

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

<https://linktr.ee/spartacuswrites>

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Smorgasbord

Emily waited for Claire to squeeze herself through the side door to their Great Aunt's banquet hall, already smelling the mouth-watering melange of delicious aromas. Her own breasts lightly brushed the doorframe as she followed her sister into the massive room, and she almost regretted letting Claire talk her into getting a second bag of burgers. She'd begged their dad to stop, and Emily figured as long as their parents and Nate were already annoyed, she might as well give in to her sister's bad influence. But as she took in the enormous table stacked high with one gorgeous platter after another, she wished she'd saved room.

Emily's pulse quickened, and her breasts ached. She could have sworn her giant sweater was already getting tighter. "Hey, Claire?"

"Yeah?"

"Do your boobs feel funny?"

"Funny how?"

"I feel like they're... growing."

Claire's gaze was fixed on the extravagant feast, and she licked her lips. "Mine are doing that, too. I bet they're just stretching out to hold even more food."

"That's kinda weird..."

"Our boobs are weird; I don't know what to tell you. But if you'd rather wait for the others... more for me."

Emily's chest tightened angrily. It seemed her body was ravenous despite the dozens of burgers she'd fed it barely an hour ago. "Not a chance."

She almost raced Claire to the banquet table, taking the bench across from her. The sisters sat sideways, their breasts resting on the benches as they dug in.

Unbeknownst to Emily or her sister, the main double doors to the banquet hall were still locked. Aunt Clara waited for the servants to inform her that dinner was ready while the servants waited for the matriarch to inform them.

Emily had become less shy about food since getting away from her greedy sister for a few semesters, but watching Claire inhale the elaborate banquet as if it might run away gave Emily a sense of urgency. Her sister's arguments for the two of them sneaking into the dining room seemed perfectly reasonable to Emily, but some small part of her felt like they were doing something wrong. And if they were, they might get caught. And if they got caught, they might be sent to their rooms without any dinner at all!

While she'd never been able to keep up with her sister's voracious appetite—one look at the over a foot difference in their bust measurement to prove it—Emily ate as fast as she could. She snatched up platters and bowls and slices and rolls, trying to get as much as she could before Claire ate it all.

Aunt Clara and the rest of the family wondered what was taking so long with their feast. The servants wondered why only two of their employer's guests were eating. Emily reached the middle of the table, which seemed to stretch to the horizon. Half the feast was gone, but she was sure Claire had eaten well over half of that. She paused to catch her breath, and across the table, all she could see were Claire's sweater-clad breasts. They still rested on the bench, but Claire had turned around at some point to drag them behind her instead of pushing them forward.

Emily carefully stood up. She knew her feast-filled breasts were too heavy to lift easily. If she let them drop off the wide bench, she might not be able to get them back up there. Instead, she rotated herself, careful to keep her breasts on their support. She sat down again and shifted back, dragging her weighty chest along. This was way easier.

Unfortunately, she was falling behind. Claire was so far ahead the ends of her breasts were past where Emily sat. She dragged herself up the bench to get to more food. As she moved undistracted, Emily finally noticed how tight and heavy her breasts felt. She'd stuffed herself to oblivion several times, but never so much so fast. And unlike a steady stream of takeout or emptying out a buffet, Aunt Clara's holiday feast was richer, denser, and made of high-quality ingredients.

"Hey," Emily said. "Do you ever get full?"

Claire's voice floated from behind her boobs, which had grown so high she was completely hidden from Emily's view. "Sure, plenty of times. I told you all about that lab, didn't I?"

Emily hesitated, her hand hovering over a plate of dumplings.

"Why do you ask?"

"Well," Emily said, stroking what little she could reach of her left breast. "I think I'm getting there."

"Oh, you're full?"

"I think I might be."

"I mean, I was full a while ago."

Emily would have asked if her sister was still eating after getting full, but she could hear Claire chewing and gulping while she talked. "Really?"

"For sure. Eating when you're full is the best!"

"You're not worried you're gonna... I don't know, pop?"

Claire laughed. "I don't think that's a thing. Anyway, it's never happened yet, even in the lab."

Emily had been away at college when Claire came back from her "testing," but she'd heard the stories about how big her sister had grown.

"You can always tap out if you want," Claire's unseen voice added.

Emily grabbed two dumplings in one hand and reached for a plate with the other.

When the rest of the family were sufficiently grumpy and impatient, Aunt Clara rang for the butler to get some answers. Finding the banquet hall doors locked, a servant was sent to fetch the key. When the room was finally open, nothing of the holiday feast remained but the smell. At the far end of the hall, four shapes sat on the tile floor like partially inflated hot air balloons. Two rose higher than the tall butler's head, and the other pair were nearly twice that size. A trail of shattered benches led to the beached bosoms.

"Girls," Aunt Clara called, her voice more bemused than angry. "Did you eat *all* our food?"

A long belch came from behind the larger bosom.

"It was really *-hic-* good..." Emily whimpered.

Aunt Clara turned to the butler. "Send down for the second course. But perhaps... keep the trays on this side of the room."