

# **League of Lactators**

**Grace Mansfield**

## PART ONE

"Honey...how long have you been lactating?"

I looked at Al and said, "Oh, about 7 years."

He shook his head.

I didn't like his silent way of disapproving, "What?"

"Don't you think it's about time you, you know, let them get back to normal?"

I knew it. He was going to lay his 'what's proper' number on me. "So breasts putting out milk is not normal."

"No, no...it's just..."

"And it makes my tits too big."

"No! I love your big tits!"

"But you don't like tasting the milk?"

"I love your milk!" He was getting red and frustrated.

"Then what is it?"

"It's just...it's not proper! You've never had a baby, but you managed to lactate, and you...you never stop! You wake up and I have to suck your boobs because they are too full. You have to pump them at night before you go to bed. And every couple of hours during the day you have to attend to them. I mean...it's like a fetish, an obsession, it's not normal!"

I studied Al. He was a good guy, but a little, I don't know, mousey? Not alpha? I mean, he worked, made good money with his home internet business, and he was always polite and never treated me wrong, and it did feel so incredibly heavenly when I sat in bed and he cuddled up against me and drained my milk.

"So let me get this straight. You want my breasts to shrink a cup size or two."

"Well, no, besides..."

"Besides what?"

"There's always...plastic surgery."

I stared at my hubby. "Plastic surgery? To get them back to what they are now? Who's not being normal now?"

He sighed. "I knew this wasn't going to go well."

I changed tacks. "Look, how would you like it if I asked you to give up hard ons, and then we put a big, old iron rod in your dick so you could have boners again?"

"That's silly."

"But you asking me to give up these tat tas," I lifted one and pointed it at him, "just so some guy who lives up the block won't think I'm weird is not silly?"

"Okay, end of conversation."

See, I told he was mousey. Or, at least, in this case, weaselly.

"Not really," I griped. "Only until you get this bug again...and again...and again!"

"Don't be bitchy."

I tell ya, if he was sucking my tit right then I would have slapped him with it. What a bone head! And an idea started to worm its way into my consciousness.

"The fact is," he said, sealing what would eventually be his doom, "What you are doing reveals that you have some sort of weird fetish, and I just don't understand it."

"You don't understand what it means to be admired by everybody when I walk down the street with my enormous milk bags? You don't understand the warm feeling when we are making love and you are suckling at my breasts? You don't understand how nice it is to lactate...without having your hole stretched into next year without having to have a baby?"

"No." He had that folded arms mentality. He had taken the high ground and wouldn't admit to any argument. He was right and I was wrong and that was it. And, with no other recourse, no way to move my block-headed hubby, the idea exploded in my head.

I smiled, "Yes, dear. You're right, and I'm a crazy bitch with a perverted fetish for big boobs and I like to squirt my milk all over the place."

He frowned. He was right, even though he was wrong, but I was agreeing with him? Now this was a change up for his little, male mind.

"Unfortunately for you, I'm a member of a group that believes otherwise."

He breathed out, "The League of Lactators."

"Exactly. Now, if you wish to give up nursing at my wonderful breasts, I will understand. I wouldn't expect you to lower yourself to my standards. I wouldn't want you to enjoy warm milk, and a hell of a good fuck with a cunt that is not all stretched out...Mr. Mini-Dick," oh, that got him. He's not the biggest, and it's a sore point with him. I'm big and he's not, how delicious. "...so if you want to forego your nightly feeding, and your morning feeding, and any feeding in between, maybe just drink it out of bottles I put in the frig," I had caught him doing that. For a man who complains he sure did like his milk.... "...then feel free to do so. I've got plenty of people who are more than happy to suck my milk." Nothing he could say to that. I didn't usually take such a strong stance to his silliness, but he had actually irritated me with his judgements and holier than thou crap. I turned off the light, turned on my side, back to him, and went to sleep.

The next day I went to my group meeting, and I was glad it was scheduled for that day and I didn't have to wait. I wanted to put an idea out to the girls.

The League of Lactators is a group of gals like me. Some of them have children,, some don't, but we all like to give milk, and we have all, except for Marsha, who is a newby, have been lactating for three years or more.

Now, before you get the wrong idea, we're a mix of Dems and Repubs, some of us go to church and some don't, the one's with children are very concerned about schooling and day care and such things, and we all are concerned with the state of society. We're not political, but we are responsible.

And, I won't hedge here, we're all pretty good looking. Not a cow among us, in spite of all the wise cracks people make about 'the Udder Mudders,' or 'the Tit Bitches.'

And, of course, our beauty is enhanced by our large bosoms. And our bosoms do look enhanced because, not only are they full of milk, but we all wear loose bras, shelf bras, and so on, so that our ducts and channels aren't confined. A tight bra strangles the milk supply. Loose bras facilitate it.

That all said, I sauntered into Donna Foreham's tidy, little ranch home and greeted my sisters in lactation. Hugs, air kisses, a bit of tea—the kind of tea we drink is better for producing milk—and we sat in a big circle and held little conversations. We talked about everything, schooling, husbands, and two of us who weren't married talked about cock, a little frantically, if you get my drift.

Today, however, was going to be different. I stood up and clapped my hands. "Ladies," they all gave me their attention, "I have a problem, and I have a solution, but I wanted to talk it over with you girls before I did anything.

Joannie Tiltson smiled, "Let it gush, sister."

We chuckled, we liked bad puns, and I began.

"First off, you know I love my husband, but he is a twit."

More chuckles. The girls knew exactly what I was talking about.

"So, what gives Hannah?"

"Al is stupid on the subject of milk, and he's getting worse and worse. He likes to nurse, and he likes my size," I hefted one of my sacs and grinned, "but he wants me to stop lactating."

Frowns and boos. We girls were a pretty tight group, and we all looked out for each other.

"Before I tell you my plan, does anybody have anything to suggest?"

"Give him some some medroxyprogesterone acetate," Joannie quipped. She was the doctor among us.

"What's that?" asked Marsha.

"Used for chemical castration of perverts. Guaranteed to make a man bonerless for at least six months. More, depending on dosage and frequency."

We all smiled, but I objected, "Problem is that Al isn't a pervert...he's simply a little stupid on some subjects. Anybody else?"

"Well," offered Marsha, "you could cut him off....no, no, not that way...just refuse him sex until he comes around to his senses."

"The problem with that is that then I give up sex, too."

"I'll lend you my dildo," grinned Donna. "Guaranteed for five years or 50,000 orgasms."

We all laughed at that.

"No," I said, "It's a good idea, but too many drawbacks. I think my plan might be a little better."

"Well, out with it!" exclaimed Donna.

"I thought...I thought maybe if we gave him his own set of boobs." The girls sat up and took notice. "Maybe if he had his own set of ta tas to lug around, then maybe he would be a little more kindly disposed."

Everybody went silent and thought about it.

Donna: "Make 'em big. Make him wear a bra. Show him what it feels like to have bigger and more sensitive nipples."

I nodded.

Marsha put forth, "It's just too bad we can't make him lactate, too."

We all nodded, exchanged knowing looks, and would have moved on, except that Joannie cleared her throat. We all looked at her.

"It is possible for a man to lactate."

"What?"

"No!"

Comments erupted.

Joanie held her hand up. "It's called galactorrhea. It requires a bit of hormonal shift, but it's pretty easy, and men have been known to produce milk. Even nurse."

"Galacta whata?" asked Marsha.

"Galactorrhea. In the medical journals it is described as excessive or inappropriate amounts of milk. There are a few drugs that are used to help ladies who are slow in lactating, and it has been known to make men lactate."

I breathed out in awe. "Al, with tits, real live tits, and real, live milk! That would certainly shut his mouth."

"Shut up and suck," blurted one of the girls.

We all began to giggle then, and we made plans, and since the meeting was now winding down we took out our breasts and pumped out a few bottles. And we worked on each other, which, even though we weren't Lesbians, still felt good.

Interestingly, a few of the girls had small orgasms. That happens some times, milking can be a hard duty to the unwilling, but to those who embrace their womanhood, it can result in pleasure and small orgasms.

And, an hour later, and my breasts at least five ounces lighter per boob, we adjourned, and we all had things to do to help in the great conversation of Al Housen. Al, the stick in the mud who was going to get the biggest boobs we could give him, and squirt milk with the best of them.

Jonnie and I headed to her offices, where she prescribed a couple of medicines.

"Now, these drugs are pretty strong. We should notice results within a month, but there are a couple of drawbacks."

"Not side effects," I asked. I don't want him limp or growing a new penis on his forehead."

"I'd like to see that," Joanne laughed. "No. The 'side effect,' in the case of these drugs is that he's going to go through a VERY horny period. When his breasts start growing he's going to be wanting to fuck anything with a hole, even a board with a knot hole. You're going to have to put out a lot, and even then, watch him. His hormones are going to be driving him, and he might make bad decisions."

I shook my head. "I should have asked the other girls if they wanted to help."

"You don't mind if he fucks around?"

"As long as he doesn't bring a disease home. Don't get me wrong, I can get jealous, but if it's just sex, it's like kissing. Do it as much as you want."

"Bring it up next meeting. I'm sure some of the girls would like a little Al meat."

"It's not that big."

"Hmm. You know, there is a chance it might grow smaller. How big is Al?"

"Five inches."

"Would you mind four?"

I thought about it for a moment. I wasn't really satisfied anyway, and I used a dildo quite a lot, and the idea of getting Al to finally understand about breastfeeding was too enticing.

"I can do four. The smaller the dick the bigger the dildo."

Joannie gave me a hug. "A girl after my own heart."

So I went home, dropping by the pharmacy on the way, and that night Al got his first dose of super lactating medicine.

I didn't notice anything for a week. Oh, Joannie had said a month, but it might start earlier, but I was so eager!

And Al backed off his stand on me ending lactation, and we fucked a bit. And, that man, for a guy who was against such stuff, he fed at my breasts a lot. And he didn't complain.

But, lying in the dark, feeling the warmth and goodness of sharing my milk with my man, I couldn't help but smile.

On the second week Al started to get a little grouchy. Not bad, but definitely different for him. He was usually the kind of guy who told jokes, liked to play pranks, and generally have a good time.

Now he was glum. Not depressed, just glum, sort of like he was having heavy thoughts and couldn't stop.

So something was happening, and I kept feeding him his daily dosages, and waited.

Third week. He apologized to me.

"Honey, I'm so sorry I've been so grumpy. I don't know why."

"Oh," I said airily, "it's just puberty."

"Not funny."

And it wasn't, because when we did have an argument, or I wanted to put him in his place, I accused him of never going through puberty, and that's why he was only five inches.

"Okay. I didn't mean it that way. My sorry."

"That's okay," but he was still Mr. Unhappy face.

"Say, I might have something that will cheer you up."

"What?"

"These!" I ripped my blouse open, sent the damned buttons flying, and held my boobs up. I was wearing a shelf bra and the nipples were big and oozing milk.

He smiled. He was easy. But then, what man isn't?

He bent to my tits and took one of my nipples in his mouth. "Mmm. Good."

I walked backwards, he kept up with me, and I turned into the bedroom and the back of my legs hit the bed. I sat on the bed, pulled him with me, and now he was laying on me, sucking my tit as he lifted my skirt and pulled my panties down.

"Oh, baby," I said. "You're eager."

And he was, and I knew, halfway through the third week, that he was entering the horny phase.

He pushed forward as he pulled his cock out, and he edged in, and the little thing entered my pussy.

Oh, God, I wished he had a bigger peeny. I love him, but a girl can wish, can't she?

He thrust with his hips and I felt him brush against my innards, but not enough.

I hugged him, and he kept sucking, and my milk was flowing.

I tilted my own hips, then I pushed him back.

"What?"

For answer I turned around and crouched on the bed on all fours. I could feel his grin as he eyed my round ass. I wiggled my fanny and he grabbed it and guided his cock back into paradise.

"Oh, yeah!" he grunted, smacking me with his hips, his little balls swinging against me.

For a long minute he fucked me, and I groaned, trying to get him deeper, trying to somehow make his cock feel bigger. All the while he leaned on my back and squeezed my tits. Lord, I was getting the milking of a lifetime! Long squirt after long squirt, and then, when he took his hands off, they kept squirting on their own, with no stimulation. Which is not to say I wasn't stimulated.

Heck, once the milk starts really flowing it is a glorious golden, drawn out mini orgasm. I just felt so warm and good.

Then, my milk flow starting to slow, I let my upper body fall. My tits were pressed on the bed and I was supported by my shoulders. This was the best position, it tilted my pussy just right, for maximum penetration.

Al knew it, and he knew I was about done, so he redoubled his efforts. He wanted to cum before I did, because he knew when I came I would kick him out. The problem was that Al had never been an easy cummer.

Oh, I know, some guys are fast, premature ejaculation and all that, but Al wasn't one of them. He not only was small, but he was slow. Which didn't do me much good. As I indicated, once the milk started to slow I started to lose interest. I then came or I didn't. If he drove extra hard, he could get me off. If he didn't...I used the dildo. And he would finish himself off with his hand while watching me. Or not.

I tell ya, when a girl is close to a good orgasm she stops thinking about her partner. There is only her and her cunt and how to make it pop.

Well, that day he did it good. He pushed and grunted and slammed into me, and tried to make his dick feel longer than five inches, and I felt the warm explosion starting up in my groin. And throughout my body. My tits suddenly felt hot, I felt a white screen pass through my head, and my body started lurching and spasming.

"Yeah!" he crowed, proud that he could get me off.

And I shuddered and flattened out, which pushed my buns up and forced his cock out of me.

I lay there, feeling the milky mess under my breasts, satisfied, in spite of the small cock, and feeling pretty good as I came down.

I heard him sit on a chair and start stroking himself. Poor baby hadn't gotten off, and I giggled. I turned over to watch him.

"Damn!" He said. "I can't seem to get off!"

I smiled. I went to him and sucked on him for a while. A small cock may not be much for fucking, but it is better for blowing. I was able to fit his whole member in my mouth, and my tongue must have felt gigantic to him. But he still couldn't get off.

Finally, I backed off. "Sorry, hon, but my mouth is getting tired."

"Okay," he sat, disconsolate, a man who had succeeded in satisfying his wife, but not himself. Poor boy. Stuck in a twisted conflict. I almost laughed. And then I had an idea.

"Go take a shower and cool off."

He did. And I picked up my cell.

"Joannie? He's hot and horny, can't get off."

"I thought so. Al fits into the category of getting hornier because he can't cum. It will last a few weeks, at least until his breasts have really started growing."

"So who should I call?"

All the girls had expressed an interest in fucking a man with a small dick that might not work. In fact, there was even a pool, the girl who made him actually squirt would win the pool.

"I think you've already made a call."

I grinned.

"I'll be there in five minutes, and I'll make up a good excuse to be there and available. Why don't you go shopping. I can text you when I'm done."

"Deal," and I hung up.

I listened to Al singing in the shower. He had a good voice, and the warm water was probably feeling pretty good in there.

And I thought about what was going to happen to him. Heh heh.

It was more like ten minutes, but Joannie showed up, and she was wearing nothing but a bathrobe, and another bathrobe around her hair.

I showed her into the living room where Al was sitting and thinking about the bulge in his pants.

"Hi, Al."

"Hi, Joannie."

"Joannie's shower is broken, and right in the middle of sudsing. She's going to use ours to clean up."

"Sure."

Joannie and I passed him and I showed Joannie to our bathroom. I air kissed her and whispered, "Have fun."

"I will," she responded. "Is the camera set up?"

"It's running, and I covered the red light so he won't know it. You won't have to do a thing."

She grinned, reached out and gave my boob a good squeeze, then entered the bathroom.

I went back into the living room. "I've got to go shopping."

"Oh."

Shopping. Big deal. A woman thing. But he was going to remember this shopping trip, even though he wasn't on it, especially because he wasn't on it, for the rest of his life.

Two days later the Lactation League had their meeting, and there never was such an eager bunch of bitches. They all knew that I had set up a camera, and that I had videos Joannie's tryst with Al.

We arranged the chairs around the big screen TV and I slipped a disk into the player. A quick squiggle of lines, and then we had a clean view of my bedroom. We could hear voices, but there was nobody in the room. Then the volume of the voices grew louder.

"Look, I don't...my wife..."

"Your wife has bragged about how big you are, and I want to find out for myself."

Joannie entered the room, she was holding Al by the penis and pulling him along. She was naked, her big tits hung down and her we could see little drops of white on the tips.

"She said I was big?"

"She did, and I've got the proof in my hand."

"Oh," and Al grinned, and we all laughed. The penis in her hand didn't look so big.

"Now get on that bed and let me have my way with you."

"But Hannah might not like—"

"You let me worry about Hannah."

She pulled him around by the dock and pushed him on the bed. He sat down and looked up at her.

"And while I'm worrying, you can take care of this."

She moved forward and maneuvered a big boob into his mouth.

"Whoa!"

"Wow!"

The girls applauded and cheered.

Then Joannie moved forward, pushing him back with her tit, and he laid back and she crawled over him.

He sucked, his mouth working, and his eyes were looking up at her face.

She bent at the waist and managed to stroke his dick while he suckled.

"Mmm!" he groaned.

"Mmmm, yeah, baby. You really are big!"

Again, we all cheered. Joannie was really doing a job on him.

Then she pushed his head back, lowered herself, and began sucking his cock. She didn't have to move her head back and forth, like she would with somebody of size, and that made it that much easier to hold his whole dick in her mouth. She made groaning sounds and reached up to touch his nipples.

"Oh...oh!"

I stopped the disk. "He's never responded to nipple sex."

Joannie explained, "The drugs are making his nipples more sensitive. Within a week they'll start to pop."

I turned the disk back on and we all watched in amazement as Joannie started raping his nipples. She moved up to them, sucked them, and he arched his back and cried out in pleasure.

"My, God!" I breathed. I couldn't wait to explore this phenomena.

His nipples were as sensitive as mine, and we were just starting.

On the bed Joannie finally moved up and positioned herself over his penis, which, while it was small, was as hard as I had ever seen it.

Joannie signaled me to stop the video.

"He's going to go through a month or two of hard dick soft dick, and it will be difficult to cum. And then he'll shrink a little bit, but he won't lose his ability to get hard and squirt, it'll just be...tough."

"More fun for us," giggled Donna.

One of the girls said, "I never thought a small dick could be so hot."

Joannie: "Let's be honest, girls, we've all wondered what dicks other than our hubbies and boyfriends would be like, and there isn't a woman alive who hasn't wondered what a big monster would be like. And, if you think about it, it's almost as obsessive when you think about what a small dick would be like."

"So what's it like?" I asked.

"It's good. It's frustrating, and that makes you work harder, but then when you get over the top, the cum is actually harder. It's because you had to work for it."

We all thought about that, and I started up the disk again.

Joannie bounced on him, driving here weight down and trying to get more dick. Her frustration was obvious, and at one point she even looked directly at the camera and made a face of pleasure and frustration and 'what the fuck.'

We all laughed, and we watched Joannie's tits flop. After a minute she grabbed a hold of them. It was obvious that flopping tits, should they flop hard enough, could be painful.

Under her, Al was writhing and groaning and doing his best to cum. In trying to please himself he was forgetting to please Joannie, and that provided a unique pleasure in itself.

One of the girls started chanting.

"Fuck...fuck...fuck!"

We all took up the chant, actually chanting in time with the movements on the screen.

"Almost!" Joannie yelled.

"Fuck...fuck...fuck!"

"I'm almost there!"

"Fuck...fuck...fu—"

On the screen Joannie howled. She pulled her tits and pounded on her pussy. Her back was shuddering and jerking. Milk dripped wildly from her breasts and spattered everywhere.

"YES!"

"YEAH!"

"WOW!"

We all stood up and cheered like we were cheering the winning home run of the world series.

Joannie raised her hands in victory, then began bowing.

Afterwards, going through our weekly milking session, a dozen horny women laying around and pumping themselves and each other, and me even fingering myself, we discussed the affair more thoroughly.

"You can get your mouth all around his cock, and I think his cock might even be more sensitive than normal. He's got the same amount of nerves as any other guy, but they are just crammed into a smaller space."

"I like how you were able to get both his cock and both balls into your mouth. What did that feel like?"

"I couldn't do much with my tongue, but I think he liked the idea. Leastwise he was making sounds like he did."

"I'll say."

"Say, Hannah, I've got a question."

I turned to Marsha. For a newby she was coming along fast.

"How did he...what did he say when he found out that you arranged the fuck?"

I laughed. "He didn't find out."

"What?"

"That's right. Joannie left, and she told him not to say a thing to me, that she didn't want to ruin our friendship."

"And he bought that?"

"Al and I have an understanding. I understand his indiscretions, and he understands mine. Mind you, we don't fuck around on each other, but if he's at a convention in St. Louis and some girl comes on to him and he's drunk...I understand. And vice versa.

"Now, he fucked Joannie, and she was pretty insistent, and now he's caught. He fucked around on me, and with my friend, but he doesn't want to ruin my relationship with Joannie over a fuck."

The girls exchanged glances, there was still some figuring out going on.

"But...then he thinks he's cheating."

"And that is going to make it all the better. He's like a kid who's stealing cookies, and we know that stolen cookies are always the best, right?"

There were nods around the room.

"So Marsha, I want you to come over tomorrow at noon. I'll tell him I left a dildo for you, but when you go to look for it it won't be there. He'll help you look for it, your clothes will somehow get lost, and voila, super fuck."

"Tomorrow at noon," she affirmed, biting her lip.

"Then, when you're done, tell him not to say word to me, that you really don't want to lose my friendship."

"Really? And he won't suspect something when I use the same reason?"

"Listen, Al is horny. When Al is horny he doesn't think straight. You could tell him your pussy needs a lube and oil and he'll think that's normal."

We all giggled at that one.

"Okay," she said, coming to a firm decision. "Tomorrow at noon."

"And don't worry, the camera is on a high shelf, the red light is taped up and I'll leave it running."

Marsha gave a sigh. "And I'll get to fuck a real, live small dick."

One of the girls asked, "Won't it seem rather...absurd? Leaving a dildo for Marsha?"

I grinned. "I told you. right now Al is fucking stupid, and in the best possible way. The fact that it is a dildo will just increase the horny quotient.

The girls all nodded, and they smiled at each other, and I offered one more suggestion.

"And make sure you tell him his dick is big."

The girls all broke out in laughter at that.

## PART TWO

The fourth week. I noticed Al scratching his chest, and sometimes grimacing.

"What's the matter, babe?"

"Oh, I don't know. Must have pulled a muscle."

Yeah, right. If nipples had muscles.

"Lemme see," I went to him and examined his chest. At first he was a little squeamish, but as I ran my hands over his pecs, including some extra puffy nipples, he shivered.

"What?"

"I don't know...it felt good."

"This does?" He was wearing a black tee and his nipples were pressing hard against the material, doubtless stimulating his overly sensitive chest peenys. I gripped the nip with my fingers and pulled.

"Ohh!" He groaned, and his knees actually buckled a little.

Oh, baby, was I going to have fun.

"I didn't know you were this sensitive."

"I didn't, either." He gritted his teeth as I rolled up the shirt and put my lips to his nipple.

Yep, it was, they were, definitely swollen. Real swollen. If his nipple was normally a dime, now it was a penny. Zowie.

"Oh...please!"

"What's the matter?"

"It feels like it's electrifying my cock?"

"That big thing?"

He looked at me, a bland expression which held a little surprise. "I thought my dick was too small for you?"

"No, I think it's been growing."

"Really," he bent his head forward, looking downward. His little penis bobbed, five inches long, but probably in its last days at that length. "It looks the same to me."

"Yeah, but baby, it feels humungous to me."

Grinned, he swaggered into the bedroom. He threw me on the bed, acting a little mannish for a change, but then a big cock will do that to a man, give him a big ego.

"Oh, yeah!"

He knelt between my legs and gripped my boob in one hand, he milked me thoroughly as I jacked his cock. Every once in a while he would shift boobs, and he was doing a good job. It felt like he was pulling gallons out of my titties, and the feeling of warmth grew and grew until my hips started to buck. I groaned, and he glanced at me, realized I was going to cum, and he redoubled his sucking efforts.

Electricity shot through me, my pelvis exploded, and I began to shake and moan.

"Yeah!" he said through a mouthful of nipple and milk.

Yeah, indeed. I rocketed to the stars, exploded into the heavens, and slowly found my way back to earth.

Then it hit me. He had made me cum just by sucking on my tits. Didn't even put his dicklet into me. Oh, my God!

He was starting to fiddle with his dick, getting ready to put it into me. I pushed him back with one hand. "No."

"What? But I need to..."

"I'm sorry, honey, but you gave me the greatest cum ever. In fact..." I paused.

"What?" His eyes were wide with horniness.

"I think I like getting off that way best."

"Huh?"

"Yes. That gave me such a great cum, we're going to do it that way."

"Well, great, now just let me slide in and I'll get my..."

I shushed his lips with a finger.

"I think you work harder when you don't cum."

"But, honey! I need it! I'm so horny all the time! You've got to let me—"

I placed my hand over his mouth. "Oh, come on. Show a little self control. You can do this for me."

Well, he begged and pleaded, but I was adamant, and it was hard not to laugh at his desperation. He was so cute, begging on his knees for a little relief.

But here was my thought, he was horny, and he was really horny for me, and he would get hornier and hornier because men are always horny for what they can't have.

Besides, the girls were wanting more, that little dick of his was making them work harder than ever, and giving them great cums, and they were almost begging me for a chance at Al.

And, a little aside, I wanted them to see his nipples. I wanted them to suck and admire and pull on them. The more 'massaging' he got the better it would be. Or so I reasoned.

So I walked out of the bedroom, totally satisfied, and he followed me around the house like a puppy dog, big, brown eyes begging.

"By the way," I said, "I'm going to be out of town for a couple of days."

"What?"

"Yes. There's convention on FLRs, and I want to—"

"What are FLRs?" he interrupted me.

"Female Led Relationships. That's where the woman is more in charge and the man does what he's told."

"Don't we already have that?" he grouched.

"Yes, dear. We do," I affirmed. "But sometimes you seem a little unhappy about it. This will enable me to get more educated, make me a better leader."

He frowned, but there wasn't much he could say.

"But...can't you put it off? I mean, I'm really horny."

"Or just use your hand or whatever." I dismissed his concerns.

"Use my..." I knew he wasn't thinking of his hand. He was thinking of all those women that had been paying him visits over the last week.

"Sure, you know," I made a stroking motion with my hand.

"Oh." But he had visions of my friends dancing in his head. But he wasn't telling me. He was cheating, even if it was only in his mind. And it was making him feel guilty, even as he couldn't control it. I almost laughed aloud then.

The next day I left on my trip, and went over to Joannie's house. Joannie and I had been getting quite a lot of Al's dick, the other girls wanted some, and we decided to just hang out and have a little pajama party. Eat some popcorn and watch the video feed and let the other girls have their turns.

Yep. Video feed. Joannie had hooked the camera direct to my laptop, which was in the closet and plugged in. The camera would send me real time movies of any of Al's shenanigans.

So I hugged Joannie, we had a little breakfast, I had left the house early to give Al plenty of fuck time, and then we turned on the computer and called up the videos of my dear, sweet husband. We were just in time.

DING DONG! We heard the front door bell. A few minutes, and Donna backed into the room, tugging Al by the cock, laughing even as he tried to protest. She was wearing just a coat, and the coat was open and showing her charms to the max. She shucked the coat off without losing one stroke of Al's cock.

"Hey! Wait! I can't..."

Donna was having none of his guff, though. She lay back on the bed and pulled him right into her.

"I've been doing nothing but dreaming of your big dick..."

Joannie and I broke out in gales of laughter.

"Well, uh, thanks, but I'm married and this has to—"

"Oh, yeah, there it is," she pulled him into her pussy, then grabbed his body so he couldn't escape. She humped him mercilessly, and Al couldn't help it, he began to hump back, and he sucked on her nipples and had a good meal.

For long minutes they squirmed on the bed. Her moaning, and then she inadvertently rubbed a palm across one of his nipples. He gave a deep moan, and she remembered. Quickly she brought her mouth up and began to suck. "Oh," she moaned at one point, "You even have big nipples."

First Al preened. Which was good. We wanted him to want big nipples, and they were going to get bigger. Then he started to rut harder. He was proud, and he was hornier than a virgin in a whore house. He flipped her over and pounded in her.

She began to moan, loudly, and I wondered if the neighbors could hear her. Then she did something I didn't expect. She pushed him off and said, "I brought something over for you."

He barely heard her, he was thrusting his cock in the air and trying to maneuver his way back into her honeypot.

"Uh...yeah..."

She pushed all the way off, pushed him back on the bed, and ran out of the room.

Joannie and I looked at each other in puzzlement.

"What in the heck is that girl...?"

Donna ran back into the room, she held her purse and was taking something out of it. "Turn over," she snapped. "Get on your hands and knees."

He looked at the thing in her hand, and he recognized it at the same moment Donna and I realized what it was.

"Oh, my God!" I muttered, my mind blown.

"She's got to be kidding!" blurted Donna, laughing.

On the screen: "I'm not going to—"

"You are if you don't want me running out the front door screaming 'rape!'"

She held a butt plug. It wasn't unduly large, though I am sure, to Al's mind, it must have looked like the Titanic.

"But that's going to hurt!"

"It's going to feel good. And it might even help you squirt."

Well, that made sense to Al, hungry, horny Al, but he still protested. "But that's going to ruin my asshole! I want be able to...to keep stuff in me!"

"What? Don't be stupid! People use these things every day, and you don't see snail trails all around town, do you?"

"Well, no, but..."

The argument went on, but Donna finally made it happen. "Okay, slick, here's the deal. I'm going to the front door, I'm going out the front door, and I'm going to scream until the police come. Mr. Raper. Or you're going to let me grease this little thing up and insert it. What's it going to be?"

Al didn't say anything.

Donna turned around and walked out the door.

Joannie and I were open mouthed, and I realized that it might be difficult to deal with a rape charge, and I was getting a little scared, when Al broke.

"Wait!" He jumped up from the bed and yelled.

A few seconds later Donna came back into the bedroom. Her smile was tight and controlled as she enjoyed her victory.

"Up on the bed, bozo, and don't give me no shit. Literally."

Joannie and I were on our feet now, laughing, disbelieving, and high fiving. This was really going to happen.

Al got on the bed. He bit his lip and looked worried.

Donna pulled a jar of lube out of her purse and began slathering goo all over the plug. She lectured him as she made sure the butt plug was ready. "The trick is to relax. If you fight it, it's going to hurt. And it may feel like an ouchie the first time, but once you are accoutered..." accoutered? Joannie and I were near hysterical now, our jaws had officially dropped and we kept patting each on the back to reassure ourselves that this was really happening. "...it's going to feel like heaven. You've got lots of nerves back there and..." she began applying lube to Al's ass. A lot of lube. "...they are going to all fire up and scream 'Happy New Year.'"

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!" Joannie and I screamed together.

Joannie put one arm around Al's ass, put the anal toy to his anal, and Joannie and I sat down on the couch and actually held each other. Nobody, on the screen or in Joannie's living room, said a word. There was plenty of deep breathing and gulp and gasping from Al.

Donna wormed the plug around, pushing it lightly and letting it come out. Al kept jerking and groaning. She pushed it in further and further. Al kept trying to lurch away, an instinctive reaction, but Donna kept hold of him, kept pushing and pushing, and suddenly, pop, it went in.

Donna stood up and went into the bathroom to wipe her hands off.

Al was frozen in position, then he started turning, on all fours, small movements because he was terrified. He swung around and faced the bathroom, and the camera, and the look on his face was absolute amazing. His eyes were big and round. His mouth was big and round. He was in shock.

"How's it feel?" Donna called from the bathroom.

"It's, uh...I don't..." he was flabbergasted. Gobsmeaked. Dazed and confused.

Donna came back into the room, she was laughing. "Cat got your butt?"

"I...I don't...you..."

She sat on the bed, reached behind him and wiggled the plug.

"Oh! Hey! Wait!" Al jerked and twitched and his hands slipped off the edge of the bed. He flattened out, and his butt was in perfect position.

"Oh, goodie!" Donna held him down with one hand in the middle of his back, with the other hand she maneuvered the plug. We watched as she wiggled it, corkscrewed it, tapped it gently.

Al jerked and twitched, his hips tried to escape, but only aided in the pleasure.

"Go on, struggle, big dick. Show me what you got.

Now Al was breathing hard, and he was actually drooling. His mouth was slack and a string of spit was elongating from his chin.

Donna took her hand off his back and climbed on to the bed. She squatted behind him and worked the butt plug with both hands. She used her weight to push harder, she pulled until Al's head jerked up. She pushed it to one side, then the other. She even turned it in his asshole.

Al began to fuck back. Just like he had a pussy, but the pussy was his ass. He wiggled and moaned, and I could see big tears coming from his eyes. He was so pleased he was crying! And he thrust back and his hands made fists and clenched and, suddenly, his back arched and his mouth grew big and his eyes opened in shock.

"I'm...I'm...OH MY GOD!"

The way his hips jerked, we could tell he was coming.

Donna dug into his butt like she was a gardener with a spade.

Joannie and I leaned forward, our mouths open.

My husband had just been buttfucked and had had an orgasm!

On the screen Donna sat back and breathed. I realized how hard she had been working. She sat for a long minute. Al certainly wasn't moving. He was completely collapsed, half off the bed. He hadn't been cuming much, and now this...he was stunned beyond belief.

Donna finally rolled off the bed and got dressed, which meant putting on her coat and buttoning it up. She said, "You can leave that plug in for a few hours. Feels sort of good, doesn't it."

Al grunted and nodded.

"And, who knows," she faced the hidden camera and winked. "Maybe somebody will come along and rescue you, eh?"

I turned to Joanie to tell her to get going, but she was already halfway to the door.

We showed the video at the next meeting. We had made more videos, but Donna's was the big hit. The ladies all congratulated her, and she was preening with pride, and all the ladies had questions.

"How long have you..."

"How did you know he would..."

"What gave you the idea..."

And she said, "If you think that is good, let me cut in line tomorrow and I'll really show you something."

"Two days in a row?" somebody asked

"Hey! I don't know if you noticed, but I was so busy giving Al his education that I didn't get off myself!"

Long story short, we not only agreed to let her cut in line, every woman in the League of Lactators was in Joannie's living room, perched on the edge of their seats, waiting to see what would happen.

DING DONG! We heard the doorbell. We heard the greeting, and then Joanie led Al into the bedroom by the dick. Same coat, which she kept buttoned up.

Interestingly, Al didn't protest about being married. But that just made me smile. It didn't make him less guilty, and, besides, the videos we were getting, if I ever decided to go the blackmail route I certainly had the material.

"Al, I have a little extra something for you?"

Al was walking almost normal, just a little gingerly, and he said, "Isn't this butt plug thing enough?"

"Oh, no, sweet cheeks. That was just the start."

His eyebrows slanted inward.

"Now take that plug out and get ready." she unbuttoned her coat and spread the flaps, and every girl in the viewing room dropped her mouth.

Donna had a dick!

Everybody was blinking, trying to figure it out, I had images of her having a pussy the day before, and then we started to figure it out.

"It's a strap on!"

"Oh, my God!"

"It is!"

Al looked down at the thing. It was black, about the same size as the butt plug, but not flared. His jaw dropped. "I can't...you can't..."

"I can and will. Now, are you going to waste my time by making me run into the street, without the strap on, and scream rape? Or are you gonna get on the bed on all fours and take it like a man."

"Like a man? Don't you mean like a woman?"

"Have it your way," she snorted. "But you're going to take it either way. So get up there and get ready."

Al was broken in by the butt plug scene of the day previous. He hung his head, but not all the way, and I could read his body...he was excited.

And his little pecker showed it.

He climbed up on the bed.

"Over here," Donna commanded. She was positioning him for the best camera angle.

Al moved to the end of the bed and we girls had a fantastic view. We could see his ass, and the dildo on Donna's waist, and everything was ready to go.

And, the girls of the League were all on their feet, holding their breaths, and making small remarks.

"I can't believe it!"

"He's going to do it!"

"I want to fuck him next!"

Donna smiled at the camera, actually gave a wink and a thumbs up, and set herself behind him. She applied LOTS of lube, pressed her plastic peter to his brown button, and began to feed mu hubby a good does of cock.

Al arched, and moaned, and suddenly flattened out. I didn't know if it was pain, or pleasure, or what, but it didn't faze Donna. She just reached up, grabbed his hair, and kept pressing.

The dick slid into his asshole smoothly, and Al began making sounds. Guttural sounds. sounds like he was a caveman.

Donna was grinning as she began to saw in and out.

Al jerked and twitched, at one point he was grasping the sheets in front of him with white knuckles, but, in the end (pretty good pun, eh?) he enjoyed it. He began pushing back, wiggling his butt, and fucking the dildo with all his might. And he groaned and moaned and his eyes were far away.

"Hold it," stated Donna. She unfastened the dildo from his ass and left it in him.

Al laid on the bed and gasped for breath.

She held the pecker in place with one hand. "Turn over."

Al had to struggle, his muscles seemed to be working funny, but he managed to flip on his back.

Donna used her hand to push the dildo in and out, and the other hand played with his nipples.

"Oh, baby," she muttered at one point. "I love a man with manly nipples, all big and great for sucking.

Al was jerking and fucking and too busy to answer, but I think I heard a grunt which sounded like 'yes.'

Then Donna pushed his legs and hips down so he couldn't dislodge the penis, and she climbed on top of him.

Al felt her weight, and it shoved him down harder, impaled him deeper. She grabbed his nipples and began to fuck him.

Al was half screaming now, but all in pleasure. His nipples were getting stimulated, his ass was getting fucked, his dick was being ravaged, and Donna, like a wild woman, rocked back and forth, bounced, and screamed, at one point, we couldn't believe it, "YEE HAW!"

Then, finally, she had her orgasm, and, again, all the ladies in the League were on their feet, cheering and clapping and high fiving and saying things like...

"Way to go!"

"Fuck, yes!"

"I want to do that!"

We all stood around, none of us willing to sit, and chatted as we watched the feed.

Al just lay on the bed, not moving, staring at the ceiling.

Donna got dressed, again just buttoning up the coat, and then left. Five minutes later she entered Joannie's house to the sound of cheers and hoots and ribald comments. She bowed, and we all chatted and asked her things, and then Joannie said,

"He's crying."

We turned to the screen. Al was sitting up, he hadn't taken the dildo out, and was sobbing.

Uh oh. This might be bad.

Joannie: "You want to check on him?"

"No," I said. "I'm still at a convention. Girls?"

All hands went up, but it was a girl named Lisa's turn.

"Don't worry," she said as she left the house.

We watched the screen. Heard a DING DONG. But Al didn't move. He was still crying.

Then Lisa entered the bedroom. "Al? What's wrong, honey?"

"Nothing...nothing..." he blubbered.

She sat down next to him and put an arm around him. "It's okay, honey. You can tell me."

Al said what I didn't expect: "I'm just so...so...so happy."

Lisa smiled, kissed his forehead, and winked at the camera. She held a thumbs up so Al couldn't see it. Tears of happiness. I was so glad I hadn't panicked.

"Did you know..."

"What?"

"I have a...I have a..."

"You have a what?"

"I have a dildo up my ass."

"You do?" Fake surprise.

Al turned to Lisa then, gulping and sobbing, and he begged, "Could you please fuck me?"

Well, it is an understatement to say that all previous celebrations in Joannie's living room were nothing compared to this moment. We cheered so loud that we saw neighbors looking out their door at the house, which just made us laugh.

Week five, and Al had small bulbs. The size of radishes. And his nipples were bigger. If they were dimes, and had become pennies, now they were nickels. And they were getting more and more sensitive. Al had taken to not wearing shirts around the house, which was adorable as I could see his growing buds whenever I wanted to. The material was just too rough on his little nipples.

And when he left the house he would put bandaids on them to protect them.

Of course, whenever we fucked, they were open season for me. There was nothing like seeing the pleasure explode in his eyes when I sucked on those pippies. Well, they weren't big enough to be puppies, and certainly not full grown dogs, but pippies. Yes. I liked that, and that was what they were.

I would wake up in the morning, fuck him good, express sorrow when he didn't cum (heh heh!) and then go shopping, or visiting, or whatever, and one of the girls would cum by.

Donna was ahead on the pool. She had made him cum twice. A couple of the girls had made him cum once, but except for those four cums, he was living a dry life. And getting hornier and hornier. He walked around the house naked sometimes, stroking his cock, looking at me with begging eyes.

I just chuckled and commiserated and went on about my business. Let him be horny, let the girls have their fun, and I looked at the calendar. I gave him two more weeks before he hit the final phase.

And I would catch him every once in a while, fondling his chest, looking confused, and pleased, and, of course, horny.

He was realizing that something was happening to him, but he wasn't objecting. And who would? He was getting fucked by beautiful, lactating woman all day long. Literally. And if his chest was doing something, it was small price to pay.

And here was the interesting thing, he was getting fucked, and wearing the butt plug, but he hid it all from me.

I was okay with that, but it was showing me depths of the man I loved that I hadn't known existed.

Was he worried that I would be upset? Was he worried that I wouldn't accept his new fetish for getting his butt screwed? Was there something else going on?

I didn't know, but the game was on and I was loving it.

Week six, and his boobs were growing, and I could tell it was starting to get to him.

Once I caught him staring at himself in the mirror, a most thoughtful expression on his face. He turned sideways and cupped his little boob. Oh, it was cute. Just like a 13 year old girl, budding, changing, and caught up in emotions and hormones and everything.

And he did get a little emotional. That crying jag he went through was the worst, but it seemed he was always turning away and wiping his eyes, getting moody, that sort of thing.

And, one of the girls noticed that his dick had shortened up a little. Not much, none of us expected it to suddenly shrivel and drop off, but it was shorter. A quarter inch. But it stayed hard, and he stayed horny, and that was fine with us.

"Ow!"

"What?"

He was pulling on a shirt and had forgotten to put on band aids. He had rubbed a nip and it had hurt.

"It's just...nothing."

"Come on, honey. Tell mama what's going on."

"I just...my chest...I must have pulled a muscle."

I kept my smile on the inside and looked at him. I put a look of surprise on my face. "Al? You've got boobs!"

"What? Me! No!?" he tried to turn away, to avoid it.

I knew the girls were watching on the TV, or at least it was getting recorded. This was going to be the best documentary on transitioning in the world.

"Come here," I turned him around and felt his chest. He squirmed, and it wasn't from pain.

I lifted his shirt and cupped a boob. "This isn't a tit?"

"Well, I just haven't been working out. It's just flab."

"Ha! If that's flab then I never worked out! Honey, face it. You've got tits. What have you been doing?"

"Me? Doing? I haven't been doing anything!"

Dangerous ground here. I wanted to miss his big secret, that he was fucking all my friends and fucking himself and using a butt plug and getting dildo-ized, and yet not miss his growing tits.

"Come on. You don't just grow tits out of nowhere, especially if you're a man."

"It's called Gynecomastia. It just happens to men. They get some fat on their chest, looks like boobs."

I looked doubtful. I had uncovered him, but I didn't want to push him. Yet.

"Well, okay. But..."

"Look it up on the internet."

Excellent, he had been looking it up, and he had somehow figured out a way to justify his boobs. It gave me the perfect opening.

"Well, okay. But I don't want you to turn gay, start taking it up the butt or something."

Bingo. The look on his face was priceless. Totally busted, and shamed into keeping his secret.

"I would never do that!" But he almost choked and his face turned red.

"Oh, I know. You're a manly man. Especially with that big dick. It's just that..."

"What?"

"If they get much bigger...you're going to have to cover them up or something."

Right. No way I was going to let him cover these puppies up. Yes, no longer pippies, now puppies. Pretty soon to be howling dogs.

"Cover them up?" He had trouble wearing a shirt.

"Sure. Wear a bra or something."

"What?"

He was shocked, but under the shock I could see the thrill in his eyes.

"I'm not going to wear a bra!" but it was weak. He must already have been thinking about it.

"Well, if you want big, old sacks hanging on your chest. Your choice," and I left it at that.

I went to my meeting that week, and that was the beginning of the end for poor, old Al.

"I've got an idea," said Marsha.

We were sitting in front of the screen. We had just watched one of the girls do her magic and, while she had had a fantastic orgasm, Al was having harder and harder times.

"What's that?" Joannie asked.

She told us, mouths dropped, and then I began wondering. Why hadn't I thought of this? It was the logical next step. Why hadn't any of the girls thought of this?

We were sitting in Joannie's living room. Eating donuts, drinking coffee, and watching the screen.

DING DONG!

A minute later Marsha entered the room. She winked at the camera and put Al on the bed. Out of her pocket she pulled a little bundle. She tossed it at Al.

"What's this?" He unfolded...a nightie. Pink. Frilly, see through.

"Put it on," Marsha growled, letting her horniness show.

"But, what for?"

"I'm going to fuck you, and I'm going to pretend you're a girl."

Al stared at the garment for a good ten seconds, then, surprising me, he stood up and put it on.

He stood there and stared down at himself. It was short, and his little dick rubbed against the hem, and was extra hard for the stimulation. The cute thing, though, was his boobs. They were little girl tits, but obviously tits, and they poked the front of the nighty out.

"I don't know—"

"Oh, shut up, lay down, I've got to have you!"

Al actually smiled. He liked this. Good thing he didn't know it was only phase one. "Do you want me on all fours or on my back?"

"All fours, to start."

Obediently, Al got on to the bed.

Marsha greased him up, moved up to his pucker, and pushed her cock into him. Al was getting easy. His hole was stretched properly, and he liked it, and fucking him was easy.

He groaned and arched his back and pushed back.

Marsha slapped his ass. "Yeah, bitch!"

She fucked him. In and out. A bit rough, but it was good for Al.

Finally, she told him to turn over. She was looking at his eyes. She was feeling his tits. She was plowing into him. She suddenly drew back and frowned.

"What?" He sounded a little desperate. My man was learning to love and crave cock.

"It's not right."

"What isn't?" Real panic. He didn't want to give up his new sex style.

"You. You don't look like a girl."

"But...I'll turn back over. I've got tits! You've got to fuck me!"

Marsha shook her head. "No. I want a woman. I've always had the urge to try out a woman, and you just don't look enough like a woman. If this was a real dick on me it wouldn't be hard."

"But...but...what can I do?" He pled.

Marsha thought, and she was doing a marvelous job of acting. Finally, she said, "Well, there's one thing we could try. I don't know if I should ask you..." yeah, better to have him ask for it.

"What? Anything! I just need to feel your cock in me again!"

"Well...okay. Get up."

Al stood up. He was actually trembling with desire. I wished I'd discovered his anal fetish before. But then it probably would have balanced out my fetish for having big milk bags on my chest, and then we might never have reached this stage.

"Sit there." She pointed at my make up table.

Al sat, and Marsha began to work on him. We had adjusted the camera so we could watch, and the sight was absolutely fascinating.

Al had a masculine face, but I think the drugs we were giving him were softening him, redistributing fat. Not a lot, but he didn't need a lot.

Marsha cleaned his face, she primed it, corrected his color, which was interesting as males have slightly different colors than females. But Marsha was good, and his face began to look more feminine. Concealer, foundation, even a little blush. Now he was definitely looked feminine, and she was just getting started. The crux to make up is the eyes. The eyes make one crackle and pop, or they don't. Examine a man's eyes next to a made up woman's eyes and you will see it.

So she spent a long time getting his eye shadow just right, curled his eyelashes, and, finally, the pièce de résistance, lips.

She plumped them, which startled me, because I had always thought Al had thin lips, but a little plumper, some bright red, some gloss, and zingo bingo, my heart dropped.

He...she...was gorgeous. Al's face was a perfect picture of femininity. Except for the hair. But I had prepared for that. I had left a wig on the table.

Marsha pulled the wig over Al's own hair, clipped it in place, and stood back.

Every woman in the viewing room was stunned. We were speechless. We stared with open mouths.

On the screen Marsha moved him in front of the mirror, which was perfect for the camera. We stared at his flawless make up, the curve of his jaw, the shadows and highlight.

"I think I'm in love," breathed Joannie.

"Fuck love," said one of the girls. "I'm in lust. I want to go over there right now and do him double. I want to fuck him till he's stupid. Fuck. Until I'm stupid. Fuck!"

Two of the girls were actually rubbing their nipples, not caring that milk was squirting. One of the girls placed her hand on her crotch and squeezed her pud.

As for me, that was interesting. I love Al. But I know him, and I'm used to him. He always gave me more than enough sex, so it was no big deal. Fun and games, but the deep lust of a new relationship wasn't there. Now it was.

Now I felt wet. Now I felt my core turn white hot and my legs felt weak. I was actually gasping.

I wanted to fuck that...woman. I wanted bad. This wasn't just Al...it was...AL!

A new Al. A soft and feminine Al. An Al built for long nights. I could imagine him between my legs, eating me to a frothy squirt. I saw myself standing behind him, cupping his big tits as I drove my plastic cock into him. I could—

"Easy," Joannie nudged me. I looked down and realized I was cupping one breast with one hand and playing with myself with the other.

"Oh, let her go. She was just getting started," one of the girls laughed, and I blushed.

On the screen Marsha had taken Al back to bed. She was slow and gentle in her movements, as if manipulating a woman. She arranged him on his back, made sure he was lubed up, and then she started fucking him.

We could feel her excitement. We watched as she felt his tits and kissed him, and we were all envious as Al groaned and moaned underneath her.

"Fuck!" I whispered.

"You've created a monster," Joannie murmured next to me.

On of the other girls picked up on it and said, "We've created a monster, and baby, do I want a piece of that monster."

From there it took off. The girls clamored for a chance to be with him, missing work, abandoning their husbands and boyfriends, concentrating their all on Al. They made him up, dressed him up, and fucked him, and were fucked by him, and I was having the time of my life. He was looking softer and softer, and I even saw traces of make up on him every once in a while. I didn't say anything, however, just sort of ignored him, contained my own overwhelming desires for a girly fuck with Al, and watched the play unfold.

Seven weeks.

"That did it. Put this on." I threw a bra at him.

Him. Sometimes it was hard to think of him as him, watching him be a girl all the time.

He looked at the bra. There was still a touch of resistance in him. He said, "I don't think I want to."

So I went to him, put it on him, and pushed his hands away, and zingo bingo, he was stacked. It was a shelf bra, and his nipples peeked over the edge so cute. And they were big nipples. First dimes, then pennies, then nickels, and now they were beyond coin sizes. They were more than two inches across, and the nipples were thick and stuck up a half inch.

Man, if his nips were that big, then how big were his boobs going to be?

Speaking of his boobs, they were already getting hefty. I had given him a C cup bra, and he filled it up.

So, stacked. And it made my clitty hard and my hole drippy. Still, I had promised the girls that I wouldn't fuck him for a while, that they could use him, and I didn't want to get in their way, no matter how much I wanted to take him.

Well, anticipation is worse than death itself, they say, and so it must be true that anticipation made sex ten times better. At any rate, I couldn't wait to finally take that boy...girl...to bed and have my way. Believe me, I was dreaming, daily, of spreading his legs and fucking him till he was not just stupid, but a moron for the rest of his life.

Eight weeks. Al had actually made it to D cups. He strutted around the house in a bra, and yet he still had his secrets. He didn't say anything about dildos and butt plugs, or getting made up and fucked like a girl.

Fine with me, but it was time to bring it all to a close. Besides, I noticed that he was starting to sweat...through his nipples. He hadn't noticed yet, but I saw wet spot, just small ones, and realized we had made it. He was starting to lactate.

So the girls of the League of Lactators discussed it, and we finally came up with a fitting plan to end the shenanigans. And, boy, was it a doozy.

One morning, fucking Al to my cum, not his, I left the house. I told Al I was going to visit a friend in the next town over. Don't expect me back before dark.

He smiled, kissed me good bye, and I knew he was thinking about getting dressed up and getting a fuck or two. I drove off with a wave.

At Joannie's house we made our final plans, and then Marsha went over and prepared Al. She made his face up, put nylons and a really sexy bra on him. She made him wear a corset, which she pulled tight and, he didn't know it, put a little lock on the top loop. Then she put him in heels. Very stylish, and she giggled, no way to hide this, when she put the little locks on the tops of those. Now he was truly trapped and ready for our fun and games. Marsha started to fuck him, and half way through, him huffing and turning red and trying to make his little dick, it had actually gone down to four inches, to squirt.

Marsha took a break, left Al gasping on the bed, and answered her phone, "Hello?" She listened, then she gasped, then she hung up the phone and yelled, as she ran out of the room. "I've got to go!"

Now Al was stuck. He was totally and completely en femme. He was wearing sexy clothes, was made up, had huge boobs (and a cock so small to notice), a beautiful, long wig, and...and no way to get it all off.

It was my turn, and I was licking my chops.

I drove up to the house, nudged my car up against the garage door, wanted to shut down all possible exits, and slammed the door. Loud.

Oh, I could actually feel his panic. He had these big secrets, and he hadn't told me, and now...can you spelled busted with a capital BUSTED!

I walked up to the front door, and my cell rang. I stopped and answered it, in a loud voice.

Joannie whispered, "He's in the garage. He was looking for pliers or scissors in the kitchen, then he ran into the garage when he heard you coming."

"No. Nothing. Come on over. My friend canceled our meeting, so I have no plans for the day we'll hang around and sip wine. Sure, bring the girls."

Heh heh.

I hung up the phone and entered the house. I wandered through it, "Al? Honey? Are you here?"

No answer. But I knew there wouldn't be. He was in the garage, sweating bullets and trying to figure his way out of this mess.

Suddenly a car of girls pulled up to the curb and half the League got out and came up to the house. They were laughing and giggling and trying to act normal. Then another car drove up, and the other half of the League came up the steps.

We gathered in the house, laughing and joking and trying to act like it was just a normal meeting.

"Where's Al, Joannie yelled to me from the dining room. I was in the kitchen and I yelled back, "Don't know. Must have gone on an errand."

"His car is still here!"

Joannie entered the kitchen, and speaking in half loud voices, knowing that Al was just on the other side of the door, terrified, listening to us, we continued our conversation.

"Don't you ever worry that he's got a girlfriend? that he would leave you?"

"Al? Are you serious? He's is the kindest, most considerate man in the world. He would never lie to me. And cheating? Not a chance."

Oh, poor Al. Being complimented even as he huddled in fear and thought over his sins. Me bad. Heh heh.

So we had coffee, talked the talk, and grinned the whole while.

Finally, Marsha asked, "Say, didn't you say you had a set of golf clubs I might borrow?"

"Sure. They're in the garage. Come on."

Giggling, we crossed the kitchen and I opened the door.

On the far side of the garage the back door clicked shut.

We giggled some more, then I picked up the clubs and headed for the back door. I opened it and said, "Come on, Marsha, let's work on your swing in the backyard."

I waited a second, then stepped out. We walked up the side yard and into the back yard. We went out to the lawn and talked about golf for a second, then one of the girls said, in a whisper that was loud enough to be heard by Al, "Hannah...I thought I saw a prowler."

At this point we all took assigned places. Marsha went to the hall closet, Joannie went to the kitchen, and other girls went to places inside the house.

I and the remaining girls discussed the 'prowler.'

"I saw somebody run past the sliding doors."

"I didn't see anything."

"Yes, somebody crossed the patio. They were running."

"Okay. Let's go see."

We tromped, making enough noise to scare a burglar, and into the far side yard.

Now, I knew Al would run, and he only had two choices. He could turn left and try to run through other yards, in plain daylight. Or, he could run along the front of the house, hope nobody saw him, and go in the front door. We all agreed, and we were right, that he would go for the front door.

The side yard being empty we ran back to the patio, and we were just in time to see Al come through the front door.

Oh, he looked beautiful. He was tall and slender with big, huge tits. He had long hair that trailed over his sexy lingerie. He looked like a woman who wanted to fuck.

He closed the front door and tip toed, which was easy because he was in heels, across the room.

Suddenly, A girl came out of the hallway and screamed.

Al spun, gasped, was terrified.

He turned to run, and Joannie came out of the kitchen. "AL!"

Al spun, and started for the garage, Marsha stepped out of a closet and pointed at him and screamed.

Al turned yet again and Maxine came through the back of the kitchen.

And women poured in from the back.

Al stood and actually began yelling. His eyes were wide, his mouth was wide open, his hands were up to the sides of his face. He was so cute, even his nails were done.

For maybe ten seconds, it was chaos. Women touching Al, blocking his path, and Al yelling and crying and going in every direction but out.

But, finally, the tension too much, we began to laugh.

By now Al was actually on his knees, crying, sobbing, his mascara running down his cheeks in rivers.

We laughed. We roared. We held our bellies.

Slowly, Al stopped crying. He started looking around, still panicked, but reason slowly encroaching on his poor, addled senses.

I went through the girls and leaned down and grabbed his arm. I lifted him to his feet. He couldn't miss my laughter.

He finally managed, "You...you...this was..."

"Yes, babe. The ultimate gotcha."

Somebody handed him a drink. He needed one. Flutes of champagne were making their appearance or us girls.

"Then the...I was...they were fucking me!"

"With my blessing. For the joke."

"Oh, my God!" He took a big slug of bourbon and Coke.

"That's right, my girly, little man, and now all your secrets are out."

"Oh, my God," he repeated, and took a bigger slug of alcohol.

Finally, we all began sitting. Al had the place of honor, a bar stool facing a semi circle of the League of Lactators. He was working on his third drink, and was finally starting to relax.

"I can't believe you did that. I mean, I was cheating, getting buttfucked, even dressing like a girl."

"And you're a beautiful woman," somebody murmured. Everybody agreed.

"But what happens now?"

"Things go on like they have been, but I finally get to fuck you."

"Oh..." and he was thinking.

"What?"

"All these girls, you ladies, you kept telling me my dick was big."

We all smiled ruefully.

I said, "Al, when it comes to cocks, you got the short straw. You are not only tiny, but you are tinier."

He hung his head. "I know." He looked up, "It was fun hearing the lies, but...I know I'm not big."

"And now you're even less big."

He looked down. "I am, aren't I. And..." he stopped, looked up at me. He was coming out of shock. "Why am I shrinking? And, for that matter, what's the real reason I'm getting tits? I mean, this isn't gynecomastia, is it."

"No, babe. I've been giving you some hormones."

"But...but..."

Joanie blurted in, "Would you like your five inch cock back? Or would you settle for four inches, and all us women pawing you over, fucking you, getting fucked by you?"

And Marsha chimed in: "Do you want to give up wearing women's clothes?"

Al looked around the circle of ladies, and he got real honest. "I guess, I guess...yeah. It's okay."

There were a few cheers, and lots of satisfied smiles.

Joanie asked him then: "Al, how does it feel to be a member of the League of Lactators?"

"Well, I guess...yeah. It feels good. But I'm not really a lactator. I mean, I've got tits, but I don't put out any milk, so—"

"Al?"

He looked at me.

"Have you looked at your boobs lately? Like right about now?"

"What, no...I..."

I pointed down at his nips, and a couple of the girls chuckled.

He looked down and saw points of wetness in his blouse.

"Oh, my God!"

"Show us, honey, and give those hound dogs a squeeze."

He took off his blouse, his tits were big, and the nips showed over the shelf.

"Go on."

He looked at me, then down, and he put his hands on one of his boobs and squeezed. Almost immediately a white drop formed, and two squeezes later he was actually squirting milk.

I went to him. "You once asked me to let my boobs dry up. How do you feel now?"

He stared at me, shocked, amazed, and he shook his head. "No way."

And the ladies of the League of Lactators all gave a cheer.

END