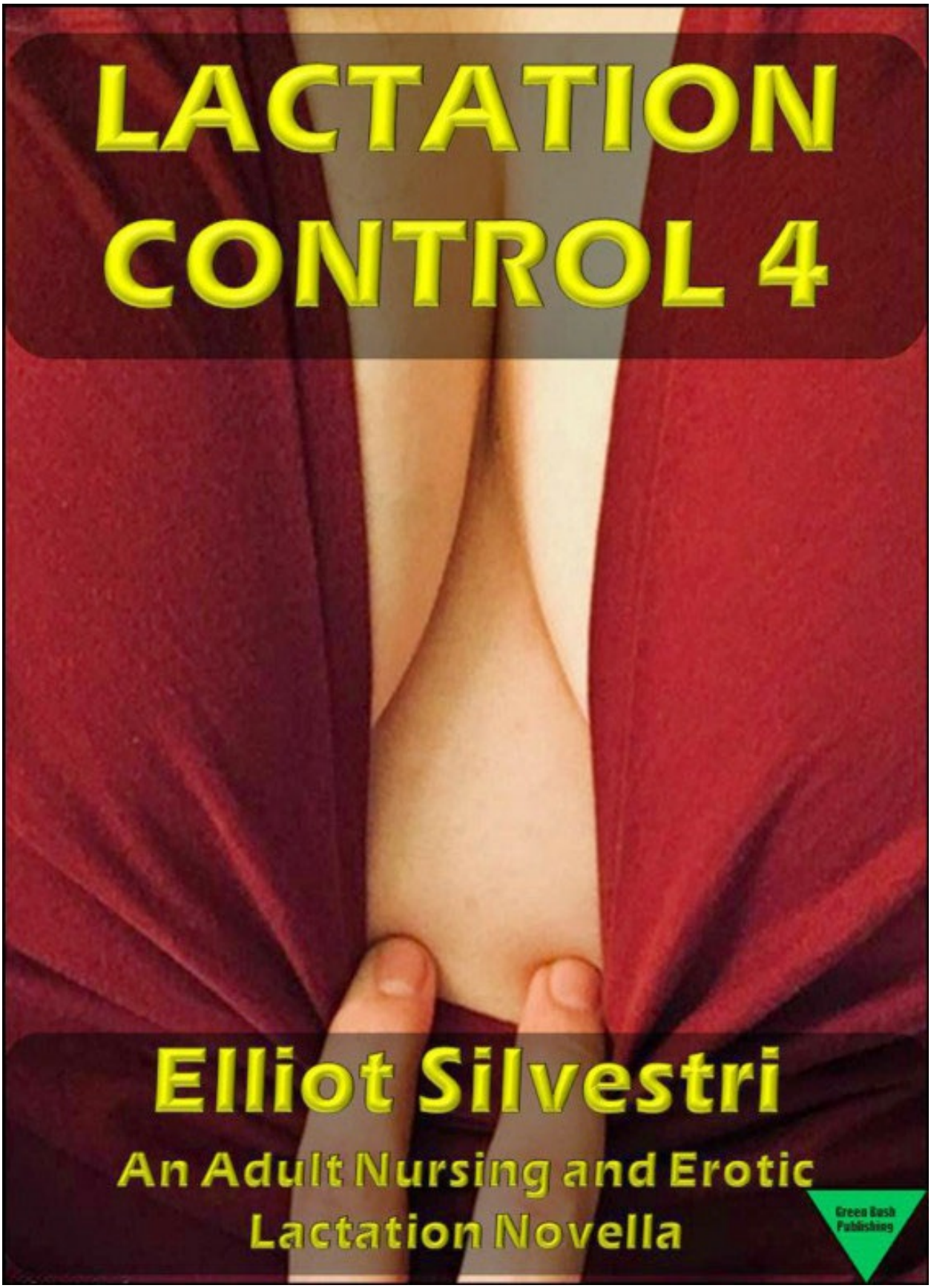
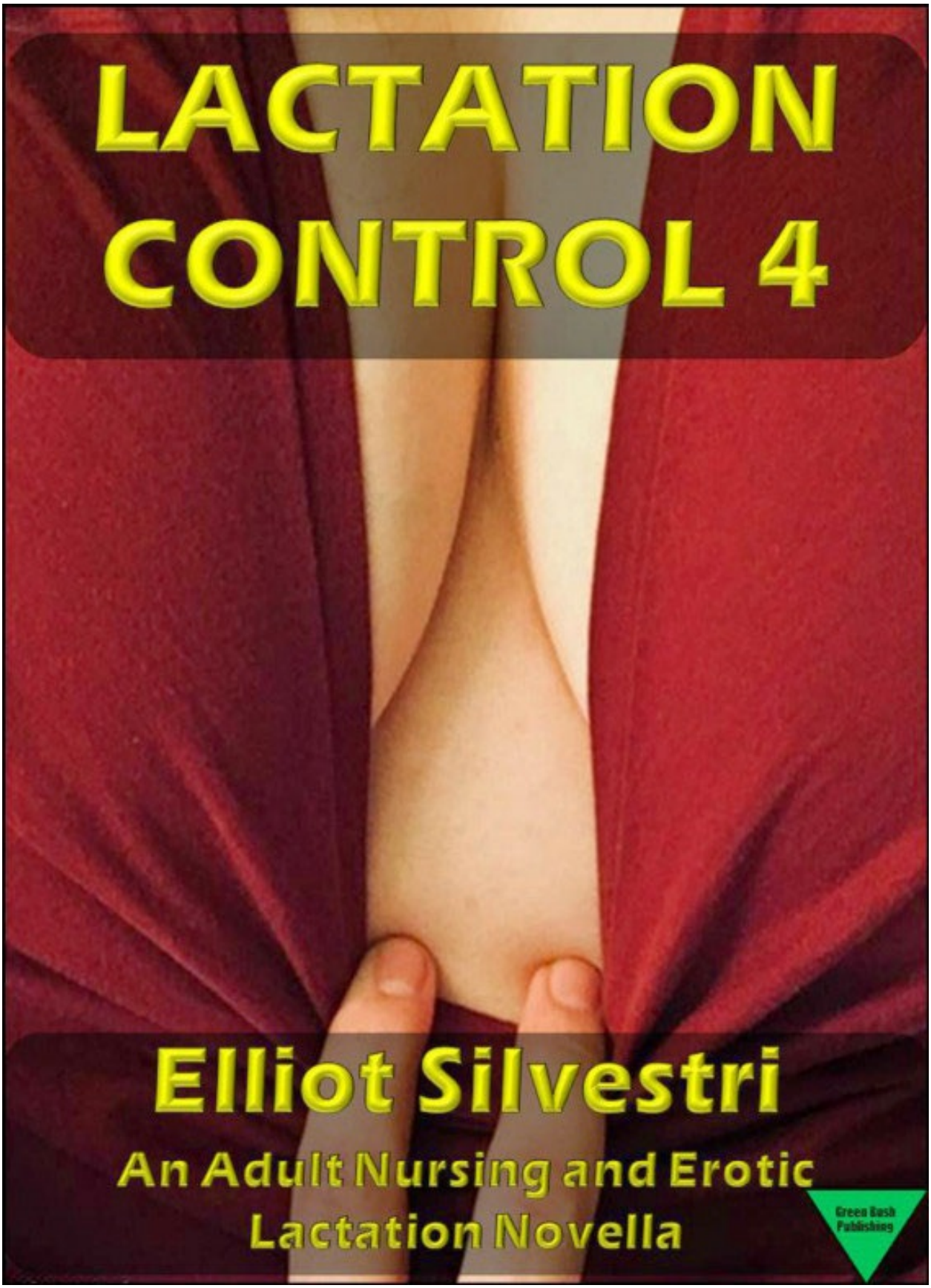

LACTATION CONTROL 4
Elliot Silvestri
An Adult Nursing and Erotic Lactation Novella
Green Bush Publishing


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Lactation Control 4

An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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

Lactation Control 4

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Chapter Ten

Going to Jonas was a risk, but Ben had nursed from Petranella that morning and she had been sure to get herself off with the judicious application of her vibrator to her pussy, so she was certain she could hold out for at least a few minutes while she discussed her problem with Jonas. She had given herself a day off as an attempt of recovery from having Ben and Jonas and Marty all nurse from her on the same day. By the time Ben had gotten home from work, her tits were full to bursting. She had gone out bra shopping on her day off and found that she had gone up nearly two full cup sizes. No wonder her breasts barely fit inside her old lingerie.

“What did Ron have me working one?” she asked Jonas. He was in the large ventilation room. The hood fan was running and she had to speak up nearly to the point of shouting to make herself heard, but the door was closed and that afforded them some tiny bit of privacy.

She was also glad for the hood that was pulling away any fumes and scents that might have been dangerous…or otherwise risky.

He glanced nervously her way and made sure to keep his distance. He wasn’t afraid of Petranella but he had come to realize the power she had over him. Maybe she didn’t realize it was unintentional, but it was undoubtedly there. “I don’t know,” he said, putting his eyes back to his series of samples he was monitoring. As much as he wanted to avoid her, he also wanted her; just her presence was enough to bring him to distraction. The pull of her body on his gaze forced him to look her way.

She wasn’t exactly beautiful, but she had a distinctive and striking carriage. Especially her chest which was on full display this morning. She was wearing a scrubs top that wasn’t exactly formfitting, but it captured all her upper curves and he noted that her tits were definitely bigger than he remembered…or maybe she was stuffing her bra? That seemed crazy, something only middle school teenaged girls did.

“You’re staring,” she told him, adjusting her stance and letting him get a full view of her chest.

“Sorry.” His eyes went back to his samples.

“I don’t mind,” she said. “Ben nursed from me this morning. I’m good for a

while. Maybe lunchtime?" she asked and immediately shook her head, regretting her question. She had been determined to keep the conversation professional and not let it stray to sex…and other activities. "No. Forget I said that. I need to know what Ron had me working on."

"Why?"

Pulling back her sleeve she revealed the red mark that still discolored the skin on her wrist. The itching had stopped; that was good. It still felt warm to the touch. It didn't hurt, so that was good. But she had become positive that whatever it was she had spilled on herself was the cause of her current set of problems.

No, they weren't really problems. It would be better to describe it as…a situation. The chemical had jump started her body in two ways: she was making milk, lactating, and her libido had suddenly increased. Neither were really problems…but they could easily lead to problems. Already her casual flirtations with Jonas had turned into a full-blown affair. Her mild attraction to other women and her natural curiosity about sex with a woman had developed into a tempestuous series of encounters with Marty, the attractive grad student intern at the lab.

She had even gone to a bar and picked up a complete stranger for sex. That was wrong in every way and still she knew that if she didn't do something about her situation, she'd do it again and not regret it at all.

"Because I'm pretty damn sure it caused me to start lactating and fucking everyone I set my eyes on."

The marking pen that Jonas had been using paused and the paper and slowly a blot of ink started to form. He pulled back the pen and frowned at the mistake. "You can't be serious about that."

"Do you want to fuck me?" she asked him as she stood stock still and put on a neutral face. "Do you want to get my tits out and suck all the milk out of me?"

Jonas gawped at her for a long, uncomfortable moment. "I don't know how to answer that," he told her, certain that any answer would be the wrong answer.

She took a step forward and flicked the switch that operated the safety hood's ventilation fan. He started to protest her breach of safety protocols, but she

silenced him with a single upraised finger and took another step closer to him, letting her natural scent penetrate into his olfactory system.

“Do you want to fuck me?” she repeated. “Do you want to get my tits out and suck all the milk out of me?”

Jonas tried to stop himself from answering, but failed after a few seconds of struggle. “Yes,” he rasped out. “I want both of those.” He was staring at her prominent breasts trying to escape her shirt which was nothing more than pale blue scrubs top. It was unclear if the two items he desired were her tits or fucking and sucking on her, but it didn’t matter.

She wanted what he wanted as well. Were her pheromones affecting her sex drive? It was impossible for Petranella to tell, but she had a little more self-control than Jonas did. She stepped back with a stuttering step. It was the only thing she could do to stop herself from ripping off her clothes and fall to the floor in an animalistic display of needing sex…and she had just fucked her husband a few hours earlier…and he had drained all the milk from her breasts.

“I want them too,” she admitted. “But not here. Not now.” She flicked the switch on the hood vent again. The fan kicked on and the airflow around them resumed. She closed her eyes for a long second and waited for some of the effects of her pheromones to waft away. Getting control of herself again, she said, “You need to ask Ron. I need to know.”

Jonas nodded in agreement. “I can do that.”

She nodded once in acknowledgment. “Good. See that you do.” She backed up to the door, unwilling to take her eyes off her occasional lover who she regarded at that moment as both a potential sex partner and a potential threat. Steeling herself once more, she inhaled deeply through her nose, opened the door, and walked away.

Either Jonas managed to keep his distance from her or he was too busy with his own work on top of the assignment she had given him to hunt her down during lunch. That wasn’t true of Marty, however. The attractive grad student intern found her at her usual work station and casually leaned against the table, inhaling Petranella’s scent, while she spoke. “Busy for lunch?” she asked. The mere fact that a much younger woman was flirting with her should have alerted anyone with common sense that things were sideways, but it had literally been

hours since Petranella had had sex with Ben and her pussy was aching for attention and her breasts hung heavily on her chest, full of milk. She had expended all her willpower to resist sexual advances.

“No,” Petranella said with trembling fingers. She put down the tiny spoon she had been using to measure a powered reagent.

“Want to…um…work out in the locker room?” Marty asked.

Petranella glanced at the younger woman. She wanted to lean in and kiss her, but that would cause too many problems. “That’s not a good idea.”

“I’d like a liquid lunch,” Marty said, not hearing her. “And the lab really frowns on people coming back from lunch drunk.”

Petranella pressed her hands on the table so they wouldn’t tremble. “I’ll be there in five minutes.”

It was only four minutes later when she walked into the locker room where Marty was waiting. Petranella easily pulled off her top and started working with her bra. She had gotten very efficient at handling her tits with her lovers. The new bra that she was wearing gave her a tiny bit of trouble, but that was only because she was unfamiliar with the hooks. Once it was off Marty pushed her up against the lockers, kissed her ferociously, and then landed a series of light kisses down her chest until Marty’s lips found Petranella’s puckered nipple already leaking milk and latched on.

“I want to fuck you,” Petranella moaned.

Marty didn’t say anything. Her mouth was full of milk and she was too busy nursing to bother with talking. That didn’t stop her from helping Petranella out of her clothes while the older woman forced off her shoes. This was all in anticipation of what was to happen once her breasts were drained.

The lockers were cold on Petranella’s skin, so she moved them over to the bench, not caring that Marty had to kneel down on the hard, tile floor to continue nursing. She parted her legs and pulled Marty’s still-clothed body close to hers. It wasn’t necessary, but Petranella wanted the contact.

“Where were you yesterday?” Marty gasped while switching breasts.

“I needed a day to myself.”

“I missed you,” she mumbled around Petranella’s nipple. She looked down at her bare breast, the one that Marty had already drained. It wasn’t leaking. Apparently she hadn’t made that much milk or Marty had sucked it all out very quickly and efficiently.

Petranella wondered if Marty had actually missed her of if the other woman had just missed her milk. Did it make a difference?

She wasn’t content to just wait. Her hands went to Marty’s waist and she pulled the younger woman’s shirt up over her head, briefly breaking the seal that Marty had on her nipple, but then her lover went back to her breast, almost ignoring what Petranella had done.

Marty’s breasts were much larger than hers. They were full and beautiful. As she unhooked Marty’s bra, it was like she was disinterested in what Petranella was doing. Marty barely responded when Petranella found the other woman’s nipples and lightly pinched them; her only reaction was to look up at Petranella with questioning eyes but saying nothing because her mouth was full of milk and Petranella’s flesh.

With Marty between her legs and her desire steadily increasing, Petranella could smell the strong scent of her pussy rising up between them. It was a pleasant, musky odor and it served only to heighten the strength of Marty’s suckling. Petranella knew her breasts weren’t that full of milk and she would shortly be drained…and then Marty would be hers.

It was hell to wait.

Eventually Marty finished and looked up at Petranella with wide open eyes. “It tastes incredible,” she said and kissed the top of Petranella’s rounded breast. “I love it,” she added shyly.

Petranella said nothing but pulled her friend up and pressed her back against the lockers. Marty didn’t resist and actually helped Petranella pull down her pants. They were close to the same height so it was easy for them to kiss while their hands sought out each other’s sex. Petranella found Marty’s pussy a swampy, hot mess, just like her own. The woman’s clit was neatly hidden in the folds of her labia, but that didn’t stop her from finding the precious little bit of flesh and

purposely rubbing it. Marty mirrored the motions, but Petranella kept her pinned against the lockers, wanting to make her cum because that means she could cum.

She lost the little competition. After being so efficiently nursed upon, Petranella was already on the edge and found she couldn't resist at all. At first it was just a little tremor and she paused in abusing Marty's pussy while it passed, but then it returned with a vengeance and she was practically incapacitated by Marty's nimble fingers as she came. The younger woman barely seemed to acknowledge what Petranella was doing to her.

Marty gave her kissed and caressed her as she recovered.

"Oh fuck that was good," she sighed. She didn't let go of Marty's pussy and continued to wiggle her fingers, but the urge to make the other woman cum had gone. That turned out to be a good thing because Marty had the same loss of interest in sex as well. "Do you want me to make you cum?" she asked her friend, unwilling to just pull her hand away and leave the other woman unsatisfied.

"No, I'm good. I got your milk, didn't I?" she asked and then exaggeratedly licked her lips to emphasize her point. "It's fucking delicious, isn't it? I don't know how you resist sucking on your own tits."

That wasn't something that Petranella had ever considered. Yes, she knew it was possible and certainly some women had done it—and it was perhaps likely that with her larger breasts that Marty had done it in her past—but it wasn't something that she had a desire to try. Even now with her larger breasts—the tissues swollen from her milk production—she didn't have a desire to self-pleasure herself that way. It wasn't because of the milk; she had tasted enough of it on the lips of her lovers to not be put off by the flavor or reality of human breast milk. It just wasn't something for her.

Giving Marty a polite smile, she pulled her hand away from the other woman's sex and wiped her fingers on her thigh. The two proceeded to dress in silence. Marty said nothing because she was sated; Petranella said nothing because she didn't know what to say.

Arriving back at her workstation after gobbling down the sandwich in her bag, Petranella was confronted by an internal message from Seth, the HR manager. He was summoning her for, as he described it, "a quick sit-down."

She only realized her groan of frustration was audible when Stephen at the next bench asked if she was okay, if she was in pain.

“Just existential pain,” she said. “I have to go meet with HR.”

He nodded in sympathy.

Petranella, like most American workers, hated going to HR for any reason. Seth’s small office didn’t have a waiting area. She just knocked on the door and he waved her in, indicating a chair for her to sit, and continued to talk on the phone, finishing up a conversation while she sat there with a bored expression on her face.

“I assume you know why I called you in here today,” he said to her.

“No,” she told him flatly.

Seth kept his face neutral as he moved the conversation forward. “There have been some…comments about your behavior lately.”

She just shrugged her shoulders. “So?”

Clearing his throat, Seth tried to power through the discomfort of the situation. “I understand then that you haven’t heard these comments?”

“Obviously not.”

He nodded and raised his chin a bit. “Several staff members have come to me with the concern that you have been having…a private affair with Jonas, your coworker.”

Petranella sniffed and asked him, more directly than she should have, “Did someone see us fucking on my workstation?”

“No, of course not. Don’t be like that, Petranella—”

She cut him off, taking control of the situation. “Yes, I’m friends with Jonas. Good friends. So what? If people are coming to you with accusations that I’m banging him, I’d like to confront them directly because this is absolute bullshit.”

Seth sat back in his chair and said, “Please close the door, I want a bit of privacy for us.”

She should have been alarmed, especially since she knew it would be fairly easy for Seth and the lab to prove she was having an affair with Joan—and Marty—but Petranella wasn’t willing to roll over so easily. Besides, the small space of Seth’s office gave her an opportunity. She closed the door firmly. Not slamming it, but making sure it audibly closed. There was a lock on the door, but she didn’t engage that.

“What do you need to say to me in private?” she asked.

Seth was silent, and merely turned around his computer display to show her some security camera video. It was one of the hallways. It took her a second to place it because the camera was overhead, but then she saw herself and then Jonas both slip into the new mothers’ nursing room. She watched in silence. Jonas tapped a few keys and the video zipped ahead to reveal her leaving the room followed by Jonas a minute later.

She looked expectantly at him and remained silent.

“You can see why people would talk,” Seth said finally.

“No, I can’t. Is this it? You have some recording off us going into a room together for a few minutes.”

“Yes,” he said.

“And do you have the recording of us fucking like wild pigs?” she asked, deliberating being vulgar.

“No, of course not.” Seth pretended to be taken aback. “There room is there for the privacy of nursing mothers who need to express themselves.”

“Exactly,” Petranella agreed. “For privacy. Jonas has been having some… personal difficulties lately and confided in me. We went to the nursing room for privacy because he didn’t want to discuss his personal life in front of the entire fucking lab. Yeah, okay, maybe we shouldn’t have been doing it on company time. Whatever. Write us up for that. Don’t come to me with accusations of ‘having an affair’ is how I think you put it, unless you’ve got pictures of me with

his dick in my mouth." She paused, surprised at her boldness and tried not to let her nervousness show. "Do you have pictures of me with his dick in my mouth, or anything equally good? Is the lab now moonlighting as a pornography studio?"

"No!" Seth was offended. "But you can see how people might—"

"There are too many fucking gossips in this place," she complained.

Seth inhaled deeply and tried to center himself. Petranella was making that difficult. She was one of the better employees and having to address this issue was beneath him. He tried to ignore how attractive she was. Her anger only made her more desirable…

"I'm not going to talk about that," he said with a thin smile. "But you can see why some people might…gossip."

She blew out a deep breath. "Yeah, sure. Too many busybodies who need to mind their own fucking business," she repeated, leaning forward a bit, giving Seth a glimpse of her cleavage. "Do you really have to deal with petty shit like this all the time?" she asked conspiratorially.

Seth let out a nervous chuckle and half nodded. "All the time? No. More frequently that I care to admit? Yes." He put his elbows on his desk and rested his chin on his knuckles. "And I have to address all of them."

"Sorry to have wasted your time."

He leaned back from the desk but slid his chair forward to make sure that Petranella didn't see his erection. It would have been awkward to explain to her and now was not the time for a random boner to pop up. "It's okay. I would advise, however, that you not go into closed rooms with Jonas if you two need to talk. And try to do it on your breaks, not on company time. I don't feel like writing up a disciplinary form right now, so I'll just give you a verbal warning on that issue, okay?"

"Sounds good," she said with a smile. "Do you often catch people in the act?"

He was taken aback by her question. "In the act of what?"

“Fucking. With all these cameras around, you must have caught someone at some point.”

He cleared his throat nervously. “Well, that would be an interesting story, but it also gets into privacy issues so I can’t discuss it.”

“C’mon,” she said with a little leer. “You don’t have to name names, but there’s got to be a juicy story there somewhere.” She almost winked at him but thought that was going too far.

“I shouldn’t...but a few years ago,” he said, staring at the ceiling, obviously remembering what had been an interesting story, “I had to get involved in a situation where…well, some equipment was damaged because two employees decided to have a little tryst during an overnight testing session. They probably would have gotten away with it but…but when you knock a ten thousand dollar apparatus on the floor, people tend to ask questions.”

“Did they get fired?”

He shook his head. “No one got hurt. The damage was fairly easily fixed. Just had to write up some warnings.”

“So they were discovered because they broke something and fessed up?” She knew all the really needed to do was keep him talking. That would be enough.

“No. The opposite. They tried to hide the damage and didn’t report it. When their supervisor started wondering how such a device got broken, we went to the security footage and…ah…well, we got to see all of it.” He smiled, thinking back to when his job including watching two people fuck and he was getting paid to watch. “The stupid thing is, if they had just reported it as broken, it would have been fixed and no one would have been the wiser. We wouldn’t have checked the cameras.” He looked directly at her. “There’s a certain satisfaction in being honest.” His cock had grown much more than he would have thought possible just from having a casual, though sex-laden, conversation with Petranella. It was bumping up against his desk drawer and he shifted his hips to lessen the pressure, but only succeed in stimulating himself.

“I have a confession to make,” Petranella said softly. The only way to describe her words was seductive. She wasn’t trying to be seductive—or was she?—but the softness of her voice and the low volume made Seth lean in and further rub

his cock against the unyielding metal drawer. “I want to do something very bad.”

“What?” he asked breathlessly. He wanted to hear to confession.

“I want to make a pass at you even though I know it’s wrong.” She paused and gently sucked in her lips before continuing. “Especially because it’s wrong,” she amended.

“You probably shouldn’t,” he said. “But maybe in the privacy of my office…” He let the thought trail off.

“It’s very wrong,” she agreed as she hooked her index finger into the V of her scrubs top, exposing a little more of her cleavage. “That’s why I wouldn’t do it.”

“You could…you could do it here,” said Seth, swallowing his words. “I wouldn’t mind. I wouldn’t tell anyone.” He glanced the ceiling. “I can assure you, there’s no camera in here watching us.”

Emboldened, and realizing that Seth was falling under her spell, Petranella pressed her luck. “Are you an ass man or a tits man?”

Seth didn’t even give his answer any thought. “Tits,” he said softly, watching the tiny bit of exposed flesh and the deep cavern between her twin globes.

“What do you think of mine?”

“They’re lovely.”

She giggled, playing with him. “You can’t even see them.”

He seemed to realize the foolishness of statement. “They look lovely from what I can see,” he corrected himself.

“Would you like to see more?”

Seth nodded his head.”

There was always a risk, but the risk excited Petranella at the moment. She stood up from the chair and pulled her top up over her head, casually dropping it to the floor. Seth’s eyes were riveted to her tits which were still largely covered by her

bra. He decided quickly that he had seen bigger tits in his time, but these were perfectly ripe and luscious.

“Do you like them?” she asked.

He nodded again.

“Do you want to see even more?”

Seth nodded eagerly, unable to speak but wanting it desperately.

The bra was new and Petranella fumbled at the back strap until she found the hooks and managed to free them, allowing the bra to fall forward, completely freeing her breasts.

By now Seth’s hand was slowly rubbing his cock through his pants. As her nipples came into view they were bright red and erect and just begging to be sucked. They were separated by his desk, so Seth stood up and started to make his way around the large piece of furniture. Petranella waited patiently for him because from the moment he stood up, her eyes went to the very obvious tent in the front of his pants. His concealed erection gave good evidence that he had a cock that would easily rival any she had ever held before.

There was no discussion or preliminary lead up to what they both wanted. When Seth was close enough, he bent forward and attached his lips to Petranella’s red and stiff nipple; as soon as he did so, her milk let down and sprayed into his mouth. He sucked eagerly, happy to taste her wonderful elixir, even as she pressed her hand to her free breast which had already started dribbling milk.

The first minute passed in relative silence as he eagerly nursed from her breast. The only sound that filled the room was the occasional slurp from a lack of perfect seal between his lips and her breast.

“Switch,” she told him, encouraging him to leave her right breast for her left and at the same time moving their bodies so he could sit down on what had been her chair. Instead of standing next to him, Petranella instead chose to sit on his lap, feeling his enormous erection under her leg as she did so, and let him nurse from her in that position which was agreeable to them both. Her only frustration with the situation was feeling his hard cock under her thigh; she wanted it in her hand, or better still, in her pussy. But she was a patient woman and let him nurse for a

few minutes before letting things get too out of hand.

“Oh god,” Seth gasped as he pulled back and took a rest for a minute. “That’s… that’s fucking incredible. Your tits…the milk…it’s…it’s fucking incredible.” His brain wasn’t fully functional, but in the heat of the moment that was fine. It was perfect.

“Thank you,” she said with some pride as she adjusted her position on his lap. “Do you want more?”

“Of course!” It was impossible for him to consider anything else.

“There’s plenty more,” she told him with a coy smile as she cupped her breasts in her hands, hiding the nipples and areola, stemming the flow of milk for the moment. “But I want something too.”

“What?” he croaked, ready to agree to anything.

“Do you want to fuck me?” she asked. “I want to fuck you.”

“Yes!”

Petranella got up from his lap and knelt on the floor. Together they loosened his belt, opened his pants and pushed his boxers down low enough that his cock popped out, pointing straight at the ceiling like an exclamation point of excitement.

He was large, she realized. It was definitely the largest cock she had even seen in person in her life, but it wasn’t so huge that it felt like a threat to her body. She took him in hand and slowly stroked him a few times. “Holy shit,” she breathed. “How do you not want to use this all the time?”

Seth just slowly shook his head, not able to answer the question.

Standing up, Petranella quickly kicked off her shoes and pushed down her scrubs bottoms and panties. They moved together easily, as if they had been lovers for years—or perhaps because Seth was skilled at this sort of sex in his private HR office—and she sat back down on his lap, only this time she straddled his body while he guided his cock up inside her. She was glad the chair they were using wasn’t an armchair. That would have made this sort of sex impossible.

He slipped easily into her wet and swollen pussy. She smiled down at him, pleased that her body was able to accommodate his large proportions. While he was definitely stretching her to her limits, it wasn't to the point of pain. Their position brought her still full breasts right to his mouth. Seth knew what to do and once again latched onto a ripe nipple. As he suckled strongly, his hands circled down around her ass, holding her in place while she rolled her hips up and down, getting his cock to move pleasantly within her pussy. Maybe he wasn't as athletically built as Ryan, but his cock more than made up for that. If it had been any other situation Petranella would have worried about her free breast leaking onto Seth's jacket, but that was a minor concern. He could take it home as a badge of accomplishment.

"Oh fuck, oh yes," she found herself saying as the inevitable started to happen. She took a hand from his shoulder where she steadied herself and pinched her free nipple. The little shock of pain encouraged her so she rolled it with some intensity as an orgasm rushed through her body, seeming to originate in her pussy and tits at the same time. She could feel her milk gushing into Seth's mouth. He was a natural at feeding from her, breathing and swallowing in a steady rhythm while pushing his cock up into her at the same time. Riding him was like being on a barely in control stallion, a metaphor only enhanced by his huge cock, and he grasped her body and pulled hard on her tit, sucking with all his might, as he came, filling up her pussy with pulse after pulse of his semen. She shuddered with a second orgasm as he came; it wasn't as intense as the first, but it was more than satisfying.

They clutched each other for a long time after he was done and her tits were drained. Eventually exhaustion took over and he had to release his grip on her. She smoothly, but regretfully, stood up from his slowly shrinking cock.

Seeing her naked body in front of him with his cum dripping down the inside of her thighs, Seth suddenly realized what he had done. "Oh shit," he cursed. "This was a terrible idea!"

Petranella just laughed at him as she grabbed a few tissues from the box on his desk for a quick cleanup of her body. The box made her wonder how many people cried in the office and if it was to the point where a box of tissues was a legitimate business expense. "I thought you enjoyed yourself."

"I did," he muttered and shook his head. "This was still a terrible idea." He

pulled up his pants over his wet cock, as if hiding it would erase the deed.

“How many other women have you fucked in here?” she asked as she dumped the wad of tissues in his trashcan and found her panties. Sliding them on was easy. She would have preferred that he nurse from her a bit more, but that was unlikely to happen.

“None!” he insisted. “I’ve never done this before!”

She smiled and nodded as she hooked her bra around her body, spun in around her chest, and pulled the straps up into place. “Sure. I can believe that.”

“No! It’s true!” Seth was worried that she’d made some charge against him—and he knew that the charge was completely justified.

“Well I enjoyed myself. You seemed to have enjoyed it as well. We can keep it a secret, can’t we?”

“Yes. Of course. I’m not stupid.” Seth worriedly walked around to his side of the desk and would have paced back and forth if he had the energy. Realization dawned on him. “You did fuck Jonas,” he accused her. He steadied himself by leaning over and putting one hand on his desk.

“True,” she admitted. “And on company time, too. Just like you and I just did.” She finished pulling up her pants and putting on her scrubs top. It was almost like their little crime never happened…except for her drained breasts and his cum that was slowly leaking out of her pussy.

“But you lied to me about what you were doing in the room…”

“You expected me to tell the truth?” she asked him.

“Yes, but—”

“I also fucked Marty in the women’s locker room,” she admitted. He stared at her, barely comprehending. “But I think we usually met up during breaks and lunch.”

“Oh…I didn’t know you liked women too.” It was a lame thing to say, but it was all he could think of at the moment.

She shrugged. “There’s nothing wrong with two women being physically intimate,” she said. “It’s rather fun.”

“I can’t believe I did this…” He all but collapsed into his chair.

“I think it’s my milk,” Petranella said, running her hands over her hidden tits. “The smell and the taste tend to drive people wild. I mean, trapping me here with you in this tiny office, you were practically begging to suck and fuck me. I think my milk gives off some pheromone, or maybe I give it off, and people tend not to make the best choices when their brains are lust and milk-addled. I think it was the chemical I spilled on myself a few weeks back that caused all this.”

Seth shook his head and sighed at his stupidity. He had no way of knowing beforehand, of course, but he still blamed himself. “I should report you.” He knew he wouldn’t. If negligence had caused her to start acting this way, the company was on the line, not Petranella. She could sue them for her actions.

She nodded. “Probably. But you want to taste my milk again, don’t you?”

It was his turn to nod. “Yes.”

“I’m happy to share it with you,” she told him.

“My wife might not be happy to hear that.”

“Bring her along to my house and see,” Petranella found herself saying, surprised at the words despite herself. “There’s plenty to go around.”

Seth laughed ruefully. “If only.”

“I suppose you and your wife don’t have an open relationship?” Petranella found she had more sympathy for him that she expected.

“Hardly.”

“That’s too bad. You haven’t cheated on her before?”

“No.”

Petranella frowned. “I’m sorry. Sometimes my own lust gets the best of me. I

can avoid you for the next few weeks, if you want." She thought about her one-night stand with Ryan and considered that maybe he was still addicted to her milk and suffering. Once she had started nursing her other lovers she hadn't stopped so she didn't know if there were any long-term withdrawal problems, but Ben, Marty, and Jonas all seemed happy to keep nursing from her and having sex when she asked for it. Adding Seth to her stable of lovers might not be the best choice, but she didn't want to deny him—or herself—either.

"Maybe that would be for the best."

She nodded in agreement and took the three steps over to the door. "She's a lucky woman, your wife."

"Why would you say that?"

"Your cock…it filled me up perfectly. She must love it."

He chuckled at her statement. "Sometimes she says it's too much."

Petranella shrugged again. "Maybe she'd like to share it then," she said and walked out the door.

Chapter Eleven

Without even thinking about it, Petranella took off her bra in front of Ben when she got home from work. It was her usual level of lateness and he was in the bedroom while she stripped off her work clothes.

“Jonas or Marty?” he asked her as she found a soft cotton top that would feel good against her skin.

“What?” she asked. Ben gestured at her chest. She looked down and saw a couple of purplish bruises on both breasts.

“Oh. That. “Yeah…it started off with Marty, but I also had Seth suck and fuck me,” she casually admitted as she shimmied out of her scrubs bottoms but kept on her panties. Putting her hand up against his chest, she lightly pushed Ben back to their bed.

“What? Who’s Seth?”

“HR manager,” she said with a naughty smile.

Ben’s eyebrows went up. “You fucked and sucked him?”

She took his hand and slipped it into her panties, to see how wet and sticky her pussy still was. “He sucked and fucked me,” she corrected him, sighing a little as his fingers manipulated her clit. Already she could feel her milk start to well up in her breasts. “Order is important.”

“Sure it is.” Ben felt his own cock stirring.

“We did it in his office, so it’s pretty safe.” Ben’s fingers stopped moving. Her eyes opened up. “What’s the matter?”

“I never realized my wife was going to turn into such a slut.”

She blinked innocently at him. “Do you mind?”

He shook his head. “Not at all…not as long as I still get to fuck and suck you.” His cock was at full staff now and his mouth was dry. He wanted her pussy and her milk.

“Suck and fuck,”’ she corrected him. “Order is important.”

He followed her orders, sucking on her tits first, draining them of the milk that had been created over the past few hours while she was at work, and then fucking her once they were emptied.

They used the very ordinary missionary position to have sex. It had been a long time since that had happened, but they were laying on their sides next to each other and she pulled him on top of her. As much as the liked being the supplier of the milk that he desired, sometimes she just wanted to be a wife who was vigorously fucked by her husband.

“What the fuck has happened to me?” she asked Ben.

He was on his back, staring up at the ceiling, wondering the same thing. “I don’t know,” he admitted, “but I think I like it.”

She invited Marty and Jonas over to her house that night. The invitations were strategically done so neither knew the other was coming.

“Is that such a good idea, hon?” Ben asked her on the phone during a break.

“Maybe. It doesn’t matter. I know what I want.”

“What is it that you want?” Ben asked her.

She smiled into the phone even though he couldn’t see her, the smile transmitted easily over the airwaves. “I’m inviting two of my lovers over to our house on a Friday night, Ben. What do you think I’m planning?”

There was a pause. Ben’s banking job was often busy and fast-paced during the day. He actually had less privacy than she did at the lab. “I really can’t say right now, Ella. I’ll have to get back to you on that.” The short phrase he used was their code that he couldn’t speak freely.

Petranella was in the private bathroom. She could say whatever she wanted. “My tits are full and I’m going to share them with everyone.” She then ended the call. It was better to let him think about what she was planning and what she wanted

rather than lay it all out in explicit detail.

The imagination was so much better than the reality.

The day passed too slowly. All day she toyed with the idea of inviting Seth over as well. It seemed risky because of his position in HR and they had left their encounter in his office as being a one-time thing that would go no further. She had passed him once in the hall since then, and he merely nodded at her as they passed.

She still got the distinct impression he'd love to rip her shirt open, suck her dry, and fuck her against the wall.

Or maybe she was just horny.

Marty arrived first, right after Petranella and Ben had finished dinner. It had been hard for him to keep his hands off her. She had to keep slapping them away from her tits, even though it would have been a wonderful source of release. They were over heavy and full. She could feel the milk sloshing around inside her tits.

She was saving herself.

Not for marriage, that ship had sailed long ago.

She was saving herself for the enjoyment of her lovers.

She welcomed Marty inside and gave her a kiss on the cheek just as Ben walked into the foyer. Marty immediately turned bright red as if they had been caught doing something just bad enough to warrant a husband's wrath. She was surprised when Ben just smiled and shook his head in amusement. "We've done this before, you know."

Marty still looked away and with a broad smile said, "I know. It's just…a little difficult to think about it."

"Well I'm eager to do it again," he said to her.

The blush on Marty's face turned an even brighter red. "I know it's just..I don't know."

"We don't have to talk about it," said Petranella, "we just have to do it."

"What are you waiting for then?" asked Ben, his eyes flicking back and forth between the two women, but his attention was mostly focused on his wife's tits that were well covered by the heavy sweatshirt she wore.

Just as Petranella started to answer the doorbell rang. "That!" she said brightly and opened the front door to admit Jonas inside. He was slightly confused to see Marty there and immediately reset his expectations for the evening. Had he only been invited over for a casual dinner?

"Don't get that look on your face," said Petranella. "You're both going to get a chance at my milk."

"What about me?" asked Ben, faking offense that he was being excluded.

"You get my tits all the time," she said and walked confidently between the members of the small crowd. "Why wait? Let's go to the bedroom."

Petranella had dressed for the occasion: she was wearing only her zip up sweatshirt and loose leggings. Ben had changed into jeans and an old shirt after work. She didn't worry about what everyone else was wearing. It didn't matter. They all followed her into the bedroom where she whirled around and slowly unzipped the sweatshirt, letting her full breasts come into view. They were spectacular and all three of her lovers wanted nothing more than to fall to their knees and worship her by sucking on her tits and drinking her milk. The moved forward as one and quickly realized that as much as they desired was Petranella was offering, she only had two breasts and could only feed a pair of them at a time.

Jealousy started to rise up until Petranella pushed down her leggings and revealed she wasn't wearing panties; she had already decided that would slow down the whole process. "There's more than enough of me to go around," she told them as she got onto the bed and scooted back to the pillows, leaving her upper body slightly inclined and fully on display for them to admire and literally drool over if they wanted.

The group didn’t want to drool. They wanted to taste her milk. It was impossible to say who started to move first, but once the motion was made they all started to rush her at the same time. She stopped them with a simple upraised hand. “No nursing until you’re naked.”

The speed with which their clothes flew off was incredible. Ben was first on the bed with her and latched on to her right breast. Even though she was burdened with a bra and stockings, Marty showed remarkable aptitude in getting naked and was the second on the bed after Ben. She took Petranella’s free breast and eagerly nursed with suck force that Petranella gasped at the quick injection of pain mixed with pleasure.

Jonas had stumbled in getting off his shoes. He was left without a breast on which to feast. Petranella favored him with a sad smile. “There’s still something for you,” she said as she parted her legs, giving him a peak at her quickly moistening pussy.

His cock was standing up from his crotch and he took it in hand and began his approach while wondering how he was going to fuck her with the other two in the way.

Petranella shook her head at him. “No. Use your mouth on me,” she said, her voice thick with desire and lust. “You can fuck me later.”

Jonas nodded in agreement. Anything as long as he was given the opportunity to suckle from her tits. He went down on her, inhaling her strong, musky scent. She was already wet so he focused on her clit while slipping a finger up into her pussy, searching for that secret spot every woman had.

Ben and Marty were eagerly devouring all the milk that Petranella could provide them. The sounds of them swallowing was louder than her breathing and gasps. They were both afraid there wouldn’t be enough milk for them so they didn’t focus on Petranella’s pleasure, but on their own needs. That was fine with Petranella because she was already overwhelmed.

Her first orgasm came not from her tits, which she now preferred, but from her pussy. It was thrilling to know that Jonas was a talented cunnilinguist. As she climaxed, she had to pull both Ben and Marty’s mouths away from her tits. It was too much. “Wait, wait, wait,” she moaned as she came, her fingers tangled in their hair.

Ben looked across his wife's body at the excited and pleased look in Marty's eyes. "This is the best," he said.

She nodded in agreement. "If she wasn't married, I'd marry her," she said without thinking.

Ben laughed and reached across Petranella to catch Marty's chin between his fingers. He drew her in for a kiss that Petranella watched without complaint. The tiny bit of infidelity turned her on. She needed more. "I need cock," she quickly decided.

"Jonas?" asked Ben, looking down at the man whose face was between his wife's thighs.

"No. Yours. I need to switch position."

She pushed them all away and got on her hands and knees. Ben followed his wife's orders and knelt behind her, slipping his cock into her pussy aided by the wetness that Jonas had brought to full fruition. The other two laid down, half underneath Petranella, and resumed suckling from her. The swaying of her body and the slap of flesh on flesh didn't bother anyone.

To Ben's surprise, Petranella had another quick orgasm, though this one originated in her tits. It was satisfying to feel her pussy clench up on his cock while she orgasmed.

"Fuck her," Petranella said.

"What?"

Petranella pushed her female lover away. "Fuck Marty. I want to watch you fuck Marty."

With a shrug Ben pulled out of his wife and climbed onto Marty's supine body. It took a bit of positioning, but shortly he was well-buried in Marty's hot pussy and she was enjoying the fruits of his labor, announcing his skills with deep moans.

As her husband fucked her friend, Petranella moved atop Jonas, guiding his hard cock into her pussy. He bent his head and latched on to her swinging breast, drawing out the last of her milk.

“Is this normal?” Petranella asked her husband.

He looked over at her, not pausing in his steady thrusts into Marty, “Does it matter?”

“Is this our lives now?”

The wild look in his eyes said everything. “I hope so.”

After the initial frenzy of their combined need to slake their lust, the evening became a drawn-out series of experiments conducted at Petranella’s behest. She had both men suckle on Marty’s tits while she watched. The younger woman claimed to enjoy the attention, but asked for Petranella’s milk at the same time so the older woman dangled her large tits in Marty’s face, allowing her to suckle the last of her milk.

Both men were happy to see the two women play together. Marty proved that she had cunnilingus skills that shamed both of them, at least according to Petranella.

“It’s because I’ve fucked women before,” Marty explained. “Plus I have access to my own pussy all the time. Of course I’m better than you two.”

Petranella laid on her side, with Ben behind her and his cock in her pussy, as she watched Marty ride on Jonas’s cock. It took some encouragement from Petranella to convince the two to have sex, but they were so deeply under her spell they’d do anything to please her. Petranella liked having her own private sex show. Marty and Jonas both said they felt like friends who were set up on a blind date—only this time the blind date included mandatory sex. Petranella understood right away that neither had a strong attraction to the other, but she still wanted to watch them have sex. She needed to assert her control over them.

It made her wonder how far she could push them. She knew that with her pheromones and milk she could completely control any of her lovers. Would Jonas happily accept a blowjob from Ben? Would Ben be willing to fuck Jonas in the ass? The possibilities were nearly endless and she wanted to see how far she could push, but they were nearing the point of exhaustion.

Though their bed was large, it wouldn’t accommodate four bodies. Petranella sent Ben and Marty to the guest room to sleep together. She chose her lover for

the night because she could have Ben anytime she wanted. It was a treat to have Jonas naked in bed next to her all night.

As they settled in, she offered him her breasts. They were mostly dry, but she enjoyed the sensation of being nursed and it was a nice reward for him to be able to drain away the last of her milk.

“You know that you’re literally addicted to my milk,” she told him as he nursed from her.

“Mmm-hmm,” he agreed as he greedily sought out every last drop of her natural liquor.

“Do you want to stop sucking and fucking me?”

“Never,” he gasped between mouthfuls.

“I’m married,” she reminded him.

“I know.”

“I’ll dry up eventually,” she informed him. That was probably true, she realized, but she didn’t want it to happen for a long time.

“I’ll still want your milk,” Jonas promised. She was certain it was the same promise any of her lovers would make.

Chapter Twelve

Ron appeared at Petranella's workstation. There was a look in his eyes that was barely contained panic. He was doing his best to keep himself under control, but she could see that he was worried, the type of worry that indicated that maybe he was worried about losing his job.

"So…" he said, drawing out the word and the pause before the next one. Petranella studiously ignored his pause and continued to carefully drop a solution onto the test plate in front of her. It was actually better to ignore him at the moment because otherwise she'd lose her place and have to trash the test and start over. "Do you have the final results from the tests I had you do a while back?"

"Took you long enough to ask," she said, not looking up from her work.

There was another uncomfortable pause.

"Well?" he asked again, frustrated. "Do you?"

"Yes. I sent them to you last week. You should have received the email."

Ron was the sort of person who got so wrapped up in what he was doing at the moment was the only thing that mattered. He so often forgot to tie his shoes that he started wearing slip-ons. "Right. Yeah. I saw that. Never opened it."

"Why don't you go open it and then ask me if you have a problem."

"Right. Good idea."

He stood uncomfortably at the table obviously wanting to say something but he didn't have the courage to speak up. Petranella let him suffer a while longer.

"Are you going to leave or are you going to keep hanging around me like an annoying freshman with a puppy dog crush on a senior? I've got fucking work to do, Ron." She dragged out his name, making it an insult.

"I…uh…I heard that you had an accident when you were running those tests for me."

"It wasn't a fucking accident, Ron. I screwed up and splashed a bunch of that

shit on me. Are you going to tell me now you forgot to put all the biohazard info on the work slip?" She gave him one quick, withering glance.

"No, no. Nothing like that. It's perfectly safe." From the pocket of his lab coat he produced the familiar yellow-orange vial that had been used to fill millions of prescriptions for Americans. "There's five pills in there," he said and then paused, letting her ask the next question.

She didn't ask what he wanted. "Are you a drug dealer now, Ron? Should I report you to HR or should I call the cops, because I'm not interested in what you're pushing."

"There are…there can be some side effects if there is exposure to the agent," he said carefully. "Nothing dangerous," he hastened to add.

Done with setting up her tests, Petranella now turned to him. "What sort of side effects?"

"Rash that presents as an allergic reaction. There's no evidence that it can cause anaphylactic shock, but…"

"Do I look dead to you?"

"Uh…no?"

"I didn't go into anaphylactic shock then. Anything else?"

"Soreness, redness, itching."

"Uh huh." She gave him a look that told him she was clearly bored with the conversation.

"It hasn't been extensively tested yet, but it's the main ingredient for a medication that's supposed to help new mothers produce more milk while breastfeeding…so it can cause a swelling of the breasts and possibly lactation." He looked nervously at her chest, then realized that maybe she'd consider that some sort of harassment and moved his eyes back to her face.

"Have you had anything like that?"

She glared at him. “No, Ron. I haven’t. But thanks so much for rushing right over to tell me the possible risks and give me a cure. Don’t ever fucking ask me to do anything for you ever again. You’re sloppy and self-centered. Grow up.”

She turned back to her work station and picked up the next test plate.

Ron didn’t move and anxiously shuffled his feet.

“What?” she asked angrily.

“If there’s anything I can—”

“Just go away Ron and stop being such as ass.”

He left the bottle of pills. After making sure he was gone, Petranella pocketed them.

At home that night Petranella showed the pills to Ben. After explaining what they were, he frowned and took the bottle from her. There was no label, just a five-digit number scrawled on the plastic in black Sharpie marker. “So if you take these they’ll make you stop lactating.”

“That’s what Ron said. Well, it’s what he implied at least.”

“Do you believe him.”

“I think he realized he fucked up and was looking for a way to save his ass.”

“But…do you want to take them?”

She didn’t directly answer his question. “Should I?”

“I don’t want you to,” he told her. He stepped around the kitchen island and pressed her up against the counter. Taking her face between his hands he kissed her lightly on the lips. “I love the way you are.”

“Did you love me when my tits were smaller and weren’t making milk?” she bluntly asked him.

“Yes. I just love you more now.”

She scoffed at him. “You’re just addicted to it.”

He nodded and smiled happily. “Probably. I don’t mind.”

“Do you mind me having other lovers? Do you mind me sharing my milk with others?”

“I’m…I’m fine with you having other lovers. We should have done that a long time before. Sharing your milk…that just makes me jealous. It makes my cock hard.” He pressed his crotch against he body, so she could feel how hard he was. “I don’t want anyone nursing from you except me.”

She shook her head at him. “I’m going to keep having other lovers and I’m going to share my milk with them. I…I can’t help it.”

He nodded sympathetically. “I know. I’m…okay with that.” He slipped his fingers under the light sweater she was wearing. It was soft and a delicate shade of green. It was easy to lift if off her body and get his fingers under the band of her bra. Getting that up and over her tits took some effort but Petranella didn’t fight him. She encouraged him. After a little bit of effort her tits bounced down to a full reveal. They were mouth-wateringly full with ripe red nipples topping their perfectly formed globes. He stared at them a long while, just admiring the perfection of his wife’s body.

“Are you just going to stare at my tits or are you going to do something about how full they are?” she asked him, her patience at an end.

“I hope I die before they ever dry up,” he told her, lowering his mouth to her nipple. It had started to weep the rich, pearly fluid. As always, it was extremely sweet and the moment he tasted it, he shuddered in pleasure and latched on, nursing with an intensity that almost hurt his wife. Her nipples had toughed and she enjoyed the little jolt of pain that came with the beginning of nursing. Both were happy sacrifices she was more than willing to make.

“Me too, dear, me too.”

End

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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