

<Lacto-Pills>

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





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*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 Four

I opened the containers and started to munch on the food whilst eating. I didn't realise quite how much I had ordered, nor did I notice the extent of my hunger. The first bag was cleared in minutes, followed by the next two. The dress I had on had ridden up so much from my gluttonous feast, I could feel the draft on my underbelly. I couldn't even fit behind my desk properly; my stomach was that big and distended.

*It feels pretty good...*

I had a new problem now however, I had to get home and get ready for the date with Dan. How was I going to get out of here without anyone seeing me, or rather, seeing my half naked torso.

*As long as that bitch receptionist doesn't see me...*

I heard someone approaching my office and I let out a yelp as Dan came into the room. I ducked behind the desk and hit myself as best as I could. Luckily, I had a file on the desk that I could open and pretend to read and hide my tits behind.

"Still on for tonight?" He asked.

"Yup. Can't wait." I winked. "I've got a big surprise for you."

"Oh really? Can I get a hint?" He looked at me with puppy dog eyes.

"I can't say anymore... Wouldn't want to spoil the fun... Only a few hours left." I added.

He nodded and left the room and I let my guard down after I heard his footsteps fade away.

*That was close.*

The day went quickly, I managed to sneak the bin filled with milk out of the office and to the toilets to flush and then it was suddenly lunch time and despite my impressive feast this morning, I was craving more food. I tried to hold off, I was going to a buffet later after all, but it was no use. I caved and ordered some more food. James returned with more food, this time from a different restaurant.

His eyes went wide when he saw me, he was the only one to have seen the new me like this.

“Lolo... Did you get... Even bigger?” His juvenile sounding voice asked.

I looked down and saw that my boobs did look bigger than this morning.

*Full again? How did I not notice...*

My tits were popping out of my top now, I placed a hand on them, and I could feel the size difference myself. It was so big and weighty, I was getting a bit caught up in groping them, I forgot I had James at the door with the food still.

“Oh, come in, put it on the desk, please.”

James listened and stood there staring at my boobs.

“My eyes are up here James...” I said in a jovial tone.

“S-Sorry... Sorry Lolo... You are just...”

“What James? Tell me.” I stopped him in his tracks.

“Ummm... Sexy...”

I stood up and knocked the desk with my larger gut and thrust my tits towards his face. He was dumbfounded and quickly found his face buried deep into the cleavage of my fat tits.

“Good boy James... You deserve these for saying such a kind thing to me...” I held him in a breast-like submission.

I eventually let up and watched him retract himself from my boobs and he was panting.

“Now go...” I waved my hand at him.

He did as he was told, this time he left with an awkward shuffle.

*Poor thing... Must be so hard because of these...*

These indeed.

They were bigger alright, I had lost some weight in my belly and my boobs have grown in size, it was hard to see just how much they had grown versus how much they were just full of milk.

*That just doesn't happen...*

I cupped my boobs and stared at the jiggling mass.

*I guess I am proof it does... The pill really works...*

Again, the same routine happened, I ate and ate until it was all gone. I was not full, I felt bottomless.

I leaned back in my chair when it was all said and done. I gasped at the huge round orb that was trying to outdo my tits in growth. I rubbed my belly in an attempt to soothe it, but it only served to make me feel more tired.

*I can't give in to the food coma... I still have work to do...*

I failed to resist the allure of a nap.

I was rudely awoken by my phone ringing, I groggily answered it, it was my boss assigning me more work before she went off on annual leave. I barely took notes, but I was so disoriented that she even made a comment on it.

"Oh no... Fine, just my eyes have glazed over a bit today... Lots of work to get sorted before the weekend." I blagged.

She seemingly accepted my reasoning and hung the phone up. I put the phone down and felt my inner bicep rub against my boobs. I winced and let out a yelp.

*They... They weren't quite there before.*

I looked down and let out a gasp. My boobs looked massive, even bigger than what they were this morning before I milked them. They were huge and bloated on my chest, they had a reddish hue to them. I gave a testing poke to the top of my boob that was overflowing my bra. I winced.

*They are so full they hurt...*

I looked at the bin that I had used earlier, and I knew that I had to milk myself again, I knew that I couldn't go see Dan like this. I pushed my chair back and noticed my stomach wasn't as bloated anymore; my hand rubbed along its round mass.

*It seems like the pill is working...*

I eyed my breasts again.

They definitely do look bigger, not just bloated.

I bent over the bin; my belly was spreading my thighs apart and I started to milk myself. Every squirt rang out through the office and the relief I felt was indescribable.

*Fuck...*

I could feel myself becoming turned on by the sensation.

*I'm such a cow...*

I started to moan as I worked to milk myself empty. I could feel my boob deflating in my hand as I let out the pressure of the milk.

"Moo..." I moaned as I felt the pressure let up in my right boob.

It was time for the other, looking at the bin and I saw that it was just under half full, sure it was a small bin, but it was obvious that I was producing more milk at this point.

*I don't think I even made it to the halfway point with both this morning...*

I gasped and took stock of my breasts again before I started milking the left one.

*I am bigger...*

My right boob had shrunk considerably but it was probably three cup sizes bigger now than I was before I took the pill, a not so insignificant amount. My left however was probably three cup sizes bigger than that.

*The milk makes them look... So... Huge...*

I moaned, my finger tracing my left nipple, setting a stream off across the carpet.

*Shit!*

I guided the stream into the bucket and started to work my elongated nipple, moaning the whole time as the bin was getting dangerously close to overflowing. Thankfully for me, it stopped just shy of the top.

I stuffed my boobs back into my top and stood up. My body was capable of such changes now, the drastic difference between being hugely fat and bloated to being empty and not just my belly, but my tits too. Now I was empty on both accounts, I still found my clothes to be far too tight.

*Thank fuck I have a larger dress at home for this date...*

I checked the time and saw that by the time I was done milking myself, it was way past home time, this allowed me to get the bin emptied without anyone noticing.

I rushed home and arrived there a few minutes before I received a text.

Dan: I'm outside.

*Shit! I forgot about Dan coming over.*

I looked at myself in the mirror and during the drive home I had started to leak, and my top was damp.

Me: Come in, the door is open.

I heard the door open, and he called into the house.

“Lolo?”

“Take a seat in the room on the left.” I shouted from the bedroom. “I’ll be there in a minute.”

The dress I had picked out was a low-cut red number, it accentuated my tits, even with the larger top, they didn’t fit. I was showing off a lot of skin.

*I am sure Dan won't mind.*

My belly was also quite tight in there, it made me appear rounder and how the fabric strained to cover my ass. I was certainly getting fatter.

*I don't know if that is a bad thing...*

I felt a twinge below and I thought about Dan’s eyes all over me.

*Well... Why wait any longer...*

I haven't done my makeup or hair, I hadn't done almost anything other than put this dress on. I walked to the living room door frame and peered in. Dan was sitting on the two-seater and on his phone, he hadn't noticed me.

I let out a fake cough.

He turned and saw my head hanging in the doorway.

"Hey." I said in a sultry tone.

"Hey." He replied, he tried to sound sexy, but it was a bit more nervous.

"I want you to see this dress... I don't know if it is... Umm... Too much?" I said teasingly.

He nodded dumbly.

"Close your eyes." I commanded.

He followed the instruction.

"And no peeking!" I warned.

I walked into the centre of the room, I was so focused on myself that I could notice the extra jiggle in my step, each new pound that had been added to my frame causing massive quakes with each footstep. I stood in the centre of the room and gave myself another look over.

*I must look bigger... I mean...*

I fondled my tits to get them in the right position in the dress, it wasn't much use, they were just too big for the dress. I did my best and looked at Dan.

"You can open them now."

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