

# TABOO: Feeding Frenzies

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Nina Sestina

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By Nina Sestina

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Author's Note: All characters in this story are fictional, and 18 years of age and older.

TABOO: Feeding Time

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I'd never heard the term 'hyper-lactation' before I googled my symptoms. At 18, I could hardly believe it. Not only had my breasts exploded in size out of nowhere, they were so engorged that they felt like they might literally explode! Reading over the Wikipedia and other online articles about the phenomenon made me feel a little better, but it didn't solve the problem at hand. I needed to relieve the aching pressure, and there was only one way to do it. I needed to be milked.

Enter Jefferson, my wonderful step father. He was the only person I felt comfortable talking to about my predicament, so I went to him for support when I confirmed my suspicions that something was up with my breasts. I'll never forget that awkward first conversation.

"Hey dad?" I asked, walking into the kitchen early in the morning. Jefferson was sipping his morning coffee, and I was at my breaking point when it came to the physical discomfort of having a pair of milk filled tits in desperate need of attention.

"Hey Cassie." he looked up from the paper and smiled, always happy to see me.

"Uhm, can we talk?" I asked. My mind had already been made up, I had to tell him.

"Always. Just tell me you aren't pregnant." he said. I knew he was kidding, but his face showed concern at the question I'd asked.

"God I hope not, but it's kind of related." I said. It was Sunday morning, and I was still wearing my low cut nightie. "Have you noticed my tits lately?" the words rang in my head as they left my mouth. Not exactly the most subtle way to go about things. He raised an eyebrow, and perked up.

"Wait. What are we talking about here?"

"I think I might have a condition." I said. There wasn't some easy way to say it, so I went into the whole thing. I told him about how my boobs had grown significantly out of nowhere, and how they had started to ache and become more discomfort than they were worth. I explained hyper-lactation, and told him I was pretty sure that I had it.

"Well, I've never heard of it, but I can't say I'm surprised." he said. "I just assumed you were going through some sort of a growth spurt."

"No kidding. I don't have a bra or t-shirt that can hold these puppies back anymore." I said.

"Do you want me to schedule you a doctor's appointment?"

"God no. I looked it up, and it doesn't require a diagnosis or treatment or anything like that." I said.

"Okay. So what do you do for it?" he asked.

"I have to get the milk out somehow." I said. Jefferson wasn't the least bit uncomfortable with the topic, which made things a lot less awkward. But still kind of awkward. I couldn't help notice his eyes drifting repeatedly down over my chest while we spoke. "I really don't want to buy a breast pump though. It seems weird."

"What are the other options?"

"Uhm. I dunno actually." I said. My discovery was recent, and I hadn't thought things all the way through at the time. So I did some research, and found there weren't a whole lot of other options. There was pumping, and breastfeeding. Without a child or a boyfriend, I felt resigned to the reality that I would be spending my money and time on option number one. A couple of days passed following our conversation, and I didn't do anything about it.

"Cass?" Jefferson asked. He entered my room and asked how things were going in regards to my newly discovered issue.

"They hurt so bad daddy. And I'm too embarrassed to go buy a breast pump. I just want the pain to go away." I was sitting on my bed, and Jefferson had a seat beside me. It was easy to see the concern in his eyes.

"I'll help out however I can baby. Is there anything I can do?" he asked.

"You could suck on my tits." I said it as a joke, but we sat in silence for a few seconds before Jefferson shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't see why not." we locked eyes, and I swelled up with emotion.

"Daddy. You are so sweet." I gave him a great big hug. Without hesitation, he was willing to do anything for me. It didn't surprise me, he'd always been that way. "I love you so much."

"I love you too angel." he said.

"Are you serious though?" I asked.

"Of course."

And that was how it started. I knew we probably shouldn't, and that no one would understand, but it was the simplest option in that moment. My boobs were out of control, and had grown to the

point of absurdity. In less than a month I'd jumped two full cup sizes, maybe more. I told him that I'd love it if I didn't have to buy a pump and go through that process, but wasn't sure how to proceed from there. Luckily for me, Jefferson took full control of the situation.

"Okay baby. Let's get that shirt off of you."

"Now?" I asked, hit with a sudden jolt of bashfulness. Jefferson had never seen my breasts before, and I was about to be topless in front of him.

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These stories are too steamy for a description box, and have to be experienced to be fully appreciated. So what are you waiting for?

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