
LACTATION
CONTROL 3
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 3

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Chapter Eight

“Did you?” Ben asked as he moved his wife onto the bed and helped her remove her shirt and bra.

Petranella looked down at her bare breasts, hoping they had some sign of her early activities during the day, but saw they were just full and slightly swollen. Marty had been gentle with her while nursing. There was no indication of any surreptitious activity: no scratches, bruises, or bite marks.

“Did I what?” she asked innocently as he lowered his mouth to suckle eagerly from his wife’s tit. The light brown nipple filled his mouth and eagerly gave up its liquid burden as he began the process of removing her milk.

“Did you…did you do it with Marty?”

“Do what?” Petranella asked, teasing, making her husband say the words.

“Did you fuck Marty?” he asked eagerly, sucking but talking around her fat nipple.

“Can two women really fuck?” she asked him with a sigh as she felt her milk let down. He eagerly vacuumed up what she gave him, but her free breast started dripping almost uncontrollably.

“Yes,” he said.

“Neither of us have a cock,” she pointed out and then made a little moan in the back of her throat while he continued to suck. “How could we fuck?”

Ben looked up at her, his eyes almost wild with lust, and said around her swollen nipple, “Did she put her fingers in your pussy?” He then went right back to nursing on her.

She sighed. “Yes. And it was heavenly.”

There was quiet between them for a minute and then she spoke again. “She nursed from me. She drank my milk. She made me cum. She put her fingers in me and made me cum. I kissed her. I tasted my sweet milk on her lips and made her nurse more from me.”

Ben moved his hand inside his wife's pants, inside her underwear, and found her wet pussy. She helped him. Her pussy was so hot that under any other circumstance, he would have thought that she had a fever. Eventually he wiggled his finger up inside her pussy, running it over her enflamed clit, making her squirm in pleasure.

"What did you do to her?" Ben asked as he switched from one breast to the other. Her milk had leaked all over her skin and started to wet the sheets on the bed.

"Nothing. I fed her."

He lifted up his head. "You didn't play with her tits? You didn't go down on her? You didn't play with her pussy?"

"Uh-uh. I'm a good girl. I just fed Marty."

"Did you want to?" he asked before sucking as hard as he could on her engorged nipple.

Petranella licked her lips before answering. "Yes. I wanted to make love to her. I wanted to do it while you were watching. I wanted you to fuck me while I made her scream my name."

Whether or not that was true didn't matter to Ben. He just wanted to hear the words.

"I love your milk," he said around her breast. "I love you."

"I know you do," she told him. "Now I want you to fuck me while you nurse. I need that."

They had done this enough times now that it was easy, almost second nature. He got his clothes off while he continued to nurse on her, alternating back and forth between her breasts, and then he stripped the rest of the clothing off her body.

His cock was hard; her pussy was wet and hot. It was easy for them to join bodies: his cock in her pussy, her breast in his mouth. They fucked while she nursed him. Her orgasms—there were a pair of them—came not from the skillful application of his cock to her pussy, but from the hard suction and his nimble

tongue circling and pulling on her nipple.

When Ben came, he stopped thrusting his cock in and out of her, but he didn't stop nursing from her breast. He didn't stop nursing until both her tits had gone dry.

The next morning Petranella glared at herself in the mirror while she tried to fasten her bra in place. She hadn't put on any weight around her ribcage, she wasn't getting any fatter. The band went around body easily enough, but when she pulled the cups up over breasts, they spilled out on the sides, making it not only unsightly, but incredibly uncomfortable.

"Fuck," she cursed and pulled off the offending piece of lingerie. While she had plenty of bras to choose from, this morning none of them fit correctly.

She wasn't stupid; she knew that her tits were getting bigger primarily because she was lactating. Her left forearm was still slightly sore and itchy from the chemical spill weeks back and that didn't help any. She peered into her dresser drawer, saw the collection of lace and silk and polyester and underwire and spandex and knew that none of them would fit this morning.

"Fuck it," she said and went down a drawer.

Inside were t-shirt and sweatpants normally reserved for weekend wear. From this drawer she pulled out an older chemise with a built-in shelf. It didn't have much in the way of support, but it would be better than going completely braless at work.

At work, it wasn't Marty who Petranella sought out, but Jonas. Her occasional lover, the one who sported a cock but also had lips as eager as Marty, was happy to receive an invitation.

"The bathroom?" he asked, slightly repulsed by her choice of encounter location.

"Do you have a better idea?" A medical testing laboratory wasn't exactly designed to facilitate sexual encounters between coworkers.

“Yeah, actually. I do.”

“I’m not going into the men’s locker room,” she told him flatly.

“Not the men’s locker room,” he said.

“Where? The supply closet?”

“Sort of.”

The room was a de facto supply closet for old equipment that was no longer used but still too valuable to dispose of. For the most part, it had been an unused room for well over a year. Officially it was the mother’s room, but since there were no pregnant women in the lab, or any nursing mothers, it was largely unused.

“Just putting it back into service for its intended purpose,” Jonas said as he used the key to open the small room. It had a pair of comfortable chairs and a sturdy table. Along the back wall were boxes of the lab equipment being stored.

Petranella wasn’t the least bit shy about unbuttoning her purple blouse and pulling down the top of the chemise to expose her breasts.

“Fuck…” Jonas all but collapsed back against the door and slid the barrel bolt into place so no one would walk in on them.

“You’ve seen them before,” she said, dragging her fingers over her distended nipples, letting the sensation send thrills through her body.

“They’re so full,” he marveled, falling down to his knees and practically crawling over to her.

“They’re full for you,” she told him right as he latched on and eagerly started nursing.

It happened automatically and she loved the sensation of milk letting down from within her breasts and filling Jonas’s mouth. As much as she willed against it, her free breast started leaking, but Petranella was ready. She had a small wadded up cloth and pressed it to her bare nipple, soaking up the stray milk.

Moving together, she eased herself down in one of the chairs and let Jonas

continue to nurse. She gave herself over to the moment entirely, as she always did. It didn't take long, the first orgasm was pleasant, just the start of something more. Jonas moved from one breast to the other, and then snaked his hand up her skirt. She spread her legs as wide as the chair would allow, just barely giving him access to her pussy, but he could feel her heat and wetness, and smell the scent of her desire.

"I need to cum," he gasped, taking a quick break from nursing.

"I don't see that as my problem," she said haughtily.

He opened up his pants and got out his cock. It wasn't impressive, but it was hard. "Can I?" he asked.

"Go ahead," she said, having no idea exactly what he had planned to do, but completely at ease with whatever happened. If he had torn off her clothes, she would have been fine if he had fucked her; she would have enjoyed it. Instead of begging for sex, Jonas instead started slowly rubbing his hard cock while she watched, somewhat disappointed.

She wasn't going to let him pleasure himself and get nothing out of it. Instead, she pulled his face back to her breast and all but demanded that he resume nursing. He did, not just because he was only human and he was enthralled by her milk. He needed to consume it just as much, if not more than, she needed to supply it.

As he jerked off, his actions shook her body, which was annoying but it faded to the background as he nursed strongly from her. She ignored the motion and just focused on her tits. He could make her cum and himself cum at the same time with little wasted effort. She was going to enjoy every minute of it.

After she came down from the high of her climax, she saw Jonas's face, red with exertion and stress, along with the droplets of sweat on his brow. She recognized the signs of post-orgasmic bliss on his face.

"Did you cum?" she asked him, almost not caring if he did or not.

He looked guiltily down at the floor where he had left a small white puddle of his semen on the industrial tile.

“You’d better clean it up,” she told him, standing up and putting her breasts away inside her chemise and buttoning up her shirt.

Jonas did as she asked, not even bothering to put his cock away before he wiped up the mess. Before he was done, she had put herself back together and was buttoning up just as he got off his knees to look at her walking out the door.

She didn’t even bother saying thank you. There was no need to. He was already eternally thankful.

The orgasms that Jonas had given her were nice, and because they originated from her tits, there was no mess in her panties to clean up. She liked that. Although Jonas had shoved his hand up between her thighs to touch her pussy, it hadn’t gone any further than that. Still, there was a nagging need in her body. She needed more. More sex and more nursing.

Luckily for her Petranella was a woman, an attractive and willing woman, so getting sex wasn’t a problem for her. All she had to do was find a willing man, and most men were always willing. But this day Petranella wanted something more, something new. Sex with Ben or Marty or Jonas wouldn’t do.

At the end of the workday she texted Ben a short message. Working late. Don’t wait up. That was good enough. Either he’d believe her because it had so often been the truth in the past, or he’d think she was fucking Jonas or Marty, and that was fine too.

The bar she went to had that reputation of being a place where singles went for cheap, easy sexual encounters. Or at least it had been when Petranella had been active in the dating scene too many years ago. She hid her wedding rings in her purse before she went in, sat down at the bar, ordered herself a drink, and then looked around at those warm bodies filling the bar. She was disappointed to see that most of the largely younger crowd were busy on their phones, talking but much less than she would have imagined. Frowning, she sipped at her drink and looked quizzically at the bartender. He had a ready answer.

“You don’t have the app, do you?”

“What app?” she asked, playing along.

“Everyone who comes here is looking for a quick meetup.” He pointed to the chalk menu board next to the bar. With a shrug, Petranella dug her phone out of her purse, downloaded the app, quickly figured out the simple interface, and in short order had several men messaging her. Putting the phone down she scanned the crowd and saw one man looking at her. Years ago she would hae been sure he was checking her out. Now she wasn’t so sure. Maybe his phone’s battery was dead or he was an alien who had just landed on this planet.

She gestured for him to come over.

He glanced at the phone in his hand, confused, and then walked over to her chair at the bar.

“I’ve been out of the dating scene for a while,” she said.

“Oh.” He smiled at her and was obviously ready to forgiver her old-fashioned flub in the face of new, modern manners. “I’m Ryan.”

“Ella,” she said, offering her hand.

He shook it. “Can I buy you a drink?” he asked.

She indicated the half-full glass in front of her. “I’m good.” She studied him. He was probably a few years younger than her. Black hair that was a little too shaggy for her taste with a stubble of beard that was supposed to be sexy and attractive but did nothing for her. Still, he was attractive enough and filled out his suit jacket in the right way with broad shoulders and a lack of a paunch behind his belt. He’d do. “But let me ask you a question.”

“Sure.”

“Did you come here to get laid?”

He laughed nervously and looked around. Naturally no one was interested in them or their conversation. “Yeah. Of course.”

“Great. Do you have a place we can go to fuck?”

He blinked at her and slowly shook his head.

“What’s the matter, Ryan? You married? Have a girlfriend? Not willing to go the extra distance to get laid?”

“I’ve been coming here for weeks trying to work this app to get laid. You walk in and…fuck. Too easy.”

“Careful there,” she said with a smile. “A lady doesn’t like to be called easy.” She smiled and finished the last of her drink. “Even if I am.”

Ryan’s place was a ten minute drive away. She didn’t hesitate to follow him, even in her slightly inebriated state.

His apartment turned out to be a generic place in a large complex. He was old enough and successful enough not to have any roommates. Much of the place was filled with exercise equipment.

“Want the grand tour?” he asked nervously as he let them into the small apartment.

“Just the bedroom,” she said with suprere confidence. He started leading the wasy, when she grabbed him by the elow making her turn around. “Do you like tits?” she asked him.

His eyes immediately went to her chest and she allowed him a moment to examine her, not wilting in the least as he tried not to leer.

“Well, yeah. I like tits. I can’ see that you’re aren’t huge or anything, but that’s fine. I mean, what guy doesn’t like tits? Besides gay guys, I mean. Maybe they like ‘em, I don’t know. But yours are fine. At least, they look fine, from what I can see.”

Petranella slowly shook her head. Ryan talked too much when he didn’t need to. She interrupted him as he babbled on. “But you like them, right?”

“Yeah. I just said so.”

She casually unbuttoned the top button on her blouse. “You like sucking on them and playing with them?” she demanded of him.

“Yes.” This time he didn’t keep going; she was grateful for that.

“Good, because my tits need extra attention. I don’t care how big your dick is, or how long you can fuck, or how perfect your body is, because if you can’t show my tits the proper amount of respect they deserve, I’m not going to fuck you.”

He nodded in understand. “I can do that,” he promised.

“Lead on,” she ordered. He drew her into the bedroom.

It was neat and clean enough to meet her standards.

After tossing aside his jacket, his arms circled around her and he kissed well enough. She appreciated that he didn’t just start pawing at her clothes, trying to force her into the bed. When Petranella gently pushed him back, he didn’t complain about her taking the lead. She unbuttoned her shirt the rest of the way, showing of her chemise and her firm, but not huge tits.

Ryan licked his lips in anticipation. It took Petranella just a moment to realize he wasn’t licking his lips because he was eager to get her into bed and fuck her; he was licking them in anticipation of what her tits actually had to offer him. Already she could feel her milk welling up in her breasts.

Before she moved forward she asked the question. “How kinky are you?”

“What?” His eyes were locked on her chest. She imagined her milk was already leaking out, making wet spots on the front of the chemise, but even that didn’t put him off.

“How kinky are you?”

He blinked twice before he was able to answer her question. “Umm…a little, I guess. Nothing really strange. I’m not into feet. I’m not a furry. What did you have in mind?”

She pulled her chemise over her head and pointed at the floor in front of her. “Kneel.”

Ryan didn’t even hesitate. He did exactly as ordered which made her wonder if he was naturally submissive or was just going along with her because he wanted to get laid or if, maybe, just maybe, the scent of her milk and her anticipation had him under her control.

Most likely he was just temporarily mesmerized by her bare flesh, like any man.

The moment his knees were on the floor, she stepped forward and offered her breast to his mouth.

He opened up, took the ripe nipple between his lips, and sucked gently.

Petranella moaned and then inhaled deeply. He was going to do exactly what she wanted. He nursed from her breasts like a man who hadn't had a drop to drink in a week. Her milk was flowing easily. She could feel it. When he sucked on her nipple, the rich milk filled his mouth and he swallowed it. The bare breast leaked a steady stream of droplets onto his shoulders. After just a minute of him nursing both the shoulders of his shirt were damp with her excess milk.

"You like breast milk?" she asked him after pulling away to give him a moment's respite.

The shocked look on his face was more than worth her little reveal. Ryan didn't strike her as a stupid man. He had obviously tasted her sweet milk and felt the liquid all but gushing out of her nipples ad he had to know the reason that breasts existed, so he had to have known he was drinking her breast milk. However, knowing it and admitting to it was something else entirely.

"I've…uh…I've never tasted it before."

"You have now," she told him. She could feel her pussy getting hot and wet as she spoke to him. "Do you like it?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"Good, I've got a lot of it." Petranella stepped forward again and pressed her breasts into his face. He could have resisted, but already he was addicted to her sweet milk and to say no would have been tantamount to admitting he didn't want to fuck her. He still wanted to fuck her, but now he discovered he needed to nurse from her until his thirst was slaked.

As Ryan pulled her milk from her tits, she found she was able to think straight enough to reach down around his body and unbutton his shirt, slipping it off his arms. Once he was topless she was rewarded with the sensation of her fingers on his bare skin. His arms were well-muscled to the point where he probably spent

too much time working out, but that wasn't her problem now. From there she unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor. He took the hint and hooked his thumbs into her panties, pulling them down over her hips, leaving her naked once she kicked off her shoes.

Though he was a much bigger and stronger man, she wasn't the least bit intimidated or afraid. She was completely in charge of the situation. He was her thrall, and all just for the taste of a little milk.

Pulling back once more she said to him. "Take off your pants. I want to see your cock."

Ryan jumped to his feet and scrambled out of his pants and boxers, leaving him naked with a rigid cock standing up at a nice curve away from his body. She immediately assessed he spent way too much time on his body. His muscles were more than evident of his time working out. He even mascaped himself to the point where he could be a porn actor. The small amount of pubic hair around his cock was carefully manicured. Not that Petranella minded. She was sure that would make him a good fuck.

Reaching out she cupped his balls, weighing and evaluating them before trailing her fingers up along the underside of his cock. Ryan shivered at her touch, obviously eager to put his cock to use but unwilling or unable to ask her for the privilege. He wasn't huge, maybe a tiny bit above average at best, but that was fine with Petranella. She was more concerned with a man's ability to nurse from her tits than how big his cock was. As long as it fit inside her pussy while he nursed, it would be more than sufficient.

"Sit down," she told him, pointing to the edge of the bed. Still under her spell, he did so. She crawled on top of his lap, his strong hands holding her in place as she guided his cock into her wet pussy, letting her body slip down on the rigid member until it was all the way inside her body.

He fit her perfectly. She liked that and rewarded him with a kiss. Holding onto his shoulders, she leaned back and wrapped her legs around his waist, sitting with crisscrossed on top of his cock, letting him view her tits. She arched her back and presented them to him. "There's still milk inside of them." She shimmied her shoulders a bit, letting him evaluate their capacity. "You can't cum until you drain me."

Ryan nodded and latched onto one nipple, squeezing the other tightly enough to prevent it from leaking. Petranella smiled down at him. Already the climax was building up around her breasts.

There was no hard thrusting, in fact there was almost no thrusting of his cock into her as all. She wiggled a bit and rocked her hips to keep him hard, but she wanted him to focus entirely on her tits. It worked. He was deeply under her spell.

There was a great satisfaction in looking down at his bent head and seeing his jaws and lips work steadily, pulling milk from her tits, draining her. It felt wonderful, better than actual sex, though the introduction of his cock into her pussy was just an added bonus.

“Oh god,” he unexpectedly moaned while switching from one breast to the other.

“No, ‘oh goddess’ is what you mean,” she told him.

“It’s delicious,” he said, almost panting, looking up at her with eyes that were filled with the wild look of a man who was afraid of what was to come next, but ran eagerly to embrace his fate.

“Of course it is,” she agreed. “Keep going. You need to drain me. Then—maybe—then I’ll let you cum in me.”

Ryan nodded and gave her a quick kiss on her lips where she was able to taste the sweetness of her own milk before he bent his head back down and eagerly continued to nurse from her.

As he continued to nurse from her she smiled down at him and ran her fingers along his jawline, feeling the slight stubble on his skin, and she realized how easy it was for mother to fall in love with a newborn. She was literally giving Ryan sustenance, something he didn’t know that he wanted and in just a few minutes turned him into a complete submissive and dependent to her. It was delightful and scary. His body was strong—even at that moment she could feel the strength of his leg muscles because of how she was sitting on him, and his shoulders and arms were incredibly powerful as well—but she also knew that he would do nothing to hurt her, not because he had unrestrained love for her, but because he was enamored of her milk.

It was a powerful feeling. It made her feel confident…and something else.

The orgasm he gave her was satisfying. The first one spread out from her chest like a warm, glowing sign in the distance during a long night's drive in the middle of nowhere. It was nice, but not the be all and end all of sex. She insisted he continue to suck on her; she was still making milk and needed to be drained. It wasn't a difficult task to convince him. The second orgasm felt like the old ones she had before all this obsession with her tits started. It originated from her pussy, her clit. It made her body shake and gave him a certain satisfaction when her pussy became hot and clamped down on his cock. It was all too much and when he realized that her breasts were finally empty of milk, he lifted up his head, wrapped his arms around her waist, held her in place on his lap, and thrusted upward hard and fast. He only lasted three hard thrusts before he lost control and emptied the contents of his balls deep in her pussy.

She rode on his, enjoying his orgasm because she had so easily controlled him, and took a little additional pleasure in his climax. Eventually it all passed out of him and he collapsed back on the bed, thoroughly exhausted.

Petranella climbed up his muscular body, marveling at how strong his muscles were in comparison to her husband. As she moved up him, her pussy detached from his cock and she brushed her empty tits across his face. "Did you enjoy that?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," was all he was able to say.

She frowned in disappointment and climbed off the bed. If he had been smart enough to start nursing from her again, she might have stayed longer.

"What are you doing?" Ryan asked when he noticed that she was getting dressed.

"Going home," she said casually.

"You don't want to spend the night?" he asked sounding like a desperate teenager.

She laughed at him. "Of course not. I'm married. What would my husband think?"

“What? You’re married?” he asked, suddenly panicking, thoughts of an angry husband coming in the door right now to kill him flashed through his head. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“You didn’t ask,” she countered.

“But I…but I want to see you again,” he said pathetically and lamely.

Up to that point she didn’t realize how strong the pull she had on her lovers, those that drank from her milk. Ryan’s response was the strongest yet, but that didn’t mean that she was just going to go along and continue to nurse him for the rest of her life. He’d have to suffer.

“I understand,” she said as she pulled her chemise into place and adjusted her tits. “But that doesn’t mean I want to see you again.” She paused and put on her shoes before picking up her blouse. “I mean, I might. And anyway, I know where to find you. Keep going back to that bar. I’ll turn up again.”

With great confidence she walked out of his apartment at a steady pace. Ryan didn’t run after her. He just stayed flat on his back, devastated. Petranella gave herself kudos for not running away. The moment she had spoken her last words to Ryan, she was certain that he would come after her. She didn’t yet know how easily she controlled others and how much they would do for her.

Ben was awake when she got home, but he was in bed. She stripped down to her panties and chemise before slipping into bed next to him. Her hand snaked inside his pajama bottoms, the only thing he was wearing, to find his cock. Is was only semi-hard when she touched him, but quickly turned into a metal rod after only a few seconds.

“You horny?” he asked her, kissing the top of her head.

“Not particularly,” she answered. “I just got laid half an hour ago.”

“Jonas?” he asked, his cock twitching. It was scary to him how quickly he acclimated to the idea of his wife fucking other people…and sharing her milk with them as well.

“No,” she said while she pushed down his pants and slowly stroked him. While she didn’t have any need to fuck at the moment, maybe he did. She still loved

him and he provided her with an easy method of relief with his mouth in bed next to her every night.

“Marty then? I never thought that you’d go for women so much.”

“Not her either.”

Ben’s brow furrowed. “Who then?

“His name was Ryan. I picked him up at that bar we used to go to. I fucked him.”

She was nervous about the reveal, but Ben reacted like a good lover. His cock twitched and his hand next to her slipped up under her chemise, rubbing her back. “A new guy?”

“I’m not going to fuck him again,” she said quickly.

“But you picked up and fucked a stranger at a bar,” he said. Even if she had done that, he wasn’t upset, just interested. “That seems a little bit dangerous.”

“It wasn’t,” she told him with confidence. “I knew what I was doing. He wanted sex and we had sex. He went away satisfied.”

“Did he…did he suck your tits?” Ben asked anxiously.

“Yes.”

“Drink your milk?”

“Yes.”

Ben pulled up her chemise, pushing her hand away from his cock. Her breasts were slightly deflated, almost completely empty of milk. They were slightly reddened and looked sore. Ryan—and either Jonas or Marty, whoever she had played with during work—had been a bit rough with her. Or maybe her breasts were just getting used to making and being drained of milk all the time.

“What?” she asked him after letting him examine her breasts.

“I can’t believe you let him nurse from you,” Ben said, upset.

“Why not? It’s my milk and I can share it with whomever I want.”

“I thought it was just for me,” Ben said. He didn’t want to sound pathetic, but even to his own ears, the words he spoke were pitiful.

“My milk is for all my lovers,” she told him as she rolled on top of his body and arched her back, showing off her tits. “But especially you. I love you, but I need sex from people other than just you.”

They both already knew this, but to hear her say the words put Ben in the exact place he had been dreading, but he wasn’t going to give up his position as her chief lover easily, if at all.

“Do you want to fuck me?” she asked him, backing up her hips, letting her panty-covered pussy press against his cock. He was still rock hard.

“I want to nurse from you,” he said, his eyes riveted to her tits.

She was somewhat relieved at his response. Her pussy was sore, but it was more important for her to hear that he was more obsessed with her tits than her pussy. Ben too was under the spell of her milk. That was critical to know.

“You don’t want to cum?” she asked reaching behind her body and finding his cock that was all but wedged between her buttocks. She pulled on his hard flesh a little.

“I want to cum,” he answered honestly, “but your tits…” He reached up and lightly caressed them, mesmerized.

“They’re not very full,” she told him. “Ryan drained me and that was only half an hour ago.

“I just need to taste them,” Ben said. “Just a little bit of milk.”

Leaning forward, she offered her breasts to him and Ben eagerly latched on and started sucking. It only took a moment for her milk to start flowing. Even as he nursed her fingers were busy with his cock.

Ben barely noticed she was holding his manhood.

In almost no time, her milk was gone, but that was good enough. She moved off his body and focused on his cock. It had been a long time since she had given a real blowjob and the urge was just too much to resist…and she didn't want to resist. Holding his balls with one hand and the base of his cock with the other, she lowered her mouth onto him.

Ben groaned. He didn't need his wife to fellate him, but he was still human and still a man. His body responded the way it always had.

As much as she loved him and wanted to suck him off, Petranella was only so willing to do the hard work of fellatio. It was good that Ben was already on the edge with anxiety over his wife having other lovers, sharing her milk with them, and the realization that he was denying himself a normal sexual relationship with her just to nurse at her breasts whenever she wanted—which seemed to be all the time.

She squeezed his balls and pumped the shaft of his cock and was shortly rewarded with a mouthful of his cum. It was thick and salty and had the vague bleachy smell of a college dorm laundry room. She swallowed it while reflecting that it would taste a hundred times better if it had been milk and sweet and tasty. Even so, it was a delight to give her husband such a carnal pleasure.

"Fuck," he groaned. "I love you."

She smacked her lips and swallowed a second time. "I love you too. But will you do whatever I want?" she asked, waiting for his reaction.

He grabbed her hair and pulled her face to his, giving her a kiss, tasting himself on her lips. "Always," he promised.

Chapter Nine

Petranella woke up with Ben's lips on her breast. It was a pleasant way to meet the day. She made a soft noise as he continued to nurse from her. How long he had been at her breasts she couldn't say for sure. The one he was attached to had milk flowing steadily while her other one was leaking a steady dribble onto the sheets. She had fallen asleep wearing just a nightshirt which Ben had pushed up over her breasts. This she now pulled back down over her exposed breast to soak up the excess milk. It would have been lovely to have two people nursing from her but that wasn't going to happen. Not right away.

She shifted a bit and opened her eyes to peer down at Ben. He was already gazing up at her, his eyes wide. He paused ever so briefly in his nursing. "Is this okay?" he asked.

"It's lovely," she said. It was perfect to be woken up in such a manner. "Keep going," she encouraged him. Already she could feel the beginnings of an orgasm starting to build in her body. It was going to be one of those strange ones that took over her whole body. It was early still and Petranella didn't want to admit there was a world outside her bed, but she forced her eyes to glance at the ancient digital alarm clock Ben kept on the bedside. He must have turned off the alert. They still had plenty of time.

His hand was on her hip and she wanted it to go between her legs, but she didn't push the issue, not yet. They had enough time to make love and then get on with the day. She moved her legs, getting more comfortable, and pressed her thigh between his legs. She was disappointed to find that his cock was soft. Surely he couldn't have been so completely sated by the previous night's blowjob that he didn't want to fuck her?

But even that thought was pushed away as Ben switched breasts and Petranella found herself pulling the nightshirt up and over her head. It felt good to be naked with her naked husband at her side. Only he wasn't naked, she realized. He still had his pajama pants on. She set about correcting that problem: finding the drawstring, opening them up, pushing the down with hands and then her feet until his was naked.

But he was still soft.

"I want you to fuck me," she told him between ragged breaths. She wasn't going to cum, not yet. The need for his cock inside her was too great.

“I’m soft,” he said pathetically around her swollen breast. It had only been a little over six hours and her breasts had completely recharged with milk. It was good her husband was next to her to drain them. She wanted them emptied, she wanted a nice, quick fuck that made her cum, and then she wanted to take a shower and go to work.

Without fully realizing it, the climax that Ben had been forcing her toward had crept up on her. Petranella was going to cum without any stimulation other than from her tits. Normally she wouldn’t have minded, but she wanted it to go differently this morning. She groaned and tried to push Ben away. He resisted and stayed latched to her breast. It was all too much to take. The waved of pleasure washed over her body, making it quiver with delight.

“Too much,” she said as she recovered. “Let’s keep going.”

Maybe she wasn’t as young as she used to be, but she was thrilled with her new body and how it was to easy to pleasure for sex. Her pussy was hot and wet and all she needed was a good hard cock to make her feel complete.

Her disappointment nearly crushed her when she reached down for Ben’s cock and found it still soft. It should have been hard. Her reactions had been perfect and he wanted her, that was obvious, but he was suddenly struck with impotence. That annoyed her. Using all her strength, she pushed him away from her breast where he was still attached, getting the last of her morning milk.

“What?” he asked confused.

Her hand was still wrapped around his soft flesh. She firmly massaged the bit of his body that literally made him a man and felt a rising anger that he stayed soft. “I want you to fuck me,” she said. “I want you to make me cum.”

Glancing down at his useless cock, he frowned in embarrassment and frustration. “Sorry. It’s just not working today. Maybe…I can make you cum another way.”

“You already made me cum,” she said. “I want your cock. Your hard cock.”

But Ben wasn’t really listening. He rolled her to her back and kissed his way down her body. He didn’t need to force her legs open. That happened automatically. Petranella was so desperate for sexual contact of any sort she’d take whatever he offered.

His face went down between her legs and his lips found hers. It had been too long since Ben had gone down on her. While maybe it wasn't her favorite thing in the world, he did have a certain knack for making her cum that way. His mouth found her clit and sucked firmly on it while he slipped a pair of fingers into her pussy. They went in easily. Seeking out her hidden gem just behind her pubic bone, he had her moaning and rocking her hips. Her fingers went to her tits. Her nipples were still wet from his saliva and her milk. She twisted and pinched her nipples, trying to move her body along to its next orgasm. The sensation of his fingers up inside her were pleasant, but she still wanted more. Fingers, while very nice, weren't a good hard cock.

Ben's focus on her clit was exactly what her body wanted and she found herself rapidly approaching another orgasm. As much as she wanted to resist it, because she still hoped to get his cock inside her, the inevitable happened and between her tormented nipples, along with his agile fingers and mouth, she found another orgasm sweeping over her body.

"Shit!" he exclaimed the moment her crisis had passed. He practically bounced out of the bed and hit the floor running into the bathroom. "I'm going to be late for work."

Petranella was left panting for more while he turned on the shower and went inside. If he was going to leave her hanging…she rolled over to her side of the bed and retrieved her vibrator where she stored it in a box of other toys they used in the past. Turning it on she slipped the device up into her pussy and moaned as the pleasant pulsations soothed her body's need for more sex. It wouldn't take long…

But Ben abruptly shut off the running water and stepped out of the shower. She could feel him busying himself in the bathroom. If it hadn't been attached to the bedroom she would have finished. Instead, with a mild curse, she turned off her favorite toy and dropped it on the floor on her side of the bed where Ben wouldn't see it.

"Aren't you going to shower, honey?" he called from the bathroom. She crawled to his side of the bed where it was still slightly warm from his body—from their bodies.

"Yeah, yeah," she muttered. "Just give me a minute."

She climbed out of bed and tottered unsteadily toward the bathroom. Her body's craving for more sex—for real penetrative sex—went unquenched.

At work Marty sidled up to her workstation and delivered a package of samples. Because she had felt the frustration of incomplete sex from her session with Ben that morning, Petranella had dug deep into her limited collection of lingerie and found an old longline bra that just barely fit and had the added benefit of pushing up her breasts to make it seem like she had massive cleavage. The scrubs tops she had worn was larger than average for her so her normally minuscule cleavage had suddenly blossomed into something more akin to nightclub attire. It was entirely intentional on Petranella's part and Marty noticed right away.

"You're looking good today, Ella," she said as she loitered at the workstation.

Petranella wasn't looking for subtle clues because she wasn't trying to give off subtle hints. "You think so?"

"Absolutely," Marty replied. He eyes barely strayed from Petranella's chest. The older woman liked that, though she would have appreciated some attention from a male coworker, especially Jonas. She knew he'd fuck her, but their work schedules hadn't meshed that morning and she couldn't think up a reasonable excuse to go hunting for him. "You smell good too," she added inhaling deeply.

"Must be my very fancy, extra-expensive body wash," Petranella said, flirting along with the young woman. Already her tits ached for physical attention and her body was beginning to respond to the eye fucking that Marty was giving her.

Marty shook her head. "No. That's not it." She leaned in closer and sniffed delicately at her lover. Petranella glanced around the lab but no one seemed to notice the two women. "You smell like sex. I want to fuck you."

Petranella nearly melted right then in the middle of the lab. Her panties became incredibly wet and she wanted to fuck Marty right there on the counter where her samples were being processed. She would have…if not for the fact that Marty didn't have a cock.

"Well, I fucked my husband this morning," Petranella half-lied. She had showered so there shouldn't have been any lingering scent of sex. Her voice was

low enough that Marty had to lean in further giving her an even better view of Petranella's cleavage. "But my tits feel full of milk." She smiled in what she hoped was a fetching manner.

Marty unexpectedly pulled back, but her smile didn't diminish at all. "That's what I smell," she said in a sudden bout of realization. "Your milk." Her hand started reaching for Petranella's chest before she remembered where they were and she looked around at the other busy workers at their stations. "Goddess I want to suck all the milk from your tits right now." She licked her lips and swallowed. "Locker room?" she asked, her eyes wide and her pupils fully dilated. Lust had overtaken her good sense.

Carefully regulating her breathing, Petranella nodded. "Give me five minutes."

With a sharp nod, Marty backed away and headed out of the work area. Petranella tried to keep herself busy and focused on her work, but found it nearly impossible. When she thought an appropriate amount of time had passed, she grabbed her bag and headed for the locker room.

Marty was already there. They said nothing. Petranella just pulled off her scrubs top and started to reach behind her, trying to open the hook fasteners. Marty skirted around her body and facing her back, quickly unhooked the line of six hooks, letting the industrial-strength bra slip from Petranella's body. Her hands circled around Petranella to hold and squeeze her breasts.

"They feel perfect," Marty whispered in her ear.

Petranella twisted her body, pulling her tit free, and grabbed Marty's face between her hands. They kissed and then Petranella pushed the other woman's face down. Already milk was leaking from her nipples. The view of her erect nipples dripping the thin white milk made her tremble. Marty latched on and started sucking like she had been starving; she pinched Petranella's other nipple to stop it from dripping. Already they were learning how Petranella's body worked. Moving together they backed up to the row of lockers. Petranella felt the cold metal against her back but it wasn't enough to distract her from wanting Marty to keep nursing, to nurse from her forever.

Right as she switched from one nipple to the other Petranella started to feel it: the rise in lust in her body and the knowing that she was going to climax again. What was wrong with her? She was taking incredible risks with her job just for

some simple nursing. She was seeking out any lover who would drink her milk, it made her feel powerful and sexy and in control of the situation when in fact she was losing control of everything.

She didn't care.

Still, she wanted something that Marty's mouth and fingers alone wasn't going to give her. Finding some tiny bit of control, she pushed Marty away from her and grabbed the bag she had brought along. Marty wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and looked quizzically at her friend.

Out of the bag Petranella pulled out her vibrator, the one that Ben didn't give her enough time alone with that morning, and handed it to Marty. "Make me cum with this," she said as she pulled down her scrubs bottoms along with her already soaked panties. Marty wasn't shy; they were well beyond shy now. Turning on the vibrator she slipped it up between Petranella's thighs as the older woman broadened her stance as much as possible, hampered by the tangle of clothing around her ankles.

Once the vibrator was up inside Petranella's pussy, she moaned and closed her eyes, welcoming the cold metal lockers against her back. Marty resumed nursing while she slowly slid the vibrator in and out of Petranella's pussy. The young woman was either a natural or extremely skilled at this sort of thing. It was a tawdry encounter—they both knew it—but they both needed it. Marty had to have Petranella's milk and Petranella needed to be drained of the luscious liquid that her breasts couldn't stop making.

"Faster," Petranella urged her lover and then a few seconds later the body shook with a hard climax. It was hard for her to say whether it was from her tits or her pussy or her entire body, but it sated her…for the moment.

"Fuck I needed that," she breathed, unembarrassed to be displaying herself like a harlot to Marty, who was still fully dressed and apparently not in the mood to strip.

"Your milk came out so fast," said Marty as she wiped at her chin and neck. The milk was now just barely dripping from Petranella's nipples and was slowly tapered off to a stop. The top hem of Marty's shirt was wet from the excess milk that she hadn't been able to swallow. "It's incredible."

“Do you want to fuck?” Petranella said, still high on her orgasmic plateau. She wanted to do more—much more—with Marty. “You did everything for me.”

Marty pretended to nervously look around the locker room. “We might get caught. This is good enough for now. Maybe later I can come over to your place?”

“Sure,” said Petranella, disappointed her lover didn’t want more of her.

Marty nodded and turned off the vibrator that had been humming in her hand. She passed it back to Petranella and gave her a quick kiss. “We’ll talk later.”

The young woman quickly exited the locker room, leaving behind a somewhat miffed and somewhat satisfied Petranella.

Petranella sent a couple of innocuous notes to Jonas on the lab’s messaging system, asking about test results and casually dropping a hint at a quick meeting. He failed to respond to either messages and even actively avoided looking at her when she went hunting him down. By the end of the day Petranella was desperate. Her tits and her pussy were aching for attention, attention she wasn’t able to give them herself. She managed to corner Jonas in an abandoned hallway as he was finishing up his work for the day.

“What’s the matter,” she said, leaning in towards him, letting him see the amount of cleavage she had, trying to get close so she could feel the heat of his body.

“I…I…I want to, Petra, but this isn’t the best place for it,” he said softly. Even as he spoke the words, he inhaled her scent. That was more than enough to give him an erection. He desperately hoped that she couldn’t see it and he shifted around uncomfortably.

“That makes it better,” she told him. “The danger, the excitement…” She adjusted her bra strap just enough to catch his attention. He was enthralled. He was under her control whether he wanted to be or not.

“Maybe we could go to your place after work?” he glanced nervously at his watch.

“How about now?” she asked him. She told him. “How about in the lactation room?”

He wanted to say no, but he couldn’t say no. He couldn’t say yes either. He just nodded.

Five minutes later they were alone in the small room, still doing duty as a secondary storage closet, and her scrubs top was off and her tits were out of her bra. She held a wad of paper towels against one breast that had already started leaking while pulling Jonas’s face to her other one. He resisted just a bit and then latched on.

There was no pause this time. Her milk came right out and Petranella felt the stress leaving her body as the milk flowed into Jonas’s mouth. It was the perfect end to a busy day, better than relaxing with a glass of wine. She was amazed at how full her breasts had become and how much milk she was able to make over such a short amount of time, but that was just a bonus.

Jonas made noises indicating his pleasure as he knelt in front of the chair she was seated on. She was on the edge of the chair so it was simple for her to ease her fingers into the elastic waistband of the scrubs pants and burrow into her panties. Her pussy was moist and ready for whatever sexual attention was directed its way. If Jonas realized what she was doing—or if he even cared—he made no indication. She gently rubbed her clit, waiting for Jonas to finish draining her tits. She wanted to be kept on edge so that when he fucked her it would be fast and efficient and they would both be fully satisfied.

Petranella was amazed at how quickly her body gave up the milk she had been making. Jonas was forced to gulp down the steady flow of liquid into his mouth. While it wasn’t nearly as great as that of a garden hose or even a kitchen faucet, the milk came out faster than she ever would have expected. The wad of paper towels quickly became drenched and she had to lean over to the tiny sink where the dispenser was screwed to the wall and grab another wad while Jonas drank.

Eventually even her super-charged tits finally gave out. Jonas was sucking at empty flesh and she pushed him away. His eyes were glazed with lust and need; she had seen that look in the eyes of all her lovers. Without giving him a moment to pause and reflect on what they were doing, she hooked her thumbs into her waistband, pulling her pants down, exposing her pussy. The pants bunched at her

ankles—it was hardly an erotic sight—and she ran a finger over her swollen labia while reaching for Jonas's belt.

"Let's have a quick fuck," she demanded of him. "Right here, right now. Fast and hard. We can pretend we're in high school and don't have much time and we can't get caught."

He let her open up his pants, helping her along until his pants were down along with his underwear…but she was disappointed to find that his cock was dangling limply between his legs.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I'm just not ready," he answered, sounding like a teenager pressured into sex by a lover-to-be and then balking at the last moment.

"I can see that!" she said with an angry and dismissive toss of her head. "Want me to blow you?" she asked eagerly even as she leaned forward.

Her lips didn't get anywhere near his cock before he yanked his pants back up. "No!"

"What the fuck!" she snapped angrily at him. She briefly reflected what the no-fuck would have been more appropriate.

"I can't," he gasped at her. "Not today."

He quickly got his zipper up and was buckling his belt before she could ask her next question. "Why the fuck not?"

"I can't," he answered desperately and all but ran out of the small room leaving Petranella along and famished for sexual fulfillment. She could have just finished herself off there, it wouldn't have been terribly difficult, but she was a married woman so there was an easy solution.

Yanking her pants back up and quickly fixing her bra and scrubs top, Petranella marched out the door and headed home.

She was home much earlier than normal and managed to catch Ben before he had even considered starting dinner.

“You’re home early,” he said by way of greeting her.

“You need to fuck me,” she replied. “I really need to be fucked right now!”

He blinked in surprise, but went along with her suggestion. “Sure. Why not?” They headed to the bedroom where he turned her around and kissed her, one hand pulling her close, his palm against the small of her back, and the other traveling up her side to cup her breast.

“No,” she said, pushing him away. “Just sex. Don’t play with my tits.”

Ben was confused and stood there watching as his wife quickly pulled off her work clothes and climbed on the bed, stayed on her hands and knees, arching her back and slowly wiggling her ass to entice him to fuck her.

“No lactation foreplay?” he asked mildly disappointed.

“No!” she snapped at him. “Just fuck me, okay?” She glanced at his still clothed body. “Or can’t you get it up any longer?”

One of Ben’s great fears was impotence, or erectile dysfunction as it was so delicately put nowadays. He knew that his parents’ marriage had suffered because his father was no longer able—or was unwilling—to have sex with his mother. He didn’t want his life to end up that way.

Pulling off his clothes, he was relieved to look down and see an adequate, if not huge, erection. The smell of Petranella’s desire was strong in the air. As he knelt behind her, she reached back between her legs and caught his cock, guiding it into her body. Once their were joined, she sighed with relief.

“I’ve been needing a good hard cock all day.” While Ben was aroused and erect, he wasn’t truly hard, but they left that issue alone.

Ben just nodded, made a noise that was easy to take as the affirmative, and started fucking his wife, happy that she was facing away from him so he didn’t have to look her in the eye. The sex was pleasant enough, but what he really wanted was to suck on her tits. The smell of her pussy was quickly forgotten as he leaned forward, let her take his weight, and circled his hands around her body, cupping her tits. He was certain he could smell her milk.

The moment after he touched her breasts, he could feel it leaking out between his fingers even as he continued to thrust his cock into her.

“You’re leaking,” he grunted into her ear.

“So?” she replied back. “Keep going. Fuck me hard. I need it!”

Her hand went down to her pussy, found her clit, and massaged it in time with Ben’s thrusts. She felt safe being almost trapped by his body, his strong arms and legs keeping her in position. It was the wrong thing to think and it made her feel good and she just wanted to cum from his cock without having to worry about her tits even though she could feel them leaking milk over his hands as he massaged them and the thin liquid went dripping all over the place, soaking the bedspread, ruining it.

“Harder! Faster! Make it hurt!”

He only half followed her instructions. He thrusted harder, but he also gripped her breasts like they were stress balls, squeezing them so hard she was on the cliff of pain. It was exactly what she needed and wanted. The orgasm was satisfying. It was the perfect relief for the day.

Once she was done and he realized that his wife had cum, Ben followed suite. From Petranella’s perspective, it was the worst orgasm he had ever had with her, bordering on pathetic. Still, she could feel him cum insider her pussy and it was enough to keep him happy.

Or it would have been enough to keep him happy if he had been just any other somewhat happily married man.

They eased their bodies down to the bed and rested together a minute before Ben pulled out of her pussy and pushed her over so that she faced him.

“Good?” she asked him.

Ben nodded. “Uh-huh.” His agreement was lukewarm at best. Without asking permission or even caring if she wanted him to, Ben lowered his head to her breasts and began nursing.

Petranella was starting to feel like an ordinary cow. She was just a creature there

for others to use because they desired her milk. It wasn’t as if they even loved her. They were just addicted to her milk.

But it also felt so good when they nursed. She just needed a little more of it before she made him—and her other lovers—stop.

End Part 3

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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