

The DD Cafe Part 1



The back office of the small cafe was more cluttered than Maddy thought possible for such an operation. Running a simple coffee shop couldn't possibly require so much paperwork, and yet, its owner sat behind a desk piled high with forms and documents. Even more distracting was the large chest weighing on the owner's front like two half watermelons. Based on what Maddy had seen thus far, every employee in the cafe seemed to follow a similar proclivity for excessive assets. It was a wonder any of the baristas were able to function with chests as large as their own heads. From the looks of things, one wrong move from the manager could spell disaster for the few buttons unlucky enough to be clasped.

A young, short girl with neck-length black hair bounced her leg from anxiety while the busty woman read over her resume. She'd never felt so intimidated in an interview. Most of this anticipation arose from flinching at every deep breath her interviewer drew. A nametag reading 'Kenddra' was ready to tear through the white blouse.

"Hmmm..." the manager, sighed. "You're a little overqualified for this position, don't you think?"

Maddy perked up at the comment. "I graduated almost a year ago with a degree in chemical engineering! It's been hard finding a job and I'm not ready to move away yet. My parents are eager for me to move out."

"Hmmm... I see..."

CRREEAAAAAK

Kenddra reclined in an old chair and rested Maddy's resume against her abdomen. Only half of it was visible from behind her chest at such an angle. It was impossible not to watch them wobble when the manager rocked back and forth.

"Tell me, Maddy; have you visited my cafe in the past?"

It wasn't an answer she wanted to give. "I-I'm not much of a coffee drinker, honestly. I don't think I've ever had a cup of coffee in my life... But I do enjoy hot chocolate and apple cider!"

Kenddra stared at Maddy before lowering her gaze. Noticing the woman's eyes settle on her bust made Maddy shrink into the chair. "What cup size are you?"

"W-What?"

"Your bra size. What is it?"

Maddy's face turned red. Despite her embarrassment, her body subconsciously arched its back to slightly bring her chest into view as it became the center of attention. "Uhm... I-I'm don't see why that's important... Are you allowed to ask that??"

The manager remained calm and serious. "It's very important for this position. Do you know what our goal is at the DD Cafe, Maddy?"

Words caught in her throat. She'd looked for their mission statement multiple times in preparation for the interview but never found anything sounding remotely serious. Her answer sounded childish leaving her lips. "You serve boob-themed coffees...? I assume to help raise awareness for--"

"We serve *confidence*, Maddy. You would know that if you were a customer."

Kenddra scrutinized the girl's chest. Her intense, undressing gaze caused Maddy to cross her arms across her breasts defensively.

“You look to be around a large C-cup, is that right? Maybe even a 30D?”

Maddy tightened her arms. “Y-Yes...”

“Have you ever considered being bigger?”

“*What?? No!!*” Maddy calmed herself and the tone of her voice. “Well, I mean... No, not *really!*”

“How do you feel about bigger breasts? Does the idea of enlarging your chest make you excited? Are you open to perhaps an H or an I-cup? Maybe bigger?”

Maddy’s jaw hung open in shock. “*Excuse me??* I...I am *NOT* going to get implants if that’s what you mean! If all those girls out there had to enhance themselves to get this job, then you should be ashamed of yourself and--”

Laughter caught Maddy off-guard. “Implants?? Oh my, not at all! I wouldn’t dream of it!!” An immediate change in tone brought a serious atmosphere. “This does, however, show just how little you know about my establishment.”

Maddy squeaked. “I’m sorry, I’m not sure I understand...”

A sigh left the manager’s lips as she placed the resume on her desk. “Maddy, you’re certainly qualified for this position and I have no doubt you could perform your duties. However, I am dubious as to whether you could *handle* all of the responsibilities of being an assistant manager at the DD Cafe. Why should I hire you when there are several other long-time customers clawing to get an interview?”

“Ms. Sal--”

“Call me Kenddra.”

“K-Kenddra... I can promise you I’m a hard worker! During college, I worked as an assistant manager at a bagel shop every day between classes, and I--”

“Yes yes, I see that on your resume. We’re a little different here at the DD Cafe. Moreso than I think you realize.” Kenddra glanced at Maddy’s chest and breathed in. “I’m not sure you’re a good fit.”

Maddy was desperate. After several failed interviews for retail positions, this was one of her last hopes. “Kenddra,” she started, “I *need* this job. My savings are almost gone and my student loans are coming due. I’m willing to do whatever it takes to succeed. I won’t let you down.”

Kenddra raised an eyebrow. “Anything?”

Remembering the talk of enhancing her bust, Maddy cautiously nodded. “Y-Yes...”

“Well... Let’s see about that, shall we?”

Kenddra stood up and opened the door to her office. From outside came a wave of chattering white noise and bustling baristas. “Addison?” she called. “Can you bring us a clasp-buster, please?”

A bubbly voice replied, “Right away!”

She returned to her seat and sat with a trained arm supporting the underside of her bust.

“It’ll be one moment,” Kenddra informed with a smile. Maddy sat quietly with nervous butterflies in her stomach. Interviews had never been her strong suit, and this one ranked among one of the most stressful. The door opened with little enough warning to make Maddy jump.

A barista stepped inside with a smile on her face but Maddy was more focused on the honeydews stretching her blouse close to bursting. They shook as she walked to the desk and presented a small ceramic cup to Kenddra. Brown hair pulled back in a ponytail swayed with her steps.

“Here you go!” she smiled.

“Thank you, Addison,” said Kenddra.

On her way out, the barista brushed close enough to Maddy to kindly whisper an encouraging, “Good luck!”

CLINK!

Maddy looked when the cup was placed at the end of the desk. She stared in confusion until Kenddra informed, “This is the technical portion of your interview. Please drink the espresso.”

“Huh...?”

“I promise there is no trick! I need you to demonstrate that you’re able to handle our product and the marketing role that comes with being not only an assistant manager but a barista serving our coffee as well.”

“So I just have to drink it...?”

“And display an ability to handle our product in a professional manner.”

Maddy assumed the drink was extra caffeinated and wrapped her hands around the tiny cup. She could smell it from several feet away. For her first real drink of coffee, it was throwing her into the deep end.

“You may want to loosen your bra first,” Kenddra suggested.

Maddy chose to ignore this, thinking it a joke after everything else the owner had said. The cup was warm when she lifted it to her lips and enjoyed a sip.

Warmth filled her body from her core to the tips of her fingers and toes. It was rather smooth and not as strong as she expected. Much of the heat flourished in her chest as if it were filling her lungs. Such sensations made her chest tingle.

“How is it?” Kenddra inquired.

“It’s...It’s very good!” She took another sip. “I always thought express--*OH!!!*”

Maddy jolted when her nipples popped against her bra like firecrackers. Their erection was instant and intense, leagues stronger than the gradual hardening she was used to.

CLATTER!!!

The cup fell from her trembling hands as she endured a spike of erotic sensations. Pressure filled her bra like two inflating balloons. Stuffed inside, her chest was moving with a mind of its own. Wide eyes shot downward to stare at the perplexing movement occurring under her dress shirt. What looked like two animals fighting for room brought instant panic.

“*M-My breasts!!*” Maddy yelled. Both hands flew to cup her former C-cup assets.

Calm behind her desk, Kenddra observed closely without a word.

“*What did you...do to my boobs?!*” Maddy gasped. Feeling them buck and bloat in her hands, she leaned back into her chair and arched her back to bring her chest into view. Two rounding masses pressed her bra into the beige fabric of her favorite interview shirt. Sensitive

beyond measure, they burned against her fingers and threatened to make her leak through her pants.

STTRRRREEEETCH!!!

“Nnnngh!!! Oohhh what’s happening to me?! What was in that coffee?!”

“The magic of the DD Cafe.”

Fabric strained under Maddy’s hands. Pulling into her melon-sized breasts at every angle, her bra dug deep and tight. Heavy bulges escaped and heaved under her racing fingers. She could feel her heartbeat in her cleavage as it was rose out of her collar and pressed into her neck.

“M-Mmmngh!!” Maddy whimpered for breath. Each compressed nipple screamed for her fingers.

CRREEEAAAAAAK

“M-My bra!!! My bra is going to BREAK!!”

“I did warn you…”

“Nnnngh!!! A-Ahh!!! Oh God!!!”

Maddy’s breaths came short and fast. Complaining fabric screamed in her ears and against her back. She moaned when she felt her bra clasps bending open from tension.

SHRRRIIP!!!

Tears opened on the side of her shirt where the seams proved too weak. Flesh eagerly flowed out, taut to the touch from its compressing prison of lace and cotton.

“It’s gonna blow!! My bra is going to EXPLODE!! M-Make them stop!! This is my favorite interview outfi--”

SNAP!!!

“MMMMNGH!!!”

Maddy’s body was released all at once. Breaking at its clasp, her bra snapped in two and shot up and out of her collar to smack her in the face. Two basketball-sized mounds fell unabated into their fully engorged forms. Stupefied, Maddy gawked at their slowing expansion until their only movement came from her intense gasps.

“Oh my God... O-Oh my God...” Maddy gasped aloud. *“My...CHEST!!! It’s ENORMOUS!!”* Her hands grabbed them to sink several inches into fleshy heat. It brought her to the edge of orgasm. *“Aaaaauugh!!! What...What did you do to me...?!”*

Kendra remained calm and explained. “It’s clear you’re unaware of what my cafe stands for, Maddy. We provide boosts to women’s confidence through temporary bust enhancements. Our breast-themed coffees give women what they feel they need to give them an edge in the modern-day workplace. A proprietary formula leaves no bra size out of reach, from A to Z or beyond.”

Maddy gawked at her chest and how it flowed. Everything about it was mesmerizing and revitalized several pubescent dreams from high school she’d forgotten until this moment. “I-I thought the drinks were just jokes! *I didn’t think they actually made you blow up!!*”

Whimpering against the pleasure, she grabbed her chest and leaned forward into a hunched position. Their weight was incredible and erotic as they pulled at her shoulders. Such a dramatic transformation shouldn’t have been possible, and yet, the very real masses pushing into her hands and thighs could only be reality. *“Am I stuck with these?!”*

Kenddra laughed in amusement. “Oh of course not! The swelling effect lasts eight hours at the most before our customers’ breasts return to normal. I assure you there are no side effects.”

Maddy couldn’t get a grip on her breathing. Staring into her cleavage was too much to handle. It felt far better than she cared to admit at the moment.

“At the DD Cafe, my employees are required to maintain an enhanced bust throughout the day. Myself included. I wake up as a B-cup every morning and start my day with a healthy cup.”

An expression of disbelief filled Maddy’s face when she looked at the woman’s massive chest. “*You’re a B-CUP?!*”

“How can our customers trust our product if we don’t?” Kenddra continued. “As assistant manager, your responsibilities will be...*larger*...than the other baristas. In light of all this, are you still interested in the position? It’s yours if you want.”

Joy flipped in Maddy’s heart. “Y-You mean I handled it well enough?? I was screaming my head off the entire time!”

“You would be surprised how many girls lose their minds and start...*ahem*...losing themselves to the situation... The experience is obviously a pleasurable one, but you handled it well and maintained some professional composure, considering you had no idea what was coming.”

Maddy blushed. She didn’t dare admit how close she’d come to sliding a hand down her pants. There was certain to be a wet mark when she stood up.

“The position is yours if you want it,” Kenddra repeated.

Maddy gulped. She didn’t dare breathe too deeply to answer, in hopes to save what remained of her shirt. Arousal fogged her mind. She wasn’t positive she could handle this on a daily basis and maintain her sanity. Even so, her student loans wouldn’t let her say no.

“I-I’ll take it,” Maddy squeaked.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

“So these are the machines!” Addison the barista showed Maddy the area behind the counter. “Everything works like a regular coffee shop, except we use special creamers for our *specialty*. They’re flavorless, so no need to worry about diluting the taste!”

“Ok...” Maddy said slowly. It was a lot to take in on her first day. Walking around with breasts the size of her head was a challenge in and of itself. Their uniform of white button-up blouses, black skirts, and green aprons did little to hide the baristas’ enormous assets. If anything, it only helped accentuate their size.

Addison led her to the back storage room. Large bags of coffee beans sat stacked in the corner. Several shelves of ingredients and equipment filled the walls alongside refrigerators. In one corner were two large plastic tanks whirring with the mechanical sound of cooling.

“This is our secret sauce!” Addison exclaimed while patting one tank. “The stuff in here is highly concentrated. Everyday we mix several smaller batches with different amounts of water to use in our orders. The concentration determines the amount of swelling the customer

experience, but the amount they drink determines how long it lasts. We have three drink sizes: swollen, melon, and macro. Make sense?"

"I think... So if I only had a drop of the concentrated stuff--"

"Then you would blow out of your shirt, but it would fit again in fifteen minutes."

Maddy gulped and stepped away from the tank. "Good to know!"

"I know it's kind of freaky the first few times, but you get used to it! I recommend buying some extra-large bras to leave here so you have something to fit your work boobs! Luckily the shirts Kenddra gives us are really stretchy."

Addison brought them to a second smaller tank. "This is another creamer we use to induce lactation!"

"Lactation? As in...?"

"Yup! We have *all kinds* of drinks here. Some women really get off on their boobs filling up with milk. Or they're doing it for their boyfriends. I tried it once out of curiosity and they just felt really full and heavy. My boyfriend *loooooooved* every second of it, but I just kind of wanted them empty again. But hey, to each their own!"

Addison continued as Maddy stared on with a bewildered expression. "With this stuff, it's really *really* important to get the ratio of lactation creamer to their breast size just right. You don't want to make someone produce more milk than their boobs can handle. It just turns into a leaky mess, the customer is overfilled and bloated, and nobody is happy. So if anyone ever orders something with lactation creamer, *make extra sure* it's the right concentration."

Gulping, Maddy asked, "They can't get like...*too big*, can they?"

"No! No no no!" She paused. "At least I don't think so... Hmm..." Addison stared off into space. "Anyways, most of our drinks are named after how big of a size increase the customer is after! Most just want a few extra inches, like going from a B-cup to a G or an F. Every now and then we'll get a customer wanting a *giant* pair of knockers. I mean like..." Addison held her arms out in front of her as if simulating carrying two giant beach balls. "When that happens, we like to have them sign a waiver stating any damage to their property or the inability to function isn't our fault. Then we give them what they want! I've seen some girls driving out of here with their car horns blaring the entire time. If you know what I mean..."

Maddy wasn't entirely sure she was living in reality at this point. Everything thrown at her in the last hour seemed more like a teen's fantasy than a legitimate coffee shop. "I can't believe I've never heard about this place! Why have I never heard anyone talk about it?! Why aren't they using this instead of implants?! Why is it only being used for *coffee*?! Think of the good it could do for new mothers having trouble producing enough milk! And how are there no guys swarming the cafe?!"

Addison shrugged and ignored the more concerning questions. "I guess it has to do with the effects only being temporary and wanting to keep the formula a secret. I'm not sure where Kenddra gets the creamer from. Nobody is. As for the lack of perverts, Kenddra has a strict no ogling policy. The DD Cafe is meant to be a safe place for women! Guys are welcome, of course. We actually get quite a few buying coffees for their girlfriends for anniversary presents or something. Sometimes they buy it for themselves. It doesn't work on them, of course, but it's still great-tasting coffee."

The information was lost on Maddy. At this point, she would mark the day as a win if she could get through her shift without falling over from her chest. As big as she'd dared to make herself for her first day of work, they were dwarfed by Addison's breasts. They filled her blouse to the point of pushing flesh into her sleeves. As the new assistant manager, Kenddra had insisted Maddy aim for larger sizes as she came up to speed.

"Are you wondering how big I really am?" Addison teased.

Maddy blushed, not enjoying getting caught staring at her coworker's chest. She wondered if it was as soft as hers. Addison was cute but much too bubbly for her liking. "A-A little, honestly... I don't know what I can trust anymore!"

"Don't worry about it!" Addison giggled and pressed her bust between her arms and watched her cleavage stretch through her buttons. "I did go pretty big today. Sometimes you just need a pair of watermelons in your shirt, you know?" She laughed and proceeded to answer Maddy's curiosity. "Naturally I'm about a D-cup. A DD on a good day! But honestly, I *love* filling them out every morning. If I'm feeling really into it, sometimes during my break I'll sneak some creamer and--"

DING!

DING DING!

"Oh!! There's a customer!" Addison peeked out of the storage room to see a nervous woman waiting at the register. "Be right there, miss!"

She addressed Maddy then. "Looks like you're up!"

"W-What??"

"No better time to learn than the present! Go give that lady the boobs she wants!"

"B-But I don't know how to mix anything yet!"

"Time to learn!"

Addison ushered Maddy into the cafe. Together they approached a frantic woman in a loose-fitting blouse hanging off her body like a sheet. An encouraging expression from her coworker told Maddy to take the lead.

"W...Welcome to the DD Cafe! How big would you like to be today?" Maddy asked. The required greeting made her want to curl up from embarrassment.

"Can I get a melon ro-busty cappuccino! I have a job interview in thirty minutes and I need to fill out this shirt!"

"We'll get right on that, ma-am!" Addison promised. She looked at Maddy. "Ok, she wants a medium cappuccino with regular cream at around twenty percent dilution. She's probably looking to get up to an H-cup. Must be a big interview."

"So what do we do??"

"We make it and help her outshine the competition!"

Under Addison's guiding hand, Maddy endured the process of making her first cappuccino. After minimal spillage from several collisions with her mammaries, Maddy had her first coffee ready to serve.

"Don't forget the most important thing!" Addison chimed in. Reaching into a mini-fridge, she withdrew a white carton with '20%' scrawled on one side. "We need to make sure she leaves bigger than when she came in!" A small splash of dark-colored cream filled the cup to the brim.

Maddy presented the drink with caution. “That will be \$6.50, please!”

“Thank you!!!” The woman already had the exact amount ready to go. Not wasting a moment, she drank half the coffee in front of the baristas and shivered.

“Mmmmmm...”

“Oh my,” Addison whispered, “It must be a *very* important interview.”

The woman’s chest shifted under her blouse. Wearing a bra far too large for her, it hung limp off her torso until two rounded masses began exploring its cups.

“A-Aahhhh...!” She gasped at the rushing sensations fluttering under her clothes and gripped the edge of the counter for support. Leaning forward and watching them grow, she gifted Maddy with a view into her swelling cleavage.

The woman’s tits engorged from meager B-cups into plump fruits fighting for room. The process was still alien to Maddy and she couldn’t help but watch. Her hands froze over the register as they forgot what they were doing.

STREEEEETCH

Bra fabric shifted when pressure pushed from within. Filling out completely, flesh began bulging around the cups and testing the limits of the once-loose blouse. Just as her jiggling mounds began inching towards her collarbones and stress lines shot across the shirt’s fabric, the woman breathed deep and her growth ceased.

“*Perfect!*” she declared. Reaching up, she unbuttoned the top of her shirt to release a heap of pale flesh. It was hard to believe the outfit had been ready to slip off her body only moments ago. The woman filled it out as if her body had grown the exact size necessary. If anything, the blouse was too small now.

“Thank you so much!” the woman said full of gratitude. Taking the rest of her drink to prolong the effect, she left the cafe.

Addison wasn’t fazed. “Easy, right?”

“I-I guess...! How did you know how much cream to give her??”

The barista shrugged. “You get a feel for it over time. Usually, women will only complain about not growing enough. It’s rare they’ll get angry about an extra cup or two.”

Maddy spun her head around the cafe. At every table sat a woman going about her business or chatting with a friend. Not one shirt wasn’t stretched and filled with boob. Though sizes ranged from proportional to ridiculous, it was clear they were all there for the same reason. Some could hardly see the keyboard on their laptops.

“I just can’t believe this is normal to so many people! Women come in here and act like it’s no big deal that their boobs are blowing up to triple their size!”

“It’s a thrill! Some feel empowered by it. Some just like the experience of feeling their bras overflowing throughout the day. Some make it a crucial part of their *personal time*. They’re usually the ones we make sign a waiver. Everyone just gets a kick out of it!” Two approaching girls caught Addison’s attention. “Look alive, newbie!”

“Welcome to the DD Cafe,” Maddy greeted, now filled with more confidence. “How big can we make you today?”

The two girls differed greatly in their demeanor. One, a blonde, wore a teasing smile and ushered the other towards the counter. She seemed reluctant and ready to shrink into her clothes out of embarrassment.

The shy girl's eyes turned into saucers at the sight of Maddy's chest. "Lacey!" she whispered to her friend, "*I can't do that! Those are way too big! Look at her!*"

Maddy heard her words and immediately felt herself grow hot.

The blonde chuckled and replied, "You don't have to go that big! They just do that to help sell coffee. Don't worry, they'll take good care of you!" She pushed the girl towards the counter and addressed Maddy. "My friend here has a date in an hour and isn't feeling very confident. Do you have something to give her a little *boost*?"

Maddy didn't feel prepared to give any kind of advice. "U-Uh..." Looking to Addison for support, the experienced barista determined it best to let her flounder. Maddy turned back to the blushing customer. At her best guess, the girl couldn't have been bigger than a B-cup. She wore a low-cut shirt but there was too little to display any cleavage.

"I would...uh...recommend a...swollen cleavage perker...?" Maddy said in a questioning tone.

The girl's face turned bright red and she refused to look anyone in the eye. "H-How big will it make me? I don't think I could handle being as big as you! I would fall over!"

"You'll only grow a little!" Maddy assured. The last thing she wanted to do was frighten the girl into thinking she was going to turn into a blimp. "How does a D-cup sound? Too big?"

The girl's face brightened with excitement but was quickly hidden under further embarrassment. "That...That sounds good! He'll like that... He likes girls with big boobs..."

"Coming right up!"

Maddy turned to make the drink. It was far easier than the cappuccino. Under Addison's watchful eye, she was instructed to use only a dash of heavily diluted growth cream. When she placed the steaming cup in front of the customer, she thought the girl might faint.

"That will be four dollars and fifty..." Maddy's voice trailed off when the girl started to stammer.

"W-W-Will it hurt...? I'm so small... I-I can't imagine having D-cups... They can't possibly grow that much!"

The girl was clearly having a difficult time with the situation her friend put her in. Personally, Maddy didn't think enhancing her bust to make a good first impression on a date was a very good way to start a relationship, but such a thing wasn't her decision to make. She could, however, answer the girl's question based on her own experience. Without thinking, Maddy said, "Trust me; it's going to feel *incredible* and he'll love it. When I had my first cup, I almost ca--"

"*Ahem!*" Addison interjected before leaving to take out the trash.

Maddy turned red after realizing what she was about to say aloud. "A-Anyway! That will be \$4.50, please!"

Her friend jumped in. "Here, it's my treat! You just drink up and get ready for your hot date! He's not going to be able to keep his eyes off you once you drink this."

Looking like she no longer knew where she was, the girl took the coffee after her friend paid. Together they left the cafe.

The next customer in line approached. “Can I have a macro triple cupspresso, please?”

“Sure, coming right up...” Maddy’s mind was in other places. Her hands were focused on making the drink, but her eyes and mind were focused on watching the shy girl take her first sip of coffee in front of the cafe. Maddy could see the surprise on her face when the tingles started within her bra, followed by staggering and helpful support from her friend when the growth truly kicked in.

“Here you go...” Maddy said, presenting the customer’s drink. She barely remembered making it. “Six dollars is your total.”

Outside, the girl couldn’t keep her hands from her swollen chest nor the smile from her face. The joy emanating from her giggles told Maddy a dream had just come true. She could have watched the girl happily squeezing her breast for hours. Several minutes passed of Maddy watching the shy girl enjoy her new chest. It felt good providing the source of her glee.

“Uhh... Excuse me... I don’t think this is what I ordered.”

These words shocked Maddy back into reality. Her mind flew back into her head and she turned to the customer waiting at the counter.

“I’m sorry! Let me get you ano--*Oh my God!*”

Maddy knew she’d just served her, but with her mind now fully present, she was seeing her for the first time.

The girl was tall with dark red hair bleached lighter at the end. Bright pink lipstick stood out against her pale skin. The black choker around her neck was an especially tantalizing accessory that made Maddy’s heart thump. Though her appearance was attractive, it was her overgrown breasts filling one of her straining arms that caused Maddy to gasp. They had blown larger than even Kendra’s and had created several rips in her meager tank top.

“*I am SO SORRY!*” Maddy exclaimed.

It was a relief to hear an amused laugh come from the redhead. “Don’t worry about it! I only took a sip!” She patted her chest like two beach balls. “They’ll go down in no time. But maybe make the next drink not so strong that it snaps my bra in half...?”

She’d broken a girl’s bra. Maddy knew very well how expensive such garments could be and dreaded the possible fallout. “*R-Right away!*” Maddy turned to see Addison standing in the back with her hands clasped over her face in horror at the enlarged customer.

“We’re fine! Don’t worry!” the girl assured with a thumbs up.

Addison looked on in worry but allowed Maddy to go about her business. It wasn’t easy making the drink while keeping her eyes off the attractive girl filling the register area with her tits. Her demeanor and confidence were intoxicating. Maddy’s mouth hadn’t been so dry in a long time.

“I haven’t seen you here before...” the stranger hummed. “Does your name tag say ‘Maddy’?” She laughed. “Another name with ‘DD’! I’m starting to think these aren’t your real names!”

“It’s my name!” Maddy defended. “It’s my first day...”

“Ahh... That would explain my giant tits that were supposed to stay in my shirt. My name is Crystal.”

Maddy delivered the correct drink and apologized once more. "I'm sorry again! I-I can pay for your bra!" Anxious to make it right in any way possible, Maddy grabbed a rewards card and punched several holes to fill it out. "Here! This will get you a free coffee!"

Crystal took the card. "I don't know, new girl... Are you allowed to just give these out?"

"I-I don't know!! *I don't know!*" Maddy stood flustered with infatuation and guilt.

Crystal's chest remained overbearing. From the looks of it, it hadn't stopped its initial bout of swelling. It continued slowly burgeoning across the counter like a slow-moving titty disaster.

"Do you need help getting to your car?"

The redhead winked. "Only if that's an offer to help get them into my bed, too."

Maddy squeaked at the thought of getting trapped under the massive bust. "*M-My shift doesn't end for a few hours...*" The answer revealed more of her inner desires than she planned.

"Well..." Crystal hummed and fluttered her eyes before applying her weight onto her chest causing it to billow. "*I cooouuuld* be convinced to keep my mouth shut about the \$50 bra you broke...in exchange for your phone number?"

Maddy's vision turned foggy and her heart raced. "I-I'm not sure I--"

"What? Not into redheaded girls with boobs the size of beach balls?" Crystal laughed. "It's fine if you're not!" She licked her lips. "But something tells me you are..."

Swallowing hard and fighting the plume of heat rising from her shirt, Maddy stared into Crystal's plump cleavage. It wasn't often she was struck with infatuation of this caliber, but in the few minutes she'd known Crystal, Maddy felt like a schoolgirl bearing the weight of a mountain-sized crush.

"I-I'm not really..." Maddy gulped again. "I'm not really looking to date at the moment... I just started this new job and--"

She paused when Crystal lifted her mistake coffee to her lips and drank a healthy sip.

STRREEETCH

Her tits bloated with renewed fuel and caused her nipples to tremble. At this point, Maddy was frightened she would be too heavy to leave the counter.

"Are you *suuuure*?" Crystal winked. "You're staring at me like a starving puppy."

It took several chest-thumping seconds for her to find her voice against her racing heart. Thoughts of Crystal's bright red lips wrapping themselves around Maddy's swollen nipples were overpowering. "*M-Mhm! I-I'm sure!*"

Crystal shrugged and stood up with a grunt. Both arms were required under her chest to lift it from the counter as they grew to reach her exposed belly button. "Maybe next time, then!"

Maddy noticed the two coffees abandoned at the register. "Wait! Your drinks!"

"Don't worry about them! I think I've had my fill for today." Crystal struggled to walk away as a massive nipple slipped free of her shirt. "I wouldn't mind taking my chances on another coffee from you, though... Hope I see you again, Maddy."

The door chimed when she left, leaving the cafe in palpable tension. Maddy jumped when Addison appeared behind her suddenly and whispered, "Is it just me or are you steaming as much as the coffee...? I didn't think you swung that way!"

Red as a tomato, Maddy grabbed Crystal's drinks. "*S-Shut up.*"

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

“Welcome home, sweetie! How was your first day of work?”

Maddy flew past her mom towards the stairs. Fate was kind enough to have her swelling wear off by the time she got home. Explaining her chest’s transformation to her mother wasn’t something she intended on doing. “It was fine! Really busy!”

Spying a cup held tight between her hands, Maddy’s mom chirped, “Oh do you get to come home with free coffee after your shift? That’s a nice perk!”

“Y-Yea! I think I’m gonna head upstairs for the night. I’m exhausted.”

“Oh... Well, alright... Dinner is ready if you’re hungry...”

Maddy secluded herself in her room moments later. Her heart beat like a rabbit’s. She knew there was no way her mom could have known the cup in her hand was Crystal’s botched coffee. Maddy prayed Addison remained none the wiser as well. The redhead’s coffee was cold by now, but Maddy didn’t care. She felt alive and giddy with attraction and sexual excitement as she set the coffee on her desk and undressed to her panties.

Quick breaths made her lips moist as she dug into the back of her closet. In a far corner in a bag of give-away clothes was what she wanted: an A-cup bra from high school. It was one of the few remnants of her pubescent years. A white blouse from the same bag joined it.

“Ok... Ok...” Maddy’s hands shook with anticipation. She could barely clasp her bra, much less button the shirt. When all was said and done, she stood in her room dressed as though she’d aged ten years overnight. Her chest bulged over the bra and into the shirt in protest, but their torture was only beginning. “*Here we go...*”

Crystal’s coffee cup was lifted to her lips. With the mistaken amount of creamer inside, Maddy was sure to balloon to at least twice as big as she’d been at work. The old garments wouldn’t stand a chance. Arousal glistened on her thighs when she touched the cup to her lips in the same spot as Crystal’s lipstick. She’d refused to leave Maddy’s thoughts since their encounter.

Mind in a flurry, Maddy tilted the cup and allowed several gulps to travel down her throat until half its contents were gone. It was cold, but the thought of Crystal’s lips made it hot.

“*M-Mmmngh!!!*” Maddy quickly set the cup on her desk.

The effects were instant. Maddy stumbled back and stared at her chest as every button on the shirt pulled open to reveal diamond-shaped windows to her sternum and belly. In preparation for incredible growth, the cups of the tiny bra were filled by Maddy’s puffy areolas alone. The bra constricted uncomfortably and a small part of her wondered if this may have been a mistake. But as her chest began its rapid growth and she laid on her bed, she knew she’d never regret it.

“*Mmmmmmm ooohhhh!!*”

STREEEEETCH

Only a few inches of growth were required before the top audibly complained. Maddy couldn’t have cared less. She wanted to rip it to shreds. She wanted to feel the bra explode. Arching her back and panting, she watched her breasts expand with no regard for what stood in their way. Flesh rushed together in a battle for space before being forced flat and into her sleeves.

CRREEEAAAAAK!!

“*Ahh!!!! AAUGH!! T-This SWELLING!!*” Knowing Crystal had experienced the same made her breaths short.

The changes to her sensitivity were mind-numbing. Already as large as her head, Maddy watched ridges of cleavage bubble through the blouse’s buttons. The bra was hidden from sight though she could feel her chest throbbing around its aching cups.

“*C-Crystal...*” she moaned, closing her eyes. A hand slipped across her stomach to dive into her underwear. She hadn’t been this wet in a long time.

CRREEEAAAAAAAAAK!!!

“*M-Mmmmmnnngh!! Ooohhhh yes... God, yes...!*”

Images of Crystal testing the limits of her shirt swam through Maddy’s head. Slave to the redhead’s personality, she imagined Crystal straddling her hips as she fingered herself. Slowly she would lean forward, until their massively engorged tits pressed together in a mass of flesh and--

POP!!

“*Ahh!!!*”

A button abandoned its post. The release caused movement in her chest when a heap of skin rose into the gap as if her chest were a stress toy in a strong man’s grip.

CRREEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAK!!!

“*O-Ohh this bra...!! This bra... Is too small!!!*”

Maddy chewed on her lip. At any moment, her ballooning jugs would break through their bonds. Her nipples alone overflowed the garment and shone through the blouse like pink spotlights. The coffee’s effects were nowhere near finished and Maddy was struggling to breathe under the weight of her watermelon tits.

CRREEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAK!!!

The bra gave a final warning.

SHRRRIIP!!

SHRRRRRIIIPP!!

Several determined buttons decided to tear gashes across the shirt before bursting open. Strands of fabric dug into Maddy’s chest. As cleavage pressed into her neck, she whimpered for fear the bra may actually hold and she would be smothered beneath her own bosom.

BOOM!!!

“*MMMNGH!!!!*”

Maddy clenched every muscle and plunged her fingers deep into her body when the brassier finally broke.

SHRRRIIIPP!!!

Without the bra’s aid, the blouse never stood a chance. It tore open like a present to release Maddy’s beach ball chest. Flesh billowed into jiggling, rounded mounds pinning her biceps to the mattress and reaching her belly button.

“*MMMNGH!!! B-BIGGER!!*” she begged. Drooling slightly, she looked at the wobbling mountains and saw giant nipples pointing at her ceiling. She imagined red lipstick leaving kiss marks all over them.

The thought of Crystal made her loins ache with primal infatuation. Gasping in the final throes of growth, her fingers beat furiously and Maddy arched her back to rock her chest up and down. Heavy mounds slapped her chin repeatedly.

“AAHHHHHHH!!!”

As suddenly as it had started, it was over. Maddy collapsed flat on her back. Drenched and sticking to her panties, her hand remained between her thighs. She didn't dare move it for fear of brushing against her searing clit and clenching from overstimulation. She couldn't have gotten up if she wanted to; the mammoth breasts pinning her to the bed filled more than half of her view. A shadow cast over her face where a nipple blocked her ceiling light.

Sweat peppered her brow. She couldn't recall how much coffee she'd consumed. However, based on her limited experience and knowledge, as well as the large gulps she felt rested in her belly, Maddy realized she may be stuck on her back for several hours. A mess of shredded fabric and ruined cotton spandex littered the sheets. Deep in her core, she wished Crystal might appear to keep her company.

“N-Nngh...” she grunted, trying to get up and finding her efforts useless. The sound of her parents downstairs made her nervous. *“M-Maybe I should have locked my door before pinning myself down with a giant pair of boobs...”*

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Maddy arrived for her shift in the early morning. Kenddra wanted her trained in opening and closing to help relieve some of her own responsibilities. After an arousing process of determining her bra size for the rest of the day, as well as delighting in Addison's advice to bring an extra-large bra to contain her temporary assets, she began buttoning her blouse.

KNOCK KNOCK

“Someone's in here!” Maddy warned from the closed supply closet.

The door opened regardless and Addison poked her head inside. A sly smile was plastered on her face. *“There's a customer waiting for you.”*

“What do you mean a customer is waiting for--” Maddy stopped. There were only so many possibilities. Already slave to her volleyball assets, the worst-case scenario would be her mother stopping by as a surprise. The best-case scenario, on the other hand, made her heart pound.

“Be right there!” she stammered and quickly buttoned her shirt and tied her apron. Exiting the closet, she found a familiar pair of red lips waiting at the counter.

“Morning! Mind if I get a coffee?” Crystal leaned on the counter and allowed her tank top to fall forward. *“I left my bra in the car, just in case. Those aren't cheap, you know.”*

Maddy's hands were too sweaty to handle any kind of coffee machinery. She had to work to remove her eyes away from Crystal's cleavage. She looked to be a natural B-cup, and an exceptionally perky one at that. *“N-No need to worry! I'm on my game today.”*

“Ooohhh, I like the confidence! How about a macro DD creamalicious, then?”

The barista paused at a spike of sexual imagery. *“That's...That's one of the lactation drinks, right?”*

“*Mmmhmmmm...*” Crystal straightened her back and stretched to lift her chest. “I just *love* feeling milk inside of them all day... You wouldn’t believe the relief when you finally get home and empty yourself, or even better, somebody else milks them for you...” Crystal looked at Maddy and caught her staring at her nipples poking into her thin tank top. The barista’s face burned from thinking about Crystal’s chest engorging with milk. Her lips wondered what it might taste like.

She continued. “I could always use a spare hand, if you’re interested. I tend to make a *lot* of milk... Sometimes they just get so full I can’t handle it on my own! My nipples get so swollen and sensitive that I can barely touch them... An extra pair of lips would *sure* come in handy.”

Maddy was so flustered she couldn’t see straight. No beverage had ever sounded so good. “M-M-Maybe some other time...”

“Oh yea...?” Crystal narrowed her eyes to those of a sultry cat’s. “Maybe we can *share* a coffee. I wouldn’t mind trying some of *your* cream.”

This woman was a stranger and yet knew each and every one of Maddy’s buttons. What was worse, Maddy didn’t want it to stop. She wanted nothing more than for Crystal to grab her by her collar, pull her across the counter, and kiss her. These feelings were confusing and foreign, however. She’d never felt such lust for a complete stranger. Concentrating on making the lactation-inducing drink was near impossible. Struggling with her mental fortitude and her nipples fighting inside her bra, Maddy managed to present the drink.

“Seven dollars, please...”

Crystal passed the punch card from the previous day. “I believe this should cover it.” She took a sip and immediately her nipples doubled in size against her shirt. “Is it bad I’m almost hoping you made it too strong again...?”

Maddy whimpered like a mouse when Crystal stared into her eyes before walking away. She’d been thinking of the redhead since the night before and secretly hoping their paths would cross again. She didn’t think it would be so soon, but she was glad it happened.

These interactions continued for several days. Every shift, Maddy would arrive to find Crystal waiting for her daily coffee. Their chats dragged on when the workload allowed for it. If Maddy was too busy to talk, Crystal would sit at a table with a laptop. Frequently their eyes would meet and Maddy would feel her chest flutter. It made the hours fly by as she was constantly lost in a lustful fog.

Maddy looked forward to seeing her suiter every day. It was rare for Crystal to not cross through her mind. Since their first encounter, she’d become the main focus of Maddy’s masturbation fantasies. With the aid of a complimentary coffee every night, she had outgrown and torn through every disposable shirt and bra she owned. A pile of tattered fabric sat hidden under her bed. Given how much real estate Crystal owned in her head, Maddy wasn’t sure how much longer she could resist the redhead’s advances.

Maddy’s wandering thoughts came to a head at the end of the week. The Friday afternoon was relatively quiet at the DD Cafe and Addison had begun trusting Maddy enough to work without much supervision. Various patrons dotted the establishment, the majority of them occupied with books, laptops, or friendly conversation. Crystal sat in near the back sipping an extra-strength cleavage perker. Their eyes had been meeting every minute at a minimum, it

seemed. It was enough twitterpated excitement to leave Maddy floating on air with her mind a thousand miles away wondering what Crystal's milk might taste like. It was bliss, until...

"AAHHHH!!!! HOLY SHIT!!!"

The cafe jumped at an angry scream. The source was a woman sitting alone at a table by the front windows, a customer Maddy barely remembered serving only minutes ago. The reason behind her scream was more than obvious.

"MY BOOBS!!! FUCK!!! They're not stopping!!!"

SHRRRIIPPP!!!

Her shirt lasted only a matter of seconds before a pair of tits erupted off her body. Watching them swell into her bra felt more akin to watching a blimp inflate with a belt wrapped around its middle. Maddy winced when it audibly creaked and deformed her chest.

"A-AAHH!!!"

POW!!!!

"NNGH!!! O-OH GOD!!!"

The mammaries destroyed her bra to leave it hanging at her sides. Swollen larger than beach balls, they landed on the table and began their conquest by inching across its surface.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING TO ME?! I-I'M BLOWING UP!!!"

CLATTER!!!

SPLASH!!

Her laptop and coffee were pushed to the floor by an angry nipple. With almost the entire cafe frozen in shock, one woman stepped forward. "Ma-am...? Are you alri--"

GUUURRRRGLE

Everyone heard the ocean of milk churn within the distressed woman's knockers. Pressure could be seen moving through her chest starting at its base in a wave until it struck her soup can nipples.

FWWOOSH!!!

Milk sprayed from gigantic pink nozzles at high pressure.

"A-AAHHH!!!! Oh that's too much milk!!!! I'M LACTATE TOO MUCH!!!"

Maddy gawked at the sight, unsure of what to do. Still growing rapidly, the woman's chest completely filled her table and showed no signs of stopping.

"M-MAKE IT STOP!!! Aahhhhh they're too SENSITIVE!!!"

Addison came running from the backroom. "Maddy! What the hell is going--*Oh my God!!!*"

"I'm sorry!! I-I must have put the wrong concentration of creamer in her drink!!! I wasn't paying attention!!!!!" Maddy was frantic. Only a week into her job and she was going to be fired for turning a woman into a water bed.

Luckily, Addison knew what to do. *"She's filling up too fast!! She shouldn't be spraying that much!!! Go try and calm her down while I grab the emergency pump!"*

Pale-faced, Maddy raced from behind the counter and approached the woman. Daggers shot from her eyes when she looked at the barista while hugging what she could of her chest. *"YOU. This is YOUR fault!!! Look what you did to me!! How big am I going to get?! God there must be fifty gallons inside of me!! I have a dinner party tonight!!!"*

“I-I-I-I--” Maddy couldn’t find any words.

FWOOOOSSSH!!!!

“*MMNNGHHH!!!!!! AAHHHH GOD!!*” The woman threw her head back and screamed when milk gushed across the store. As big as she was, her expression told a story of extreme pleasure. Maddy wondered how sensitive such engorged nipples might be.

“*I S-SHOULD...MMMMMM...SUE YOU FOR THIS!!*” She gasped and heaved at Maddy. “*I asked for cleavage perker with light lactation!*”

GGUUUUURRRRGLE

She rubbed her thighs together when dairy flowed in thick plumes.

“*D-Does this look like ‘light lactation’ to you?! I’m blowing up like a damn parade float!!*”

“*I’m sorry!! I-I--*”

Addison appeared at her side. In her hands were two plastic suction cups connected to hoses snaking to a mechanical pump in the back. It whirred in the background. “*Ma-am! We need to milk you right away, ok?? I know it’s a lot to handle and it feels good, but--*”

“*Fuck you!! I’m going to sue this place for so much I’m going to own it!! I didn’t pay to own a pair of freakish milk tank udders!!*”

FWOOOOOSSH!!!

“*AHHHH! MAKE IT STOOOOOP!!*”

The two baristas covered their faces against her rising milk. It continued as a constant shower as if a hydrant had ruptured. Pools of white gathered around their feet and customers were beginning to flee.

“What the hell did you give her??” Addison yelled at Maddy. “*You have to mess up bad to do this!!*”

“*I-I... I didn’t!!! I--*” Maddy tried to remember making the woman’s coffee, but all that came to mind was Crystal’s lips and cleavage. Frantic, she looked up to see the redhead approaching from behind the lactating customer.

“Excuse me!” Crystal said, leaning over the woman. She had to raise her voice to be heard over the sound of gushing milk. “I think you grabbed my coffee by mistake!! I ordered right before you!”

Confusion blanked Maddy’s brain. Both she and Addison looked at Crystal, knowing the story was a lie. Their jobs were on the line. Meeting their gaze, Crystal mouthed to Maddy, “*Don’t worry*”.

“*WHAT???*” the woman yelled.

Crystal repeated, “You grabbed my coffee by accident!”

“*You mean you WANTED THIS to happen to you?! Look at me! My tits are three feet across!!!*”

Crystal grinned and shrugged innocently. “Are you kidding?? Hell yea! I get a kick out of it!”

The woman glared in angry confusion. She didn’t remember someone being in line ahead of her, but she didn’t *not* remember. Enduring her extreme lactation, she could barely remember

five seconds ago. *“God, kids these days are weird!! Whatever!!! JUST FUCKING GET THIS MILK OUT OF ME!!”*

Addison thrust one of the pump’s cups at Maddy. She could feel the vacuum vibrating through the plastic. *“Here!! We need to get these on her nipples!! It will get her down to a manageable size until they stop!!!”*

“O-Ok!!”

They stepped forward but were met with a torrent of milk. The force was enough to push back their suction cups.

“A-Ack!!!”

“Ohhh come ooon!! Please hurry!!! God, they’re getting BIGGER!!! Why the hell would anyone want this in their drink?!”

Maddy caught Crystal winking at her when she replied, *“Some girls know how to have fun.”*

“Whoa!!”

SLAM!!

Distracted and slick with milk, Maddy lost her balance and fell to the floor. She raised her arm to protect her from the gushing, though she was already dripping from head to toe. Addison remained standing with her arms outstretched to block what she could. Behind the woman, Crystal stood with a hand over her mouth to cover an amused grin.



“M-Milk me!! PLEASE MILK ME!!” the woman begged. *“I can’t take much more!!!”*

Maddy looked up to see Addison leaning her full weight into the woman’s flow. Following her lead, she crawled on her knees against the milk. It sprayed her face like a sprinkler and coated her mouth in surprising sweetness. If Crystal’s tasted half as good, she may never remove her lips.

FWOOOOOSSH!!

“H-Hurry!! Oh please hurry!! I feel like...I’m...MMMGGHH!!! O-Ooohhh please!! I-I don’t want to do that in front of all these people!!”

Milk doused the two baristas without mercy. Slipping one step for every two, they had to use their full weight to reach her nipples.

“Aahhhh!!! I-I’m gonna...!!! I’m...It’s gonna happen!!!” The woman bit her lip and hugged her gurgling tits and clenched her thighs. *“MMMNNNGHHH!!!!!! OH GOD!!!”*

SQUELCH!!!!

“I have mine!!” Addison yelled.

SQUELCH!!!!

“Me too!!!”

“AAHHHH!!!!!! I’M COOOOMING!!!!”

An orgasmic scream rattled the windows as the woman’s nipples were assaulted by suction. Maddy could see them squished against the plastic and milk flowing from her pores. The pump churned with effort, barely able to handle the volume.

“Ohhhh yes... GOD, YEEEEEES!!” the woman moaned. Every muscle in her body tensed as she fought the sensations. It was obvious she’d come several times. No one dared say it aloud.

The excitement died down and Addison wiped milk from her face. “That was close... I’m so sorry about that, ma-am...”

“It’s... It’s alright... It was my fault...for grabbing the wrong coffee, I suppose...”

Crystal chuckled. “Sorry. I should have warned everyone when I realized I had the wrong one...! I didn’t even think about what might happen when they drink mine!”

“S-See...See that you do, next time!” The woman panted for breath and laid across her shrinking chest. It would be a while before she could stand again, but the worst was over.

Addison sighed and looked at the flooded cafe. “I’ll go get a mop... Kendra could be in at any minute.”

Maddy was beside herself with relief. As her coworker left to fetch supplies, she leaned against the window and slumped to the floor in an emotionally-exhausted heap. She almost lost her job because of a simple misuse of creamer and several hundred gallons of spilled milk.

“Hey there,” Crystal said while standing over Maddy. “You look kind of cute dripping with milk.” A tantalizing view up her skirt was a welcome sight. She joined Maddy on the floor and leaned her head against the window. Together they listened to the sound of milk rushing through hoses with the woman’s groans.

“Thanks for that...” Maddy whispered. “If you hadn’t come up with that story, I probably wouldn’t be coming back for another shift. I owe you one.”

Milk ran from her black hair as she turned to look at Crystal’s grinning face. She replied, “Well, I wouldn’t mind a date in return for my heroic efforts.”

Maddy breathed. Warm milk soaked through her shirt to lubricate her cleavage. Sighing and trying to hide her excitement, she accepted. “Deal.”

TO BE CONTINUED