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


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Ida’s Milk Part 3

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Smashwords Edition

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Ida’s Revealing: Ida’s Milk Part 3

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Chapter Ten

Spying on Roger was easier than Ida thought it would be. She didn't have to follow him around because of the info that Thomas had given her through Ernie, his so-called business associate. Between her mother and the babysitting exchange with Alexandra and Kate it was easy to pawn of Sam and Justine. The hardest part was actually catching them in the act.

As it turned out, Betty and her roommate Britni lived in an older style apartment building that had actual garden patio balconies. Once Ida figured out which apartment was theirs, it wasn't too difficult to climb the railings to the second story balcony. Ida had spent too many summers in her youth climbing trees and being on the gymnastics team in school, even as a third-tier member of the team, served her well in getting up where she needed to be.

She had only brought along her cell phone to record everything through the glass of the patio door. It was enough. Britni was gone (where it was by agreement or by work schedule, Ida didn't care) giving the apartment to Roger and Betty. The young girl was slumped on the couch in the living room, one hand inside her bra playing with her nipple, while the other was resting on the man's head between her thighs.

Betty wore only the bra. The rest of her clothes were crumpled on the floor in front of the couch. Roger was fully dressed. Ida couldn't see his face but she knew her husband, even if she could only see the back of his head, she knew.

Either Roger had learned a lot about cunnilingus since the last time he had gone down on Ida which was…years ago?...or Betty was a very good actress. She was writhing around and moaning like Roger's tongue was a magic vibrator perfectly paired to her pussy.

Without thinking Ida took some pictures. They were incriminating enough. She then started filming. The quality of the cell phone video would be potato level, but it would be enough.

Ida thought she'd be disgusted and angry at seeing her husband with another

woman.

She wasn’t.

Maybe because she was cheating on Roger with Thomas, she was already in an accepting mindset.

Ida thought that when she saw them together, she’d go flying off the handle and confront the two of them.

She didn’t.

Her worst thought was that she would break down crying.

She discovered that this wasn’t the worst thing possible.

The worst thing possible, she discovered, was that she would be turned on seeing her husband with another woman.

Ida was turned on seeing Roger with his face in another woman’s cunt.

If anything, she was disgusted by herself more than by Roger and Betty.

She continued to watch. Either Betty orgasmed or she got tired of Roger’s cunnilingus. She pushed him away from her sex and encouraged him to get to his feet. She went to her knees in front of him. Ida couldn’t see everything, but it was obvious what she was doing. Roger’s pants slid down and Betty’s head started bobbing back and forth.

How long had it been since Ida had blown Roger? Weeks certainly. Months? Over a year?

Even through the glass door Ida could hear Roger’s moan. She wondered if that was all that took to make him cum now: a minute of sucking from a pretty young thing.

It turned out it wasn’t.

Roger pulled Betty to her feet. His cock was still hard and sticking straight out. He hadn’t cum. The two of them retreated into what had to be the bedroom,

disappearing from view.

Ida stopped recording. It was enough.

Oddly, it took less time to drive from Betty's apartment to Thomas's place than it normally took her to drive from her home to Thomas's. He wasn't exactly surprised to find her knocking at his door, but it wasn't at their usual meeting time.

"What are you doing here now?"

Ida just shook her head and stepped inside while unbuttoning her shirt. "Doesn't matter. I just need you to suck me. My tits are full."

That was all the reason Thomas needed. Seconds later they were on the couch and he was eagerly sucking the milk from her tits.

Just the sensation of having milk drawn from her breasts was enough to calm and settle her. The stress of watching her husband cheating on her was more disturbing than she wanted to admit. It was also more erotic than she wanted to admit. By the time she had arrived at Thomas's place, not only were her panties damp, but her bra was as well. If anyone had asked, she would have said it was because she was turned on at the thought of getting fucked and sucked by her boyfriend. Not that anyone would have asked. Not that she would have admitted to having a boyfriend in addition to having a husband.

A boyfriend who indulged in her lactation kink.

Or maybe she was indulging his lactation kink.

Maybe she had a cheating kink.

Maybe Thomas had a cheating kink.

Hell, maybe Roger had a cheating kink.

Fuck, maybe all of humanity had a cheating kink. Wasn't cheating the basis of half the love stories in the world?

Pushing those thoughts from her head Ida got down to the business at hand. She made sure that Thomas got all the milk she could offer while also getting her and his clothes off. As always, she was amazed that his cock was hard the moment his pants came off. Was he that eager to fuck her? Or was he that into a lactating woman that just a taste of her sweet milk was enough to get him hard?

Did it matter?

He sucked on her tits, drinking her milk and turning her on in the process. She inserted his cock into her pussy and rode it to great pleasure. If she had managed to hold off on actually fucking him long enough, he would have made her cum from sucking on her tits alone. She wanted that, but it was too easy to give in and just fuck Thomas.

She was giving in to doing the easy thing lately.

Back at home, everything was almost normal. Almost.

Kids.

Chores.

Dinner.

Boring conversation.

More chores.

Kids to bed.

Boring television.

To bed.

“How are your breasts?” Roger asked after he turned the light off.

It was the first real question he had asked her in…in how long?

“Fine,” she answered carefully. Secretly she felt herself under the sheets. Her breasts were deflated, not flat, but Thomas had emptied every drop from her that afternoon.

“Do they still hurt from Justine not nursing?”

Ida shifted uncomfortably. “A little.” They didn’t hurt at all. They felt fantastic because Thomas and her had played earlier. She would have said yes if Roger had wanted to suck on them, but he would never have asked for that. He hated her breast milk.

“When do you…when do you think you’ll be ready for…ready for sex?”

She couldn’t believe his question. She was ready for sex right then and there. Even after being fucked and satisfied by Thomas earlier, she would have fucked her husband.

Maybe it was a little residual lust.

Maybe it was guilt.

Maybe it was her hidden slutty nature.

Maybe she wanted to cheat on Thomas with Roger.

Would it be cheating to have sex with her husband instead of her boyfriend?

“We can have sex right now if you want,” she offered.

“Right now?” he said doubtfully.

“Sure why not?” Justine had nursed earlier in the evening but to what effect she wasn’t sure. Justine was probably just doing it out of habit more than anything else. Sometimes it seemed all her milk was going to the pump and to Thomas, not to her youngest child.

“You’re still lactating.”

“A tiny bit. So what?”

“You can’t have sex while you’re lactating.”

She shook her head vigorously, letting him feel the motion in the darkness of their room. “Yes, I most certainly can have sex while I’m lactating.” She grabbed his hand and dragged it down between her legs. Her pussy was hot. It wasn’t

soaking wet, but he could easily feel the moisture there. She would never had admitted it, but she was mostly wet from the after effects of fucking Thomas and the idea that she was cheating on her boyfriend. Cheating with her husband. “Do you wanna fuck?”

“Do you?” he asked sliding his finger along her slit. She could feel herself opening up to him.

Ida was wearing only a nightshirt that came down to the tops of her thighs. It would have been easy to pull it off, having him climb on top of her, and fuck her. Is that what she wanted? A lousy fuck in bed after they had both been with their lovers earlier in the day.

“Yes.”

He paused in manipulating her pussy. She took the initiative and reached down in the bed, searching for his cock. As always Roger was wearing pajamas to bed because he was that predictable and boring. She didn’t shove her hand into his pants, but she felt his hardness. That surprised her.

When he didn’t pull away, she was emboldened enough to push her hand down into his pants. It had been…too long since she had actually touched his cock. It felt both comfortable and familiar.

Just as Roger made to move on top of her, she quickly scrambled and flung her leg over his body, straddling him. They weren’t so boring a couple that they always had sex in missionary position, but it was their default. It was rare that she had been on top with Roger, but it was the default position she used with Thomas because…because she liked him to suck on her tits while they fucked. She wasn’t ashamed to admit that.

Roger, however, was surprised to find his wife atop him. Together they got his pants down to mid-thigh, which was good enough. Her nightshirt was already around her waist. He had one hand on his cock and her fingers were on top of his, guiding him into her pussy.

“It’s been a while,” she said as she inserted the head of his cock. She was curious as to how he had enough energy to fuck her after fucking Betty just hours earlier.

“Sure has,” he grunted as he slipped deeper into her. His hands went to her hips,

but no higher. He didn't want to risk sullying his hands with her milk.

She noticed his hesitation and that made her nipples contact and ache. Always with Thomas her breasts were showered with attention and her body was confused now. The confusion faded as she started rolling her hips and riding Roger's cock. Maybe it was a new move for her, but Roger wasn't complaining or questioning. Maybe he thought he was still fucking his girlfriend.

As she kept moving, feeling her husband's cock inside her, there was the undeniable sensation that her breasts were too full—even though they weren't—and that she risked her breasts leaking and dripping all over his body.

There was no way of telling why, but maybe it was because it was because they hadn't been intimate in months, or maybe because of Ida's new preference in being on top, or maybe it was everything.

Roger came. His hot cum seemed to fill her and the stiffness and throbbing of his cock was enough to sustain her long enough to have her own little earthquake deep in her pussy that spread out quickly through her body.

Ida couldn't allow herself to collapse on top of him. She slumped off to the side. "That was fantastic," she exclaimed. The sex had been good, but not fantastic. She was lying for his benefit. That's what she told herself.

"It…it was," he agreed.

She was glad to be on her back, still wearing her nightshirt, in the dark room. Her tits had started leaking and there were undoubtedly wet spots on the material. Roger didn't want to see—wouldn't want to see—that.

"Are we…are we back to normal?" he asked her.

"Jesus…what does that even mean?" she asked. Her answer was a little too blunt, a little too honest.

"I mean…are you done…almost done, at least…with breast feeding Justine? Are you done lactating?"

Ida sat up and swung her feet onto the floor, her back to Roger. She could feel his cum leaking out of her and her tits were definitely leaking as well. "Not yet,"

she said. “But obviously I can have sex while lactating. Jesus. Does it turn you off that much?”

He didn’t answer her question. “I just don’t want to hurt you.”

She wanted to point out that by fucking another woman he had hurt her, but then again, she was fucking another man so taking the moral high ground was not the best tactic. “You’re not going to hurt me,” she said. “I’m tough. I can take it. I know it’s hard with the kids and all, but us not having sex…that’s probably tougher than you having to deal with a little spilt milk.” She laughed at her intentionally stupid reference to her tits.

“I’m sorry…it’s just not my thing,” he said. “I know it’s natural and all that, but…but some of us have hang-ups, okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, I get it.” It wasn’t the best time to give Roger the facts that her lover got off on her lactation abilities. “Can we…can we at least try to work through this?”

“Yes,” he said with an eagerness that surprised her. “I mean…Justine won’t be nursing forever. And you said she’s starting to wean. How much longer can she actually nurse and keep you lactating?”

It was most definitely the wrong time to point out to her husband that her breasts were mostly making milk now to supply her lover, not her child. “Not long,” she said as she stood up. “I need to use the bathroom.”

Ida sat on the toilet and cleaned up, tossing her nightshirt in the hamper with the plan to put on a new one on the way back to bed. She thought about her problems.

Her children…but they weren’t a problem, they were just a difficulty.

Her boyfriend…but he was the one who gave her sexual fulfillment.

Her husband…but she actually did love Roger because he provided for them and seemed to love his children.

Her life…but that was too much and too vague.

Her husband’s girlfriend…that was the real problem…and Ida didn’t know how to deal with that problem.

Chapter Eleven

It was most assuredly strange to get back in bed with Thomas. Two days earlier she was fine to have sex with Thomas. Now, after resuming her sexual relationship with Roger it most assuredly felt like cheating and not the good sort of cheating. It felt dirty…and at the same time she liked the dirty feeling.

But she loved his lips on her tits.

She loved his cock in her hand.

She especially loved his cock in her pussy while she rode him.

She loved that she could be herself and not worry about judgment from her lover.

“This can’t last,” she told him after they were done.

“Well…nothing lasts forever,” Thomas said trying to feel her out on what she was driving at. He hadn’t expected their affair to become the defining romance of his life, but he wasn’t ready for it to stop just yet. He was addicted to her milk; that he would readily admit to himself if not her.

“We had sex yesterday,” she told him.

“Oh.”

She could tell she had upset Thomas. “That doesn’t mean I want to stop having sex with you.”

“Oh?” He perked up.

“He hates that I’m lactating still.”

“Are you…are you going to stop for him?”

“No.” Her answer was quick and firm. “I like it too much. I’m going to need to

keep you around for a while to take care of that for me," she told him.

"So you…you want to…to continue this," he stammered out vaguely.

Knowing what she was committing to, Ida nodded firmly. "Yes."

"Then what was…what was the point of me getting all that information on Betty?"

"My husband's girlfriend?" she asked sharply. "Don't you worry about that."

Ida was mildly surprised that she got a response from Betty's Best Snide email with an extensive quote on rates for what type of artwork and she was so bold as to include a sliding scale that the more explicit the artwork was, the more expensive the rate. That annoyed Ida, but it didn't stop her from pressing forward with her plan.

How much would it cost for me to get a charcoal drawing, a classy one, of me straddling my boyfriend's naked body while I spray my breast milk all over him. I can provide reference photos but it needs to be classy.

The email got right to the point, Ida made sure of that. She wanted to see what the other woman's response would be. However, at the same time, she wasn't sure if she'd actually go through with it.

"They're not drying up," Ida reported to Roger that evening. She stood in front of him, topless, displaying her naked breasts without a care in the world. There wasn't any reason for her to be concerned. She had told Thomas to go easy with his sucking and he hadn't left a mark on her, but then again her nipples had toughened up over the past few weeks.

Her breasts were much bigger than they had been when she first started dating Roger. Yes, she had put on some weight—but so had he—and she had gone through two pregnancies but none of that explained all of her breast growth. Most of it now was her—and Thomas's—continued interest in maintaining her lactation. She didn't have a way of hiding her wet tits from Roger, not if she

wanted to continue to nurse Thomas.

She desperately wanted to continue to nurse Thomas.

“How many days should it take?” he asked. Roger had a very analytical mind and he would always address a problem head-on, even if it was a matter of biology and not chemistry or engineering.

“If Justine wasn’t nursing at all?” she asked, trying to give herself some breathing room. “Probably a week or so.”

“Well then it hasn’t been enough time.” His brow furrowed and he pushed his glasses up his nose. “Wait. Has she been nursing?”

“Some,” Ida admitted. Justine had been nursing, mostly as a comfort action to settle down for a nap, but the vast majority of the milk Ida was producing was going to Thomas.

Roger couldn’t know about that. Not yet.

“You should just stop,” he decided. “It’s really time to wean her.”

“You don’t have to deal with the pain,” she snapped at him and pulled her bathrobe around her body, hiding her tits from her husband’s view.

“Take some Tylenol?” he suggested. “I’m sure there are other painkillers that would work as well.”

“That’s not the solution,” she said all the while knowing it was part of the solution.

“Well, we’ll just have to be patient,” he said. “We knew that it would take a little while for this to work out.” He paused and considered his next question. “You haven’t been using the breast pump, have you?”

Ida’s anger was muted, but it was easy to answer this question because she could just speak the truth. “No. Even though they fucking hurt, I haven’t been using the breast pump.”

“Maybe we should just get rid of it so you aren’t tempted. Garbage day is

tomorrow—”

“No!” she insisted a little too vehemently. “That thing was fucking expensive,” she quickly explained. “You just don’t throw it away. Let me donate or sell it.”

“Are we that desperate for cash?” he asked. “I thought I was making good money.”

“It not about money. Some women need a good pump and can’t afford one. That’s why you donate or sell them cheap.”

The fiery expression on her face told Roger it was time to back down. “Okay. Makes sense.” He tried steering the conversation back to the original direction. “So what can you do to lessen the pain?”

“Hot compresses and massage, but not too much massage because that will have the same effect as nursing.”

“Okay, we can do that.”

“Why are you so suddenly interested in this?” she asked as she ran the hot water in their bathroom sink and found a couple of washcloths in the drawer.

“Because…okay, I’ll admit it. Going without sex with you for so long was… trying. Maybe I’m hung up on the breast milk thing, but…but that’s me. When we did it Tuesday night…it made me realize I want to get our lives back on track.”

She noted how he inserted the little phrase “with you” when talking about sex. He hadn’t been going without sex; he had been going without sex with her. Betty had been more than happy to open up her legs for Roger.

Nodding to show she understood, Ida grabbed the steaming washcloths out of the sink, rung out some of the water, and applied them to her boobs. It actually felt good. Roger was watching her closely. “Do you like them bigger?” she asked as she held the hot pads to her breasts and lay down on the bed.

“What do you mean?” he asked innocently, but she could tell it was an act.

“Big boobs or tiny tits, which do you prefer in a woman?” She wasn’t exactly

being vulgar, but he understood what she was implying.

He hemmed and hawed for a few seconds before managed a sad aphorism. “I mean…every woman in beautiful in her own way.”

Ida snorted. “Ha! Bullshit! Mine were small, now they’re big. If I died tomorrow, would your next wife be a raisin smuggler or would she be showing off the Grand Tetons?”

“Do you have to be so… crude?”

She pressed on. “I’d make sure my next husband has a big dick. I’ve slept with enough guys that are average. I want to have one that’s big. Really big.”

“Thanks a lot, dear,” he said sarcastically.

“Just being honest with you when you’re not being honest with me.” Honesty wasn’t a strong trait for either half of their marriage at the moment.

“Small,” he said firmly. “I like them small and sleek. Probably it means that I’m gay because I don’t have thing for women with huge tits. Is that what you wanted to hear?”

It actually made sense from Ida’s perspective on Roger. It didn’t have anything to do with his sexual preferences; it had everything to do with his personality. He liked things streamlined and utilitarian, no embellishments or frills. Big boobs were unnecessary from a functionality perspective and a therefore didn’t appeal to Roger’s personality.

“I’ll try to lose some weight,” she said to him.

“No, no, it’s not that,” he said quickly. “I’m just used to your old body.”

“I understand,” she said and tossed aside the washcloths. Her chest was red and flushed, but more importantly, she wasn’t in pain.

But she was horny for some reason. It seemed like she was always horny lately. It was probably the milk…and her affair with Thomas…and maybe her husband’s renewed interest in her…and maybe because she wanted to win him back from his girlfriend.

“Wanna fuck?” she asked him abruptly when she caught him staring at her naked breasts.

“What?”

“Wanna fuck?” she asked again, a smile on her lips. She tossed aside her robe and got up on her hands and knees, facing away from her. Her hips and ass, like her boobs, had grown over the past year, but she wasn’t fat. She hoped from his perspective it would be an attractive view. “Fuck me doggy style and you don’t have to look at my big ugly boobs. And if I leak a little, it won’t get on you.”

“Do you really think I’m so shallow that I just want to fuck you and don’t care about the rest of you…you and your body?”

“No,” she said quickly, looking over her shoulder at him. “I’m just horny and I want to fuck. I’ll do whatever it takes to get you to fuck me.”

“You…you really want to?”

“Fuck yes,” she all but begged. “Unless you can’t get hard,” she teased

Roger all but tore off his clothes. Even though he did it quickly, he still managed to do it precisely which to his mind must have meant quicker. He was naked and, much to Ida’s excitement, hard without her having to do anything.

As he climbed on the bed behind her, his cock seemed almost too big, it got in the way as he tried to help her out of the yoga pants and conservative mommy underwear she still had on. It was a thrill knowing that she could still affect him that way.

When he finally had her naked, it took some doing to get into the right position. Normally when they had had sex before it was always missionary position, very rarely would Ida get on top and ride him. The number of times they had fucked doggy style would be numbered on one hand.

Luckily they were both horny. He was hard. She was wet. They had both had plenty of practice with their respective lovers. Ida knew how to arch her back and reach between her legs to guide him in. Roger knew how to steady her with his hands on her hips and carefully probe at her pussy, searching for her entrance.

When they finally connected, it was heavenly. Ida groaned as his cock pushed into her, opening her up, going deeper than she ever remembered. Maybe she was wrong about his very average cock. Roger realized that Ida's pussy was without doubt physically hotter than Betty's, it also seemed wetter and more inviting, but those values would be nearly impossible to measure and codify. That didn't matter at the moment. They both turned off their higher functioning brains and let their animal nature's take over.

It made the sex better.

Roger was just the right amount of rough while fucking her and she was the perfect amount of submissive touched with a vocal encouraging.

"C'mon, fuck me," she begged. "Fuck me harder. That's right. Slam it in. It's been too fucking long. I used to fuck like a slut back in college. Make me your slut again. Fuck me like a slut. Make me cum. Make. Me. Scream. Uh. Huh. Harder. Harder! I don't want to have to find some other guy to fuck me. To make me cum. Harder! Slam it!"

Roger unexpectedly slapped her ass when she became too demanding. That tightened up her pussy. That reminded him of his girlfriend and his guilt made him spill his seed into his wife. The hot invasion of his semen was the thrill she needed to cum as well.

"You're not going to have to find another guy," he told her after they were done but their bodies were tangled together with sweaty limbs.

"What?" She was certain he knew something of Thomas.

"You said you didn't want to have to find some other guy to fuck you. I'm no expert, but I'm sure that was pretty fucking good sex." Roger didn't sound exactly smug, but he was bordering on arrogant.

He wasn't wrong about it being good sex.

He was wrong about her finding some other guy.

Chapter Twelve

Convincing Thomas to have sex with her while she shot milk all over his body was easy. The hard part was convincing him to do it while she took pictures of them doing it.

“C’mon,” she pleaded, “your face won’t even be in them. These are all about me.” To help encourage his thought process, she cupped her hands under her breasts, which were still covered by her shirt and bra, while lasciviously licking her lips. The look she was going for was horny vixen. She hoped she wasn’t coming off as awkwardly desperate suburban mom.

Thomas only had one question. “Why?”

“I want something to remember you—and us—by,” she said, trying to spin a convincing lie. “We’re not going to last forever, are we?”

Thomas shook his head. “I don’t believe you. And why would you want pictures like that?”

Dropping her hands from her tits, Ida tried the honest approach. “Because I’m going to send them to Betty as reference photos for a picture I want her to draw of us.”

Thomas looked at her with incredulity for longer than she could stand. “Why… why would you do such a thing? Do you want to get caught?”

Ida ducked that question. “Do I have to have a fucking reason?”

He took a half step back and folded his arms over his chest. “For this? Yes.”

Grimacing, Ida looked away. “She doesn’t know what I look like. Or at least I’m pretty sure she doesn’t. She has that weird art site so I want her to make some weird art for me. Sort of a ‘fuck you’ to her.”

“And to Roger?” He said it as a question, but it was a statement.

“Maybe,” she hedged.

“Are you getting off on the idea of having your husband’s girlfriend drawn porn pictures of you—and me—indulging in…fuck, I’ll say it, indulging in a kink we both enjoy?” It was a perfect summary of the situation.

“Maybe,” Ida allowed.

“That’s fucked up,” he told her.

“So?”

Thomas shook his head slowly back and forth. “As long as you know what you’re getting into,” he said. “And as long as my face isn’t in the pictures. This is all going to come down on your head, not mine.”

His agreement, such as it was, made Ida happy. She brightened up immediately. “Yup. I’ll all set for that.”

As it turned out, they had to use the little stand for Ida’s cell phone to record the video. Thomas reviewed it when they were done to make sure only his body was featured and not his face. The back of his head appeared in it, but his plain brown hair was hardly notable; Ida was the star.

He even indulged her a bit and held the phone while taking a few pictures. Ida found she liked performing. Maybe it was just for her and Thomas, but the thrill of where it might wind up was chilling and exciting.

Thomas didn’t mind that she grabbed her breasts and squirted him with her milk. That was something he would happily indulge her in. It seemed a little unnecessary to him, however. “I don’t think you’re going to need to capture the perfect spray of milk,” he said as she asked for yet another picture. “If she’s a halfway decent artist, she’ll be able to fill in the blanks.”

When Ida looked at the video and still, she was profoundly confused. She didn’t especially like looking at pictures of herself but seeing herself perform such a lewd act was somewhere between freeing and disturbing. While she liked what was going on, it was strange to think that this was where her life had wound up.

“What do you think?” Thomas asked her.

“I think it’ll do.”

“I think you’re crazy…and kinky,” he added, kissing her.

She kissed him back and felt his hands groping at her tits. She broke the kiss. “They’re still pretty full.”

“I know,” he said as he kissed his way down to her breasts. “But I’m not going to leave them that way.”

Ida spent so much time examining the video on her cell phone that she actually got the battery down to the low power warning. She ignored it. She was in the middle of trying to decide if a bit more needed to be trimmed so that the edge of Thomas’s face wouldn’t show when the phone shut down entirely.

“Shit.”

The kids were in the living room screaming like banshees. Ida plugged in the charger but the phone didn’t immediately come back to life so she could continue her work.

“Shit.”

Instead of indulging in her kink and simultaneously undermining her marriage, Ida got to work on dinner. After giving the phone a good half hour to charge she realized that Roger would be home at any moment and quickly finished playing with the video before taking a deep breath and sending it off to Betty.

Maybe nothing would happen.

Maybe Betty would die of a heart attack after seeing her lover’s wife in the video.

Maybe she’d get back a really sexy drawing of herself that would have to be hidden in the bedroom closet for years and years for her kids to find and be traumatized by when they’re teenagers.

Or maybe Betty would share it with Roger and that would be that.

Ida hoped that nothing would happen.

She had been staring at her phone for so long while making dinner that she didn't hear her husband come home and walk into the kitchen.

"What are you looking at?" he asked Ida which startled her to the point of jumping out of her skin and gasping like a diver inhaling fresh air after being beneath the waves for an hour.

"Fucking Christ!" she exclaimed. "I didn't hear you come in!"

"Sorry. Geez, what an overreaction."

"Don't sneak up on me!"

"Dinner's almost ready. We'll eat in five minutes."

Roger gave her a kiss on the cheek and gently patted her waist. His hand wasn't quite on her ass, but it was close. She actually found herself wishing he would slide it lower.

Ida wanted to have the courage to confront her husband, but she didn't. It was easier to just ignore the problem and hoped it would go away, even though it would never go away.

When Roger wandered off to get ready for dinner, Ida's phone vibrated with an email alert. It was a reply email from Betty. She knew she would have deleted it and blocked the other woman's email address.

She didn't.

The email was to the point.

This is different. kinda sexy…both u and the guy and the vid was hot to. Size and style we discussed will be $120. I can have it to u in a week. I accept paypal or venmo, half up front.

Ida figured that she could cover most of that cost through the sale of the breast pump, that way Roger wouldn't have to know.

She wanted him to know, but she knew he'd be disgusted by it.

Even so, she imagined how sexy it would be to see herself memorialized in a medium associated with real art and not just tawdry video and pictures. And maybe Roger would have a change of heart…

That night, as they got ready for bed, Ida walked around the bedroom topless for a few minutes, seeing if she could attract Roger's attention.

"Are they still painful?" he asked when she finally put on her nightshirt.

"What?" She had thought he wasn't watching. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought you weren't wearing a bra because they hurt."

"No, I mean…there's some pain still," she remembered to lie because she wasn't going to go into his and her infidelity just yet and she was supposed to be suffering as she weaned Justine away from her breast milk. "I'm coping."

"Would you mind if we…"

He trailed off and Ida let it hang there a minute before she finished the thought for him. "Had sex?"

"Yes."

"With you?" she asked, a smile on her lips.

Her smart ass response quickly made him exasperated. "Do you see anyone else in this room?"

"Well, I could have sex with myself while you watched."

That seemed to pique his interest for a moment, but he shook it off. "I'd rather do it with you."

"Doggy style again?" she asked, letting her hand drift down between the sheets to cup his cock through his pajama bottoms. He was already hard. That made Ida think. It had been several days since she had looked at his phone. What was his relationship with Betty at the moment? She had no way of knowing if they were

fucking all the time at the office or if they had ended it. That made his infidelity even more exciting to her which she knew was fucked up but she couldn't stop her thoughts from going there.

"What are you doing?" he asked abruptly, shaking her out of her reverie.

They had been kissing and her hand had been busily stroking his hard cock. Somehow he had gotten it out, probably with her help, and she hadn't even noticed she was jerking him off.

"Getting you ready for me," she said smoothly, hoping he wouldn't notice she had been lost in her own thoughts.

"I'm plenty hard." He pushed her hand away and moved on top of her. His hand went up the bottom of her nightshirt and pulled down her panties. As always, she was wet and ready for sex. That had been her default state lately, not that either Roger or Thomas had complained. Maybe her body just needed more sex now. That thought delighted her.

Roger somehow quickly got naked and took his position between her thighs, pinning her down, getting his cock where in belonged in what Ida remembered too many women in college called "the seat of power." It didn't matter what they called it because it still felt good when he put his cock all the way into her. His weight was on her body and it felt good when he crushed her mostly empty tits. He didn't mind and, oddly, her nipples didn't leak. Maybe she was so used to it only being Thomas who nursed from her that Roger did absolutely nothing for her tits.

What he did for her pussy however…she quickly found herself gasping and moaning as he thrusted and penetrated her. Without thinking about it, Ida's legs went up and wide, letting him in deeper. She was as open and vulnerable as she had ever been. It was perfection.

The orgasm crested over her body quicker and harder than she expected. A glance down at her chest showed her nightshirt to be wetness-stain free. They were still covered up, but Roger apparently didn't care about her tits. He looked down at her with a satisfied grin on his face. "That was quick," he said.

"I needed to be fucked."

“Do you need more fucking?”

“Uh-huh.”

That was all the encouragement that Roger needed. He shifted his body. Before he had been lying on top of his wife with his forearms on either side of her, but now he turned his right arm, laying it across her collar bones, further pinning her to the mattress. Ida felt trapped, but it was a pleasant trapping because it was exactly where she wanted to be at that moment.

When he started fucking her again, it wasn’t the pleasant sensations of a married couple that had been in this exact position for years, but instead it was the violent actions of a man desperate to get his sexual lust satisfied while completely unconcerned for the welfare or pleasure of his partner.

It was hard and rough.

Ida loved it.

She had never had any real difficulty in achieving orgasm because she knew her body and wasn’t an uptight prude, getting fucked that way by her husband made cumming incredibly easy. He just slammed his cock in and out of her and she had another quick, sharp orgasm, much to her surprise, and then another one just as he finished inside her.

“That’s the way I want to be fucked from now on,” Ida said.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I don’t want it any other way.”

Chapter Thirteen

The rope they used was obviously not the sort that one had just casually lying around the house. And it had been used before; Ida could see that because she wasn't stupid. When she had told Thomas she wanted him pinned down to the bed while they fucked so she could spray him with her milk, he was happily willing to go along with her plan.

He formed the knots that went around his wrists and showed her how to tighten them up once the rope was looped around the bedframe. As bondage went, it was as mild as it got and it wouldn't have been that difficult for him to escape, but that wasn't the point. She just wanted to be in charge for the moment and have an easy way to keep his hands off her body. Maybe the ropes had been used on Thomas before, maybe he had used them to tie up a former lover. Either way, Ida didn't care. She was getting what she wanted: a man's body as her plaything.

It was an easy process orchestrated entirely by her. He got naked and she tied him up. His cock wasn't hard as he lay on the bed, but she could tell he was ready to spring to action. She took her time taking off her clothes, but stopped once she was down to her bra and panties, a carefully matched set because this was her fantasy to be fulfilled.

She handled and licked and sucked his cock. Thomas enjoyed that. What man wouldn't? She unnecessarily rubbed her body, especially her tits, against his as she moved around the bed, orally teasing him.

"You aren't going to make me cum in your mouth, are you?" he asked suddenly as she firmly gripped his balls while sucking hard.

She removed his cock from her mouth before answering. "Why? Do you want to cum in my mouth?"

"If you want…"

"I know what you really want."

“Oh?”

She let go of his cock, letting it slap wetly against his belly, as she knelt next to him and caressed her breasts through her bra. “You want to suck my tits.”

“You know me too well,” he agreed.

Ida took her time in slipping the bra from her body; it felt good to release her full tits. She hadn’t been pumping and Justine was barely nursing, so she had plenty of milk for him. But Thomas wasn’t the first one to get her milk.

She bowed her head and lifted her breast to her mouth. Thomas groaned as she audibly sucked on her nipple and tasted her sweet milk.

“I want some!” he demanded.

Ida laughed and shook her head. While sucking on herself wasn’t the greatest thrill, it was pleasant enough. More importantly what it did for her was to start her milk flowing and after a couple of mouthfuls of milk, her breast was visibly dripping.

“Not yet,” she teased and leaned forward a little to let the milk drip down on his chest while lifting her other breast and sucking from it. Again, it only took a couple of mouthfuls to get the milk flowing. The drips weren’t in time with each other, but Thomas didn’t care about that. He kept his eyes focused on her tits and the little droplets of milk that fell from them.

“Please…”

She just shook her head and massaged one breast while cupping one hand under the nipple. It made a little puddle of milk in her palm which she proceeded to rub into the skin of his cock.

“You’re a teasing slut,” Thomas complained, a smile plastered across his face.

“I know,” she said softly, lowering her mouth back to his cock and licking her milk off him.

“Let me suck you or fuck you,” he begged. His tone had changed slightly and he wasn’t just playing the game any longer; he truly wanted to relief from the tease.

“Okay,” she agreed too easily and threw her leg over his body to rub her silk-covered crotch against his cock. “Is this what you wanted?”

“No,” he complained. “Take them off.”

“But the silk feels really good against my clit,” she told him. Ida didn’t have much in the way of elaborate or sexy lingerie, but she did like this pair of silky panties, even if the bra was too tight. She was glad to have removed it.

Thomas was watching her intently. “Are you going to make yourself cum?” he asked as she continued to rub her covered pussy against his cock.

“That’s…that’s the idea,” she moaned.

The dripping from her breasts increased. Thomas was fascinated by the response of her body. Maybe it wasn’t where she had wanted to be, but this was more than satisfying to her. When the orgasm hit, her milk flow had increased from drips and dribbles to an almost steady stream. Her moan alarmed Thomas, but he didn’t complain though he did want to either bury his cock in her pussy or to suck on her tits.

“You’re wasting it,” he complained after she was done cumming.

Ida ran her fingers over her milk-slicked tits and licked them off. “There’s plenty more,” she said and repeated the process, this time offering her fingers to Thomas.

He sucked eagerly, tasting the sweet milk. His body was covered with what had escaped her tits and though it was pleasant to have on his skin, he’d rather it was in his mouth.

“Do you like this?” she asked.

“Uh-huh.”

She paused and considered what they were doing. It had occurred to her that good fortune—and the miracles of the internet—had brought them together but she got her milk-engorged tits through pregnancy and childbirth. How did Thomas acquire his kink for lactation?

“Why do you like this?” She offered up her tits, lifting them, but keeping them just a few inches away from his face.

“I don’t know.”

“It’s pretty specific kink,” she said.

“Yeah…so?”

“Have you done it with other women?”

“You’re ruining the mood.”

“Have you done it with other women?” she repeated.

He shook his head a little. “Not really. I’ve played around with a couple of women who said they were into it and we tried to get them to lactate…but it never worked out. Yours is the first I’ve ever really tasted.”

“Oh.” She considered that and smiled. “Want me to fuck you?”

“Yes!” his eagerness was overwhelming.

“Or would you rather suck my tits?” she asked, leaning forward a little more, but still keeping her nipples just out of reach of his mouth.

“Both. Either.”

Ida rolled backwards and peeled her panties off. The crotch was soaked. As she climbed back on Thomas, it was a little more difficult than usual getting his cock into her pussy because she was used to his help. Once she found the angle, she slid right down his length because she was sufficiently wet.

“You like that?”

“Uh-huh.”

She leaned forward and offered her tits to his face. Thomas didn’t need anything more than that. He latched on and eagerly started sucking. She smiled down at him and had a moment to caress the side of his face before he began lifting his hips up into her, fucking from the bottom. She allowed him three hard thrusts

where she tried to control him, but then found it was like riding a wild bull.

It was an enjoyable ride. Ida was forced to clutch Thomas's head to her chest to maintain some type of control and balance because he was mostly out of control. She wondered what it would have been like if he hadn't been tied firmly to the bed. Maybe it would have been less fun, maybe it would have been that much rougher. Either way it didn't matter because between his mouth and his cock, it was more than enough to make her cum.

The moan she made as she came almost frightened Ida. It felt so good to cum that way, barely in control and certainly not with any dignity. They had passed from the arena of playing and indulging in a little kinky fetish to fully embracing side of the sexuality that was most definitely perverse.

Neither minded it.

When Thomas came, it was like he forced her to cum again when she wasn't ready. That was fine with Ida. Her third orgasm was short and powerful. She collapsed against him and let him finish himself with a final few thrusts into her pussy.

"Enough?" she asked him as he cock slipped free.

"I can never get enough of your milk," he told her. His head burrowed down further, seeking out her breast. Tied up as he was, he couldn't get all the way, but she leaned further forward and allowed him to nurse on her for a minute. His cock has slipped out of her pussy and she could feel his cum start to leak out onto his belly. Neither minded it.

"My arms are starting to go numb," he mumbled into her breast after a few minutes.

Ida groaned with annoyance. While she doubted she could cum again just from him nursing, but her breasts weren't empty yet and she wanted Thomas to empty them before she went back to Roger.

There was the problem of the breast pump.

The breast pump was surprisingly easy to sell online. She didn't get as much as she had hoped for it, but it was just about enough. Maybe she could have gotten more if she had sold it on a wider auction, but she wanted to get rid of it to take away too many temptations and force along something else.

Once the payment was secured, she passed along the money to Betty. The drawing that Betty sent in return was everything that Ida could have hoped for. It wasn't a photorealistic drawing because that would be pointless. But neither was it an overly artistic interpretation. It was undoubtedly Ida and the look of ecstasy on her face was revealing at she balanced herself on the drawing of Thomas with one hand while spraying down his body with milk from her breast, squeezed with the other hand. It was sexy and lewd and erotic and pretty and colorful and arousing and it made Ida want to stare at it while she shoved her hand down her very-mommy yoga pants while massaging her clit so that she could cum that an under-sexed suburban housewife.

Except she wasn't undersexed.

And the drawing was delivered in the middle of the day so her kids were there.

And it was the final straw that would break the back of her marriage.

Or maybe repair it.

Or at least force Roger to end his stupid affair with Betty.

It surprised Ida how much it bothered her that Roger was still fucking Betty. Yes, she was still fucking—and sucking—with Thomas, but she tried to ignore her hypocrisy in her emotions. It should have been fine with Ida that her husband had a lover because she did as well, but somehow it didn't work out that way in her mind.

Maybe it was because if she gave up Thomas, she'd have to give up the enjoyment she got out of being nursed. That part of her life would be gone forever and that felt like a bigger sacrifice than she was willing to make.

After staring at the drawing for half an hour, she hid it in the back of her closet, carefully re-wrapped in the padded and reinforced mailer it had arrived in. It might have been a foolish waste of money, and it might not be cultured art, and it might be the end of her marriage, but Ida knew what she liked and she liked

Betty’s drawing of her nakedly riding her boyfriend’s cock while covering him in her milk.

There were a few more meetings between Ida and Thomas. She loved every one of them. The sex was good and Thomas knew how to drain her tits and make her feel alive. Somehow just the act of nursing put her in a better mood. She knew the chemistry of it—nursing forced her body to release certain hormones which put her in a better frame of mind…and it also forced a bond between her and Thomas, but she tried not to think about that—and so she knew that it had to stop or something would happen that would stop everything.

Being a snoop, Ida couldn’t help herself. When Roger was busy or distracted or sleeping, she would sneak a peek at his phone and monitor his affair with Betty. They were still having sex. Betty had sent him a few more pictures of herself. These were less explicit and more artsy and Ida found herself admiring how the other woman had framed the pictures and noted how they weren’t just dirty, but somewhat arty.

Ida hated herself for snooping and hated herself more for admiring her husband’s girlfriend.

Not knowing how else to do it, Ida did it in the way of far too many people who are afraid to confront their romantic partner about infidelity.

She sent Roger the video of him fucking Betty. She included the caption I know what you’ve been doing.

Waiting for his response was excruciating. She kept pacing around the kitchen while keeping the kids busy. He was at work and was probably distracted, but always at work he had had plenty of time to screw Betty. Certainly he had time to send a text message to his wife. So what if it was an accusation of cheating.

His response, when it came, underwhelmed her.

It’s not what you think.

Ida was ready with her reply.

I did it too.

With that short message she sent Roger the video and pictures of her and Thomas. It was the same ones she had shared with Betty.

What the fuck?

We need to talk when you get home.

When Roger got home that night they had the most uncomfortable dinner of their marriage. When the kids were finally put to bed, they retreated to their own bedroom where Roger immediately apologized.

“I’m sorry. I don’t have any explanation. She flirted with me. I…I didn’t know what to think. She came on to me and we weren’t having sex…and so I had sex with Betty instead.” He sat down on the edge of the bed and looked shamefully at his hands that were resting face-up on his lap.

“Did you not see the video of me?” she asked him incredulously.

“Yeah…” He chuckled. “I saw it but I didn’t comprehend it, you know? I was too worried about what you were thinking about me and Elizabeth.”

“I fucked another guy, Roger.”

“Yeah. I know. I just haven’t processed that yet.”

His inability to acknowledge that she had purposely cheated on him made her angry. “I fucked another guy because we weren’t having sex, Rog. And the

important part here is that not only did he love fucking me, he loved sucking on my tits."

That caused Roger to blink in surprise. "Really? You liked that?"

"I loved it," she admitted happily. "It felt so good. You can't imagine."

"Why…why would you like that?"

She glared at him. "Why does anyone like anything in sex," she said, exasperated. "Missionary sex for procreation is as boring as hell." She shook her head at him and asked, "Don't tell me that's all you did with Betty because I saw you going down on her."

"She liked it," he admitted.

"You used to do that to me. You were good at it." She sighed. "What happened to us?"

"Kids?"

"Yeah…it's a lousy reason, but it's the truth."

After a long pause Roger asked, "How long have you known…known about me and Elizabeth?"

She shrugged. "Maybe a couple of months."

"And you…and you didn't do anything about it?"

"I fucked Thomas, didn't I?"

"That's his name?"

"Yeah. Thomas."

"How'd you meet him?"

"Online. Dating app."

She sat down next to him. Despite the awkwardness of the situation, she wanted

to fuck him right then and there. They had been getting better and she decided to be stupid.

“What do we do now?” she asked him.

“Aren’t we supposed to have a screaming fight ending with one of us moving out and then get a divorce?”

“This isn’t a screaming fight.”

“I don’t want to get a divorce.”

“We should probably stop seeing Thomas and Betty,” she said.

“Yeah. Probably.”

After another long pause Ida blurted out, “I don’t want to stop fucking Thomas.”

Roger was unfazed. “I don’t want to stop fucking Elizabeth.”

Carefully Ida rested her hand on his thigh. “Do we have to?”

He turned his head to look at her. “What are you saying?”

She shrugged. “Maybe be a little more European where it’s okay for a married man to have a mistress and a married woman to have a lover.”

“You’ve got to be kidding. That’s…” but he trailed off and didn’t finish his thought.”

“That’s what?”’

“Wrong?” he suggested.

“But it’s okay for us to be cheating on each other?”

“Well, no…”

“So I’m going to make a suggestion. It’s our fucking marriage and if we say it’s okay to have sex with someone else, then it’s fine to fuck someone else.”

“But do you want to know about it?” he asked.

“We already know about it,” she pointed out.

“Do you want…details?”

She shook her head. She already knew most of the details of Roger and Betty’s relationship including the times they actually fucked. “I don’t think I need to know every detail.”

“Okay,” he said. She wasn’t sure if he was agreeing with the concept of them having lovers or if he was agreeing that they didn’t need to share details. She didn’t clarify it further.

“Now what?” she asked.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean do we just go on like nothing happened?”

Once more he shrugged. “I suppose we could…”

“Great.” She stood up and pulled her shirt up over her head, taking her bra with it, letting her large breasts fall heavily back down against her body. “Let’s seal the deal.”

“What?”

She posed in front of him for a moment in just her plain black yoga pants, her breasts slightly pushed out. “Let’s do it. Let’s have sex.”

Roger couldn’t think. “Here? Now?”

“Why not? You can’t get it up? Did you fuck Betty today and you’re good for the next couple of days?”

“No,” he said too quickly which made her suspect that he had which in turn made her much more eager to have sex with him.

“Then why not?” As if to demonstrate her allegiance to their new lifestyle choice, she pulled down her yoga pants and kicked them off, leaving her wearing

only her panties.

“Umm…”

As he tried to think of an answer, she went down to her knees and pushed his hands aside. There was some fumbling as she loosened his belt and opened up his pants, but he didn’t fight her. When she got out his cock, it wasn’t soft. When she put it in her mouth, she couldn’t taste anything other than Roger’s natural, masculine scent so if he had had sex recently he had cleaned up thoroughly.

From there it was easy. He got hard as she fellated him. He finished undressing and they crawled onto the bed. As he started to turn her onto her back, she pushed against him. “No. I want to be on top.”

He looked doubtfully at her chest. During his moment of hesitation, she got the upper hand and forced him onto his back. He went willingly, despite the resistance. Ida was so eager to fuck her husband, to make him hers once again, that her pussy was slick and wet without any external stimulation. Roger clearly wasn’t used to a woman being on top which, made Ida further wonder about the sex he had with Betty, but she knew what she was doing and slipped his cock into her pussy, moving up and down slowly and carefully until he was fully lubricated and sliding in and out of her easily.

They fucked in relative silence for a minute, both marveling at what they were planning for themselves and their marriage. Ida had to take the next step. She leaned forward and hung her breast directly in front of Roger’s face.

He turned away, not wanting to touch or taste her nipple.

She grabbed his head and turned it back.

“If you love me, you’ll love my tits.”

“It’s not your tits,” he said carefully. “It’s your…”

“Milk,” she finished for him. “You’ve never even tasted it.”

“But it’ll get…messy,” he said as if that were the actual objection.

“Sex is messy. Life is messy. Marriage is messy.” She frowned at him. “If you

love me, you'll try it. You don't have to do it, but you'll know that my lover," and she stressed the word, "loves sucking on my tits and drinking my milk. It makes the sex better. So fucking do it and don't complain."

It was the crux of Ida's ongoing complaint about Roger. He had professed a disgust of her breast milk and now was the time to wipe that away. Roger could be an ass and destroy the fragile rebuilding of their marriage or try something new.

He turned his head to find her nipple and drew it into his mouth.

Ida sighed.

His lips and tongue were gentle.

His mouth was warm.

He tried a few tentative sucks and she relaxed. Just like that she could feel her milk letting down and start to flow. Roger shook as he got his first real taste of her milk. It was sweet and creamy and surprised him in a good way.

Her pussy heated up and she slowly resumed riding his cock, grinding down on it to stimulate her clit.

It was going to work out.

Roger and Thomas would both happily fuck her.

Roger and Thomas would both happily drink her milk.

Roger could keep fucking Betty.

Maybe Ida would get to meet Betty.

Maybe Ida would be able to hang the very dirty picture of her and Thomas above her marriage bed. But that would have to wait.

She kept moving slowly and steadily. When her milk started to seep out of her free breast, she moved Roger's mouth over. He didn't object. It would take a bit to get her to orgasm, but once she did, it would be the experience of a lifetime

for them both.

End

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

Roderick’s Rage:

Part One of The Palace

As she wandered through the court Pauline was alternately given withering glares from jealous and judgmental ladies, especially from the ladies that attended Margareta, and words and nods of admiration, mostly from the lords and minor nobles that sought to curry favor from Roderick but often from the men who were admiring Pauline's beauty.

It wasn't a contest, but Roderick enjoyed having the court debate the two beauties who alternately shared his bed. Princess Margareta was almost doll-like in her beauty: china pale skin, sapphire blue eyes, and brilliant blonde hair. That she was barely taller than a boy entering adolescence only enhanced her doll-like charm. In contrast, Pauline cut a near-towering figure with her sharp features, black hair and olive-toned skin. Her eyes were dark and flashing and full of mirth.

There was an athleticism to the way she held herself and moved, probably owing to her early years where she trained as dancer, an indulgence of her father, a merchant who quickly became wealthy trading in goods of questionable origin and morality. The bulge of her stomach was enhanced by her dress. What good was it to be the prince's pregnant mistress if she couldn't show it off?

"My princess," she said to Roderick's mother, performing the best curtsy she could considering the circumstances. It was tradition for all ladies to present themselves to the next queen-apparent.

"Mistress Pauline," Princess Nadine replied neutrally. "So good to see you back at court." It was an obvious lie to everyone in the court, but no one called her out on it. "Your visit to your family was pleasing, I take it?"

"Yes, Princess," Pauline replied. Nothing more was required of her. She faded into the background and the events at court continued around her, but all eyes were on her. Or flicking back and forth between Roderick and his mistress. Roderick was standing off to the side, next to his very un-pregnant wife.

The baths at the palace were much better than the ones in her family's home. The marble was smoother, the water was hotter, the soaps were perfectly scented, and having the maids attend to her was much better than having to do everything for herself. While her father might have amassed a huge fortune, he was extremely tight fisted in spending it on anything that he viewed as unnecessary. But soaking forever in the hot water was a luxury she could never have in her father's house.

"If you stay in there forever, you'll turn into a prune," Roderick said with a smile on his face.

Pauline was leaning back on slope of the bath, her head resting on a rolled up towel. Parts of her body were just visible above the bubbles and water. Her knees. The tops of her breasts. The swell of her belly. They all made little islands in the water.

Her eyes were closed but she recognized the voice of her lover right away. How could she not? "Would you like me that way? A prune instead of fat and pregnant?"

"I'd love you no matter what you looked like."

It was too much effort to open her eyes, but Pauline knew he was lying. Roderick took pleasure in her beauty and her body and how she offered both to him. If she couldn't breed, she'd be useless to him. He claimed to love her—and while she found the emotion a sweet gesture—but she knew it was untrue. It was just something he said to keep her in line. It almost worked.

"Liar," she accused him, but it was said without malice.

He gasped in mock surprise. "I love everything about you," he said. "Your face, your hair, your skin, your legs, your toes," he said as she allowed her feet to float upward in the bubbly water, "your back, your ass, your tits, your tummy, and your cunt. I love all of you."

She smiled sweetly at him while forcing her eyes open. Pauline didn't comment on the fact he didn't say a word about her personality and how he enjoyed her company. That didn't matter. They were using each other for purposes other than love. "Do you want to show me how much you love me?" she asked as she forced herself to her feet, taking care to move cautiously on the slippery surface

of the tub.

Pauline stood unashamed and naked in front of the prince. Her tummy swelled out in front of her, but that was the bond that held them together. Her eyes went to the front of his pants. The bulge in the front told her everything she needed to know.

“I’d love to show you how much I love you,” he said, pulling at his clothing. Even with the overly ornate uniform the crown prince demanded all members of the aristocracy wear to court, Roderick was able to get out of his clothes in the blink of an eye. He wasn’t the least bit shy about joining his lover in her bath, kissing her, feeling the slick soap on her skin, and basking in the heat of her skin, her body having been warmed by the hot water. He wasn’t able to bend her back slightly and press his body to hers, not because of his erection, but because of the bulge of her belly. The bath was deep enough to come up to her thighs and was large enough to accommodate many more than just two bathers.

She allowed his kiss for a minute and then turned her head. “If you truly love any part of me, it’s my cunt, isn’t it, my prince?” she asked coyly.

Roderick laughed at her. “Why would you say that?” he asked, kissing her neck, another part of her body he professed to love.

“It’s to path to my womb,” she told him. “Where your child is growing…and that’s the true reason you profess your love for me.”

He laughed again and forced a kiss on her which she willingly accepted. “You think I only need you to carry my child?”

She allowed her hand to trail down his muscular chest to where his cock stood up proudly from his crotch. Roderick shivered as she ever so lightly ran her finger on the underside of his manhood. Her skills as a lover was another reason he was sure he loved her. “I think your wife isn’t able to carry a child, so I’m the next best thing.”

His lips twisted in amusement and a second later he spun her around, aided by the slippery floor of the tub. She was so much smaller than he was, so she was helpless to resist, but he also caught her as she started to fall. His arms cradled her gently as he pushed her into position. His cock quickly found its way between her legs, but couldn’t find the entrance to her cunt.

“Does my prince love me so?” she asked as she did nothing to aid his entrance.

“He would love you more if he could get into your sweet cunt!”

Laughing with delight she reached down between her thighs, found his manhood, and guided it into her wetness. They groaned together as their bodies were joined.

“You don’t have to do this, my prince,” Pauline panted as Roderick grabbed her hips and started pumping his cock in and out of her. They were half bent over, her hands on the stone shelf next to the tub.

“I want to do it,” he grunted.

“You can’t get me any more pregnant than I already am,” she pointed out unnecessarily.

“The good doctor told me this was good for a woman with child,” he said as he increased his speed and force. “Besides, it’s your duty.”

“My duty?”

“To serve your prince in any and every way he desires and needs.”

Her eyes were closed, but she wasn’t focusing on the pleasure, she was focusing on keeping her thoughts straight. “Your needs, my lord?”

“I need to fuck you,” he said. “I need to drain my balls. You should know that. It’s not good for a man to abstain.”

Pauline didn’t know the truth of that, but she enjoyed being fucked by Prince Roderick. He could have chosen any other woman in the kingdom to fuck—his wife, a daughter of a minor noble, the daughter of another rich merchant, a scullery mail—but he kept coming back to her. Was it love or lust? Did it matter?

“I’m so glad you chose me, my prince.” It wasn’t a lie. Before Roderick had picked her from a bevy of other available and willing doxies, she had been forced to get her sexual pleasure from herself or on a few occasions by letting a man spend himself in her ass. There was no way she was going to risk falling

pregnant with a commoner's or low-born's child when the prince was a possibility. His cock in her cunt was the culmination of a too-short and completely misspent adolescence. "My cunt desires your cock more than you can imagine."

It sounded like the words a courtesan would say to flatter a lord. It was exactly what she was doing, flattering Roderick. But she wasn't lying. She loved the way he fucked her.

His thrusting became more vigorous to the point where her whole body was shaking. Her tits, having grown fuller from her pregnancy, were bouncing back and forth painfully. The slap of his wet flesh on hers filled the air of the bath. It was raw and visceral and she wouldn't have changed it for anything in the world.

Her hand stole down to her cunt and quickly found her swollen clit. When she was like this all it took was a rub or two so she needed to resist until the last moment; it would be a terrible mistake to disappoint her lover.

Roderick's fingers dug into her soft, fleshy hips. It hurt, but she savored the pain. "Slut. Coquette. Doxy. Whore!" He said the words like a mantra and it worked perfectly well. With the last declaration of her status in the world, his cock started jetting its viscous white fluid into her. Now was the moment. She briskly manipulated her over-stimulated clit and was rewarded with a sudden burst of energy and relief. Her cunt tightened down on his cock and their dual orgasms washed through their bodies.

When it was over, he signaled his completion by smacking her smartly on the ass. Pauline eased herself down to the edge of the tub and then slid down carefully into the hot water. Pipes under the tub kept the water perfectly warmed like she was in a stewpot. She was glad to be in the soapy water because it washed away the sweat that had formed on her body along with the cum the prince had deposited in her.

But Roderick wasn't done with her yet. While she had exerted herself to exhaustion, he was young and fit and not yet fully spent. He didn't give her an opportunity to complain, but just presented his cock to her face. Pauline knew what was expected of her. She delicately took his cock in her hand and pulled it to her mouth, carefully sucking off his leavings and her pungent secretions. There was no way for her to tell if he actually enjoyed this treatment or if he just

did it to control and humiliate her.

There was no depth that Pauline wouldn't plumb to humiliate herself for him.

When he judged his cock was sufficiently clean he lowered himself into her bath, using it for its intended purpose.

"Are you going to join me for my beauty time?" she asked him. "Lounging with your lover instead of attending to matters of state?"

He scoffed at her mild teasing. "What affairs of state? Grandfather sits on the throne, but father runs everything. My brother is ready to step in the moment Grandfather passes. I'm merely an afterthought."

"You have estates and obligations," she pointed out.

He snorted outright at her statement. "Right now my only obligation is to get my wife pregnant. What grows in your belly very well might be the eventual king if my brother can stop sucking a different cock every other day and bed a woman for once. And if my wife can't keep a baby in her belly."

He let the words hang angrily between them. They both knew her father only encouraged the affair between her and Roderick as a means of further legitimizing their station in the kingdom. It was fine to be a rich merchant, but without a landed title, it meant little. Once Roderick's bastard was born, there was the promise of a title in the family, if not for Master Petnard then certainly for his bastard grandchild, and that would be entrée into the ruling elite.

"So why don't you go fuck her then?" Pauline asked, her anger just barely kept in check.

"I'd rather fuck you," he said. It was an honest admission.

"You just did."

"I don't think I can get it up for her, not today."

"Would you like me to suck it for you?" Pauline asked, surprising herself. The pregnancy had made her randier than normal, which was good. "I can send you to your wife's bed good and hard."

“That won’t be necessary.”

She sloshed across the tub and curled up next to him. Her hand went between his legs and found his cock. It wasn’t hard, but neither was it completely soft. It wouldn’t take much effort at all to get him hard. “Would you like me to join you in your wife’s bed?” she whispered in his ear. “I can show her the right way to make love to a man. She just needs to be taken in hand and then she’ll give you what you want.” She kissed Roderick, feeling the slight stubble of his beard on her cheeks, even in the tub. The promise she made her lover wasn’t idly pillow talk. She would do anything and everything for him. It was a promise she had made herself—and her father—long ago.

“I doubt she’d like that,” Roderick said sourly, pushing her hand aside.

“She might not, but I wouldn’t mind at all.” Pauline gave him another kiss and turned her body, letting him feel how her skin felt as it slid along his. “And I’m sure you’d love it.” Her hand went back to his cock.

Once more he freed himself from her grasp. “As tempting as that is—and I’m only say no for now, not forever—I had best go to my wife alone this evening.”

“With the stink of another woman’s body on yours?” Pauline teased.

“That’s why I’m taking a bath,” he explained to her. “So she won’t know our little secret.”

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