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Hunter's upperclassmen friends seem *very* invested in keeping her well-fed.

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

Ample Springs Academy

Hunter's Dessert

Hunter sat at a large round table in Ample Springs Academy's opulent dining hall. She eyed the spread of desserts covering the table, their warm aromas tickling her nose despite the waistband of her uniform skirt digging into her middle. Seated on either side of Hunter were her two newest friends. Best friends? Girlfriends? Friends with benefits?

Hunter didn't know. Hell, when the semester started, she didn't even know she *liked* girls. Although she sometimes wished her two... whatever they were, would give her a little more personal space.

"It's the last Friday before fall break, don't you want to *celebrate*?" Marie asked.

Marie was a dark brunette, a few inches taller than Hunter.

"We managed to snag all your—*our* favorites from the desert line," Amy added.

Amy was a dishwater blonde, just above five feet.

Amy and Marie were juniors at Ample Springs, and they'd picked Hunter to be "their freshman." That's not how Hunter would have described it, though. Each of the girls had approached her separately and invited her to hang out with them. She hadn't found out until a few weeks later that the pair were roommates, a couple, and often chose a first year to add to their little... "thing."

Neither of the older girls was well-endowed by Ample Springs standards. Amy sported C-cups, which, in fairness, looked impressive on her short and otherwise slight frame. Marie filled out a double-D a few days a month, and wore snug D-cups the rest of the time.

Hunter was uncomfortably tight in a D-cup bra by the time she'd graduated high school. Five-seven with long, light brown hair, she'd spent years feeling self-conscious about her breasts, which—to her—were unnaturally large for her slim body.

"I don't know, you guys. My shirt is getting kinda snug, and this is my last bra that fits..."

All three young women wore Ample Springs' "summer" uniforms: dark blue plaid pleated skirts, cobalt blue neckties, with short-sleeved white blouses with buttons down the front. Unlike the two upperclassmen, Hunter's shirt was pulled tightly over her chest—buttons straining and cotton fabric puckering beneath her blue tie. Now that she was out of high school, Hunter assumed she was done growing. Not only had she somehow kept growing, but she started to grow even faster since coming to Ample Springs Academy.

"Come on, Hunter—" Amy began, leaning in so close that the first year felt her warm breath on her ear. "—have you *seen* the girls at Ample, especially the juniors and seniors?"

"Healthy chests are the vibe. Especially here..." Marie added.

Indeed, Hunter had spent her first week at Ample Springs gawking at a steady progression of larger and larger breasts as she met her fellow students. Normal-sized first years, bikini model sophomores, pornstar-sized juniors, and seniors who were too big for all but the most devoted boob man (or woman).

To say nothing of the handful of fifth-year seniors she'd seen...

Marie's voice dropped to a whisper. "You're not really full from *just* dinner, are you?"

Four months ago, the two squares of lasagna that Hunter had already eaten would, in fact, have filled her up for the night. Now it seemed that her habit of overdoing it in the dining hall here at this remote mountain college—at the urging of her two new friends—had expanded her stomach capacity along with her appetite. A cold rush trembled over Hunter's body as her stomach twinged and she realized that not only was she not full, she was still ravenous.

"Don't worry about that shirt. It's the simplest thing in the world to *bump you up a size*."

Hunter could swear she heard Amy's voice take on a predatory tone at that last part. Marie leaned in close on her other side, glancing around to make sure no one was watching the trio. The brunette cupped one of the first year's breasts just below

the edge of the table, squeezing a handful of flesh with plenty to spare.

"Amy's right, Hunts, you should totally eat your way out of this itty-bitty bra. The campus store has some super cute stuff, and they keep *huge* sizes in the back..."

Hunter balked at the use of "itty bitty" to describe an F-cup bra, but she couldn't deny that the food here *was* amazing, and her girlfriends's attention went a long way toward making her feel better about her abnormally large breasts. Though after a few months at Ample Springs, Hunter was starting to reevaluate her definition of "abnormal."

As she tried to shake off Marie's groping hand without drawing attention to their table, Hunter felt a smaller set of fingers grab a handful of her right breast.

"You can take it from us, we've been here almost three years. Whenever your bras start getting *tight*, the Academy has you covered."

Amy's fingers found Hunter's nipple and gave her a soft pinch through the overtaxed undergarment. Hunter bit down on her lower lip to avoid making any noise. In addition to making her breasts start growing again, the food here—or maybe that delicious spring water—was also making them more sensitive.

While her "sexual mentors" taught Hunter to relish every moment they spent rolling around the large bed the couple constructed in their dorm room, the mere thought of getting caught warming up their foreplay in the dining hall made small beads of sweat break out on the nape of Hunter's neck.

Marie picked up a small plate with a single cupcake on it, setting it in front of the pneumatic brunette. It was immaculately frosted, and the warm, earthy scent of chocolate teased Hunter's nose as much as her lover's caress.

"Even when—if you outgrow the largest ones the store has in stock," Amy purred, "the school has a seamstress on staff who can make custom sizes for you."

It was the food. Hunter was sure there was something in the food here at the Academy that was making her breasts keep growing. Her girlfriends had to know about it. But if they did know, how had the two of them stayed so (relatively) small for five whole semesters, while Hunter swelled up two more cup sizes in three

months? There was no question that the couple were obsessed with breasts—they were high-key groping her in the middle of the dining hall! Why had they not grown their own massive sets if they knew they could?

Well, Hunter thought, they don't have a pair of thirsty lesbians competing to feed them at almost every meal... not to mention late-night snacks...

Hunter blushed from her collar to her earlobes at the memory of what usually came before, after, and during those late-night snack sessions.

It wasn't that Hunter didn't care for Amy and Marie, or doubted that their affection for her was genuine. But she was starting to develop a *very* strong mental association between eating and erotic pleasure. And she wasn't sure she didn't like it.

"All we're saying is..."

Amy picked up a square of brownie—perfectly dusted with powdered sugar and marbled with white chocolate—holding it to Hunter's lips.

"You shouldn't feel ashamed."

"All I'm saying is..."

Marie picked up the cupcake and peeled off its paper wrapper.

"These babies are gonna get freakin' massive."

She gave Hunter's left breast another squeeze as the cupcake joined the brownie under the first year's nose.

"So open wide..."

Hunter met Amy's eyes and parted her lips to take half the brownie in one large bite.

"That's it, say 'aah'..."

Marie's eyes sparkled with delight as she watched Hunter chew on a bite of cupcake.

The busty first year alternated bites between each of her girlfriend's offerings. As she rubbed her thighs together under her plaid pleated skirt, Hunter decided that whatever pounds she gained, and wherever they went, she didn't care.

Marie and Amy had identical greedy expressions as they spoke together—

"More?"