

Pumpkin Spice and Everything Nice

For SeriousSentence

By TheSpiralledEye

“Decaf, soy, mochaccino with extra whip cream and three sugars please!”

Tyler couldn't help but roll his eyes and groan; did people not just order *coffee* anymore? He was of the staunch, correct belief that if your order was any more than three words it wasn't coffee. The girl who made the order turned to sneer at him, as did the barista behind the counter and he barely held back a smirk, did they really think they looked anything close to intimidating? The girl in front of him was even wearing ugg's and a 'Live, Laugh, Love' shirt, you can't make this shit up.

“Excuse you.” She snorted, “But my order is none of your business.”

“Yeah well, you could save yourself a lot of time and just order a pumpkin spice latte.” Tyler smirked, “Just because you changed the flavour a little doesn't hide the fact that you're a complete basic bitch.”

She gasped at him, even stamping her little foot on the ground; what a priss.

“Whatever, loser.” She stuck out her tongue, taking her cup of milk and sugar from the counter, “Enjoy your bitter mud water, it matches your soul.”

“Oh no, my soul!” Tyler laughed dramatically as she stormed away, “How will I ever recover from such an epic burn!”

She didn't have a comeback outside of slamming the coffeeshop door, Tyler felt a sense of smug victory fill him. He couldn't help that had proper taste; if he wasn't right people wouldn't get so pissed when he pointed it out. Brimming with confidence he smiled down at the barista, she was clearly pissed she didn't have the authority to throw him out; ah well, if she'd worked harder maybe she wouldn't have to spend her day pouring milk and water to more successful people.

“Black coffee, thanks.” He ordered with a superior smile.

The barista tinkered around behind the counter for far longer than was necessary before producing a plastic cup with a generous helping of whipped cream with light brown sprinkles and cinnamon.

“Pumpkin spice latte.” She narrowed her eyes with a small smile, “Just what you need.”

Tyler pulled a face.

“I want coffee, actual coffee. Not milk and sugar.”

“I bet you just don’t want to admit you’ll like this more.” She crossed her arms and jutted out her chin, a dare. Fine, if that’s the game she wanted to play, he was no coward.

He snatched up the cup without paying and walked out, that’ll show that superior little bitch. It wasn’t like this was the only coffee shop nearby anyway, he’d grab a proper drink before reaching the office. As he walked up the street he glared through the café window, eyes locking with the barista as she served another person. Full of indignant rage he placed the rim against his mouth and took a sip, planning on spitting it at the window but instead he felt his eyes widen. Creamy, sweet liquid filled his mouth, coating his tongue with the wonderful flavour of sugary pumpkin and spice; it tasted like Christmas or Thanksgiving all wrapped up in one delicious liquid. Before he could think, he’d swallowed it and was already readying for another sip. The barista smiled triumphantly and he quickly turned away, hurriedly walking up the street and away from her smug face.

He couldn’t bring himself to lower the cup from his mouth; traces of that sweet milk were still clinging to the plastic of it, the temptation was too great. He’d just have to finish it quickly, he could hardly arrive at the office with this pile of cream and sugar in his hand, nobody would take him seriously. He gulped down another mouthful, giving a contented sigh as he felt it flow down his throat and settle in his stomach. It seemed to warm him from within, starting as a gentle heat in his lower stomach and radiating outwards. It made his skin feel tingly and nice.

Okay, it wasn’t *terrible*. He pursed his lips and drank a little more, the only way he could really decide for sure if it was any good was to try the whole thing of course, otherwise his data would be incomplete. It was still just milk and sugar, he swore he could already feel it all going to his hips, he’d have to go to the gym after this just to work it off. His ass already felt heavier, as it were swelling in real time; that idea was silly of course. Whipped cream tickled the tip of his nose, he hadn’t even realised he was leaning in so close. Finally lowering the plastic rim from his mouth his eyes gazed at the pile of cream and sprinkles. He couldn’t resist reaching out a slim finger and scooping up a dollop, placing it gently on his tongue. He moaned, it tasted so lovely, and it felt so silky smooth on his full, sensual lips. He couldn’t resist doing it again, this time keeping the fluffy cream on his tongue as he took another sip, the sweet dairy melting as the hot spicy latte mixed in.

Maybe he’d been a little harsh with that girl earlier, he mused, placing a hand on his round hips. He would have been concerned at the sensation of his ass growing just below his fingers but the drink was just too distracting. Absentmindedly, he undid a few buttons on his shirt, for some reason his chest was starting to feel tight; he took another sip of the latte and found the sensation

moving to the back of his mind. It probably wasn't important, what *was* important was figuring out how to feel about this drink.

That warm feeling turned to butterflies in his stomach and a giggle burst from his lips. Idly, he wondered if perhaps the barista had spiked it with some sweet liqueur, he felt almost tipsy and a blank, pleasant smile started forming on his face. A spring formed in his step as he began to hum a little tune under his breath while walking. There was something about this drink that was changing his gait, he felt his steps transform into a confident strut as his long legs stretched out before him. Funny, he was sure he'd put on a pair of trousers this morning yet as he glanced down, he saw bare, smooth skin. His sensible business attire replaced with strappy sandals and a tight skirt. In the back of his mind a tiny voice told him that should have been alarming but it was drowned in a sea of sugary, pumpkin flavoured coffee. Why would he cover such lovely legs after all?

Tyler stopped as yet another entrancing smell reached his button nose; he stood before a scented candle shop all lit up with fairy lights. How cute! He couldn't resist stopping to look them over as he continued to sip on his wonderful latte. How had he never noticed how nice these all smelled? He lifted a dusty purple stick to his nose and inhaled, lilac and lavender. Eagerly he stepped from candle to candle, smelling and touching; maybe he could find one that smelled like pumpkin spice! That was his favourite scent after all.

A sudden cool feeling against his chest made him start. A glance down quickly showed the culprit, a dollop of cream had fallen from the edge of his plastic cup right there onto his cleavage. Luckily, it had landed on his skin not the front of his pale pink tank top, it would have been just awful to walk around with a stain all day. Now that he thought about it though, didn't his shirt have buttons a few minutes ago? He wiped the cream off with a single finger, popping it in his mouth and licking it clean in thought. No, he was misremembering, tank tops didn't have buttons. The woman who owned the shop appeared in the doorway with a welcoming smile.

"Are you interested in one of our gift specials, young lady?"

Tyler giggled, twirling a strand of his long, dirty blonde hair around his finger. Young lady, what a silly thing to say to a man but oh well, correcting her seemed rude.

"Do you have a pumpkin spice candle?" He asked, "I just love that scent!"

"Why yes, are with our special deal you can even get your name carved in the side."

"Oh, how *darling!*" He cooed, bringing a delicate hand to his cheek as he hurried inside. Hopefully it wasn't too expensive, then he could get three or four! One for every room so that he would never be without that wonderful smell.

He skipped up the stair and into the shop, breathing in the mixture of scents deeply. He was so distracted he didn't even notice the small display until his round ass had bumped right into it; he really needed to be more careful, with this much junk in the trunk it was a wonder accidents like this didn't happen more often.

"Oopsie." He giggled, "Sorry I'm just such a ditz, I'll clean it up!"

Swiftly he started restacking the candles but it was harder than he first thought, some of them had rolled under the shelves and reaching them was near impossible. His large tits stopped him from lying flat on the floor and reaching under; he pressed a finger to his lip and hummed in thought, this was a tricky puzzle to figure out.

"Don't worry about it dear." The woman gave him a pat on the head, there was something in her voice, pity? Resignation? He couldn't quite put his finger on it. There was no time to anyway, his eyes automatically zeroed in on the candle in her hand.

"Pumpkin spice!" He clapped joyfully, bouncing on his toes, "Thank you! Omigosh it's so pretty!"

He took the candle in his hand, admiring its warm dark orange colour.

"What's your name, sweetie?" The shop keeper asked, taking it back, "I'll engrave it for you."

"Oh it's...ummmm." What was his name again? He couldn't help but giggle, he could be such an airhead sometimes, honestly. "Tiffany!"

Yes, that was right. Tiffany was such a cute name, a cute name for a cute girl like her. She'd always loved it. She sipped on her latte while she waited, ohing and ahing at the machine that slowly carved away the wax on her candle until her name was emblazoned on its side. The calligraphy was so loopy it almost made it hard to read. She thanked the woman and paid for it, already imagining where she could display the item in her house. Maybe she could get some fairy lights and make a little ring around it, that would be super cute in her entry way! Out of habit she brought the cup to her mouth only to find it empty.

"Oh no!" She pouted, her beloved pumpkin spice was gone, she'd really rushed it too.

Savouring the last of the taste on her tongue she mused on her options, not that there really were any. She'd have to go back to the café and get another, obviously! How was she supposed to focus without her beloved pumpkin spice? Hopefully that same lovely barista was working, she really knew how to make a good drink. With a swing in her step and a sway to her hips Tiffany started back down the road, enjoying the way her tits and ass bounced along with her movements; she really ought to stop going commando, fun as it was. Her breasts were so large now they really could use the support. There was a mall not too far from here, once she'd picked up her drink, she'd make her way there and pick something out. Maybe something frilly, that would look adorable on her. She gave an excited squeal; today was going to be so much fun, she could just feel it.