

<Lacto-Pills>

by <Growing Desires>  
In Collaboration with  
BBW Lolo / StufferLover





#

*Thank you for reading this story and supporting my work. This story was a collab with the wonderful BBW Lolo, it has been a long time coming but after some talks online and her having all the patience in the world, here is the result. You can vote on what I choose to write about and what projects I work on if you join my Patreon. You can read all of my stories on Patreon or Deviantart Subs and you are able to also buy digital & physical copies of my books on Gumroad and Amazon.*

*-All of my links are here-*

*Thank you for two wonderful years*

*-Growing Desires*

### Chapter Three

Apparently, the pills had already started to take effect. I guided myself slowly to sit on the side of the bed and I felt the true weight of my tits. They hung low against my belly.

*Belly... I know my tits are bigger but...*

I gave a test prod to my stomach, and I noticed it was feeling bigger.

*Is this really happening...*

I thought I was just in my head but when I got up and stood in front of the mirror, I saw the evidence with my own two eyes. Firstly, my belly was rounder, much rounder than before. I looked like I had just been eating for 24 hours straight, it was so tight and round.

But that isn't what caught my eye.

My tits.

They were much bigger, and I wasn't flat chested to start with. My boobs were probably double their size, I tore my PJs off and saw how dark my nipples had become. They looked like pregnant tits at this rate and with the belly, I could easily pass for an expectant mum.

I took one of the nipples between my fingers and gave it a soft and testing squeeze.

My boobs exploded; a torrent of milk sprayed against the mirror.

“Holy shit!”

It felt so good, I wanted to play more but I had to get to work.

*How am I going to get into any of my clothes...*

I couldn't get my leggings up all the way, they barely rested on my hips as it was, my thick legs were stretching the fabric. So, my belly hung very proudly over the waistband of the leggings, firm and round.

*I bet if I see Dan, he will cum in his pants at this...*

I lifted my tits into my bra, I knew this wouldn't fit but I needed the support at the very least. Cupping only the underside of the bloated milkers, my boobs were overflowing the bra. They were almost painful to touch, they felt so bloated.

*Definitely if he looks at how much I am popping out of this bra...*

The effect was incredible, I looked so busty and because of how ill-fitting the bra was, I looked like I was doing it on purpose to tease.

The dress on next and pulling it down over my tits was very hard. There just was too much tit for the dress to contend with, with a hard tug to get it over my boobs, I heard a ripping. My dress had split, and the dress was much lower than it should be.

*As long as the girls are in, I don't care.*

I should've, my belly was next, it stuck out so much now that the dress, along with struggling to cover my tits, couldn't quite cover my stomach. The minimising effect of my clothes was long gone. I looked immense.

*I hope nobody notices.*

I thankfully got to work early, early enough that only one person caught me, the receptionist.

"Looks like you might need to cut back."

I patted my stomach and laughed. "Yeah..."

*Fucking bitch.*

Luckily, I had a long day of calls planned, so most of those I could just leave the camera off or just my face only.

*Should be fine.*

Within minutes of the clock striking 9am I felt hunger, a hunger that I hadn't felt ever before. I was ravenous. I felt a need to rub my tits, they felt itchy, I did my best to ignore them, but it was becoming harder by the minute to do so.

I caved in and ordered some breakfast off of a delivery service, Hungr. They were good, they had delivered before, they would come into the office and place the food on your desk. Thankfully.

I looked down after placing the order and tried to work out what I needed to do to stop this itch on my tits. I looked for a second before I realised what the sensation was, it was my boobs growing. Second by second, they were growing, very small amounts and slow but I could feel it happening in real time.

*Holy shit.*

They kept it up for a few minutes, I tried to ignore it, but it was futile. I could feel my top starting to tear, that drew my attention back to my growing boobs.

“I need to do something...” I murmured.

*Maybe they are filling with milk...*

I pulled a boob out of the top, the pain I felt from how engorged my breasts were was quite staggering. I lifted the metal waste bin to the base of my chair, and I leaned over and started to massage my nipples. I was suddenly shooting strong shots of milk into the basin; it was so forceful it was even making a noise.

*I feel like a... Cow...*

The word resonated with me. I felt myself becoming aroused at the thought of it.

*A big... Milky... Fat... Cow...*

My brain felt like it was rotting from the pleasure of the moment. I drained one breast and noticed the pain had subsided from it, and I noticed it was easier to stuff back into my top. I quickly made work of the second one, now I was just so horny that I couldn't focus.

*At least it is better than being in pain.*

I reasoned with myself.

I had no real idea what to do with the basin, it was nearly half full. I didn't have long to think about it, the delivery was here.

"Hey Lolo." The man at the door said, he was one of my regulars, he knew me.

"Hey James." I replied, trying to hide my tits behind my laptop.

"I'll just put it here..." James said, placing the bags of food on the desk, now he was standing a lot closer, my laptop did nothing to hide my on show low cut top.

James's eyes gawked at my newly enhanced cleavage, he saw the wet spots on the nipple, and he was starting to drool. I hadn't even really taken stock at just how much they had shrunk since I milked them, they were much more manageable. The rapid growth was just because they were so full. I noticed the wet spots as I inspected them and then I looked at the gawking boy before me. James was 19, he was essentially still a horny teen. I saw his gaze and decided to give him his tip.

I placed the £5 between my tits, the polymer note moving in the air thanks to my A/C. I looked up at him with puppy dog eyes because he wasn't grabbing the tip.

"What is it, James? Don't want your tip?"

He looked at me with a blank expression.

"Go on..." I goaded him on.

He reached out and placed his thumb and index finger on the note before starting to pull. I reacted by squeezing my boobs together, they looked like they were swelling upwards thanks to overflowing the bra and dress I had on. They kept the £5 in place and I smiled at the horny young man.

*That's enough.*

I let go of my tits and the £5 shot out at James, he almost stumbled backwards.

The feast took up three bags.

*Maybe I ordered too much.*