

“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. All of her other clothes gradually started to fit less and less. Luckily for her, business was booming for all five of them. Every day they had a line that would reach out the door; their menu had expanded, much like Clara's tits, to include cold drinks, teas, and other special seasonal drinks. With the heat as bad as it was today, their specialty “Frosty Milky” and cold brews were selling like crazy, with the results of the drinks mostly being the same. These days, customers could choose whether or not they wanted some of Clara's “special milk”, or if they just wanted a standard drink. It had definitely given them a step up as a sort of odd niche experience, while also still appealing to anyone who would step through the door.

Clara loved watching groups of customers come in, buying their drinks, then sitting at their benches, only to partake in the effects that would occur soon after. The furniture was newer and more comfortable, which definitely encouraged people to hang around and wait until their “experience” had ended. It was also milk-proof and impossible to stain, which was a bonus.

The business had really expanded within the last few months alone. In fact, a few weeks after they had opened, a couple had walked through the door, changing the course of the little cafe forever...

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“Ahh, ok...let's open up for another day, Meg!” Clara announced, flipping the closed sign to “OPEN” as she tied the knot in her apron. It was a bit looser today, Clara having the foresight to milk herself before coming to work that day. This meant some shrinkage – much more than she was expecting, in fact! Her usual head sized knockers actually seemed to be a relatively normal size, something akin to a DD or F cup. Shrugging it off as good luck, Clara made her way behind the counter to prepare, opening the cooler to gather the couple bottles of milk she have made the night before, the ones from this morning still in her fridge at home.

“Now then...”

Megan stepped out into the dining room, flipping down the chairs and setting up the tablecloths. She had added a bit of pop in color and flair to the place, Clara and Megan's vision mixing to give greenery to the corners, mixed with Clara's more modern minimalist art approach.

Clara merely stared at her from beyond the counter, fingers curling into its surface every time Megan bent over to toss the cloths across each table, eyes fixed on her backside as it stuck out, skirt rising juuuust enough to show off the ends of her cheeks. Clara felt herself blush at the voyeurism, but also couldn't pull her stare away. Not until she stepped out of view, a pink hue across her face as she gave her a side-eye that screamed of a simple “what?”, but in that cute way she would ask whenever Clara

was caught staring.

Not much had happened since the incident last night. Megan had been so buried in her two jobs, still making calls at the call center while juggling her free time with advertisement for Clara's cafe, which had actually been going over fantastically. Gone were the days of a single customer per day; she was now getting at least ten customers a day now, and only a week later. At this rate, she was close to breaking even. Quicker than she had anticipated, that was for sure!

*\*jingle jingle\**

The door rang, two ladies walking into the establishment. One brunette, one with silver hair' one with green eyes, and one the other with brown. They chuckled at an unheard joke on their way into the building, then looked around as they stepped up to the counter. Clara greeted them with her usual cheer:

“Welcome to Milkie Milkie Cafe! What can I get for you two today?” The green-eyed brunette seemed to get a bit of a rise out of Clara's perkiness – both in personality and physicality. Much like Megan before her, her eyes struggled to stay upwards, Clara's massive rack swaying this way and that within her outfit.

“Uhh...well I'll just take a small black coffee...” Clara nodded, punching the order into her register.

“And I'll take the...uh...Milkie Milkie Cappuccino!” The brown eyed brunette requested in a chipper tone, tucking a bit of her hair behind her ear as she pulled out her debit card. The two paid, then sat at a nearby table as they awaited their order.

“Y'know, this isn't a bad spot for a place like this, Jade.” The silver haired girl pointed out, pulling out her phone and scrolling through an app for a moment before setting it down in front of her.

“Yeah, I suppose...” Jade looked around, nose scrunching up as she scanned the interior. “...bit bland in her though, don't you think?”

“Minimalism is the new thing right now. Y'know, cuz...things are expensive or somethi-”

“Alright, who had the Milkie Milkie Cappuccino?” Out walked Megan, two drinks on a tray in front of her. She donned a maid outfit, just as Clara did, which clung tightly to her bottom half, the skirt raised more than she would've liked. The tight leggings also struggled as they went up her prodigious thighs, although she noticed that it had gotten a little easier to put them on lately. Whether that was because she was losing weight, or adjusting to her new body, she couldn't tell quite yet.

“Ah, me...” The brown-eyed girl had become instantly shy at the sight of Megan, her ultra-pear-shaped form certainly intimidating to those who had not encountered her before. Jade took notice and grinned, her drink set in front of her before Megan thanked them and turned to walk away. Jade watched as Megan walked from their table, skirt dancing suggestively as the very edge of her cheeks teased against the fleeting hem of the garment.

“...well they've certainly got quite the staff here...” Jade noted, taking a sip of her coffee and scrunching her nose up. “...blech. The fuck do they get their coffee from, the gutter?” Jade, being a coffee snob herself, could always tell good from bad quality beans. And these were definitely not good quality

beans. Her friend, on the other hand, let out a soft “mmm” as she took a sip from her cappuccino.

“I dunno, Jade...this is really hitting the spot...” Jade rolled her eyes at this, pushing her coffee aside.

“There's a reason I always get it black, Chrissie...” Jade whined, shaking her head as she pulled out her phone to distract herself. Chrissie merely shrugged, taking sips from her drink until it was about half finished. It didn't take long before her eyes shot open and her hands cautiously grasped at her chest. Chrissie and Jade were both relatively flat up top, so when Chrissie grabbed two handfuls of flesh that seemed to be getting bigger and warmer by the second, she nearly knocked her drink off the table as she pushed herself back from it. Her hands flailed as she freaked out, white blouse getting tighter and tighter by the second. Jade's eyes got as wide as hers, jaw dropping as her once lithe friend and co-worker suddenly blossomed into a full D cup before their eyes.

“What the fuck?!” They both sat there, frozen in time, unable to fully process what they were witnessing.

Clara had heard the commotion from the other side of the steel wall that divided the counter from her private back area. She peeked around the corner, only to see the couple completely at a loss for words as one of their chests filled their shirts. The taller brunette stood, quickly making her way over to the counter, a panicked look in her eyes.

“Hey! You still there?!” She called out, Clara deciding it best to help the two as quickly as possible.

“What's up?” Clara asked casually, smile on her face as she approached the counter. The look on Jade's face was the opposite, however, concern and panic clear across it.

“My friend's uh...well, she's...”

“I'm sorry, did you read the warning on the counter?” Clara pointed at a small banner in front of the register, depicting three images: one of a cartoon woman holding a cup of coffee and taking a sip, the next image being the same woman with a bigger chest, and the final depicting milk spraying from their swollen mammeries. Jade's heart dropped at the sight of the image.

“...the fuck? What kind of...” She looked down at herself, feeling her face go icy as she clutched her own chest. “...does that mean...?”

“You got a black coffee, correct?” Jade nodded, looking back over at her friend, who was writhing in her seat, cutely mewling in discomfort as her breasts finished filling out, getting almost as big as her head before her white blouse began to develop wet spots that gradually grew bigger and bigger by the second. “Then you'll be fine!” Clara reassured her with a smile. The panic was subsiding, Jade turning back to the barista as more questions arose.

“So...is she like...stuck like that or...?”

“Of course not! Its all temporary effects, I promise. She might find her pants a bit snug later, but at the same time, she might not. Everyone reacts a little differently afterwards!” Jade's eyebrow cocked, watching as Chrissie adjusted her tiny bra in discomfort, feeling milk pouring down her front and pooling into her lap. She backed away from the table and stood, the sound of drips pattering against the linoleum floor as she made her way to the bathroom nearby. The room was silent and still for a

moment, Jade looking over at the bathroom door as she heard muffled moans of what seemed like pleasure come from beyond it. Blushing slightly, she turned her head back towards Clara.

“...you know, you should really uh...warn people about that...in a clearer way?”

“We're still working on that, I guess.” Clara stated with a shrug. Megan stepped out from the back, a towel across her shoulder as she came to address the commotion.

“Everything alright?” She asked, adjusting her skirt for what felt like the hundredth time today. Clara nodded, a nervous smile on her face.

“Yeah, just...surprised customers again, y'know...” Megan put a hand to her forehead and sighed.

“The sign didn't get your attention, did it?” Jade shook her head, which led to another sigh from Megan.

“See, Clara, I'm telling you, we NEED to get the idea of our coffee across before we sell it.”

“Right, but if we *do* that, no one will buy it the first time!”

“I mean, no one's gonna buy it a *second* time with the beans you guys are using.” Jade stated, which caused the two employee's heads to turn.

“Eh?” Clara asked. “...I've been getting as fancy stuff as I could get...” Jade snorted at the statement.

“Fancy doesn't mean shit. Look, you want people to keep coming in? You get better quality ingredients. THAT'S what keeps people coming, not some...weird titty magic trick...” Jade couldn't help but laugh as she said the last part of her sentence. “Look, I work at a place that sources locally, and we get some pretty nice shit. Nicer shit than a lot of local places that upcharge any fancy looking bag that comes in their door.”

“Ooh, you want in on the business too then?!” Clara asked, her eyes lighting up at the woman's offer. Jade looked stunned for a moment, processing the sudden proposal.

“Uhh...sure, yeah, I'll uh...swing by tomorrow and drop off the paperwork.” The door of the bathroom suddenly swung open, a disheveled, yet smiling and hazy Chrissie stepping out from her episode, breasts now their normal size once more, her shirt and skirt completely soaked. Jade smirked at her as she slowly shuffled over, pulling her blouse away from her skin, fabric sticking slightly as she fanned herself off.

“Jade...you GOTTA try that stuff, its like...its *wild*-”

“Would love to, Chrissie, but I'm lactose intolerant. Remember?” Chrissie groaned and nodded.

“Right, right...” She muttered, still clearly out of sorts as the two made their way to the door.

“I'll get you back to your place so you can change...I'll give you two a call soon, ok?” She called out as the two walked out the door, Megan and Clara merely waving as they walked.

“...think she'll actually call?” Megan asked. Clara shrugged.

“I hope so. She was hot.” Megan's jaw dropped and her eyes glared at Clara, who merely giggled at the statement.

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*TWO WEEKS LATER...*

*\*jingle jingle\**

In walked another customer, dirty blonde with smudged makeup that completely revealed that she had been crying, and quite recently. She inhaled sharply, her face visibly distressed but trying her best to hold it together, yanking at the taupe colored purse she dragged around ever day.

In the back of the store, Megan and Jess paced back and forth, dropping off coffee beans into the storage pantry, before Jess started up the bean grinder she had coerced out of an old colleague of hers. The process of bringing in product while also starting up the grinding process first thing in the morning was designed to save time, and while it was a touch hurried, it definitely gave Megan more time for cleaning around the shop. Since Jess' hiring, Megan had gotten more and more involved in not just the marketing of the store, but also its cleanliness, and even its finances, Clara clearly needing assistance after an incident at the bank not long ago.

“...well how was *I* supposed to know my credit score?!” Clara had shouted in the car as Megan drove them back to the cafe.

“Clara, there's like, seven apps that do it for you now, its not hard...”

Snap back to the present, Jess was finalizing on the grinding as the dirty-blonde miserable customer trudged up to the front. Clara stepped out from behind the wall by the counter, smile on her face to greet her.

“Welcome to Milkie Milkie Cafe! What can I get ya?” Clara asked cheerily. The customer didn't flinch, however, eyes glued to Clara's tits, straining against a dress that was becoming smaller and smaller on her by the week. This recent change in size hadn't gone unnoticed by Clara. She had just been checking herself out the other day, pouting at herself in the mirror as she grabbed at her head sized honkers.

“...they've been really...getting a lot bigger lately, for some reason?” She looked over at Megan, who was sitting across from Clara in the bedroom, clad only in her tank top and short-shorts, which fit her a bit more snugly than yesterday. For some reason, even though Megan had seemed to be losing a few pounds on her waistline just a few weeks ago, it had come back with a vengeance, her hips swelling out a few inches within the past couple of weeks. Megan was starting to become nervous that the milk had some...unintended side effects on her, but she was also unsure if she was just naturally gaining weight as well, as that could totally be within the realm of possibility as well. She just had to wait it out and see.

Snapping herself out of it, Megan responded to Clara's worried expression and smiled.

“I mean...they still look really nice, babe.” Clara blushed, smiling coyly before tossing on her nightie,

tits sticking the fabric out and tenting it slightly as it ran just at her knees.

“You think it might be all the milking we've been doing? What with...y'know, trying to have a backup storage and all?”

“Maybe...did you wanna take a break from it for a bit?” Clara shook her head, biting her lip.

“See, that's the thing. I...I don't think I really can. I...I get really full way faster than I used to these days...” She flinched, tits seeming to tremble as small white drips started to leak down her front.

“Oh *wow*, I milked you, like, twenty minutes ago!” Clara stumbled back into the wall behind her, going weak from the sudden surge of milk that had quickly turned into a stream. “Y-you're not even being touched...how...?” Megan, who stood there for a moment in confusion, quickly came to her lover's aid, going from her usual position of getting behind Clara and wrapping her hands through her arms and grabbing at her nipples in a circular motion. Clara could only moan as Megan worked out the excess milk, splashing to the hardwood floor beneath them.

They cleaned up, passed out, and came to work the next day before aiding Jess in grinding the coffee beans. Jess had found herself being called in more and more often, which she didn't mind; they had all three worked out a relatively fair, equally lucrative deal between them, and it all seemed to be going smoothly thus far. Meanwhile, at the front, the customer rubbed her eyes a bit and yawned, before asking a question:

“Ya'll hiring?” Clara paused a moment, scratching her head, before stepping backwards towards the other side of the building.

“Let me...check on that...” She stepped behind, waving over Megan, who took a break from unloading coffee beans to step out to the front. “We got someone asking if we're hiring!” Clara stated excitedly. Megan raised an eyebrow, joining her partner to the front. Her impressions of the woman – clearly disheveled and exhausted – spurred some sympathy in her, as she seemed to be the same age as the others that were all employed, Megan included.

“Hi! Name's Megan. This is Clara.” Megan politely introduced herself, reaching out a hand. The customer took it, yawning and covering her mouth as she did so.

“I'm Kaylee. Nice to meet you two. Are you...managers, or...?” Megan and Clara gave each other side-glances, Clara deciding to speak up first.

“Co-OWNERS, actually.” Megan blushed at Clara's statement. That level of responsibility wasn't something that Megan was quite aware of, but she appreciated the sentiment nonetheless.

“I mean...did you wanna do an interview?” Kaylee's eyes widened out of their tired, squinty state at Megan's suggestion.

“What, like...right now?” Megan shrugged.

“Why not?”

Megan nodded to Clara, who stayed up front and let her partner guide Kaylee through the Employees

Only door, all the way to the tiny room that held their computer, a few filing cabinets, and various little knick knacks that Clara had collected over the years that all seemed to be...cow themed. Because of course.

Kaylee sat nervously on the little plastic chair across from the desk, as Megan sat in the office chair behind the desk while taking out a pen and paper.

“So...first things first...you know what our product is and what it does, right?” Kaylee nodded immediately.

“Yes. Its uh...you're the coffee-or rather, you make the coffee that causes women to...well like...they...uh...” Kaylee became flustered, wondering how exactly to explain the process itself. Megan grinned, chewing on the tip of her pen as she let Kaylee struggle to find her words. She had to admit, in spite of how tired she seemed, her looks were not to be understated, in spite of how tired she seemed. And she had noticed as well that Kaylee was sporting quite the bust beneath her cardigan – it dented in a way that suggested she at least had a C or D cup underneath.

“They make milk themselves...right?” Kaylee finally finished her sentence, and Megan nodded, pretending to write something down on the piece of paper in front of her.

“Mhm. Do you have any prior experience in the field?”

“Yes! In fact, I brought my...resume...” She began digging through her bag, pulling out a folded up piece of paper which, once Megan unfolded it, showed that she had two years of experience at Lunar Coffee, the big chain option that had essentially a billion shops set up within every given county in the area. She had also worked in other odd jobs, like a pet store, as well as a catering company. Hospitality was definitely her strong suit. Megan thought to herself for a moment; they really did need just one extra hand lately. It was becoming difficult to juggle serving customers and balancing the budget in the back room as the business got busier and busier by the day.

They discussed further, Megan asking more casual questions as they went along.

“Do you have any hobbies outside of work?” She asked genuinely. Kaylee paused a moment, her eyes going up before smiling.

“I read...a lot. Mostly like...silly romance novels and stuff, but...yeah, I go out to movies once in a while...lots of that kind of thing...”

“Alright, well...Kaylee, I'll be honest with you: we've been...really needing help, and just haven't had anyone applying yet. So you're pretty much in if you really want it.” Kaylee's face lit up with delight, surprised at how quick and simple the whole interview had been compared to her prior experiences.

“Uh-y-yeah! Totally! Uh...when would I be able to start?”

“I mean...tomorrow is good, but if you need more time, just let us know. The one thing I will ask though, is that...well, considering what we sell here, you know...you're comfortable being around that kind of product? Sometimes it can end up in spots you wouldn't think about and you might find yourself drinking some of Clara's milk by mistake...” Kaylee tensed up at this notion, shaking her head as she brushed off the thought.

“Right, yeah that's...I don't plan on doing anything like that, so uh...don't sweat that.” Kaylee adjusted in her seat, trying to hide her nerves the best she could. Megan nodded, then reached out her hand. Kaylee took it, and they shook, signifying the start of their professional relationship. The two chatted as they walked back out to the sales floor, Clara coming out from the back room with a devilish smile as Kaylee and Megan had some more idle banter near the counter. As they did, Kaylee managed to sneak something into Kaylee's bag without her noticing. With that, Kaylee gave a small wave and a smile and made her way back home.

“I think she'll fit right in, honestly. She seems a little nervous...last job kinda...messed her up a bit.”

“Yeah?” Clara asked, running her fingers through her hair habitually. Megan merely nodded. “Think she'll mind that I gave her a...free sample?” Megan turned her head, eyes wide as she covered her mouth.

“You...didn't. Hun?” Clara snickered to herself.

“I mean, its her choice at that point, y'know?”

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Arriving home, Kaylee tossed her bag onto her couch, only to hear an odd glass 'clink' that she was completely unfamiliar with emanate from within it. Eyebrow arched, she switched on the light in her dim apartment, approaching her gray, lumpy couch that sat at the far side of her living room, across from her modest flat screen television. The studio apartment was cramped, but Kaylee made effective space out of it, the walls covered in band posters and models that she looked up to.

Picking up her bag, she dug around until she found the unfamiliar item: a tiny glass bottle with a white liquid sloshing around inside. Kaylee's face immediately went pink at the sight of it. There wasn't a lot of it – maybe enough for a sip, if that.

“Fuck, this is...that chick's milk, isn't it?” She shuddered, setting it down on her green and black coffee table before sitting on the couch across from it. She looked down, spinning it around and pondering about it. “She ACTUALLY slipped some of this into my bag? The fuck...?” She laughed a bit to herself, unsure of how she felt about the mischievous nature of her employer. “No WAY I can drink this stuff...last thing I need are these girls getting any bigger..” She grinned, taking her beige sweatshirt off and leaving herself only in her tank top and loose slacks. Her breasts were nearly as large as her head, but she kept them well hidden most days, a habit she had developed around her last controlling boyfriend. One which she had only recently split with, after a long and tedious verbal clash that she really didn't want to think about.

Removing her scrunchy and letting her hair down, she grabbed the bottle, observing it closely, before shaking her head and setting it back down.

“No. Nope. Not doing it. Not messing with the weird milk. Gonna just...work at their cafe and avoid all that...” She stood from the couch, leaving to the kitchen in an attempt to get the offending bottle off her mind.

She only lasted a minute.



She plopped back down on the couch, lifting the bottle again and holding it to her face.

“But I mean...like, one little sip couldn't hurt, right? And its...its temporary, according to them, so...” She twisted the cap open, lifted the bottle to her lips, and hesitated. Just for a moment, before gradually lifting it, feeling the cool liquid hit her lips as she parted them only slightly to let the tiniest bit go through. She pulled the bottle away, replacing the cap and going a deep shade of red.

“I didn't just do that. No way...fuck. Why did I...?” Immediately regretting her decision, Kaylee felt herself getting warm. She wasn't sure if it was anxiety, or if the mythical milk was beginning to take effect. The answer was both.

Slumping back into the couch, Kaylee's breath became labored. Her eyes glazed over as her body got heavier, sinking further into the couch while her legs went numb. Kaylee had a history of being a party girl; someone who had gotten a bit too close to the sun a few times and felt herself paying for it even in her early 30s. Yet, here she was, experiencing something she had never felt before in spite of any of that. All of the booze and pills didn't seem to compare to the gentle, calming warmth that started circulating through her body. Everything felt dull. Everything except for the creeping surge of heat that came from her stomach and gradually crawled upwards, settling in her chest, and seeping into her breasts. As the heat persisted, Kaylee looked down, eyes widening from their hooded stupor as her tits surged outwards in size. Her once F cup knockers quickly doubled in size within moments, lurching harshly into her tank top, which muffled her cleavage slightly at how tightly it had become, fabric quickly running upwards across the surface of her new breasts, which quickly began filling her lap.

“Oh my *God*, what did I just *DO*?!” Kaylee panicked, unable to escape what she had just done to herself. She felt flesh filling up all the space between herself and her legs, all the way up to her chin, flesh bumping up against it before it mercilessly came to a halt. They seemed to be almost four feet (1.22 meters) wide, each, at this point, their mass spilling over the sides of her legs and across the couch. Kaylee was awestruck. She couldn't speak, her words caught in the shock at what had just occurred in a matter of seconds.

Worst of all, she had almost forgotten what would come next. Almost.

“Oh *shit*!” Kaylee cried out before moaning, her body shuddering as her nipples began their relentless spray across her entire apartment. Every surface quickly became dowsed in the aerosol-style misting of her apartment, before the flow became so intense and extreme that it all combined to knock a few of her paintings off the wall. “*FUUUUUUUUUCK!!!*” Kaylee cried out, legs flailing at the mercy of her expelling tits, their forms quickly shrinking as she let out her full stockpile within a minute. Gasping out, staring at her tits, which had truly gone back to their old sizes...at least, they looked as if they had. They were certainly not as big as they once were, nor even close to what they had become. “What the fuck...is *in* that girl's milk, anyways?” Kaylee said between pants, standing up from the couch and wobbling a bit in place, feeling her center of gravity going a bit...off, for some reason. Looking behind herself, Kaylee gasped, rushing over to her small bathroom and turning to the mirror, pulling down her baggy black pants to reveal her pink panties to herself, which seemed to be at *least* two sizes too small for her now.

Kaylee had never really had much to show down below before. She had always joked with her friends in school that she had gotten all her gifts up top and couldn't cash nothing anywhere else, her hand was dealt. Now...that seemed to be no longer the case. While nothing too drastic per se, she actually had

some kind of ass now! And, unlike her tits, it...didn't seem to be going away. This didn't really bother, Kaylee, however, seeing as how it was a relatively reasonable change. Smiling at her new caboose, Kaylee looked back at the bottle on her coffee table, grateful it hadn't gotten shoved off and broken, the table being just far enough away during her transformation to avoid getting sprayed. Holding it up, Kaylee observed the contents of the bottle, a small sip still remaining. Shrugging her shoulders, she put it in her fridge to keep it safe and preserved.

“Enough for one night, honestly...” Kaylee muttered, making her way to the shower to clean up before crashing into bed. She started a new job tomorrow, and the welcome party was certainly...eager.

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*TWO WEEKS LATER...*

*\*jingle jingle\**

“Hello! Welcome in.” Kaylee greeted the customer. The cafe was bustling today, several customers at the table chatting and enjoying their coffees as the newest customer stepped up to the counter. She was tiny, mousy, with lithe features and deep brown eyes. She smiled, reaching out with a small white business card.

“Hello! My name's Tamiko. I work up at Martin Family Farms just north of this business. We wanted to reach out and make an offer with this establishment and see if you were interested in...maybe a partnership of sorts?”

“Alright, well, I...am not the one to ask for that, one sec...” Kaylee ran around to the back of the store to see Clara, right at the end of one of her milkings as Megan carted away two vats worth of her product away to the fridge. Within the time that Kaylee had been hired, she had observed Clara's breasts getting gradually bigger and bigger. What were once jugs the size of her head had quickly swollen up to honkers as big as pumpkins. The increased mass seemed to be making things somewhat awkward for Clara lately, which had made her more grateful for Kaylee's presence as she continued to do diligent work in taking orders and fulfilling them promptly.

As Megan approached the doorway to the fridge, she found herself struggle to get through for a moment, before popping into the cold space, dropping the vats next to the other six vats that they had collected that week. The increased production and size of Clara's tits was certainly becoming concerning...however, they had little choice but to continue their business as it became more and more popular within the area. And now, yet another person was here to take part, with Kaylee delivering the news to them both as Megan popped back out of the fridge, rubbing the side of her hip as she looked down at herself. She hadn't really been paying attention to herself all that much lately, so caught up in the sudden swelling of her girlfriend. But it was then that Megan finally noticed that her own backside had become quite large as well...and it wasn't just her diet, as she had been eating pretty light for the last week or so now. Something else was going on. And it worried Megan, but she had to forget about it until later, when she could confront it head on without the distractions of every day life.

Approaching Clara again, Kaylee still stood there, getting both of their attention.

“What's up, Kaylee?” Megan asked, helping Clara get her shirt back on.

“Its uh...this girl out here is from some nearby farm and wants to, like...supply with us? Figured that was a...co-owner kinda question?” The two looked at each other and nodded, Clara wiping herself down one more time before straightening her outfit, going out of the cramped back room and emerging behind the counter, Megan not far behind.

“Hi! How can I help you?” Megan introduced herself to the girl, the two of them relatively similar in their shorter stature. Tamiko smiled and offered her hand, which Megan took and shook.

“Hello! I'm Tamiko from Martin Family Farms, and I was sent up here to offer you a partnership with our local farm.”

“Sounds interesting! Let's take this over to the office and discuss, shall we?”

The group, minus Kaylee, proceeded to enter the main office, Megan and Clara on one side of the desk, with Tamiko on the other. She fidgeted in place for a moment, before continuing her proposal.

“You've gotten popular enough to be talked about all the way up in farmland. Which is kinda crazy, but it makes sense with how close you two are to the border of town. You're basically the first stop for a lot of outsiders passing through.”

“Tell me about it! We get some weird people coming through here...” They laughed at this for a moment, before discussing matters of supply, demand, and what the two could offer each other. After a bit of time discussing offers and signing papers, the door swung open, Kaylee jumping slightly as Tamiko thanked them for their time and proposals.

“We'll be in touch!” Tamiko said cheerily, exiting through the door with the familiar jingle following suit. Kaylee looked surprised.

“She know what this stuff does?” Kaylee asked. Megan nodded.

“Definitely. Thinks its a great novelty, and that it would be a good idea to have alternatives for people who *don't* want to go through that. Which is why she proposed to us. She's offering fresh cow milk and other dairy whips made on their farms. We got that, we got Jess' beans...I think we're getting something really going here, Clara.” Megan nudged Clara in the side with her elbow, Clara chuckling in response.

“I really think so...this is all been...so exciting!”

“Y'know, we should host a little celebration at our place for all this. That'd be a good time, wouldn't it? Make a little food and coffee for everyone?” Megan stated with a wink that was only seen by Clara. She blushed and nodded.

“I'll call Jess. We'll have some *fun*.”

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About a week later, all the new members of the cafe met in one two bedroom apartment. Megan and Clara had recently moved in together, the space actually perfect for a group of five like them.

“Too bad Chrissy couldn't make it.” Megan lamented, finishing setting up the table, its length extended

by another piece that went in the center and snapped together. It was only something they pulled out for special occasions like this, Megan still excited over having company over at their new place.

“We'll get her next time when she isn't working, haha!” Clara joked, adjusting her top so her breasts slid back down within it. Their growth had definitely slowed, the two recently figuring out a way to pull back on Clara's milking sessions, which had aided in bringing down how often she needed to be milked, which also seemed to stop her breasts at their slightly-swollen pumpkin size. While they nearly filled her lap, she was glad to just have them under control for once.

Megan, on the other hand, was not so lucky. Her ass was threatening to tear through a pair of leggings that she had only bought last week.

“So...babe...” Megan started, rubbing the side of one of her cheeks as she ruminated over exactly how to say what she wanted to say. Clara perked up.

“What's up, hun?”

“Um...well...you see, my-”

*\*knock knock\**

“Ooh, someone's early!” Clara's face lit up as she went for the door, Megan completely deflating as her lover greeted their first guest, Tamiko, who seemed excited, yet somewhat nervous.

“Hey there Tamiko!”

“Hi! I brought some homemade cornbread for tonight!” She offered a small plastic container, enough for all the guests to enjoy. She sat at the table, the other two joining her as they awaited the other guests.

“So the first shipment went along really well, aside from the truck driver getting the address wrong...”

“Right, right, we talked to Steve about that, shouldn't happen again!” Tamiko assured, the other two chuckling and waving it off.

“Totally fine, its a smaller spot so we understand just driving right past-” Not long after, another knock came at the door, Megan greeting yet another guest, Jess.

“Hey!” She gave Megan a hug as she stepped in, setting the bottle of wine she had brought with her on the kitchen counter. “So...we got that bullshit with the distributor all sorted-”

“That's fine Jess, we're just here to hang out today though, so not *too* much business talk, ok?” Megan chided, popping the wine open and getting a few glasses. “Thanks again for bringing this, I had *totally* spaced on drinks...”

“Its all the milk you keep drinking, its making you forget about other refreshments!” Jess joked, Megan rolling her eyes and laughing herself while filling up the various glasses. The door knocked one last time, Kaylee on the other side and bouncing her way in with excitement. The group all came together at the table, chatting and laughing as Megan brought all the food and drink to the table: muffins, cheeses,

some chicken, a pasta salad, along with some cold teas with cream on the side. The group all served up, excited to dig in to the feast that Clara and Megan had been preparing all day.

“I just wanted to say...” Clara started, pushing one of her tits back down her shirt as she took a sip of her wine. “...that the past month has been one of the most exciting, fulfilling that I have really...ever had. And you've all been so helpful with that!”

“Awww, thanks Clara!” Tamiko replied genuinely, holding up a wine glass as everyone started to smile and hold theirs as well. Clara stood, deciding that it was as good a time as ever for a toast.

“So I guess...all I have to say is...here's to a wonderful future to us all! With great food and coffee and...friends!” Clara stated clumsily, but honestly, the group merely smiled as they held their glasses up in a toast, clinking around as Clara finished her little speech, taking a sip to signify she was finished before sitting down and enjoying the food as everyone else was. Everyone's plates seemed to be full and then emptied within ten minutes, aside from Jess who seemed to stick with wine and cornbread. Slouching back in their chairs in satisfaction, the group seemed pleased with their feast. It was calm for a moment, until almost everyone's stomachs seemed to start grumbling in unison. Clara's mouth perked up into a smile, Kaylee looking over and immediately recognizing the face she had made.

“...Clara...what are you up to...?”

“Well...I mean, we've never really tried using my...y'know, we've never baked or cooked with it, so...”

Tamiko's eyes went wide. Kaylee's jaw dropped. Jess let out a sigh of relief, knowing she had avoided all the dairy products on the table. The rest of the group, however, wasn't so lucky, and felt their breasts quickly swelling up within their clothes. Tamiko wriggled in place, having avoided all forms of Clara's milk before this, now stuck in a chair and feeling her shirt get pulled forward by her quickly advancing chest. Clara and Megan couldn't help but chuckle mirthfully.

“Welcome to the Milkie Milkie crew, everyone!”

TO BE CONTINUED...