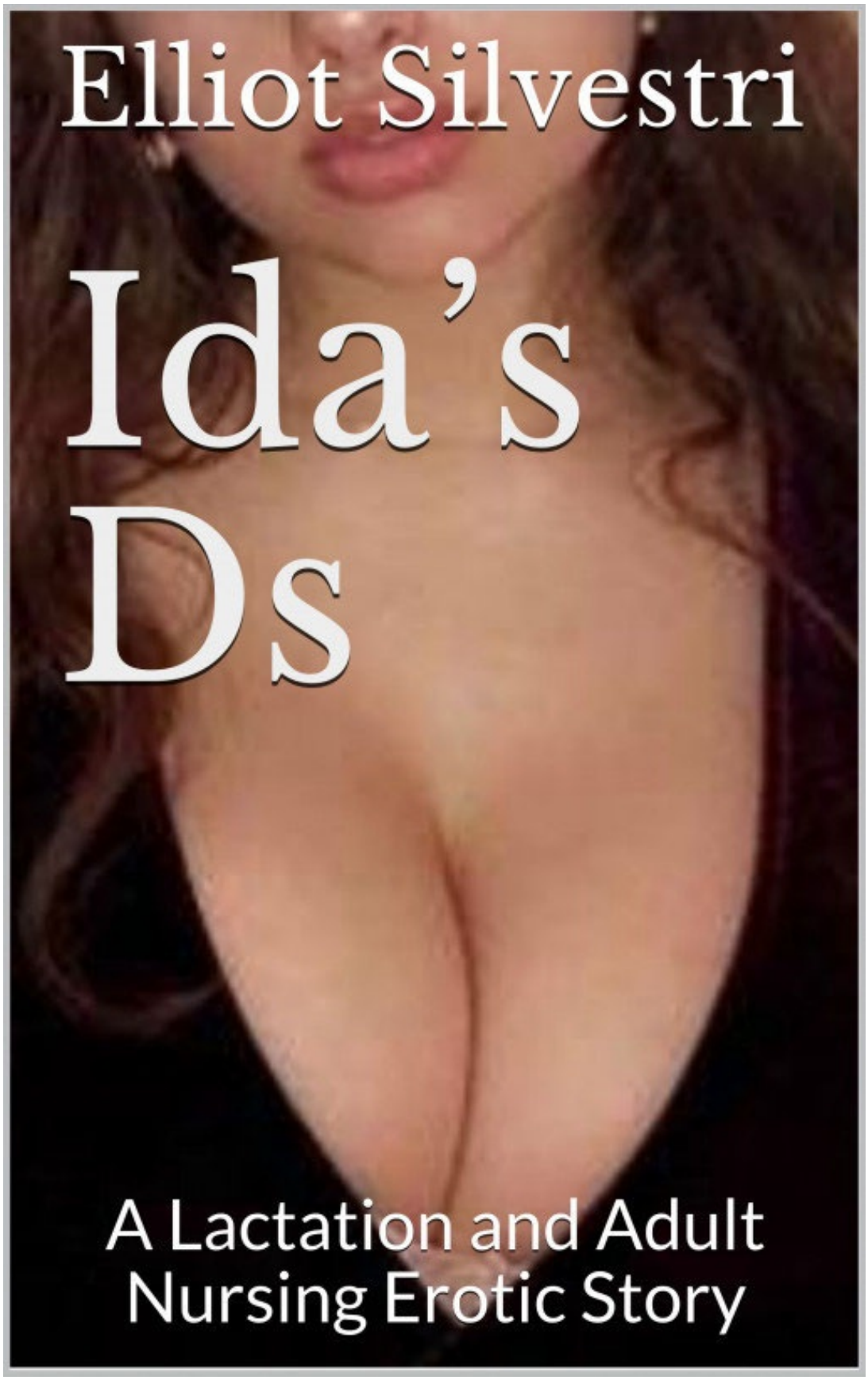
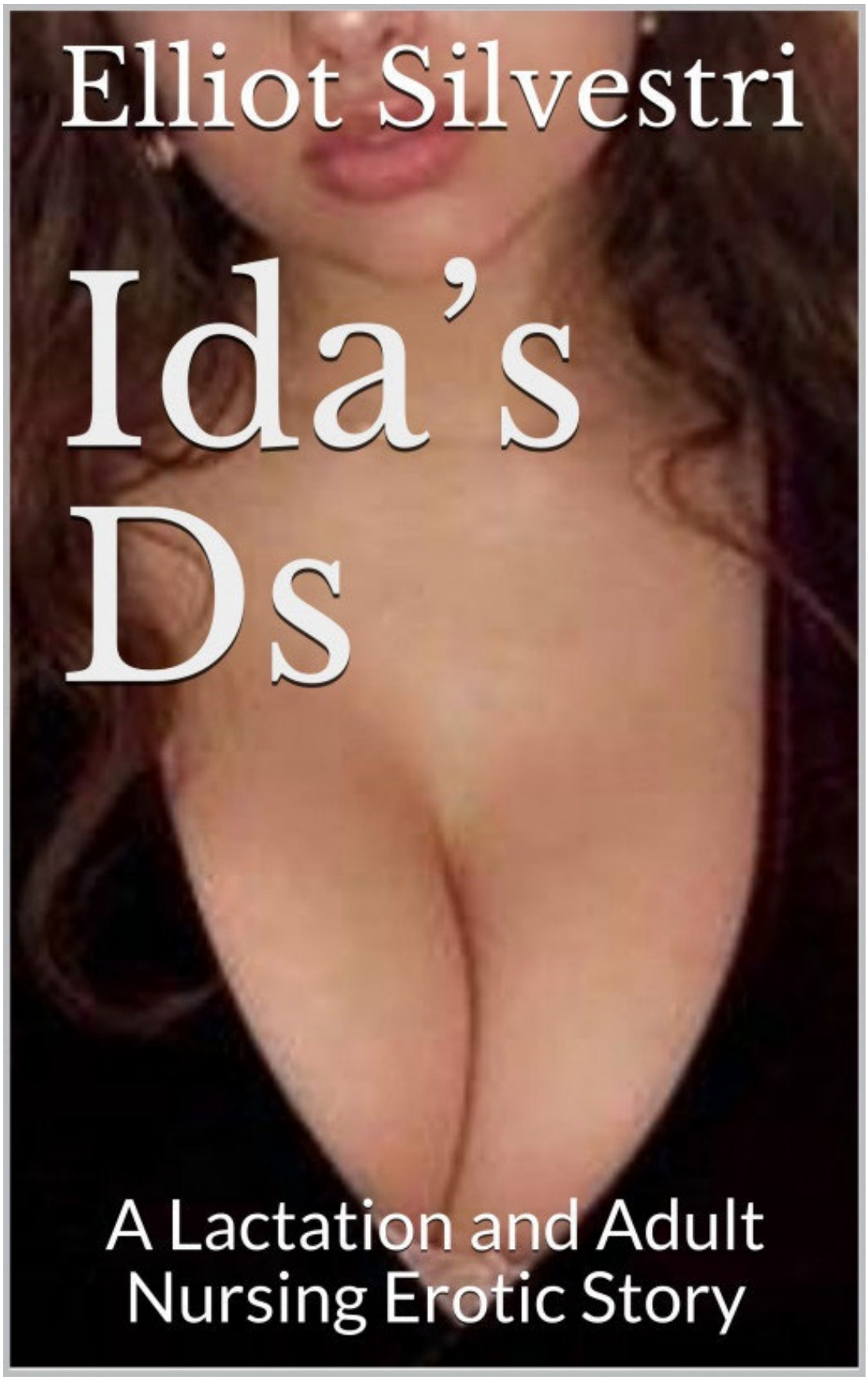

Elliot Silvestri
Ida's Ds
A Lactation and Adult Nursing Erotic Story


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Ida’s Ds

Ida’s Milk Part 1

An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Ida’s Ds: Ida’s Milk Part 1

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Preview

Chapter One

Ida wasn't proud of cheating on her husband, but a woman had needs, damn it, and Roger wasn't seeing to her needs. Yeah, maybe her body wasn't in nearly as good a shape as it had been before she had her first kid. And the second baby hadn't helped matter, but she was a year past the birth of Justine and her sex drive was back, but Roger's wasn't.

Flirting online was supposed to be an innocent and fun way to relieve a little pent-up sexual stress. She'd find a guy who was interested in her, which wasn't exactly a problem, and since she had no intention of actually meeting up, she didn't feel bad about using some old picture of her before the babies.

But when she started flirting with Thomas, things took a turn that was both better and worse. The first time they flirted, they both said some outrageous things, Ida used her vibrator to get off, and she didn't give it a second thought. When he popped up on the app a couple of days later, she didn't refuse his request to chat again. She got off again. And then they started flirting and virtually dating online every day for two weeks. It was the best two weeks of sex Ida had ever had, unfortunately it was mostly with herself.

Her guilt started getting to her. She was supposed to be a good Catholic girl (they didn't really exist, but every Catholic already knew that) so she confessed her deception. Not to Roger, but to Thomas. She told him she was married, had two kids, her online profile picture was five years old, and she was a big liar about her life.

How big are your tits now? It was the first question he sent her after her confession.

She decided to be completely honest with him to drive him away. I used to be a B before kids. Now I'm a D or DD depending on the day and how full they are with milk. I'm still nursing.

That's fucking hot, was his response.

You're a fucking liar. The raw language wouldn't drive him away because they had been positively vulgar in all their exchanges, but she tried it anyway.

Send me a picture of your boobs now. He had asked for nudes before, but she had always demurred claiming she didn't do that. What pictures she had send him were never of her face and were, at most, no more revealing that a typical swimsuit.

Seeing as she was being completely honest, Ida opened up her shirt, dropped the flaps to her nursing bra, aimed her phone's camera at her naked tits, and captured the picture.

When she looked at it before sending, she saw her swollen breasts, her prominent nipples, and the blue veins visible under her soft, white skin. No man would find that attractive.

Making sure her face or other identifying information was in the background, she sent the picture to Thomas.

That's fucking hot. I'd love to suck on your tits all day.

She knew he was just flirting so she fired back at him. They're full of milk and I need to nurse my daughter in a few minutes.

Ida was surprised at his response. Save some for me?

She put down her phone and walked away, not knowing what to do, but knowing she wanted to meet him in person as soon as possible.

Making the actual arrangements to meet Thomas was the difficult part because she had to admit to herself exactly what she was doing and what it meant. The only reason to meet Thomas was for sex which meant cheating on her husband. It wasn't a casual encounter or a chance meeting at a party or business convention. It was intentional, that was the worst and best part.

Ida was reluctant to meet Thomas at his place until he sent her pictures of his face, his driver's license, and a few of his apartment. She was reasonably sure she'd be safe. If not, he'd be easy to track down. What to do with the kids? She

handed them off to her mother claiming she needed to go to a doctor's appointment without two crying children. Her mother didn't question it at all; she was thrilled to watch her grandchildren for the afternoon; that only made Ida feel worse.

She tried not to think about all of that as she drove to Thomas's apartment. He was a few years younger than her, unmarried, no kids and it occurred to Ida just then that she knew what he looked like from the pictures he had sent—torso and face; he was fairly fit—but he didn't have the faintest idea of what she looked like—other than her boobs.

Her laughter in the car was borderline hysterical.

There was every opportunity to turn the car around, to drive somewhere else, to not park it, lock it, and go to door 214 and knock on it expecting to meet in person the man she fully intended to fuck instead of her husband.

When Thomas opened the door he was every bit as handsome in person as he was in his pictures—except the scent that floated out of his apartment was obviously a heavily sprayed artificial odor killer. He probably lived like a bachelor and used it as a last minute fix to a smell that wouldn't go away.

"Ida?" he asked eagerly and happily after he opened the door. He didn't size her up or stare at her tits, he looked her directly in the eyes, which she appreciated, even though it all might have been an act.

"Thomas?" she asked in reply, though it was obvious he was.

"Yes," he said just as eagerly.

Ida nodded and said, "Next time don't empty a can of Lysol in your place. Just clean and put some of those cinnamon rolls from a can in the oven. My mother would have said to bake bread, but that's probably too complicated for you." Somehow her first words in person to the man she intended to fuck were baking and cleaning advice.

"Oh," he said, taken aback. "Do you…do you still want to come in?" He motioned for her to enter.

She nodded and pushed in. The apartment was clean and tidy and other than

smelling like too much Lysol—and even a hint of Lysol was too much Lysol—it was fine. “Very nice,” she said. The furniture was utilitarian and the television that dominated the living area was hooked up to a video game console. On the screen was a scene paused in the middle of a zombie’s head exploding.

“Thanks,” he said. “Do you want a drink or something to eat?”

Ida found her courage and her purpose and knew that she had limited time. “No. I came here to fuck so let’s fuck.” She smiled at him.

Thomas was wearing jeans, white athletic socks—no shoes—and a t-shirt emblazoned with Deadpool riding a pink unicorn that was shitting a glittering rainbow turd. It made her wonder if he always dressed this was or if this was what he wore on dates. Not that this was really a date.

It was a date. There wasn’t dinner and a movie, but there was going to be fucking. It was a date.

He looked at her in surprise. “Really?”

She returned his wide-eyed look and unbuttoned the top two buttons on her shirt and pulled it up over her head, revealing the nursing bra she wore underneath. It wasn’t the sexist lingerie she owned because the limited sexy lingerie she owned hadn’t been worn in over a year and probably wouldn’t fit any longer. It wasn’t terrible, however. It had some lace and showed off the cleavage she had developed since her first pregnancy. “I came here to fuck,” she said not knowing where she had summoned up the courage to be bold and blunt, “so let’s fuck.”

Thomas, not believing in his good fortune, nodded in agreement and pulled his t-shirt off. His bare chest underneath was just as it had looked in the pictures, muscular without being muscle bound. In her panties, Ida felt her pussy quiver and dampen; this was what she wanted.

“Where’s the bedroom?”

He indicated the way and held out his hand to her, in a gentlemanly gesture. When she took his hand, she pulled herself to him. Their bodies became close and from there it was easy for Ida to lift up her chin so their lips met.

It had been years since she had kissed—really kissed—a man other than Roger.

She remembered thinking to herself when they got married that she would never kiss another man in her life.

She had been wrong about that.

Thomas was a very good kisser. His tongue explored her mouth but he wasn't overly aggressive. She allowed her hands to roam over his strong back and down to his ass. That was enjoyable.

He broke the kiss.

"You're eager."

"I haven't been fucked in…in too long. Where's your bedroom?"

This time he did lead her to his bed. It was made up and clean and she moved up against him again, kissing him, enjoying the height difference between them. She could feel his already hard cock pressed against her body.

"Enough of this," she said, pushing him away and pulling at the button to his jeans. Popping it open, she lowered the zipper while going down on her knees as she pushed his jeans down along with his underwear. She was very eager.

His cock sprang out and she didn't even take the time to admire it. Instead she engulfed the head in her mouth and sucked like a cheerleader on homecoming night. His scent was musky and similar to Roger's, but just different enough to remind her she was definitely cheating on her husband. The salty flavor of his precum that unnecessarily lubricated her tongue and throat was more prevalent than her husband's and she decided that was a bonus.

Just as she was getting into the blowjob, bobbing her head up and down on his length, while getting to know the cock that she thoroughly intended to bury in her pussy, Thomas pushed her away.

"Slow down," he said, panting a bit. It was only then she realized she had pushed him right up to the edge of orgasm. "I don't want to waste it in your mouth."

"You want to dump it in my cunt?" she asked, liking the way the nasty words rolled off her tongue.

“If—if that’s what you want,” Thomas said, faltering.

Ida stood up and pulled down her very mom-ish yoga pants, but left on her panties. Maybe she’s chicken out just yet. Thomas finished stepping out of his jeans and sock and she took a moment to admire his body. He wasn’t quite a Greek god, but he had a better body than her husband.

As she reached behind her back to loosen her bra, he pulled her onto the bed. His hard cock got between them and she realized how soft and pudgy she had gotten in the last few years. While she had never been super athletic, time and motherhood was catching up to her. She felt positively enormous next to Thomas, and was having serious second thoughts about letting it go any further, but then he said, “I love your curvy body,” as he pulled on her bra band and lifted it up over her head before tossing it aside.

Her tits fell out and bounced, heavy with milk. She was about to caution him when he grabbed one breast with his hand and latched onto the other with his mouth.

A second warning failed in her throat. He’d find out the consequences soon enough as he sucked eagerly on her breast. She felt herself melt against him and automatically relax like she always did when being nursed.

She knew his mouth was filling with her milk and he pulled back. She waited for the complaint but instead he said, “It tastes so sweet. Like juice, not milk.”

“Yeah,” she agreed, dumbfounded. She knew what her milk tasted like, but doubted that Roger did.

“Do you mind?” he asked, lowering his mouth to her slightly wet nipple. It was dribbling milk down the lower slope of her breast. The other nipple, the one between his fingers, hadn’t leaked any milk yet.

She just shook her head at his question and he sucked again. Her entire body relaxed. While she had enjoyed nursing her children, this was something different, something better. Nursing a baby was a necessary part of motherhood and raising a child. Giving her milk to a man—her lover-to-be—was an intimate and erotic act she never would have imagined herself doing in a million years. And here she was doing it.

And loving it.

He sucked again and she felt his mouth filling with her milk before he swallowed and repeated the process. Her entire body ached for him. His cock was still hard for she felt it pressing against her thigh as he suckled, but at that moment she didn't care if he put it in her pussy; what they were doing now was a hundred times more intimate.

Thomas released the nipple he had been pinching and dragged his mouth from one breast to the other to suckle on the fresh breast. The one he had been pulling the milk from he now pinched so as not to lose a single precious drop.

While Ida had felt pleasure while being nursed by her children, what Thomas was doing to her was something else entirely. Her entire being focused on her tits and nothing else. Her hand strayed down to between her legs, but she was prevented from touching herself by the panties she still wore.

His sucking on her tits felt incredibly good, but she knew it wasn't going to be enough to make her cum and Ida had only started this whole sordid affair for his cock. That's why she had come here, that's why she had decided to set aside her marriage vows. She wasn't going to leave Thomas's apartment without getting fucked.

"Too much," she breathed. "Too much."

Tomas slowly released her nipple from his mouth, stretching it and sucking out the last few drops of milk. "What's too much?"

"You. You drinking my milk. My tits are on fire." That wasn't perfectly accurate, but they were throbbing and aching for more attention, but what Ida wanted the most was to be fucked. She would have done anything at the moment to have his cock inside her pussy.

He grinned up at her. "Is that good?"

"It's very good." She moved her leg, rubbing her thigh against his cock. "But I can't stand it. You've gotta stop."

"Stop sucking on your tits?" he asked, teasing. "But they taste so good…and you like it, don't you?"

She nodded slowly. “I just need a little break.” Ida wet her lips with her tongue. “Maybe you can find something to distract me for a little bit?” Her hand wrapped around his cock.

Thomas nodded eagerly. His fingers went to the waistband of her panties and he pulled them down awkwardly. The material seemed to catch on everything: under her butt, on her knees, around her thighs, at her heel, but eventually they came off and she was wonderfully naked.

Her legs opened up and Thomas knelt between them, his cock in hand. She cupped his balls and encouraged him forward. When he was inches away a hundred thoughts went through her head—

I’m cheating on my husband.

His balls are soft like silk

It’s bigger than Roger’s

I can’t wait to get fucked

This is wrong

It’s been years since I touched another man

When did Thomas last fuck another woman

I’m a slut

I’m a woman with needs

He loves my body

He doesn’t care about my body, he just wants to fuck

I just want to fuck

We should use a condom

I want to feel him raw

Betraying her husband was one thing, but to fuck Thomas without a condom...that was a worse betrayal somehow. Ida wasn't stupid. She knew the risks, but at that intense moment of passion, the rewards greatly outweighed the risks.

Together they eased his cock into her pussy, wet and waiting and hot and inviting.

"Ohhh…fuck yes," he moaned as he pulled back a little, then pushed in, then pulled back, and finally sank all the way inside her. "Should I—?" he started to ask.

Ida shook her head and pulled him deeper into her body. "No. Just fuck me. Fuck me hard."

They fucked with the raw intensity of two lovers meeting for the first time. It was the type of passion reserved for those carrying on an illicit relationship. Ida didn't know if this was Thomas's stock in trade, it was new for her which made it all the sweeter.

She couldn't say for certain how long they fucked, but it seemed like forever and she wanted it to last even longer. It felt like he was growing bigger and harder inside her. Thomas knew what he was doing, pounding hard into her, all but forcing her to cum so hard that her limbs were left quivering. The sounds she heard coming out of her mouth mortified her, but even that wasn't enough to tell him to stop.

Once he was assured that she had reached her climax, Thomas changed the angle and speed of his strokes and a moment later she could feel his cum flooding her pussy. It was lovely and passionate—

—and as soon as her orgasm faded away, she started to worry about what she had done. The smart thing to do would have been to leave right away and never contact Thomas ever again. She waited for him to roll off her because she wasn't strong enough to force him away. After a minute of rest, he did get off her, but instead of just flopping on the bed next to her, he half turned and somehow his mouth found her breast.

They weren’t as swollen as they had been. He had removed enough milk to ease the soreness, but when he latched back on to her nipple, her milk flowed easily and she sighed softly. It was a nice conclusion to their forbidden roll in the sheets.

Ida turned her body a little so he could more easily nurse from her. What he was doing didn’t exactly cause her lust to rise again, but it was a nice, calming sensation. Nursing an adult man was different than doing it to a baby.

It was much more enjoyable.

She encouraged him to move from one breast to the other. As he suckled the milk from her tits, she could feel them deflating. From past experience she knew that overall their size wasn’t greatly diminished, but they definitely felt smaller.

As if he was suddenly realizing what he was doing, Thomas pulled back and looked up at her. “I’m not hurting you, am I?”

Shaking her head, Ida said, “No…but I better get going.”

He nodded and moved back a little, allowing her to climb off the bed. Dressing while he watched made her feel self-conscious, but she didn’t say anything as she hurriedly put her clothes on. He didn’t seem the least bit concerned that he was naked. Ida tried not to stare at his cock because she knew that would just make her want to fuck him again.

“I thought you were kidding when you said your tits were still full of milk,” he said as she finished buttoning her shirt.

“My daughter…she’s still nursing. And I never had trouble making milk. I probably made too much of it.”

“When will it stop?”

“When I finally force my baby to wean herself.”

“How does that work?”

“When a baby stops nursing…the mother stops making milk,” she explained.

“So as long as you’re feeding someone, you’ll keep making milk?”

“Yes.”

He smiled at her. “It’ll be sad when it stops,” he said. “I like big tits on a woman. And your milk is incredibly sweet.”

She rolled her eyes and said, “All breast milk is sweet. I’ve gotta go.”

He jumped out of the bed and walked with her from the bedroom to the door to his apartment. It was supposed to be a gentlemanly action, but it was just odd because he was naked and she was fully dressed.

She still found it sweet.

Chapter Two

Driving home, Ida could feel Thomas's cum slowly leaking out of her pussy and puddling in her pussy. She rather liked the feeling because it reminded her that she was a woman free to make her own choices and do as she wanted with her body.

Or rather, she liked it right up to the point where she had to pick up her kids from her mother's house and was fully reminded exactly what it was she had just done. The baby was happy to see her, the toddler was sullen because he was taken away from Gramma too soon, and her mother was happy to have had her grandchildren for an afternoon but was sad to see them go.

Ida put both children down for naps and quickly ran to the bathroom for a shower. She stood under the warm water spraying down on her praying that it would wash away both her literal and metaphorical sins. Making sure to wash carefully between her legs, every last vestige of her cheating was sent down the drain. Not that it mattered. There was little chance of Roger touching her or wanting sex that evening. As she finished her shower, she noticed her nipples were slightly sore, which wasn't a surprise and nor was it visible, but the three small purplish bruises at the edge of her areolas were visible.

One bore the distinct impression of teeth marks. One looked like a hickie, only on her tit instead of her neck. One was just an amorphous blob. She knew how all three had developed. The question was would Roger see them and if he saw them, would he figure out how she got them.

Getting out of the shower, Ida tried to remain calm. She tossed all her clothes into the washing machine, taking great care to spray the crotch of her panties with pre-wash, and then dumped in more clothing from the hamper along with a double dose of detergent and fabric softener. She doubted Roger would notice her change of clothes, but still put on another pair off mom-ish yoga pants that were almost exactly like the ones she had worn to Thomas's along with another flower-patterned shirt. The bra and panties she wore were plainer, but of the same general style as the ones she had sinned in.

Once all that was done she checked on the children and saw they were—miracle of miracles—quietly napping. Only then did she sit down and look at her phone.

There was one message.

It was from Thomas.

Thanks for the wonderful time.

She burst in tears.

Ida allowed herself to cry for ten minutes. And then she forced herself to stop and composed a quick text message. It was her intent to tell Thomas that while she had had a good time, they couldn't do it again and had to cut off all communication. He was never to text or call or contact her in any way ever again. She had her marriage, her husband, and her children to think of.

Instead she wrote: I had a wonderful time too. Care to do it again tomorrow?

She cursed herself and sent the message. The reply came seconds later.

Yes. Where and when?

"How did I wind up becoming such a slut?" she asked the empty living room. Before she replied she went to the bathroom, splashed some cold water on her face, carefully dried her hands and face and checked the mirror to make sure it didn't look like she had been crying because there was no way of telling when Roger might come home. Then, and only then, did she spend the next ten minutes texting back and forth with Thomas making arrangements for another round of shameful intercourse.

She found herself looking forward to it all too much.

Later that night, when she was in bed with Roger who had barely noticed her when he got home from work, who had eaten dinner and said almost nothing as he checked messages and emails on his phone, who hadn't acknowledged his children at all, she looked down at her boobs that were half-exposed by her nightdress. She pushed them together with her upper arms, increasing her cleavage and then letting her tits fall back which allowed her cleavage to all but disappear.

After doing this for ten minutes while Roger was distracted by the tablet he was holding, reading another important report, he finally noticed what she was doing. “What are you doing?” he asked, glancing up from the table.

“My boobs are huge compared to what they used to be,” she told him. “Remember when they were small and cute and now they’re huge and…huge.”

He looked at her chest and noted her breasts through the thin material that was nothing more than high quality polyester masquerading as silk. “They are much bigger than when we got married, yes,” he agreed.

It wasn’t the reaction she was looking for.

“But do you like them bigger?” Ida asked.

“Well right now they’re really just for feeding Justine,” he said. “They have to be bigger.” He nodded and turned back to his tablet.

“Some men like their wives to have big boobs,” she informed him.

“Uh-huh,” he said absently and glanced her way again. “I’m not partial either way. Right now…maybe not for me. You’re still nursing.”

“Some men like that too,” she said.

That caught Roger’s attention. He looked at her like she was insane. “Do I…I’m not the type of guy who would go for that sort of thing.”

No, no you are not, Ida silently agreed. Instead of saying that out loud she instead said, “It’s been too long since we had sex.”

“And you’re still nursing Justine,” he said quickly. “When that’s done I’m sure our sex life will go back to normal.”

It was a miracle that Justine was ever conceived. Erik had barely been weaned when they had sex a couple of times and from there Justine was the result.

Ida’s cycle hadn’t gone back to regular yet and she wasn’t using any birth control. Between her luck and her irregular cycle and her romp with Thomas, it made her wonder if an inadvertent event had occurred, but she kept silent on

that.

“When she weans then,” said Ida, wondering when that would be. She wondered other things as well:

Would Thomas be as good a second time?

Was Roger gay and had been hiding it all this time?

Was Roger no longer interested in her?

Was there enough milk in her tits to satisfy Justine when she inevitable woke up in the middle of the night? Again.

Was she going to continue her affair with Thomas?

Was Roger having an affair? (She was, so why wouldn’t he? Unless he was gay. Unless he was having a gay affair…)

Did Roger prefer her with small boobs?

Was Roger really that put off by lactation?

Was Thomas really that into her lactating?

Was Thomas a pervert?

Was Thomas pining away for her right now?

Was Thomas fucking some other woman?

Was Thomas’s cock going to be as good tomorrow as it had been today?

Chapter Three

Ida clutched the sheets with her fingers and moaned into the pillow. Her ass was in the air and Thomas was pounding away at her pussy. It felt so good. He was naked; she had undressed him before they fell into his bed. She was still wearing her camisole (all the benefits of a bra none of the inconvenience) and nothing else.

No, that wasn't accurate. He wasn't fully naked. He was wearing a condom. She had insisted. Oddly, it didn't make the sex bad. He was roughly gripping her hips, holding her in place, while he slammed away at her pussy. It was rough, raw sex without any emotional attachment. She had never been fucked in that way before and found it was delightful. It was okay to be used as a sex object if that's what she wanted.

As he continued to slam his cock in and out of her, she could feel her tits beginning to leak. Her nipples were like barely controlled spigots. The soft cotton of the camisole was getting wet and the moisture was being transferred to the sheets. They were Thomas's sheets and he probably didn't mind. It wasn't any concern of hers.

She was proud of the way she had exerted self-control and insisted he use a condom. She was proud of the fact that she had insisted that he fuck her first before he played with her tits. She was proud that she was a woman who chose to fuck whomever she wanted, married or not.

The muted scream into the pillow let Thomas know that he had made her cum. That and the way her pussy suddenly heated up and squeezed down on his shaft.

"Can I paint you?" he asked as Ida turned her head out of the pillow to suck in more air.

It was an odd time to ask her to pose for a portrait, but her mind was reeling so it might have been the best time. "Yeah, sure," she agreed as he continued to thrust away. Maybe he'd made her cum a second time. That would be nice.

Instead he pulled his cock out of her, and before Ida knew what was going on he quickly rolled off the condom, stroked himself several times, and shot his load over her back and rounded ass.

No man had ever done that to her before. Not that she had slept with a lot of men. It should have been humiliating. Instead, Ida found that she liked the feeling. It was dirty and sexy and she figured he did it because it must have turned him on. He pushed up the camisole, completely freeing her tits; she appreciated that because she didn't want to have cum stains on it.

She lay there panting for a few seconds and then she felt his finger tracing a pattern through the droplets of cum he had left on her back. It was odd, bordering on creepy, especially when he said, "You have such wonderful soft skin."

The chill that ran down her spine was partly from his words and partly from the cum drying on her skin.

"Thanks?" She didn't mean it to sound like a question, but it came out that way.

He laughed, but it was a pleasant, friendly chuckle.

"Can I turn over?" she asked because his finger was still playing in his cum. "My tits are getting squished."

He withdrew his finger and moved back from between her legs. "Sure. Sorry. Didn't realize that."

After pulling her camisole off and rolling over, Ida kept her legs open with him kneeling between them, letting him admire her naked body. It wasn't what it had once been—she had been on the track team in college, though to no great success—but she wasn't ashamed of her body. Maybe her stomach wasn't as flat as it had once been and she sported stretch marks on her abdomen and thighs, but her tits were pleasantly big and even on her back she could see the pleasant mounds they formed when they were full of milk. She let him look at her as long as he wanted. He didn't say anything but simply reached out for her tits and she smiled.

"You still horny?" she asked before he grabbed her. His cock wasn't completely flaccid, but neither was it standing up hard and proud.

“A little,” he admitted.

“You know what really gets me going?” Her question made him paused just as he started caressing her breasts.

“Mmm? What?”

“When my tits get sucked,” she reminded him.

“Really?” He sounded honestly surprised. “I thought that was just…I thought you were just putting on a show for me. You know, fulfilling my fantasy and all that.”

Her smile was sly. “I like it too.” She cupped her large breasts with her hands. “And they’re very full. They need to be emptied. Care to help me with that?”

Thomas moved on top of her, his mouth seeking out her breast. Her nipples had been leaking so the moment his tongue touched them, he tasted her sweetness. Sucking firmly, he was rewarded with a squirt of milk in his mouth and an audible moan from Ida. Together those were enough to make his cock start to stir.

With her children, nursing was a chore. It was a pleasant chore, but it was a chore nevertheless. With Thomas it wasn’t a chore at all. It was all pleasure. Her tits were satisfyingly full when they had fucked, but as he suckled from her they slowly deflated and the pressure released. Even so, every time he drew on her breasts with his mouth, it was like a little jolt of joy.

It was wrong and it was sexy and she knew she shouldn’t be doing it but that just made her want it more.

As he nursed from her, she dragged his hand between her legs. He got the hint and quickly plunged his fingers into her depths. It took a few seconds, but Thomas eventually found her clit and started rubbing in exactly the way she liked.

When her legs started shaking, she pushed his hand away.

“Too much?” he asked.

“I don’t want to cum too quickly.”

He pushed his hand back where it had been. “I bet I can make you cum more times than you can count,” he said before resuming sucking.

Ida scissored her legs together, trying to prevent him from masturbating her, but he was too strong…and she didn’t really want to stop him. She like the treatment.

And true to his promise he did make her cum. While she didn’t cum more times than she could count, she did lose count after the third orgasm. Or maybe it was the fourth. It didn’t matter because he made her feel so good, sucking on her tits and rubbing her clit at the same time.

It finally got to the point where she had to roll away from him to get it to end.

“Too much?” he asked, a triumphant grin on his face.

“Just a little,” she panted. “Just a little too much.”

They rested a minute. She looked down at her tits and could see they were visibly smaller. They still felt wonderful and she didn’t regret doing any of it… except for the guilt. She knew she had to move past the guilt somehow.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” Ida blurted out.

Thomas was surprised by her question. “What? Why would you ask that?”

His response made her suspicious. “Because I’m married and I want to know if I’m messing up a relationship that you have going and not just fucking up my marriage.”

“I’m not married,” he said, still evading the question.

“I didn’t ask that. What I want to know is if you have a girlfriend.”

There was an uncomfortable pause before Thomas spoke again. “I don’t…sort of.”

“What the hell kind of answer is that?” Ida struck an indignant tone, but right

away she knew she had no moral ground to stand on. She was cheating on her husband.

He rolled his shoulders uncomfortably. “There’s this woman I’ve been seeing on and off for a year now. We get along great for a month or so…and then we get on each other’s nerves. But then one of us gets the urge and calls the other and we have sex and…”

“And the whole cycle repeats?” Ida finished for him.

“Yeah. That.”

“Yeah. Okay. That I understand.” She nodded and thought. “When was the last time you saw her?”

“Last week.” He shook his head as if trying to clear fuzzy thoughts from it. “Why are you even asking?”

“Because I’m cheating on my husband,” she answered honestly because she didn’t really care about her relationship with Thomas. She knew it was going to end eventually. “Doesn’t that bother you?”

Thomas shook his head. “No. Should it?”

“Yes!”

“But this was your choice to come here and fuck me,” he pointed out.

Frustrated, Ida burst out with, “Whatever!” She hopped out of the bed and started gathering up her clothes, putting them on as she found the correct pieces.

“What the hell are you looking for?” Thomas asked.

She glared at him as she put her camisole. She wasn’t sure if he was asking a literal question or if he was asking about what she was looking for in her life.

“Nothing. I’m not looking for anything. I’m looking to get the hell out of here.” She finished dressing, found her shoes and marched out of Thomas’s apartment.

She only drove halfway to her mother’s house before she pulled over to the side

of the road and broke down crying. It wasn’t the way it was supposed to go.

Chapter Four

The next day Ida didn’t text or call Thomas. She prided herself on her restraint. Roger, of course, was Roger and he barely noticed her.

Ida wondered if she should start looking for a job. It would have to pay well enough to cover the costs of putting the kids into daycare. She could contact her old employer and see if there was a position available for her, but working retail again seemed a definite step backward.

Instead she kept herself busy for the day with her kids, made a wonderful dinner for her husband—which he ate but didn’t comment on—and went to bed just as unsatisfied as always.

The following day when Ida put the kids down for a morning nap, she went to her bedroom, found her vibrator hidden well down in the bottom drawer of the dresser, and went to town on her pussy. She had closed the bedroom door so the sounds she made wouldn’t wake the children, but even the vibrator wasn’t enough. It left her temporarily sated, but not satisfied. When she looked down at her body she groaned in annoyance and got out of the bed to change her top. It was easiest to masturbate with her pants off, but she was in such a rush that she hadn’t bothered to remove her shirt. In the middle of her self-loving she had soaked all the way through her top. Her boobs had leaked and wasted the milk.

Into the washer went all the laundry. She saw the camisole she had worn to Thomas’s and it made her belly quiver. Her tits were still full and she vowed to nurse Justine when the baby woke up.

Inspecting her naked body in the mirror of the bathroom she noted the three bruises on her tits had faded away to nothing. Maybe her hips and butt were bigger than she had liked, but she was also older now and a mother. And Thomas hadn’t complained.

But Roger hadn’t complained either.

But Thomas had fucked her twice recently.

Roger hadn’t fucked her in months.

Thomas had a girlfriend—sort of.

Roger had a wife—sort of. Was she really his wife if they never had sex?

Thomas never claimed to love her.

When was the last time Roger said he loved her?

Thomas could easily make her cum and loved her milky tits.

Roger had been lousy in bed even before she had started messing around.

A vibrator and cheap romance novels wasn’t going to do it for Ida. She knew it and was too eager to give in.

I’m sorry I got upset at you. It was an apology, but a lame one. And yet it was all she was willing to offer at the moment.

Thomas’s reply came back quicker than she expected. It’s fine. I understand what you’re risking.

She smiled at that. Either he was very smooth in seducing her or she was too willing to forgive. She didn’t ponder on that thought too much.

Can we get together soon?

Sure. When?

Tomorrow?

Sure. Same as always.

Yes…well, maybe not exactly the same as always.

Same time then?

Yes. She paused and gave it some thought. What the hell did it matter now? If he told her no, she’d just find someone else. My tits are aching for you.

They are? That's hot. Are you dripping milk?

A little. That was a partial lie. They're really full and I think I'm going to get out my old pump for some relief.

Video?

She laughed at his request. It was ridiculous…but maybe he wasn't kidding around. Are you serious? Who would want to see that?

Me

Yeah, but who else? You're a pervert. She sent that message with a winking emoticon.

Just search a porn site or two. There's plenty of lactation videos.

It only occurred to her just then that he wasn't kidding around and that maybe, just maybe, Thomas was into sucking on her milk-filled tits more than she initially believed.

Do you really want to see a video of me pumping my breasts?

His reply was instantaneous. YES!

Maybe later when the kids are napping.

I'll look forward to it.

Shaking her head, Ida steeled herself and turned on her computer. She had looked at some mild porn before, but had quickly decided it wasn't for her. Trashy romance novels were more her speed, but she was intrigued and she wanted to show an interest in her lover's kink. A few tame searches later she was viewing a video of a woman hooked up to a breast pump.

"Well that's not very sexy," Ida commented to herself.

The camera slowly pulled back revealing more and more of the woman. She was clearly enjoying herself, though Ida chalked that up to acting, but then the camera pulled back far enough to show she was riding on a man's erect cock.

“Okay, well, fine…”

The two continued to fuck for a minute with the breast pump hooked up to the woman’s tits. There was an abrupt edit and the next scene had the man sucking on one breast while the pump continued to work on the other. He didn’t so much as swallow her milk as suck it out and then let it dribble out of his mouth, all over her breast, and then went back for more.

Ida paused the video. “Okay, well. There’s that. How much of that can there be?” The sidebar of the site listed categories. There was one for lactation. It had over a thousand videos in it.

“Okay, I was wrong. And at least Thomas swallows my milk. What’s the point of wasting it all over her tits?”

Unfortunately she didn’t have time for more. The kids needed attention. They kept her busy the rest of the day until mid-afternoon when they were crashing and it was nap time again. Ida couldn’t wait for the two of them to fall asleep. Normally she would take the opportunity for a little rest herself, but there was no rest for the wicked this afternoon. While they were still restless Ida set up her phone on the stupid stand that was intended to go on the dash of her car that still hadn’t made it out to the garage yet. The breast pump she had used months ago was buried in the bedroom closet but by some miracle it still worked.

The pump was electric and didn’t have a battery. And it was noisy. And she remembered it had hurt when the settings weren’t just right. The only way for this little experiment to work was to do it in the bedroom where the sound would be muffled.

She was self-conscious at first and kept checking to see if the angle on the phone’s camera was correct, but once she applied the twin cones of the pump to her breasts everything seemed to come together. She looked down in astonishment having forgotten how far the pump would stretch her nipples to extract her milk. It didn’t hurt but she wasn’t producing any milk. After letting it go a minute she carefully dialed up the suction to where her tits were distended and it was just bordering on painful.

And then a few drops of milk dribbled out. On the next cycle she shot out twin sprays of milk that were immediately captured by the collection bottles attached to the cones. Ida let out a relieved sigh and smiled. She was happy to see her

smile was captured on the video.

It felt good. Maybe it was because Justine hadn't nursed in hours and she was too full, but once her milk started flowing it felt incredible good. Maybe not as good as actual sex and maybe not as good as having Thomas's mouth on her tits, but it felt good. It was better than anything Roger had ever done to her in bed.

She banished that thought from her head and focused on the feelings in her tits. The milk was running steadily now; the suction from the pump was hardly needed. Her thoughts strayed from her tits to Thomas's cock—it couldn't be Roger's cock, not under these circumstances—and she let herself fantasize about what she wanted to do to him and what she wanted him to do to her.

It was all too much. Her mind was on autopilot as her hands wandered away from holding the collection cones steady—they were firmly latched on—and she tucked one hand down between her legs. That was more of a distraction than an alleviation. Since she was sitting on the edge of the mattress, she half stood up and yanked her yoga pants down to mid-thigh and leaned back, opening her thighs wide enough to get her hand in between her legs and her fingers up into her pussy.

That was what she needed. Ida moaned and allowed herself to be herself.

The orgasm that she gave herself was relaxing and completely satiating. It was exactly what she needed. A busy housewife needed more of this—sex and self-loving—in order to make it through the day.

She switched off the pumps with some reluctance and detached the suction cones before dropping her shirt back into place over her bare breasts. Ida had just stood up and was in the process of pulling her yoga pants back up and getting them into place when Roger opened the bedroom door and stopped dead in his tracks looking at her with a puzzled expression.

The only thing Ida was capable of was looking back at him, her eyes wide. She was a deer in the headlights, unable to move or think about how to save herself.

Roger's brow furrowed. "What are you doing? Where are the kids?" He stood there expecting an answer. Ida had none. She opened her mouth and no words came out. It was all his fault. He had no right to be home so early it was nearly—her eyes flicked to the bedside alarm clock. It read 5:08pm. Where had the time

gone? It was early for Roger to be home, but then she remembered it was Friday and he normally got out of work early on Friday. Normally. Usually.

“Why are you home so early?” she asked, her mind now functioning. “I haven’t had time to start dinner yet.”

“Work ends at four on Fridays.”

“Does it?” she asked and casually took the two steps between the bed and dresser to block his view of her cell phone that was still recording the scene.

“Yes,” he said, exasperated. “What are you doing with the breast pump?”

Grateful for a distraction from her immediate concern, she said, “My breasts are making too much milk for Justine. They were sore and full and I needed to get rid of the excess milk. It’s a disgusting mess when they leak.” She folded her arms under her breasts to accentuate their size and her point.

“If you do that you’re just going to drag out the weaning process,” he pointed out. Roger wasn’t stupid. Clueless, but not stupid. “You’re going to have to suffer a little pain.”

No I’m not, Ida thought. Instead of speaking those words she said, “Sometimes it gets to be too much. You try breast feeding and see how you like it.”

He rolled his eyes and shook his head. “Don’t be ridiculous.” He walked around the bed and headed toward the bathroom. “I’m going to shower. When’s dinner?”

As he started to undress, Ida frowned and said, “When it’s ready.”

“Make it quick!” he called out as he turned on the water and stepped inside.

She grabbed her phone from the stand and stopped the recording. Even though Roger was in the shower, she quickly left the room and headed to the kitchen. She didn’t want to risk getting caught and there wasn’t much time, so she only quickly reviewed the recording.

It wasn’t exactly what she had hoped for, but it was good. She looked like she was enjoying herself and though she had wished to keep her face out of it, her

amateur framing was terrible and everything was on display. She didn't want to be caught with the video on her phone—as unlikely as that was—so she did some quick editing, cutting off the bit at the end after her orgasm and when Roger walked it, and, taking a deep breath, she sent it to Thomas.

She knew it was a foolish decision, but she was making a lot of foolish decisions lately. Once that was done, she set to work on dinner.

They were eating dinner when her phone buzzed with a message. It took every bit of restraint in her body to not jump up and check it. She wanted it to be from Thomas but she knew that jumping to check a message in the middle of dinner would be suspicious.

As it was, Thomas barely noticed the mild audio interruption.

It was later, much later, when she finally had the opportunity to check the message while washing the dishes.

Fucking hot!!!

He used three exclamation points like a teenaged girl.

It still made her wet.

Thank you, she texted back.

What can I do with this?

The immediate thought that jumped to Ida's head was that he wanted to jerk off to her little video. The idea was dirty and Ida savored that dirty thought as she stood before the kitchen sink full of dinner dishes ready to be washed away.

Whatever you want, she allowed him.

It was yet another bad decision in a series of bad decisions.

I'll see you Monday? It was a simple question but Ida could feel the desperation in the cold, digital letters on the screen of her phone.

Monday, she promised.

Chapter Five

“You didn’t bring the pump with you?” Thomas asked, disappointment obvious on his face.

Ida stepped inside his apartment and closed the door behind her. “Do you actually want to see me use a pump on my tits?”

His smile was broad. “Yes.”

She shook her head slowly. “You already have a video of me doing that.” Her amusement was apparent.

“But I want to see it in person.”

Her head still shaking, Ida carefully and leisurely opened the buttons on her shirt, allowing it to open wide. Underneath she wore a boringly conservative nursing bra. It was so boring when she looked down at herself she was reminded of her mother who was watching her children right that moment. Did that make her mother complicit in Ida’s infidelity? That was too complicated a question for Ida at the moment when all her energy was currently focused on her lust.

Giving him what she was sure he wanted, Ida unhooked the flaps to the nursing bra, exposing both her breasts. To most men’s minds, it would not have been a sensual display.

Thomas was not most men. His kink ran well into the unusual. It was more than just passing strange.

Seeing her displaying herself like that, Thomas was fascinated and reached out for her breasts. At the last moment before he touched her, she shied back. “What?” he asked, surprised at her reaction.

“They’re sore…and very full. I don’t want you mauling them. I want you to nurse from them.”

He licked his lips. “That’s what I want.”

Ida gestured him forward and placed her hands on his shoulders, pushing him down to his knees so that his face was level with her tits. “Suck,” she told him.

The moment his mouth met her nipple, her milk started flowing. There was no need for him to suckle. The breast he was attached to, the milk ran into his mouth like a faucet with an open tap, the other breast he carefully cupped and gently pinched the nipple slowing but not stopping it. The milk continued to seep out and flow over his fingers and down her skin. It was wasteful, but there was no way to prevent it.

“Fuck,” she whispered. It felt good to have him feed on her. She needed the release. He pulled back from her first breast and looked up at her.

“You want me to fuck you?” he asked, a grin across his milk-coated lips.

“Yes,” she moaned, “but not yet. I’m still too full.”

He nodded and started sucking on her other breast. The milk from that one flowed just as easily as it had from the first.

“This is wrong,” she said. As good as it felt, what she was doing was wrong… good, but wrong.

“No,” he replied between slurps of her milk. “This is very, very good. This is very, very sweet.”

“We have to stop,” she begged.

“No,” said Thomas standing up and literally sweeping her off her feet to carry her off to the bedroom.

“We shouldn’t,” she told him, but it felt good to be in his arms about to be ravished by Thomas. She wanted it to happen. If it happened to her it was different from her actually participating.

“We already have,” he informed her.

From there it was easy. Their clothes came off. Thomas’s cock was wonderfully hard. It looked beautiful and fit perfectly into her hand. She wasn’t ashamed at how quickly her pussy had moistened and became a mire of carnality. On the bed

he rolled to his back and insisted that she climb atop him. Together they fit his cock into her and she shuddered as he filled her up.

It was impossible not to compare her lover to her husband, though it was an unfair comparison. Thomas was younger and had the advantage of being deeply seated in her pussy at the moment. Roger was older and it had been…weeks? Months? How long had it been since he had been intimately familiar with her body? If asked at that moment, she would have said Thomas was the perfect man for her. She would have had the same answer an hour, a day, a week later as well.

It had been a long time since Ida had found herself in a full cowgirl position. It wasn't her favorite, but Thomas seemed pleased to view her tits and face while they slowly fucked. The moment was spoiled when she noticed her tits weren't drained enough and milk was still leaking out of her nipples, some droplets sliding down the underslope of her breasts and some shaking off to splash onto Thomas's chest and bed sheets.

"We're making a mess," she said, clutching her tits in a useless gesture to get them to stop leaking.

"So what. I like it." Thomas pulled her hands away from her breasts and then grabbed the full, fleshy organs to give both a squeeze which resulted in many fine jets of milk spraying out of her tits and all over his body.

She knew it was a loving gesture and he relished every bit of it, but it still seemed a little extreme. Then he did it again while thrusting his cock up into her. That didn't change her mind but did convince her that there was nothing wrong with what Thomas wanted. To be fucked and milked at the same time…it wasn't exactly a new experience, but once she had accepted it, the act was liberating.

Rocking her hips in a steady rhythm, Ida found her balance and swatted Thomas's hands away from her tits. She grabbed hold of herself and sprayed him with her milk, not once, not twice, but three times. He seemed thrilled by the action.

Leaning up, he caught one nipple in his mouth and sucked hard from it. There was a brief burst of pain, but Ida ignored that and continued to milk herself, letting the sweet milk cover Thomas and the bed and be passed back over to her body. They'd both need showers when they were done. She supposed it was

good, clean, dirty fun.

Thomas was nothing but a man and when it seemed her tits were about to run dry, he clutched her ass, thrusted hard up inside her twice more before spending his cum into her. Ida cried out at the burning sensation and shivered with delight. Every orgasm with Thomas was a new experience.

The collapsed down on him and rested on top of his body. Thomas didn't seem to mind.

"We really should have used a condom," she mumbled into his chest.

"Oh fuck! I didn't even stop to think."

Ida brushed away his concern. "It's safe. I'm safe. Reasonably safe. It's hard to get pregnant while lactating." While that was true, there hadn't been much difficulty in Roger impregnating her with Justine. "It's better without. More sensual and…raw." She knew she was being foolish and taking stupid risks. Ida was conducting her life more like a sixteen year old girl and not like a thirty-ish housewife.

There was a chance that Thomas had given her a present she didn't want, but it was a slight one and she didn't want to worry about that now. The problem with having an illicit lover was that time was always limited. Her tits were drained and her lust was sated. Ida wished she could spend a bit more time with Thomas, but there were other more pressing concerns she had at the moment.

Her children.

Her (shudder) husband.

Her need of a shower.

Preparing dinner.

Cleaning the house.

Questions from her mother about Ida's new need to watch the children.

… the state of her womb.

There was enough time for another kiss, for Thomas to fondle her tits, ass, and pussy before they opted for a quick shower in his bathroom. She dressed and left, trying not to think of how she had fucked up her life.

At home she got things back to order, started dinner, and found an activity for the children that didn't need her direct supervision. Vowing to get her life back on track, she sent a text to Roger asking if he had any special requests for dinner. Usually he would answer quickly. Today he didn't. That puzzled her until she wandered into the bedroom and saw he had left his cell phone on the dresser.

That was unusual, but Roger had been rushed that morning. Or maybe she had rushed him out the door so she could get to Thomas's.

She couldn't help herself because she knew she was guilty, so what was one more minor crime. Picking up the phone, she tapped in his passcode that he didn't know she had and opened it up. She saw her message about dinner and went searching through his other messages. Maybe it was a woman's instinct, maybe it was her own guilt, maybe it was both.

I can't wait to taste your cock again.

The message was from a contact simply labeled "Her". The message came with a picture of a woman who was topless. The picture went from her tits to her mouth, but the rest of her face was cut off. The woman's tongue was out, tickling the corner of parted lips painted bright, slutty red. Despite the situation, Ida found the picture to be incredibly erotic.

"Well shit," she said aloud. "He's having an affair just like me."

She pursed her lips. "That's fucked up."

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

Naomi steadied herself with one hand on the wall and the other on Will's shoulder. He was holding her hips with both hands, letting her ride him, letting her take charge. He couldn't believe his good luck. It wasn't that he had trouble meeting women and getting them back to his place, it was that Naomi actually came back to his place…and it wasn't the first time.

She wasn't incredibly gorgeous or so wild that she stood out from the pack. While she did have above average looks and a great body, she would most likely be defined as cute by any of the men he knew. Will wasn't an idiot; he knew at best he was attractive only because of his striking green eyes and well-above average stature. He knew this was going to be a one-time thing and that she was just looking for a quick roll in the sack for her own purposes. That wasn't going to change the fact that he intended to enjoy every minute of her.

He had been staring at her across the dining area of the over-priced on-campus coffee shop; she had been sitting by herself which was rare. It seemed like she was always with her new boyfriend. When she saw him looking at her, she got up and came to his table, sitting down without even being invited. Naomi was like that, very forward. They got to talking about their previous short lived relationship and she said she was in the mood and had the afternoon free. That was all Will needed. His shared apartment was just off campus and they practically ran back there. So what if he was missing a class? It was an elective and he could easily make it up. He doubted he'd ever have the chance to fuck Naomi again.

They had stripped down and fallen into bed with a single purpose in mind. To Will, everything was going great. Naomi was much more aggressive than he remembered her from two years previous, but that was fine with him. She

insisted on being on top and told him he didn't need to use a condom, that she was safe. He knew it was a bad idea, probably everything about the afternoon was a bad idea, and so he went ahead and did it raw.

"Oh fuck, oh God, oh fuck, oh God, oh fuck, oh God," she started repeating over and over. That hadn't changed about Naomi at all. She always said the exact same thing when she was about to cum. Everything else about her was exactly the same as well: her face, her perfect tits that other guys said were too small, but naked they were perfect to Will's eyes and hands, her body that seemed like it was born for no other purpose than to have sex.

When she came, her pussy got incredibly hot and seemed to clamp down on his cock. That he remembered as well. Since he was already on the edge, it was easy to just let go and cum inside her.

She didn't object at all. When he came, she actually shuddered again, savoring the sensation of him filling her pussy. She rested atop him for a minute before either of them spoke. "Okay, yeah, that's exactly what I remember. It was that good."

Will laughed lightly. "Glad I could help you reminisce." He inhaled deeply, relishing the pleasant feeling of his cock within her. "The sex was always good, wasn't it? Too bad we didn't click better, but I was young and stupid."

Pushing back on her elbows, she lifted up her head and looked at him. "It was good," she agreed. "I should have kept fucking you and not broken up."

"I wouldn't have objected." He gave her a kiss and she didn't pull away or complain. "I thought you were dating some other guy."

She looked away. "Yeah. Reid. We actually moved in together for senior year."

"Really. Huh. That seems…fast."

After letting out a sigh of frustration she said, "I needed a place to stay. He said he'd let me stay at his place, no rent, because we were in love. Or I thought we were in love. I couldn't say no. He's got family money and the place he's staying in…it's fantastic."

Will tensed up. "Were in love?" he asked her.

“Yeah, past tense. We broke up.”

Will didn’t know what to say. “And you’re still living at his place?”

“No. He kicked me out.”

“Where…where have you been living?”

Naomi sighed and rolled off him. He hated the feeling of disconnecting, but she was clearly ready to be done with him. “Haven’t you heard? Being a homeless college student is the latest craze. We stay in our cars, with friends, sometimes we even hide in the library all night because the private study rooms are decent places to sleep.”

“You’re kidding.” He knew that Naomi’s family wasn’t well-off, but he didn’t think she was couch surfing and going to college full time as well.

She glared up at the ceiling. “I wish I was.”

“Where do you keep your stuff?” It was an incredibly practical question and ridiculous at the same time.

“Here and there. My friend Carol is part of a group that’s renting a house. Most of my stuff is in their garage.”

Before the words were out of his mouth, he knew it was a bad idea, yet he couldn’t stop himself. “Okay, we’re renting this place, Jim, Fred, and me, but there’s a fourth bedroom, really small, but you can stay there until you find some other place.”

“Really?” Her eyes were shining with glee. That was all the thanks he needed, but she thanked him more anyway.

Chapter Two

“No. Absolutely not.” It was Jim that objected. “She’ll upset the balance of the apartment and increase costs of electricity and water and everything else.”

Naomi was on the verge of tears. They were in the apartment’s small kitchen to discuss Naomi moving in. It was Jim who was in charge of the financial affairs of the group. He had graduated last year and had an actual job. Will and Fred were still seniors but contributed equally to the rent and other expenses.

“If she’ll pay a portion of the rent,” said Fred, “I wouldn’t object. It’ll save money for all of us.”

“Her name’s not on the lease,” said Jim. “That’s reason enough to say no.”

Naomi stood up. “Forget it. I don’t have any money for rent. I wouldn’t be able to help out. I shouldn’t have let Will ask you two.” Before anything else could be said, she walked out of the apartment.

Will was about to complain to Jim and his ham-handed treatment of Naomi, but Jim spoke first. “I can’t believe you you’d ask if your girlfriend can stay with us for free. Fucking ridiculous.”

“She’s not my girlfriend,” Will said defensively. It was a stupid thing to say. He wished she was his girlfriend, but he managed to get ahold of his tongue before he uttered those words.

Jim perked up. “No? I’d definitely fuck her. If she let me fuck her, I’d let her stay here a week.”

“Don’t be fucking crude. She’s not a prostitute.”

Jim shrugged. “I’m just saying.”

Fred stood up. “If she can’t contribute money,” he said. “I mean, maybe if she’d clean up and take care of the cooking and everything. Then maybe…”

It was too much for Will. “Whatever. I’ve got a study group to go to.” It was a lie and they all knew it. He grabbed his backpack and headed out the door.

He was only slightly surprised to find Naomi in the stairwell crying. He sat down next to her and put an arm around her shoulders. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” she said between tears. “I shouldn’t have gotten my hopes up and I shouldn’t have even asked you. It was wrong.”

“It’s probably not a good place for you to stay anyway,” Will told her. He snorted in disgust. “Jim actually said he’d let you stay a week if you’d fuck him. Fucking pig.”

“Really?” she asked between sniffles.

“Crude, huh?”

“Yeah…” she half-heartedly agreed and let out a rueful laugh.

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