



Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

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Receiving Logistics

Sequoia sat in the diner booth, perusing a large menu filled with appetizing photos. Her bloodshot eyes skimmed right over prices and calorie counts as they darted from one photo to the next. Sequoia was a beautiful blonde, thick in all the best ways. Her denim shorts hugged her hips and well-rounded ass. Pale thighs and a soft midsection muffined out of all three openings of her cutoffs. Tucked into her shorts was a sleeveless button shirt in pink, leaving her soft arms and shoulders bare while clinging tightly to a bosom that was a few cup sizes beyond being called top-heavy. Golden waves of hair framed Sequoia's face and hung halfway down her back. Between her self-administered blowout and a full face of makeup, Sequoia looked perfectly put together. But she couldn't do anything about her tear-reddened eyes.

"Hey there, hon," The elderly server said. "Coffee?"

"Yes, please."

"Cream and sugar?"

Sequoia nodded.

"Do you know what you want to eat, or I can give you a few more minutes?"

Without taking her eyes off the menu, Sequoia said, "Can I get the pancake platter, with two eggs over-medium, extra sausage and bacon, the biscuits and gravy, a blueberry muffin..."

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Inside Sequoia's mind, a collection of brightly-colored Emotions crowded around the control panel, pulling levers and mashing buttons.

"I don't know about this," Fear said. "What about our diet?"

"Ugh, diets are the worst!" Disgust said with a grimace. "Let's get chocolate milk." She slapped a brown button, and Sequoia added another item to her order.

"But... the cost..." Fear muttered, wringing her hands.

"Now's not the time to pinch pennies," Joy said, "It's the time to treat ourselves!" She pranced away from the controls, did a pirouette, then pulled a lever. Sequoia asked for fried apples.

"I can't believe that asshole dumped us!" Anger growled. "And over text?" She twisted a dial, and Sequoia tore open two more sugar packets to dump in her coffee.

Sadness mumbled something incomprehensible through her tears as she tugged on a big steering wheel. Sequoia looked over at the dessert menu and picked it up.

On the large display screen, plates of food started filling the table in front of Sequoia. Fear crouched in the back of the room, covering her face with her hands.

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Farther down, in a windowless room, displays covered the walls, showing graphs and spreadsheets. Another group of women sat around a large, donut-shaped table. Each woman looked like Sequoia, but with different parts of their bodies cartoonishly large. One woman had clown-like feet; another had Chun-li thighs. One had arms like holiday hams, while another had an ass so vast it spilled over the edges of her seat. At the head of the table sat a woman whose belly rested in her lap, and the woman beside her was so busty that her breasts nearly touched the table.

"Thank you all for coming," Belly said. "Let's call this meeting to order. This is Weekly Adipose Receiving Distribution Logistics session one thousand, two hundred and forty-seven."

A diminutive version of Sequoia with an oversized head sat on Belly's other side, scribbling in a notepad.

"It looks like we're gonna have a pretty big shipment coming in," Belly continued. "If the forecasted numbers are accurate, this breakfast will exceed our highest delivery on record."

"When was that?" Feet asked.

"That time we got drunk and high at the same time," Thighs said. "Kara came over after Kyle dumped us, and we ate an entire extra-large pizza and a box of cinnamon sticks."

"That was a fun night," Belly said, running a hand over her eponymous flank.

"Of course it was," Ass said, "But we paid for it dearly. Some more than others." She patted her massive cheeks to emphasize her point. "And we *still* haven't shipped any of it out."

Boobs rolled her eyes. "Come on, Ass. We all know Head paid for it the most."

"It took me days to recover..." The secretary said in a tiny voice.

"Well, sure," Ass said, "But you did recover. Meanwhile, I'm out there ripping holes in our favorite jeans!"

"I don't get what the big deal is," Feet muttered. "Can't we just divvy it up like we always do? Thirty percent to Boobs, Belly and Ass take twenty-five, then Arms, Thighs, and Hips each get ten."

"Easy for you to say!" Thighs snapped. "You never take any of the excess!"

Feet held her nose in the air haughtily. "Of course not. Fat feet... who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Kara's feet are kinda fat..." Arms mused.

"Kara weighs over three hundred pounds," Hips said, "I don't think we're quite at that point."

"You know your numbers add up to a hundred and ten percent, right Feet?" Boobs said. "Why don't you leave the math to Head?"

"Oh, suddenly you're an expert, tits-for-brains?"

The table erupted in shouts, insults, and accusations. Belly slapped both hands on the table, yelling, "Ladies, please, order!"

One by one, the Body Parts fell quiet, several crossing their arms in frustration.

"We don't need to boil the ocean here. We simply need to decide how we're going to distribute this week. Ass?"

"None for me; one more ounce, and we'll have to go pants shopping again. And based on the graphs, this little breakfast is gonna completely tap our budget."

"What's even going on up there?" Thighs asked. "Are the Emotions completely out of control?"

"Trey broke up with us," Head said quietly. "Everyone but Fear thinks food will make us feel better."

"Not if we outgrow our favorite outfits!" Ass moaned.

"Alright," Belly said before Ass could start another argument, "Ass can't take any. What about you, Hips?"

"I can't, for the same reason as Ass. Even though she seems to think pants and shorts are her problem and hers alone."

"I take up over half the space," Ass snapped, "Of course they're my problem!"

Belly fixed the bottom-heavy Sequoia with a flat stare. "Ass, do we need to get the talking stick?"

Ass crossed her arms with a huff.

"None for Hips," Belly said with a glance at Head, whose pen was scribbling furiously. "Thighs?"

"Well, the weather's getting warm, so I won't have to worry about pants for a while, but I better not."

Belly asked, "And why is that?"

"I mean, if we're gonna have to start dating again... I just... I've been almost touching since the holidays. I just can't take in any more! I'm sorry..."

Belly sighed. "Arms?"

"Not a chance. As Thighs said, we'll be dating again. We're not going to be able to hide me under long-sleeved tops for long. And if we get actually depressed, who knows how much damage the Emotions could do?"

"*Someone* has to take it!" Boobs said. "Can't we up the percentage we send down to Waste Processing?"

"Not a chance," Ass said. "Unless *you* want to go talk to them. They practically tore me a new one last week when we had Nashville hot chicken three days in a row."

Belly turned to the busty Sequoia beside her. "Well..."

"What, me? All of it??" Boobs said. "Why can't you take some?"

"You heard Thighs and Arms. We have less than a month before summer. I'm already too big for last year's swimsuits."

"If I take all the excess of this little feast and who knows how much more those maniacs upstairs let us put in our mouth this week, we'll have to buy new swimsuits anyway!"

"Come on, Boobs," Arms said gently. "You're the only one of us who can get bigger and actually *help* our chances of getting laid before we turn twenty-five."

Ass said, "I mean... not the *only* one..."

"Do you want to take some, after all, Ass?" Belly snapped.

Ass' mouth clicked shut.

Boobs looked around the table, desperate for any kind of ally. "Ass, please?"

"Sorry, Boobs. Have you seen how expensive jean shorts are lately?"

"Cause bras are *super* affordable," Boobs said, rolling her eyes.

"Don't forget panties," Hips added.

"And tops!" Boobs said, her voice rising an octave. "Where are we gonna find new tops that fit me after the Emotions blow our whole paycheck on pancakes?"

Boobs glanced from one Body Part to the next, finding nothing but pity or determination. Not a single ally in sight.

"Sorry, Boobs," Belly said. "It's just for this week..."

Boobs stared down into the vast expanse of her cleavage. "Sure... things will *totally* be different in a week." She looked up at Belly again. "What are we going to tell people? What's Kara going to think when we suddenly go up a cup size at our age?"

Belly shrugged. "We'll make something up. Something about hormones or being a late bloomer. That's for the Emotions to figure out."

"And who knows," Arms said, "With a little more cleavage to show off, the Emotions might start feeling good again. Joy, obviously, but Sadness and Disgust would have less to complain about. I bet they'll finally stop making us eat so much. I'm sure this situation is only temporary..."

Boobs heaved a deep sigh, her impressive chest briefly colliding with the table. "Fine... I'll take it all."

Belly patted her shoulder. "Thanks, Boobs." She turned to Head. "Make it so."

Head rose and walked to a console on the wall, adjusting several sliders until the board flashed green. The Body Parts all watched as the busty Sequoia's breasts slowly plumped up several inches. They rested on the table and swelled from her neckline like rising bread dough.

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In the diner, Sequoia used both hands to stuff bite after bite into her mouth. Forkfuls of biscuit, mouthfuls of muffin, deep gulps of chocolate milk. She didn't care about Trey; she was better off without him. All she needed was herself—and this fantastic food. Lost in a world of hedonistic pleasure, she didn't even notice her blouse buttons getting tight or when one of the hooks on her bra tore free.

She was too busy wondering which desserts to order.