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Contains: *Weight Gain, Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

First Class

"I've gotta hand it to you, Mariah," Astor said, refilling the snack cart while the larger woman mixed cocktails. "I don't think I've seen you on a single domestic flight since before the lockdown."

Astor watched the tall brunette's cheeks darken, wondering how far she could push this. Mariah said, "I think it's 'cause I don't have a family. It's easier for me to do these long hauls."

Astor snorted, making a man in First Class glance up into the galley. "I'm sure that's what it is. It couldn't have anything to do with squeezing you into an A320."

"I'm not... that's not..." Mariah sputtered while Astor grinned. This was too easy. She wondered if Mariah would be half as flustered if she knew how badly Astor wanted to get her hands on those chubby tits and bulging love handles.

"Don't worry, your secret's safe with me," Astor said, whispering loud enough to be heard over the droning jets. "I even tried it myself, but I guess my metabolism's too high or something."

Mariah's glare had a healthy dose of shame mixed into it. For the past few months, Astor suspected the big brunette might have a humiliation kink. She couldn't think of a way to find out for sure, though. It wasn't the kind of thing a coworker could just ask about. Besides, she'd never heard Mariah express any attraction for women—unless you counted her jokey "work-wife" nonsense with Becky.

A call light glowed in First Class, interrupting their banter while Astor stepped out into the passenger area. It was the woman in 2A, of course. She was a gorgeous Asian about her own age, wearing a cute fuzzy white sweater and designer jeans. She also had the biggest tits Astor had ever seen.

“Hello, Sally, what can I get for you?”

Sally smiled up at her, dimples forming in her pudgy cheeks. “The chicken was good—but a little plain. Can I try the steak this time?”

“Of course,” Astor smiled. “Give me just a few minutes. Would you like a refill on your margarita?”

“Yes, please.”

Astor started heating Sally’s meal and mixed her another drink. Mariah was out making another round of the main cabin, leaving Astor with about half an hour of idle time. Ordinarily, she’d never even consider hitting on a passenger, but Sally in 2A was giving her unwise thoughts. Astor had watched the woman board; even though she was only a little taller than herself, Sally bet she weighed almost as much as Mariah. Except where her fellow flight attendant had a kind of “fridge bod,” the Asian goddess seemed to store half her excess weight in her chest with a generous layer of padding everywhere else. Astor didn’t think of herself as overly obsessed with boobs, but she couldn’t deny the primal appeal of those glorious sweater puppies.

They were still over the Pacific when 2A hit the call light again. Most of the passengers around Sally were fast asleep, but the busty Asian was still perusing the menu.

“Could I try the chicken quesadilla?”

“Of course!” Astor smiled and walked back into the galley. The way the passenger ate made her wonder just how long those painted-on jeans would last. She could tell from her clothes—and the fact that she was in First Class—that Sally must be pretty well-off. She obviously had really good genes, but she wasn’t “poor-fat.” Astor knew from her own experience that a body like that doesn’t happen without some fairly pricy treatments. Some months, it felt like she spent half her paycheck on skincare and laser hair removal.

Mariah was reading in the galley when Astor unpacked the quesadilla to warm it up. She said, “First Class seems pretty busy tonight.”

"It's mostly the woman in 2A," Astor said quietly. "We're barely halfway through a twelve-hour flight, and she's ordered five meals."

Mariah leaned forward in her seat to peek through the curtain into First Class. "She's pretty."

Astor's heart jumped into her throat. Was Mariah attracted to women, or was she simply stating the obvious? Too self-conscious for honesty, Astor said, "I know, right? Her boobs are even bigger than yours!"

"Oh my god, Astor!" Mariah tittered with laughter, and Astor's cheeks grew warm. "I guess we know where she's putting all those in-flight meals."

Astor nearly dropped the food tray. Unbidden, her mind filled with images of the busty Asian reclining in her first-class seat. Astor straddled her generous hips, feeding her bites of airline food while her tits swelled over the neckline of that fuzzy sweater. "Here you are, Miss Sally. Eat up!"

Face heated with shame, Astor mumbled something incoherent to Mariah before slipping into the lavatory. She ran her hands through the sink and pressed her palms to her cheeks. Staring at her reflection, she mouthed silent words to herself. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" She stood in the tiny bathroom, taking deep breaths until her heart rate calmed.

"You alright?" Mariah asked when Astor returned to the galley.

"Never better," Astor lied.

About an hour later, Sally in 2A asked for a roast beef sandwich. When Astor brought it to her, she was sorting through photos on her phone, drafting a story of all the food she'd eaten on the flight. Mariah was still deep in her book when Astor returned to the galley, so she pulled out her phone, curiosity making her fingers itch.

It took just a few quick searches for Astor to find one of Sally's social media profiles. Her eyes bulged as she scrolled through photos of the pretty Asian woman in various exotic locales. When she wasn't touring historic cities or posing in front of scenic vistas, Sally was bouncing in pools or hot tubs in tiny bikinis or smiling in front of a massive spread of food. Few of the photos and videos showed more than the top third of her body, so Astor knew she was picking angles to emphasize her chest and downplay her hips and belly. But she'd seen that chest in the flesh every half hour since they left Tokyo and knew Sally's camera angles weren't exaggerating much. As

Astor swiped farther down, she watched Sally's chest get progressively smaller. She checked the date on a bikini video where the content creator looked about half her current size. It was just over a year old!

Astor quickly tapped the follow button and was about to swipe Sally's profile closed when she saw an update flash at the top of the app. Reflexively, she tapped on it. It was a photo of the quesadilla from an hour ago. Text and emoji stickers were scattered around the picture. Several hearts and tongue emoji, and the caption, "Quesadillas are a little plain, could have used more spice. Still super tasty, though!" The timer on the photo ran out, and the next one appeared. It was the sandwich Astor gave her ten minutes ago. "Delicious roast beef 😊" Another caption said, "The staff on this airline are super nice. No one's judged me for ordering so many meals." Astor's lips quirked up at the edges. She'd been the only one to serve 2A, so the compliment felt like it was just for her. Before the story's timer ran out, she noticed a smaller caption sticker in the corner of the photo. "You all know where the food goes 🍌🍌"

The droning of the jetliner faded from Astor's ears. Her eyes unfocused as she gripped her phone in both hands. The gorgeous, improbably busty Asian just admitted on her public social media that she gained weight in her tits! Of course, it was blindingly obvious. Astor had confirmed it after fifteen seconds of scrolling through Sally's past photos. But to have it confirmed so brazenly...

Astor shoved her phone into her pocket, feigning nonchalance as she slipped back into the lavatory. She undid her skirt and sat on the cold seat, pulling up Sally's profile again. Scrolling down to the oldest photos, she slowly swiped forward through the past two years. Astor slipped one hand between her legs as she watched Sally's bikini-clad whoppers slowly grow bigger and bigger and bigger.

Luckily, Mariah wasn't in the galley when Astor finally emerged from the bathroom. She had a story prepared about the tacos she had for dinner the previous night, just in case. She looked out the window and saw they were on the far side of the Great Plains. There were only a few hours left in the flight. She felt like enough time had passed and that she should be getting another call from 2A, so she decided to take a chance.

Astor strolled through First Class, pretending to check on all the passengers. A few were waking up with the dawn light, but no one did more than glance up as she passed. Sally's empty plate was on her tray table when Astor approached. The pretty Asian wasn't on her phone, so she asked, "How was it?"

Sally smiled up at her. "Excellent, thank you, um..."

"Astor."

"It was excellent, Astor, thank you."

"Good," Astor smiled. "Can I get you anything else?"

The faintest shade of pink rose on Sally's cheeks. "I'm okay for now. I might find something to try a little later."

"Of course. The bacon cheeseburger is my favorite."

Sally's eyes sparkled. "I'll have to try it. Could you bring me one in about an hour?"

"It would be my pleasure. Do you have any fun plans for New York?"

Sally gushed about the various touristy things she wanted to do in the city and listed over half a dozen restaurants she was planning to visit. Astor gave friendly responses to each item, all the while wondering why the idea of this goddess gorging herself to ever higher levels of voluptuousness made her so giddy. Then Sally's face fell as said the word that shattered Astor's daydream.

"My fiancé got us a suite at the Plaza. We were supposed to fly together, but he had to leave Tokyo a day early."

Astor's "customer smile" never left her face, but her heart dropped into her guts. "Aww, that's too bad. At least you have an exciting trip all planned."

Sally nodded, her smile returning in full force.

Astor said, "Alright, well, I'll be back later with that burger. Can I get you anything in the meantime, another margarita?"

"Maybe one more," Sally said, "then I should probably switch to coffee."

Astor picked up Sally's dishes with a grin. "You got it."

She found Mariah back in her seat, reading. The curvy brunette didn't look up as she said, "I didn't know you swung that way..."

Astor nearly broke the dishes as she dropped them in the wash bin. "What?"

Mariah flipped a page, still not looking up. “Not that I blame you. A pair like that would turn a church lady gay.”

“I... you... I’m not...” Astor’s pulse thudded in her ears, even louder than the jets.

“Shame about the whole ‘finacé’ thing, though...”

Astor’s defense mechanism kicked in. “Whatever. Like I’m going to take relationship advice from a cow like you.”

Her mind froze. Why had she said “cow?” She’d never used that word as an insult before.

Mariah closed her book and stood, staring Astor down. “Interesting choice of words...”

She glanced at the curtain, making sure no one in First Class could see them. Then she stepped closer. With nowhere else to look, Astor stared at the tall brunette. She’d always known Mariah was pretty. It was half the reason she was so mean to her. That, and she was truly disappointed when Mariah blimped up during the lockdowns. Wasn’t she?

Mariah’s whisper was so low Astor had to strain to hear. “You must really have tits on the brain...”

Before she could stop herself, Astor was glancing down at Mariah’s chest. The buttons on her coworker’s navy blue blazer were straining all the way from her lapel over the round curve of her belly, but the twin swells of her breasts were unmistakable. Astor had been deluding herself all this time. Mariah’s extra pounds weren’t disappointing; they were sexy as hell. Staring at her overpacked uniform, Astor found herself hoping Mariah got even bigger.

Mariah took another step. She was inches away, and Astor tried to back away, but half a step put her against the bulkhead. Mariah whispered, “I know mine aren’t as big as 2A’s back there, but...”

With Mariah standing so close, the height difference between them was undeniable. The brunette’s chest stared Astor in the face. What had come over Mariah? She was normally so meek and pathetic. For that matter, what had come over her? Was she really fantasizing about pulling this land whale into the bathroom to—

Screw it, Astor thought. Mariah was offering. She wanted to take that offer. Call it sleep deprivation or jet lag; she didn't care. She grabbed Mariah's lapels, rose on her toes, and kissed her.

As the plane taxied and they waited for the captain to switch the seatbelt light off, Mariah and Astor sat in the galley, swapping awkward glances and small smiles.

Mariah asked, "Are you staying in New York or flying back today?"

Astor dug for her schedule in a brain still clouded with the memory of all that flesh in her hands and against her body. "I'll probably stick around and get a shift back tomorrow; why?"

"You wanna get dinner or something?"

Astor's mind reeled. Was this really happening? Was Mariah asking her out? Was their "mile-high club" rendezvous something more? Mariah was acting like her usual self again, shy and reserved.

Astor shrugged as she said, "Yeah, that might be fun." She met Mariah's eyes. "We're staying in the same hotel, after all."

Mariah's eyes glittered, and she reached over to touch Astor's hand.

Pleasant tingles spread up Astor's arm and across her body. She said, "I'm sorry I've been so mean to you."

"Oh, don't be," Mariah said, staring down at the deck. "I, um, kinda like it."

Pieces clicked together in Astor's head. "Really?" She teased. "Well, then, I guess we better get off this plane and find somewhere you can stuff your face."

She watched closely as Mariah's cheeks reddened. She folded her hands in her lap and squirmed slightly. Astor patted her on a pudgy shoulder. This was going to be fun.

The seatbelt light went off, and the flight attendants prepared to debark the passengers. Astor barely noticed when 2A walked past her. "Thanks again, Astor," Sally grinned.

“It was my pleasure, Sally. Enjoy New York!”

Astor knew *she* certainly would.