

Requited Change Chapter 7

What a day...
collapsing due to
'milk fever'... I've
barely gotten used to
my chest being as big as
it is and now lactation?
No, life - threatening
lactation at
that.

I've just
got off the phone
with 'Mom' as well, she
seems determined that
she's back this upcoming
weekend... how am I going to
explain how I am? I hope
Emily can fix this with
that other
formula-

*BZZT!

BZZZT!

Who's
messaging me
at this time? I'm
not exactly in the
mood for socializing
at the moment, I
just want to
go to bed.



Oh,
It's Emily...
she said she'd
be contacting me
thinking about
it...

Yeah, thanks
for your help... did
you breastfeed from
me earlier by the
way?

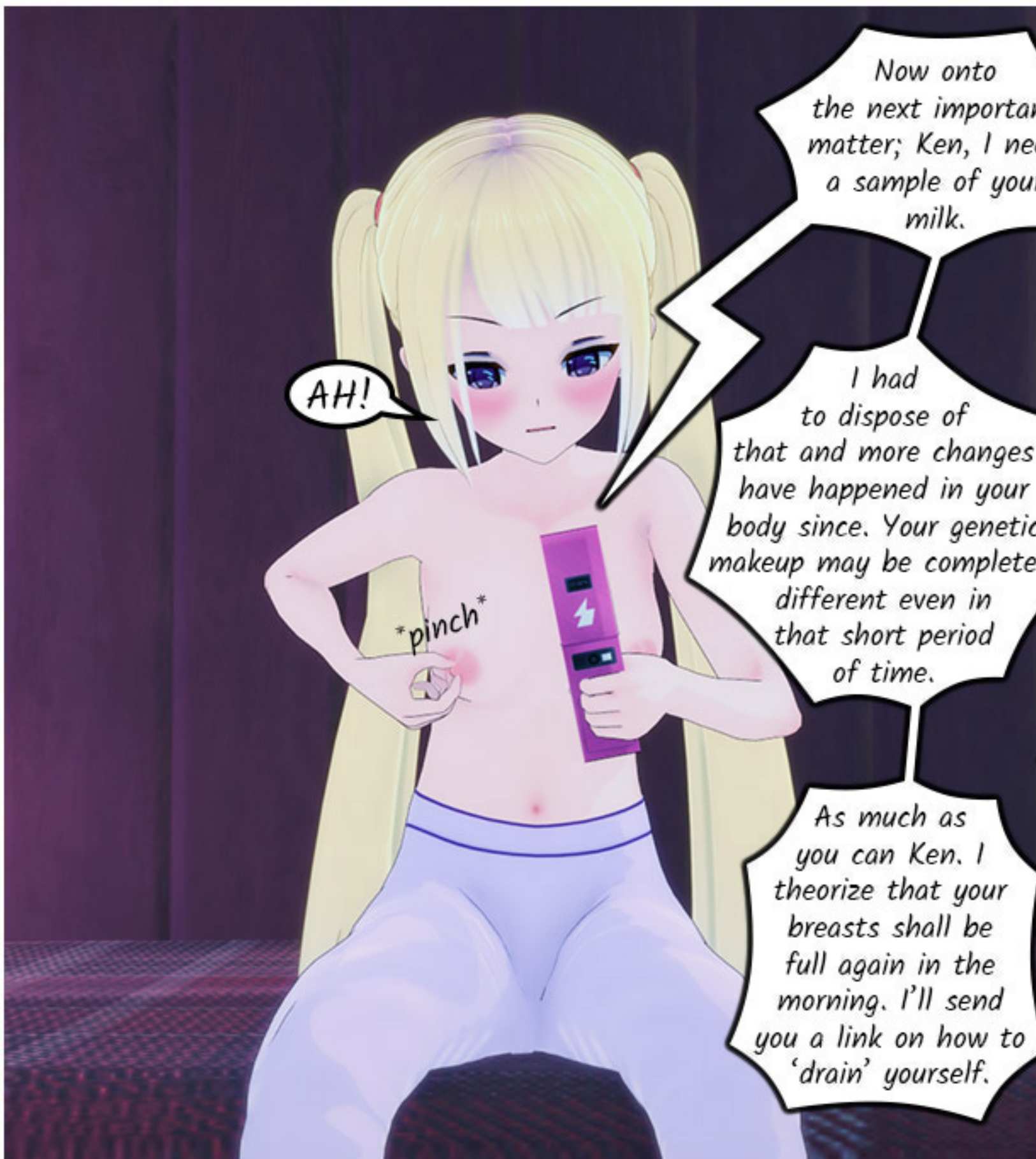
Ok...



Ken, it's
Emily. As you know
we can't have your
condition worsen any
more otherwise there
could be some
major health
concerns.

I wouldn't
have done it if I
had any other choice;
the nurse was returning
any moment and there
wasn't any way to
effectively dispose of 'fluids'
without arousing
suspicion.

Now then,
you'll need to keep
hydrated from now on.
Keep a thermos or bottle
of water on you at all
times. Dehydration
is your enemy
now.



Now onto the next important matter; Ken, I need a sample of your milk.

I had to dispose of that and more changes have happened in your body since. Your genetic makeup may be completely different even in that short period of time.

As much as you can Ken, I theorize that your breasts shall be full again in the morning. I'll send you a link on how to 'drain' yourself.



Gee, thanks.





Ken, do you think I'm attractive?

"But"?

Very well. Just wanted your opinion, don't forget the milk sample Ken. I'll see you tomorrow.

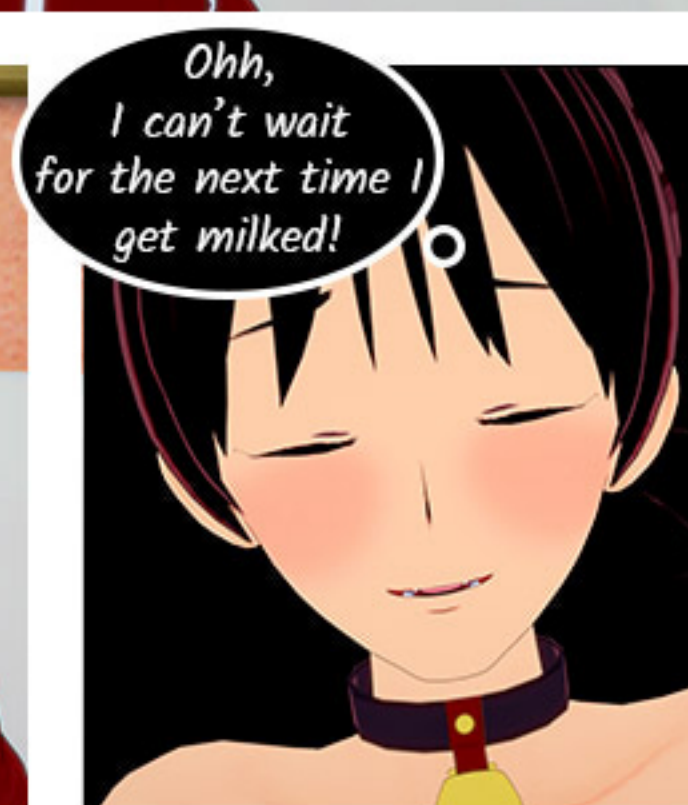
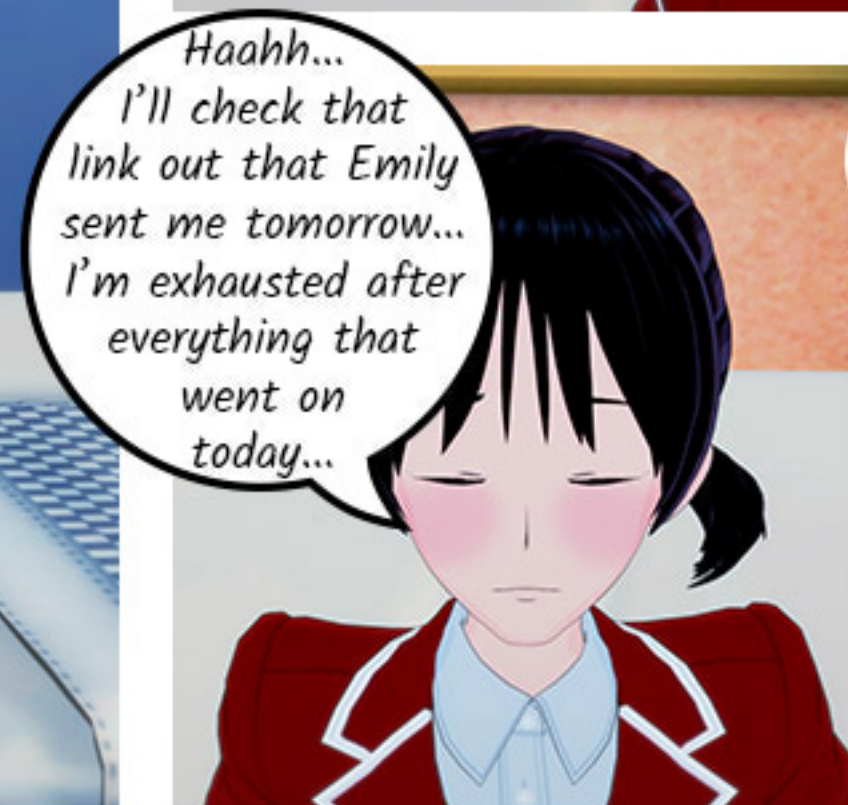


Whoa, talk about an out of the blue question! She must have someone she likes. She's alright... but Lola is more my 'preference'.

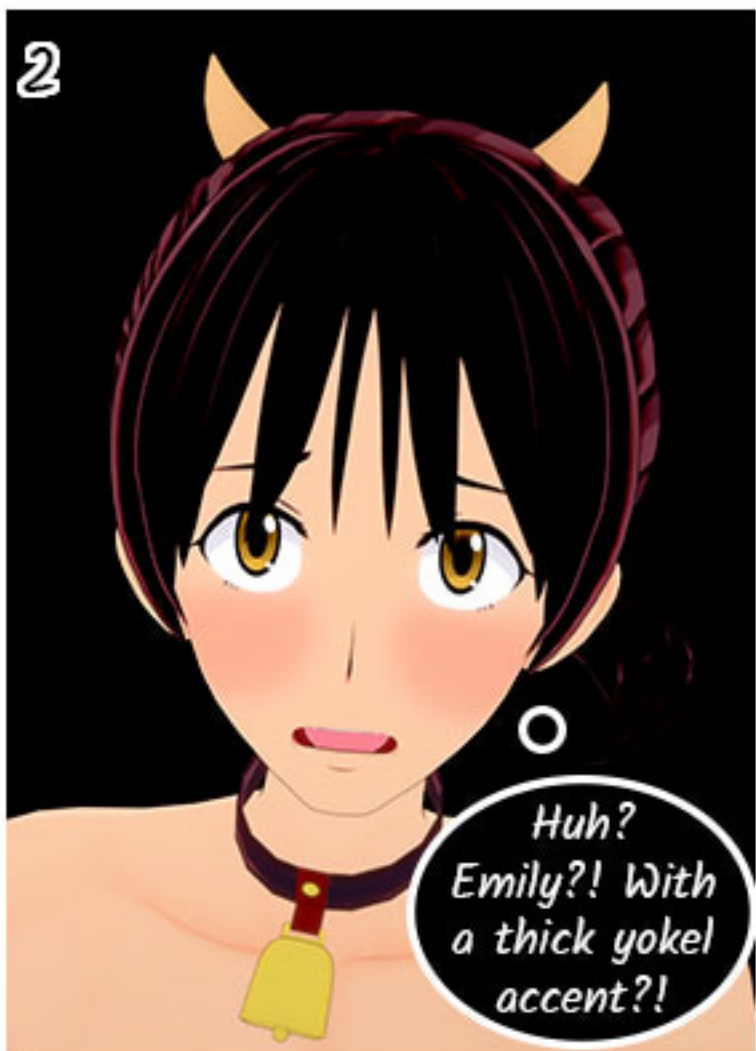
Er... I've never really thought about it, you're pretty but...

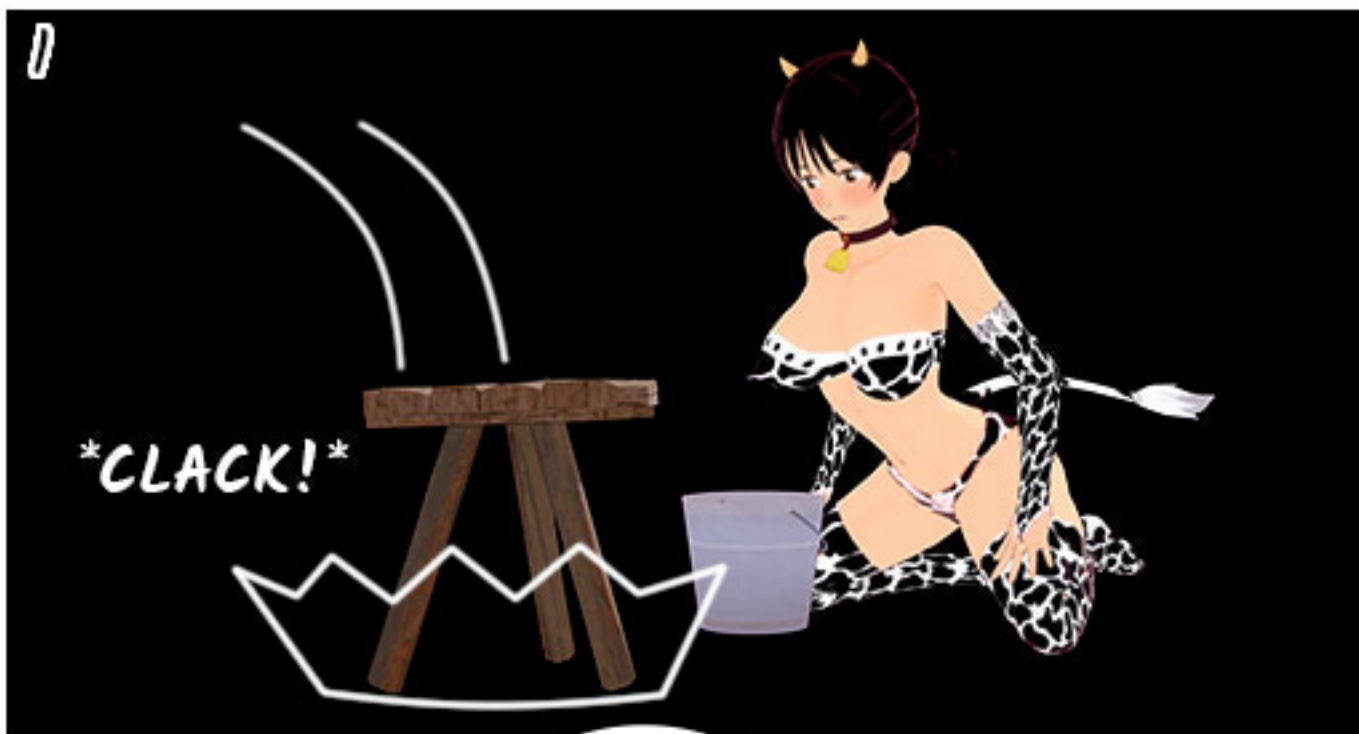
Well, you know Lola is more my 'type' of girl.

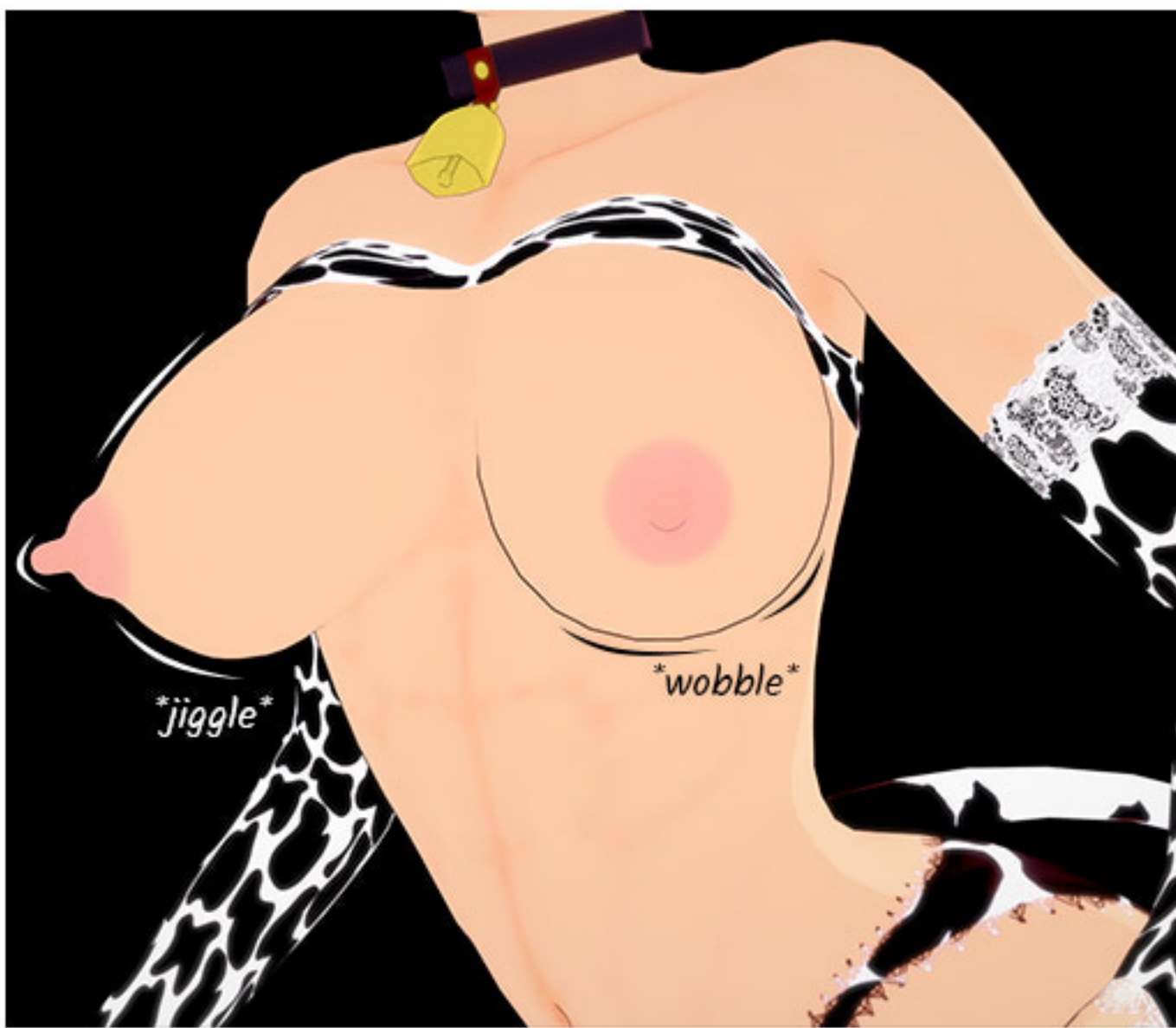
Alright Emily. See you tomorrow.

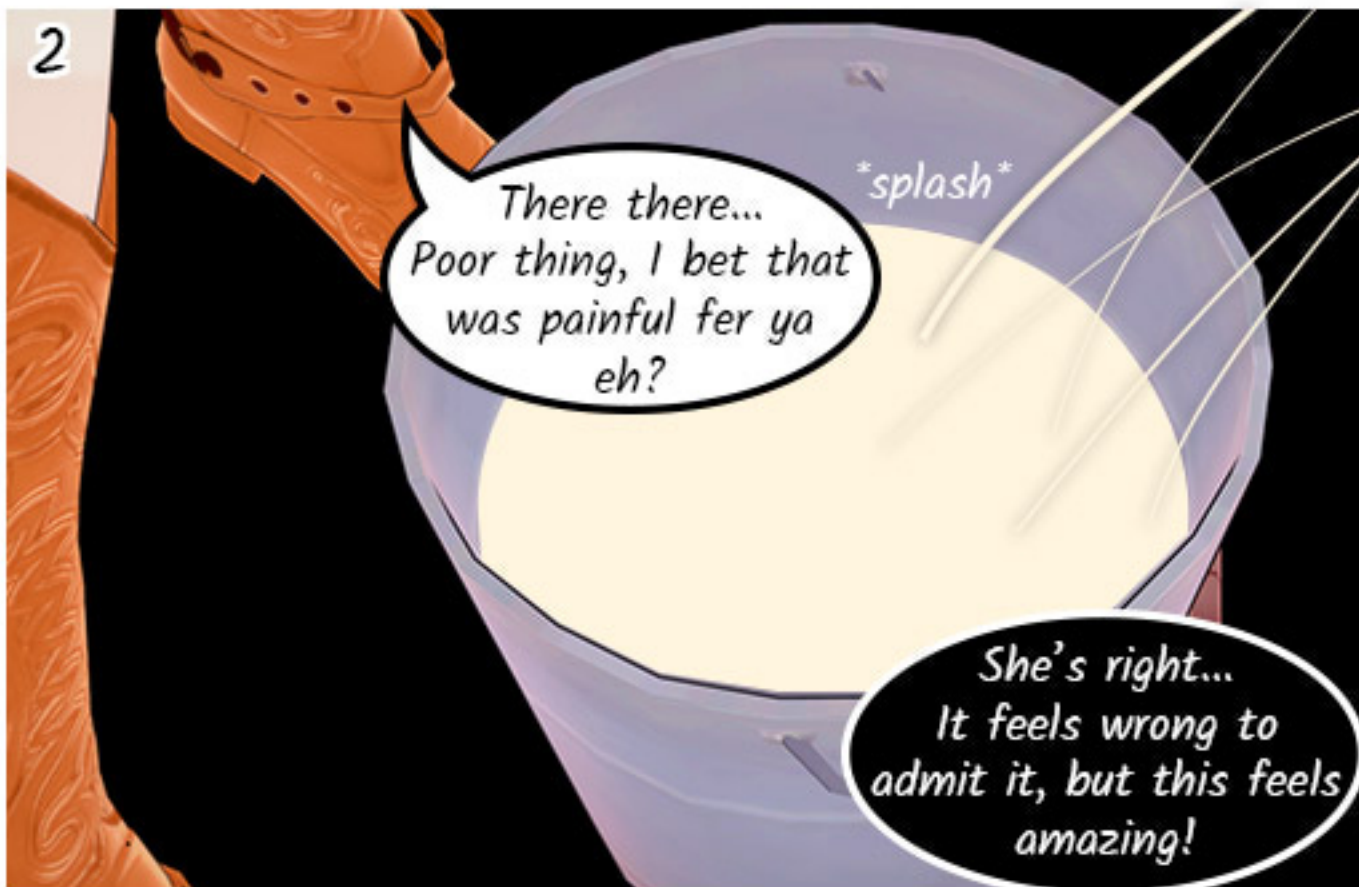
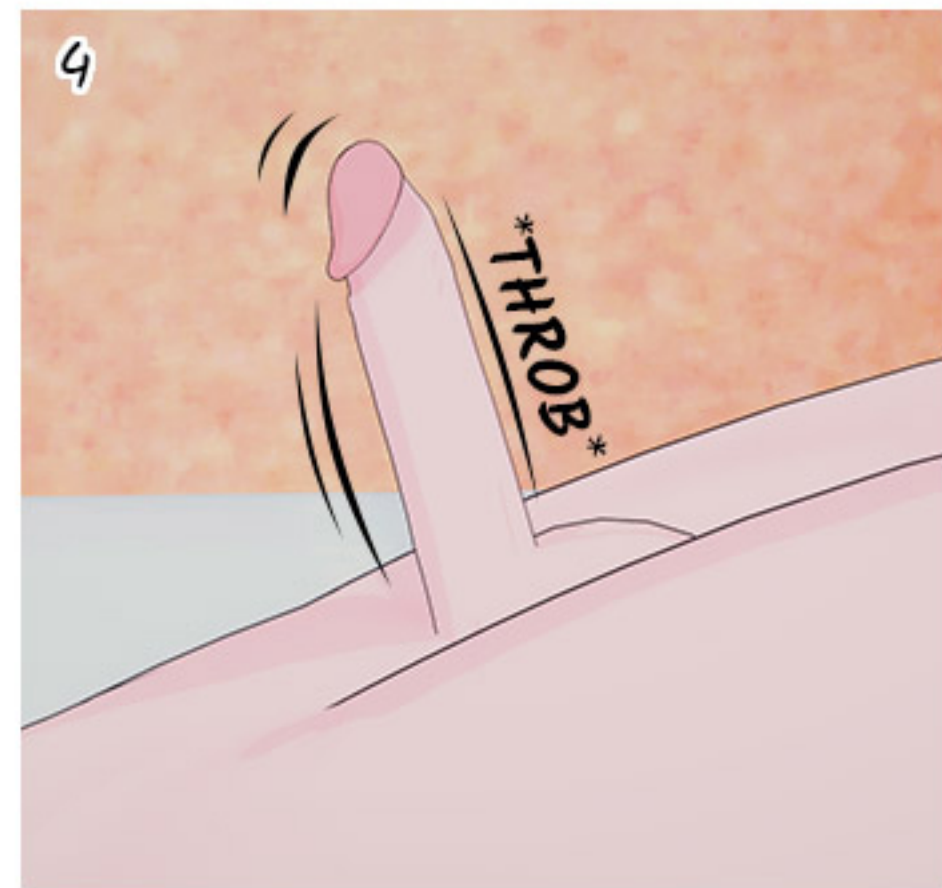
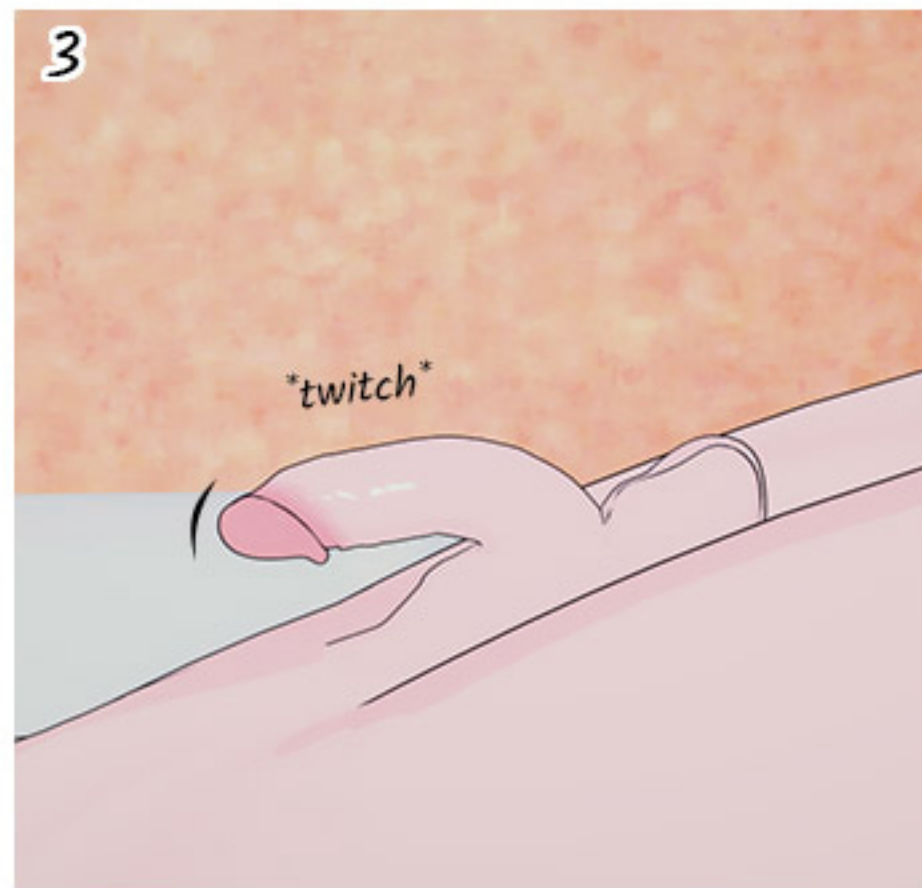


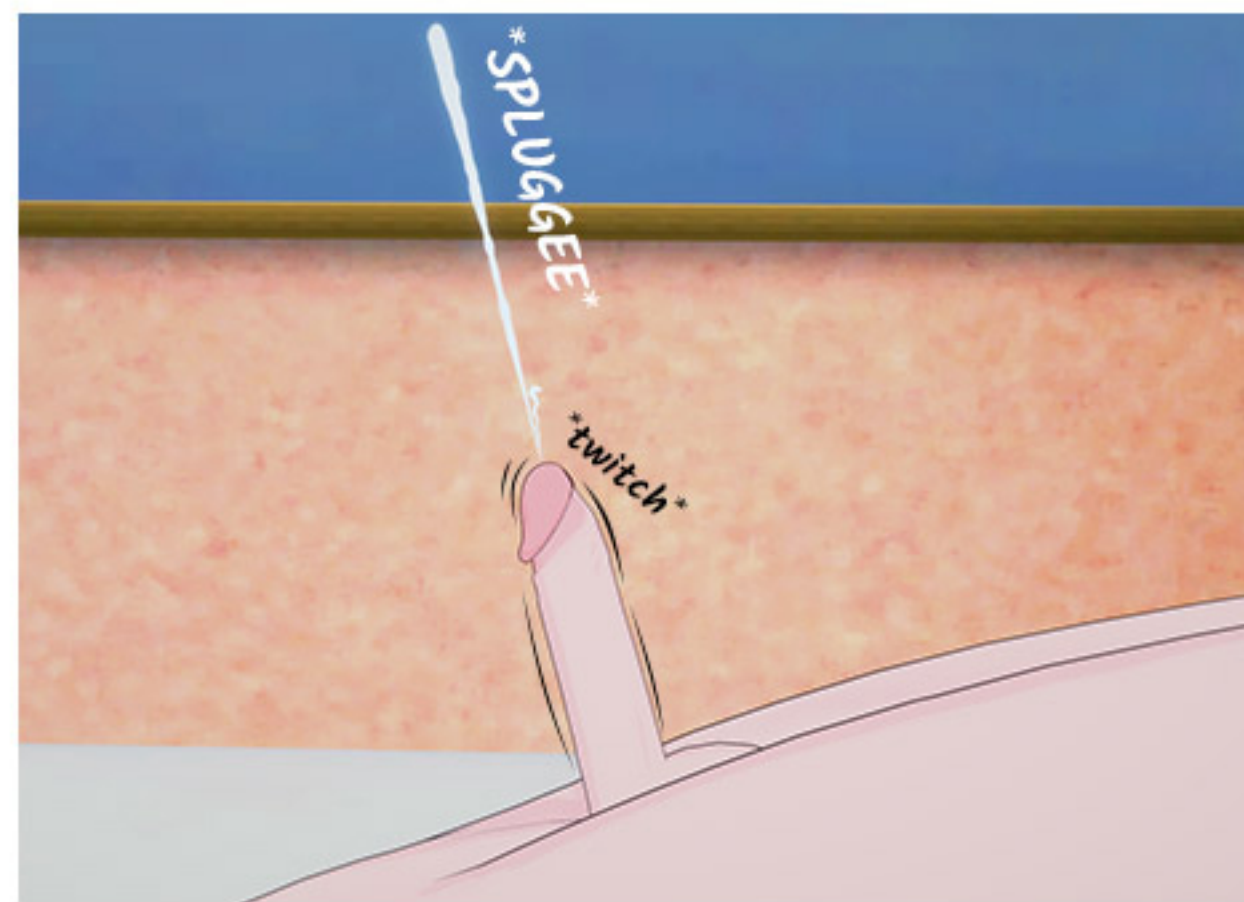










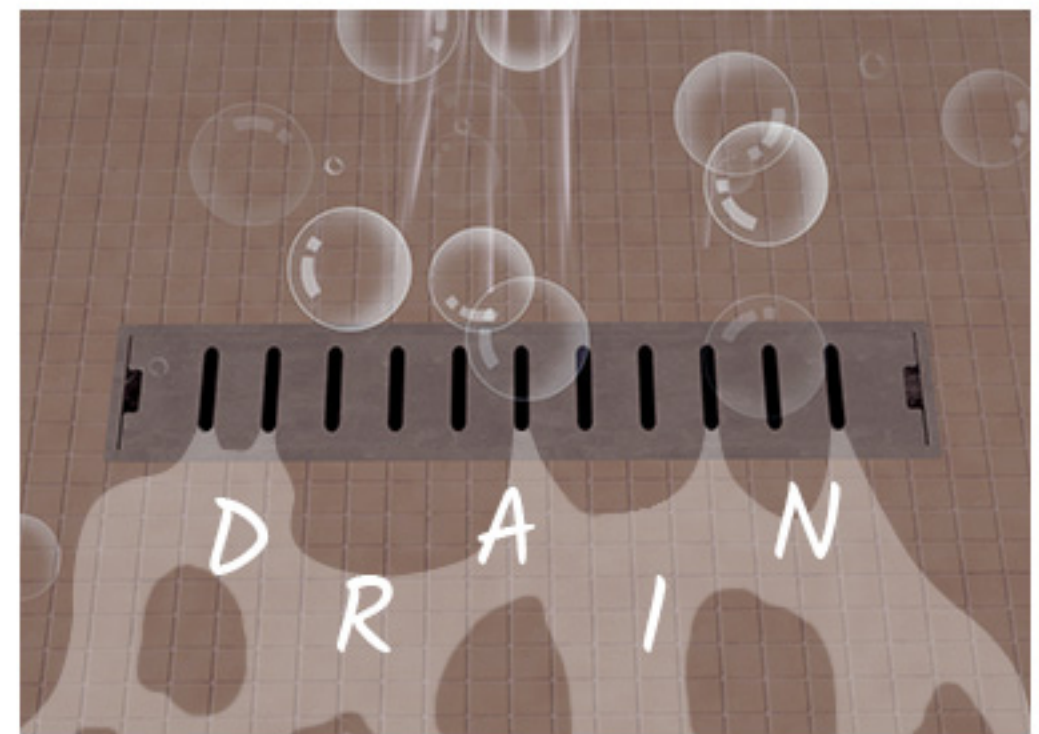














At Quid Est...

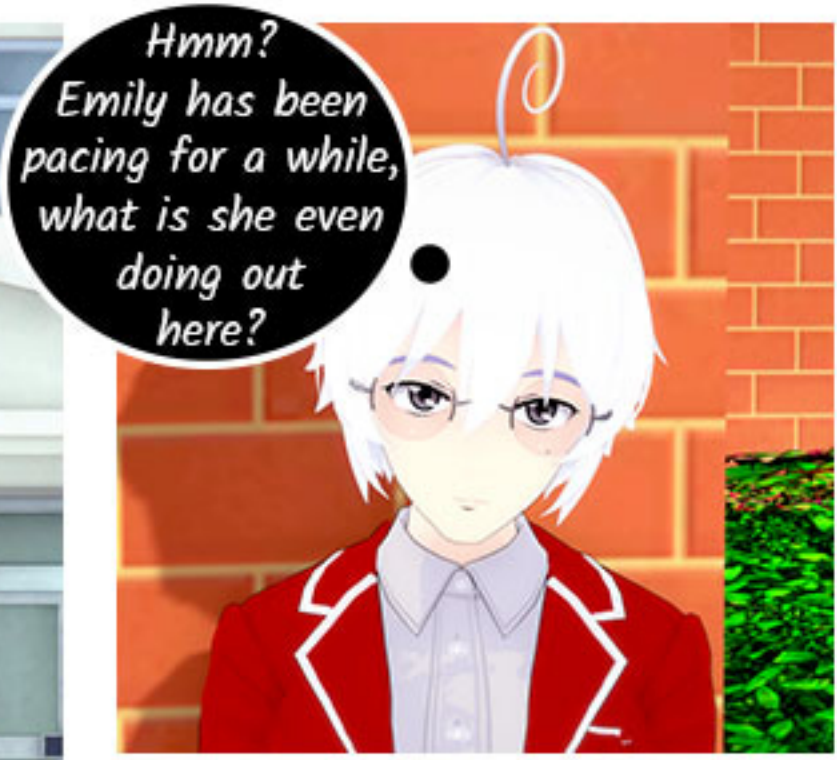


tap

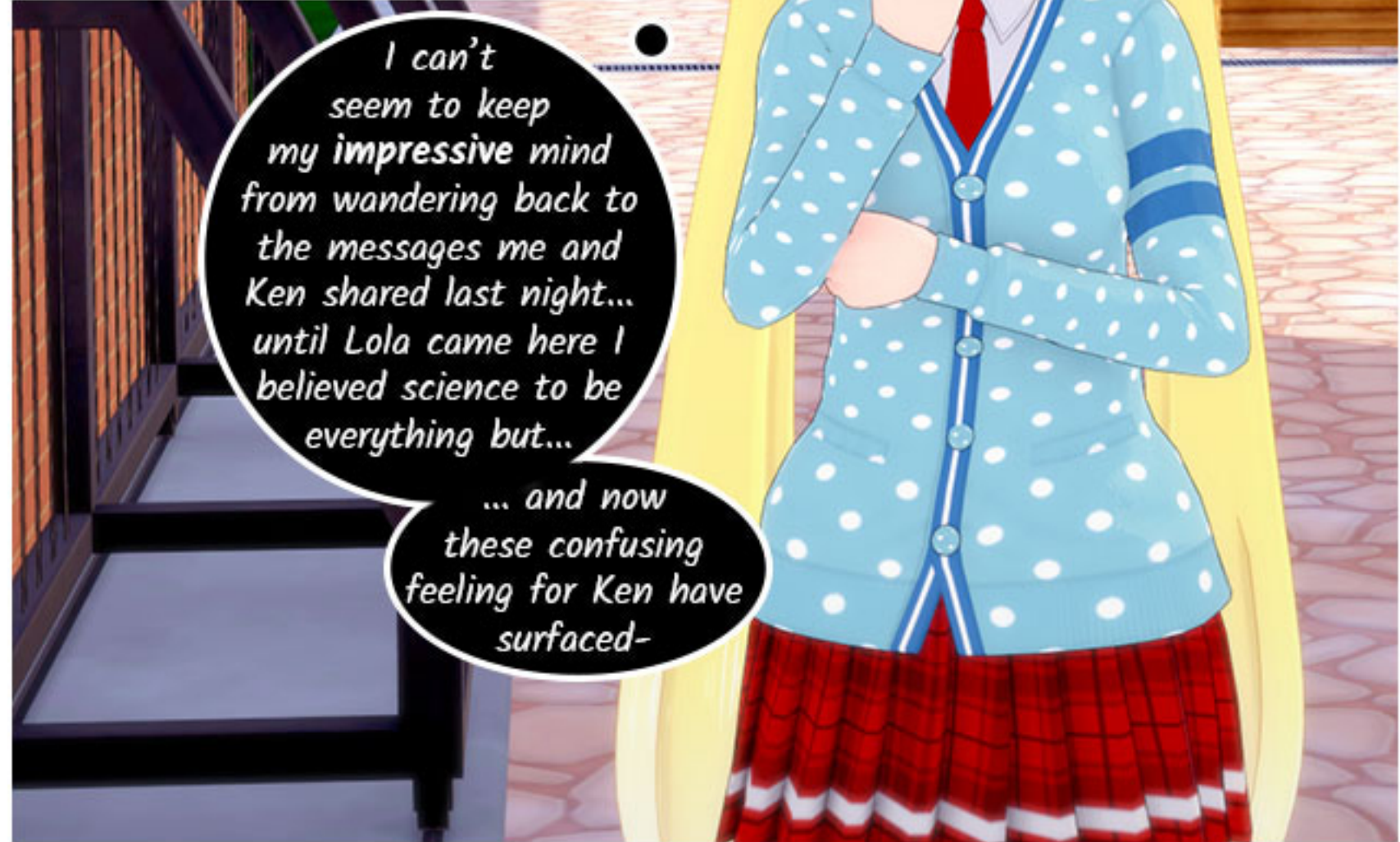
tap



Where is Ken? That idiot is going to be late and he's in enough trouble as it is... because of me...



Hmm? Emily has been pacing for a while, what is she even doing out here?

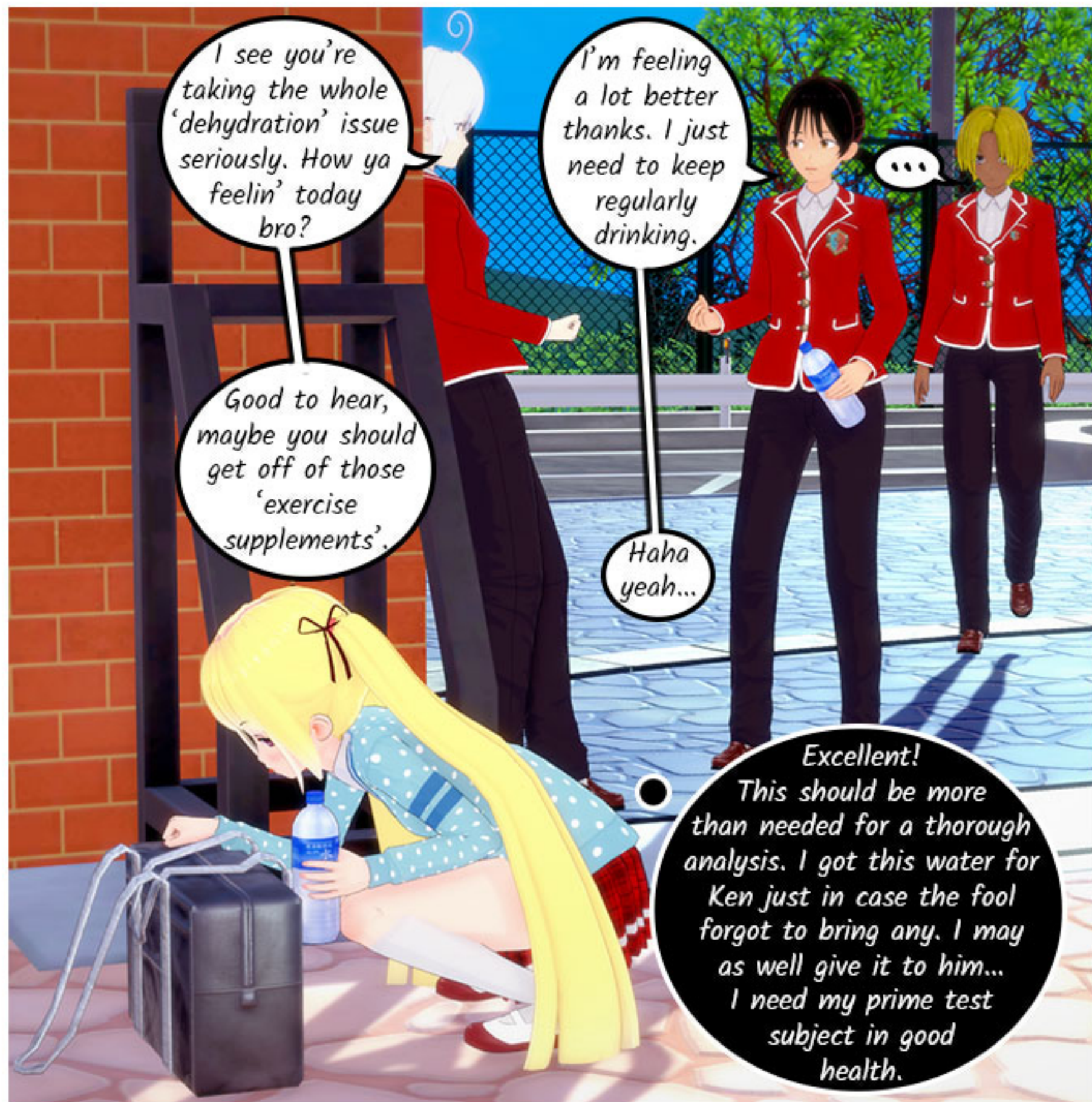


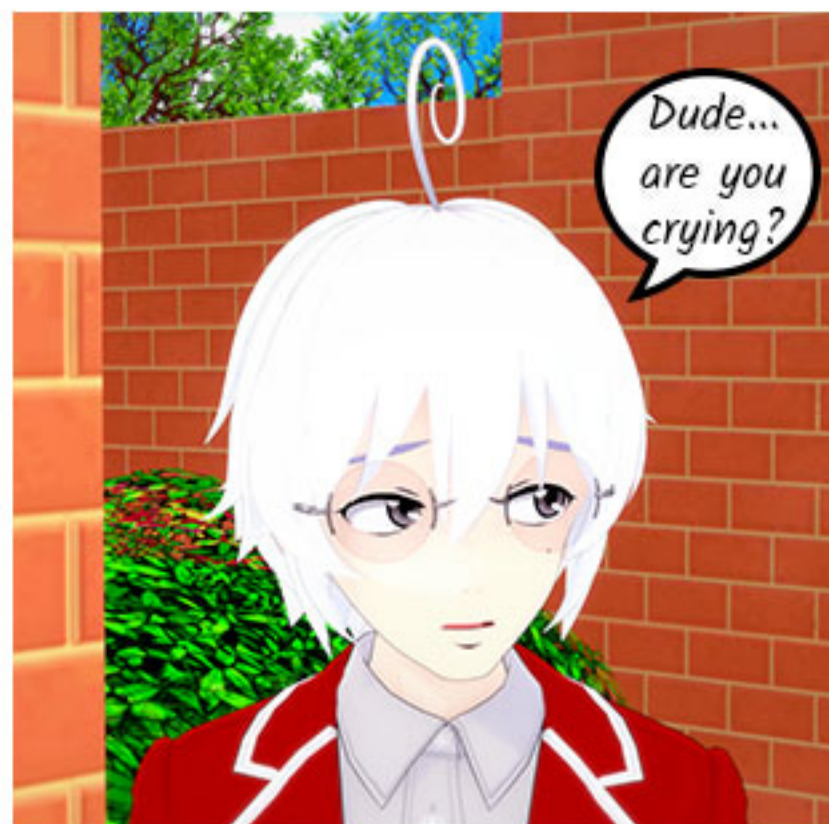
I can't seem to keep my impressive mind from wandering back to the messages me and Ken shared last night... until Lola came here I believed science to be everything but...

... and now these confusing feeling for Ken have surfaced-





















Why are you still stood up over there? Is detention on your mind?! Dishing our punishment sounds cathartic at the moment, is that what you want?



Yeah, I got that feeling too...

Psst! Hey Ken, watch your back bro, there's a reason he wanted to sit behind you.



Good boy, don't forget your bib and pacifier when you find your high chair.

Sorry miss, I'll get sat down.



Earlier in the boy's toilets.

So, did you bring it? I was so tired after I was ploughing my girl all last night I forgot to bring mine.

I don't know about this man, I mean I'm there for you when you go after someone, but isn't this a bit extreme?

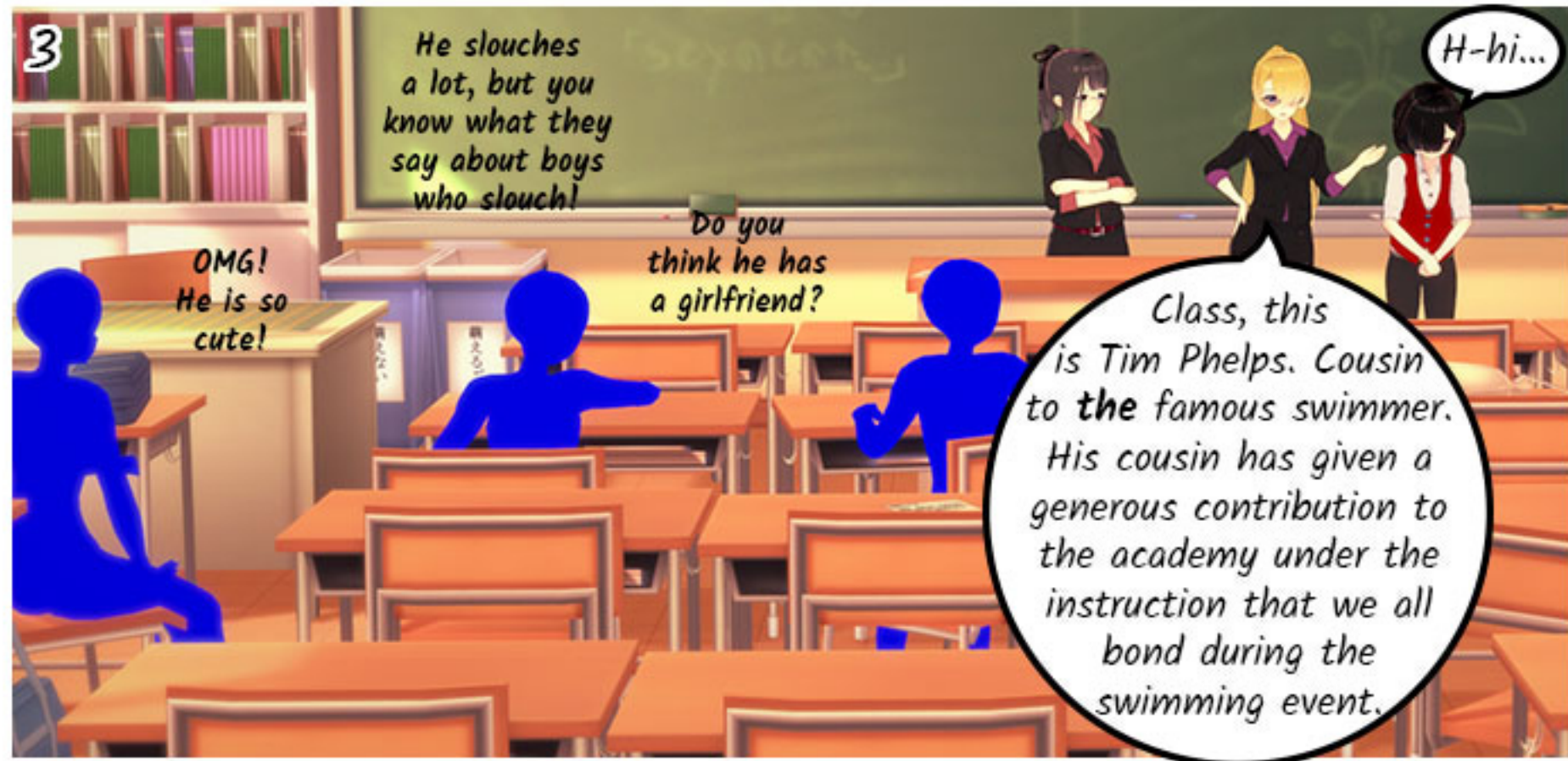


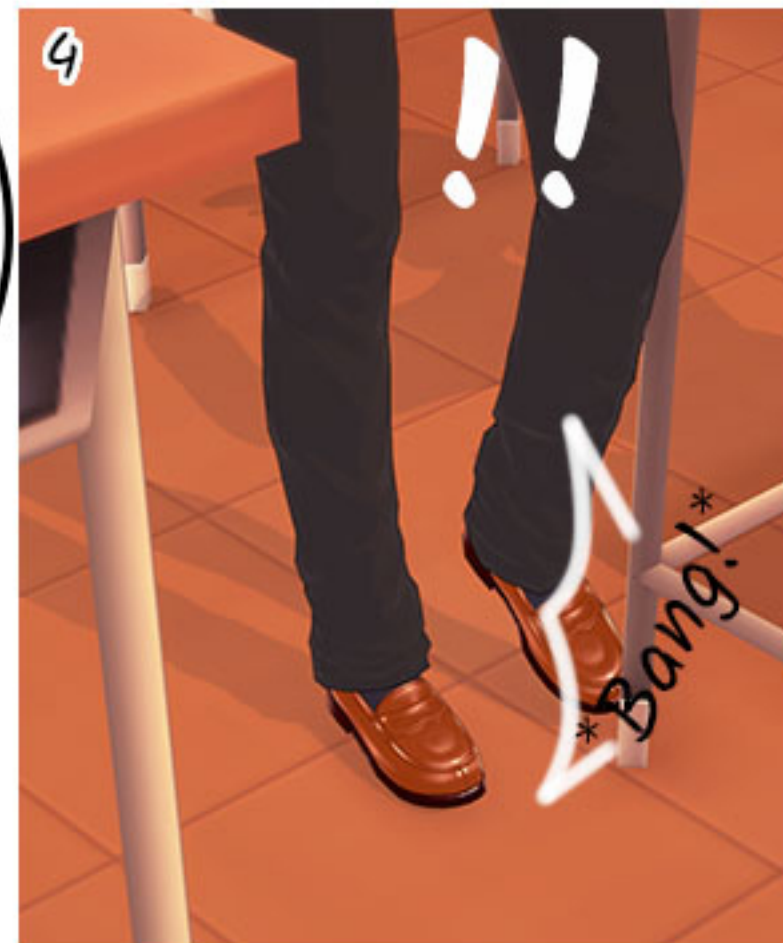










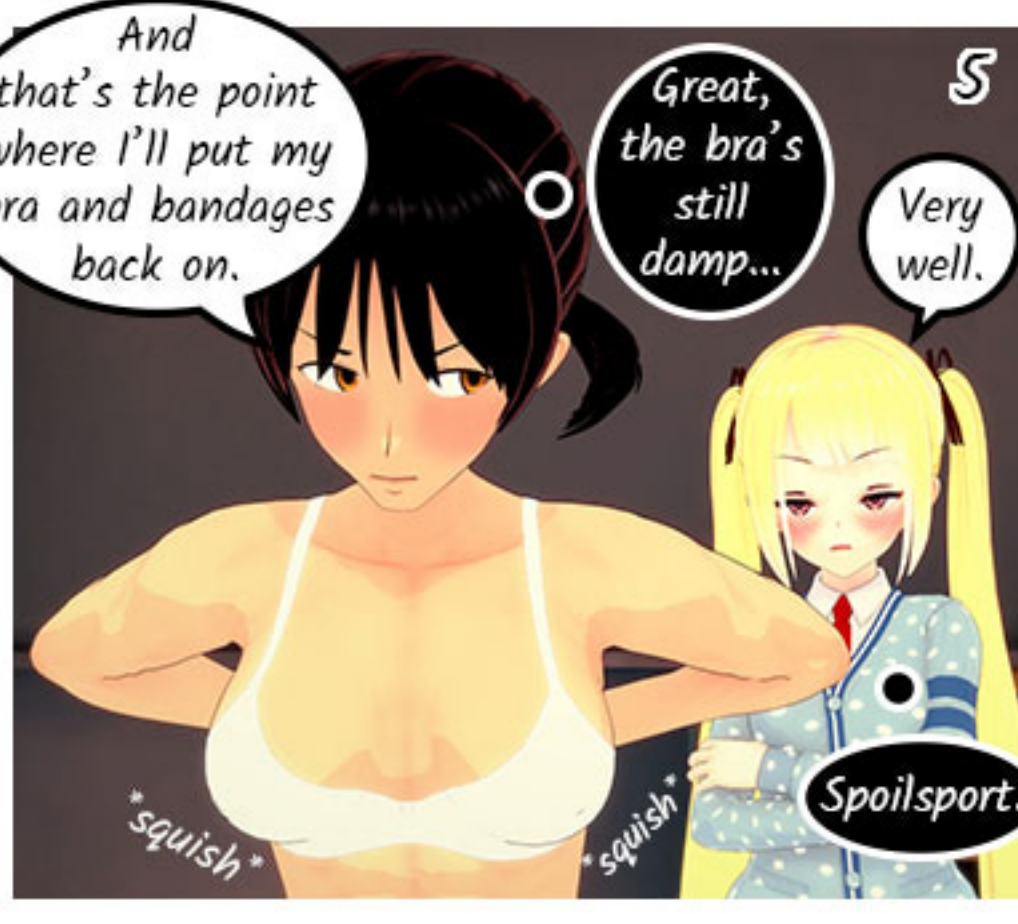














Wonderful, it seems like I'll have to pad the bra with tampons if this keeps up... just like mom did...

What, like a slow-running tap?

So, what can we do to 'plug the tap'? Or just get rid of the tap completely; I'm sick of having boobs! Didn't you say that you were working on a new formula? That's why you needed my milk right?

Hmm... maybe your milk production hasn't gone up per se... Perhaps it is producing at a much steadier rate throughout the day?

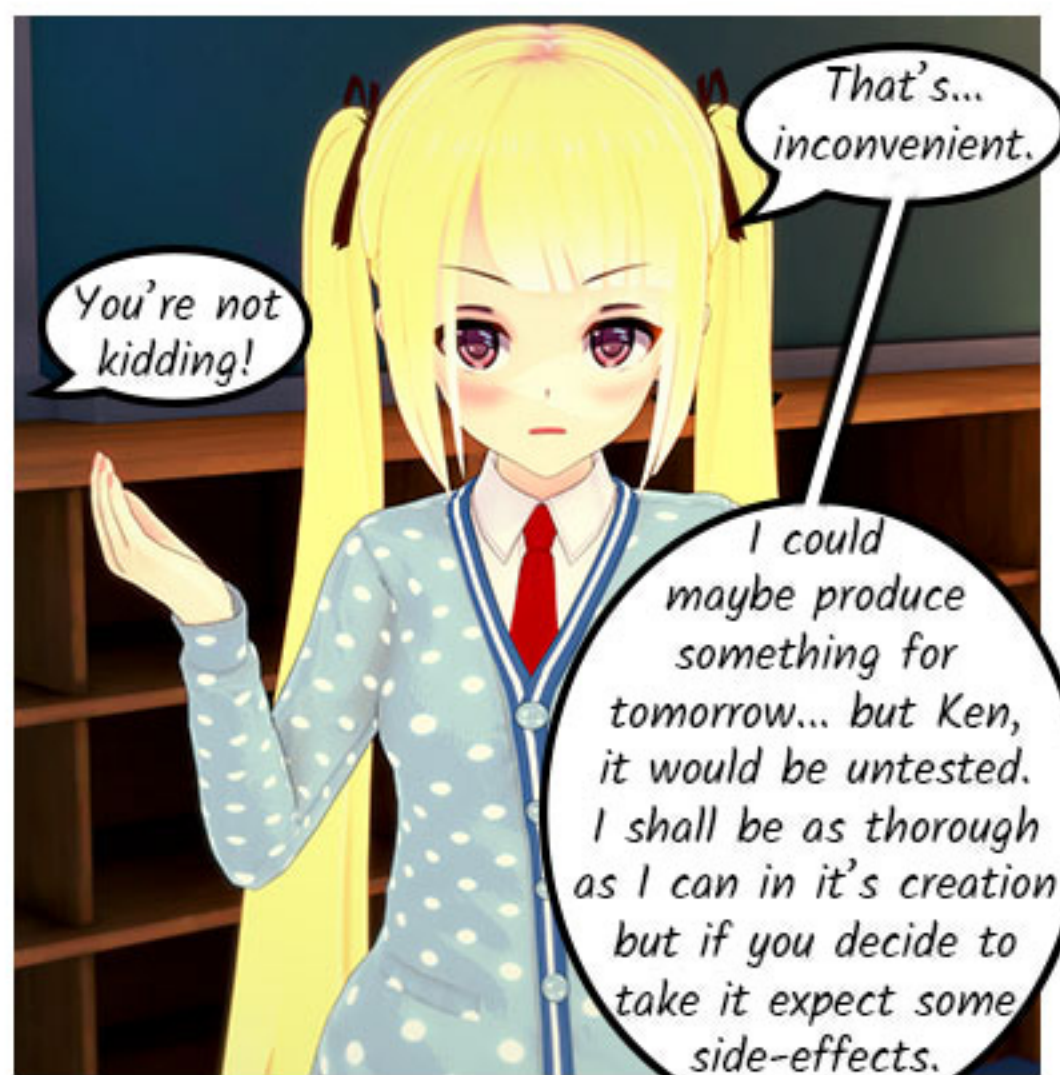
As opposed to a jet of water from a fireman's hose. Yes, an adequate analogy.

Hm? Oh, I asked whether you were willing to try a new formula. The milk was... for other reasons.

Maybe Ken isn't rejecting the formula but is replicating it somehow? I'll need to check his latest sample in that bucket, if the formula hasn't weakened per ml in his milk then his breasts may be recreating the formula naturally...



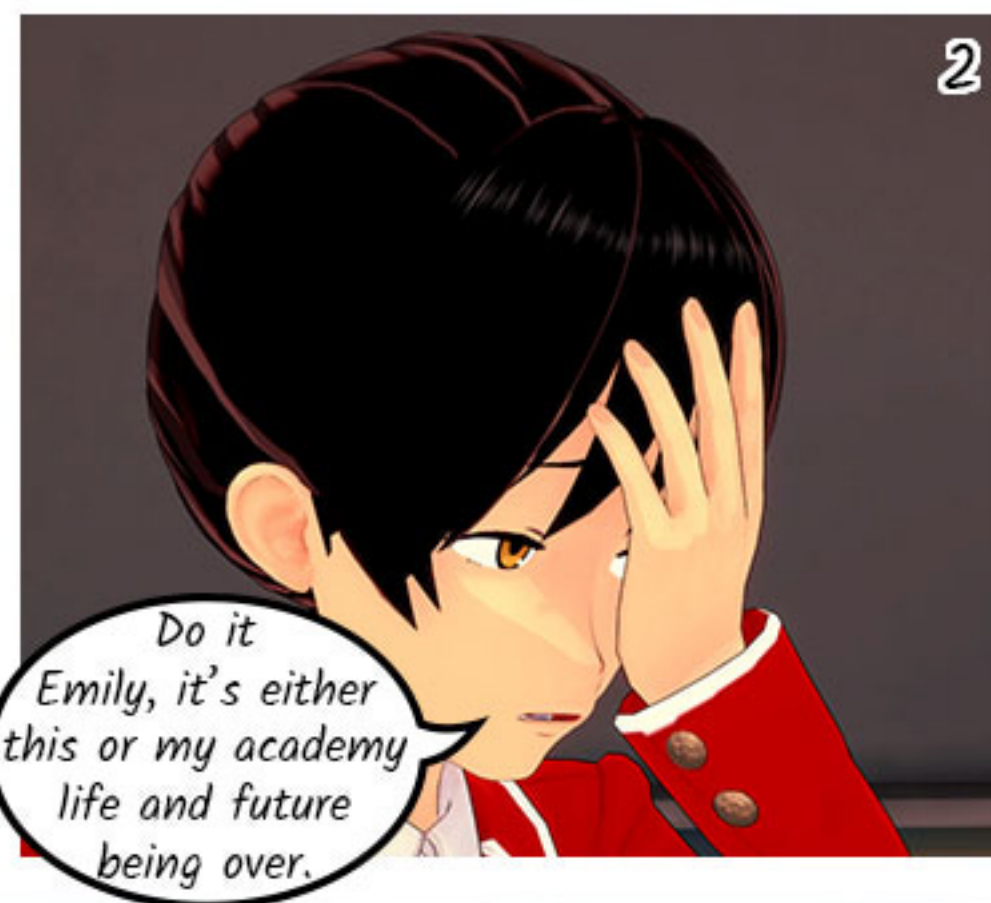
Emily, I need that formula! In two day's time we're having an academy-wide swimming event, I can't get out of it and I can't go in front of everyone like this!



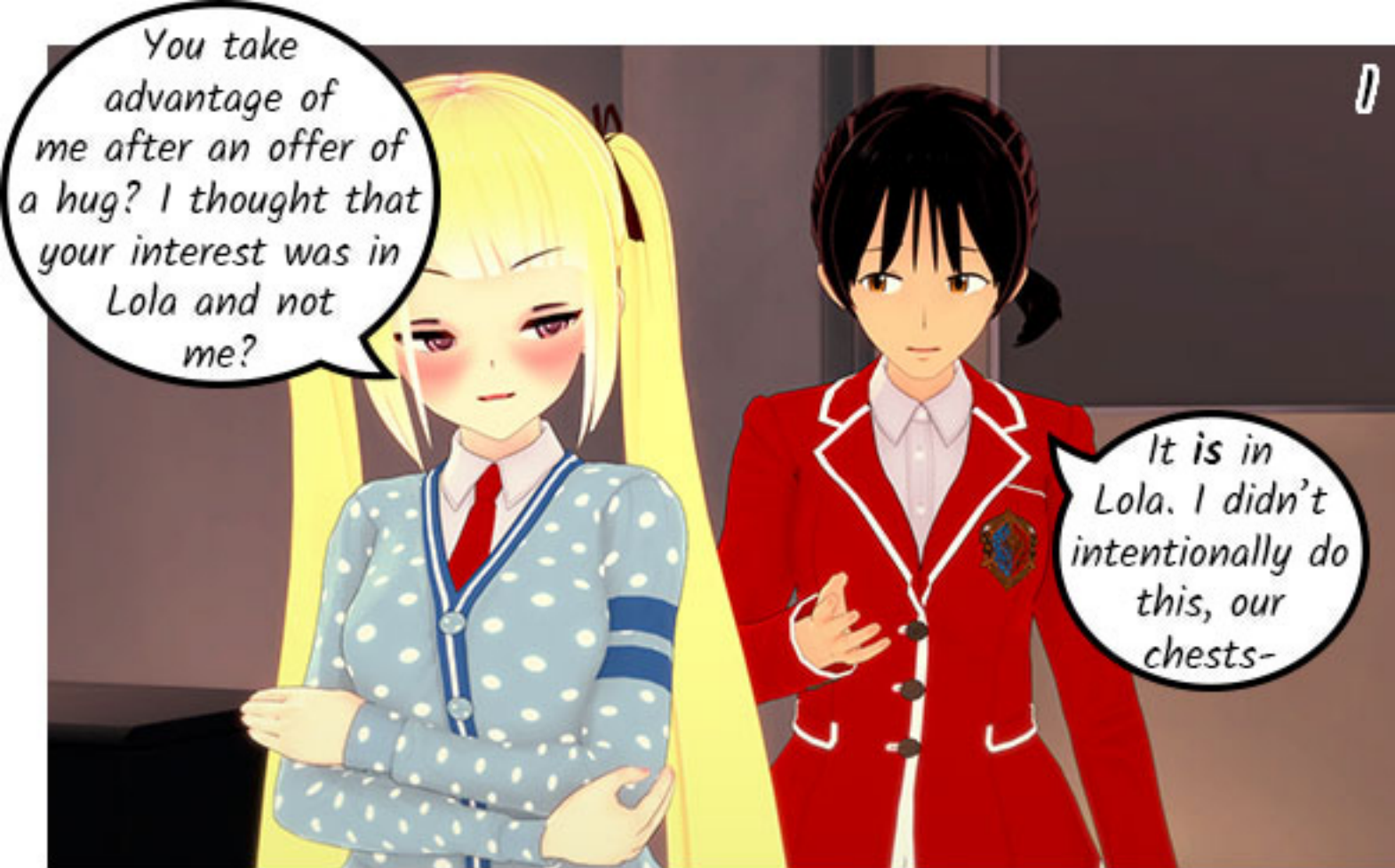
You're not kidding!

That's... inconvenient.

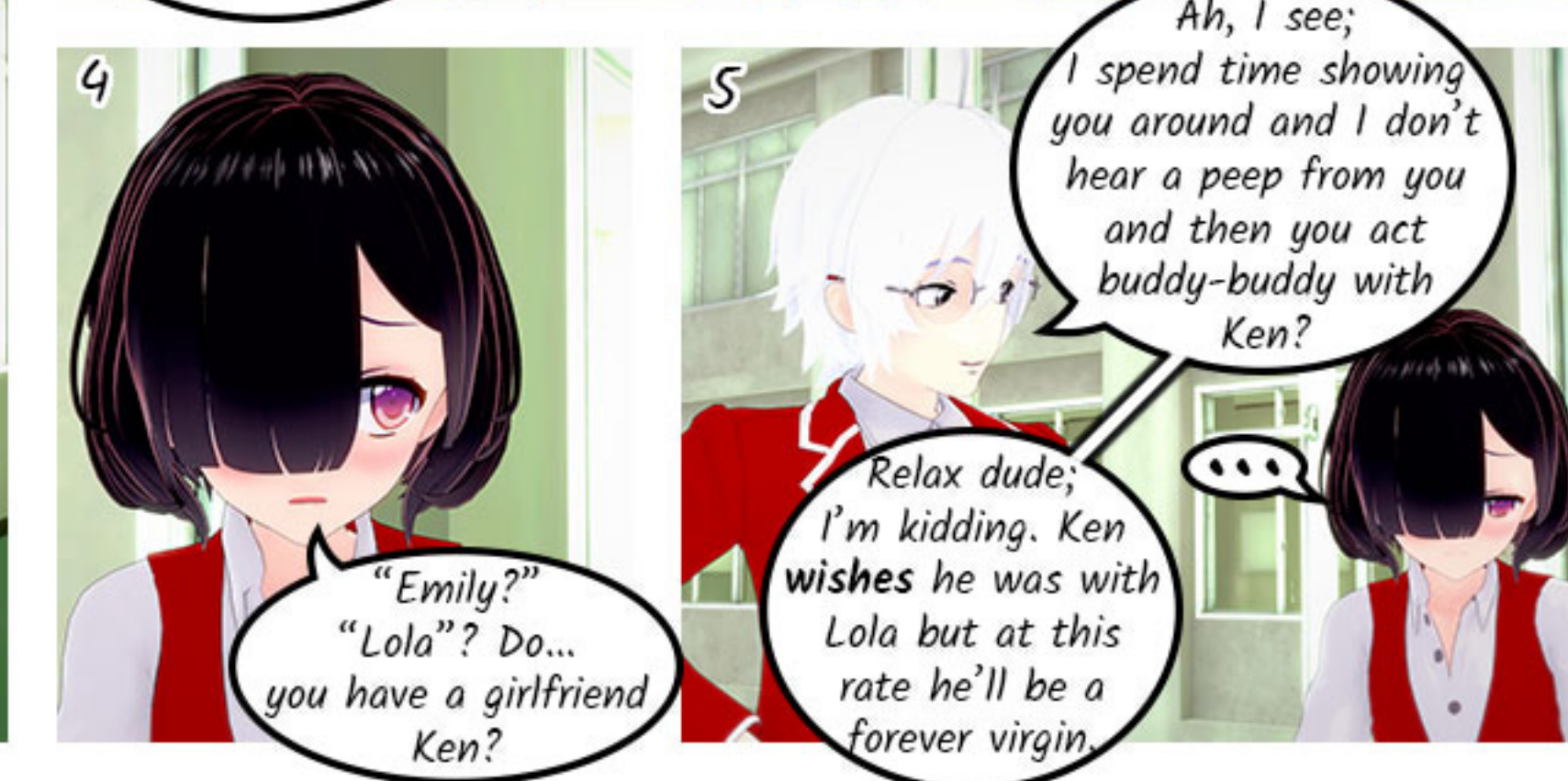
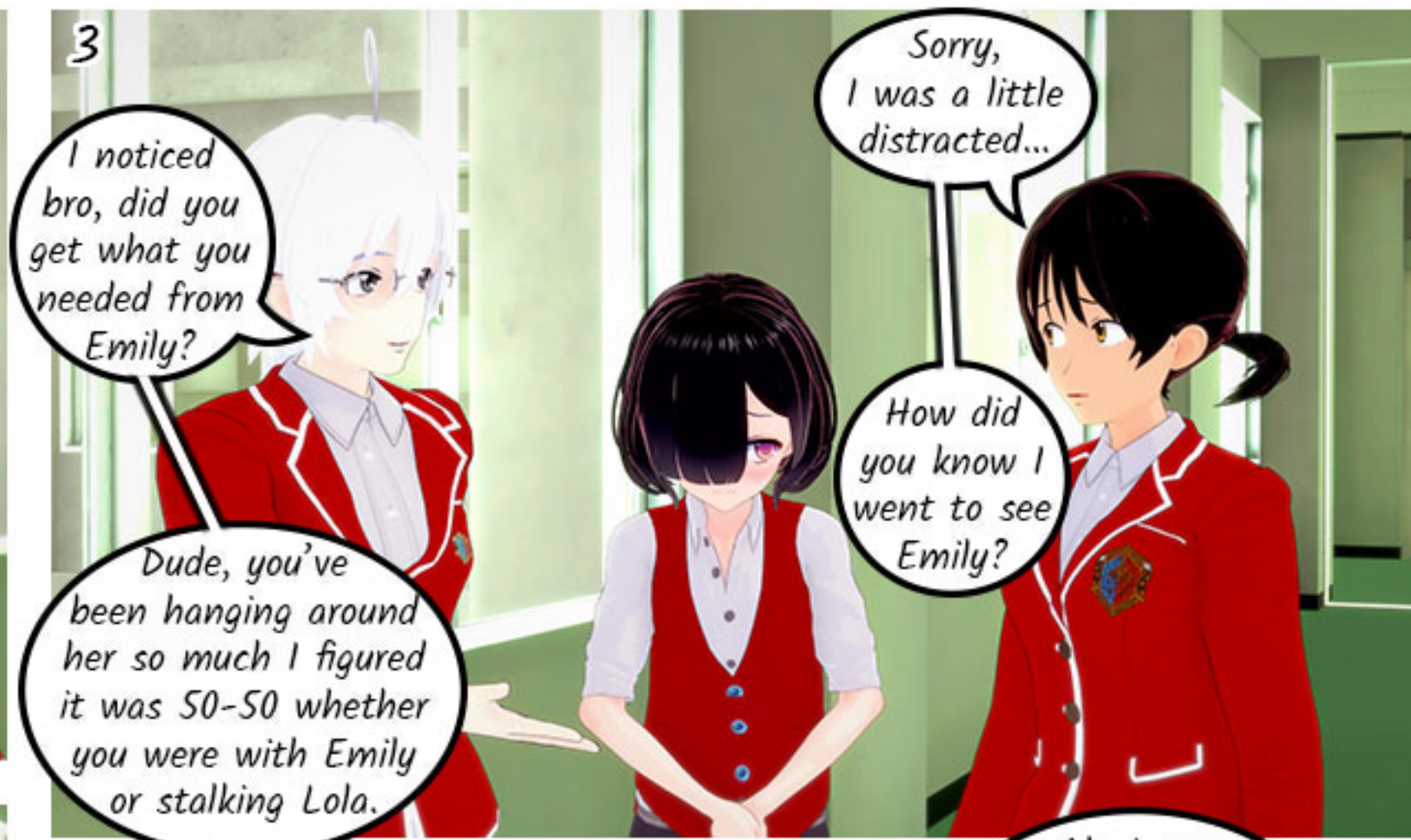
I could maybe produce something for tomorrow... but Ken, it would be untested. I shall be as thorough as I can in it's creation but if you decide to take it expect some side-effects.

















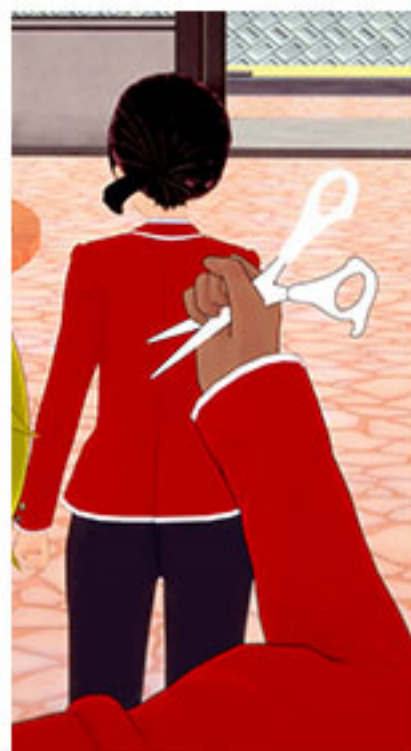
I feel kinda badass wielding it like this; like I'm a serial killer that's gonna kill some nerds!

So, er, do you like video games? I've been into 'Darkest Souls 3' lately...

You like that too?! I haven't met anyone else who likes it yet!



Hm?



Ken! Watch out!



Five o'clock appointment for Ken! We're just gonna lop some off the top is that OK?

Arggh! Get the fuck off of my hair!



SLASH!

To be continued...