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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Big Bully Stepsister

Lori turned the doorknob slowly, wincing at the latch's loud click. She silently prayed that no one had heard it and she'd be able to sneak up to her room in peace. It wasn't that Lori was *afraid* of her stepsister, but Alex was just so... much.

Summers had once been Lori's favorite part of the year ever since she'd been old enough to be left home alone. After her mom passed, Lori's dad kept up the tradition, and despite Lori's protests, he'd taken her new stepmother with him that year. Lori had no complaints about Alex's mom. Unlike her daughter, she was fun and kind. Perhaps she was a bit of a gold-digger, but she seemed to truly love her dad, so Lori had no problem with that, either.

Just like Lori and her own mom, Alex's mom was petite. Barely an inch or two taller than her and with well-styled blonde waves instead of Lori's flat auburn. Alex, on the other hand, was a big girl. Her dad had been built like a lumberjack and had passed those genes to his daughter. Even if Alex hadn't been able to claim the title of "big sister" because she was five weeks older than Lori, it was impossible for Lori to stand up to a woman who stood a full head taller than her.

Lori padded softly across the cavernous foyer, creeping toward the basement door. She hadn't been thrilled to give up her room, but she'd grown to cherish her basement bedroom away from the rest of her blended family.

"Just where have you been, Little Mouse?"

Lori almost jumped at her stepsister's booming voice. Refusing to turn around, she said, "Just having lunch with some friends."

Heavy footsteps thudded behind her. "That wasn't very considerate of you. Off stuffing your face and leaving your poor big sister to starve to death."

At the accusation, Lori finally turned. The suggestion that her stepsister had missed a single meal since their parent's wedding was ludicrous. Indeed, Alex had downright thrived in the past year, living off Lori's dad's money. Her platinum blonde locks glimmered in the light from the high front windows. Her smooth, tanned legs oozed from her skintight lounge shorts, and her soft belly muffed out on all sides. Her crop top was so small it looked like a swimsuit, the material barely able to hold together as it squeezed the most enormous tits Lori had ever seen.

I can't wait to go back to college, Lori thought. Just five more weeks.

"How selfish of me," Lori said, failing to keep the sarcasm from her tone.

Alex took a step closer, making her take a defensive step back. Her eyes narrowed, and she moved even closer. Lori's stepsister had fifty pounds on her when they met, but she estimated Alex was now easily twice her weight. She seemed bigger every time Lori saw her, and it was little wonder why.

"Do I have to call Daddy and tell him how rude my *little* sister is being?"

Lori hated it when Alex called her father Daddy. She backed away again, but the wall kept her from retreating further. "We have a whole kitchen full of food."

Alex moved into her personal space again, her head-size tits inches away from Lori's face. Was she getting taller? Lori was sure her stepsister's boobs weren't that high at the wedding. "You know I like it more when you cook for me. Everything tastes so much better..."

Lori was sick of being manipulated like this. "Just make yourself a sandwich or something. I have shit to do." She stood as straight as she could but still found herself looking through the canyon of Alex's ginormous tits to glare up at her stepsister.

Alex's eyes flashed fire. Before Lori knew what was happening, her stepsister grabbed her under her arms and lifted her until they were at eye level. She leaned into the wall, crushing Lori in a sea of boobs, belly, and thunder thighs. Lori tried to wriggle free, her toes dangling more than a foot off the floor, but Alex had her firmly trapped.

"You don't want to make me angry, do you... Little Lori?"

With a ball of panic forming in her middle, Lori shook her head.

"It's not too much to ask, is it? Just a little lunch for your *big* sister?"

Stepsister, Lori wanted to say, but all that came out was a weak "No..."

Alex stepped back, making Lori land hard on her heels. "Good."

Defeated, Lori walked on wobbly knees toward the kitchen.

"You better make enough this time," Alex said from behind her. "And get me something to snack on while I wait. I'm feeling *extra* hungry today."

Lori sliced up some cheese and dried meats that were far too good for her Roomba of a stepsister, wincing at the ominous creaking the kitchen stool made as Alex slid her massive ass onto it. She told herself it was just five more weeks. It was easier to just give Alex what she wanted. She actually enjoyed cooking—when it was appreciated, anyway.

Alex shoved whole pieces of cheese into her maw, barely taking time to chew them as Lori filled a pot of water to boil. Five more weeks, and she'd be gone. How much bigger could her stepsister get?