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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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## Wendi's Diner

A generic, peppy pop song played without lyrics. It wasn't a tune anyone would recognize, but it had that sound, that vibe, which made it almost instantly familiar. The video the song accompanied showed the all-glass entrance to a restaurant, where a pretty redhead in her early twenties pushed open the glass door. She was average height, five-three, or maybe five-four. Her gleaming orange tresses were braided into tails on either side of her head, sparkling in the sun as she moved. The "sun" was technically an array of stage lights, but the simulation was convincing nonetheless. The young woman had pale skin, bright green eyes, and a light dusting of freckles covering her button nose. She wore snug blue jeans over her slender hips and pert bottom, with a red plaid western shirt cropped high enough to show half an inch of her toned, trim midriff. Her breasts were firm and full, not overly large, but perfectly proportioned to her slim body. She walked into the restaurant, flashing a brilliant smile of straight pearly teeth as if she were coming home.

"Hi, everyone!" The girl said.

"Hi, Wendi!" A chorus of unseen voices replied.

Wendi stepped out of the frame with determination, and the scene repeated. The same door, the same woman, the same music continued. Only this time, Wendi's shirt was green, and her breasts were a little larger, a little fuller.

"Hi, everyone!"

"Hi, Wendi!"

Again, the woman made her entrance, this time in a blue plaid top with two buttons undone, a tight line of cleavage visible below her collarbone. The breasts on display were at least E-cups, and both the music and Wendi's greeting faded low as another woman's voice was heard.

"For over fifteen years, Wendi's Diner has been your home for local, fast-casual dining. When you're tired of the big chains with low-quality ingredients and lackluster service, join us here, where the food is always fresh, and the staff are like family."

As the voiceover spiel played, Wendi walked into the restaurant several more times. Each entrance revealed a different shirt and a more voluminous bosom. Her E-cups became F's, then G's, then H's. By the time the scene changed, Wendi's breasts were almost as big as her head.

Wendi walked through the bustling restaurant in a repeating montage, just like the one of her walking in the door. A crowd of smiling diners chatted and feasted behind her as her increasingly large breasts bobbed in a series of different-colored shirts.

At a corner booth, the beautiful redhead slid into her seat, first with perky handfuls, then head-turning melons, and finally with a pair of massive whoppers casting a shadow over the diner table. A server stepped into the frame, and Wendi said, "The chicken breast combo, please," flashing her million-dollar smile again.

"If you haven't stopped by in a while," the voiceover continued, "come on back! We've got several new specialties on the menu, including our chicken breast sandwich combo, with your choice of our signature sides. Made with 100% free-range Mad's Farms chicken, it's got all the nutrients a growing woman needs."

Without cutting, the scene continued as the server slid a plate onto Wendi's table. She reached forward, making her basketball-sized breasts rest briefly on the table. She lifted a tall sandwich with a golden-brown slab of fried chicken between a shining brioche bun and took a big bite. After swallowing, her breasts plumped up ever so slightly. She grinned again as she looked into the camera. "Mmm, delicious!"

The buttons on Wendi's red-checked western shirt strained, growing tighter as her chest swelled. Small windows opened between the buttons, showing flashes of pale, freckled skin. Wendi held her smile for a beat, then two, then three.

"Cut!"

The order came from the same woman heard in the video's voiceover. Another redhead, this one with at least a decade on the actress, with faint streaks of grey at her temples. She wore a forest green blazer over a simple sage blouse.

"We need to get that button in the shot, Morgan."

"I know, I know," the actress said. "Sorry, Wendi."

"Back to one!" Wendi ordered.

The server, who was not an actress, carried the unfinished plate out of the frame while the camera operator reset for another take. Morgan climbed out of the booth and walked back to her mark.

The second AC held the clapboard in front of the camera and said, "Wendi's Chicken Combo Commercial, Scene Three, Take Twenty-Seven."

*-clack-*

Morgan slid into the corner booth, her breasts hovering barely an inch above the table. The server stepped up to her mark, and Morgan said, "I'll have the chicken breast combo, please!" She smiled up at the server, who walked out of the frame while the narration played again over a set of speakers. The server brought her a fresh plate, and she took another big bite. Again, her breasts swelled, and she looked into the camera. "Mmm, delicious!"

Again, Morgan, Wendi, and the crew on set waited as the gaps in Morgan's shirt grew wider, but its buttons held firm.

"Cut!" Wendi yelled.

"Damn it!" Morgan said, dropping her sandwich onto its plate with a huff. The violent motion sent her bloated breasts wobbling madly, and the highest done-up button on her shirt popped off. Her décolletage swelled into its newfound space, revealing a fresh expanse of round, freckled skin.

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" Morgan wailed.

Wendi pinched her nose between thumb and forefinger, calling out, "Wardrobe!"

Morgan stepped behind a privacy screen, undoing the remaining buttons on her red shirt while the costume director brought her a nearly identical one. The new shirt was a size larger and kelly green. Morgan had the green shirt over her shoulders and was

about to start fastening the buttons when Wendi leaned around the corner of the screen. She eyed Morgan's breasts as they spilled over the cups of her bra and said, "Better get her a new bra while we're at it. K-cup this time?"

"L, Wendi," the costume director said.

"Yeah, get the L-cup. We can't have *that* breaking during the scene. This is gonna be on network TV, after all."

Morgan sighed, waiting to do up her buttons until she got a new bra. "How many times are we gonna do this, Wendi?"

Wendi's smile didn't reach her eyes. "Until we get the shot, of course."

The costume director handed Morgan an L-cup bra, and she put it on, adjusting herself and smiling faintly at the more comfortable fit. When her new shirt was buttoned up to the last two, her chest was completely covered. Wendi reappeared, holding out the plate from Morgan's most recent take. "Here, eat up."

Morgan's eyes went wide. "What?"

Wendi fixed her with a flat stare. "Look at that shirt. We'll never get the scene if your buttons aren't tight from the start."

Morgan sighed and took the sandwich. As she ate, her flesh shifted under the shirt, wrinkles growing taut as her breasts swelled. She was over halfway done with the sandwich when the gaps between her buttons started to pucker, and Wendi reached for the plate. "Alright, that's enough. Don't want to pop this one while we're not even rolling."

Morgan followed Wendi back onto the set. Wendi called, "Let's set up for scenes one and two again. I want to make sure we have plenty of footage for the montage."

Morgan groaned, and the crew shifted lights and cameras to the restaurant entrance set.

"Action!"

Morgan walked through the glass door, L-cup breasts straining her buttons as she waved. "Hi, everyone!"

"Hi, Wendi!"

Morgan walked past a green screen where the crowded restaurant would be added in post. Now larger than her head, her breasts wobbled with each step. A single thread on her third button started to fray.

Morgan slid into the corner booth, her bloated breasts resting on the table. The server approached, and she said, "The chicken breast combo, pl—"

She was cut off mid-sentence as the thread broke, and her button flew toward the camera.

"Cut!" Wendi said. "Wardrobe..."

They did several more takes where Morgan's button didn't break. The costume director replaced her shirt two more times, and they did the first two shots again. That time, the button broke during scene two, and the costume director gave her an M-cup bra.

Once again, Wendi brought Morgan the remnants of her chicken breast combo when she was finished changing. Nearly the size of beach balls, her breasts were still more than adequately covered by a blue western shirt.

"This is getting *-chomp-* ridiculous, Wendi..."

"You knew the sandwiches have an expander formula in them," Wendi said, hungrily eyeing Morgan's torso where her enormous shirt was already getting tight, "You agreed to it when you signed the contract."

"I know that," Morgan protested, "But I didn't think I was gonna grow baby elephants on my chest!"

"I know you're an actress, but don't be so dramatic," Wendi said, watching Morgan's buttons begin to stretch. "The effect wears off eventually."

"This much growth is gonna take months," Morgan whined as she took another bite. "I'll have to buy all new clothes."

Wendi's cheeks took on a faint pink shade as gaps appeared between Morgan's buttons. "Did I not mention the wardrobe's included in your contract? There's a whole set of shirts and bras there all the way back to your original size." She pointed to a stack of increasingly ridiculous bras and western shirts with a button missing.

"Though, you'll probably end up a bit bigger than you started..."

Morgan's eyes widened. "How much bigger!?"

While talking with Wendi, Morgan wasn't paying attention to how much she ate. The button that flew off her blue shirt narrowly missed Wendi's face.

The older woman's lips curled in the faintest hint of a smile, and she yelled, "Wardrobe!"

"Hi, everybody!"

"Hi, Wendi!"

Wendi watched Morgan squeeze through the glass door, her gargantuan breasts compressing through the opening. She knew full well this footage wasn't going in the ad, but she planned to thoroughly review it later.

"Wendi's Chicken Breast Commercial, Scene Three, Take One-Hundred and Twenty-Three."

*-clack-*

"Action!"

Morgan slid into the corner booth, resting her enormous breasts on the table, where they covered the laminated surface, almost hanging off the opposite side. Taking the shallowest breaths she could manage, she said, "The chicken breast combo, please!"

The server brought Morgan her sandwich, and she took a huge bite. Now having a sixth sense for the pace of her expansion, she took her first full breath since they started rolling. She smiled at the camera and said, "Mmm, delicious!" just before the third button on her lavender western shirt went flying out of the frame.

From her chair across the soundstage, Wendi watched the monitor, where Morgan's three undone buttons showed more pale breast flesh than most women could boast in a string bikini. She quietly came, glancing up at the real Morgan, whose breasts were in serious danger of breaking the booth table with their weight.

Morgan, the server, and the camera operator were frozen, waiting for Wendi.

"Sorry, cut!" She said, breathless. "We got it! Great work, everyone; that's a wrap!"

Cheers and applause filled the soundstage. Morgan grinned broadly; her mood considerably improved now that filming was finally done. Without thinking, she took another bite of the sandwich still in her hands. The booth table let out an ominous creak, and another button flew off her shirt. "Oops!" Morgan squeaked, gingerly setting the sandwich down on the bench and slowly sliding out of her seat. Her breasts were so heavy and massive that she had to carry them in both arms to extract herself from the booth. She lost the last of her shirt buttons in the struggle, revealing a bra so enormous that each cup could have doubled as a hammock.

Wendi watched it all, her eyes fluttering closed as another wave of pleasure washed over her. She didn't say what she was thinking; the ad would never be approved at Morgan's final size. They'd have to completely redo it or at least reshoot the third scene with Morgan at a slightly less absurd size.

She made a note in her calendar to reach out to Morgan's agent in about six months.