

Lactating Breasts with Mom

HeyAll

Erotica / Illustrated

Complete



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Table of Contents

Cover
Title Page
Copyright Information
Table of Contents
Summary
1. Lactating Breasts with Mom

Summary

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Description:

Hypersexual mother shares breast milk with her son.

1. Lactating Breasts with Mom

Editor's note: this story contains scenes of incest or incest content.

This story is a condensed version of "Lactating Breasts, Mom's Relief."

Illustrated by NGT VisualStudio, an artist of incredible talent who you can find at @NGTVisualStudio.

Laura had suspicions when she told her son about the experiment she'd be doing from home. She was a lawyer for a major corporation, and with the creation of a new drug to help mothers produce breast milk, she needed to do first hand research before giving advice on legal matters.

Her suspicion was that her son was a bit too eager for this, especially upon hearing how her breasts would soon change. Her son was a biology major in college, so she was hopeful that this would also be a learning experience for him.

She came home from the office, carrying a box full of the medication, a breast pump, and cups for her milk. The upcoming month was going to be interesting. She'd be a lactating woman once again.

The first day of the process was simple. She took the pills three times; morning, afternoon, and night. The lactation hadn't started yet so she still had normalcy in her life.

The second day of the process was much the same. She took the pills on time and waited. According to the research, it could take 4-5 days to see any results.

Same with the third day.

The fourth day was when Laura noticed the effects of the medication, going to her bathroom and standing in front of the mirror with her breasts exposed. Her tits were large and curved like globes.

Bending over the sink, she cupped her right breast, just below the areola, squeezing gently, using her thumb and the tip of her finger. To her surprise, drops of milk appeared. She smiled, elated, as a trickle of milk flowed from the nipple onto the sink.

Success! It was her first time lactating since giving birth over 19 years ago.

Things became awkward when she had breakfast with her son and milk seeped through her tshirt. She expected there to be small dilemmas, but she hadn't expected it to happen so soon.

She went back to her bedroom and changed her clothes. God, her nipples felt so stiff. Even with her pregnancy 20 years ago, she never felt this level of stimulation. What was happening now was purely from the high dosage of the medication.

Laura used a cotton pad and wiped her nipples dry, feeling her nipples grow even stiffer in the process. She was experiencing something that was indecent. The drug was messing with her hormones.

She knew what had to be done. She needed to masturbate to alleviate the feelings. But in the morning? How obscene. At least by her standards. Nevertheless, it had become a necessity for her.

On the edge of the bed, she spread her legs and rubbed her pussy. Usually she'd play with her sensitive nipples while she masturbated, but she didn't want to make a milky mess in the process.

As she slowly circled and caressed her clitoris with her fingers, she heard the sound of her son

coming upstairs to go to his room. He was changing his clothes, getting ready for class.

It made her feel guilty that her son was in the other room while she masturbated, but this was her career. Her work had always been professional and wonky. Until now...

Hours later, Brian returned home from class and Laura still had a dilemma to solve. Due to the high dosage of medication, her nipples were now uncontrollable. Even the lightest of touches would send her down a path of sexual deviancy. Just grazing her nipples would cause them to squirt, and more alarmingly, cause her vagina to pool with wetness.

What that meant was, she couldn't wear a bra. If she did, her nipples would be squeezed and she'd become sexually aroused.

She put on a bathrobe, wearing nothing but her panties underneath.

Then she went downstairs to greet her son.

"You look super relaxed," he said jokingly, only to realize that his mother was in a serious mood.

“We need to talk. It’s important.”

“Okay. What’s going on?”

Laura took a deep breath. “There’s something I need to explain to you. For now, let’s not think of each other as mother/son. I’m a lawyer. You’re a biology student. Let’s think of each other as professionals who have important duties. Okay?”

“Okay. Sure. That’s no problem.”

Laura explained everything. She felt this was the best approach. She needed to be open and honest. No detail was spared. She explained in greater detail how the medication worked. Her breasts became fuller and were producing the intended amount of milk.

Finally, Laura explained the side effects and how her hormones were off balance. And how, as a result, she would have a problem wearing a bra, or even a tshirt around the house.

“Jeez...” he managed to say.

“I know. This is a difficult situation. Even this bathrobe is uncomfortable to wear.”

“Then don’t wear it. Problem solved”

“Brian!” she snapped.

He suddenly became meek. “Sorry mom, I didn’t mean it like that. But you said that we shouldn’t think of ourselves as mother/son. That we should view ourselves as professionals. Well, in my advanced biology courses, we’ve done things involving nudity. And if I decide to go to med school, there’s plenty of nudity there too.”

Laura calmed down. Her son was right. To do this, she’d have to stop being so rigid. Especially since he was already so mature at his young age. And since he considered going to med school.

“How should this work?” she asked.

She wondered if her son had a thing for lactating breasts. She knew it was a popular fetish, but that was the least of her problems right now.

“This would be purely professional. I promise,” he said.

Drawing this out would only make things worse and increasingly awkward. If they had to go through all the nuances, this conversation would take forever.

Instead, Laura stood up as Brian locked eyes on her. She untied the middle of her bathrobe, causing her pussy to twitch. She opened the bathrobe and tossed it on the couch, standing in nothing but her panties, with her hard nipples and milky tits exposed.

His eyes were wide as saucers. “Oh god.”

“Remember, this is purely professional,” she reminded him.

He nodded. “Okay. What now?”

She thought for a moment. “I’ll have to be like this until we find a solution. I’ll have to contact the doctors and they’ll think of something.”

“And if there’s no solution?”

She gestured to her tits. “Then you’ll have to get used to seeing these.”

Laura took her bathrobe, gave another quick smile to her son, and headed back up the stairs to her bedroom and closed the door. She picked up the phone and made the call.

As it turned out, there was no solution to Laura's dilemma. She was voluntarily taking a high dosage and this was the effect. Perpetual sexual arousal. There was nothing she could do to cover her breasts without feeling the excitement of her nipples being stimulated by clothes. So she'd have to be naked.

She laid back in bed. God, her son had just stared at her tits. She was the one who had opened her robe to him. The recollection made her pussy so wet. She began to masturbate over the encounter, replaying it in her mind. She imagined the look on his face as he stared at her tits.

Thinking back over it as she masturbated was enough to give her the best orgasm she'd had in a long time.

The next morning. She wondered how Brian would react coming down the stairs to see her topless again. Would her son be aroused?

Sure enough, he came down the stairs and the awkwardness still lingered in the kitchen. Naturally, his eyes glanced at his mother's bare tits. She noticed this and it made her uncomfortable still, yet so very excited at the same time.

After their normal morning banter, Laura felt it was time to break the fragile tension once and for all. It had to be done eventually, or this new arrangement was never going to work.

“There’s something we need to discuss,” she said. “Have a seat and eat.”

Brian got his food and sat at the table, looking his mother straight in the eyes.

“Is something wrong?”

“It’s about this,” she said, gesturing to her breasts. “This situation is more unusual than I expected.”

“But we had dinner last night and everything went well? Seriously, I think you’re overthinking this, mom. I’m perfectly fine with it.”

“Maybe so, but I’m your mother. I’ve decided to discontinue this by the end of the day. I have enough milk samples. I won’t take the medication anymore and my breasts should return to normal. So by tomorrow morning, I’ll have my clothes back on. And I’ll return to the office earlier than expected.”

He nodded, “Okay, fine. It might be for the best. I can understand if you don’t want to do this anymore.

I'm sure this must be difficult for someone like you."

"Are you suggesting that I'm a quitter?" she asked, firing back.

"No, of course not. I'm just saying, not everyone can handle nudity."

What the hell was this? She thought. Reverse psychology? Whatever her son was doing, it was working. She began to feel guilty for terminating this experiment.

"Don't tell me about handling nudity, mister," she said defiantly. "I'm the one that's bare, while you're fully dressed."

"Mom, if you want to stop, then stop."

"It seems I have no choice but to stop. It just doesn't feel right being topless around you all the time."

"If you want me to get naked too, let me know," he said jokingly. "I've got nothing to hide."

Her eyebrow raised. "Oh really?"

"Nudity doesn't bother me."

She smiled, “Maybe I’ve had a change of heart. Part of me still wants to continue this. But I do need support. So, get undressed.”

“What?” he asked, shocked.

“You heard me. If you have no problem with nudity, we’ll do this together.”

It was now Laura’s turn to reverse the situation and tease her son. She was only joking. The look of torment on Brian’s face was amusing. Of course he was going to refuse. And when he’d finally refuse and admit defeat, Laura would end this experiment.

Unfortunately, that wasn’t the case. Brian took a deep breath, stood up, and now it was Laura’s turn to be shocked.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“I’m doing what you asked. You’re right. It’s not fair if you have to walk around with your breasts exposed. I want to support you”

Brian yanked off his shorts and underwear, revealing his cock. It was the first time Laura saw his manhood since he became an adult and it was delightful to look at. He removed everything else and sat down naked.

“This feels liberating,” he said, enjoying his newfound nudity in front of mom.

Laura’s eyes showed her shock. “Oh my god. I... I was only joking.”

“Uhhh... mom,” he said, his eyes looking down at mom’s chest.

“Yes.”

“Your breasts.”

She looked down to see that her breasts were stiff and milk formed at the tips of her hard nipples. She gasped and reached for a table napkin to wipe herself. In fact, she needed two. The milk trickled down to her stomach and thighs.

“How did that happen?” he asked. “Nothing touched your breasts.”

Laura knew exactly how this happened. She was aroused. Her pussy was wet. Seeing her son’s cock triggered something inside of her.

“I took a strong dosage, that’s all,” she lied.

“Oh, well anyway, don’t forget about the deal.”

“Excuse me?”

“Your panties,” he pointed out. “You said you’d get naked.”

She was surprised by her son’s brazenness. And she was equally surprised that he would bring this up. It was confirmation that Brian was sexually enjoying this. His own mother. How could he?

Taking a deep breath for confidence, Laura reached below to remove her panties. God, this was madness.

“Happy?” she asked sarcastically, briefly twirling her panties.

“Is that a wet stain on it?”

“It was probably my breast milk that dripped.”

“The stain looked like it was from the inside, right in the middle,” he said observantly.

“I’m aroused, okay?” she admitted. “Please don’t make a fuss. My hormones are out of control.”

“Did you get aroused from seeing me naked?”

“How could you ask me something like that?” she demanded.

“It’s a reasonable question, don’t you think? Breasts don’t just start dripping milk like that. Panties don’t just get wet. There has to be a reason for it.”

Not only was Laura’s suspicion confirmed, she also realized that her son was aroused by her. It dawned on her that Brian’s desires were far from the mainstream; he not only had a thing for full milky breasts, but specifically, *her* full milky breasts!

It was becoming a battle of wills. Who will admit to it first? Because the truth was, Laura was horny as hell. For the past few days, she loved that he was so observant about the changes in her body, and that his eyes carefully examined her bare, lactating tits.

Nevertheless, this couldn’t go on forever. And she was curious about how this would end.

“Fine,” she said. “You win. I’m sexually aroused. In my defense, the medication I’m taking is screwing with my hormones. What’s your defense?”

“I didn’t realize that I needed a defense.”

“Admit it,” she said. “You enjoy milky breasts. You like the plump look that lactation gives. Most of all, you enjoy how the lactation process makes a woman’s nipples look so dark and swollen.”

He gulped. “Sure, I guess you’re right.”

“And a fantasy about your own mother? I want you to admit that, too.”

He gulped harder and spoke in a small voice. “I guess, kind of.”

She felt her pussy clench hard, wetness deep inside her cunt, and her tits became even more swollen. If she didn’t know better, milk was getting ready to shoot through her enlarged nipples.

“Eat your breakfast,” she said. “I need to go use a breast pump.”

“Wait...”

“Yes?”

“Can I watch?” he asked nervously. “I mean, can I help? I’ve always been fascinated with human biology. You know, medical stuff.”

A dirty thought came to mind. God, she wanted to do what her mind and pussy told her, even though it was so wrong. At that moment, her hormones raged and she gave in to her pussy’s demand.

She patted the seat next to her. “Sit here.”

Brian scooted over and sat next to his mother.

She continued, “This is only because you’re a good son, because you’ve been professional about this, and because my hormones are raging. Consider this a courtesy.”

“Okay,” he said, not knowing where this was headed.

“Suck my nipples,” she instructed.

With all the courage he could muster, he slowly lowered his head towards his mother’s chest, fearful that a slap was coming at any moment. But the slap never came.

Laura watched her son’s mouth close around her left nipple and he began to suckle. The feeling of it! Oh god, the feeling! Her nipple felt like it was on fire. She had the same burning feeling deep within her pussy.

Her nipple was sucked hard enough to lift her entire breast. The tongue circled and lapped at her swollen nipple. She could feel the milk flowing from the breast, to her nipple, to her son’s mouth.

It was nearly 2 decades since she last nursed him. Now he was an adult. It felt so wrong. Yet so right.

Her pussy and nipples were telling her that this was the right thing to do.

The tight suction of his mouth ended, causing her to moan in disappointment, but she gasped when Brian sucked her other nipple. More milk flowed.

“Oh god,” she gasped. “Stop. This is going too far.”

As Brian pulled his mouth away and sat upright with a blissful expression, milk splashed across his face. Laura noticed that his cock was now raging hard. Had she done this to him? Of course she had. What else could have caused it?

“You’re erect,” she pointed out.

“Mom, I’m aching. You know what it’s like to ache.”

“I can help you, but only this once.”

She touched her son’s cock. It was swollen and rock hard. She grabbed the shaft and stroked. She tried to keep her mind on other things. But the fact remained, she was giving her son a handjob. Reality came crashing down as she heard her son groan. His cock pulsed in her hand.

“Oh fuck,” he gasped. “Keep stroking like that. Faster please.”

She obliged, stroking him faster. Her hand gliding up and down his hard shaft. The skin felt so soft, but the cock itself felt as stiff as a rock.

“I’m going to cum,” he panted. “Almost there. Don’t stop.”

She went faster and stroked relentlessly, even after feeling his cum shoot upwards, landing on her hand. She stroked until he stopped moaning. She stroked until all the cum was drained from his balls and his cock turned flaccid. Then she moved her hand away.

It was amusing to watch her son bent over in such a flustered state. He was blown away by the incestuous handjob. Then she smiled and used a table napkin to wipe the cum from her fingers.

She smiled, “Looks like both of us are producing a nice amount of fluids this morning.”

“Can we do it again later?” he asked, nearly begging.

She stood up. “I’m afraid not. That was a one-time favor. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have some

work to do.”

Of course, that was a lie. Laura’s schedule was free that day. What she needed to do was masturbate. She needed to shut her bedroom door, lay on the bed, and rub her clitoris until her pussy gushed. It was her little secret.

It was late afternoon when Laura sat on the living room couch, using the breast pump on herself. She wanted things out in the open.

She heard her son’s footsteps on the stairs and her heart beat faster. Her son was butt naked, walking into the living room.

“I wanted a new place to do this,” she said, still holding the pump to her right breast. “I don’t want to be stuck in my room all day. I hope you understand.”

“That makes sense. I understand.”

“Go ahead, watch tv. Don’t let me bother you.”

He sat down on the couch, next to his mother. “You’re never bothering me. Especially when you’re naked like that.”

The comment made her uncomfortable, yet very aroused. She had already promised herself that she wouldn't do anything sexual with him again. Yet her pussy and sexual desires had other plans.

“Come closer,” she said. “Have a look.”

Brian scooted closer to her on the couch, staring at mom's milky tits.

She continued, “Watch how the pump creates a nice suction. The latch is air-tight on my breast. Notice how my nipple is being stretched. As a result, the milk is being extracted from my mammary glands. Do you see that?”

Laura noted how her son was watching the lactation process intensely. A part of her was afraid that he would get hard again. Another part of her welcomed it. If he did get an erection again, she had no idea how she'd react.

“Does it feel good?” he asked.

“Is that relevant?”

“I'd like to know. Just out of curiosity.”

“You already know the answer,” she said. “Yes, this feels good. My nipples have always been sensitive. Your father used to play with them all the

time. He played with them while we made love, which was my favorite thing that he'd do."

"In my experience, women with long nipples are always more sensitive there. So that makes a lot of sense."

"Now for the other breast," she said, hoping to change the subject.

Laura turned-off the pump and unlatched it from her tit. She used a cotton pad to wipe the excess milk from her nipple. Then she repeated the same process to her other breast, attaching the latch to her aching nipple. God, this was going to feel so good once the pump started its suction again. When she flipped the switch and the pump sucked, she got the pleasure she was hoping for.

"Is it making you aroused?" he asked softly.

Laura looked down and saw that her son's cock was stirring. It was no longer flaccid. It grew halfway from its fully erect size. She also noticed a soft trembling in his voice. He wanted more. She wanted more also.

She looked him straight in the eyes. "Imagine your testosterone has reached ungodly levels. Now imagine that your cock is raging hard and your mind

is consumed with deviant sexual thoughts. Now imagine that your cock is being expertly sucked.”

“That’s what you’re feeling right now?”

She nodded. “Yes, this breast pump is stimulating my nipples. My vagina is burning. It aches so bad. If you want the truth, there it is.”

“I’m glad you’ve told me.”

“You deserved to know.”

Deep down, Laura hoped this conversation would happen. That’s why she decided to use her breast pump in the living room, instead of the privacy of her bedroom like she normally did. Her pussy and sexual desires had led her to this point.

“Can I help?” he asked, nearly pleading.

“I told you already. What we did this morning is the end of it.”

“I know. But look at you. You’re in desperate need of relief. We can stop this when your breasts return to normal.”

She gave it a brief thought. “To ensure that this stays professional, I’ll need you to orgasm first, to

get the lust out of your mind. Then you can focus on me in a more proper and medical way.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ll need you to cum,” she said. “After that, you can help me with my sexual frustrations. Okay?”

He nodded. “How should we do this? Do you want me to go to my room and do it?”

“How about we just do this here?”

She looked down and saw that her son’s cock was now fully erect, pointing upward, throbbing like a hormonal maniac.

“Sure, anything mom.”

“That looks like it’ll take you a while before you can climax.”

He looked down at his cock. “Yeah, I know. What can I say? You made me like this. You’ve got a hot MILF body.”

“Flattery always works with me,” she smiled.

“Oh? And what will that get me?”

“Let me show you.”

To both of their surprise, Laura bent her head down and took the cock inside of her mouth. Closing her lips tightly around the shaft, she sucked on it, making Brian gasp at the very feeling.

“Holy shit, mom,” he groaned.

Being called ‘mom’ only added fuel to the taboo fire. The breast pump was still working on her sore nipple. She clenched her lips tighter around the cock and sucked harder. Her head bobbed. She knew how to make a guy cum quickly from oral sex. Despite her intelligent and educated appearance, Laura was a great cocksucker.

Up and down. Her mouth continued its work and her head bobbed in a slow and steady pace. As much as she enjoyed this, she wanted this to be over soon. She never lost sight of the fact that this was inappropriate for any mother to do.

“Mom, stop, stop, stop,” he surprisingly said.

She was stunned that her son would want to end this. Nevertheless, she knew there must have been a good reason.

“What is it?” she asked, sitting upright.

“I have an idea. My cock is throbbing. Your pussy is aching.”

“What are you suggesting?” she asked, knowing the answer.

“Let’s fuck.”

She shook her head. “That’s going too far.”

“Think about it. Both of us get what we want.”

“So you’ve wanted to fuck me all along?” she asked with an eyebrow raised.

“The truth is, a lot of guys with hot moms would kill to do something like this.”

She sighed, “There’s a jarring thought. I don’t actually consider myself to be the ‘hot’ type.”

“Face it mom, you’re a hot MILF whether you like it or not.”

A smile grew on her face. “Like I said before, flattery always works on me. I’m a sucker for compliments. Most women are.”

With that, Laura switched-off the breast pump and unlatched it from her breast. She put it down on

a nearby table and used a tissue to wipe the excess milk from her tit.

After everything was put away, all that was left on the living room couch was the naked mother and her son. Both horny as hell, desperate for sexual relief. Desperate for each other. Their lust guiding them.

She put her knees on the couch and threw a leg over Brian's lap, straddling him while they faced each other. She tried to be calm and stoic about fucking her son.

"I'm going to lower myself onto you," she said. "Hold your cock upright."

He did as he was told, holding the base of his shaft so that his cock pointed upwards. Laura lowered herself and her dripping wet pussy wrapped around her son's stiff shaft.

By the time she lowered herself, both of them had found a relief they were desperately searching for. Laura had a big cock buried deep inside of her pussy. And Brian finally got to fuck his mother. It was a perfect match which suited their peculiar situation.

She gave slow thrusts and they were officially fucking, looking each other straight in the eyes while they were mere inches apart. She wrapped her arms around his neck, drawing herself closer to him. At certain points, Laura's stiff nipples would rub against her son's chest, sending lightning bolts of feeling through her body and making both of them even more aroused.

"You're a bad boy, you know that?" Laura said teasingly in a low voice. "You shouldn't want this. I've never heard of a boy wanting to fuck his mother before."

He grabbed her ass, burying himself deeper and said, "There's a lot about sex which you still need to learn."

"Is that right?"

In response, she clenched her pussy tight and thrust herself hard, as if to show her son who was boss. It was her way of controlling the situation.

"Yes, uhhh... ohh..." he groaned. "There's still plenty to learn. I can help you with relief too... oh..."

She clenched and unclenched her pussy, as she continued to ride his cock. She loved torturing her

son this way. It was pure sexual torture. The kind that both of them couldn't get enough of.

Her hands caressed his chest as she moved sensuously on him. "Maybe you're right. I never claimed to be a sexual goddess. But I could certainly use the relief."

"I... I could help with that..."

Brian looked like he was in sexual ecstasy, which made Laura laugh, since she was the one on the medication, and it was her hormones that were raging. Nevertheless, she relished in giving him that pleasure. As his mother, it was her duty to make him happy, she thought.

"Interesting idea," she moaned while they fucked. "You could help milk my breasts. Suck them, if you'd like. Then there's my pussy... oh goodness... my pussy is on fire right now."

The pleasure was consuming her and she arched her back upwards. Just then, as her breasts were pointing forward, she felt Brian mauling her tits with his hands. Her nipples were rock hard. Milk dripped down from her mammary glands from the hard squeezing, something she suspected would arouse her son greatly.

Sure enough, she was right. As her tits were being fondled and kneaded like dough, he bent forward and sucked the milk dripping from her tits and she felt him stiffen inside her. He took turns sucking each of her breasts while continuing to fondle them hard.

Milk was everywhere. All over her body. All over Brian's body. Some of it even sprayed onto the couch, which was something she had always been strict about. She hated food stains on the couch. But this would be a big exception. After all, what's more natural than breast milk?

"I appreciate what you've done for me," she said in a low voice. "How responsible and respectful you are about this. You're very mature for your age. Think of this as a reward. I wish all mothers could have a son like you."

She continued riding his throbbing hard cock. Brian continued sucking on each of his mom's milky nipples.

"I'm close," he groaned, as if in agony.

She put her lips to his ear and whispered, "Don't you dare cum. Not yet. Your mother always cums first. Do you understand?"

“Yes, mom.”

The culmination of everything that had been going on the past week had built up to this. The pleasure had reached its boiling point. The tingling sensation inside of her had turned into a raging fire. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the pleasure, enjoying every second of it.

“Oh my god,” she said in a low voice. “I’m going to orgasm. I’m going to... oh...”

Her entire body convulsed and she came in a blaze of glory. Her back arched, pulling her nipple from her son’s mouth. Since all the windows were closed and they were in the privacy of their own home, Laura was free to cum as vocal as she wanted. She screamed loudly, making a few strange noises, and then breathed heavily afterward.

“Oh my goodness...” she gasped out loud. “I’ve... I’ve never cum like that before. Oh, Jesus.”

A trail of fluids gushed from her pussy, leaving an even bigger mess on the couch, and all over her son’s midsection. It was definitive proof that her hormone levels had been altered. Laura was never much of a squirter. At most, she’d leave a trickle behind after an orgasm. But now, it looked like a

faucet had been turned on and both her nipples and pussy were leaking her feminine bodily fluids.

As the orgasm controlled her body and overwhelmed her, Laura's thrusts came to a near halt and she tried to regain her breath.

"Mom, I need to cum!"

Almost like she was sleepwalking, she climbed off him, her body limp and her legs shaking from her orgasm, and dropped to her knees. She took the wet cock in her mouth, tasting her own pussy juices and orgasmic fluids, as she began to suck. Brian bucked and thrust into mom's mouth, which was greedy with need. His legs and stomach muscles tensed and pulsed as his mother sucked him to completion.

When it was done, she looked at her son and nearly laughed at the absurdity of it all. Brian's face and chest were covered in breast milk. Laura's mouth and lips were covered in her son's fresh hot cum.

"Is this what the rest of the month is going to look like?" she asked, nearly recovered from the massive orgasm.

"I hope so."

While her eyes were locked on her son, she took another lick of his cock, cleaning the remnants of fluids. She took the cock inside her mouth again and gave another hard suck, feeling her son twitch in the process.

There was a loud ‘plop’ sound as she pulled her mouth away. She winked at her son, then patted his leg.

“I need a shower,” she said, licking the excess cum from her lips. “By the look of things, so do you. Care to join me?”

And with that, she stood up so that Brian could observe her fully nude body. Then she collected her breast pump and dirty towels, and headed up to her bedroom. Her round butt cheeks swayed with every step, nearly hypnotizing her son. Brian got up and followed his mother to the bathroom.

The End

Your votes, comments, and favorites are appreciated.

Table of Contents

Title Page	1
Copyright Information	2
Table of Contents	3
Summary	4
1. Lactating Breasts with Mom	5