lies with full grown beaks. no, they would never. the giant chickens would never. i looked back to the little beak spinning around on my plate and then left the room - i had to take a breather, clam down, blow off some nervous energy, some steam.

i reached the washroom and immediately took my place on the the toilet. ahh, heaven! the throne! utopia is in the toilet, and all you have to do is find your tird. it's really as easy as looking, taking note; what did I do? what came out of me? what have i created? i sat down and began to concentrate, began to work; i clicked the keyboard upstairs, sending a message to my brain, which sent messages to various... motor neurons? who cares, i was shitting, and i had to work hard for it and that was good. all in all it wasn't easy but when i pinched it all off in the end i felt good, alive. brave, courageous, mystical soul, the divine dump had elevated my spirits and i came out of the experience with a calm, relaxed state of mind, if not a little drained - so much had happened in the span of a couple of hours. i wiped and dressed, then walked into the dyingroom.

and i was sitting on the couch in the when i heard llynes get up and come down the hall. i think he turned into the kitchen because he didn't come all the way down into the dying room with me and he asked what kind of food there might be for breakfast and i said beaks. i think he thought i though he asked something about the chickens but i knew he didn't. a few minutes later he came out with two cups of coffee. he sat down on the couch beside me and i told him i don't drink coffee and i really don't. he told me he knew that, and that they were both for him. then he looked at me with his mouth half open, as if about to speak, but not yet sure how to start;

" you know... there's no milk. there's no milk in the fridge and..." he trailed off and sighed heavily, but i knew what the problem was, i knew why he was hesitating, why he was so nervous and so i thought I'd make it all a little easier on him.

"shawn of course, don't be weird, just... here, give me your cups" i replied.

i took the steaming cups from his hands one by one and lifted my t-shirt up over my chest. i placed the first cup underneath my right breast, and later, the second one under my left breast, giving the base of my nipple a squeeze and a quick tug each time. thick warm cream streamed out of my body and i groaned - it felt much like a cross between a comfortable piss and an unexpected orgasm; muscles relaxing with pleasurable cut-off spasms to end the flow of lactose escaping from my motherly breasts. somehow llynes found his lips clenched around one of my sensitive nipples, sucking like a hungry vampire child for almost five minutes and i almost died; my nipples had become bigger, and well, sexier. they almost had the appearance of tiny little beaks poking out of a set of chest-breasts, and were more than happy to be the part of the body supplying a big, happy, grown man with the milk of a loving mother.

when he was finally finished he licked the milk that had dribbled down my bare chest and i began to worry that he might have sucked my breast completely dry, and i immediately became somewhat disturbed with llynes and with myself, and decided to go have a shower before heading down to No Longer an Egg, a store for new mothers. I wanted to pick up a set of breast-pumps so i could begin putting my special talents to a good use in a home where babies don't exist unless they're in the form of fried embryo's, in which case breast milk isn't going to help them unless it's simply to wash them down.

when i got to the washroom downstairs, i turned the shower on first to let the water heat up a little while i finished undressing, already having my pants and my underwear off, and i noticed that my nipples were a little wet with lactose. then i thought about it, and picking up my t-shirt, i noticed that there were two small damp spots on each of the breasts. i realized i had forgotten to dab my nipples with kleenex, or a towel or something before letting my shirt drop back down over my body. Well, it really wouldn't matter anyway, not unless i was out in public, and i was sure i also pick up a set of rubber braziers or something down at No Longer an Egg to keep this from happening again.

when i'd finished completely undressing i stepped into the shower stall, being careful not to let the scalding water touch my sensitive skin until i'd turned the knob a little more towards COLD. ther... ahc! no — th... there, perfect - or at least close enough. well maybe a little hotter, as hot as it can go without burning. there, that's better. i picked up the bar of soap off the built in shower ledge and began a froth while wetting the rest of my body under the hot streams of water coming down from the shower-head. making sure i didn't miss any body parts, i soaped up my hairy legs, my feet, in between my toes. my butt, my crack, and underneath my foreskin. but when i got to my breasts i noticed that they were actually quite sore and that i couldn't press too hard on them as they felt as though they were bruised and under pressure from the inside. actually, i think they were. it's probably just all that milk in there that wants to come out, i thought, but didn't llynes just empty one of them?

when i finished washing my hair and rinsing all of the soap off of my body i just stood there in the shower. feeling a little exhausted now, probably from the heat, i wanted to lay down but there wasn't enough room. i sat down instead and let the hot water run all over my body.

i woke up sometime later, slumped against the back of the shower stall wrinkled like a prune. the water was still drilling my chest and most of the rest of my body but it no longer felt so nice; my body had become used to the constant drill of the heated water. my face felt hot and i seemed to have no energy left at all. my whole body was pulsing as though i had a high temperature, which i probably had. i think i was even sweating but it was hard to tell, and my breasts looked as though they had expanded a little but it was difficult to say for sure. i dried myself off and dragged my body upstairs, heading towards my bed. as i walked by the back porch window i saw llynes outside feeding the chickens. looking at the plate of scrambled eggs, still on the table, the beak was still there, devouring the eggs and seeming to actually have grown in strength. my breasts were sore, and i squeezed and pulled on one of my nipples as i stumbled down the hall towards my bed and a short spurt of milk shot out, burning my arm. i stopped, drained my breasts on the floor of the hallway, layed down in the puddle and went to sleep. when i awoke llynes was sitting in the living room on the couch, watching tv. he looked at me and asked me if i was ok and i said i was. i got up, still exhausted and without wiping myself off, i sat down on the couch with llynes, which brings us to the present.

(there's more to follow, but it just ain't **here**).