



“God I hate this” Sarah muttered to herself.

She was tired. Her nipples were sore and it felt like she had become little more than a glorified food machine.

Her bub seemed almost perpetually hungry and her breasts, once petite but now nicely rounded after the pregnancy, were still not keeping up.

It felt like every waking hour of the day she was attached to the milker, its rhythmic whirring her only company as it relentlessly vacuumed her sensitive nipples.



With a cringe inducing pop Sarah removed the suction pad from her engorged nipple.

“What is this, a 1/4 cup? Less?” she lamented. “I think I actually lost more than this when I screwed up on my cereal this morning!”

With a sigh she lowered the breast pump, its meager contents sloshing inside the container.

“This... I... I can't be doing this right!” Sarah thought to herself, not for the first time.

More and more often she found herself second guessing her decisions when it came to the new hungry monster in her life.

The lack of sleep didn't help.



Strapping on a bra, Sarah stood up and headed over to her “pile of guidance”.

For the forth time in as many days she consulted the collection of “how to” books dealing with pregnancy and post-birth situations.

While they formed a shield of confidence pre-birth, they crumpled like wet cardboard when faced with reality.

But what could she do? Clearly *someone* must know what they’re talking about! Why else would they be published?



Flicking through the same “how to be best” book for the umpteenth time, Sarah noticed a so far unnoticed book out of the corner of her eye.

CookWise Shirley O. Corriher

The Professional Chef



Revealing the book, Sarah cocked an eyebrow, the cover tickling her fancy.

“Fuck you. I’m a Mother”.

“Huh” Sarah mused. “I don’t even remember buying this one.”



Picking it up Sarah found herself immediately engaged.

“Holy shit *that’s* how you do it...” she murmured to herself.

The pages wove a tale that Sarah couldn’t resist. Lines like “Why you’re not the best and how to be” were replaced with “You ARE the best and here’s why”.

As she turned through the pages Sarah laughed to herself. “Heck yeah, fuck you! I AM a mother”

A new sense of power and vigor energized her (admittedly sleep deprived) mind.



The next day Sarah strode out of the house, her self confidence the highest it had been in days.

Walking down the local shopping strip an opportunity to enact her book derived guidance presented itself almost before she ready.

“Hey, lady!” a hip youngster called out from a shop window.

“From the looks of you, you could use some new clothes! Or do you want to wait till you drop the baby weight?” the man goaded.

Sarah lamented the rise of “insult marketing” but couldn’t argue its effectiveness. Or at least how well it worked the last 12 times she felt compelled to buy from that shop.

“Fuck you! I’m a mother!” she exclaimed. “I don’t need this shit in my life!”

Surprised, the hipster raised his hands, backing off.



Sarah was thrilled. That guy had claimed a place in her “I should’ve said...” mental conversations in the shower more than once.

Heading home and still buzzing from her encounter she decided to take a new approach to her hourly pumping.

“Alright breasts!” she exclaimed “let’s get one thing straight, I need you to do your *fucking* job and I’m *done* putting up with your shit!”

She finished her speech with “And fuck you! I’m a *mother!*”





In truth Sarah saw very little change in her milk production that day, but felt far better about the whole process.

The next day she repeated the phrase, and to her surprise found that her production had moderately increased.

“That’s right, you better milk!” she scolded her breasts.



A week later Sarah had to admit she was impressed with the results (though she refused to let the positive emotions flow to her breasts).

Her milk production had nearly tripled and she found her breasts were storing far more than they had been even just the previous day.

Even more amazingly even with her increased output her nipples remained taught and didn't chafe at all.

“That’s right, you fuckers” she whispered to her enlarged breasts.



The process continued. After a month of chastising her breasts and mentally not giving them an inch Sarah found herself inclined to get a second pump, even larger than the first.

The milk production was clearly enough to warrant it, and she was no longer the kind of person who was willing to waste her time pumping one breast after the other.

Feeling the suction of both pumps for the first time was an incredible experience, the milk freely flowing from both breasts simultaneously.



The sensation proved almost too much for her, as Sarah found the dual sucking appendages bringing her closer and closer to orgasming.

Pulling the pumps free Sarah let out a moan, the pressure release combined with the satisfaction of filling both containers exciting her enough to experience a small climax.

She held her head in her hands, quivering in the after quakes of the orgasm. Slightly embarrassed she chalked it up to the novelty of the whole experience.



From that point Sarah decided the “fuck you” world view was the way she wanted to live her whole life.

She started applying it to her every day, wearing what she wanted and, as the saying goes, not giving a fuck.

A week later she headed out shopping. Given her breasts were particularly engorged that day she decided ‘fuck it’ and to go braless.

She reveled in the feeling of enlarged breasts bouncing around, her nipples jutting provocatively through her top.

When approaching the store of her previous encounter she was more than ready.

“Hey lady!” the youth started.

“Fuck you!” Sarah said, cutting him off.

“I...” the hipster stammered “I just wanted to say you look... nice.”

“I MAINTAIN MY FUCK YOU, SIR!” she exclaimed.



The following day Sarah felt drunk with power.

“You know what, pumps? Fuck you!” she said to herself. “I don’t need you to lactate, I can do it all on my own. I’m a fucking *mother!*”

Sarah visualized her child’s needs and her fulfilling them... and beyond.

Before she knew it, steady streams were flowing from each nipple.



As she lactated her mind wandered to her own needs.

She visualized fulfilling her own 'needs', finding no immediate reaction.

“Wait a minute!” she thought to herself “you are part of *me* and will do what I say! Fuck you, I can do anything, I’m *mother!*”

So strong was her conviction her nether regions felt the compulsion to obey. Before long her breasts were not the only part of Sarah *leaking*.



Feeling her breast flow lessen, Sarah allowed herself to cum - a job well done.

“Mmmm” she said to herself. She was taking control of her life and every aspect of it, and for the first time in a long while she felt fully contented.

“This, I can do”, she murmured.





In the following weeks Sarah truly succumbed to the 'fuck you' mindset.

After a prolonged self conversations about "not needing fucking glasses" she found her vision was now near perfect without aid.

She was always called a 'redhead' though she knew herself to be more ginger. "Fuck you" she said to her hair and had it turn proper auburn red (after a visit to the local hair dresser. I mean, she wasn't a wizard).

Her breasts continued to grow, their capacity and flow growing every day.

Before long she had long outgrown the need to collect milk, being able to produce as much as she wanted at the drop of a hat.

Still she gave herself time everyday to let her now broken-in breasts to run free, shooting milk out as they pleased as she pleased herself from the feeling.



She shared her climax with her tamed breasts, erupting their load in simultaneous gushes.

It only seemed fair - they had followed her commands, filling and growing as they should, now taking up the majority of her downwards vision, like two overinflated water balloons.



As they gushed torrents of milk Sarah felt the familiar wave of pleasurable hormones wash over her mind.

“I...” she said, biting her lip, entirely enthralled by their sensations “I’m a *mother... fuck me.*”