

*A young man with a lactation fetish discovers some tantalizing secrets about his mother's past.*

Note: This one's a bit short and more of a teaser for the later stuff, coming soon.

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*This is the first installment of a nine part series with possible room to continue if it's desired. This first chapter is a bit short but the next ones are a good bit longer. 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. There's proof of that in this first chapter. 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 I: Discovery  
By greatpersonhooray 2018

White streams streaked across a black backdrop. A woman moaned. A man grunted. The sound of skin slapping could be heard. Dean was in heaven as he watched the events unfold on his computer screen.

This was porn that Dean had never seen before, in a fetish that he thought he'd seen all the content for. Somehow, the young man had stumbled upon this site full of old and rare lactation videos. The current set he'd found was a particular treasure trove. The woman in the video had large breasts, but even more impressive to him was the amount of milk she produced.

It was a video from the 90s, of a model known as "Creamytop". The video quality was poor, but it was more than enough for him. He hadn't even seen her face yet and had blown a load to her in seconds. Normally he would close out of porn after orgasm, but there was something so impressive about this woman that he had to keep watching.

The camera zoomed in on her breasts as the woman squeezed them intensely. Milk sprayed with fury as a dozen thick streams shot out of each nipple. The man continued to ram her with his penis as milk landed on his chest and ran down it. This continued for several minutes, with the milk not showing even the slightest signs of diminishing.

Now, the woman spoke and Dean sat up in his chair.

"Ohh, yes, come on. I *need to cum*. I am *so full of milk*," she moaned. The voice was familiar. And hot. This gave Dean pause for thought but the video quickly regained his full attention. He took another drink of whatever alcohol he happened to have at his side.

Dean grew hard again as milk continued erupting from the woman as she tugged at her hard nipples. The young man began tugging on himself as his erection threatened to steal all the blood in his body. Just as he was about to cum once more, the camera began to zoom out. The young woman's face came into view, and it was the face of Dean's mother.

His cock grew harder while his mind went into shock. His mind won out, however, and Dean tore his hands away from his stiffening member. *This is my mother*, he thought. He was certain it was her. She sounded like her, and had her face. She was younger, sure, a teenager in this video, but he had seen photos of her before from that time. It was her, and the knowledge that sealed the deal was the revelation of the setting. His old apartment that he had lived in with his mother until he was 10.

Dean's mother, Sylvia, as a teenage porn star going by the name of Creamytop. He was stunned, and incredibly turned on, but conflicted. He had always found his mother attractive, what with her massive breasts (smaller in this video?) and her almost sensual nature, but

seeing her like *this*? Fulfilling his favorite fetish? His mind went numb as the woman in the video smiled at the camera and giggled. Dean lost all self-control.

The young man surrendered to his lust. With animalistic intensity, he ran his hand up and down his shaft as it oozed precum in copious amounts. Seconds later, he had the orgasm of his life just as his mother had one of her own on the screen before him. Milk sprayed out of her breasts at an increased rate. Dean collapsed back in his chair, exhausted.

Part of him was horrified, another part still aroused, and another eager. He had just masturbated to his own mother. The breasts that had once fed him were being used as centerpieces in a sexual act. His mind was being consumed by lust for his mother, and, perhaps in poor judgement, Dean decided something had to be done. He couldn't live his life without at least *trying* to initiate something with her.

The teenager paused the video and stood up. He washed himself off in his bathroom and tried to think of a plan. It was difficult to say the least. A plan to seduce your own mother? Eventually he settled on a passive approach to test the waters. With an idea in mind, he left his room and went up the stairs to leave his basement.

It was quiet upstairs, and dark. His mother was certainly locked up in her room, asleep. She spent an awful lot of time in there, and Dean was never allowed to enter. Even more mysteriously, it seemed to be soundproofed, as he could never hear what was going on in there. Dirty thoughts sprang to mind, but Dean ignored them as he was on a mission.

He arrived at the family computer, the one his mother frequently used in the mornings. In the address bar, he typed in the site that he had been on. After a minute he had found Creamytop's videos again and put one up on the screen. The scene was of his mother spraying herself in the face. He set it to loop and walked away.

She would find it in the morning, and in Dean's drunken state, it seemed like the perfect plan. In his inebriated mind, she would see it and know it was him. And somehow she would develop sexual feelings for him too, and indulge them. It was not a *good* plan, but to an intoxicated and horny mind, it *sounded* good.

Dean went back downstairs and locked himself in his basement. He browsed the gallery of Creamytop videos, looking for the next one to watch. There were 12 in total, but they had numbers suggesting the existence of many more. One was titled "Creamytop 36" and Dean could only dream of having so many hot videos of his mother. So many were missing from this collection, but those that were here were gold.

These videos were so good, Dean considered sending them to his friend Jessica. Of course, they were lactation videos so a bit taboo. Then there was the glaring fact that they were of his own mother, and that nailed the coffin for him. Jessica loved porn, but he would not be

sharing these with her anytime soon. Besides, there was no need to trade porn videos with her when these were the only ones Dean would ever consider masturbating to again.

Dean clicked on his next, choice, entitled “Draining Creamytop” and settled back into his chair. The video began and Dean took in the sights and sounds. His mother, either in her late teens or early twenties, was sitting in front of a camera. Her large breasts took up most of the screen as began to mash them together under her shirt.

“I’m *so engorged* right now. I really need to be drained or else I’ll burst,” Sylvia moaned. Dean felt a tingle, but not quite a hardening in his penis.

The young brunette pulled her shirt over her head, revealing a tight bra and a deep valley of cleavage. With a snap, the bra was unclasped and she removed it. Dean gasped as the breasts were revealed. Hard pink nipples sat atop the fat orbs on her chest and drops of milk had already formed on the tips. They seemed *bigger* in this video. Sylvia put an electric breast pump over each nipple and activated the machine.

She moaned as each tug produced a stream of milk that emptied into their respective bottles. Dirty talking ensued, in which the woman repeatedly complained of how full she was, and that she needed help emptying herself. Ounce after ounce was produced as the milk continued to surpass measurement lines on the bottles. After just a few minutes, she had to replace both bottles with empty ones.

After ten minutes, the woman declared herself relieved. She showed all the bottles together and Dean was impressed to say the least. Over 20 ounces in a single pumping session. The girl giggled, obviously a bit proud of her achievement. Then she gave her nipples a squeeze and Dean was shocked to see thick streams erupt from her nipples. She still wasn’t empty.

“Creamytop is *never* empty,” she smiled, “but I’m not full anymore, not for a few hours at least,” she remarked.

*How much milk did this woman make?* Dean was at a complete loss. His mother had once had *incredible* production. And had her breasts really been getting bigger? How could his own mother be such a biological miracle? Dean had so many thoughts and questions but his alcohol and lust-riddled mind was clearly not up to the task. That night, he stayed up watching every last video of his mother before falling asleep at his desk. The next day would bring a shocking change to his life.