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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing

Family Secret

Chapter I

On a bright spring day where the grass and trees were green and the breeze from a coast just over the horizon carried a hint of salt, a crowd of people mingled near some soccer fields in the shadow of elegant old-stone university buildings and a less old brick gymnasium.

A woman of medium height, dishwater blonde hair just resting on her shoulders, scanned her surroundings. She wore the “cap and gown” of traditional graduation attire, with the gold stole of her honors society. The drape of the shapeless black gown belied a slim figure, with shapely calves exposed, the suggestion of moderate hips, and a bust that was probably D cup at best.

Grace continued to scan the crowds, it had been four years since she’d seen her mother and sister. Since their father had passed away before Grace finished high school, her mom had been too busy with work to visit, and the ever-practical Grace stayed in town every summer and holiday to work or catch up on her studies.

At last she saw the faces she had been seeking, a middle-aged woman about Grace’s same height, with salt-and-pepper brown hair, and a build that, while not necessarily “heavy,” clearly belonged to a woman who spent more time working, than working out. She wore a light grey suit with a green top, which could not disguise the fact that she definitely wore a heavy-duty bra.

“Hello, sweetheart” Grace’s mom said, pulling her in for a long hug.
“Congratulations, I’m so proud of you.”

“Thanks mom, I-” Grace was caught off guard by a faint commotion as a gawking crowd parted for another young woman with wavy brown hair, wearing a pink sundress. It was Grace’s baby sister, Madison.

“Grace!!” the younger girl called, rushing forward and wrapping her sister in a tackle-hug.

If one had watched this scene in slow-motion, one might have heard a sound like the *bong* of timpani as a pair of prodigious breasts, each nearly the size of her head, jostled and wobbled with every bounding step, trying desperately to escape the bonds of their cotton and polyester prison.

Grace's breath went out of her in a rush as she was crushed by Madison's hug, the younger girl's bosom pressing against her sister and spreading out in all directions, cresting above her collarbone. When she finally stepped back, Madison produced a lei of pink flowers and draped it over Grace's neck.

"Good work sis, I never doubted you!"

Grace shook herself from the daze she had been in since catching sight of her sister, and said "Hey, Maddie, thanks." After a beat she added "you've really uh... grown, in the last four years."

Their mother gave a soft chuckle "Yeah, it looks like our little- well, not-so-little- Madison must have gotten most of her genes from my side of the family..."

"Are you ready to go get lunch, Grace? I'm starving." Madison said, rubbing her flat stomach like a cartoon character. The younger girl had a similar build to her sister if, aside from her prodigious bosom, slightly more slim.

"Yeah, I'm good. Let's go."

Some time later the trio were shown to a table at a Chinese buffet, their mother remarking that on the rare occasion that they ate out, they almost always went to buffets, it being "the most economical way to satisfy my human garbage disposal."

Over the next hour Grace could hardly manage to eat her own single filled plate of fried rice and various styles of sugar chicken, so distracted was she by Madison's eating. The younger girl started with two plates, each stacked twice as high as Grace's, then went back two more times before starting on desert. Grace could have sworn she could hear the seams on the poor sundress creak as her sister's stomach domed out larger and larger with every trip to the buffet tables.

While their mother visited the ladies' room, Grace took her chance to interrupt Madison's feasting.

"Maddie! What are you doing? What have you *been* doing for the past four years??" She hissed.

"What? I've just been eating, like you said I should." The brunette replied through a mouthful of General Tso's.

"I told you about the family secret so you could, I don't know, not let mom force you into a strict diet and make you enroll in every imaginable sport like I did. Not so you could gorge yourself every meal until you have to wear custom-made bras the rest of your life!"

-- Four Years Ago --

Younger versions of Grace and Madison had stayed up late watching scary movies. A friend's older cousin had gotten them a bottle of \$3 wine, and they alternated between telling giggly ghost stories and sipping the stuff and attempting to hide disgusted faces.

"Maddie, Maddie, hang on a second," Grace began, with a hand on her sister's shoulder to stop her giggling, to little avail.

"I have to tell you something. And I'm not supposed to, but I'm going to anyway, because it's bullshit that nobody told me before now."

Grace's use of profanity broke Madison out of her giggling fit, and her mouth dropped open.

"What are you talking about?"

"Okay, listen. This is going to sound super weird, and you probably won't believe me, but here goes."

Grace took a deep breath.

“Our family has a secret. No one outside the family has ever known, most of the men *in* the family never find out, and the girls are never told until they become mothers, particularly mothers of girls.”

“What the-”

“Just, let me finish. According to our Great Aunt Edith, the women in our family have this... condition. From the time we hit puberty until the changes wind down in our late teens or early twenties, we gain weight in our breasts.”

“What? Boobs?! I thought you were being serious, Grace!”

“I *am* being serious! Aunt Edith said during that time the women in our family gain weight in our breasts.”

“Don’t *all* the women in *every* family do that??”

“No you’re not hearing me, Maddie. It’s not that our breasts *grow*, it’s that *all*, or at least *most* of any weight we gain during those years goes to our breasts. It’s why all the women in our family have such big boobs.”

“But what,” Madison began with a smirk, “what about you?” She pointed to Grace’s pajama top, which was tented by moderate B cups.

“That’s why I’m telling you now! Aunt Edith wasn’t supposed to tell me, the only women ever told are mothers of girls, so they can put their daughters on diets to keep them from getting impractically big, and having to get reduction surgery or something. That’s why mom is always so hard on us about what we eat, and it’s probably why she made me play so many sports.”

“I thought you liked sports...”

“I mean, I do, but that’s not my point. I just wanted you to know now. I only have a couple years left so I plan on relaxing my diet a little bit once I leave for college next week. I wanted you to know early enough so that you can choose for

yourself. You've heard mom complain about what a pain it was for her to have such big boobs, and I think that makes her extra strict with us. But if you want to have bigger boobs, you can, it's up to you."

-- Present Day --

"It's mah choice Gwace" Madison said through another mouthful of food. "An' ah *-gulp-* I choose to get as big as I can before my time runs out and food just makes me fat like any normal girl.

"Well, I just hope you don't get so big you regret it later..."

Chapter II

Grace was fortunate enough to find an office job within weeks of graduation, and didn't have to share her childhood home with her cartoonish sister for very long. Evidently Madi had several "close friends" who would come to visit while their mother was away at work, most were guys but Grace was sure at least one girl dashed through the kitchen while she was on her laptop.

Madison's guests always brought food, sometimes enough for a large group; three or four pizzas or enough "oyster pail" boxes to fill four large grocery bags. Grace could hear lots of giggling and moaning from behind her sister's closed door. At first the moans were clearly the sound of Madi enjoying her food, but eventually they transitioned to the *other* kind of moans, accompanied by creaking furniture.

Either way, after landing her new job Grace was all too ready to find her own apartment and get out of there. This "little" situation, which was at least slightly her fault, was going to be someone else's problem.

Months passed as Grace acclimated to her new job, and she was surprised to get a call from her mother, inviting her home for Thanksgiving.

“What? We never do Thanksgiving. We barely ever do the big holidays...”

“Well,” her mom began, hesitating on a taboo topic, “things are a little more comfortable... money-wise, this year.”

“Oh, really? Did you get a raise at the firm or something?”

“Well, no actually, but I know you’ve been helping out now that you’re working full time..”

“Mom, I-”

“Never mind that, I appreciate it, we don’t have to say any more about that.”

“Thanks, mom”

“Anyway, your sister has been helping out too.”

“What, Madison’s working?”

“Yeah, she’s doing something online, some kind of contracting or call center work I think... Whatever it is, it pays pretty well, so she’s picked up some of the bills, like our very large food budget, and we wanted to have a proper thanksgiving for once. I don’t know if any of the out-of-town family can make it, but I invited everyone in driving distance.”

Grace wasn’t sure what to make of all that, though she knew exactly what the food budget comment meant, it meant that her little sister was still gorging herself and would likely be bigger than ever.

“Well I’ll have to work Thursday, and probably can’t stay the night, but I should be able to be there.”

“That’s great, honey, see you then!”

Grace arrived to more chaotic activity than she'd ever seen in her mother's house. Apparently two of her distant aunts and uncles (or cousins? second cousins maybe?) had made the trip, and the house was full of people. The smell of cooking food filled the space, and a sideboard that previously only held keys and junkmail was overflowing with platters of cookies, cupcakes, bars, and candy, to say nothing of the massive charcuterie board, and the coffee table was covered with chips, crackers, and various dips including buffalo chicken and nacho cheese.

"Gwace!" Madison called from near the loaded snack buffet, "you made it!" The younger brunette had been loading up a plate, but she set it down to give her sister a hug.

Or at least, they attempted to hug.

There was a little... too much Madi... for Grace to get her arms around.

No, Grace thought, Madison's eating had not slowed down over the past few months. Her "little" sister was wearing a dark sweater, which she supposed would be slimming on a woman with more normal proportions, but did nothing to diminish Madi's ample assets. An apt size comparison might be watermelon, though unless they were state fair prize-winning melons, the fruit would fall short of its fleshy counterpart.

In the crowded room with children and essentially strangers surrounding them, Grace decided to ignore the "elephants" in the room.

"Yeah, it's kinda weird to be doing this holiday for the first time since we were little kids."

"True, true," Madi said, popping a cheese square in her mouth, "but things have been going so well this year I figured we should celebrate and be thankful, right?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

“How’s work going?”

“Oh it’s great, I’m settled into a good routine, and mostly getting along with everyone. Well, except this one ‘Karen’ in accounting, remind me to tell you about her later...”

Grace noted two people around her sister’s age hanging pretty close behind her.

“Oh, Grace, let me introduce you. This is Paul, and Chloe.”

Paul was a few inches shorter than Madison, and a little on the chunky side, unremarkable otherwise. He reached out his free hand to shake Grace’s. The other was carrying a plate loaded down with snacks, but he didn’t seem to be eating any of them.

Chloe was a mousy Asian, with straight black hair halfway down her back and dark makeup. She gave Grace a sly smile and nodded to her. She had a plate in each hand.

“Well, get some snacks Grace, Aunt Sammy said dinner won’t be ready for another hour. We’re going to go watch some cartoons.”

Grace got her own modest plate of snacks and joined the crowd in the living room, taking a folding chair which was the only open seat.

As the group watched Spongebob and Adventure Time, Grace stole glances over at her sister and her “friends.” She was pretty sure that Paul and Chloe were more than friends with Madi, but she guessed they were being discreet in a house full of her relatives.

The odd thing (though Grace supposed she shouldn’t be surprised) was that neither of her sister’s friends touched their snacks. Or at least, she never saw them eating. Instead, whenever Madison’s plate had empty space on it, one of the two would grab a handful or piece of something off their own, and discreetly move it to hers. Grace assumed they were trying to be discreet, but Madison’s

plate was above her outrageous curves, making their movements kind of obvious. Besides which, Grace was now focussed much more on this little feeding play happening on the couch than she was on the TV.

Over time Grace could see a sliver of green emerge above Madison's waistband as her greedy fingers dropped bite after bite of sweets and snacks into her mouth. Madi's sweater was riding up over her swelling belly, revealing the shirt underneath, and Thanksgiving dinner hadn't even started.

Chapter III

"Grace dear, can I speak with you privately?"

The aged woman whispered, tapping Grace on the shoulder and breaking her trance as she sat and tried very hard not stare.

Thanksgiving dinner had been abundant, even by the normal standards of the gluttonous holiday. Most of the relatives and guests had wandered or staggered away, nursing full stomachs as they watched TV or helped clean up. The only people still at the table were Grace, Aunt Edith, and Madison's trio.

Paul and Chloe had tried to be discreet, Grace supposed, but they were not exactly experts at sleight-of-hand. The pair had loaded plates with food for themselves, but would only pick at its contents, waiting for an opportune moment when they would swap their full plate with an empty one from Madison.

Grace decided she had seen enough, and wondered if her "little" sister had unbuttoned her pants already or was planning on eating until either they popped, or she did. Regardless, Grace followed her Great Aunt Edith into the spare room. Edith turned on her heel and ordered

"Close the door."

Grace complied.

“You told Madison the family secret, didn’t you?”

Grace flushed slightly and studied the worn carpet in the room, eventually offering the slightest of nods.

The older woman sighed. “Well, I can’t say I blame you. It was many years gone now, but I remember how furious I was when I found out. Your Great-Grandmother didn’t tell me until I was nearly 25.

“I suppose it’s partly my fault as well, I should have told you the whole of the legend.”

“The... legend?” Grace slowly asked, looking up at the tall matron.

“We’d better sit, this might take awhile.”

The pair sat at a small card table and Edith produced a deck of cards from nowhere and began dealing.

“What-”

“I don’t want any questions if someone knocks on that door, so we need a convenient reason to be sequestered in here.”

“Oh, a cover story... you’re pretty sneaky for an old bird.”

“You have no idea, my dear.”

As the two women pretended to study their hands of cards, Edith spoke in a voice that reminded Grace of an old TV presenter introducing a movie or special, some Hitchcock or Masterpiece Theater thing, but without the English accent.

“No one knows when the first woman of our line manifested the ‘Gift,’ but the stories go back hundred of years, back into the Old Country and medieval times...”

“Medieval Times, the restaurant?”

“Don’t interrupt!”

“It should go without saying that very few women in those days grew to any remarkable size. Nobody back then ever had enough to eat, let alone any excess. Every few generations there would be a farmer or shepherd, who had enough years of fortunate to have a daughter develop enough that other members of the family would comment on it in letters. Once or twice there was even a daughter pretty enough to catch the eye of a local Baron, and be pampered enough to grow to E or F cup, if the painted portraits are at all accurate.

“There was one, however, who changed the fate of the family, and became the cautionary tale for each new generation of mothers with daughters...”

Grace could swear she heard the tinkling bells that accompany a transition fade.

“Once there was a man of our lineage who became a baker. His father and his father’s father were also bakers, and they lived in a village that was an important crossroads for trade. Because of this, the bakery prospered, and the man was able to woo and win a lovely innkeeper’s daughter from the neighboring village. She was the envy of all his friends, with golden hair and a healthy figure.

“Needless to say the couple soon had a child, a boy, followed by a girl, whom they named Clara. Some time after Clara’s tenth birthday, her grandfather retired, leaving his son the sole proprietor of the bakery. Under her father’s

care, the bakery that Clara and her family called home prospered even more, so that they were able to expand their shop and home and hire some part-time help.

“From a young age Clara was a spoiled and greedy girl, and spent most of her days lazing about daydreaming. She would help out around the house or in the kitchens only after being asked several times, and was constantly sneaking buns and pastries when no one was looking.

“Unfortunately the bakery was so successful that her parents were either too busy, or just too blinded by pride, to do anything about young Clara’s selfish behavior. She grew lazy and plump, but as all of the wealthy baker’s family were well-fed, no one saw any problem with that.

“As Clara grew into a young woman, she began to manifest the effects of the Gift. Her baby fat melted away into a burgeoning bosom that quickly rivaled that of her mother. Of course this only filled Clara with preening arrogance and even more greed. She gobbled up twice what anyone else did at mealtimes, and often sweet-talked the part time cooks into giving her snacks and treats at all hours of the day, especially if they were male.

“Weeks and months went by, and while her mother grew slightly concerned, Clara’s father felt only pride and affection for his ‘lovely little princess,’ knowing that his hard work and success allowed her to live a life of luxury, spending all her days reading. Never mind that her reading sessions were never without a plate of cakes or cookies nearby.

“Over time the hedonistic girl connected the dots of what should have been plain to all, that all her gorging on sweets was the source of her expanding chest. Instead of being sensible and exercising restraint, the realization seemed to awaken a deeper desire in her. Deeper than her mere laziness or gluttony. Clara found that loved her breasts, and loved seeing them grow.

Edith broke her reverie briefly to add, “Some of the more ribald tellings of this tale say that in the late hours a sound of heavy panting and creaking bed frame echoed softly through the house, coming from the room Clara had to herself.”

Grace could only grimace at that mental picture before her Aunt continued.

“Around this time, Clara’s life took a turn. She demanded food nearly non-stop, rarely leaving her bed and running the part time cooks and her poor mother ragged. Her father continued to dote on her, and would not hear an ill word spoken against his zaftig daughter, even as she gulped down pies, cakes, sweet rolls, and buns.

“Clara’s breasts grew and grew, even as the bakery’s profits shrank and shrank. Eventually the bakery existed only to provide Clara’s body with fuel to grow, even as she became immobile in her bed.

“The dirty versions say that by this point the whole house would shake from her ‘nocturnal rituals.’

Grace went slightly pale at that.

“So, what happened to her?”

“Well, the bakery went under. Some tellings say that a local banker with a convenient fetish bought out their debt and took Clara as his mistress. Either way the parents had to move in with their son, living out their days in shame as paupers.”

“Now then,” Edith began, sweeping up the cards and dealing another hand. She had somehow managed to go out before Grace again, and had won every hand even while spinning this yarn.

“That is a story of what can happen, or at least some version of what did happen, in an era when few people had enough to eat. Clara never had children, but her brother did, and the women of our family decided that from then on, they would use Clara’s story as a cautionary tale. That every mother of our family would keep her daughter from over-indulgence, and guard the family secret until their daughters had daughters.

“Now imagine what could happen if, say, a girl in our family found out about the secret when she was fifteen? And what if she decided she wanted to get big, really big? And what if she also lived in the time of an obesity epidemic, where cheap, fatty food is practically given away?”

Grace was starting to tremble now, having gone white as a sheet.

“Aunt Edith, I...”

“Never mind, dear, never mind.” She reached across to pat Grace’s hand in comfort. “I’m not trying to scare you or scold you. What’s done is done, the cat’s out of the bag. I suspect our lives are going to get pretty strange.”

“I mean, can’t we do *anything*? Mom’s never had much money, and food’s not *actually* free.”

“Oh, you don’t know, do you?” The old woman asked in surprise.

“Huh?”

Edith produced a smartphone, again seeming from thin air, and began tapping away. Finally she held it out to Grace.

“Look at this.”

The account name said **m_cup_maddie** but it was clearly a video of her sister wearing a black wig, and a great deal of makeup. She was in a room Grace didn’t recognize, and was eating an entire tray of lasagne.

“*Mmmph* this is good but it’s sooo filling.” She paused to catch her breath before scooping another forkful. “Still I have to eat the whole thing before mom gets home, otherwise she’ll know it was me. *Mmmm*, man, I hope I don’t outgrow my bras again...”

The video faded out into text. “Join me on Patreon to see the whole video, or join my OnlyFans and get videos before anyone else.”

Grace was stunned “she’s, she’s a camgirl?”

“Oh Grace, which of us is the old lady here? Nobody calls them camgirls anymore. She’s a ‘content creator,’ or something like that...” Edith seemed lost in thought for a moment “Whatever, that’s not important. Just click on one of those premium links.”

Grace complied and was stunned. “She makes this much a month? This is more than I make in a year!”

“Grace, it’s impolite to talk about money.” Edith scolded. “But yes, it’s obscene, in more ways than one. Besides that’s only the one site, the other has as many if not more subscribers, and she also does some kind of live thing where people make requests and send her delivery food.”

“What?! Is that safe??”

“Oh, it’s through some kind of alias shell company or something, I don’t know. None of these people know who she really is. Whatever, that’s not the point. The point is that she’s an adult now, making more money than she can spend on custom bras and bad wigs, and there’s nothing any of us can do to stop her from reliving the legend of Clara.”

The two women sat in silent contemplation, watching a preview video of Madison taking a bite from a cheeseburger before tugging on the taxed strap of her tank top, giving the smallest smile of delight as the movement caused a series of ripples in her engorged bosom that lasted long after she released the strap.

Chapter IV

Weeks became months, and time passed. Grace went out on a few dates, never more than a second or third date, and so she lost herself in her work. Focussing on clients and projects in the endless pursuit of that next promotion or title

upgrade.

Her family had never been one that kept in constant contact, and so when her sister moved out of their childhood home and out into the countryside somewhere with a PO Box for her mail, Grace didn't find out about it for almost a month.

Still in that time Grace's great aunt Edith would forward her links and photos from her sister's social media. Madison eating cake with breasts larger than basketballs, Madison with an entire family size bucket of fried chicken resting on each watermelon sized boob, Madison chugging a milkshake, bosom extending out of the frame, with a line of cleavage longer than Grace's forearm.

Months turned into years, and when Madison's 21st birthday arrived, she had rented out an entire convention center for the party.

Grace pressed her way through a hall crowded with strangers until she found her aunt Edith, who was now in a motorized wheelchair.

"I thought this was a private party, who are all these people?"

"Her fans, darling. Haven't you been keeping up with her insta?"

"Insta... gram? No, aunt Edith, I don't have time for that stuff, I'm up for a big promotion with the firm."

"Well you're missing out on the juicy drama. She's passed two million followers, and she gave out invitations to her birthday to all the top-tier subscribers on her OnlyFans."

"Do I even want to know what those people are paying to watch her eat and fondle herself?"

"Grace, mind your language! Anyway, you probably don't, but take your rent check and double it, that's almost as much as these people are paying your sister a month."

“Fuck me! I knew I shouldn’t have come to this thing! It’s like some kind of circus sideshow for a bunch of lonely shut-ins.”

“Keep your voice down, Grace!” Edith whispered loudly. “And look around you, your sister’s fanbase is more varied than you think.”

Grace did as Edith suggested, rising to her full height and scanning the crowd that was milling in the entry corridor and filtering into the large central hall. There were people of all kinds, mostly men but at least a third appeared to be women. Some were well dressed, but many looked to be more middle-class. Grace saw a few she would definitely consider creepers, but there was also an adequate security force guarding the doors.

In all this throng of people the one person Grace couldn’t find was her sister. Their family had never gone in for excessive holidays so the main reason she had even driven all the way to this party was morbid curiosity.

The pair found seats at one of the tables filling half of the grand hall and waited. After a round of drinks and hors d’oeuvres, a pair of tall projector screens rolled down on either side of the far end of the hall, which Grace now noted was a giant stage curtain.

Madison’s face appeared on both screens, in a very tight angle.

“Hey guys! Thank you soooo much for coming to my birthday. I know you’re all super anxious to see me in person, but I had a little trouble getting dressed. You can probably guess I had to have my top custom made...”

The crowd chuckled appreciatively at this.

“And it’s gotten a little tight since I got it.”

More laughter, and some light applause.

“Alright, I think we’re ready now. I can’t wait for my birthday dinner, and to get my hands on that cake. I haven’t eaten in almost half an hour!”

Her audience was fully laughing now, but Grace recognized a gleam of greedy arousal in her sister's eyes as she mentioned cake.

The screens went dark and the lights dimmed, as the curtain began to roll back. Grace felt her heart stop as her brain tried to process what she was seeing. Spotlights focussed on a form that was clearly her sister, sitting on a raised chair facing sideways, and attached to a round shape.

A large round shape.

Two *very large* round shapes.

As her eyes adjusted to the light, Grace could see her sister's body was attached to two round shapes the size of cars. Possibly minivans. Madison's enormous breasts rested on the floor, and swelled to a height taller than her head. If Madison had been standing Grace felt certain she would be shorter than her massive bosom.

"Heyyyy!" Madison yelled out, "do you guys like my birthday outfit?"

Madison was wearing shiny black shoes with dark tights, a light brown skirt to her knees, and the biggest tube top Grace had ever seen. Hell, her sister's top was bigger than the biggest tablecloth Grace had ever seen.

The crowd cheered, most of them standing to applaud, with the occasional whoop or catcall.

"I'm soooo glad you guys like it! Alright, enough talking, let's get this dinner started!" The crowd cheered again before Madison added "We'll do autographs after the first course, so once you all have had your first plate why don't you bring me up some seconds?" With that the gargantuan woman reached out to stroke the flank of her bosom, giving it a pat that sent ripples undulating across the lycra-clad surface.

Grace made a plate of food, but could only pick at it, so stunned by the sight of her sister's outrageous growth. Madison had attendants bring her two plates piled so high with food it was a wonder nothing spilled. She inhaled these so

fast Grace wondered if she had even tasted the food. Eventually the fans started to line up. Each had a photo of Madison or a selfie stick, and every one of them carried a plate full of food. The security guards watched closely as each offered Madison the plate to gulp down in exchange for a signature and a selfie.

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph” Aunt Edith muttered under he breath.

“Aunt Edith! Now who’s not watching her language?”

“Oh hush, it’s an appropriate reaction to... *that*. Can you imagine how much she eats to have gotten that big?”

“Well you don’t have to imagine, just look. Though I’m trying not to, it’s hard enough trying to not lose my appetite as it is...”

“The food, the fans, the money... and just what is she doing at that secret location out in the boonies?”

“She’s not a spy, Auntie. I’m sure she just values her privacy. Especially since she could never outrun the paparazzi. Hell, I’m not sure how she can move at all.”

The “meal” wore on for hours. At one point a giant wedding-sized cake was rolled up next to Madison so she could blow out the candles. She then ate the entire top layer, leaving the rest to be sliced up and added to her fans’ “offerings.”

Eventually selfie seekers started to get more bold, a few wanting to lean in for the photos, a couple guys and several of the girls asking to touch them. Grace watched with fascination as Madison hesitated and then acquiesced to a few of these requests, which only made subsequent fans more bold.

The touches became longer, more forceful, until a young redhead who could not have been older than Madison herself approached shyly and said “D-do you mind if I... hug you?”

Madison of course smiled and nodded, reaching her arms out, but the woman had a different idea in mind. She spread her arms and dashed forward, pressing her entire body into the wall of flesh that was Madison's left breast. Grabbing as much as she could in each hand, the redheaded girl squeezed and ground herself into Madison before the guards could react and pull her off.

"Ahn!" Madison gave out a cry that couldn't be described as anything other than arousal, biting her lower lip and squirming in her chair.

At last one of the guards pulled the redhead off of her prize, but not before she gave one last squeeze and planted a big wet kiss on the Lycra surface.

This was too much for Madison who slipped her upstage hand down the waistband of her skirt, closed her eyes, and began to emit very unladylike moans. The guards separated the crowd from the overgrown celebrity as the curtains were drawn closed.

Grace could see, however, that the combination of the redhead's ministrations, and Madison's own movements were causing undulating ripples to spread throughout the surface of her sister's bloated bosom. Unlike earlier when Madison patted her breasts, these ripples were not subsiding. She extended her free hand to clutch a handful of breast meat and rode her chair like a wild thing, leaning toward her "self" and then back. Somehow the movement of her breasts with the rest of her body were creating a resonance that was increasing, not subsiding. Grace could hear the faintest creaks of mechanical equipment failing, and realized that her sister was resting on a giant wheeled platform, and she was breaking it.

While the crowd of fans scrambled to get photos and video of their goddess pleasuring herself, Grace grabbed the handles of her aunt's wheelchair and made for the door.

"We're getting out of here, now."

Chapter V

After escaping the spectacle of her outrageous sister's obscene birthday party, Grace went back to her daily routine. She took up CrossFit, but only talked about it if anyone asked, she didn't want to be *that guy*.

About five months after "the birthday incident," Grace's aunt moved to Arizona. She said the cold weather was too much for her old bones, but she still found time to send Grace texts about Madison's social media activity, which Grace mostly ignored.

She met a tall, dark-haired guy named Brad in her company's accounting department, and they hit it off right away. She found him incredibly easy to talk to and eventually they started spending nights and even entire weekends at each other's places. They watched a lot of really bad CW shows full of teen angst, laughing together when the dialogue got especially cheesy.

About the time Grace and Brad had been together for 7 or 8 weeks, Madison's 22nd birthday rolled around. There was no party invitation this time so Grace decided to give her "little" sister a rare phone call.

"Hey sis, what's *mphf* up?" The voice came through the phone. Unsurprisingly, Madison was eating.

"Hey Maddie, I just wanted to call and wish you happy birthday..."

A grunt in the affirmative and more chewing was the only response.

"Sorry, did I catch you in the middle of..." Grace glanced at the clock on her computer, it was 10:45AM. "...lunch?"

"Mmm –*gulp*– yeah, sorry. I have a meeting at 11 so I was getting a little snack."

"Oh? What kind of meeting?"

"Didn't I tell you? I guess we haven't talked in awhile."

“Yeah, sorry...”

“No worries, I know I’ve been a little bit of a recluse. You know how our family is.”

More chewing.

“True...”

“Anyway, I started a company.”

“What, really? That’s amazing!”

“*mph* Yeah, it’s pretty small right now, I just have 2 partners and a handful of part-timers.”

“What are you guys doing, some kind of tech thing?”

“Sort of, but we’re still way early in the planning and R&D phase. I don’t like to talk about it over the phone though since none of it is public yet.”

“Oh sure, I get that. Competition can be really tough for some start-ups.”

“Yeah...”

“Well that’s really great Maddie. I’m glad you seem to be doing well.”

“*-ulp-* Thanks Grace. How are things with you?”

Grace could hear Madison eating as she spoke, talking about projects she had worked on and her recent promotion. Maddie made no verbal response until she mentioned Brad.

“Wha– *-mmm-* What? My big sister finally found a man?”

“Well maybe, we’ve only been dating a few weeks, but he’s pretty great.”

“That’s awesome sis, I hope I get to meet him, and I hope he’s good to you.”

“Haha, well next time you throw an extravagant public party for your adoring internet fans I’ll be sure and bring him along.”

“Oh mah gaw– *–ulp–* O.M.G. Grace, I didn’t even know you came to that! That was kind of embarrassing...”

Grace contemplated whether or not to admit that she’d witnessed her little sister pleasuring herself in front of an audience, after having her gargantuan breasts fondled, but she couldn’t come up with quite the right words.

“Uh, yeah. I was with Aunt Edith and we had to leave early.”

“Oh, well that’s too bad...” Madison could be heard chewing again. “I doubt I’ll be doing anything like that again. Maybe next year we’ll do Thanksgiving at my place.”

“Sure thing, Mads.” The conversation had gotten uncomfortable.

“Alright sis, well I should finish preparing for this meeting. *–chomp–*”

“Okay Maddie, good talking to you. Happy Birthday.”

“*–mmm–* ‘anks. Bye!”

Grace leaned back in her office chair, blushing faintly at the memory of the last time she’d seen her sister. With a deliberate motion she shook herself out of that reverie and returned to the report she’d been working on.

Months later when November rolled around, Grace got a text.

[Hey sis, you still up for Thanksgiving at my place?]

{Sure}

[Sweet, here's the address. The service road off the highway is really good, and it's a big place, you can't miss it 😊]

Grace pondered that last bit for a minute but didn't dwell on it.

A few weeks later she understood, as she approached the address Maddie had sent her.

The place was not a house, it was a factory. Or maybe a warehouse. Grace wasn't sure, but the building was enormous. It towered over the surrounding trees, easily over 15 stories high and with a domed roof. Grace pulled into a decent-sized parking lot, and saw a few other cars parked there, though really the lot looked like it would only hold a few dozen cars, a hundred at most, nowhere near what a building this size would normally require.

A large semi truck had been following behind Grace, but pulled into an entrance slightly further down the service road. The graphics on the trailer indicated it belonged to one of the major wholesale food companies. Grace didn't notice.

As she left her car and walked through the double entrance doors, she was greeted by a dark-haired asian woman.

"Hi! You're Grace, right?"

"Um, yeah..."

"Chloe. We met at Thanksgiving a couple years ago."

"That's right, are you um..."

"Dating your sister? No, we tried it for a little while but decided we were better as friends. We're business partners now."

"Oh, wow" Grace was startled by the diminutive woman's candor. "Well that's great. Maddie said she was running a startup but she didn't give me any details. This place is um..."

“Huge?”

“Heh heh, yeah.”

“Well, Madison asked me to meet you and give you the tour. She’s uh... indisposed for a little while.”

Grace had a mental image of her sister when they were teens, in a kitchen checking on a turkey and stirring mashed potatoes. She didn’t have a chance to contrast that fantasy with the reality of her sister she’d seen almost a year and a half ago, because Chloe was talking again.

“So this is our main reception area obviously, though we don’t really get a lot of visitors.”

She picked up a clipboard from the front desk.

“Actually, and sorry about this. Because what we’re doing here is sensitive and potentially highly competitive, we need to have you sign this.”

Grace took the clipboard and skimmed the document.

“Is this an NDA?”

“Yeah, it’s the standard non-disclosure form all our employees sign.”

This whole situation was getting stranger by the minute.

Grace shrugged and signed the form.

“Here you go.”

“Thanks. Again, sorry.”

“No worries.”

The two women proceeded down a hallway of pristine linoleum and white block walls, and Chloe began to describe Madsgenix. Grace noted with amusement that her sister had named the company after herself. Madison had grown into a textbook narcissist.

“This is our secondary research lab...” Chloe was describing their work, but the language was too esoteric for Grace, who worked in tech.

“...a full time gastroenterologist to assist with the development of...” Okay, so the company Chloe worked for was in tech.

“...Down this hall is our primary lab, they’re focussed mainly on endocrinology...” Her company did legal support for tech firms, Grace was more of a personal assistant. Though she often told people she was a paralegal.

After passing two sizable labs with Grace comprehending none of what they were researching or developing, the pair reached an intersection in the hallway.

Chloe gestured to the hallway ahead and said “this entire wing is dedicated to handling and processing of comestibles.” She had stopped walking and it seemed they weren’t going to tour the second wing.

Grace repeated the last description attempting to process the language.

“Handling and process...”

“Oh!” Chloe said with a hand to the earbud Grace hadn’t noticed. “It looks like Madison is just about ready to serve dinner, so we can go ahead into the habitat.”

“Habitat?”

“Yes, this is your sister’s primary residence after all.”

“Oh. Well, yeah, of course. That makes sense.”

Grace shook her head trying to keep up with everything she was seeing. If anything she was now even more lost as to the nature of her sister’s business.

Chloe led her down the intersecting hallway, to a set of double doors, and opened them into a vast inner chamber. It reminded Grace of an indoor colosseum, or sports arena. Well, maybe not quite *that* large, though there was a massive curtain separating the space. Just on her side of the curtain, Grace saw her sister. Madison was standing, but Grace could see that the mass of her sister's breasts extended through the curtain. Massive curves of flesh expanded outward from Madison's torso several feet before disappearing from view. Even with the curtain cutting them off the highest point Grace could see was higher than Maddie's head.

"Grace! I'm so glad you made it! Come here and give me a hug!"

Grace crossed the room in a daze. Clearly her sister had continued growing since she'd seen her, but why the curtain? Since Madison made Grace come to her, she assumed her sister was immobile, or at least could not move easily.

Grace gave her sister an awkward hug, trying not to touch her sister's breasts. Madison was wearing a long skirt and an apron, with shoulder straps, and a button shirt with all the buttons undone. Grace supposed she was technically topless, which maybe explained the curtain. Grace was standing at the head of a massive banquet table.

"Is it just you and me?"

"I guess so. You probably heard mom moved down to Mesa to be near Aunt Edith and the cousins. Didn't you bring um, Ben?"

"Brad."

"Oh sorry, yeah, Brad. He didn't come with you?"

"No, he wanted to go to his grandparents for Thanksgiving, something about a great uncle's 90th birthday. Anyway I wasn't sure he was ready for all this." Grace emphasized her words by waving her arms at the hillside of Madison's bosom.

“Aha ha ha” Madison gave a full deep-throated belly laugh, laying one hand on the slope of her left breast as the waves of mirth spread from her stomach up her torso and out past the curtain in ripples of amusement. Grace could swear she almost felt the floor tremble.

“Yeah, that was probably a good call, Grace. You’re hilarious.”

Grace did not share her sister’s amusement.

“Anyway, are you ready to start Thanksgiving dinner? I’m starving...”

Chapter VI

“Anyway, are you ready to start Thanksgiving dinner? I’m starving.” Madison’s left hand moved out of sight behind her breasts and began stroking the bare flesh eagerly. Her right hand grabbed a remote hung from the waistband of her skirt and pressed a button.

A procession of staff emerged from doubled doors at the far end. They had trays, no, **carts** of food. Wheeled carts, loaded with every traditional American dish and side dish imaginable. Grace watched as they set out two turkeys, beef roast, a full rack of ribs, various styles of ham, an an entire slow-roasted pig.

A whole. Fucking. Pig.

Grace watched in stunned silence as the staff unloaded potato and bean casseroles, baked beans and chilis, soups and stews. Corn bread, corn casserole, creamed corn, corn on the cob, and for some reason even popcorn. Sweet potatoes, and every kind of normal potato Grace had ever seen, plus a couple she hadn’t.

Madison licked her lips as the table filled with food, a nearby staffer sliding a chair under her as she sat at a perpendicular angle. Even with a large portion of her bulk obscured by the curtain, there was no way she could sit facing a table

and reach any food on said table.

Grace fixed herself a plate and tried not to focus on her sister for fear of losing her appetite. Madison started grabbing any hand food within reach and shoving it down like a woman possessed. Grace was fairly certain that even starving people did not eat with such intensity.

“Mmmm *-ulp-* sorry, I’m starving, *-nom-* I haven’t had anything to eat since you got here.”

Grace had no response to that ridiculous statement so she stuffed a dinner roll in her mouth and nodded.

Chloe returned and took a seat next to Madison, but did not fix herself a plate. It seemed that part of her job as Maddie’s “business partner” was to help Grace’s sister stuff her face. She made plates and cut the food into bites that Madison could pick up and eat with only one hand to reach the table. She passed empty platters to other staff members and occasionally rose to slide dishes forward or fill a plate to bring to the gluttonous brunette.

Over the next two hours the three women made small talk. Grace finished her first plate and did not get a second, and she saw Chloe pop a bite of something in her mouth no more than a handful of times, clearly the Asian woman was not indulging. Madison on the other spent the entire time eating. After the first hour, the initial onslaught of food had disappeared, and the staff brought in a procession of heavy laden carts to replenish the massive table. This time the carts held deserts. Cakes, cupcakes, strudels and tarts, cookies, brownies, fudge, and a dozen varieties of ice cream. The overwhelming majority of carts held pie, however. Apple, peach, plum, banana, chocolate, pecan, blueberry, raspberry, rhubarb, peanut butter, and more pumpkin pies than you could make with a whole Starbucks’ worth of spice.

Grace helped herself to a tiny sliver of pie, and chatted with Chloe about the latest season of *Reign*, with Madison chiming in whenever her mouth wasn’t full, which was seldom. Eventually as the deserts were dwindling and her sister showed no signs of slowing, Grace rose and crossed the long table to examine her sister up close.

Madison was seated facing the curtain, and while her hips and middle had thickened slightly over the years, did not appear much larger than she had at Grace's graduation. What was more incredible, was that after stuffing herself with a restaurant's worth of Thanksgiving dinner, Grace's stomach was only slightly distended. Madison's food baby was in its early second trimester at most.

"Maddie, how..."

Before Grace could compose her question, Chloe came back to the head of the table with the last two pies, and set them within Madison's reach.

"I'll go and let you sisters talk." Chloe said, passing very close to Madison and running a finger across the seated girl's exposed back, before turning and dashing from the room at a brisk pace.

"What... she said you two weren't dating."

"Well *-mfph-* it's a little more complicated than that, but we are *-chomp-* something more than friends."

"Okay," Grace shook herself from that mental image, to the real image in front of her that was somehow even more disturbing.

"Okay," she said again "what the actual fuck is going on here Madison?"

ulp "What do you mean?" Madison asked as another slice of pie met its end.

"How is your stomach still so small?"

"I don't know that I'd say 'small', Grace..." she retorted, bringing her left hand down to squeeze and rub her bloated middle.

"You know what I mean Maddie. For the amount of food you just ate -are still eating- you should be the size of a truck!"

“And besides that, how are you still only growing in your breasts!?! I had to start dieting before I hit twenty when my jeans started to get tight instead of my bras!”

“Well Grace, *-urp-* I’d say I’m just lucky, but I’d be lying.” Madison wiped her mouth of crumbs from the last pie and rose, supporting her stomach with one hand. She turned to face her “big” sister.

“You know as well as I that my only luck was being born into our family. And of course being lucky enough to have a sister who was generous enough to break tradition and tell me about our family secret.”

“Maddie I–” Grace held up a hand to forestall her sister.

“I just wanted you to know how much I appreciate it, and if you need anything at all to let me know. I’m already supporting mom and Edith financially and I can easily do the same for you at any time.

“You see Grace, I realized once I outgrew the largest bras you can buy in stores that I loved my breasts. That was probably obvious to anyone who knew me, but when they got truly impractical I realized that I didn’t care. I love them and love being able to make them even more amazing just by eating. I also love eating, just in case that wasn’t super obvious.”

Madison chuckled again and Grace felt the faint tremor in the facility floor again.

“By that point I was already making content and earning enough financial support from my fans to cover my food budget, not to mention all the food they were sending me. But I knew I had to do more, that one day my babies would stop growing, and I couldn’t let that happen.”

At the mention of her ‘babies,’ Madison began to lightly stroke the skin she could reach.

“So with the help of Chloe and a few of my fans who worked in science and medicine, I started Madsgenix. My company has only one goal; to keep me growing.”

“What!?”

“Well, that’s the main goal. We’ve developed a few side projects along the way. One of which you pointed out earlier.”

“Your... your stomach?”

“That’s right. I was so frustrated that I had to stop eating all the time because I kept getting full. My research team developed a drug that accelerates my metabolism. I could win any endurance records at running or swimming, as long as I had enough food, and if I could still run or swim of course.

“But that’s not the point, the point is that I can digest food almost as fast as I can eat it. They’re still tweaking the dosages but I’m very close now to being able to eat indefinitely.”

“My god, Madison...”

“And that’s not even the best part! The best part is that we finally have a marketable version of the pill!”

“Pill? What pill?”

“Oh whoops, I guess I buried the lead. The main mission of Madsgenix was to put our family secret into a pill!”

“Wait, what!?”

“Yes Grace, the world is full of young women who are disappointed with the body the genetic lottery gave them, and I’m giving them the chance to do what I did. Well, probably not to the extent that I did, the pill isn’t as strong as the real thing, even if we weren’t watering it down.”

She continued caressing the surface of her exposed enormity.

“Anyway we’ve made a ‘supplement’ that will temporarily alter a woman’s body to gain weight only in chest like us! It’s only working on teens so far, but my team believes they can make a version that will work for women of any age. As of this week they’re already available by prescription!”

“Is that how-”

“You guessed it Grace. You always were the smart one. Yes, there’s an early version of the drug at full strength already in my body. Obviously it’s much easier to make work for me because it’s made from my blood.”

“Your blood?”

“Of course. That’s actually a big part of why I invited you here for dinner, Grace. The drug is only 50% effective at best on anyone outside our family, but for me it’s 100% effective, and it would be for you as well.”

“What?”

“I’m saying, Grace, that to repay you for sharing the secret with me and letting me have this amazing life, I’m offering you the chance to have back some of those missed growing years. You could have boobs as big as you want! Just like me...”

Madison’s focus wandered to her breasts and she trailed off.

Grace stood in stunned silence, trying to process the infodump her sister had just given her.

Madison was lost in her own world, adoring her own body. She pressed a button on her remote again and Chloe returned wordlessly with end of a tube that ran out of the room, handed it to Madison and with another caress and peck on the cheek left again. A shudder went down Madison’s spine and the floor trembled. Eagerly she popped the tube into her mouth and sucked on it, some kind of nutrient sludge visible in the transparent hose.

Grace's jaw dropped, and she whispered, "you monster."

Madison didn't even pause in her feeding, just raised a questioning eyebrow.

"You're a monster." Grace repeated, louder.

"It wasn't enough for you to have really nice big breasts? The biggest in your school? Maybe even the biggest in the state? You had to gorge yourself into immobility? You had to play god and tamper with your body's digestive system? You had to make and market a drug to let millions of other young girls develop eating disorders too!? You had to disrupt the entire plastic surgery and lingerie industry, to say nothing of national obesity, just to fund your ridiculous appetite?"

With each rhetorical question, Madison's expression glowed brighter. Her lips curled into an elated smile around her feeding tube, and her eyes sparkled with hubristic joy.

Grace stormed over to the curtain and pulled one side back, it was almost too heavy for her to slide. She expected to be shocked at Madison's size, but her wildest imaginings fell short of the reality.

At the point where the curtain had covered them, Madison's breasts were almost a foot higher than her head while standing. As it turned out, that was not their highest point. Not by a long shot. Madison's breasts bulged so high Grace could not tell where they stopped. She began to walk down their length and realized that unless she ran, a trip around her sister's body would take at least ten minutes. She got to a point a good 20–30 feet away from her sister's non-breast body, and stepped up close. The fleshy orbs were so gargantuan they seemed like a wall of flesh up this close. Their curvature was almost imperceptible at this distance.

With trepidation but morbid curiosity, Grace reached out to touch a fingertip to the wall of skin. It was warm and pliable but firm. Grace went a little farther and laid her hand flat on the surface of her sister's breast, her mind too broken to even process the impropriety of the action. She felt the warmth and a faint rumbling she took to be the aggressive, artificially enhanced digestion turning

that tube of endless calories into more and more breast fat. Laying a second hand on her sister, Grace pressed inward, feeling the elasticity of the flesh wall, in addition to the rumbling that seemed to intensify.

“Grace, *mmphf* don’t.” Madison’s voice could just be heard at a whimper between mouthfuls of nutrient shake. “If you keep doing that I’ll–”

Just as she felt the rumbling turn into tremors, Grace pulled her hands away as if burned, and realized what she’d been doing. Quickly she turned and made to leave. As she passed her sister she was stunned to see Madison now had both hands caressing and clutching at her breasts, sucking on the feeding tube in a fervor.

“Wait Grace, don’t go! –*ulp*– You can touch them some more if you want, please don’t stop!”

“Gross! I’m your sister you sick fuck!”

With each word of reproach Madison moaned in pleasure. Grace was disgusted to see a small puddle forming under her sister’s skirt.

“Are you really doing that now? Right in front of me??”

Madison was lost now and leaned her whole body into her breasts, as the ecstatic pleasure overtook her, her body seemed to clench and relax in waves, sending massive ripples up and along the length of breasts the size of sperm whales. The waves reached the end and returned, meeting fresh waves coming down, and amplifying each other, feeding back into a resonance that only intensified, crescendoing with Madison’s moans of pleasure.

The motion of Madison’s body in orgasm made the floor shake. Empty dishes rattled and fell off the table in a parade of shattering ceramic and clattering silver. Grace could hear the steel beams of the enormous structure creak and groan, cracks appearing in some walls.

“Madison!” Grace shouted “You’re going to bring the damn building down!”

Her words served only to send Madison deeper into the throes of ecstasy. Grace now struggled to stay standing, grabbing on to the back of a chair to stay upright.

Chloe reappeared at Grace's side. "Grace you should go. Don't worry about us this facility is designed to withstand earthquakes." She took Chloe by the arm and led her back out into the hallway and back to the entrance. The further they got from the central stadium the less intense the tremors became. Grace also got the sense that her sister was winding down, as the building had mostly settled by the time they reached the exit. The reception room was a mess, plants tipped over and furniture askew.

"Sorry about that," Chloe said, "your sister *really* loves her body..."

Epilogue

As Grace predicted, the world changed once Madsgenix's consumer products were released. There was a whole line of them, from over-the-counter pills like CalorieBust that would bump a woman up a cup size and down a pants size, to prescription treatments like MadsMax that a woman could take indefinitely and gain 60–75% of her weight in her breasts.

Grace dumped Brad after the third time he hinted that she should try some of her sister's products. She was too busy with her work these days anyway, with new contracts for things like adjustable bras, weight gain supplements, and meal delivery services.

Every time she went out shopping or for drinks with coworkers, Grace felt like she could see the average bust size increasing by the week, if not the day. Gaggles of high school girls in tanks and halter tops stretched to capacity and size 25 jeans, stuffing their faces with fast food. The cougars on the prowl at the bars, leopard print jumpsuits packed with head sized melons, guzzling down drinks with more sugar than alcohol. Possibly the worst of all were the couples

that had some kind of feeder exhibitionist fetish so the man would bring plates of food to his partner just to watch or help her eat it all. Grace stopped going to buffets entirely.

The shape of their town changed too, as the service road to Madison's warehouse was expanded with multiple lanes, and whole neighborhoods were relocated so that a strip of chain restaurants could be built along downtown. These were several story facilities that had private lanes to the service road, and while they had public-facing dining rooms, it was clear that at least 90% of their production went back out to the warehouse.

Speaking of the warehouse, Grace had seen in the news a few months back that her greedy, gluttonous sister had managed to outgrow the damn thing, drone footage showing two massive orbs bulging out from the colosseum sized structure. Of course, Madsgenix had the resources now to buy up the surrounding land and had crews clearing trees and building a platform to support the mountainous mounds. It seemed that Maddie had given up on living indoors, and now had crews to keep her breasts cleaned and treated against the elements.

Of course all this attention on her enormous erogenous zones meant Madison was frequently stimulated to excess, and the company found itself paying out for damages to many homes and businesses in the surrounding area from the small earthquakes. Madsgenix was in talks with the mayor and city council to buy up the whole town, because it would be cheaper.

Madison's online presence had grown along with the woman herself. Chloe and her other partners now managed Maddie's streams and content creation, and Madison's videos had almost no talking now, just an introduction before she continued eating. Nevertheless there was hours of drone footage, hundreds of hours of eating videos, and some very expensive adult videos. Most ridiculous of all was a subscription service ten times the cost of Netflix that ran 24 hour footage of Madison eating or sleeping or pleasuring herself, mostly eating, and a goddamn satellite feed of her breasts from space. A few enterprising fans had edited time-lapse videos from the months since she bought the satellite and started the feed, and you could watch them grow in minutes instead of days.

Despite all these massive expenses literally reshaping their town, the combination of Madison's expansive online presence and the explosion of success Madsgenix had in its product lines, her financial resources were growing almost as fast as her gigantic mammaries. Which was a good thing, because every cent not spent on research, political lobbying, and real estate dealings, was spent pouring more and more calories down Madison's throat, and out into her swelling mountains.

One bright sunny day, Grace stepped out onto the balcony of her condo. She had a generous space on the tenth floor a few blocks from downtown, it allowed her to walk to the office when she wasn't working from home. Holding a freshly brewed cup of tea, Grace stepped out on her balcony to take in some sun before starting her day. What greeted her sight as she looked across the buildings and trees of her town, was an unwelcome sight.

It was the sight of two pale but tanned orbs, cresting just a few feet above the tall pines that blanketed the countryside. Grace set down her tea and pulled out her phone.

<Madison you greedy bitch>

After a few moments her phone buzzed in reply.

[What now?]

<You've ruined my view with your gluttony>

[Ugh are you bitching about the restaurants again?]

<No, though I'm still mad about that. I'm talking about you, and your ridiculous boobs, getting so big I can't enjoy the trees anymore.>

[Wait, what do you mean?]

<I mean you're bigger than the trees you greedy freak! You need to stop eating so much, I can see you from my house!>

Madison didn't respond and after awhile Grace resumed sipping on her tea, trying to look anywhere but across the span of the town at the hint of flesh there. A few moments later Grace had a strange sensation in her equilibrium and began to hear large numbers of car alarms going off. Gradually the effects increased until Grace could feel the floor beneath her shaking slightly.

Grace froze in wordless astonishment. She had heard reports of the earthquakes but had never been close enough to feel one, living across town. It seemed the effects of her "little" sister's addiction were growing in more than one way.

<Are you seriously so narcissistic that my texts are getting you off?>

[more]

<More what? My whole building's shaking, you need to knock this off before the whole town comes down!>

Across town Madison's phone fell out of her hand, caught by a nearby partner. With both hands free Madison clutched and caressed the expanses of skin that extended up and away from the normal sized part of her body. She hugged and ground against her own breasts, sucking on a feeding tube as she ramped up another round of pleasure. The sheer joy of knowing she had the biggest breasts in the world, and they were so big that the act of climaxing was creating town-sized earthquakes sent her deeper into the throes of ecstasy.

Back in Grace's condo she was brushing her teeth as a pair of photos fell off the wall and a crack appeared in her bathroom ceiling. As the distant sound of several dishes shattering to the kitchen floor were faintly heard, Grace looked at herself in the mirror and said,

"I need to move."