

Lauren's Inconvenient Curse

Chapter 4- Expansion All Around

"Do I look fat?" I asked as I checked myself out in the mirror. Davis had just gotten out of the shower and stopped towel drying his hair after I asked the question.

"That's a very dangerous question to be asking, love. I think the right answer here is that you look absolutely stunning no matter what."

I chuckled and punched him in the arm. It was kinda weird how quickly Davis and I became officially boyfriend and girlfriend in the last week. We practically moved in together already- Davis spending most of his time over at my apartment except for when he wants some alone time.

"Thanks, but I don't mean it that way. Does it look like I'm getting fatter? I think I've really put on some weight!" I jumped, trying to pull my once loose fitting jeans over my seemingly thicker thighs and hips, trying to really put the nail in the coffin. I fist pumped myself when the tight fabric of my boyfriend jeans- now feeling like skinny jeans- finally slid over my waist as I buttoned them. I frowned when a small bit of flab squished over the fabric. I looked myself over in the mirror. I was now sporting a slight hourglass figure as it looked like my hips had widened a little.

"Listen, hun," Davis started as he finished combing his hair and made his way behind me, "with this curse thing and your huge lactating boobs, I think a few extra pounds is the least of your worries. Besides, it could just be comfort weight you've gained since having the best boyfriend in the world. But is it really the worst thing, though? I'll still think of you as the same Lauren Winters I met two years ago when I first moved in. No matter what you look like."

I smiled as he took one of my arms and held my hand while rubbing the other one down my new curves.

"Ow!" I yelped when Davis suddenly slapped my ass.

"Mm, so juicy!" He just chuckled at himself before he went back to the bathroom sink to finish getting ready for the day. I rolled my eyes before deciding which bra to wear. Ever since my *affliction* my boobs have been the biggest they've ever been. Right now, when I'm consistently being milked, my boobs sit at a DD cup, pushing an DDD to E cup once my breasts start to fill again. Deep down I know if they went unchecked they could swell larger. Even so, after we figured out a size, I ordered some bra's online with the money we've made from our Milky Maiden videos. At least they won't get saggy and I got the bras custom made to be super absorbent for the milk that leaks from time to time.

"Don't put that on yet, Lauren," Davis said when he noticed me pick a dark velvety purple bra to put on. "I'm starving babe and we need to film another video before I go. And fill some bottles up too. Go wait in the living room while I finish up here, I'll meet you once I'm ready."

I shrugged my shoulders and made my way to the couch. Davis emerged from the bathroom a minute later and set up the camera before his feed. I was ready to be milked again as my tits ached from the pressure building up in them. They felt so heavy and engorged. I felt a little sad because this would be the last time Davis would feed from me for two weeks. He was leaving to go on a business trip later in the day. I'd have to drain myself when he was gone.

Davis started recording as I sat there waiting for him to begin. As usual my head wasn't in the shot and he started licking the larger looking breast before his lips pounced and he began to suckle. Greedy little fuck taking most of the milk for himself, but god damn did it feel good. Cool chills traveled through me as the pleasure of my milk being released spread through my body. I stifled a moan as he sucked harder and harder. When he was done draining the first boob he had a little belly on him. He stopped and wiped his mouth as he was full. Davis then got up and stopped recording before retrieving the breast pump and some bottles.

Over the past week my milk production has practically doubled, so I'm producing more milk than Davis can handle in one feeding. To make extra money we decided to sell some of the leftover milk instead of wasting it. Our fans obviously went feral when we made the announcement and orders came in right away selling at \$250 a pop, including shipping and handling.

I placed a suction cup on my nipple and turned the device on while Davis did his customary after feeding pee to try and get some of that swelling down. The pump began slowly

sucking milk out of my teat and a nice sensation filled my bosom, but it wasn't as good as when Davis drank straight from the tap. Davis re-emerged from the bathroom like five minutes later and I noticed a nice bulge coming from his pants. I licked my lips and started rubbing my free nipple. God I was so tight and wet down there. These feeding sessions always felt so good but I'm not allowed to pleasure myself on camera- even though I think some of our fans might like that. I don't know maybe it's this curse thing but I've been so god damn horny lately.

"Someone in need of relief?" I asked teasingly as I pointed out the tent in Davis's crotch.

His cheeks flushed red and he tried to cover it up with his hands, but his member was so pronounced I could still see it.

"Oh, come on hun, it's completely natural. Especially with the hot bod your girlfriend has," I teased some more, hoping he was in the mood to mess around a little.

"J-just leave it alone, Lauren," he said a little angrily.

"Hey, what's wrong? I didn't mean to-"

"Nothing is wrong babe, believe me I very much want to fuck your brains out so hard right now, but this business trip is very important. I can't afford to be late to the first meeting." Davis then quickly waddled back into my bedroom without saying anything else. I felt a little dejected but surprised too at his sudden shift in emotion- but I brushed it off as stress. His superiors love Milky Maiden and all the money it's bringing in so they called him away to HQ for a few days and had some other projects they wanted him to work on in the next two weeks. Although he has to leave, it's part of his job. But It's also pretty exciting stuff and I'm making almost double what my old salary was and all I'm doing is being milked like a cow.

Now that I think about it, maybe this curse was actually just a blessing in disguise.

I shut the pump off when the last of the milk from my breasts was drained into the container. The thing was nearly overflowing with milk. I then got one of the bottles with a yellow nub and blue screw on top and poured some of the warm and fresh breast milk into it. I was on my third bottle when Davis came out of my room. His little Davis was no longer visible

in his pants. His stomach was also no longer protruding out from his white button up shirt as well so he must've released what was left of my breast milk in his bladder.

"Damn you look so hot when you do that," he said seductively as he watched me finish pouring some milk into the bottle.

I giggled and winked at him. "This could be you, ya know."

He sucked some air between his teeth. "I know, I wish it was. I'm going to head over to my place to pack. I'll come back when I'm about to leave."

"Oh ok. Do you need any help?" I asked.

"No, continue what you're doing. The sooner those get to the fans the sooner they'll buy more of the stuff. It's addicting."

"Suit yourself Mr. Businessman." I continued to pour milk into the baby bottles as Davis left my apartment.

In the time it took for him to finish getting ready to leave for his business trip, I had successfully filled all the bottles with breast milk with little spillage. I then got one of the small singular refrigerated styrofoam boxes that had begun to take over my apartment and started putting bottle after bottle in a box. I then loaded all the little singular boxes with their shipping addresses into another, larger, refrigerated box. When that was done I finally put my bra on and what used to be a long oversized shirt that rested just above my belly button.

A cute little knock came from my front door.

"Delivery!" Davis yelled like a dork.

I opened the door and Davis was leaning his hand against the wall and had this stupid goofy looking look on his face. He then leaned in to kiss me. I kissed him back, harder and more intense this time, letting my hormones take over. He gingerly pushed me off him and gave me puppy dog eyes.

"I gotta go now, I can't," he said.

"Can you at least run the milk down to the post office on your way?"

Davis pressed his lips into a thin line. "I'm sorry, I can't. I'm running a bit behind as it is Lauren. Do you want me to call Tony to come pick it up?"

Tony was one of Davis's friends/employees. I'd met him once and briefly. The guy gave me the creeps and stared at my boobs the whole time. He figured out I was Milky Maiden I guess.

"No, I can do it myself," I said, nonchalantly. I kissed Davis goodbye again as he looked at the time on his phone.

"Sorry, babe. I'll call you when I get there and I love you. Bye!"

"Bye. Love you!" I shouted back as he entered the elevator.

I closed my apartment door, slammed my back against it and slid down to the floor until my breasts rested on my knees. I sighed heavily as anxiety overcame me.

I'd become somewhat of a recluse in the past week as one with knockers my size would. The fear of them swelling and leaking in public terrified me and it's bad enough with creeps wanting to stare down my shirt at my trench sized cleavage.

I took a deep breath, stood up, and started getting ready. "I can do this," I told myself repeatedly as I pulled my hair up into a sporty ponytail, grabbed my wallet and keys, the box, and headed for the door.

What could go wrong?

A chill crawled up my spine and I shuddered as I felt the gaze of another creepy man stare at my chest. I had gotten back on the subway after discreetly delivering the bottles of milk

at the post office. My boobs jiggled and swayed as the subway moved fast and swift to the next stop. I rolled my eyes, turned slightly away from him, and buried my face into my phone. This was awkward and embarrassing being stared at like a whore by strange men I didn't know all because I had huge milk filled tits.

Another chill crawled up my spine as the subway cars doors opened and the next flood of people walked in as others walked out. Something compelled me to look up and staring back at me was the bitch who cursed me. She smiled deviously at me as the doors to the train closed and my boobs started swaying as the train started moving again.

Anger and rage bubbled up within me like the milk in my tits. Like I mentioned earlier, when I get riled up, you can't stop me. My eyes locked in on her like missiles as I started squeezing my way through the crowded subway car. I stifled a moan as my sensitive boobs brushed up against people's bodies as I squeezed my way through to the witch bitch. Some men groped me and started drooling when they got a front row show to my cleavage. The perv's disgusting looks caused me to squeeze past further. This bitch was about to get her shit rocked.

"Ah, the little cow returns," the witch said in an accent, smug all over her face.

"What the hell did you do to me you fucking witch?" I whisper-yelled at her angrily, grabbing on to her old bony wrist tightly.

"Isn't it obvious, dear? I just gave you your just deserts. I'm bringing out the inner fat cow in you!"

"Well stop. This- this curse or whatever you put on me... it ends today! End it now," I said, tightening my grip on her even more.

The witch just laughed at me, before grabbing onto my wrist and pulling me close. Her hot garbage smelling breath filled my nostrils as she said, "Did you think over this past week I've forgotten about you, my little pet? Oh the curse has only just begun, just you wait my little cow. Oh and before I forget, I really hope nobody special to you has drunk that sweet, sweet milk of yours."

"W-why?!" I asked as my legs started to weaken and I began to shake, clearly being overpowered by the witch's words.

The witch didn't say anything and just began laughing maniacally. Nobody seemed to notice the witch's howling cackle as she immersed herself into the sea of people crowding the subway train.

A moment later I felt a similar chill like I did when the witch first cursed me. It traveled through my whole body and up to my tits. I felt in horror as milk started leaking out uncontrollably from my tits. It was a slow and steady stream but even the absorbent fabric of my bra could handle so much liquid. My breasts became twice as sensitive as they used to be and I felt little trickles of milk starting to slide down my stomach. The subway couldn't approach my stop fast enough as I soon felt my bra growing tighter and tighter. My boobs were swelling again! My shirt started to ride up a little higher than it used to and I felt all the men staring at my chest as I grew hot and horny. My face was as red as a beet. I pressed my thighs together tightly as my core grew tight, hot, and wet. My boobs swung around like kids on the monkey bars which caused even more milk to flow out of my already taught breasts. I felt pools of wetness gather on my shirt and shivered as the wet spots grew. Finally the subway train stopped and I ran for the doors, embarrassment flooding through me as everyone stared at me.

A soft groan left my lips as the sensitive, heavy sacks of milk and fat on my chest bounced up and down crazily as I ran for my apartment building. By the time I got to the entrance of my apartment building it felt like my shirt and bra were going to burst!

Nothing else was on my mind as I beelined for the safety of my home. I quickly unlocked the door, got in, re-locked the door then immediately went for my bathroom. I turned the shower on hot and peeled myself out of my wet and sticky clothes. The shirt I was wearing was completely drenched in breast milk. As steam rose from the bottom of the shower towards my ceiling I looked at the damage done in the mirror. My boobs were barely contained in my bra anymore, the straps digging heavily into my shoulders. Boob spilled out from the top and bottom of the fabric. I unclasped the milk soaked garment and flung it to the bathroom floor.

I had to have EE cups by now. I held my hands on my hips as my back adjusted to the new weight coming from my chest. I could physically hear milk sloshing around in my boobs. I shuddered as I was cold and sticky and stepped into the warmth of the shower. I began cleaning

the dried milk off myself before grabbing my rather large teat, and rubbing it until milk started squirting out. Heat built up in my core with each squeeze and so after milking myself I also pleased myself.

I plopped down on the couch only in a towel exhausted from the day's events. I was ready to take a nap and forget all about my encounter with the witch, when all of a sudden I heard a loud bang. My eyes shot open as I listened for a second. Not hearing anything I closed them. Another bang and it sounded like it was coming from Davis's apartment.

Having had enough of the day, I shot up, wobbled a little, then stormed to my door as yet another bang rang out. My heart sank when I noticed that the door to Davis's apartment was slightly ajar. I moved closer as more noises came from inside. On top of everything Davis was getting robbed, great.

"W-whomever is in there be warned! I already called the cops and I'm armed!" I yelled. *Yeah armed with massive milk filled tits.* The noises continued like whoever was in there didn't hear me. I stepped closer and pushed the door open. "Alright I'm coming in!"

My breath caught in my throat at the sight before me. It wasn't an intruder or robber, no... it was Davis.

And he was dry humping a pillow with his massive dick.