

<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 One

I was always fascinated with big girls, wanting to be one myself, I didn't exactly set out at first, I just found myself growing by my own laziness. A fast-food meal here, quick fattening microwave meal here or there. Those calories certainly added up. It wasn't long before I noticed the pudge coming in. My belly was protruding, it hung over the waistband of my jeans and yet I didn't stop. Most people would've seen that as a massive red flag.

Me?

I saw it as a new experience, one I intended to explore further.

I looked online, found out about feederism and various other fat modelling sites. Before I knew it, I was hooked on the look. I was taking ideas from people left right and centre.

Posts like "How to get big fast!", "Tips on how to look pregnant" and "Rapid gains and you!"

They all got me going, thinking about how I could just rapidly get bigger and grow to the size that I desired. It was unthinkable that I would ever get that big.

One day when browsing, I saw a post regarding a new way to gain weight. The post looked like it was advertising some pill but instead of a trojan virus on the other end of the link, it was a legitimate site, it was one that I had used before.

I read through the forum post before proceeding to buy the supplements. The post read:

**Hello all wanna be gainers!**

*I know you've likely seen a hundred posts about this sort of thing, but I do have the answer that you are seeking. If you want to grow, and I mean really grow big, click here.*

*I promise you, check the pictures below, it is of my wife. She gained 32 lbs in two weeks.*

**How does it work?**

*Lacto-Pills causes lactation (Duh), the milk production causes you to retain more fat. The rest is up to you and you're eating.*

**How long does it work for?**

*My wife came off them two and a half weeks ago, the milk is now starting to dry up.*

**Why haven't I heard of it before? If it is so good?**

*Honestly, I think it is just that new. What harm is there to try?*

“Lacto-Pills, What a load of shit... No way that works...” I said aloud.

Tabbing back to the page where you buy it from, I noticed it wasn't even that expensive. The description also added that it was fully natural safe.

I was about to close it down before I noticed the little icon next to the price. I hovered my mouse over it and it read “Free with Points”.

*Surely some mistake?*

I read around the price and saw a small icon. It was the icon to say I had amassed enough loyalty points to get it for free, included in the free shipping sale that was on.

*Well... it won't cost me...*

I clicked buy and waited patiently for the next few days. I didn't think much of it until I got a notification to say that the parcel would be delivered that afternoon. I was giddy at work all day; I was just letting my mind run wild. I stood up from my desk and caught myself in the mirror.

*Imagine...*

I was already big, a solid 270 lbs, I wasn't a small girl by any means. I was mostly belly, my tits were nothing to turn your nose at, they sat heavily on the top of my biggest asset. My belly. It was big and round, it was so plump that I had foregone the double belly. When I took a deep breath and arched my back, I could easily pass for a pregnant woman approaching her due date. It hung between my thighs, my heavy body jiggled when I moved, the whole thing was already my fantasy but the thought of growing bigger... That was driving me wild.

*And my boobs...*

Milk.

Lactation.

I cupped my tits in my work attire, my clothes minimised my size, but I knew what was under here, they filled my palms with plenty to spare. They were fat and heavy in my hands.

*Bigger...*

I felt a warm sensation spreading through my body.

*Not here...*

I started to breathe long and slow breaths to let myself calm back down.

Someone walked through the door. It was Dan.

*Thank God I stopped...*

Having just dodged a rather embarrassing experience, I thanked my lucky stars but then another thought entered my mind.

*Dan... He probably would like it...*

Dan was a very interesting man to me, he was thin and athletic, he loved his runs, vegan diet and all manner of healthy food. Despite all of this, he spent a lot of time focusing on me when he was around. He would often offer to take jobs from me to help "Lighten my load" and his eyes, they were rarely on my face, more like my tits or even my belly.

"Hey Dan..." I said in a sultry tone.

I liked his attention, so I always put on a bit of a show. Flirting? Maybe? It was hard to tell, sometimes he would reciprocate but more often than not he would blush and retreat.

I remember one time he didn't retreat when he walked in on me after I had just eaten lunch. I was particularly hungry that day and I had ordered tacos to the office, too many for most people.

I was leaning back in my chair, rubbing my stomach, it had swollen so much from my feast that even my wardrobe choice couldn't minimise my size any longer. I let out a huge burp as he entered and I would've expected that would've made him run but instead he took a seat, I could've sworn he was eye fucking me. I gave him a bit of a show that day, rubbing and groaning with my big stomach proudly puffed up.

It was rather fun to bring my online experiences to the workplace, the risk actually added to the experience. I had tried to replicate that again one day by booking a meeting with him after lunch but for some reason it wasn't the same.

Dan seemed more flustered than usual, he looked at me nervously and was wringing his hands.

"Everything ok Dan?" I dropped the flirty voice and was very caring.

"Yeah... Umm..." He paused awkwardly again. "I was wondering... If you want to go out for dinner tomorrow... How does 8 sound?" He turned his head away and braced for rejection.

*Was he... Asking me out?*

I was shocked, I never thought someone like Dan would ask me out, I knew he had those wandering eyes, but I thought it was a mixture of a lot of things, some taboo fantasy he never would give into, disgust, intrigue.

I took a step forward and was now in his personal space, I lifted my chubby hand to his chin and turned his head so that he was now looking me squarely in the eyes.

"I'd love to... Just make sure it is somewhere with big portions." I added, bringing back the teasing nature of our regular conversations.

"I was thinking... Stuff'd".

*Stuff'd!!!*

Stuff'd was an all you can eat; it was notorious for the food it had on offer. I was almost 100% sure that the owner was a feeder, all of the posters and marketing was about getting, you guessed it, stuffed.

I was practically drooling at the prospect of going there. It was now Dan's turn to go on the offensive.

"I guess by the look on your face... That's a yes?"

I nodded. "You know how to treat a big girl Dan."

I placed a hand on my stomach, the pressure from my palm drew my loose-fitting clothes tighter around my body and it revealed more of my figure than I usually showed off at work.

To my surprise, Dan placed his hand on my belly. "It's a date then."

*He was so brave now! What happened?*

He went to turn and leave, I held his hand on my stomach, it made him turn back to face me. "Pick me up at 7..."

"But it is only down the road." He blurted out, without applying any sort of common sense to my request.

"A girl has to get... Ready..." I winked at him and started to rub his hand around my fat stomach, slowly rising higher towards my boobs.

As I drew closer to my bust, the tension rose, he was staring between his hand being led and my face.

"Seven it is!" Dan said, snatching his hand away from my game of chicken. "I've... Got to go..." Dan quickly turned and walked awkwardly out of the room.

"It is just so hard to watch you leave Dan, see you tomorrow." I blew him a kiss very audibly. He didn't turn to look, he seemed to be struggling with a growing problem within his pants.

I smiled to myself and looked at the time.

*Home time!*

I rushed out of the office, my brain was filled with swirling thoughts of Dan and what

tomorrow might bring. I was so distracted by the whole thing, I had forgotten about the parcel. When I walked through the front door, I nearly tripped over the letterbox friendly package.

*Oh shit it's here!*

## Chapter Two

I excitedly bent down and grabbed the box and tore into it. The brown outer package discarded, I was left with a small white box that just said “Lacto-Pills”, I rolled my eyes and ripped it open, disregarded the instructions and in my horny pent-up fervour, I downed the two pills that were inside. I ran to the sofa and sat there, waiting for something to happen. I started to pinch my nipples and rub myself through my leggings. The only thing I could feel was my rising lust.

“Well... that was anticlimactic.” I stared for a few seconds at my boobs.

*I guess I should read the instructions.*

I went back into the hallway and found the paper on the floor. I started to read.

***-Warning, read before use-***

“Oops...” I continued to read.

#

### Directions for use

1. *Take only one pill every two weeks. Each pill's effects will linger for two weeks.*
2. *Eat food after consumption.*
3. *Lactation will occur within 24 hours.*
4. *Weight retention will take effect immediately. Eat well.*
5. *Observe your results and take more pills as needed, every two weeks.*

6. *Do not take more than the stated dose.*

#

The rest of the instructions were about rare side effects and various other things I didn't care about.

*It shouldn't matter that I took two... Should it?*

As if on cue, my stomach growled. I thought it was a bit spookily timed but I realised that it was about normal food time. I fired up the oven and started to cook some food, nothing fancy, I was going to eat well tomorrow. Tonight, it was just an oven pizza, easy and quick.

I went upstairs to change out of my work clothes and into some comfy pyjamas, as I took my top and bra off, I noticed that my nipples looked thicker and darker.

*Already?*

It was slight, maybe I was imagining things, but I definitely noticed it. The effect of me noticing it was that I became turned on again. I pinched my nipple and I let out a yelp.

*"They feel more sensitive..."*

*I guess that makes sense...*

I cupped my boobs and gave them a squeeze, letting out a soft coo. I could've stopped right there and got out one of my "friends" from the nightstand and fucked myself all evening.

My stomach let out another growl, this time it sounded a lot more urgent.

*"After food..."* I told myself.

I finished getting changed and served up the pizza for myself. It was large but somehow, I felt that it didn't look big enough. I lifted the first slice and guided it into my mouth.

*Fuck...*

It tasted so good. It was just a shitty pizza from the frozen section of a shop, one that I had eaten many times before.

*Why does it taste so good...*

It didn't matter, I just shovelled the food into my mouth. The pizza didn't last long, I ate the whole thing at a lightning pace, yet I was still hungry. I threw a second pizza in, this time with a

bunch of frozen chicken nuggets.

*More...*

I could only think of eating more at this moment. It felt like an eternity but finally the food was done, again, each bite blew my tastebuds, I moaned and groaned with each bite.

*So good...*

I finished the second helping, enough to have fed a family no doubt. I got up to take my dishes to the kitchen and when I stood up, only then did I notice the way my belly stuck out. Sure, I'd get bigger when I stuffed myself, but something was different. I looked positively round.

*I wonder...*

I dropped the plates off in the kitchen and made my way to the bathroom scales. Standing on them alone made it impossible for me to read the number, I was just too big already but especially now. I could feel the draft against my stomach, there was a gap between the waistband of my trousers and top that was created by my gluttony. Standing on the scale for a few seconds, I reached under my gut and snapped a very unflattering photo of my chubby toes on the scale.

287.

Whilst I hadn't weighed myself this morning, I was 270 dead a few days ago. I hadn't pigged out or gone crazy with food at all, to be 17 lbs heavier in a few days... Even if I was crammed with food. Just felt impossible.

I rubbed my taut gut and let out a big burp.

*No way.*

My phone buzzed. It was Dan.

Dan: "Hey... Sorry if I was awkward earlier... I never really expected you to say yes. I am so glad I did though."

*Such a sweetie.*

Me: "I've seen where those eyes go... I'm glad you did too." I replied.

Dan: "Sorry... I didn't mean to be a creep."

Me: "Not at all... I love your gaze..."

*I don't think this will break him...*

Me: "What do you think of my PJs? Better than my uniform right?"

I snapped a photo of myself in my wall mirror in the bathroom. My gluttony was clear to anyone who knew my normal dimensions. My stomach was always big but thanks to the minimising of my size in my work clothes and the sudden growth of my gut, the difference was more than drastic. My braless boobs also added to the picture, my thick nipples were trying to poke through the fabric of my PJs. In the picture, you could even see that sliver of skin that was now on show between my top and trousers.

*Bet that will drive him wild.*

Dan: "Holy shit Lolo... You look incredible..."

Me: "My work clothes aren't very flattering... Are they?"

Dan: "I thought you looked amazing in them... But now... Can we have a pyjama day at work?"

Me: "I bet you'd love that... I think that would make working quite... Hard, right?"

Dan: "Absolutely... You look... I hope you don't mind me saying... Bigger? Like, a lot?"

Me: "How rude, it is rude to draw attention to a woman's fat belly, didn't you know?"

I saw him immediately start typing.

Me: "Yes. To answer your question."

He stopped typing.

Me: "I had a big meal, a long day at work, I am usually hungry. When I get hungry... I get bloated. Not that you mind right?"

Dan: "What do you mean?"

Me: “I know a FA when I see one...”

Dan: “Maybe this is best saved for tomorrow, Lolo.”

Me: “Oh? Are you going to make me wait? Fine, seeing as you are taking me on a Feedee’s dream date, you can discuss it over my fifth plate of food. I am going to give this belly the rubs that it deserves, the ones I bet you wish you could give it. Have a good night honey.”

I walked into my room and placed my phone on the nightstand just as it vibrated. I was going to pick it up, but I felt an overwhelming sense of tiredness wash over me, as if being taken into a deep sleep.

*Darn food coma...*

I rubbed my stuffed stomach as my world faded to darkness.

A low rumble awoke me, a tight pain in my chest and the feeling of something smothering me. I open my eyes and see the low light of dawn creeping through the curtains.

Then.

Skin.

Immediately I was fully awake, I looked down and was greeted by my cleavage. Not a normal amount of cleavage either. My boobs were right against my chin, I went to move then but my hand making contact with them caused me discomfort.

The pain was strange, the only way I could describe it...

*Full.*

I reached for my nipples and found them to be wet. I lifted my hand and saw that my fingers were covered in.

*Milk?*

The liquid certainly matched the colour, I popped my wet finger between my lips, and I could taste the sweet liquid.

*Milk.*

### 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.*

## 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."

## Chapter Five

He gasped. His Jaw dropped. He sat and stared at me. I bathed in his gaze, soaking every second with a delighted glee.

“What do you think...” I said in a low tone.

“L-Lo..Lo...”

“That’s my name...” I said, swiftly moving over to him and dropping to my knees. “What is it?”

If I had expected him to talk more, I would be a fool. The sudden movement, the jiggling of my rapidly engorging tits killed the remainder of his brain cells. If they didn’t, my round gut rubbing down his legs, my huge tits resting on his lap surely did.

He stared, unapologetically into the deep cavernous void that my boobs were making.

Let’s see if he has got some life left in him.

I shook my boobs from side to side and saw his cock bulge and press out against its denim prison.

“So... You are still alive...” I cooed, my hand rubbing the side of his thigh, my arm squishing against my swollen boobs.

“They’re... They’re...”

“Big? Huge? Massive? Gigantic?” I teased.

Dan's eyes looked into mine and I swear I could feel his heart rate increase.

"I guess you like this dress..." I stood back up and did a quick twirl, testing the fabric to its limits. "Or do you think..." I faced him and thrust my chest out. "It's too small?"

In that very instant, my dress tore open down the centre, my boobs were still contained within the bra, but I didn't think it would be for long.

*I can feel them filling...*

Dan sat there dumbfounded, he stared at my huge melons and was breathing heavily.

"What do you want, Dan?" I said, offering myself to him.

He spoke no words, he shot up and wrapped his arms around me and pressed his whole body against mine, his lips were on mine in an instant. It was as if years of pent-up love were all released at once. He gave me the kiss of a thousand lovers all rolled into one before he started to make his way down my neck and towards my chest.

*It feels so good...*

I was moaning now, desperate for his fingers to lay on my swollen breasts. I would have my wish but only after I arched my back and took a deep breath to cause my bra to snap.

Dan pawed at the destroyed garment and quickly started to smother my boobs with his kisses. I placed my hand on top of his and pushed it against my tits, the milk inside making a sloshing noise. Dan froze and looked up at me.

"Hope you're thirsty Dan." I winked at him.

His lips wrapped around my thick nubs, and I could feel him suckling from me, the milk firing into his mouth with a massive torrent. His hands roamed my body, and I could feel him squeezing and groping my fat ass, wide hips but what shocked me was when his hands made their way to my belly.

My stomach was big, still round and taut thanks to the dress. His hand glided across the smooth surface, and he was jiggling it with small subtle movements. I could feel his hard cock against my thigh as he had wrapped his legs around my thick thigh.

Dan drained my boob and with an audible pop he detached himself from my nipple, I

looked down at the white liquid dribbling down his chin and his wide-eyed stare. He was panting, desperate for something more. I pushed my stomach into his chest and pushed him backward into the sofa.

“I think you need to do the other one...” I pointed out my asymmetrical boobs.

Dan nodded and I lifted my leg, in preparation to straddle him. Thankfully Dan got the idea, and he quickly pulled his cock out of his trousers. I pushed my panties aside and lowered myself onto his hard throbbing cock. I gasped as he entered me, my engorged boob was still so full and taut, I guided it towards his mouth, he hungrily started to suckle as I bounced on top of him.

My gut bounced heavily on his body, he kept grabbing at it, feeling its girth and rubbing it, his cock was twitching within me.

*He won't be long...*

I felt like I was in the same boat, I was so turned on by the reaction I was eliciting from him, my heavy tits slapping against my fat stomach was causing many good feelings. I started to moan louder with each heavy crash onto his body.

“Fuck... Yes! Dan! Fuck!” I screamed.

I exploded, it gave him the signal that he could finally let go of his built-up orgasm and with a powerful blast he filled my womb with his seed. I managed to hold myself up, thankfully not crushing him. I laid over him, panting and our hot and heavy breaths were making each of us clammy.

“Usually... Usually people feed me before they fuck me...”

“The table is booked for 8.” He said, pointing at his watch. “Plus, I'd love to see how you'd feel for round 2 after I've fed you.”

True to his word, Dan sorted himself out, I got myself into another dress, unfortunately I didn't have another bra to contain my girls. In the time it took us to get ready, they had already swollen back up to their size from earlier. When I came back out of the bedroom wearing the new dress, which was black, Dan's eyes almost bulged outside of his skull.

I looked down and saw why.

My boobs were bulging over the dress, my nipples were very thick and visible, and the rest

of the dress was skintight.

“I’ve not got anything else to squeeze into... I’m a growing girl...” I pouted.

He placed a tender hand on my stomach and kissed me on the cheek.

“And you aren’t done yet...”

*Who knew Dan was such a feeder.*

We arrived at the restaurant, and I saw lots of other people there, most of them were well and truly in the plus size category, if they weren’t they were sporting bloated stomachs that made them look a few months pregnant.

Yet.

I was still the biggest one here.

“You are still the biggest one here.” Dan whispered in my ear.

I felt myself shudder.

“Where has this Dan been hiding?” I joked.

“Where have these girls been hiding.” He pointed to my tits.

Whilst we waited for our drinks, before food, I told him about the pills and explained what they obviously did to my body.

“So... I am just getting bigger and bigger... I guess I’ve got a few days left of growth... So, this place... It’s going to really make me blow up...” I knew exactly what I was doing.

Dan just gawked.

“Dan?” I asked.

“Yes?”

“Are you hard?”

He nodded.

“Good.” I said before taking the first forkful of food from the plate we had grabbed and brought back to the table.

I scoffed down the first meal, Dan graciously ran and grabbed a second and third helping. I

was grateful that the table and benches were very wide.

*They know their audience I guess.*

I continued to eat until my arms were starting to fail me. I was stuffed, I huffed and puffed and felt my dress become even tighter as I put the final few forks into my open and willing mouth. I felt my stomach start to press against the table, the dress was in danger of ripping, I could feel the elasticity starting to waver. I looked over to Dan who was still on his first plate.

“Aren’t you hungry?”

“Not for food.” He growled. “Let me help...”

He fed me some of the food off of his plate and pushed it between my lips. I moaned as he fed me. It didn’t take long but his plate was now empty, and I was so full. I looked down and was even more shocked to see that I had failed to notice my boobs had ballooned too. Thankfully the black fabric covered the damp patches on my nipples but with one simple touch, you’d know I was leaking.

“Dan... I’m too full...” I looked down.

“I can see...” He was practically drooling. “This food... It’s going to make me so big... Are you sure you want this?”

He slipped to my side of the booth and sitting next to me, he placed my hand on his raging hard cock, a damp spot at the end of the shaft.

“I’ve never wanted anything more in my entire life...”

As if on cue my dress ripped, the side seam, all at once. I yelped as I felt the cold air touch my skin, Dan quickly grabbed either side and held it together enough so that it didn’t tear off completely.

“We need to get you home if you are going to grow again... I want to see it this time too...”  
I saw his cock throb in his pants.

I nodded. “You probably don’t want to miss this...”

Luckily I didn’t live far, Dan quickly got me in his car, my stomach resting on the dash. He just as hastily got me into my house. I burst through the door the same second that I bust my dress. I

threw myself onto the sofa and laid back, letting my stomach swell forward.

There were a lot of noises coming from my body, my skin was rippling. The copious amount of food and the double dose of pills was having an effect in real time. I laid my head back and closed my eyes, feeling my body bulge and swell all over.

Each second more fat filled my body, more of my legs were touching each other by the second. My stomach spread over my thighs and my boobs rose higher and closer to my chin and spread over my chest. My body was gaining lbs in real time.

I could hear something.

I opened my eyes and saw Dan; he was stroking himself to my growing body. I beckoned him over. Taking his free hand, I placed it on the top of my stomach, and he could feel my tits swelling over his hand.

“I hope you like them real big... I’ve still got over a week left of this...”

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