

<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 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.

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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.*

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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.