lot of time recording her and Roger together in every possible position.

By the time she was done viewing the pictures and the majority of the website, Ida didn't know what to think. All she was certain of was that she regretted researching the other woman.

It was the note at the bottom of the page that caught Ida's attention.

*Of course I do commissions! No job too small or too explicit! Email me for rates!*

The girl still didn't know how to properly punctuate and had an affinity to use exclamation points at every possible turn.

That didn't stop Ida from emailing Betty for her rates.

Ida was glad to be busy with Alexandra and Kate's children for the next two days. It gave her time to think. It gave her a perspective on how fucked up her life had become, even though to a casual outsider observer, she would appear to have a perfect marriage and family.

She laughed aloud at that thought. It was patently false and yet so easily believable.

The two days of introspection also gave her the chance to become reacquainted with the use of her breast pump. Justine was nursing less and less. Maybe it was the interaction with the other children. Maybe she was just growing out of it. Maybe her baby sensed that Ida wanted to share her milk with someone else.

Thomas.

Just the thought of Thomas was enough to make her milk well up and start leaking. She knew that was fucked up. Try as she might to formulate a plan to invite Thomas over to nurse from her in the privacy of her own home, there was

no way to work out the logistics. Having him over while Alexandra and Kate's kids were there was an action that would have been far beyond the pale. Even that window of opportunity when just Sam and Justine were there was too much risk and violation. They might not understand or know what was going on, but the risk was just too much.

Instead she expressed herself with the pump and wound up wasting most of her milk down the drain. Some she tasted herself, but outside of the moment of lust, she had no real desire to drink her own milk. Justine had some mixed in with her baby cereal, but overall it seemed more effort than it was worth.

Except that Thomas kept texting her with requests and reminders that kept her pussy and tits primed and ready.

*I can't wait to suck your tits again.*

*My mouth is empty without your beautiful nipples.*

*Nothing is as sweet as your milk.*

*If I could only nurse from you and never fuck you again, that would be enough.*

Ida wasn't sure if he was completely serious about what he professed or if he was shamelessly flirting, but she didn't question him on it.

And she didn't help matters either.

*I can't wait to see you again.*

*I want your mouth and your cock.*

*Do most women know what it feels like to be fucked and sucked at the same time?*

*I want to lactate for you forever.*

They were all stupid things that a schoolgirl would say to her crush…except what schoolgirl would promise to lactate for a boy? What normal woman would promise to lactate for anyone? It was a chore and a responsibility and was frankly a metaphorical pain in the ass and often a literal pain in the tit.

And yet her body ached to feel Thomas's lips wrapped around her nipple firmly sucking the life out of her. It felt so good. Maybe she would even go so far as to say she liked it better than actual sex.

Maybe, but not just yet.

By the third day she was desperate to see Thomas because her tits were aching and sore. The slightest touch was painful. Every bump in the road bounced the car around mercilessly. She was so relieved when she finally arrived that she marched into his place without knocking. Naturally she was expected, but it almost felt like she was invading his home by walking in like that. Her need had gotten to the point where not only did her tits ache, but she had started leaking in anticipation of Thomas's mouth giving her relief. The leaking got to the point where the milk had wetted through her bra and was dampening her dress.

"I need you," she announced to Roger.

He looked up at her from the couch where he had his laptop perched on his lap as he scrolled through code that needed to be edited. "Okay," he agreed and set the laptop aside.

He had barely managed this while she had unzipped her dress and left it crumpled on the floor. Stepping over it, she walked to the couch while pulling her wet bra over her head, freeing her tits. She didn't care about subtle motions of romance and teasing before sex. She just wanted to be nursed. She needed the pressure relieved and Thomas was the only outlet.

He didn't complain as she shoved her tits into his face. They had been doing this dance long enough for him to easily find her nipple and start nursing. As always, his hand went to her other breast, which was already leaking milk, to pinch the nipple and stop the loss of the precious fluid. When he did pinch the nipple, she immediately slapped his hand away and clutched her breast, forcing out some of the milk. It sprayed in random directions, but mostly onto Thomas's shoulder, soaking his shirt.

Thomas didn't mind and Ida didn't care, even as her breast continued leaking which soaked both his shirt and his couch.

They settled their bodies together, moving like established lovers. She straddled his hips and felt his hard cock through his pants. The crotch of her panties was as wet as her bra or his shirt.

“You’re hard,” she complimented him, grinding her hips down on his rigid member. “I like that. Want to use it?”

Thomas looked up at her, his mouth full of her nipple. He audibly swallowed and let it slip from between his lips. “Of course. You don’t mind we don’t have… don’t have normal sex?”

“If I wanted normal sex I’d just stay at home and hoped that my husband would get desperate enough to fuck me when he got bored with his girlfriend,” Ida said as she scrabbled at his pants, opening his belt and dropping his zipper to haul out his perfect cock. She didn’t feel she had the time to properly undress so instead of abandoning her straddle of his body, she just pulled aside her boring cotton housewife panties and lowered her pussy down on his cock, making it disappear from sight.

Right away Ida started rolling her hips, making his cock move within her body. She didn’t bounce up and down like an overenthusiastic gymnast because she was trying to keep her torso as motionless as possible so that Thomas could nurse from her. That’s what she wanted. That’s what he wanted. Sex was always better when she was nursed…and as she thought about it as Thomas nursed and she continued to roll her hips, she hadn’t had sex with Thomas that didn’t involve nursing. It was normal for her.

It made her wonder what sex with her husband would be like.

Would fucking him be like having sex for the first time again?

Would he know how to fuck her properly?

Would she hate it because he wouldn’t fuck and suck her simultaneously?

Would he know that she had been fucking another man?

Would it be better because she was fucking two men now?

Would it…would it…she had trouble concentrating because Thomas was rolling

her left nipple while pressing her right nipple against the roof of his mouth. And then he had it between his teeth, not biting, but nibbling. There was the thrill and possible danger of what he could do with his teeth, and that made the sex better.

“Oh fuck,” she breathed. “I’m gonna cum.” The agitated motion of her hips became more vigorous, barely keeping his cock tucked into her pussy where it belonged.

“Cum then,” he encouraged her.

She shoved his mouth back onto her nipple. “Don’t fucking stop sucking,” she ordered him, clutching his face to her breast. It was difficult to balance herself exactly on the couch, but she was right there, and when she came, it was glorious.

She was a lactating woman fucking her lover who lived for her milk. Her husband was disinterested and all but useless in bed, and that made the sex even better. Legitimate sex was bland; cheating sex was the best.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck,” she repeated over and over as she came, gasping and barely able to control herself. She stopped moving her hips and just clutched Thomas’s body. His cock was still nice and hard in her pussy as if it were they only for her pleasure.

It took her a minute to realize that Thomas was holding her in place as he continued to nurse. Without him she would have slipped off the couch and collapsed to the floor. She didn’t need him to nurse as desperately then as she first had, but it still felt incredible good. The very concept of leaving his lap and his cock that was like a stabilizing rod in her pussy was anathema to her very existence.

“I needed that,” she told him.

This time she allowed him to pull his mouth away to answer her. “I could tell. Want to move to the bed and continue this?”

She shook her head. “No. I want to stay here forever. You in my pussy. You sucking my tits.”

“My legs are going numb,” he said.

“Shit. Fine. Let’s move.”

They went to Thomas’s bed. As they walked, he shed his clothes. When they reached his bed, he pulled down her panties and noticed she still wore sandals. “It’s an old cliché that porn stars—the women, at least—never take off their shoes.”

“Are you calling me a porn star?” Ida asked while thinking about Betty’s lewd drawings. “Do you want me to fuck you with my shoes on?”

“Yes.”

“You can if you completely drain my tits,” she said, rolling onto the bed. He joined her, the both of them on their sides. His mouth found her nipple as it always did and they settled in to nurse. Somehow his cock had remained hard and it was just easiest for Ida to part her thighs just enough for him to penetrate between them. Once he was in position, she closed her legs and trapped his cock in the warmth of her thighs. It wasn’t normal sex, but they had never had normal sex.

Thomas spent the next half hour moving back and forth between her breasts, sucking all the milk from her that he could. It went from erotic to pleasant to annoying, but when he was done Ida felt like her tits hadn’t been this empty, this deflated in years. Certainly since before Sam’s birth. The amazing thing was that Thomas’s cock never fully softened. It changed in size and firmness, but it never shriveled up to almost nothing. That amazed her. She doubted Roger could keep an erection that long. When he was finally done with her tits, she wanted his cock back in her pussy.

There was no discussion. When he was done nursing, they moved together, this time him on top of her. As he moved, his cock got harder. She liked to think that he was fortified with her milk and now needed to expend some of the energy he had taken from her. Like any pair of lovers used to each other, she opened her legs and he moved into position, his cock welcomed into her waiting pussy. They fucked. They fucked blandly and almost without passion. They had transferred over to tenderness. It was what they both wanted. Thomas’s orgasm that ended their coupling was hardly notable, but he seemed happy with it.

Dressing and leaving was just another necessary step in their affair. Ida’s dress was mostly dry along with her bra; she barely register that her tits didn’t really

fill the cups. They said little as she got ready to leave. There was one last kiss before she walked out the door.

At home, the afternoon and evening was much like any other day at her house: kids, dinner, husband comes home late, an empty hour of television, and then bed.

Maybe she was careless.

Maybe she didn't care at all.

Maybe she thought that Roger noticed nothing.

Maybe she wanted him to see.

Ida got undressed in the bedroom as they readied for bed. She was happily exhausted and not thinking. When her clothes came off, she didn't immediately grab a sleep shirt or pajamas. That was long enough for Roger to notice.

"What the fuck happened to your breasts?" he demanded.

Stopping dead in her tracks from where she was headed to the bathroom, Ida looked down at her chest and saw the marks and bruises that Thomas had left behind during his extended nursing session. Unbidden, a flicker of sexual thrill blossomed in her belly, but was immediately followed by a remorseless wave of guilt and shame. The lie came easily to her lips. "I've been using the breast pump. My boobs hurt because Justine is weaning and…" she didn't finish the statement. They looked across the room at each other. "And the pump sucks too hard and bruises me," she finished lamely.

There was no way the breast pump had left behind the bruises they were looking at.

Roger's lip curled back. "You need to just suffer through it for a few days. I want to fuck you but you know I can't. Not like that."

She wanted to snap at him that her boyfriend was happy to fuck her with full, milky tits, but she bit back the words. Now was not the time. She wanted to let

him know that she knew about his girlfriend, but she wanted real evidence.

Instead she turned and snatched a t-shirt out of her dresser and yanked it on, covering her breasts. It was a small shirt and didn't cover her ass or pussy. "Easy for you to say, you don't have to suffer through it." Turning smartly on her heel she marched into the bathroom and closed the door. She ran water in the sink and paced in the small space waiting for the bedroom light to go out. She refused to cry. She wasn't going to give in.

# About the Author

Elliot Silvestri is a demigod sent to live out a mortal existence on Earth as punishment by Aphrodite. He can’t decide if a career in writing erotica is in defiance of the goddess or as penance to serve her. Either way, it’s worked out for him. He’s living out the remainder of his sentence in upstate New York and tries to avoid the worst in humanity. Feel free to contact him:

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# Preview

## *Naomi's Use 2*

Naomi held Fred's erect cock in her hand as she swung her leg over his hip to straddle his body. His eyes were still screwed tightly shut. That was the only way he could relax enough to enjoy the blowjob she had given him to get him hard. Actually getting him hard wasn't that difficult. Once his pants were off, she barely had to suck on him at all to make his cock rise like magic. He became rock hard and throbbing so quickly that Naomi was worried he would cum in her mouth.

Not that she would have minded. That was one of the many delightful side effects of fellatio. Long ago she had learned to enjoy sucking a man off and letting him cum in her mouth, and then swallowing as an extra reward. It would have been fun to taste Fred's semen.

But she wasn't into pleasing just Fred tonight. She wanted sex; she wanted to fuck; she wanted to have his cock in her pussy.

Although she had been warned about his size well beforehand, when she actually got his pants off, he was only slightly bigger than average. After she was done giving him a blowjob, the cock she was rewarded with was easily the biggest she had ever had. Even so, he wasn't so hugely endowed that he was gigantic, but large enough to please all but the most aggressive size queens. Naomi wasn't a size queen, though she did like a cock to fill her up.

Fred's eyes opened just as his glans made contact with her entrance. She knew she was warm and wet. She could practically feel herself dripping. He wanted to say something and his hand reached for her body just as she began sliding down his length. That was more than enough to silence him into a deep moan. Naomi wanted to moan as well. She resisted until half his cock was in her and then it

was too much. The noise that issued from her throat was mortifying, but Fred didn't seem to notice.

"Fucking fantastic," she muttered as he settled all the way into her pussy.

This time Fred had a little more control. He reached up for her body, briefly held her sides, and then slid his hands back to cup her buttocks. Naomi took the hint and started raising and lowering herself on his cock, pumping her thighs up and down to start the friction.

"Oh god," Fred moaned.

She could feel him throbbing inside her pussy so she paused in pumping her thighs. "Are you going to cum?" she asked. Naomi was an experienced woman and Fred had all the warning signs of a man on the threshold of ecstasy.

"Fuck yes," he groaned as he grabbed her ass and pumped hard upwards once, twice, and a third time before he released his orgasm. His body shuddered and the liquid heat of his orgasm filled her pussy.

It wasn't that Naomi was angry with Fred. She knew he was inexperienced and this was always going to be the result.

But she still wanted to cum.

"Oh fuck that was good," Fred said. He was breathing deeply, trying to stop himself from shaking from the force of the orgasm. While Naomi was happy to have given him such great pleasure, she was miffed as well. She needed to get off, but just because she was a woman didn't mean she didn't have needs.

"I'm glad you had a good time," Naomi said while making it sound like she was completely sincere.

"Oh shit! I'm sorry, Naomi. I didn't mean to cum so fast." Fred's face had turned red the moment she had started taking off her clothes and it had remained bright red the entire time, partly from feeling awkward about the whole experience and partly from the somewhat limited exertion of sex (he was on the bottom, after all).

"That's okay, it's fine," she reassured him and looked over her shoulder.

Will had watched the whole sordid affair, which had taken less than two minutes, from the plastic chair that Fred kept shoved in front of his desk. He was vaguely aroused and vaguely annoyed. It had been exciting to watch Naomi fuck his roommate, but even with his big cock, Fred's performance had been disappointing in every way, which annoyed Will because he felt that Naomi deserved better.

"What?" he asked when she looked at him, a sly smile on her face.

Glancing at his crotch, she saw the obvious signs of an erection. "Why don't you come over here and finish me off," she said. "I could really use a good fuck."

Will stood up, uncertain what to do. Naomi was still straddling Fred's hips. Seeing Will move was enough for her. She lifted up her lips, letting Fred's still mostly engorged cock slip wetly from her pussy. Angling her body, tilting her pelvis, she knew exactly what to do to entice him. Will didn't even think about it. The buildup to the moment had been far too much. He opened up his jeans and pulled out his cock. It was smaller than Fred's but not embarrassingly so.

Naomi reached behind her and grabbed him, guiding his length into her wet, sticky pussy. Only when Jim was all the way in did he realize that all of Fred's cum was still inside Naomi. He could have stopped, but he didn't. It was too late. Even with Fred still underneath Naomi, Will still wanted to fuck her. Since Fred wasn't complaining and Naomi was probably getting off on the fact that she was sandwiched between two men, there was nothing to worry about.

Resting her chest on Fred, Naomi kissed him, nuzzling his slightly too long blonde hair and Will began to rail into her, eager to climax but not before he made her cum first. Though he tried to push from his mind that her pussy was full of Fred's cum, the thought wouldn't go away. And the more he thought about it, the more it inflamed and excited him. He was going to cum too fast. He slowed his pace and reached around her body, groping for her pussy, finding her clit and rubbing the way she liked. He looked at her and Fred. They were kissing now. Will got the distinct impression that Naomi had done this before.

She broke the kiss with Fred and bit down on his shoulder. The noises she was making told Will everything and a few more vigorous rubs and thrusts and she was cumming, her hot pussy clamping down on his cock. That was all he needed and he let loose his load, combining it with Fred's. He was proud he managed to

finish and stay on his feet.

Neither Naomi or Fred complained.

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