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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

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## Stack

“Ugh, seriously!?” Miko slammed her phone down on the counter, nearly cracking its screen.

“What’s wrong?” Carolyn called from the living room.

“Carrie’s stuck at work. They’re not plowing out the parking lot until morning, and all the busses and cabs are stopped.”

“What’s she going to do? Sleep under her desk?”

Tired of shouting, Miko walked out of the kitchen. Her girlfriend, an adorable 4’11 brunette, was nearly pinned in the recliner by her overstuffed breasts. They’d been planning this holiday party for over a month. Between tasting dishes for Miko and a steady stream of cookies and snacks, Carolyn’s boobs had swollen from disproportionately large to downright huge. She seemed to have doubled in size just in the past three days.

“I guess they have cots and stuff stored away for emergencies.”

“Well, that’s good, I guess,” Carolyn said, “but is *anyone* coming now?”

Miko ran through the guest list, tapping a different finger with each name. “My mom’s flight was canceled. Your parents and sister are up in Vermont. Cara and her roommates are sick. Kayla and Vy from book club got snowed in at their boyfriends’ places. And my dad and his girlfriend never RSVP’d.”

Carolyn groaned. “That’s all of them! And you made all that food!”

Miko turned in a slow circle, taking in their apartment. The coffee table was covered in platters of cookies. Their dining table was so loaded down with side dishes she wondered if the upcycled furniture would hold the mains she was keeping warm in the oven. She'd set up both folding tables at the sides of the living room. One held a giant punch bowl of egg nog, crock pots of cider and mulled wine, and hot water for cocoa. The other was stacked high with cakes, bars, charcuterie, deviled eggs, veggie trays, and other snacks. As disappointed as she was, a wicked thought niggled at the back of Miko's mind.

"We could invite some neighbors," she suggested.

"Do we even *know* any of the neighbors?" Carolyn asked.

"Just Jake and Ashley, and they went to Michigan or something."

"Do you really want to go out in this and knock on strangers's doors?"

Damn, it was like her girlfriend was making her arguments for her. "Not unless you wanna come with me..."

Carolyn gestured at her bloated form, her head-sized breasts nearly reaching her lap. "Not like this. Being around people we know was gonna be bad enough."

The short-stacked brunette wore a loose black skirt that hung to mid-calf and a Christmas sweater that had once been baggy. It covered her chest, but Miko could see bits of white undershirt peeking between the strands of yarn. "Well..." she began meaningfully, "what about all this food?"

"I guess we could pack it up... Maybe have people over for New Year's?"

"Come here," Miko said, reaching both hands out.

With a minimal amount of grumbling, her girlfriend took her hands. Miko bent her knees and used all 135 pounds of her weight to leverage Carolyn to her feet. She took a moment to appreciate several seconds of sweater-clad flesh jiggling, then led her girlfriend to the kitchen. She opened the fridge, which was packed from floor to ceiling with dishes, plastic containers, and leftover ingredients.

"See? I couldn't fit another *smell* in this thing."

"What are we gonna do, then?" Carolyn wailed.

Miko knew it was an act. For all her moaning and complaining, her pneumatic girlfriend loved eating. It was half the reason she'd gotten so into cooking and baking these past few years. "Well..." she said slowly, stepping up behind Carolyn, reaching down to gently stroke her already overfed bosom, "it'd be a shame to let it go to waste..."

Carolyn spun around to look up at her. In her teens, Miko felt gangly and awkward being nearly six feet tall—taller than any girl she knew and most of the boys. But with Carolyn, their difference in size did something to her she couldn't describe. Her partner barely reached her clavicle, but she probably weighed more than she did at her current size. It was as if her body reached her diminutive height and then sent every ounce of surplus into her boobs. Her adorable face scrunched up in anger, but there was no heat in her eyes. "You did this on purpose, didn't you?"

Miko put her hands on Carolyn's shoulders. "Babe, I don't have some kind of secret weather machine. Who could have planned for a freak blizzard this far South? The city definitely didn't."

Carolyn's expression softened. "Well... you're gonna help me eat all this, at least."

"I'll try, but I probably won't manage more than a plate or two." She let her hands drift down to hold the sides of her girlfriend's plump glands. "I'm counting on my hungry little lady. You won't let me down, will you?"

Carolyn rose on her toes, mashing her chest into Miko's slim torso. She bent down to kiss her. "I'm gonna go start another movie, then. I at least want to be comfortable if you're gonna feed me till I can't lift these things."

Heat bloomed between Miko's legs. She wanted nothing more than to scoop up her little lady and carry her to the bedroom, but the food was getting cold.

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The credits rolled on *Christmas Vacation*, and Carolyn reached for the remote. Miko grabbed it first. "I'll do that; you finish that plate."

Carolyn's breasts rested on her lap, grown twice as big as they were when her feast began. She'd started with a tray table perched on the arms of the recliner, but as she grew, it got more and more awkward to reach around herself to get at her plate. Miko started balancing one of the empty platters on the shelf of her partner's cleavage,

keeping a plate of desserts filled at her side. Thus situated, the busty brunette could munch on mains, sides, and hors d'oeuvres during the movie while taking breaks with a few bars or small cakes. She knew the sweet and savory cycle would keep Carolyn from getting bored with any one dish as she slowly emptied the tables and counters.

Miko selected *Elf* and got up from the couch. She scraped a few pieces of pink meat from a platter and scooped a golden square from a metal pan, sliding them onto her girlfriend's plate. "Here's the last of the ham and corn casserole. I'll get the sweet potatoes and start cutting up the turkey. Don't forget those chocolate peanut butter bars."

Cheeks bulging as she chewed, Carolyn nodded.

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When *Elf* finished, Miko queued up *Love, Actually*. Carolyn's breasts filled her lap, spilling onto the recliner's armrests and inching toward her knees.

"Babe..." Carolyn wheezed, "This sweater's getting really tight. I can barely breathe."

Miko took in the sight of her partner's top. The knit was stretched so wide it was starting to look like a fishnet. The lower hem that had once covered Carolyn's crotch now wrapped tightly around her tits, soft mounds of underboob oozing out beneath the inadequate garment. She rose and lifted the platter off of her girlfriend, setting it on the table. She grabbed the hem of Carolyn's sweater, tugging upward.

"Ow!"

"Hush, you big baby. You should have said something sooner." Seeing that Carolyn was simply watching her, she added, "I see a lot of meat on that charcuterie board..."

Carolyn stuffed a slice of capicola into her mouth, pouting. Miko slowly worked the top over the slope of her girlfriend's orbs. The first half was a struggle as the hem reached Carolyn's nipples, but as the pressure lessened, it slid the rest of the way up on its own.

"Arms."

The brunette raised her arms, and Miko slipped the sweater over her head. When Carolyn's face reappeared, Miko pressed a cube of cheese between her lips. Carolyn's eyes went wide as they met hers, and for a moment, Miko forgot all about the sweater.

Without her sweater holding them in, Carolyn's breasts swelled further into her lap. A soft *-shrip-* filled the room, and both women looked to see the seams of her undershirt slowly unraveling beneath her arms. Carolyn met her eyes again, but when she opened her mouth, Miko popped a Rice Crispy square into it.

"I have something that might work," Miko said, dashing off to the bedroom.

Digging through the very back of her bottom dresser drawer, Miko found it. A tent-like tee shirt that read, "I conquered Joe's burger challenge!" She'd stolen it from the storeroom when she quit that job. The restaurant didn't even do a burger challenge anymore.

Carolyn was munching on cookies when she held up the giant shirt.

"That's ridiculous; I can't wear that!"

"Nobody will see it but me," Miko said. "I didn't want you to get cold, buuuut if you want to let the girls air out, that's fine by me."

Carolyn held her arms up. "It's too cold for that, you freak. Just put the damn thing on me."

Miko grinned at the idea that *she* was the freak here. Well, maybe they were both freaks—in their own ways. She tugged the shirt over Carolyn's head, then set about draping it around her girlfriend's overfed chest. She pulled the hem down, tugging at the material and smoothing out the wrinkles. Carolyn's tits were so firm—this was the biggest Miko had ever seen her since that time they almost drowned.

"Are you gonna play with them all night or gimme back my plate?"

While Miko picked up the platter, Carolyn reached for another cookie. "Wait a second," she said, "these cookies aren't gonna go bad!"

"I can pack them up if you don't want any more," Miko teased.

Carolyn shoved the whole cookie into her mouth.

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Halfway through *Love, Actually*, Carolyn started to flag.

“Don’t tell me you’re full,” Miko said, “there’s still so much left.”

“I’m so tired, Babe...” Carolyn’s arms slumped to the sides of her chair.

Her boobs covered the recliner’s arms completely. They spilled over her knees. Miko said, “Do you wanna put the footrest up?”

“Don’t do that!” Carolyn cried. “I won’t be able to see the TV.”

Miko squirmed, rubbing her thighs together. She looked again and guessed that her glorious girlfriend could probably only see the top half of the screen as it was. She brought a chair from the dining table and set it beside the recliner, lifting the platter from Carolyn’s boobs. Forking a piece of dark meat turkey, she held it to her partner’s lips.

“Aah...”

After Carolyn swallowed, Miko fed her a bite of cake. She held a glass of egg nog to her lips and poured.

“There you go,” Miko purred, “eat up, little lady. That’s a good girl...”

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Thus relieved of any exertion beyond chewing and swallowing, Carolyn consumed the holiday feast, bite by gulp by delicious bite. They finished *Love, Actually* and *A Christmas Prince* before Miko broke out the pies. When Carolyn complained she couldn’t see the movie anymore, Miko grabbed her iPad and reclined the chair, balancing the tablet against the twin peaks of Carolyn’s boobs as they grew.

It was nearly 3 am when Miko scooped the last bit of pie between her partner’s lips. Carolyn’s eyelids were half-closed and drooped shut as she swallowed. All around them, the flat surfaces once piled with food were now stacked high with empty platters, pans, and trays. The diminutive brunette’s breasts rose from the recliner like an enormous beanbag set on a piano stool. Miko estimated her girlfriend was now at least two-thirds tit.

"Is that all of it?" Carolyn murmured.

"That's everything," Miko said huskily, stroking her hand over the fat mountain beside her. "You did so good, Babe."

"Mmm..." Carolyn softly worked her tongue in a few gentle smacks. "Too bad..."

The last came out as barely a whisper, but Miko caught it. "Too bad what?" She asked, her voice low and thick.

Carolyn's eyes fluttered open again to meet hers. "Too bad there's not a teensy bit more."

Miko's pulse throbbed in her ears. "We've got ice cream in the freezer. It was supposed to go with the pie..."

Carolyn's eyes widened. "You know I love ice cream. Are you trying to starve me?" Her mock outrage was undermined somewhat by her half-asleep tone.

Miko's chair fell over as she jumped to her feet. "I'll go get it right now!"

"Maybe... maybe melt it a little? I'm so tired of chewing..."

Miko bent down, wrapping an arm around as much of Carolyn's boob as she could, pressing their lips together. She tasted apple pie and at least half a dozen other things she made. "I love you."

"Mmm, love you, too..."

"Merry Christmas, Carolyn."

"Merry *-hic-* Christmas."