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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Amber Lynn

When Samuel O'Neil came to Greenville, Amber Lynn was just a week past her 18th birthday. She was working at the town drugstore, mixing sodas and scooping ice cream. It came as no surprise to anyone in town that the two young'ns went together like peas and carrots. Amber Lynn was a scrawny little thing with brown hair just past her shoulders. Five foot nothin' and just a hint of womanly curve. Samuel on the other hand was nearly six-two, sandy blonde and well-muscled from growing up on a dairy farm.

The whirlwind young romance was ill-fated, however. You see, Samuel was already twenty, and had answered President Roosevelt's call for a few good men to stop old Adolf. Greenville was just a short stop over for the boy on his way to Chicago, and then he was on to basic training.

Amber Lynn held both of Samuel's hands under the old Sycamore in the town square, tears on her apple-blossom cheeks as they said their farewells.

"Amber Lynn," Samuel said, "I reckon you're as pretty a peach as I ever seen. If'n you was a bit older, I'd marry you right here and now."

"I'm already eighteen!" Amber Lynn whimpered. "Why shouldn't we get married? Oh! Why d'you have to go at all?"

"Now now darlin', you know them Brits need all the help they can get. We all gotta do our part."

"I know, I know. But what if you don't come back?" She asked through teary eyes.

"Amber Lynn, I promise, if'n you'll wait for me, I'll come back for ye after all this business is over. You'll be full grown by then, and we can get married n'all."

"Oh Sammy!" Amber Lynn threw her bony arms around young Samuel, and the young couple set their promise in quick-dry cement.

The local Janes, Barbara Jo and Susie Ann, couldn't cotton onto Samuel's affection for Amber Lynn. She wasn't *ugly* by a fair stretch, but why a handsome young GI would pick that skinny little field mouse over one of them was more than they could guess. They'd prance through town in their well-cut gingham dresses, perfectly

curled blonde ringlets bouncing, and mutter to each other about the “unsuitable” pair. Yet no matter how well they propped and padded their modest bosoms, young Samuel had eyes only for Amber Lynn.

Unfortunately for Barbara Joe and Susie Ann, things were about to change for Amber Lynn. You see, the mousy young brunette had about as much brains as she had curves. She’d taken Samuel’s offhand words about her being ‘full grown’ to heart. The first morning after Samuel’s train left for the big city, she asked for second helpings of eggs, bacon, and pancakes at her momma’s table. She ate more than her daddy, and nearly as much as her two older brothers, Pete and David.

This pattern repeated morning and night, for each and every meal. And when she was working, Amber Lynn snuck candies and treats whenever old man Taylor, the druggist, wasn’t looking. In less than a month, most all of Amber Lynn’s dresses were getting snug.

“Momma,” Amber Lynn said one morning through a mouthful of eggs, “I think I need some new clothes for work.”

Her momma looked over Amber Lynn’s plain white blouse and noticed the two round lumps on her baby girl’s chest looked just a bit bigger than they’d ever been.

“Well, I reckon all this extra eatin’ is finally putting some meat on your bones, Amber Lynn. Lemme see if I can take in a few of my things to fit ya.”

The months rolled on with no word from Samuel. Amber Lynn continued to wolf down whatever her poor momma made, and her hand-me-down clothes had to have their alterations undone and readjusted every few weeks. Pete’s number came up, and their daddy argued long and hard with David to stay and help on the farm. Amber Lynn being the dutiful daughter offered to quit her job and take over her brothers’ chores so they could go off to Europe together.

With Pete and David gone, Amber Lynn’s parents hoped for some relief in their weekly grocery bill. But with the extra exercise she was getting doing all her brothers chores, Amber Lynn was eating more than ever. In under two months since

they waved goodbye to her brothers, Amber Lynn's momma was cooking just as much as before, and her daughter was gobbling up every morsel.

"Oh my lands!" Barbara Jo whispered to Susie Ann. "Is that Amber Lynn?"

Susie Ann followed her friend's gaze to see a brown-haired girl walking from an old pick-up to the feed store. She had Amber Lynn's face, but her white tee shirt and overalls barely covered a torpedo figure like the two blondes had never seen 'cept in Look magazine. Her hair was wild and un-styled as ever, but now instead of flat, dull strands dusting her bony shoulders, a curtain of shiny brown waves fluttered in the breeze like she was Judy Garland. Her once bony arms were now strong and toned, flexing visibly as the farm girl loaded grain bags into the truck's bed. And her breasts, well, her breasts were easily a match for either of the Janes, if not a smidge larger.

"It sure looks like it, but what happened to her, do you reckon?"

"*Hmpf*" Susie Ann huffed, "she's probably just getting stout from all that farm work. Both her brothers went off to the war you know..."

"That's right! She's doing all their chores now. She's growing from a skinny little tomboy to a right stout farmhand."

Barbara Joe and Susie Ann strolled off, clucking like hens at their own jokes.

Just over two years after Samuel left Greenville, the news came down. It was V-E Day, and Amber Lynn's momma spent a week altering one of her old Sunday dresses to fit her youngest child. Amber Lynn had grown to be a few inches taller than her Momma, so the skirt hem needed lengthened. Her momma was a stout woman, but she needed every scrap of the extra material she took out of the waist to make the bodice fit. Amber Lynn's bosom was like a pair of ripe pumpkins, half again as large as her momma's, and she caught every eye at the special church service. Amber Lynn went up to the potluck table four times before her momma made her stop, less'n she bust a seam and ruin all her hard work.

“Did you see Amber Lynn at the service, Barbara Jo? I swear that girl looks bigger every time I see her.” Susie Ann had a pinkie finger in the mouth of the baby on her hip to sooth the young’n.

“Good for her,” Barbara Jo said, cradling the bump in her middle, “I hope her Samuel makes it back.”

“Fore she eats her poor folks outta house ‘n home...” Susie Ann added, remembering the potluck.

Amber Lynn grew to be nearly as tall as her daddy, able to look eye-to-eye with anyone in town, and down on both of the Janes. Her breasts swelled to the size of watermelons, and though her hips and bottom grew a little wider, her waist stayed as narrow as it’d been when she waved goodbye to Samuel. Unless she’d just finished dinner of course.

At Christmastime, several of the aunts and uncles were able to make the drive down to Greenville, and it was almost like before the war. Amber Lynn’s cousins were fascinated by their older cousin, and seemed to be playing some secret game to see how much the bombshell brunette could pack away.

“Hey Amber Lynn, I brought you a pice of sweet potato pie!”

“Why thank you Tommy, I was feeling kinda peckish.”

Amber Lynn took the plate and patted her cousin on the head.

“Amber Lynn, wanna try some muffins? I helped momma make them.”

“Aww, they look delicious Betty Jo.”

Betty Jo shot her cousin a gloating grin when Amber Lynn took the whole basket instead of a single muffin.

“Here Amber Lynn, I made you some sweet tea.”

The brunette took the quart jar from young Sally with a smile. The brown liquid was cloudy from the heaping pile of sugar the girl musta used.

Once she hit five-nine, Amber Lynn stopped growing up, but she kept growing out. Months passed with no word from Samuel, and with the wartime rationing done with, she was eating more than ever.

“Amber Lynn, sweetie...” her momma said carefully one evening, watching her daughter shovel meatloaf right out the pan. She’d made three loaves. Her daughter had finished her two and was busy cleaning up the third after she and Amber Lynn’s daddy had gotten a slice each.

“Hmm?” Amber Lynn’s breasts were resting on the kitchen table, plumped up like prize-winning watermelons and fixin’ to bust the buttons right off the extra-large flannel shirt she was wearing.

“Don’t you think it’s time to start goin’ easy on the vittles?”

“Oh I can’t momma *-homf-* I’m still growin’”

“You’ve been growin’ out ‘stead of up for almost a year now, hon...”

“Well *-ulp-* Samuel said he’d come back when I’m full grown *-chomp-* and since I’m still growin’ *-munch-* I must not be full grown yet. *-urp-* Would you slide me those taters?”

Amber Lynn’s mother couldn’t find nothin’ to say to her daughter’s reasonin’, so she slid the bowl of mashed potatoes to her more-than-busty little girl with a nervous smile.

A misting rain was falling on Greenville when Samuel returned. He’d been gone almost four years, and the thought of his adorable little field mouse waiting all this time had kept him going through the horrors of war. Amber Lynn’s mother greeted him warmly when he knocked on their farmhouse door.

“Oh Samuel, I’m so glad you made it home! You go on into the parlor and I’ll fetch Amber Lynn.”

Samuel stood in the empty room with its worn couches and armchairs, crumpled hat in his hands. His face was somewhat more weathered and worn than it'd been when he last saw Greenville, but he still found himself turning away the advances of many Janes since he got back Stateside. His heart swelled when he heard a familiar voice from the doorway.

"Samuel?"

The vet turned to see the face of a goddess gazing hopefully at him. Amber Lynn's hair had grown long and luscious, falling halfway to her waist in natural waves. Her head was nearly a foot higher up than he expected it to be. Her bony cheeks were fleshed out into ripe apples and her thin lips had plumped into a shiny red bow. And her chest... why, the udders on his girl would have put any two of his daddy's best milkers to shame. They were like feed sacks of flesh, prettier than any picture. Amber Lynn was using both strong arms to hold them up, and Samuel felt sure the girl might just topple over if she didn't.

"Amber Lynn..." he breathed.

"Oh Samuel!"

The brunette rushed at him, releasing her chest at the last second to wrap her arms around his chest, the weight of her massive breasts knocking the wind out of him.

"I did my best to grow as much as I could while you were gone... Do you still think I'm pretty as a peach?" She whispered.

"Even prettier." He said, and leaned in for a kiss.

Beneath the mass of flesh pressed against his body, Samuel felt a low rumbling. Amber Lynn's face blushed even redder.

"I might not be *quite* done growing... I hope you don't mind?"

Samuel scooped Amber Lynn into his arms, grunting slightly at the extra hundred pounds of tits he carried in his arms. "Of course not darlin', let's get married right now."

Amber Lynn's parents grabbed their coats to follow the young couple to the church. Her daddy nudged his wife and said, "I hope that young man found himself a good job, if'n he's gonna keep that one fed."

But don't you worry none, y'all. Samuel took over his parent's farm, and they did so well Amber Lynn's family started meetin' at their place for holidays. The Janes even came over for Sunday dinner sometimes. Pete and David and some of the other men sometimes tried to out-eat Amber Lynn, but nobody ever could. So she was right, she wasn't quite full grown when they got married. But neither Amber Lynn nor her husband minded that one bit.