

The Barista, the Baking and the Busty Problems

He could see this one specific sight another hundred, or even ten thousand times – yet Dana would *never* tire of watching Seavmey's expression upon spotting her gentle giant nearby. She would literally beam without fail whenever the two of them met up. So much happiness and heft on show while she hurried over as quickly as possible for someone this unbalanced; work buttons mercilessly facing a slow decline at having to hold back all of this gigantic and wobbly immensity, somehow positioned on a petite figure not even five foot tall...

For the upbeat Khmer-Swedish woman in question, each breast had grown to truly gargantuan proportions that easily defied what most people considered 'huge' – and then an extra handful on top just for good measure! Now approaching a size noticeably larger than her own head; throwing their weight around as they constantly threatened to escape in spectacular fashion from her 3XL uniform (much to Dana's internalised concern). Since she'd been growing and growing in cup size with no sign of respite yet, Seavmey was staggeringly dipping her toes into the second half of the alphabet, and soon enough, she was going to need swimming lessons.

Surprisingly however, on this hot and humid Southeast Asian morning much like any other, once she'd spotted Dana underneath some nearby shade, there was no over the top excitement at getting to be with her boyfriend – instead, a slow trudge replaced her usual bundle of sunshine energy, and Dana was concerned where it had gone to! She still smiled and waved over to him as expected, but something wasn't quite right today.

Not rushing over for a change was a blessing in disguise for her tight barista fit, and as she lazily let herself fall against him, turning her body to try and make it easier now she was in his arms, Dana stroked her hair and spoke up.

"Suostei heh... ugh so tired sorry Dana..."

"Are you alright Seavmey? I've never seen you this unenthusiastic..."

"I am okay promise. The tower fan thingy in my room stopped working, so tried AC staying on, but too loud and kept me up yet too hot without... even nude my chest was sticky and horrible since really not suited to this high temperatures night and day too..." she whined through tiredness and a yawn interrupting, as her eyes were fighting to stay open just leaning here.

"So my phone said one AM, then three, four, you get now what I mean heh. Maybe one or two hours asleep only I got..."

"Awww sweetie, you should have stayed in bed it's okay!"

"No I missed you too much no matter so tired! What you are up to while I was gone?" she inquisitively asked, sleep-deprived to the point where her English sentence structuring was suffering as a result.

"Honestly just work, getting ingredients once you sent me the recipe and missing your hugs haha"

"Almost dropping my phone as you called me while away Dana... being lovesick sucked, will tell you more about later on though"

"Well we're back together now, so lets get you woken up with coffee and off to work, its only a little shift right?"

"Yeah, nine until twelve so will rest once home before you are over"

"At least you don't open at six or seven like most places around here"

"Only just pass out by then!"

Heading into one of these aforementioned cafes with earlier opening times than The Coffee Corner, orders were placed as this cute couple sat down on one of the bench seats and got comfy. By the time their drinks had arrived, Seavmey was already falling asleep against Dana's shoulder! Leaving her weary self for a short while before he gently nudged her awake, now kissing her cheek she started to sip on this caffeine-loaded concoction; Seavmey was going to need it!

For most of their time dating so far, Dana had found it easier to pick her up when kissing; due to their serious height difference and her boobs making things more awkward. Today was no different as he raised his tiny-yet-huge girlfriend once outside and their lips intertwined. His arms were holding her up while Seavmey would position her legs around his waist for security. Even like this her chest's astounding size would still get in the way; tightly pressed against her

boyfriend's torso as the both of them would need to gracelessly fidget more than expected to get close enough.

Neither of them cared however, and as Seavmey was carefully lowered back onto her feet, finally starting to show some semblance of consciousness thanks to the caffeine now flowing through her system, she warmly smiled and wrapped her arms around him before heading off to work, with Dana going home to prepare for their fun afternoon once she was ready as well.

"UGHH aaaaAAAAA! Fuck okay I'm good now Seav, thanks for that!"

"Heheh gotcha Hana, no problems"

"Does Dana ever do it too?"

"Hmm? Using myself as a pillow to scream into? ...Not really, he just uses them for pillows on their own, then I mess with his hair heheh"

"That is so freaking cute aww"

Hana and Seavmey's friendship was steadfast to the point where the former, would use the latter's O-cup assets as sound dampening whenever she was overly frustrated. The first time it had happened, this stacked Cambodian server was bewildered at Hana's random, muffled venting in the break room. But now, at work Seavmey had come to expect that her boobs were actually just soundproofing for her blonde bestie!

Dana however saw them as five-star pillows, and as for Seavmey? Storing drinks in her cleavage, various things (her Switch, phone, snacks and more) on top as a makeshift shelf, or even self-cushioning while lying at her desk sometimes, showed that the few advantages from having a bust so extensive were *absolutely* made the most out of! Her huge boobs put to work in a positive and fun light, as she'd playfully adapt her hobbies and down time around her overburdened figure.

As mid-day approached and this half-Swedish shortstack ignored a nearby conversation, questioning how the hell could she waitress while having to haul all of *that* along for the ride too, Seavmey was already displaying her workaround for any visitor to see; carrying multiple orders as the heavy softness of her breasts acted almost perfectly in place of a counterweight – impressively helping to balance the trays she'd ferry around this Americana-styled cafe.

Even as her chest kept growing bigger and bigger, slowly tipping the ratio of breast to torso past the halfway point, after almost a decade of being so much bustier than ever expected, Seavmey would make little changes to where she was holding the serving trays and where her weight was resting on them; constantly adjusting and tweaking her pose to work best for what she needed.

There was still the odd mistake or dropped order if she stumbled. With her askew centre of gravity and obscured view often the culprits – or if one of her breasts would accidentally make contact with an item; knocking it off with how much space they took up on her otherwise slim frame. But overall, Seavmey was a talented and top-heavy staff member! A sweet and sunny young woman appreciated by colleagues and bosses alike.

Her short shift filling in for an absentee certainly didn't feel it in these last fifteen minutes. She'd been clock-watching quite a bit and by now, time seemed to be very slow indeed as she pouted; hadn't it been 11:54 like three minutes ago already?! Playing with a spare hair scrunchie before heading over to a table awaiting service; her chest heaving and jiggling with each chipper stride, an M-cup bra that was going to burst apart at the seams if she got any bigger, and uniform that looked about ready to break right open – again!

Politely smiling and lowering herself into view, something made tricky due to her current size, by now Seavmey clearly understood that customers often needed a second or two – to process the sheer unevenness of her 4'11 stature, and by the look of it, this interaction was going to be no different; the young man gazing in disbelief from behind his laptop screen.

"Xin chao and welcome to The Coffee Corner! What can I get for you today?" her tone oh so vibrant and Vietnamese easy to understand in this scenario; albeit aided by sentences and phrases she'd already said thousands of times over since starting.

"Xin chao, do you... ..s-sorry, do you speak any English?"

"To some degree, yes! It is easier for you?"

"...Yeah, visiting from Korea doing digital work, I- I'll have just... chicken pho and an iced coffee thank you."

"Of course! I'll get to...- wait, you are recording with this on the table? So I am in camera?!"

"Yeah you're just in shot, well... anyway say hi to YouTube if you want, introduce yourself or talk about here! What makes this the best cafe in all of Saigon?"

"No thank you no no too shy! Please really take me out from this later!" Flustered and quickly putting her hand on top of her slightly-exposed cleavage, under her breath in Khmer Seavmey complained. *"Why did it have to be now?!"* when she looked so close to popping out from ever-cramped confines – to who knows *however* many viewers if he was indeed live on air!

Red-faced whilst retreating with hasty steps, the two colossal and squishy mountains that barely had any room left to breathe had already made their jaw-dropping statement; the indentation of her huge bra, a size or three too small and already stuffed to the gills with soft fat, also visible underneath the crimson fabric of her uniform before she'd ran off.

Timidly reappearing back at table three a short while later – with iced coffee in one hand and bowl balanced in the palm of the other, Seavmey poked her head back into view and carefully stretched to set down this content creator's order; making sure her reach was far enough outstretched to prevent a chest-induced culinary catastrophe! She did **NOT** want to fork out for laptop repairs with even larger cup sizes staring straight back at her...

Leaning down too much or too far, wasn't great for her back (or easy to do) upon trying to straighten up again when serving, hence why she'd often crouch a little to help herself more than anything, whenever she felt her body starting to complain. Not being very tall meant this change worked out fine, as her enormous bust shifted positions along with her own movement; each breast fighting for space that just wasn't there. Luckily *that* was not in view of the travel camera she thought to herself.

"Here you go, hope you enjoy!..."

"Oh perfect thank you, what does it come to?"

"Iced coffee plus pho means... total ninety thousand, can pay either for me or at the counter too"

"Right so... take this thanks, apology for putting you on the spot earlier" as he made sure the camera was pointed elsewhere for this weighty and welcoming young waitress.

"Huh... I- but you are basically paying nearly for three, its so much! You are sure this is okay?..."

While her 'tip jar for a bigger bra' needed all the help it could get, to Seavmey this still felt like unintentional daylight robbery! One of the only times she'd seen more on such a simple order, was when a twenty dollar bill had been left behind by an unknown patron. 'Thanks busty girl!' was scribbled on an unused napkin next to, and she'd waited outside in the sweltering heat the following morning, for a local travel agency to open and exchange it for her.

"Go on, food seems great and you've been running around like crazy by the looks of it"

"I... Thank you so much!!!"

Seavmey lit up and despite the difficulty in doing so, her palms were placed together and she dramatically bowed; almost smacking her head on the table thanks to the Khmer tradition of showing respect to another! Her arms were gently pressing into the vast softness of her bosom and she grunted at getting back upright; thanking him again before ringing the order through and happily keeping all the change. That sweet smile still adorning her face as she clocked out, another day done!

Heading home, while on break Hana would text her barista 'breastie' asking the total she'd been given, and once Seavmey responded with 160k; almost a day's wage at The Coffee Corner, this brunette was quickly receiving a proposition to share her boobs on a week-by-week basis!

In a good mood yet still tired once she got home, Seavmey greeted her parents and sister before awkwardly dragging the former's tower fan out of their bedroom; taking it with her like a bank heist into her own hideaway. Plugging it into the easiest socket that she could reach, this Cambodian coffee girl stripped off all her work clothes and threw herself into bed. With a now blissfully cooler room providing the perfect environment to catch up on some much needed Z's.

"Welcome Dana! Come in and put everything on the side, there's so much you've brought with you!"

"Thanks Sakon, now I look at it I really did go overboard huh..."

"It can get used up somehow don't worry. Your sleeping beauty is still in bed after telling you 3:30, so go and surprise her awake she'll love it"

"Haha, gotcha then."

Heading into her room at the end of the little hallway, Dana smiled at seeing his girlfriend so comfy and content. He almost didn't want to wake her considering how tired she was earlier, but she'd been so excited for today that if it was missed, Seavmey would feel truly awful for letting him down in her eyes.

Playfully tickling her with his sleeve, her sweet face scrunched up a little before turning her head away, as Dana gently called her name until she started to stir.

"Nhh... Huh?... DANA!!! Yaayy you're here~!" propping herself to be sitting in record time, she threw her arms around him and virtually pulled her much-taller boyfriend onto the bed with her! Still topless underneath the blanket as she held it to cover herself up.

"Well duh sweetie, you told me 3:30 so that's the time I'm coming! Everything's here and Sakon is getting it ready for us, finally sleep well then?"

"Yeah! Kidnapped my parents' fan and fell to sleep so quickly heheh"

"Great! So what are we waiting for?" all the while she pitifully tried to reach over enough to grab clothing off the nearby pile, while still remaining covered up.

"I'm not dressed baby!... Kind of not our best plan y'know!"

"I fail to see a problem with th-" as he received a teasing faceful of thrown pillow in response, tossing it back right away along with a sports bra and some cosy garments. Like trying to somehow squeeze two massive boulders through a cartoon mouse hole, Seavmey argued with her girls to just fit into this inadequate piece of clothing stretched taut across her front; tentatively adjusting their heft to try and discover any amount of extra space somehow previously hidden...

"You've not gotten new bras yet sweetie? It looks really uncomfy for you..."

"Waiting for a new one to arrive Dana, for now just have to make do!"

With no choice but to tightly compress her cleavage (of which Dana could see had moulded itself into a mesmerising and narrow chasm, not quite straight but surely well over 20cm in depth...) and a slight amount of underboob on display too – this notably restrictive ordeal for her growing mounds meant that sooner or later, her chest was going to end up hot and bothered once again. In her everyday life she had to be quite careful to avoid soreness and rashes from breast sweat having nowhere else to go; not fun at all!

Throwing on her thin shark-themed hoodie and pulling the top up as it collided with her hair bun, Seavmey got it fully over her head and pulled the drawstrings shut; giggling with her blue eyes and auburn locks now obscured – replaced by simple beady dots and a row of fabric teeth. To mess with her, much to her protest Dana tied said strings shut and all of a sudden, this adorable little 'shark-stack' was blind!

Whinging upon bumping into a doorway bust-first as her boyfriend couldn't hold in his laughter; now gently guiding her into the kitchen via holding her waist, with Seavmey vowing payback for this forced clumsiness...

Her tenting light pink apparel was a humoured gift from Kravann that she'd received two years ago, yet it had quickly

become a favourite item of loungewear to reside in on days off, temperatures permitting. As Dana fiddled with the strings to free this top-heavy treasure from his own doing, she'd already lifted her arms and was playfully smacking him making it all the more difficult! Her stretching causing some of the oversized hoodie's fabric to be utterly consumed; greedily lost between this all-devouring, cavernous canyon as finally she was free – sulking before they shared a cute, albeit unstable on her end, smooch.

"You know some sharks are blind right Seav?"

"I'm only feet-blind Dana!! Not overall blind you goofball! Hmph..."

"If I pick you up will that work to say sorry?"

"Nope, will just get my own avenging don't worry about this! Heheheh~"

"So I'm in danger?"

"Yep!!"

"Do I get to know when?"

"Wehhh of course not!! No fun for me to say that is there?! Ready?"

With every ingredient neatly spread out across the counter thanks to Sakon setting these two up, Dana and Seavmey were now ready to bake together! While back in Cambodia and missing him greatly, the latter had stumbled across this Vietnamese cinnamon cookie recipe that looked dangerously snackable, and as a result, she'd sent him the link and Dana got all the ingredients purchased before her return.

With the taller of the two heating the butter to a golden brown, Seavmey started taking all the dry ingredients out of their wrapping; combining the flour, baking soda, espresso powder and cinnamon into a separate bowl. The downright monstrous size of her chest meant that it had already started to accumulate a powdery coating across its tremendous surface, and coupled with the fact that thanks to them, she couldn't hold the bowl close enough to her body to stir everything; meant Seavmey was having a tough time baking right now!

"...You good there sweetie?"

"Nnhh, not really... Its tricky Dana! I need to be flat here, my boobs are too big to fully hold against"

"Hmm... set it forward and mix everything on the side, try that?"

"Will do! Oh also I can say about the holiday now you are here!"

"...Of course! You don't need permission silly, talk away haha"

Having gotten enough shut-eye to return to her usual and bubbly self, Seavmey was so glad to be back with Dana. While in Phnom Penh she'd fallen asleep each night holding the cat plushie he'd bought her. It reminded her of him and it was the only substitute she could bring along, though nowhere near as good as the real deal she'd missed falling asleep with. Tonight was going to be comfy and cuddly bliss and Seavmey could hardly wait!

With Kravann and Chhorvin; who she'd already introduced to him via video call, together this trio had gotten up to a lot in their short time reunited! They'd visited the city's famous (and even more famously crowded) Russian Market, had water fights under the blazing afternoon sun, spent some time in a local cinema (even Seavmey was afforded enough room to lounge about in their spacious seats) and more!

She was simply a happy little shortstack yapping to her boyfriend while they made snacks, and perched listening from the adjacent living room, Sakon was loving the sight of how well these two get along with each other.

Pausing the culinary prep every so often to show off photos, Seavmey wiped her hands on the apron before adding sugar into the now-cooled butter. Eggs were cracked by this buxom barista and dropped in, and since Dana had an easier time mixing, she added the chocolate chips afterwards.

Before leaving their finished dough in the fridge to rest, Seavmey placed a finger inside the bowl and soon enough,

Dana's nose was covered in cookie mix! She had promised revenge after all! As her boyfriend retaliated which turned into playful squabbling between the couple, Sakon spoke up before the kitchen was in disarray!

"Hey. Behave over there you two! I'm not cleaning anything up okay?"

Looking up and aside as Dana wrapped himself around her from behind, his soothing hold resulted in Seavmey's front-loaded cushiness being squished between his upper arms. Through her hoodie, the sports bra's strained elasticity only helped to further demonstrate just how supple and hefty this young woman's natural gifts were! A comfy weight like no other that he was helplessly addicted to...

As they poured out cookie mix together into a brand-new baking mould already painted with sprinkles, after around twenty minutes Seavmey slipped on oven gloves and went to grab their finished treats!

"OWW!!!! CRAP!"

"You okay Seav??"

"Chest touched oven bar when reaching! Why the shit!! Really get out the way next time boobs please!"

Hearing such a chirpy voice swear in English was certainly a new one on him, as Dana crouched down to retrieve their confectionery while Seavmey quickly headed off to the bathroom; checking if her poor bosom was alright after being singed like that!

Dana kissed her forehead once she returned, and having confirmed that while the top of her breasts were indeed a little tender, these O-cup mountains had survived their ordeal perfectly unscathed; hooray!

Sitting down with every cookie placed into a plastic box, the chefs who had prepared them were the first to dig in...

"...Ugh, eww... why so... damp?" Seavmey couldn't help but scowl at the disappointment she was chewing on right now.

"Ah... Yeah these aren't the best sweetie huh, what did we do wrong?"

"Not sure Dana... They kinda taste fine but wet biting into..."

"Let me try one you two" Sakon asked, curious.

Popping a smaller one into her mouth, this young couple got their answer pretty quickly.

"Ohh, I think you used too many eggs in the mix you know." with Sakon covering her mouth as she spoke.

"Three eggs I am sure it said?... Lemme check"

"Oh..." upon realising her airheaded mistake. *"Two eggs and three sugar types... crap I messed up! Awww sorry Dana... wasting everything you bought..."*

"Did we have making fun making them Seav?"

"Yeah heheh, that part was fun with you!"

"Then you don't need to apologise do you! Who cares if they're bad haha, I'm sure someone will eat them..."

Sure enough, later on one member of the Lundqvist and Min family had confiscated these not-quite-perfect cinnamon treats, and was snacking on them while spending time unwinding with his wife. In the meantime Seavmey and Dana were in the kitchen for one final mission; cleaning up anything left behind from their misadventures earlier!

Wiping down every surface with Danger Days playing from her phone in the background, Seavmey was in such a good mood and Dana was happily admiring every second of it; her expression was bright and her humongous chest wobbled, jiggled, bounced and swayed at each little movement – in perfect contradiction. As she hurried around singing and dancing with her boyfriend close by, this overwhelmingly fluffy scatterbrain did not care one bit about being seen like this.

"Oh Seav almost forgot, I've got something to show you"

"Hmm? What is it?"

Smirking as he found the selfie he'd taken with Mai photobombing off to the side, Dana turned his phone around, and it took a moment or two for Seavmey to realise the context...

"Wait?... You're holding, no placed together all the ingredients... as a way to try the weight of these?!'"

"Yeah haha!"

"Pfft! You look li-like a chef-themed Navy SEAL Dana!" snickering turned into giggles, and before long as she looked at his nonchalant expression over and over, giggling turned into full on laughter at the sight of her boyfriend with eight bags of baking essentials strapped to his torso!

"It started out as a supportive idea, trying to understand everyday with your figure since I've made you run before. But I think Mai got into it a bit too much, so she taped them to me and I had to do the whole day..."

Seavmey was almost crying by this point; the explanation had made it even funnier and she was keeled over in a state of breathlessness. Her parents would look over too; wondering what was going on between these adorable and apparent jesters. It was actually such a sweet idea! But he just looked like such an idiot she couldn't help it!

Propping her back up so she could get enough air into her lungs, Dana got a response once she'd finished cackling.

"Haahhh oh my gosh Dana!... H-how did you, heheh, find it?"

"I think after half an hour trying to lean forward like normal it was getting tricky. In the evening I had to give up and shower instead. How do you do it Seav?"

The mental image of her boyfriend somehow trying to bathe himself, all while restricted by half-a-dozen drenched sugar bags set her off again; raspy speech faintly present between silent fits of cracking up.

"Heheh I have had massive boobs for ten years! You only for ten minutes by then! Such a dork and so love you for it~"

"Love you too. Now... what do I do with all the extra stuff?"

"How much is there left?"

"Eight bags, it was eight kilos lol"

"Probably close to being right for the weight! Umm... you can just keep them no? We can try again another day with me being able reading properly next time!"

"Sure"

"Hmm... Dana if you tape the sugar around my butt, can I balance even then?"

"..."

Cuddled up in her bedroom as this disproportionate darling couldn't get much closer no matter how hard she tried, Seavmey yawned while clinging to his arm, keeping it pinned between the comforting warmth of this valley before they lazily shuffled anew. Dana's voice now muffled as a sign to where he'd ended up; totally engulfed yet totally relaxed at the same time!

Underneath the peachy shark hoodie he'd tried to join her in through the neckline, even with its baggy size on her small frame, Seavmey's incredible overbust measurement meant there just wasn't enough space up top to fit! His face squashed between her twin peaks without the room needed to manoeuvre forward. He could still comfortably breathe, and she'd made sure of this too, several times in fact, so Dana's current predicament was *far* from being a problem.

Over their time together so far, ever since she'd discovered Dana was much like a cat; nestling into the warmest environment he could find at any given time, Seavmey needed to try and understand what he was saying while buried in there, and now she had gotten the hang of things!

“Seav?”

“Mm-hmm?”

“Why’s the cat plush gotten so flat lol”

“Oh Teuk Trei ends up a lot for breast support! Keeping them propped up when bra-less and cannot lie it is so nice to use him for this!”

“Now I get why he reminds you of me haha”

“Exactly!!”

“Its ‘fish sauce’ right? The name you gave him.”

“Yep, Khmer and fits so well heheh”

“Unlike the bra I’m under~”

“Danaaaa!!! Meanie!...”

Later into the evening and Seavmey had already conked out; remarkably falling asleep on her back with Dana still lying across her soft tummy and squishy boobs. Carefully shuffling out from under her hoodie as to not disturb her, this towering bartender lovingly pulled her close and in response; half-asleep and now comfier on her side, she rolled over and nuzzled up to him.

An adorable yet visually mismatched young couple that just seemed to be perfect for each other.