

# 800 POUND BREASTS

## A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

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### **800 Pound Breasts**

Elyssa pushed the shopping cart through her last stop, the frozen foods aisle. It took a fair amount of effort to get the cart rolling and maneuver it around the store. There were two reasons for this (or perhaps three, if you're fond of clichés.)

The first was that Elyssa's cart was absolutely *loaded* with food. The base layer was made up of a lot of canned soda, full-fat milk, and high calorie juices. Stacked on top of that were packaged cookies and snacks of all kinds. Piled over those was a layer of high sugar fruits, just to mix it up a little. Around the perimeter of the cart was more soda, in bottles this time, the six packs slipped over the sides of the cart to make more room. And then finally, as Elyssa made her way down the freezer aisles, she mounded the top of the cart with breakfast sandwiches, tater tots, hot pockets, and as many cartons of ice cream as she could balance on the overloaded wire cart. The packs of soda raised the sides of the cart a few inches, creating a taller barrier that allowed the mountain of frozen food to grow even taller.

The second reason Elyssa's cart was so hard to move, was that she was using it to rest her breasts on while she shopped.

In the post-Madsgenix world, large breasts had become commonplace. Everywhere Elyssa looked she saw women of all ages with stuffed sweaters, straining buttons, and overloaded tank tops. In general the younger women tended to be larger, but there were a few middle aged ones who seemed to be making up for lost time.

Elyssa didn't strictly *have* to do her own shopping— she could use a delivery app or send one of her subscribers. But Elyssa liked to go out in public every so often just to see the widened eyes and elbowed ribs of people in real life reacting to her appearance.

As she rolled the cart through the supermarket, Elyssa took pride in the fact that she never saw another woman nearly as busty as herself. At a 34(z)L, Elyssa's breasts required two hands and most of her forearms to heft into the cups of her bra. They projected full and firm just over two feet from her chest while she was wearing a bra, and drooped like massive fat teardrops just above her navel when she wasn't.

Such size came with its drawbacks, of course, and Elyssa still remembered the day she perched two five packs of mac and cheese boxes in the 'seat' of a grocery cart and was able to rest her chest on it. Elyssa leaned her weight into the cart and got it rolling toward the front of the store, smiling to herself as the

weight of her massive breasts pulled against the skin of her torso. The vibration of the cart's cheap and overburdened wheels sent tiny jiggling through her mounds, and chills of arousal washed over Elyssa's body in waves from her award-winning rack.

On her way to the checkouts, Elyssa spotted another girl, maybe twenty, whose chest was almost two-thirds her size. Jealousy flared up in her cerebral cortex like a long-cold furnace. She reached out to pat one of her enormous endowments with one hand, mouthing silent, soothing words.

"It's okay babies, she's still smaller than you."

Eyeing the contents of her cart, Elyssa wished she could somehow fit more food into it. Maybe she could go shopping again Friday. Perhaps even tomorrow, if she went hard on this load of groceries. Glancing over by the produce section again she saw the other woman turn in profile and made up her mind— she *would* eat all this food tonight, and be back for more tomorrow.

Maybe if her OnlyFans payout had cleared, she could order some delivery food as well...

The momentum of Elyssa's cart brought her to the checkout, and she started moving items onto the conveyor belt. As she neared the bottom, something in her periphery caught Elyssa's eye.

### **Florida Woman grows 800 Pound Breasts!**

Elyssa, like most rational people, usually ignored tabloid headlines. This, however, she could not ignore. She grabbed the magazine and tossed it on the belt.

The teenage girl working the cashier's station openly gaped at Elyssa. It was something she'd come to expect as she'd grow larger and larger. Yes, big breasts were all around these days, but women in the "Z" sizes were still fairly rare, and Elyssa had eaten herself *twelve* cup sizes into the "Z" range.

The checkout girl scanned the magazine's barcode, then glanced at the cover and back up at Elyssa. Her eyebrows raised but she refrained from comment. Elyssa paid for her groceries and got the cart rolling again toward the exit.

Back at her building, Elyssa rode the elevator to her penthouse apartment while the porters loaded her groceries onto a baggage cart and brought them up the freight elevator. She angrily shoved chocolate cookies into her mouth as she read the article on the ride up. It was mostly a lot of florid language and irrelevant details, but Elyssa pored over every word.

She arrived at her apartment and slumped into an overstuffed chair. She grabbed a tablet off the nearby table and started searching online for more info on the mysterious Florida woman. A few minutes later the buzzer at her door sounded.

"Bring it in!"

A pair of men rolled the overloaded luggage cart in through the double doors.

"Would you unload it for me, and put the frozen stuff in the freezer?"

"Of course, ma'am."

"Oh and bring me one of those ice creams?"

A footman handed Elyssa a carton of ice cream. She grabbed a spoon from the table, tucked the carton into one elbow, and shoved big scoops into her mouth as she read on her device.

She found even more articles about the woman. There was a subreddit dedicated to her, and several threads with photos charting her growth. Photos from five years ago where she looked about the same size as Elyssa herself, then larger, and larger, and larger. More tabloid articles of the woman being trapped in her house. A demolition crew knocking down a wall and hoisting her out with a crane.

The photos were all blurry. Most looked like they were taken with smartphones from half a mile away. But one fairly clear one showed a fat, middle aged woman through a window. She was resting on a large concave shape that Elyssa supposed *might* have been gigantic breasts.

People online were calling the woman “the next Madison” and suggesting she be added to the Guinness Book of Records. Elyssa gulped down her ice cream with barely contained fury.

“~~Homf~~– The next Madison my ass...”

“*Ahem.*”

Elyssa looked up to see the older of the two footmen standing near her chair.

“Oh, sorry.”

She reached one thin arm deep into her cleavage, pulled out two warm slips of paper, and handed them to the middle-aged man. He was staring at her chest, and Elyssa could see the hint of his arousal through his pleated slacks. The man shook himself, bowed slightly, and dragged his young coworker out by the elbow. The younger footman’s arousal was more than a hint.

Elyssa tapped out a message on her tablet to one of her highest tier subscribers. She was a lesbian about two years younger than Elyssa, and for a considerable monthly rate, she was allowed direct contact, and even occasional access to Elyssa’s home.

<I need someone to feed me tonight.>

[I’ll be there in ten.]

Elyssa dug into her ice cream with irritation, barely taking the time to chew each bite before gulping it down. She pulled her phone from her cleavage and snapped a few selfies. The bottom three-quarters of each frame were nothing but cleavage, with her spoon stuffed mouth in one corner, and the ice cream carton in the other. She tapped out a message to her followers.

**I don't know if you guys have seen these headlines, but there's some rando in Florida they're saying has 800 pound breasts? New growth goal starts now!**

Elyssa scraped the bottom of her ice cream carton, and was debating whether to make the effort of getting up to fetch more when her door buzzed again.

"Come in!"

A thin young woman dressed in black with one side of her dark hair shaved and too much black eyeliner practically frolicked into the penthouse.

"I'm soooo glad you messaged me Elys *-er-* Mistress. I saw your post and I'm outraged! There should be no one in competition with a *goddess* like you!"

The goth girl was leaning near Elyssa's seated form, hands hovering inches away from the acres of exposed cleavage resting in Elyssa's lap.

"Shut up and get me some food Jen. You stroking my ego isn't going to make me grow any bigger."

"Of course Mistress, right away!"

Jen dashed to the kitchen, filling her arms with bags of cookies and snack cakes. She dumped the pile onto Elyssa's chest and watched expectantly.

"Don't just stand there, get the oven going! If you feed me all these groceries I just bought, I'll let you touch."

The black clad girl's knees wavered and her pupils dilated. She nearly tripped over her own feet in her haste to get to the kitchen.

"And order some delivery while you're at it."