

Milk Thief

Contains breast, butt, and belly expansion by milk

“Jenny! It’s Ruby!”

Rolling her eyes, Jenn replied, “Oh *that’s* who’s calling me! I couldn’t tell from the caller ID or the goofy picture of you from college.”

“Very funny.” Ruby’s voice came through the cell phone among an air of nervous excitement. “Listen, I know this is a little out of the blue, but...” She paused. “H-How about you come over for a slumber party tonight?”

Jenn made a face. “We’re twenty-seven years old. Don’t you think slumber parties are a little childish? If we should be staying the night in anyone’s bed, it should be a hot guy’s!”

“You don’t have to sleep in my bed...” A muffled whimper precluded a plea. “...Please?”

A sigh passed through the line. “Fine. It’s not like I was doing anything tonight anyway.”

“Oh thank you, Jenn! Trust me, we’re going to have so much fun! I’ll see you when you get here!”

“Wait, is everything ok?? You sound--”

CLICK!

The conversation was dead before Jenn could get another word in. An impromptu slumber party was the last thing she expected, but there were worse things she could have been roped into. Giving herself to the childish fate, Jenn trudged into her bedroom to gather several belongings. It was already after nine o’clock and she wondered what they could possibly plan to do.

“It’s not like her to spring these kinds of plans on someone...” Jenn considered. “Maybe she watched a scary movie and she’s terrified to stay alone.” A list of reasons had piled itself high in Jenn’s mind on the drive to her friend’s apartment and left her curious right until she knocked on Ruby’s door.

A t-shirt struggling to hold itself together greeted Jenn. Wet stripes ran over the front from protruding nipples. Nearly twice the size Jenn remembered her friend’s chest being, the urgency suddenly made sense.

“*OH,*” Jenn gawked, unable to pull her gaze away from the leaking melons.

Ruby smiled sheepishly, doing her best to keep the t-shirt pulled down to cover her abdomen. It was no use; her breasts were too large to allow for such modesty in such an ill-fitting garment. “Y-Yea... *Oh.*”

“So *this* is why you wanted me to stay over. It all makes sense now!” Jenn glared. “And here I thought you actually wanted to spend time together.”

“I do! Honestly, I do! I-It’s just--*Nnngh...*” Ruby paused when a spurt of milk sprayed through her shirt and doused Jenn.

An annoyed hand wiped the fluid from her cheek. “Wow... Just like old times.”

Jenn and Ruby had known each other since being paired as roommates in their freshman year of college. Their friendship blossomed with ease and dorm life was normal until Ruby found her bank account too low for comfort. After several attempts to make money, Ruby confessed she'd always been interested in creating adult content, specifically lactation fetish porn.

The sheer ridiculousness of the idea took Jenn by surprise. Jenn herself had always found the idea of milk sitting in her breasts to be fairly unnerving. Ruby was tantalized by the idea, however.

"I think it sounds kind of hot!" she admitted, "Like you have this little secret nobody knows about!"

Jenn wasn't convinced. "Except for the people staring at your tits when they start leaking through your top!"

"They have special bras for that. Plus, I'm freaking *built* to milk!"

"Ruby, *every woman* is built to lactate."

"Yea, but I mean I'm built to *milk*." Ruby squeezed her ample chest then, making Jenn feel inferior. "Guys would pay loads to see me spraying all over the place. Plus, I would get even bigger!"

Jenn blushed, trying not to stare at the soon-to-be-full breasts. "C-Can't argue with that... Can you really even lactate when you're not pregnant though??"

"Yea!! I've looked into it!! You just have to pump and play with your nipples a lot!"

"Really? Is that all?"

"Well...basically. I think I would be really good at it. I-I've actually already started trying to induce. I just didn't want you to worry when I suddenly grew several cup sizes."

"Oh boy, well thanks for letting me know! I would have been worried!" Jenn rolled her eyes. "Listen, you're an adult. You can do what you want. Just...keep it on your side of the room, ok?"

"Deal!"

For the next few months, Jenn heard nothing more about Ruby's milky money-making scheme. Increased size to her breasts was undeniable, as was a giddy bounce to her stride. Their room would sometimes smell sweeter when Jenn came home from classes. Ruby had also gotten into the habit of going braless when in the dorm after claiming she was too sensitive for bras.

Then the night came when Jenn was awoken by flurries of distressed moans. Her sleepy eyes fell upon the figure of Ruby lying in bed, squirming under her covers. They had pulled down enough to reveal a soaking t-shirt. Milk flooded Ruby's front and her slumbering breaths came out in labored gasps.

"*Ruby! Ruby, wake up!*" Jenn called out, rushing to her bedside. A gentle shoulder shake brought her to life, when she immediately groped her breasts.

"*Ooohhh God they're full!!*" Ruby heaved. She rushed to the bathroom, not to be seen again for almost an hour when she returned with a face of pure relief.

“I can’t thank you enough, Jenn...” she sighed, changing out of her shirt. “I had a dream a giant snake was squeezing around my chest...”

“Don’t...Don’t mention it.” Jenn was stunned by the amount of milk coming from her friend’s nipples. The air in the room was sweet and rich. It made her stomach growl in hunger.

For the next several weeks, Jenn aided Ruby in mastering her new talent. Among helping to keep her sheets clean and dry, Jenn’s efforts pulled Ruby into a natural flow and a manageable lactation schedule. Ruby was never heard complaining about money troubles again and enjoyed the work so much she continued to produce long after their college days were over.

Now, standing in Ruby’s apartment five years later, Jenn couldn’t believe the swollen knockers hanging off her friend. “Where did those come from?? I thought you stopped growing from the milk back in college!”

“I did...” Ruby glanced at her leaking chest. “But I’ve been wanting to take my production up a notch lately.”

Jenn wasn’t buying it. “Is that because your *fans* demand more, or because *you* want more?”

“...Yes.”

It could be hard to understand Ruby sometimes. Jenn figured it was simpler to accept her friend’s decisions. “Fair enough.” Such large, rounded breasts on her body were hard to get used to. “Sure wish you had had those things when we went out for drinks a few weeks ago, though! They could have gotten us the whole bar for free!”

Ruby giggled. “That would have been fun! My boobs have gotten a little out of control, I guess. I managed to get a prescription for lactation inducers from my doctor. They’re supposed to drastically increase your milk supply!”

“Pretty sure those are for women who *aren’t* already lactating, and who *are* actually having problems.”

“Anyways, I started taking them last night.” Jenn’s jaw dropped at Ruby’s statement. “My tits have been going bonkers since then! My milk won’t stop, which is great! But it’s also not great. I woke up from a nap today and I was lying on a soaked-through couch with two milk waterfalls on my chest. I-It’s kind of a lot for me to handle...”

Jenn stared. “All right, I see where this is going...” Rolling up her sleeves, Jenn knelt to the floor and held her hands out. “Go on; bend over! I’ll milk ya! Give me a few good moos while you’re at it!”

Ruby stamped her foot, making her breasts heave and spray. “*That’s not what I mean!*”

“I know, I know. I’m just messing with you, Bessie.”

“I--N-Nnngh...” Ruby groaned and hugged her chest. Milk washed over her arms in thick rivers. A mini-letdown had just shivered through her body and swelled her by several cups.

“Are you all right? I don’t know if taking lactation inducers was such a good idea for you.”

“I-I’m fine,” Ruby blushed. “Do you think you can just watch them for me tonight? I’ve been producing like crazy all day and it’s more tiring than you’d think. I’m *exhausted*. I don’t think I would wake up even if they were about to pop.”

“Wow, ok, didn’t need that image.”

“Please, Jenn?? I need a second pair of eyes.”

Jenn sighed in defeat as her stomach growled. “Yea, I can.”

“*Oh thank you!!*” Ruby leaped and embraced Jenn. The enhanced girth of her chest made for an extremely awkward hug. She pulled away to reveal milky splotches on Jenn’s shirt. “Oops, sorry...”

Jenn wiped herself off. “So I’m keeping titty vigil again after all these years.”

“Yes please! I can’t afford a new mattress if I accidentally soak it. Not yet, at least. Once I get these things under control, the money will come pouring in.”

“And the milk will come pouring out!”

As out of the ordinary as it was, the two women had a fun time spending the evening together. With a pizza filling their bellies and a romantic comedy filling the background with noise among their girl talk, it was after midnight before either of them knew where the time had gone.

“You look like you’re about to fall asleep,” Jenn warned. “And your shirt looks ready to explode.”

“Yea, I’m beat... I can barely breathe in this top anymore...”

“Can you even make it to your room with those things?”

“Very funny.” Ruby stood up, visibly wobbly from her top-heavy frame. “*W-Whoa...* They’ve really gotten full...” Swooning in drowsiness and the sensation of carrying so much milk, Ruby made her way to the bathroom. “One last milking before bed...”

Gentle hisses beating against a sink made Jenn blush. Why Ruby had left the door open for what she considered such a private matter was beyond her. Jenn decided to make her way to the air mattress prepared in Ruby’s room. Walking past the bathroom, she couldn’t help but steal a peek at the image of her friend massaging her basketball-sized breasts to alleviate the bloated pressure. A heavy-duty breast pump collected their contents in plastic bottles.

“*Oooooohhhh that’s SOOOO much better,*” Ruby moaned after emptying herself and entering her room. She traded her t-shirt for a large button-up reaching past her hips. “If I start gushing and I’m out cold, would it be too weird to ask you to pump them for me?”

“You want me to *what?*”

“It’s really simple! You just stick the cups over my nipples and turn it on. You’ll have to if you can’t wake me up.”

“Uhhhh...” Jenn couldn’t bear to say no. “S-Sure.”

“Thanks, you’re a good friend. You can just put the milk in the fridge after. The stuff sells like crazy.”

Jenn could have sworn she heard her friend slosh when Ruby collapsed into bed.

“*Nnngh...* God, they still feel full...” Ruby grunted. Smiling at Jenn on the floor, she said, “Mmmm, good night...!”

The room was filled with snores before Jenn could respond. Another growl from her stomach broke the white noise. The smell of Ruby’s apartment was intoxicating. After setting an alarm to go off every thirty minutes to check on Ruby’s breasts, Jenn laid herself down to sleep.

SLOSH SLOSH

“*Nngh...*”

Every one of Ruby’s slumbering motions brought forth a storm of sloshing.

SLOSH SLOSH SLOSH

“*N-Nngh...!*”

Jenn stared at the ceiling. Sleep was impossible. How she was expected to find peace in this milk maiden’s bedroom was a mystery. She rose into a sitting position before the first alarm had gotten a chance to go off.

There was Ruby, sleeping on her back. The nightshirt was visibly strained. Holes gaped between the buttons to reveal bare skin below. Thimble-sized nubs tented the fabric. Even in the darkness, Jenn could see Ruby’s shirt had already soaked through.

“Ruby...” Jenn whispered, touching her shoulder. The mountainous breasts wobbled from her force.

SLOSH

“*Nngh...*”

Jenn was certain she saw Ruby’s chest bloat in size. The nightshirt was packed beyond any reason. How Ruby could breathe under such behemoths was beyond her.

“*Ruby,*” Jenn tried again.

SLOSH SLOSH

“*Nnghmmm!*”

SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP!!

Moaning, Ruby rolled onto her side facing Jenn. Intense pressure surged against the inside of the nightshirt like water to a damn. It didn’t hold long, the row of buttons popping open against the stacked weight of her knockers. The shirt flung open to reveal breasts larger than Jenn’s head. A private view of Ruby’s panty-cradled crotch was impossible to miss.

There was no waking her.

“Dammit...” Jenn swore. Staring at her friend’s chest, she couldn’t fight a pang of curiosity. “They’re even bigger than before... How much milk is she making??” Unable to fight it, she brought a finger to Ruby’s skin. It was taut under Jenn’s touch and bathed in heat. Pressing harder, Jenn stared in disbelief. “These things look ready to--”

SPLURT!!

Jenn shut her eyes when Ruby’s nipples quivered moments before spraying milk in her face. Instinctively she licked her lips before wiping herself dry. “Of course... All right, Ruby; it looks like I get to pump you already.”

Jenn grabbed the breast pump, unable to ignore the growl from her belly. The cups latched onto Ruby's nipples and the release began. Milk flowed into the holding container at the end of a long hose.

Jenn licked her lips. Temptation wracked her brain. Here she was again, faced with Ruby's milk so many years later. It had tasted great in college, and it still tasted great now. Ruby had never figured out Jenn was keen on guzzling one or two of her milk bottles when she wasn't looking. It was Jenn's dirty little secret, one she was certain was behind her. Watching the milk drain from her sleeping friend's chest, however, she wasn't so sure.

What's fresher than straight from the source? She's got plenty; she won't miss a little bit.

Jenn had convinced herself. Popping the hose from the container, she placed it between her lips. Milk flowed into her cheeks like a river of cream. It was just as heavenly as she remembered.

"Mmmmmmm..." Jenn moaned, swallowing with greed.

"Nnngh!" Ruby gasped in turn but remained unconscious.

The night's milk belonged to Jenn. Hose remaining in her mouth, she laid down and closed her eyes to fully immerse herself in the experience. Sweetness drained down her throat, making her skin warm and tingly. Ruby's milk had always had a way of turning her on. Pinching a nipple and sliding a hand into her pajama shorts, Jenn began playing with herself. If there was anything better to do while sipping on Ruby's nectar, she didn't know about it.

Mmmmm! Oh my God...! It tastes even better than I remember!

Jenn pulled her camisole down to expose and massage her breasts. They felt so full in her hands when her mouth was overflowing with Ruby's dairy. The slick moisture between her thighs was more than enough to put her in the mood to go all the way. Ruby was out cold; she might as well have a bit of personal fun.

"A-Ahh!" Ruby gasped.

GUUURGLE

On the bed, Ruby's chest had engorged large and round. There was far more milk to be had and her nipples were content to leak their contents into Jenn's mouth. It gushed at an accelerating rate and Jenn found herself swallowing faster and faster to keep pace. Only a few minutes had passed, but her belly felt full of fluid and her arousal was peaking.

I've missed this milk so much... Jenn swooned, gulping more and more. *I-I'm not sure I can take anymore, though! It's so rich... So thick...* She squeezed her breast, surprised at how full it felt in her grasp.

"Nnngh!! Ahh!" Ruby was crying out in her sleep.

Jenn gulped as fast as she could. Her body felt swollen as if she were retaining water. Even her thighs, clamped around her frenzied hand, were engulfing her fingers like dough. *This is...way more than she used to produce! Where is all this coming from?! I can't keep up with it!*

Jenn opened her eyes, ready to stop her pilfering. Instead, she was stunned by a pair of swollen breasts blocking her view.

My tits!! What happened to my chest?!

“Mph... M-Mmmph...” Jenn swallowed gulp after gulp, every rush bloating her mammarys larger. The hose had nestled itself between her cleavage, vibrating with pressure. Surprising softness met her fingers at her hips and thighs as well. *I-I’m swelling up! What is in this milk?! Is it...FILLING my boobs and butt?!*

Jenn couldn’t let this continue. Not when her breasts were rivaling Ruby’s.

She’s filling me up! No wonder I feel...so full!

Rolling over, amid sloshes of her own, Jenn struggled to rise into a kneeling position. She fell onto her hands and knees, the weight of her breasts taking her by surprise.

SHRIIP!!

My shorts!! Jenn shot a glance behind herself and stared at a double-watermelon ass bursting through her pajamas. Turning back in fear, she came face to face with Ruby’s chest. It was engorged larger than ever, looming on the bed like a pair of milk-filled beach balls. *Uh oh.*

Jenn grabbed the hose to pull it from her mouth. Panic gripped her when it refused to budge. “Mmph!! M-MMPH!” Milk flurried into her body, swelling her larger and larger. Skin bulged around her arms as her tits swelled and reached the floor.

“Oooohhhh!” Ruby moaned, clenching her fists in her sleep.

Jenn pulled once more. It was no use. *What the hell?! Did the rubber hose react to my toothpaste?! It’s stuck to my teeth!!*

Ruby grimaced. “S-So...full!!”

Oh no oh no oh no!!

GUUUURGLE

Milk surged. Jenn grunted with the effort of swallowing and forcing her body ever fuller. Her curves rounded out like balloons, her chest large enough to support her own weight. Desperate, she reached to pull the pumps from Ruby’s nipples. They held firm.

SHIT!! Jenn stared at the tight pink forms stuffed into the suction cups. They had swollen into the connectors and stuck firm, flaring the rubber with their girths. There was no removing them. *I-I CAN’T STOP THE MILK!! I NEED TO GET THIS PUMP OFF HER AND--*

RUUUMBLE

Jenn froze at a firm pressure in her belly. Flinging both hands to her stomach, the color drained from her face when she felt a rising curve under her palms. *No no no!! Please not that!!* “MMMPHH!!”

Her belly joined the fray, forced to take on the majority of Ruby’s heightened lactation. It stretched and rounded in Jenn’s hands and came to resemble a beach ball within seconds. It only grew faster.

M-MY BELLY!! Ohhhhh I’m filling up with milk like a balloon!!! RUBY HOW MUCH MILK ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE ME DRINK?!

Jenn fell backward, her tree-trunk legs splitting to allow room for her belly. Resting atop the shelf, her breasts wobbled like yoga balls. Jenn’s ears were filled with swirling milk.

“Mph!! Mph!! Mph!!” Every swallow stretched her further. Her hands gripped the sides of her gut, holding it as it ballooned full and round. Even her nipples had begun to stretch and dome. Ruby’s own milk had begun leaking from Jenn’s tits.

Too much!! Too much milk!! Ruby, please wake up!! I’m stretching everywhere!!

BWOOMPH!!

SLOOOSH!!

Pulled forward by the weight of her unsteady breasts, Jenn was forced onto her stomach like a balancing act in a circus. She hugged it with her limbs, feeling herself climbing into the air.

“MMM!!” Ruby screamed in her sleep. She was sweating from head to toe from the effort to produce. Jenn could only look on in horror at the hose stretched from her chest to her mouth. The cold ceiling pressed into her beanbag ass soon enough.

There’s no going to be enough room in here!!

GRRROOOAAAAN

T-There’s not going to be enough room in ME!!

Jenn’s belly bloated without end. It pushed until her back pressed into Ruby’s ceiling. Her hands fought against it, searching to provide any possible room as her breasts squished around her. Her body gurgled, forced to stretch outward. *“MMMPPHH!!!”* Jenn’s belly button felt like a cork ready to explode.

TOO MUCH MILK!!

“Mmmm... M-Mmm!” Ruby’s eyes fluttered open when her bed heaved. *“W-what’s...”* She jolted awake at the sight of her breasts. *“What the?!”* she gasped, collecting her yoga ball tits. *“Jenn!! Jenn what happened to my--”*

Ruby froze when she noticed a heaving wall next to her bed in the darkness. Reaching out a hand, she realized it was a looming mass of fluid-filled skin reaching from floor to ceiling. *“WHAT THE FUCK?!”*

“MPPH!!! MMPPPHHH!!!” Jenn’s moans came from the ceiling behind two giant udders. The pump’s hose hung in the air and vanished among the milky curves.

“Why are my boobs so full?! AND WHY ARE YOU--”

RRUUUMMBLEE

Jenn’s belly vibrated and bulged over Ruby’s bed.

“MMPH!! M-M-MMPH!!”

Ruby felt milk rushing into the pump. Confused, she tried to pull it off. *“I-It’s stuck!! I can’t get the pump off!!”*

Pressures peaked and milk started spraying from every possible location. Ruby looked up in awe, watching her milk drain from Jenn’s chest. The wall of skin rushed toward her, pinning Ruby against the wall.

“J-Jenn!!” she cried out, her breasts compressing, *“Y-You’re squishing my chest!! I’m too big!!”*

Jenn couldn’t believe her ears. *YOU’RE too big?!*

GRRROOOAAAAAN

“There’s not enough room for both of us!!” Ruby felt her cleavage tighten against her face and Jenn’s belly. Everything was too firm to indent.

GRRRRUUUUMMMMBLEEE!!!

“MMMPHHH!!!!”

“AhhhHHH!!!” Ruby screamed, milk flowing stronger than ever.

BOOM!!!!

Dairy flooded every inch of her apartment in a massive wave. Both were caught up in the torrent and thrown against opposite walls. Coughing, gasping, and cradling her stomach in fear, Jenn was relieved to find herself in one piece, although a much bigger piece than normal. An excess of milk had stayed in her curves. Shelves of flesh blocked any view below her beach ball chest and hips. Around her waist were chubby rolls leaving her with a chunky frame to support such jiggling masses. Her weight had more than doubled.

Standing up in the three-foot pool of milk, Jenn inspected her new body. Ruby stared from the bed in wonder and asked, “W-What happened?? Why was my hose in your mouth?!”

“I...I only wanted to taste it again!” Jenn explained. “I didn’t think you were going to fucking blow me up like a--”

Ruby’s breasts were monstrous. Still leaking milk, they had swollen large enough to overflow her lap and cover a majority of a soaking mattress.

“Ruby...” Jenn gaped, somehow still small compared to her friend’s assets. *“You’re HUGE!”*

She didn’t seem concerned. If anything, an expression of joy was on Ruby’s face. She giggled, rubbing her chest tenderly. “Dang... I wish you had recorded that! My fans would have *loved* this!” Ruby looked up suddenly, face bright with an idea. “You’re not still thirsty, are you??”