

Whispered Words

Chapter 1

"You're a lucky man," I found myself saying, the taste of beer on my lips and the scent of barbecue beef and pork in the air. "Seriously, your life is perfect."

"Hah!" My neighbour grinned, flipping burgers on the grill. He was a handsome man in his mid-twenties – just like me. "You're too kind! I have it alright, sure. But life is *far* from perfect on my side of the fence, I'll have you know."

"Beautiful wife, high-paying job, lovely home, newborn son," I chuckled. "Even a brand new grill and masterful cooking skills. From where I'm standing, you've got life down, my friend."

"I take it you like the burgers, then?" Hal smirked.

"They're delicious! You have to tell me your secret sometime."

His laughter rang out, mixed with the sizzling and popping of the open grill. All around, people were smiling. Residents from all over the neighbourhood, all gathered together for the traditional Hal and Hey Summer Barbecue.

It was, admittedly, a fairly new tradition. One that'd started just last year, when the newly-wed couple had first moved in. But, even so, it was an event that everyone in our small neighbourhood loved and looked forward to.

Hal's burgers were mouth-watering to say the least, and his hot-dogs were without equal.

"Seriously though," Hal smiled, spoke soft so only I'd be able to hear, "it's not all sunshine and rainbows. Junior keeps us up half the night with his crying, and work's been pretty rough lately too. My life is far from perfect right now, trust me."

"Sure, sure," I smiled at him, whispering just loud enough for him to hear. I felt a sliver of my power slip through in the softness of my voice. "But you do still have Hayley, that's *got* to make up for the other stuff. A woman like her..."

My eyes flicked to where the young mother sat with some of the other neighbourhood women.

Without a doubt, she was beautiful. Not the sharp, cold beauty of models. Not the alien, unobtainable beauty of actresses or celebrities. Not the fake, enhanced beauty of edited photos or cosmetic surgery. Hayley had the down-to-earth, simple beauty of a real person. The girl next door, the pretty girl at school, the one co-worker in the office that always took your breath away. Her beauty was natural; needing no enhancement or special angle or fakery to enhance it. A gentle, simple beauty that Hayley possessed in abundance.

Silky brunette hair that flowed gracefully to her shoulders in luscious waves, dark eyes that shone with love and affection, porcelain-pale skin that was as smooth and flawless as any could hope to be. Red lips curved into a joyous, happy smile.

And her tits... Massive, humongous melons; their shape and size clear, even despite the woman's best efforts to downplay them in a figure-hiding dress and cardigan.

"She's beautiful," Hal said, voice taking on a slightly dreamy, unfocussed tone. "And I love her. But things could definitely be better on that front too..."

"Oh?" I said, speaking to myself more than Hal. "Is that so?"

The man blinked, confused for a moment, then began smiling again.

"So what'll you be having?" He asked, reaching for a bun. "Beef or ham? Onion? Cheese? Sauce?"

"All of the above," I grinned at him. "I think I'll have a little of everything, if you don't mind."

I rang the doorbell, waited patiently.

Despite it being the middle of the day, it wasn't guaranteed that my neighbour – the

beautiful Hayley – would be awake. When someone had a baby to look after, I figured, they'd take their naps whenever they could get away with it. But, if Hayley was awake, I imagined she'd want to answer the door as quickly as possible. Repeated rings of the doorbell and knocking was bound to wake a baby, and a baby awake was also a baby screaming.

Sure enough, the house's front door swung open in seconds.

A little frazzled and tired looking, but still as beautiful as ever. Hayley smiled at me as soon as she saw who was standing in her doorway, eyes flicking momentarily to the heavy object in my arms.

"I borrowed this from Hal," I told her with a smile. "Don't need it any more, so yeah. Figured I'd return it."

Hayley took a step back, fully knowing she wouldn't be able to carry her husband's 3D-printer back to his office herself.

"Come in," she smiled through her fatigue. "His office is this way..."

"Hayley," I whispered behind her as she poured me a glass of water.

She froze in place, entire body going rigid. If I'd been able to see her eyes from where I was standing, I'd have witnessed the warmth fading from them; leaving behind nothing but a dreamy hollowness.

"Why do you cover up and hide your breasts so much?" I asked in my special whisper.

The woman let out a soft sigh.

"Embarrassment," she answered dreamily. "I don't like that they're so big..."

She was wearing a baggy, black jumper; not quite enough to hide the fact that she had colossally huge tits, but still enough to distort her figure in an unflattering way.

"A little birdy told me that you don't let your husband play with your breasts at all," I continued. "That, whenever you have sex, it's always with a bra on. Is that true?"

"Yes," the woman breathed. "It's true."

I shook my head, tutted.

Why, oh why, did a busty beauty like her hide herself away in such a way? Even with her own husband, no less.

Such a waste.

"You're currently lactating, aren't you?" I asked softly, soothingly. "You breastfeed?"

"Yes," Hayley answered dreamily. "And no. I'm lactating, but I don't breastfeed. My nipples are too sensitive for that, it's too painful. I use a pump instead."

"You use a pump to milk your breasts?"

"I do," Hayley sighed contentedly.

"And you store all the milk you pump?"

Slowly, the woman shook her head.

"No. I produce too much..." I stepped up closer behind her, enough so my crotch was pressing into her round butt. "I store the milk Hal Junior will need in the fridge and the rest goes down the sink."

If she felt my very large bulge, Hayley didn't show it. And, when I wrapped my arms around her body, gently held them to the undersides of her breasts, she gave no reaction at all.

"Sounds like you waste a lot of milk," I said, leaning over and whispering into her ear. "That's no good at all. But don't worry, Hayley, I know just the thing you can do to stop yourself from being so wasteful."

My power came to me weeks prior, a surprise that came out of nowhere. One day, I was an ordinary guy. The next, I had this unusual, amazing ability. Whenever I whispered, it *did* things to people. Made them listen, made them obey.

As soon as I realised I had this power, my neighbour Hayley popped into my head. All the countless possibilities.

But, being a careful and cautious individual, I held off. Decided to test my powers first – learn fully how they worked and their limitations. Only when I had a confident understanding of what I could and couldn't do, I made my move.

This was it. My first time using my power on my beautiful neighbour.

Her standing in the kitchen, topless. Those wonderful, massive tits of hers exposed. Veins visible under the pale white skin, her nipples hard, areola wide. In one hand, she held a breast-pump with the suction cup pointed to her nipple. In the other, she rested her hand on my cheek.

Her mind, I'd made sure, would see this as nothing more than her usual, daily titty-milking activity. Only, instead of having just the one pump and alternating between her swollen nipples, she now had two pumps.

Both of her hands moved in unison.

Placing both suction apparatus over her nipples.

Besides my head, I heard the soft sound of a hand-powered pump begin; Hayley's fist slowly squeezing and releasing. The hand that was on my cheek began to caress me, urging her second breast pump into action.

My lips wrapped around her swollen nipple.

"Aah!" Hayley gasped.

The moment I started sucking, the milk came. Those massive tits must've been filled to the brim. Warm, sweet milk flooded into my mouth. A constant stream of it, spraying with each suck.

I licked around her nipple, teased it with my tongue.

"Oh God," Hayley moaned. "Why is- Ah!"

The hand on my cheek squeezed, pulled me closer into the swollen firmness of Hayley's tit. I heard her panting, felt her heat.

I'd never tasted titty-milk before that moment.

It was sweet, far sweeter than cow's milk. And warm; hot even. Thin and lovely, absolutely delicious. I drank it down hungrily, enjoying every mouthful. And still more came; an endless flow of white filling my mouth and belly.

I stopped sucking and drinking only long enough to whisper a single question, the words murmured and muffled by the nipple in my mouth.

"How does it feel?"

"Good," Hayley panted, moaned. "It feels so... It shouldn't. It doesn't normally feel like this, but... Oh *fuck*, it feels good!"

I smiled, nibbled on Hayley's nipple.

How many times, I couldn't help wonder, had her husband wanted to do this? Suck on his wife's lovely tits, drink them dry?

Poor bastard. Not so lucky after all.

I closed my eyes, concentrated at the task at hand. Hayley moaned and gasped, held my face to her breast. My own hands got involved too, massaging the woman's mammaries; enjoying the heaviness of them as I 'stimulated milk production'. You know, doing my duty as a member of the community; helping out my neighbour in this most arduous of tasks.

Before leaving, I made sure to whisper some sweet nothings to Hayley. Made sure she wouldn't remember me visiting, wouldn't have the faintest idea what'd happened.

I kissed her cheek, gave her now drained tits a quick squeeze.

"You," I whispered in her ear. "Are stunning."

I paused, a thought coming to me.

"Tomorrow, when you're home alone," I whispered to her, "you should ask your

neighbour over. He works from home, will probably be bored too. Invite him over for a *drink*."

Smiling, leaving the woman in a slight daze, I walked over to her fridge – grabbed a bottle full of breast milk.

Something for me to enjoy later, when I started getting a little thirsty again. And, I supposed, a reward. For helping relieve some strain and discomfort from my beautiful neighbour's shoulders.

Hayley blinked, her senses coming back to her.

She was standing in the kitchen, an odd sensation tickling her breasts. Not the usual soreness; the tight, painful fullness. More like... relief? Tingling. The pleasant feeling of a muscle that'd been exercised, only it was her breasts that felt worked. Certainly, they didn't feel as strained and sore as they usually did.

Shaking her head in confusion, grateful at least for the lack of discomfort, she pulled out her phone and checked its clock.

Almost time to feed Junior.

He'd no doubt wake up any minute, start screaming for his regular dose of breast milk. And, feeling less like a mother and more like a milk maid, Hayley would see to the baby's needs while hoping and praying he went right back to sleep afterwards.

He probably wouldn't.

She sighed, walked over to her fridge to grab a bottle. Might as well begin heating it up and preparing it now...

Wait.

Her eyebrows creased in confusion.

Hadn't there been four bottles in there earlier? Why was she only counting three now?

Again, she sighed.

Too tired. She must've miscounted earlier.

Hopefully, Halbert Junior would fall straight back to sleep after feeding time. With any luck, there'd be no screaming and no interruptions. Then maybe, *hopefully*, Hayley herself would be able to get a little shut-eye in herself.

That'd be nice.

A little nap before Hal got back from work.

That would be *lovely*.