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Contains: Breast Expansion, Lactation, Weight Gain



Out of Milk

A Julie & Catherine Story

Catherine and Ruby sat at either end of the couch, browsing the options on Netflix while Julie made snacks.

“What about this show?”

“Nah, season 3 was lame.”

“Old Ryan Reynolds movie?”

“Hmm, maybe... let’s see what else there is.”

“Oooh wait, I know! Did you ever see Christmas Prince 3?”

“They made a *third* one!?”

“Oh yeah, ‘The Christmas Baby’”

“But Ruby it’s August!”

“Pfft, it’s never a bad time for the NCCU.”

“NC... what?”

“The Netflix Christmas Cinematic Universe!”

“Whatever, that’s fine.”

“You’re gonna love it.”

In the kitchen, Julie had set out ice cream, peanut butter, chocolate syrup, and frozen strawberries around a large blender. Reaching into the fridge she pulled out a paper carton that was unexpectedly light. Opening the lid she shook the carton and called out,

“Which of you put an empty milk carton back in the fridge!?”

The little brunette and the busty blonde looked at each other sheepishly.

“It’s not ‘*empty*’ is it?”

“Two tablespoons of milk is the same as empty!”

“I think that was me, sis. I made some cereal for lunch.”

“Ugh! Now we can’t have milkshakes.”

“We still have popcorn and soda though, right?” Catherine asked.

“Yeah... I was looking forward to shakes though.” Ruby said dejectedly.

“Well you should have put milk on the list then.” Julie chided in a decidedly ‘parental’ tone.

The shorter girl smirked at her over-developed couch mate.

“Maybe you can get some milk from Tits McGee over here!”

Ruby poked Catherine’s left breast as the enormous orb hung toward the blonde’s lap, wrapped in a very large shirt of Ruby’s own making.

“Stop that!”

Catherine swatted the smaller girl’s hand away, attempting to wrap her arms around her expanse protectively. She couldn’t quite reach all the way around her massive mammaries.

“You need a baby to make milk, and I’m not even dating right now...”

Unseen by her sister and her secret crush, Julie’s face grew warm as she filled glasses of soda and distributed popcorn into bowls.

“We’re starting the movie Jules, you about ready?”

“Yeah yeah, two seconds...”

That night, each of the three girls snuggled in separate beds and drifted off to sleep.

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Ruby was late coming to breakfast, and she saw several empty bowls stacked around Catherine at the table. Julie had made 23 different kinds of yogurt, with 8 different flavors of milk to drink.

For lunch it was grilled cheese, but the bread was all the same. Catherine wolfed down two loaves' worth of sandwiches, each with different types of cheeses. In addition to the creamiest tomato soups Ruby had ever seen, her sister served a variety of alternative milk types; goat, almond, oatmeal, etc.

Dinner was Italian again, all Béchamel, Alfredo, and a half-dozen other varieties of white sauce. These hearty dishes were inexplicably accompanied by a variety of milkshakes.

"Hey Jules, are you cooking with a lot of dairy today?" Catherine asked through a mouthful of Alfredo.

"Yeah, we're doing a whole section on dairy at school, so it's going to be my focus for a week or so. You don't mind, do you Catherine?"

"Nope!" The pneumatic blonde replied with a grin. Forking up more of a Mac and cheese so rich and stringy even Ruby could tell it was a lot more cheese than Mac.

This pattern continued for days. Buttermilk biscuits and pancakes and waffles. A dozen varieties of white gravy. Cheese boards and fondue. And ice cream or milk shakes or both every night after dinner.

As always Catherine ate enough for several grown men, and her breasts inched forward day by day.

One morning, Ruby noticed a couple dark spots on Catherine's top. It was a pink babydoll shirt that was snug around her massive growing breasts but loose over a stomach that was prone to bloating.

"Hey Cath I think you spilled there. Do you have something to change into after breakfast?"

Catherine craned her neck trying to see what Ruby saw, but with her enormous mounds resting on the table she couldn't get a good angle.

"Um... maybe?" She replied uncertainly.

"Let me take a look at what I have close to done you can wear."

When Catherine came into Ruby's work area, the smaller woman was just sewing the last hems into a new top.

"Off with it." She commanded.

Catherine pulled the shirt over her head. It would have been a baggy dress on Ruby. The pixie girl stepped up to measure Catherine's ever-increasing circumference.

"Hmm, your bra is a little wet too, what the..."

Ruby's small finger brushed the dark patch on one bra cup, and Catherine let out a tiny squeak.

"What? Oh, sorry."

To Ruby's surprise, the damp patch spread before her eyes."

"Catherine are you... *lactating*?"

"What? No! How would I be lactating? I don't have a baby. I'm not even dating right now!"

In the kitchen Julie dropped a spoon.

“I think we better check just the same. I can do it, or we can go to a doctor.”

Ruby then lowered her voice to the faintest of whispers.

“Or maybe you want my sister to check for you?”

The diminutive brunette arched one eyebrow sardonically.

Catherine’s face grew red, and she wrapped her arms around her massive breasts.

“No!” Then more quietly, “What do you mean, check?”

“We should get that bra off you so I can see if you’re... leaking.”

The two women crossed the room to stand behind the changing screen, where Ruby helped Catherine unfasten the R-cup bra she’d made for her. Breasts far larger than the taller blonde’s head bobbed free, high and firm on her chest with only the barest hint of sagging. Ruby stared in awe for a few seconds as she often did at the sight of Catherine’s naked enormity.

“Um... Ruby?”

“Sorry.”

The shorter girl leaned in to inspect Catherine’s left nipple. The round pink nub was surrounded by areola as big as Ruby’s palm, and was about the size of the last joint of her thumb. As she watched, a tiny white droplet formed at the center of the pink nub and slowly grew. After a few seconds, the drop slipped from the apex of Catherine’s nipple to plummet to the hardwood floor with a soft *-plip-*.

“Holy shit...” Ruby whispered.

“Hey what are you guys doing in here?”

Julie asked from the doorway.

“Catherine’s freakin’ lactating!”

“Ruby!”

“She’s what?”

Julie walked to the back of the room so she could see around the changing partition. First her face grew warm and her heart rate doubled at the sight of her childhood friend’s topless bounty. Then she saw what Ruby had seen.

“Holy shit!”

“Would you two quit saying that! What are we gonna do?”

“I don’t know” Ruby began “maybe we can wait it out and you’ll dry up?”

“What’s causing it?” Julie asked.

“Probably all that freakin dairy you’ve been pouring down her throat.”

Catherine and Julie both blushed.

“Well... we can probably cut back on taste testing a little, and I’ll make you some regular food instead.”

“That sounds okay...”

Catherine didn’t dry up though. Over the next few days she soaked through bras and tops several times a day. And despite her ridiculous food intake staying about the same, she seemed to be growing even faster.

“Damn girl look how tight this bra is! It fight perfectly just this morning...”

Ruby popped the garment off, and noted how Catherine's breasts seemed even more firm than just two days ago. Pressing her fingers into the soft orbs, she found them not very soft at all.

"That's weird..."

"What's *-hmm-* weird?"

"Oh sorry. They're really firm, almost tight."

"Well they definitely *feel* tight."

"Hmm, I wonder..."

Ruby reached her small hand up again to lightly pinch Catherine's left nipple, and was rewarded with a tiny jet of milk in the eye.

"Ah, shit!"

"*-Ahn!*- Ruby!! Why did you do that!?"

Catherine covered a nipple with each hand, backing away with a look of betrayal.

"I was just testing a theory, calm down. At least we know your milk's not drying up now."

"Well what are we going to do?"

"I guess there's only one thing *to* do..."

Taking a big step forward, Ruby followed Catherine as she backed away until the taller girl was against the wall. Reaching her hands up she gripped one watermelon-sized breast in both hands.

"*-Ahn!*- What are you--"

Ruby used Catherine's disorientation to brush her left hand from its place over her left nipple, then leaned in to plant her lips right on the fat pink nub. Their height difference put Catherine's breast directly in front of Ruby's face, so she didn't have to strain to connect her wet lips to the unexpected nutrient source.

"-Aaah!- Ruby no! -Aaahhh- Oh... -haaaa-"

Catherine's protests went from surprise, to arousal, to warm comfort. As she felt Ruby's mouth and tongue suckle on her engorged nipple, Catherine could feel the thick rich milk flow out of her and into the smaller girl. A feeling of profound contentment washed over her. She reached up and touched her hand to Ruby's head, just above the short girl's bangs, then stroked her hair softly.

At Catherine's cries, Julie had come running from the kitchen, then slowed as she got closer to the screen and heard only soft suckling and gulping sounds. She stood frozen by the sight of her little sister nursing off her busty friend, until her eyes met Catherine's and the tall blonde wordlessly motioned her closer.

Tentatively, Julie stepped closer to Catherine's right breast, and when the blonde hefted the orb – somewhat larger than its twin which was emptying into Ruby – Julie moved as if in a trance.

Catherine put her right hand on Julie's cheek, then pressed her fingers behind the brunette's ear and jaw to draw her head toward the proffered nipple. Julie latched on like her sister had, but more slowly, until Catherine's encouragement made her grow bolder.

Cooing and murmuring in encouragement and affirmation, Catherine stroked each sister's hair as they suckled from her enormous breasts.

Catherine lay propped on a mountain of pillows in a king sized bed. Her breasts had grown so large she couldn't reach her own nipples anymore while she was engorged. Julie had become like a madwoman feeding her, saying she was

eating for all three of them now.

One thing was certain, Catherine was making more than enough milk for the sisters.

Julie entered the bedroom first. Wearing a two-piece pajama set that she would have been swimming in a few months ago. The brunette had developed womanly hips and a bubble butt, and her formerly modest breasts had swollen into healthy E-cups. Julie crawled onto the bed on her hands and knees, breasts swaying toward the sheets and derriere protruding proudly upward where Catherine could see and appreciate it.

“Hi baby...” the blonde said.

“Hi mamma...” Julie replied.

Catherine patted her left breast and Julie took her place.

Ruby was only moments behind her sister. Panting from the effort of crossing the house, the diminutive seamstress had earned the label of “short stack” and then some. Thick, juicy thighs supported a modest tummy, and her arms had plumped up as well. Putting her sister to shame were a pair of big round G-cups that filled her one piece pajama romper to capacity.

“Wait *-huff-* for me, don’t let her have my share!”

Julie released her nipple with a *-pop-* and said,

“I think you’ve had more than your share, sissy...” Julie poked her sister in one bloated boob.

“Sshh, hush now.” Catherine commanded, and had two gorgeous sets of eyes on her in an instant.

“Sit up here closer where I can reach you.”

The sisters repositioned so they were sitting near the pillows by Catherine's head, then laid back on her thighs so they could reach their respective drink taps.

As Julie and Ruby sucked and guzzled, making cute little whimpers of delight, Catherine reached one hand to each sister and rubbed their tummies. She could feel them swelling up as they gorged themselves on her milk, and it made her feel warm in several ways.

Sliding one hand and then the other downward, Catherine slipped past the waistband Julie's pants, then into the very short pant leg of Ruby's romper. Finding the damp treasure she was seeking, Catherine's fingers gave pleasure to her lovers' lips just as their lips gave pleasure to her glands.

Three sets of feminine voices cried out in ecstasy, two of them muffled by rich creamy milk.

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A young woman sat bolt upright in bed with a gasp. Pushing the covers down off of her body she felt at her middle and saw with relief that her waist was still as trim as ever. Breathing heavily as cold sweat dotted her forehead, Ruby asked the empty room,

"What the *fuck* was that!?"