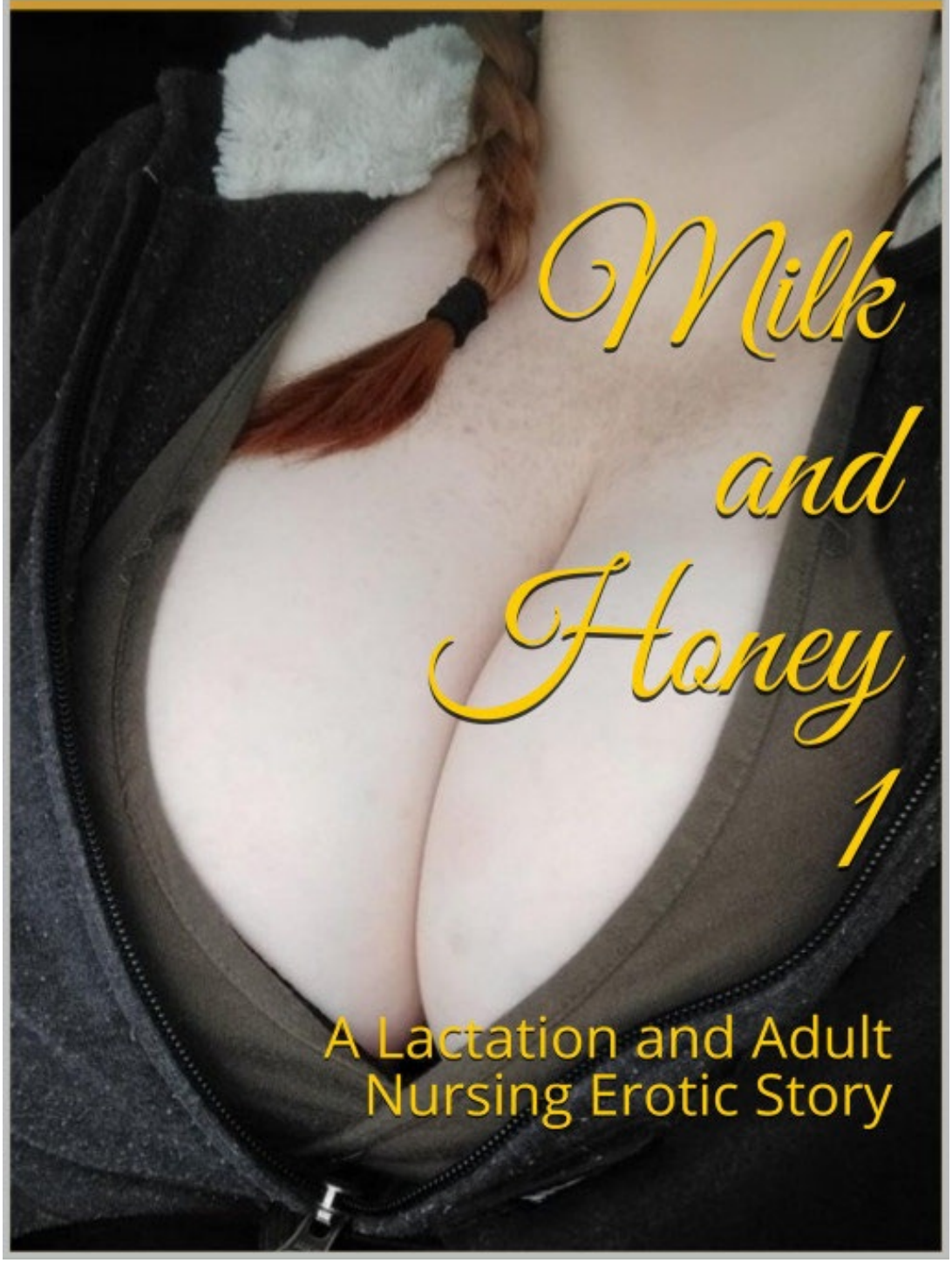
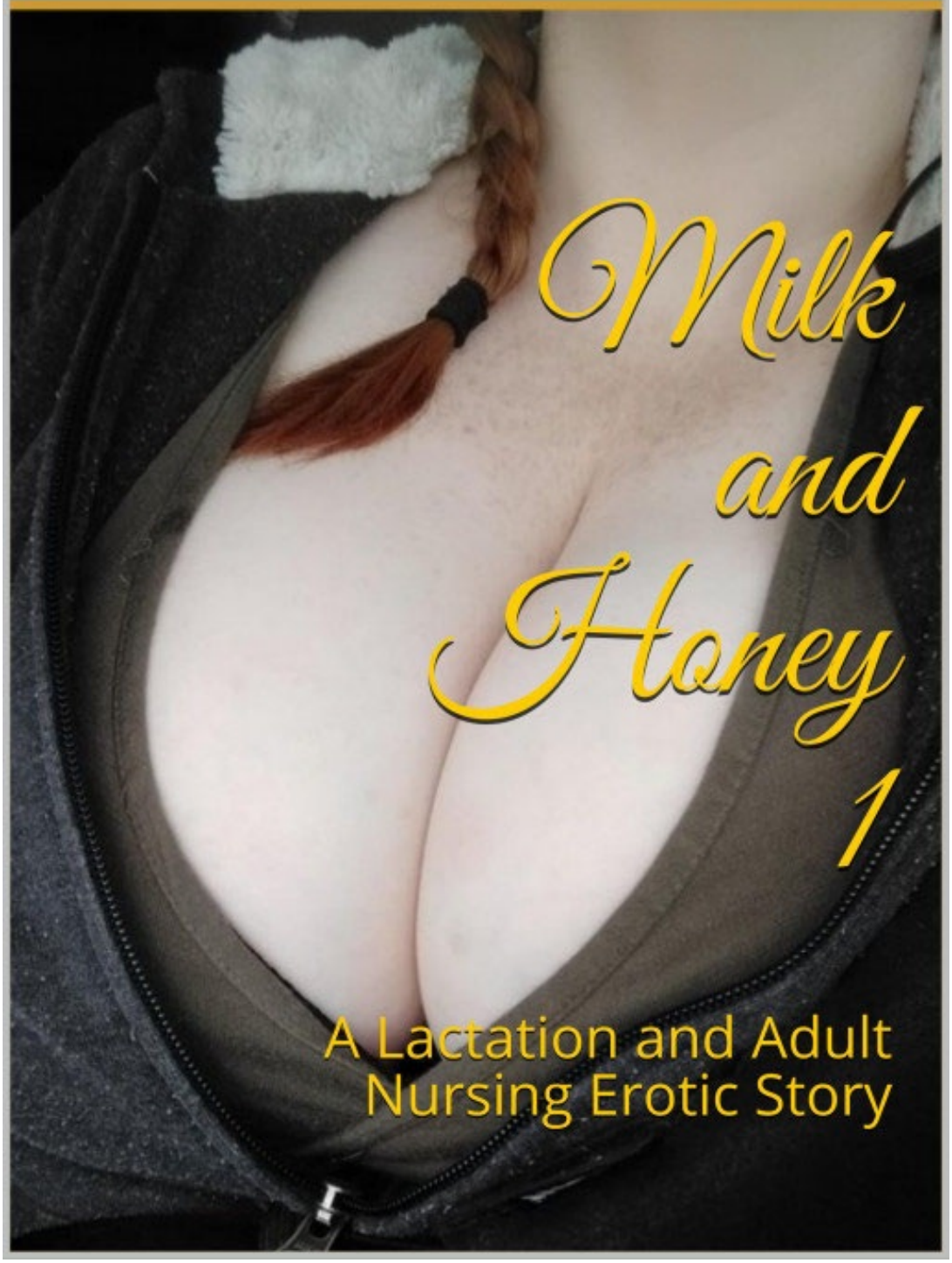
Elliot Silvestri



Milk and Honey 1

A Lactation and Adult Nursing Erotic Story

Elliot Silvestri



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An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Milk and Honey 1

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Chapter One

Ever just look at your spouse or significant other and just say…fuuuucckk. What the hell am I doing in this relationship? Is this all there is to my life? A couple of kids? A job that borders on a career? A house? Sex on Saturday nights along with Tuesday and Thursday morning when our schedules shift just enough for some extra time?

I wasn't old enough to be having a midlife crisis, was I?

What does a married woman with two kids do for a midlife crisis? Divorce? Job change? Have another kid? New house? Affair?

I looked across the breakfast table at Seth. Ten years ago I was madly in love with him. Two years ago I was madly in love with him. Hell, last week I would have said that I was madly in love with him. Sure, he could drive me to annoyance with his obsession with discovering new craft beers, but as a hobby it wasn't the worst and he was a good father and husband and all of that shit that society tells us we're supposed to want.

He was eating toast, drinking coffee, and scrolling through the news feed on his phone before he had to leave for work. The kids were already gone to school. We could have gone back to bed and fucked. We had the time, but I didn't ask and maybe, just maybe he'd say that he had to get to work.

Glancing up he saw me staring at him. "Something the matter?"

I shook my head. "No. Just…not excited to go to work today."

He half-smiled and nodded. "We'll get a sitter this weekend and go out on a date. How does that sound?"

"Good," I quickly agreed. It should have been good, but it was just…ordinary.

Satisfied with his suggestion, Seth stood up from the table and went to the bathroom. I grabbed his phone from where he left it, keyed in the passcode, and glanced at what he was looking at. The news from NPR. God, we were a cliché of middle-class white Americans. Two kids and a picket fence. We were boring.

I would have spent some time snooping through his phone, but I didn't have the time. Besides, it didn't matter. I had snooped through it every few days for the

past few months. Except for an occasional foray into some really mild pornography—think barely old school Playboy-worthy—there was nothing interesting on his phone.

What I wouldn't give for Seth to be having an affair just so I could have something interesting in my life.

Of course, I could say the same about myself. I wasn't terrible looking. I wasn't that old yet. I had more than enough men make passes, both smooth and awkward and everything in between, at me. I always gracefully declined because that's not the sort of person I was.

I was a boring person, apparently.

Wife. Mother. Joint homeowner. IT career that was possibly going somewhere. Sex three times a week, never more.

Fuck.

It wasn't that we were that boring. Or we used to be more exciting. Back in college we had sex up against the science building in the middle of the night when anyone could have walked by and seen us. We even messed around in the library stacks. On our honeymoon we went to an exotic resort that featured a nude beach; it was less exciting than I though it would be and my nipples got mildly sunburned.

We had played around with bondage, but that didn't do it for me. I was confident that if I asked Seth, he'd go along with almost anything I suggested for sex.

Was that I what I wanted? Something new with sex? I didn't want a new husband, more kids, a different house, or to travel the world. What else was there?

I probably should have turned to a life coach or personal counselor. Instead, I did what everyone in IT did way too much. I turned to the internet, which is always a bad decision.

There's a website for everything. I didn't know the business model behind

SexAdviceExplorer.com but it was what I needed. It was almost a chatbot, just a simple Q&A session. It was easy enough to do it between password reset requests and other stupid issues.

Straight or gay or something along the spectrum?

The first question was a straight forward (HA!) question, but it made me think way too much. Was I a lesbian or bi? Did I even know?

The AI was better than I had anticipated.

You're taking a lot of time to answer. Do you need guidance? Are you questioning your sexuality?

Again, the question made me question everything. And I got caught up on the last word of the first question. Spectrum. Both Seth and I had tested ourselves and we were on the bottom of the autism spectrum, but I doubted that was the SexAdviceExplorer bot was asking about.

Straight, I typed in

Are you male or female (or do you identify as non-binary?)

Female. I liked how the website made you type in the answer rather than choosing from button options. It made it feel more like a conversation and less like dealing with a robot. Not that there's anything wrong with dealing with a robot, if that's what you're into.

Are you looking for a new sex partner, either with your current partner or alone?

NO! The exclamation point and all caps probably weren't necessary, but they felt good to use.

The bot was smooth. It just moved on. Is there a particular fantasy that you'd like to involve your current partner in.

No.

Is there a fantasy that your current partner would like fulfilled?

I don’t know.

Do you believe he has a fantasy he hasn’t told you about?

No.

Are you looking for something new and different? Do you think you’re in a rut?

That was it. That was it exactly. Who says bots and AIs don’t know the human condition?

Yes. Something new and different. I just don’t know what.

There was a character count of one thousand for each answer. Good grammar wasn’t necessary, the bot would just pull out whatever it found useful, but I found that I liked talking to it.

Oral, anal, vaginal or nipple?

I looked at the screen for a minute, dumbfounded. If the bot were a person, I might have smacked it. Instead, all I could do was type in, WHAT?!

The caps lock and extra punctuation did little to make me happier.

What type of stimulation would you prefer? The chatbot seemed to take my reaction awfully casually. But then again, it was just an AI.

But an AI programed by people.

And maybe it was a learning AI, which would mean that everyone who used the chatbot since its inception had an influence on how it reacts.

Sometimes thinking about the computer-human interface was headache inducing.

The question was straightforward enough, but I didn’t have an answer for the AI.

I don’t know.

Are you looking for something extreme or kinky?

Without thinking I automatically typed like I was replying to a friend. I don't know what I want.

Are you looking for an adventure?

An adventure would be better than living a life of slow desperation in the suburbs, I thought to myself. Sure.

You seem like you are uncertain.

Now the bot was sounding like a shrink. That made me nervous. Still, I was already all in on this little examination of my sexuality that I didn't really want to face.

I don't know what I want. I'm just looking for…something.

We can continue an exploration of what might interest you or you can just request a random event.

Random sounded like a terrible idea.

Continue exploring.

Oral, anal, vaginal or nipple?

I decided to push the limits of the AI.

I've never done anal. That was true. I wasn't necessarily opposed to it, but shoving a toy or cock up my finger didn't especially appeal to me.

So you're saying you'd like to try it?

No.

Oral, vaginal or nipple?

This was a narrowing path. It would randomly choose from the remaining options until nothing was left and then push me that way. I could either choose or be forced into something. Vaginal was too common. Oral was…boring.

Nipple.

There's lot of ways women experience pleasure through their nipples and breasts. Clamps. Piercings. Slapping. Massaging. Pinching. Sucking. Some women get pleasure from exhibiting their breasts to partners and strangers (sometimes on the internet). Size and shape are often important to a woman's partner.

That was an info dump that was obvious. I wasn't planning on showing off my tits to photo sharing sites (with or without my face). Those were mostly harmless, but I knew the risk of being traced back to someone's true identity. Piercing was out. Just…no. I liked it when Seth touched and played with my boobs during sex, but he wasn't obsessed with them.

No piercings. If I waited too long the bot would start pushing me again. I needed time to think. I could feel myself getting sweaty, even in the air conditioned IT office. No one else was around, so I was safe for the moment, even though I could feel myself getting aroused. Plain cotton panties are nice because they'll absorb a lot more vag leakage than lace or silk. I shifted uncomfortably in my comfortable office chair.

Do you want to avoid all extreme and possibly pain inducing options?

No pain.

That leaves sucking, massaging, and exhibitionism. Which appeals most to you.

The bot wasn't great, but it was nice to move me along. I wasn't a big fan of massages in general. Maybe because I'd never paid for one and Seth was lame at them, but a stranger's hands on my body, even as a professional non-sexual service, didn't appeal to me. Exhibitionism was right out. Every bra I owned was full coverage and I had little interest in getting my, mostly male, coworkers revved up by giving them even a hint that I had cleavage.

I choose sucking. Looking at my response I mocked myself in my head. Pikachu I choose you. Sucking I choose you.

The bot went into info dump mode again. Many women enjoy it when their partners suck on their nipples. It is a common form of breast stimulation. Some women can orgasm just from nipple stimulation either through sucking or manual stimulation. Sucking is most commonly accomplished by a partner's mouth, but there are sex toys that can accomplish the same stimulation. These

toys vary from simple suction cups that fit over the nipples to repurposed breast pumps.

Some caution should be used. Too much nipple stimulation can induce lactation in some women.

I liked it when Seth sucked on my tits before and during sex. This seemed like the lamest possible ending to SexAdviceExplorer.com. “What you need in your life, young lady, is for your sex partner/boyfriend/husband to suck on your nipples a little more before he fucks you.”

I couldn’t see myself buying a sex toy just for my nipples. I had thought about a vibrator in the past, but that wasn’t going to happen.

But I kept reading the last line over and over.

Some caution should be used. Too much nipple stimulation can induce lactation in some women.

It’s easy to lose track of time in front of a computer screen. Millions of people do it every day.

Some caution should be used. Too much nipple stimulation can induce lactation in some women.

I remembered what it felt like when I was a new mother and nursing my babies. It felt good. It wasn’t sexy, but I liked it when my breasts were full of milk and I was sharing that special time with my baby. I never felt so close to them other than when they were nursing from me.

My kids were teenagers now and would be horrified if I ever mentioned breastfeeding to them.

Do you need more information, Malka?

I hadn’t given SexAdviceExplorer.com my name. When I saw it there I started to panic and hyperventilate.

I gulped down some water from the bottle I always kept on my desk and blinked. My name wasn’t all that common so the chance of a bot guessing it correctly

was remotely small.

Looking back at the screen I read the line again.

Do you need more information or time?

I was being stupid and imagining things.

I had been using a proxy so it would be difficult (though not impossible) to track my website visitation. No one would know what I had been doing.

I closed the browser and erased all my obvious tracks.

Short of a full FBI cybercrimes investigation, no one would know what I had been doing

No one but me.

Chapter Two

“Bye Dad! Bye Mom!”

Is there anything less sexy than hearing your teenaged kids calling goodbye to you as they walk out the door for the school bus?

Morning breath. That’s less sexy.

I crawled out of bed and made it to the bathroom where I found the mouthwash, rinsed, and went back to bed with my husband. The bed was warm and Seth was just starting to wake up. I was horny. I didn’t always wake up horny, but lately I had. The late 30s sexual plateau for the American woman was a thing, apparently. While Seth wasn’t fully awake, his cock was. I could feel the hard bulge through his pajama pants. It felt wonderful.

“You up?” I asked him as I gently rubbed him through the thin material. He was up, but not awake.

“Mmm,” was his response.

That was good enough for me. I pulled off my top. I had already left my panties on the bathroom floor. Pushing the covers down, Seth made a noise complaining at the cool air touching his body, but he stopped groaning when I slipped my hand into his pants and grabbed his cock.

“What you doin’?” he managed to say.

“Giving you a blowjob,” I told him before lowering my mouth onto his glans. That shut me up and shut him up.

Thursday morning sex was normal between us. It was our routine. It didn’t always start with a blowjob, but I was happy to get things going that way.

By the time he was hard enough for what I found to be agreeable firm, I had gotten his cock slick as well, which matched my pussy perfectly. Seth just laid there with a happy grin on his face while I straddled his body and lowered myself down onto him.

“This is the way to wake up,” said Seth. He said that all the time when I was the one to initiate in the morning. He wasn’t very original.

“Uh-huh,” I agreed and leaned forward, but kept my pussy firmly planted on his cock. I essentially just changed the angle of my torso so that my breasts hung in his face. He got the hint and turned his face to find one of my nipples. It was what I wanted.

Or at least it was what the chatbot told me what it was that I wanted.

“Mmm…just like that,” I told him.

I continued to ride my husband while he sucked on my tits. It was good. Whenever he moved his head away to stop sucking on them, I pushed it back. There was no way for me to force him to do what I wanted, but he was willing to go along with it for the moment, so I took advantage of it.

Eventually I couldn’t keep myself upright and had to put my hands down on his shoulders. He took the opportunity to pull his mouth away from my breasts and speak. “You’re into tit sucking today?”

“Uh-huh,” I said, redirecting his mouth back to my nipples.

He got the hint. And I had to say that I loved it. Seth kept moving his hands around my naked body, caressing me everywhere, while thrusting his cock in and out of me. On top of all that, he kept sucking my tits. It was a lot to ask of any lover, especially my husband who was, at best, an average lover. Not that I had a lot of variety in my life.

I was ready for more variety.

I was ready for more adventures.

I was ready for more excitement.

Thinking about that alone was enough to put me over the edge and cum on his cock, but I felt my orgasm radiate out from my clit and pussy all the way up to my tits and beyond. It was glorious.

I must have left my body for a moment because when I came back to my senses I saw Seth looking up at me with an amazed expression on his face.

“What?” I asked. My voice trembled more than I wanted it to, which is to say I

didn’t want it to tremble at all.

“You were beautiful when you were cumming,” he told me. There was no guile in his voice.

“Thank you.” I wiggled my hips a bit and quickly established that his cock was still rigidly embedded in my pussy. He hadn’t cum yet. That was good. I was ready for him to cum…but I wanted to cum again before he was finished. “Make me cum again,” I told him. “See how beautiful I can be.”

He grabbed my hips and started thrusting his cock up into me, slamming into my pussy and letting the shockwave carry through my entire body. But that’s not what I needed. I wanted—I needed—his attention focused on my tits. It was an easy thing to demand of him. I just leaned forward and practically smothered him with my boobs.

Honesty time. I’m a taller than average woman; five foot ten if you need to know. Seth isn’t a giant my any means. He tells everyone he’s six feet tall, but the truth of the matter is he only hits six feet when wearing shoes. If I’m in decent heels I’m the taller of the two of us.

I don’t wear high heels all that often.

My tits aren’t huge, but they’re bigger than average. I don’t have to spend hours shopping for the right bra that fits. Depending on the fit, either a C cup or a big B. But what does it really matter? I think I look good despite being on the wrong side of thirty, far too close to forty, and having two kids. Just as importantly, my husband thinks I look good. At least he tells me so, but not often enough.

“Are you trying to smother me?” his muffled voice came through my flesh. He stopped rocking his hips up and down which was the more annoying part.

“You don’t show them enough love.”

“I thought I had showed them enough this morning.”

I pushed them down into his face. “Nope. Not yet. Keep sucking and I’ll keep riding you.”

We weren’t a very kinky couple. Hell, we weren’t kinky at all, or hadn’t been for

years. Missionary was our go-to. Cowgirl was the most common variation. Once in a while I got it doggy, which I loved more than I cared to admit. I'm sure Seth was wondering what was up with his wife this morning.

I was wondering the exact same thing.

But he willingly went along with what I wanted. He sucked. I rode.

I don't think any couple every truly cums at the same time, but we got awfully close that morning. I could feel my orgasm building up from both my pussy and my tits; that was new. But I could also feel his cock getting harder and harder in me. I think if I had been wild enough to find a stainless steel dildo I would have ridden that toy to the moon and back. There was an undeniable throbbing inside me telling me that Seth was close.

I came and then he came. Or maybe he came first. The spunk he deposited in me made me even wetter and that little infusion of love might have pushed me over the edge. It didn't matter. We had mixed up our orgasms together and that was more than good enough.

I was panting heavily when we were done. Seth's breathing mirrored mine. Even breathing heavily I grinned down at him, satisfied with out lovemaking. It hadn't been that passionate in years.

"Was it good for you?" I asked him smugly.

"It was fantastic for me," he answered. "What got into you this morning?"

"You," I answered like a smart ass.

"But the sex…" He didn't know how to finish the statement. Or was it a question? It didn't matter.

"The sex was great," I said as I rolled off him and headed to the bathroom. "But work calls." I could feel him dripping out of me, which was kind of sexy and kind of gross at the same time.

In the bathroom I took the time to admire my tits for a moment. They weren't bad for a mother of two. A woman who I decided was a milf. There was a little bruise just below my left areola. It took me a second to figure out what it was.

While we were fucking, Seth's latch on my breast wasn't perfect and he had given me a hickey. I don't think I had had a hickey since high school. College at the latest. It made me feel sexy and dirty in a good way.

I turned on the water and got in. Sex in the morning was great; a shower after sex was an even better way of waking up. I didn't hurry. I didn't need to hurry, but it wasn't too long before the bathroom door opened and Seth entered.

"You're taking a long time in there!" Seth called from the other side of the curtain.

"Come on in. There's plenty of room."

"I'm more worried about the hot water situation."

I poked my head out between the curtain and the shower wall. "Why don't you come on in and share the hot water with me?"

He glanced nervously at his wrist, where his watch would normally be, and then realized how stupid the gesture was. "We don't really have time," he said anyway. "And besides, we already had sex this morning."

"Doesn't mean I don't want to have sex again," I said with an inviting smile.

He sighed. "Are you getting out soon?"

"Nope. I'm going to use all the hot water up." I then pushed back the curtain to show him my body—something he had seen hundreds of times before—but now it had water streaming down it, along with some bubbles. I hoped it was sexy.

The last time we had fucked in the shower was back in college. It was a dorm shower on a woman's floor and him in the bathroom alone could have gotten the both of us in a lot of trouble. The nice thing about those showers was a little ledge that ran around the bottom of the shower stall. When I stood on that ledge with my heels, I was just the right height for him to pin me against the wall and enter me.

Dorms generally didn't run out of hot water.

I don't know how long we fucked in there but by the time we were done Seth

essentially had a sunburn on his back from where the water hit it while we fucked. At the time he said it was worth it.

Seth was staring at my tits and I was hoping he was considering joining me. Maybe he wouldn't be able to get it up again, but at the very least we could mess around. That's all I really wanted.

Well, that and to have him suck on my tits again. It felt really good while we were having sex.

He pointed at my breast. "Did I do that?"

I glanced down, having already forgotten the little bruise he had left behind while sucking on me.

"Yeah. So?"

"I shouldn't have done that."

I absently rubbed my breast, massaging it a bit, hiding the nipple a little, teasing him while trying to make it look like a casual gesture. "I don't mind. I kind of like the way it looks. Like my high school boyfriend couldn't control himself in the back seat last night."

"Hickies are supposed to go on your neck," he pointed out.

"You can put them anywhere. Want to put another one on me?"

Seth was slowly shaking his head. "We don't have time for this."

"We have plenty of time." I frowned. "Or maybe you just don't want to?"

"Do we have to do this right now, Mal?"

I sighed and stepped out of the water. I was clean enough and apparently I wasn't going to get any dirtier today. "I suppose not."

Maybe I should have cut Seth a break. After all, he did what I asked in bed and made me cum and he came himself. He was probably spent and not all that

horny at the moment. Still, he could have found a better way to turn me down.

We got ready for work and went our separate ways.

Naturally I was distracted at work all day. I was really just horny. I knew it. I could have gone to the bathroom and masturbated, but getting off in a public bathroom was the complete opposite of sexy to me, and the bathrooms at my job were kept clean.

Instead I found myself with my hand inside my shirt playing with my nipple through my bra while I was sitting at my desk working through a problem.

I didn't realize what I was doing until I was doing it. It was mostly just an absent, calming gesture, like rubbing a sore muscle in your shoulders, only I was all but openly masturbating, playing with my nipple in the office.

My office, like most offices, was cubicles. Mine had high walls so I had some measure of privacy. No one saw me playing with myself. At first I was relieved, but then I realized that I would have been thrilled if someone had seen me, but I wasn't sure why. Did I want them to watch while I masturbated? Did I want them to feel guilty about watching me? Did I want to feel guilty? Did I hope that he would want to open up my shirt and play with my tits? Or maybe suck on them?

Did I want all of that?

Yes.

With great guilt I pulled my hand from inside my shirt and buttoned up. My pulse was racing. I was sweaty. And most importantly I could feel it in my pussy. And my tits. What I wanted right then and there was to get fucked and sucked.

Maybe, just maybe, the SexAdviceExplorer.com chatbot was right about me.

I wasn't sure how I felt about that, but I knew what I was going to do about it.

Before I could give it much more thought, I pulled out my phone (because I didn't want to leave any trace behind on my work computer) and ordered a couple of items from Amazon. It made me wonder how many Mom and Pop sex stores had gone out of business because of Amazon's liberal attitude toward sex

toys.

But it also made me think of what type of person I was becoming.

Chapter Three

I wasn't upset with the type of person I was becoming; I was sure of that. What I didn't know was why this was happening to me. Had I met the middle-aged woman plateau of now-or-never? Was it the last gasp of my body redirecting the impulse to reproduce into just pure sexual lust? Was pure sexual lust my body's way of expressing its desire to reproduce one more time?

I had no fucking idea.

I was happy to have two children and leave it at that.

I was also happy to listen to my body and if it wanted me to have more sex, then I was going to have more sex, damn it.

If Seth couldn't keep up, then he'd have to step aside. Maybe I was acting crazy, but maybe I needed to act a little crazy. I had lived a boring life for far too long.

That Thursday night was the same as most of my Thursday nights: boring. Dinner. Dealing with the kids. Vague pop-culture entertainment. Bed.

Except when Seth and I got ready for bed, I wasn't ready to go to sleep.

My selection of sexy lingerie was limited at best. I had a couple of bras that could be described as non-utilitarian. My underwear…much less so. I had something that was sort of sexy that had been worn years before for a wedding or New Year's Eve party, I forgot which. I opted not to wear any of that to seduce my husband. Sex wasn't about clothing or appearance (well, it wasn't just about that). I had my body and that would be good enough.

I found a thin nightshirt that was more appropriate for summer weather and brought some ice into the bathroom without letting Seth know. Undressing in the bathroom before I went to bed, I tossed my clothes in the hamper, pressed the ice to my nipples, making sure to get them good and hard and erect, before pulling the nightshirt over my head.

The saunter I used to walk into the bedroom was partly affected, but I wanted to catch Seth's eye. We weren't going to sleep. We were going to fuck whether he wanted to or not. After walking in and making sure the light was still on, I asked him if he had any special plans for us for the weekend.

“No.”

I stopped at the foot of the bed and stuck my chest out a little. My glance downward was to make sure my nipples were still prominently outlined through my nightshirt (they were) and was also to encourage Seth to follow my gaze down at my tits.

The nightshirt was short. Actually for most women it would have been a perfect mid-thigh length, but for me it barely covered my ass. Normally that wouldn’t be a problem because I only wore it to bed, usually with underwear.

I wasn’t wearing any underwear.

I didn’t intend on sleeping in the shirt.

“Too bad,” I said. “We should plan something fun.”

Seth didn’t really process what I was saying. He was staring at my chest, just like I wanted him to. It was perfect. I could feel my pussy getting wet. It was just a little gush of anticipation, but I hoped my inner thighs weren’t slick and wet, not yet.

“Why are you wearing that?” he finally asking when he realized I was staring at him, waiting.

“You don’t like it?”

He swallowed. “No. I like it. Isn’t it…a little cold to be wearing it?”

“Should I take it off?” I asked him.

He didn’t answer. I didn’t give him the chance to answer. I just pulled up the hem and threw it to the floor. A naked body was all my Seth needed to get ready and get hard.

I could see the tent he was making under the sheets and (presumably) in his pants. If nothing else my husband could be depended upon to act like a man at the basest of levels.

“Like what you see?”

“Yeah…”

“Wanna fuck me?”

I could see him calculating in his head. It wasn’t Tuesday or Thursday morning. It wasn’t Saturday night. It wasn’t any special occasion, so he didn’t know why I was enticing him into sex. He was confused.

“Sure…?” he answered uncertainly.

“You sound so confident.”

“Yes,” he said, sitting up a little in bed and trying to find his manhood. He didn’t have far to look. It was between his legs.

“You have to do something for me first,” I told him.

“Okay. What?”

I couldn’t help but smile as I brought my hands up to my tits, cupping them and teasing the nipples with my thumbs. It felt good. Better than I remembered. “You need to suck on my tits first,” I said boldly.

He was momentarily confused. “Really? Why?”

“That’s what I like.” I resisted the urge to say That’s what I like now. I didn’t want him to think I had completely changed.

“You do?”

“Yes.” I pinched my nipples a bit and fought the urge to shiver, but then I gave in to the urge to shiver. My nipples were still hard and I wanted to keep them that way…at least until Seth pressed his lips to them.

“I didn’t know…”

“That’s fine…I didn’t know how much I liked it myself.” I didn’t stop there. I needed to move forward and not give him too much time to think. “It really got me off this morning.” I approached the bed and crawled up on it, letting my breasts swing down and wobble back and forth. His eyes never left my tits. That

was a good sign. Either he was hypnotized or he was into it as much as I was.

How could I be married to this man almost two decades and not realize he was a breast man?

Seth welcomed me with a kiss. I returned the kiss but then got on my knees to straddle him and press my breasts into his face. His hand went to my bottom, holding me up, while he found my hard nipple.

His mouth was warm and wet when it found my cold nipple. If he noticed the unnatural way they were erect, he didn't let on. That was fine. The hard flesh warmed and temporarily melted, but then a few seconds later it got hard again, not because of ice pressed to flesh, but from lust passed from Seth to me, from my pussy to my tits. I sighed and relaxed against him.

I was naked but Seth was still in a t-shirt and pajama pants. I knew his cock was hard and I wanted to feel it in my body, but I was going to have to wait. I was a patient woman.

As long as my tits were properly attended to.

Seth proved to be an apt pupil of the fine art of tit sucking for sexual pleasure. With one hand he helped support my body. With the other he held my breast—and more importantly my nipple that he squeezed, maybe with a little too much pressure because of his eagerness, but I could work with that. He mouth kept sucking on my nipple. That was the stimulation I needed. The stimulation I wanted. The stimulation I was demanding from him.

He didn't just suck. He sucked and swirled his tongue around my nipple. He bit, but softly. He drew too much of my nipple and areola into his mouth, and then released it. It was sweet, perfect torture and I didn't want him to stop. Ever.

I was so lost in the moment, in my lust for what I wanted, that I completely forgot about my husband and his needs; the needs that I had generated by teasing him because I was determined to get what I wanted regardless of what his desires. I barely noticed it when he wiggled his way out of his pajama bottoms and pushed down the covers.

I only noticed it when his cock—which was more akin to a bar of steel at that moment—started pressing against my wet and swollen slit. I found that I didn't

mind because I knew that if I kept him happy, then I'd be happy as well. But sex wasn't my goal that night. Him sucking on my tits was.

The only thing to do was to roll my hips back and forth, riding his cock, making everything perfect. I insisted that he keep sucking my tits the entire time, which he did. Seth was proving to be very apt at doing what I wanted when I needed suction on my nipples. It was almost like he was born for the job.

That was a bit over the top, but I'd stand behind the statement.

When the familiar throb started to pulse in his cock, I stopped moving. "No," I told him.

"What?" he asked, startled that I had abruptly ended our little fuck session.

"You don't get to cum until I do," I lectured him. Usually Seth was good about that sort of thing; he had almost always made sure that I came first when we had sex.

"Okay," he agreed. "What do you need?"

Normally I'd tell him we needed to switch positions or he needed to go down on my or maybe I needed my clit rubbed while he fucked me. Today, I made a different request. I knew what I wanted was possible, but I didn't know if I could do it.

"Keep sucking my tits," I told him.

He looked at me blankly. "That's it?"

"That's it," was my happy reply.

"But I've been doing that."

"Keep sucking my tits until you make me cum."

"But…can you do that?"

My smile was much more eager than I wanted it to be. "We're going to find out."

And we did find out. It took almost twenty minutes but as it turned out, I can cum from just nipple stimulation. It felt a lot different from a clitoral or vaginal orgasm, anything originating in my crotch. The entire ordeal felt like it spread through my body in a luxurious wave rather than being an intense feeling just in my pussy.

“We’re going to do that again,” I told him after I came.

“Right now?” he asked, worriedly.

“No. I’ll get you off first. But tomorrow…”

I didn’t realize it at the time, but I was in the process of training Seth to provide me all the attention that my tits desired. It was weird on a couple of levels because I wouldn’t have thought that Seth, an adult man, could so easily be trained by a simple reward system. When he sucked me to my satisfaction—which was to make me cum—I allowed him to have an orgasm, but usually he got me off a second time before he got to cum.

I wouldn’t have believed it, but it worked. At the moment, I was only starting to see the beginnings of this.

The other weird development was that I started to think about myself as two separate entities. First there was me, my whole body, and then, second, there were my tits, which had separate desired from me, but my regular whole self was more than happy to go along with the desires of my tits. It was unsettling because I liked what my tits were telling me, urging me to do, but I knew it was crazy from start to finish.

Saturday two things happened. First, I got my package from Amazon, which naturally was two packages because of complicated shipping logistics that made no sense to me. Second, Seth and I went out on a date. Nothing too elaborate. Dinner and drinks, but I insisted that he suck on my tits in the parking lot. It was dark but there were people around and we don’t have tinted windows in our cars (because tinted windows are not worth the expense and just make it seem like you have something to hide. I do have something to hide, but there’s no reason to make it obvious that I have something to hide) so someone could have seen us, but that was part of the thrill.

Maybe I was a secret exhibitionist and I didn't know it.

"You aren't wearing a bra," Seth said to me when he came up for air after sucking on me for a minute.

"Astute of you to notice," I said. Technically I was, sort of. The dress I was wearing (and it is rare that I ever wear a dress) had a built in bra that provided some support and control. The cutouts on the back made the built-in sort of necessary, but more importantly it allowed me to show off my boobs, something I normally didn't do. The dress had been hidden in the back of my closet for years. I had almost forgotten I had it and I couldn't remember why I had it in the first place.

We went into the restaurant with my nipples at full salute. I glanced down to make sure the little bumps were visible. They were. I smiled as we walked through the restaurant. Naturally no one noticed because no one cared because in the real world we're all more interested in ourselves than others. Still, I caught a smiling glance from one man and a waitress stared for what seemed an overly long time at my chest. Maybe she was admiring my dress; maybe she was admiring my hidden nipples; maybe both; maybe she was a lesbian with a short, butch haircut and wanted me to take off my dress.

I sat down opposite Seth and we flipped through the menu, chatted, ordered, and eventually I noticed that my nipples had settled down. That was disappointing.

"You're going to be giving them a lot more attention over the next few weeks," I promised him.

"I am?" he automatically replied. I had caught him staring at the small bit of cleavage I was showing off. I liked the attention. "Lower your voice?" he hissed at me like we were in a spy movie or something equally ridiculous.

"No one is paying us the least bit attention." The restaurant was noisy enough to cover most casual conversation and we had been seated in an odd space away from most of the other diners. I really didn't care. It would have been an extra thrill if someone had been eavesdropping on us, hearing us discussing my tits and newfound kink.

"Still…" Seth said nervously looking around only to confirm that I was completely correct.

“It’s what’s really been getting me hot and wet lately,” I said as evenly as I could, neither too loud or soft.

Seth shifted his eyes around uneasily, but was obviously interested in playing the game I was initiating. “I could tell.”

“You know what happens to me if you keep it up every day?”

He shook his head. “No.”

“I start making milk.”

It was like I froze his brain. He didn’t react. I was a modern medusa and had turned him into a statue.

“What do you think of that?” I asked him coquettishly.

“We should stop?” It was definitely a question. He was asking me to take the lead. I liked that.

I shook my head slowly back and forth. “No. Just the opposite. We’re going to keep it up as long as we can.”

“We are?” He was confused and puzzled. I liked that. “Why?”

“Because that’s what I want. It’ll make my boobs bigger. I loved the way they felt when I was nursing. It’s been years…but still. I loved the way it felt when they were being drained…”

“But that was years ago,” he unnecessarily mentioned since I had just said the exact thing.

“A woman never forgets.” My words came with a dreamy haze. I was looking forward to my milk coming in. It was going to happen regardless of what Seth wanted. And he’d have to help whether he wanted to or not; I had decided I’d find outside help if necessary, if he wasn’t willing to perform.

“This is crazy, Malka!” He downed half his drink. At the rate he was going, I’d have to be the one to drive home.

“Isn’t it?” I agreed. “We could use a little crazy in our life.” I focused myself. I wasn’t going to just drag Seth along, making him to be my milk-induction machine and slave—though that would have been fun too. I wanted to have him on this journey with me. “But what do you want?”

“What do I want?”

“Right. We’re going on an adventure. A very adult, very sexual adventure. I know what I’m seeking out. What do you want?”

“What do I want?” he repeated.

I glared at the ceiling for a moment. “You already said that. Yes, what do you want me to do to make you more sexually fulfilled?”

“I…I’m not sure what to say.”

“Anal?” I suggested. “Lots of guys are obsessed with that.”

He just shrugged. I wasn’t necessarily opposed to getting fucked in the ass, even if it wasn’t on my to do list, but I had to start with some sort of suggestion.

“A three way?” I continued on.

“Would you do that?”

“For you, honey,” I said reaching across the table and holding his hands in mine. “Anything.”

“Well, maybe…”

“We can even toss in there group sex or swinging if you’re bored with me.”

“I’m not bored with you!” he said a little loudly. Loudly enough to cause a couple of people to turn their heads and then quickly look back.

“Then what do you want. I’m open to any suggestions. We just need to talk it out.”

“But here?”

“Why not?” I slipped my fingers along the neckline of my dress, into my cleavage. His eyes followed my fingers. I didn’t exactly delve into my dress, but it was heavily implied. “Do you want to fuck me in the middle of the park where everyone can see us?”

“No!” he said too quickly.

My eyes narrowed on him. I’m not an idiot. Seth wasn’t a smooth liar. You learn these things about the man you’ve been married to for almost twenty years. “So that’s what turns your crank?”

“Sort of,” he admitted.

Looking back on it, his mini confession made sense. Messing around in the women’s bathroom at college. Up against the science building in college. The nude resort for our honeymoon…and then nothing. I vaguely remembered some half-confessed desire to do it on the beach at the resort, but I demurred because I wasn’t that sort of woman…and because I had sunburned nipples…and because we had received strict warnings that it was a nude beach, not a place to have public sex.

And then we had kids.

And then our lives had become very…vanilla.

No, not even vanilla. Our lives had become milder than plain yogurt.

What had gone wrong?

No matter. I had already resolved to change all of that and I was going to change all of that.

I was already changing all of that and if Seth wanted to fuck me in some public park, I was more than happy to go along with it.

No wonder he was happy to suck on my tits while we were in the parking lot. Low stakes for him and I bet if I had checked his cock while he was doing it, he would have been rock hard.

I guess I was a little too self-involved. I could fix that.

After college Seth and I moved to what was essentially where I grew up. Not far, but not the exact same town. I knew a couple of places that would work perfectly for his newly confessed kink.

“I can do that,” I told him casually, “but are you willing to risk letting other people see your wife’s naked body?”

Before Seth could answer that, I pressed on. “Are you willing to let others watch while you fuck me?” I kept my voice low, like I was keeping a secret, because secrets are sexy even if the secret is about public sex.

“Yes,” he hoarsely rasped.

The waitress just then delivered our meals. We waited in silence for her to leave, me with my smug face and Seth with his flushed.

“I know what we’re doing after dinner.”

The discussion oddly seemed to settle Seth down. We ate and drank with good cheer, avoiding any further talk about sex or kink. It was fun. I couldn’t remember the last time I had that much fun with my husband, which was both sad and revealing.

Afterward, Seth was a little tipsy, maybe I was as well, but I was feeling confident and so I grabbed the keys from him and took control of our suburban assault vehicle.

“Why do you get to drive?” he demanded of me without really putting up a fight.

“Because you’re drunker than me. Because I know where we’re going.”

“I know where were going, too,” he insisted. “Home.”

“Nope.”

I took Seth on a twenty-minute drive out of our way, pointing out some of the sights from my high school years. Eventually we wound up where I wanted to be. It wasn’t exactly as I remembered it, but nothing from high school ever is. The road had been semi-abandoned years ago, but now seemed to be a little more active. Technically I suppose it was owned by the power company because

the semi-dirt/semi-paved road was really for repair trucks traveling to the line of high-tension power lines. It was still semi-wooded and certain spots had a decent view of the river, not than anyone parking along the trail had any time to admire the river.

“You’re not some black widow serial killer, are you?” Seth asked me when I parked the car to one side of the narrow track.

“I prefer to think of myself as a preying mantis,” I said with an evil grin. “I hunt my mate, marry him, have two kids with him, live a blissful suburban life with him, and then finally kill him at the edge of the woods before moving on to my next victim.”

“Oh.”

“Or maybe I just brought you out here to fuck you and skip over the serial killing part,” I said, leaning over the gap between the front seats to kiss him.

He kissed me back.

I felt like I was back in high school.

That was good.

“Do you really want to do this?” he asked me.

“If you’re going to suck on my tits, then hell yes I want to do this.”

We kissed some more, both of us awkwardly turned toward the other. Seth took some initiative and reached up to caress one of my breasts on the outside of my dress. I led his hand inside the dress so I could feel flesh on flesh and he could worry my nipple just enough to start making me wet.

“I can’t do this,” I murmured.

“I thought you said—”

“I can’t do it in this position,” I told him. “My back is starting to hurt.”

“Oh. Want to get in the back seat?”

“I thought you’d never ask.”

We hopped out and then jumped back in, this time in the back seat, which was a bench-style and afforded us a lot more space. At once we fell to making out and groping each other. I felt exactly like I was back in high school. It was wonderful.

“I get the feeling that you’ve been here before,” Seth said between kisses. He had my dress pushed down over my shoulder and my tits were out. He was kissing my neck and my tits were aching for not just his touch, but his hungry mouth.

“Uh-huh,” I agreed. “This is where we went to make out in high school.”

“Make out?”

“Sometime fuck,” I added.

He paused. “Did you fuck right here?” he asked looking around the car.

“Of course not right here. It was a different car. And it was further down the road I think.”

“You fucked a guy here?” Seth was starting to get nervous. I hoped I wasn’t upsetting him by reminiscing about my high school misadventures.

“Uh…technically the furthest I went here was giving Josh a blowjob,” I corrected myself. “I think he fingered me but didn’t go down on me.” I pulled his head up from my chest. “Am I making you jealous?”

“A little,” he admitted.

I reached down to his crotch and found his cock had magically become hard again. I loved that and rubbed it through his pants. “Well, let me get my panties off and you can fuck me right here, right now. I never did that here before.”

The nice thing about driving a suburban assault vehicle instead of an ancient Chevy Cavalier is there is a lot more space in the back seat. A lot. I’m above average sized and Seth isn’t tiny either, yet we were able to fuck like two normal teenagers. He scooted down a little on the seat and I straddled him with my legs.

I had already taken off my panties so hopping on his cock after he shoved down his pants was easy.

My tits were bouncing around. I was pleasantly surprised by their buoyancy. They had lost some of their perkiness over the years, but they were still good. Probably the best they had ever been.

So there we were, me on top of him, my dress pulled down so he could suck my tits, my dress pulled up to my waist so he could fuck me, his pants halfway down his thighs. It wasn't a beautiful scene to take it, but we were in the moment and the sex was better than average. At least we weren't being boring.

I had left the engine running because it was a chilly night and I figured we needed the extra warmth from the heater. We were still steaming up the windows, which was sort of nice to realize we were acting exactly like a couple of teenagers.

And just like a couple of teenagers we jumped and screamed when the serial killer started pounding on the window.

Okay, maybe the truth of the matter was I jumped and screamed. Seth just jumped and let out an explosive, "Shit!"

Plot twist: it wasn't a serial killer. We're both still alive.

It was the cops.

"Roll down the window please," a voice of authority barked. The voice was muffled, but still clear through the glass.

I pulled my dress up over my tits while Seth pressed the button to lower the window. We both looked shamefaced out at the two cops who had found us.

"Can I see some ID please?" the male cop asked. They were both shining their Maglites in on us. I could just barely see the female cop grinning with great amusement at our predicament. I realized just then that not only was I mostly naked, but Seth had just cum inside of me, and my purse was in between the front seats.

"S-s-sure," I managed to stammered out. "Were we doing something wrong?"

Seth looked at me like I was an idiot. Of course we were doing something wrong.

“For starters, you’re trespassing on private property,” said the male cop.

“Indecent exposure,” added the female.

“Shit,” I said and climbed off Seth’s lap to reach my purse. I could feel him tug my skirt down over my ass. So I also managed to moon the cops.

I was certain they were trying to hold in their laughter as I dug through my purse for my wallet with one hand while holding up my dress with the other hand. Seth managed to get his wallet out of his back pocket without flashing them his cock. They took our IDs and exchanged glances that said we were idiots and were wasting their time for fucking around like a couple of teenagers when they could be chasing speeders or eating donuts.

“You two are married?”

“Yes!” we said together. “Almost twenty years I added.”

The male half of the duo handed back our IDs. “I don’t feel like running a warrant check on the two of you right now, so why don’t you get your clothes back on, Mr. and Mrs. Brandt, and go home?”

“Okay, yes, thank you.”

“And try to remember that this property belongs to National Grid. It’s not a place to…screw around.” He pointed upward. “Those are dangerous power lines. Who knows how many teenagers wound up with brain damaged babies because they were having sex out here?”

I just goggled at him while I got my dress back into place. We opened the doors, spilled out, thanked them again, and got back in the front seats.

Two minutes later we were back out on the main road. They followed us for a few minutes before turning into a Dunkin Donuts.

Seth and I went home and had the best sex of our lives.

To be continued…

Preview

Ida’s Reveal

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

woman.

She wasn’t.

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

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

She didn’t.

Her worst thought was that she would break down crying.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It turned out it wasn’t.

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

disappearing from view.

Ida stopped recording. It was enough.

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

"What are you doing here now?"

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

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

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

A boyfriend who indulged in her lactation kink.

Or maybe she was indulging his lactation kink.

Maybe she had a cheating kink.

Maybe Thomas had a cheating kink.

Hell, maybe Roger had a cheating kink.

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

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

Did it matter?

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

She was giving in to doing the easy thing lately.

Back at home, everything was almost normal. Almost.

Kids.

Chores.

Dinner.

Boring conversation.

More chores.

Kids to bed.

Boring television.

To bed.

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

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

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

“Do they still hurt from Justine not nursing?”

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

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

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

Maybe it was a little residual lust.

Maybe it was guilt.

Maybe it was her hidden slutty nature.

Maybe she wanted to cheat on Thomas with Roger.

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

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

“Right now?” he said doubtfully.

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

“You’re still lactating.”

“A tiny bit. So what?”

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It…it was," he agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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:

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