

BREAST MILK!

by Jessie Star

Chester moaned as he pulled his hot, bloated tit out from behind his apron and gave it a squeeze. The thick creamy stream of milk that gushed from his buzzing nipple turned his legs to jelly. He covered his mouth, afraid his 'verge of orgasm' sound effects would upset the customers. But just like him being primarily naked or having the plump curvy body of a nursing mother, nothing seemed out of the ordinary to anyone at the coffee except for him.

It had all started earlier this morning when he had decided to be a smart ass to a, particularly busy barista. "I'll have that mocha with breast milk, er breast milk. I mean breast milk." His fake mistake embarrassed the girl behind the counter and sent his friends into a laughing fit. It also got an angry ginger woman behind him quite cross.

"You think you're so funny making the ladies the sexy object of your shenanigans, hm?" She sipped her coffee and glared. She raised a well-manicured hand in the air and recited a spell. "Speak to me of the secret kink you wish to see, and whatever you describe, them so shall you be!"

Chester was ready to tell this woman to screw herself when he blurted out. "A girl who's a walking milk factory, always full to bursting. Getting the milk out sends her libido and need higher and higher each time, which on top of always being mostly naked, embarrassed the hell out of her. The only job she can ever do is be the dairy jugs for the barista crew, and everyone else just sees this as normal!" He covered his mouth in embarrassment.

"Oh, you are one of those with very specific kinks, eh?" Said the magical woman. "This is going to be a very long shift for you." In a swirl of magic smoke, Chester found his body and identity replaced with 'Chestie,' the blonde barista with ready-to-burst tits and her ass out for the world to see. Before he could even process it, the witch told him to enjoy a day living his "fantasy," and she would be back at closing.

The day did not get any easier. His entire reality had shifted. Chester's friends just saw him as the hot girl at the coffee shop, checking him out as if naked chicks were commonplace and eye candy. His leaky nipples were stiffening as they dragged against his apron. Every customer insisting on his breast milk and groping to get it out made his exposed throbbing pussy wet and warm. As much as he wanted to smack his coworker's hands away as they milked him and just run away, the fear of the witch not letting him change back kept him working the whole shift.

The last hour was particularly intense. Every customer was dairy-free, and the pressure became too much to bear. He ran for the bathroom, fat ass cheeks clapping, stretched tight tits dribbling milk all over the tile floor. His naked form pushed past some other women as he slammed into the stall. The moment he squeezed for relief, he opened his mouth wide and came his brains out, slit squirting, eyes rolling, milk blasting all over the walls.

It took Chester fifteen minutes to recover, and when he exited the bathroom covered in sweat and milk, he was stricken with horror at the sight of the witch splayed out on the floor. She had slipped on a puddle of breast milk, and worse, she seemed to be confused about where she was and how she had got there. 'Chestie' could only stutter as they carted the witch off in an ambulance. After a week of being the only accepted, publicly naked woman in New York, riding subways, walking the chilly streets, and constantly full, leaking, and horny, he could only look down at the next coffee order and wonder if the witch would ever remember to come back.

