

Mini-Story: Don't Steal Milk (MILF TG, AP & AR)

By FoxFaceStories

After a dare to drink a coworker's breastmilk goes horribly wrong, a pair of friends find themselves in a new symbiotic relationship; one needing to latch onto a nipple, and the other with growing nipples to latch onto! Soon they are in a very different kind of relationship, as two friends have their reality shifted into nursing mother and infant daughter!

Don't Steal Milk

Bill couldn't believe what he'd done, but he never could resist a dare from his best friend and massive prankster Doug. The pair were both in their thirties, and worked in the same insurance company. Bill had blonde hair and pale skin, while Doug had more of an ethnic blend to his skin, which was a mid-tone olive, while his hair was wavy and gave him a charismatic vibe. It was a vibe Doug had exploited time and time again when conniving his friend into another prank on their coworkers.

Sometimes it was as simple as covering their desks in overly-full cups of water, on the very edge of leaking over.

Other times it was more complex, such as spiking their boss's coffee with the spiciest chillies they could possibly find. That one had nearly gotten them fired, only they'd never been caught.

But lately, Bill had been grumbling about the new change to the company's architecture. They were *supposed* to get a relaxation room for their lunch breaks, but then *Priya* had spoken up. She was a very beautiful and stylish Indian-American woman, one who had only just joined recently. She'd turned down Doug's advances, which had already embarrassed the prankster, but now she'd notified the business that they were legally required to have a pumping room for new mothers . . . such as herself. Yes, she had a baby, and she needed to pump and store her breastmilk.

Suffice to say, Doug was deeply annoyed by this. Bill thought it was a bit much - why shouldn't a woman get a room for pumping? Not like she could just do it in a grimy bathroom, after all! But nevertheless, when he and Doug had gone bowling on the weekend, their tradition was preserved: the loser had to follow up on a dare, and Bill had lost by fifteen points.

"Okay, if that hot Indian bitch Priya wants that pumping room so much, she can have it. But I dare you, dude, to steal a bottle of her breastmilk from the fridge . . . and drink it!"

"No way!"

"Are you scared?"

“But - I could get fired!”

“Nah, the security cameras aren’t on the fridge. You can do it. Plus, you’ve been dared. You have to do it.”

Bill knew his friend was right, which was why the very next day, after Priya had taken her pumping break and stored her milk, he found a gap of time when no one was around and quickly stole it, drank it, and then put the bottle back. He thought it would taste odd, but it was surprisingly sweet. Doug clapped him on the back when he arrived back at the cubicle.

“Dude, you’re a daredevil! I can’t believe you actually did that, you mad dog.”

“It didn’t taste that bad, actually,” Bill boasted, even licking his lips a little. “I can kind of still taste it. Very sweet. But I am *not* doing that again. I think we might have gone a bit far with that one, Doug.”

But his friend just grinned cheekily. “Nah, it’s fine. She deserved it with all her ‘requirements.’ As if we need another mother’s room.”

“Is that so?”

The pair suddenly froze. Priya was behind them, the elegant Indian beauty folding her arms across her generous chest and cocking her head to one side with amusement.

“Priya!” Doug said. “We were just shooting the shit, you know how it is. Er, what did you hear?”

“It’s not what I heard, it’s what my magic detected,” she said in her smooth accent. “You taking my milk and drinking it, you fucking psycho.”

Bill took a step back. “How did you-”

“Because I’m a witch. Don’t worry, I’m not *really* mad, Bill. You see, I’ve got a penchant for gambling, betting, daring your buddies and all that. It’s kind of my shtick, you see. And it was a big gamble, and you would have pulled it off like the weirdo you are if you hadn’t picked the wrong target. Oh, but you did.”

“Look,” Doug interrupted. “There’s no proof to what you’re saying. It’s our word against yours. Bill didn’t take no breast milk and drink it or-”

“Drink it?” she remarked, a sparkle in her eyes. “Oh, you sad, strange man. Now things get *really* interesting. You see, a witch’s milk is enchanted. Even I don’t know what will happen next . . . hmm, perhaps that’s for the best. I do *love* a good game of chance. Let’s see how Fate spins your wheel, Bill. Best of luck!”

She withdrew out of sight, leaving the pair of friends exchanging a surprised glance.

“Well, that was fucking weird,” Doug said. “Even weirder than you drinking boob milk, Bill!”

“Hey, you dared me into doing that, and . . . and . . .”

He was suddenly feeling light-headed. Even a bit pale. He smacked his lips together as a thirst grew within him. For a moment, he actually swayed on his feet, so much so that his friend had to jump to his feet to catch him.

“Dude, are you okay?”

“Y-yeah,” Bill managed. “I’m just - I’m just really, really hungry. Ohh . . . no, that’s not right. I’m thirsty. I need to drink something.”

“I’ll get you a glass of water-”

“No!” Bill said, unexpectedly loud. He gripped his prankster friend by the collar, his eyes a little wild now. “I need - come with me!”

“Bill, where are you dragging me? What’s going on?”

“I just need to t-talk to you privately!” Bill exclaimed. One location was pulling him towards itself, and he marched to the pumping room, pushing open the door that was, technically, forbidden to all male employees.”

“Fuck yeah,” Doug joked. “We’re finally crashing this room! Good idea, dude. I bet there’s some glasses here if you’re still thirs-”

But Bill was already locking the door shut. The hunger was growing. The absolute need to fill up. Emotions were surging through him and he couldn’t understand them all, but they were focused on one location: Doug’s nipples. He couldn’t explain it, but his maddening thirst was directed there. The taste of breastmilk sat upon his tongue and he *needed more*. Somehow, he *knew* that his best friend and coworker’s body could provide.

“Uh, B-Bill. You’re kinda scaring me, man. What’s this about? Oh, I get it. This is another silly prank isn’t it! Trying to get me back by - hey!”

Bill practically leapt upon Doug, pressing him up against the wall opposite the door. Doug tried to fight him off, but Bill was relentless. He ripped open the other man’s white button shirt, sending said buttons pinging off in every direction. Doug’s lean olive chest was left bare, and his nipples too.

“Dude, what the fuck are you doing!?”

“I’m sorry!” Bill declared. “I’m just so thirsty! I need more m-milk!”

He gripped Doug by the shoulders and shoved his face upon the man’s chest, placing his nipple in his mouth. Instantly, something like magic passed between them, a connection that could not be severed and would bind them for life. Doug moaned, suddenly hit with a wave of unexpected pleasure.

“N-no! Stop it! G-get off, this is f-fucked up, man!”

But no matter what, he couldn’t remove Bill from his nipple, nor stop him from latching onto it and sucking. He couldn’t even *try*. It was like some invisible force was preventing him from using his hands to fling the other man off. Instead, he gasped, hit by another pulse of strange bliss as his chest began to grow and his body hair recede.

“No! Oh God, what the hell is thissss!? Ohhhh!”

Tissue and fat poured into his chest, causing it to form two prominent bumps. At the same time, his nipples distended, growing wide areolas and large feminine nipples; the kind that a breastfeeding mother would possess. Bill continued to clutch Doug’s body, sucking relentlessly. He couldn’t figure out why he was so thirsty, only that the first droplets of sweet mother’s milk were finally emerging from the man’s nipple and he *needed more*.

“Dude, s-stop it! Bill, stop it!” Doug gasped. His new breasts were getting bigger and bigger, sloshing with warm fluid that was leaking from one nipple and entering the throat of his friend through the other. He writhed, shoulders shrinking and waist as well. His hair was growing longer, while his ass and hips swelled. The change had started in his breasts but was now spreading everywhere. “I can’t s-stop you! You’ve got to d-do it! That witch did this to you and you’re s-spreading a fucking curse to me or something! Priya did this!”

Bill looked up at his friend, who seemed taller now. He knew that Doug was speaking the truth, but he simply couldn’t fight his cravings. Stranger still, but as the milk came in larger and larger quantities, he was starting to actually feel *safe*. This coincided with a shrinking of his figure; gradually, to both of their collective shock, Doug’s body started to reduce in size. His skin became smooth and blemish free, and youthful fullness returned to his cheeks. His hair filled in, growing longer and almost girlish. In fact, he was starting to *look* like a girl, shrinking into his own clothes that were soon far too large for him.

“What the fuck!?” Doug cried. “Bill! You’re turning into a kid! Ahh, and you’re drinking from my big titties. I never should have dared you to take her milk! Please just s-stop drinking!”

But Bill shook his head. The taste was getting sweeter and better, and that sensation of safety was only increasing the more he de-aged. His figure changed, his member sliding back into his body. He giggled and wasn’t sure why, and simply held on tighter to Doug and pulled his breastfeeding buddy down to his knees so that Bill could keep reaching those lovely full boobs of his.

“I can’t s-stop you,” Doug moaned. He was stroking Bill’s back now, all by some strange instinct. His hair continued to slide down his back, but his clothes were also changing to match his increasingly motherly figure. His slacks and torn shirt combined to form a cute green breastfeeding dress, the front open so that her child could gain access to her milk.

“N-no! You’re not my baby! You’re not my little Brianna! I mean it!”

Bill giggled happily at this. Brianna seemed like a much better name. Far better than Bill. He’d been a real pushover and a total creep, but Brianna never would be. She would be the most beautiful little child. A gorgeous daughter without a worry in the world, and

someone who, by her very existence as a dependent little baby, would force her mischievous and pushy friend to mature.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, sucking down more milk and drinking up its delectable sweetness. “Mommy!”

Doug’s eyes widened. He groaned, his voice going high as his breasts pushed out yet further and his hips cracked outwards too. His dick began to pull up inside of his body, but he couldn’t even get up onto his feet, because Brianna was rapidly shrinking down into a little baby in his hands. No, into *her* hands. She let loose another moan as her female genitalia formed, her penis and testicles vanished forever. The changed woman panted, struggling to deal with all that was happening, and yet compelled to clutch her tiny child to her. Brianna finished shrinking, ending at a newborn baby barely a month old. Her mind was fragile, with only glimpses of memories of her former life, and she gurgled happily as she nursed at the breast of her new mother.

Doug - Dana now, she somehow knew - managed to just barely avoid hyperventilating as an adorable little baby suit manifested around her daughter’s body. She was still sucking away happily, and Dana’s breasts were providing and then some. Without even thinking, she switched sides, allowing Brianna to nurse from her other breasts to keep things even.

“Oh God,” she groaned, compelled to mother her friend-turned-infant daughter. “I’m a mommy now. I’m a freakin’ mommy and Brianna is my baby girl all because I dared her to steal freakin’ breast milk!”

She had no way of knowing it yet, but this fate would be permanent and forever, as Priya would inform her not long after she left the room. She was now a gorgeous and rather busty olive-skinned woman with a beautiful newborn daughter. It was the price of stealing breastmilk, because now Dana would have to finally grow up and mature, and her responsibilities had just started in a big way. She was now only twenty years old, and yet her breasts would always remain full with milk for years and even decades to come, requiring constant milking long after her baby girl was weaned.

It was a good thing the company had made this pumping room then, right?

The End