



Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: *Breast Expansion, Lactation*

Sympathy Milk

"I have an idea," Barbara said from my dorm couch, eyes locked on the tablet resting on the shelf of her vast cleavage.

I resisted the urge to sigh, if barely. "Are you on shady internet sites again?"

My partner—it still felt weird to think of my former nemesis that way—looked up at me. "Hey, you're the one who got me into this shit."

"I *gave* you huge boobs," I said, "by accident. I did *not* tell you to go looking for the big boobs subreddit or the growing boobs tag on AO3."

"It's called breast expansion, Dani."

"Look, if you want me to make them bigger, I definitely can. But I think you're a cup size away from falling over."

Barbara glared, and I could tell she was debating whether to clap back at my terrible joke. "Do you wanna hear my idea or not?"

I held back another sigh. "Fine..."

She straightened, giving a little wriggle of excitement that sent her mammoth mammaries quivering. "Alright. So, what are these," she ran a hand along the slope of one breast, and a thrill went through me as I noticed she could barely reach the apex where I knew her delicious nipple resided, "actually for?"

I stood across from the couch, holding a clay simulacrum of my impossibly busty partner in one hand and a plastic syringe in the other. Barbara perched on the edge of her seat, eyes sparkling with child-like eagerness. A glass of milk sat on the coffee table between us.

"Are you sure about this?" I asked. "Messing around with Sympathy is how you ended up with... *those*."

Barbara quirked a golden eyebrow at me. "I didn't hear you complaining last night when 'these' were on top of you. Licking and sucking and squeezing—"

"Alright! Alright." I felt heat rise up my neck. She was way too good at teasing me. "I'm just saying there might be unintended side effects. And it might be permanent."

“Will you just do it already? I know what I’m getting into.”

I didn’t bother trying to suppress my sigh that time. At least she couldn’t say I didn’t warn her. I let my mind fall into the Void; all conscious thought was pushed to the edges of my awareness as I floated in perfect concentration. As it always did when Barbara was involved, the Link between my partner and her doll clicked into place with almost no effort. It was as if the Link was a natural truth; I wasn’t making it happen so much as letting it happen. I filled the syringe from the glass, hesitating as I held the needle’s tip millimeters from the curve of clay breasts.

“Last chance to back out,” I said, my voice sounding distant in my ears.

“Do it.”

I jabbed the needle into the clay, my hold on the Void trembling as Barbara let out a soft, sinful moan. Regaining my focus, I pressed the plunger with my thumb, then quickly repeated the process with the doll’s other breast. At the second jab, Barbara cried out in the same way she’d done while I was worshipping her body the night before. I’d never been able to figure out why using Sympathy to inflict pain gave my partner pleasure—the roughest thing she let me do in the bedroom was use a little teeth. I let the Void collapse as I set my supplies on the table and squatted down to watch. I didn’t have to wait long.

It started with a faint gurgling, like how I imagined Barbara’s stomach sounded when my magic made her grow massive tits in the first place. From my partner’s arched back and heavy-lidded blank stare, I was pretty sure it wasn’t her stomach growling. The sound grew louder, churning and bubbling like a cauldron rising to a boil. Barbara’s chest heaved, rippling waves traveling down her lap-filling glands as she panted with rough, gasping breaths.

I rose, unable to keep the worry from my voice. “Babe... are you okay?” It had been bad enough that I’d altered her body when I thought she was my enemy.

She met my eyes, but her expression gave no answer to my question. Her whole body clenched, and her eyes fluttered closed as she rolled her head back with a moan. The posture made her breasts heave upward as if she were lifting them out of her lap. But when the moment passed and her shoulders dropped, her enormous endowments sat just as high.

“Does it hurt?” I asked.

Barbara shook her head, brow crinkled as a tremble ran through her. "It's just... tight. I've never felt *-hnnng-* anything like it..."

The noise from her breasts intensified, gurgling and roiling almost louder than her words. Movement at the edge of my vision made me look down. Barbara was wearing one of her "comfy" shirts, a pale pink tee with multiple Xs on the tag. It would have looked like a muumuu on me, but my pneumatic partner filled it to capacity. While standing, the front of her shirt became a crop top, showing several inches of her flat stomach with the back of the shirt hanging past her pert little ass. Now, though, it looked even tighter. I watch the wrinkles under her arms shift and flatten, twin mounds rising from the cups of her enormous bra, heaving as she gasped.

I was well-acquainted with the sight of Barbara's breasts growing, but it had always been gradual, explainable by her increased appetite, even if such an explanation was dubious at best. But as I watched that massive shirt get tighter, the unescapable reality hit me: I was watching her grow right before my eyes. "Holy shit..." I breathed. "They're... they're growing..."

"They're filling up!" Barbara gasped. "I can feel it coming in, filling me tighter and tighter!"

I shuffled my feet, almost pacing as I reached for her, pausing my hands a few inches away as if my partner's breasts were a blazing woodstove. It was probably my imagination, but I swore I *could* feel heat radiating from her enormous milk factories as they did their work.

"What can I do? How can I help?"

"Hnnnnnnnn, it feels sooooo good," she moaned.

"Can I take your shirt off? It looks really tight."

As if I'd manifested it with my comment, the seams under Barbara's sleeves popped open, and small tears opened along her sides. Damp spots formed at the zenith of her glands, the pink material darkening, showing the pattern of her bra as liquid spread from her nipples.

"Yes! Oh, god... Get it off me!"

I nearly lept over the coffee table to grab the hem hovering over her navel. The slight pressure as I tugged upward was more than the overtaxed garment could bear. Small tears spread into full rips, and the shirt split along both sides, leaving nothing but the bottom hem keeping the two halves together. "Arms up," I ordered, sliding the tattered remains of Barbara's shirt over her engorged breasts. As my knuckles grazed the surface of her bra-clad chest, my partner screamed, head flung back as she came.

I slid the shirt over her head, briefly mussing her perfect blonde waves. Now covered by only an increasingly inadequate bra, the changes to Barbara's breasts were undeniable. Taut flesh bulged around the cups on all sides. Her skin was shiny and firm, and the blue veins that were usually faint and barely visible unless my face was in her cleavage stood out boldly. I couldn't move, couldn't think. I watched in a trance as they filled, swelling ever tighter against their underwire prison.

"The bra, too," Barbara gasped, clearly building toward another orgasm, "it's so overloaded I can barely breathe!"

I hopped onto the couch, reaching behind her back. Despite her intensely aroused state, my partner leaned forward to allow me access. The elastic band of her bra was pulled to its absolute limit, giving me no play to separate the hooks.

"I don't think I can," I said, "it's too tight..."

"Just *-ahh-* break it, then!"

"Are you serious? This thing cost almost three hundred bucks!"

"Dani... please..."

Her plaintive whine nearly undid me. I grabbed the ends of the band with both hands and pulled. I possess very little physical strength—Barbara was the athletic one in the relationship—but the bra was already so strained that my efforts paid off almost instantly. The metal hooks bent, one of them ripped, and the undergarment broke free with a series of soft pops.

The release elicited another wail of pleasure from my partner, and she flung herself back onto the couch. I jerked my hands out of the way just in time, rising to my feet to watch. Barbara's bra now sat useless atop her swelling orbs, drifting lazily upward as the flesh beneath expanded. As Barbara came down, her expression of painful pleasure transformed into simple pain.

"Dani..."

"What?"

"They're so full..."

"I can see that."

She looked up at me, wincing. "No, I mean they're *too* full."

"What do you want *me* to do about that?" I asked, incredulous. My thoughts were muddled, my mind still broken by what I was watching.

Barbara reached for her nipples, fingertips briefly grazing the thumb-size nubs before they slipped free. Her milk-engorged glands were so swollen that they extended past her knees; tiny beads of white liquid formed at the ends of her nipples, dribbling tiny rivulets down to the floor.

"You have to milk me!" She nearly screamed. "I can't reach!!"

I had a brief moment of clarity as I finally understood what she was asking. I didn't even like milk. And I'd *warned* her something like this might happen. Hell, using Sympathy to make her milk come in had been *her* idea! Yet, as I stood over the woman who'd become the love of my life against all my misconceptions, all my sensible protests crumbled to ash.

I sat on the table in front of her, reaching tentatively toward one swollen breast. The skin was taut as a drum, and my arms trembled as I tried to lift it closer to my mouth.

"Ah! Not like that! They're gonna pop!"

"Calm down, you big baby. You're not gonna pop." Barbara's breasts were so tight I doubted my own words. I rolled a milk-slick nipple in each hand, eliciting another cry from my partner and sending twin sprays all over our floor.

Somehow, I knew that wouldn't be enough. Barbara's breasts had swollen almost half again as large as their already massive size, and that trickle would take hours to drain them. I got up and pushed the coffee table back, dropping to my knees. I grabbed a breast in both hands and clamped my mouth onto its firm nipple. Almost immediately, the trickle of milk grew to a stream and then a torrent torrent, filling my

mouth. It was warm and sweet, less thick than I'd expected it to be. The letdown was almost faster than I could swallow, but I squeezed and kneaded the overgrown gland in my arms to get the milk out even faster.

The process seemed to take hours but was probably no more than fifteen or twenty minutes. Eventually, we were reclined together on the couch. Barbara, with her back to the armrest and I lying on top of her, using her breasts as a pillow. The button on my black skirt was undone, and though my stomach had never been flat like Barbara's, my belly rose in a dome from my body. I didn't want to think about how many gallons of my partner's milk I'd just guzzled down. Barbara sighed contentedly, softly brushing her fingers across my very full stomach.

"We'll need to find a better way to deal with that," I said with shallow breaths.

My partner laced the fingers of her other hand into my hair, gently stroking my head. "Did you not enjoy it? I definitely did..."

"It was fun, I'll give you that, but I'd like to not end up morbidly obese before we graduate."

"Aww," Barbara teased, gently shaking my belly, "my poor little chubby witch girl..."

I pushed her hand away. "Stop that, you tit-monster!"

Barbara pressed her breasts together with her elbows, making my head rise several inches. "It's Milk Monster now, thank you very much. And it's all thanks to you."

She kissed the top of my head, and I sighed. I couldn't be mad at her when she was so deliriously happy. "We can do this once in a while, but you're getting a pump. I wonder if Amazon carries any that are industrial strength..."