

Sister's Milk

(FF, 1st-lesbian-expr, oral, lac)

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I came from a pretty normal family - growing up it was just my folks, I and my little sister, Jeanie. My sister and I were close, at least as close as our 4 year age difference would allow.

From age 16 to 20 the difference seemed most significant. It was at 20 that I married and within a year, had my first baby - a precious little girl named Jennifer.

Dave and I lived across town, about 15 miles from my family. A year later is when things started to melt down in our family. Jeanie had become pregnant at 18. She hid this little fact from the whole family for nearly 5 months. I knew something was up and she finally confided in me. I told her she needed to tell mom and dad - after all, they were going to find out pretty soon anyway.

A week later she did.

Mom and dad went ballistic! They disowned Jeanie and she wound up moving out. Unfortunately, she decided to move in with the creep that got her pregnant. I felt so much compassion for Jeanie and went out of my way to show support for her. She had so many questions about her pregnancy and I helped her through it and reassured her. We became closer than ever over that period - best friends, actually.

Giving me mixed emotions, Jeanie and the creep decided to get married, but she, in her words, "sure wasn't going wear a wedding gown with a basketball for a belly," so they set the date for July 14th, three months after her due date. April was a busy month for us

- Jeanie and I both celebrated our birthdays - she turned 19 on April 4th and I turned 23 on the 11th.

But the 19th was the biggest birthday party. That's when Jeanie gave birth to Samantha. She was beautiful;

7 lbs. 2 oz, 20 inches long, platinum blond hair, and she looked like she might have Jeanie's blue eyes as well - although a baby's eyes are pretty dark at birth.

Things were still very cool between Jeanie and my folks so I became sort of a mother figure to Jeanie. Kind of weird for a 23 year old to be a mother figure to a 19 year old, but Jeanie had lots of questions about taking care of a baby. I did have some experience to offer - my Jennifer was almost two. I had just weaned her - which was an emotional let down for me. I felt even worse as I watched Jeanie breast feed little Samantha. Breast feeding is such an intimate act and really bonds a mother and child. Weaning a baby results in a sense of loss. Those bonding moments were gone forever.

July rolled around and things were set for Jeanie's wedding day. It would be a small church service. Mom and dad were still upset about everything but would attend the wedding. Jeanie had planned their honeymoon - the creep didn't have a romantic bone in his body. Five days before the wedding, Jeanie shows up at my house hysterical. She would go from crying to screaming to crying again.

It seems the creep had decided that being a daddy wasn't for him. He took off and left Jeanie and Samantha. I felt so bad for my little sister. She made one mistake and was paying for it continuously it seemed. I spent the afternoon just hugging on Jeanie, comforting her, and telling her that things would work. I told her I would always be there for her and Samantha. She laid her head on my shoulder and through her tears she cried, "I love you Mindy." I caressed her hair and said, "I love you too sweetie," and gave her a reassuring, "motherly" kiss on the top of her head.

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Friday Jeanie showed up at my place with Samantha. I asked how everything was going. She said, "Couldn't be better!" She was really bonding to Samantha.

We were eating some bagels and drinking coffee when Jeanie asked, "You want to go to Saint Marten?"

"Huh?"

She explained that her honeymoon reservations were non-refundable and she had an "available" plane ticket and 10 days in a cottage on the beach - sun, surf, casinos, boat

drinks, and all that exquisite French cuisine - besides, she really didn't want to go alone. I thought about it for a half-second and said, "Yes!" I could use a break from real life.

I said good bye to Dave and Jennifer, leaving him three pages of notes on what to do before I went to pick up Jeanie and Samantha. Mom and dad had agreed to watch Samantha while Jeanie was gone. They might have been mad at Jeanie, but they couldn't say no to their second granddaughter.

We departed Sunday, flew to Puerto Rico and took a puddle-jumper to St. Marten. The island was beautiful! I've never seen water so clear - or such a light blue- green color. We unloaded our bags at the cottage and went out to get a bite to eat for lunch. We found this little cafe just off the strip overlooking the beach. What a view! Chocolate croissants became my favorite food in the whole world.

We finished lunch and walked over to the beach. As we lay our blankets out I noticed that the women around us were topless. Just as I turned to tell Jeanie but before I could get the first word out, she untied her bikini top and dropped it on the blanket beside her.

I was shocked and caught off guard and just stared at her naked breasts. I must have had a stupid look on my face because she said, "What?!"

I finally composed myself and said, "Oh, nothing."

"Aren't you gonna get a tan?" she asked with a mischievous tone in her voice. Being too self conscious to remove my top, I explained that I didn't want to burn on our first day there.

We laid out in the sun for a couple of hours. I found myself unconsciously glimpsing over at Jeanie - I was mesmerized by her breasts. They were so big since giving birth - and looked even larger due to her extremely small nipples, I thought. Her aureolas looked to be the size of a nickel - they were so pink, with nipples that were a deeper pink and looked like pencil erasers as they noticeably stuck out from the small outer rings.

We looked so different - my breasts were smaller, more upturned, with larger, very dark nipples. Her breasts glistened in the sunlight as she had liberally coated her entire body with baby oil. I thought they looked unnaturally firm, but I knew she hadn't had any enhancements done.

My mind wondered and I could picture Samantha feeding on those picturesque globes. Then I thought back to how I was no longer able to feed Jennifer - I became a little depressed and then I snapped back to reality and reprimanded myself for analyzing Jeanie's breasts - what was I thinking.

We had a blast the rest of the day taking in the sights and having a great seafood dinner. We decided it had been a long day and headed back for the cottage.

I got ready for bed, putting on my long T-shirt (I'd been sleeping in T-shirts since I was 14), then I called out, "Hey, there's only one bed in here."

Jeanie replied, "Yeah, well, it IS a honeymoon cottage you know."

I was nearly asleep when Jeanie came in from the bathroom. Once again I found myself with a dumb expression on my face as she approached the bed wearing a bridal outfit. It was a white satin and lace ensemble - the bra had satin under cups with a sheer front and top so her pink aureolas and nipples could be clearly seen as they attempted to poke through the virtually nonexistent restraint.

Her panties were high cut tonga style with a very narrow back - just a little wider than a thong. They were satin with lace trim around the leg openings and waistband and some inlaid lace coming down to a "V" in front. She also wore a matching garter belt and white, shimmering lace stockings. She looked incredible.

She looked perfect for her wedding night and would have driven any testosterone producing creature wild. "A little overdressed aren't you?" I sarcastically asked. "This was supposed to be my honeymoon," Jeanie replied. "And this is what that jerk is missing!" In my heart I felt bad for Jeanie but I did get some satisfaction knowing the creep was missing out.

We said goodnight and I rolled over onto my right side facing the edge of the bed - which was the opposite way I usually faced, preferring my left side in my own bed. Jeanie rolled onto her left side and faced the other way. She shifted a little and I felt her rear rub up against mine. I felt embarrassed by the contact - yet I didn't move myself away. I didn't know why that was. We both fell asleep like this.

I was awakened later to some noise. I was still out of it and didn't know where I was for a moment. In my sleep I must have rolled onto my usual left side and was cuddled up against Jeanie, in a spoon position. Then I realized what the noise was - it was Jeanie whimpering. I thought she was crying over what the creep had done to her so I put my arm over her to comfort her. I told her it was alright. She completely ignored me.

I again called to her and then started to shake her a little and discovered that she was still asleep. I finally woke her up asking, "Jeanie, are you alright?"

She looked at me a little confused and with a distressed voice said, "It hurts."

"What hurts?" I asked.

"My breasts are killing me," she cried out.

I realized it had been about 20-hours since she had last fed Samantha, so I told her, "It's your milk - you need to pump."

Jeanie just looked back at me with the same look.

"You need to pump your breast milk to relieve the pressure," I told her.

"What?" was all she could manage back.

"Haven't you ever pumped?" I asked.

"N-no, I've never pumped," Jeanie snapped back.

Then it dawned on me that Jeanie had never been separated from Samantha before - she had never missed a meal. "Jeanie, didn't you know that you would become engorged after skipping a feeding."

Jeanie just whimpered, almost crying now that she realized she had screwed up. I told her she would have to relieve the pressure by hand expressing. I explained to her how to manipulate her breast to draw out the milk. We went to the bathroom and she pulled the left cup of her satin bra down exposing most of her breast and she began to fumble around trying to follow my instructions. She was completely awkward and was not having any success.

After about 10 minutes of this I said, "Okay, let me show you."

Now it was I that felt awkward as I held Jeanie's left breast in my hand. I began to gently but firmly squeeze her breast as I pulled the nipple out away from her body. A little milk began to ooze. Truth be told I had never actually hand expressed before - I always used a breast pump. After about 10 more minutes of me trying it was obvious that Jeanie was still in a lot of pain and all I had managed to do was soak her bra with a minimal trickle of milk.

This wasn't going to work. "You need a breast pump - you need some suction to draw the milk out," I told her.

Jeanie just continued her soft moaning - her eyes pleading with me for help. I realized that there was only one option available - yet that was an impossibility. But there was my little sister in agony.

I hesitated for a moment more, looking right into her eyes - sort of conveying what I was too uncomfortable to say. Then, without saying a word, I leaned over and placed my mouth over Jeanie's left nipple. I'm sure she was equally shocked but we both knew that this was the only way.

I began to suckle her breast, gently squeezing it in my hand to increase the flow of milk. The milk began to come slowly. When I had a mouthful, I released her breast and spat it into the sink next to us. I immediately began suckling again. I repeated this a few times,

spitting out each time my mouth had filled. But her milk began to really flow now and before I knew it my mouth was almost overflowing. Some of it hit the back of my throat and a reflex reaction caused me to gulp down a mouthful of Jeanie's breast milk.



I thought about the taste - it was thinner than regular milk, much sweeter, but what really struck me was how hot it was. It wasn't at all unpleasant, so I continued to suckle and swallow - which was easier and cleaner.

Jeanie and I never spoke a word nor did we make eye contact. I was thinking about the silence when my attention was drawn to the slurping sound I was making. Occasionally the seal of my lips around her breast would break and as the suction was released a squealing sort of sound would escape. This caused me to become very self-conscious about what I was doing. I tried to clear my head of the idea that I had my sister's breast in my mouth and was feeding from her. But I found that impossible to do.

Finally I noticed her milk was slowing so I figured that was good enough and knew I had to do the other side. I released her left nipple from my mouth and as I was moving to her right breast I saw Jeanie's face for the first time. Her head was tipped back slightly, her

lips were parted, her eyes barely open - just enough so I could tell her eyes were sort of rolled back in her head. She seemed kind of delirious.

I pulled her left bra cup up over her soaked nipple and pulled the right cup down. Pausing for a moment to look closely at her nipple, I then took her right breast into my mouth.

As I started to massage and milk it, I was overcome with an awkwardness. How did I do her other breast? Did I have this much of it in my mouth? Did I suckle this hard? Then I noticed my tongue brushed her nipple - where had I kept my tongue before? I hadn't touched her breast with my tongue until now. Before I just sort of suckled with my lips. Again, my tongue brushed her nipple.

All of a sudden I couldn't seem to avoid touching her nipple with my tongue. Maybe it was because more of her breast was now in my mouth. Nevertheless, something was different this time. The more I tried to avoid her nipple, the more tired my tongue and jaw became. Eventually I had no choice but to rest my tongue on the underside of her nipple. Now it was helping to work her breast and bring out the milk.

I noticed I was swallowing more often now - this was definitely more productive - or was I just getting better at it? I lost track of time - it must have been more than 30 minutes since I started. I definitely had spent more time on Jeanie's right side. I hadn't even noticed that I had suckled her dry until she finally pulled back, releasing her breast from my still puckered mouth.

She never made eye contact, she just said softly, "Thanks Mindy - that's much better," and walked back to bed. I sat there motionless for a few moments trying to understand what had just happened before returning to bed. A part of me was somewhat repulsed by what I had just done, yet I couldn't deny the effect it had on me. I noticed it was just past 1 am when we both went back to sleep.

I was awakened by Jeanie shaking my shoulder and calling my name. I had rolled onto my left side again as I slept. Jeanie was facing me. "It hurts again," she complained, almost pleading.

I looked at the clock and noticed it was 5:30 am - 4-1/2 hours seemed about the right interval. Again we did not speak, I just reached over and undid the front clasp of her bra and pulled the two triangular patches to the sides releasing her breasts from their entrapment. She was on her side, with her right breast resting against the mattress.

As I lifted her right breast up she rolled onto her back. I brought her breast to me and drew her nipple into my mouth. I started to feel that intimate bond that I had not experienced since weaning Jennifer. After a while I noticed there was another sound in the silence. It wasn't just the slurping sound I was making, it was Jeanie - she was making little cooing sounds, sort of like a gasp and a moan together.

I continued to milk Jeanie and found myself getting more comfortable - maybe a little too comfortable I thought to myself. I finished drawing out all of Jeanie's breast milk from her right teat and moved over to her left. I had to lean over her as I reached for her left nipple. I latched on and began suckling and as I did I eased my weight off of my hands which brought me down partially onto Jeanie.

My own breasts were mashed into Jeanie's belly. I liked the feeling, even through the cotton material of my t-shirt. My right leg was on top of Jeanie's right leg. I could feel her silky stockings and garter belt rubbing against my skin and I found myself unconsciously moving my body a little to increase the sensation. It was definitely having an effect on me.

Somewhere along the way I had become less business like and relieving Jeanie's pain didn't seem to be the only goal of my actions. My tongue was moving across her nipple, teasing it, playing with it. My mouth which had remained in a fixed position up then was now sliding over Jeanie's breast. At times there didn't seem to be a suction as her nipple would escape from the corner of my mouth and I explored the sensitive under slope of her beautiful breast.

I found myself softly moaning, as I worked her large globe with my lips and tongue. I felt Jeanie start to move under me a little and my leg slipped in between hers. I could now feel her satin panties on my thigh. We both kept up our subtle gyrations and I could feel her pubic bone start to press into my upper thigh. I thought I should back off and reposition myself, but I didn't - at that moment this had become less an act of relieving pain, and more an act of causing and receiving pleasure.

Our gyrations became more pronounced as I hungrily worked on Jeanie's breast. Jeanie started panting and moving more rapidly. I suspected she was close to an orgasm which was soon confirmed as I felt a hot wetness on my thigh. I had made Jeanie come. I heard her whisper, "Thank you," as I eased my oral manipulations of her breast, while still holding her nipple within my mouth. We fell asleep in that position.

We awoke about 9 am. Jeanie got up and headed for the shower. When she got out I started to say, "Jeanie, about last night..."

She cut me off, "Let's not talk about it." A feeling of shame came over me. We didn't even look each other in the eyes for a few hours.

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After breakfast we hit a few shops and then were off to the beach again. Jeanie just lay down, leaving her bikini top on - we were the only two girls wearing tops. Not that I

especially wanted her to remove her top, but I knew Jeanie was feeling embarrassed or guilty, just as I was.

It was almost noon when Jeanie said, "I need to go." We went back to the cottage. Jeanie sat down on the edge of the bed and said, "Can we talk after?"

I knew what she meant as she rubbed her chest as if in pain. I walked over to her, and as I did Jeanie lifted her bikini top up over her breasts - she didn't remove it, just left it up, near her neck as she lay back on the bed, her knees bent with her feet touching the floor.

I eased myself down next to her on her right side and took her right breast's nipple into my mouth. Jeanie immediately let out a long low sigh. Her breast milk began to flow into my mouth and I found myself eager and aching to gulp it all down.



I became less gentle and really began to work her nipple, occasionally giving her tit a playful bite. Jeanie was starting to squirm around a little getting more and more vocal. What I did next shocked me and forever changed the relationship with my little sister and me.

It was like some hidden instinct in me that took over;

I reached my hand down between Jeanie's legs. I cupped her mound and I could feel her part her legs ever so slightly for me. She lifted up against my hand and I gave her a gentle squeeze. Jeanie moaned and in response, I moaned against her soft breast. I don't know why things escalated like that - it just seemed like the next natural thing to do.

I began to move my hand up and down massaging her slit. I could feel her labia through her bikini bottoms as I pressed with my finger. I continued to rub my sister there for several minutes and it became obvious that she needed release. In one smooth motion I slid my hand up towards her belly and back down under the waistband of her bikini bottoms. My palm came to rest on her naked pussy and I felt how warm she was. My hand resumed its ministrations.



My sister's slickness was all over my fingers and palm - Jeanie was soaked. I discovered her hardened clit and began to rub it while I continued to suckle and feed from her. Sensing she was close, I slid my hand down further and pressed with two of my fingers - they slipped effortlessly into my sister's vagina, passing both knuckles.

That sent Jeanie over the edge and she had a violent orgasm. She screamed so loud that it startled me. Then I felt a torrent of her cum spurt over my fingers and into the palm of my hand. I released her nipple from my mouth and lifted my head as I slowly slid my

fingers in and out of my little sister.

I'll never forget the sloshing sound it made as I continued to work my hand in and out of her. I just stared at her - first her perfect breasts which were still heaving from the remnants of her orgasm, and then I looked down at the obscene display of my hand sliding in and out of Jeanie's vagina, my fingers disappearing and then reappearing.

I knew we had crossed a line that we could never undo. Maybe it was that reality - that I couldn't go back - that caused me to give in at that moment to some uncontrollable desire. I slipped my hand out of Jeanie's panties and looked at my dripping fingers. I could smell her sex on them. Then it was like I became a passenger on some erotic ride - my body began to respond on its own.

I slid down off the edge of the bed and kneeled between Jeanie's open legs. I grabbed the crotch of her bikini bottoms and pulled them to the side, spreading the leg opening - then brought my face down to her. I opened my mouth wide and covered Jeanie's entire mound. I started to lick her pussy, bringing my tongue from the rear of her slit up to the top, teasing her clitoris as I got there. Jeanie began to squirm up and away, but I held her thighs tightly with my right hand and kept my face buried in her crotch.

I continued lapping for several minutes, each time pressing my tongue harder against her vulva, eventually separating her labia with repetitive upstrokes, and finally entering her vagina with my tongue.

I will never forget my first taste of Jeanie. Her juices were a new and foreign flavor to me, but I now craved her taste - I craved eating this woman. Then the repulsion set in again - I was doing this to another woman! How could I? My body refused to stop what it was doing and I pushed these thoughts out of mind.



I did what I thought Jeanie would like - after about 15 minutes of licking like this I sucked her clit into my mouth and rubbed it hard with my tongue. Just as Jeanie was coming I lowered my mouth, pressing my tongue as far into her vagina as I could, mashing my lips hard around her vulva as I sucked with all my effort.

Jeanie came hard again and I wasn't prepared for what happened as she did - her cum actually spurted into my mouth. I could feel it hit my tongue and my mouth was soon filled with her hot, creamy liquid. She tasted good as I let it ease down the back of my throat and enjoyed swallowing her feminine nectar.

I was so far gone at that point - and I needed release badly. I instantly shed my bikini bottom and top, and from a position still between her legs, brought myself down on top of my sister in a position that was familiar to me in my normal lovemaking. I wanted to feel Jeanie's skin against mine.

Our breasts met first which excited me so much - my nipples had not received any prior attention over the past day of fore play. Then our mounds touched - it was as if I had received an electric shock - I almost came that moment. I needed Jeanie - I needed to make love to her.

Jeanie looked up at me - unsure of what I was doing - she almost looked scared. I began rubbing my mound against my sister's. I whispered to her, "It's okay honey - I want to

make love to you, I need this Jeanie."

Our vulvas pressed against each other, making squishing noises because of the overflowing of both of our juices. I pressed down hard onto my sister and I felt her labia spread open allowing mine to enter her slightly. I began to rub her with zeal. My labia and clitoris became engorged.

I slid my clit up and down Jeanie's slit and could feel it rub between her labia and bump her own clit. I held it there grinding our pussies, clit to clit for a while and then slid my clit back down between her swollen lips. Once at the bottom I again began the ascent back up her slit. I continued making love to my sister in this way then I started to come and I pressed myself down hard and felt my clit works its way into Jeanie's vagina.

I exploded just as I entered her pussy. I came so hard, like nothing else I've ever experienced in my life. Grinding my pussy into her pussy, I screamed out "OH FUCK ME JEANIE! PLEASE FUCK ME!!"

I looked down at my sister lying below me, a dazed expression on her face, and I collapsed on top of her, bringing my mouth onto hers and slipping my tongue into her mouth as I kissed her with a long, slow sensual kiss.

I'm not sure why I had the desire to kiss her like that. My tongue explored her mouth, teasing her tongue, feeling the slickness of her pearly teeth, and massaging the roof of her mouth. I kissed and kissed her, all the while keeping our pussies pressed firmly together, forcing our juices to intermingle. Never in my life had I experienced such emotion, such sexual release, such lust, such pleasure, such intimacy. I had always loved my sister, but I had now fallen in love with my sister.

We just lay together cuddling. We had never spoken a word. What would we have said, anyway? That it was wrong? We both knew that from the start, but deep down we obviously didn't want to stop it from happening. So silence seemed the appropriate approach. There would be time for talking later.

THE END

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