

# The 600 Thousand Dollar Woman

## A Breast Expansion Story

By SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

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### **The 600 Thousand Dollar Woman**

“Ladies,” the stern but brilliant chief scientist intoned, “we can rebuild her. We have the technology.”

Luisa Passantino lay unconscious on the advanced operating room table. Well, it wasn't *that* advanced. It was the absolute *best* surgical and medical technology – that a minor league soccer player with a slightly better than average HMO

could afford. Luisa was in a nasty car accident, with mild head trauma, broken bones including a cracked pelvis, and damage to her spinal nerves that would have meant paralysis just over a decade ago.

Instead, the team of doctors grafted her bones back together using a new safe and near-indestructible metal alloy, and installed an experimental brain implant. The chip was designed to optimize the body's handling of caloric resources, speeding natural healing and ensuring peak performance for at least the next ten years of the 24-year-old athlete's life.

The particular details of Luisa's 'enhancements' were completely lost, however, on her long-term girlfriend. Marie-Pierre was every inch the short, chubby, doting woman lacking an outlet for her barely-repressed maternal instincts that Luisa wasn't. And so when Luisa was put on a one-month bed rest to allow her cybernetic implants time to adapt to and adjust her metabolism and bodily functions, she found herself at the mercy of her girlfriend's serving spoon.

"One more bite, *mon coeur*..."

"You know, *-gulp-* I'm capable of feeding myself, MP. I didn't break *both* my arms."

"*-Sh sh sh-* hush now. Here..." Marie-Pierre held up a large mug with a curly straw and Luisa filled her mouth with the most sugary sweet tea the recovering athlete ever tasted.

Luisa was ashamed to admit to herself that she didn't really mind her girlfriend's pampering. The tall blonde lived every moment of her life to this point with so much drive and determination that it felt surprisingly good to just... relax, for a change. Marie-Pierre returned from the kitchen and crawled onto the bed with her formerly formidable lover. The dark-haired girl pressed her soft body gently against Luisa's muscular arm and firm abs, reaching a hand up to rest on one of the blonde's D-cup breasts.

Luisa had always been ambivalent about her chest. On one hand, it availed her not at all in her athletic career, and often proved a nuisance when running or doing other forms of conditioning. On the other hand, was Marie-Pierre. The

playful Quebecois seemed obsessed with Luisa's breasts, from the first time they'd hooked up in college. Nuzzling her head into the crook of Luisa's armpit, Marie-Pierre gently fondled her lover's breast while the pair watched Netflix.

The trouble with a state-of-the-art brain implant — especially a barely-tested one designed at a discount and with many cut corners — is that its adaptive AI can sometimes conform to the host instead of doing much influencing of its own. As the weeks passed, Luisa grew more comfortable with Marie-Pierre's attention and affection. She was less interested in returning to practice, and more interested in whatever amazing pastries and plates her pampering partner could provide.

In truth, Luisa was fully recovered physically within a fortnight of the procedure. But whenever her phone rang — usually her coach or a teammate feigning sympathy as a pretense for checking how soon she would be returning to active play — Luisa would catch a whiff of onion soup or fresh croissants just out of the oven, and put on a play that would put Ferris Bueller to shame.

“*Hnnrg*— yeah, I feel okay, but it still hurts just to move. I really wanna get back out there...”

“Well don't push yourself. You come back when you're ready, okay?”

“*Mmm*— okay...”

Luisa's mumble of agreement was more for the roast beef and au jus than her teammate's encouraging words.

Weeks passed and Luisa Passantino's brain began thinking of little else apart from her next delectable meal or the sensation of her lover's hands on her plenteous breasts. How could she know that the chip in her brain was recording those thoughts and adjusting her body chemistry accordingly?

Luisa's appetite was always formidable— hours and hours of daily physical exertion generally have that effect. Now however, the calories that flowed into the former athlete's mouth were digested and sent mostly into her swelling chest. By the end of the first month Luisa's breasts blossomed into a generous

F-cup, and showed no signs of stopping. The muscles and ligaments developed over years of soccer play and practice were now used exclusively for exercise in the bedroom.

Marie-Pierre lay on her back, both hands kneading and groping her lover's massive breasts. Luisa's limber back and toned legs carried her pelvis forward and back as she brought her soft lover to climax. With the marital aid still inside Marie-Pierre, Luisa rolled them over so the dark-haired girl lay on top of her. Marie-Pierre buried her face in Luisa's breasts, showering them with wet kisses and adoration.

"I don't know –*mwah*– what they did to you in that lab *mon coeur*, but you get more –*mwah, mwah*– beautiful by the day."

Marie-Pierre's round face appeared between Luisa's soccer ball sized melons, and she grinned.

"Are you hungry, *mon coeur*?"

Luisa neither knew nor cared whether the rumbling in her stomach was enhanced by the chip in her brain. She planted a kiss on her lover's lips, and nodded hungrily.