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Barista

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I knew I was taking a chance, but I just couldn't shake the nervous feeling.

'It'll be fine. Shanice is cool. She'll respect you for being forward', I coached myself.

I'd beaten out the breakfast rush, and I could finally be at work without my ears ringing from three blenders crushing ice simultaneously. When all was said and done, I held an aluminum saucer in both my hands with a snickerdoodle cocoa balanced dead in the center. If I could read my palm, it would have read 'Just do it!', a message that I had hastily scrawled for no one but myself. I'd been reciting that line, a number of pep talks, and the same positive affirmations for weeks. Finally, I was ready to make a move on my crush.

Gingerly, I came out from around the counter and squared my shoulders on the path. I choked on one last breath, and rolled one heel in front of the other. My upper body was locked in place as best as I could manage it, both hands vice gripped around then thin sheet of metal. I passed by some other patrons who had gathered, mostly college age and young entrepreneurs, laptop screens acting as mood lighting to the residential coffee shop that I loved so much. They paid me no mind and I considered myself lucky as I dodged chairs, tables, and people going to the restroom all without spilling a drop.

One last bend. Around the final corner, then down the stretch which formed the lower lip of the 'L' shaped building. There she was. Shanice was sitting at her corner seat, watching traffic while she studied up on current events, wrote her novel, and learned her third language. Or at least, that's what my imagination had her doing. She and I had some history; most of it summarized by her telling me what she wanted and me fetching it for her. Her and her groupies would spend nearly every morning at the Shoppe, sipping on drinks and gossiping about the latest student-teacher scandal. I could hear them even when I was taking the orders of other customers, and I would yearn to be with them - to sit and sip coffee with Shanice. For months I ached for a chance, then realized that there would have a window if I played my cards right.

'It's Friday so she doesn't have class. Her friends aren't with her. The breakfast rush is over', I spoke internally. 'This is your shot. Do it'.

I appeared on Shanice's right, her chin in her palm as she looked at the untrimmed line of hedges immediately out the window. When she sensed that someone was near, she swooped around.

“Sorry, is that for,” she pointed at herself, the unfinished thought serving as the question mark. “I didn’t hear my name being called.” With the poise of an actress, she spun in her chair and held out both her hands.

I fanned away her apologetics with one hand as the other passed the plastic cup to its recipient. “It’s fine. I didn’t even call your name.”

“Oh? So ya’ll have started delivering coffee in person now, huh?”

“Only for regulars,” I said. The next line tumbled behind it all on its own. “But not for decaf.”

The messy mound of tied up hair bobbed backward, blonde on the top but chocolate at the roots, as Shanice raised a thick, sculpted eyebrow. “Alright, girl’s got jokes. They must be payin’ you extra for that.”

“For what?”

“The lame comedy act.”

I would have been put off by being ‘lame’ if I at all associated with being cool. “Not a cent. Guess I just like to espresso myself this way.”

Maybe that one pushed it. We were idle while she tested her hot beverage and I stood with a silver platter like I was expecting something. She seemed to be looking behind me, but I didn’t turn to see exactly what might have caught her attention. After waiting longer than was comfortable she turned her gaze on me again, eyes an icy version of cobalt glass. “Needs sugar,” she frowned.

What a disappointing response.

“Did I make it too strong?” I replied, digging in my pockets, the act reminding me that we were still operating as employee and customer even if it grieved me. “I brought some packets just in case.”

“Hmm,” her blameless brown skin crumpled as she thought. Waiting, she took another sip, and reevaluated. “Nah. Actually, I’ll pass on the sugar. I’m tryin’a cut the stuff out. Maybe just some extra milk.”

My inner barista was confused by the sentiment. A snickerdoodle cocoa that doesn’t need sugar but needs more milk? The thing had a milk base! If anything, it tasted like a cookie with whipped cream on top. We sold warm, foamy milk if she had wanted that. I was prone to ranting about guests in my mind, but then I watched Shanice take another drag, her huge, kissable lips

pressing around the white lid with an effortless pucker that hollowed my lungs and made something in my stomach dance.

"I have that too," I answered, suddenly ready to do whatever it would take to please her.

"Mind making that happen? Thanks so much."

"Be right back," I left in the direction that I had come. Not even ten steps later, I screeched to a halt. So far nothing I had done to win over Shanice had worked, yet I knew that I was fiendishly opposed to returning to how things had been in the past. Knowing there might not be another chance, and digging deep for a trump card that I had dreamed of but never truly considered, I turned and arrived at her table once more.

"Oh, good you came back. I was like, 'she left but she never took my drink to add the cream'. Like, you just started walking and I thought maybe you just forgot it." She looked over my shoulders and around my sides. "Did you, like, bring it in a pitcher or something?"

"I brought it," I replied.

"Okay, then?"

Placing the saucer out of reach, I took her drink from the table and pulled the lid off. It was still sticky in the spot that she had drank from, a mix of sweetness and lip balm. Once the drink was open, I set it on the table once more. My hands went to my neck, fingers busy, head angled toward the beverage in an attempt to avoid direct eye contact. I felt the lick of air conditioning at the base of my neck, then my collar bone, and finally on the exposed skin of my breasts. I'd worn a front clasp today, planning for the needed convenience but imagining that it would be needed in the bathroom, not on the main floor.

With a click the clasp snapped away, my flesh rushing into the free space while buzzing with excitement. Finally unhinged, I couldn't help but lean forward for the cup again and in the process our eyes met. What I expected was her wrath. She was a customer, after all, and she'd come in with the reasonable expectation that she would be served with tasty treats of the caffeinated variety. Certainly, she wasn't planning on a strip tease, and she had every reason to be upset with me over it. Instead, I found her emotionless. She was indeed looking me in the face, searching it for my true intentions, but once she saw the bareness of my chest, the rounded curves of my torso, the life returned to her and she looked on with a degree of understanding.

Silence deafening the moment, I placed my hand over my marching heart, took aim over her cup, and pressed. Hormonal reassurance together with the slight scent of snickerdoodle coasted over me, and the sound of liquid being sprayed into liquid came through clear as a bell. My let down came super easy. The drink actually spilled over with the force of my gushing, but I

continued on. Milk, my milk, freshly produced and freshly squeezed, was being piped into Shanice's coffee.

My fingers left only a slight indentation as three projectile lines of milk emptied from my risen nipples. Still, my heavy breasts would not be defeated so easily. I had just splurged my tip money for the past two weeks to purchase a set of O cup bras, and even they were tight when I wasn't completely bone dry. Today, I was practically bursting with substance, so much that it was actually starting to ache, and I was putting all the excess to good use.

Just on the verge of completely overflowing, Shanice held up a hand. "When."

I stopped and a breath left my lips. The steamy hot cloud rising from the cocoa slithered as I slid the cup across the table to its owner. She took it, but her eyes were trained on me, heating me at a spot near the base of my spine. I fished a napkin from my apron and used it to pat down the leakage that had moistened my skin. Reality set in that moment. People could probably make out what was happening. I knew very well that my boobs were big enough to be visible from behind, and there was sure to be someone curious as to why I had been on the floor for so long. Not only that, but I was sure that the bell hanging over the front door had chimed at least half-a-dozen times. My mind's eye could see a line forming in front of my cash register.

Hands flying in reverse, my buttons started to come back together. A caramel-colored hand brought pause to me. Shanice didn't want me buttoning up. She'd stopped me. My head raised just in time to see her taking a long, long drink of my custom blend. She went so long that I know she should have scorched her tongue. When she was finished, the drink was already half gone.

"That's good shit. . ."

"Wh-what?"

Her smile was smooth, but it made my skin feel prickly. "What do I gotta do to get another cup of that?!"

"N-no need to cry over spilled milk."

"Girl. Real talk, they've gotta be paying you."

They weren't, but Shanice was with her joyous expression. For every part of firmness or disbelief in her words, her facial expression would light up amicably in equal measure. Her emerging giggle fit was making this moment swim with a dreamlike whimsy, and I was very easily being romanced by it. It also could have been part of the high that I got from lactating, but that didn't change my responses.

“Sorry, I usually have a filter, but I get punny when I’m nervous.”

“Nervous? Why’re you nervous? If you make corny jokes when you’re feeling nervous, then-” Shanice stopped. “Wow, aight. I feel you.”

And she actually seemed to get it. She drank again, then dragged me closer to the table by the pocket of my jeans. She looked up at me adorably. Some froth was hiding at the corner of her mouth.

She started. “So, are you going with somebody or what?”

“You’re mugging me pretty hard there. . .,” I suddenly felt myself shrinking. I wanted to be close and wanted to run away all at the same time.

“After what I just saw? Can you blame me, though? You’ve got the sexiest boobs I’ve ever seen!”

“Thanks. That’s, uh, straw-fully nice of you.”

“You can’t turn it off, can you? The puns,” she rolled her eyes.

I shrugged my shoulders.

“It’s fine. I miiiiight be warming up to it.”

“Nice one!”

“Nice what? Oh,” she squeezed the hand that had once been in my pocket. Now it was on my thigh and she was winking. “So, Missy jokes-a-lot, I hate to sound all extra, but I’m *craving* a double shot. You can do that for me, right?”

“I don’t grind at all.”

I grabbed her cup again, finding a smile because my last ditch effort had worked, and started up my flow again. It was even easier this time, probably having to do with how some of the nerves had melted away. Shanice actually accepted my gesture. I’d gotten her attention, and now I had it in full. As I topped her off, she was only watching me, not trying to look around or over me. Even better, she seemed rapt with the process, her body shifting forward with interest.

Once I was done, I handed her the cup. “Hmm,” she sounded off. “That’s nice and all, but I had another thing in mind? I know this is a bit much, but I was thinking I could get it from. The. Source?”

How forward! I loved it so much! Usually I hated people coming on too strong - usually men who were checking me out, not really knowing that I played for the other team. When a girl came on strong, though, I found myself happily playing along.

"I-I've never done it before, but I'd be happy to give it a shot." Still nervous, but still very, very happy.

Inching to the side, I blocked Shanice's view of the rest of the Shoppe. With her height and my size, I could stand perfectly upright and she could have access. Squaring herself in front of me, she closed her eyes and placed her mouth around my nipple. Her gentleness was so striking. Her lips went slow, rocking my body like a lullaby, but it had the opposite effect by shifting me at my very core. I'd sucked myself, never thinking I would have the opportunity to breastfeed someone else, and this was everything that I had imagined but more. The release of feel-good hormones were doubled, cascading over my vision and body like a blanket of snow. Both my nipples, surging with the increased pleasure, started leaking instantaneously. That reaction was rare. A double let down. Shanice gulped as her mouth was instantly filled while my right breast gushed cloudy sweetness onto the table. I did not want to think about having to clean up afterward, and luckily I couldn't bring myself to care.

My left nipple was trapped in a light, warm vice. Shanice's lips went to work, fluffing my soft skin like a pillow as her suction drew more of my nectar free. I'd never had a load so eager to get out of me. Most days I was so thick that it backed me up. The warmth, though, the evolving warmth that had started at the base of my spine had spread up to the rest of my body, melting away any internal blocks that I had about lactating. My O cups were open dams.

Shanice opened her eyes, saw that my right nipple was vacant, and used her hands to gather my flesh together. Once they were close enough to touch, she tucked a nipple into each of her cheeks and started sucking again. Tasting my personal drink seemed to inspire her to more aggressive action, as my heavy bosom yielded to her command. Quickly, the milk leaving me seemed to spike, going from a few ounces to pints and quarts. She held on as long as she could, loudly smacking and suckling, but before long she deferred to the more realistic option and just let my heavier flow fire straight down her throat.

"Mmmhmm! Ahhh," Shanice moaned sensually.

"Shh," I soothed her, patting at the back of her neck.

Shnkt! GULP! Shnkt! GULP!

She went on, her throat being asked to move more than it ever had. By the time she finished, resigning from her duties before the job had been completely done, she sat back in her seat and let the warm spritzing from my nipples bathe her body. My hand still on the back of her neck, I urged her to latch on again, but she firmly resisted.

“You’re huge! I damned near drowning.” I started to apologize, but she stopped me by holding up a finger. Her entire torso was being assaulted by a constant flow of milk from my pent up tits. “But you are so damned delicious. Come here.”

One blink and I hadn’t moved a muscle. The next, my skinny-jean clad legs were wrapped around Shanice’s abs and she was carrying me out of the Shoppe. The bell over the door tingled and I saw the disgruntled faces of a line of customers that I would not be serving any time soon. ‘Sorry, I’m on my break’, I thought to say, but it would have been pointless to do so. Like the wind we were behind the building, Shanice’s powerful legs pumping as she climbed the hill and broke behind the treeline. When she’d gotten a good thirty feet from it, she put me down slowly and I fell back against the nearest oak tree.

Me being shorter, my line of sight levelled on her tits.

But they were different than before. Way different. Trust me, I knew what Shanice’s breasts looked like before. She had what I would consider B cups, and could work them like nobody’s business. Today, like most days, she had a generous cleavage window provided by a Calvin Klein sports bra. However, as she approached me with her intentional, seductive body I noticed that she was spilling out of the thing. More accurately, her tits had taken over the tiny strip of clothing! Her flesh was oozing out of the top, but also underneath and her dark brown nipples were pointed directly at me.

She noticed long after I did, and her first reaction was shock. Right after that, acting in exactly the way that was foundational to my crush on her, she started to experiment with her body. Her hands snaked up her hips and waist and finally landed at her underboobage, which looked tight enough to pop.

“Th-they’re bean-ormous!” I cheerfully squeaked. She looked too sexy with bigger boobs. I knew that she would. I was positive that she would be a goddess if her tits were just a little bigger. I was happy to see that I was right.

I wasn’t the only one elated. “You like? I definitely do. I’d just like to know where they came from so I could get some more,” Shanice stood so close that our shoes were touching.

“M-my milk did this once before. It was an accident then, but a girl had some of my milk and she started growing as well. Guess you could say she was had a more ‘full-bodied’ appearance after that.”

“An accident huh? You sure it was entirely accidental?”

I spilled the beans without much fuss. "All the creamers were empty and I was busy so I couldn't get to the back to get more. Taking short cuts isn't usually my cup of joe, but there wasn't another option-"

"You're leaking. Let's not waste anymore time."

Shanice wasn't put off at all with the prospect of growing bigger. She dropped to her knees, putting my chest right in line with her face, and went to town. I sighed with pleasure, ecstasy taking me for yet another ride as I pumped straight into the mouth of my crush. She slurped as loudly as she wanted, proving to me how much she loved my warm milk and supple breasts. Her tongue was an active player this time around as well, coating my exposed tips in her own form of warm, wet love.

She did the same maneuver as before, taking up both of my inch-long nipples at once. They both spasmed to life the moment they entered her inviting cavern. As if her touch closed some circuit, my flow doubled in force and speed and electric bliss tickled my body. As she went, I started removing barriers like my apron and my top. My jeans shimmied down my waist in the process as well, leaving only my O cup bra which dangled from my shoulders and a pair of panties that were less than dry by that point.

Pints and liters, then finally gallons came out of me. It had been maybe five minutes and she had already swallowed more milk than I could have stomached myself. By that point, I would have given up breastfeeding myself, resorting to emptying each boob in a sink or tub. Shanice was a human breast pump, pressing her face into me so that my flesh would bulge around her cheeks, then pulling away from me. The pulling was my favorite, as it stretched my skin and nipple to their limits, sitting right on the fence of pleasure and pain, dangerous and satisfying at the same time.

"Sh-Shanice," drool ran from my lip to my chin. Now I had both hands around her head, forcing her against me even further. Her body felt warm against my sensitive tit flesh, and her rhythmic gulping mimicked my quickened heart. Having her sucking me off was not where I had imagined myself this morning during my pre-work expressing, but I didn't have any objection to it. This was quite the upgrade if I did say so. Maybe having her come over to do this in person, regularly, like a girlfriend, would be even better.

Shnkt! GULP! Shnkt! GULP!

"G-gro-. . ." Shanice tried squeezing language between her swallowing. She must have known how impossible it was, but she tried again anyways. "B-gger-. . . Gr-ing..."

If breastfeeding gave me psychic powers as well as near orgasmic euphoria that would have been amazing. Unfortunately, that did not seem to be the case. I enjoyed the feel of her mouth trying to form words with my nipples deep inside though. My warm fluid spilled over her lips with

her attempts. I felt the swirling of it as it passed and the cool breaths she drew in while trying to communicate.

But then I did. I understood. I knew precisely what she meant. Something slapped the front of me, pinning me to the oak tree. At the same time, the dried leaves shifted on the ground between us. Shanice's tits. They had grown, and were surging forward with persistence. The brown mounds had been set free from their athletic top, which was stretched like a spaghetti noodle and was laying in the leaves between our bodies.

Shnkt! GULP! Shnkt! GULP!

"Sh-sho bi-. . ."

Amazingly, my milk flow increased again. I knew for a fact it did because my nipples felt like they had caught fire. My mind trembled as my body offered itself to this growing girl like it had never done for me. My yield was so hard and fast that Shanice couldn't keep herself fully latched on. She held her mouth open, and a pure white pool of liquid filled her maw. She would swallow and try to drain it, but it would fill just as quickly as she could stomach it. Actually, it was like she wasn't even accepting my milk into her stomach. With each mouthful, I felt her weight pressing into me even harder. Her tits kept growing and growing, each cup of milk resulting in another cup size. More remarkable than how she was finding room for my heavy cream was how it was all pooling in her tits. As they grew, they bunched into each other and jiggled against me. It wasn't free and light like normal breasts, but weighty and squishy like a waterbed. My thighs rubbed together at the thought, my sexual fantasy turning into reality before me. Shanice was storing my milk in her tits.

"Sh-oh goo-... Gro-ng! Ng!" Shanice choked. I would take that to mean she was liking it.

Her tits swelled downward passing my thighs and knees. Eventually, they sagged to my shins and with quite the thud, they started spreading on to the ground. My legs were squeezing tight between them, two thin sticks projecting upward out of her sea of brown cleavage.

Finally, after almost an hour of constant milking, I felt a hollowness in my torso. My eyes had rolled back in my head long before that sinking sensation because of how amazing it felt having my nipples serviced by a human mouth pump. I felt hot all over, so hot that I could feel sweat forming on my arms and legs. As I came back to the present moment, my shoulders found new liberty. They could move without weight. I lifted my arms above my head to stretch and there was a lightness about it. My entire chest had been eased of its prior burden.

Below me was a rare sight: my tits in their G cup form. I know, that still seemed big but they were almost entirely empty, and that was a first. I could frolic around without feeling like a ticking milky timebomb for the first time in a long time - at least for the next few hours before they refilled. Then there was Shanice.

To my left and to my right, for several feet, there was caramel colored tit flesh. Sexy and full, each one of Shanice's breasts had ripples as she used her hands to slap at each one. Her make up was stained, tears from the strain of swallowing again and again for so long, but she looked proud of the accomplishment. That pride, her mature grin, her evident thrill in being physically transformed to be grander than any woman. Those were the reasons why I loved this girl.

"They've gotta be three feet each. How the hell do you store so much? I get it, you were pretty damned huge, but you aren't even half as big as I am. That's impossible!"

"Oh stop, you're mocha'n me blush," I smiled.

She gave me a tired look, but it was in good fun, I knew. "Still nervous? I'd like to think we've gotten pretty close," Shanice rolled onto the fronts of her tits, using them together like a set of beanbags, and kissed me on the cheek.

Really. She really kissed me. When she backed away, seductively swooning, she left a sugary sweetness on me just like she had her with her cocoa. That sweetness, the taste of my milk on her breath, was how I knew that I hadn't imagined it. I was pinned to a tree, caught between the cleavage of a girl I loved, snared by tits that I had inflated with my own milk.

"Got somethin' to say? You look like you've seen a ghost. Actually, you look like you're lookin' at your new bae; the one with the sloshing, milky funbags."

"I am," I sighed, so absorbed in the promise of this new life. "And I like it a latte."