

Your New Barista

by mysteryguy9215

To say Megan was a caffeine addict would be a misnomer. Sure, she enjoyed her daily cup from the next door cafe, but it wasn't as if she needed it to get by. It was just...a way of starting the day, and that was all. That being said, when her usual little hole in the wall was shut down, she couldn't help but be incredibly irritated, having no choice but to check out the newer place that had opened nearby her home. It was within walking distance, which she had to admit was nice, but Megan was always...cautious whenever she had to start investing in a new daily location.

The outside was in a small strip mall – only a few other businesses were present, one of which being a law firm, the other being medical clinics. Certainly a...weird place for a coffee shop, but there were other vacant buildings so this was just *ripe* for potential. At least, those were the thoughts going through Megan's mind until she saw the name of the shop, in the form of a large sticker across the front window:

“Milkie Milkie Cafe!~”

Megan suppressed a laugh as she reached towards the door, bells jingling as it swung open. She walked in, the inside being the usual cramped affair – white walls and little decoration, there were tiny little red vinyl chairs with stainless steel piping scattered around the two square tables shoved in the corner, the window mostly blocked by the logo of a little chibi cow face printed on it. Megan approached the counter, with no one being around as she had entered the building. She had heard a stir from beyond the register, however, as she had walked in and sent the bells attached to the doorknob rattling.

“Be right there!” a soft voice called from out from behind the partition wall, steam rising from beyond it. Megan restrained her impatient groan, looking down at her phone for a moment before a figure rushed out of the back. The sight surprised Megan; the woman was clad in what looked like a milk maid outfit – white frills and all. It was a bright red instead of the traditional black, however, and she appeared to be wearing a shirt and pants underneath it. The second thing Megan noticed about her clothing was that she was practically *busting* out of it – the straps of the dress seemed to dig into her shoulders, with the T-shirt straining and pulling up her midriff. “Sorry about that! Welcome to Milkie Milkie Cafe, what can I get ya?”

“Er...uh...one sec...” Megan stumbled a bit on her words, trying to wrench her eyes up to the illuminated menu hanging above the counter. Her peripheral vision, however, kept distracting her, as the barista's breasts seemed like they were desperately trying to escape from the window in her dress. Pushing a strand of hair from her face, Megan cleared her throat and ordered. “I'll take...one uh...small mocha, please.”

“The Milkie Milkie Mocha? Coming right up!” The barista's voice was upbeat and chipper, disarming Megan further and sending a shiver through her. Sitting on one of the nearby chairs, Megan pulled out her phone and attempted to distract herself. But her mind was racing – this barista, she reminded her of an ex that Megan had not all that long ago. Bright, bubbly, busty and beautiful. Now, this person was quite a few sizes larger than her ex – she looked like she was smuggling a couple of honeydew melons in her shirt – but everything else that Megan missed from her old s/o was absolutely permeating the air around this woman.

As she sat there waiting for her order, Megan couldn't help but overhear a faint noise, buried

underneath all the violent steam and strange industrial noises coming from the other side of the cafe. It almost sounded like...moaning? Megan stood, slowly approaching the counter, hearing the sound get louder and louder until it abruptly stopped, the other noises quieting along with it. The barista suddenly swooped around the corner, drink in hand, smile on her face, and a light pink hue across her cheeks.

“One Milkie Milkie Mocha!” Her voice was unceasingly chipper, Megan smiling and thanking her as she took the small cup, tapping her debit card on the screen before looking back up at the barista one last time to thank her.

“Thanks so m...” Her voice caught in her throat as her eyes glanced down at her bust. For one, there was a nametag that she hadn't seen before, but was completely obscured by her long red hair. The other thing she hadn't noticed were the wet spots that lightly tinted her uniform, right where her nipples were. “...much...” Megan finished, words hazy as she pulled her eyes away and looked back up at her. She was worried she may have been offended by her quick glance, but her expression was unfettered; just a broad grin on her face.

“Of course! Come again soon, ok?” She insisted before Megan took her drink and left the cafe, taking sips as she walked home. She couldn't help but feel off-put by the little shop, but the barista's positive energy and...other attributes certainly caught Megan's attention. Tucking a lock of her long brown hair behind her ear, she continued her way over to her home, only a five minute walk from a back road connecting to the alley that the cafe was connected to.

Once back at her studio apartment, Megan set her coffee down and took off her cardigan, now only clothed in her white tank top and powder blue short-shorts, it being a particularly hot day of the summer. And yet, she got hot coffee. She knew iced coffee existed, but she was still transitioning into the summer and hadn't gotten her mind into it. After all, it was a cloudy, windy day just yesterday. As a result, half the drink sat on her desk as she woke her computer up from its sleep, putting on her headset as she began her day of cold-calling. Letting out a sigh, Megan booted up the program on her computer and started her calls.

“Hello?” The other side of the phone asked.

“Hello, James Caldwin? This is Megan from TeleCenter.” She paused for a second and a half, the customer on the other end letting out a 'huh?' in response. “How are you doing today?”

“...I'm fine, what's this about?” He sounded impatient, as most of the people she contacted did.

“I am calling about our software that helps you with the strategic implementation of-”

CLICK

Megan sighed, marking the task as “complete” on her sheet before moving onto the next one. As she got absorbed in her work, she hadn't noticed her bra straps starting to dig into her shoulders. Self-consciously adjusting one of them, Megan sighed after another hang up before looking down at herself. “God, why am I wearing this? There's no Zoom meeting today...” She muttered to herself, reaching back and unclasping it, cups springing forward slightly in her shirt. The feeling surprised her, as it wasn't something that had ever happened before when taking off the garment. Regardless, she pulled the bra out from the bottom of her shirt and tossed it on her couch nearby, continuing her calls.

One call after the other, with Megan going through her daily script again and again, ten minutes flew by as her shirt grew tighter and tighter without her paying any mind. Her old B-cups had become Ds, the once meager oranges upgrading to grapefruits. Even with this new mass attached to her front, Megan paid no mind, starting her next call.

“If I could get a few minutes of your time, I would like to tell you about the features our company offers.” She insisted.

“Hmmm...we have been meaning to switch our providers. Do you offer on site assistance as well?” Megan had this one. Any time there was a follow up interest, it was pretty much in the bag.

“Yes, we have workers that are available for appointments-” She cut herself off, bringing a hand up to itch one of her breasts, which had started to feel a bit...irritated, for some reason? Looking down, Megan held back a gasp as she looked back up at the computer screen, trying to stay in her groove.

“Can I schedule a meeting, then?” The man asked, Megan doing her best to get her focus back. It was difficult, however; there was a prickly friction beginning at the very ends of both of her breasts, which had clearly bloated to DD status. The source was her nipples, which were rapidly becoming harder and harder.

“Y...yes, of course sir. I can put you on the calendar and you can speak...with...” Her voice caught again as an odd noise began to get louder just below her. It sounded like...churning? Bubbling? Like a beverage was brewing right under her shirt, but...

“Hello?” The man sounded impatient now.

“I'm going to transfer you to one of my associates, please hold.” Megan tapped a button to transfer, spinning her chair away from the computer and pulling off her headset. “What the fuck is happening to me?!” She pulled up her shirt, looking down at her chest. Gone were the average little bumps she had before, now replaced with breasts that would easily overwhelm her hands. She brought them up to confirm this, and suddenly gasped, the tingling sensation amplifying exponentially as she touched them. The feeling didn't dissipate when she took her hands either, which concerned her. “Ooh...why do I feel so weird...” Unable to take her eyes off of them, her petite nipples began to stand on end, gradually sticking out about a centimeter and puffing up, turning a slightly darker shade of pink. The bubbling noise had gotten louder, white pearls of liquid beading up on the little pink tips of her nips, before they decided to suddenly start spraying across her carpet.

“Oh shit!” Megan cried out, quickly rushing to the kitchen and hanging her tits over the sink as they expressed thin lines of white liquid out into the silver basin. She squinted, grunting as the lines grew more constant and thicker for a brief moment before abruptly coming to an end. And with that sudden lactation episode over with, Megan opened her eyes back up and observed that her breasts had shrunk back down to their normal size, tingling and sloshing all out of her system. Cautiously giving one a poke, she raised an eyebrow, still catching her breath from the whole ordeal.

“Alright...so...what was that about...?” She whispered to herself, looking down at the sink as the light white hue of milk still coated it. She turned the sink on, letting it flow down as she racked her brain for what possible reason she could have lactated like that for. She hadn't been with a man since high school, so what could it possibly be? Stepping back into her living room, she eyed the cup that sat innocently at her desk and furled her eyebrows in thought. “No way...it couldn't be...” She picked the

cup up, feeling the last half of the remaining contents swig around the container. "...the fuck did that chick sell me...?" She sniffed it, the scent being that of (surprise!) coffee. Bringing it to her lips, Megan decided that she needed her theory proved, and tipped the cup up, drinking the rest of the contents.

Quickly making her way to the kitchen sink, she propped her breasts above it as she waited.

"This is so dumb...why am I even...?" Had she really just taken MORE of what had caused her to grow and lactate? Was that really the best idea? With little time to consider it, she felt her skin quickly stretching, her attention quickly snapping down to her chest as it began its quick swelling through cup sizes. Within a few seconds she had gone back to the old DD size, but for some reason, even though she had consumed basically the same amount as before, she continued to grow even larger. She continued to swell, breasts inching their way down her chest as her nipples stood to attention, grapefruits turning to cantaloupes in little time at all. "Woah...no, ok, no...stop..." Megan bit her lip, breasts still continuing their relentless bloating as they began to touch the sink below her, eliciting a gasp from Megan's lips. The bubbling started right as soon as her growth halted, a few inches shy of being as big as her head, before they started to gradually leak, white liquid trickling into the basin as Megan brought her hands to the sides of her massive chest.

Megan stood there, watching as her severely swollen set on her chest continued to lightly express itself, trickling into the sink as she caught her breath. It wasn't long until the streams grew stronger and stronger, this time uniting into one solid spurt of milk from each nipple that made the metal of her sink ring out from the impact. "Oooh...ok...so...wow that feels kinda good..." Megan brought her hands to her nipples, flinching at the touch at first, but gradually, instinctively, starting to pull at them. The tugging only elicited a more intense flow of milk, Megan gasping as she let go of them and braced herself on the sink, her breasts gushing and shrinking back to their normal size over the course of about two minutes – quite a bit more time than her first round.

Letting out a long sigh, she moved away from her sink, once again turning it on so the milk could all wash away. She rubbed her face in her hands, still unsure of whether or not she was dreaming.

"That was...so...how did that even work...?" Megan scratched her head, looking at the empty cup before tossing it in the trash. As she moved around her apartment, however, she couldn't help but feel a slight...pinch come from her shorts. Her heart dropping slightly, Megan rushed over to her bathroom and flipped on the light.

These days, Megan always dressed for comfort. Working from home did that to a person. Today, after she had returned from her short outing, she had tossed on a white tank top, which was still lying on the arm of her desk chair, as well as some powder blue cotton short-shorts. Usually, the shorts had a little slack at the bottom, containing her relatively small, but perky backside. Being on the shorter side, Megan always appreciated her proportions; not only did she have a modest bust that fit her frame perfectly, in her opinion, but her butt also had a lift and shape that she'd see constantly online. Maybe not as big, but it was certainly fit.

What she saw in the mirror now was certainly...less fit. It was still perky, make no mistake, but all the slack her shorts once had was now traded for cuffs that pinched into her now much more swollen thighs. She poked her cheek, then gasped, pulling her hands back to her mouth in shock.

"That's...different..." A look of concern crossed her face as she bit the side of her finger nervously. "...hope that's temporary too..." She walked back out of the room, trying her best to ignore how tight

her shorts had become, and returned to her computer. Donning her headset, she pushed herself to get through the rest of her day uninterrupted. With calls flowing again, she made it through her four hour shift, wiggling uncomfortably in her office chair frequently as she desperately tried to put the thought of her bigger backside behind her.

As the day drew to a close, she logged out for the night, clocking her hours and helped clients, sign ups, et cetera into her digital logbook, before finally sighing and stepping away from her computer. After reheating some leftover pizza for dinner, she quickly consumed it and made her way into her small bedroom, putting on her favorite Hulu series as she undressed and tossed on a silk camisole. The garment was large enough to be a dress on her, and it was usually relatively modest...but she couldn't help but feel the soft fabric brushing against her hips. "...so that's still...here..." Megan mused morosely as she sat in her bed, slipping into the covers and doing her best to push it all out of her mind. It was her day off tomorrow, which meant she had time to get some chores done.

But more importantly, she was planning on another visit to a particular coffee shop.

* * *

jingle jingle

The bells let out their sound as Megan entered the cafe early the next morning. She was greeted with the same view as yesterday, the same barista turning the corner with a smile on her face to welcome her.

"What can I get you today?" Megan approached the counter, a bit nervous to ask about what had occurred. For one, she didn't know if it was truly the coffee that *intentionally* had effected her, or if her body had simply reacted to the coffee. But she just had to ask.

"Hey so...I don't know if you remember me-"

"Of course I do! You came in yesterday and got the Milkie Milkie Mocha." Megan's eyebrows lifted at the barista's memory. Stumbling a bit, she pushed on with her questioning.

"Right, so...um...I was wondering...uh...if the drinks you serve here...are they..." She scratched at her backside, clad in a pair of pastel pink yoga pants that fit perfectly fine a few days ago, but were now quite snug around the thighs. "...do they...do anything to...hmm..." Megan was struggling, but the barista seemed to pick up on what she was referring to.

"Oh! You...you didn't...know?" She turned her head to the side quizzically.

"...know what?" Megan asked back.

"Hmm...one sec..." The barista dug around behind the counter for a moment before pulling out what looked like an ad flier, setting it on the counter for Megan to read:

"Grand opening of the Milkie Milkie Cafe! Try our special cream and enjoy the fun results!" Beneath the sentence was a sequence of cartoons depicting a woman. The first panel she was normal, drinking a cup of coffee. The next panel, her breasts were bigger. The one after that, they were shown even bigger and spraying milk. The final panel showed the woman going back to her normal size.

“...THIS is how you advertised what your coffee or...creamer, I guess...can do...?” Megan asked in mild shock. The barista nodded.

“...did you...not see the ad before coming here?” Megan shook her head.

“N-no! I just...I don't live far from here and...how do you even...” Megan had so many questions now – the fact that the barista was well aware of what she was doing, but not telling anyone directly, definitely concerned her.

“Its...well, its kind of a weird story...” The barista scratched the back of her head before a light bulb seemed to go off in her mind. “Hey! Did you wanna maybe, like...go to that park around back and chat for a minute? I can explain everything, and I wanted to take a break anyways.” Megan hesitated, but looked back up at the barista, whose bright green eyes seemed to electrify Megan more than she had anticipated.

“S-sure, yeah, sounds...good.” The barista gave her a big smile, walking around her counter and turning her neon OPEN sign off. She gestured towards her, and Megan followed, the two making their way to a small square lawn with a few park benches and a full table. They sat at the table under a tree, the weather warm and mild as the sun filtered through the leaves on their park bench.

“So...what did you wanna know?” The barista asked, Megan still stumbling a bit as she struggled to not check the woman out. Just as before, her massive breasts were absolutely heaving out of her uniform, cleavage rising and falling with her every breath, nametag now nowhere to be seen.

“Well...I suppose knowing your name would be a good place to start.” Megan asked.

“Ah! The name's Clara.” The redhead smiled, adjusting her top a bit, her chest wobbling around in its constraints, distracting Megan for a moment before she shook her head and tried to focus on figuring out exactly what was going on. “...lost my nametag, heh.”

“Alright, Clara. I'm Megan. Now...how in the world does your coffee do...what it does?” Clara looked around herself, almost cartoonishly, to make sure no one was around before speaking. She leaned in and practically whispered it in Megan's ear.

“Its the milk.” She giggled a bit, then continued. “So like...ever since I hit my 20s, I started to have this...condition, right?” Megan nodded. “The condition being...well, my boobs got huge, as you can tell.” She stuck them out, Megan staring at them, sweat beginning to form across her brow, the shorter woman having to convince herself that it was merely due to the heat. “And my boobs, some time later, started letting out...” She hesitated, rolling her eyes and blushing. “Gosh, I just realized we, like, *just* met and I'm already spilling everything...”

“Well, I'm not gonna lie, you kinda owe me for...y'know, not telling me that...A, its like, *human* milk, B, its *your* milk, and C, your milk *does* that kind of stuff.”

“But I advertised-”

“Yeah, well, I didn't see it. So maybe...I dunno, have that advertisement at the front of the counter or something? I mean, its a lawsuit waiting to happen if you get a real ignorant Karen or something.”

Clara's shoulders sagged a bit at the criticism, followed by a small shrug.

“...guess I never thought of any of that.”

“...is it just...you? Running the whole thing?” Clara nodded.

“...I got lucky and have an aunt that owns a few small properties here and there...I told her my plan and she...well, she was a little confused, so I just basically asked if I could open up a cafe. And she said as long as I paid her back, it was fine...and so far, business has been...” Clara flopped her head onto her arms, resting it on the wooden surface in front of her. She groaned. “...I haven't had, like, ANY customers...”

“Well...other than the flyers, what advertising have you done?” There was a long pause after the question.

“...uhhhh...I was kinda...so focused on making up drinks and outfits, and...setting up the shop...I kinda just...forgot to...”

“*Really?* How do you expect anyone to find you if you're just using paper ads? The only reason I knew there was gonna be a cafe over here is cuz I drive past this lot on my way to the grocery store and I read the land use intent.”

“That's...oddly specific...but fair.” Clara admitted with a sigh.

Megan shook her head, letting out a small chuckle. “Y'know...I've always kinda wanted to help a small business.” Clara perked up at this, head lifting from her arms quickly.

“What do you mean?” Megan shrugged humbly.

“I mean...I went to college for marketing. Got my degree and everything. Its just...I didn't wanna work for big corps cuz like...I had friends in that field and they were absolutely burnt out and *miserable*...but my one cousin, Jason, he was able to do marketing for his father's tool shop and he absolutely *loves* it...” Megan shrugged. “I ended up just kinda...telemarketing on the side until I could find something...which...” She held her hands out to Clara, who gave her a suspicious, yet cheeky look.

“...you really wanna team up with *me*? The woman who essentially poisoned you without your consent?” They both laughed at the suggestion.

“Yeah, I mean...I went back to normal...mostly...” Clara's brow furrowed.

“What do you mean?”

“Well...my boobs are back to normal...which, they got *huge*, by the way?” Clara suppressed a giggle. “Its not funny! Seriously, they were fucking *massive*! They're also still a little sensitive, but that's gotten better today. Anyways, its my...well...” She rubbed the side of her hip, Clara taking notice and gasping in shock.

“Oh no! It didn't!” Megan didn't know how to respond, but Clara continued regardless. “Ohhh, I was *worried* the milk would be super fatty! Dammit! So you really do gain weight...down there?” Megan

nodded.

“Its really not that bad...though I do need to buy some new pants...but its really not all THAT much bigger, considering how big my uh...well, you know.”

“Right...heh...” There was a silence for a moment, which was a touch awkward, but Megan managed to progress the conversation.

“So...I know I already kind of joked about it, but...lemme just make sure I'm completely and totally understanding this...” Megan started, trying her best to confirm the situation, and dispel any irony or humor. “You bringing up that your boobs got huge...and that this is a cafe with milk involved...I'm assuming the milk is from...?” Clara laughed nervously, avoiding eye contact with Megan.

“...yeah, uh...one of my old friends tried some of it and...well...it was quite the discovery at the time...” Clara stated, causing Megan to shudder. “Is it really that gross? Its just milk! Honestly, drinking milk from a cow always weired me out more.” Megan rolled her eyes at this, but laughed regardless.

“Sure, but...I dunno, that aspect might have to stay a secret to people. But I can start working on some rough ideas for ads and send them your way, if you want?” Clara enthusiastically nodded, and they exchanged emails and phone numbers. With that, Megan looked at her watch, realizing how long they had been out, and knowing she needed to be back at her cafe. Megan went with her, and before she left, Clara shot her a devious look.

“Hey...did you wanna...I dunno, order anything? Its on the house, for being new business partners and all.” Megan blushed, her mind flashing back to her bedroom and her swelling tits. It...did feel rather good...all things considered.

“Uh...s-sure, yeah, I...I suppose...” Clara giggled, then gave her a wink. Without asking what Megan even wanted to order, she rushed behind her counter. While Megan waited, she slowly walked around the faux-marble countertop, stepping around to see Clara, shirt pulled up, moaning as she grabbed her head-sized breasts. It seemed like she was massaging them, slowly and emphatically, the liquid splashing across the sink in front of her. The sight caused Megan to go a bright red, eyes wide, almost frozen to the spot. Clara turned her head as she milked herself, only to see the faint sight of long brown hair vanishing from beyond her blind spot.

Another minute passed before Clara came around the corner once again, coffee cup in hand, placing it on the counter.

“There you are! Try not to have *too* much fun, ok?~” Clara said, voice haughty and slightly out of breath. Megan nodded, face still beet red as she nodded and thanked the barista.

“I'll...uh...email you those designs, ok?” Clara nodded.

“Can't wait to see them!” The words buzzed in Megan's ears as she stepped out of the cafe, warm cup in hand as she made the short walk back to her apartment. Before she lifted it to her lips, Megan took the lid off, inspecting the contents: much to her surprise, but also somehow exactly what she expected, it was white, with a pale yellow hue tinging it slightly.

“Just...milk, huh?” Megan muttered. “...*the* milk...” she whispered with a giggle. It wasn't a lot, which

was surprising considering how much Megan had made herself off of this stuff. Staring at the drink, she looked back around to her backside. Biting her lip, she looked back at the cup, muttering to herself nervously. "...I wonder how much milk was in that mocha, anyways..." The cup was the same size as the one that had the mocha – and halfway full. She lifted her nose to it and sniffed. It smelled sweet, and somewhat...fragrant. It was pleasant. Megan pulled the cup away and set it down. "No, no way...I can't...its just...too weird. Too weird, what if like...hmm..." Her resolve seemed to erode all on its own, eyes glued to the cup as she reached back out and lifted it from the desk. "I mean...it does go away...and honestly, how big can my ass even get?" She chuckled, bringing the cup to her lips and taking a small sip.

"Mmm...she's right, that isn't bad..." She took another sip, a bit larger this time, face perking up, impressed at the smooth taste and texture. "Gosh, you'd never even think its from someone, it just tastes like..." Her stomach gurgled, and she knew it was her body starting to react already. Trying her best to ignore it, she took another sip, the small cup nearly empty now as she set it down. She wanted to gauge how big she'd get, as she had no idea how much milk was really in the mocha. "I should probably head to the kitch-AHHHN!" She suddenly gasped out, clutching her stomach as she stumbled backwards onto the couch. "Ohhh fuck...its...starting...nnnn...ooh, its WAY worse this time, oh my GOD-" She thrust her chest out, feeling the fabric stretch and wrap across her flesh as it suddenly ballooned outwards. She had quickly boosted up to DDs within a few seconds, the pace seeming even faster than her last round. "Oookay, I really hope this doesn't get out of ha-AAHND!" She gasped out again, tits swelling up once more as she began peeling her shirt off before it was destroyed, bare tits flopping out against her chest as they continued their relentless growth.

Crick...

Her couch groaned out from the weight being put upon it. Megan felt herself sinking into the plushy upholstery, its form shifting downwards as her tits finally sank onto her knees and started filling her lap.

"Ok, this...this can stop now...shit, this is gonna make a mess, isn't it...?" Megan already knew what was going to happen to her, before it was even finished. She couldn't move. She was gonna lactate, at some point, and when she did...it was going to soak her whole apartment. All she could do was sit there, under the weight of her swelling tits as they spilled across her knees and over her thighs. Just when she thought they might fill the couch, they abruptly stopped, right before they started to rise up to her chin. "Ohh...my...fucking *God*." If Megan had known that this was the extent she could grown to, she would've paced herself even more.

The longer she sat there, however, the more concerned she became. Seconds passed to minutes. Minutes passed until almost ten had gone by, with Megan unable to move under her heavy tits. "Why am I not...?" A mixed feeling of relief and dread were creeping in. For one, she may not be destroying her apartment after all; however, the idea that she wasn't lactating only meant that...

"How am I gonna shrink back down if I don't...?" Megan felt around the surface of the couch, finally finding her phone after a bit of blind searching. Finding the cafe's phone number on her GPS app, she gave it a call, hoping Clara would pick up. After three rings, she did.

"Milkie Milkie Cafe! This is Clara. How may I-"

"I-its Megan, Clara."

“Oh. Heya! Its...been like an hour, what's up? Everything ok?”

“Hey, yeah, sorry, I know...it hasn't been that long, but um...I kinda...so, I drank that drink you gave me...and well...I'm not...letting the milk out?” Megan put delicately. There was a silence for a moment, before Clara responded:

“Yeah, I know how to help with that. But I kinda need to be there in person. What's your address?” Megan hesitated, then told her, Clara confirming it before hanging up. A few more minutes passed with nothing changing, Megan deciding to explore herself a bit, there being a bit of relief in having someone on their way to help her. Especially someone with knowledge about this like Clara. If anyone could help, it was going to be her. A blush crossed her face, the idea of seeing her topless in her own apartment was definitely intimidating. But this was...different. This was something that she had gotten herself into, knew the risks of, and went and did to herself anyways.

Besides, she had to admit...she was starting to really like her.

She was thinking of her even now, and it was bringing her calm. Her deep green eyes, cute laugh, and her tits...it was funny, because Megan now possessed breasts even larger than Clara did at this point, perhaps even two or threefold...but something about the way Clara carried them...

Before she could think much further, her door knocked.

“Shit! Its locked...um...” Before she could say much more, she heard a strange jiggling in the handle, mixed with the tiny tittering of metal jiggling about inside her doorknob, before there was a sudden *clunk*, the door swinging open as Clara placed the pin back in her hair.

“You...know how to do that?”

“My uh...my dad was into some shady shit. Long story for another time, though...” She sat at her side, taking her jacket off, then removing her shirt, Megan going a deep shade of pink as Clara stood there, topless, clad only in a black lace bra that was struggling to hold her breasts in. Did they look...slightly bigger? Or was it merely because she was finally seeing them in full this time? Regardless, Megan couldn't help but react.

“C-Clara?! What are you...?”

“What? I'm not gonna ruin my clothes helping you, y'know. This bra's too small anyways, so I don't really care if it gets busted.”

“B-busted? You just mean like...stained, right?”

“Ohhh ho, no...no, hun, you're in for a ride. I wasn't sure whether to tell you to pace yourself or not, but I guess you went ahead and drank a ton of that stuff anyways, huh? You know how much goes into a mocha?”

“I dunno, I figured, like...half?”

“Try a one-to-ten ratio, hun. With the one being my milk.” Megan's eyes bulged out of her head, her

face whipping down to her tits as she felt them grumble.

“S-so...what you're telling me is...”

“They're not lactating cuz they aren't finished yet. Sounds like, to me, that they're gonna be growing all night at this rate-”

“All *night?!?*” Megan shouted, the gurgling ramping up as her tits let out another lurch forward, puffing over her knees and making their way over the lip of the couch as she sank in further.

“There's a way to stop this early, though. Its why I came over. It sucks cuz, like, you can't self-stimulate yourself into induced lactation...*but...*” Megan's heart dropped at what Clara was suggesting, her breasts still crawling downwards as they completely covered her knees and swelled up her neck.

“Lemme guess...you...can...?”

“Mhm. But I gotta wait until after your growth spurt. I figured you might start another one by the time I got here, so I wanted to be safe...” Megan pouted, her breasts finally easing up as they reached yoga balls in size, completely eclipsing her torso and partially obscuring her frontal view.

“...you coulda warned me, you know...”

“The fact that you just straight up downed half a cup of my milk after telling me how gross it was is what *really* astounds me, personally. I was over here thinking you'd just drink, like, a spoonful then refrigerate the rest like a sane person, not just shotgun the whole cup!”

“I didn't know how potent it was! I think I stopped, by the way.”

“I figured. I just wanted to...appreciate my work a bit.” Clara chuckled, holding her fingers up as Megan sat there, helpless on the couch, pinned by her tits that were full to burst, but still refused to give.

“Please hurry! I don't want to go any further than this.”

“Alright, but I'm warning you, this may get...intense...” Clara closed the distance between the two, dropping to her knees so she was face-to-tit with Megan, who now could no longer see the barista. She reached up, and hesitated. “I'm gonna have to grab you. Its the only way this is gonna work. You can try doing it yourself first if you don't believe me...”

“N-no, just...go ahead, hurry...pl-please...” Clara smirked at the urgent passing of permission, reaching in and closing the distance between her palms and the vast valley of flesh that was Megan's chest. The brunette winced, head jerking back as the touch sent sparks across her whole front. “AHHHHhh!” She moaned out, covering her mouth with a shaky hand as her eyes went wide. Clara let go, stepping back a bit as Megan sat there, shaking and palming at her swollen breasts. The same feeling, in fact, did not come from her own fingertips as they did Megan's. This feeling...it was a shock, but it was...

“Clara...please...finish...” Megan said between pants, Clara taking the initiative and grabbing back on, with more aggression this time. She massaged them down, making her way from the base of her chest, slowly upwards to her nipples, which slowly reached out and beaded with white flecks of milk by the

second, until finally...

“FUCK!” Megan cursed out as her body slammed into the couch even harder, milk gushing forth and slamming across the bookshelf she kept across from the couch. It demolished them, paper ripping apart from the sheer force as Megan merely cried out, the sensation better than anything she had even previously thought possible. The peak had been reached, however, and she felt herself lose consciousness, sprays continuing as her vision blurred...

...when she awoke, she could see Megan. Sitting at the loveseat next to the couch, soaked in milk, the sweetest smile on her face.

“Hey. You ok?” She asked softly. Megan nodded, looking down and seeing her regular chest once more. She sighed, shifting about in the couch as she felt something...off, almost immediately. She looked up at Clara, who met her gaze and quickly took on a nervous look herself. “Ah...yeah, so...about how fatty my milk is...um...you see...I mean, isn't it something that's kinda like, a thing now anyways...?” Clara bargained, Megan struggling to pull herself out of the couch as the tatters of her yoga pants fell around her ankles. Nearly falling backwards back into the couch, Megan cartoonishly pinwheeled her arms in place, finding her balance after a moment, before turning her head and screaming the most high-pitched scream Clara had ever heard. Shaking her head a bit from the sound, Clara went to reassure her.

“Hey...its not...*that* big...”

“Clara, this is like, a Kardashian butt on steroids. Its like...I had two ten pound watermelons shoved down my panties. This is *insane!* My fucking hips too, *jesus*, I'm so fucking *wide!*” She felt herself waddle as she moved, a new sensation to her, as well as her thighs rubbing against one another as she walked. Finally, she made it to her bathroom mirror, which she could see it in all its glory. Two watermelons as a size comparison wasn't far off - and her cheeks were certainly *heavy* like watermelons as well. The momentum from the wobbling created by her new prolific backside caused her to have to steady herself, still adjusting to the new weight. After a bit of time passed, Clara stepped over to the bathroom, Megan merely standing there, poking the new masses with her finger repeatedly.

“Hear me out, though...wouldn't some women kill for this though?” Clara bargained with Megan in the bathroom. And while she was certainly upset about her new body, something did click in her head – that something like this, as weird and sudden as it all was...she knew she could use it. She had taken enough classes to know the simple principal: sex sells. And she didn't have to show her face to show the results...these results, all on their own, could be the marketing. Another light bulb went off, and she whipped around to clutch Clara by the shoulders.

“Clara! You're brilliant!” The words brought stars to Clara's eyes, and before either could really think too hard about what they were doing, their lips locked, the two pulling back in shock before Clara giggled.

“So...you wanna be...business partners...with benefits?” Clara asked, half-jokingly. Megan let out a small laugh, then nodded, the two embracing with a wet “slap”.

“...should probably shower, huh?”

TO BE CONTINUED...

* * *

“Next customer, please!” Clara called out, the next excited patron approaching the counter to order.

“Yes, I'll take a tall cinnamon caramel cream cold brew with the whip!” The customer quickly ordered, Clara typing all this out on her touch pad before send. The message went to Megan who delegated the order to one of the three other baristas who prepped the drinks. In the months that had passed, Clara and Megan had made some interesting discoveries.

For one, as they got more and more into their business, they needed more and more of Megan's milk. As she produced on a more regular basis, her size seemed to go up...and up...and up...

These days, Clara was at the mercy of her apron to cover her tits, which now reached down to her navel.

More to come this month...stay tuned...!