

Diner Dessert  
By Normal\_Abnormalities

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Willa signaled in the end of her shift as she made her way towards the women's restroom, waving as her friend took over her tables for the next few minutes. She had to get off her feet for a bit before she clocked out, but more importantly she needed to freshen up after the dinner rush. The small diner she worked at was normally not this busy, but the fall sports season made Fridays quite the hectic experience from the various local sports teams' winning streaks. Willa complained at how busy they were, having only three waitresses on hand wasn't ideal with some of the bigger and rowdier crowds, but her shining personality and work ethic always brought in the tips. Take the good with the bad, as they say.

And right now, she had to rejuvenate herself from all the half-drunk sports fans and her sprinting from table to table the past few hours on this busy evening. Taking her tip from one of her favorite regulars, a small blond woman who always came in with a calming smile and homemade candy, Willa was eager to get some real food later and sleep in. Making her way towards the back, she popped the taffy in her mouth, rewarding her with her favorite flavor, banana. Fanning herself as she passed a crowd leaving the diner, she clocked out and slipped into the empty restroom for a few minutes of alone time before leaving.

Taking in a deep breath and humming along to *A Thousand Miles* playing over the intercom for the fifth time this week, Willa resumed fanning herself as she looked over her reflection, continuing to chew her yellow sweet. She was a fan of the server uniform they wore, some 50s-inspired combination that appropriately fit the old-school aesthetic of the diner. Her sensibilities luckily matched; the blue and white pin striped button shirt tucked into a knee-length black pencil skirt that showed off her wide hips was already close enough to her regular autumn fashion. Coupled with a cream velour vest, chestnut hair tied up in a bun with bangs framing a thin face bespeckled with freckles and small reading glasses atop a button nose assisting two large blue eyes, one could mistake the name tag reading Waitress Willa with Missus Willa, local librarian.

Smiling at the thought, she proceeded to roll her shoulders forward, attempting to reshuffle her barely-needed brassiere, which was likely due to the unusually warm temperature of the restroom. Turning on the faucet to splash some water in her face, she set down her glasses and shrugged her shoulders again. She was sweating more profusely now, realizing with minor annoyance that it was causing her chest to cling to her clothing.

Swallowing the last bit of taffy, she reached for her vest and froze. Her head momentarily swam as a sense of vertigo hit Willa, as if the floor was suddenly dropping beneath her feet. Grasping onto the sink, she closed her eyes to focus on her breathing, hoping that wave of nausea would pass as quickly as it came. Still sweating but calmer, she opened her eyes and could no longer see her midsection, obscured by the sudden curvature of her chest.

Standing up straight, Willa stared at her nametag in the mirror. Focusing despite the heat she was in, she could see her name slowly move to the left millimeter by millimeter as the seconds ticked by as if in slow motion. The warmth itself was also centering behind her straining bra, now officially uncomfortable as she felt her nipples poke into the undergarment. Confused at her sudden aroused state, she reached for her right breast, not certain if this was even real.

A quick squeeze reaffirmed that while this was indeed real, the sensation was too pleasurable to be. Her quick self-grope caused the unnatural warmth to intensify, igniting her nether region and causing Willa to gasp desperately for air. Feeling her nipple angrily poke further into her right palm, she decided it was better to freak out at home rather than at work.

Walking out past the partition and a corner away from the register and the front door, she suddenly froze in her tracks as she doubled over. Her breasts were quickly gaining ground as Willa's bra sharply compressed assets they were unqualified to contain. Nipples dragging behind the shrinking cups almost caused her to yelp in arousal, a move that would draw unwanted attention to a buxom waitress the diner did not employ five minutes ago.

Breathing deeply while steadying herself on the corner wall, thankful there weren't any windows to put on a show for, Willa's eyes snapped open in shock as she heard and more importantly felt her band's stitching beginning to concede defeat. Hissing as it began cutting into her side, she felt her nipples harden to the point of pleasurable pain. Biting her tongue to prevent a scream, she decided to head back for privacy as long as this heat kept raging.

Turning around, she stumbled as her head felt a rush of heat, drops of sweat running down her face. Bracing herself against the wall, she felt her panties getting damp. Cursing under her breath, Willa tried running before slowing her gait to a shuffle, her center of gravity changed as her breasts continued to tingle in their polyester prison. Tripping over her now-obscured feet, she ran boobs-first into the bathroom door. Sucking in air through her teeth at the sudden rush of heat from her plush collision, she made it to the mirror and once again withheld a scream.

But this wasn't a stifled yell of horror; in fact, quite the opposite. Willa was frankly shocked at the visage that stared wide-eyes back at her. Bright blue eyes behind dogged glasses were busy scanning their twin's figure, settling at their shared twin masses. She had graduated from pretty flat to pretty stacked in a matter of minutes. Every breath she took caused her chest to slowly rise and fall, but with every inhale they inflated a little bit more.

Gulping as she tasted the faint taste of banana, she shook as her bra finally gave up the ghost. Yelping at the sudden motion, her boobs seemed to jump as her bra lay limply atop her lady lumps. Gently heaving their new mass, Willa strangely admired the sheer amount of her. Roughly approaching the size of her head each, she could feel the heat radiating from the bases of her breasts as well as their heft.

Gently reaching between her huge masses to tug her destroyed bra out, she whimpered as she discovered how sensitive they had become. Grabbing the frayed ends, she tugged roughly to get the stimulation over with. Flicking her crinkled nipples as the cups slid off, Willa barely kept her composure as she almost came then and there. Fighting her base instinct to give in to the heat, her eyes fluttered and observed her disheveled state.

Her bangs were stuck to her forehead, drenched in sweat, as the bun was still holding on despite her head jerking motions. Half-lidded eyes observed her new assets. Straining her vest, she could feel her enlarged nipples fighting to free themselves from her v-shaped garment. Gulping, Willa could see the indents creeping further out from their mounds. Capping them like small saucers, she bit her lip as she could feel a pressure building behind them.

Groaning as a sudden heat wave rolled from within their immensity, Willa's face scrunched up as her areolae stretched outward from her stiff nipples, slowly spreading outwards as her

breasts continued to bloat. Nearly fainting, she cradled her huge boobs as she regulated her breathing. Her cheeks filling in with a blush that signaled to anyone she was hot and bothered, if by some oblivious observation the erect nipples as large as shot glasses and rivulets of moisture running down the inside of her tights didn't already give that away.

Inhaling sharply, she moaned as her breasts began to inflate with frightening speed, straining her skin and nearly creaming her panties yet again. Bulging and growing bigger than her head, Willa could feel a heat deep within her breasts rushing to escape their containers the only way they knew how.

Her vest was stretched to breaking, translucent from all the sweat and struggle keeping both shirt and buttons intact above rounding mounds of flesh. Willa would have been impressed with how long her buttons lasted, gaping holes of bulging tit meat held back only by the thinning vest. Her shirt already untucked from her skirt, she felt as her fingers, originally sinking into her large and soft boobs, slowly began to spread out. Feeling her skin struggling to keep their bounty contained, Willa inhaled one last time as she felt her clothes tremble, sending a massive earthquake throughout her front, a brief calm before the storm.

With one giant heave, Willa screamed as her breasts inflated with such urgency that the pressure was driving her crazy. Nipples throbbing as they threatened to punch two holes in both tops, she was on the verge of passing out when her buttons violently broke. Causing a pleasurable undulation as her buttons broke in a rapid fire action, her shirt finally ripped as the sudden space given to her breasts mushroomed through the V-neck of her vest, still stubbornly holding her jiggling chest in place.

Panting in heat, she heard her breasts gurgling as they finally reached her overstimulated teats. Expanding, Willa began to shake as she could feel her nipples trapped at the edge of her vest's opening. Plugging up what she was assuming-slash-praying was only milk, as weird of a prayer that sounded to her a year ago, she didn't want to end up on the morning news, her face and name plastered all over the internet like that bee woman. Priorities, as she'd give anything for the pressure in her breasts to simply release.

Reaching around her watermelon-sized globes to try and free her aching nipples caused orgasmic tremors that threatened to reduce her to a quivering mass of boobs. Willa decided to push her tits together, hoping the pressure would help pop her pulsating nips. Aiming her elbows as far as she could to her sides, Willa mashed her mammaries as hard as she could. Each press caused her to see stars, their sensitivity giving way to a painful itch as her overstretched skin fired on multiplied nerve endings. She could also feel the churning liquid inside her losing its bid to escape while her nipples were being compressed in the ruined fabric.

Realizing her vest was too tight to shift with her feeble presses due to her likewise tightening boobs, Willa shifted uncomfortably as their weight began to strain at her back, the tautness of her tits beginning to wear on her. While her puffing areolae could be seen peeking in the crevice of her tightening canyon of cleavage, the edge of her neckline was putting enough of the wrong pressure on her breasts as she couldn't expel her increasingly painful produce. Tears forming in the corners of her eyes, she decided to run into the sink, her eyes wide with mad fear and excitement at the inevitable outcome. Throwing caution to the wind, Willa ran at full speed into the sink four feet ahead of her.

The collision was an immediate success. Sticking out a good foot in front of her, Willa's boobs struck the sink dead center with her nipples. Shrieking as her rigid cones slammed into the rim, they popped out of her top just enough to rip the garment in half, the cold marble shattering her senses as her nipples finally released their spoils.

Her milky white excretions fired in multiple thin streams across the sink, overfilled ducts pulsing to match her heartbeat. A deep guttural moan escaped Willa's lips as the release drove her off the deep end. She came with such a force that her juices spurted out from underneath her damp pencil skirt, hips bucking as their thighs bowed, her lower lips letting loose behind her as she arched her back. Heavy boobs now atop the sink as their milk filled two basins, her legs trembled as her pussy pulsated with thickening lubricant.

Panting as she finally came down from the amplified supernatural sensations, she heard voices approach from the hall. Panicking, Willa hurriedly backed into a stall and locked the door, ignoring the thin white jets of milk betraying her new hiding spot. She heard the creak of the door and remained as silent as she could, trying to slow down her heart rate and ragged breaths, a bit difficult as the bathroom smelled sugary sweet and was filling her stomach with butterflies.

"...so we're going out after work for Happy Hour!" Willa recognized her friend Diane's optimistic voice, louder than necessary due to the earbuds she constantly wore.

"But it's already almost eleven. How do you have the energy to go out this late?" That unenthusiastic time was Jessica. That must mean it was finally calming down if they were already getting ready to leave.

"What?"

"Take out that earbud, Diane," Jessica sighed, motioning to her friend's ears.

"It's Friday, Jess. I have to have fun!" Diane chirped as she popped her right headphone out. "Spread my wings, expand my horizons, the whole shebang! Whew, smells sweet in here."

Willa's nipples twitched at the word expand and her mouth began drying out.

*No no no, not now! Please, not now...*

"Please, you go out even on Wednesdays. Nobody else goes out more than you. Who goes with you that often anyways?"

"Enough; I have a lotta friends, duh! Eww, why's the sink this wet?"

"Don't know. We did have those plastered cheerleaders about an hour ago. Shouldn't be too surprised it's not too clean in here."

"But it's all over the sink! Even some of the floor, too. Poor janitor."

"It is their job. Wow, even on the mirror. Those girls really let loose in here."

Biting down on her lip at Jessica's mention of 'let loose' was all Willa could do as her breasts began to warm up. Bracing for the heat that had begun to spread from the insides of her sore breasts, she tried to breathe through her nose to keep her presence secret for a few minutes longer.

"It smells a bit sweet in here, doesn't it?"

"Yeah, can't miss it. Careful with your purse Diane, who knows what they sprayed in here. Finish putting on your face, I'll text Willa to see if she wants to join us. Might as well bring her along if I'm getting dragged into this, she deserves a break more than I do after working all week."

Antsy as the word 'spray' triggered a pulse in her mammaries, Willa wracked her brain if she'd kept her phone on vibrate or not; she wasn't sure she'd survive the embarrassment if she was caught. The pleasurable feeling near her left leg revealed she had kept it on vibrate, quiet enough in her skirt pocket to keep her identity anonymous, but the vibrations were just pleasurable to her sensitive skin to cause her legs to shake. Her moist folds were already beginning to smolder again as her breasts began to crawl forward on her lap, their growth tingling pleasurable at the trigger words her sex-fogged brain took as eager suggestions.

"Hopefully she can," Diane agreed. "Did she answer?"

"Nobody answers that quickly, especially Willa. Give her a few minutes. I'll be outside. Hurry up, okay? My shoes are getting sticky in here and I can't stand the sweetness. I can feel my teeth getting cavities just being in here."

*Oh no...*

"Alright!"

*Please, just leave!*

Hearing their footsteps leave, Willa held her breath as she only heard Jessica leave, Diane continuing to prepare her face for a late night on the town. Her humming to a song that didn't match the intercom let Willa know her friend had put back her earbuds in to finish her face.

*My boobs feel weird. Like they're gearing up for more milk. Banana milk? Was it the taffy? Was it an allergic reaction? Did-*

"Mmm, that does smell nice," Diane muttered. "Wonder what those girls made a mess here with."

Make a mess?

*No, wait!*

Why wait?

*She's still here!*

We could share.

*No..!*

Very convincing. You know you're arguing with yourself, right? And you know you wanna blow.

*Blow..?*

If you say so!

*Wait, wh-*

Gripping her breasts as they began expanding with more milk, Willa began to let out soft whimpers, hoping the faint music and running faucet would drown out her sounds of arousal from her coworker in addition to her own earbuds. Shaking as her swollen nipples began beading with white droplets, Willa felt the pressure slowly build with another burst of speed as her skin outpaced their production. Feeling her ducts fill to bursting, she began to tweak her wobbling right nipple in an attempt to relieve herself on her own terms.

She was so thirsty, too. Her mouth was parched and her sweat hadn't abated during her excursions, burning up much of what little energy that remained from her long day. Willa could feel her fatty sacks of flesh flow across her lap, each malleable breast larger than couch cushions. Desperation taking hold from the sweet musk her lower region was coated in, she reached for a nipple, gasping at how she could still reach it.

*Just a taste...*

Wait, that wasn't her talking. Not really. But it was, wasn't it? Deep down, her real feelings. That surprised self, and didn't she want to be free of this hell? What if she got caught? Her friend was right outside not six feet away...

*Screw it.*

Carefully maneuvering her left leg atop the closed porcelain throne to better aim her left funbag, Willa managed to brace her right leg against the door of the stall. Elbowing her titmeat to lap at her nipple, now as long as her slender fingers, she latched on with a suction that vacuums would be proud of. Hungry for anything, she mashed her boob as she sucked, her right hand reaching underneath her fatty mountains, eager to get off. Tasting the small beads of banana bounty, she lapped up what little was there and began to tongue her teat.

It didn't take long, as the pent-up orgasm that was waiting for its opportune moment over the last few minutes released the floodgates of her sexual dam. As she lost control of her legs, her boobs let down as she came, the flavored milk instantly triggering her body as it reached her eager stomach. Given the green light, Willa squealed and choked into her left tit as her milk overflowed her mouth, swallowing as much as she could as her vision slowly filled with white.

Diane smacked her lips, satisfied with her look, as she put away her cosmetics in her purse. Bringing out her phone to text, she unknowingly trudged through a rippling layer of milk and

cum, slowly spinning into the central drain. Enjoying the sweet smell of banana and what she decided was cream overpowering all else, Diane smiled and decided she could use a donut. Losing herself in her small touch screen, she left her friend in a stall that was rapidly filling with boob, oblivious to the sounds of a girl very much engulfed in the throes of passion.

Her wails gaining as octave as she lost herself in a body-wide orgasm, Willa lost grip on her boob, wobbling back to her side. Slumping atop her seat wet from lust, she made a mental note to never use the diner lavatory again. The pounds pouring into her flesh, her legs spasmed as her nerves fired off in bliss. Her pussy gushing her cream in wet splats across the bathroom floor, the smell of sugar flooded her brain as she lost her voice. Trembling as she grasped her wall of tit, they began to close in on her, their mass hitting the sides of the stall. The pressure forcing gallons of milk to fire all over the stall's walls, her nipples quickly pushed up against the corners of the door.

Plugging up most of her ducts one last time, Willa could only smile and breathe with empty blue eyes, glazed over with lust as she felt her boobs climb the stall. Pushing her body back and her legs apart due to her tits' increasing weight, her lower lips were a bubbling furnace of cream, staining her wet and ruined tights beyond any further practical use. Her nipples surging forward, they finally pushed upward enough to explode their contents above the stall, a mist of white showering the bathroom as jets of thick milk bounced off the walls.

The last feeling Willa could comprehend before her figurative and literal white out was the feeling the sides of the stall begin to buck. The cold liquid causing wisps of steam as her hot skin lightly evaporated half her mess. Milk mixed with sweat, the busty brunette faded off to a land of milk and cream.

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An hour later, Andy the janitor made his way to the women's restroom. At a loss for words and eyes threatening to pop out of his skull, he saw a stall bulging with tan mounds attempting to break open the door. Its contents overflowing the top in darker brown tubes touching the ceiling and the right one slightly bending into a light fixture, he inhaled a disgustingly saccharine scent as thin jets of white spraying an off-white liquid across the room. The bottom was also filled with the same brown.. flesh? Was, no, is this a person? A thick cream was spurting from the corners of the door underneath the organic mass, bubbling as the bloated bulbous boobs(?) shifted like Jell-O every few seconds.

Putting on a mask, Andy wasn't quite sure he wanted to deal with whoever it was in there, eyes eventually realizing he was likely looking at giant nipples overhanging the stalls. Whatever and whoever it was ultimately meant more work for him. Trying the door, it was locked and probably needed outside assistance judging from how the dividing stall walls were severely bent. Jiggling the handle, he heard a soft voice reply to the noise.

"I'm okay," a female voice slurred. "I think I'm shrinking slowly. Just tired..." Further muffling sounds accompanied a loud smack, likely from the liquid that streamed over the pile of flesh the girl was attached to.

Shrugging as he readied his mop, Andy wasn't without sympathy. Hell, a whole bunch of strange and pervy scenarios have rocked the area within the last few months; he just didn't think he'd witness any of the events firsthand. He decided the least he could do was help clean her up as best he could before she got more professional help. Mopping against the soft brownness elicited a loopy giggle, causing a wave of motion that lasted a full minute, rattling the hinges of

the stall. As he cleaned the singular gutter, he heard a soft gurgling emanating from the stall. The same quiet voice whispered:

“On second thought, I could use a drink... You thirsty?”