

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

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Contains: *Weight Gain, Giantism*

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## Vanilla Soft-Serve

Grace was starting to question her decision to become Lauren Smith's girlfriend. She loved women, big women in particular, but the bubbly, bodacious, bottomless brunette was getting to be a bit much—even for her. With a trust fund and more money than any reasonable person could spend, Grace had always gotten whatever she wanted. Unlike most of her peers, however, Grace managed to avoid becoming spoiled and bratty. So when she met Lauren, a middle-class young woman whose appetite for the finer things extended only to her literal appetite, Grace felt it was a match made in heaven.

Waiting in the massive ice cream shop she'd bought out for the day, Grace heard her girlfriend well before she saw her.

–thoom–

–thoom–

–THOOM–

Parfait cups rattled on their shelves. Spoons clattered in their trays. A stock photo of a young couple sharing a sundae fell off the wall, cracking its frame.

“Graaaaaace!”

The double doors of the ice cream parlor blew open, propelled by a pair of arms that each weighed more than Grace's entire body. Lauren's smiling face ducked into the large opening, followed by a pair of earth-shaking tits that filled what was left of the space.

"H-hi, Babe..."

"I can't believe you rented out the place where we had our first date for our six-month anniversary!" Lauren's eyes glittered hungrily as she gazed around the room, taking in stacked tubs of ice cream and countless rows of soft-serve dispensers.

Grace thought back on their first date. Lauren had "only" weighed about 220 pounds back then. Already a head taller than Grace, with P-cup boobs, a soft belly, and tree-trunk thighs bulging out of her denim shorts. Grace had spent nearly \$300 filling that belly with ice cream that night and had no regrets.

Recalling the weeks and months that followed, Grace watched her gluttonous girlfriend eat and eat, and grow and grow, until she became the walking natural disaster crawling into the ice cream shop.

The building shook as Lauren forced her way through the front doors. From the crumbs scattered across her mind-blowing cleavage, Grace knew she'd done a fair bit of "pre-gaming" for their date. Lauren's breasts scraped along the linoleum floor, the metal doorframe creaking as hundreds of pounds of overfed hourglass inched their way inside.

"I *-ugh-* don't remember *-oof-* this place being *-unf-* so small, though..."

A few glasses shattered to the floor. Souvenirs and gifts fell off their shelves. The floor cracked under the weight of Lauren's titanic tits. Finally, she was inside. Sitting on the floor, her head reached the ceiling. Grace couldn't even see her face past her gigantic boobs. She could hear Lauren's grin as she said, "It's great to be back, though. I even wore that dress you bought me, see?"

Grace's eyes went wide. The "dress" Lauren wore was a floral print sundress. It'd been snug three months ago, hugging her wide hips and colossal canons, but now, it barely covered her boobs! Stretched across her chest, the scraps of fabric were held together with straps and clips, keeping Lauren modest—if only just. The brunette's blubbery belly was completely exposed, hanging down and making Grace wonder if she was even wearing bottoms. Lauren's enormous ass spread across the shop floor, reaching from a line of dinettes almost to the front counter. "That's the dress I bought you!?"

Lauren gave her shoulders a little shimmy, sending her car-sized tits wobbling and making a few reinforcement straps pop free. "Yep! Can you believe it still fits?"

Lauren's delusional optimism was one of the many things Grace loved about her, but this was getting absurd. She was one deep breath away from being completely topless!

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"-*Homf*- You know, -*gulp*- I had my doubts about dating another girl, -*chomp*- but you really are the best, -*urp*- Gracie..."

Grace was in a world of warm, soft darkness as she used both hands—and arms—to work her giant girlfriend over. Squeezed between Lauren's minivan-sized thighs, her girlfriend's voice was muffled as she emptied entire tubs of ice cream into her mouth in a single bite.

She'd hoped buying out an entire store would be enough to finally fill Lauren up, but she was starting to doubt it.

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The last soft-serve machine in the long row sputtered and hissed as it, too, ran dry. Lying on her back, Lauren dumped her bowl into her mouth. Her breasts were fully exposed, rising almost to the ceiling like small mountains of fat titty. Behind them, Grace could see Lauren's greedy belly rise almost as high. Scattered on the floor around her were dozens upon dozens of ice cream tubs, barrels of fudge and caramel, and boxes of soft-serve mix. All of them had been emptied into Grace's gluttonous girlfriend.

Lauren let out a thunderous belch, rattling the windows and sending a few more stock photos crashing to the floor. "That was great, Babe. Thanks for tonight."

Back aching and arms wobbly from carrying tubs and containers all night, Grace bent over to kiss Lauren's sugar-coated lips. "You're welcome, Lauren."

The shop shook again as Lauren's gargantuan gut rumbled hungrily. How could she *still* be hungry?

Without an ounce of shame, Lauren asked, "Is there any more?"

A bead of sweat rolled down Grace's brow. There was a soft-serve tap way at the start of the line that Lauren had ignored. Grace knew it had the largest vat of mix behind it and an entire walk-in dedicated to storing boxes and boxes of the stuff. The reason for this was simple—it was the flavor the shop went through the quickest.

"You, um, skipped the first soft-serve flavor, remember?"

Lauren's eyes glimmered, and she licked her lips. "Oh right, the vanilla! It's such a boring flavor, but I guess if there's nothing else left..."

"Lauren, wait!"

The busty behemoth rolled onto her side, crushing tables and chairs under her tits. Her blubbery booty scraped everything off the front wall as she tried to turn around. The floor cracked even more with every motion, not built to withstand several tons of overfed girl moving around on top of it.

By the time Lauren repositioned herself, Grace was just glad she hadn't brought the building down. That is, until she saw what Lauren was planning.

The gluttonous girl had her head under the vanilla tap, reaching an enormous, wobbly arm to the handle. She clicked it into the locked position, and a slow, thick stream of soft-serve flowed into her waiting mouth. With Lauren unable to speak, the shop filled with the happy sounds of gulping and slurping as the sugary concoction flowed.

Grace thought she could see her girlfriend's tits and belly inching closer to the ceiling by the second. Well, it wasn't like Lauren was getting back out through the front door—the shop was probably going down anyway. Grace went into the back to add more mixture to the vanilla dispenser. She'd already paid for it, after all.