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by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Seven

The girls both fell asleep pretty quick, the sun hadn't quite come up yet when Lorna yelped in pain. She groggily came round, in darkness she couldn't see anything, she just felt a pain in her chest. The sleepy girl placed her hands on her chest and found that instead of her recently fatter Ds, she had much more in the boob department on her chest.

Her mouth opened and she couldn't make noise. She was in shock.

Her hands went to her boobs again, the painful tautness of them was causing her so much discomfort that it woke her up, now she could barely lay a hand on them. To her, they felt more than just sore, more than just pained.

They felt full.

Lorna moved her fingers to her nipples, which were painfully erect. When her finger made contact she gasped, the first sound she was able to make. The sensation was too intense but there was something else. The tips of her fingers were wet. A sticky residue had transferred from her breasts to her

fingers, bringing them to her face she could immediately smell what it was.

“Sophie...” She whispered. It was not enough to wake the sleeping pregnant woman.

“Sophie... Please...” This time it was a bit louder. Again nothing.

Lorna’s voice came back in full force. “Sophie. Please. I’m sorry.” She placed her hand on her friend’s shoulder and gave her a little shake.

“Wha? Wha? Huh?” Sophie, obviously confused and dazed, being plucked from her slumber.

“Sophie... Turn the light on...”

“What’s wrong?”

“Please... Just... Turn it on....”

Sophie reached beside her and turned on the bedside lamp. Lorna was already looking down and she gasped again when the light came on. Sophie turned over, unamused by the awakening, as gentle as it could be.

“What’s wro-”

Sophie couldn’t finish her sentence; she too was caught in the shocking line of sight of her friend’s now suddenly huge and full tits. They estimated them to be F or maybe even G cups and they looked extremely full, so full that they were leaking, a small stream of milk was dribbling down onto her fat stomach.

There were thoughts racing through Lorna’s head, many rational and sane thoughts, trying to work it out, trying to understand what’d happened. Sophie, without saying a word, leaned over her gargantuan body and pressed

her lips against her friend's nipples and started to suckle.

"AH!" Lorna screamed from the sudden shock of the feeling. Lorna's head flung back, her eyes were rolling into the back of her head, it felt like it was too much, like it was going to make her whole body explode.

"Is... Is this -AH!- how good it feeeeels?" Lorna screeched.

"Mmmhmmm" Sophie suckled and drank from Lorna's engorged left breast before draining the right entirely too.

It took some time, but she managed to clear both in a lot quicker time than it took to empty her milk factories. There was an effect on Sophie that she hadn't quite anticipated for some reason. Lifting herself back up she noted how full she felt. Her stomach, huge already, was just stuffed full and therefore even larger and rounder.

Sophie's hand went straight to the gigantic orb and rubbed the stretched skin.

"Woah..." Lorna added.

"Yeah..." Sophie replied dumbly.

"If... If this is a thing... You're going to get so much bigger... You know that right?" Lorna punctuated her point by slapping her fat stomach, the heavy hit made Sophie wince before she looked at her own stomach.

"So much bigger..."

Lorna leaned over and it was now her turn to drain her friend. The thick nipple of her massively pregnant friend returned to its second home, Lorna's mouth, and the fat and now busty lactating girl started to drink.

Shot three had seemingly made Lorna start to lactate. The shot's effectiveness wasn't quite as potent as it was on Sophie, but it was still causing her to grow steadily over time; it was, in their eyes, linked to Lorna drinking Sophie's milk.

Not that it stopped them and more than that, Sophie started drinking from Lorna. That only accelerated her weight gain. Daily she felt bigger because of how much she was filling her gravid middle with. All the food, all the milk, the babies. She was a blimp before week 30, over the subsequent weeks, she only became bigger, her stomach went through a rapid growth in the third trimester as most pregnancies do. Sophie was wondering if she had done her growing early, that was why she was measuring ahead but that was wishful thinking.

Lorna too had done a fair amount of growing over the weeks, by the time Sophie was reaching week 40 she had put on a staggering 56 lbs, most of it was centred in her thick hips and thighs but there was no denying the fat belly she now had. When empty it sagged down somewhat but when she was full, which was most of the time, she could easily pass as 25 weeks pregnant, maybe even more.

Sophie's stomach was measuring ahead but the weeks had been more than generous to her girth. She had quite literally grown off the charts, her babies continued to grow as well as the amount of weight she was gaining from Lorna's milk was making the young woman truly gargantuan.

Her waddle was so pronounced that it was becoming very difficult to

even walk, she considered getting a scooter or asking the doctor to come for a house call rather than go see her for the week 40 check-up. There was too much equipment that Dr Mills needed to use on her for that to be feasible so with a lot of help from her fat roommate she made it to the lab. Waddling through the door, Dr Mills smiled.

“Well look at you... You look fit to pop.”

“You have no idea...” Sophie complained. “I’m huge!”

“Your friend seems to have really taken this sympathetic pregnancy thing quite literally.” Dr Mills commented on the very bloated Lorna whose breasts were a few cup sizes bigger than the last time she had seen her.

Lorna blushed and looked away. Sophie realised that she didn’t tell the Dr about Lorna’s lactation.

“Well... At least it isn’t for much longer...” Sophie said triumphantly. “I can get these two out of here and get my body back.”

Dr Mills smirked. “Have you forgotten?”

Lorna and Sophie looked wide eyed at Dr Mills.

“You’ve still got one more shot.”

“But! I’m 40 weeks, I’m huge, I’m ready. Please!” Sophie almost cried.

“There is still one more shot, this one mainly is for carry over for post birth and obviously comes with \$40,000.”

Sophie remembered the words she had said 30 weeks ago but she didn’t want another shot.

Lorna’s hand reached for Sophie’s, and she gave it a tight squeeze and

rested her head on her shoulder. “At least it is just one last shot for post birth... You’re so close. In a few days you’ll be clear.”

“But what other side effect will I get this time? What else will happen? I can’t possibly get any bigger, make any more milk.” Sophie was desperate for this to be over, even if she was enjoying the rubs and suckling that Lorna was giving her that morning. She was too pregnant now, the grumpy preggo stomped her foot.

“You won’t get any bigger...” Lorna reassured her friend.

“Hhhmmmm” Dr Mills made a noise that concerned both of the girls.

“Well... not necessarily...”

“What do you mean?” Lorna snapped.

“Well... Some women on the fourth shot, they go a bit overdue.” Dr Mills could see she was losing them, so she quickly blurted out more information.

“Only by a week or two!” Pondering for a second. “And look, you’ll have had 4 shots by then, I’ll get you a nice completion bonus, \$20,000 extra. How about that?”

“\$60,000 for two more weeks...” Lorna murmured.

Sophie looked broken before, but she took a deep breath and lifted her sleeve up to show her bicep to the doctor.

“\$60,000 for two more weeks.”

The doctor didn’t waste a single second; she administered the shot before taking all her measurements and scans.

Dr Mills muttered under her breath “Two weeks or so...”

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