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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

Honoka - Cream Puffs

On an idyllic sunny day, you crossed a patio area to the main pool of your Island Resort. You had become the island's owner and manager a few weeks ago and were still setting things up and welcoming your first few guests. The latest of these had just arrived and you were on your way to meet her.

In the pool floating on an inflated Orca was your guest. She had pinkish red hair with a ponytail to one side and was curvy in all the best ways. She wore a simple white bikini and rode the Orca like a horse, splashing gently with a big grin. As you approached she spotted you and bounced up on the pool toy to wave a greeting. Unfortunately her exuberant action put her off balance, the Orca flipped and she went into the water.

After a few seconds a head of soaked pink hair popped up as the girl wiped water from her eyes. A moment later she gave a little shriek and dropped down into the water to her chin, hands coming up to cover her suddenly exposed breasts.

“Um... would you mind grabbing my swimsuit and tossing it here?”

You could just reach the white bikini top floating in the water, and tossed it to the newcomer.

“N-now turn around and don’t look!” The girl said with a scolding tone.

“Nice to meet you, Manager-san. I’m Honoka.”

The freshly re-clad girl had climbed out of the pool now, and bowed to you in greeting.

“This place is so beautiful, thank you so much for inviting me.”

You pulled a white box tied with a blue ribbon and presented it to the latest guest at your newly acquired resort.

“What’s this, a gift? For me??”

Honoka untied the ribbon and opened the box to reveal two pristine cream puffs, filled with flawless whipped cream and dusted with powdered sugar.

“Oh woooooow, whipped cream puffs are my favorite! How did you know?”

Unable to resist, the girl plucked one from the box and took a big bite, getting powdered sugar on the tip of her nose.

“Well,” she said, after swallowing the sugary bite, “I suppose you don’t get to be owner of a place like this without having certain skills.. Don’t worry, Owner-san, I won’t tell anyone.”

Honoka winked at you, taking a second, only slightly smaller bite from the cream puff, giving a wave as you walk back to the office.

A few days later, you found Honoka having a stroll.

“Good morning boss. What’s that, would I like to get breakfast?”

The pink-haired girl surreptitiously wiped a tiny bit of cream off her lip with a fingertip and licked it clean. You knew full well that she had gotten a box of cream puffs delivered to her room every morning since her arrival and had clearly had a morning “snack” already.

“Sure, I’d love to!” Honoka replied with a smile.

After a hearty meal of waffles loaded with whipped cream, and a lemon soda, the bikini-clad girl suppressed a tiny burp and placed a hand on her tummy, which puffed out a few cm from the morning’s indulgences.

As you waited, Honoka’s bloated stomach receded to its former flat state. As it did, you could see the flesh of her generous breasts swell up accordingly. The simple white bikini she wore went from being a snug fit to clearly too small, flesh bugling out around the strings and below the cups.

“Thanks so much for breakfast! Say, if you’re going to the shops today, could I come with you?”

You nod and you both rise and begin walking, Honoka taking bouncing steps, swinging her arms freely and sending the more prominent parts of her body wobbling.

“I have to buy a new swimsuit today. This one is... kinda tight...”

Honoka tugged at one bikini strap, adding to her chest’s violent wobbling.

“Hmm? You want to buy it for me? Well, I suppose that’s okay. I’ll try some on and you can decide which looks best on me.”

You heard that Honoka was lounging by the pool and had a lemon soda sent over, then went to visit her again.

The curvy pink-haired girl had no ponytail today, and was wearing the bikini you bought for her last week. It was yellow with small white flowers and scallops. Small squares of fabric covered the front of each breast with strings at top and bottom, with no shoulder straps.

She bounced to her feet as you approached, sending generous flesh bouncing.

“Hey boss!” she bowed to you, breasts dangling and swaying.

“Thanks again for the swimsuit! It’s so cute and it fits me perfectly.”

She swayed her shoulders, rotating her torso, and you wondered if those breasts ever stopped moving.

Honoka brought her hands together shyly.

“I always have a hard time picking out swimsuits. I never seem to get the size right...”

She paused, bringing her hands toward her chest slightly, making her generous bosom bulge upward a tiny bit.

“Most of the time they break and fall right off of me.”

She let her breasts fall back into the bikini top.

“I wonder if I’ve been eating too much...”

You spared a glance behind Honoka at a white box with blue ribbon, empty but for a few crumbs and powdered sugar dust.

“Well, you said this bikini looks good on me, so I’m sure it’s fine.”

As you walked away you made a mental note to start sending her boxes of four cream puffs a day.

A few weeks later some of the other girls were in the pool bouncing a beach ball. Honoka was lying in a nearby lounge chair with a box of cream puffs.

“Do you guys think Honoka is getting bigger?” A short blonde with twintails asked.

“What’s wrong Marie, jealous?” A girl with bright pink hair and bangs snapped back.

“O-of course not!” Marie sputtered, blushing. “My build is perfectly suited to serve Lady Helena...”

A serene redhead nearby observed Honoka for a few moments, watching the girl take another bite from her latest cream puff.

“I don’t know you guys, she doesn’t look much bigger than Ayane.”

“Are you nuts Kasumi? I was talking to Misaki the other day and she saw her registration form, she was bigger than Ayane when she got here.” Marie’s voice was starting to rise so she paused and returned to a whisper.

“She had a 99cm bust when she registered, and Pinky over here,” the loli poked Ayane hard in one bikini-clad breast earning herself a death glare, “is 93cm at best, according to her form.”

“What the heck, Marie, why do you know such weird stuff?” Ayane asked testily, crossing her arms in front of her own generous bosom.

“Gathering information is part of my job!” Marie said “Anyway, you can’t tell me that that” - she punctuated her words with a finger pointed at the yellow bikini-clad girl - “is anything less than a 1 meter bust!”

All three girls fell silent as they turned to watch Honoka eat, their ball forgotten.

For her part, Honoka was lost in her own world of sunshine and whipped cream. She popped the last bit of her sweet treat into her mouth, licking cream and sugar from her fingers. Her new yellow bikini was already looking too small, its strings pulled taut around their overdeveloped contents.

Sighing contentedly the pink-haired girl gave her stomach a pat. It was once again bloated with indulgence. She took a series of long gulps from her lemon soda and reached her greedy fingers into the white box for the last of the whipped cream puffs within.

Kasumi’s brow knit, Ayane’s jaw went slack.

“How many of those has she had already?” the younger sister asked.

“I haven’t been counting,” the rehead replied “but those boxes hold four, right? Did she bring that from her room? I’m pretty sure whipped cream puffs are her daily treat.”

The other two nodded.

“No, she showed up to breakfast with sugar on her face, remember?” Ayane said. “The boss must have had another box sent over after breakfast.”

“How on earth can she eat so much? And why does the boss keep sending her food?” Kasumi asked quietly.

“Well, I’ll give you three guesses where she puts it all, though you only need two.” Marie said with a sly grin. “And I don’t think the boss’s reasons are any big mystery.”

In mere moments, the last of Honoka’s cream puffs joined the others in her bloated belly. She licked her fingers clean again and let out a tiny burp, fully unaware that she had an audience.

Honoka gave her stomach a rub and a few presses as it rumbled, then took another drink of her soda. As the three girls watched, Honoka’s middle started to revert back to its default state as her enormous breasts began to swell yet again.

From the distance it was hard to tell, the three were sure that Honoka’s stomach had been bloated from breakfast and all those cream puffs. What they saw now they would not have believed had they not seen it with their own eyes.

Flesh bulged on all sides of Honoka’s top, above and below the strings, and on all four sides of the squares. Those “honkers” that she was famous for were definitely getting bigger.

Oblivious to the changes in her body, Honoka sucked down big gulps of lemon soda through her straw. One would almost think the soda was flowing straight into her breasts.

At last, unable to contend any longer with their owner’s prodigious bosom, the top strap connecting the two squares of fabric across Honoka’s cleavage gave out with a loud pop! The corners of the squares folded down, showing the barest hint of areola.

“Eh!” Honoka let out a yelp as she set her drink aside, surveying the damage.

“Ohhhhh” she said under her breath in frustration, “not again...”