



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

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While her sister is out on a date, Emily gets a visit from some very strange creatures.

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing, Feeding*

Emily Meets the Munchies

Emily sat in her recliner, watching TV. Claire was out on a date, so she had the house to herself. This was her sister's third date with the same guy, or maybe their fourth. Either way, it was unlikely that she'd freak him out and be home before nine. In fact, Claire had left the house wearing one of her special dresses. With a separate bodice, folded and bunched like a parachute, that could stretch and adjust up to ten times its size. Even if she made him take her to a buffet, her piggy sister couldn't grow that much in one dinner date. If he'd lasted this long, though, the guy might be into the freak show. A buffet was entirely possible, followed by an ice cream shop; he might even have stocked his apartment for an all-night feeding frenzy. Hell, by the time Claire got home, Emily could be fast asleep—her sister so bloated that she had to use the back patio doors to fit into the house.

The bag of Oreos in Emily's lap was down to its last two cookies, tucked away at the end of the tray. She grabbed the remote to check the progress bar on the episode. Seven minutes left. It was hardly worth pausing the show to get another snack. Besides, she'd eaten two entire entrées' worth of Chinese food for dinner, abandoning her best intentions of making a stir-fry from the leftovers. It had also been a brand-new bag when she sat down. A brand-new, family-sized bag. Living with her "little" sister was bad for Emily's eating habits.

Determined to be done snacking for the night—or to put off the decision for another six minutes and forty-five seconds—Emily made her last two Oreos last as long as possible. She twisted the cookie halves apart, tried to make sure each had an even amount of cream, and nibbled tiny bites as the episode slowly drew to its conclusion. Despite her meticulous rationing, the cookies were gone all too soon. Emily laid her palms flat on the recliner's armrests, willing herself to finish the show snack-free.

Whether she'd been too focused on her lack of snacks or she'd nodded off, the next thing Emily knew, credits were rolling, and the countdown had started on the next episode. As the TV faded to black, but before the streaming logo appeared, the app froze with the familiar "Are you still watching?"

That was weird. Hadn't she tapped the remote a few minutes ago? Reaching for the side table, she heard a shuffling sound. She twisted in her seat to investigate, a movement that set her Oreo-filled boobs wobbling.

While she took great pride in having enough self-control to stay smaller than her sister, most of the time, Emily's boobs were still far bigger than most of "polite society" would consider aesthetically pleasing. Euphemisms like blessed, busty, stacked, big-boobed, tig-ol-bitties, and even fuckhuge on the days she went a little too "Claire mode" all felt like dramatic understatements.

There was nothing on the side table but the remote, a small lamp, and two empty containers from her dinner. Emily shrugged, grabbed the remote, and pointed at the TV, where a handful of shapes moved around the thrifted cabinet.

What the fuck?

At first, Emily thought they were animals; mice or a bird, maybe. But when one caught her watching, they ducked behind the TV on two legs, clutching the plastic with tiny little hands. Another seemed to be climbing up the back of the TV, pulling themselves over the ledge before tumbling down onto the cabinet in a somersault.

"Hello there, you must be Claire!"

The voice came from the side table, where one of the creatures smiled up at Emily. They almost looked like tiny people, about eight inches tall, hairless and grey-skinned. They had round, pudgy bodies, with plump cheeks around their too-friendly grins.

"I'm not— What— Who are you guys?"

They spoke in sing-song, and Emily couldn't tell them apart.

"Pleased to meet you; we're the Munchies!" One by the TV said.

"We help you eat when you're not hungry!" One added while climbing the couch.

"As if Claire needs an excuse to—" Emily's stomach interrupted her with an angry grumble. Her basketball-sized breasts vibrated hard enough to ripple the sleep shirt she'd "borrowed" from her sister.

The Munchies' collective grin widened.

"Listen to that, you're practically starving!"

“We’ll find you a roast or a cake that needs carving!”

The creatures rushed into the kitchen in a waddling, stumbling mob. There were at least half a dozen of them, and within seconds, Emily heard bags ripping, pans clattering, and glass breaking. She pulled the handle on her chair and stomped toward the kitchen.

“This is the weirdest dream...”

Instead of the disaster she expected, the kitchen was pristine. Well, it looked the same as it had when she last saw it; clean-ish, with dirty dishes in the sink. What hadn’t been there earlier was a feast covering the breakfast table, like they were hosting a dinner party. How had these creatures found and set all this stuff out so quickly? For that matter, where had it all come from? Claire kept the fridges and pantry well stocked with regular grocery deliveries, but surely Emily would have noticed some of this stuff. A steaming roast with buttery potatoes, a banana split in a boat as long as her arm, and was that a three-tiered cake?

“What the f—”

Two of the creatures slid a chair out from the table while several more beckoned her toward it.

“Come on, Claire, come, sit down!”

“We know you’re hungry; go to town!”

Her questions and logic were smothered by the sights and smells of all that food. The creatures still thought she was Claire, but they weren’t wrong. Her legs carried her mechanically to the chair, where a Munchie was sliding an overloaded plate toward her.

Bite, chew, gulp, swallow.

In the past, when Emily ate too much, she’d often been distracted: catching up with her sister and her weird lab adventure, or watching TV while Claire’s fans sent an endless train of delivery food. Other times, she had a mission, like single-handedly keeping her favorite restaurant open on a nepo-baby’s dime, or getting her share of a party banquet before Claire inhaled it all. This was something different.

This was pure id. The creatures scooped food onto her plate, refilled her glass, and sang weird little “encouraging” rhymes. It was background static to her euphoria; sumptuous textures, exquisite flavors.

“You love to munch; we know you do.”

“It’s perfect when you’re feeling blue.”

When meat and potatoes ran low, the Munchies put brownies and cookies on her plate.

“You just sit and snack all night,”

“Fill that belly nice and tight.”

A confused look passed between the Munchies. One standing on the table watched Emily’s sleep shirt as it got less baggy by the minute; another watched from the floor as its rising hem slowly revealed her still-flat midriff. They switched back to savory with a tray of sliders.

“Why be lonely, why be bored?”

“With all these goodies to be scored?”

With the Munchies ensuring her plate was never empty, Emily didn’t have to move much. But when she reached to set down her drink, her breasts didn’t rise from the table as she leaned back. The sensation snuck a quiet warning through her hedonistic haze.

“I think I’ve had enough.”

Emily tried to push back from the table, but a pair of Munchies leaned their plump bodies against the legs of her chair.

“What’s your hurry? Why such haste?”

“You want this food to go to waste?”

Years of conditioning took hold. Scolding, cajoling, and problematic stereotypes passed down through generations of well-intentioned mothers simply trying to feed their children. Absolutely none of it was good advice for Emily or her sister.

"I guess that's true..."

What did it matter? This was just a weird dream, after all. One of the Munchies held a slice of cake over their head; Emily picked it up with both hands to feed it into her mouth like a conveyor belt.

"Atta girl, you're doing great!"

"Who cares about some extra weight?"

Chomp, swell, guzzle, creak.

The pajama shirt wasn't Claire's largest. Emily was only wearing it because all her comfy ones were in the laundry. When she'd put it on, the button shirt draped over her like a muumuu; if Claire wasn't so short, it would have hung to Emily's knees. As they swelled with food, her breasts took up more and more of her borrowed shirt. They spread across the table, occupying the space where her plate should be. Undeterred, the Munchies passed food in bucket brigades on either side of her overfilled boobs. All Emily had to do was grab with alternating hands, gorging constantly as the Munchies' ledge grew increasingly narrow. Her breasts spread across the table as they rose toward her chin, stretching to contain bite after bite after rich, calorific bite.

Finally, while passing a cupcake over their head, a Munchie stumbled. Their toes clung to the edge of the table as the wall of Emily's bosom relentlessly advanced. The Munchie toppled off the table, while another miraculously caught the cupcake.

"Don't drop her food; that would be rude!"

Undamaged, the first climbed back up the table.

"I think there's something the matter. Shouldn't she be getting fatter?"

Emily ate the cupcake in one bite.

"Not all humans gain weight in their belly. Our girl is just a little top-heavy."

"Are you kidding me with that bull? She is not even getting full!"

Emily's ass was getting sore. "You guys can keep bickering in here. I'm going back to my comfy chair."

Instead of fighting her, Munchies clustered around and picked her up like a crowd-surfer. Dozens of tiny hands lifted her ass, her back, her unwieldy breasts, but she was too food-drunk to protest. Even if she'd wanted to, she always had a cookie in each hand, so she ate them instead. The arguing Munchies faded as Emily floated out of the kitchen.

"Claire is eating, and she's growing. Why don't you just quit your moaning!"

"Have you been sniffing toxic fumes? Her boobs are swelling like balloons!"

The rest of the Munchies dropped Emily into her recliner. Her brimming breasts filled her lap, reaching her knees. It took several of the chubby creatures to haul the lever, tilting Emily near-horizontal. As her head lowered, her boobs seemed to rise, dominating her vision with Claire's now skin-tight shirt. Her eyelids drooped. She was too tired to eat any more, but it had been a nice dream. She barely felt the button at her apex as it snapped.

Before she could nod off, sugar glaze touched Emily's lips. Her eyes popped open along with her mouth, and the bickering Munchies each held an éclair as big as they were.

"We've decided we don't care. Fat is fat, no matter where."

"So keep on munching like a glutton. Go on, pop another button!"

What little tension remained in Emily's body melted as she sank into the soft recliner. Or maybe she was being crushed, pressed deeper into padding and springs by her burgeoning breasts. Either way, she went entirely limp apart from her jaw. Another button sailed as she swallowed half an enormous éclair in one bite.

"Have another, just keep going! Don't stop eating; don't stop growing!"

With the Munchies stuffing desserts into her mouth, Emily got a second wind. Donuts, pie, cake, brownies, entire cartons of melted ice cream; her auto-adjusting bra creaked as she bloated beyond its generous limits. They circled around her, massaging her mountains and making them wobble.

"Look at these; they're getting grand! Munch till you're too big to stand!"

Even for a dream, this was getting out of hand. But she couldn't stop them. She was too tired to move, helpless to do anything but chew and swallow, chew and swallow.

The Munchies started climbing her swelling slopes, all but the two who kept her mouth continuously full. They danced and hopped around like she was a bouncy castle, bumping into each other and tumbling off. More buttons flew, and a strap tore from its massive bra cup.

"She split her bra and not her pants. No reason to adjust our stance. Feed her until nothing fits, even if it's just her tits!"

Emily's boobs billowed out of Claire's sleep shirt like a tube of biscuit dough. Straps and fasteners exploded from her bra. The Munchies cavorting atop her bare breasts fell less and less often as their play space grew. Their sing-song rhymes faded into chants as Emily drifted off, chewing in her sleep.

"Munch, munch, munch, munch..."

"Emily..."

"Emily!"

She woke up stiff and aching. She'd fallen asleep in the recliner again.

What a weird dream...

She wasn't just stiff; she was pinned. Like a person was sitting on her, but... bigger?

Emily opened her eyes. Blinked. Pale flesh filled her view. Like a pair of pillows as big as baby elephants piled on her chair, spilling over like the world's most overfilled muffin. And it was all her.

"Looks like someone had more fun than I did tonight."

Claire had her fists balled at her hips. She was only a few inches bigger than she'd been when she left for her date. "Did you eat every bit of food in the house?"

As her sister stormed into the kitchen, Emily massaged her eyes with the heels of her palms. "I never want to hear the word 'food' again..."

Amidst cabinet and fridge doors slamming, Claire called, "Looks like it's all still here. Good thing, too. I'm starving."

Emily flexed her back muscles experimentally. Her overfed boobs were too heavy and engorged for her to sit up, much less drag them to her bedroom.

Claire's head popped around the doorway. "So, what happened? Did you order, just, a truckload of delivery? A semi-truck load?"

Emily dropped her head to the padded chair, imagining a truckload of food pinning her down.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."