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Contains: Breast Expansion

Melon Soda

Part I

“Stay in your lane, asshole!”

Annie very nearly honked at the middle-aged driver clearly focused more on their phone than the road. She restrained herself, but wondered idly where the cop who'd pulled her over for speeding last week was now, when he could be giving a ticket to an *actual* dangerous driver?

Pulling off the highway and heading into the suburb where she lived, Annie took several deliberate, calming breaths. She tried to let the dulcet tones of Michael Bublé bring her road rage back under control. Stopping at a red light, she glanced over the notifications on her phone, oblivious of her own hypocrisy. There was a text from her wife, Stacy, asking her to stop at the grocery store on her way home.

“Damn it! She’s home all day but couldn’t be bothered to run to the store herself?”

Annie crept into the left turn lane so she could make a U-turn, the grocery was half a block back the way she’d come. Finding a parking spot near the cart corral, Annie killed the engine and stalked up to the supermarket. She’d forgotten to grab the reusable bags from her car.

Re-reading the text from Stacy, Annie collected two random bags of tortilla chips, toilet paper, and ketchup. She spent about 3 seconds trying to find the specific brand of soda her wife had requested, before grabbing a random two liter and heading for the checkout area.

Annie’s eyes went wide when she saw the price pop up on the screen:

Mad’s Melon Soda: \$14.99

What the fuck kind of soda costs fifteen bucks!?

Annie was too socially awkward to back out of the purchase now, so she tapped her card on the reader, took her disposable plastic bag, and forced a smile for the cashier.

“Hey babe, welcome home!”

Stacy met her wife at the door, taking the groceries and leaning in for a brief squeeze and a kiss before returning to the kitchen. The feel of her wife’s ‘short stack’ form pressed against her own rail-thin physique made the tension melt out of Annie’s body, and she forgot all about her frustration during the commute. She loved this ditzy blonde madly, and would endanger traffic any day of the week to run errands for her wife.

“Hmm, what’s this? Mad’s Soda, Melon flavor?” Stacy asked, pulling the pink soda from the bag.

“Were they out of Faygo Red?”

“Uh, yeah...” Annie lied. “But that stuff should be pretty good, considering how much it cost.”

“Oh Babe,” Stacy chided, running one soft hand down her wife’s back, pressing their bodies together at the waist, “you worry too much. Rough day?”

Annie shrugged noncommittally.

Stacy grinned at her wife’s grumpy stoicism.

“Why don’t you go relax for a bit. Dinner will be ready in about twenty minutes. Can I get you anything? You want a beer or White Claw or something?”

“What flavors do we have left?”

“Mostly Black Cherry I think...”

Stacy grinned sheepishly and Annie grimaced.

“Oh well, we have to drink them eventually.”

Stacy held the refrigerator door open for her wife to grab a can, and Annie retreated to the living room. Collapsing in her recliner, the dark-haired woman sighed with dramatic exhaustion and relaxed her shoulders as she reached for the remote.

“Dinner’s ready, Annie!”

Annie downed the last of her hard seltzer and grabbed the lever to retract her recliner. Standing slowly and with more groaning than a woman in her mid-twenties should make, Annie padded tiredly into the kitchen.

“Oooh, bean burgers?”

Annie’s dark violet eyes lit up at the spread of condiments and hand-formed patties laid out on the kitchen island.

“Yep! I found a new recipe online and I wanted to try it out.”

Stacy beamed with pride at her feat of domestic achievement. Her pink apron was smudged with handprints of black bean and who knew what else. Annie’s eyes drifted from the dinner spread to watch her voluptuous wife pull the apron over her head, letting her big blonde curls fall around her bare shoulders and frame the generous cleavage on display in a snug black tank top.

“Well come on, make your plate! There’s a new episode of Riverdale out!”

“You and that show...” Annie shook her head as she picked up a stoneware plate.

“I mean, I can just watch it without you if you want...” Stacy grinned wickedly.

“Don’t you dare!” Annie glared at her wife, who burst out laughing, doubling over with mirth.

After both women had constructed their burgers and added chips to their plates, Stacy poured herself a tall glass of the pink soda.

“Do you want some of this?” She held up the bottle.

Annie looked askance at the pink liquid fizzing in her wife’s glass.

“Let me try some of yours I guess...”

Stacy set the bottle down and started screwing the cap back on, while Annie lifted her glass and took a small sip. She blanched immediately.

“*Bleh*, that’s way too sweet! Even Black Cherry Claw is better than that.”

“Let me try...”

Stacy followed her wife’s example and took a sip, then a larger gulp.

“Tastes great to me!” She beamed.

“Whatever, weirdo. Let me get some water and I’ll be right in.”

The couple ate dinner and watched TV. Annie cracked open another White Claw after they were done eating, and while she was clearing the plates, Stacy asked her to refill her soda.

“Sure Babe!”

With a good meal and a little alcohol in her system, Annie was feeling much better. She wasn’t sure how Stacy could stomach this syrupy sweet pink soda, but she shrugged it off and handed her wife the newly full glass as she returned to her seat.

Annie and Stacy cuddled together in a tangle of sheets, limbs sliding over limbs and hands everywhere. Annie was enjoying her wife’s curves as she often did, but something felt off.

“Stace...”

“Hmm?”

“Are you uh... feeling bloated or anything?”

“Um... rude.”

Stacy’s index finger poked her wife in her flat stomach.

“I saw you refill on chips Miss Skinny...”

“Not there,” Annie clarified, “I mean these.”

Annie squeezed her wife’s breasts to emphasize her words. She was intimately familiar with Stacy’s E-cup breasts, and they definitely felt *fuller* than usual.

“-mmm- I don’t, I don’t think so...”

Stacy’s breasts had always been sensitive, and her wife’s extra attention was making her flustered.

“Huh. Well they kinda feel a little bigger than they usually do.”

Annie’s fingers explored the shape of her wife’s bosom from all sides, groping and poking their mass.

“Well is that -haaa- is that a -oh- a bad thing?”

Now it was Annie’s turn for a wicked grin.

“I guess not...”

Annie pinched her wife’s nipples. Stacy’s head flung back as she cried out in ecstasy.

In their afterglow, Annie played big spoon to the curvy blonde, one arm under her pillow as the other reached around to gently cup and caress one of Stacy’s breasts.

“I wonder what happened...” She asked mostly to herself.

“Maybe it was that new soda you bought? It is ‘melon’ flavored after all...”

Stacy ground her thick ass into Annie’s crotch, delighting in her own dumb joke.

“Ugh, you’re such a dork!”

Stacy leaned her head back into Annie’s face, awkwardly contorting for a quick kiss.

“You love it. Now give my big melons a rest so we can sleep.”

Stacy paused a moment.

“–*Hmmm*– unless you want to... go another round?”

Part II

The next day Annie walked into her house un-greeted. That wasn’t particularly notable, Stacy wasn’t some kind of Suzy Homemaker who waited by the door for her return every evening. Even though she *did* work from home.

Stepping into the kitchen, Annie spotted a familiar looking plastic bottle, though it was fuller than she expected, the line of pink liquid visible above the label.

“Stace?”

“Bathroom!” Her wife’s voice sounded from a few rooms away.

Annie pulled open the fridge and found a bottle of white wine with a screw top that had been opened sometime recently. Grabbing the cold glass container she carried it to the counter near the cabinet with the wine glasses. Pouring herself a half-full glass of liquid relaxation, Annie sighed and felt the tension of her Thursday start to melt out of her shoulders.

By the time Annie was on her third sip of wine, Stacy emerged from the bathroom.

“Hey...”

“Hey yourself,” Annie replied, “there’s more of this soda left than I thought.”

Stacy’s eyes darted to the floor and she confessed. “It’s *-um-*, a new bottle. I had to run to the store for some *-er-* salad mix... so I grabbed some more.”

“That’s fine, you don’t have to be weird about it. Though I still don’t know how you can stand the stuff.”

Annie gave her wife an appraising once-over. Stacy was wearing a normal tee shirt that hugged her curves to great effect. She had on her usual black leggings stretched over her juicy rump and thick thighs. Returning her glance upward, Annie was certain now of what she’d suspected last night. Stacy’s breasts had grown.

Pressed tight against her plain mauve tee, Annie could clearly see the shape of her wife’s flesh spilling over the cups of her bra. And under them. And maybe even out the sides? Annie would have suspected Stacy was wearing one of *her* A-cup bras, if her pneumatic wife could even get one closed around those monsters.

“So uh...”

Annie noticed for the first time that Stacy’s face had turned bright red.

“I got one of those rotisserie chickens to go with salad mix for dinner.” The blonde said with forced nonchalance.

“Mmm, cool.”

“Yeah, I figured something easy since I just got back from the store a little bit ago.”

“Makes sense.”

Still not meeting her eyes, Annie’s partner stepped deliberately across the kitchen to open the fridge. Doing so brought her within inches of Annie, and as she rotated her lower half to swing the refrigerator door open, her hips brushed against Annie’s leg. Stacy let out a tiny but audible whimper.

“Are you alright, Stace?”

Stacy turned abruptly, flinging the heavy door closed again, and leaned in close to her skinny, slightly taller wife.

“Annie... *-haa-*” Stacy was breathing hard, bloated breasts rising and falling in her tight tee. She grabbed the wine glass from Annie’s hand and set in on the counter behind her wife. Then she pressed her entire soft torso into Annie’s trim one. Sliding her hands up Annie’s arms, over her jaw and behind her ears, Stacy rose up on her toes as she pulled Annie’s head down for a deep, full-tongue kiss.

“*-mmpf-* Wha- Before dinner!?” Annie mumbled through her wife’s slightly swollen lips.

Stacy was hungrily popping wet kisses all over her wife’s neck, starting at the point of her jaw and gradually making her way down to Annie’s clavicle. Annie was starting to grow warm herself, her motor slowly rolling into motion between her legs. She decided not to question whatever was happening with her deliciously squishy little blonde wife. She slid one hand under Stacy’s shirt as the other slipped into her panties.

Feeling them in her hand, Annie was more convinced than ever that Stacy’s breasts had grown. Last night might have just been some kind of random swelling, but they were several inches larger than normal now. No amount of

swelling could cause that. Not in one day at any rate.

In less than two minutes, Stacy pressed her face into Annie's chest to muffle her cries as her wife's fingers on her nipples and in her pussy brought her to climax in record time.

"-haaa, haa- Sorry, hon. Do you -huff- want me to..."

Stacy's hand started to snake its way into Annie's waistband, before the taller woman laid a hand on her wife's wrist.

"That's okay, babe. I'm good until bedtime. You go get cleaned up and I'll dish our plates."

For dinner, Stacy changed right into sleeping clothes. Baggy pants and what had once been an equally baggy tee shirt. The larger shirt was not quite the second skin the one she changed out of was, but was still snug across the blonde's newly enlarged chest.

The couple watched Netflix again while they ate, and Stacy drained another full glass of Melon Soda before she had finished eating. She'd brought the bottle into the living room with her, so she filled the glass again before continuing with her meal.

Annie tried to follow the low budget romcom they were re-watching, but found herself glancing over at her wife frequently as she raised the glass of fizzy pink liquid to her pink lips again and again. Annie was certain that just a few ounces of that stuff would have given *her* horrible heartburn, if not a full on stomachache. But somehow Stacy was gulping the stuff down like water.

When the movie was over, Stacy stood and collected their plates.

"I'm gonna rinse these real quick. Meet me in the bedroom?"

Annie wasn't sure what had gotten into her wife lately, but she wasn't complaining. While they'd always had fairly even levels of enthusiasm in the bedroom, the job of 'getting the ball rolling' often fell to Annie. This new, more assertive version of Stacy was an exciting development.

Annie was still getting changed when Stacy padded into the bedroom. As she stepped up behind her, Annie felt her wife's plush bosom crushed against her back as Stacy reached around to cup Annie's basically flat chest.

"Oh hi..."

Stacy pushed Annie's skirt the rest of the way down off her hips, then spun her wife around to plant another deep kiss on her lips. In one smooth motion she grabbed the hem of her tee shirt and pulled the garment off, taking her overtaxed bra with it.

Annie's eyes became large and she reached out to cup the pair of honeydew melons that had been just larger than grapefruits only two days ago. Now that they were in her hands, Annie was pretty sure her wife's breasts were at least an inch or two bigger than they'd been a couple hours ago, when Annie got her wife off in the kitchen.

"Seriously Stace what is going on with these monsters?"

Stacy leaned in closer to her wife, forcing the taller woman backward until the backs of her knees hit the bed, forcing her to sit with a thump and a soft bounce.

"Monsters, huh?"

Stacy clasped Annie's head behind her ears and pulled her head closer.

"Do you not like them anymore?"

"I didn't say that, I jus--"

Annie suddenly found her face and head surrounded by soft warm skin as her partner smothered her curiosity with big, beautiful breasts. Stacy leaned in even closer until Annie fell back onto the bed. Then she stood back up, bloated bosom nearly obscuring her face from Annie's eyes as her diminutive wife towered over her. Stacy reached down to grab Annie's panties and slide them down off her long, lithe legs.

"You were saying?"

Annie crab walked up onto the bed so her legs weren't dangling off the edge, and Stacy crawled toward her on all fours. In this position her breasts dangled down almost to her elbows. They undulated and bobbed as she slowly crawled over Annie's thin body.

Stacy positioned herself directly above her wife, then grabbed a wrist in each hand, pinning her in place. Stacy's nipples hovered mere inches from Annie's. Swollen and stiff like the ends of her thumbs, the pink nubs stretched down from their overfilled fat sacks. They seemed to be reaching for the dark pink thimbles of Annie's nipples which in turn stiffened to meet them.

"What about now?" Stacy asked with a smirk.

Annie's head lifted off the pillow as she tried to reach her wife's mouth. Stacy obliged her, collapsing the full weight of her full bosom into Annie's chest and forcing the breath out of her lungs. Arms still pinned, Annie did her best to grind her torso up into Stacy's plush form. She wrapped her thin legs around the blonde's soft tush to press their bodies together even tighter.

Questions and curiosities vanished from Annie's mind as she sank into the pleasant softness of her partner's altered body.

Part III

Friday, at least, was relatively uneventful for Annie. So many of her coworkers were phoning it in and prepping for the weekend that she was able to get her own work done early for once. Most of her afternoon was spent doing some relaxing online shopping, and fantasizing about her wife's newly expanded assets. Without really realizing what she was doing, Annie found herself looking at blouses and bikini tops from the plus size sites, wondering just what size Stacy was up to now.

With a start, Annie realized her computer screen was filled with lingerie product photos— well-endowed women wearing nothing but bras from sports to underwire. She quickly closed the tab, head swiveling about to make sure nobody had seen her screen.

It was only through sheer force of will that Annie avoided speeding home even more aggressively than usual, nervous that another traffic stop and ticket could delay her even further. Pulling into the drive, she killed the motor and fast stepped to the door. Flinging it open, Annie's wife was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm in here, Annie!" Stacy's voice came from the living room.

"Since it's Friday I ordered delivery for dinner."

Annie dropped her keys in the bowl by the door and floated into the living room.

"You should have messaged me, I could have picked it up on my... way... home."

Annie trailed off as she spoke, stunned speechless by the sight that greeted her.

"Oh I didn't want to make you stop, I know how much you hate dragging out your drive home."

Annie's mouth opened, then closed.

Stacy was *enormous*. Her breasts were larger than basketballs, which on a woman who stood barely 5'3" was really saying something. Last night they'd been almost double their regular size, now Annie's best estimates put them

somewhere around three times larger. Stacy reclined in her own chair, half empty bottle of Melon soda on the table beside her, and a glass of the fizzy pink stuff in her hand. She was wearing another loose sleep shirt, but it'd become a belly shirt as her expanded mammary mass stretched the cotton garment to its extreme.

Stacy's eyes drifted languidly from the TV to see her tall skinny wife staring.

"See something you like?"

The blonde drained her glass and set it on the table. She then extended both arms, curling her fingers in a beckoning motion to her stunned and exhausted wife.

Still unable to form words, Annie slowly crossed the room to stand near her wife where she sat in the recliner. Stacy took both of Annie's hands in her own and pulled her closer, gesturing for the taller woman to sit in her lap.

Still in a trance, Annie complied, dropping her small pert ass onto Stacy's soft thighs. Her knees rode the armrest of the chair as her long legs dangled, and Stacy hugged her back and shoulders into her torso. Annie found herself with a lapful of boobs that belonged to someone else.

Resting one hand on her wife's knee, and the other stroking her short black hair, Stacy made shushing noises.

"You had a hard day, didn't you baby? Just cuddle here. Mama will make you feel all better."

This routine broke Annie out of her stupor, and she leaned her head back to look into her wife's cherubic face.

"You know I'm almost two years older than you, right?"

"I have the mommy milkers, so I get to be the mommy." Stacy said with a pout and a grin.

“Well I can’t argue with you there...”

Annie reached up and tried to cup just one of Stacy’s breasts in her hand. The orb was too heavy and large for that so she ended up scooping it up with her whole arm. The flesh felt surprisingly warm.

“Seriously Stace, you’re not even a little worried about this?”

“Not really.”

“You’ve doubled in size in like two days!”

“Isn’t it great?”

“You don’t wanna like, see a doctor or something?”

“What would a doctor tell me, Ann? I’m not sick, I’m not in any pain... In fact I feel better than I have in years.”

“Really?”

“Really. It’s like being a teenager again, but without the acne or existential dread.”

Stacy hugged her wife into her massive chest and stroked her back.

“Let’s just enjoy this, okay?”

“Okay, okay. You know I worry about you, that’s all.”

“I know you do and I love you for it, but I’m fine, I promise.”

“And you’ll tell me if you *stop* being fine?”

“I will.”

“Promise?”

“I promise.”

Annie tried to relax. Stacy was right, she did feel better curled up against all this soft warm flesh. It *was* like being a kid again, clutched to her mother for comfort.

As they watched Netflix and waited for their food to arrive, Stacy used her free arm to refill her glass with soda from the bottle. She continued sipping on it as the couple cuddled together in the cushioned chair.

Annie rested her head on her wife’s bosom, one arm behind her shoulders and the other cupping the curve of one massive orb. In the ear pressed into Stacy’s shirt, Annie could hear the *gulp, gulp* of the blonde drinking even more of that sickly sweet pink soda. Stacy’s breasts still felt noticeably warm. In fact they seemed to be getting warmer the longer Annie lay pressed against them. For awhile she chalked it up to their combined body heat, and her wife’s recent friskiness, but then she felt something even more unusual.

Stacy’s breasts seemed to be pushing back against her head and hand as they sat curled together. Annie could feel a slow, barely perceptible increase in pressure against her chest, pushing her slightly away and lifting her head higher, one millimeter at a time.

Pressing her hand further into her wife’s watermelon breast, Annie tried to confirm her suspicion. Sure enough, the pressure against her fingers was definitely increasing. Somehow, impossible as it seemed, Stacy’s breasts were swelling so fast that Annie could feel it happening.

Without lifting her head from its boob pillow, Annie asked “Stace... are you–“

–*BING BONG*–

The sound of the doorbell startled both women. Without finishing her question, Annie extracted herself from her wife’s maternal embrace to answer the door.

Annie opened the front door slightly red-faced. Oddly self-conscious as if she'd been caught doing something inappropriate. The college kid at the door held a large paper sack, and two plastic grocery bags.

“DoorDash for Stacy?”

“That’s us, thanks!”

Annie carried the bags into the living room, and set them on the coffee table. She started pulling oyster pail boxes from the brown bag, seeing that Stacy had ordered Chinese. The grocery bags on the other hand contained one bottle of unsweetened tea, which Annie assumed was for her, and three more two liters bottles of Mad’s Melon Soda.

“Stace I think this soda cost more than our food...”

“It’s fine... I wanted to stock up in case it gets discontinued or something.”

Annie was pretty sure her wife’s ‘stock’ of the pink soda wasn’t going to last very long the way she was guzzling the stuff down, but said no more about it. She started sorting the dishes and sides between them, knowing which were for Stacy and which were hers. Fetching a glass for herself and some sets of chopsticks from the kitchen, Annie set herself up in her own chair.

“But...” Stacy said with a petulant glance, “but my lap is getting cold...”

Annie grinned wryly at her wife.

“I’m not going to eat in your lap, babe. Let’s have dinner and then we can cuddle after, okay?”

“Fine...”

“Maybe we should think about getting a couch...”

“Ooh, yeah! These chairs are comfy, but it would be nice to snuggle together to watch movies and stuff.” Stacy said as she popped open her orange chicken.

Over the course of their meal and the rest of the episode they were watching, Stacy polished off another half a bottle of Melon Soda. When Annie returned from combining the partial oyster pails and putting the leftovers in the fridge, she found the living room empty. Her wife had apparently already retired to the bedroom.

Walking down the hall to their room, Annie spoke as she was opening the door.

“You know it’s only like nine...”

Stacy stood between the door and the bed. Her leggings and panties were already off, leaving only her tee shirt keeping her from being completely nude. There was no denying it now, Stacy’s breasts were even bigger than they’d been an hour ago. The previously tight ‘belly shirt’ looked painted on, and Stacy was giving Annie her best smokey-eyed stare.

“Babe, what is going on wi-“

Stacy interrupted her wife by grabbing the hem of her tee shirt and pulling it away from her body. The overtaxed garment could take no more and ripped from the hem all the way to the collar, letting Stacy’s immense melons burst free.

Annie once again was stunned into silence as Stacy extricated herself from the scraps of her last remaining article of clothing, until she stood before her wife in nothing but her skin. So much soft, luminous, glorious skin.

“You promised not to worry, remember?”

Annie only nodded, slowly. Stacy’s breasts seemed to defy gravity, bobbing softly as they projected from her ribcage and hung like massive teardrops, reaching only her navel despite their immense size.

“Now get over here and fuck me.”

Annie didn’t need a second invitation.

Part IV

As the ambient light in the bedroom brought Annie awake naturally, she stretched her back and legs under the covers, basking in the luxury of being able to wake up without her accursed alarm. Her eyes fluttered open to find a pale cherubic face and a set of emerald eyes watching her.

“How long have you been awake?” She gasped, startled.

“Just a few minutes. Have I ever mentioned I love waking up with you still in bed with me?”

Annie grinned. “Once or twice...”

Stacy leaned in for a kiss then rolled on top of her wife.

“-Oof!-”

“Oof?”

“Sorry Babe, you’re kind of a little... heavy.”

Instead of being offended and rolling off of her like some girls might have, Stacy only bent her elbows, letting herself press harder into her wife’s torso.

“Am I getting too fat for you, ‘Beanpole Annie?’”

“I’d never say that...” Annie squeezed one plump ass cheek in each hand. “You know I like my women a little thick.”

Stacy grinned knowingly.

“But lately there’s a little more weight, on my chest...”

Annie's eyes darted downward and saw nothing but a valley of pale cleavage. In this position it was impossible to tell for sure, but she suspected Stacy had grown even larger overnight.

"I wonder why that could be..." Stacy teased, as her fingers worked their way between their overlapping crotches and tickled her wife's labia.

About an hour later, the couple were enjoying coffee in the kitchen. Stacy wore nothing but panties and a large robe that she'd had to tie closed to keep herself covered. Annie's lithe form was clad in boy shorts and a baggy tee that reached to her hips.

"We should go to the flea market today and look for a couch." Annie suggested.

"Oh that's a good idea... I'm gonna take a shower and get dressed."

Annie nodded with a mouthful of toast. While her wife was using the bathroom, Annie decided to tidy up the kitchen a little bit, and found two more empty bottles of Melon Soda in the recycling.

"When did she have time to drink these?" She wondered aloud to the empty room.

When Stacy emerged from the shower, Annie got in for her turn. She grinned lecherously at the thought that the two of them had definitely generated enough sweat in the past 12 hours to need a shower before being seen in public. Even if they were just going to be walking around the melange of odors known as the flea market.

As the hot water coursed down her body and steam filled their en suite bathroom, Annie replayed the events of the past few days. While she'd always admired Stacy's voluptuous body, she couldn't shake her curiosity over what was making her chest grow so much larger, and so rapidly. It wasn't natural, and she couldn't help but worry about the long-term consequences. Unfortunately, thinking about Stacy's gigantic boobs was also getting Annie worked up. She

hadn't come so many times in so few days since their honeymoon, and didn't want to waste a round riding solo, so she turned her mind to other things while she finished washing her own body.

"Bad news, Babe." Stacy said as her wife emerged from the bathroom wearing nothing but a towel.

"Hmm?"

"I have to take care of some stuff for work."

"What? Lame!"

"I know. It's probably gonna take a couple hours, so you should just go without me."

"*Ugh*. But half the fun of the flea market is getting to 'people watch' with you!"

"Sorry, hon. Why don't you text me pictures or we can video chat if you see any good furniture?"

Annie sighed as she slipped on a pair of capris and a blue top. "Fine. Should I pick up food too while I'm out?"

"That sounds great babe, whatever you want."

Stacy was at her computer already getting logged into her work systems and clearly only giving Annie half her attention. Annie stepped up behind her wife and leaned down to peck her cheek. She had Stacy's full attention then, as the blonde turned to give her wife a proper kiss. It lasted a little too long and their tongues started to dance.

"Maybe we could..." Stacey mumbled.

"No... no! Then you'll be even longer getting your work done. I'll go shop for couches and let you know what I find."

“Okay Babe, have fun, love you!”

“Love you too!”

Annie spent over three hours walking around crowded tents and even more crowded little stores, and found absolutely nothing of value or even interest. Kitschy tee shirts, garden flags, phone accessories of all styles no doubt made in China and barely functional. All the furniture she saw was too old to be nice but not old enough to be vintage. Defeated and dejected, she picked up a few clamshells of Indian food and drove home.

Stepping through the kitchen and peeking into the living room, Annie’s wife was nowhere to be found.

She must still be working... she thought with annoyance. Then she noticed a couple empty grocery bags on the kitchen island that hadn’t been there that morning. She opened the fridge and found nothing new there, so she did a quick scan around the room.

There were new bottles in the recycling bin.

Annie bent down to inspect the bin and saw several fresh, empty bottles that bore a familiar pink and green label.

“Stace...?” Annie called out nervously.

She got no reply.

Crossing the living room, Annie found it still just as empty as the kitchen. The second bedroom Stacy used as an office was similarly deserted. Annie walked into the main bedroom, wondering if her wife was in the bathroom.

“Stace?”

The sound of the door closing behind her made Annie spin around quickly.

Stacy stood in front of the door, still wearing her bathrobe.

It fit even more poorly than it had that morning.

She. Was. Huge.

Annie wondered how her wife was even able to stand with such massive weights attached to her chest. They reached forward over two feet, and Annie could see the edges of Stacy's areola peeking over the hem of her woefully inadequate robe.

Slowly, wordlessly, Stacy untied the belt on her robe, and it fell open to let a pair of fat pink nipples breathe the free air. She dropped her arms to her sides and let the heavy silk garment shimmer to the bedroom floor.

Immense breasts swelled proudly from Stacy's otherwise petite body. Annie felt sure that both sides of her wife's breasts would be visible even from behind. They spread wider than her shoulders, wider even than her generous hips. Yet somehow the bottom edges of their curves reached just to her waist, riding high and firm like a pair of ship's sails.

They were the biggest, most perfect, most beautiful breasts Annie had ever seen.

And they scared her.

She was afraid of them, and afraid of how much she wanted them.

"B-babe," Annie stammered, "I think I figured out what's h-happening to your..."

"My tits?" Stacy asked boldly, arching an eyebrow at Annie.

"Yeah. Did you go get more of that pink soda?"

"The Melon Soda? You bet your skinny little ass I did."

Stacy took a single step forward. Her gargantuan breasts jiggled and bobbed, perpetually in motion.

“Well I think that might be what’s making you... uh... swell.”

“I think you’re right, babe.”

Stacy stepped even closer, her breasts wobbling into Annie’s personal space. The dark-haired woman took a reflexive step backward.

“Okay, but I mean, don’t you think...”

“Don’t I think what, Annie?”

Again Stacy advanced, and again Annie stepped back, unable to tear her eyes from those glorious globes. Impossibly round, impossibly large, they loomed in her vision and made everything else in the world fade.

Annie shook herself and looked her wife in the eyes.

“Don’t you think you should... I don’t know... *stop drinking it!?*”

“Well, I have some good news for you, Ann.”

Annie backed away again as Stacy’s enormous orbs bobbed ever closer. She felt her legs touch the edge of the bed.

“The store is all out, and they don’t know when they’re gonna get more.”

“Oh. Well I guess that’s for the be—” Annie’s words were interrupted by her wife making a sudden surge forward and slamming those massive tits into her chest.

Thrown off balance, Annie fell back onto the bed. She started crawling away from her newly dominating wife. Stacy followed faster than Annie would have thought possible, clambering onto the bed and dropping her overgrown bosom on top of her.

Straddling her wife's hips, Stacy sat up far enough to see over her mountainous curves, but not so far that her weighty breasts weren't still pinning the thin woman on her back. Resting one arm on each fleshy orb, Stacy grinned down at Annie.

"The store ran out, because I bought up their whole stock."

Before Annie could speak again, Stacy plunged her hand down into the valley of cleavage between them, and slowly withdrew a brand new bottle of Melon Soda. Annie felt a brief moment of astonishment, impressed that her wife's tits were now so gigantic she could hide a damn two liter bottle between them, while naked.

Annie's awe quickly turned to panic, however, as Stacy unscrewed the plastic top and tossed it to the floor behind her.

"Babe, no!"

Annie's objections fell on deaf ears as Stacy raised the bottle to her lips and started chugging. Stacy's pale soft neck pulsed as the sweet, fizzy, pink liquid poured down her throat in a torrent.

Annie squirmed, trying to free herself as she felt the weight on her chest increase. She'd been right, the soda was making Stacy grow. She could feel it happening. She could *see* it happening. As Stacy continued to gulp down the mysterious beverage, more and more of her face disappeared from Annie's view as two pale mountains of flesh bulged larger, and larger.

A single tear leaked from Annie's eye as Stacy reached the bottom of the bottle and tossed it aside. Annie was struggling to breathe, but she'd never been so turned on in her life. Stacy rose to her knees, rolling on top of her breasts to bring her face close to Annie's. She kissed the salty tear from her wife's cheek, then kissed her lips.

"Don't be sad, babe. I got lots more bottles. Plus the store said they'll have more in stock by Tuesday."

Annie only whimpered, her hips rising off the bed hungrily.

Stacy's fingers found her wife's sopping pussy, and she plunged them in as she whispered in Annie's ear.

"I know you've always loved my big boobs, and now they're gonna be the biggest ever..."

The End