

Hi!
Welcome to
Brickerson's!
Can I help
you?



Tanya's Fan

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Tanya was working another late shift at Brickerson's Home and Garden, watching the clock slowly grind away. Lately the cervine woman had been frustrated with a little fantasy of hers. The thought of her breasts being suddenly fondled and toyed with by someone she couldn't predict thrilled her, and she lusted for the spontaneous carnal act that crossed that line of decency. Just like one couldn't tickle themselves, no amount of rubbing or massaging herself could reach that same high. Certainly as a hyper her outlandishly heavy breasts were quite sensitive, and though it very pleasing to touch them, it was an itch she couldn't scratch herself.

Tanya had the quiet, reserved, and calm looks about her on the outside, some of it was down to having worked in retail for years now. Always having a patient smile and eager to help friends and others. On the inside she often fantasized about customers in store copping a (not so innocent) feel, or grabbing her huge nipples as she strode between the aisles and forcing the milk out. She fantasized of other customers walking about unaware of her situation in the surrounding aisles, of having to stifle moans while mopping up her own breast milk as it was being forced out of her massive heaving mammaries!

Watching the clock grind down, she had to endure the shift just half an hour longer before she could fulfill her fantasy again... like she had done almost daily in the past few weeks.

What a wonderful way it was to fulfill her fantasy, too, she often pondered. She had tried several things like speed-dating, phone apps for finding partners, etc. but they never really seemed to suit what she wanted. They were often nice enough people, probably acting reserved themselves due to her nature. She just wanted someone to go to town on her breasts, grabbing and fondling, not asking or caring about her feelings on the matter. But she wasn't going to put herself in literal danger just for her sexual fantasy.

So she had been frustrated, very frustrated for a while. Then she found out about this 'joke' glory hole in the restroom of a motel near her workplace. There was definitely some seedy things going on in that place since the restrooms had several glory holes

installed with complete dark room on the other side if so desired. The one she was interested in was about chest-height, large oval hole... and pretty much perfect fit for her to ease her hyper breasts through. (This hole was made for me, she chuckled to herself)

She could lock the small compartment she was in and turn off the light which made her feel little more secure despite the general dinginess of the place. With the lights off whomever was on the other side wouldn't be able to catch a sight of her face, even when her huge tits weren't blocking the large hole.

Even so in the beginning her breasts, despite their massive size, didn't get too much attention aside from the few fondles here and there. These hit her sweet spot with their suddenness, but lacked in passion. Holding her tits out like that for hours generally got pretty chilly, too, so Tanya stopped pulling her shirt up before squeezing her tits through. Not to mention she liked the somewhat rougher feel that came from strangers fondling her clothed breasts, as if they had grabbed her tits out in public.

Thanks to her daily work requiring her to stand and walk around the whole day standing and leaning against the wall for hours was fairly bearable. The restroom on the other side didn't seem to be frequented that often though, or at least her corner wasn't. There were plenty of noises coming from the other stalls, but those were more "traditional". She passed the time with mobile puzzle games and reading novels on her phone.

Most evenings the cubicle was dimly lit by Tanya's phone. Some days were slow, and on those days she would get so sucked into her phone that when someone did help themselves to her bosom - she'd get startled and drop it. The memories of those incidents gave her plenty of mental material for later, but she still desired for more than the small tugs she was getting.

Maybe it needed something more, Tanya figured one day. And on the next time she wrote "FREE TITTY GRABBING AND FONDLING, BE AS ROUGH AS YOU WANT" on the wall above the boob glory hole. It was... crude, but she was hoping to attract at least little more attention. She wasn't doing this for money after all unlike the other girls there.

Soon after adding her advertisement on the wall it seemed like Tanya had gained a fan! Or at least Tanya started thinking it was the same person as they usually started around the same time every day - about two hours after her usual shift. Just enough

time for her to go home freshen up and milk herself first. And after several sessions Tanya was feeling like she could tell their hands apart from the others. The thought of that made her feeling little giddy, she wouldn't recognize their face even if they met on the street but if they laid their hands on her breasts... it would be immediately clear. Not to mention unlike the random brief fondles she had experienced before, her 'fan' seemed intent on toying with her tits for hours until she had to pull herself out of the boobhole and get home before they would start getting milk out of her.

Her shirt was protruding slightly further out when Tanya sighed coming out of her little reminiscent daydream. Her nipples were firm and hard, as was the rest of her bosom. She had been putting in overtime hours, so her milk had backed up quite a bit. Five minutes left! Hurry! Her mind and body throbbed that word at Tanya as she rushed to close up the store. Her massive breasts wobbled heavily as they were milkladen from not having been milked since morning. Hurry! Usually after work she spent some time at home expressing her breasts and changing her clothes to little more 'fitting' ones for the motel. In her rush for a little excitement she headed out straight to the motel from work, her mind glossing over the fact that she still wore her work-clothes when she tried squeezing her perkier than usual breasts through the boobhole.

HURRY! The word seemed to be almost emanating from her heated breasts. Tanya grunted as the girth of her breasts made it harder for her to fit them through the boobhole resulting in a somewhat wobbling display on the other side when they did squeeze through. It seemed that her fan had been patiently waiting for her even though she was very late as she felt her front getting grabbed almost immediately. She could recognize that firm grip anywhere!

But then they let go suddenly... and she soon realized what was wrong. She hadn't milked herself! That strong squeeze must have soaked them in her breast milk. Lactation, while common with hyperts, wasn't exactly something everyone was comfortable with, and it must have spooked her regular. Tanya bonked her head on the wall before her, hoping she hadn't completely freaked out her fan and driven them away.

It was a pretty sleazy motel, and the restrooms were just as sleazy. Being a janitor wasn't a glorious job, but it helped pay for his rent, and he could at least make the latter a bit nicer to be in. After all who doesn't like a clean bathroom to go in? And this particular restroom was his last stop of the day, for good reason. Before he had tried to

clean up this place as early as possible to get it out of the way before it got more active in the evening but... then he had come across something interesting.

When he first gave the huge boob a slight touch a muffled and surprised voice came from the otherside of the wall. It seemed like she hadn't gotten much attention all day, and he found her surprised noise all too amusing. He waited a while before fondling them again and was rewarded another yelp. His tail swished happily from the warmth he had felt from her bosom in those brief fondles.

His jaw dropped when he saw the text days later, scribbled above those immense breasts he had become infatuated with. They were free to fondle and be as rough with as he wanted?! Quickly looking around he was certain that no one else had seen the text yet. So he immediately grabbed his permanent marker cleaning agent and erased the text. He wasn't going to share this treasure he had found! Getting to fondle and play with those massive tits without any worries for hours for free was like heaven for a hyper breast enthusiast like him. He could do more if he wanted but he wasn't even thinking about whipping his dick out there. He could always masturbate later so he would just focus on enjoying her breasts and trying to make it pleasurable for his cubicle mate, too. After a little while he actually felt like he was getting pretty good at working her nipples. At least judging from the muffled happy voices from the other side.

He couldn't expect them to be there forever, and on one particular evening they weren't. Slightly disappointed, he finished up his work and was just about to leave when a sudden shuffling caught his attention. And there they were, the glorious breasts he had waited for hours suddenly "fwumped" through the boobhole! They wobbled heavily and he could swear he heard the girl panting heavily on the other side as if out of breath.

The massive tits didn't wobble on their own for long though as his hands were soon on them. He immediately noticed things were off as he squeezed her in a way that had become almost like a greeting to her. Her breasts felt unusually firm to him and her nipples seemed very prominent... and wet?! He quickly pulled his hands away, his tail bristling up to look like a bottlebrush but not out of disgust or anything. Quite the opposite as he was staring at her bosom with shocked awe.

He knew her breast size by heart by now and she was definitely larger than before, her chest flesh squeezing at the rounded rims of the glory hole. She was also wearing more than usual with a shirt and apron on and possibly a bra too he considered the firmness he had felt. She was most definitely lactating now which he was both

surprised and happy about. He had originally hoped that as she was a hyper he could get to try her milk but despite his attempts to coax her to leak milk out before there hadn't been any. Now that he looked at her again the clothes looked really familiar too, where had he... Tanya! There was a name tag spelling 'Tanya' clipped on the floral pattern apron she wore.

H-He knew Tanya! She worked at Brickerson's! It definitely was the work uniform for the place and thinking upon it, he was sure he had on numerous occasions chatted with the woman on the other side of the wall. She always seemed so nice and down to earth, and to think the breasts he dreamed of and the breasts he was fondling were one and the same! After a brief thought he carefully removed the name tag on her apron. She didn't seem to notice, were her breasts so full they were a bit numb to touch?

After pocketing the name tag he heard some shuffling and noise from the other side. He suddenly blurted out asking her if she was fine getting her clothes soaked. And that he would love to continue if she didn't mind. There was a little hesitation before she pulled her breasts away, leaving the hole dark. Soon after they emerged again, now fully exposed. She was keen on getting them milked, he figured. Now that he saw her nipples for the first time he realized just how huge they truly were. Her areolae were like large dinner plates covering good third of her boob and her plump teats matched them as they erected even further in the cool room air before him.

Wasting no time he started tugging and suckling on her breasts wanting to experience the taste of Tanya's milk. As he drank greedily he briefly wondered how this milk of hers would taste in the coffee she occasionally brought out to him from the breakroom when he was cleaning at Brickerson's. Further thinking about her gentle mannered self at the store and her true lustful self here... he wondered if she had ever actually served him the coffee with her own breast milk in it just for kicks. He shook his head clear, certainly he would have noticed the divine taste such a thing would have been! Large noisy squirts of milk pattered the floor of the bathroom as he pulled on her huge teats, some splashing on his clothes as well but he didn't care. Tanya was getting much more noisy on the other side than he had ever heard her be.

He kept milking her massive tits long after they had become soft, causing a veritable mess of milk on his side of the wall. Suckling each boob firmly he made sure that not a drop of milk remained in her breasts. Tanya's nipples were standing massively tall and engorged from all the rough milking when she finally pulled her breasts away. He could hear her panting heavily. Just like she could hear him panting and slumping to

sit down in the mess of milk and cum on his side. He hadn't been able to resist it after he clearly heard her reach climax from fingering herself on the other side.

It was a bit extra work but he mopped up the milky mess in the bathroom. It had been a pretty quiet night there aside from him and Tanya so with him cleaning it up no one would know as to what had gone on there.

The next day he was still feeling a bit unreal about what had happened, it was constantly on his mind as he was rushing through his work. Even though the name tag he held was concrete proof... he wanted to be absolutely certain. When he finally got to Brickerson's after ending his shift early it was still early in the evening. Immediately after entering he looked around the place for her, searching for last solid bit of proof... and soon saw it. Tanya didn't have her name tag on! Instead it seemed like she was wearing a bit of white tape with 'Tanya' spelled on it as a replacement.

Brickerson's customers thinned out as the closing time neared, and soon it was just him and Tanya at the counter, chatting over a cup of coffee from the breakroom. She was friendly as always but seemed a bit anxious, looking over at the clock every now and then.

"Can't wait for your shift to end?" He asked.

"Yeah, I'm meeting someone at the comic store, and I don't wanna be late." Tanya said briefly, the tone of her voice encouraging him to finish his coffee fast.

"I'm pretty sure you don't need to be in such a hurry." He calmly replied while rummaging around in his pocket. On the inside he was a lot less calm, and the look Tanya gave him made him anxious. Her eyes went wide upon seeing her name tag on the counter.

"Remember where you lost this Tanya?" He asked smiling wryly.

"Umm..." She stuttered as she wracked her head trying to come up with an explanation.

"Well it looks like your nipples at least do remember me. I gave them quite a milking after all." He nodded towards the rapidly rising large bulges on her apron.

"What? Th-They aren't..." Tanya was blushing deep red as her teats pushed out even harder.

"Well how about this greeting then?" He smiled giving her breasts that so familiar squeeze.

Tanya could recognize that grip anywhere! Her biggest fan! She moaned as her huge breasts laid on the counter, her new-found friend playing roughly at her nipples through the cloth. Her nipples were becoming increasingly firm, stretching out the cloth further as her deepest fantasy was playing out in reality!

Her apron was getting soaked as his fingers teased and pleased her in that familiar way, coaxing more milk onto the counter. And under the counter her panties were getting just as flooded by her own juices, her fingers teasing her pussy just like she had always done at the motel.

After closing and locking up the shop Tanya hurriedly led him to the breakroom. Once there she finally unleashed her huge breasts from the confines of her sopping wet and boiling hot work-clothes. He had insisted on her keeping them on until her work shift was actually over, playing into her fantasy. Noisy wet splashes and pleased moans resounded from the breakroom as Tanya's thick teats were getting the massage of their life. Her breasts had gone crazy with milk, she thought, as they poured streams of milk onto the floor.

Tanya couldn't help notice her nipples become irresistibly erect whenever she saw him come in. With the huge bumps pressing out of her apron, she was pretty much forced to take her own break then, too. And so she waited for him in the breakroom, a cup of hot coffee to offer him, and as much milk as he wanted.

And now, like on many other days, she casually talked about her day even while he worked her large breasts out of her clothes. They both knew her co-worker could walk in on them at any moment but that just seemed to make Tanya enjoy it even more. Heavy droplets of milk rolled down Tanya's nipple as he deftly worked them, and at the end of the day his sneaking suspicion was correct. Tanya's milk made the coffee that much better.



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