**Branwen**

Slow MF Lact

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*Prologue*

I used to run and cycle a lot. I’m in my 40s now and with an office job, I need to keep a little exercise in my daily routine. I’ve taken up walking to work. I wear running shorts. They’re sheer and the gentle friction against my cock is delicious. The thought of that gratuitous rub gets me primed if I’m sluggish in the morning, and so I catch 6km a day of easy fitness and more refreshing than I expected, passing through parks and inner city boho. I still have the legs and can walk pretty fast before lactose asks I break into a jog.

Anyhow, I know you’re not my doctor and this isn’t a medical exam. I don’t know what it is. I guess you should also know I just had the best experience and I’ve got no one I can tell. Do you mind, we haven’t known each other long? I need to unload. Again. Do you mind? Thanks.

*Chapter One*

I was walking to work last week, and had serendipitously been following this sporty young girl a-ways. I had already removed and cleaned my sunnies twice as I walked, and I’d actually started thinking I should make an appointment with an optometrist, since my vision was obviously blurred.

As I got closer though, I judged she was 5’, maybe (from behind) in her early 20s. She wore flat white court shoes, not great for walking pale, yummy peaches and cream legs – sporty, but muscled – not skinny. She wore a sky-blue ruffled jersey skirt that set her legs off further and a loose cotton blouse patterned with hundreds of tiny flowers. She had jet black hair that swung in a ponytail (held in a sky blue tie) with the rhythm of her step.

I didn’t need an optometrist: her jersey skirt had indeed ridden up over her bum, the ruffles caught and dragged by an ill-fitted backpack to a bunch around her waist. Her ass was now proud to the street, save a pair of falsely modest cotton ‘boy-shorts’ panties, for the fabric of these, too, had ridden over her ass as it clenched and released. I watched, following her silently, and drinking in the visceral rhythm of her ass as her leg muscles rippled her forward.

Watching her, I sensed she was moderately aware that her skirt rode, because she tugged the hems at her sides every now and then. I could hear her music blaring from earplugs – likely the music held her attention. I can be fleet, and it was not long before I could reach out and touch her – had I wished. Swift, silent, invisible. Alpha and Omega. This was a (very) public place.

Adrenalin steeling against nervous excitement had my mind white alert but racing with the thought I’d never been so bold to try this before. I took my camera from a pocket (I’d recently considered ditching it from these commutes …) and I moved in step behind her to conceal my actions from anyone who may come up behind. I took a good minute of video, closing from full body with her swinging ponytail, closer and down to maybe just 5cm from her ass, and I definitely capturing vision from under it … (mentally filed into the wankbank) ... and the first showing of her cheeks, oh mama, her gorgeous cream athletic ass cheeks, salubrious and ripe like those nectarined nymphs in Song of Solomon! … up to their occasional concealment in sky blue panties (it involuntarily evoked a small sigh). My first noise. I tucked my phone away, and moved up and out to hold a steady spot in her peripheral vision.

She looked across at me and I caught her eyes and smiled the gentle smile I had prepared for her. Flash! They were green, her eyes. I realise mine are shut now as I am walking. And a flash of consciousness. Green. Like astrally I know who this person is. And her eyes were red. She’d been crying. Ok, so I didn’t know her at all – mental note to self: do not be a frootloop right now; eyes open, be present, concentrate.

All in a second: Perhaps her eyes always looked a little puffy. Plus, we were walking briskly and women ‘glow’. We hadn’t broken stride and I knew I had only a moment to act. With her earphones in her ears I knew speaking was out for functional communication. Move. I held my arms straight down before me, but kept my palms level at my thighs, showing her with a flick of my eyes. My horizontal palms motioning as her skirt ruffling and rising, I mouthed ‘skirt’ and pointed discreetly to her ass. She nodded, pulled out her ear plugs and we stopped.

I leaned across, holding her shoulder in a firm but gentle grip and pulled her gently around to face me. If you want a mental image, it’s funny, but she looked a lot like Lucie Jones from the X Factor, but with jet jet hair, those sometime sparkling green eyes, broad cheekbones tailing into a graceful narrow chin. I leaned in to her, so that I barely whispered:

“hi, I hope you don’t mind, your backpack isn’t tied properly, and with all these ruffles –” I tugged playfully at the floppy folds of jersey ruffle on her ridden skirt, smiling “– it’s pulling your skirt right up over your panties, so your ass is out for all the world, honey. It’s a really nice skirt, by the way”.

With both hands, she reached around and felt in vain for the skirt or panties she had assumed were covering her ass, then only inches higher, how it had bundled at her waist. She hurried to pull the mess down where we stood and squeaked out “thankyou!”

“Look, it’s not the skirt, it’s your pack. You need to tie it a different way.” I continued, giving her modesty as I held my own backpack as a dressing shield while she quickly adjusted her skirt and panties – aware I looked on.

“I can show you”, I timed it with her waddle-jigging her panties back down over her bum. “Come, there’s a bench just up here.” I took her wrist and led her decisively to the bench seat. It was set back from the path only a few metres, but fortuitously concealed by a giant sign – a very helpful map of the park that sensibly faced the track, and the sign was abutted by shrubbery. We stepped through.

I had Time destruction, like Riff Raff on lsd … Time with this girl, I sensed somehow through the skin across my back, is packed with surreal moments of astonishing temporality. And that was my experience of her now - but as some moments last forever, others take an eternity.

With seconds passing as minutes, she spun the pack from her shoulders and float-flopped onto the seat. Somehow, I managed to supress a surprising and unexpected boredom as the backpack she had whirled away in counterweight trekked lazily through the air in an unexceptional unimaginative and uninspiring arc to my waiting hand. Somehow (is such mystical temporality radiant?), she managed with equal grace to finish her manoeuvre with one knee pulled to her chest, her arms wrapped around it, fingers locked on the alternate elbows, and her head laid (really, am I having Swan Lake cameo?) most morosely upon it.

I crouched on the ground at her knees. Well her knee really, since the other was tucked beneath her forehead. I held with my instinct and thought it better I look up to her face. I slowed, held my face gentle, soft. “Hey, do you want me to tie your pack? I can see from how your straps are now, it will make a difference.”

From behind her knee peeked a single green eye. I know her. And now it looked down at me rather wildly. In her, I had no sense of mental illness, but maybe exhaustion, maybe hurt. And unavoidably exposing within paw’s reach (how she could not be aware of her display I couldn’t fully understand), the contradiction of pleasure in the soft sky blue cotton gusset of her panties, stretched pregnant with the happy puffy pressure of young flesh and hair and disappearing into the athletic curves of her ass.

Each moment I knew her/our story more. Yet, in the moments to come, how I can be so familiar in my touch, I do not know. I held back for now, estimating how far I could run the chase before plunging. I quickly readjusted the system of straps for her pack, so it would sit higher, off her bum. Tightening the straps by feel, I gazed across, now quite unashamedly drinking in the promise of her panty-clad pussy. Was she showing, despite the cut of her panties, just a touch of downy jet? Everything pink in me winced ... oh my naughty was on. I gave her a name. “Hey, I’m Finn.”

She lifted her head and she looked at me properly.

“Branwen. Just ‘Bra’ actually. Hi. … Thanks.”

“Nice to meet you Bra, Branwen – hey, whatever. About your bag, I mean: actually, I’ve finished. Look try it on, but I suggest we sit awhile if you’ve the time. I’m not sure you’re ok.” She sat still as stone.

Oblique, she answered “How come you know so much about straps. Do you tie people up?”

Still dealing with the jog in from left field, I gave her a candid reply “What? No, well, no it’s just about controlling where the bag sits while you’re actually wearing it. Same as your bra .. I paused .. controls how you hold the weight of your breasts at the front. It’s no biggie. They should’ve shown you at the shop.”

“Sorry, that was a dumb joke” she said, “Well it was meant to be a joke. I wish someone had tied me up this morning .. my life wouldn’t suck so hard.”

A droll quip may be medicine for the maudlin: “Hey, in its defence, there’s nothing inherently bad or wrong with sucking hard. In some situations you might find it’s just what the doctor ordered. Anyhow, parading that cute bum of yours makes old buggers like me delightfully horny. Or does that weird you out?” I gave her a chance to withdraw, gambled she wouldn’t take it.

She let her arms drop away from their vicegrip around her raised knee and lowered her foot to the ground, closing her legs, and sadly the toss of her skirt hooding that plump young pussy from my view.

“Erm, hey, Bra, Branwen” I said softly again, “I think we may have something else that needs attention honey. Are you breastfeeding?” With her knee down from her chest, it was plain to see she was unavoidably parading two round wet patches on her blouse. I suspect the sustained pressure of her breasts against her arms, her knee, all scrunched forward, had started her milk running.

“Oh mother” she cursed. “Um, yeah, well obviously, got milk.”

I chuckled at her attempt to offer humour. “Look, we all have shit, sweetie, I thought my dyslexia was a real drag until I found I could explain away my actions by telling people I was only looking for a bar.”

“What?”

I put my hands out before me, as if feeling my way in the dark, took a step toward her placing my hands lightly over the wet patches of her blouse, closing gently onto her breasts. My palms moistened when I brushed a feather pressure on those delicious globes, before my hands closed on the buttons of her blouse. Here in the park, just metres off the track, I had four or five undone – her blouse lay open and her surprisingly full breasts strained against what was obviously a maternity bra. I held her breasts, cradling them in the firm cups of her bra. “Found the bar, want a drink” I said, smiling.

She remained still, perhaps astonished, simply watching as I undid her blouse, peeled down the cup and placed my mouth at her nipple. Before I started sucking, I managed despite a mouth full of her luscious tit, “We need to get some of the milk out of the Bar first”.

“Bra!”, her epiphany.

I took my mouth from her nipple, looked up and grinned, affecting a drunken slur, “Yes my dear orifice, I’ve been at the Bar, drinking her loveliness from firm to supple because I was parched, BUT before that! Before that! .. Why, I hadn’t had a cunt all day, Drinkstable”.

She laughed. I changed to her other tit, pulled through her milk, just as I had (imagined it?) in those first moments, she was simply mine for the taking. I suckled milk from her while she cradled me, this man twice her age. “I like sky blue” I said and she smiled and rocked us both, benefits of a mouth connection. “And Bar? – I mean Bra –” “Mm?” “Your ass is a serious pedigree of hot. I might admit that I followed you for a step or two before we stopped.”

She moaned as I gave a final hard suck of the teat, swallowing as much of her breast into my mouth as I could (still only half, with the baby cradled inside her maternity bra). “Suck hard, huh? C’mon, you can’t get around like this with your blouse like the Lakes District. Where’s home?” I sucked off her tit. I crawled to my own backpack, pulling out my work shirt, and passed it to her. “Here, you might want this, Bra”.

She held my dry work shirt as I peeled her wet blouse from her shoulders, away from her skin, and popped it in my pack. “Bra, your bra too, it’s satch. (saturated). You’ll be Bra the braless for the moment but I don’t need to tell you those magnificent puppies of yours aren’t going to be sloshing for a while”.

She did not hesitate, but reached between the cups and unclasped her bra from the front. Her breasts fell forward, hanging a little saggier than I’d expected, but then I did just give them a powerful draining. She passed her bra to me and dressed in my shirt, modest enough.

“So I’m taking you to my house, huh?” a note of incredulity, second thought was wafting in her voice. Choke point?

No. “Well” I replied, “You are wearing my work shirt and I’ve got your bra and blouse in my bag”. “And you’re lucky I haven’t demanded your panties go in here too” – I started playfully – “Ok ok – well, at least I’ll get my work shirt back. In fact I don’t even need it”.

Her green eyes definitely sparkled.

“Have you been crying?” I asked her as we walked.

“Shows, huh.”

“Branwen, I’ve got to say, your eyes are just sublime. They make the Emerald City, with Beethoven’s Ninth thrown in, jejune”.

“I like the way you talk, Ian”.

“Finn, it’s ‘Finn’”.

“Oh, I’m sorry Finn”.

“That’s alright, I also get ‘Tim’ a lot”.

“My boyfriend left me – again! – this morning. It’s just so fucking unfair. Ha ha, my French ain’t quite so posh as yours”, she affected. “But Finn, shit he’s a pig! This latest thing all started because …”.

I let her talk as we walked. The adjustments to her pack were working nicely. I did point that out, but it was really the only time I spoke. Maybe 15 minutes she downloaded her world on me. Not all her world.

“… and the way you touched me. Croesawu i gartref eich gariad,” she said as we stopped before a two-storey red brick house, apropos of all.

I stopped in place, turned and raised an eyebrow. “Is that so? I am” I said, though I thought ‘Holy fucking Biblical!’ I am here … and there’s Welsh-pale skin for me, and she had just offered me welcome to her home as her lover, oh frabjous day!

And there’s only the matter of a boyfriend who is (or soon will be) indisposed and (at least) one infant on the scene. Meh! I followed her up the stairs and inside.

*Chapter Two*

Well, for now, what happens next and inside is still part in the keyboard, part in my head. I did say it was slow, but I hope you’ve enjoy the story so far. CD.