
LACTATION
CONTROL 2
Elliot Silvestri
An Adult Nursing and Erotic
Lactation Novella
Green Bush
Publishing


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An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Lactation Control 2

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Chapter Four

The first time he met Marty, to say it was awkward would be a vast understatement. He had no idea on how to act around the woman who wanted to have sex with his wife while he watched.

He was excited by the idea, of course, and wanted it to happen, which just made him more nervous because he didn't want to screw anything up that might prevent the fantasy of a lifetime from happening. As it turned out, there was very little he could have done to prevent the two women from going through with their plan.

"I remember my parents having colleagues over for drinks and dinner," said Petranella after introducing Ben to Marty. "But it looks like I invite them over for drinks and sex," she said with a wry smile.

"Are you even old enough to drink?" Ben blurted out. He was overly nervous, and that made him ask the inane question. He was shocked at how young Marty was. She was very young and very pretty. He had trouble believing she was out of college, and truly she wasn't; she was a grad student doing her internship at Petranella's lab. Still, she was almost too young. She had a natural beauty that wasn't immediately obvious because she didn't try to enhance it with too many cosmetics. Her skin was honey-kissed and he judged by the slight angle to her eyes she had to have some Asian ancestry in her. Luckily for him he didn't ask about that.

Instead, Marty laughed politely at him. "Yes, I've been old enough to drink for a couple of years."

Ben had the good graces to apologize over his surprise. Marty didn't make a big deal of it, accepting a glass of wine from Petranella. "Thank you, Petra."

"You're welcome."

Ben gave his wife a quizzical look.

"They call me Petra at work."

"What do you go by at home?" Marty asked, curious.

"Ella," Ben answered for her.

Marty nodded. “I’m going to think of you as Petra, though.”

Petranella laughed. “Of course, you are,” she said and gave her friend a quick peck on the cheek.

“Oh. I guess I was expecting more,” Marty said eagerly.

“There’ll be more a little later,” Petranella promised.

“I hope so,” Ben said eagerly.

The two women looked him and if not for the erection he was hiding in his pants he would have been completely ashamed of himself. As it was, they all wanted the same thing, it was just a matter of everyone getting to the same place.

After the silence became uncomfortable Petranella had the good sense to say something. “So, my parents did drinks and dinner. I guess we do drinks and sex?”

Everyone looked around nervously.

“Sex date,” said Marty. “Isn’t that what this is? Why play games about it. We all know what we all want.”

“Right,” Ben said smartly.

“Right,” agreed Petranella, and then she took the wine glass from Marty and kissed her. This time the kiss wasn’t a friendly peck on the cheek. It was the kiss of two lovers.

Ben uncomfortably shifted his cock in his pants. The women didn’t seem to notice.

The kiss went on for a long time, the women’s limbs intertwined around each other. They were completely comfortable with kissing in front of Ben. Petranella because she was showing off for her husband, Marty because she was too willing to do whatever Petra wanted.

“It’s been too long,” Marty said when they broke their kiss.

“Too long for what?”

“Too long since I last had sex.”

“When was that?” asked Ben, intensely interested.

“Last week,” Marty admitted.

Neither half of the married couple thought that was an overly long period of time.

“With who?” asked Petranella.

“His name was Eddie.”

Ben and Petranella looked at each other and shrugged. “I guess it doesn’t matter, does it?”

“I’m more interested in what’s going to happen tonight,” said Marty, licking her lips and focusing on Petranella. Ben got the distinct impression that she wasn’t the least bit interested in him.

Oddly, he was fine with that.

“You said you liked my tits,” said Petranella, “so…” She lifted her shirt up over her head to reveal a bra that was perfectly designed to show off the small amount of cleavage she had. “Let’s go explore.”

By the time the trio reached the bedroom, Petranella had already shed her bra and proudly whirled around to show off her tits to her lover-to-be and husband. Marty was impressed by the display. She’d been with women before and easily admired how confident Petranella was. She was almost intimidated. Almost.

“They’re beautiful,” she complimented the older woman.

“Thank you, but they’re not just for looking at,” she said as she lifted the soft flesh up and released it. Ben silently slipped into the corner and observed the two women. He wasn’t sure how much of a show his wife was putting on for him, and how much she was interested in having sex with Marty. Either way, he didn’t care.

Marty moved in closer, kissed Petranella again, but instead of pressing forward, she stepped back and smoothly lifted up her shirt and bra, removing both in the single motion. Ben leaned to the side and turned his head to get a better view of the new woman's breasts. They were much larger than his wife's, impressively sized, but not hugely so, but perfectly formed and shaped. He didn't know if his wife was lucky in picking a young, beautiful woman as her first female lover, or if she had an innate knack for it. Either way, they both benefited from it.

Looking down at her tits, Marty pressed them together with her upper arms and frowned. "Bigger, but yours are still prettier than mine."

Ben wasn't a hundred percent sure he agreed. They were bigger, that was indisputable, but they were impressive even without their size. But maybe he was just used to seeing his wife's boobs all the time. He glanced back and forth. But looked lovely, and a moment later, it was hard to tell lone from the other because the women's bodies where pressed together once more and then Petranella was dragging Marty onto the bed.

By unspoken agreement Marty wound up on top and quickly worked her way down Petranella's body. She latched onto one of Petranella's nipples and moaned in the back of her throat as she began sucking. Petranella made a similar noise of enjoyment and clutched the other woman's head to her breast. Ben adjusted his cock in his pants and wondered if it would be a breach of etiquette to pull his cock out and start jerking off.

"They're beautiful to look at and tasty too," Marty said as she switched between nipples.

Petranella laughed as she unzipped her pants and started wiggling out of them. While she was happy to let Marty ravish her breasts, she was there for sex as well and there was no reason to delay the inevitable. While Marty focused her attention on Petranella's tits, the woman being ravished looked across the room at her husband and met his gaze. They said nothing but Petranella slowly eased her fingers into her panties, reaching down for her clit. Ben started rubbing his cock through his pants, having been given permission to do so by his wife's actions, but he still wasn't sure if he should just take off his pants and start jacking off.

"This is perfect," Marty mumbled as she switched back and forth between

Petranella's breasts. "I want your tits."

Petranella actually giggled at the statement. "They're mine. You can't have them."

"I'm having them right now," Marty pointed out while looking up at her lover. She noticed that Petranella was looking across the room and followed her glance to where Ben was watching them. "Am I making your husband jealous?" she asked.

"Probably," Petranella said as she pulled her hand out of her panties and offered her fingers to the pretty dark-haired woman. Marty sucked on the wet digits as she ground her pussy against Petranella's leg. The friction was more annoying than helpful. "I think he wants to see you go down on me."

"I'd rather just suck on your tits. They're perfectly tasty."

Though Petranella would have been happy to let Marty play with her nipples for the rest of the night, she felt that something else should happen, even if it was only for Ben's benefit. She had it fixed in her mind that this little adventure was as much for Ben as it was for her. Sure, she could get off by having Marty suck and pinch her nipples, but she wanted more than just that.

"Take off my panties, then keep going," Petranella said.

Together the two women worked her panties off, sliding them down her legs. Though Marty had no qualms about going down on Petranella, she didn't. All she did was place her hand on Petranella's pussy and gently rub her clit, all the while happily sucking on her tits. "More," Petranella moaned.

Somehow Marty knew that the other woman wanted her tits tended to and her pussy was secondary at best. She licked, sucked, and nibbled on Petranella's tits, tasting their sweetness, making her writhe in bliss.

"Oh fuck yes!" she cried out when the orgasm passed over her.

Marty was giggling when Petranella's climax was over. "What?" the slightly embarrassed woman asked.

"Not only are they pretty, but you can cum from having them sucked on," Marty

replied. “I’m doubly jealous now.”

“Why?”

“Because I can only cum when I’ve got a lot of attention on my clit,” Marty said without the least bit of shyness. “I’d love to cum as easily as you.”

Petranella glanced shyly over at her husband. “It’s a nice talent to have. Can I see how difficult it is to make you cum?”

“Please!” said Marty as she rolled to her back and started wiggling out of her leggings. She took off her leggings and panties in the same, smooth movement. Petranella wasn’t the least bit surprised to see the younger woman was aggressive with her grooming habits. She didn’t have one hair between her legs. Petranella found that oddly sexy since she only edged hers. After one more glance and a nod at Ben, giving him permission to open up his pants, she rolled on top of Marty, gave the other woman a kiss, and steadily kissed her way down the dark-haired woman’s body until she was between her legs.

There was nothing shy about Marty when it came to sex. She was eager to see what talents Petranella had and somehow having sex with a woman while her husband watched made it hotter. Now that she was on her back, Marty could easily look over at Ben and when she did, his cock was out in his hand. It wasn’t huge, but it was nicely sized. She wouldn’t have minded in the least if he wanted to fuck her, but she didn’t know what sort of agreement the married couple had made. If Ben was going to fuck her, it would have to be at Petranella’s say so. For the moment, Marty was happy to let his wife do what she wanted.

As it turned out, Petranella had a natural talent at eating pussy. The scent of another woman didn’t discourage her. The opposite, in fact. Petranella knew what she liked and simply did that to Marty; while the other woman certainly responded in the right way, she wasn’t getting her all the way there.

“My clit,” Marty begged. “My clit.”

Petranella sucked the whole of Marty’s clit into her mouth and the other woman groaned in surprise. “Oh please, oh please,” she pleaded. “More.”

After releasing her clit, Petranella frigged the little bit of flesh as hard as she could. There was no need for delicacy at this point. She needed Marty to cum.

The girl practically screamed when the moment happened and Petranella was pleased with herself. She crawled back up next to Marty and flopped down next to her.

“Not too bad for my first time, huh?” she asked Marty.

The younger woman was surprised. “You’ve never done lesbo before?”

“No. Why? Does it show?”

“No. The opposite. You’re very good.”

Petranella glanced at Ben. His cock was out and hard, but he hadn’t cum yet. He was only slowly stroking his cock, waiting to see what would happen next. “Enjoy the show?” she asked her husband.

Ben found he could only nod his head.

She glanced at Marty and raised her eyebrows, asking a silent question. The pretty young girl nodded in agreement.

“Care to join us?” Petranella asked him.

“Sure!” He started eagerly toward the bed.

His wife held up a hand, stopping him. “I think you’re overdressed.”

He paused. “Right.” It only took him a few seconds to strip down. Petranella was impressed with his speed.

Not knowing exactly what to do, he got on the bed next to his wife, placing her in the middle between him and Marty. He kissed his wife.

“I think I deserve more than a kiss,” she told him, lightly tickling his cock with her fingertip. It was standing up, pointing over her thigh.

“What do you want?” he asked, uncertain as to how to handle the situation.

“I want the both of you,” she said.

For just a second Ben wondered how that was supposed to work. He was the

only one with a cock and his wife had never said anything about wanting to be double teamed, ever. Then, as Marty lowered her head to Petranella's breast, he understood her meaning. Petranella wanted both her tits sucked on at the same time. Ben could help Marty with that.

It was surprisingly intimate to suckle on Petranella alongside Marty. Their faces were just a few inches apart, but they were both taking pleasure in his wife. Petranella was moaning happily and when Ben reached down between her legs, he found Marty's hand already there. The two exchanged a look over Petranella's chest and grinned at each other, letting her nipples slip free of their mouths.

"Go ahead," said Ben. "I've already had my fingers there plenty of times before."

"Thank you, very polite," said Marty.

"She likes it when you rub her clit with your thumb and put a finger or two up her."

"Like this?" she asked. Ben glanced down and saw she was doing it perfectly which was seconded by a moan from Petranella

"Quit discussing my pussy and suck on my tits!" begged Petranella. "That's how I want to cum."

While Marty was busy with her mouth and fingers, Ben just focused on his wife's right breast. As always, it was perfect. It looked larger than normal, but that wasn't unexpected. As he sucked he tasted a definite sweetness to her nipple. Ben was used to his wife's normal scent of soap, deodorant, and sweat. She was different today. He liked it.

"Oh yeah," Petranella moaned as both of them ravished her. She felt pinned between them, but that wasn't bad at all. It was nice. She could feel her tits pulsing with every suckle that Marty and Ben gave her. She barely noticed Marty's busy fingers. The second orgasm was longer than the first, less intense, but just as pleasurable.

"Enough, enough," she said, pushing them away. "I need a break."

“That was fantastic!” Marty said with great enthusiasm. “It’s been too long since I’ve been in bed with two people,” she said with unabashed glee.

Petranella couldn’t help herself and had to ask. “When was the last time you had a three-way?”

“Oh, geez, it’s been like, I don’t know, maybe three months?”

Ben and Petranella exchanged a glance. This was the first time they had ever invited someone else in bed with them and it was completely unscripted. Marty didn’t seem to notice or at least she hid it well if she was surprised the married couple were so vanilla.

“You haven’t cum yet, have you honey?” Petranella asked Ben. It was obvious he hadn’t. His cock was still hard and pointing over her thigh.

“No.”

“Want me to help you out with that?” asked Marty as she reached out and ran her finger the length of Ben’s cock. He shivered with excitement and wanted more from her, but then he remembered his wife was there, watching them. She was literally between Marty and himself.

At that moment, Marty seemed to remember the situation. “If that’s okay with you, Petra.”

She liked being asked permission. It was different. And since she had fucked Jonas without her husband’s permission, it only seemed right that he would have an opportunity with Marty. “Sure,” she said. “As long as I can watch.”

“You can do more than watch, if you want,” Marty said. She rolled over and got on her hands and knees, her body still parallel to theirs. “I like getting fucked from behind. Do you mind?” she asked.

It wasn’t clear if she was asking Ben or Petranella. It didn’t really matter. They shared another look and she gave him permission to do what Marty wanted.

“Do I need a condom?” he asked as he started to move into position behind her.

“No, I’m safe. Cripes, what kind of slut would I be if I wasn’t?” Marty replied

Ben hesitated for a just a second, but Petranella pushed him forward. Marty reached down between her legs and found Ben's cock. It was easy for him to mount her. After what they had already done and Petranella's busy tongue, Marty was very wet. Fucking her was a pleasure.

It had been years, since well before he and Petranella married, that he had fucked another woman. Settling into a new pussy was an incredible sensation, especially to do it in front of his wife. Ben knew he wouldn't last long, but he intended to make the most of it.

Glancing over to Petranella, he saw his wife grinning, happy to make him happy, her fingers busy with her nipples, pinching and twisting them. "Fuck her," she encouraged him. "Fuck her good."

Ben just nodded and grabbed Marty's hips to hold her in place while he fucked her. Marty moaned a little as Ben started thrusting, but then she opened her eyes and reached out to hold onto Petranella's shoulder. "Hey, I want you to help."

"Help?"

"Yeah. I want to eat your pussy again. Get over here."

Petranella's eyes went wide with eagerness. She didn't even bother to check in with Ben. She knew what she wanted. Moving over, she positioned herself under Marty's face and the young woman proceeded to perform excellent cunnilingus. It didn't make her cum, but it was a distraction enough that prevented from having to watch Ben fuck her friend.

As Ben made the sounds that signaled he was cumming, Petranella realized that while without a doubt Marty might have more experience with kinky sex than her and Ben, she seemed oddly out of place and uncomfortable with herself. Marty pretended to cum as Ben finished and then the two of them collapsed on the bed. It was a satisfactory—not wonderful—end to their quick session of intercourse.

"What's this?" asked Marty, seeing the red mark on Petranella's wrist that still hadn't faded from her accident.

"Spilled some mixture that Ron was cooking up. Why?"

“Looks like a chemical burn.”

“It’s just a mild allergic reaction,” Petranella dismissed.

“What was he cooking?”

Petranella shrugged. “Don’t know. I’m pretty sure it kicked my sex drive into high gear though. You should thank him next time you seem him. It’s what made me want to get in bed with you.”

Marty didn’t laugh of smile, she just nodded. “I doubt that Ron is working on anything close to an actual aphrodisiac.”

“Maybe not, but it seems to have worked on Ella,” Ben chimed in. “She wants it all the time now.”

“You!” Petranella laughed at her husband.

“It’s true!” he pointed out.

She didn’t disagree with him.

“And it’s made your tits fantastic,” he added.

Petranella looked down at her chest. While maybe her boobs were average sized at best, she had to admit they had been looking good as of late. While maybe they ached for more attention, she just chalked that up to her overall increase in horniness. Moving around a bit, she cuddled up to her husband and brought his hands to her breasts. “You think so?” she asked.

Marty answered for them both. “I think they look fantastic too. But I haven’t seen them before.” She reached out and caressed Petranella’s chest which caused the older woman to shiver in anticipation of what was to come. “Do you mind?” Marty asked expectantly.

“Go ahead,” said Petranella, eager to see what the other woman would do next. She was in new territory and was enjoying the journey.

She and her husband watched as Marty fell to sucking and kissing Petranella’s breasts and nipples. Even though he had just cum, Ben started to get hard again.

His wife saw his cock's reaction and reached out to hold it as Marty kept busy.

"You like that?" Petranella asked her husband, indicating Marty's actions.

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"Uh-huh. She's getting me wet. Wetter."

"Your tits are incredibly sweet," said Marty, lifting her head up from Petranella's breast, letting her nipple slip wetly between her lips.

"Thank you," Petranella all but giggled. It was a strange situation to be in, but she was enjoying it.

"No, I mean it. They're really sweet. When I suck on them, I can taste sugar."

The older woman gave her new friend a polite smile and then glanced at Ben who was watching and listening intently. "You've never told me that," she said to him. "Marty has much better pillow talk than you."

"I'd use the term beautiful or incredible, not sweet," Ben said somewhat defensively.

Marty shook her head emphatically. "No, no. I'm not talking metaphorically here. I can literally taste liquid sugar." To underscore her point, Marty grabbed Petranella's breast and massaged the firm flesh with a gentle rolling action. It wasn't the usual way that Petranella liked her tits played with, but it was pleasant enough. Marty didn't stop. Her fingers were insistent. While it didn't hurt, Petranella didn't understand what her friend was doing at first and was about to object, when all three of them saw it.

There was a tiny trickle of liquid from the breast that Marty was massaging. At first the drop was clear, and then they noted the cloudy color. Petranella's eyes went wide. Ben was just amazed and his cock started to get truly hard. Marty took the most initiative and leaned forward to lick up the trickle of liquid.

"Sweet, very sweet," she declared. "Like fruit juice."

"Holy shit," Ben commented. "Are you lactating?"

Petranella scoffed at him. “Of course not. I’m not pregnant.”

“Um…if your boobs get stimulated enough, or if you get enough of the right hormones, any woman can start lactating,” Marty pointed out.

“But…I’m not lactating,” Petranella insisted.

Marty lowered her mouth to Petranella’s breast again and sucked gently. A flood of sweetness filled her mouth. “Um…you’re definitely lactating,” she said. “I like it.”

As she sucked, Petranella made a sound of pleasure. “I think I like it too,” she agreed with a sigh.

Ben reached over his wife’s shoulder to squeeze the breast that Marty wasn’t sucking. Petranella barely acknowledged his firm massage; she was already allowing herself to be taken away by Marty’s mouth. He worked her flesh just like Marty had and eventually he too was rewarded with a dribble of watery milk from her nipple that slid down his fingers. After licking the liquid from his hand, he had to agree that the milk was incredibly sweet and he must have been tasting it much earlier without realizing it.

It was strange but not upsetting. He wanted to see what his wife’s reaction would be, but at the moment she was too into Marty’s attention to say anything. He just lowered his mouth to hers and kissed her. She kissed back. Her eyes weren’t open which made him wonder if she was thinking about him or Marty or something, or someone, else entirely.

Chapter Five

“Could what you spilled on your arm really cause you to lactate?” Ben asked her the next morning. He was glad that Marty hadn’t spent the night. As exciting as it was to have his first three-way with his wife, it was better to spend the time afterwards as a couple and not a trio.

Petranella shook her head as she spread cream cheese on a bagel. “No. Absolutely not. You’ve just been spending all this time focusing on my tits and this is just a side effect of that. It’s fairly easy to induce lactation given the right circumstances and stimulation. And I’ve been encouraging it,” she said with a guilty, but happy, grin.

“Should we be worried?”

“No. It’s just breast milk,” she said. “It’s perfectly natural. It’s not going to hurt you. Or Marty.”

He gave her quick addendum of Marty’s name a moment’s thought. “Are…are you okay with what we did with her last night?” he asked nervously.

“I’m great with it,” she said with a broad smile. While she wasn’t a lesbian, there was no harm in some same-sex experimentation. It had been fun and fulfilling. “Why?”

He shrugged. “Just wanted to make sure there aren’t any problems.”

Her smile didn’t change. “Are you worried your wife is going to leave you for a woman?”

“No!” he said a little too defensively.

“Don’t worry. I’m just hitting my sexual plateau,” she said with great confidence. “This is the time for my great sexual awakening, don’t you know. I missed out of crazy teenage sex, so I’m going to do double as a mature woman.”

He looked surprised. “Are you…kidding?”

“Just a little. I want to have fun. Don’t you?”

“Yes.” He stared at her chest and asked the question that had been bothering him.

“Do they hurt?”

“No, of course not.”

“But last night…”

“Was perfectly natural,” she said, even if it wasn’t perfectly natural, it was close enough. “And it made me—and you—feel good. I think Marty liked it as well.”

“You’re okay with…lactating?”

She laughed. “I’m not really lactating,” she said. “Just some colostrum from over stimulated breasts. It feels good…and I’ll let you in on a little secret. I got a little more out of me this morning in the shower. Don’t worry. I’m sure it’ll stop soon enough.”

He nodded and went along with her confidence. But Ben was worried about his wife. She had changed, and he was okay with the change because he loved what she was doing, but sleeping with another man, and then bringing a woman into their bedroom, and then the lactation…it was a lot to deal with. He was enjoying the ride, but he was worried that the wild ride might not come to a gentle end like an exciting roller coaster, but a disastrous one, like an out of control sports car stolen by a teenager crashing into a telephone pole.

At work everything seemed back to normal. Since Marty was an intern, she wasn’t usually there first thing. It was Jonas who gave her a knowing wink when they happened across each other in the break room.

“How are you feeling today, Petra?” he asked with a waggle of his eyebrows, obviously kidding around, but it was almost too much for Petranella to resist.

She wanted to say to him “Horny as hell. Can you help me out?” but that didn’t seem right. Already she was risking too much by fucking both him and Marty. Two office romances—though in her case, they were closer to office FWBs—was probably two romances too many. Still, she couldn’t deny her attraction to Jonas and her need to have sex with someone right then and there.

“Like a toad,” she said with a smile.

He looked puzzled. “I’d say you look quite lovely today.”

She shook her head. He missed her meaning. “Like a deer. An ox. An elk.”

Shaking his head, he conveyed his confusion.

“Horned animals,” she explained. “Horny.”

He nearly spit out his coffee when she said that. “Okay, that’s a little too much honesty.”

“Want to take me back to your place and fuck me after work?” she asked.

Her voice was soft, just loud enough for him to hear but not for it to carry. “What? You can’t be serious.”

“A session in the bathroom isn’t going to do it for me.” She couldn’t believe what she was saying to him, but she couldn’t deny her needs either. It would either be him or Marty or her husband…or maybe a complete stranger. A complete stranger was a risk. Jonas was a known quantity.

“What about your husband?” Jonas asked nervously, but clearly interested.

“He’s fine with it,” she said, leaning forward and giving him a decent view of her mostly hidden cleavage. “Are you fine with it?” She licked her lips and tried to give him every signal she knew.

“Yes,” he said cautiously.

“Well then,” she said formally, winding up the conversation, “let’s get our work done and get back to your place.” She added a wink at the end and carefully stepped around him with her coffee cup.

Petranella never finished her work on time. No one in the lab ever finished on time. Overtime was just part of the job. Today she finished early. Jonas finished shortly after she was done.

She didn’t mind at all the stares she and Jonas received as they left work for the day.

Jonas had a small, but nice apartment. Or rather, it would have been nice if he had cleaned it at all. She had been in worse places, but that had been in college, years ago. While it was messy, it wasn't unsanitary…she hoped.

"Sorry. If I knew you were coming over, I would have picked up a bit," Jonas apologized as she looked around.

"Are the sheets clean?" she asked.

"What?"

"Are the sheets on your bed clean?" she asked. "I can't fuck in a dirty, smelly bed."

"Uh…I changed them this weekend. They're pretty clean, but I've been sleeping on them for a few days."

Petranella nodded and stepped around the clothes strewn across the floor. "Do they smell bad or do they smell like you?" she asked.

"Probably just like me," he admitted nervously.

"Have you had another woman in your bed recently?" she asked.

"Uh…yeah. That's why I changed the sheets. They were a little…uh…dirty."

"I see. Well, it's not like we promised to be exclusive with each other, right?"

"Right."

"Where's the bedroom?"

"This way."

He led her down the short hallway to where he slept. The bedroom was actually neater than the rest of his place. That was a relief. The bed itself was a thing of beauty. Heavy, dark wood formed the raised platform. It wasn't king sized, but to Petranella's eyes, it might have well of been. The bed wasn't made, but the sheets and comforter were brought up to the top, making it neat. She pulled back

the covers and revealed striped sheets that looked clean. Leaning forward she inhaled softly. “Musky, but not filthy,” she said. “This’ll do.”

Jonas let out a long exhale, relieved as if he had passed some important test.

“Do you bring back a lot of women and fuck them here?” she asked him.

He smiled nervously. “A few, more than I should, not as many as I want.”

She casually started unbuttoning her blouse. “You can add me to the total this bed has seen,” she said as she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra, tossing it aside. His expression went from nervous to eager upon seeing her bare breasts.

“They’re gorgeous,” he said without thinking.

She liked his reaction because it was honest. “Thank you. They need a lot of attention. Why don’t you help me with that?”

Jonas approached her with some trepidation. He wasn’t a hundred percent confident like he had been when they were in the unisex bathroom, he wasn’t even as confident when they had been flirting five minutes earlier, but once his arms went around her and they kissed, and she encouraged him to work his way down her neck to her chest, everything fell into place.

Her tits were great, fantastic even. But some bit of perfection was met the moment his lips touched her nipples.

“Fuck yes,” she breathed.

He liked the way her nipple immediately hardened under his kiss. When he sucked a bit, she shivered with delight and then the taste hit him. It wasn’t the neutral flavor of a woman’s skin, or the salty-sour piquancy of her sweat, or even the flowery aroma of her perfume. It was just incredibly sweet, like pure sugar or concentrated sweetener. It wasn’t at all unpleasant. It was delicious.

It made him suck harder once he tasted it.

Petranella gasped at the attention, but once the initial shock was past, she caressed the back of his head and encouraged him to suckle more. “God that

feels good," she whispered to him. "Keep going." As good as it felt to have him suck on her, what felt even better was what it was doing to her pussy. She was incredibly wet and every time he sucked on her nipple, it caused a little gush in her pussy. It was doubly strange because she could feel her milk flowing out of her nipples and into Jonas's mouth.

She had accepted the fact that her breasts were lactating and there was little she could do about it. There wasn't anything she wanted to do about it. Both Ben and Marty weren't put off by her body's unusual reaction to their eager attention. Maybe it was a natural change in her body, maybe it was because she was having a lot more attention focused on her tits, maybe—just maybe—it was because of her little accident a few weeks ago.

But all that didn't matter at the moment. All that mattered was Ben's mouth on her tits.

"Switch," she murmured to him, making him move his mouth from her right breast to her left. He left her right exposed, her nipple wet and dripping. It wasn't much milk being lost, slowly sliding down her small tit, but she felt the loss. Petranella lightly pinched her nipple, enjoying the thrill of the slight pain, and then realized she didn't have to be doing that to herself. Bringing up Jonas's hand from her side, she silently showed him how she wanted to be handled, to squeeze the nipple and stop the flow of milk. "Harder," she urged him.

Jonas was a good lover. He took the obvious hint.

He was savage when her pinched and twisted her nipple. It should have made her scream in pain, instead she moaned in delight. "Fuck yes," she whimpered.

The amount of milk flowing out of her nipple caused him to swallow. The liquid warmed him down to his stomach. He was already erect, but the jolt of energy from the milk made him even harder. It was uncomfortable inside his pants, so while he continued to nurse from Petranella's breasts, he started undressing himself one-handed. Though he was jostling her around, Petranella allowed him to continue. Jonas showed a lot of skill in how quickly he stripped himself and he was naked before Petranella realized it. His cock stood up proudly from his crotch, a pillar of eagerness ready to be used.

She stroked the length of his underside, just barely making contact with the soft, sensitive skin that controlled his cock. He shivered uncontrollably at her touch

and actually broke free of her nipple. “Don’t,” he pleased. “You’re going to make me cum too soon.”

“That would be a waste,” she said. “Your cum all over me. What would my tits taste like if you had to lick your cum off them?” she asked him, teasing, wanting to see his reaction because she knew how easy it was to control him.

“No,” he moaned. Jonas was forced to angle his cock away from her hand so she couldn’t continue to tease him. As much as he wanted to cum, he didn’t want it to end like that, a light touch from his lover and him wasting his load. He’d be fine with a blowjob, he even would have acquiesced to handjob, but what he wanted was to fuck her. He needed to plant his seed in her. “I want to fuck you,” he pleaded. “I need to fuck you.”

She didn’t resist when he started pulling at her pants, trying to get her undressed, but she didn’t help him either. Petranella wanted to see how eager he was. She didn’t even get upset that he wasn’t sucking on her any longer; she was thrilled at how much he needed her naked. His treatment of her was rough, so rough that he tore her panties when he was removing them.

The instant she was naked, he was on top of her, pressing his steel-like cock between her legs. There was nothing loving or sensual about what he was doing. He had an irresistible need and he was going to use her to fulfill that need.

She wanted it more than she realized.

Her hand guided him into her and once his cock head was between her lips, he shoved it in hard, making her gasp.

“Yes! Now! Hard! Do it hard!”

Jonas was so worked up and nearly out of control that he slammed his cock into her as hard and fast as he could. They both needed his out of control technique. She welcomed his strong thrusts that reverberated through her body. Already on edge and she needed just the right stimulation to cum. After falling under the spell of Petranella’s tits, he had next to no control over himself. Less than a minute after entering her, Jonas lost all control and came. He came harder than he thought was possible, feeling it all the way through his body, focused on his balls to the point of pain. He gasped as he came, feeling her pussy tighten up on him, holding him in place while he finished.

He didn’t realize she was cumming as well.

“Rough boy,” she told him. “I should expect more of my lovers.

Jonas was embarrassed and chastened by her words. “Sorry. Sorry. You just make me want everything about you.”

“You need to make me cum again,” she told him.

“I can do that,” he agreed right away. “Just give me a minute to recover.”

“No, you don’t need a minute to recover,” she told him, pushing his body off hers. Her hands curled under her breasts and she offered them up to him. “You need to suck on me. Make me cum through my tits.”

That, Jonas realized, he could do.

She lay on her side and beckoned to him. “Come here. My tits are waiting.”

Jonas repositioned himself and rested his head on his arm for easier suckling from her breasts. He was gentler this time, the first urgent need for sex having been fulfilled. As he started feasting upon her in earnest, he placed his free hand on her hip and then slowly curved it down to her pussy.

Petranella slapped his hand away. “No. Don’t touch my pussy. Don’t try to fuck me. Just suck on my tits.”

He did as she asked. It wasn’t that he was all that horny; he had cupped her pussy more as an automatic response to any intimate contact with a woman. It was the anticipation that sex was sure to follow so he had to be sure that she was enjoying herself. In this case, however, just sucking on her lovely nipples was more than enough.

It was a bit of work, enjoyable work to be sure, but work all the same. Jonas kept his hand resting on her hip as he moved his hand back and forth between her nipples, sucking and listening to her breathe. It was an incredibly intimate thing to do, to nurse from her breasts and do nothing else; Jonas found that he didn’t have the courage to look up at Petranella. She was keeping her fingers busy in his hair and occasionally rubbing his shoulders and he nursed, but there were no words or obvious physical encouragement of his actions. He only had her light

touch and varied breathing to judge by.

Slowly and steadily her breathing and unconscious sounds built up to the point where she was practically hyperventilating. Her body was lightly shaking and the amazing thing to Jonas was that her tits never stopped leaking a steady stream of sweet liquid. It wasn't a lot, but it was enough to keep his palate on edge.

When she came it was without warning, a sudden and violent spike in her breathing along with near-epileptic shaking of her body. As she climaxed, Jonas stopped sucking, not knowing if she wanted more while she lived through the event that defined human evolution or if one more bit of sucking would turn into searing pain.

"Thank you," she said when it was finally over.

He had been holding her nipple in his mouth and he now let it slip free of his lips. "My pleasure."

She pushed him away and slid off the tall bed. Finding her ruined panties on the floor, she grimaced and tossed the aside to instead pick up her bra where upon she headed to the bathroom.

Jonas didn't know what to do, so he stayed in his bed, waiting. A minute later Petranella emerged wearing her bra, but with her hair put back in order and her genitals cleaned with the judicious use of a damp washcloth. Stuffing her destroyed panties into her purse, she pulled on her pants and proceeded to get dressed.

"Where are you going?" he asked her lamely.

"Home," she said. "My husband is waiting for me. This was lovely. We should do it again sometime soon." She buttoned up her blouse, hiding away her small, but still swollen, breasts. "Maybe when I'm a little less sore. Let's give it a couple of days." And with that, she left.

Jonas didn't know how to react so he lay on his warm bed for a very long time.

Chapter Six

Ben wasn't surprised at the late hour of his wife's arrival. He was surprised at how she whipped off her shirt and bra when she found him in the living room. "They're aching for attention," she told him. Her hands were curled softly around her breasts as if she were offering them up to him.

She wasn't lying. They were aching and it wasn't an ache from too much attention. Having come straight from Jonas's place to her own, she realized that her tits were full, presumably of milk but maybe they were just swelling with new growth as her body aged, though she was certain that wasn't the case.

Ben reached for her. "Where have you been?" he asked. "You're late."

"Would you believe me if I told you I was working late at the lab?"

"Yes." His hands drew her close even while he was seated on the couch. His mouth found her nipple and he started gently sucking. Petranella wanted to melt against him. Her knees went weak but she managed to stay on her feet.

"That would be a lie," she told him. "I was at Jonas's place, fucking him."

Most men would have been upset, but not Ben. He had been expecting that to be her answer. Instead of flipping out, he felt his cock growing.

As her husband started to nurse from her tits, Petranella pushed all thoughts of anything other than sex from her head.

After leaving Jonas's place, she check her phone with the intention of texting Ben, telling him when she'd be home…and maybe teasing him with what she had done.

Instead she found a series of messages from Marty that were equal amounts alluring and scary.

Are you busy? Can we talk?

I’m really horny

I want to see you tonight

Are you ignoring me or are you busy?

Fuck

I sound like a stupid, lovestruck teenager

I’m sorry

Please text me back ASAP

I want to fuck you

I’m sorry. I shouldn’t say that, but I want to fuck you again

Please…

Maybe I’m just horny, but I think I want to taste your milk

That’s probably too honest

But I miss it.

I miss you.

Please…

Petranella didn't reply. She couldn't figure out a way to reply. While sex with Marty had a certain appeal, she wanted to fuck her husband right then and contacting Marty would only make things more difficult.

So she drove home to her husband with the full intention of fucking him, even if she had just fucked Jonas. She had been nervous about revealing to him exactly what she had been doing, but given their recent history, it was easier to do than she had anticipated and they both seemed to enjoy the charge they got out of the situation.

"Mmmm, that feels good," she said softly to Ben.

"I think I'm in love with your tits and your milk," Ben mumbled into her firm flesh.

It was almost enough to laugh, not quite, but almost. "You can't be in love with inanimate objects," she pointed out. "You can only love a person."

Ben pressed his cheek to her firm flesh, moving it aside, and letting it bounce back into place. "They look animated to me," he commented before latching back on and eagerly nursing from her. She allowed it because it felt too good to deny. There was probably something very wrong with what they were doing, but she didn't care to think about that.

Eventually standing up while Ben nursed from her became too much of a distraction. She had to lay down; her knees were giving out. Instead of just collapsing on him, she found the will to push him back from her tits and grab his hand. "Come on, let's go to bed. You can nurse from me there…and maybe even fuck me."

Ben went along willingly. Why would he resist? This was exactly what he wanted.

On their bed they lay down facing each other, Ben's head aligned with her chest and he immediately set to sucking on her. While he loved giving his wife pleasure, as he suckled from her tonight, he realized that he shouldn't be getting as much pleasure out of it as he was. Just sucking on her tits was almost enough for him.

With that thought he then realized that maybe just sucking on her tits would be enough for him. His cock was hard, but if she told him now, he would be fine that that, as long as he could nurse from her and drink her milk.

Ben managed to pull his mouth free of her and shake his head. "Too much," he said.

"What?" asked an annoyed Petranella. "I'm still full."

"Full?"

"I can feel the milk in my boobs," she said with an exasperated sigh. It had been incredibly easy to move into the mindset of having a ready supply of milk in her tits. It felt good, but at the same time, it also needed to be steadily removed. She couldn't let it build up. "You need to get it out."

"Didn't…didn't Jonas just do that for you?" Ben asked, confused.

"Yes, but…but not enough." Petranella didn't know if that was the truth or not, but it felt like it was the truth. Thinking back, she realized that Jonas has nursed plenty from her, but her body had made more milk to replace what he had removed. It was a vicious cycle. No, she thought again. It wasn't a vicious cycle, it was a beautiful and natural cycle and one she wanted to be part of. "Keep going," she urged him. "I need you to drink it."

He wanted to resist the urge, but the compulsion to suckle from her was too strong. He bent his head back toward her breast, pulled the nipple into his mouth, and started drinking once again. Her milk was perfect, delicious. It was all he wanted, but at the same time, his cock started getting hard—uncomfortably hard—inside his pants. If he kept sucking on his wife's tits, he knew he'd have to fuck her. Not that that was a bad thing, but it seemed like a lot

of effort when all he wanted was to taste and drink Petranella's milk.

"Oh fuck that feels good," she breathed, clutching him closely. "Keep going. Make me cum." It would have made more sense for her to say if he had been fucking her, but lately Petranella had been completely focused on her tits, and Ben was willing to go along with that.

It was crazy.

She started breathing rapidly in that ragged fashion that told him she was getting close to orgasm. As she did so, she struggled with her pants, trying to get out of the, push them off. She barely managed to open them up to get a hand inside to massage her pussy. Ben helped her, pulling the pants down all the way off her hips, but leaving them at mid-thigh. He pushed her hand aside and replaced it with his own, fingering her wet pussy.

He realized two things. First, she was extremely wet, which made sense because she wanted to be fucked and she had recently been fucked by Jonas. Presumably some of his cum was still inside her. He also realized that she wasn't wearing any panties. Had she left them behind by accident with Jonas, or had her lover kept them as a trophy?

"I need you to fuck me, I need you to fuck me!" she begged, practically crying as she scrabbled at his pants, trying to unbuckle his belt and pull down his zipper at the same time. The position he was in made it impossible for him to use his free hand and he wasn't going to remove his finger from her pussy; Ben had the overwhelming urge to keep part of his body inside of her at all times. So he didn't help her, he just temp massaging her pussy with his hand and let her struggle with stripping him.

Eventually she got his pants open and his cock out, pushing down his underwear to free him. At that point he was able to kick them free and pull off his shirt, briefly breaking his lock on her nipple. From there it was easy for him to climb on top of her into the missionary position. She guided his cock into her and they started fucking like any other married, vanilla couple, but it only lasted a few seconds before Ben found himself leaning forward, seeking out her breast with his mouth, eventually finding the rough nipple with his lips and latching on again.

"Yes," she said softly. "More, keep going."

Ben started nursing again, tasting and swallowing her milk. The thrusts from his hips came in time with each slurp from his mouth. He felt more like a machine than a man and he didn't mind in the least. It was perfect; he never wanted it to end.

But it had to end and it ended like all sex did: the rhythmic and intense muscle contractions that signaled orgasm. There was the brief thrill of pain followed by the slow spread of relief over his body.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," he said over and over into her breast, unable and unwilling to lift his head from the awkward position.

"No, thank you," she said to him. "It felt good."

He got enough of his faculties around him and managed to ask, "Me cumming in you?" He was briefly proud of that fact because he was the second man that night she had fucked; she was giving him a compliment.

"No, you making me cum. Getting fucked and being nursed at the same time… that's what I want from now on."

Ben wasn't sure if he'd be able to do that. He realized, however, that he wanted to do it. More than anything, he wanted to have ready access to her breasts. They were, after all, the source of the wonderful milk that she was now steadily producing.

"I think I'm addicted to you," he confessed.

"I love you too," she said softly as she started drifting off to sleep, thoroughly exhausted by her strenuous sexual activity that night.

He managed to hold his tongue long enough until her breathing was steady, with just a slight snore. "I think I'm addicted to your milk," he clarified for her, but Petranella was asleep.

Chapter Seven

Petranella showed Ben the messages from Marty. He raised his eyebrows in mild surprise. “I can understand where she’s coming from,” he said honestly. “I don’t want to stop drinking your milk either.”

“How the fuck did I get to this place in my life?” she asked, mostly of herself, but Ben answered anyway.

“I don’t know, but I love it,” Ben said with a self-satisfied smile. If his wife was going to be lactating without any control, he’d be happy to help her out with it.

“That doesn’t help me.”

“What help are you looking for?”

After heaving a deep sigh, Petranella said, “I don’t know. I know I need help, but I don’t know what. All I really do know is that I’m going to go to work today, and I’m going to see Marty, and I’m going to want to either fuck her or make her drink my milk, but most likely probably both.”

He glanced up at her eyes, but kept this attention focused on her chest. Maybe they were a bit bigger than before, but they were hardly huge. “Are you serious?”

“More serious than I want to be.” Now he looked his wife in the eyes and saw that she was on the verge of tears.

“What…what do you want me to do?”

She shook her head. “I don’t know. Didn’t you hear me? I don’t know what to do!”

“If you don’t want to face them…face her…then maybe you should call in. Don’t go to work today. You deserve a day off.” He smiled at her, put his hands on her hips and slowly slid them up to cup her breast. She wanted to pull away, but at the same time she wanted him to do so much more. He was making the decision harder. To stay home and fuck her husband and have him drain her tits, or to go to work, seduce Marty, and fuck the intern and have her drain Petranella’s tits. Both were equally tempting.

“I can’t take a day off,” she complained. Among everything else, the lab was busy with several projects and they were swamped with work. It would show a level of disloyalty—not to mention possibly being fired for breaking her contract—not to show up.

“But maybe I can go in a little late,” she said.

Petranella pushed her husband’s hands away and started unbuttoning her blouse. It was tight around her torso, displaying her tits and cleavage. As she opened it up, as more flesh became visible, Ben found himself mesmerized by her tits. He’s seen them a hundred times before, a thousand times before, but somehow they still managed to become enthralled by her breasts every time they were revealed to him.

The moment her bra came off, Ben fell to his knees and applied his lips to her nipple. She could feel her milk letting down. He sucked twice quickly and found his mouth flooded with her milk. It was delicious and he swallowed it all in a big gulp. There was a steady flow now, and Ben went back and forth between sucking and swallowing. It was easiest to steady the breast he was sucking on with one hand and hold the other breast with his free hand. Ben lightly pinched her nipple because he felt liquid sliding down his fingers and he didn’t want to make a mess, or worse, let any of it go to waste.

She moaned at Ben’s attention, but the light pinch didn’t do anything to stem the flow of her milk. Covering his hand with hers, she encouraged him to pinch harder. When he did, she shivered with delight, but it still wasn’t enough. Taking his head between her hands, she moved him from her right breast to the left.

“Just a little more,” she told him. “I’m very full and I need you to empty me just a little.”

“Just a little?” he asked with a quick breath before he got back to business.

“Yes,” she moaned. “I need to save some for Marty, don’t I?”

“Do you?” he mumbled.

“Uh-huh. I’m going to fuck her, she’s going to put her hand into my panties, find my pussy, and make me cum, but only after she’s sucked every last drop out of me.”

Petranella pushed her husband's face back from her tits. "I need you to fuck me," she said, unzipping her skirt and stepping out of it just as quickly as she pulled down her panties. In a flash she was on her hands and knees on the floor, her tits hanging over a towel she had used to dry off from her shower that morning.

Ben pulled out his cock, unzipping his pants while not removing a single piece of clothing. It was easy for him to enter her. She wanted him more than he wanted her. The fuck was fast and efficient. It wasn't about sex so much as it was binding them together.

"What was that all about?" she asked when they were done. They had both cum, but the act of climaxing seemed secondary to everything else. The question was for herself, but Ben answered.

"I don't know," he breathed. "But we needed to do it."

"Yeah…"

He pulled his limp cock out of her and trembled a little as he put his clothes back in order. "Are you going to work?"

"Yeah…"

"Are you going to…" he couldn't finish the question.

"You know I'm going to."

It was hard not making eyes at Marty when she came in to complete her intern work. Marty, too, was especially terrible at being subtle with Petranella. She spent too much time around the older woman's workstation and her smile was too broad. It took some time, but eventually they worked out a plan to meet in the locker room during Petranella's break.

They went to the back corner where they'd have some privacy and some warning on the off chance that someone else came into the locker room. The moment Marty thought they were safe, her hands went to Petranella's blouse, pulling at the material, trying to find the buttons, to get to her flesh underneath. While being flattered and excited at Marty's anxiousness to get her naked, it was

annoying to deal with the girl's fumbling fingers. She pushed Marty away and quickly whipped off her shirt and bra in one smooth movement.

"They're beautiful, Petra" Marty gasped, happy to see Petranella half naked. She pushed Petranella back against the lockers and lowered her mouth to Petra's right breast, sucking fiercely, tasting the milk, savoring it on her tongue.

"Oh fuck yes," she moaned, bringing her hand up to her free breast. It had already started dripping milk. She wanted to stop the flow, saving as much as possible for her lover. Feeling Marty's busy fingers, she glanced down to see the other woman opening up her pants and slipping her fingers into Petranella's panties. It felt good, having Marty play with her pussy, but Petranella couldn't tear her eyes away from the breast she was cupping. The red mark was still on her forearm, but she was positive that her tits had grown.

Was it from the chemical spill or was it because she was lactating?

Petranella found she couldn't focus on the question. Marty's mouth and fingers were too insistent. It was easy just to let it go and give herself over to Marty's affection.

End Part 2

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.

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