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Contains: Breast Expansion, Implied Cannibalism

Breast Meat Pies

Through the streets of Georgian London, a cloaked figure skulked in the darkness. The fog hung thick as an onion gravy, even with the rain pouring down like a well-watered wine on Coronation Day. The figure moved unseen and unregarded down the dark London streets, looking as if it belonged there even though it most certainly did not.

As Princess Celeste darted between two alleyways, the front of her cloak slipped open, revealing a flash of well-rounded pale skin as a few drops of rain collided with a very tight leather bodice. Celeste pulled the cloak closed tightly across her slender neck and was reminded of the first time she had made this outing – less than a year ago...

Down the same street moved the same cloak covering the same girl, albeit one that had no trouble keeping her cloak closed across her front. Princess Celeste was delighted, trying without success to avoid gazing around with her mouth open wide like a village idiot. It was her first time finally getting to explore the streets of Rat Bottom without the restraining presence of her parents, or her parent's guards.

The Princess had gotten what she believed were commoner's clothes from Mistress Cali – the castle seamstress – and had bribed her with enough lemon cakes to ensure her discretion. With red-gold ringlets bobbing and peeking from the hood of her cloak, the princess darted into a dark and shady but nonetheless bustling and inviting pie shop.

Celeste stepped across the threshold of the pie shop with more timidity than a virgin bride on her wedding night, hood up and cloak wrapped tightly around her as she gazed about at the unfamiliar surroundings.

"Come on in an have a sit at the bar, sweet thing!"

An older female voice welcomed Celeste in.

"We got food if'n you've got coin."

Celeste inched forward, pinching a full silver Mark between her thumb and forefinger. She'd managed to steal a few from her mother's purse while she was deep in her cups.

"Goodness, don't go flashing that around 'ere. What can I get you swee'art?"

“Um, I heard you have very good meat pies?”

“O’course, have a seat here mistress...”

Celeste had planned for this part at least.

“Jane.”

“Mistress Jane. Nice to meetcha, have a seat just there.”

Celeste climbed up into the tall stool and after hesitating a moment, pulled the hood back off her head.

“Aren’t you a pretty little thing. You some kinda noble then?”

“No no, good woman, my father is but a humble merchant.”

Mama Olive wasn’t buying the girl’s story, but figured everyone was entitled to their secrets. She looked the girl over appraisingly. She was pretty. Very pretty. Much too pretty for Rat Bottom, if a bit scrawny.

“Well isn’t that nice. Tell you what. I’ve got a special kind a pie for sweet things like you. It’s jus’ one Mark a slice, but for a first-timer I’ll give you one half off, how’s that sound?”

“Oh, really? That’d be marvelous!”

Olive was certain that nobody in her shop had ever used the word ‘marvelous’ before, but if this pale beauty started coming in regular, her regulars would be doing plenty of marveling.

A few moments later Mama Olive was sliding a plate in front of Celeste. The thick slice of pie was brimming with chunks of meat, bits of carrot and onion, and a thick creamy gravy.

“Here you go sweet thing, Mama Olive’s special Breast Meat Pie.”

It smelled divine, and Celeste scooped a properly small bite from the end of her fork and plucked it into her mouth with the whitest teeth Mama Olive had ever seen.

“Goodness. This is amazing! I’ve never tasted anything so heavenly…”

Mama Olive had certainly never received praise on this level before.

“Well, I’m glad you like it dearie.”

“Mistress Jane” pushed open the double doors of Mama Olive’s pie shop. Her cloak had fallen open again, and a few drops of rain followed her in.

Time slowed throughout the room as Celeste shook her hair back. Last year’s ringlets had grown out into simpler waves, but the red-gold locks still shone like the autumn sun. Her high cheekbones and sharp jaw had softened from her previous “severe noblewoman” look to something more befitting a well-kept courtesan.

Celeste’s “commoner” clothes consisted of a dark grey broadcloth skirt, which last year had hung loosely off of her waist, but which now spread outward along the curve of wide hips and more than hinted at a delectably large bottom.

Her arms, always smooth, had gone from bony and severe to plush and inviting, fully exposed by the vest-like leather bodice that made up the top half of her ensemble.

The vest of course was the coup-de-grâce of Celeste’s outfit. When she’d first darkened the threshold of Mama Olive’s shop, the Princess’s bodice covered her whole torso from waist to clavicle, laced up tightly and showing not a hint of the cotton camisole beneath.

Now it was clear to anyone paying even the slightest attention that “Mistress Jane” was wearing nothing at all under the leather bodice. Mama Olive wondered how on earth the garment didn’t chafe the poor girl something fierce, but wasn’t foolhardy enough to actually ask and risk offending her biggest spender.

The laces running between the two panels of leather left almost all of the young woman’s back bare, not that Mama Olive could see any of that with Celeste facing her. What she could see was a similar situation in the front; the laces were clearly at their limit, each tied into knots at their ends instead of together in the middle. A deep line of tight dark cleavage separated an expanse of flawless skin, and stretched from neck to abdomen, longer than Olive’s entire forearm. The young woman’s soft and pampered stomach was completely exposed, and firm creamy breast flesh pressed against bodice and laces, as if begging for freedom.

“Mistress Jane’s” demeanor had changed drastically in the past ten months since Mama Olive had first laid eyes on the young beauty. Rather than tiptoeing in and sitting quietly, she paused in the doorway, allowing everyone to admire her head-sized breasts and statuesque figure before strutting up to the bar, bosom wobbling as much as it could in its snug leather restraints.

Olive was starting to notice just how tall and regal her most generous patron was. She was beginning to think she should upgrade her estimation of “Mistress Jane“ from ”secret noble“ to ”secret royalty.”

“What can I get ye, Mistress Jane? Yer usual?”

“A slice of Breast Meat Pie please, Miss Olive.”

Mama Olive eyed the young woman’s outfit meaningfully.

“I don’t know if’n there’s room in that bodice for another piece of pie, Mistress...”

“Oh, don’t worry. I’ve already commissioned a new one.”

Celeste ran a finger along the hem of the leather garment, caressing the spot where her well-fed breast muffed outward.

“I can probably still squeeze one more slice in...”

As it had so many times before, the succulent white meat and rich gravy sent sparks of pleasure over Celeste’s regal tongue. As the hearty and delicious mouthful slid down her throat and into her stomach, Celeste thought she could almost feel it bubbling up into her abundant bosom.

It didn’t work that quickly of course, though Mama Olive and several nearby patrons watched the thong laces holding the wealthy girl’s top together with nervous anticipation.

It had taken several months of weekly and sometimes twice-weekly visits to the pie shop for Celeste to notice the change, and then several more weeks to pinpoint the cause. Whatever Mama Olive cooked into these pies was making her grow. The Princess knew it was unseemly for a member of the Royal family to have such an overlarge bosom, but she found herself unable to resist. The sensitivity of her breasts increased in step with their size and teased her with pleasure all day, to say nothing of the exquisite taste of the pie itself.

Maybe, Celeste dared to hope in her most ‘intimate’ moments, if she grew large enough, her parents would stop trying to marry her off to some decrepit King of a neighboring nation.

Far too soon Celeste was scraping the crumbs off her plate. All that remained was the lingering aroma of her favorite food in the land.

“All done, Mistress?”

“-mmm-”

Celeste touched slender fingers to her stomach, which was trim but not toned, the literal soft underbelly of the upper classes.

“I could be tempted by another piece, but I’d better not.”

She placed a silver Mark on the bar.

“Yer single-handedly keeping me in business, Mistress. Yer father’s custom must be prosperin...”

“What? Oh yes, quite...”

Olive was struck with doubt once again at the story this beauty had fed her back when she was a rail-thin waif.

“I might have somefin special for ye if’n you come back next week.”

“Oh, excellent!”

Celeste donned her dark cloak again, fastening it at her alabaster throat and pulling it closed over her front, to the dismay of Mama Olive’s male patrons. The cloak slid open over the Princess’s breasts and let her impossible cleavage peek out, but she clasped one side and pulled it closed with one hand.

Someone held the door for Celeste as she ghosted out of the pie shop and into the night.

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