

It was a hurried jog to work for Tanya this cold winter morning, as her old car failed to start. She was opening for the diner and was scheduled to prepare some breakfast items before the morning rush. Cramming herself into the public transit she found a moment to breathe. It had just been a quick jog to the train station but Tanya already felt exhausted and tired, no thanks to the extra weight she was lugging around.

Seating herself, Tanya found that her hyper sized breasts extended into the aisle more than usual. She normally took advantage of the days she was scheduled to work early at the diner, as it had a bathroom with a shower she could milk herself in before donning her uniform (to prevent unneeded milk-stains of course). However due to the change in circumstances she would have to bear her milk-filled breasts in public until then. Deviantly, Tanya did not mind this at all as the cervine woman had an exhibition fetish; she quite enjoyed the idea of having her breasts rubbed and teased in public.

Naturally it was forbidden to act on such desires so Tanya closed her eyes and pretended to sleep, hoping on some level that someone would be brazen enough to grab and squeeze her swollen, overflowing bosom. She imagined a stranger making the buttons on her shirt fly as they ripped the thin fabric wide open, letting her heavy tits wobble out. The stranger would have strong hands, she dreamed, that would roughly fondle her. Strong hands that could squeeze out thick streams of milk from her exposed nipples.

Tanya let out a soft chuckle as she daydreamed about the scenario before she caught herself and wiped away the drool from the corner of her mouth. Her nipples were now poking out very blatantly from her shirt, though the majority of the people on the train were in their own world and didn't seem to pay her any attention. Tanya was sure she caught some people staring, as they turned their gaze away in response to hers. She chuckled again and said, "It sure is nippy weather outside, huh."

It was another short jog from the terminus to the diner, though this time it left Tanya panting for breath as she clocked in for her shift. By now her breasts had become more swollen with milk, causing her already strained shirt to audibly groan with every deep breath Tanya took.

She cursed under her breath as she saw the time. As much as she would have liked to take her usual shower and drain her overburdened breasts, Tanya needed to start the pancake batter now so it could sit for the hour the traditional recipe required. With the adrenaline of the rush wearing off and the exhaustion of her jogging setting in, she was already wishing she called out. Sighing, she washed her hands, tied up her hair, and started making the batter.

With thoughts of being back in bed, Tanya sleepily placed a mixing bowl on the kitchen counter. She *hated* making the batter. It was incomprehensibly obtuse with over two dozen spices yet somehow the boss could always tell when something was missing. Grumbling, she

pulled out a small kitchen ladder to help her reach the spice shelf that sat above the counter. Despite having made the batter dozens of times already she could never properly remember it. Today was no exception as she found herself rereading the hand-written recipe multiple times through her tired eyes. Reaching up and over for ingredients was straining Tanya's shirt. The gaps between her buttons turned into canyons with her every breath, and though they threatened to pop off at any moment, they never did. Instead beads of milk soaked her shirt, and it wasn't long before it made its way from her bosom to the large bowl directly underneath her ponderous breasts. It never let up, and with the mess the spice shelf had been left it took Tanya longer than usual getting all the spices.

Tanya finally gathered all the spices and set them aside. Grabbing the bowl of milk, she began sifting in the ingredients. It wasn't until she was half done that she felt something was off, as if she missed a step somewhere in the between. She shook her head to clear the grogginess, but felt no better, and finished up the batter. Setting the mixture in the refrigerator to cool, she saw she had just enough time to freshen up in the shower.

It was in the locker room that Tanya finally realized that her shirt was wet from breast milk. She blushed and wondered if there had been wet spots already showing when she had been on the train. Her hands moved to rub her now sensitive nipples, which were visible through the shirt, squeezing out a little more milk. Moving towards the showers Tanya continued massaging her tits, imagining herself dozed off and leaking out milk in the train while passersby casually tugged at her teats while she slept.

The diner uniform looked neat and fit over her bosom as Tanya emerged from the locker room. By now the rest of the morning crew were busy with their own work, and everything was on track as normal. With a sigh of relief she flipped the sign to read "Open" and after a few minutes greeted her first customer.

The morning progressed normally, though it wasn't long before Tanya noticed her slips were mostly of orders of pancakes.

"Tanya... did you do something with the batter?" A hushed, familiar voice caught Tanya's attention. Her little boy toy, the janitor who she had a rendezvous with at her previous job, was busy chowing down next to her. "Because I'd recognize THIS taste anywhere."

"Wh-" Tanya began to say before mentally scrolling back the morning's events. *The milk.* Quickly arriving at the realization of what went in the batter wasn't the diner's milk at all. It couldn't have been compliant to health and safety codes. Tanya stood there dumbfounded for a few awkward seconds until the friend continued in a low tone.

"But you knooooow," the friend continued with a grin, "with all these people having these pancakes, isn't it like you're supplying them with a good suck or two from yourself? Their own taste of Tanya?" Thankfully the other party at the counter had just left, and so those final words did not reach anyone else's ears, especially over the holiday songs playing in the diner.

Tanya blushed and waved it off. “N-no! No way! It’s not the same thing at all!” Tanya said immediately, only to get her breast gently poked by a spoon.

“Well you’re DEFINITELY thinking about it now.” The janitor said as their spoon gently tapped against Tanya’s now visibly erect nipples.

“Ngghh, c’mon st-stop it. I need this job!” Tanya replied with a hushed voice. Her coy smile betrayed her rebuffing words, as her clothing warped more with her nipples and areola puffing out further.

Even after her teasing friend left, Tanya couldn’t stop thinking about her breast milk being used in all of the pancakes. Trying to calm herself down, she hid her visible arousal at the register. Tanya had flashbacks of nipple play with her janitor friend, hiding behind a similar counter at her last job having her nipples tugged through her clothes. Tanya called for an early break when one of the waitresses came to switch with her at the register. She needed a short while to take care of the diamond hard knobs that dominated her breasts.

Back on the floor for the brunch rush Tanya was serving yet another order of pancakes to a table, only this time she was haunted by the knowledge imparted by her friend. It felt as if her breasts were exposed to the customers, as if she was inadvertently letting them grope and suckle straight from her nipples. The exhibitionist side of her perked up again and she hurriedly asked the other waitress to cover her tables as her growing arousal made her teats stick out anew.

After the morning service ended, Tanya managed to have a little more normal workday. Though it wasn’t until she saw the sheer amount of creamer used for coffee and tea that an exhilarating idea formed in the back of her mind. She felt warm and fuzzy at the very idea of supplying the entire diner with her own milk.

That idea stayed ever present at the back of Tanya’s mind and became a frequent source of pleasure and fantasy for her. Doing it for real definitely crossed a line, but the thrill was so exciting she couldn’t get it out of her head. Licking her lips, Tanya began making a mental note of how much milk and creamer the diner would use in a day.

Once Tanya’s work shift was over she called up her janitorial friend. “Hey...” she spoke, her heart pounding in her chest with excitement, “do you still have those lactation inducing pills you were talking about?”



Chapter 2

Tanya had been on the pills for weeks now and she definitely was seeing the difference, her breasts were filling faster and with more milk than ever! As her milk production shot up so did her fantasies, she was filling up bowl after bowl at home imagining herself making more of that special batter at the diner. One time she actually made the pancake batter at home having somehow finally internalized the convoluted list of spices amidst her repeated fantasies about the scenario. They actually tasted pretty amazing even if she felt slightly weird eating them.

Tanya kept telling herself that it was just harmless fantasy and that she wasn't REALLY going to cross the line. Yet each day she returned home with a yearning and very heavily milk bloated breasts. She got almost instantly aroused at work now whenever she let her mind wander a moment too long. Just picturing herself squeezing milk from her breast into a customer's coffee cup instead of the creamer, describing how the smooth creamy taste of the pancakes came from her lovingly milk churning bosom when asked. There actually had been few people who asked about the extra good tasting pancakes they had had several weeks ago, those questions sent Tanya's heart aflutter.

"This is crazy I shouldn't be doing this, what if I get caught!" Thoughts were racing through Tanya's mind. The bowl on the kitchen counter was rapidly filling with her warm milk. Her mind was yelling at her to stop yet her hands disobeyed as they tugged at her nipples until exactly the right volume of milk filled the bowl. Then an equal measure of milk from the cold storage was poured down the drain by those same disobedient hands. Pleasure churned inside Tanya as she continued to make the batter exactly according to the recipe, heat welling up at her crotch begging to be released. Once the batter was whisked to perfection and secured in the fridge Tanya was fiercely aroused as she stormed into the showers.

After getting out of the showers however Tanya was bright red with shame and panicking, she shouldn't have done it! It was wrong and risking not only her job but other people's health!

"Th-there is still time, I can remake the batter yeah!" Tanya kept assuring herself as she hurriedly dried herself and tossed on clothes. Unfortunately just as she entered the kitchen she saw the batter being taken out from the fridge by her co-worker.

"Oh morning Tanya! Thanks again for taking the early shift today, you really helped me out. I can never really get the batter right so the boss chews me out about it." They greeted her with gratitude, making it even harder for Tanya to say that they should redo the pancake batter.

Tanya couldn't hide her blush at all when she once again was met with an entire diner full of people ordering pancakes made with her own breast milk. Somehow it felt even more intense now with her intentionally making the batter with her milk. She had to take several breaks to keep her exhibition kink fueled arousal a secret but thankfully her co-workers just

thought she was a little under the weather, maybe running a slight fever with the constant redness on her face.

After the long and hard day Tanya breathed out in relief. "I got away with it." That line was both a blessing and a curse to her. Already the kinky part of her mind was encouraging her to do it again since she clearly could get away with it. The temptation was intense with all the pleasure she had been given from seeing all those pancakes sold and even complimented by the diner's patrons. Biting her lip Tanya caressed her erect nipples through the clothing almost giving into her desires then and there.

But she couldn't! She shouldn't! Resolved Tanya decided to refuse to take on the batter making shifts as much as possible so there would be no temptation for her to cross the line again. This was fine for a few weeks with her exhibition and lactation kink being limited to her just pretending to do it at home. However eventually it was her turn to take an early shift. When she was finally in front of that bowl again, all alone in the diner's kitchen, Tanya couldn't stop a perverted smile rising to her face as she began unbuttoning her shirt!

Slowly a bit of rumor was starting to go around among their regulars that on some mornings the diner's pancakes were especially tasty. Tanya's ear tips were burning with blush when she caught wind of this rumor. Worse still her co-workers were starting to talk about it and eventually asked her.

"So how do you make it? You didn't change the recipe, did you?" Tanya just waved it off with something like "Oh I just make it with lots of love and attention." While on the inside she was a bundle of anxiety, her breast milk was clearly the culprit for the change in taste. She had been unable to stop herself from using her milk with the batter and was now doing it every single time she was assigned an early shift.

Tanya knew that she should have stopped there and maybe even quit the job but the pleasure she derived from the scenario was way too addicting for her to resist. The praise for the taste of the pancakes she had heard from the customers and regulars at the diner had emboldened her too, mixing a bit of pride into her lust. Tanya started thinking that maybe if people were asking for it then it was alright for her to provide it. Then finally when she revealed that she had made the batter that morning the special pancakes were dubbed "Tanya's pancakes" by the regulars.

Now however she was standing outside her boss' door waiting to walk inside and get fired, it was natural that she had been found out Tanya thought to herself. She had been let go from more than few companies due to some unscrupulous sexual conduct during work hours. When she was called inside Tanya had her apologies on her tongue already until she saw that her boss was smiling.

"Tanya! Excellent work with the pancakes, they are selling like crazy now whenever you make the batter! They even mentioned it in the local papers. Effective immediately you'll be

getting a raise and going to be making the batter every day, for your days off you'll be making double batches and refrigerating it for next morning." A raise! Tanya tried to reply but words were tangling up in her mouth.

"No buts, I'm willing to even give you short days for the same pay. After morning and brunch are over you can head home, how about it?" Tanya nodded fast while trying to compose herself.

"Excellent, excellent! I'll start on the paperwork- oh but before you go. How did you manage to do it?" The feeling of dread returned to Tanya.

"D-Do what?" Tanya smiled, fighting to not break out in cold sweat.

"You recreated the old owner's flavor perfectly! She was very well known for her pancakes since the 60s in this area but even though I got her recipe it never quite measured up to that flavor. So what did you do differently from the recipe?" Tanya was sweating bullets while keeping her polite and calm expression on.

"Oh I just always follow the recipe thoroughly, right amount of spices, exact measure of milk... sifting the flour carefully. I guess I just put a lot of love into making the batter." Tanya lied through her teeth and was relieved that her superior left it at that. But with what they had said about the flavor, had the old owner also...? Nah that couldn't be.

Tanya was exhilarated to be able to serve her pancakes daily now, although she had to invest in a tougher undergarment to keep her huge nipples from becoming quite so easily exposed. In addition she was embarrassed to learn that the diner had actually changed the name on the menu to be "Tanya's Pancakes".

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