
Revealing
Jacki's Milk 3
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

By the time they were done with drinks and dinner at a restaurant that was nicer than any Jacki had been inside since before her marriage, her breasts were practically screaming with pain. She was overfull and needed some nursing relief. This was the worst part about lactating—and the part she had forgotten about—when she had been making milk all day and needed some physical relief by being nursed from. The secondary solution was express herself with the breast pump, which was never as satisfying as she wanted it to be.

But she was among adults now; adults that were all in on her and Kara's semi-secret kink about lactating for their lovers. All the way back to the hotel Jacki wanted to shriek at Alex to drive faster. He needed to drain her tits.

She led the way from the parking garage all the way up to hotel room. Jacki walked in the room ahead of everyone else and pulled her dress up over her head, turning around to face the trio walking in before the door was shut, leaving her in only her panties and nursing bra.

Will laughed at her. "You seem eager."

"I am," she announced as she fumbled at bit with the flaps of the nursing bra she wore, then found how to release them, exposing both her breasts at the same time. It might have been a little ridiculous, but she didn't care; she was bound and determined to get nursed and then to get fucked. "Come here and suck on me."

"He's only got one mouth," said Kara as Will went in front of Jacki and knelt down to take her breast between his lip.

Before she could say anything further, Jacki beckoned her friend over. "I didn't say you couldn't nurse too," she said as her eyes half-closed from Will's sucking. It only took a few seconds and she felt her milk letting down and flowing into his mouth. It was an autonomic response, so she couldn't help herself. After only a few second her free breast started dripping milk as well. "Hurry," she urged Kara as she saw the milk being wasted. "I need you."

Jacki felt like a queen with the two of them kneeling in front of her nursing from

her tits.

“Do you like that?” The voice was that of her boyfriend. Jacki forced her eyes open to look at him when the only thing she wanted to do was to concentrate on two sets of lips sucking on her nipples.

“Uh-huh.” It was all she could say.

“You’re going to give yourself a reputation.”

She smiled. “A good reputation.”

“It almost looks like you’re cheating on your boyfriend,” he said with a smile.

She didn’t care if he was teasing or not. What Kara and Will were doing to her felt too good to stop. She was never going to stop doing this. He was welcome to join in, but she wasn’t going to stop. “Don’t care,” she mumbled.

He moved around the silent couple nursing from her and kissed Jacki on the cheek. “Can I fuck your friend?” he whispered in her ear.

“Uh-huh. Lemme watch?”

“Of course.”

“Wanna suck her milk?”

“Is she a milk slut like you? Does she like that?” He already knew the answer, just like she did, but asking the question was necessary.

“She…she sure is.” Focusing was more difficult now. Her lust was rising and she could feel a climax coming. She wasn’t sure she was going to be able to stand for it.

Alex walked behind her and ran his hands down from her shoulders to her hips, resting right on her panties. She didn’t care whether or not he stripped them off. It didn’t matter. Her tits were exposed and being used. That’s all that mattered. Her pussy and clit were secondary to her tits now. She knew what was going to happen and didn’t want to be distracted.

It was all too much. Her knees started to buckle as her lust got to the point where it was impossible to remain standing. As she started to stumble back, Alex was there to hold her up. Even so, her breasts almost came free of Kara and Will's mouths. They were stretch out, not painfully so, but it made an interesting sensation. They moved forward, sandwiching her between their bodies and Alex's incredibly muscular one, pinning her there, making her feel like the most loved person in the world.

"I'm gonna…it's gonna…happen…" she panted.

And then it did. She came. Her entire body trembled and shook. She would have fallen to the floor if not for Alex behind her and his arm around her waist, along with Will and Kara keeping her up. She couldn't remember the last time she had cum while standing.

"I want more," were the first words out of her mouth when her climax had passed.

Kara stood up and kissed her. Jacki tasted her own sweet milk on Kara's lips and tongue. "Don't you think it's my turn?"

"You already had your tits sucked," Jacki pointed out.

"So did you," Kara returned.

They kissed again. The men said nothing because they had nothing to complain about.

"I want to fuck your boyfriend," said Kara.

"Again?" Jacki laughed.

"I can fuck my husband anytime," Kara said dismissively. "You can have him."

"Hey," Will protested with a laugh.

Kara ignored him. "I don't want to just fuck you," she said to Alex, taking his hand and dragging him to the bed. He didn't resist; he didn't want to resist. "I want to ride you and make you suck my tits at the same time."

Again, Alex had no objections to that activity. As he stripped of his clothes, revealing his already hard cock, Jacki turned her attention to Will who had also gotten off his knees. His pants were making an impressive tent in front of his crotch. While she was temporarily sated by having her tits sucked, she wasn't done yet for the evening. Not by any measure.

"How do you want to do this?" Will asked as he began to undress.

"You need to suck my tits and finger me while I watch them," said Jacki as she pulled down her panties and got on the bed not occupied by Kara and Alex. She lay on her side and lifted up her knee, allowing access to her pussy, propped her head on one of the pillows, and patted the bed in front of her Will would be busy nursing on her tits so he wouldn't see anything. That didn't bother her. This wasn't for him; it was for her.

Will stripped down all the way. His cock wasn't fully erect, but it was getting there. He was larger than Alex and while he wasn't massive, the cock he sported was definitely in a class above. "I don't get to fuck you like him?" Will asked, indicating the pair on the other bed, already happily fornicating.

"I'll jerk you off while you nurse," she promised, already distracted by the show she was being given.

With a shrug, Will joined her. The moment he latched onto her nipple, she reached down and found his hardening cock. It fit nicely into her hand and she absently began skimming her hand up and down the warm surface, enjoying every bit of his length as he started to suck more of her milk out of her.

On the other bed, Alex had flopped onto his back pointing his cock to the ceiling. It was barely in sight for a moment before Kara crawled atop him, tucking the rigid piece of his body between her thighs and lowering her pussy down on it. There was some initial fumbling as they got everything into place, but they both wanted this, partly to assuage their own pent-up lust, but partly to follow Jacki's instructions. They both wanted to make their lover happy.

"Sorry I'm so fat," Kara apologized as she settled all the way down on his cock. It filled her nicely. While he wasn't as big as Will, she didn't need a huge piece of manhood inside her body to make her happy.

"You aren't fat. You've got a nice body."

“Says the body-builder with an athletic girlfriend.” She cast a jealous look over at the other couple. Will was just starting to nurse.

“There’s nothing wrong with a little variety.” He reached up and cupped her breasts, rubbing his thumbs over her large nipples. “They feel heavy.”

“They are heavy.”

“Full of milk?”

“That’s part of it,” she said. “But they’re just big…and fat.” She started moving her hips a little faster. It felt good the way his cock curved inside of her at a different angle than Will’s. “They’re a bitch to carry around.”

“They’re beautiful,” he said while giving them a squeeze.

She was about to tell him no, she was too sensitive, but what he was doing made her voice catch in her throat and she heard herself moaning…and then there was the unmistakable sensation of her milk coming out.

There were several ways milk left her tits. The best way was being nursed, usually by Will, but also Jacki and now Alex. The second best was the pump. It gave her some physical relief without inflaming her lust. Sometimes when she was overfull or was fantasizing about her husband, they would just leak a little on their own. That was fine; she usually wore breast pads to hide any leaks if she was at work. The worst way for the milk to come out was to be forced by massage and hand-expression. That's what Alex was clumsily doing now.

Normally it was just annoying and sometimes painful. It didn’t feel particularly good but it sometimes happened if she and Will were messing around. This time, she gasped when Alex did it. There was the weird pressure relief that always came with the release of milk, but this time, as Alex sprayed down his body with several stream of milk from both breasts, there was a bit of pleasure as well. That was strange.

“You like that?” Alex asked her.

She snapped her eyes opened at looked at him. “What?”

“Did you like that? The expression on your face…it looked like you were

cumming.”

Kara let out a little laugh. “Uh…I wasn’t cumming.”

“Do you want me to do it again?”

She couldn’t decide. “Sort of.”

“Okay.” He squeezed again and more milk sprayed onto his body. She felt a little tremor in her pussy.

“Nooo,” she moaned. “Nurse. Put it in your mouth.” It wasn’t painful, but it wasn’t a sensation she was used to.

Alex did as she asked, sucking on one nipple while squeezing the other breast. Her milk flowed easily into his mouth while more of her uncontrolled streams got his shoulder wet along with the sheets. At the same time, she couldn’t stop her body from riding up and down on his cock. This was as close to perfection of body and emotion as she would ever get.

It was somewhere between being a helpless provider and a sex object. The line between them blurred. She provided him the milk while he fucked her, but she was fucking him at the same time. Part of the reason that he desired her was because she could provide milk. It was sexy intertwined with kinky tinged with just enough perversity to make it a delicious meal of lust.

She came when he squeezed her breast so hard it made her gasp and at the same time sucked so hard on her nipple that she wanted to pass out from the pressure and agony.

“Your pussy gets so incredibly hot when you cum,” he complimented her.

“Thank you,” she breathed

“Want me to make you cum again?”

“Yes.” It was an automatic answer. She couldn’t say no…and what woman wouldn’t want to cum again and again?

Showing his prodigious strength, Alex let go of her breast, grabbed her by the

hips, lifted her up just a few inches, and proceeded to jackhammer his cock up into her. She couldn't move and was forced to brace her hands against his shoulders, holding herself upright while he slammed back and forth against the bed and her pussy.

It was divine.

She came and barely realized it before he abruptly finished inside of her. The gush of his hot cum was all she needed to go over the edge again. Her body shook with the orgasm. She lost control of her arms and collapsed against him, smashing her breasts into his chest. Alex didn't mind even as she continued to quiver for another minute from the powerful orgasms that had temporarily taken over control of her body.

"Did you like that, Kara?" Jacki called from across the room.

"Uh-huh," she moaned into Alex's chest.

"He's a good fuck, isn't he?"

"Uh-huh." She managed to turn her head enough to see what her friend was doing. Will was sucking on her tits while gently fingering her pussy. Judging from how her arm was moving, she was stroking his hard cock. "I wanna watch Will fuck you."

"Again?"

"Are your breasts empty?"

Jacki shivered. "Mostly."

"Then yes. Again. And then I want the last of your milk."

Will took that as he cue to act. He pushed Jacki onto her back and got between her legs. After his lengthy manipulation of her pussy he knew she was hot and ready and almost too wet. She smoothly guided his cock into her pussy.

"You already made me cum with your mouth," she told him.

"Think I can make you cum with my cock?"

“I hope so.”

She shifted her position, drawing her legs up, nearly folding herself in half. She then hooked her ankles over his shoulders, letting him penetrate her as deeply as possible. If there was one thing she was proud of after all these years was her flexibility. She felt like a cheap slut being fucked by a man she just met and loved the feeling.

Will fucked her with enthusiasm, pounding into her with all his weight, stretching out her pussy with his large cock. It was nothing more than raw sex; Jacki wasn’t sure how good a show she put on for Kara, but she enjoyed getting plowed by Will. It wasn’t that difficult to make her cum which she did once, sending thrills of shivers through her body, and that was shortly followed by Will cumming, filling her pussy with his hot cum. It wasn’t enough to push her over the edge again, but it was still a good orgasm.

The whole evening was debauched and depraved. Jacki hadn’t thought that was possible for her, but she was wrong about that. She was glad to be wrong about that.

Chapter Two

In the morning Jacki woke up with the familiar sensation of having to pee. She pushed Alex's arm off her shoulder and sat up to realize that it wasn't Alex's arm. It was Will's.

"Oh yeah," she muttered to herself as she fully came awake. They were in the hotel room and the sun had barely begun to seep through the drapes. She staggered out of bed, glanced over at the other bed in the room to see her boyfriend and Kara sleeping together, and headed to the bathroom. As she walked across the room, she realized she wasn't the lease bit perturbed at seeing her best friend and her boyfriend naked in bed together. It actually pleased her.

After using the toilet, she walked back into the room and considered her options. Since she was still looking for fun and adventure she didn't go back to the bed Will occupied; instead, she went to the one holding her boyfriend…and her girlfriend if she was being honest with herself.

The pair was spooning so it was easy for Jacki to slip under the covers and, facing Kara, move down to find her large and full breasts. It was hard to tell what woke up Kara, exactly, but sucking on her tits was probably the main cause. She slowly came awake as Jacki filled her mouth and tummy with the curvy blonde's milk.

Kara tangled her fingers in Jacki's hair. "That's a nice way to wake up," she murmured.

"Mm-hmm," said Jacki as she moved her hand between Kara's legs.

"Isn't it a little early for that?"

Jacki stopped nursing. "Never. Don't you want to?"

"I need to pee."

"I already did that."

"Let me up," said Kara.

Jacki moved aside and let her friend out of the bed. She couldn't help but admire how Kara's round buttocks rolled attractively as she walked away. Looking back at Alex she found him awake and grinning at her. His cock, unsurprisingly, was erect. She reached for it and teased him a little. "Did you like the show?" she asked him.

"I'd like a blowjob," he replied.

"I can help with that?" She ducked her head and started sucking on his erection. Already there was some precum forming. It was salty and slippery, different in texture and flavor from breast milk. She didn't mind it, but she had a definite preference for milk.

"Hey. What happened?" Kara complained when she returned a minute later.

"I got bored," said Jacki as she pulled back from Alex's cock. "But I'd rather suck on your tits any time over Alex's cock." She patted the bed, inviting her lover back under the sheets. Kara happily accepted.

"That's all I get?" Alex half-complained as Kara insinuated herself between them.

"No. You'll get more."

Jacki directed the action and positioned the both of them. Once again Alex spooned Kara, but this time Jacki directly his erect cock into her pussy. She wasn't very wet, not yet. But his eager cock and Jacki's eager lips on her tits soon made his fucking of her an easy effort. Jacki wasn't interested in Kara's pussy or Alex's cock or anything else that morning. She only wanted Kara's milk. She was determined to get all of it from her, leaving nothing to Will or Alex. That was fine, she figured. Will could have Kara's milk anytime and Alex would be happy with her pussy. Men were easy. Women were complex.

As the three played, Kara got louder and louder. It took some time, but eventually Jacki realized that Will was standing next to the bed, his cock in hand, masturbating to the sight of the three playing together.

Watching a man masturbate wasn't anything that would make her stop nursing from Kara. She half watched Will jerking himself off and half focused on looking up at the mask of ecstasy on Kara's face.

Kara’s milk was flowing steadily and Jacki had to concentrate on sucking and swallowing. It wasn’t exactly like drinking from a garden hose when she was a little kid, but it almost felt like that. Jacki’s milk might have come in almost aggressively, but Kara proved that her tits and years of experience was well beyond what Jacki was producing. Right now Jacki knew she wasn’t making much more than a few ounces from each breast every day. It seemed like Kara was making easily over a cup with each breast. She was jealous.

She was also in love with the milk that Kara was making.

Getting fucked from behind was apparently a favorite activity of Kara’s. The moaning and other noises she was making was beautiful music to Jacki’s ears. She brought Kara’s knee up to her crotch so she could rub her clit against Kara’s leg while Alex continued to fuck her.

It was no surprise that Kara was the first to reach orgasm. It was one of gasps that bordered on hyperventilation and pleasing little quivers of her fleshy body.

“Fuck her harder,” Jacki encouraged Alex. “Make her cum again.” Kara’s breasts were starting to dry up for the morning and Jacki’s tummy was full of her wonderful milk.

“Can do,” Alex grunted as he fucked the curvy blonde harder. Kara was unable to say anything. It was hard to judge, but Jacki was fairly sure she was the second one to cum. It was an interesting little orgasm rubbing her clit on Kara’s leg while she surreptitiously pinched a nipple with her hidden hand. Alex finished almost right after her, depositing his load of cum with strong thrusts that shook Kara’s body.

Jacki wasn’t sure but Kara might have cum again.

What happened next wasn’t unexpected but it hadn’t happened to Jacki since she had dated a boy in college who had trouble keeping his urges under control.

Will came and shot his load. The thick ropes of white cum spattered across both Kara and Jacki’s bodies. Jacki didn’t mind, but it seemed like a bit of a waste. She was reminded of Bryan back in college. All she needed to do was rub his cock for a few seconds and he’d unload on her. It was a mix of cute and annoying. Eventually she had ended it with Bryan because he was so quick in the sack.

When she looked up at Will had had a self-satisfied look on his face. “Just marking my territory,” he joked smugly.

“I suppose I should be glad you didn’t piss all over me,” Jacki told him and ducked her head to lick up a stray glob of cum clinging to Kara’s shoulder. She half-wished that Will had left some on her nipples. That would have been fun.

“I can’t believe you did that, Will,” Kara complained.

“Why not?” he asked innocently.

“It’s rude,” she told him bluntly.

“You let me do it at home.”

“Yes, but only when you’ve asked and I’m in the mood.”

“Everyone else was doing what they wanted,” he pointed out.

Alex remained silent, not wishing to get drawn into the married couple’s argument. He exchanged a look with Jacki. She couldn’t let things end on a sour note.

“Oh, it’s fine,” she said while wiping up a bit more of Will’s cum from her own hip and tasting it. She then offered some to Kara who took it reluctantly. Apparently Kara was unwilling to make a scene in the hotel room.

“Next time, please ask,” Kara said as she pushed Alex back a bit and struggled to get out of the bed. He moved away and she got her feet on the floor. “I need a shower. I’m all sweaty from last night and…and this morning.”

She padded away and everyone watched her. They were all in love with the way her hips rolled fetchingly back and forth. A second after the bathroom door closed they could hear the water start running.

“Sorry about that, Jacki,” Will said politely. “I got too excited watching the three of you.”

“It’s fine,” Jacki reassured him. “Let me go talk to her.” She stood up and gave him a wink. “I’m sure married people argue all the time over stupid little things

that singles don’t have the privledge of doing.”

She followed in Kara’s footsteps to the bathroom, giving her bottom a little more wiggle than was necessary though she was sure she couldn’t compete with Kara, and was relieved to find that her friend hadn’t locked the door. Slipping inside she stepped around the glass wall that was the only barrier between the bathroom proper and the shower, joining Kara under the stream of hot water.

Kara jumped when she realized that she was no longer alone. “Nervous much?” Jacki asked with a little laugh.

“Generally the only people who get in showers with me are serial killers,” Kara replied sourly.

“Are serial killers a major problem for you?” Jacki took the washcloth out of her friend’s hand and started rubbing the soapy cloth over her body, helpfully washing away the sweat and cum that enthusiastic sex had left behind. Almost unconsciously she found herself gravitating to Kara’s large boobs and starting spending more time and effort than was necessary to make sure they were clean.

“No, but…” she looked down at Jacki spending far too much time washing her boobs. “No, but we all have irrational fears.” She paused. “Do you think they’re clean yet?”

Jacki hid her smile but didn’t stop rubbing her friend’s breasts. “Probably. You know, before I met you and we…and we started doing all this with our milk I just thought boobs were…you know…there.”

“And now?” asked Kara with a dose of skepticism.

“And now I think they’re the greatest thing ever, especially on other women.” She turned Kara’s body a little, letting the spray of water rinse away the soap. Kara said nothing as Jacki ducked her head and latched onto one of her nipples. It felt like an automatic and natural thing even if she didn’t have any milk left.

It felt good to be nursed. It always felt good to be nursed, especially by Jacki. Maybe it was a woman thing, but Kara got more pleasure being nursed by Jacki than by her husband. Or maybe it was because being with Jacki was new and novel.

When she felt Jacki's hand sliding down her tummy and toward her pussy, she automatically widened her stance, allowing her access.

Getting fingered and nursed at the same time under the warm, flowing water was a little slice of heaven. She liked being with Jacki, even if it called into question everything about her sexuality. Before she thought she was a straight woman who just got off on her and her husband's shared kink of lactation. Sure, she always found other women attractive and maybe was willing to explore her bisexual side, but it was never anything she had seriously considered before meeting Jacki.

What was it about her?

A minute later she felt herself getting incredibly close to orgasm. She hadn't expected or wanted it, but it was going to happen.

Abruptly Jacki stopped nursing and stood up to kiss her. Kara automatically kissed back because she wanted to. She also started humping Jacki's hand because she needed the orgasm now. She wanted to go down on Jacki and please her. She wanted to be with Jacki forever and that thought scared her even as the orgasm that Jacki had been building within her arrived. The climax made her legs tremble and she lost herself for a moment.

"I love you," Jacki whispered in her ear as she came.

That caused another frisson of pleasure to bloom up her spine. She wanted to return the words but she couldn't.

At first she thought it was because she was still cumming, but that wasn't it. Instead she just kissed Jacki again, keeping both of their mouths busy so she could think and didn't have to talk.

She loved Will. She was married and loyal to Will.

But he couldn't give her everything. Some things she wanted only Jacki could give her.

A cock was wonderful. A man was wonderful…but another set of boobs and a wet, slippery pussy she found that she needed that as well.

And it scared it.

She wanted to tell everything to Jacki, but even though she had brought her friend down this path, she found that she couldn't. It was impossible for her to speak.

Finally Jacki broke the kiss. "Nothing to say?" she asked.

It was pressing the issue and was pushing them apart. Kara could feel it.

"No. I just don't know what to say…"

"Too much? Too soon? Too fast?"

"All of that." Kara stepped back from her friend, breaking all contact between their bodies. She rinsed her short hair in the water and felt above her slit. She wasn't used to the little bit of curls decorating her pussy. For years part of her morning shower routine was to run a razor over her pubic mound, removing her sparse hair. Will liked her naked there but Jacki had voiced her preference for some decoration. She was trying to please both at the same time and she could feel the stubble starting to grow on the sides of her little stripe. It was infuriating.

"I just wanted to let you know," said Jacki. "I'm not trying to upset you."

"You didn't," she said turning away and letting the water flow over her, washing away the soap and everything else.

Everything else except the emotions she was feeling.

Things weren't exactly awkward after their encounter in the shower, but the night of fun and milking was over. They got dressed and had breakfast and they went home.

Chapter Three

Jacki gave Kara space for a couple of days. Sometimes when things got busy, they wouldn't call or text for a bit, but they almost always had something to share with each other. Jacki held back. Confessing her love for the woman she now considered her girlfriend was a big step for the both of them. It might have been too much, but she already knew that.

Instead of overwhelming Kara with too much attention, Jacki refocused her sexual energy on Alex. Her boyfriend seemed energized by their naughty weekend and wanted to fuck her every night and every morning, not that they were inactive before, but now their sex life kicked into high gear. She found her milk supply steadily growing as Alex nursed as much as he wanted.

He had voiced some concerns when she had started down this path that is was infantilizing and humiliating to have to nurse from his girlfriend twice a day, every day, but now he found it just another component of their relationship. If he had a girlfriend who insisted on cunnilingus twice a day, he would have gone along with her wishes, but instead he had a partner who had both a physical and sexual need to be nursed. How could he say no?

Besides, she got off on it and when he did it, she was more than eager to fuck him any way he wanted.

"Could I make a request?" he asked her after make her cum only from sucking and playing with her tits.

"Sure," she panted. Her breasts were empty, but she still found herself pinching her nipples for the stimulation.

"I want to fuck you in the ass."

"That's…that's a bold suggestion."

"I just wanted to put it out there. You get what you want all the time for me. I'd like to try anal with you."

"I let you fuck my best friend," she pointed out, dodging the request.

“You wanted me to fuck her,” he said.

“True enough.”

“Have you ever been fucked in the ass before?”

The answer was no. Jacki had turned down that request from every guy who had asked her, but she knew she had asked a lot recently of Alex and saying no now seemed almost wrong.

“No.”

“So can we try it?”

“Have you ever fucked someone in the ass before?” she asked. “Have you done it with all your other girlfriends?”

“A few,” he answered with some hesitation.

“Do you like that? Fucking girls in the ass? Does it get you off?” She was being aggressive in her questioning of him

“Yeah, I did like it,” he said boldly.

“Did they like it?” she all but sneered.

“Yeah. They did like it.” It was the only acceptable answer. Somehow a conversation on how to change up their sex life had almost turned into an argument.

“Liar. I bet they cried when you did it to them.”

“They were fucking screaming,” he said, “but they were screaming because they were cumming so hard.”

“Liar,” she told him. “No woman wants a man’s cock up her ass.”

She was taunting and trying to get both a literal and figurative rise out of him. He fell for the bait because he wanted to. Alex rolled on top of her, pinning her to the bed. His cock was hard and she felt it pressing against her leg. “You want me to do it to you, don’t you?” he demanded of her.

“No!”

“Now you’re lying,” he said confidently.

She struggled to keep a smile off her face. Maybe she was interested in trying this, but it also scared her at the same time. Why now?

“Where’s the lube?” he demanded of her.

“I don’t have any,” she said.

“Are you going to make me go to the kitchen and get a stick of butter?”

“You’re not going to Last Tango in Paris me!”

That almost made Alex laugh aloud. “First,” he scoffed, “you don’t sound like a cultured film critic. Second, you’re making yourself sound like an outdated movie snob. And third, I’m going to fuck you in the ass right now, lube or no lube.”

It was a bold move.

“There’s some in the drawer next to the bed.”

Keeping his weight on her, Alex leaned over and rummaged through the drawer, eventually finding the tube she was hiding. Getting her panties off was easy; she all but helped. She laid there while he pulled down his sweatpants, freeing his cock.

“Should I turn over?” she asked, trying to feign indifference but now intensely curious about what was going to happen.

“No. Just put a pillow under your ass to get it up in the air a little more.”

“We’re going to fuck missionary?”

“Unless you want to go doggy. Some women like the humiliation part of it.” He smeared a generous amount of lube on his hard cock while she struggled to get into the position he recommended. Spreading her legs she realized that her wet pussy had wept some of her natural lube down over her perineum, but that

wasn’t enough. She tried not to shiver when he smeared some of the lube over her back entrance.

It was scary and exciting. That was the best sort of sex.

When Alex moved into position, she felt almost helpless. His cock was right there and she was afraid to guide it because she knew she’d put it into her pussy when he—and she—wanted it to go into her ass. She didn’t trust herself.

Alex balanced himself on one arm and used his other hand to aim his hard cock toward her ass. “Relax,” he told her when the head pressed up against her tight sphincter.

Jacki knew she had to relax, otherwise it would just be painful, but it was hard to relax when she was plunging headlong into another sexual adventure she wasn’t entirely ready for.

“If you’re tense, it’s not going to happen,” he told her.

“I know,” she said tightly.

He ducked his head down and caught a nipple between his lips. He only had to suck a few times before her body automatically responded. It was so wrong but so right at the same time. Breastfeeding her lover was a natural relaxant. That was all it took. She felt him edging into a place where he shouldn’t be, but that was fine. Being violated because she wanted to be violated was just fine.

It didn’t hurt.

It felt a little strange, but that was fine. She’d done strange before.

Alex’s cock wasn’t very big and for that she was grateful. Jacki didn’t tell him that, of course, because she didn’t want to humiliate him. That was the wrong approach.

He slowly eased himself into her ass and the excitement of the moment combined with her exploration of another forbidden sexual activity made it possible for her to enjoy it.

Alex didn’t just shove his cock into her ass. He rocked back and forth, adding

another fraction of an each with each thrust, filling her up and stimulating her exactly as she wanted to be, much to her surprise.

When her hand unconsciously wandered down to her pussy and found her clit, Alex grinned down at her. “All women do that when they get fucked in the ass.”

“Wha—?” she asked, too distracted to form a complete word let alone a complete thought.

“Playing with your clit,” he said. “You’re doing it because you like getting fucked in the ass.”

Jacki wouldn’t go quite that far, but she couldn’t argue with him either. The pleasure was too great between his cock, her ass, her hand, and her clit.

“Fuck me,” she begged. “Make me cum.”

Normally that would have been Alex’s cue to start pounding away at Jacki’s pussy, hard and fast to make the both of them cum, but he wasn’t fucking her pussy and this was her very first time having his cock—any cock—up her ass. Even if she was loving it, she was inexperienced and didn’t yet know her limits. The only thing that Alex could do was keep up a steady, enthusiastic rhythm to please her. It might not have been exactly what she wanted, but it was going to have to be enough.

It was enough. It was more than enough.

When she came, Jacki didn’t know what to think. The orgasm didn’t seem to originiate from any one part of her body, it was like it just burst forth completely of its own accord. Her limbs quivered. Her pussy flushed hot and wet. Her clit throbbed painfully. Muscles clenched painfully and she wanted release but the only way to that release was to ride on through the storm.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck,” she said when the moment had passed.

“Was it good for you?” Alex asked her, a smug grin on his face.

She didn’t know if she should hate him for being right about fucking her ass, or if she should love him for showing her that anal sex was something she should have done long ago.

“Good enough,” she allowed him. It wouldn’t do to let Alex know how overwhelmed she was with the fucking he just gave her. Even so, he wasn’t stupid. He saw exactly how much she loved it.

“Do you want me to cum in your ass or on you?”

It was only then that Jacki realized his hard cock was still inside her where it shouldn’t belong. Her sphincter was squeezing tightly on it and she became hyperaware of his presence. Her fingers were still curled up inside her pussy so her first instinct was to tell him to fuck her like a normal woman, but that wasn’t going to happen; the risk of an ugly STI was too great. The thought of him cumming inside her ass and then having to shit out his cum was too much for her first time.

“Shoot it on me.”

He pulled out of her and Jacki felt a moment of loss and emptiness. That was quickly wiped away when Alex pumped himself with his hand a few times and the unleashed his load onto her stomach.

It was hot and wet and made Jacki feel dirty. She liked feeling dirty.

“You must have really liked that,” he said after grunting and shaking the last drop of cum off his cock.

“Well…yeah. Why wouldn’t I?”

He shook his head a little. “No. Look at your tits.”

She looked down at her small breasts and noted that they were wet at the nipples. “Isn’t that…just your cum?”

Alex continued to shake his head and reached out with a finger, wiping up some of the liquid. He offered it to her and she automatically tasted it. The unmistakable flavor of her sweet milk filled her mouth.

“Are you going to start leaking milk every time you cum now?”

She didn’t have an answer for that, but she thought that maybe it would be a great way to show how much she had liked the sex.

Chapter Four

As good as getting fucked by Alex was, and as good as getting fucked by Alex in a new way was, and as good as it was realizing that when she came she leaked milk, none of that made up for the missing presence of Kara in her life.

The day after Alex had taken her anal virginity—it was funny to think of herself as a virgin in any way considering her lifestyle—Jacki put on her exercise clothes and ran over to Kara's house. The weather was cool and it took her a few minutes of running to stop shivering, but the exercise did her good, even if her ass was sore from getting fucked and her nipples were sore from being overfull with milk. Just thinking about Kara was enough for her milk to start to let down, but she had shoved nursing pads into her running bra, so she figured was fine.

By the time she reached Kara's home, she had lost her courage and actually ran by without so much as a glance at the house. Realizing that was stupid, she did a U-turn and headed back up the street. They only had a few minutes. She didn't think that she and Kara would have time to have sex—though a girl could dream—but it would never happen again if she couldn't talk to her girlfriend.

Was it wrong to think of Kara as her girlfriend? Jacki knew she was in love with the curvy blonde and that scared her a little and it must have scared Kara enormously for her to cut off all communication.

If that was the way it was, that was fine, but Jacki wasn't going to leave it at that without some sort of firm closure.

She half ran and half marched up to Kara's front door. On other days she would have just opened the door and walked in, but today she hesitated and rang the bell. Kara was home, she knew that; her car was visible in the driveway.

It seemed to take forever for Kara to come to the door. Jacki couldn't decide if that was because she was avoiding her or if she was just busy elsewhere in the house. The house wasn't that big, but Jacki immediately summoned up the idea that Kara was cheating on her. Not even cheating with her husband—which wouldn't really be cheating—but cheating with another woman.

Sometimes Jacki hated her overactive imagination.

The door opened and Kara looked at her through the glass of the storm door. Her face was expressionless. Jacki took the initiative and opened the storm door.

“I can I come inside? It’s cold.” She hated that she added on the “it’s cold” tag. She would have been happier if Kara just rejected her and made her run home in the cold. Now she could let her in out of some sort of bland human compassion rather than wanting her inside the house…to talk. Or more.

Kara just nodded and stepped back from the door, allowing Jacki entrance. Unconsciously Jacki checked the time on the clock in the living room as she walked in. At best they had twenty minutes before the kids would be home on the bus. That was good. More than enough time to hash out their problem but not so much that it would be dragged out forever.

“You’ve been avoiding me,” Jacki said as Kara flopped down on the red couch on the far side of the living room. She remained standing. She didn’t trust herself to sit down.

“Can you blame me,” Kara replied. “You can’t just say that you love me. And don’t give me any bullshit that you just meant it as a friend.”

“No,” Jacki said, lifting her chin a little as she unzipped her fleece. She was already getting overheated in the warm living room. “I meant it romantically. I knew what I was saying.”

They looked at each other for a long moment. Jacki could feel the distance between them all the way across the room.

“You can’t expect me to leave my husband.”

“I didn’t ask you to.”

“And I’m not bi either,” Kara added.

“All evidence to the contrary.”

They glared at each other again.

“Look, I probably let myself get carried away in the moment. And more than once. Yes, I love lactating for my husband. And yes I thought it would be fun to help you out. I was…curious. Things shouldn’t have gone any further than that.”

To Jacki’s eyes Kara looked very defensive and upset. She wasn’t sure why.

Finding the courage she wasn't sure she had, Jacki managed to say. "I am. I mean…I'm bisexual. I'm fine with that."

"I'm not," Kara snapped.

"You're not fine with me being bi or with you being bi?"

Kara didn't answer. She looked away. "I don't know what we should do."

"And you think ending our friendship is the best solution?"

"No."

"Then what?"

"I don't know."

Jacki shifted uncomfortably. Her tits ached—along with her ass but she wasn't going to mention that to Kara right then—and she needed to be nursed. Running was the worst thing to do because she could feel the milk weight in her tits and it made her want to be nursed even more. She unzipped her fleece all the way and folded her arms, gently cupping her breasts through her shirt and running bra at the same time.

"I don't want to lose you," Jacki said softly.

Kara didn't answer her directly. "Are you feeling yourself up?"

"What?"

"Are you playing with your tits?" Kara asked more bluntly.

"Well…no. Not really. I'm just full."

"And so you decided to go running with milk-heavy boobs?" Kara asked skeptically. "Or maybe you did that intentionally, coming over here to see if I'd take pity on your and maybe give you a little nursing. That's a sleazy way to get back into my good graces."

Jacki couldn't tell if Kara was angry or just pretending to be angry to make her point. She took the safe route.

“Right. Fine. I get it. I still want to be friends. If you do too, that’s great. If you don’t…well, that’s it, isn’t it? If you want to be something more…well, you know my number.” Abruptly she turned and headed for the door. She didn’t hesitate and didn’t turn around for glance backwards. She left her fleece unzipped even against the cold air because she didn’t trust herself to pause for the two seconds it would take to zip up. She was afraid she’d break down and go crying back to Kara.

She ran full speed down the street, not slowing or pausing until she was around the bend, and even then she kept running full-tilt until she got to the stop sign at the edge of the development. Only the bit of traffic made her pause. It wouldn’t do to get run over while running away from her lesbian lover.

Only then did Jacki allow herself to lean up against a handy maple tree and let out her sobs. She told herself it wasn’t the end, even though she knew it was a lie. It was over. She’d never share her milk with Kara again. She might never share kind words with Kara again.

After indulging in a one-minute crying jag, Jacki looked back the way she had come. Kara wasn’t chasing after her. Kara wasn’t even driving her car in an effort to catch up. Forcing herself to get the crying under control, she checked her phone and seeing there were no messages, she put in her earbuds and turned up the volume all the way. The music was loud and she wouldn’t hear an errant car but death and injury weren’t her primary concerns. They weren’t concerns at all.

Jacki ran as hard and fast as she could all the way home. Not to make sure she arrived there before her son. She needed physical pain to distract her from the emotional pain that she and Kara had just inflicted on each other.

The pain in her sore breasts wasn’t nearly enough for that.

Alex and Jay didn’t sense anything wrong that night. She kept everything bottled up. It was over and done with. Going to bed with Alex was almost a relief because at bedtime her tits were throbbing and pulsing with pain. They were too full and she needed them to be drained.

As Alex reached for them like he always did she gave him a word of warning.

“Just nursing tonight, no sex.”

He paused. “Something the matter?”

“No. I’m just tired. Exhausted. Just nurse me and make me forget about everything else.”

“I can do that.”

Sometimes he was the best boyfriend.

She couldn’t remember the last time they had gone to bed together and not had sex, even if it was just Alex nursing and fingering her while he got nothing. This night neither of them got anything.

That was fine with them both.

The next day Jacki didn’t know what to expect. A phone call. A text message. No phone call. No text message. A knock at the door. Being accosted at Dunkin Donuts while getting coffee.

But nothing.

The silence hurt.

She went through her day mechanically. Everyone commented on it which made it worse. The only thing that Jacki could think of was to tell all her coworkers that she was feeling under the weather. It was almost good enough.

And on top of it, her tits ached. Alex did his best to drain her that morning, but she missed her time in the afternoon with Kara.

It was so bad that she actually hid in her room from Jay, making him do his homework without any help, claiming she had a headache while she used the pump to empty her breasts.

Her depression was so strong and emotional state was tenuous, that she didn’t even consider masturbation while pumping even though she knew it would help.

Before Alex got home she finally received a call which was a relief because her phone had been silent all day. Then she saw just a number come up. Not only didn't it have the caller's name, but it wasn't a number she recognized. She was in such a bad state of mind that she wanted to scream and yell at someone so a not-so-innocent scamming telemarketer was the perfect target.

"What do you want!" she demanded. It was a terrible way to start a conversation, so in that respect it was the perfect way to start the conversation.

There was a pause and silence. For just a moment she thought the person on the other end of the line had just hung up from her intimidating opening.

"Is this Jacki?" a semi-familiar and accentless voice asked.

Jacki should have known that something was amiss, but she bulled forward. "Yes! And?"

"This is Will calling."

He paused and it took Jacki a second before everything clicked into place. She almost asked who he was, but the only Will she knew was Kara's husband. "Oh. Uh. I thought you were someone else?"

"Kara?" he asked.

"No. A telemarketer. Spoof call."

"Oh." Silence again. "I was calling to talk about Kara though."

"Uh-huh. That makes sense." She didn't want to talk or think.

Pause and silence.

"She was crying all night," he said.

Jacki said nothing.

"She wouldn't tell me why she was crying. She just…just cried."

Jacki was glad that Kara was as upset as she was. But…Jacki hadn't spent the night crying.

“It was because of me,” Jacki admitted. It was hard talking to Will about this because he was both tangentially and essentially involved.

“I sort of guessed that.” He paused. “What did you two argue about?”

“It…it wasn’t an argument. Not really.”

“Well what was it then?” Will had moved beyond asking. It was a thinly-veiled demand.

Taking a deep breath, Jacki releveled the truth. “I told her that I loved her.”

Again the silence disturbed her more than if Will had begun screaming at her or even just hung up.

“That’s it?”

“Yes.”

“Why would that upset her so much?”

Jacki reflected that sometimes men could be so incredibly thick. “Maybe because of the extent of how much I love her.”

Again: silence.

Closing her eyes, Jacki closed the world away. It was a stupid gesture because she was alone and Will wasn’t anywhere she could see him. “Because I love her, Will. Romantic love.”

“Oh.” The single word. No, not even a word, just a sound stabbed her in the heart. She had to fix it.

“I’m in love with her, Will. Romantic love.” This wasn’t helping. “But I don’t want to take her away from you. I…I don’t know what I want, exactly. I want to share her with you. I want her to myself, but I want a life with Alex too. It’s fucked up.”

“Are you a lesbian? Is this what’s happening? Are you two lesbians and are you going to run off together?”

“No. No! I’m bi.” It felt good to tell someone other than Kara. She might have shared all sorts of sexual adventures with Kara, but actually admitting the extent of her sexuality to someone else helped, weirdly enough. “I think that maybe Kara’s bi too. That’s what’s messing her up. She doesn’t want to be.”

“Uh-huh.” Jacki was reasonably sure that she could heard the gears in Will’s mind running.

“I’m sorry if I fucked up your marriage. I’ll leave you and Kara alone if that’s what you and her want.”

“When the four of us were in the hotel…”

“Yes?”

“Did you like having sex with her in front of Alex and me?”

“Yes.”

“Would you do it again?”

“In a minute.”

“Was Alex upset I fucked you?”

“I think he got off on it.”

“Would you like to have a weekend alone with Kara. Just the two of you?”

The question made her knees go weak. She knew the answer but didn’t want to say it, but since everything else was in turmoil, it couldn’t hurt any further. “I’d love that. Would she?”

“I don’t know. I think that maybe she would want it more than she wants to admit to herself.”

“I love her, Will.”

“I know. I love her too. I’ll talk to her.”

“Are you upset…are you angry with me? With her?”

Will let out a rueful little laugh. “No. No. My wife gives me her milk and lets me fuck other women. And she lets me watch while she fucks other women. I’m not angry with her. Well, a little. I just want her to love that as much as I do.”

“Oh.”

“I’ll talk to her. We’ll make this right.”

To be continued

Preview

Ida’s Ds

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

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

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

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

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

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

That’s fucking hot, was his response.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her laughter in the car was borderline hysterical.

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

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

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

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

"Yes," he said just as eagerly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He looked at her in surprise. “Really?”

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

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

“Where’s the bedroom?”

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

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

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

She had been wrong about that.

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

He broke the kiss.

"You're eager."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And loving it.

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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