

Requited Change



Chapter 14



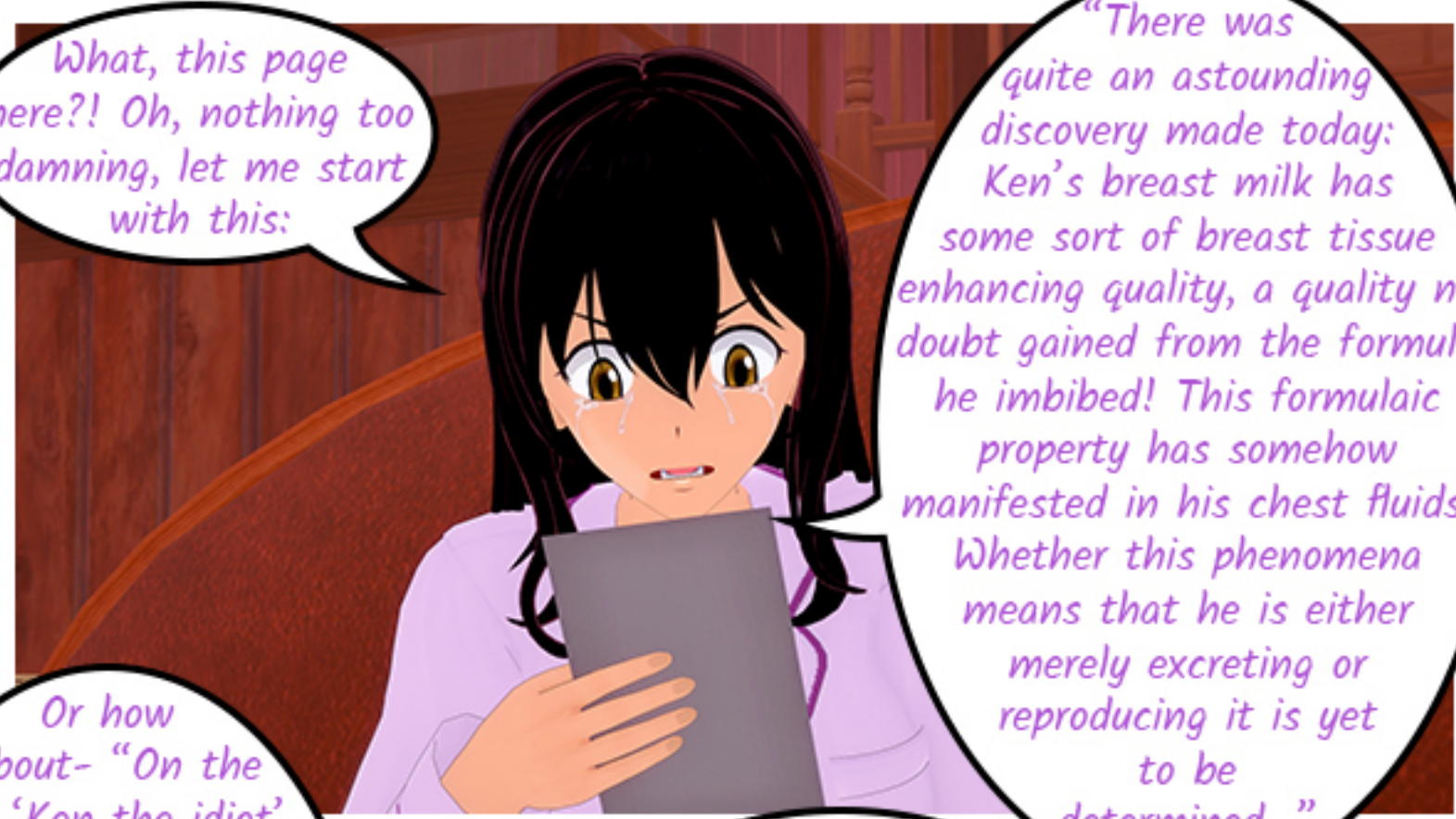
T-The pill?

Ken, there was nothing nefarious in that pill- what was on that particular page Ken?!

'Katy' wouldn't be so counterproductively self-destructive, surely?!

What, this page here?! Oh, nothing too damning, let me start with this:

Or how about- "On the day 'Ken the idiot' took the irresponsible risk of consuming the prototype formula quite the 'unfortunate' circumstance came about; the bully who is practically 'the missing link' consumed one of his milk samples in the lab..."



"There was quite an astounding discovery made today: Ken's breast milk has some sort of breast tissue enhancing quality, a quality no doubt gained from the formula he imbibed! This formulaic property has somehow manifested in his chest fluids. Whether this phenomena means that he is either merely excreting or reproducing it is yet to be determined..."



'Idiot', huh? You have no idea what was going through my mind at that low point.



Ken, your delivery of the word and the context in which it was written are-

Wait! It gets better in the more recent entries.

"Today Quid Est held its annual Swimming tournament, a tedious ritual of the Academy, but what a surprise- the effects of the milk has already altered the bully's physiology! To believe in 'karma' or some form of cosmic justice lacks scientific basis, but seeing the look on that moron's face was priceless when Isaac Newton pulled down his swimming trunks..."



And finally, the most goshed up part of this: "My first thoughts were that Ken was merely excreting the formula out of his now ample chest, not replicating itself, but after reviewing my initial theory and testing older milk samples against newer ones I now believe his DNA is somehow replicating it based on the fact that the density per ml of formula to milk ratio has not decreased at all... questions on whether any other bodily excretion contains this property is yet to be determined..."

Why didn't you tell me Emily, what the heck is wrong with you?!



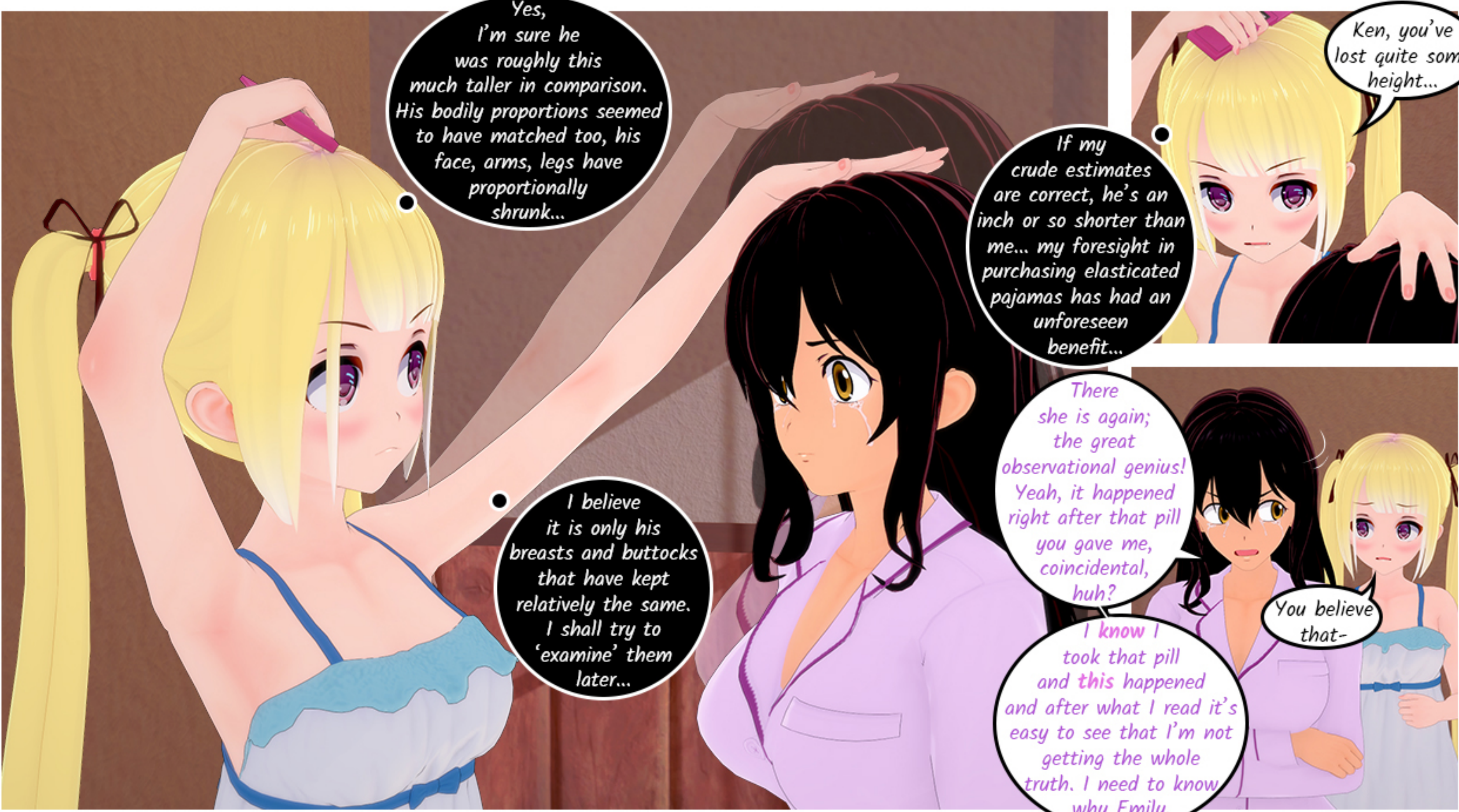
!-!-



Ken's... height was roughly **this** tall if my perfect memory recalls... I should measure.

Huh.





Yes, I'm sure he was roughly this much taller in comparison. His bodily proportions seemed to have matched too, his face, arms, legs have proportionally shrunk...

I believe it is only his breasts and buttocks that have kept relatively the same. I shall try to 'examine' them later...

If my crude estimates are correct, he's an inch or so shorter than me... my foresight in purchasing elasticated pajamas has had an unforeseen benefit...

Ken, you've lost quite some height...

There she is again; the great observational genius! Yeah, it happened right after that pill you gave me, coincidental, huh?

I know I took that pill and **this** happened and after what I read it's easy to see that I'm not getting the whole truth. I need to know why Emily.

You believe that-



Why you didn't tell me about the milk, and why you'd give me something that'd change me. *Tch!* I should've known better than to trust your mad science again!

So much for stress being a catalyst for these darn changes...

Ken I-

Emily, stop. Okay, this is a 'make or break' moment. If 'Katy' wanted to she could have burned down any relationship established between you and Ken. This was an obvious, but recklessly fired warning shot. Work the problem Emily.



Your current goal is threefold: one, dissuade Ken from any sort of stupid retaliatory actions. Two, massage any doubts he has about me. Three, make sure he has faith in the pills and effects they have. Finally, all these goals must be met with tact. Of course, no problem for a genius now 'finding their social footing'. To begin with, a light hearted 'rib poke' to rid the tension...



I see someone's obviously been awake a while rehearsing their argument...

I can also personally assure that those pills have a purpose that shall at least mitigate any further transformation. I could explain why, but the result is what's important, not the 'how' of such science.



Emily! There was no rehearsal, I'm feeling betrayed right now and I can tell you that there's no script- I'm speaking directly from my emotions!

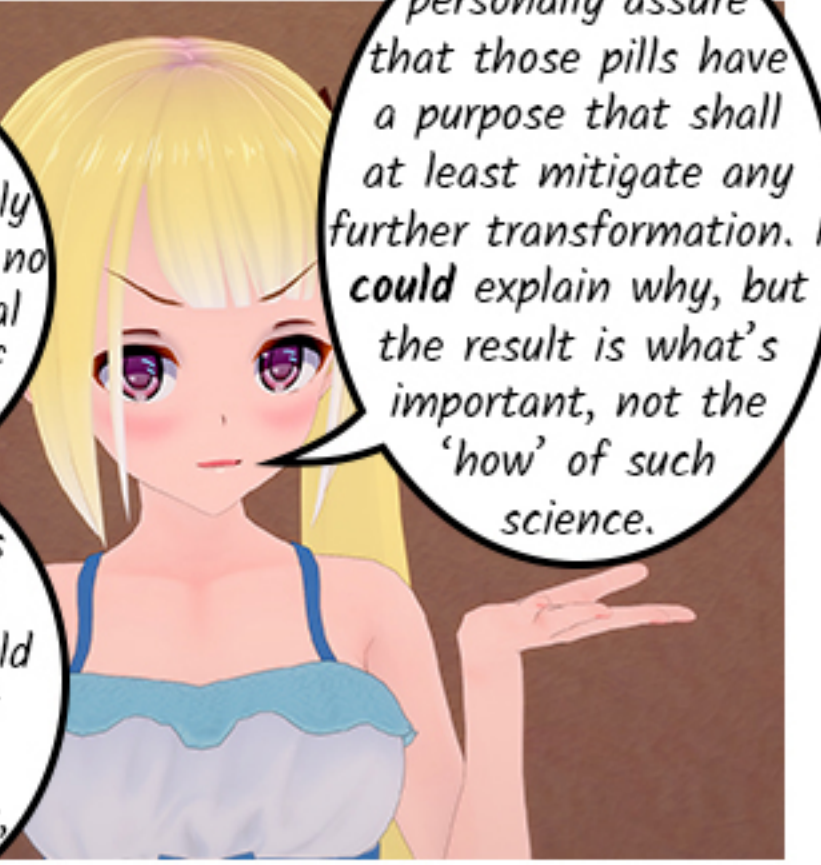


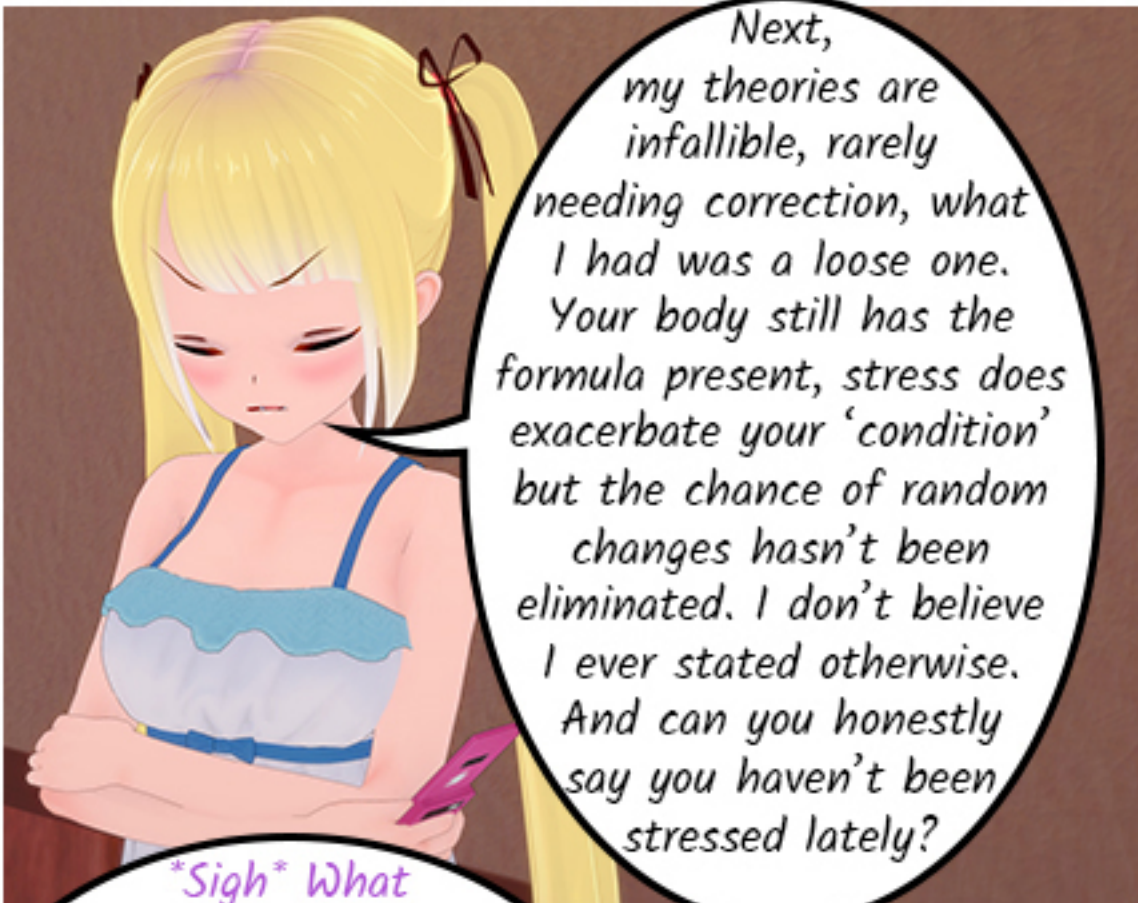
Ken, ask yourself; what would I gain from tricking you into taking a feminization agent? Your disgust, and distrust on top of that? What would be the point?



And no ethical genius would intentionally feminize a person, no matter their initial misconception of said person.

If a genius were to do this only the **most responsible** would try to fix their mistake. Hypothetically, obviously.





Sigh What you told me makes sense but I'm still annoyed with you Emily, you know how bad it is that you withheld information about my own body? I had a right to know.

There's nothing else, right? Nothing you should tell me that you're hiding away?

No. Nothing.



I was trying to protect the both of us. That flawless series of explanations should quell Ken's paranoia, but that diary needs recovering so this isn't a recurring problem.



Okay, then what are we going to do about my milk? I'm a walking bioweapon...



...and these are the biohazard containers!

lift

squish

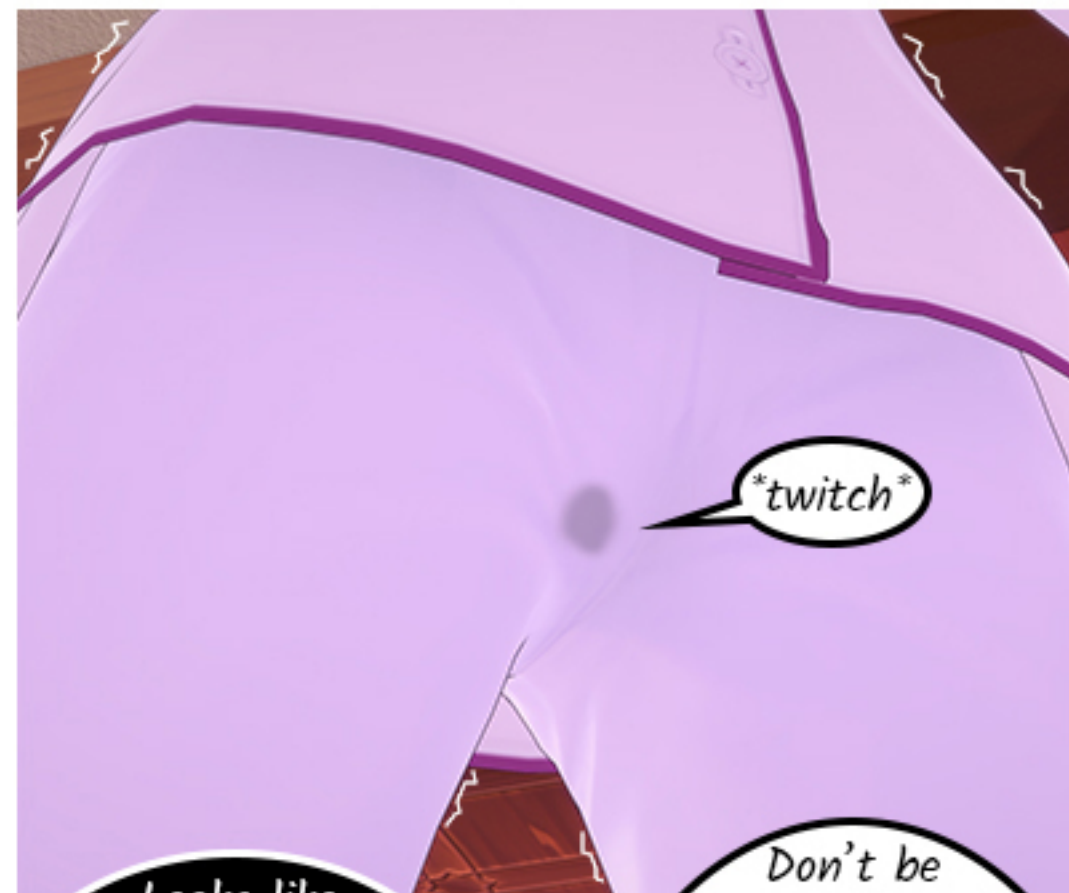


God, they're still itchy...

I'm *'ah'* like 'patient zero' in zombie flicks. Except I give tits to whoever I infect, whether they're male or *'ngh'* female!



NGH!



twitch



Did I just-

In front of Emily too? I only touched them for a few seconds! But... it didn't feel right... like it was *way* more in my chest than-

Oh my, is everything okay Ken? You were just convulsing.



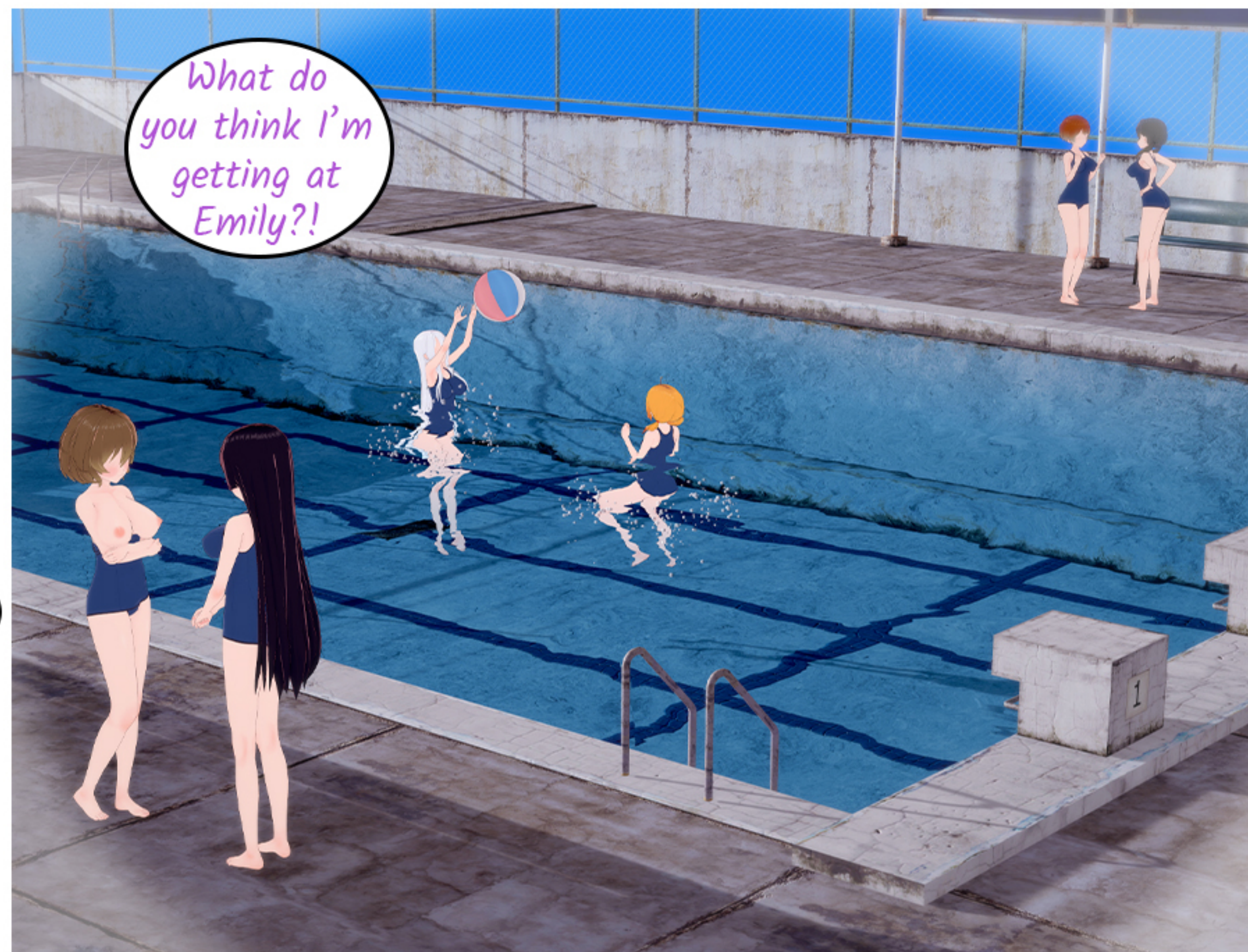
Y-Yeah... We might want to incinerate this clothing just in case...

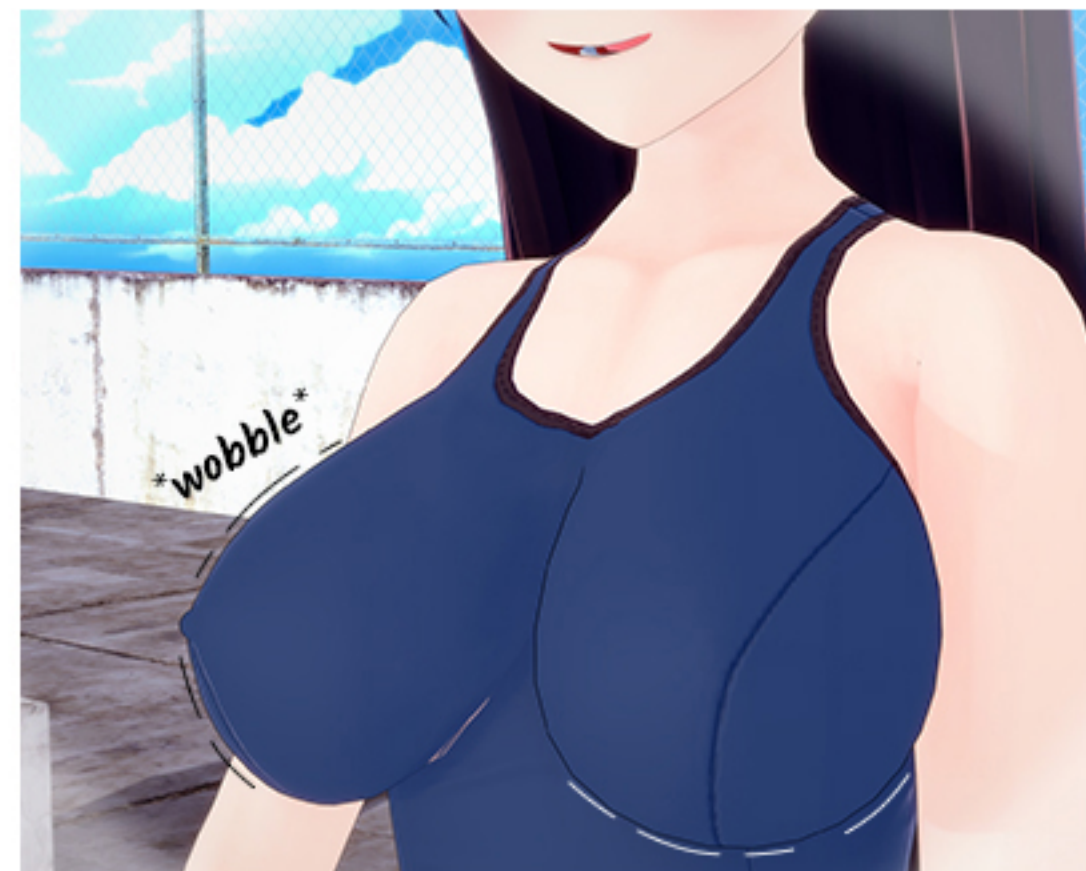
Damnit, why are they getting more sensitive and so quickly?

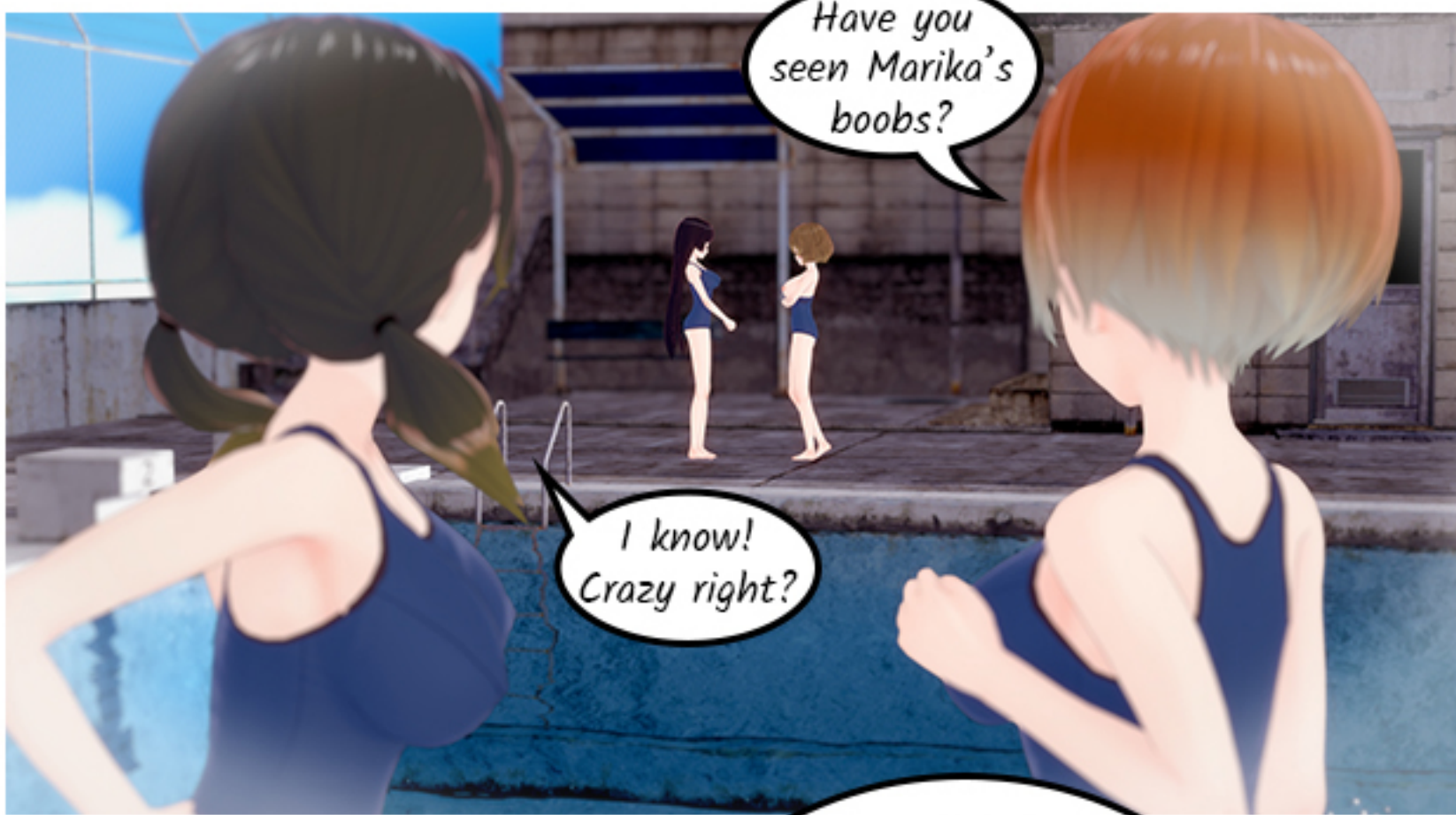


Looks like someone is getting 'first-hand experience' of the joys their assets give.

Don't be so melodramatic Ken, it'd be impractical throwing out any clothing that you soak with your milk, simply washing them should suffice. You really should stop swimming in odd ideas Ken.

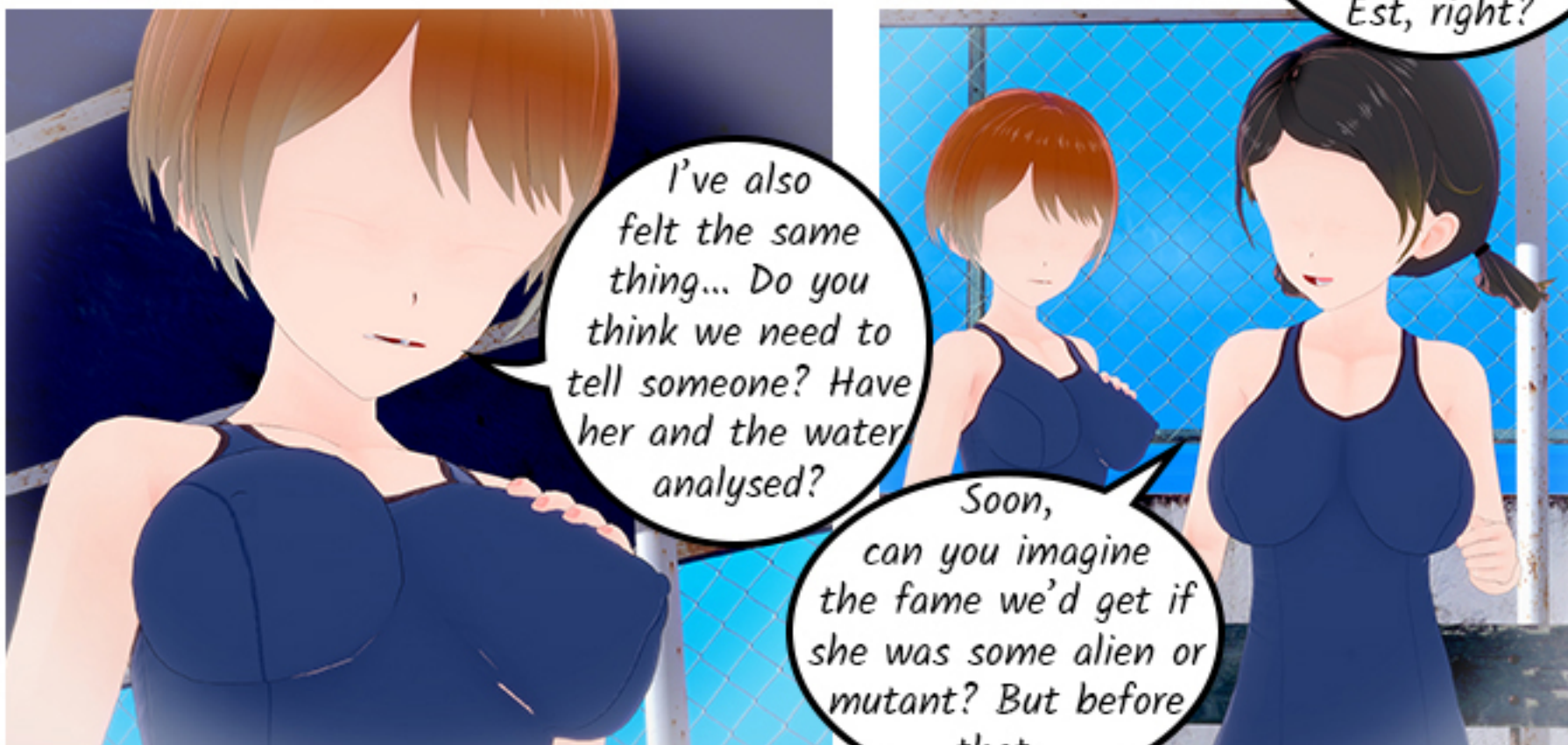








I've noticed that whenever she swims with us my boobs get really tight and the next day- boom! There's titty growth! This didn't happen before her coming to Quid Est, right?




SPLASH




Really Ken?
To be frank, the chances of a group of average girls wanting to have you and a pool scientifically analysed isn't exactly high.

Hmmm...
Were those feelings of joy his own feelings on his breasts projected onto those characters?




If they correlated the pool to their breast growth superstition would more than likely rule their minds, making them believe it's a 'blessed pool' or some other such nonsense.

There is little chance that this would occur, the milk would be too diluted, but I'm getting some interesting insight into Ken's mind, let's see if I can delve into it a bit more...




Yes, there's nothing logically that coincides your arrival to that situation anyway. With our contextual knowledge on your unique predicament it may be an understandable correlation...

But it has the possibility to draw unwanted suspicion to us, right? And what if-




Besides, shouldn't girls have the chance to have large breasts if they want? Even an average person let alone a genius shouldn't be bound by mere genetics...

But it wouldn't be their choice, it would happen without them knowing! And what if a guy-

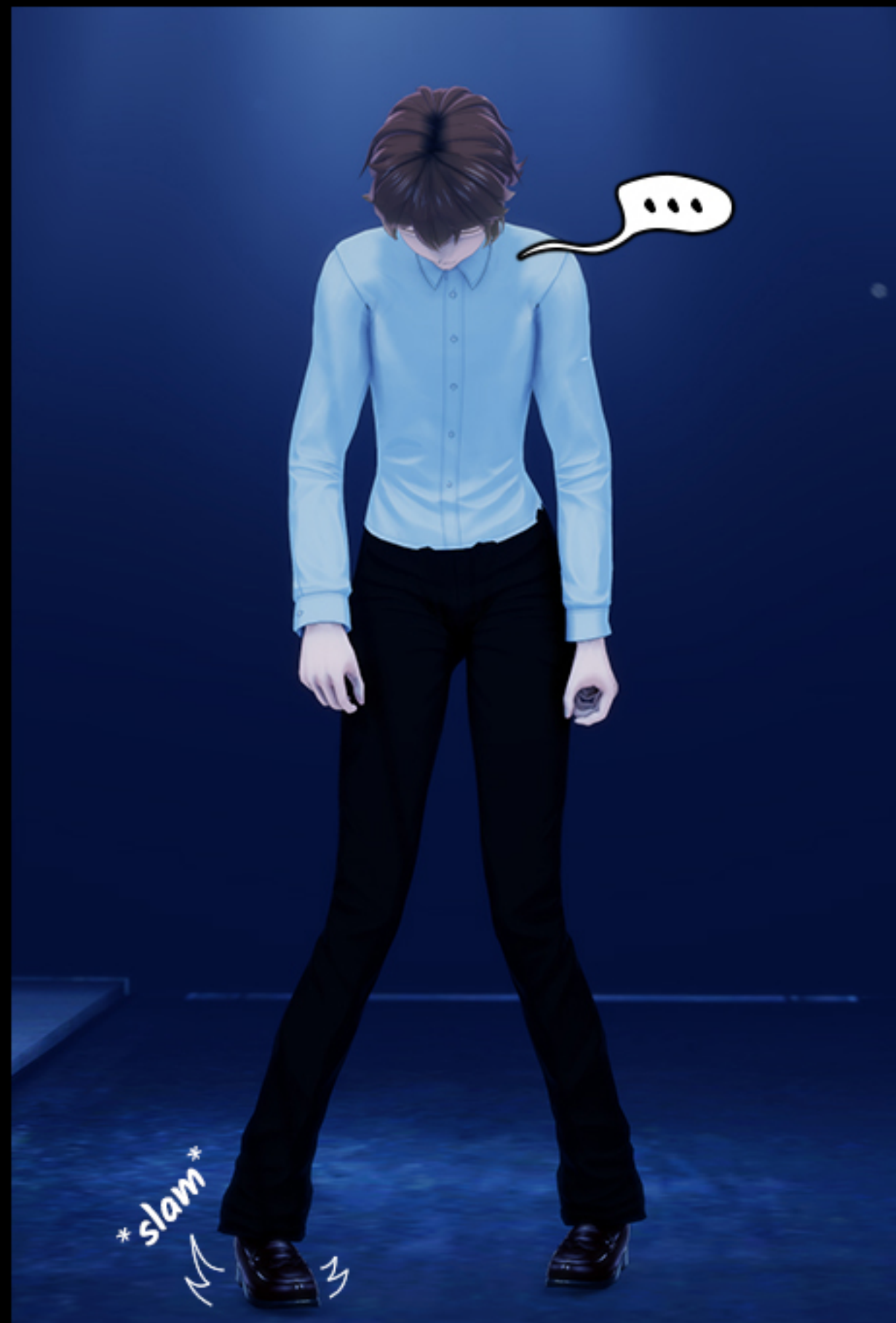


Ken, you are such a unnecessary worrywort at times. What do people say? 'It's a real drain'?

I don't know how you can be so blasé Emily! Wait- Drain...



I've been milking myself into the drains!















Somebody!



Anybody!



Please...

This is an emergency broadcast to all residents. Stay indoors when possible. Do not approach any individuals displaying signs of infection. Report any infected or suspected infected individuals to the nearest CDC agents within your area. Be aware of any milk or products known to contain lactose. Keep clear of any and all giant breasts. At the first sign of a downpour seek cover, and if caught outside unprepared direct yourself to your nearest designated CDC shelter. Repeat...

Be calm citizens. The CDC are working around the clock to contain this epidemic. We shall find the origin of the situation before long. Repeat...

HELP ME!!!



And we just got rid of Covid...

It's of particular interest that the male scenario was more horrific in theme than the female one, which was more beneficial for the characters. Psychology isn't my field, but I'm sensing a deeper meaning there.

Moreover the concentration of milk in any pool or public water systems would be too diluted to take effect. I'm also confident that the pools and public water systems would have adequate water treatment to rid the milk as a contaminant.

There's nothing to say this is the case, but I'm highly doubtful that Ken's fears are justified.



Ken, although these fantasies are exciting to only you, there's no evidence that the 'afflicted' produce their own 'infectious' milk nor lose their higher brain functions... though with some of your decision making recently... particularly concerning Lola...



Seriously, you sound like one of those irrationally anxious nutjobs that believe there's large quantities of estrogen in drinking water.

'Pretty rational' don't you mean? Emily, we've created a huge problem! Think of all the innocent people out there! We have a responsibility!



Ken, you're getting worked up over nothing! We shall make sure your milk doesn't-

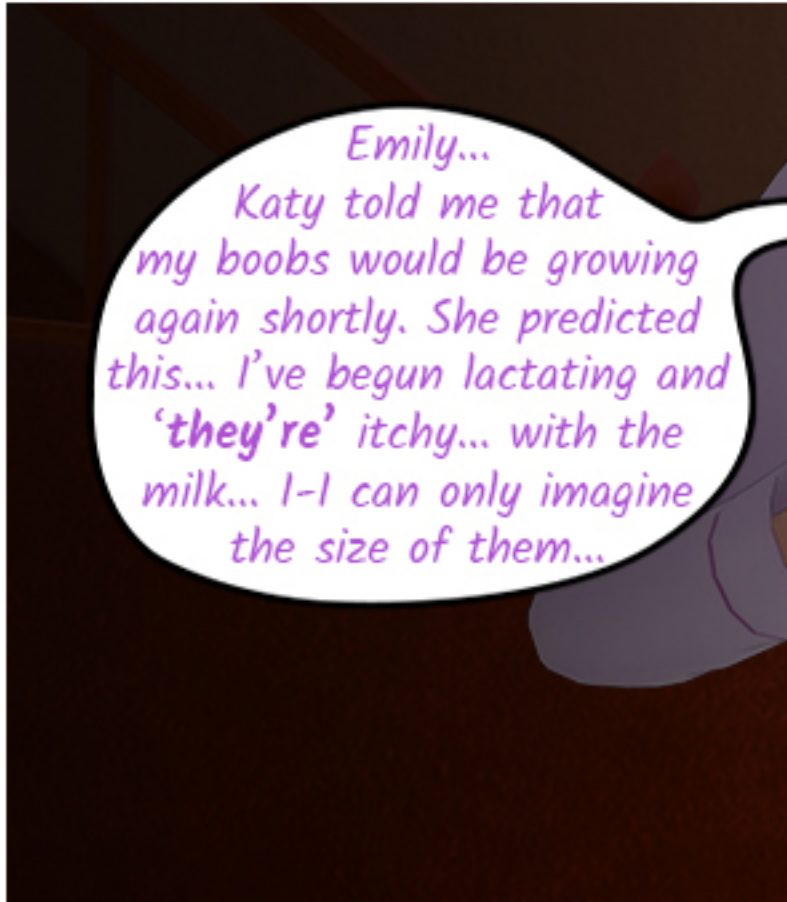
What about our friends and family too? My aunt won't be able to move! Aran, Lola-



Lola!
Lola drank my milk
at the hotel!



A-And
she forced me
to drink some
too!



Emily...
Katy told me that
my boobs would be growing
again shortly. She predicted
this... I've begun lactating and
'they're' itchy... with the
milk... I-I can only imagine
the size of them...



Hmph! Oh, please,
tell us all about your
sordid lovemaking Ken!

It-it's
not fair... there
should be a 'grace rule'
for time in-between
changes... I've only
just shrunk...

Sigh This means
that I won't be 'catching
up' to Lola in the near
future...



Before we dip
into another bizarre
fantasy Ken; the formula's
already in your system. It
may affect others but it
would be like adding another
drop to an overfilled
ocean where you
are concerned!

Trust me,
I know about
biology, and for the
hundredth time: Katy is
NOT doing this to
your body!

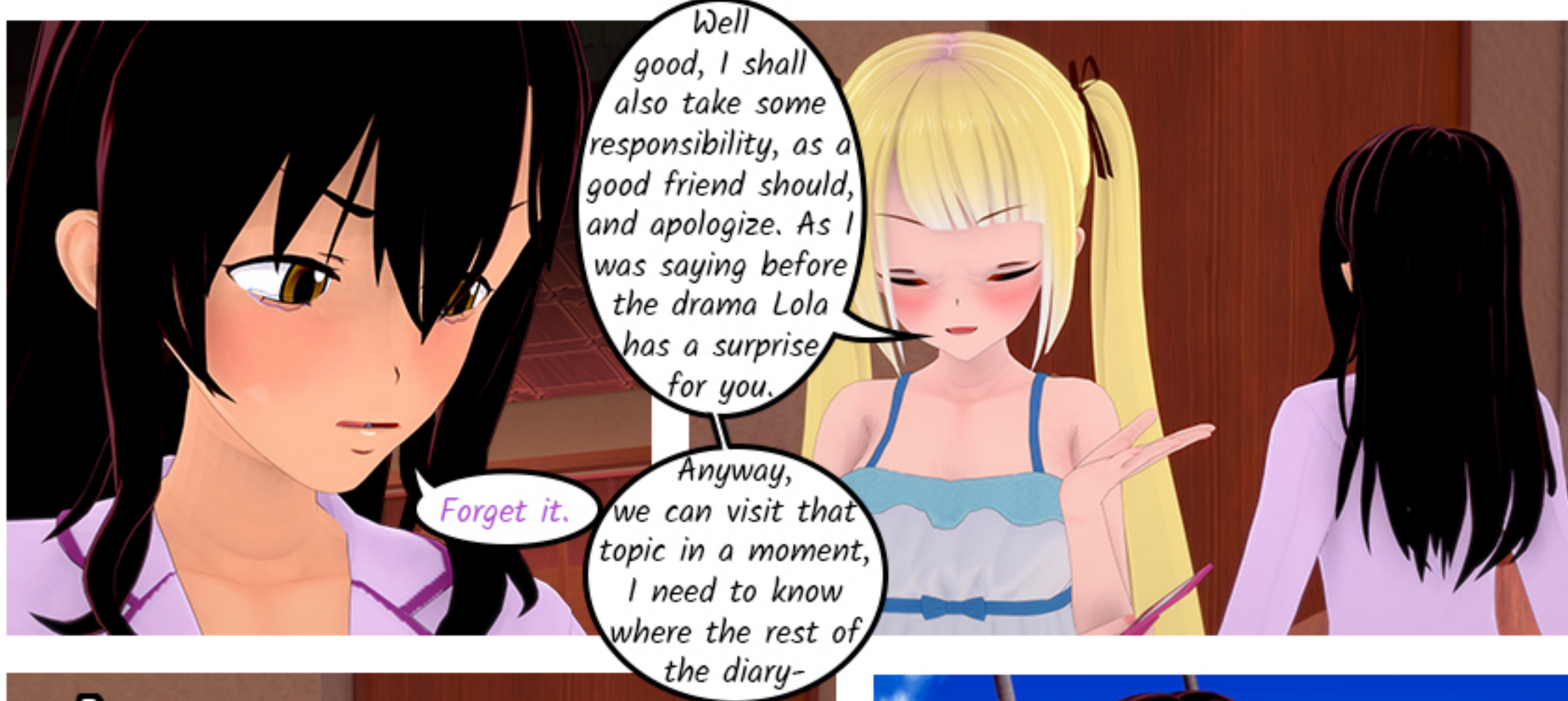


PSST! Hey
sis, "trust her"?
How can we? We both
know there's a doubt
gnawing on the back of
our beautiful mind,
right? See what she
says about it.



It's nonsense
to see causality
there.





Well good, I shall also take some responsibility, as a good friend should, and apologize. As I was saying before the drama Lola has a surprise for you.

Forget it.

Anyway, we can visit that topic in a moment, I need to know where the rest of the diary-



SLAM!



Oh, Em, GEE! I am totally thrilled little sis! I thought you were so gonna let Emily get away with that!

AND you've left her stuffy apartment in those pajamas without a second thought! I'm so proud!



Cute choice on the slippers BTW sis. Totally noticed that you sprung for them, and not your usual shoes.

It's not as if mine fit anymore, these are Emily's... plus they match...



Whatever, what does it matter anyway?



Shut up, just so we're clear; I don't trust-

Katy?



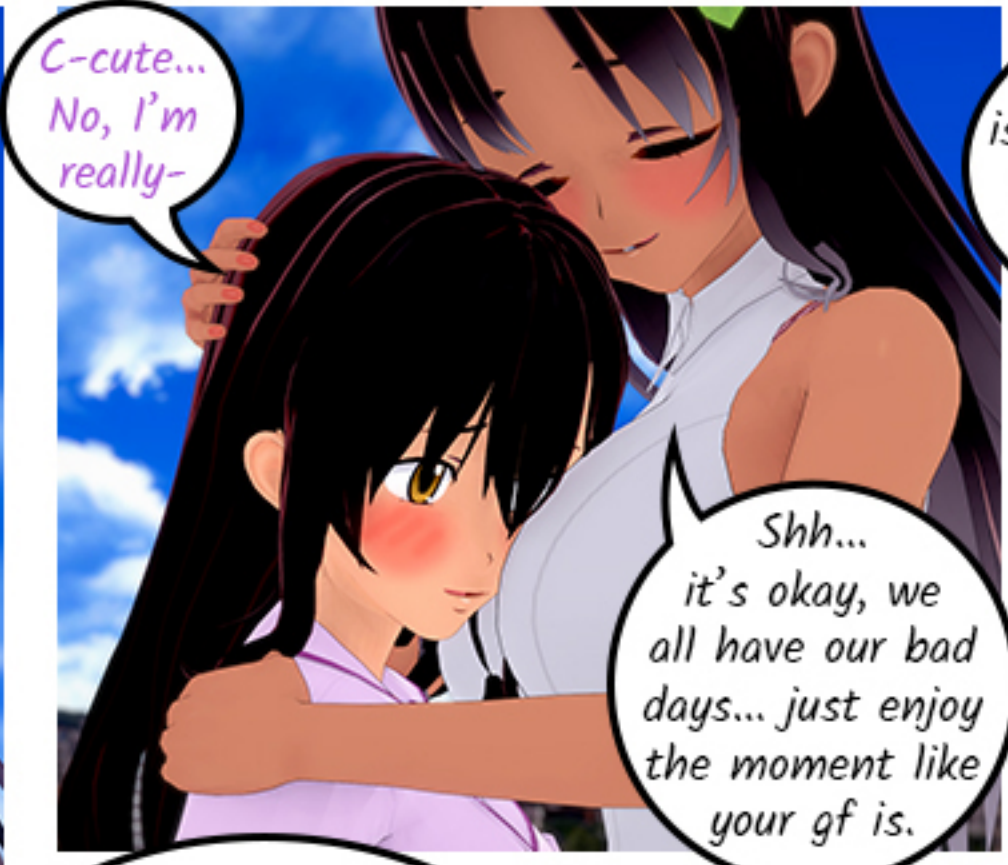
Hmm
Hmm~



POOF



There there...
I don't want to see
my cute girlfriend looking
so down in the
dumps...



C-cute...
No, I'm
really-

Shh...
it's okay, we
all have our bad
days... just enjoy
the moment like
your gf is.



There,
that's better
isn't it? There's nothing
like hugging your cute
gf to get rid of the
blues, right?

Hehe~
I'm happy to
hear that...



And... you know...
I'm a strong advocate
for reciprocity in relationships,
including 'second base'. Unless
you haven't forgiven my
forwardness at the
hotel?

Sigh
Lola? The hotel?
There's nothing
to forgive...

Huh?

Don't you
want to hug
me, silly?

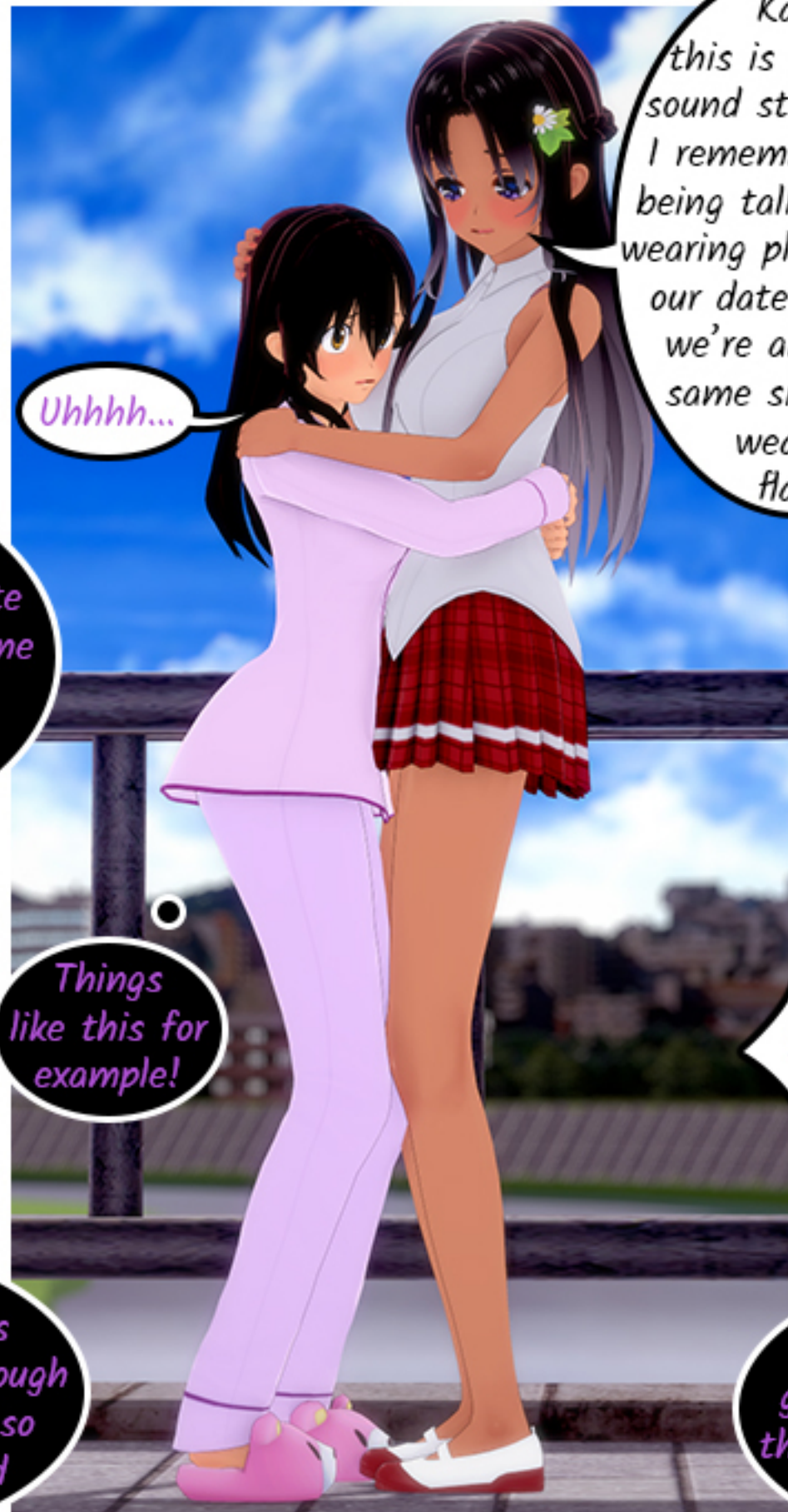


This is... really nice. I never realized before but it's quite hot being hugged by someone much taller than you... I feel so secure... it's oddly comforting.



You can always talk to me Katy. Us girls with so much on our chests always find it a relief to get something off of them! Hehe~

This closeness to Lola almost makes everything I've been through worth it... but there's so much left to contend with.



Uhhhh...

Things like this for example!

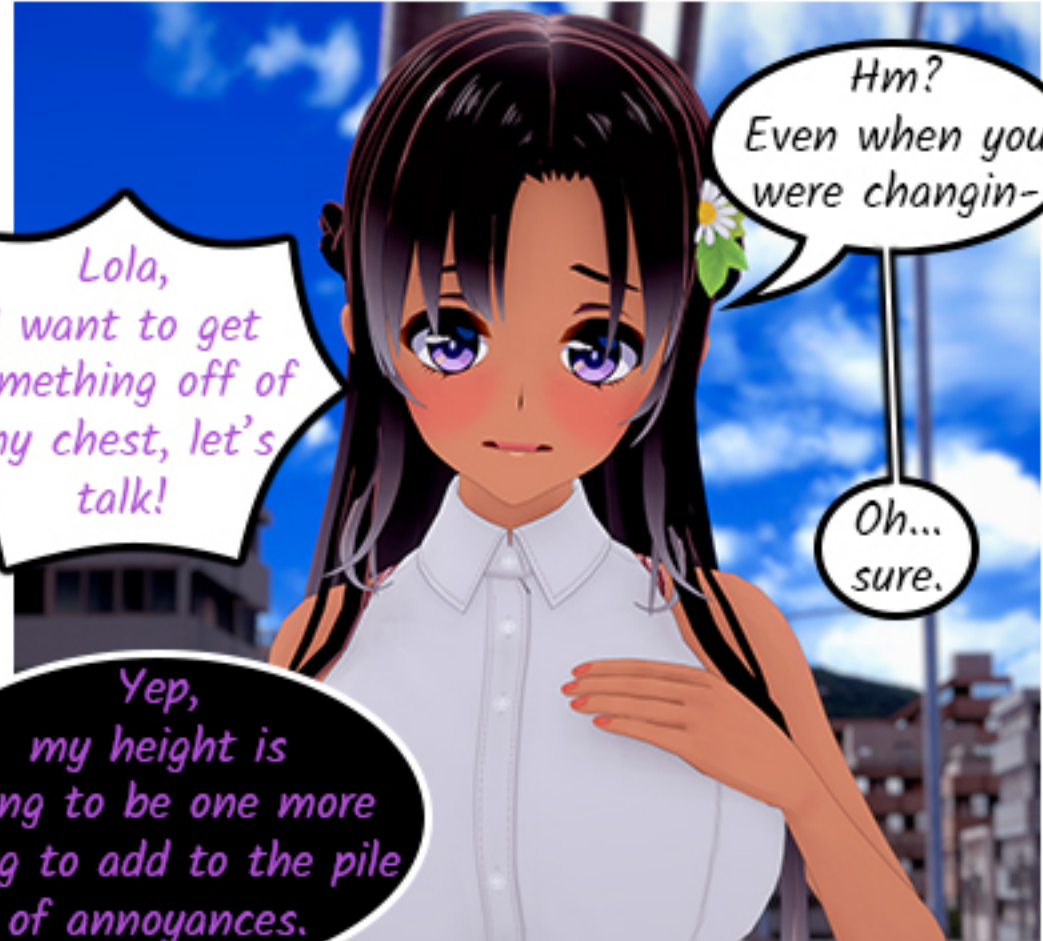
Katy, this is going to sound strange but I remembered you being taller... I was wearing platforms on our date and now we're about the same size while wearing flats.



Well er, I was wearing heels too!

Lola, I want to get something off of my chest, let's talk!

Yep, my height is going to be one more thing to add to the pile of annoyances.



Hm? Even when you were changin-

Oh... sure.

After Ken loosely telling Lola about having a falling out with Emily citing malicious selfishness.

So that's why you are in your PJs. Are you sure there wasn't a misunderstanding somewhere? She can be a bit... bratty, but I don't ever really think of Emily as a malicious person. I think she is just a little 'socially stunted'.

You've noticed that in her, huh?

It's difficult for even me to overlook that in her sometimes! Hehe~

I just try and remember that not all people are wholly good or bad, we're all complicated.

And if you are really finding it difficult living with her you can move in with me.

Wh-what!

Lola, I-I can't!

Aw, what a shame, I wanted to cuff you! It's okay, I was only teasing, I love that flustered look of yours.

I mean, I'd love to, but-

You would?!





No, I should tell her. I'd be a hypocrite otherwise.

Well, that was fate intervening concerning the milk, I may be worrying over nothing after all.

Lola, I-
Would you like to join me on an impromptu date Katy?

It kind of feels like we're on one already, doesn't it? I'm not too sure, I already feel a little goofy being out in these PJs... What was the plan?

I had a great idea that my girl needed to de-stress so... how about some pampering at a salon? It'd be my treat! I may even buy her some clothes, hehe!



A salon?! For, like, a makeover?! Lola, I've never been to one and I'm not hot on the idea. Not when I've been in control anyway.

"My girl" again...



You've never-?! But your skin and hair is flawless! You must have a great home routine!

Katy, I know you're shy. But I have to insist that I take my cute gf to her first salon!



I don't know Lola... and please stop calling me cute...

It doesn't make me happy when you say that, or even compliment my hair and skin...

Not when I get such an adorable reaction hehe~



grab