Milky Revenge (2 of 2)  
By Mollycoddles

“And where are you going, Brad?”

“I’m not going anywhere! You’re leaving!” He pulled the door open and pointed outside.

“Oh, you’re kicking me out? Honey, I don’t think that you’re very clear on this situation.” Chelsea strutted over to the door and gently pushed it shut. Brad struggled to hold it open, but he was no match for her now. His tiny little shrimp arms didn’t have the strength to prevent her from doing anything that she wanted!

She squatted down on her haunches so that she could look her pint-sized boyfriend in the eye. “Baby, you’re too small to tell me what to do. You’re not the big man that you once were. I think it’s about time that you got used to this, because this is the way things are gonna be from now on.” Laughing, she playfully booped him on the nose. “Besides, I can’t leave you alone unsupervised, now can I? A little kid like you always needs to have his mommy around to make sure he doesn’t hurt himself or get into any mischief!”

“I’m not a little kid! I’m just… you made me small! Stop pretending I’m a kid! Fine! If you won’t leave… then I’ll leave!”

Chelsea chuckled, placing one hand firmly against the door. “And where are you gonna go, tiger? You think you can still drive like that? You can’t even reach the pedals! And, boy, I’d like to see what would happen if a cop saw a little kid like you driving a car! They’d just bring you right back here! And I’d be all ‘Oh officer, thank you for returning my son! I was sooooo worried!’ Ha ha ha!”

Brad scowled darkly. He knew he was beat, but he didn’t want to admit it. This whole situation was making him SO mad!

“Aw, poor baby is mad now! I bet I know what would make him feel better. How about another little drinky, hmm?”

“No!”

“No?”

“No! I don’t want to drink anymore!! You’re gonna make me shrink more! It’s not fair! You can’t do this! It’s not fair!” Brad was shrieking and yelling and stamping his feet, but all his hysterics only made the situation funnier to Chelsea. Oh my Gawd, what a little baby! How had she never noticed how absolutely immature this little creep was? For all her talk of mothering, she really had no interest in adopting this shrunken little squirt as her own kid… but she was endlessly tickled by the idea of shrinking him down to child size and then leaving that big titty bitch Jill to deal with the consequences. Now THAT would be funny! She thought she was getting a boyfriend, but when she came home tonight she would find out that she had technically become a mommy! Now she would be responsible for this little guy for the rest of her life! Chelsea chuckled. No, that was too mean. After all, was it really Jill’s fault? She was just as taken in my Brad’s roguish charms as she had been… She couldn’t stay mad at that homewrecker when the real responsibility for this situation was all on Brad’s tiny shoulders.

She didn’t want to leave Jill to deal with this mess, so she would have to take care of it herself.

“C’mon, champ, I know what you want.” Chelsea placed a hand against Brad’s back and shoved him into her chest. Brad mumbled, his protests muffled by her cleavage, but he only put up token resistance. It was obvious that he was just as hungry as ever! And Chelsea still had plenty of milk to give.

“That’s it, Brad, drink up! You need that good calcium to grow up big and strong, don’t you? Or rather… grow DOWN.”

Brad didn’t respond, his mind was in a different place. He was too busy guzzling. Already Chelsea could feel the magic setting in as Brad started to shrink again, tugging downward on her nipple as he grew shorter and shorter but he also refused to let go. He had to crane his neck and stand on his toes, but he was determined to keep drinking for as long as he could. Chelsea shifted position, moving to sit on her flank, so that the ever-shrinking Brad could keep drinking comfortably. After all, she didn’t want to discourage him from drinking his fill!

By the time that he was done, Brad was absolutely adorable. Fun-sized, thought Chelsea. Gawd, he was almost cute in this state!

“Wow, Brad, you’re so thirsty!” Chelsea rubbed her tender nips as she stood up to her full height. “I tell you, you’re sucking so hard my big fat boobies are gonna be so sore tomorrow! It does feel good, though. I can’t believe I was missing this the whole time that we were together!” She was always so ashamed of her flat chest that she never let Brad play with her tiny tits no matter how much he begged. Well, she would have to make up for lost time now, because this was great!

“What’s in your milk… for real… I can’t stop thinking about it…” Brad squeaked. He was the size of a newborn baby now, so small that his clothes puddled about him and he just stood up, out of them – naked! His whole body was so small and slim that he slipped right through the neck hole of his shirt! And he was so small that even his underwear was too big for him.

“Oh, aren’t you darling!” cooed Chelsea. She squatted down to get close to him, facing him as though he was a child. He basically was the size of one at this point, anyway. She placed a finger against his tiny dick and flicked it playfully. Brad howled in impotent fury.

“Stop it! That’s not funny!”

“Oh, get off, it’s hilarious! You need to stop taking yourself so seriously, Brad. Look at you, my adorable little man with an adorable tiny little dick!”

“It’s not tiny!” shouted Brad, covering up his crotch with his hands. His cheeks went red with embarrassment and he started to scamper away, still crouching with his hands in front of his dick.

“Aw, Brad! Are you running away from me? How cute!” Chelsea bellowed with laughter. She strode after her boyfriend, easily catching up to him in just a few big steps. She slowed her pace to let Brad get more of a head start. After all, it wasn’t sporting to just sweep him up right at the start of the game! She’d let him run a little, maybe tire himself out, and then she’d take care of him. The idea that he thought he could get away was just hilarious! Where was he going to go? How was he going to get away? He was so little now that Chelsea could grab him and swing him over her shoulder and burp him like a baby if she wanted to!

“C’mon, Brad! Don’t run! Where are you going? Don’t tell me you’re scared of me, are you? Big strong guy like you, afraid of a little girl like me!”

“I’m not scared!” Brad scuttled into the kitchen and hid behind a table leg. The poor little thing was shaking, partly from fear, partly from fury, and partly just from cold – he was completely naked now, after all!

“Peekaboo, I see you!” crowed Chelsea as she barged into the kitchen. “You don’t really think that you can hide from me now, do you? I can see everything from up here!”

She walked around the table in just a few strides and stood, looming over Brad with her hands on her hips. He looked up fearfully. From this vantage point, he was staring up at a massive pair of legs, thick as tree trunks, that disappeared into the dark depths of Chelsea’s pencil skirt. He could see up her skirt, see the wide expanse between her legs, where her white panties stretched over the lips of her puffy pussy. In any other circumstances, Brad would have been stoked for a chance to leer up Chelsea’s skirt… but he was far too worried about what this enormous woman might have in store for him to think about that!

“Get away! I’m not tiny! Stop it!”

“Oh no? Look at your teeny tiny little cock, Brad! Wow, I can’t believe I used to think it was so impressive. Now look at you! Your dick looks like my pinky finger! Don’t be embarrassed, let’s take a look at that!”

Brad’s hands shot to his crotch again, but Chelsea just smirked as she squatted down next to him. She giggled as she grabbed Brad’s wrists, easily encircling both arms with one hand, and lifted his hands away from his groin so that she could take a good, clear look at his manhood. If you could even call it that! Chelsea couldn’t get over how pathetically small everything about Brad was now!

“I’m not tiny!” yelped Brad. “That’s not fair! I… I mean, this shouldn’t even count! I’m not even hard!”

It was a ridiculous thing to say, because it didn’t matter. No matter how hard Brad might have been, his dick would still look absolutely tiny now that he was, well, absolutely tiny. Nevertheless, the idea made Chelsea laugh all the more.

“Poor Brad! Well, I wouldn’t want to be unfair… here, champ, let’s see if I can give you a hand with that!”

“W-what are you doing?!” Brad’s eyes bulged from his skull in sudden alarm. He struggled but Chelsea had his arms held tight in her grip and there was nothing that Brad could do to break free! He could only whine and mumble under his breath as Chelsea reached out and took his little cocktail weenie of a dick between her thumb and forefinger and started to gently rub. At first, Brad was too frightened to react to her hand job – how was he supposed to get hard when all he could think about was whether Chelsea might just accidently slip and crush his cock between her monstrous fingers? But gradually, he felt himself start to relax and his body start to respond to her touch.

“Mmm, that’s right, sweetie. Just relax. There you go. Ooo, I can see your little dick is starting to pay attention already!"

Indeed, Brad’s cock was turgid and purple, straining in its sheath for release as Chelsea worked the shaft with expert fingers. It was incredible that she could do it… He was so small and she was so big that he half feared she would just squish him like a big clumsy ogre, but she was careful. Brad’s body went limp and he stopped struggling as he succumbed to the tingling sensations traveling all through his body as his dick grew more and more excited and more and more turgid. He didn’t think his dick could get any harder or any bigger… and it STILL wasn’t as big as Chelsea’s little finger!

“Hmm… you’re doing just fine, Brad. Considering your size, I guess. Let’s see if we can get that little soldier of yours to really salute.”

Brad mumbled dreamily, too lost in the moment to care much about that silly turn of phrase. He reacted quickly though – chills running down his spine, his arms and legs spasming in pleasure – as Chelsea leaned over and licked his shaft with her big, wet tongue. Just a single long, languid lick, from head to base, with a tongue now as big and floppy and wide as a wet pancake to him now. Brad groaned, his whole body shaking, as he erupted in orgasm, blasting a hot load right into Chelsea’s face.

“Ah!! Ah!! Oh shit… Chelsea… I’m sorry, I just… I couldn’t help it!”

“Hm, is that all?” Chelsea licked her lips. “That was barely anything, Brad. Guess I should have expected that a little man would have a light load, huh?”

Brad trembled in fury and embarrassment. “Aw, c’mon! You’re the one who made me like this!”

“Aww, I’m sorry, Brad, I didn’t mean to embarrass you! Don’t take it so personally. I didn’t mean anything by it. Besides, is it really bad being so small? Take it from me, I was small for a really long time, remember? You sure used to like reminding me of that.”

Brad grimaced. He hated to be reminded, especially now that Chelsea was huge in more ways than one and she was, he thought, unfairly pressing her advantage!

“Yeah, but, baby… I mean, that’s the way it is? A guy’s supposed to be tall, a gal’s supposed to be busty! I wasn’t saying anything you didn’t already know!”

Chelsea squinted, annoyance building. Of course Brad would continue to be a douche, even now. He might clamp down on it if he thought he was in any danger, but the moment that she started to feel comfortable it just came right out again.

“A guy’s supposed to be tall? Well, guess you’re no guy then, huh, pipsqueak?”

Chelsea laughed and scooped Brad up in her arms, cradling him as if he was a baby. Chelsea’s tiny ex-boyfriend kicked and flailing, whining in his high-pitched voice that he was no baby – he was a man!

“Stop it! Don’t pick me up like this! I’m not a baby! I’m a man! I’m a full grown man!” Brad was absolutely furious, pounding his tiny fists futilely against the now vast expanse of Chelsea’s chest. His anger wavered for a moment as he noticed that his slaps and punches had caused his giant ex-girlfriend’s nipples to start leaking again. Christ! How much milk was inside her? She was producing milk so fast that he couldn’t help but wonder how big she would swell up if he wasn’t here to drink. Hmm… a dopey look crossed his face as his thoughts once again drifted to Chelsea’s delicious milk. Gawd, what he would give for just one more sip… No! He shook his head vigorously, trying to clear his thoughts. He needed to keep it together! This was so embarrassing, Brad was never so out of control before! But now, he just couldn’t help himself! He was crazy horny for her boobs and hungry for her milk – even though he had just cum, logically he should be spent! But whatever magic Chelsea had cast, it made her milk absolutely addictive and Brad was hooked. He had to keep reminding himself of his precarious predicament: He was shrinking every time that he drank from Chelsea’s ampleness and, if this continued, he would shrink down to nothing in no time at all! There had to be some way that he could gain the upper hand, some way that he could talk himself out of this situation… but it was hard to think, his head felt fuzzy and his thoughts just kept returning to those delicious, pillowy boobs so close to his face.

“Cootchie cootchie coo!” laughed Chelsea, tickling under the diminuative man’s chin with her finger. Brad refused to smile, but Chelsea couldn’t stop grinning. “Aren’t you the cutest little thing? Why I could just eat you up! What a darling baby!”

“I’m not a baby!” screamed Brad indignantly but his squeaky voice just made his protests all the funnier.

“Not a baby, huh? Well, in that case… I guess we’re done then? If you’re not a baby, then you wouldn’t want any more milk, hmm?”

Brad’s face went blank. “No… I didn’t say…”

“Cuz if you want more milk, all you have to do is… open your mouth….”

“No.. I mean… I…” Brad was so conflicted! He knew he shouldn’t… he was already way too small, any more milk and he’s shrivel and shrink so tiny that Chelsea could just carry him around in her pocket! And then what would he do? He couldn’t just live in her pocket, could he? Or worse, what if she got tired of him and just stepped on him! But on the other hand, what a way to go! Her titty milk was so tasty that he almost didn’t care what happened to him as long as he got to drink just one more drop…

“You sure you want some more, Brad? Oooo you are already soooo teeny tiny! Why, I probably shouldn’t let you have any more, just for your own good. You get small enough and you’ll just slip through my fingers!”

“I do want… I mean… I don’t want… no… keep your tits away from me… I want…”

“This is your last dose,” said Chelsea. “I just don’t think it would be safe to give you any more after this, after all. I didn’t realize that my breast milk was THIS potent. But wow, think of all the fun I could have with it! Once I’m done with you Brad, I bet I could really have an effect on the guys…”

“Hmmm…” Brad was too consumed with conflicted thoughts about Chelsea’s hypnotic milk to even register the ominous threat in her words. “When she was done with him…” What could that mean, exactly? If Brad wasn’t so far gone, he might have worried about it. But as it was, he could only think about one thing and that one thing was having yet another drink…

“Please… Chelsea… stop…”

“Last chance, Brad! Open wide if you want some of mommy’s milk.”

All his protests quickly drained away. He kept telling himself that he would resist, but when it came to the crunch… he couldn’t say no when Chelsea offered! “Yes… yes please…”

Brad opened his mouth and lolled his tongue, making grabby motions with his tiny hands

“Oh you want more of my milk? Then come and get it, big boy. Or should I say, little boy?”

Chelsea dipped her shoulders to aim her swollen nipple directly into Brad’s waiting mouth and the little man immediately latched on, tighter than a vice. Ooo he was a hungry one! Chelsea smiled as he went to town. How much milk could he consume? He was already so small that Chelsea didn’t have a lot of hope that he’d be able to drink enough to help relieve the pressure; she would probably have to take care of it herself at home tonight with a breast pump! But even so… at least it felt nice! There was just something so calm and relaxing about feeling those strong lips on her nips! Brad might have been small but at least his jaw strength hadn’t diminished – he was still sucking like a champ! He felt a soft, comforting warm sensation pass through his whole body, spreading outwards from his deliciously milk-filled tummy to his extremities, from the crown of his head down to the tips of his toes, and he genuinely couldn’t think of anything in the whole wide world that felt better than sucking on Chelsea’s boob. He would drink forever if he could, ensconced safe and warm in her bosom, her softness cushioning him, her milk nurturing him. It made him feel so protected, a feeling that he hadn’t felt in so long, maybe not even a feeling that he could consciously remember… maybe it went back to when he was an actual baby and was nursing at his actual mother’s breast? This feeling of calm and peace and oneness with the world was like his whole body was singing and he just wanted it to go on forever. The heat inside him was building and logically he knew what it meant. His body was building up for another shrinking bout, it might even have already started… He knew it was inevitable, he had drunk the milk so of course he was going to face the consequences. But maybe, if he could just convince himself to let go, to spit out that nipple and its never-ending flow of sweet cream, he might at least be able to limit the effects! The more he drank, the more he would shrink. That was simple math. And yet, he was incapable of doing it… He was too happy, too content, all he wanted to do was relax and slurp milk, he would drink until he puked like an overfed baby, he would drink until he burst, he didn’t care, he just wanted more! He was desperate for more, so desperate that it felt like the nipple couldn’t release milk fast enough, he was chewing at it now, biting with all his might with his tiny little teeth.

“Ooo, you’re getting a little TOO excited there, babe,” said Chelsea. “Ease up, huh? That tickles.”

“Mmm-more…” he burbled around her teat, milk dribbling from his lips as he spoke.

“Oh, you want more? Go ahead, baby. Drink up! There’s plenty more where that came from. Mama’s not gonna dry up anytime soon, not as long as she’s got this hungry hungry baby to take care of, hmm?”

At this point, Brad didn’t even care that she was talking about him as if he was a literal baby. He was barely cognizant of her words, he was too intent on guzzling his milky treats.

It felt like an eternity as he kept drinking his fill, but all good things must eventually end. At some point, he simply could NOT drink anymore. He was bloated beyond belief, so sloshingly full of milk that he felt like an overinflated water balloon, felt like HE might start lactating himself just to get some of that milk out of his own system! If he drank anymore, he would be all milk, just a big billowing human milk jug.

So, finally, he had to let go.

Coughing and sputtering, Brad spat the nipple from his mouth and leaned back in Chelsea’s arms. “Done,” he gasped, followed by a loud milky belch. “Can’t… drink… any more…”

“Aw, Is little Brad all filled up? Had enough?” Chelsea patted Brad’s swollen stomach, pressing gently on his milk-filled tummy until she forced a second belch from his lips. He was so full of milk that he was sloshing, but he was still staring longingly at her swinging tits. It probably took more willpower for him to stop drinking than it would have for him to keep drinking!

“I’m… so… full… I… can’t… Chelsea… your tits… are… too milky…”

“Hmmm, yes, I know.”

Brad’s dazed expression suddenly gave way to a look of abject terror as he felt a wave of tingling wash over his tiny body. Oh no! What had he done? Once again, he’d lost control of himself, let his lust override his common sense… and now he was going to pay the price! Chelsea’s milk was having the same effect on him again and he was shrinking even more!

“Oh God! Oh God! Chelsea… please help me!” he cried, his voice becoming even squeakier and quieter as she shriveled into himself. “I can’t get any smaller! I’m going to shrink away into nothing! Please! Don’t let me disappear!”

“Oh Brad, you silly little mouse, you’re not going to disappear! Now look at you, you’re so tiny! I can’t believe I used to think you were such a big guy. Always so proud of your height and now look at you! You’re as tiny as a mouse… why, I don’t think you’re even as big as a mouse now that I look at you!”

“Help! Help!” Brad cried. His arms and legs retracted like a telescope folding up and his torso shriveled and shrank like a deflating balloon. He kicked and yelled and swore, but it was all for nothing. In moments, he was so tiny that he fit in the palm of Chelsea’s hand.

“My goodness!” Chelsea chortled. Brad shrieked and plugged his ears with his fingers. Chelsea was a giant compared to him, a massive woman as big as a skyscraper, as enormous as Godzilla! She could, if she wanted, crush him in the palm of her hand and Brad was painfully aware of his precarious predicament. He couldn’t afford to piss her off anymore!

“Ohhh, sorry was that too loud?” said Chelsea, lowering her voice to a whisper. Her breath was like a hurricane to Brad, threatening to blow him across the room. “How’s this? Is that better, little mousey?”

“Yes… thank you…” whimpered Brad. “Please… please don’t hurt me…”

“Don’t hurt you? Aw, baby, isn’t that sweet? Now you’ve finally learned some humility. Too bad it’s too late for you, hmm?”

“It’s not too late! I can change! I promise…”

“You promise, huh? You promise not to be a jerk anymore?”

“I promise!”

“You promise never to give me guff about my breasts again?”

“Baby, your breasts are magnificent! I would never say anything bad about them!”

“Hmm, now you wouldn’t. I know that. But you know what, Brad? I’m sorry, but this isn’t going to work. You’re just… well, you’re just not man enough for me anymore.”

“What!?” Brad shrieked.

“How could a tiny little thing like you ever satisfy a woman like me? When you’re in this state? In fact, how could you satisfy ANY woman in this state?”

“Then turn me back!”

Chelsea shook her head sadly. “You don’t get it, Brad. There’s no way to turn you back. This was a one way trip.”

“What!? You’re kidding! Tell me you’re kidding!”

“Sorry, Brad… guess you shouldn’t have been so greedy! Wow, I really hate to leave you like this… I think it’s just cruel to leave you in a state where you’ll never be able to satisfy a woman again. I mean, is that fair to Jill? She started dating you because she thought she had a big, strong man here, not a teeny tiny little mouse. I really couldn’t leave her in that spot! Us girls gotta stick together and what kind of sister would I be to saddle her with an insect boyfriend like you? For her sake, I really ought to take care of you.”

“Take care of me? Whoa, Chelsea… haha! That’s funny! But you wouldn’t do anything rash… ha ha! I mean, think of all the good times!” Brad chuckled nervously.

“I really ought to just put you out of your misery.”

“No! No, Chelsea! Don’t! Don’t you dare!”

Chelsea placed Brad’s tiny body gently on the floor. He half didn’t believe that she would really do it. That was the only explanation for why he didn’t take off at a run. He probably thought the had too much history together – even if so much of that history had been negative – to actually do it. But Chelsea didn’t hesitate. She brought her foot down on top of Brad hard and fast, grinding him under her heel like he was a cockroach and smiling to hear the crinkle-crinkle of his tiny bones breaking. After that – no more Brad!

“That’s better!” said Chelsea, sighing with relief. She briefly wondered how Jill would react when she came home and found Brad “missing.” The poor woman would probably be distraught, but it wasn’t like Brad didn’t have a reputation as a cad. Eventually, Jill would just have to accept that she’d been unceremoniously dumped, that Brad had taken the coward’s way out of running off without a word, probably into the arms of some other hussy with an even bigger bustline. He was like that after all! It was funny to think how plausible that scenario was! Chelsea was absolutely going to get away with this absurd plan entirely because it was so believable that Brad would just take off in the night. The poor fool, he completely played himself! Chelsea had to laugh.

She went to button up her blouse again, pleased to see that Brad was good for one thing – his feedings had reduced her swelling just enough that she was able to get the buttons into their holes without any trouble. She wondered how long that would last. How long until she replenished her supplies and her breasts were once again transformed into two bloated hemispheres of creamy tit-flesh, two bulging milk balloons that threatened to blast the buttons from her tits and split the stitching on her brassieres? Well, with Brad gone, she would just have to find another man willing to drain her…

Truthfully, she didn’t think that she would have much trouble finding a volunteer.

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles