

Revenge of the Lactating Babes

Grace Mansfield

PART ONE

I always knew Joe married me for my boobs.

Sure, we got along, lots of laughs, fucked every place under the sun. talking to my tits.

Now, to tell the truth, I should have expected what happened next. But I didn't. I'm a trusting soul. WAS a trusting soul.

But this is the story of what he did to me...and how I got back at him.

Poor Joe. Heh heh!

"How are you, honey? You feeling better?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

But I really felt like crap. I had had an upset stomach for a week. It was time to go to the doctor.

"Here. Here's an anti-nausea pill. Guy at work had them."

He handed me a small bottle, the label of which had been ripped off.

"What is it?"

"It's just aspirin, but good aspirin. Not that cheap stuff they sell you in stores. Come on, upsy daisy, downsy wonsy."

He handed me a glass of water.

I was dubious, Joe is famous for flying by the seat of his pants. He gets a bright idea and the world lights up, until he implements his idea. Then everybody is slapping their foreheads and wondering what the hell happened.

Still, my stomach was grumbling worse than a gravel truck dumping its load, and I was afraid I'd be dumping a load, so I took two tabs and popped them into my mouth, and so it began.

For the next few weeks Joe was quite solicitous. He insisted on making me smoothies, my favorite, banana and strawberries with a few blue berries thrown in.

And he cooked for me.

And, of course, he kept giving me those pills.

And I did start feeling better.

When I did happen to go to the doctor he signed me off, gave me a clean bill of health.

I felt great! I had always had a weak stomach, but now I felt healthy and rarin' to go.

So I went back to work, except, I had to buy a new bra. The old ones seemed to have shrunk, or something.

At the time I merely frowned, figured I must have put on a couple of pounds, though the scale didn't really back that up. Besides, just because Joe married me because I was well endowed didn't mean I didn't like being 'up front.'

So I got a couple of new bras, went back to work, everybody greeted me like old friends, and then, one day, I was at a conference call, and Lisa, one of my besties and a great coworker, came in to drop off a form. She looked at my chest, and motioned to her tit, and looked at me significantly.

I looked down. I was wearing a jacket and skirt, and the jacket was open for comfort. And my blouse had a big wet stain on it.

Well, that didn't make me happy. I dabbed at it with a napkin, mouthed 'thanks' to Lisa, and continued with the conference call.

After the call I took a good look at my blouse, and found that now I had two wet spots, one over each breast. To be precise, one over each nipple.

I went to the ladies room and took off my blouse to wash it, and milk oozed out of one nipple, then the other.

For a minute I felt faint. I wasn't pregnant. Joe and I had decided not to get pregnant for a while, so why was I suddenly lactating?

I firmed myself up, put a bunch of toilet paper in my bra cups, looked like a damn high school girl trying to have big tits, buttoned up my jacket, and continued working.

Truth, I felt good. Real good. In fact, I was to find out, over the coming weeks, that the more milk I produced the better I felt.

So I finished the day, and went home, and told Joe.

"What?" He blurted. "Let me see!"

So I took off my jacket and blouse, the blouse was soaked around the nips again, then my bra.

And I realized just how big my breasts had grown.

I had sort of sloughed it off, my breast growth, but they had probably grown a cup size. Which is a hell of a lot when you're already double Ds.

"Fuck," I muttered.

Joe, however, wasn't worried. In fact, he seemed sort of pleased.

"Say, this is great!" And he actually squeezed one tit, which made me weak in the knees and my milk to actually spurt out.

"But what am I going to do?"

"Okay, I'll tell you what. You probably need some sort of special bra to...uh, what? Catch the milk? Why don't you go get one of those and I'll do some research on the net. We'll get to the bottom of this."

He was so reassuring, and he made sure to mix me up a big smoothie before I headed off to, of all the darned places in the world...the maternity store.

Now, here's the thing, talk about the universe ganging up on you, I went into the store, and while I was looking at maternity bras. I tried to remember everything I had ever read, and selected a wireless bra with lots of support. I had a good set of jugs, and I didn't want them learning how to sag.

And the girl comes up to me and says, "That's lovely. When did you give birth.

Give birth!?"

"I didn't."

She looked surprised. "But you..."

"For some reason I'm lactating."

"Oh." And she gave a pretty, little smile. "That can happen. Women can spontaneously produce milk."

And we talked, and it reassured me, everything was normal. Just ride it out.

So I arrived home and Joe came out of the computer room with a big smile and a bigger boner.

"Man, I found out all sorts of stuff!"

"Do tell," I murmured as I walked past him into the bed room. He followed along, like a puppy with a scent.

"Yeah, it's normal. Some women just have spontaneous lactation."

Yeah, he used the same word that the girl in the 'motherhood' store had used.

I took off my shirt and bra, tossed the sticky napkins and put on the big, hefty, super supporter.

Joe stopped talking to me. I glanced at him, and grinned. He had that stupid look in his eyes that he had whenever he saw my bare breasts.

"What?" I joked. "You want to suck 'em?"

Now, I was joking. I was making fun of him, but he stepped right up to the plate.

"Geez, if I could."

I blinked.

And I looked down at his pants. He actually had one hand in them and was stroking his package.

"Joe!"

He blinked and came back to earth. "Oh, uh...sorry. I—"

"Do you really want to suck on my tits?"

His mouth opened...and nothing came out. And he turned red, and I knew the truth. "You do!"

"I...well, I never...I don't..."

"Well come here, stupid!"

Heck, I didn't have anything on it. I was used to him sucking on my nipples. He loved to make love to my breasts, so what if they put out a little milk?

I slipped out of the straps and pushed the cups down, and he almost pushed me back on the bed. I giggled at how eager he was, and it felt wonderful when he placed his mouth on a nipple and started sucking.

I could feel the milk coming through the ducts, and it felt good. Real good.

First, it relieved pressure in my boobs. I hadn't realized how full I was, and as the milk drained I heaved a sigh of relief. Second, it made me feel warm and nice. I guess like a woman is supposed to feel when she nurses. The only weird thing was that I was nursing a grown man.

Still, it felt so good and, as he shifted to the other nipple, murmuring something about not wanting them to be unbalanced, I felt a little spark down in the pussy.

Just a little one. But it was a strong little one, and suddenly my groin started to heat up.

"Oh," I said, and I became flushed.

Joe didn't notice, he was so busy nursing, and I had to hit him on the top of the head, a rap of the knuckles like I was knocking on a door. "Would you mind sliding your big, old dick into my vagina?"

He blinked, and when he stood up and shucked his pants I couldn't believe how hard he was. He was like a damned rock! And pulsing, and he was putting out his own form of milk. Drip, drip, drip...and I giggled.

"You want me to nurse on that?"

"Oh, yeah," and the intensity of his response surprised me.

So I sat up and put my lips around his dick..

He grabbed my boobs and squeezed, and milk spurted...and he spurted. Just like that.

"Joe!"

He looked down, and was embarrassed. He blushed and said, "Sorry, I couldn't...you just made me so hot."

And he was staring at my tits again. I wasn't even in his reality, the only thing in his world was my breasts. "Can I suck 'em again?"

And, darn, I was still horny. Well, the bozo had squirted so fast, he hadn't even put it in me, and I was still horny, and my tits felt good, so..."Yeah, sure."

And, like that, like a shot, he was on me, pushing me back, sucking, and even moaning, and though his dick should have been drooping, it didn't. It just stayed hard.

I lay there, ignored for my tits, and I stared at the ceiling.

Now, I'm going to say something that women know, but usually don't talk about.

It feels good to not have a face to your fucking. It feels good to just be treated like a sex object. No stupid man to start talking, or do weird things. Not that breast feeding when you're thirty years old isn't weird, but it felt good to just have him shut up and make me warm, and I thought: *Wow. This feels good.*

And, finally, my milk sacs feeling a bit empty, Joe had sucked them dry, I asked him for a good dicking.

Here's the funny thing, Joe didn't want to. He was used up. But he was hard. REAL hard.

So I grabbed him, and pushed him back on the bed, and I climbed on to him cowgirl style.

He stared up at my breasts, big, a little floppy for being drained, and his dick stayed hard. REAL hard.

"AH!" I held my tits to stop them from flopping too much. There comes a time when tits flopping around can actually hurt.

He reached up, a dull, dazed, sex maniac, and I slapped his hands away.

"I let you do what you wanted, now I want to do what I want.

I wiggled on his dick, feeling that rod work around inside me. I bounced, feeling his balls flopping under my buttocks. I pulled on my nipples a little, and they squirted and he groaned, and then I stopped. I was drained.

Joe, meanwhile, was mesmerized. All he could do was stare at my milk bags. And that was okay with me because that dick of his just seemed to grow bigger.

And, finally, a grunt and a groan, the tidal wave hit.

"OH! And I arched my back, and my hands jerked closed, which caused another little spurt of milk to fly through the air.

Then I fell on him. And I sighed. And he reached for my breasts.

"Hands off, bozo," I slapped his hands off and got off him.

His boner was still super stiff. throbbing and drooling. He had just cum a while before, and he was harder than I had ever seen him.

"Aw, honey?" And he was fixated on my boobs.

He started to get up, but I pushed him back. I put on my new bra, slipped a couple of nursing pads into it, and looked at Joe.

He was still hard, but drooping. Apparently when I put my boobs away his lust got put away.

I grinned, and realized that this could be fun.

Then I went out to the kitchen and had a bite to eat, and thought about ways to have fun.

I woke up, and my breasts were full.

"Oh, crap."

I went in to the shower and squeezed hell out of them. Milk dribbled down the drain, but I didn't care. I just wanted a relief to the pressure before I went to work.

Joe stepped into the shower and immediately bent his head to my breasts.

I let him. It felt good. No harm. I wasn't thinking, just enjoying.

I enjoyed the feeling, I enjoyed the relief to my boobs, and I enjoyed the way Joe was fixated on me. On my breasts.

"Please," he said, when we toweled off.

"Please what?"

"Please don't just squirt your milk down the drain. Wake me up. I'll take care of it."

And, good for me, I put my foot right down.

"My tits, bozo, and I'll squirt 'em where I want."

Oh, did he look crushed. But, crushed or not, he had a huge boner in his pants.

I went to work, and the pads in my bra, the different way the bra presented my tits, people started noticing.

"New bra?" asked Lisa.

"Yep," I answered. "It was time."

"Well, it sure shows off the goodies." We giggled, and I went out to the floor and made two sales. Then three. Then four.

And, son of a bitch, I realized something that I had always known, had been drilled into me, and yet I had never paid attention to. Sex sells.

I had always tried to figure out what the customer wanted, match him up with the right vehicle, and had okay sales.

Now, with a pair of bazookas doing the talking for me, I was selling like hotcakes.

And that's not a s lip of the tongue. I was selling. It wasn't the cars that were selling, it was me. The customers were buying a big set of tits and a nice ass.

And it didn't matter if the customer was male or female, they bought, and in spades.

By the end of the week I was becoming the top salesperson. Management was passing me and grinning. Other people were looking at me enviously, if they weren't staring at my tits.

And Lisa and I grabbed snacks and laughed, and she said, "I need to get a pair of implants."

"These aren't implants, baby. These are the real thing."

She laughed. "Do you think it will matter?"

I didn't, and she made an appointment to have her breasts augmented.

Meanwhile, I was learning of the problems that super soakers can give.

One of the problems was they always needed to be milked. Every couple of hours. If I went three hours they started to hurt. If I went four I was in pain and misery.

At work this actually wasn't a problem. I purchased a milk pumper, a little hand squeezer, and adapted it so the milk could just drain right out the tube. I would go to the bathroom, sit on the porcelain throne, and squeeze my hands—they were getting pretty strong—and watch the milk go down the toilet.

Joe nursed me before work. That was my eight in the morning feeding.

Then I milked myself at ten, and twelve, and two. I didn't milk after that because I needed to be full for Joe. Man, I would walk in that door and he would be on me like a shot.

"How are you, honey? Good day at work?" And his eyes would be fixed on my tits. "Say, you want to fool around a little?"

I laughed, stalled a little, it was great to be able to tease him, to make him wait. I would nibble at a snack, talk about nothing, and watch him grow more and more desperate.

"Oh, well, I guess I could let these puppies out to breath."

I would reach for my bra straps, then stop and look at him. "But I don't need you nibbling on them."

Oh, the crestfallen look. It was like I had just given away his motorcycle or something.

Then I would sit at the kitchen table, letting my tits out, watching his eyes. If I waited long enough he would actually start to drool.

Then, when the time was right, I would say, "Well, maybe you could help me relieve the pressure."

He would be out of his chair and half way to me, and I would hold up my hand, "AFTER...my smoothie."

And he would reach into the refrigerator. He kept bottles of smoothies on the shelf, he would fix them before I got home just so he could get to his feeding.

Then I would sip at the smoothie, watch him watching my tits, and even press my arms together to push them together and cause a few drops to leak.

"Oh, he groaned. And his hand would be in his pants."

Well, hey, can you blame me? I love Joe. When he's not lusting after my bosom he's working hard, and we live good, and I knew that what I was doing was giving him a thrill.

And, truth, I really enjoyed jerking his string. There's just a little bit of a bitch in me, and I love pushing men around. Big, bad, strong men, sex stupid and easily manipulated. Heh.

And it was a great life. My bank account was swelling, my tits were swollen, and I was getting as much sex as I wanted.

Of course, Joe wasn't. Part of teasing him was making him wait for the pussy. Heck, he was getting the milk, and he was getting off on that, sort of, so why not?

So Joe was horny, I was lactating like a champ, and life was looking really great. And that should have warned me.

I was up for salesperson of the month.

I was beating the good, old boys with their networks of rich people. My graph was looking like a rocket taking off. So I worked a little more.

And Lisa got her breast implants. We would giggle, compare jugs, and then compare our sales charts. As soon as she got some some bazookas her lines had started going up.

And we laughed at the men. Not to be pun-ey, they were totally outgunned.

And what were they going to do? Get their own set of ta tas?"

And Lisa and I laughed and chortled, and one day I noticed that she was feeling a bit glum.

"What's the haps, babe?" I asked her.

She smiled, a forced smile, and shook her head. "Oh, I'm just...must be my period."

"Except that I knew Lisa wasn't one of these girls that had regular periods. She was a runner, and she would have a period every three months, if she was lucky. Or unlucky, if that's your viewpoint. And she had just had her period the previous week. I knew because we used the same bathroom and I had seen tampon evidence in the trash can.

"Come on, girl friend, tell me the news."

She smiled at me, it looked like she had something to say, wanted to bust, in fact, but she just closed up, shook her head, and went off to make a sale.

About the same time, Joe became a little less amorous, and even a bit languorous.

He still had my smoothies ready for me, and he still suckled me like I was his mother. Sort of weird saying that, but it was true.

He would greet me when I came home, but his small talk became smaller, and his lust became focused on my tits, and he stopped begging to cum.

Tell the truth, that should have told me everything. I should have seen the writing on the wall. But I was obsessed with making sales, and working longer hours, and I was still using his dick as much as I wanted.

But he wasn't cuming much. And he wasn't begging as ardently. And I should have known.

I made sales person of the month.

Monday morning we had our usual sales meeting, and I was congratulated, and my name was put on the plaque that hung on the wall, and I got a little extra bonus check, and they had invited Joe to the meeting to share in my success.

Joe sat in the back, smiled when he was introduced, though everybody already knew him. He watched when I was hugged by the general manager, and he had the strangest look on his face. I think it was the fact of seeing my breasts pressed up against another man.

Afterwards, I decided to take an hour off and take Joe to lunch. Mondays were the slowest day of the week, management didn't mind, but Joe had disappeared.

I walked across the showroom floor, chatted to a couple of the girls, and went upstairs.

Down the hall.

Looked in rooms.

The executive bathroom.

Bumping sounds.

Grunting sounds.

I grinned. Somebody was getting a little. I had a key because I was a top seller. And now Lisa did, too. And it was Lisa who kept me apprised of the fucking in the upstairs bathroom.

But I didn't use that bathroom. There was one closer to my office.

And I grinned, and...it hit me. I couldn't put it in words. It was just the knowledge that overwhelmed me, and I knew who was doing the bumping in the bathroom.

I was shocked, and stood there for a long time. Not saying anything. Just listening. The bumping crescendoed, moans and groans rose and fell, then stopped, and I knew that they were done. They would be coming out of the bathroom in a minute.

No. He would be coming out of the bathroom. Straightening his shirt.

She would follow in a minute, after fixing her make up.

I tiptoed down the corridor, not letting my heels make any clicking sound. I stepped into the alcove at the end of the hall, where they keep a big fake plant. I squeezed in beside the plant and waited.

Time stretched like a rubber band about to snap.

The door opened and closed, and I peeked. It was Joe. His clothes. His walk. One hand running through his hair. Making it look normal, not tousled by sex.

He reached the end of the hall and turned down the stairs.

I waited. And then, I couldn't wait. I walked to the bathroom, used my key and entered.

Lisa was leaning over a sink and touching up her lipstick. No trace of the smearing that kissing makes. She turned her head, and looked at me, and knew. She knew that I knew, it was in my eyes.

"Oh, no," she whispered.

I stood, and saw everything in the bathroom. The mirrors, the windows, the trash cans. The sinks. Lisa.

She put her lipstick back in her purse, fumbling, not wanting to look at me.

"Why?" I asked.

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

"Lisa. We're friends. Were friends. And you can just talk to me. Let me know. Tell me what happened."

She began to sniffle.

I stepped close to her. I took a tissue out of my purse and dried her eyes, stopped her from running her mascara.

"Just tell me why."

"I...I came to see you the other week. You were off, I was off, and I just needed a little girl talk. When I rang the bell Joe answered. You weren't at home, and he was in a bathrobe."

It was true, Joe liked to lounge in a bathrobe. The better to stroke himself.

She continued, "He opened his robe. He was big and thick. He was holding a drink, and he was slightly drunk."

I thought he was kidding, and I was afraid the neighbors would see him, so I pushed him back into the house, which brought me into the house, and I closed the door.

"He stood there, with this big, humongous dick, purple, and it was...it was even dripping pre-cum."

That was Joe, all right. And I thought about how I had put him on a diet, and how he was always horny, and always dripping. Heck, if you followed him around you might slip on the snail trail he was leaving.

"He told me he loved my new tits. He reached up and grabbed them. It surprised me, but it felt good, so I didn't stop him. And what we talked about...your natural tits against my plastic tits...and, and I wanted to do something to show you. To prove that my tits were as good as yours. So when he kissed me...I couldn't stop...I just...went along with it."

"And you fucked him."

She hung her head, and now a few tears actually did leak out. I dried her eyes again, shushed her, and thought. And then she said something that destroyed my world.

Think about it. My husband was fucking my bestie, what could be worse, eh? Yet there was something worse, and it was REALLY worse.

"I know about your tits."

I blinked. This was so non sequitur, so out of place. "What?"

"Joe told me."

"Told you what?"

"He said you've been growing them, that you've been taking...I think he called it a galactagogue."

"What the hell is a galactagogue?"

It was her turn to blink.

"To make your breasts bigger? To make you...lactate?"

"To make me...I did...wait a minute! He said I was growing them, how?"

She was confused, but she answered, "He told me that you take pills, and you drink smoothies, every day. That you put something called...I think it was called..." she thought, she snapped her fingers. "Domperidone."

I stepped back. Shock was in my eyes. Joe. He had been so kind and caring. I remembered several months back when he had given me a pill, from a bottle with no label. Something for your stomach. And then, when I had started producing milk, he had been surprised, but more delighted than surprised.

Joe, the boob fetish man.

Joe, who nursed and nursed and never got enough.

My husband. He had risked my body, just so he could suck a bigger tit.

Joe.

Lisa saw it in my eyes, in my expression. Her mouth opened in shock. "You didn't...you didn't know!"

And, I answered, "He did it."

Then we were hugging, and crying, and not caring about our damn mascara.

PART TWO

I know a lot of girls who would have just pulled out their little purse guns and shot a man that did what Joe had done.

He had given me chemicals. He had absconded with my choice. He had turned me into a milkin' mama. And he had never asked. Never discussed, never even brought it up.

And, he had cheated.

But, though cheating is serious, the main thing was that his boob fetish put my life at risk.

On the other hand, if he hadn't done all that I never would have become top salesperson, never would have gotten bonuses. And, I have to admit it, I liked lactating.

I liked having to press my tits and drain them. I loved the warm feeling as the milk passed out of the ducts. And I really loved having a man under my thumb, doing whatever I wanted, just so he could get a taste of nourishment right from the boob.

Which left me with the question...what do I do?

Oddly, I felt no animosity towards Lisa. We were friends. She had fucked up, but I knew it was Joe that had initiated. It was Joe that was horny and unrelenting in his sexual obsessions.

Lisa and I, after the shock, became closer.

We went out on girl's nights and had a few drinks.

And it wasn't long, the next week, in fact, when we were at some dive, drinking, and the pressure in my boobs grew too great. And I didn't have my pump.

Well, Lisa to the rescue. We sat in the car and she milked me into a cut off coke bottle. She pressed and pulled and even sucked, and we watched that Pepsi half bottle fill up, and we giggled hysterically.

And that was when she asked me: "What do you want me to do about Joe?"

I thought about that.

I said, "What do you want to do? Do you want to screw him some more?"

"Not really. It was forbidden fruit, but now that you know, it's not so forbidden, and, let's be honest, he's yours to share, or not."

"So why don't you play with him, keep him horny."

"That'll be hard."

"No," I laughed, "His dick will be hard. And it will stay that way." And that was when I started formulating my plan.

Over the next few weeks I did some research, a lot of research, and when I met with Lisa in that bar again I had some things to tell her.

We ordered a couple of Margaritas. Salt on the lip. A delicious Mexican concoction designed to free the juices and soar the spirits.

"I've been thinking," I said, as we took our first sips. We were going to drink Margaritas and eat chips with hot salsa until we puked. And I thought about how this had all started. Me with a chronic upset stomach. And Joe, with his nefarious Domperidone, had cured that, on the way to giving me the biggest, juiciest tits around.

She took a never ending gulp, waved the the waiter, and turned to me. Her eyes were already glassy. One good Margarita, done that way, the wrong way, I might add, will do that to you.

"That's dangerous." She giggled. "What have you been thinking about?"

"Depo Provera."

"Depo what hoo ya?"

"That's the one," I nodded, sipped my drink and tried to catch up with her.

"What does that do?"

So I told her. And her eyes widened, and she began giggling all over. Before five minutes were done we were laughing so hard our breasts were shaking like earthquakes.

"Of course, there is more to the plan," I explained. We can't just do one thing, we have to give him a little back, give him a taste of his own medicine."

Fascinated, she leaned forward, plopping her bazookas on the table, and tried not to slur, "And what kind of medicine is that?"

So I told her, and then her jaw dropped, and her elbow actually slipped off the table and she nearly hit her jaw on the table top, and then we were laughing hysterically. Other people in the bar were staring at us, but we didn't care. We were drunk, we had a plan, and our tits, or, more properly, my tits, were bursting with milk.

So we ran to the bathroom and she milked me, and we laughed at idiots who came into the bathroom and stared at us. And when management asked us to leave, we did. Right to the bar next door.

And we made some quite delicious plans.

"Hello, honey," I breezed into the house. My boobs were high and tight. My milk was flowing, and I was about to set my plan into motion.

He came out of the computer room, scratching his balls, wearing his pajama bottoms. "Hi, babe," he eyed my chest. "Would you like a little milking?"

"No...no. I'm pretty good. My milk might even be starting to dry up."

Truth, I had milked myself right before coming home. Joe was going on a diet.

He looked disappointed. Heck, he looked frantic.

"Hey, let me bring you a beer. Go on back into your sacred sanctum."

Joe nodded, scratched himself some more, but, no relief for the wicked, he ended going back into the computer room.

I poured him a glass of Golden Monkey. That's his favorite, and I took apart a couple of capsules and mixed the white powder into the beer. He wouldn't taste a thing, and I could be sure he would drink every drop.

I entered the computer room and he was sitting there rubbing his dick.

I leaned past him, pressing against his face with one large breast, and placed the Golden Monkey on his desk.

He was shattered by my tit slapping him in the face, and he could hardly look back from it. I moved his face and made him look at the drink. "See drink? Drink drink! It be good for you."

So he did.

And, fifteen minutes later, I brought him another one. We went through a six pack that night, and Golden Monkey being a bit more powerful than your normal brewski, he was feeling no pain. By ten o'clock he was burping and farting and pulling on his limp dick, my drugs worked fast, and I guided him down the hall to the bedroom. I put him to bed, sat on him for a moment and stared into his eyes.

"Do you love me, Joe?"

"What kind of question is that?" He slurred his words and tried to close his eyes.

I gave him a light slap. He opened his eyes.

"Do you love me?"

Then he was snoring. And he had not answered me. Asshole.

Still, I loved him, but that's the way girls are built. We give our all, even to those who give nothing.

I went to the computer room and called up the history. I didn't do this, was determined never to do this, but Joe had cheated on me, so I was entitled.

I think I was looking for girl friends, evidence of more cheating. What I found out, though, was his fetishes.

During the day, while I slaved and he 'worked,' his little computer was filled with: chastity, big breasted women, female domination, lactation, pegging, and on and on.

Joe, Joe, Joe. I never knew. But now that the gloves are off...

I took a snapshot of the screen, sent a copy to Lisa, and thought about making him wear a chastity device. Lord knows, he deserved it, but that would probably just make him hornier. No, my solution was better. Heck, the Depo Provera had already started working.

Depo Provera is a chemical used to castrate prisoners. Oh, it doesn't make the weenie fall off, but it reduces testosterone levels, so that a guy can't get a hard on.

I sniggered, thinking about it. It was obvious that Joe loved his weenie. The computer history proved that. He probably spent half the day pounding on his lizard.

Well, Depo Provera was ending that. And it wouldn't hurt him, and everything could return to normal when he stopped taking it. I hoped.

Then I thought about it. Effectively taking away a man's dick. Maybe that was a little severe. Even for a cheater.

Then I shrugged the thought off. And I went shopping on Amazon. Panties. Bras. Girdles. Nipple suction cups. Boob suction cups. Fake nails. Make up. Slips. You know, the things that make a woman sexy in the night. That go on under the clothes and make them sexy during the day.

Finally, I went in search of new desktop images for the computer. I found a delightful download of big breasted women. Women with cocks spurting on their mammoth breasts. Women lactating and feeding men. Women laying on their backs and putting big dildos up their snatches.

Poor, lonely women, probably didn't have a real man amongst them. Well, they could have Joe. Who was a real man, but not for long. Then I installed the desktop images, locked the preferences so he couldn't change them, and closed up the computer. I couldn't help but laugh as I thought of Joe powering up the computer on the morrow.

Then I went and took a long shower, milked myself down the drain, tickled myself off, and went to bed.

And I cuddled up to that warm body next to me.

Tell the truth, in spite of everything, I think Joe really did love me. But he was distracted. He was distracted by his own fetishes, and all that good stuff on the net, and his vivid imagination.

Which didn't give him the right to abuse me like he did.

But I bet if I weened him off all that sex stuff, he might come to earth, maybe even realize that he did love me.

Well, we would see.

I held him, made sure my tits were against him, then went to sleep. Pleasant dreams, Joey boy.

I noticed the effects the very next day. I had shopped for the best, most powerful chemicals, and they were working fast.

First, he couldn't get hard. I let him nurse me, though not as much as I would have liked. He was on a diet, and I would do some real milking when I got to work. But it was so funny, him grunting and slobbering and making me feel warm all over, sucking at my tits and pulling on his...limp dick.

All of which didn't stop me from getting off.

"Ooh, yeah. Pull my nipple harder! Use your hands! Get down there and use your mouth. Eat me, you bitch!"

And, finally, I felt the warm glow start up, the wave overtake me, and I arched and groaned and let my pussy explode.

"It's okay, honey," I said, afterwards. "It happens to the best of us."

"Yeah, but it never happens to me." His face was priceless. He had lost his best friend.

So I got down on my knees and slurped on that limp hog I slurped and I slurped, and he just was a slug. Limp. Unresponsive. He could feel things, my mouth felt so good, so warm and moist, but his dick was just not going to stand up.

All of which added to his frustration...and his ever growing horniness.

"Don't worry, honey, I'll do you extra good tonight." Then I was out the door.

That night I gave him his blow job, and when he couldn't cum I got him a beer, and just sat next to him and used my hand to flop his weenie back and forth.

"I don't understand." His face was a study in misery. "I can always cum."

"And several times a day."

"What?"

"Oh, honey, no secrets between us. I've seen your history, your fascination for big breast women, chastity and pegging. I just don't understand why you had to hide it. I mean, so what? By the way...how did you like your new desktop?"

He almost spit up his Domperidone laced Golden Monkey.

"I...you did that?"

I laughed. "Unless you did."

He was red-faced now, and embarrassed, and yet, in a way, glad it was out in the open.

"Would you like me to cage your little dickie?"

He looked down to where I was playing with his limp slug. "Don't think it matters now."

And Lisa noticed the changes in Joe. Once I saw how limp he was I told her to make a point of dropping by.

She did, and he just stood there, stricken, not even trying to open his bathrobe. He didn't want to show his poor, little slug.

When Lisa told me about this, at our weekly drinking night, we laughed hysterically.

Poor Joe. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, you know?

But the real fun started a month later.

"Ow!"

"What's the matter, honey?"

He was rubbing his chest.

"My nipples hurt."

"You must be coming down with something. Come nurse a bit, it'll take your mind off things."

So I sat down on the couch, and he lay down, his head facing up in my lap, and he nursed.

Oh, it felt good. The warmth just spread out from my bosom. Within no time I could feel my pussy getting wet.

"Joe?"

He looked up from where he was suckling, his eyes were so trusting over the expanse of my breasts.

"Would you mind getting me off?"

Well, what's a guy going to say, eh?

He tried, "but I've got to nurse!"

"But I'm really hot. And I can squeeze my own tits, thank you."

He didn't want to, but then I said something else. "Please go into my bottom drawer. You'll find a treat there.

Puzzled, he went into the bedroom, and he came out holding a dangle of straps with a big dildo attached. "Really?"

"I bought it the other day," then I put a little whine in my voice. "I mean, you haven't been able to make me happy...so...puh-leez?"

Resigned, he put the strap on.

"Oh, goodie! Maybe you can figure out how to nurse as you fuck me!"

And he did. The strap on set high on his hips, which made his mouth lower, and he suckled me, and even moaned with frustration, as he pushed the big penis into me. And I had deliberately gotten one bigger than his.

"Oh," I sighed, "Finally, I have a big one!"

He didn't say anything, but I know he felt about one inch tall.

"Harder!"

Dutifully, but without a lot of enthusiasm, he pounded me.

I pushed his mouth away from my tits. "You don't get any more milk until I am satisfied!"

That did it. Threaten to take away Joe's milk and he's a different man. He rose up like old, slammed that wonderful appendage into my box, and I began to groan and moan, to clutch his arms, which seemed just a wee bit smaller, and felt the wonderful build up of the orgasm.

"OH! OH! OH!" I wailed, then I bucked up, tilted my hips, and held him with a death grip.

And, as I slowly came back to myself I heard something suspiciously like a sob come out of his throat.

And, his breasts started to swell. And, once started, they grew fast and large.

"What is this?" he sputtered at the mirror, holding his flabby pecs.

"Huh! It looks like you're growing your own tits."

"What?" And his voice was deliciously high pitched. Definitely not a male bass.

"Tits. T...I...T...S. Boobs. Bazoombas. Milk sacs. Fun bags. Udders. What you've been nursing for the last month."

"But...but how?"

I shrugged. "Heck, you've been nursing me so long, whatever made my tits grow and start lactating, you've probably got it in your own body."

That was a switcheroo. I focused on my make up, looking in the mirror next to him. His face went white. He stood there, like a tree about to fall.

I looked good. I have to tell you, all that lactating, all my success selling cars, I was looking like a queen. My skin was pure, my lips were red, and my tits...you already know about my tits.

I turned and looked at Joe and put on a concerned look on my face.

"Gee, Joe. I hope I haven't given you something. Do you want me to go to the doctor? Have some tests made?"

"Uh, no...no." He blurted hurriedly. The last thing he wanted was to have some scientist type look at my body, and discover a heaping helping of Domperidone, or whatever it was he had given me.

"Oh, okay. Well, don't wait up for me."

I pecked his cheek and started out the door.

"Where are you going?"

"It's girl's night out, remember?" I tapped the side of his head with a soft knock. "Hello, Joe."

"Do...do you need to go out?"

"Heck, Joe, of course I do. I need to find a big, strong man with a working pecker. I need my pussy reamed out. I need a big gush of baby batter in my—oh, I'm sorry. I was joking. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings! I'm just going out with Lisa. Poor Lisa."

"What...what do you 'poor Lisa?'"

"Oh, she hooked up with a guy, and it looks like he's cheating on her. Can you imagine anything so cruel? Telling a girl that you love her, and then going out and boffing somebody else? I tell ya. I'm so glad I have you. You'd never do that. You're a gem, Joe. Good, old trustworthy Joe. Well, don't wait up."

And I walked out the door, and I had to stifle my laughter and keep myself walking on a straight line.

The look on Joe's face. Totally busted, without being busted. And in a way that he was afraid to tell me.

Oh, Joe. Baby. You're going to suffer.

A week later. I was selling tons of cars, lots of tons, and my boobs felt big and healthy, and I was milking them religiously, but only letting Joe have a taste.

He was looking a bit piqued. Left out in the cold. Beautiful tits for the sucking, and he was being denied. Heh heh.

And I got up on a Wednesday morning, and I inspected Joe as he wandered into the bathroom. Slinking and miserable.

I went into the bathroom and stood behind him as he brushed his teeth.

"What?"

"These."

I put my arms under his arms and reached around and held up the small mounds on his chest. "Joe, you need a bra. And maybe some panties."

"What?" he almost choked on his Colgate.

"Yes. Definitely. Look, Joe, if you don't wear a bra your tits will start to pull down on your chest. You'll sag. And nothing is worse than saggy tits. Would you like it if I sagged?"

"Well, uh...no."

"Then it's settled. When you come out I'll have a training bra for you."

"You...have one? Here?"

"Well, of course. You think I haven't noticed the way you've been growing? It was only a matter of time. And the time is now."

A few minutes later Joe came out of the bathroom. He looked like a dog had bitten him and left his teeth in him.

I put a bra around him, fastened it, then pulled the cups over his boobs.

"Now, Joe, things are going to have to change here."

"What?"

"Well, you aren't making much money on the internet, and we have to survive." That was a laugher, I was making so much money we weren't going to have any trouble surviving. But I needed him to pry him out of the house to complete my revenge.

"But, I can't. I've got...these!" He pointed to his tits.

"Oh, pshaw! That's nothing. I can get you a job in the warehouse."

"But...everybody will laugh!"

"Are you kidding? Hiring a transgender will help the company make points with the government. Quotas, you know."

"I'm not a transgender!"

"You're not?" I flicked his tit with one hand. "Then what are these?"

"But...I can't...I—"

"Shush up now, big boy, or little girl, whichever you prefer. And we'll take more about this later. Maybe tonight, over your Golden Monkey."

I started out the door, then stopped and turned to him. "You know, Joe, I don't mind you wanting to transition, everybody should live the way they want to. I'm just a little perturbed that you would do this and not tell me. People shouldn't have secrets. Well, see ya." And I was out the door, leaving him spitting and spurting and trying to figure out what to say.

That night I gave him an extra big dose. I had been controlling his diet, and his chemicals, and I could see changes, even if he couldn't. Even if he was in denial.

And, after a couple of Golden Monkeys, when he was in a rosy mood, I brought up the subject of female clothes.

"Did you wear those panties I put in your drawer?"

"Uh, no."

"Why not?"

We were sitting at the table. I was milking myself, watching him drool, and he was sitting in a shirt under which could be seen his bra.

"Well, because. It's...it's just not manly."

I chuckled. "Manly. Huh! Okay, it's time to have a talk."

"What kind of talk."

"A mother daughter talk."

"What?"

I pulled my bra up and leaned towards him. His eyes shifted down to my immense cleavage.

"You're going to like the way a woman dresses."

"I am?" He kept staring at my chest.

"Yes. Come with me."

He followed me into the bedroom. I pulled some bags out of my closet and tossed them on the bed. I said, "First, pick a pair of panties out of your drawer and put them on."

"Aw, do I—"

"Shut. And do. And don't give me any BS."

So Joe picked out a nice pair of white panties. Very sensible. Very middle of the road.

"Those don't go with that bra."

"What? What does it matter? Nobody going to see."

"But I will see. And I will know. And it will make a difference in the way you see yourself. If you see yourself as beautiful, then you will be beautiful. Put these on."

His bra was slightly pink. And the panties were high rise, and slightly pink.

He put them on.

"Oh, Joe," I shook my head.

"What?"

"You have hair!"

"Well, yeah! Guys have hair!"

"Not transitioning guys. Now take the bra and panty off and get into the bathroom. I've got a new bottle of Nair in my cabinet. Use that, follow the directions, and I'll see you in 15 minutes.

Hang dog, he went into the bathroom, smeared on the cream, waited 15 minutes, and wash his body, along with all hair south of the eyebrows, down the drain.

He came out, and I had another Golden Monkey ready for him. I handed it to him, filled with Domperidone and lots of estrogen building other stuff. "You're going to have to start drinking wine spritzers."

"I'm not drinking any stupid wine spritzer!" he protested.

"You are if you want to be a woman."

"I don't want to be a woman!"

Yet, I could see things turning over in his mind. His dick didn't work. He wasn't getting much pleasure, and the only pleasure he was going to get would be in soft clothes that clung to his softening frame.

Add to that the fact that he was getting tits, the one thing that he obsessed over in the whole world, and he was a gone goose. He was going to do what I said, and like it. And then love it.

"Put your panties and bra on."

He did, without complaining, which bolstered my argument as to him actually liking what he was going through.

"Now, this is a garter belt. Put it on."

He held it up. Considered it, figured it out, and slipped it over his hips.

"You have to roll these up, nice and straight. Watch." I rolled a nylon up his legs, attached it to the garter. "Now you."

He did it, and he did it well. His legs, freshly cleansed of ugly hair, turned into sleek stems.

"What now?" he asked.

I could hardly hold the laughter. He was actually asking me now. "Time for some heels. You ever worn heels?"

"No!" he was aghast.

"Then you have a treat in store."

I gave him a pair of heels, straps behind the ankle and over the instep. Oh, baby, I was going to have to paint those nails.

"Take a few steps."

He did, and almost broke an ankle. He ending up holding on to furniture and working his way around the room. I giggled.

"What?"

"Don't worry. It's like riding a bicycle. Just try not to fall off."

He grumped, and made his way back to me.

"Okay, time for make up."

"What! I'm not wearing any make up?"

I had to sweet talk him. This wasn't something he would feel, it was something he would have to see. "Babe, let me do this. Nobody's around. Nobody will see you. Come on."

And, finally, he did. He sat at my make up table and I began cleansing him, applying moisturizer, putting on foundation and blush, and making his face more feminine.

The drugs had robbed him of some masculinity. His face fat was redistributing, and I knew how to apply make up so it appeared more narrow, more gentle. He sat there, and I wouldn't let him look in the mirror, and I worked on his eyes. I plucked the eyebrows. 'Not too much!' he protested. And I curled his lashed and lengthened them. And I colored his lids the most delicate charcoal. I tell ya, he was smokin' by the time I was done.

Then I put fake nails on his hands. Long ones. And I used superglue.

"Wow, that's weird," he said. And, "This feels so funny."

I painted them a glorious, deep red.

And, I styled his hair. He liked it long, and it was so thick and uscious, and it was easy for me to put it in a wavy sort of bob.

Finally, his lips. And I wanted him to do that himself. He had to contribute something to this process, he had to own it, or he would fight forever. Or, at least until he did contribute to it.

"Okay. I'm going to have you look at yourself. And then I'm going to have you put your own lipstick on. It will complete the package. It is the cherry on the top.

He turned around, faced the mirror, and his eyes went wide.

"Fuck," he breathed. "Is that really me?"

"Through and through, baby."

"But...I look like...I'm a...girl!"

"And a most beautiful one. Here." I put a small bottle in his hand. He almost couldn't take his eyes off himself, then he unscrewed the bottle, took out an applicator, and began brushing his lips with it.

His lips became cherry red. fuck me red. If I'd had a dick it would have been hard. He truly was beautiful.

He smacked his lips.

"Do it again. I want this to last."

So he did. He painted his lips, richer, redder.

"And again."

A third coat, and his eyes suddenly widened. "They're getting bigger!"

"They should. There is a heavy plumping agent in that stain. You're going to look like Angeline Jolie by the time the night is over.

We sat there then, and contemplated him.

And I finally went and got us a couple of drinks. Real drinks. Heavy on the bourbon, light on the Coke, a straw sticking up. I brought the drinks back and handed him one.

He looked at the straw, and I could tell he wanted to pull it out.

"Use the straw Let me see your lips pucker and suck."

He did. His lips made a perfect kiss, and here's the good part, he left nothing on the straw.

"You left no lipstick on the straw."

He looked, and looked puzzled.

"That's because I didn't have you apply lipstick. You put on lip stain. And good lip stain. Your lips will be bright red all week."

He looked at me.

And I lowered the boom.

"Joe. I know about the drugs you gave me to make me lactate."

I could see him blanch under his make up. Actually, the whiteness around those red lips was quite sexy.

"You put me at risk just so you could feed your little fetish."

"I—"

I put my hand against his red mouth to shush him.

"Let me finish." I paused. He waited. I said, "I put permanent make up on you, as permanent as can be, and, beyond that, I also gave you Domperidone."

He recognized the name. If nothing else convinced me of his guilt, that did.

"And that's why you've been growing breasts, and you'll start lactating pretty soon. You'll have big, old honkers, and they will put out milk. Maybe I'll even nurse a bit." I shrugged.

"I also gave you Depo Provera, which chemically castrates you."

His eyes widened and his mouth dropped.

"It's not permanent, you'll get your dick back in a year or so. But during that time you are going to be a big titted babe. Maybe Lisa and I will invite you out with us. Just us girls, eh? Take a drink."

He had been ignoring his bourbon and Coke, and now he took a big slug, all the way to the bottom. He had a lot to think about.

"So, where does that leave us?" I asked.

He sat there, and his face began to change. It went through a vast range of emotions, but at the end of every change he was face to face with one, indisputable fact: he had done this to himself. Finally, he broke.

"Oh, honey, I'm sorry," and he started to cry. "I gave you that drug, and I never should have. I'm sorry."

I waited.

"Will you ever forgive me?"

At the end of a year, or when the Depo Provera wears off, I will consider forgiving you."

His eyes brightened a little, but he still had a long way to go.

"During that year you will live as a woman. And your tits, if I am any judge of DNA, and your sister having a monster pair of jugs, then you will have your own set of bazookas. And since you won't be able to please me as a man should please a woman...you will please me as a woman can please a woman. You will wear the strap on, and I will press my snatch against your mouth until your lips are naturally swollen. I might even lend you out, have you eat some of my girl friends. And I might even use the strap on on you. In fact, go get it."

He was sobbing now, and he stood up and got the strap on out. He started to put it on.

"No. Give it to me."

His eyes grew large as he understood what I was going to do. I stood up and put the strap on on. "Go get me the lube. unless you want it dry."

He got the lube, and pretty darn quick.

"Now get on the bed. All fours.

He scrambled up on the bed, a man in a beautiful woman's body. I loved his nails, and his lips were so enticing.

"Turn around, give me a blow job first."

I put my cock to his face and he put his mouth over it. His red lips looked so good sliding over the plastic.

"Now, around and down."

He spun around and presented his butt.

I slathered tons of lubricant on his ass and into his asshole. Just because I was talking tough didn't mean that I didn't love him. And I did want him to enjoy his first pegging.

I put the tip to his butthole.

He shivered. Or maybe I should say, 'she' shivered.

Then I drew back slightly and stuck two fingers into his ass, nice and slow, and I reamed him.

He groaned, and I could tell that he liked it. He actually pushed his ass back a little.

So I repositioned my cock and started to push.

It was easy. He hadn't cum for so long, and just because he couldn't get hard didn't mean that he didn't have a ton of juices sloshing around in him. He was hornier than a tuba trying to fuck a piccolo.

The head slipped in, and he groaned a loud and awesome and lust filled groan.

I pushed, and my dick slowly filled his asshole. I could feel his muscles rippling under my hands. I could sense the shock and surprise and delight as I took him.

I began to move in and out. I tilted my hips to the dick would slide against the sides of his hole.

I banged my plastic balls against his ass, and all the time he groaned.

And he made me so hot. Wearing sexy clothes, fully made up, his red nails clutching the sheet.

So I grabbed his dick, though it was limp it still made a good handle, and I lifted, and I rammed, and he yelped with the sheer pleasure of it all. And I began to cum. The back end of the fake duck was pressing on my clit, and it pressed me right over the top. I lurched and bucked, and fucked like a man. And, when it was over, I pulled out and stared at his dick.

A long, thin stream of cum was issuing from his slit. I had pushed on his prostate hard enough that he had had a cum.

Though no orgasm.

And I smiled.

A fitting punishment...and it was going to be a good year.

END