

Hannah

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing

Hannah

I.

In a midwestern college town there lived a girl named Hannah. She had just finished her freshman year of college and had taken a job as a hostess at a local restaurant and sports bar called Joe's. Hannah stood barely 5' 2" tall and was

very pretty, with dark brown, almost black hair that fell just past her shoulders, and dark green eyes. She was thin in a way only a girl not yet 20 can be, with smooth skin and lithe limbs, but with no discernible muscle tone.

It often took a few moments to notice all of this however, because the first thing most people noticed were her breasts. Hannah's breasts were on the high end of a 26D, which for her frame appeared quite large. Added to this was Joe's dress code, which for bartenders was comprised of all black button-downs and slacks, but for hostesses and waitresses generally meant a tight black tank top that was slightly more provocative. The tanks that Hannah wore invariably hugged her curves in a way that almost demanded that anyone coming into Joe's take notice.

And notice they did. Men, women, even some children. Older men snuck surreptitious glances, thinking their wives did not notice. Their wives' eyes would go wide for a moment at the diminutive hostess on display, then inwardly shrug and dismiss her. The younger women dining with younger men – and some older men – would react similarly to the site of the hostess, but would quickly check for the reaction of their man, generally followed by a glare or sometimes even an elbow in the ribs to knock them out of their trance. Even the occasional gay man or couple who walked in would briefly appreciate Hannah's giftedness. More than a few women came through the doors who one would assume to be lesbian or bi, based on the hungry eyes that roamed over her healthy curves.

None of this attention went unnoticed by Hannah's coworkers at Joe's. The front end staff was mostly young women or girls near her age up into their early 30s, with just a few men. While most of the women were generally attractive – Joe's avoided hiring any ugly front end staff – more than a few of them were annoyed and frustrated at all the extra attention the tiny hostess was receiving.

"You know, I used to get much better tips before that bitch started here." Jen, a blonde bartender about 5'7" said to Lacey, a 5'5" waitress with dark red hair, staring daggers at the hostess stand.

"Who, Hannah?" Lacey asked.

“Yes, with her cutesy little smile and her giant boobs, every guy at the bar has his neck twisted around half the time trying to ogle her, it’s ridiculous!”

“Yeah, I guess. What can you do though?” Lacey mentally ran through her tips earnings over the past few weeks and thought that maybe she too had experienced a decrease since the gifted hostess had arrived.

“At least you could fight fire with fire, Lacey. Get some tight tank tops like Hannah’s and show off your bod.”

“Pfft, yeah right, I can’t compete with that!” Lacey was only slightly taller than Hannah, and while her C cup breasts were respectable, she had gained a little thickness as she hit 30 and her breasts were proportionate to the rest of her body.

Jen on the other hand was thin as a rail, with a plain-ish face to boot. Her only chance at earning extra tips was through excellent – or at least very strong – drink-making, or to affect a flirty, outgoing attitude. The latter option was a little too artificial for Jen to truly pull it off, so she generally relied on the drink-making.

“You know…” Jen said conspiratorially, lowering her voice a fraction and leaning down closer to the waitress. “.I bet if we got her eating more of the food here, she’d lose that twelve-year-old’s waistline and be more like us mortals.”

“You, you want to try and fatten her up?” Lacey asked incredulously.

Like many American restaurants, Joe’s was known for very tasty, but very greasy food, served in portions easily double a recommended meal size.

“In this place,” Jen said with a wink, “it’d be a piece of cake. What do you think, you wanna help me?”

“Sure” Lacey shrugged “I’ve got nothing else to do.”

II.

Later that day, as Hannah walked past the bar after clocking out, Jen waved her over and lifted a plate from behind the bar.

“Hey, Hannah, do you want the rest of my dinner? I got the blue cheese wrap and I can never finish these things.”

The plate Jen held up had the remaining cut half – truthfully closer to two-thirds – of a fried chicken and blue cheese wrap, and an entire portion of waffle fries.

“Wow, thanks Jen! I’ve got nothing but ramen in my dorm right now.” Hannah said cheerily as she climbed onto a stool and slid the plate toward herself.

Jen made rounds and poured drinks for other patrons sitting at the bar, while sneaking glances to the last stool where the tiny dark-haired Hannah devoured the wrap, then started on the fries. She ate with the voracity only someone with a teenager’s metabolism does, and in less time than Jen expected, the plate was clean and Hannah was sliding it back across the bar.

As Jen crossed back to the end of the bar to retrieve the plate, Hannah sighed and rubbed her slightly distended tummy below the bar. “Man, the food here is soo good. Thanks again.”

“No problem, I’m glad I didn’t have to throw the rest away for once.”

Hannah flashed a brilliant smile full of perfect teeth and then climbed down from the bar stool and gave a little wave. “See you tomorrow!”

Jen forced herself to return the smile as a cold bolt of jealousy down her spine. “I’ll give you something to smile about, you little trollop...” she thought as she watched the other girl walk away, her disproportionately large breasts jiggling with each step, while the rest of her young body remained tight and lithe. “Not for long...” Jen promised herself silently.

III.

Two days later Hannah was on her break in the back room and Lacey set a giant plate of nachos in front of her, taking the seat opposite.

“Customer wanted nachos without meat for some reason, you want to help me eat these?”

Hannah dug into the nachos with gusto, while Lacey ate just enough to keep up appearances, letting the younger girl have most of them.

When Hannah’s shift was over Lacey had gone home already, but Jen had just started her shift and supplied her with a beer she had “mis-poured” and an order of wings with extra ranch on the side.

The following day Hannah’s shift started with eggs Benedict, loaded tater tots on break, and a 14 oz burger after her shift. Plus several pints of beer she sipped whenever the manager wasn’t looking.

Two days later she had a morning shift again, starting with an omelette from Lacey, a mid-morning milkshake from Jen, and another burger before going home. The omelette, burger, and waffle fries all had a generous amount of cheese.

This went on for a little over a week, with Jen and Lacey supplying the tiny hostess with greasy, fattening food, and Hannah inhaling it like she was a freshman quarterback. The strange thing was, to the two girls’ increasing frustration, Hannah never seemed to gain any weight. She appeared to have the proverbial “hollow leg” and the constant supply of Joe’s food they practically poured into her left no impact on her young body.

Until one day, Lacey was stealing glances at the busty hostess as she usually did, when she saw Hannah adjust herself in her bra. This occurrence stuck in Lacey's mind and so later that day when she was feeding Hannah her customary "mis-made" burger, she took advantage of the younger girl's focussed and ravenous eating to inspect her more closely.

Hannah was wearing her customary skin-tight black tank top, showing off a generous but still mostly family-friendly amount of cleavage, it still hugged her entire torso leaving no doubt to the girl's giftedness. As usual, Lacey could see the outlines of the straps on Hannah's bra along her shoulders and back. Upon further inspection she realized that this close up she could see that the undergarment was too small. An indentation below the neckline of the shirt showed Hannah's bra had become too small to contain all of her breast material properly, creating a second swell of flesh above the cups.

Lacey's mind spun with the possibility. She had always considered herself straight, thought she had terrible taste in men, considering that she had just turned 30 and hadn't been on a date for several years. Ever since this tiny dark-haired girl had started at Joe's, however, Lacey couldn't stop thinking about her lithe body with its generous curves. Lacey had always appreciated her own breasts, even as time had gone on they only grew in proportion to the rest of her, but suddenly she found herself appreciating another girl's breasts even more.

And as she watched the tiny girl take bites out of a burger almost as large as her head, Lacey imagined she could see each mouthful of food the girl swallowed going only as far as those generous breasts and staying there, making them swell ever so slightly larger with each bite.

Lacey shook herself from the trance before Hannah could notice her staring, and had an idea. "Hey, some friends and I are going to the movies later, you want to come?"

Hannah swallowed a mouthful of burger and her face lit up with a smile as she said "Sure Lacey, that sounds way more fun than listening to my roommate bitch about her summer classes again. What movie?"

IV.

Two girls walked out of the theater laughing. One was slightly taller had a slightly plump but still sexy body and dark red hair. The other had hair nearly black, and a body much thinner than the first, except for a pair of breasts that were nearly twice the size of the first girl. The first girl wore a dark sweatshirt, and the second had crammed herself into a button-down top, tiny squares puckering around the buttons as they strained to hold their contents.

“Oh, that was so funny” Hannah said, holding a hand to her tummy as she laughed. It was ever so slightly domed outward from consuming an entire extra-large popcorn with double extra butter.

“For sure” Lacey replied “it’s too bad the other girls bailed on us.”

Hannah sucked the last bit of soda from a cup the size of her head and tossed it in the nearby receptacle.

“Hey” said Lacey “You want to grab some ice cream?”

“Ugh,” Hannah put a hand to her stomach again. “I really shouldn’t, but okay!”

A short time later the pair were seated at a booth in a nearby ice cream shop. Lacey had two scoops of peanut-butter and chocolate ice cream in a paper bowl, which she took a bite of with her spoon. Hannah sat hesitantly with a spoon in one hand, contemplating her selection.

“How’d I let you talk me into getting this?” She asked.

On the table in front of the busty girl, set far enough back that she wouldn’t get ice cream on her top, sat a banana split nearly 18 inches wide. It was covered in caramel and chocolate sauce and contained at least five scoops of ice cream. She feigned demure objection a few more seconds then began eating.

“Oh come on, live a little,” Lacey said “you’re still so young! You’ve been working at Joe’s for almost a month and your waist is still smaller than my arm!”

“Don‘ be stilleh” Hannah said around a mouthful of chocolate dripping ice cream, before swallowing. “I’ve gained weight! You just don’t notice it as much because it all goes up here.”

Hannah grabbed one plump breast with the hand not holding the spoon and hefted it up slightly. The hand looked tiny compared to the swollen orb, and Lacey’s heart skipped a beat as she felt arousal stirring deep within her. Hannah released the breast and it jiggled a few moments, the buttons on her shirt still holding on valiantly.

Lacey quickly regained her composure and feigned disbelief. “Wait, what?”

“Yeah, I have this weird genetic disorder where almost any weight I gain goes straight to my chest.”

“Bullshit”

“No I’m totally serious. Here, let me show you.” Hannah pulled her phone from between her breasts, making Lacey blink in disbelief, and flipped through photos for a minute before holding the phone out to the older girl.

“This is me last summer, before I moved here to start college.”

The girl in the photo looked virtually identical to the girl seated across from her, with one – or rather two – very notable difference. The photo girl was nearly flat-chested by comparison. It was a photo from a pool party, and she was in a group with two other girls. While Hannah was the shortest of the three girls in the photo, she was still the most well-endowed, Lacey’s best guess still put her at a B cup at most.

Lacey felt her arousal intensify as she looked from the photo to the girl shoveling ice cream into her mouth and back. She was completely off balance as she said “But, I can’t even...”

Hannah misread Lacey's aroused disorientation as confusion and disbelief as she swallowed again and explained "It's something in my family, from what my mom says. It skips a generation, so my mom only got to a C cup. My grandma wore a DD in her 30s, but grew up during the War and so never had much food available. I guess it only lasts until your mid twenties."

Lacey struggled to maintain her composure as she imagined this tiny, adorable yet unbearably sexy girl stuffing herself with food for the next 5 or more years, her breasts swelling larger by the day.

"Mom kept me on a pretty strict diet at home, wanting to spare me the trials of being an over-endowed high schooler, but she told me the truth when I turned 18 and had to get a larger bra for the second time that year. Then I came here and started college, started eating cafeteria food, and I guess got the Freshman 15."

"Or in your case," Lacey chimed in "the Freshman Double Ds?"

Hannah chuckled lightly, causing her already straining shirt buttons to let out a barely audible creak as their swollen contents jiggled.

"Yeeaahh, I guess." She replied. "After the third time last semester I had to buy all new bras, I started being more careful. But then I started working at Joe's, and there's just soooo much good food there all the time..."

Lacey knew she had an opportunity here, one she had never realized she wanted so badly. She had to choose her words carefully. She lowered her voice and it took on a more sincere tone with none of the incredulity it had had up to this point.

"I still wouldn't worry about it too much if I were you. I think you look amazing."

The younger girl's face turned an ever so slight shade of red.

"You really think so? Even with these ginormous things?"

Hannah straightened up and arched her back, thrusting her breasts forward and making her shirt buttons creak a little louder this time. Lacey's throat went dry and she had to take a quick sip of water before continuing, even more softly than before.

"Of course! I mean, you'd be gorgeous with no boobs at all, but what guy doesn't love a nice big rack?"

Hannah's expression flickered to disappointment briefly, then cleared again. It happened so quickly that Lacey wasn't sure she saw it at all. Her mind raced as she considered the implications, then ran through the awful failures that were her last few relationships with men. She decided to roll the dice.

"...or some girls for that matter..."

Lacey met Hannah's eyes meaningfully, and there was a moment of clarity.

Hannah set her hand on the table between them, and Lacey reached out and laid hers on top of it.

Hannah smiled her brilliant smile, and Lacey couldn't help but smile back.

"So..." Lacey began in a voice so low it was nearly a whisper, glancing down at Hannah's giant dish still half-filled with melting sugar and cream, "you gonna finish that so we can get out of here?"

V.

The days turned into weeks, and Lacey continued to help Jen with her evil scheme while maintaining an air of indifference while she was at work. Outside of work, Hannah and Lacey were spending more and more time together. Seeing movies, relaxing at the park, or just chilling at Lacey's apartment, since Hannah's roommate was becoming increasingly hostile toward her.

The constant in whatever activity they did was food. If they stayed in and watched Netflix, Lacey would buy or make tons of snacks and usually a few desserts. If they spent the day at the park, they'd get some sugary sweet coffees first and wrap up the day at a buffet. If they went to the movies, the popcorn had as much butter as Lacey could get the concession kid to put on it.

No matter where they went or what they did, Hannah loved to eat, and Lacey really loved watching her eat, almost as much as she enjoyed watching her grow. And grow she did. As the summer wore on, Hannah's appetite only increased, and Lacey fed her more and more, and her breasts grew larger and larger.

One morning, Hannah was seated on the edge of Lacey's bed getting dressed for work and struggling to button her jeans.

"Ugh, I think all this food is finally catching up with me."

"Finally?" Lacey said, sitting up slightly and putting her arms around Hannah's tiny waist, cupping a breast the size of her head in each hand.

Hannah swatted the older girl's hands away to continue dressing.

"You know what I mean. My jeans are getting tight."

"Oh you poor baby" Lacey mocked "you're wearing a 26K bra. So what if you're going to have to replace some of your size 1 jeans with some size 2s?"

"Hey! It's only a 26J!" Hannah exclaimed, standing and turning to face her, "And my jeans are size Zero!" Hannah stomped her foot, sending her massive breasts quivering. Lacey's eyes went a little distant as she crawled to the edge of the bed.

"A size 'oh' huh? I'll give you a size 'oh'..." Lacey grabbed Hannah's waist, pulling the younger girl into an embrace and kiss that made them both fall back to the bed. Lacey grunted softly as the weight of Hannah's breasts crashed into her own chest.

Both girls were late to their shift at Joe's that morning.

VI.

"Unbelievable" Jen muttered from behind the bar, staring daggers at the hostess station while Lacey sat finishing her post-shift beer.

"What?"

"It's not working"

"What's not working?"

"Our plan!" the blonde replied "Our plan to fatten up that little bitch and bring her down a few notches."

The words cut Lacey somewhat. While her feelings toward the young hostess were not completely clear to her, she was growing more fond of her every day. She held her tongue however, not wanting to anger Jen and lose her contribution to Hannah's continued "development."

"It's only been a few weeks, Jen. Did you think she was going to turn into Kirstie Alley after a few burgers and beers?"

"It's been almost two months. And Kirstie Alley isn't that fat anymore, you need to update your pop culture references."

"Whatever."

"Seriously though, look at that waistline. I didn't have a waist that small when I was fourteen!"

Lacey turned for a moment, and happened to see the briefest moment as Hannah turned where she stood behind the hostess stand, presenting an unbelievable silhouette. A waist so small that Lacey could almost encircle it

with both hands, and a curve of bosom jutting out nearly a foot. She smiled to herself then recovered her bored expression as she turned back to the blonde bartender.

“Jen, your waist is almost as small as Hannah’s is now...” she said, looking the skinny blonde up and down.

“You know what I mean.” Jen said peevishly. “Besides, I never had those, monstrous things.” She continued, gesturing out from her nearly flat chest with both hands, cupping imaginary, watermelon-sized breasts. Jen’s pantomime was meant to be an exaggeration, but Lacey knew it was probably only 15–20% larger than Hannah’s actual size by now. The girl’s appetite was amazing.

She rolled her eyes and took another sip of her beer.

“Also...” Jen began, leaning down on the bar, hesitating as if weighing how ridiculous the question she was about to ask would seem..

“do they look bigger to you?”

Lacey nearly choked on beer, but covered it – she hoped – with a cough.

“What? She’s 19 Jen, how could she possibly still be developing?”

“I don’t know, she just looks bigger to me.”

“Well, it’s probably just her top.”

“I thought black was supposed to be slimming.”

“Well, it is, that’s why her waist looks so small.”

“Okay, but what about her giant boobs?”

Lacey was scrambling, running out of deflections to Jen’s digging, trying to keep her in the dark about Hannah’s “condition.”

“Ugh, she’s probably wearing a padded bra or something. She’s up there all the time flaunting her huge boobs to get attention, that’s the whole reason you, er, we, started this ‘plan.’”

Lacey’s stomach twisted somewhat, and she hoped Hannah would never find out she had said something so hurtful about her behind her back.

“They’ve always been big, you probably just forget how big until you see her again. I’m sure she’ll start to show the weight, you just have to be patient. Go have a cigarette or something and calm down.”

“You know I don’t smoke..”

“Well, maybe you should start.”

“Whatever”

Lacey swallowed the last of her beer and slid the glass across the bar.

“See you tomorrow.”

“Yeah” Jen replied, moving to serve another patron seated a few stools away.

She could not rid herself of the idea though, like an itch in the back of her mind. And if the hated hostess really was growing ever larger breasts, there might be a simpler way to be rid of her.

VII.

Two weeks later, Lacey climbed the stairs outside her apartment to find a tiny, yet very well-endowed dark-haired girl seated curled up on the floor beside her door. Or at least, as curled up as a girl with breasts the size of ripe watermelons could be.

She broke herself from her reverie of carnal appreciation and saw that the girl had red-rimmed eyes and tracks of tears down her cheeks.

“Hannah, baby, what’s wrong?” she asked, squatting down to meet the younger girl’s eyes.

“Sam fired me.” Hannah replied, sending herself into a fit of sobs.

“Oh baby” Lacey said, leaning into an awkward squatting embrace. She stood back up and unlocked her door, lifting Hannah to her feet.

“Come on, let’s go inside.”

She noticed an overnight bag beside the girl and lifted it with one hand while she held and led the crying girl into her apartment.

“And then” Hannah said with a sniff “she said there was no way they could be natural, *-sniff-* and there’s no way a silicon stripper could be the face of a family-friendly establishment like Joe’s.”

Lacey grunted slightly but continued to listen, letting the girl beside her on the couch lean into her as she stroked her hair.

“Then when I offered *-sniff-* to prove they were natural, she said would have me charged with sexual assault!”

“That’s outrageous!” Lacey replied.

“I don’t even care about that so much, the pay wasn’t really that good.”

“Well...” the older girl began, before Hannah interrupted, her snuffles changing slightly to anger.

“The real kicker of it is, my roommate found out, and told my Student Advisor, and they’re not going to let me enroll again in the fall. Something about an alleged lesbian stripper attending such a respectable moral university like St Drake’s.” Hannah cracked a smile for the first time since she began the tirade.

“Well, at least one of those things is true, I hope.” Lacey replied, feeling the girl’s mood shift.

“Yeah, I’ve been meaning to tell you” Hannah said, sitting up and turning to face the older girl, letting her massive breasts brush against hers ever so slightly. “I’m actually straight.”

“Oh, you stupid girl!” Lacey said as she wrapped her arms around Hannah and squeezed those luscious melons between them, and gave her a light kiss before pulling back a little, Hannah’s breasts still in full contact with her own “We’ll figure this out. You can move in with me, and you can take internet classes if you want.”

“Really?” Hannah’s face lit up with her beautiful smile, and Lacey couldn’t help but smile in return.

“Of course” Lacey said “I have to keep you nearby so I can make sure you’re eating enough. I’d hate to see you wasting away.”

“Oh sure,” Hannah replied sardonically, as she arched her back and lifted her breasts, leaning closer into Lacey causing twin mountains of flesh to ooze up near the older girl’s chin. “I’m practically skin and bones.”

The two girls fell back against the couch in a fit of giggles. Eventually Lacey recovered herself and wiped the last tear from Hannah’s cheek.

“Come on my lesbian stripper, we’re going to re-watch all of Grey’s Anatomy from the beginning.” She reached for her phone. “But first, I’m going to order a pizza.” She gave one of Hannah’s breasts a poke. “Maybe two pizzas, I want to make sure I get at least a bite or two.”

“Hey!”

Lacey ran a hand appeasingly through Hannah's hair, then under the large breast to place a quick kiss on its upper curve.

"It's just a joke, babe. And I don't mind. After all, you're a growing girl."

Epilogue.

Even though she had successfully gotten Hannah fired, neither Jen's quality of life nor her happiness had improved. Her life continued as it had before. The manager Sam had hired a new hostess at Joe's who was a freckle faced redhead with sparkling green eyes. Jen hated her almost immediately.

Lacey quit her job at Joe's and broke any ties with Jen. They sometime still see each other on the street but Lacey is too happy to care anymore. She got a new job waitressing at the martini bar a few blocks from her apartment. Her tips were nearly double what they had been at Joe's, and the classier atmosphere meant she could dress in skirts and button-downs instead of jeans and tank tops. She found she appreciated the classy-but-sultry look to the easy undergrad.

Speaking of undergrads, Hannah retrieved the rest of her things from her dorm room and moved in with Lacey. She enrolled in classes online and continued working toward her degree while Lacey was at work. And since Lacey was making such good money, she was able to keep Hannah well stocked with snacks while she studied.

Some days Hannah restrained herself until Lacey got home, saving her appetite for a delicious meal the older girl would prepare. Rich, filling meals sufficient for several people, topped off with a pie or cake that she often had to feed to the younger girl.

Which isn't to say the pair never went out.

"Hannah, sweetie, our reservation is at nine..." Lacey called.

“I need some help in here” Hannah said.

Lacey entered the bedroom to find the dark-haired girl almost dressed, save for the bodice of her summer dress – it had been custom made to fit her unique shape – the last few buttons of which Hannah was struggling to button.

Lacey approached her and took the two sides of the garment’s front in her hands, giving them a tug against their plump contents. Hannah’s breasts had surpassed any standard bra size, not to mention fruit or sports analogy, and now each could easily be compared to the belly of a pregnant woman near full term.

“Baby I don’t think this dress is going to fit.”

“But I just got it two weeks ago and it’s the biggest one I have!” Hannah whined. “Just help me button it, okay! This is your fault for feeding them so much.”

The two girls struggled together, and when Hannah exhaled completely and held it, Lacey at last got the top button to slide into the buttonhole and stay there.

Lacey took a step back and the two girls waited until almost three seconds had passed, three seconds of silence from the pair as they listened to the faint sounds of fabric creaking and groaning. Finally, Hannah had to resume breathing.

The dress bodice had compressed their contents down by several inches, and proved to be no match for Hannah’s enormity.

–PING–

–PING–

–Blllllllah...–

The top two buttons of the dress flew off, just narrowly missing Lacey’s face as she flinched and ducked.

After those two, the rest fell away in quick succession, allowing Hannah's breasts to swell free of their confinement, seeming to grow rapidly in mere seconds.

They stood high and proud on the tiny girl's chest, seeming to defy physics as they sagged only slightly. They were wrapped in fabric to keep her modesty in the event such a "wardrobe malfunction" happened in public. It generally was too costly to commission custom bras that she would just outgrow in a few weeks.

"Oh well" Lacey said, patting the sides of Hannah's enormous breasts and sending them quivering. "I guess we're feeding the girls at home tonight. You change into something a little roomier and I'll order some Chinese."

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