
Feeling
Jacki's Milk 4
Elliot Silvestri
An Adult Nursing Relationship and Lactation Erotica Story
Green Bush Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Jacki wasn't one for fancy spas or weird faddish pampering and relaxation beautification techniques, but this was that Kara wanted and she was more than happy to indulge her girlfriend.

They checked in together but Jacki got the distinct impression they weren't the first female-female couple to do that, though she imagined most of those couples were just good friends sharing a room for the weekend. While Jacki and Kara were friends, they were lovers as well.

It was Kara's idea and Jacki went along with it because she wanted to win her friend back. She wanted to win her girlfriend back. She wanted her lover back.

It helped that Kara's husband and Jacki's boyfriend were pushing for this—maybe the men were being a bit selfish because they got off on their significant others fucking a woman but that was neither here nor there.

After checking in they had a full slate of pampering and spa activities. Jacki had already steeled herself for the ordeal. It wasn't that she couldn't do this, it was that she had no desire to do it. Playing games with strange beauty techniques that seemed questionable at best weren't her forte. She was a more athletic girl while Kara was the more indulgent and sexy and pretty one. Yeah, maybe she was a little heavier and curvier than Jacki, but that was in style now, wasn't it? Men went for women with a round, curvy ass and women like Jacki with lean limbs and small tits were overlooked.

That's what she told herself.

The first thing that struck her about the spa was that it looked like all the employees were women, which wasn't surprising. The few men she saw around were either clients—and presumably gay—or were employees who were definitely gay. That made things easier. Nothing to distract Kara and Jacki.

Except that Jacki was most decidedly out as a bisexual woman and Kara was bisexual as well, but wasn't willing to admit it to anyone, even herself, despite her actions.

Where they wound up going first was a mud bath. Jacki tried not to giggle. Every other woman in the place dipping into the mud bath was undoubtedly doing it because it was supposedly healthful and good for the pores and skin. Jacki thought about all the mud baths she had taken as a tomboy playing in the backyard. And then there were the unintentional mud baths she had taken while playing soccer in high school and college. On top of that there was cross country running she had done which also made her intimate with mud. Plus there was the one tough mudder race she had participated in.

She had serious doubts the women at the spa had ever seen mud on their bodies unless it was part of a beauty treatment.

The tiled room was almost antiseptic with it's white tiled walls and floor. Somehow the spa had managed to fill the large tubs with mud and not gotten a single drop on the floor or anywhere else. There were rubber mats between the tubs and a small shower stall in the corner, but that was the one concession to safety and ease of cleaning.

The attendant that escorted them to the room directed them to their separate changing rooms where they were to strip and put on bathrobes. Jacki's breasts weren't swollen or full yet, but she could feel it coming. The overly fluffy robe had loose fibers that tickled her nose. She didn't bother to tightly cinch her belt; instead she left it open, but not obscenely so. She showed off what would have been her cleavage if she had any and left the white garment loosely belted around her waist.

Kara was the opposite. She had the robe tightly tied around her waist and closed all the way up to her neck. Jacki was vaguely amused at the false modesty of her friend.

The attendant instructed them to just drop the robes to the side of the tubs when they were ready and that she would be back in a minute.

Jacki couldn't help herself. "You don't need to bother leaving. Kara knows I'm the least modest person in the world." She let the robe slip from her shoulders and onto the tiled floor. Stepping carefully she made her way down into the tub while the attendant's eyes watched her. Jacki was certain that the youthful woman was watching her with an intensity that wasn't entirely necessary. Jacki enjoyed the attention.

The mud was warm and much less annoying than Jacki had anticipated. It covered up everything and wasn't unpleasant at all. The attendant cautioned her to keep her hair and face out of the mud. Jacki merely nodded in agreement and once she was settled into tub, she turned her attention to Kara who was still standing next to her tub with her robe on.

"Let me give you a moment," said the attendant.

"You don't need to leave," Jacki called out. "She's not shy, she's just nervous."

Jacki looked expectantly at her friend. The false modesty was annoying. Surely the women who worked at the spa had seen all manner of nudity, intentional or not, while working here. Hell, the place had a handful of aestheticians who would happily wax away pubic hair so they couldn't put up with any feigned attempts at modesty.

"Sorry," Kara mumbled. She turned away from the attendant who didn't bother averting her gaze. Down fell the robe and Jacki smiled at her friend's body. Yes, she was curvy, but it was the perfect sort of curvy that made her sexy. The little patch of blonde pubic hair still adorned her pussy and that made Jacki happy because Kara had been shaving herself to put her pussy on full display, but Jacki had made the request that she grow it out to please her. Either she had gotten used to the idea of wearing pubic hair like a woman again or maybe, just maybe, Kara still harbored more than a little affection for Jacki and wanted to make her happy, both emotionally and sexually.

Her breasts were full, but not so full that they were leaking milk. Not yet. Her hips were full as well, but that wasn't going to change any time soon unless Kara started an exercise regime to match Jacki's. Jacki didn't want that. She wanted her girlfriend to remain sexy and curvy.

As Kara slipped into the mud and lowered her pale, naked body into the dark semi-liquid, Jacki caught the attendant watching Kara closely. Was she watching for safety's sake, or was she watching because she liked looking? Jack couldn't say for certain, but she did catch the attendant's eye, forcing the younger woman to look away with a shade of crimson on her face.

Jacki's hand crept between her legs and she wondered what the risks and what the fun would be to masturbate in the mud bath.

“Music and scent?” the young woman asked.

Jacki had no idea what she was asking. Kara did. “Soothing. Both. Both soothing.”

The cute girl nodded and turned on some soft music that came from hidden speakers. She lit a few candles and spritzed some spray from a bottle above the tiny flames. A scent that Jacki couldn’t identify filled the air.

“Thank you,” said Jacki. It seemed the polite thing to say. “What else do you do while we soak here?”

“Whatever you wish.”

Jacki lifted her eyebrows and gave her a wicked smile. “Whatever I wish?”

“Most women ask for drinks or facial treatments.”

“What’s your name?” Jacki asked abruptly.

“Diana.”

“That’s a rather boring name.”

“Jacki!” Kara admonished her.

Both Jacki and Diana laughed at Kara’s reaction. “Well it is,” Diana agreed. “My mother named me after Princess Diana, but she claims it was after my grandmother, who had the middle name of Diane. Would either of you like a drink or a facial?”

Jacki managed to suppress a giggle at the word facial. She knew it was the proper term but she couldn’t remove from her mind the image of a man jerking off in front of her face and depositing a load on her skin. That summoned up a college memory of sexual lore than semen was an excellent way to hydrate the skin. Obviously it was some bullshit created by a frat boy years and years ago, but it remained with Jacki.

“Some water would be lovely,” said Kara.

“Certainly,” Diana replied. “We also have wine, champagne, and other cocktails if you wish.”

Under the mud, Jacki scraped a fingernail along her thigh to prevent more than a smile. The word cocktail was supposed to be innocent but she couldn’t help but separate it into its component parts, both of which sounded dirties than they should be.

“Just water.”

“And you, Jacki?”

Jacki wondered how Diana knew her name, but undoubtedly it was etched onto some schedule so that the spa employees knew who was who and who was supposed to be at which station during the day. “Water is fine. I don’t need to drink this early in the day.”

“You’d be surprised at what some women do while here,” she said innocently as she went to what Jacki had thought were just a row of cabinets along the far wall. She had presumed they were full or towels and other supplies, but one was a cleverly disguised refrigerator. Diana pulled out two bottles of water and opened them. Inside the refrigerator Jacki spied a variety of alcohol bottles, the sort for drinking, not rubbing.

Her statement was innocent, but Jacki couldn’t help put a wicked spin on it in her head. What do some women do at this spa. It couldn’t just involve mud baths and day drinking, could it?

Jacki couldn’t hold her tongue. “Why don’t you surprise me with what some women do when they’re here,” she said.

Diana laughed and knelt down next her tub, handing off the water before moving over to Kara’s tub. Jacki couldn’t help but notice that Diana had a lithe body under the white uniform of the spa. The pants she wore were maybe a little tight —was that intentional or had Diana put on a few pounds since she had purchased them?—and Jacki couldn’t detect a visible panty line on the girl’s ass. Thong? Maybe. No panties? Maybe. Spanks? Maybe. Jacki was intrigued to discover the answer.

She detected the hint of a tattoo on the girl’s upper arm. It just barely peeked out

of her short sleeve. Jacki wanted to know what the tattoo was. She knew her thoughts were wrong because she was taking this spa weekend with her girlfriend.

What was wrong with her?

“Well, some women come here to get away from it all. It’s the only time they never have any responsibilities at home being a wife or mother. Or to get away from work responsibilities as well. I’ve seen women check in at nine a.m. and start drinking right away. We’ve had occasions where we’ve cut off their alcohol supply because they were in danger of either passing out or blacking out or getting alcohol poisoning. It’s crazy.”

“What’s the worst behavior you’ve had to deal with?” Jacki asked to keep the conversation going.

Diana took a position on a stool near the tubs and leaned back a little. Her shirt stretched across her chest, but it did nothing to give Jacki a decent idea of what her tits were actually like. “I’ve had to get out the mop bucket more than once because someone vomited all over themselves or the floor,” she said and immediately covered her mouth with her hand. “Oh. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have been so disgusting. I apologize.”

Jacki waved her water bottle back and forth dismissively. “Don’t worry about it. But it sounds more like a college party than a spa.”

“Jacki…” Kara said, annoyed. “Stop pressing our friend.”

“It’s fine,” Diana said with smile. “It’s nice to have clients who are friendly and chatty rather than rude and demanding.”

“I can be demanding if you want,” Jacki laughed.

“No thank you!”

They both laughed while Kara rolled her eyes.

“How long have you worked here?”

“Almost four years.”

Jacki gasped. “That’s impossible. You don’t look that old!”

Diana laughed again. “I started here right out of high school. I work and I go to school at the same time.”

“So you do know what a college party is like.”

Diana laughed again. “Sort of.”

“Do the clients get so drunk that they start hitting on you?” Jacki asked boldly.

Jacki!” Kara admonished her.

But Diana kept laughing and shook her head as well. “Well…yeah. But I’ve always said no.”

“That’s too bad.”

“Jacki! Stop it!”

With a sly smile, Jacki settled back in her tub and tried to relax. The alcohol wouldn’t have improved anything and most likely would have made things much worse between her and her girlfriend. Openly flirting with the spa attendant was a bad idea, but Jacki couldn’t help herself. She was too horny.

While they relaxed in the mud baths, Diana went through the spa’s services and programs. It was nothing more than straight advertising, which Diana seemed annoyed at having to do and Jacki just suffered through it. She was certain the girl got some sort of bonus for any services she upsold but Jacki wasn’t interested and Kara had already booked them for a package deal already.

When the marketing ordeal was over, Diana had Kara stand and removed the top layer of mud from her skin before escorting her to the shower to wash away the remainder. When Diana came over to Jacki, she had an eager glint in her eyes.

She said in a soft, conspiratorial voice that was hardly above a whisper, “Don’t take this the wrong way, but it’s nice to see two attractive women coming through here. Most of our clients are well into or beyond middle age and it’s a little…”

“Disappointing?”

“Exactly,” she agree and started to clean the mud from Jacki’s body.

Jacki found the squeegee-like device that Diana used to remove the layer of mud from her skin to be amusing and couldn’t help but giggle while she stood knee-deep in the mud while more of the dark, semi-liquid was purposely sloughed from her body.

“Does this tickle?”

“Not really. But I’m reminded of the strigil. That squeegee you’re using it the modern equivalent.”

Diana missed the reference. “It’s better than making you go to the shower, tracking mud everywhere, and having to wash it all off.”

Diana had started with her back and buttocks, moving down to the backs of her legs. After being told to turn around and hold her arms out, she happily watched while Diana ran the soft tool over her breasts and down her tummy. She didn’t move it between her legs even though Jacki wouldn’t have objected at all.

Once Kara was out of the shower and toweling off, Jacki followed suit under the water and wished that her girlfriend was there with her, but she didn’t think the spa catered to lesbians. Of course, she wouldn’t have objected if Diana had joined her…

The thought snapped her to reality. Her fingers were between her legs and though she was assured of some privacy behind the curtain in the shower stall, it was a betrayal of Kara to fantasize and masturbate to Diana…especially while they were just on the other side of the room.

Kara seemed to have calmed down from her earlier annoyance at Jacki. That was good. Once they were wrapped up in overly fluffy robes, Diana escorted the pair out of the mud baths and into the massage room to continue their day of pampering. Jacki was sad to see Diana left behind but realized it was for the best. She wasn’t supposed to be scoping out other women. She was supposed to be reconnecting with her girlfriend.

As they were settling onto the massage table, Jacki softly asked her friend, “How

am I supposed to deal with my tits? They're starting to ache."

"We'll go back to the room and pump when our massages are done." And, for Kara, that was that.

The hot oil massage was nice, even if her masseuse was obviously gay. It got her relaxed and a little turned on, but by the time it was over her breasts were engorged with no one eager to suckle from them. She needed some relief and it would have to come from a pump instead of Alex's mouth. Or Will's mouth. Or even Kara's mouth. She wasn't going to ask for that though she desperately wanted to.

They walked back to their room in the overly fluffy robe. Jacki carried her clothes in a small bag the spa had given her. She was naked under the robe which made her wonder how many of the women she passed in the hallways were also naked under their robes.

It wouldn't do to suddenly flash one of them. If nothing else it would surely get Kara angry with her and most likely would get them both kicked out of the spa.

Jacki's horniness was taking control of her every thought.

She was glad to be back in their room. It might have been rude, but Jacki all but pushed aside Kara as they walked in, rushed to her suitcase, and scrabbled through it. The pump was half-buried and by the time she had it out, set up, and plugged it, Kara was just casually sitting down on the edge of her bed.

"Anxious to get it out?" Kara asked as she watched her friend.

Taking the cups, she pressed them against her small but swollen breasts. Right away the pump started pulling on her nipples. It hurt. It was a familiar ache that she knew was going to lead to something more.

"Yes. Fuck yes!" Jacki glanced up at Kara who made no motion to get out her pump. However, she had started to let her robe slip open, giving Jacki a small glimpse of Kara's impressive tits. "Are you bursting?"

"I'm used to it," Kara said. "Besides, Will nursed from me this morning. Drained me and then fucked me. Didn't Alex do that for you?"

The answer was no. Alex had to leave early, far too early, for another one of his too-frequent business trips. It was annoying. She had used the pump in the morning, but it wasn't what she needed. She had gotten so used to an eager mouth latching on twice a day that the pump wasn't nearly as good.

And she was happy to admit it to herself, the pump wasn't as good because it never led to sex. She wanted the sex.

"No. No he didn't. He left early."

"Too bad."

"Yeah…"

She looked down at her exposed breasts, which were now mostly hidden by the cups of the pump. The nipples were being drawn out, stretching them to what seemed an insane length, and then letting go. A few drops of milk appeared on the tips, and then a few more on the next cycle, and then finally a weak spray.

The relief she had been looking for was coming. Jacki inhaled sharply through her nose, gathering as much air as her lungs could take before letting it all out in a long exhale.

"Is it really that good?" asked Kara. She made no motion to get out her own pump.

"No. Not really. But it's something."

"Do you like doing this?"

"This?" Jacki thought that maybe Kara was referring to their trip to the spa.

"Yeah. All of this. Pumping, wearing nursing bras, always having a partner available to suckle, always having your tits constantly making milk, living with the risk of leaking, having to pump when your partner just can't nurse. All of it."

Jacki didn't even have to give it a moment's thought. Kara had sent her down this path. She never would have expected it, but she was learning more and more things about herself. And if it wasn't for Kara and her milk and her need to be nursed and her willingness to share it all, then Jacki never would have

discovered and explored her own bisexuality.

“Yes. It’s all worth it. Nothing’s perfect, but I like this. I like what it’s done to me as a person.”

“Do you like the pump?” Kara let her robe slip a little more. She wasn’t exposing her areola or nipples. Not yet.

“Not especially.”

“It seems like a waste. What are you going to do with the milk?”

“Probably dump it.”

Kara stood up and moved across the small space between their bed. She knelt down in front of Jacki and switched off the pump. Before Jacki could protest, Kara pulled the cups away from Jacki’s small breasts. They released wetly. It was only then that Jacki realized she was sitting naked on the edge of the bed. She’d been naked in front of Kara before but somehow she felt vulnerable this time.

“I’m sorry,” Kara whispered before leaning in and taking one nipple in her mouth.

Jacki had to brace herself in order not to clutch the other woman’s head to her chest. It felt so good. It felt wonderful. It was sexual and intimate and apologetic and sexy and erotic and a mix of emotions and feeling that Jacki wasn’t able to protest. She felt the nursing sensation from her nipple all the way down to her pussy. It wasn’t an unconscious decision, but she spread her legs wider, inviting Kara closer. It was perhaps vulgar and crass, but Jacki saw no reason to be subtle with Kara.

They both reached for Jacki’s free nipple at the same time. Jacki was going to pinch it off to prevent the milk from leaking. While she didn’t know exactly what Kara had been planning on doing, it was probably much the same. She groaned in the back of her throat.

“Is it that good?” Kara asked quickly before switching breasts. She pinched off the wet one she had been nursing from while drawing out the milk from the fresh one.

“Uh-huh,” Jacki agreed. She didn’t care what Kara did to her as long as she kept sucking. What she really wanted was Kara’s fingers between her legs and on her clit. That would be perfect, but it wasn’t going to happen. Not right away.

But she didn’t feel Kara’s fingers at her breast. Jacki pinched her own nipple to prevent the milk from dripping out. She didn’t want to waste one precious drop.

And then Kara’s fingers were between her legs, burrowing upwards, searching and seeking. Jacki spread her legs wider and tilted back her hips. She wanted to give Kara every part of her body.

Annoyingly, Kara’s lips separated from her breast. Jacki had to stop herself from groaning in frustration. “You want me to fuck you, don’t you?” Kara asked.

“Yes. I want you to fuck me. I want to fuck you.” Jacki grabbed her friend’s face between her hands and kissed her intensely on the lips. They both opened their mouths and their tongues sought out the other’s. Jacki wanted everything. She wanted to be nursed. She wanted to be fucked. She wanted Kara’s fingers up inside her pussy. She wanted Kara to rub her clit and make her cum. She wanted to do those exact same things to Kara. She wanted to tell Kara she loved her but that’s what drove Kara away the last time and if she had to remain silent to keep her friend, then she’d do that. It was a sacrifice she was more than willing and more than happy to make.

The kiss was broken when Kara said, “We have mani-pedis in an hour.”

“More than enough time,” Jacki insisted, punctuating it with a kiss.

“What makes you think I want to do this?” asked Kara, playing coy even though she had been the aggressor and her mouth was on Jacki’s breast and her fingers were searching for her pussy.

“I don’t, but I want to make love to you and we’re going to do exactly that.” She pulled Kara on top of her, pushing off the robe at the same time. It was easy for Jacki to seek out Kara’s full breasts, find a nipple, latch onto it, and start sucking.

As always she was pleased right away because Kara’s breasts, after years of lactating, first for her child and then for her husband, gave up the milk right away. It was like a minor flood in her mouth, coating her tongue, sliding down

her throat, filling her tummy. It was much more intense and intimate than anything she had ever done with a man, with any man, with her current boyfriend. It was driving her crazy and she knew exactly why: because it was forbidden, because it was wrong, because she got off to things that shouldn't be done but she was determined to do them anyway.

They had been lovers long enough that it was easy to move their bodies around and find the right position. They laid on their sides head to toe and toe to head. Their mouths found their partner's breasts, latched onto a nipple, and suckled happily away. While Jacki sucked Kara's rich milk and savored the little sin she was committing, Kara did the same to Jacki. It was much more than just a variation of mutual masturbation. It was something only two exceptional women in love could do with each other. They weren't just nursing and lactating with each other. Once they settled in to the pattern they needed to sustain their milk cycle, Jacki's hand caressed Kara's body, oriented her position relative to her lover, and moved between her legs. Kara allowed this.

In no time at all Jacki was fingering her lover and Kara followed her lead. This was what Jacki wanted more than anything, She wanted not only to love her friend, but she wanted to share physical affection in a way that was impossible with almost anyone else. It was wrong and by wrong it was right and all of those thoughts didn't matter when she found herself cumming.

The trembles that shook through her body just confirmed that everything she was doing was good and right and she wasn't going to change her mind.

Jacki didn't stop rubbing her friend's clit. She couldn't stop. When Kara finally let out the noises that indicated her orgasm, Jacki smiled in satisfaction, let Kara's breast slip from between her lips and pulled back with a smile.

"I missed doing that with you."

Kara said nothing, but moved around with trembling limbs so they were correctly oriented again and kissed her friend. "I missed it too."

"What now?"

"We have half an hour. Shower and then mani-pedi."

"I can do that," Jacki said, refreshed from their exertion of sex and milking. She

started to get up but Kara grabbed her should, making her pause.

“I love you,” the curvy blonde blurted out.

Jacki’s eyes went wide. “Oh.”

Kara frowned at Jacki, her expression going dark, no easy feat for a woman so pale. “I tell you I love you and that’s your reaction?”

Buying some time to gather her thoughts, Jacki kissed Kara. “I love you too, but I wasn’t expecting you to say anything like that. The last time I told you that I loved you, we didn’t talk for almost a month.”

“I was in denial.”

“About what?”

“Everything. That lactating for my husband was just a passing phase. That I wasn’t truly attracted to and in love with you. That I didn’t know who I was. That life is a hell of a lot more complicated and messy than I want it to be.”

“I’m bi,” Jacki said. “And I’m not ashamed of it.”

“I’m bi too,” Kara said after a deep breath. “But it’s hard to admit. My family is so fucked up. They would think it’s perfectly normal to have a best friend I share every secret with but not to have a friend who is a lover. I’m married after all.”

“I have a best friend and a lover who I want to share all my secrets with and I don’t care if she wants to be discrete.”

“You’re getting yourself into one hell of a situation,” Kara said and glanced at the time. “But that’s a conversation for after mani-pedis.”

Chapter Two

The nail technician, or whatever the hell she was called, was unimpressed with Jacki. While the older woman was initially excited because she was being given an opportunity to work on a set of nails that had never seen the inside of a nail salon, that initial excitement quickly abated based upon Jacki's reaction. Jacki didn't want elaborate decorations or lacquer on her nails. She barely wanted her feet touched. Fake tips were right out of the question.

"Why are you getting this done then if you want nothing?" the technician asked sourly after they had come to an unhappy accord where Jacki would allow her to trim and shape her nails while adding a bit of a shiny but clear polish. Jacki got the impression that she felt her talents were wasted on Jacki. In truth, Jacki agreed with her because Jacki was a woman who had only stopped biting her nails as a method of trimming them back because tearing them down to the quick was painful. That had been years ago and her only nail-oriented tool in her bathroom was a pair of nail clippers. She was reasonably certain there was a bottle of red nail polish that was part of a Halloween costume hidden away behind the band-aids, but that was it.

"I'm indulging my girlfriend," Jacki replied, indicating Kara across the room, happily chatting away with her technician. In truth, Jacki had seen how well-maintained and pretty Kara kept her nails, but had never commented on it. She simply didn't have the time or patience for such self-indulgence. It was the person she was and while she didn't hold it against Kara, she'd rather go for a run than sit in a nail salon with its smelly chemicals and self-absorbed clients.

The technician allowed her a small smile. "It's very nice you came with your friend."

Jacki didn't miss the judgement in her voice. The tech obviously thought that Jacki should be more like Kara. That was never going to happen.

For a moment Jacki didn't know what to say. Her first instinct was to smarmily reply I've never cum with her, but I hope to tonight. That was a little much and there was no reason to embarrass Kara. Besides, maybe they had both cum together and never fully realized it.

“She’s my best friend,” Jacki said honestly. “I don’t know where my life would be without her.” She spared the tech the whole story; it was better for everyone that way.

It took Kara twice as long with her tech as it did with Jacki, which was no surprise. Jacki was fairly certain most of that time was wasted arguing with the tech, but she didn’t say that. The first thing Kara said when she was done was, “Let me see yours!” She was genuinely excited to see how Jacki had taken advantage of her little indulgence.

Jacki shamefully offered up one hand. Although Kara cover it well, the disappointment on her face was obvious which made Jacki feel even worse. Couldn’t she have opted for a light pink shade for her nails. Usually she wore practical shoes or sneakers, so her toenails didn’t really matter, but everyone could see her fingernails.

“I didn’t know what to pick,” Jacki said apologetically. Her heart had dropped to the floor because she wasn’t able to give her best friend and lover what would have been a very simple gift.

“I’ve never seen your nails look so beautiful before,” Kara said, neither insulting or gushing false praise.

“You haven’t?” Jacki was taken aback.

“No. Normally they’re all uneven and torn up and…and I shouldn’t be like that, judging you. You are you. They look very nice and pretty; if you had gotten overly elaborate, I’d know you were just sucking up to me.” She gave Jacki a wink which gave her some relief.

“What do you think of mine?”

Jacki was relieved that Kara hadn’t gone for something overly elaborate or trendy. Her nails were reasonably short and stylish with a mild pink polish topped with a shiny coating. There were no ornaments or elaborate painting. In fact, they looked almost plain, but at the same time they were understated and elegant. Everything about their little exchange made Jacki think about the joke that always came up about lesbians. They never got their nails done because of the internal damage the nails could do.

She was certain that wasn’t a problem for her and Kara.

The mani-pedi was followed by a meal. Jacki realized she was staring but tried not to overeat. She was full of energy that needed to be burned off and adding more fuel to that slow burning fire was only a recipe for disaster. She was going to use up that energy one way or another. Normally she would do it with a vigorous run. Today she was certain it was going to be used up in bed.

“I’m exhausted,” said Kara after they finished eating at the spa’s overly chic restaurant. “Let’s go back to the room for a nap.”

Jacki wasn’t exhausted. They had hardly done anything all day, but she knew that Kara didn’t truly mean a nap.

Except that apparently Kara did mean a nap. They got back to the room and Kara curled up under the blanket on her bed. Jacki joined her, giving her a kiss before wrapping her arms around her girlfriend.

“You didn’t really mean nap, did you?” she asked Kara with a sly smile while sliding her hands up under Kara’s shirt, running her fingers along Kara’s smooth skin over her tummy.

“Actually…I did,” Kara mumbled. Her eyes were closed but she managed to kiss back and didn’t object to Jacki’s exploring hands.

Still thinking her lover was pretending, Jacki pushed her shirt up over Kara’s large breasts. As always, Kara was wearing a nursing bra. She was now familiar enough with Kara’s body and lingerie that it was easy to unhook the nursing flaps, exposing her nipples. She was certain that Kara smiled slightly when her breasts were exposed. From the low angle Jacki couldn’t tell if Kara’s smile increased, but she was happier when she latched onto Kara’s prominent nipple and started sucking.

Kara’s body was perfectly predictable, that was one of the many things that Jacki enjoyed about her. Two sucks and her milk was flowing. As always, it was sweet and smooth and Jacki couldn’t get enough of it. She didn’t know exactly where she was going with the nursing, but it was Kara who ended it too soon by pushing her away, breaking the seal on her soft breast. “Stop,” she said softly. “More later.”

“I want to make love to you now.”

Her head barely moved but Kara’s intent was obvious. She was done with nursing for the moment. “Later…make it special.”

And with that she had drifted off to sleep. Jacki briefly considered resuming nursing from her girlfriend. She had done it before while Kara had slept and had never heard one objection. Maybe it wasn’t exactly ethical, but it satisfied her—and probably Kara as well—in a way she needed.

But their relationship was on the mend and Jacki didn’t want to disrupt that or risk a bad outcome because of her greediness. Not taking the effort to pull her shirt down or put the flaps back in place, Jacki snuggled up against her lover’s soft breasts and soon joined her in a nap as well.

The knocking was annoying. As a general rule Jacki hated taking naps. She woke up frowzy headed without focus and half the time she was more exhausted from the short bit of sleep than she had been before the nap.

It was Kara who slipped off the bed and walked with steady footsteps to the door. Jacki was just barely aware of her friend pulling her bra into place and her shirt down to cover her large tits. Jacki wanted nothing more than to go back to sleep. The nap wasn’t enough.

She heard the chain slip off and the door open. Jacki hoped Kara had checked the peephole. The spa was really just a completely remodeled hotel that was supposed to feel elegant and well-aged, but there were small gaps in the metaphorical facade that let it show its age and outdated design.

“Thanks for coming,” Kara said.

“How could I not?” said a voice that was familiar to Jacki, but she couldn’t place it. “How often am I going to get this invitation?” The voice was feminine but that’s all that Jacki could say about it.

She kept her eyes closed because it was too much effort to open them and face waking up.

The soft footfalls stopped next to the bed that Jacki occupied so recently with Kara. “She’s a regular sleeping beauty, isn’t she?” Kara asked.

“A sexy sleeping beauty,” the voice agreed. “I was hoping she’d be naked, but…”

“You’ve already seen her naked anyway,” Kara pointed out.

Jacki was following the conversation but not fully understanding it.

Kara put her hand to Jacki’s shoulder and gently shook her. “Jacki. Honey. Wake up. We have a visitor.” She giggled a little. “Actually, you have a very special visitor.”

It was enough to make Jacki force her eyes open. She saw Kara first, but right behind her was a smiling face of a cute girl. It took Jacki a moment to place her. “Diana?” Her voice was confused.

The two women laughed at her. “I thought she’d be more pleased,” said Kara.

“You did say it was a surprise,” Diana commented.

“What are you doing here?” asked Jacki.

“I invited her over for…” Kara hesitated. “For…you know…”

“I’m not supposed to be here,” said Diana. “Employees are not supposed to fraternize with clients.”

Only now did Jacki notice that Diana was in street clothes and not her spa uniform. “Why did you invite her?” asked Jacki, still not fully awake.

“You don’t know?” asked Kara, archly. “I mean, the way you two were flirting and making goo-goo eyes at each other, I thought it was obvious why I invited her to our room.”

“I don’t get it,” said Jacki sitting up. She was always slow to realize anything when waking up.

Kara rolled her eyes. “What fun would a spa weekend be without a little walk on

the wild side?”

Jacki looked back and forth between the two women in front of her. They couldn’t be more different. Kara was blonde and curvy and one look at her and everyone knew she was a suburban mom. Diana was almost her opposite. Short brown hair cut into a practical style, clothes that showed none of her body, but the multiple earrings and sudden appearance of a rather prominent nose ring said as much about her. As she shed her light outer jacket, she revealed a sleeveless shirt that displayed her muscular arms and tattoo that took Jacki no time at all to understand.

“Oh, you’re a lesbian,” she said as she fully woke up.

“A lesbian who found you attractive and wants to…” Kara said but trailed off. “What did we agree to, anyway?”

“A lesbian who wants to get down and dirty with two milfs walking on the wild side for the weekend.”

“Oh.”

Kara was nonplussed. “I thought you’d be happier.”

“It’s just…unexpected.” Once more Jacki glanced back and forth between the two other women. “Does she know about…us?”

“That we’re intimate and have sex and all that?” Kara asked with a laugh. “Yes.”

“You didn’t mention…you know.” She flicked her eyes meaningfully at Kara’s chest.

“I thought I’d leave that to be a bit of a surprise.”

“A surprise,” interjected Diana. “I love surprises. What kind of surprise.”

“If we told you,” said Kara, “it wouldn’t be a surprise, would it?”

“No.”

“So you’ll have to unwrap the present I brought to you,” said Kara, indicating

Jacki, “to find your surprise.”

“She’s not my surprise?” asked Jacki. She knew what was happening now and was more than willing to go along with it.

Kara pretended she was a teenaged girl and rolled her eyes. “You’re her surprise and she’s your surprise. But there are still surprises to be revealed.” She grinned with an eagerness that scared Jacki. “Now strip her,” she ordered Diana.

Laughing Diana got on the bed with Jacki and gave her a kiss that she did not expect. It was a good kiss. Nice and soft, not too much tongue, but eager as well, as if they both knew what was going to happen and they were both performing a bit for Kara. Jacki went with it even though she felt a bit of guilt because she was cheating on Kara even though Kara was right there watching them. The thought that she was cheating on her boyfriend never occurred to her, but she was positive that Alex would approve. He had always been supportive of her bisexuality, mostly because he liked to watch her fuck Kara and hear about when she fucked Kara. He’d be thrilled to know she went away on a dirty weekend with Kara and they both wound up fucking a third woman.

Still, Jacki found herself breaking the kiss and looking at her girlfriend. “Are you sure you’re okay with this?” Jacki asked. Kara was just watching them. True, she had an eager, lusty twinkle in her eyes, but she was just watching.

“Why would I have brought her here if I wasn’t okay with it?”

“Because we’re both a little too crazy for all this?”

While they were talking Diana was still kissing Jacki’s cheek and neck and then she was opening up her shirt. Jacki didn’t stop her. Jacki didn’t want to stop her, but she could sense impending doom on the horizon.

“Are you just going to watch us?” Jacki asked as Diana kissed the space between her breasts. She was on her back and in that position her breasts were barely there; she had no cleavage.

“For right now. I’ll join in later.” Jacki noticed Kara was cupping one breast. She was hornier than she was letting on.

And there was absolutely no reason to kick Diana out of the bed. Jacki pulled her

face up and kissed her again, if for no other reason than to make Kara a bit jealous. But it also gave her the opportunity to pull off Diana's shirt. Underneath it she wore an athletic bra, which didn't surprise Jacki at all

But Jacki didn't try to strip off Diana's bra. Instead she traced her fingers over the tattoo Diana had on her upper arm. The rainbow colored intertwined woman-woman symbols were more than obvious. "Pretty," she said.

"Thank you. Do you have any?"

"No."

"Then I've got more to show you."

They slowly shed their clothes as Kara silently watched. Jacki was eager and let Diana kiss her breasts without letting her in on the secret she was keeping. When she was down to just her panties, Jacki got more aggressive with Diana, pulling off her tights and then her bra.

"Whoa."

"Surprise. But you must have been with other women who have had theirs done?"

Jacki shook her head and Kara moved around the bed to get a better view of Diana's tits.

She had a silver bars through both nipples. The bars were tipped on each side by small yellow balls. Nipple piercings weren't that uncommon but it had never occurred to Jacki to have hers done. She wouldn't do it now because of her lactation status, still it made Diana's tits visually appealing and it intrigued her as to what she could do to her new lover.

"Go ahead," Diana encouraged her. "I like it when they're played with."

Jacki glanced once at Kara who gave her an encouraging nod. "Did you know?" she asked Kara.

"No," the curvy blonde whispered.

It was too much for Jacki to take. She bowed her head and took one nipple between her lips. It was strange to feel the softness of Diana's breast, the firmness of her erect nipple, and the unyielding metal of the piercing. The spa attendant moaned softly, gorgeously, at Jacki's touch. She didn't just kiss and suck on the girl's nipple; she twisted and pinched its partner. Diana seemed to love it which only encouraged Jacki further.

Diana was still wearing her panties and Jacki was unrelenting in her curiosity. She slid her hand down Diana's body, briefly pauses when she realized the girl's belly button was pierced as well, but that didn't truly interest her. She slid her hand down further, to the top of the yellow cotton and spandex panties the girl was wearing. Diana encouraged her. Moving her fingers under the waistband she first encountered some soft pubic hair and then her middle finger was sliding down the channel of Diana's pussy.

Jacki was briefly disappointed to realize Diana didn't have any jewelry in her panties, but then her finger was curling up inside her newest lover and it didn't matter.

The younger woman wasn't just going to lay there and let Jacki finger her like an inexperienced trollop. She abruptly lifted up her hip and pulled her panties down and off. "I like being naked," she said.

Making a sound of agreement, Jacki started to kiss her way down Diana's body, but Diana stopped her, forcing Jacki onto her back. "I want to discover your secret," she said with a sly glance at Kara who was grinning ear to ear. Jacki noted her hand was down inside her own yoga pants; whether she was actually masturbating or not wasn't important. She was getting a show she hadn't expected at the start of the day.

"What secret?" Jacki asked innocently.

Diana gave her a kiss and glanced at Kara, also noting the position of Kara's right hand between her legs. "She said your breasts were holding a secret and I needed to find out what that secret was."

The two lovers exchanged a knowing glance. This might drive Diana away, but they were both willing to live with that risk.

Covering up Jacki's small nipples with her fingertips, she said, "I don't see

anything special about them." She massaged Jacki's tits a moment. "And they feel pretty normal. Firmer than my last girlfriend's, but every woman is different, isn't she?"

"Uh-huh," Jacki agreed as she gently guided Diana's mouth down to her left breast. "Suck on me."

Diana didn't need to be told twice. She sucked a little. Twirled her tongue around Jacki's hard nipple. She pinched and twisted. She bite gently. Finally she sucked earnestly and hard. Jacki made all the appropriate noises to encourage Diana to keep sucking. It was perhaps a bit dishonest and sneaky not to tell Diana what she was getting into but Kara had promised her a secret.

Jacki knew her body well now. Her milk started to let down and she could feel to sweet liquid fill Diana's mouth. The girl kept sucking and Jacki could tell that she swallowed twice before breaking the latch she had established.

There was a smug smile on her face. "Naught!" she accused. "Dirty too!"

"What?" asked Jacki innocently.

"You have milk in your tits."

Jacki smiled. "Yeah. Do you like it?"

Diana shrugged. "It's very sweet…and a little bit deceptive!"

"But do you like it?"

Once more she shrugged. "It's different. Not something I've ever had before."

"But did you like it?" This time the question was asked by Kara. Jacki turned her head and noted that her girlfriend and taken off her shirt and bra. Her big breasts were sitting prominently on her chest. She moved in close, offering her tits to both Jacki and Diana.

Jacki knew exactly what she wanted and turned her head to take a nipple between her lips, sucking a few seconds before the milk started to flow. The familiar flavor filled her mouth and relaxed her. If her lover was offering her tits to her and Diana, all had to be right with the world.

Proving she was a girl willing to gamely go along with any new adventure, Diana took Kara's other nipple in her mouth, sucking audibly with a small moan from Kara.

"Both of you?" asked Diana with some delight.

"You know what they say about women," said Kara. "Spend enough time together and you start doing everything that your best friend does." She pulled her breast from Jacki's mouth and leaned in for a kiss. Jacki wasn't the least bit shy in kissing her in front of Diana. It was a bit of a point of pride because she had nothing to hide.

Things quickly got complicated with three sets of limbs, but eventually Jacki found herself between Diana's legs. Her pussy was pretty with prominent and swollen labia. Jacki set herself to the task at hand while Diana nursed from Kara's breasts. She didn't miss Diana's hand tucked into Kara's panties, but that wasn't important at the moment.

For a young woman, Diana wasn't inexperienced. She knew her body and what she liked. Or maybe she was just a lusty woman because Jacki didn't have any difficulty in making her cum after only a few minutes of cunnilingus.

"I'm going to get in so much trouble if my boss finds out what I'm doing with you two," Diana declared after cumming.

"Keep nursing," Kara said, pulling the new girl back to her tits. Jacki moved over and slipped off Kara's panties. Her pussy was familiar and wet. It took a little more work to get Kara off, but eventually she succeed.

Everything became a jumble shortly after that. At one point Diana was on her back, Kara and Jacki both nursing on her pierced tits while their fingers were stuff up each other's pussies. Diana proved she was skilled in cunnilingus, eating out both Kara and Jacki with an eagerness of a new lover.

The young woman was happy to keep nursing from both women until their tits were dry. Eventually all three had cum more than they needed and the point of true exhaustion was met.

"I should get going," said Diana. She was between Jacki and Kara, on her back. Jacki was slowly twisting one nipple bar back and forth. Kara had a had sliding

up and down Diana's inner thigh, enjoying the younger woman’s smooth, taut skin

“Spend the night with us,” said Jacki.

“My boss,” she mumbled. It was a protest but it wasn’t much of one. She didn’t have the energy to speak a full sentence, let alone get out of the bed.

“We won’t tell anyone,” Kara promised.

The girl’s eyes were already closed. Kara gave her a kiss on the cheek and then leaned across to kiss Jacki. “I can’t believe I did this. I can’t believe I did this with you.”

“Thank you,” Jacki said, returning a chaste little kiss which was incongruous considering the circumstances. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“Should we leave her alone in this bed?” Jacki eyes the other unoccupied bed. She had never spend a night in a bed with two other people. Maybe there was some truth to the expression that three was a crowd.

“No,” said Kara with an eagerness that surprised Jacki. “I want to feel both of you against me, naked in bed.”

“She’s between us,” Jacki pointed out.

It took some doing, but eventually they managed to move Diana over so that Kara was in the middle. The bed was crowded, Jacki realized, but it was a sacrifice she was willing to make.

Chapter Three

Jacki woke up the next morning because she was being fucked. She didn't mind. It was a nice way to greet the day. At first she thought it was Alex fucking her. The cock felt so familiar and nice, but when she finally forced her eyes open, Will's familiar features came into focus.

"Oh…hi. Where's Alex?"

Will didn't pause in his slow, steady fucking of her, but nodded his head to the side, indicating Alex on top of Kara. This was a semi-familiar scene. Jacki smiled. "How'd you get in here?"

She didn't question how he'd gotten hard or how he'd just presumed that the best thing to do when finding three naked women in bed together was to fuck her. The question she asked was how he had gotten into the room.

Kara laughed. "I let them in. Don't you remember?"

"No…"

"You must have been exhausted," said Diana from the far side of the bed.

Jacki pulled her knees up to her chest, giving Will deeper access, and looked at Diana who was watching the proceedings with interest. "Why would you say that?"

"These guys nearly pounded on the door to be let in. You didn't wake up at all. It must be nice to have a husband who is so eager to fuck you"

"Yeah…" Jacki reached out for Diana who took her hand. "Will's not my husband."

Diana nodded. "So you're swingers too. I'm not surprised."

The endorphins were strong from what Will's cock was doing to her pussy. "Alex isn't my husband either. He's just my…boyfriend."

"Uh-huh," Diana said agreeably.

“Would you like him to fuck you?”

That caused Kara and Alex to both laugh. “You can’t take away my morning fuck,” Kara protested.

“No thank you,” Diana said primly. “I’m a gold star lesbian and I plan on keeping it that way.”

“Okay,” Jacki happily agreed and let her eyes close so that Will could finish fucking her. She didn’t miss, however, that Diana was masturbating to the scene in front of her.

Will did his job and made her cum. Once she had announced to the room that she had cum with loud cries of passion, Will quickly finished up, cumming in her pussy. That woke her up nicely. She pushed him off of her body and she sauntered to the bathroom. She had to pee and clean up.

Coming out of the bathroom a few minutes later she found Kara on her side at the edge of the bed. Diana was kneeling on the floor in front of her, suckling at her tits. The men were happily watching. “They’re full,” said Kara unnecessarily.

“Alex and Will wouldn’t help out?”

“We’re helping by watching.”

“Uh-huh.”

Diana pulled off of Kara’s breast for a second. “I’m helping her out. They said that would be enough.” She went back to nursing. Jacki couldn’t fault her in her greed for Kara’s milk. She glanced at Alex’s cock. It was shiny and wet from fucking Kara. Presumably he had just cum as well. He wasn’t fully flaccid; apparently the show the women were putting on was enough to keep his interest and his cock semi-hard.

She knew what he would need to get fully hard. Without further discussion she laid down on the floor where Diana was nursing. It took some wiggling and moving around, but Diana was quick with a subtle hint and soon Jacki was face up under Diana’s pussy which she helpfully lowered to Jacki’s face.

Eating Diana’s pussy was a privilege. To do it in front of Alex and Will was a bit

of exhibitionism she hadn't indulged in yet. To do it while Diana was nursing from Kara was the greatest honor that she could give either woman. Jacki could feel that her breasts were full and would shortly need some relief, but she could wait. She could wait as long as necessary as long as she could keep all her lovers happy.

Diana came nicely, happily, grinding her pussy into Jacki's face while slurping up the last of Kara's milk. When the women untangled themselves, she was happy to have Diana's girl cum on her face.

Noting the time, Diana quickly dressed, said her goodbyes, scribbled her name and phone number on a piece of the spa's stationary, before exiting the room. Jacki briefly wondered if she had to work today or if she would just go home. That wasn't her concern. She had been the one to give Diana her last goodbye kiss and when she turned around after closing the hotel room door, the other three were watching her.

"What?"

"You really debauched yourself, didn't you?" Alex asked with an approving grin.

Jacki grabbed her small breasts and sauntered up to her boyfriend. "I do what I want," she said airily. "And what I want is for you to nurse from me right now."

"I don't get any?" asked Kara.

"What about me?" Will piped up.

"You'll get yours," she promised then as Alex started nursing from her. The milk flowed. Her pussy got hot. This was what she wanted--what she needed--in her life. Maybe Alex was being a little flip with his debauchery comment, but she wasn't shying away from it. Denying who she was and what she loved would be a crime.

She loved Alex.

She loved Will.

She loved Kara.

Most of all, she loved her milk and sharing it.

There were worse lives to have.

Preview

Ida’s Heart

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

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

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

What was the message she had seen?

I can’t wait to taste your cock again.

“Thanks,” he said.

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

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

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

“Where was it?”

“On the dresser.”

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

I can’t wait to taste your cock again.

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

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

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

I can’t wait to taste your milk again.

She shivered at the message and quickly deleted it.

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

What had happened?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah,” she said sadly. “Maybe then.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do you want to get caught?

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

No. I can't risk that.

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

How about your place?

If u dont mind my roomie knowing

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

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

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

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

Britni heard us yesterday

She told me this morning

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

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

Of course her roommate was named Britni.

Of course the two roommates would discuss their sex lives.

Ida was more jealous than she had a right to be

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

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

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

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

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

Sure.

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

U spanked me so hard u bruised me

Sorry.

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

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

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

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

After the details were worked out, the texts skipped ahead to a picture sent the next day. It was of "Her's" face with a man's cum all over it. Presumably Roger's cum. Ida gasped and quickly closed the message function.

Ida's stomach clutched hard and she felt dizzy. Roger had never asked to do that

to Ida. Ida didn’t know if she wanted that. The girl was pretty, but Ida didn’t recognize her. And at the same time, her pussy was undeniably wet.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri is a world-famous author of erotica focusing on lactation and male chastity. He knows he’s world famous because he’s sold books in every region Amazon Direct Publishing has. Besides that he has another whole life he’s certainly not going to reveal in the “About the Author” section of a fun little bit of erotic writing. Feel free to contact him:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub