

Dean's mother has a talk with her son.

This is the second installment of a nine part series with possible room to continue if it's desired. I'm always interested in starting new projects, though, so even if there's high demand, it might be a while until I come back to this series. Don't worry, I'm still telling the story of Natalie in Growing Pains.

This series involves lactation, breast expansion, and some minor instances of pain (relating to engorgement and breast growth). Growth is slow but rest assured she's getting bigger. All characters are of legal age. None of the acts in the story are representative of the author's desires or actions.

Note: This story contains graphic incestuous acts and plots. If you are not comfortable, turn back now! There's plenty of non-incest stories on this site (I'll write some too, someday, I promise).

As always, if you have any comments or constructive criticism, or suggestions of things you might want to see either in this story or a future one, please leave a comment.

Mother's Secrets II - Confrontation
By greatpersonhooray 2018

Dean woke up with a headache and a bad case of morning wood. The stiff erection could not be ignored. Luckily, he had fallen asleep in his chair, and he had the entire internet's porn at his fingertips. One glance at the screen brought the whole night back to him as he remembered the revelation of his mother's past. His cock hardened further, signalling that relief was necessary.

He felt a bit dirtier masturbating to his mother this time, but his attraction to her had only grown. She was seared into his brain as the sexiest woman he had ever known. He watched a video of her filling a glass with breast milk and within moments, he had yet another orgasm. This one was painful, as his body had already given him several in the past 12 hours.

A moment's recovery was needed, until the teen decided it was time to get ready for school. A quick shower, dental hygiene, and a new pair of clothes meant he was ready for the day ahead. On his way out of the bathroom, he shut off his computer and headed out of his room, careful to lock his door behind him.

Dean started up the stairs but paused. A key detail of last night that he had forgotten came back to him. The video he had left playing upstairs. Instant regret filled the teen, and he considered panicking and hiding in his room. He cursed himself for doing something so stupid last night. He couldn't face her! She would be furious, she'd disown him like any parent would!

No, Dean decided. He had to face this head on with maturity. Perhaps she hadn't even seen the video yet, but it would be best to go upstairs. Hiding in his room would only make things worse. He continued up the steps with a sense of dread. When he reached the top, he crept around the corner quietly. Ahead was the dining room, and at the end of the hall... his mother on the computer!

"Good morning!" she said, turning around to smile at her son. Dean had thought he was being quieter than he was.

"Good morning, mom," he greeted.

"Were you trying to sneak into the kitchen to steal all the bacon?" she laughed. "It's fine, you can have as much as you'd like, I bought extra," she continued.

Had Dean imagined leaving that video up on the computer? She was acting so *normal*. It was just like any other day. Normally finding a pornographic video of yourself on the computer, left up their by your son, would not make for a good day. Perhaps the computer had shut off in the night? He had to investigate.

Dean walked over to give his mother a hug at the computer. His mom had turned her back to him, likely checking her email as she always did first thing. Long dark hair fell over her shoulders. The woman had gained some weight since her teenage years, but she wore it *very* well. Dean's anxiety grew as he reached forward and wrapped his arms around his mother and pressed his head into hers. She put a hand on his arm.

"Why the extra affection this morning?" she laughed.

"Nothing, just thought you might want a hug, mom," he lied.

"Well, I always want hugs from you!"

Dean held the hug for another moment as his eyes scanned the tabs on screen. One of them was the video he had left up! She had surely seen it! Was she just going to ignore it, and sweep it under the rug? Dean's heart sank, but perhaps that was better than many of the painful alternatives. He stole a quick glance at his mother's large breasts before breaking off the hug and stepping away. She was *definitely* bigger.

The young man walked away, defeated, and prepared his breakfast. Eggs, toast, orange juice, bacon, bacon, and more bacon. He had avoided disaster, at least, and had an excellent breakfast ready to be eaten. The moment his mother left the room, he would close out of that tab and wipe the history, and everything would be as it was.

As Dean sat down at the table, his mother got up from the computer and sat down across from him. Dean was confused, as she had already had her breakfast. As she relaxed in her seat, the mother pulled out a book from a neighboring shelf and began to read it. Dean stole some quick glances at her breasts as she looked away. They had to be a few sizes larger than they were in the videos he'd seen, as now they hung halfway down her chest.

Breakfast was almost finished and Dean prepared to get up, when his mother shifted in her seat. She leaned forward, and pushed her breasts into the table and let them rest. He gulped and felt a hardening in his pants. Is she trying to be provocative? She does have such large breasts, perhaps she was just leaning over like a normal person would.

The teen stripped his eyes away from the torturous sight and stood up to put his dishes away. His mother had been in a simple, unsexy, unrevealing sweater, and yet the mere outline of her breasts was enough to drive him mad. He had to get away, get to school, and try to forget the whole ordeal. Dean gathered his stuff and prepared to head out the door.

"Wait," Sylvia interrupted. Dean stopped and turned to face her, puzzled.

"I just wanted to say goodbye before you left for school," she smiled.

“Of course, mom,” he responded back.

Sylvia opened her arms wide and Dean walked toward her, trying as hard as he could to avoid looking at her breasts. His mother wrapped his arms around him and pulled him in tight. Dean was squeezed into Sylvia’s breasts as she completed the warm hug with a kiss on his forehead. Dean was practically trembling as his mother released him and wished him a good day at school.

That hug had felt decidedly more sexual, but he wasn’t sure if he was merely wishing that was the case. Regardless, his arousal grew throughout the day and he found himself unable to focus on anything at school. Not exactly a star student, Dean was still at least capable of keeping up in school - usually. Today, he found himself fantasizing about his mother in class, and sneaking off to masturbate during lunch and in between 4th and 5th period.

The bell signalling the end of the day was a blessing, and Dean sighed in relief. He would be able to head home and masturbate to porn again. Hopefully get whatever this was out of his system. Upon his return he found himself still horny as hell, and prepared to dash downstairs before being interrupted, yet again, by his mother calling to him.

“Dean!” her muffled voice carried from her bedroom.

“Yes?” he shouted back. He always had to yell for her to hear him in her bedroom.

“Come on in to my room, I have something to talk about.”

Dean’s anxiety swelled. She had never invited him into her room before. He’d never even seen the inside of it. She wanted to talk to him about something. What, exactly? It had to be about the video. He gulped and turned the door knob and stepped inside the room.

To his amazement, it was a normal bedroom. Master bedroom off to the side, another door most likely for a closet. Windows on one wall let in limited natural light through their blinds, while a ceiling light provided the rest. A TV sat on top of a dresser and facing it was a comfortable queen-sized bed. Atop that bed was his mother, in one of her tight tank tops and yoga pants.

The son began to salivate at the sight of his mother. Her breasts, each the size of her head, were poorly concealed by the revealing pink tank top. Her legs and thighs filled out the yoga pants very comfortably, and her wide hips were especially apparent. The long, brown hair atop her head was shiny and damp, she must have taken a shower not too long ago.

“Come on, sit down next to me,” his mother interrupted, patting a spot on the edge of the bed next to her. She smiled and her dark eyes stared into his. Dean was anxious but felt compelled. He sat down next to her.

“You and I have always been close. Extra close.” she said as she scooted up closer to her son, until she was wedged up into his side, breasts almost shoving into his side.

“In fact, there’s not really anything we don’t do together. Not really anything we keep from each other,” said Sylvia, “I’m proud of how close we are. I think it’s a really healthy relationship,” she continued. Dean had to agree. Being so close to his mother felt good.

“There’s just one or two secrets I’ve kept from you, Dean.”

Dean had a pretty good idea of where she was going with this.

“I was in adult films, once upon a time. A porn star. I didn’t do *regular, boring* films. I did *special* ones that had stuff I liked,” she continued. Dean gulped.

“I saw the video you left up for me. One of my favorites. I wondered if you’d ever find them, out there on the internet. Of course, you did,” she said quietly. Dean began to sweat.

“I thought perhaps you would want to meet that star in person,” she suggested. Dean’s cock grew in his pants.

Sylvia stood up and turned around to face Dean. He had caught a quick glimpse of her ass in the yoga pants, and she certainly did not have a case of mom ass. In fact, it was large, shapely, firm, everything you could want. Youthful. Better than most of the girls at his school.

Dean looked up at his mother nervously. A part of him thought that this was wrong, that he wanted to stop. The rest of him was very much interested in staying. She gave a reassuring smile as she reached down to grab onto her tank top. Sylvia pulled it up, slowly, revealing her stomach. Finally, it was over her head and she tossed it to the floor.

Sylvia’s stomach had a slight bit of pudge to it, but it suited her well. Over her breasts was a large black sports bra. It was too small for her, which resulted in tit flesh spilling out the top like a muffin top. Sylvia licked her lips as she pulled the bra off, letting her massive breasts rest freely against her chest and stomach.

The son went crazy. He began comparing her the woman in the videos. She was older now, more mature. She wasn’t that young woman in the porn, the fresh mother. She was experienced. Her skin was a little less soft, she had a few slight wrinkles here and there. She had put on a few pounds, but nearly all of them had gone to some very right places. Her breasts - already large in her videos from the 90s - had grown to be of substantial size. Dean knew women’s breasts grew after pregnancy, but this seemed absurd.

Her fat white breasts hung like globes on her chest. Blue veins criss-crossed the surface like rivers on a continent. At the center of each breast was a large thimble-sized nipple,

surrounded by a large areola. The nipples pointed slightly outwards and were apparently hard. These were the breasts from the videos, just... larger. She was perfect. Absolutely perfect.

It's just a shame she wasn't lactating anymore, Dean thought. Then, as if on cue, his dreams were answered. A drop of milk formed on her left nipple and dropped off onto the floor, and the right followed suit. Soon, a slight stream forms from each nipple as they spring leaks.

"Oh my goodness, I'm overdue for a pump. I hope you won't mind," she announced. Dean sat silently, unsure of how to react.

Dean remained silent as his mother turned toward him. Milk from her breasts sprayed onto him, staining his shirt. Dean's cock somehow managed to get even harder as his heart began racing. *How the hell was his mother still lactating?*

"Oh sorry, baby! I'm having my letdown. It usually happens when I get excited," she explained, sitting down next to her son. Dean was very familiar with letdowns, but naively still wondered *in what way* she might be excited.

Sylvia reached behind Dean and grabbed a box that had been sitting on the bed. She hoisted it over his head and onto her lap, where milk dribbled on the hard plastic lid. She unclasped the latches and opened it up on her lap. Inside were two electric breast pumps. Dean's heart raced faster. He loved watching pumping, seeing just how much milk women made, and being drained dry.

Milk continued to dribble inside the container, onto the pumps. Sylvia giggled. She took the two hand-held pumps and fixed each one to a rock-hard nipple. The woman flicked both on and they buzzed to life, tugging hard on her fat nipples. Milk gushed out and slowly filled the chambers. Within what felt like seconds, an ounce had already been pumped into the eight ounce bottles. Sylvia began to breathe heavily, to the point that Dean could detect it.

"I've been lactating from the moment you were born. I made *so* much milk. *You* made me make so much milk. A *lot* more than the other mothers, even those with twins or triplets. I didn't enjoy it much at first. It was painful when I got full, and I thought it was cutting into the rest of my life. After I weaned you, I hoped I would dry up. No luck. Years went by and I just kept making milk. The only thing I could do was slow it down a bit. It's like I was made to make milk," she giggled again, before looking up into Dean's eyes, staring deeply and smiling. "Then, once I realized this, I started to really, *really* enjoy it."

"It was everything I could do to hold myself back. When you lactate, it works on a supply and demand system. The more you empty yourself, the more you'll be making. If I gave into my urges, well, I would be in a pretty *hard* position," she said, making sure to brush up against Dean's erection as she placed her hand on the inside of his thigh. Her breathing deepened further.

“Now, though. I don't know if I can help myself. It's like that old part of me that I tried to bury just woke up.”

“I'm still growing, by the way. You probably noticed now, that I'm a lot bigger than I was back then. And I was already big. Don't know why. I know the milk is part of the puzzle, though. Do you think they're big enough? I think they have a *lot* of room to *grow*.”

Dean continued his silence. This was a lot to take in. Perhaps too much. He was in a situation so exceedingly rare. He had no idea of where to go.

“I need an answer, baby.”

“T-They're very... big... very... n-nice,” Dean stumbled.

“That's really good to hear that you like them,” she smiled, hugging him tight, “You *really* like lactating girls, don't you? I peeked into your room last night. I saw the tabs you had up. *So much milk*,” she continued. Her son offered no response.

“Come on, even just a nod,” she encouraged. Dean nodded, prompting another smile from his mother.

“Would you still really, *really*, like a lactating girl, even if... she was your *mother*?” she inquired with a faux astonished tone and look on her face. She leaned into him again, warm breasts shoving against his shoulder. They heaved against him, in rhythm with the woman's breathing. Dean squirmed in his seat.

“It's okay, you don't have to answer that one just yet. But I think you'll be answering it pretty soon,” she assured him.

“You know, I've been putting some of my milk in our meals for quite some time. Mostly just in special treats, like cakes,” the mother revealed. Dean sat upright, shocked.

“I just couldn't help myself! There's so much, and I knew you would like it!” she added.

“I've always wanted to give you a glass of my milk, but you always drink juice or soda! Every time! It's like you can't stand cow's milk, knowing there's something better,” said Sylvia.

Suddenly, the pumps made an angry noise and Sylvia's hands jumped to switch them off. They were full of milk already. 8 ounces each in just the few minutes she had been talking. She was amazing.

“Speaking of something better,” she hinted as she put her hands on the bottles hanging off her chest. Dean looked down at the bottles, full to the brim. His mother unscrewed each one and milk instantly spilled over the edges.

“Goodness, me!” she exclaimed as milk landed on her yoga pant legs, staining the fabric even darker.

“Well, now at least I know it’s warm!” she joked, “Would you like to try some? I need to empty them anyway. I’ve still got more milk to pump,” she informed him. Dean looked down at the nearest bottle, conflicted.

“Come on, you’ve had it before, most recently in my cooking. That cake from last week, I made that using my milk. You *loved* it. Wouldn’t you like to have that secret ingredient, nice and *fresh and warm*?” Sylvia teased.

“I-I suppose. It can’t hurt,” Dean accepted.

Sylvia just about exploded with excitement. She leaned in and kissed her son on his forehead, and handed one of the bottles to him. Sylvia’s eyes were transfixed on her son. After a moment of hesitation, he brought the bottle to his lips and took a small sip.

Dean found it to indeed be warm. It was not unlike cow’s milk, but it seemed creamier, and sweeter. Almost sugary. The taste was good, and for a moment he ignored the source of it. Or perhaps he didn’t. Either way, he downed the entire bottle a few seconds later.

“How was it?” his mother asked in anticipation.

“Good, mom,” he responded.

“Oh I knew you’d love it!” she cheered. Sylvia’s free hand flew around her son, pulling him into a hug that mashed his ear into her breast. Sylvia took the bottle in her right hand and downed it, savoring every last drop of her own cream. *Creamytop*, she thought. *So appropriate*. When Sylvia finally released her son from the embrace, he noticed the empty milk bottle.

“*You* drank it?” he exclaimed.

“Of course I did. I love the taste of milk, and it feels so good. It’s like recycling.” she explained.

“I’ve just never heard of...” he started.

“I’m a bit different, just like you are. We’re both unique. Now if you wanted a bit more milk, I assure you that I’ve got plenty more on the way.”

Dean watched as she screwed both bottles onto the pumps and resumed her pumping session. He was positively hypnotized, watching milk gush from her hard pink nipples and land in the chamber. How did she make so much? It was like the videos he had seen of her. Only her breasts were even *larger* now.

As the pumps worked away at her breasts, Sylvia stood up slightly to pull her yoga pants down. As she did, her thick thighs were revealed. Dean felt the urge to tackle her right there and fuck the shit out of her, but he restrained himself. Sylvia slid the pants off each leg and tossed them on top of her tank top and sports bra. Dean focused on her breasts again.

The son's eyes were momentarily distracted when his mother shifted her legs, briefly revealing her bare crotch. Dean gulped when he saw that her pussy was still pristine in appearance, and *dripping wet*. In fact, the bed was beginning to be soaked.

He looked back up, bypassing the behemoth breasts and instead locking eyes with his mother. She smiled, before wrapping her arms around him again. She held him close, but this time, she planted a kiss. On his lips. The young man was shocked.

"You've kissed me on my lips before, why is now any different?" she asked him defiantly.

"It's not different... it is different..." he struggled.

"Maybe just a bit," she conceded. The mother's right hand moved up to pull her son's head in tight as she locked lips with him, this time remaining in contact for quite some time. She twisted and turned her head, pressing her luscious lips into his. After what felt like an eternity, the son returned the gesture by pressing his face into hers.

Sylvia's own heart raced. She pulled away and put a hand on her son's thigh. Very close to his manhood. Quickly, she adjusted her legs again.

"I'm almost empty, I think. Is there anything you'd like to know about your mother? Anything you'd like to *see* or *do*?" the woman teased.

"I would... I would just like some more milk," Dean mumbled.

"Absolutely!" Sylvia beamed. She handed him the rest of the milk, and he drank it down within seconds.

"Would you like it *straight from the tap*?" she inquired with a seductive smile. Dean fumbled with his words but could produce no answer. Sylvia pulled him into her breast, over the throbbing nipple, and held him tightly to it. His lips opened and sealed onto the breast.

“You need to suckle, baby,” she informed him. Dean wasn’t sure how to do it, but he began sucking in. Milk slowly streamed from her nipple and onto his tongue. He must have been doing something right, then. Especially when his mother started moaning again.

For several minutes straight, Dean sucked from his mother’s teat, relieving them of their precious nourishment. The streams began to diminish over time, before Dean could not manage to get anything out. He signalled to Sylvia, and they switched to the other breast. Five minutes later, that one was empty as well.

“You did *very* well. You’re a natural,” she complimented.

“Thank you, it was delicious...” he responded.

Sylvia ran her hand through his hair once more. Then she stood up. Her breasts towered over Dean’s head as he stared down at her glistening womanhood. Sylvia was moving onto the next step. She turned to climb up onto the bed, and Dean caught a nice glimpse of her tight ass before she turned around to lay down.

“I need relief of a different kind, and I think you do, too,” she advised.

“Do you mean...” Dean started.

“Yes,” she replied.

“Don’t I need a condom? W-What if you got p-pregnant?” he worried.

“I’m afraid I’m not going to be having any more pregnancies, but I think that works out very well for the both of us in the end,” she revealed.

“Birth control?”

“I’m afraid I suffered from very early menopause.”

“Oh, jeez Mom, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. This merely opens up a wide world of possibilities for us,” she assured him. Without another word, Sylvia sat up and grabbed Dean’s hand, pulling him towards her on the bed. She let go and locked eyes with her son. She wanted him, badly. He wanted her, badly.

Dean tore his shirt off, tossing it behind him. Next up were his pants as he stood up to unzip them and pull them off. Those too, were tossed somewhere behind him. Finally, his boxers revealed a massive erection. Dean hesitated, and then proceeded to pull the underwear down and onto the bed. Dean stood on the bed, over his eager mother.

Sylvia ran her hands down the side of her breasts, down her stomach and waist, and down to her hips. Her womanhood glistened. Her breasts covered half her torso, with small drops on the nipples. Her eyes glowed. Her lips smiled. She was ready for him.

Dean got down and inserted his throbbing penis into his mother. It slid in just fine given how wet she was. Sylvia shook as she felt it enter her. It was a dream come true for both of them as Dean began slowly thrusting.

Self-control failed and Dean began to thrust much more rapidly. Sylvia began to pant as she rested her head on a pillow and clutched the bed sheets tightly. As Dean fucked he grew bolder and reached for his mother's breasts, fondling and squeezing them. Sylvia moaned.

No milk was produced in the squeezes, but Dean knew there would soon be some. His hands moved down and held his mother's waist and hips. She was exquisite in every way and provided plenty to grab onto. As he explored his mother's body, she moaned in delight.

Sylvia reached for her breasts unconsciously and began to squeeze her nipples. Before long, the mother managed to coax the remaining milk in her breasts out in torrents. The milk rocketed out, blasting Dean on his chest and in his face. Most of it landed on Sylvia's chest and stomach, slowly coating her with pools of milk.

As their lust grew, the two moved faster. Dean quickened his pace and thrust deeper each time. Sylvia squeezed her breasts tighter, releasing even more milk with every compression. In addition, she started bucking her hips up at Dean, meeting him part-way. Sylvia began to scream as she reached orgasm. Her hands flew to her hips while milk sprayed out of her nipples of their own accord.

The sight was enough for Dean and he finally came. His balls shook as they let loose a massive load right into his mother. His mind went blank as he continued to thrust for a few seconds. Soon, he went soft, and pulled out. He collapsed next to his mother, who was beginning to recover.

"Oh Dean, baby, that was wonderful," she congratulated as she panted.

Both were finally empty. Of fluid and energy. Sylvia and Dean rested together on her wet bed, lying side by side. Sylvia held her son close to her, tightly. He leaned his head against her large breast while she stroked his hair, kissing his forehead periodically. The two rested for some time.

"I better do my homework," Dean suggested as he broke the silence.

"That's a good idea," Sylvia approved, "I'm here for *help*, if you might need any," she continued.

Dean would consider the offer, but he simply could not believe what he had just done. He had been breast fed by his own mother, and fucked her moments later. His relationship with his mother was utterly transformed, and he suspected his life would never be the same. Nor would Sylvia's. The two were bound by lust and love now. Dean wondered what the future had in store for them as he wiped milk off his face.