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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Bunnygirl

Happy Bun-day, Hannah

Lacey trotted up the stairs to her apartment with a spring in her step that had little to do with the onset of warmer weather. She carried a large white box under one arm, and was vibrating with excitement as she crossed the hall, approaching the door to the apartment she shared with her girlfriend.

It still sometimes surprised the 30-something woman to remember that she had a girlfriend. Hannah had brought life and youthful energy to Lacey's world that she hadn't known was missing. It had taken a great deal of subterfuge to buy her girlfriend this gift, and Lacey desperately hoped it would fit.

She'd tried to get Hannah in for measurements for the past month, but couldn't risk tipping her hand and making her girlfriend suspicious. So she'd gotten most of the numbers from Hannah's favorite bra-maker directly, and managed to take some updated ones while Hannah was asleep. Lacey felt her ears grow warm at the memory; wrapping the tape around Hannah's massive breasts as she carefully rolled the girl over. Hopefully Hannah would be surprised, and even more, that she would like the damn thing and actually wear it.

"I'm home!"

Hannah padded into the living room of their apartment. The dark-haired girl wore purple 'boy shorts' and an enormous tee shirt. Lacey could see through the light yellow top that her girlfriend was wearing a sports bra. The dark blue athletic garment accentuated — rather than concealing — the shapes of Hannah's massive breasts. They were the size of beach balls; and though Hannah's growth had tapered off somewhat in recent weeks, Lacey spotted round bulges at the top and sides of Hannah's bra. Telltale signs that her girlfriend was still growing.

"Hey!" Hannah stepped up to Lacey, wrapping her in a hug that smothered her entire torso in breast flesh. The younger woman stood on her toes to give Lacey a kiss, and the older woman craned down slightly to meet her. Who *wouldn't* have a spring in their step on their way home to *this*?

“What’s that?” Hannah asked, deep green eyes spotting the box immediately. “It better not be donuts. You know I’m trying to cut back...”

Lacey extracted herself from her girlfriend’s embrace, taking a step back. “*Ahem.*” She held the box up in both hands. “Happy *-er-* anniversary!”

“Anniversary?”

“Yeah, it’s six months since the first time we... you know...”

Hannah flashed a toothy grin, dark emeralds sparkling. “You really want to say ‘sex-iversary,’ don’t you?”

“Boo, don’t be gross!” Lacey laughed. She held the box out toward the brunette. “Here.”

Hannah nearly tore the thin white cardboard in her rush to open the gift. She tossed the lid to the floor, unfolding the first layer of tissue paper within. Atop another layer of tissue was a headband in pale pink, with a set of huge fuzzy ears. It barely fit in the box from one end to the other.

“What...?”

“I got us into the Easter party tonight!” Lacey was bouncing on the balls of her feet as she watched Hannah open her ‘gift.’

Hannah lifted the bunny ears headband from the box and peeled away the second layer of tissue paper. A set of white cuffs lay atop a folded satiny corset in the same shade of pink as the headband. The busty girl added the cuffs to the hand holding the ears, awkwardly balancing everything as she tried to lift the corset from the box.

“Here...” Lacey took the accessories from Hannah, then held the box so she could lift the corset out with both hands. “Adam down at the *The Bluebird* is dating one of the servers from *Joe’s*, and he put us on the list for tonight.”

Hannah wasn't listening. She held the polyester blend outfit at arm's length, eyes roaming over its relatively small surface. It had a white puffy tail that she could already picture landing right above her ass.

"How did you..."

"I had it custom made. I got your measurements from Mary." For the first time since she entered the apartment, Lacey's elated mood faltered. "Do you... not like it?"

Hannah's smile didn't reach her eyes. "Oh no, I do, it's amazing." She turned the garment from one side to the other in her hands. "I'll have to see how well it fits of course..."

Lacey held her breath. "But...?"

"It's just... kind of a lot, you know? Out in public... even at the 'bird...?"

Lacey's face brightened. "I thought of that, hold on!" She set the headband and cuffs to Hannah's outfit on the back of the couch and darted into the bedroom. When she returned, Lacey was carrying a similar box.

"Where was that?"

"It's a secret." Lacey said with a wink. She threw the lid off her own box, pulling out an outfit that matched Hannah's, albeit slightly smaller and in dark green to complement her burnt umber hair.

"See? I got one too. We'll match."

"It's funny how yours isn't that much smaller than mine." Hannah remarked.

"Come on! If I can go out baring my whole-ass thighs in this thing, you can show off the girls for a few hours."

Lacey's upbeat enthusiasm washed away Hannah's self-doubt. She was amazed sometimes at how much Lacey had changed since they got together.

“Let’s try them on. You can have the bedroom.” Lacey was already halfway to the bathroom.

Lacey looked herself over in the full-size mirror. The dark tights did a decent job of making her thighs and hips more appealing, but she could see the outline of her soft tummy and belly button in the revealing garment. She’d gotten in better shape since she started dating Hannah, but still felt a little frumpy considering how much of a smoke show her girlfriend was.

At least nobody will be looking at me...

Stepping out of the bathroom, down the short hall and into the living room, Lacey found her girlfriend tugging upward on the triangles of fabric at the front of her own outfit. As expected, Hannah looked spectacular. Lacey let her eyes flow slowly from her girlfriend’s lustrous dark brown tresses, her adorable nose and full lips, thin shoulders and arms with just the right mix of softness and tone, a waist that stayed smaller than her hips despite many *many* indulgent meals, and a pair of perfectly turned legs –clad in soft white tights– that went all the way to the floor.

“Earth to Lacey...”

Lacey snapped back to reality, the reality in which she was dating a younger woman with breasts larger than her head. Larger than both their heads together. Each beautifully full and round lobe was twice the size of Lacey’s head with a few inches to spare. She finally let her gaze drift back up to her girlfriend’s face, who was watching her with a faint, knowing smile.

“Are you sure this present is for me?”

Lacey shook herself, then spread her arms and did a little twirl. “How’s mine?”

“You look amazing, Lace. I love them.” Hannah turned herself, giving Lacey a quick flash of her hips and waist from behind as they tapered down to her small but very grab-able bottom. “It’s nearly a perfect fit too, I’m impressed.”

“...Nearly?”

Hannah tugged on the pink corset again. Without straps or sleeves, the bunny costumes relied on stiff material and a snug fit to keep the two women decent. “It’s just a little loose...”

“Hmm...” Lacey got a mischievous twinkle in her eye. “You could go off your diet and fill it out a little more?”

Hannah snorted a short laugh. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you? Isn’t the party tonight? You know it doesn’t work that fast.”

“Shame...” Lacey’s voice trailed off. She was staring again.

Hannah waved a hand to break her girlfriend’s line of sight to her bulging cleavage. Lacey met her eyes again with a broad grin.

“Sorry. You just... look *really* good...”

Hannah’s checks brightened. She looked down at the floor then back up at Lacey. “Really? I mean, you’ve seen me naked loads of times.”

“Oh yeah,” Lacey nodded, “this is way different. Put the ears on!”

Hannah put the headband on, adjusting it behind her ears and straightening her shoulder-length hair around it. The stiff ears extended a full foot above her head, jiggling slightly every time she moved her head. Lacey’s pupils dilated and her gaze drifted back down to the other part of her girlfriend that was jiggling. She stepped closer to Hannah, reaching out to tap a rabbit ear with one finger.

“You know... we’ve got a few hours before the party...” Lacey spoke in a low, husky whisper.

“Yeah?” Hannah’s voice dropped as well.

“How about we ‘hop’ into the bedroom and... fuck like bunnies?”

Hannah was torn between laughing and jumping her girlfriend right then and there. She leaned in to Lacey, mashing her enormous breasts against her chest, breathing warm breath into her ear. "I don't think we can do much in these outfits..."

Lacey reached down to press both hands to her girlfriend's hips. The cut of the corset meant there was nothing but a thin layer of nylon/spandex blend tights between their skin. "We'll just have to take them off, then..."

*And if the real thing don't do the trick
You better make up something quick*

The music blared as Hannah and Lacey crossed the threshold into the dark, crowded bar. *The Bluebird* was an institution in their college town. Framed photos covered the wall of musicians and bands that had played there in decades past and plenty that most definitely had not. The large poster of John Mellencamp was a solid 'maybe.' The couple made their way through the emptier front of the venue to get in line for drinks. The music was far too loud to hear the small gasps around them, but they could see the elbow nudges and widened eyes as people caught sight of the two pretty bunny girls. Lacey knew where they were really looking. Or at least, she hoped they were looking at her girlfriends gigantic tits and not at her soft ass trying to swallow the bottom of her green corset.

With one hand clutching Lacey's, Hannah seemed to have forgotten her self-doubt from earlier in the day. She walked tall and proud, back straight, making her chest project a foot and a half in front of her. Lacey had also acquired pump heels to complete their ensembles; white for her and black for Hannah. The younger woman walked a little unsteadily in the unfamiliar footwear, and her unique center of gravity certainly didn't help, but Lacey held her hand tightly as they made their way to the bar.

*You gonna burn, burn, burn, burn, burn it to the wick
Ooh, Barracuda*

Adam the bar manager was medium height, stocky and roughly handsome. He was thoughtful and hard-working; the kind of guy either woman would have been very into when they were single. And if he were single. Lacey had known him for years though, and he seemed to have terrible taste in women. He seemed to go through them faster than Hannah went through bras.

“Hey! What’d you guys want to drink?” Adam was always no-nonsense when he was working the crowded bar.

“Vodka tonic,” Lacey said, “and a Malibu and diet.”

“Got it.” Adam filled cups with ice and poured liquor. “You guys look great.”

“Thanks!” Both girls replied. Hannah noticed that the bartender only made the briefest glance at her vast cleavage. A true gentleman.

“Come on home, girl” he said with a smile

“You don’t have to love me yet, let’s get high awhile”

The girls spent the next few hours sipping drinks and enjoying the music. The *Heart* cover band wasn’t ‘great,’ but they weren’t bad either. Not all of the crowd were in costume; but the majority were dressed more fancy than a normal Saturday night Bluebird crowd. Dresses of all eras, shirts and ties, and more than a few attempts at ‘roaring 20’s’ with vests, arm bands, fedoras and homburgs.

Lacey soon found another advantage to being here with Hanna— people reflexively gave them a wider berth. Ordinarily in a crowd like they’d have sent someone to the bar while the other held their place with a good view of the band. But neither felt comfortable leaving Hannah alone, and it was pretty easy to get back to their spot walking together.

More than a few guys got drunk enough to ‘try their luck,’ but by the time they got close enough to be heard by the busty brunette, they could see her holding hands with her girlfriend and backed off. The few not sharp enough to make that observation were easily deterred with a sharp glare from Lacey.

*But try to understand, try to understand
Try, try, try to understand, he's a magic man, Mama, ah"

Lacey felt a tap on her shoulder. She turned to see a girl even shorter than Hannah also wearing a bunny girl outfit.

"Can I take a selfie with you guys?"

The girl was blonde, and maybe a hundred pounds soaking wet. Hannah and nodded so they grouped up for the shots. The girl stood on one side of Hannah with Lacey on the other. Lacey reached into her modest cleavage to pull out her own phone.

"Take one with mine?"

"Sure!"

After the second set of selfies, the girl returned Lacey's phone and introduced herself.

"I'm Hudson."

"Hannah. And this is Lacey."

"You guys are so hot."

"Aww, thanks!" Hannah smiled. "You look great too!"

Hudson's outfit was dark red, and though she had barely enough up top to fill the corset, she was thin and had a cute enough face to look more than a little sexy. Lacey guessed she was a student, barely Hannah's age at most.

Hudson's eyes darted to Hannah's half-exposed breasts. "What's your secret?" She managed to whisper loud enough for Hannah to hear.

"Good genes I guess." Hannah grinned. "And lots of mozzarella sticks..."

Hudson let out a high tinkling laugh. “Ha ha, that’s awesome! Well, have fun. Thanks for the pics!”

Hannah raised her cup in salute to the small girl as she disappeared back into the crowd, red bunny ears floating through the sea of heads. Lacey was looking at her phone.

“She was nice.” Hannah said, getting Lacey’s attention.

“Cute too.” Lacey agreed. “And so tiny.”

“Are you thinking of leaving me for her?” Hannah teased.

“Not a chance. Look at this.” Lacey held her phone up so Hannah could see the photo of the three women. Hudson’s face was dwarfed by the mountains of Hannah’s chest dominating the frame.

“She could climb in there and get lost for *days!*” Lacey laughed.

“Oh my god, how drunk are you?”

Lacey gasped. “How dare! But also: very.”

Hannah upended her cup, gulping the last bit of liquid inside. “Come on you perv, let’s cash out and call a ride home.”

*But try to understand, try to understand
Try, try, try to understand, he’s a magic man, Mama*

The two women stumbled over each other getting back into the apartment. Hannah alternated between swatting Lacey’s hands away and grabbing her for support.

“I can’t believe you made me wear heels.”

“Aww, but they make your butt look so cute!” Lacey slapped the butt in question to emphasize her point.

“–*Ouch*–, hey! You know we’re gonna have to leave that driver a big tip.”

“What, why?”

“For you trying to jump me in the back seat. You almost made me flash that poor guy!”

“–*Pff*– if anything *he* should be tipping *us*! I bet he gives us five stars, all thanks to *these*...” Lacey grabbed a handful of Hannah’s vast globes in each hand, shaking them so they wobbled furiously. The motion set Hannah off–balance in her impractical shoes.

“Hey, don’t do tha–*aaah!*–”

–*CRASH*–

The two women landed in a pile of arms, legs, and enormous boobs. Lacey was on her back, face buried in the soft warmth of her girlfriend’s cleavage. She started to laugh and then both girls were lost in a fit of giggles.

“Happy Easter, Lacey.”

Lacey reached around to find the tab of Hannah’s zipper at the nape of her neck, pulling it down. The material of Hannah’s corset fell loose, letting her bare breasts spill out and cover Lacey’s entire upper body.

“Happy bunny day to us.” She smiled, planting a soft kiss on each of Hannah’s breasts, then pulling her girlfriend’s head down until their lips met.