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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing*

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Morgan

I lay my head back against the pillow as the roaring fire raging through my body fades to an ember. Daisy's head pops up between my tits, her blonde pixie cut matted with sweat. She frowns.

"You're not eating... The deal was I'd keep eating as long as you did."

I moan theatrically. "I'm so full already! I can't fit another bite..."

Her hand disappears into my cleavage. She runs a tender caress across my stomach. I haven't seen my midsection in months. It feels like I'm about seven months pregnant, but there's nothing in there but two entire trays of lasagna, three loaves of cheesy garlic bread, and so much peach cobbler I've lost count. Daisy's fingers press into me. It doesn't hurt, but I can tell I'm reaching my limit.

"There's definitely still room in here; you're not full at all!"

Doctor Park glanced over the nurse's report on her tablet. "You're down two more pounds since I last saw you, Morgan."

Her dark eyes were kind, despite the hint of recrimination in her tone. I stared down at my lap, my cheeks burning with shame as if she hadn't just stated the obvious. As if I hadn't seen my ribs in the mirror that morning. "I'm trying to eat more, but I just can't," I muttered. "It makes me ill."

The doctor tapped on her tablet. "I'm going to send over a prescription. I consider appetite stimulants a last resort, but I think we're at that point. Give it a week, and if you have any side effects, or your vomiting continues, contact my office at once. Otherwise, we'll see you back here in six weeks."

"Thank you, Doctor."

I whine, "But I'm so tired, babe..."

Daisy stretches her thin body across my left tit to reach the table beside me. It's one of those laptop tables with the adjustable arm; the only place to set food where I can reach it without making a mess all over myself or the couch. She picks up an untouched carton of ice cream, giving it a light shake before peeling off the lid.

"The good news is, this is totally melted now. Open wide..."

I could have said our safe word at any point in the past hour, but I hadn't. I open my mouth.

Daisy rests a corner of the carton on my lower lip, and the thick, cold, rich, calorie-laden dessert flows into me.

"Damn, girl. Are you going up again? That's like five plates."

I knew Daisy wasn't judging me. If my only work friend went from barely choking down half a protein shake in the break room to clearing five plates of sugar chicken, I'd probably be freaking out. Never mind that I'd gone from flatter than Karl, the only dude who worked at the store, to barely fitting into the biggest bras we sell in less than three months. But I couldn't help myself. It just felt too good to finally be able to eat. To really eat, and enjoy every bite. I'd spent so long feeling tired and sick that being

healthy was like being a different person. I didn't have to force a smile with customers anymore. Well, most customers. And I wouldn't spend the whole afternoon shift trying to stay awake. Well, I probably still would, but it would be because I'd gorged myself at lunch like a pig, not because my body was eating itself away.

"Last one, I promise."

"Well, hurry up. We're already gonna be late getting back; I don't wanna end up back on mornings."

I barely heard my friend—the freshly-refilled tray of General Tso's was calling my name.

My teeth burn with cold, but my throat pulses as Daisy pours melted ice cream into my mouth. She leans her small body against my stomach and my skin tingles as her fingers stroke back and forth against a breast that weighs more than she does.

"That's it," Daisy purrs. "Drink it all down, you greedy girl. Get these calories inside you so they can grow these monsters even bigger..."

Even bigger. Those two words are enough to get me going again. Below my beautiful, gigantic tits, and below my packed stomach, my pussy pulses with need. I start swallowing faster and can almost feel my stomach inflating with cold dairy.

"This is very concerning," Doctor Park said. "It's good that you're finally getting your weight up to a healthy level, but it shouldn't be this... localized."

I stared down into my lap and tried to keep from breaking out into a wide grin when I saw nothing but cleavage below my chin. I custom ordered the 30K bra I wore less than two weeks earlier, and the straps were already let out as far as they would go.

"I think we should stop the pills until we can discover the cause of your... unusual weight gain."

Cold panic washed through me. Barely six months ago, I couldn't eat anything with more flavor than a saltine without spewing. That morning, I'd made a breakfast scramble with seven eggs and half a pound of bacon. I was already looking forward to my lunch break with Daisy.

"No, please! I can't go back!"

The doctor gestured vaguely at my body. "You wanted to be healthy, Morgan. *This* isn't healthy. It would be unethical for me to renew your prescription."

My eyes stung as hot tears formed. I shot to my feet, wrapping an arm around my tits to steady their wobbling as I strode to the door.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm leaving. Thanks for nothing."

I tried not to run as I fled out through the waiting room. I whispered, "Fuck you, Doctor" as I left the office.

The flow finally slows, and I lick the last few drops from the corner of the carton. Resting my head again, a soft burp escapes my lips. I'm almost the perfect level of full. My whole body—but especially my middle—feels so tight. I think back to all the things I've put in my mouth today, and lick the traces of ice cream from my lips. This is my second-favorite feeling, so full I might pop. All those years with a broken body led me here, to Daisy, and the freedom to eat everything I want, as much as I want, and then maybe a little more. And grow the biggest pair of tits in the world. My most favorite feeling is the taste of food. Any and every kind of food.

Daisy reaches over me again, grabbing a package of cookies. A brand new, unopened, family-size package of cookies.

"That was a good start, my little cow. But don't forget your dessert..."

"Dess-*urp*-ert!? Ice cream wasn't dessert?"

"Don't be silly," Daisy says, squeezing a handful of titflesh in her free hand. "One of your fans ordered these especially for you. It would be rude not to eat them."

My moan is a little less performative this time, but I open my mouth. Daisy lays a cookie on my tongue, grinning wickedly as I chew.

“That’s it... you’re gonna eat them all up...”

It turned out I didn’t need the pills anymore. Whatever they’d done to me, my “eating switch” was permanently switched on. My boobs seemed to be getting bigger by the day, and, as much as I was loving my new life, it wasn’t without its challenges.

“Would you stop pacing,” Daisy said. “Your bouncing tits are making me dizzy, and you’re gonna break another bra.”

“And now I can’t afford to buy a new one!” My wail held more rage than despair. “I just can’t believe Kim would fire me for this!”

“To be fair, your shirt practically exploded in front of customers. Those college girls are probably gonna need therapy.”

I rounded on her, my wrathful fists-on-hips pose undermined somewhat by my still-wobbling boobs. “Now you’re taking *her* side!?”

“Sorry, sorry!” Daisy scrunched her face into a look of outrage so forced that I almost forgot how mad I was. “You’re right; Kim is a total bitch. We should key her car!”

I laughed then, feeling better for the first time in the past hour. Daisy stood up to wrap her arms around me. “It’s gonna be fine, Morgs. You’ll find another job. A better job.”

“What store is gonna hire me now? I’m gonna lose my apartment.”

“You could move in here... if you want...”

I leaned back to meet her eyes. I’d been curious for a while by that point, and her nervous expression confirmed it. I bent a little closer, letting my lips part and closing my eyes.

Daisy’s mouth found mine.

While I chew the last cookie, Daisy reaches for a box of wrapped snack cakes. "Can't forget these. The guy who ordered them tipped like a hundred bucks."

"Two hundred."

She opens the box and sets it on my left breast. Burying both arms in my cleavage, she strokes my belly. "Just think; you'll be so stretched out after tonight you'll be able to eat even more tomorrow!"

A delighted gasp escapes my lips. I'm sopping wet, and somehow, my partner can tell. She dives between my tits again, disappearing from view. I feel her hands on my belly again, and her muffled voice saying, "I don't hear eating..."

Daisy's head popped out between my tits while I panted and rode out the best orgasm of my life. It was our first time, and they were only slightly bigger than her head.

"That... was amazing," I panted.

She grinned. "My pleasure. *Now* will you tell me what pills you were on that made you grow these beauties?"

"The doctor said it wasn't the pills. They were just appetite stimulants or whatever."

"So *that's* why you eat like a horse."

"Hey!"

Daisy hugged my tits around her face and motor-boated them a little. "Maybe 'like a cow' would be more accurate."

I sighed. "I still don't know what I'm gonna do about work, though."

She climbed off of me and dropped on the pillow. "You know, there are *other* ways to make money..."

I pull a cake from the box and tear open its plastic wrapper. I know I shouldn't eat any more, and that makes it taste even better. With Daisy between my legs, all I can see is the empty room and my tits stretching out in front of me. Stretching like I'm stretching my stomach right now. Resting on the floor, wider than the couch, spreading out into the room like two massive beanbag chairs.

It took a few months to get my presence out there, but it turns out a girl with "tassive mits" who's always growing bigger is in a very popular niche. Once Daisy and I got the food donation thing set up, we were even able to cut back on our grocery budget.

Alright, that's a lie. I still spend almost all my money on food. And clothes, but I only wear those for videos, and the subs and donations help a lot. Videos of buttons popping or tops ripping are some of my best-sellers, second only to the montages of me stuffing my face and growing over the past two years.

Daisy's tongue finds my labia, and even I'm not sure whether my moans are her doing, or the sweet sponge and icing in my mouth. I said my favorite feeling is tasting food, but tasting while being tasted is even better. I replay Daisy's teasing and taunting in my mind, cranking my pleasure dial even higher. I'm hungry all the time, now, and tomorrow, I'll get to eat even more. Tasting it all, shoving it all into my mouth, down my throat, into my stomach. A massive belly full of calories; fuel for my ever-growing tits. I can still move, but barely, and it's such a hassle I rarely bother. I don't need to move to make videos and do livestreams, and I have Daisy to bring me whatever I need, which is mostly just, "more food."

In a few more months, I'll be totally helpless. I'll have to rely on her for everything. But I love eating too much to care. The thought pushes me over the edge, and I stop chewing just long enough to cum.

I stuff another cake into my mouth, feeling my belly get a little tighter. My boobs will be even bigger tomorrow, and even bigger the day after that. It might not even take months. I'm already getting worked up again. I guess Daisy can tell, because she stays in my cleavage, going in for another round.