LACTATION CONTROL 1



Elliot Silvestri

An Adult Nursing and Erotic Lactation Novella

Green Bush Publishing

LACTATION CONTROL 1



Elliot Silvestri

An Adult Nursing and Erotic Lactation Novella

Green Bush Publishing

Lactation Control 1

An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the character, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Lactation Control 1

Copyright © 2018 Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

About the Author

Chapter One

Petranella cursed as the liquid spilled across the back of her hand. The nitrile gloves she wore should have protected her, but they only covered up to her wrists. The chemical mixture spilled all the way up to her forearm.

It didn't burn, but she could feel the warmth of the liquid. She immediately dropped everything she was doing and rushed to the emergency wash station. Pulling the handle, gallons of water rushed out and swept away the offending chemical. She knew it wasn't supposed to be dangerous, but she only had Ron's word to go on that. She was doing the tests for him as a favor, and though he was largely trustworthy for a supervisor, he was also known for pushing the limits of acceptable risk.

"I'm going home early," she told her coworkers after the emergency was over. They had rushed over and assisted her, but it wasn't much of an emergency in the end. It was still good enough for an early end to the workday.

"How was your day, hon?" Ben asked when she walked through the door. Of course he was home. It wasn't like he was a slacker and didn't work. Ben had a nine to five that was banker regular. She was the one with the job with the weird hours. Petranella had no reason to complain; Ben was a wonderful husband doing more than his fair share around the house and everywhere else, but it still hurt to see him lounging on the couch playing a video game. Even if the house was clean. Even if dinner was in the oven. Even if she loved him.

"Shitty. I'm home early. I dumped a beaker of…hell, you don't want to hear about a long string of organic compounds, do you?"

"Dinner's almost ready," he said in response, pausing the game.

She nodded and dropped down on the couch next to him, staring at the frozen image on the television. That's when Ben saw the bright red mark on her forearm.

"Jesus! What happened to you?" He sat bolt upright, suddenly understanding what she had said.

"It's nothing," she said. "Not even a burn. Just some discoloration."

He frowned doubtfully at the mark but deferred to her expertise. "Did you have

someone look at it?”

“Yes, the lab nurse cleared me. I’m fine but if it swells or itches or anything out of the normal happens, I’m to go to my local emergency services location immediately.”

It was an almost normal evening after that. Dinner, some chores, relaxation, showers, and bed.

When they got into bed was when Petranella felt it. Maybe it was when she had been showering. It was her habit to sleep in one of Ben’s over-large t-shirts and panties. She had dug into her dresser drawer and pulled out a pair of panties that were covered in tiger stripes, what little material there was to show tiger stripes.

Her sex panties.

She only wore them when she wanted sex.

She didn’t even wait for Ben to see them. As soon as he got into bed next to her, she threw a leg over his body and rolled on top of him.

“What’s got you in the mood?” he asked as she sat up and pulled the large blue t-shirt with a logo from a long-forgotten sci-fi movie on it up over her head, exposing her breasts.

“Can’t a girl want to get laid just because?” she asked, running her hands over her breasts. They weren’t very large, but Ben claimed B cups were the perfect size, neither too big nor too small.

“Sure,” he agreed, resting his hands on her thighs and watching her lightly twist her nipples. Her crotch was positioned right over his. He could feel the heat of her pussy and she could feel this hardness of his cock through his thin pajama pants. “But who says you’re getting laid tonight?”

She laughed at him, wiggling her hips a bit, feeling his cock pressing against her thickening labia, enjoying how it felt. “I do. You don’t have any say in the matter.”

“I don’t?”

Petranella had been looking down at her tits, watching what her fingers were doing to her nipples. Normally they were small and very light brown, but now they had swollen up and had taken on a darker cast. It felt good when she squeezed and rolled them. She wanted them played with a little more and so she leaned forward, offering her small breasts to her husband's mouth.

"You don't. I'm getting laid tonight and you're going to provide all the necessary services."

Ben was willing. He took one nipple into his mouth and gently sucked, getting the bit of delicate flesh between his teeth. Petranella inhaled sharply when he found her other nipple with his fingers and pinched it hard enough to make her thighs quiver.

"God yes, do that," she encouraged him.

He sat up, pulling her up with him, while keeping his mouth on one nipple and his fingers on the other. Her legs went around his body as he wiggled his way out of the pajama bottoms he wore.

"I want to fuck you," he said around her nipple as it swelled in his mouth.

"Just my tits," she mumbled, only half aware of what he was doing.

Ben ignored her and picked her body up enough to get his cock out and situated between her legs. Her tiger striped panties prevented easy penetration, but that didn't stop Ben. With a touch of effort he lifted her up a little higher and pushed aside the thin piece of silk that was preventing him from penetrating his wife. He was good and hard, which wasn't unusual but Ben was surprised at how eager he was to have sex with Petranella—she was beautiful and willing and he loved her, of course, but usually it took him a little more effort to get hard.

He lowered her lithe body down on his cock, even as he continued to suck on her nipple. He slid easily into her. Her pussy was a swamp of desire. They fitted together perfectly and once inside he inhaled deeply through his nose, luxuriating in how good it felt to have their bodies joined together.

"Harder," she told him, which confused Ben because he hadn't thrusted once yet and with her sitting on his lap she was in control of their joining, he was literally just there for the ride.

Pulling back from her breast he asked, “Harder what?”

“Suck on me harder,” she told him with some frustration. “Pinch my nipple harder!”

It wasn’t that his wife was averse to having her tits played with, it was just that she had never encouraged him like that before. “Sure, Ella, tell me if I’m hurting you.”

She nodded eagerly, a feral look on her face. He switched between her breasts, sucking on the one he had been pinching and vice versa. When she made a low, satisfied noise in the back of her throat, he knew he was onto something.

“Feels fucking good,” she said to him between clenched teeth.

He smiled around the fullness of her breast, please he was making her happy. He moved his hips a little and she got the hint. A moment later she started grinding her hips, riding his cock.

“More,” she told him. “More.”

He kept sucking and pinching while she slowly humped him. Her pleasure wasn’t coming from her pussy, but from his attention focused on her tits. This wasn’t something they had done before, but it wasn’t all that strange either. Ben figured if his wife wanted to fuck like this, he was happy to accommodate her.

Sex with Petranella was always good and this time was no exception. Ben held back as long as possible, but the way she was riding him, the moans she was making, and her insistence on holding his head against her chest where he had to suck on her nipples was all too much. He wanted to make her cum first, not only was it polite, in his opinion, but he knew that once he came, he was done and his wife deserved as much sexual fulfillment in her life as possible. It was one of her few released.

But this night he couldn’t last. All too soon he felt himself on the brink and then her moans and her body pushed him over the edge.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” he gasped after he came. “I didn’t mean to. I’m so sorry.”

“Shh, shh,” she vocalized to him. “It’s fine. It’s good. It’s what I wanted.”

She stayed on top of him, straddling his body, exchanging kisses, holding him close, until he drifted off to sleep. That was the one real problem with Ben. He was a good lover, but almost immediately after he came, he'd fall asleep. It wasn't so bad.

After a minute he was snoring lightly and his cock shriveled up and slipped out of her pussy. She waited a little longer, and then carefully threw her leg over him, cautiously slipping out of the bed. Padding lightly to the bathroom, she sat on the toilet and cleaned up with a washcloth, tossing it into the hamper when she was done.

Sex with Ben was good, but she hadn't cum. Petranella liked cumming. For years in high school and college she had thought that sex was just okay but then, her first boyfriend out of college and taught her that sex wasn't just nice, but with the proper attention to her needs, she could climax so hard that she wanted to pass out. Ever since the sex had been great.

But tonight she was disappointed. She had wanted to cum, but it didn't happen. She didn't blame Ben, though she could have. She had been overly aggressive and overeager. It had been too fast for her husband.

Staring at herself in the bathroom mirror, she took quick stock of herself. Sex hair, too pale skin, slightly overly curved tummy, and breasts that her husband claimed to love but she thought were too small. Tonight they looked bigger than usual. She thought about where she was in her cycle and the swelling was early, but it seemed much larger than normal. Or maybe they were just sore because of the attention she had demanded from Ben.

It seemed to her that her nipples wanted more. They were standing up proudly and she wasn't cold, just aroused. Without thinking about it, her hands went to her breasts and she found herself playing with her nipples. It felt good and she didn't want to stop.

Not that Petranella was morally against masturbation of any sort, she just didn't do a lot of it. Thinking back, she was certain that most of her masturbation had been in front of a partner or on the phone when she was doing a long distance relationship. Rarely had she done it entirely for herself.

This night was different. It felt like her tits were on fire, but a pleasant warming fire. A fire that needed to be stoked. She stared at herself in the mirror and

continued to twist and pull her nipples. It felt really good. Cumming from nipple play alone wasn't something that worked for Petranella, but that wasn't a reason to stop. Backing up a bit, she pressed her back against the wall and let go of her right breast so that she could play with her pussy.

Her eyes closed and she focused on her body. It would have been easier is she was laying down, but that was too much effort. She needed to cum and she'd do it standing.

As much as she liked what her fingers were doing to her clit, it was actually more of a distraction. She pulled her hand from between her legs and focused on her nipples. A quick glance down showed that maybe they had enflamed to twice their normal size. They didn't hurt. The more she played with them the better they felt.

Slowly she slid her back down the cool tile until her bare ass was resting on the floor. She couldn't see herself in the mirror any longer, but she didn't need to stare into her face. Closing her eyes made it easier to cum. She was used to cumming with Ben's hand or cock in her pussy, but just her nipples now was fine. Perfect. Exactly what she needed.

What worked best was squeezing as hard as she could and twisting at the same time. It felt incredibly good; it should have hurt, but it didn't it was what her body was craving.

When she came, it was the sort of relief like after expecting the worst news and getting good news instead. She slid to her side and recovered on the tile floor. Her cheek rested on the bathmat but it provided no warmth.

Standing up she caught sight of herself in the mirror once more. Petranella had never thought she was beautiful or even just plain pretty, but now, after her intense climax, she re-evaluated herself and thought that maybe she was more attractive than she had always considered herself. Giving herself a quick once over, she thought that maybe her tits were much better than she always thought. They looked bigger than normal, but that had to be from the way she had been abusing herself. Her light brown nipples had taken on a red cast and looked positively radiant.

Her hands were wet and slick. When she came she tended to get sweaty, she grabbed the washcloth out of the hamper and dried off her hands, chest, arms

and legs. Smiling one more time at herself in the mirror she flicked off the lights and went back to bed with Ben.

Chapter Two

Petranella’s forearm didn’t hurt but there was a red mark on it where the chemical mix had spilled the day before. In shower she poked at it. There was no swelling or pain and the mark was decided less vivid than the day before. She allowed for the possibility that it was just a mild allergic reaction or chemical burn, but that was unlikely since none of the agents she had been working with were caustic. More than likely it was just an unexpected staining from skin contact.

The smart thing to do would be to wear long sleeves and hope that no one saw the mark. But she wasn’t into wearing a demure, boring blouse today. She was feeling good and sexy, especially after making herself cum last night, so she managed to find a blouse that had long sleeves but was also cut fairly tight with a plunging neckline. It wasn’t that she had a huge amount of cleavage to show off, but what she did have was going on display today with the able assistance of a fancy while lace bra bought a year ago for a wedding. Pleased with the results she added a skirt that came right above her knees and went downstairs to parade in front of Ben.

His eyes went wide, torn away from the financial channel on the television. “Looking good,” he complimented her. “What’s the occasion? Meeting up with an old boyfriend?”

“Maybe,” she flirted back at his teasing. “Would that make you jealous?”

“Terribly. I’d have to kill him.”

“What if it was an old girlfriend I was meeting? I bet you’d like that.”

“Well, in that case, I’d have to ask if I could watch.

“Just watch?”

“Maybe join in,” he said with a smile.

She bent forward and gave him a kiss on the forehead, and giving him a quick glimpse down her shirt. “Don’t worry. I’m not about to cheat on you.”

“Promise?”

The smile tugged at her lips. “No.”

The day at the lab started like any other, everyone was glad to see her back, whole and healthy. She took their happy greetings in stride and got to work, but found herself distracted not only by her coworkers’ overly forward greetings but by her own body. While she had been happy to flirt with Ben in the morning and had been anticipating another round of vigorous sex that evening, she found the needs of her body were incredibly strong.

In college more than once Petranella had found herself with a packed schedule and a body that demanded too much attention. There were days when she barely had time to grab a quick lunch between classes. And there were days where she eschewed lunch and instead slipped away to one of the private bathrooms in the science building to jill off. She never regretted those days.

It wasn’t even noon when she was fighting the urge to the point of distraction. Not being able to focus on her work was worse than giving herself a ten minute timeout in the private bathroom. She didn’t have much of a plan other than to quickly take care of business and get back to work, but on the walk down the hall she was cornered by one of the younger techs the lab had taken on in the last round of hires. He was undeniably cute and if she had been having an after-work drink with everyone, she wouldn’t have hesitated to flirt shamelessly. This just didn’t seem to be the place.

“Looking good today, Petra.”

“Thanks, Jonas.”

“Not that you don’t look good every day.” He was smiling a little too broadly and blocking her way. If she had been headed for the bathroom to use it for the intended purpose she would have been extremely put out, but it was okay to engage in some harmless flirting while no one else was around.

“I do what I can to brighten the place up,” she said and laughed. They worked all day under extremely harsh fluorescent lighting. “You’re looking nice too.”

Even under the ugly lights he brightened at her compliment. “Thanks for noticing.”

“You’re much better looking than the old guys that have been here for a hundred years.” She looked meaningfully back at the main lab. She was wildly exaggerating, of course, but the two of them were among the youngest of the techs.

“Thanks. Probably too young for you though, right?” he asked nervously.

They had crossed from vague flirting into making veiled overtures. Still, she smiled at his clumsy pass. “I don’t think you’re too young for me. But I’m not a cougar quite yet.”

“Just a sexy older woman,” he said, his face reddening slightly when he realized that they were feeling each other out, seeing how far from harmless flirtation they could stray.

“Definitely sexy,” she said, leaning forward a bit, letting his eyes stray down to her small bit of cleavage. It was just enough to draw his attention. “And definitely married.” She glanced down at the rings on her left hand.

Jonas straightened up and cleared his throat. “Right. I forgot that.” He was suddenly on his best behavior. They had both glanced down at her hand when she mentioned being married. She looked beyond her fingers and saw the bulge in the front of his pants.

“But it’s not like my husband is here. Now. And it is just a piece of paper.” She didn’t know what she was saying. Petranella couldn’t believe what she was saying. They locked eyes for a few seconds too long, taking in the exact meaning of what she had just said.

Swallowing hard, Jonas pressed his luck. “Too bad were stuck here at work. If we were out having a drink—”

“Bathroom at the end of the hall is private,” she said. “I was just headed there to jill off.” The words tumbled out of her mouth. She knew what she was saying, but she didn’t have the will—or the want—to stop herself.

“What?” Jonas wanted to be shocked, but at the same time he was already under her spell.

“Care to join me?” she asked, carefully stepping around him and walking with

confidence down the hall. She put more swing than necessary into her hips and wished that lab safety protocols demanded non-slip shoes. A pair of heels would have been perfect at the moment. It took her total concentration not to look back over her shoulder, desperately hoping he was following her while at the same time hoping he wasn't following her. Then she started thanking the powers that be that she wasn't wearing heels because she assuredly would have fallen on the tiled floor.

Upon reaching the bathroom door she pushed it open and walked in, swallowing in relief that Jonas hadn't followed her. He had better sense than she did.

A second later the door reopened. She hadn't closed or locked it. Spinning around to confront him, they sized each other up and she pulled him into her, backing up to the wall as they kissed passionately.

One of the few nice things about working in the lab was that everything was kept spotlessly clean and the bathrooms weren't putrid hellholes, but nicely maintained on the order of an elegant hotel. It wasn't the most romantic location in the world, but it would do, especially for a dirty, hasty assignation.

Their kissing proceeded very quickly. Petranella wasn't sure what exactly she was doing, but when Jonas started groping her chest, she wasn't about to stop him. A sudden thought occurred to her.

"The door!" she gasped.

Jonas took her meaning immediately and broke their embrace to lock the door. While he was occupied she dropped her lab coat to the floor and opened up her blouse to show off the fancy bra she had worn that morning. She knew her nipples were erect and clearly visible beneath the sparse lace of the bra.

"Oh please yes," Jonas breathed as he turned around.

They kissed again and Jonas quickly moved down to her chest, pulling her bra up over her tits, letting them fall out. He was more aggressive than Petranella was used to, but that was the sort of thing that was supposed to happen during quick, dirty sex in the office bathroom, right?

She realized at that moment she was perfectly willing to do anything and everything with him. Damn the consequences.

He focused on her boobs at first: kissing, licking, sucking, and biting them. He was nice and rough and ruthless in making her body do what he wanted it to. At first she wanted him to put his hand up her skirt, but after a minute focusing on her tits, she was content. While sucking on one nipple, he was sure to keep the other breast occupied by pinching the nipple, squeezing and rolling it, cupping the breast, measuring the flesh. It was almost enough to make her cum.

Almost.

“You’re a breast man,” she said to him, cupping his face between her hands and pulling it away from her chest for a moment.

“Yea—yeah!” he said stuttering at first and then making the declaration. “Is that okay? You’re got great tits.”

“It’s fine,” she said with a confident smile while she grabbed his hand and shoved it up underneath her skirt. “But I’ve got other parts as well.”

Jonas took her meaning and pushed up her skirt until his fingers grazed her panty-covered pussy. She was hot, he could feel that through the thin lace, and wet, which was also obvious. She wasn’t wearing stockings, just bare legs, and when she pushed her pussy forward onto his fingers, he found all the confidence he needed.

It was very easy to yank down her panties. A moment later his fingers were up inside her while she rucked up the skirt around her hips. As he explored her sodden hold, she focused on getting his pants open. This had to be a quick fuck, not only by necessity, but because she needed it right then and there. Her body couldn’t take it any longer.

He barely seemed to notice when she got his cock out, exposing it to the air. She took one admiring look at the head that slowly allowed some precum to seep out, before grabbing him by the balls and pulling him forward.

She hadn’t fucked standing up in years but apparently Jonas had or at least he was strong enough to pin her against the wall while she fitted the head of his cock into the vestibule of her pussy. He slid in freely and gasped at the sensation while she moaned in satisfaction.

In the small bathroom, it was all about the moment. He focused on her tits,

sucking, and pinching and biting them while still thrusting his cock hard into her cunt. It didn't take much effort at all for her to cum and she was glad for it. As soon as her pussy tightened up on his cock while she quivered with the climax, he came as well, injecting his sticky deposit deep inside her, the way it was meant to be.

It was wrong in every way, but Petranella found great pleasure in having a man she barely knew cum inside her pussy.

It was only after Jonas had quickly cleaned up and slipped out of the bathroom did she ponder what to tell Ben, if anything. She didn't spend a lot of time cleaning up because she wanted to feel Jonas inside her all day. The stickiness inside her panties was more than worth it.

After her encounter with Jonas—and luckily the two didn't share lab space together, only ever really seeing each other during meeting and large group projects—it seemed like everyone was smiling and flirting with her for the rest of the day. Petranella wasn't sure exactly what was happening, but she was happy to go along with it. As it was, she didn't have a huge amount of human interaction during the day, so she wasn't further distracted by anyone else who might have designs on fucking her, but that didn't apply to herself.

She was satisfied temporarily when she got out of the bathroom, but as lunchtime approached, a nagging need started forming again. Miles the tech who had worked in her division longer than anyone else caught her looking at him and he gave her a sly, playful wink. He was only a few years older than Petranella and had hair that was graying at the temples, not her type at all, yet oddly sexy at the same time. The fresh out of high school boy who came by every couple of hours delivering packages looked scrumptious and she had to stop herself from staring lustily at him.

Those minor indiscretions could be forgiven, but certainly not her longing look at the college intern working every other afternoon in the lab. Marty was too young for her but was incredible attractive as well but she didn't intentionally project her sexuality. And that was the real problem, that Marty was female.

Petranella had never felt a strong attraction to any woman. While Marty was cute with her tight leggings and black hair with purple streaks, she wasn't the sort of woman that Petranella would ever consider going to bed with. In fact, she had

never considered fucking another woman. She wasn't against the idea, but it just wasn't something for her…until now…maybe.

"Did you need something?" Marty asked politely when she caught Petranella staring at her.

"I'm sorry," Petranella said with a shake of her head. "Lost in thought. Didn't mean to stare. Just thinking...you look like my niece." It was a stupid thing to say and it wasn't even true, but she felt like she had to say something. Besides, she could feel Jonas still dripping slowly out of her and Marty was waiting for her at home. No. Wait. Ben. Ben was waiting for her at home.

"Um…thanks?" Marty laughed nervously.

"Sorry. It's been a long day."

"It's fine. Sometimes it's nice to be looked at" Marty said with a little bit too much emphasis and then continued down the long table in the lab It was impossible for Petranella not to stare at the young woman's retreating form. Her eyes went to Marty's ass that wiggled perfectly back and forth making Petranella wonder if Marty was wearing a thong or no underwear at all.

She was glad to be going home at the end of the day. Her wrist itched slightly from the chemical burn or allergic reaction or whatever, and her body ached for more attention. She knew Ben would be home and available to her. It was all she could do not to speed all the way home.

"Hey hon, how was your day?" he asked from the kitchen where he was making dinner.

Petranella dropped her bag next to the front door and walked purposefully to the kitchen. She didn't even give Ben time to put down the knife he was using to chop peppers and insinuated herself between him and the counter, kissing his cheek and then his lips. "Terrible," she said. "I missed you the entire time."

"I can tell," he said as he accepted her kisses and tried to put the knife where he wouldn't cut her.

"Wanna fuck before, during, or after dinner?" she asked. He had already removed his tie and she now unbuttoned his dress shirt, kissing his chest.

“Um…after, but it looks like you want to do it before.”

“I’m horny,” she admitted without shame. “You aren’t too hungry, are you? If you are, you can eat my pussy.”

His shirt was completely unbuttoned now and she was trying to pull it off him, but that was proving impossible. “What’s gotten into you?” Ben asked as he laid down the knife and tugged gently on her blouse, pulling it up from her skirt.

“Maybe I’m reaching my early thirties sexual plateau,” she said, helping him remove her blouse. “Maybe I just want you into me.”

He nodded and slipped his hands behind her back, more interested in sex now than in talking. It was more difficult than it should have been for him to unhook her bra, but once that stumbling block was overcome, he looked down at her pert breasts with the intention of sucking on them…and paused. “What the fuck happened to you?” he asked, the surprise clearly audible in his voice.

A quick glance down at her chest told her everything and she instantly cursed herself for not being more circumspect in her pursuit of sex with Ben…and Jonas.

“Nothing,” she said and even to her the lie sounded obvious. It needed an explanation. “I was really horny at work today so I went to the bathroom and got myself off. My tits were aching for it.” Petranella smiled and kissed him. The only way to distract him from the red marks and bruising on her tits was to make him think with his cock. Reaching down between his legs, she cupped his erection through his pants. “I want you to fuck me. Don’t you want to fuck me?”

It was enough. Barely. He nodded and she led him out of the kitchen and to the bedroom.

There she quickly stripped down, but left her panties on, all while facing away from him. Ben focused on her ass as he got naked. A second later they were in bed, going through the familiar motions and both knowing what to expect. She was more aggressive than usual, and went down on him, taking his already hard cock in her mouth while he was on his back. She was thinking and sucking at the same time and it was terribly difficult because her body was aching for attention, especially her pussy and clit, but even more so, her tits. She wanted Ben to suck and pinch and twist and lick and abuse her tits, but there was no way to do that

without him seeing what Jonas had done. She had a couple of options: admit everything or turn off the light, and Ben loved fucking with the light on. He said he loved to see her body; she didn't blame him for that.

While she fellated her husband, Petranella carefully pulled off her panties. It was more difficult than usual because they were partially glued to her labia by Jonas's mostly dried cum. There was actually a bit of pain as took them off, but she was willing to go through that as long as Ben didn't find out about her infidelity.

Ben was already hard in her mouth, sucking on him was just delaying the inevitable, and even as much as she liked it, she wasn't going to let him cum in her mouth, not tonight. Once she was free of her panties, Petranella crawled up her husband's body, took his wet cock in hand, and slid her pussy down onto his hardness. It went in easily, she wanted to think that was because she was hot and wet and ready—all of which were true—and he was hard and eager—which was also true—but she couldn't deny that his passage was aided by the remains of Jonas's cum in her pussy.

Once she was fully seated on her husband's cock, Petranella reared back and displayed herself to him. Normally she wasn't shy about showing off her body to her husband; he liked to look and she liked to indulge him. In the half-light of the bedroom, Ben reached up and grasped her breasts; they fit exactly into his hands. Unfortunately his strong hands also squeezed much harder than she liked because they were sore and bruised. She winced in pain.

"Did I hurt you?" Ben asked.

"Just a little," she said as she started moving up and down on his cock.

"Why are they so sore?" he asked, pulling his hands back a bit and looking at her abused flesh. When he inspected the soft skin more closely, he noticed that there weren't just impact bruises, but ovals of bite marks. "What happened to you?"

Petranella couldn't help herself. She rocked her hips a few times before answering him, she needed to work up the courage and the only way to do that was to ramp up her sexual excitement. "I fucked Jonas at work today," she said as she ground down on his cock.

The almost casual way she said it took Ben by surprise. "What? You're kidding

right?”

“It was fucking hot. I needed to get fucked and he was there and his cock fit into me perfectly. He couldn’t leave my tits alone.” She grabbed his hands and put them back on her breasts. “I loved it,” she admitted while staring directly into his eyes.

Petranella hadn’t planned on confessing her faithlessness to her husband while having sex with him, but as it turned out that was the best way to do it. His cock got harder inside her.

“I’m sorry,” she said.

Before she could say anything else, he pulled her down to him and he sucked viciously on her left breast, pulling the prominent nipple deep into his mouth. She hissed at the pain, but also shivered with the thrill. It was wrong, but she couldn’t resist it. He switched breasts and sucked hard again, this time shoving his cock upward into her. It was good to be fucked this way. She turned her head and whispered into his ear, “Do you love your cheating wife?”

He made a noise of confirmation as he continued sucking on her breast and pinched the other nipple as hard as he could. It hurt her, but she loved it. A hard shiver passed through her body and she realized she was going to cum again, but this time, instead of the orgasm originating in her pussy, her clit, it was going to come from her tits.

“He’s still in me,” she continued. “He came in me hard and I never cleaned my pussy. You’re fucking your wife’s dirty pussy.”

That did it. He came. Ben deposited shot after shot of burning cum deep in her. She loved the feeling, and she loved it even more when he bit down on her nipple while viciously twisting the other. She came. It was a most unusual orgasm, spreading from her chest down to her abdomen where it blossomed into something more powerful and making her body dance spasmodically.

When it was over she laid atop her husband’s body. Her tits were crushed against his chest and his cock was still in her pussy. It was softening, but slowly. She loved the feeling. But she hated the guilt she felt at the same time.

“I’m sorry I fucked him,” she said softly, not facing him. “It was wrong.”

“It’s…it’s okay,” said Ben. He had never considered himself a jealous person, but he always thought that he would get upset if his significant other ever cheated on him. Always his relationships, before Petranella, had ended more or less amicably without any cheating or involvement of a third party. It was strange to hear his wife confessing that she cheated on him and at the same time, he was oddly okay with it. “Are…are you…I mean…are you kidding? Did you say that just to get a rise out of me?”

She laughed. “I did get a rise out of you, didn’t I?”

He chuckled a little. “Yeah, I suppose so.”

There was silence and then she said, “But no, I’m not lying. I actually did have sex with Jonas. In the bathroom, of all places. I just needed to have sex right then and there.”

“That’s…a little strange.”

“What can I say? I’m horny and my tits needed the attention.”

Ben turned her head toward him. “Your tits needed attention? Not your pussy?” He was puzzled at her words.

“Yeah. They were aching. I mean, I wanted to get off too, but my tits…that’s where the focus was.”

“And that’s how they got bruised?”

“Yeah.”

They looked at each other, his cock still inside of her. Talking about it someone kept him hard, even after orgasm. “Maybe you are hitting that early thirties sexual plateau.”

“Maybe,” she agreed. “Lately it seems I can’t get enough of sex. That’s why I fucked Jonas.” She sat up. “I’ve never cheated before but today I couldn’t help it. And then afterwards…afterwards I still wanted to fuck more. I was looking at every man in the lab with the idea of what it would be like to take them to bed.” She sighed. “And a couple of the women as well.”

“Women? Really?”

She actually blushed at her husband. “Yes. A couple of the women.”

“I wouldn’t mind seeing that.”

She giggled and shook her head slowly at him. “I bet you would.”

“This is weird,” he said.

“What?” she asked knowing full well what he meant but still going through the motions of the conversation.

“You telling me about your need to get fucked today, and then the guy you fucked today, and then your wandering eye during the day, and then fucking me…it’s just a lot. It’s weird.”

“And you’re still hard from it.”

“How can you tell?”

“Your cock is still inside me…and it’s pretty damn hard. A woman can tell.”

“This is still weird.”

“But I like it,” she said. “Do you?”

“Yes.”

“Can I ask a favor of you?”

“What?”

“Suck on my tits.”

He tilted his head to the side. “Really? They look pretty sore. I was pretty rough on them…and I guess that Jonah was as well.”

“Don’t abuse them,” she said. “But they still ache.”

“I bet they do.”

“A little pressure would feel good to me,” she added as she picked herself up off his chest and showed off her small breasts to him. “Just a little. Just love them a little.”

With half a shrug, Ben decided to go along with her quest. What would it hurt him? “Sure. Why not?”

“Be gentle,” she reminded him as she rolled to her side. This caused their bodies to uncouple, which wasn’t unpleasant, but did cause a little physical disappointment for them both. She cupped her hand under one breast, offering it to him.

Now his brow furrowed in confusion. “Why are you going to your side?”

“Because I don’t want to be hanging over you the entire time. Just do it.”

He scooted down a few inches and laid his head on a pillow, before taking her upper breast gently between his lips and sucking gently. Petranella moaned ever so softly, letting him know she felt it but at the same time letting him know it felt good. Her nipple hardened in his mouth at first, but as he continued to suck on her, exerting just enough pressure for her to feel it, the nipple relaxed and so did they both.

“Perfect,” she said. “Don’t stop. Just like that.

Ben rested one hand on her hip, letting his long fingers curl down to her buttock. She shifted around a bit, scissoring her legs, trying to get comfortable while he continued to suckle. After a few frustrating minutes of Ben not getting the hint, she grabbed his hand and shoved it between her legs.

He broke the latch on her breast. “I thought you just wanted me to suck on your tits,” he said as he gently massaged her clit, penetrating her pussy just enough to see how wet and hot she still was.

“I did, but a woman can change her mind. Keep sucking, but maybe make me cum as well?”

He did as she asked. It was odd, doing this to his wife, it was sex, but not sex, but more importantly it was much more intimate, which was odd, but he was fine with. He moved his mouth back and forth between her nipples, sucking gently

while he slowly pushed his finger in and out of her, occasional teasing her clit as well.

When she came it was a gentle climax, not violent, and she moaned in relief. Yes, exactly like that," she half mumbled. Sleep was coming for her.

While it was great for her, Ben was left with an erection he didn't know how to dispose of. His wife looked so happy and content as she drifted off to sleep that he hated to disturb her so he waited. He waited until her breathing became regular and steady, indicating she was fully asleep. Only then did he go to the bathroom and beat off as quietly as possible, the images of what he had just done with her rushing through his mind while he tried to figure out why he wasn't more upset at her for cheating on him.

Chapter Three

The next morning Ben woke up with Petranella's breasts dragging across his face. He opened his eyes and looked up at her. "What are you doing?" he asked, bleary eyed, his vision mostly blocked by her small, but still rather substantial tits.

"Waking you up."

"It worked."

"I know," she replied. She was crouched over his body and when she said that, her hand drifted down between his legs to cup his erection. "Morningwood or horny wood?"

"A little of both."

"Know what I want?"

"I can imagine."

"I want you to suck on my tits."

"I wasn't exactly expecting that."

She was naked and it was easy for her to tug his pajama bottoms down, releasing his erection. "Suck on them nicely and make me cum and I'll make you cum."

"Isn't that how it's supposed to work?" he asked.

"Shut up and do what I want." Petranella pressed her breast into his mouth and since Ben had no reason to resist, he opened his lips and started sucking on her. She didn't object when his hand came up between her legs to cup her pussy. He slipped one finger into her opening. As was becoming normal for Petranella, she was hot and wet, ready for sex. "Just suck," she told him, wiggling her hips a bit, getting her pussy away from his finger, but keeping her hand on his cock.

Ben was fine with that plan. Her tits should have been sore and bruised, and while there was more than enough visible evidence attesting their abuse over the past day, she didn't complain at all while he played with her tits.

Maybe it was a bit childish to be doing it this way, but they both enjoyed each other. Petranella kept her hand busy on his cock while he suckled. It seemed the perfect symbiotic relationship. As he got harder, her hand went faster and he sucked with more intensity. It might have just been his imagination, but he was certain he was getting more than just sexual pleasure from her tits.

He held back as long as he could, but eventually it was too much. His cock stiffened under her assault and abruptly sprayed its load of cum. It arced through the air, eventually splashing against her side and dripping back down to his belly. During the pleasurable ordeal he never stopped sucking on her nipple.

After groaning with satisfaction, Ben brushed her hand away from his cock—it was far too sensitive for more stimulation—and asked her, “What’s gotten into you lately, Ella?”

She shivered once and slumped on to the bed next to her husband, casually wiping her hand off on his chest. “I don’t know. For the past day…I’ve just wanted sex all the time.”

“I’m okay with that,” he half-laughed.

“But am I?” she asked. “I mean…I’ve never cheated on you before. I never wanted to cheat on your before. And yesterday…”

He turned his head and kissed her cheek. “Hon, I’m okay with it. Really I am. It’s kinda hot that you attract the attention of others.” He tried to control himself, but it was impossible to stop from grinning. “I’m especially happy you’re attracting the attention of women as well.”

“Ugh. Don’t be that guy.”

“What can I say. It sounds like a hot show.”

“Don’t get your hopes up,” she said as she got out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

Ben gave her a minute and then joined her once he heard the shower running. She hadn’t yet gotten under the water; she was inspecting herself in the large mirror over the sink. Her hands were cupped under her breasts, lifting them up slightly and checking their size and bounce.

“I thought you were showering,” he said. He had left his pajama bottoms on the bed and was ready to wash off the cum sticking to his skin.

“I think they’re bigger,” she said, turning to the side, continuing her inspection.

“They’re perfect,” he said from under the water. It was deliciously hot.

“I think they’re growing,” she muttered to herself before joining him.

After showering, dressing, and eating breakfast they prepared to go their separate ways to work.

“I’m sorry about yesterday. I promise I won’t fuck anyone else today.”

“You promise,” he asked with a wry smile.

“I promise,” she said with a broad smile that immediately collapsed. Sorrow and regret passed over her face and she shook her head. “No, no I don’t. I don’t mean it. I already know if the right person comes on to me, I’m going to fuck him. Or her.”

Ben was taken aback. Even after their conversation about the direction of their sex life and her needs, he was surprised at her honesty—and her weakness. “It’s not like I’m advocating for an open marriage or anything like that, but you and I are both human.”

Her eyes narrowed and she playfully asked, “Are you fucking some girl on the side? You aren’t going to use this to excuse your own infidelities?”

A deep sigh let her know she was on the wrong track. “I wish, hon. I wish.”

She patted him on the butt. “Some guy then.”

“Ha. Funny. No.”

“Too bad. I’d pay good money to watch you with another guy.”

“Not going to happen.”

“I’d pay good money to fuck another guy with you,” she amended.

Ben paused and ruefully shook his head. “Play your cards right and that might happen.”

At work Petranella reviewed records of what she had been working on two days pervious when she had spilled onto her arm. It was a project for another tech, but the notes didn’t tell her much other than what she had been working on wasn’t dangerous.

“Ron, what was it that you had me working on?”

“When you had the accident?”

“Yeah.”

He leaned against the low back of the stool he was seated on. “Nothing dangerous. A hormone and enzyme study. Did you have a back reaction to it?

She automatically pulled back her sleeve to display the red mark that had faded to pink. “Just this,” she said. It was a half lie. Her behavior had changed but how could she link the two events. And her sexual behavior had changed as well, that was the hard thing to put into words.

Ron glanced at the mark. “Do you want to see a doc about it? It’s within the lab’s contract for you to get whatever treatment you want.”

“No. I was just curious.”

“Let me know if you have any other problems or symptoms.”

Petranella wasn’t particularly worried, but she knew her body was desiring sex more than ever. After her encounter with Jonas in the bathroom, it didn’t seem a good idea to try that again with anyone, so instead she went to the locker room used by some of the female staff. Most tech tended to wear lab coats over street clothes, but some would wear scrubs when working with dangerous substances. It wasn’t much of a locker room, but it had showers, bathroom stalls, and large lockers open to anyone. There was some privacy there. She stepped into the bathroom area to look at herself in the large mirror above the sinks. Someone else was in the locker room. There was a shower running. If she hurried, she

could take care of business and be done with it.

Working quickly, Petranella hung up her lab coat, pulled off her shirt, which she realized now was tight enough to show off the outlines of her tits without being overtly sexual, and unhooked her bra. The marks that Jonas had left behind were fading, but still visible. Her nipples stood up proudly and in the cool air contracted, making her look sexually excited.

If forced to admit it, she was sexually excited.

After a long, thorough inspection where she turned this way and that and hefted her tits in her hands, she made the decision that her boobs were definitely bigger than she remembered. Maybe they were just larger because of where she was in her cycle, or maybe because of all the attention she had demanded showered upon them over the past two days they were slightly swollen. Either way, it wasn't much of a change. She still fit easily into her bra.

"Sorry, didn't see you there."

The words startled Petranella and she tried not to jump or shriek like a little girl. She hastily covered her breasts with her hands and then dropped them to her sides, thinking that hiding her tits made her look guilty, as if she were doing something wrong.

It was Marty. She was combing back her wet long brown hair. The intern was wearing only a towel, a towel that stayed in place wrapped around her body and tucked into her rather impressive cleavage for a young woman. "Didn't mean to scare you," Marty said at Petranella's flustered reaction.

"I didn't…I wasn't expecting anyone to walk in."

Marty nodded and looked at herself in the mirror as she worked the comb through her wet hair; the purple streaks were almost imperceptible amongst her dark brown base color. Petranella was somewhat jealous of the other woman. She had never been able to grow her dirty blonde hair beyond shoulder length. "I always shower after running during lunch. Usually this place is deserted."

Feeling a bit uncomfortable now that she was topless and talking to Marty, Petranella calmly walked over to where she had left her bra and started putting it back on. "I was lost in thought," she said, trying to explain away the situation.

“Are you okay?” Marty said with great sincerity.

“What do you mean?”

“Most women don’t take off their tops and look at their boobs in the mirror unless something is going on.”

Petranella just laughed nervously.

Marty pressed the issue. “I saw the bruises.” She adjusted her towel and gave Petranella a moment to respond.

“I’m fine. Really. Just a little sore. My husband and I…sometimes we get a little rough in bed and while I love it in the moment, it looks horrible afterwards.”

After holding her gaze a moment, Marty nodded. Petranella felt strange having to justify herself to a woman nearly ten years younger than herself. “I’m lucky I don’t bruise easily,” Marty confided.

Trying to keep the conversation going without making things strange, Petranella asked, “Does your boyfriend get rough with you when you have sex?” She started buttoning her shirt.

“Oh, I don’t have a boyfriend. I do like it rough, though.” She giggled and pretended to blush. “On my bottom though. I love a good spanking.” She gasped and rolled her eyes. “I don’t know why I’m telling you that?”

“I’m easy to talk to.”

Laying down her comb, Marty turned to Petranella. “You are. And pretty too. They’re very nice breasts, by the way. Better than mine, don’t you think?” Marty opened up her towel to show off a large pair of tits that Petranella would have died for in her younger years. She was happy with what she had now, but that didn’t take away from the fact that Marty’s tits were impressive on every level.

“Oh, wow. They are…they’re great.” Petranella didn’t know what else to say. She wanted to say a hundred other things, but all of those things seemed too forward, she wanted to, but she had promised herself to maintain control over her emotions and sexual needs for the day, if only for Ben.

“Thanks, but you’re a better. I’m too large.” Marty didn’t close her towel and Petranella couldn’t help but glance at the other woman’s body. It was curvy, maybe a little too curvy, but that was okay. She was still young and pretty and there wasn’t anything stopping them right now… “I don’t have a girlfriend right now either.”

“What?”

“I saw you looking at me yesterday.” Marty finally closed her towel but didn’t turn away. “I date both men and women.”

“I’m married,” Petranella said quickly. She wanted to tell Marty that she’d be happy to take her to bed.

“I’ve done three-ways before,” Marty said boldly and then gasped at her own forwardness. “Wow. I shouldn’t be hitting on people where I’m the intern. Sorry. Don’t know what came over me. You’re just so pretty and…everything.”

Casting aside her own vows, Petranella stepped close to Marty and gave her a firm kiss on the lips. The two women put their arms around each other, it was a natural reaction. Marty’s lips were soft like her body, but warm as well. She let Petranella explore her mouth with her tongue for far longer than would be considered proper under any circumstances. Petranella didn’t want to stop kissing the young woman. She could feel her large breasts pressing against her own and wanted more, so much more, but something gave her a bit of control back over herself.

“I’ll have to ask my husband, but I’m sure he’ll say yes,” Petranella finally said after the kiss was broken. “You said you date both men and women?”

Marty nodded. Her confidence was gone and she seemed enamored and ensorcelled by Petranella.

“I assume you have sex with both men and women?”

Another nod.

“Good. I’ll call you.”

Petranella walked out of the locked room excited she had a prospect of another

partner, but frustrated that she hadn't been able to jill off. Just as she headed down the hallway, she hesitated for a second. Would Marty be open to a quick tryst in the locker room? Before she had the chance to turn around and give the young woman a second chance, a pair of women that Petranella recognized but didn't know turned the corner for the locker room.

After a nod of acknowledgement, she twisted her lips into a moue of frustration and vowed to complete her work as quickly as possible and get home to Ben.

She didn't even give her husband a chance to get through the door. It was extremely rare that she got home before Ben unless the lab was on a schedule change. The moment she heard him pulling in the driveway, she bolted to the door and practically dragged him inside. She was wearing only her red silk robe and a pair of panties. She had stripped off her clothes the moment she got home and had been lounging on the bed with her hand between her legs, edging herself, waiting desperately for Ben to get home.

With her vibrator and a little imagination, she would have been able to easily get herself off. But that wasn't her goal. She wanted something else.

"Whoa! Why are you so eager." He didn't' resist her, but was surprised at her aggressiveness as she dragged him to the bedroom.

"Sometimes a girl needs to get fucked," she told him, opening up her robe a bit, giving him a quick view of her nipples. "And sometimes she needs her tits played with."

Ben saw the pile of clothes next to the bed. "Looks like you've been…ready."

"Suck on my tits and I'll give you a surprise," she promised, dropping her robe to the floor. He had seen his wife's chest hundreds of times before, but somehow looking at her now, they seemed different.

"They look great," he said, mesmerized by them. Maybe they weren't perfect because the bruises from earlier were still obvious, but their imperfection somehow made them better.

"Thank you," she said as she slumped onto the bed. "Now give them the

attention they deserve."

It was easy to join her on the bed and start sucking on her nipples. After all, that's what they were for. Ben didn't even bother taking off his clothes; there was no need. The moment he latched onto her breast, Petranella moaned softly and started running her hand through his hair.

"Yes," she said softly. "Just like that. Keep doing that and you'll make me cum."

Ben had placed his hand on her hip. They were both on their sides, facing each other, and he would have been happy to slip his hand down inside her panties, but there didn't seem a need for it. She was enjoying the attention he was giving her and he was oddly satisfied with it as well. Her tits seemed as sweet as sugar.

"Oh god, oh fuck," she gasped after a short time. Her body convulsed several times and Ben backed off, afraid he had hurt her.

"What?" he asked, confused.

"You made me cum," she informed him. "Couldn't you tell?"

"Just from your tits?"

"You have a special wife," she told him, leaning down to give him a kiss. She tasted a vague sweetness on his lips. "I can cum like that now."

"That's…that's fascinating," he said and licked his lips. "You said you were going to give me a surprise…or was the surprise your perfect tits?" He bent his head and kissed their tops, moving down to lick the sweetness from her nipples.

"Would that be enough for you?" she asked, watching him as he showed her breasts the attention they deserved.

"No," he said between kisses.

"Good, because I have a better surprise."

"Mmm?" he asked, already sucking on her left nipple, trying to make her cum again.

“What would you have said if you found me in bed with a pretty young woman tonight?” she asked him with a boldness that made her feel sexy.

Ben looked up at her with her nipple still in his mouth. He let it slide free. “Don’t tease me like that.”

“Her name is Marty. She’s an intern at my lab and she made it obvious that she wants to fuck me.”

Ben looked up at his wife in amazement. “How did…?”

“She has perfect tits,” Petranella continued as if he hadn’t said a word. “And is an amazing kisser.” She could feel the swell of Ben’s cock against her thigh. “And she is more than willing to let you watch…and maybe even join in.”

“You are the most incredible wife ever,” he said, leaving her breast and moving up to kiss her lips.

Petranella accepted his kiss, but gently pushed him back down to her breasts. “Make me cum again. Suck on my nips. That’s what I want. And then maybe I’ll let you fuck me.”

Ben eagerly applied his mouth to her tits. It was an easy request to fulfill.

End Part 1

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

Contact us for a free ebook from Green Bush Publishing.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri