

Maddie

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

BY SPARTACUS

Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Step Siblings, Teasing

Maddie

For about the fiftieth time that day, I asked myself what I'd done to deserve this. What cosmic higher powers had I offended to be tortured with temptation of this magnitude?

Maddie unwrapped the paper off of her third chicken sandwich.

“Even cold these things are so good...”

I guess it shouldn't have surprised me that my mother had married a Latino after the divorce, clearly I'd inherited some of my "tastes" from her. My new roommate had dark skin, dark hair, dark eyes, and even a dark sense of humor, apparently?

As Maddie chewed –cheeks puffed out by her extra-large bite– she made direct eye contact with me.

She couldn't possibly doing this on purpose, could she? She must just be goofing around.

My parents got divorced when I was basically still a baby. Dad took a new job and we lived on opposite sides of the country. I think they preferred it that way. Dad had married my step-mom, Iris, and mom had married Raul. Maddie came along a little too soon after the wedding, but nobody ever talked about it. Not openly anyway.

Because we lived so far apart I basically never saw my mother and half-sister growing up. A big Christmas reunion happened every couple years, at the insistence of grandparents or distant cousins, but Maddie and I were more like acquaintances than anything resembling siblings.

The last of those reunions had been for my grandparents' 50th anniversary, and that had been over six years ago. Maddie had been a scrawny little brat who could not have less interesting to sixteen year old me.

I spent most of the weekend lost in a world of music, deep in my classic rock-n-roll phase and discovering bands like the Beatles, Led Zeppelin, and Queen. A skinny little too-tan twelve year old kid with knots in her hair was far below my notice.

Well she wasn't a kid now, and she definitely wasn't skinny or scrawny.

Somewhere in the last six-plus years, Maddie had found some curves, and developed an appetite. Licking the last of the crumbs and sauce from her fingers, Maddie reached down into the paper bag for another sandwich. She

was wearing a pink spaghetti-strap dress that she should have stopped wearing weeks ago, and I couldn't help but watch her healthy breasts wobble as she moved to grab more food.

I discovered in my freshman year of college that I liked Latin girls. I mostly liked curvy girls, and the Latin ones were definitely my favorite. I guess I should clarify that all that liking was from a distance, or of celebrity crushes like the Salma Hayeks and Selena Gomezes of the world. I had no game, and still had not figured out how to get past a first date with a girl, on the rare occasion I actually made it that far.

Well now I had a girl living with me. A five-one short-stack college freshman with smooth thighs, a big round ass, and breasts like pale brown grapefruits. And she ate like an olympic runner. She was visibly bigger and curvier than she'd been when she moved into my apartment at the start of the semester, three months ago.

And she was my half-sister.

Once again I cursed my horrible luck. What karmic sin could I have committed to be tormented by this forbidden fruit, in my space and in my face each and every day?

"I probably shouldn't sneak so much food out of the cafeteria."

-chomp-

"But it's all so tasty, and three visits a day isn't enough sometimes, you know?"

I wondered if Maddie ever went anywhere besides her classes and the cafeteria.

She chewed a mouthful and rested her free hand on her stomach. While her ass and especially her tits were definitely soaking up the lion's share of the surplus calories, her waist was also getting a little soft. Especially when it was packed full of food, which was most of the time.

"I've probably put on the freshman fifteen already..."

–nom–

“as if I cared about that.”

–munch–

“*Mi abuela* says all the women in my family are curvy...”

–chew–

“and that I’m still a growing girl.”

She made direct eye contact with me then, and slowly took a massive bite of her sandwich.

As she chewed she cocked one eyebrow.

Then she tugged up on one strap of her dress.

In spite of my Herculean attempt to avoid it, my eyes darted down to her wobbling cleavage for a fraction of a second.

Had she seen me?

Maddie’s pink lips seemed about to twitch into a smile, then she went in for another bite.

I turned back to the TV and tried to ignore the sound of my half-sister gorging herself. Filling her dusky hourglass with more and more sand. Breasts in the front and ass in the rear taking up more and more of the material of her skimpy little dresses and nighties, pulling the hems higher and exposing inch after inch of creamy caramel thighs.

I shook myself and pressed play on the next episode.

I didn’t see Maddie’s smirk.