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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing, Feeding

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## Sally's Sugar Daddy

### I

Sally stood in the hallway of her apartment building, digging through her purse for her keys. Feeling the cold metal with her fingertips, the gorgeous Asian woman pulled the keys from her bag, slid one into the lock, and swung the door open. Stepping into her dark and empty apartment, Sally fumbled for the wall switch and flipped it on. Kicking her low black heels into a corner carelessly, Sally pulled the door shut behind her.

*Another crappy first date.*

It was the third such date in this month alone. In her mind, Sally replayed all the red flags from the evening.

“Charles” wore small hoop earrings in each ear, and his salt-and-pepper hair was a lot more salt than pepper. Sally didn’t mind either of those things per se—she often pursued slightly older men. They were often a little more old-fashioned, a little more *mature*, in all the best ways.

Stepping into her sparsely decorated but clean living room, Sally unfastened her skirt and let it drop to the floor.

First, Charles suggested he and Sally meet at the restaurant instead of picking her up. Then, he'd spent the whole dinner talking about his crypto portfolio or whatever, never asking Sally anything about herself.

Sally unbuttoned her short navy blazer and tossed it over a nearby chair.

When she'd handed Charles her phone and asked him to take a pic of her he'd actually grimaced, complaining that he didn't know how to work her older smartphone.

"Make sure to get all our food in the frame" she'd said. The man had literally rolled his eyes.

Sally ducked into her bedroom to grab a pair of baggy elastic sleep pants, and an oversized T-shirt.

During the entire meal, Sally tried to enjoy the food while Charles yammered on about random tech celebrities and their 'advice.' When she asked if they could get more wine he'd quirked one eyebrow at her like an uptight, WASPy mother-in-law.

Sally undid the buttons on her dusty rose blouse— she'd specifically chosen one with a low neckline. She knew full well that her healthy breasts were two of her best features, and often showed them off in photos, or on first dates.

Slipping on her sleep pants, Sally tossed the blouse on the chair with her blazer. She popped the loose tee shirt over her head, pulling out her glossy black hair to let it hang halfway down her back.

The coup de grâce had come at the end, when Charles insisted they split the check. Not only was the man so fucking judgmental that he'd made disapproving noises and 'looks' at her while she ate — instead of appreciating her cleavage — he didn't even have the decency to *offer* to pick up the check!

Undoing the hooks on her 34G bra, Sally slipped the large undergarment out from under her sleep shirt and tossed it onto the chair with the rest of her date outfit. She dropped down longways across her couch with an exasperated sigh

and flipped on the TV. She considered ordering a late night snack to ease her bad mood, but remembered with annoyance that covering her share of dinner had tapped out her budget for the week.

Suffice it to say, Sally did not consider herself a feminist. Sure, she appreciated the opportunities in life that her mother or grandmother never got, but did those things have to come at the expense of chivalry? All Sally wanted with a nice man, with a good job, who wanted to treat her right... Maybe even spoil her a little. Was that too much to ask?

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The next day, Sally sat in the break room of her office eating lunch. She held a big sandwich in one hand and her phone in the other. Feeling her suit skirt pinch into her soft tummy, Sally wished for about the hundredth time that they'd been allowed to keep working from home after the restrictions were lifted.

She'd gotten just as much work done from her apartment as the office, if not more! As many reports filed, as many appointments kept, and every single asinine meetings the managers and executives needed to have to justify their salaries.

As she tried to enjoy her lunch, Sally swiped left on one man after another. One was wearing a beer hoodie in his main profile pic: swipe left. One had on sunglasses and a baseball cap in every photo: swipe left. One was wearing some kind of linen tunic, and had a quote from Gandhi on his page: *hard* swipe left.

*Are there no **men** left in this city?*

Finally, Sally saw a profile that met with her approval. "Percy" was 43 and his profile said he was a small business owner. That could have been a red flag, but Sally could tell the suits he wore in nearly every photo were high end, one or two looked like they were tailored. Sally took a huge bite out of her ham and Swiss, and swiped right.

Sally's phone *pinged* before she'd finished eating. She smiled to herself smugly. Her dating profile was filled with only her best photos. Sundresses, bikinis, and just one of her signature "smiling face surrounded by plates of food" shots. The unifying theme of course was her chest— every photo showed off at least a little cleavage, and in the bikini shots she was even spilling out the sides.

While Sally very often struck out on first dates, she almost never failed to get very quick interest in the *next* first date.

[Hello Sally, you seem like someone I'd like to know. Can I buy you dinner this Friday?]

Sally's pupils dilated and she couldn't stop a wide grin from spreading across her soft cheeks. Percy was off to a pretty good start.

<What did you have in mind?>

[Do you know Antonio's on West Fourth?]

<I've never been, but it's on my list of places to try.>

[Excellent. I can pick you up, or if you prefer not give out your address we can meet there.]

Sally sent her address.

[Perfect. I'll be there at 7pm?]

<Sounds great!>

[I'm looking forward to it. Enjoy the rest of your day, Sally.]

<Thanks! You too!>

Sally tried to temper her excitement through the rest of her work day, but couldn't help wiggling in her office chair every now and then. Antonio's was an Italian place that got almost all four and five-star reviews. It was very high on

Sally's list of restaurants, but was much too pricy for her to justify visiting alone. She could almost taste the garlic bread and marinara already.

## II

Sally checked her watch for the dozenth time, then stepped in front of the full-length mirror again. A few strands of hair framed her face, while the rest was pinned back to show off the white gold earrings dangling from each lobe. Her dress was black with spaghetti straps, and the layered skirt reached almost to her knees. She'd left the low heels in her closet in favor of a pair of black pumps that added two inches to her height, getting her almost to 5'3.

Sally ran her hands along the sides of her torso, flattening imaginary wrinkles in the little black dress. It was one of her more modest dresses despite being sleeveless. The puffy style of the skirt made it hard to tell just how big her hips and bum were, though in truth neither were particularly noticeable next to her ample bosom. The neckline of Sally's dress was high enough that she only showed off three to four inches of cleavage, but the straps of her black bra peeked out under those of the dress. The way the fabric clung and stretched over her torso made it obvious she was packing a formidable pair of chest canons.

Sally touched one hand to her stomach and rotated in the mirror, making sure the relative smallness of her waist was apparent. She felt a twinge of hunger and furrowed her dark, thick eyebrows. She'd intentionally eaten a light lunch in anticipation of this ~~meal~~ date.

Seeing a message from Percy light up her phone, Sally slipped it into her small black purse and left her apartment, hitting the lights on her way out. Downstairs she found the man himself, wearing a very well cut charcoal suit. He stood nearly six feet tall and though his hair was starting to thin, he was more than a little handsome, with bright blue eyes and a close-trimmed beard. He stood outside a large black town car, and held the door open for her as she approached.

“Very nice to meet you Sally.” He said, flashing a smile of perfectly straight white teeth and holding out a hand to her.

When Sally took his hand he brought it to his face and brushed her fingers with his lips. He helped her into the car, climbing in behind her. Percy had a driver, or at least had hired one for the evening. This was almost going *too* well.

During the short drive to the restaurant, Percy and Sally made small talk. He asked all about her job, her life, and her hobbies. He offered little info about himself, but showed great interest in Sally. She told him all about her boring job, then gushed about her hobbies, which mostly centered around social media, and food.

“So do you write reviews, like on a food blog?” He asked.

“I started a blog, but it’s pretty light so far. I mostly just put little blurbs in some of my social posts.”

“Well, everyone has to start somewhere. It’s cool that you have something you’re passionate about.”

“Ha ha, yeah... I guess I’d call myself a foodie, but really I just live to eat...” Sally giggled, sending her breasts jiggling in her tight dress.

She caught Percy’s eyes dart to her cleavage for a millisecond then dart back up to meet her own. She smiled up at him warmly.

“Well *Antonio’s* is one of my favorites, so I hope you brought your appetite.”

“Don’t tempt me with a good time.” Sally teased.

This was going *very* well...

Sally was practically drooling as the *mélange* of aromas hit her nose. The restaurant was dimly lit with candles at the tables. Percy made reservations, so they were seated immediately. The rolls were still steaming when a busser set the basket on their table.

“Do you prefer red or white Sally?” Percy asked when the server arrived with the wine list.

“Either is fine.” Sally said as she spread whipped butter on a warm roll.

“A bottle of the 2019 *Palm Rocca* please.” Percy said without looking at the list.

“Excellent choice *signore*.”

Sally bit into the perfectly baked roll and complemented herself on also making an excellent choice.

Percy kept up amiable conversation, seeming entirely unaffected by Sally’s visible enjoyment of the simple dinner rolls. The server returned with a bottle of Pinot Noir, pulling the cork and pouring a sample for Percy. He sampled a sip and nodded, and the young man poured for them both.

The server left them to enjoy the wine for awhile— *Antonio’s* was not an establishment that rushed their guests. Sally took a sip of her wine. She was no kind of expert on wine, but this was easily the best she’d ever tasted. She savored the long-lasting flavor of the bread and felt the heat of the wine warm her insides while she perused the menu.

“You must come here a lot... any recommendations?”

“I’ve never been disappointed at *Antonio’s*, choose whatever you like.”

“Hmm...”

When the server returned, Percy — again having not looked at the menu — ordered a Caesar salad and lobster linguine. Emboldened by his extravagant choice, Sally said,

“Could I have the Half & Half with crab ravioli?”

“Of course *signora*, and—“

“And the Arancini?”

“Of course.”

“And the Bruschetta.”

“Excellent choice.”

“Oh I should get a salad too... the Waldorf chicken salad please.”

“Very good, *signora*.”

The server took their menus and left them alone again. Sally’s cheeks turned slightly pink.

“Sorry...”

“That’s quite alright Sally. After all, you need to try different things to review for your blog, right?”

“Right!” Sally smiled at Percy and took another sip of her wine. She could hardly believe he’d made the excuse for her, though she wondered if he’d be quite so understanding when she ate every last bite.

Sally stopped herself at three rolls, but was very close to grabbing a fourth when the salads and appetizers arrived. The Waldorf was loaded with grapes, apples, and candied walnuts— it could easily have been a meal in itself. The greens and fruits in her massive salad were all perfect, full flavored and bright— Sally struggled to think of a time she’d had a better salad. Percy politely declined both the Bruschetta and Arancini, so Sally devoured both while she worked her way through her massive salad and another glass of wine. Every bite was better than the last, and Sally found it difficult to keep up conversation while all the amazing flavors danced across her taste buds.

Her entrée was almost large enough to share. The ravioli was plump and shiny, practically bursting open from the cheese and lobster meat within each delectable square. The spaghetti was perfectly al dente, and piled high with



thick sauce and gorgeous meatballs. There was a brief moment where Sally thought she might be reaching her limit. But everything on her plate tasted so good that with the help of another glass of wine and a fourth dinner roll, she was soon sopping up the last bits of luscious red sauce.

Between each dish, Percy took photos of Sally with her plates. The sheer ecstasy of her meal was clear in Sally's bright eyes and gleaming smile, when she looked at the photos later they instantly went into her favorites folder. When the entrees arrived Sally didn't even have to ask, Percy simply smiled and held out a hand for her phone.

"How was everything, *signore, signora?*"

"Excellent, thank you." Percy answered for them both.

"Would you like to see a dessert menu?"

Percy glanced at Sally. She was clearly stuffed, but he seemed to read her mind.

"No need. Gelato please, strawberry, and the cannoli."

"Very good *signore.*"

"You saved room for dessert, didn't you Sally?"

"Al-*hic*-ways."

Just like everything else Sally had eaten tonight, the desserts were flawless. Percy offered to share the desserts, and had only a small taste of each before letting Sally enjoy them both. Between the flavors on her tongue and the tightness in her stomach, it was all Sally could do not to audibly whimper at the unparalleled experience.

Percy was a true gentleman to the last, walking Sally to the door of her building. He leaned in to kiss her on the cheek, then squeezed her hand tenderly before releasing it.

“I had a great time tonight Sally. I hope I’ll see you again soon.”

Feeling the heavy load in her belly pressing against the material of her dress, Sally resisted the urge to jump the man’s bones right there on the stoop.

“I hope so too Percy. Have a good night.”

He favored her with another brilliant smile. “Goodnight, Sally.”

Two minutes later Sally was spread out on her couch. She slid the elastic band of her sleep pants down under the swell of her taught tummy and ran one hand slowly over its surface beneath her big shirt. Somehow she could still feel all the incredible flavors that had passed her lips this evening.

“I don’t even *care* what the catch is. I’m sticking to this guy as long as I can, and I’m gonna *-urp-* fuckin *enjoy* every bite...”

### III

Percy took Sally out again the following Friday. They went to another costly restaurant, this one French-style. She didn’t see the bill, but she was sure it was almost as much as her month’s rent. Sally barely had time to worry about that though, she was far too busy answering Percy’s charming questions and sipping a Sauvignon Blanc older than she was. To say nothing of the foie gras, crêpes salées, quiche Lorraine, and a plate of *Confit de Canard* so succulent Sally felt like she was floating in a cloud of gastronomic pleasure, despite the growing heaviness in her middle.

The following weekend Percy was out of town on business, but invited Sally to lunch at the place across from her office on Friday before he had to leave. It was a good thing too because Sally took advantage of every single minute of her lunch break, plus a few extras. The restaurant across from Sally’s work was a sushi place, and she managed to taste at least fifteen different rolls before she lost count. None of them were a California roll.

Weeks rolled by and Sally's coworkers and few friends started making little flattering comments. Saying she seemed more cheerful and upbeat. That she was smiling more than usual. Sally realized with surprise that she might actually be falling for Percy. She almost hadn't noticed in her elation over getting to finally taste all the delicious luxury foods denied her by middle-class station, but she was starting to really like the man. Percy was kind, thoughtful, and obviously generous. He doted on Sally, paid her honest, genuine compliments, and gave her his full attention even when she yammered on about the most mundane or trivial things.

Sally decided it was time to give Percy the ultimate test. She still knew very little about his career. It was something about the foodservice industry, which made sense considering his impeccable taste in wine and restaurants. Percy still talked very little about himself, and to Sally's shame, she rarely asked. Regardless, Sally's 'final test' of her potential lifelong partner was something rather more... physical, than the specifics of his job.

On the fated evening, Sally dug out an old favorite from her closet, a slinky red number whose satin fabric shimmered over every wrinkle and crease formed by her soft body. When she'd checked herself in the mirror before Percy picked her up, Sally would have sworn her breasts looked a little bloated.

This wasn't a new experience for Sally by a long shot. She'd discovered her love for good food while she was developing, and her healthy appetite only made her breasts keep growing. Long after she'd surpassed even the most blessed of her friends, Sally's development seemed to never end. It wasn't until she moved out and had to start paying her own bills that Sally was forced to curb her appetite. And since her weight gain slowed to almost nothing, she'd been the same bra size for almost two years. Twisting in the mirror, Sally eyed her rounded ass appreciatively, thinking it also looked a little bigger than normal. Maybe it was the dress. Sally refused to acknowledge the love handles beginning to form on either side of her relatively narrow waist.

Percy walked Sally to the door of her building as usual. They'd been ending their evenings with a few brief, polite kisses, but the filet mignon and Burgundy swam in Sally's stuffed tummy and made her bold. She stood on her toes and when her tongue slipped between Percy's teeth he responded in kind— gently at first, then matching her intensity step for step.

Sally and Percy's time together was like the kind of impossible to believe stories that prudish parents and youth pastors tell horny teens to cajole them into waiting till marriage. Percy seemed to read Sally's mind. He always started gentle, but somehow knew when she was ready for him to be more forceful and exactly how much. The closest thing Sally had to a complaint as she lay snuggled under Percy's arm in her bed, was that he'd paid a lot of attention to her breasts. Which was hardly unusual— the handful of men (and one girl in college) she'd let herself be intimate had all been fascinated with them to some degree. Yet the ministrations of Percy's fingers and mouth seemed incongruously greedy beside his otherwise generous and giving personality.

*Still she thought as she drifted off if the worst thing he does is play with my boobs a little too much, well...*

Sally's mind replayed every touch, every squeeze and lick and hints of teeth on her nipples. She could still feel a tingle spreading from the dark pink nubs all the way up her fat round tits.

*It's not like he isn't **really** good at that too...*

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Once Percy and Sally started spending the night together, he became even more generous, much to Sally's surprise. Percy frequently sent flowers and — more often — chocolates and candy sent to Sally at work. Her coworkers gradually switched from appreciative and encouraging comments to jealous glares and dirty looks. They started going out to dinner multiple times a week, and sometimes he'd even come into the office to pick her up, adding to her coworkers' annoyance.

The straight men in the office, especially the single ones, felt crushed. Never mind the fact that a few had gone on first dates with Sally and spread the word that she was a very expensive date. The handful of lesbians in the office sympathized with the men, and felt their pain. None of them got paid enough to keep a woman like Sally. The straight women only glared, and occasionally tried complaining to HR about Sally's 'immodesty.' But Sally never violated the

company dress code. As much as commuting to the office irked her, she always kept herself covered almost to the neck. But there was nothing she could do to hide the impressive curves of her growing chest.

Because all of Percy's gifts and dinners and opulent lunches were making their effects known. It was a good thing Percy was satisfying her foodie urges so well, because Sally was buying new clothes – especially bras – much more frequently since they started dating.

On the six month anniversary of their first date, Percy took Sally somewhere new. The cutest little bakery and sweets shop she'd ever seen. Her eyes practically sparkled as she slowly turned to take in all the perfect cupcakes, crullers, donuts, and hand-made candies. When she made her way full circle to face Percy again, she found him kneeling and looking up at her.

"Sally..."

Sally gasped and put both hands to her mouth.

"These last six months have been the happiest of my life. And if you'll have me, I'd love to spend the rest of my life making you as happy as you've made me."

"Yes..."

"I know it's fast, and we don't have to set a date right away..."

"I said yes."

Sally bent down, giving Percy and a few nearby patrons a good look at her bulging cleavage, and took his head in both her hands, kissing him like she meant it. The bakery staff and customers applauded. Percy stood, wrapping Sally in a hug, and lifting her off her feet with a barely audible grunt. When he set her down, he kept her in his arms, the bloated globes of her breasts filling the space between them.

"I have another surprise for you..."

“Yes?”

“This is my shop.”

Sally’s eyes widened.

“What, like, you’re a chef? *-er-* A baker?”

Percy chuckled, stepping away and taking Sally’s hand.

“I don’t like to talk about it, because people get weird sometimes, but I own this shop. And several other restaurants as well.”

Sally couldn’t help herself. “How many others?”

Percy laughed again. “Six others, but I’m in the process of starting another and acquiring two more.”

Sally’s eyes very nearly turned to dollar signs. “Really?”

Percy nodded. “Yep, including the Thai place we went to last night.”

“I thought it was odd they all knew you, but that kind of happens everywhere... Wait! Have we been going to your restaurants all this time?”

“Heh, no. Just this one, and last night. It’s hard for me to take dates to my places, for the same reason I don’t advertise my business in my personal life.”

“That makes sense I guess...”

“Anyway,” Percy said, leading Sally to the main glass cases packed with sweets, “now that we’re engaged, I’ll take you to all of them. I’ll make sure all of my employees know who you are.”

Sally was nearly salivating looking over the desserts on offer, and she almost missed Percy’s next words.

“You’ll eat for free at any of them, even if I’m not with you.”

Sally froze where she stood. Her whole body flooded with so much pleasure that she almost came, in public and surrounded by strangers. Licking her lips she looked at the treats under glass again.

“Could I have one of everything?” She managed to whisper.

The girl behind the counter smiled brightly. “Of course, Miss Sally!”

Percy’s ‘catch’ turned out to be the most beautiful words Sally had ever heard. A tiny voice in the back of her mind wondered what the real catch was, but it was drowned out by the sights and smells of a sweets shop she might just eat into bankruptcy.

#### IV

If Sally had enjoyed being Percy’s girlfriend, she *loved* being his fiancé. They went on dates several times a week, and they both agreed it was more fun to go to restaurants he didn’t own on those nights. The rest of the time, Sally went to Percy’s restaurants for lunch and dinner every single day. He gave her a no-limit black card she could use to pay for Lyfts wherever she wanted to go. It also came in handy on her weekly trips to the shopping district for wardrobe upgrades.

Bikinis, sundresses, evening gowns, even just nice blouses and skirts. In short order the closet in Sally’s tiny apartment was packed fuller than her date night lingerie. Sally’s interest in fashion was second only to her love of good food, so she was delighted every time a bra or top or even skirt started to get uncomfortably snug. She knew it was just another excuse – though she hardly needed one – to go on another shopping spree.

These wardrobe malfunctions and mishaps started happening more and more often. Because every day Sally got the royal treatment. Whether she was out with Percy letting him spoil her out of another snug evening gown, or just

popping into one of his restaurants on her lunch break to give her stomach capacity a good workout, Sally had never eaten better in her life.

“Can I get you anything else, Miss Sally?” The thirty–something server at Percy’s burger joint asked.

“–*Hmpf*– two more of these, please!” Sally smiled, holding a double bacon and jalapeño burger in her hands.

It was her fourth such burger on today’s ‘lunch break.’ Each came with a generous side, and Sally had tried them all (except for the side salad.)

“And what sides?” The server asked nervously.

“Hmmm... the tots again, and the sweet potato fries.” Sally said through a mouthful of perfectly cooked beef.

The server nodded and hurried away. Sally could feel the waistband of her skirt digging into her tummy as she filled it with delicious food. Her bra for that matter was digging into her shoulders and back. There was little she could do about her bra, but Sally reached under the table to slide the skirt a little lower, giving her soft belly room to stretch, and took another big bite.

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“Sally, could I see you in my office?”

It was the company’s HR Director, a woman unfortunately named Karen. Sally closed the document she’d just opened – having just returned from her ‘lunch hour’ – and stood back up. She should have felt weighed down and sluggish from yet another marathon eating session at Percy’s sweets shop, but her body was getting used to the daily pampering. Sally adjusted her overtaxed outfit and followed Karen into her office.

“Did you have a good lunch?” Karen asked as Sally squeezed her hips into the simple chair opposite the woman’s desk.



“Oh yeah, it was great...” Sally mused, resisting the urge to rub her tightly-packed tum.

“You *-uh-* were gone quite a while...”

Sally flushed a little. “Yeah *-uhm-* it’s my fiancé’s restaurant, and it’s a bit of a drive in this traffic...”

“I see. Well, this is between you and your supervisor, but a two hour lunch break is a little excessive, don’t you think?” Karen asked, eyeing the excessive cleavage spilling from Sally’s floral print blouse.

Sally fidgeted her fingers and nodded. “Yeah, I suppose...”

Karen shook herself and met Sally’s eyes. “Anyway, that’s not why I asked to speak with you. Sally, I’ve been getting even more complaints about your wardrobe.”

“Who was it?” Sally demanded. “Was it that bi-*-er-* stuck up *-uh-* prude Amy at reception? She’s been jealous of me since she started!”

Karen held out a placating hand. “You know I can’t say from whom, but I *can* say that I’ve gotten complaints from multiple employees.”

Karen waited for Sally to take a few calming breaths and meet her eyes again. “Sally. I’m not your enemy here. It’s no secret that you’ve put on a little weight... and off the record, I think you look amazing.” Karen paused as if debating whether to continue. “This is way out of line for me to say, but I’d kill for a body half as curvy as yours.”

“Thanks...” Sally muttered.

“But look at your outfit.” Karen continued. “Does that really seem ‘office-appropriate’ to you?”

Sally looked down to the floor, only to have her vision filled with an abundance of ripe, pale cleavage.

“I guess not...” She admitted. “But I’m going shopping again on Saturday!”

“I remember when you bought that blouse and were showing it off, Sally.” Karen said in a motherly tone. “It was scandalously snug even then...”

Sally heaved a sigh, and for a moment Karen worried the dark-haired girl was about to pop a button off the blouse in question.

“You’re right, you’re right... I’m sorry.”

“Whatever you do on your own time is your own business, of course. But if you want to keep your job here, I suggest you get some better fitting clothes.”

“A-alright...”

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Karen was painted with a much less reasonable brush in Sally’s recounting of the encounter to Percy that night.

“And then she said if I wanted to keep my job I should start dressing like a damn nun!” Sally said through a mouthful of gyoza.

Percy raised an eyebrow. “Did she really say ‘nun?’”

Sally pouted, plucking another dumpling from the plate with her chopsticks. “No... but she might as well have!” The meat filled appetizer slipped into her mouth alongside the last unfinished one.

Percy smiled. “You know... you don’t have to work if you don’t want to. If you don’t like your job you could always just quit.”

The world opened up in Sally’s mind’s eye. She’d always assumed it was her responsibility as a modern woman to contribute her fair share to a household’s income. At least, until or unless she became a mother.

“Really?”

Percy chuckled. “Of course! I want you to be happy, my dear. If your job doesn’t make you happy, or at least, fulfilled, then quit! I’ll support you in whatever you decide.”

Sally smiled, then frowned as she chewed. What did she want? What would make her happy? Percy reached across the table to touch her hand.

“Darling. If I may?”

“Hmm?”

“I know your real passion is food. Why don’t you dedicate yourself completely to that?”

Sally swallowed. “But it’s just a blog and some social media... I’ll never make any real money at it.”

Percy smiled warmly. “I don’t like to brag my dear, but we’ll do perfectly well if you never bring in a single red cent.”

Sally blushed. “But I—”

“I mean it. What matters to me more than anything is your happiness. If you want to take your credit card and try every restaurant in the city, writing reviews or not, then that’s what I want you to do.”

“Really?”

“Really. I only wish I could be there with you all the time. But if I know you’re enjoying yourself, it will make all my time apart from you running the businesses worthwhile.”

Sally felt like her heart might burst.

“I... I love you, Percy.”

“I love you too Sally.”

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After Sally quit her job, the wheels truly came off. Fancy breakfasts and brunches bled right into excessive lunches and extravagant dinners. Percy joined her whenever he could, but Sally was more than content to visit any and every place in town on her own. Her favorites were still Percy's places, where everyone knew her and was eager to please.

"More meatloaf, Miss Sally?" The server asked. Sally was only halfway through her third helping. She nodded.

"Is that girl *still* here?" Another server asked as she flitted back to the kitchen.

"Yeah, that's the owner's fiancé."

"He *-uh-* likes them big, huh?"

"Jesus, Stacey, keep your voice down!"

"Sorry, it's just... she's been here almost three hours."

"You just let me worry about that. If she's happy, the boss is happy, and that's good for all of us."

"I guess so..."

"I *know* so. Let me take care of Sally, you focus on yourself. Table seven needs refills on their drinks."

"Oh shit, thanks!"

Percy was old-fashioned, and insisted they wait until after the wedding to move in together. So Sally went back to her own apartment to sleep off her outrageous lunch before changing for dinner. She stood in front of the mirror twisting back and forth. The shimmering green gown was a new one she'd bought barely two weeks ago. It had fit well enough then, but was already quite snug across her rounding hips and soft tummy. Up top was another situation entirely. Sally's

breasts were soaking up more than their share of the excess calories, and were half again as big as her head. Fat and round they stretched the material of her dress, creating mind–blowing cleavage that, with the help of her custom–made bra, jutted forward nearly a foot from Sally’s ribcage. Still, she couldn’t help but be annoyed at the growing softness in her lower half.

*It’s a good thing Percy loves my boobs so much, because I’m getting fat...*

Sally’s weight worries were long–forgotten by dinner time.

“We had the filet mignon last time, do you want that again?” Percy asked.

“Hmm, definitely. But I remember this lobster being amazing too...”

Percy flagged down the server.

“Chef’s salad for me, add salmon please. And the lady will have the filet mignon, and the lobster dinner. We’d also like the pancetta, veal meatballs, and the Charcuterie board as appetizers, please. Oh, and a bottle of the 2015 *Chateau Lafite*, please.”

Sally’s stomach rumbled in anticipation of the opulent feast to come. Somehow in all her visits to the various venues in town, Percy always knew how to elevate her epicurean impulses to euphoric heights.

She’d go dress shopping again on Sunday.

## V

It’s hard to say whether Sally’s appetite got any larger in the months leading up to the wedding. She was most certainly not on any ‘bride diet.’ What she insisted Percy do, was hire her a personal trainer. Carla was a half–Latina who’d rarely had her work so cut out for her.

“That’s it Sally, you can do it! Just three more reps.”

Sally was drenched in sweat, clad in skin-tight yoga pants that showed every curve of her magnificent round mound of an ass. It had taken three sports bras with multiple X's on them to corral the enormous lobes of her breasts, and they still wobbled furiously as Sally strained her thighs and calves, squatting down then standing slowly back up.

"Shouldn't *-haa-* shouldn't I have weights for this?"

"Do you want to make this *more* difficult?" Carla asked wryly.

"-Hrrrrg- I guess *-haa-* not..."

"Let's stick with bodyweight exercises for now." Carla was too much a professional to remark that Sally *definitely* had enough 'body weight' on her upper body to make these squats effective.

Of course the extra exertion just made Sally even more hungry. Very little about the wedding planning was stressful, but that didn't stop Sally from using it as an excuse to over-indulge. She did manage to shave a few numbers off her pants size, but her bosom it seemed was not only the first place she gained weight, but the last place she lost it. The dressmaker's bill for the constant alterations to her wedding gown was one of the largest Percy paid for the whole event. The poor woman was still making adjustments to Sally's bodice the night before the Big Day.

Needless to say, there were more than a few raised eyebrows and whispered comments when friends and family who hadn't seen her in months or years got an eyeful of Sally's bridal body.

"Wow Sally... being in a happy relationship really... suits you."

"I can see Percy's taking very good care of you, dear..."

"I don't think I can finish this cake. Do you want it, Sally?"

Many wedding cakes have leftovers that get sent home with relatives, but Sally's did not. Percy managed to have the top layer spirited away by a servant, but Sally woke up before him the next morning and polished it off for 'breakfast.'

Their honeymoon was an all-inclusive cruise in the Caribbean. The suite cabin Percy booked was so spacious Sally might have spent the whole trip there, had the restaurants and buffets on board not been so delectable. A set of servants had been hired for their exclusive use, so Sally spent plenty of time sunning herself on their private balcony between meals, being waited on hand and foot.

"Your order of coconut prawns has arrived Miss Sally."

Sally sat in their private hot tub, her view of the ocean's horizon partially obscured by her enormous breasts bobbing in the water. Beneath the surface, she rubbed her swollen stomach. She'd sampled every possible flavor and topping of perfectly cooked waffles at breakfast, and had been snacking since they returned to the suite.

"I'll take those, James."

Percy stepped out onto the balcony, carrying a platter of fried shrimp and cocktail sauce. Lowering himself down, he dipped his feet into the warm water and sat on the side of the tub.

"Ready for more babe?"

"I'm so full Percy... and I'm getting so big..."

"We're on vacation." Percy said simply, plucking a golden brown crunchy shrimp between his fingers and dangling it in front of Sally's mouth.

Her pink tongue slipped just over her lower teeth as Sally opened her mouth to let Percy feed her. He was right of course. On vacation, diet was a four letter word. Under her fingers, she felt her tightly packed stomach grow even tighter as her *husband* fed her. As Sally chewed, she wondered what they were having for lunch.

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Needless to say, Sally's entire wardrobe needed updating after their honeymoon. She moved into Percy's house — a mansion, really — and though she made a good show of wanting to help out with the chores, she was more than happy to let the small complement of serving staff take care of everything.

For the first six months or so, Sally kept up her old life— visiting restaurants, writing reviews, and interacting with her small base of followers. But as she spent her days wolfing down Percy's food and cleaning out Percy's restaurants, her tours of the city were getting increasingly impractical.

Stacey, the server at Percy's "Americana" restaurant, swore she could feel the ground tremble under her feet.

"Alice... I think your *-uh-* favorite customer is back..."

A positively *enormous* Sally pushed her way tits—first into the sliding glass doors, then stop halfway in.

"Welcome back, Miss Sally! Do you *-er-* need some help?"

Sally grunted and pushed. Her head surged forward a few inches, but her overfed breasts didn't budge.

"Yes please, *-um-*"

"Alice."

"Alice, thanks. I don't know what's going on with this door. Why won't it open all the way?"

The server bit her bottom lip. "It's *-uh-* been on the fritz lately." She lied.

Alice took Sally's proffered hands, and between the two of them managed to yank the pneumatic Asian woman through the door and into the restaurant. Several hours and countless entrees later, it took Alice and two of the kitchen



staff to shove Sally's bloated form back out again. As Alice stood watching the woman's dump truck ass waddle as she walked back to the town car, the manager stepped up beside her.

"I know she's the owner's wife, but if she comes back here again, she has to sit outside."

Alice didn't say what she thought— that in another few weeks no amount of shoving would get Sally and her tits through the door. She wondered if Percy needed any kitchen workers in his household staff.

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Sally sat in her personal queen size bed, reclining on a mountain of pillows. A box of cupcakes from Percy's sweets shop rested on the shelf of each gargantuan breast. She took turns plucking the delicious treats from one box then the other. The perfectly moist sponge and buttery icing melted on her tongue, adding to her carnal pleasure.

Adding, because, Sally could feel, rather than see, Percy burrowed under her body as he munched on his own treat. Sally's breasts spread out over the bed, together they weighed more than Percy. Between the acreage of cleavage she could see, and the large round gut she couldn't, she had no chance of seeing her husband as he pleased her.

"Aaah *-homf-* oh god! *-ulp-* Yes! *-chomp-* Yes! YESSSSS!!!!"

Sally paused in her chewing for just a moment, to ride out the wave of her climax. As she felt Percy crawling back out from under her belly, she reached one hand into the box on her left breast, and found nothing but crumbs. The right box was similarly barren.

"Perc, I'm all out."

Percy's head popped up between the valley of her cleavage, then reached down out of Sally's line of sight. A second later he reappeared with two fresh boxes. He tossed the empty ones to the floor and replaced them with fresh ones—

crullers this time. While Sally resumed her snacking, Percy worked his way between her immense breasts so their bodies could truly meet.

Sally sighed through a mouthful of donut as she felt her husband slide into her. Percy used one arm laid across Sally's left breast for leverage, then reached into a box with his free hand and hand fed the donut to her.

Sally finished off those two boxes while Percy came, then two more of eclairs while they laid together relaxing in the afterglow. Percy was in his favorite post-coital position, nestled between Sally's breasts, head resting on her clavicle.

"Babe..." she began, holding a donut in her hand, "are you concerned at all?"

"Concerned?"

"About my... *-er-* size?"

"Not at all, you're beautiful."

Percy craned his neck to give his wife a kiss.

"But I'm getting kinda chubby..."

Percy chuckled, sending rippling waves along the surface of Sally's ridiculous breasts. He reached up to stroke the surface of the breast filling his vision. Sally had passed "chubby" a long time ago.

"Chubby in all the right places." He teased.

"I'm glad you appreciate my tits, but I'm also getting big everywhere else."

"Worth it."

Now it was Sally's turn to laugh. She soon grew somber again.

"But what if I get pregnant? Imagine how big they'll get... I might not be able to move!"

Percy made soothing noises and continued stroking Sally's bare breast.

"We'll cross that bridge when we get to it. I'll take care of you, whatever happens."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

Sally chewed contemplatively.

"You ready for another box?" Percy asked. "Dinner should be ready in about 10 minutes. Chef's making carbonara."

"Oh yessss..." Sally moaned. "Help me up, I need to get dressed."

"You don't want to just eat here?"

"Let's eat at the table while I can still carry these things around."

Sally patted her chest lovingly, licking her lips at the thought of another delicious meal. So what if she was getting fat? So what if she'd likely be immobilized by her massive tits by the time the year was out? Percy loved her huge boobs, and didn't seem to care how big the rest of her got, as long as they kept growing. And all she had to do to make that happen was keep enjoying delicious food. It was a match made in heaven.