



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

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The ditzy receptionist at a research lab tests an experimental formula.

Contains: *Rapid Breast Expansion, Stuffing, Giantess*

## Side Effects May Include

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### I

Sasha returned from her lunch break to find Jackie in her lab. The receptionist hadn't touched anything yet, thankfully, but she was peering curiously at the beakers and test tubes Sasha had left sitting out. One of the few other women in her workplace, Jackie had been the object of Sasha's secret crush for years. She wore her bottle-blond hair in a low ponytail that reached halfway down her back, and stood almost a head shorter than Sasha's five-ten. With her cover model face and low-cut blouses, Jackie must have been a knockout in college, but now, in her late twenties, her metabolism had clearly slowed. A full bottom strained the stitching of her ripped jeans, and a generous muffin top peeked out of a shirt that likely wasn't meant to be a crop. None of that put Sasha off, but a quiet voice in the back of her mind was disappointed that Jackie's bust didn't seem to be getting its fair share of the excess that was accumulating in the rest of her figure.

Of more immediate concern than Jackie's measurements, however, was that the ditzy receptionist had gone from looking to touching. She ran one enamel-nailed finger along the rim of a petri dish and even went so far as to lift a tube to the bright fluorescents to squint at its contents. One dropped vial or cracked beaker could set Sasha's work back weeks, if not months.

"Hey..." Sasha said, slowly and carefully, as if trying not to spook a woodland creature.

"Hey Sasha!" Jackie said, spinning on her electric pink heels with a small beaker in her hand. "What's this?"

She lacked the good grace to look ashamed at being caught snooping.

The beaker was three-quarters full of liquid, nearly clear with a faint brown tint. "It's my latest experiment," Sasha said. "We're attempting to achieve rapid lipid transfer—"

“An expander formula?” Jackie’s eyes widened as her glossy pink lips parted in a grin. She held the beaker up to her nose, sniffing at its contents. The pretty idiot didn’t even have the good sense to waft an unknown substance. “It smells like a latte...”

“The final version is meant to be ingestible, so I was testing for reactions between the artificial flavoring and the active ingredients.”

“Ingesta... So, you drink it?”

“Technically, yes, but—”

Before Sasha could complete her clarifying warning, the chubby blonde pressed the rim of the glass to her lips and dumped it down her throat. As careless as if she were doing a shot at the proverbial club.

“What are you doing!?” Sasha dashed across the lab to snatch the beaker from Jackie’s hand. Nothing remained in the glass but a rinse of Sasha’s formula and lingering hints of vanilla flavoring.

Jackie’s face scrunched up as the flavor hit her tongue, then she fluttered her lashes at Sasha. “You said I could drink it...”

“What? I didn’t... Ugh. I said the final product will be drinkable. That formula hasn’t been fully tested!”

A flicker of shame passed over the receptionist’s face, so quickly that Sasha wasn’t sure it’d been there. Jackie said, “I just wanted to try it. To see if it’ll make my girls bigger. All the other stuff we make is so expensive...”

A montage of inappropriate scenes played through Sasha’s mind at that: Jackie’s coral blouse getting tighter, Jackie’s bra straps snapping, Jackie’s buttons flying off, Jackie... getting fat?

Sasha shook the thoughts away. She took Jackie by one arm, steering her to a nearby lab chair. “Sit.”

She fetched an emergency medical kit from the wall, then checked the impulsive woman for adverse reactions. Her pulse was only slightly elevated, which was to be expected. Her pupils weren’t dilated. Her blood pressure, while a little high, was well within safe levels.

As Sasha worked, Jackie's carefree demeanor slowly faded into worry. "Am I... gonna be okay?"

Sasha let out a relieved sigh as she packed up the medkit. "I don't think you're in any immediate danger, but you should get checked out by a real doctor as soon as possible."

"Aren't you a doctor?" Jackie asked with a smirk.

"A *medical* doctor."

Her worries evidently gone as quickly as they'd arrived, Jackie asked, "So... how long does it take to work?"

Heat rose in Sasha's cheeks at the implication in Jackie's question. "The primary formula hasn't actually been proven effective. The essential components are all there, but we haven't been able to make it activate."

"Activate?"

How could Sasha possibly explain the esoteric processes that the formula was designed to induce to a woman who was so clueless that she'd gulped down an experimental drug on a whim? "It just passes through the body. Our working hypothesis is that the body needs to be in a more active state—an adrenaline rush or elevated heart rate."

"What about sneezing?"

"Sneezing? I don't think—"

Jackie had already leapt down off the lab chair and was bounding for the break room. By the time Sasha caught up to her, the blonde had pulled cabinets open and was ransacking the fridge. A partially-unwrapped burrito sat on the counter while the blonde dug through a crisper drawer.

"What are you doing?"

"Spicy stuff sometimes does it, but I don't think there's any peppers in that at all." Jackie didn't look up, waving a hand at someone's lunch.

Sasha stood in silence, her analytical brain struggling to parse the other woman's frenetic ramblings. Finally, Jackie's eyes locked on something on one of the break room tables. "Yes!"

She dashed across the room and picked up a drinking glass that held a small bouquet of daisies. This, Sasha understood; Jackie was testing a hypothesis, albeit in a supremely unscientific manner.

She pressed her nose into the bouquet, inhaling deeply.

"Jackie, I don't think—"

Jackie's nose scrunched, and her eyes squinted. In Sasha's estimation, she was as likely to give herself a sinus infection as to prove or disprove anything. But then her entire body tensed, her head tilted back, and Sasha flinched.

"Aaah... Choo!"

Jackie let fly a sneeze so violent that Sasha nearly jumped. Despite its shocking force, the blonde's voice rose into an adorable squeak at the end. Her body swung forward, jolting as her head tipped toward the linoleum floor. When her back straightened, Jackie's blouse looked a little tighter. Sasha assumed it was simply an optical illusion caused by the woman's change in posture.

"Whew," Jackie said. "I don't normally sneeze that big... Ah, ahhh..."

It was happening again.

"Aaaaah... Chooo!!"

Sasha took a reflexive step backward as a second sneeze rocked through Jackie's body. This time, when the blonde stood up straight, the effect was undeniable.

"It worked!" Jackie squealed, gripping her breasts with both hands and squeezing them together. "My girls got bigger!"

Something tightened between Sasha's thighs and then relaxed, tightened and relaxed in a steady throb. Jackie's blouse was tight across her chest, buttons straining in radiating ripples and making slivers of pale skin wink between the gaps. By

contrast, the lower half of her shirt wasn't as snug as it'd been mere moments earlier. Jackie wound up for another sneeze, and Sasha resisted the urge to flinch. She watched the other woman closely—for purely scientific, observational reasons.

“Aah... Choooo!”

As Jackie shook with another sneeze, Sasha watched her various parts jiggle. As the jiggling subsided and Jackie straightened, Sasha watched her body... shift. Jackie's hips and bottom drew inward as if gently squeezed by an exceptional set of shapewear. Her thighs and pudgy arms grew a little less full. And her breasts swelled. Sasha stared, mesmerized by the sight.

Jackie groped herself, sniffed the daisies, and grew. Well, Sasha thought, she wasn't technically *growing*. The subject wasn't consuming anything but air and a bit of pollen, which was being expelled regardless. By Conservation of Mass, all that excess matter testing the structural integrity of Jackie's blouse was merely the excess adipose from the rest of her body.

“Ah-choo, aah-choo!”

*Grrgle*

Each time Jackie sneezed, the reaction seemed to accelerate. Sasha could hear gurgling and churning as Jackie's body worked, pumping fat up and out into her swelling breasts.

“Ahh-choo! Ah-choo!!”

*Grrrrgle*

Jackie sneezed again and again. The gaps between her buttons changed from winking to stay firmly open, slowly growing wider and wider. Sasha could follow the line of her impossibly tight cleavage from the low collar of her blouse and down to the cups of a lavender bra. The sneezes were so forceful, making the shorter woman buck and jolt, that Sasha only had moments to observe the changes in the subject before another transformation began. Working with Madsgenix formulae, Sasha had adjusted her framework for what was possible in the realm of mammary development and nonsurgical modification, but even Madison herself didn't change this rapidly. If she could fine-tune this formula, it could become the company's most lucrative product to date.

*Creeeek*

The two halves of Jackie's top separated at their centermost button, the one straining valiantly at the apex of her inflating breasts. Sasha watched the threads anchoring that button pull and heave against the quaking, swelling flesh beneath.

*It's cotton thread, or more likely polyester. Neither has much elasticity, so it won't—*

*Pop! Tick, tick, tick-tick-tick*

Before Sasha could complete her thought, the beleaguered threads snapped, sending their small plastic circle skittering across the floor. The line of Jackie's cleavage ran unbroken from her clavicle, under the sole button still intact above the gaping hole she'd just created, and down into the few below it still holding their ground. The blouse hung like a curtain over her trim midriff, but pale skin bulged and oozed around those higher buttons like an overstuffed sausage trying to escape its casing.

Jackie paused a moment, eyes going wide as a hand shot to her hips. Sasha saw the blonde's ripped jeans drop a few inches before the woman caught them. This proved Sasha's theory—if the adipose in Jackie's body was moving into her mammary glands, the gluteal mass that had held those jeans in place was no longer present.

*"Ahh-choo!!"*

*Grrrrgle*

The next sneeze caused Jackie to lose her grip on her pants. They slid down her shapely legs to pool at her ankles. Sasha quickly averted her gaze from the sight of the shorter woman's pink panties.

As Sasha looked over her coworker again, she revised her assessment of their relative heights. Jackie's bare legs were soft, smooth, perfectly toned, with the loss of their excess, and longer than Sasha had expected them to be. Perhaps Jackie wasn't as short as she'd thought; Sasha usually only saw her sitting behind the reception desk, after all.

*"Aah-choo, aah-choo!"*

Sasha pushed aside her musings on Jackie's height, noting that the gurgling and rumbling noises from the receptionist's body had ceased. Jackie pawed at her overtaxed blouse, thrusting her shoulders back, driving her bloated bosom forward. It took a moment for Sasha to decipher what the other woman was doing. Her surviving shirt buttons remained resolutely in place.

"It stopped working," Jackie pouted.

She sneezed again, stretched her shirt, to no avail. Jackie met Sasha's eyes, and Sasha tried to ignore the roaring heat and damp slick between her thighs.

"Why'd it stop working?"

Sasha looked Jackie over. The once-chubby woman was now in better shape than she was. Trim arms, tiny waist—had she shown that much midriff before?—pert gluteus, and legs for days.

Sasha's voice cracked when she spoke. "I, um, don't think there's anything left to move."

Jackie's face lit up. "Oohhh. Of course!"

The blonde dashed to the break room counter, nearly losing her balance as her new center of gravity pulled her forward. She grabbed the pilfered burrito and tore into it, taking huge bites and gulping them down like a starving woman.

"What are you doing now?"

"Need *-hmf-* more... *-ulp-* before the potion *-nom-* wears off..."

Sasha stood stunned. Was there a psychological side-effect? Had the formula altered the subject's brain chemistry? Curiosity overriding her lust, Sasha patted the pockets of her lab coat. In her haste to follow Jackie from the lab, she'd left her tablet behind. She rushed back to find it—if the formula worked this well, she had to document its effects.



It took far longer than it should have for Sasha to locate her tablet. She found it under a sheaf of papers, silently cursing the ditzy receptionist for introducing chaos to her workspace. Chaos wasn't a strong enough word to describe what she found when she returned to the break room.

The space looked as if it'd been struck by a tornado or hurricane... or a very hungry, increasingly unhinged receptionist. The refrigerator door hung open, its interior bare aside from some water bottles and a few lonely condiments. The cabinets had been ransacked as well. Every flat surface was littered with takeout containers, plasticware, and crumpled brown bags. Brightly-colored boxes and wrappers from snack cakes and energy bars were strewn everywhere.

Jackie stood in the eye of the storm, shoving a sticky bun between her lips with one hand while the other rested on her stomach. She was so bloated that she resembled a pregnant woman. Impossibly, the airheaded receptionist had consumed every crumb of food in the room in the few minutes Sasha had been gone. Jackie spared her a glance, and she noted that they now stood eye level with each other. She was certain that hadn't been the case that morning.

"What have you done to yourself?" Sasha asked. "You're going to be sick!"

Jackie gave her a smug smile, reaching for the bundle of daisies lying in a puddle of water on the counter. She pressed the pollen-laden blooms under her nostrils.

"Ahh, aaAH, CHOO!!"

*Grrrrgle*

*GrrrRRGLE*

A baritone rumble filled the room. Sasha watched Jackie's taught stomach ripple and vibrate. Jackie clutched her middle with both hands, and the bloated dome seemed to deflate, as if the blonde were pressing the mass of food deeper into her body. She dropped her arms, and Sasha heard a sound like a burbling stream as Jackie's breasts trembled, pulsed, and grew.

*Grrgle, bwoom, pop*

The buttons above and below the wide gap in Jackie's blouse ricocheted across the floor, exposing her cleavage all the way to her bra. A bra that was now wholly inadequate for its contents, and becoming more so by the moment. Like a size two belt around a size twelve waist, Jackie's bra cut into her bloated mammaries. Flesh spilled over, below, and even to the sides of lavender fabric that seemed to be shrinking by the second.

Sasha did some quick mental calculations—the undergarment would reach its limit within seconds. Then Jackie threw her arms to her sides, arched her back, and *stretched*.

*Crackle, pop, brrr*

Jackie grew again. Not out, but up. Her entire body seemed to expand as she rose several inches taller than Sasha. A delighted grin spread across her face, and she moaned in a way that made Sasha's analytical mind go foggy as heat blazed below her navel.

When the transformation finally stopped, Jackie yanked the sides of her blouse. Her last few buttons scattered in a spray as she dropped the ruined top on the floor. She stood only in her bra and panties. Technically still decent, but it would only take one sudden movement to erase that last shred of modesty, along with a few slips of shattered fabric.

Jackie patted her flat stomach and ran both hands languorously up the curves of her enormous breasts. She glanced around the break room with a slight frown of disappointment. With long strides of her towering legs, she stalked to the exit.

When Jackie stopped growing, Sasha opened her tablet to record her theories and observations for future testing. She looked up just in time to see the tall blonde vanish through the doorway. "Where are you going??"

A single word accompanied Jackie's thumping footfalls as she retreated down the hall.

"More..."

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Sasha burst out of the lab and into the afternoon sun, berating herself for finishing her notes instead of chasing after Jackie. The impromptu test subject could have gone anywhere, done anything. No doubt some Karens had reported her for public indecency already.

But Jackie had left a convenient trail for her to follow. Taco truck employees a block away were folding up their sign and packing their truck. The coffee shop on the corner was completely out of muffins and scones. A pair of vending machines near the bus stop held nothing but mints and a few packs of gum. A heavy ball of ice formed in Sasha's gut. Beyond the devastated vending machines, she saw the nearest available food source—a buffet restaurant.

A steady flow of customers streamed out of the building as Sasha approached. Clutching purses and fumbling for keys, they rushed for their cars as if remembering they'd left the water running at home. She knew, of course, that the crowd was not running toward something but away from something. From someone.

She paused at the restaurant doors to let a fleeing couple pass. The husband was looking wide-eyed over his shoulder as his wife dragged him away while shaking her head. A series of horrific images flashed through Sasha's mind, plucked straight from the monster movies her cousin had made her watch when she was a teenager. She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself. There was no monster in this restaurant, roaring in dischordant harmonics and crushing furniture with a spiked tail; only a woman. A cute blonde with tits as big as her head, likely stretched out on the floor in pain from overeating.

As is often the case, the evidence Sasha observed was somewhere in the middle, though her panicked, irrational prediction was the more accurate of the two extremes. Property damage was minimal, apart from a few chairs knocked over by fleeing customers. The biggest mess was a collection of empty steam trays scattered across the floor. The cause of this disarray was self-evident. Jackie sat at the far end of the buffet aisles, legs tucked under her bottom, bloated stomach overflowing her knees, bumping the dangling ceiling lights with her blonde head. Jackie's belly supported a pair of breasts that likely weighed more than Sasha's entire body. Full and fat, they were completely exposed, thick nipples aiming slightly upward as she ate. Because, of course, she was eating.

Jackie licked the last bits of food from a steam tray, tossed it to the floor, and then reached for another. The aisles had little glass awnings with signs indicating what the trays had once contained: fried chicken, mac and cheese, pasta salad. Apart from the row in front of Jackie, the aisles were now completely empty, bare trays or steaming gaps where trays had been. Sasha didn't need to theorize where that food had gone as she eyed the enlarged gut propping up Jackie's enormous mammary glands.

The aisle nearest the giant receptionist was the dessert section. Tossing another tray to the floor, Jackie pried up the next, which held a variety of donuts. In her hands, the steam tray looked more like a large rectangular bowl. She supported it atop her breasts while she scooped donuts into her mouth with her other hand. Entire donuts, sometimes two at a time, vanished between Jackie's teeth. Within moments, the penultimate tray clattered to the floor while she reached for her final dessert course, the cookies.

Around the restaurant, the staff cowered under corners and hid behind doorways. In stunned silence, with mouths agape, they watched. The massive blonde rested a corner of the steam tray against her chin as if she were shaking the last crumbs from a bag of Oreos. Tossing the last tray aside, Jackie ran her hands in sweeping strokes over her bare belly. Big as a car, it thrust forward to press against the buffet counter, pinning Jackie's enormous form against the mirrored back wall.

"Mmm, that was all **sooo** good!"

Jackie's voice boomed at a lower pitch than Sasha had heard an hour ago. She tapped a few more notes into her tablet until Jackie's sharp inhalation jerked her attention back to her surroundings.

"Aah, aahhhh..."

As the warm-up started, the large potted plant in Jackie's hand fell from her grip to drop petals in a lazy spiral across the floor. The staff winced and ducked for cover. Jackie's head reared back to collide with a hanging lamp, sending it crashing to the floor. Sasha dove behind a corner with seconds to spare.

"CHOOO!!!"

Dishes crashed, and tables flipped. Several windows in the front of the building exploded outward in a spray of glass. Then, the rumbling started again.

*GrrrrGGGLLLE*

Gurgling, churning vibrations rocked through Jackie's body. The building shook. Sasha peeked around her corner to watch as Jackie's head inched closer and closer to the ceiling. When foam tiles fluttered around her shoulders, Jackie let out a soft gasp of surprise, rolling over onto her hands and knees. The blonde's overgrown bosom swayed, nipples inches from the linoleum despite her fully extended arms. Through the gap of Jackie's cleavage, Sasha saw her packed stomach pressed against the floor. It was making less contact by the second.

*BWOOOMMM BWOOOMMM*

Jackie grew and grew, her stuffed gut retreating upward as her breasts swelled into the floor. They spread outward even as her back and shoulders rose ever higher. Slick fluid ran between Sasha's legs as she imagined Jackie's tits outgrowing the entire restaurant. She told the small voice in her head lecturing about the laws of physics to shut the hell up.

When the dust settled and the rumbling finally ceased, Jackie stretched. She arched her back and mashed her enormous breasts into the floor. By Sasha's estimation, the receptionist was now over twelve feet tall. Her ponytail flailed as she looked around the restaurant. Beyond being evacuated, the space now appeared to have suffered an earthquake. Still on her hands and knees, Jackie peered at the rows of barren buffet tables, crushing chairs and cracking linoleum with each movement.

Behind the front counter, a young woman spoke in a quavering voice. "T-there's no more f-f-food, miss..."

Jackie's contented smile faded. "Aww, really? Whatever happened to 'all you can eat?'"

Her booming voice sent tremors through the floor that Sasha felt below her navel. The researcher's eyes rolled back as her body clenched in pleasure.

"S-sorry, miss. There's n-n-nothing left. You a-ate it all..."

Jackie sighed, sending the few unbroken lights swaying in her breath.

"P-p-please, just g-go..." The hostess begged.

"Thanks again," Jackie boomed with a saccharine smile.

The titanic blonde crawled to the double-doored entrance, which would have been a tight fit for only one of her overgrown breasts. Her head and shoulders popped through before she got stuck, then she backed up to send both arms out first.

"Damn, when did this doorway get so tiny?"

Once again, the building shook, plaster and masonry crumbling as Jackie pushed against the walls from outside. Her toes and knees left small craters as she dug them into the floor. Tingling, trembling heat roared through Sasha's body as she watched tits the size of minivans bulge and plump around the creaking doorframe.

**CRASH**

The wall burst outward as Jackie bulldozed her breasts through the opening. Her enormous yet perky bottom wiggled eagerly as she crawled the rest of herself outside.

With the buffet staff distracted by this spectacle, Sasha ducked into the ladies' room for a few minutes of privacy.

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After bringing herself to completion three times, Sasha cleaned herself up as reality began to seep back in. She'd created a monster. Sure, she'd tried to stop the idiot secretary, but the flaws in the formula were the result of her miscalculations.

Through the bathroom door, she heard the restaurant staff arguing in stunned, disbelieving voices.

"...even possible?"

"Those tits, though..."

"Shut the fuck up, Carl!"

"Look at this wall. We're going to have to close down until it's repaired."

“...insurance cover it?”

“What would we even file the claim under??”

“Natural disaster?”

Sasha couldn't walk back through that restaurant. Not with a room full of employees, and she being the only “customer” crazy enough not to flee with the rest. Hell, she wasn't even a customer; there'd be so many questions. Too many questions.

Sasha had no answers to those questions.

Luckily, all the shaking Jackie had done to the poor building had knocked the bathroom window out of its frame. Careful to avoid broken glass, Sasha climbed silently through the opening in the wall and fled.

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### III

Sasha hurried down the city sidewalk on shaky legs. She nearly fell on her face when she tried to break into a jog. Her little “break” in the buffet restroom had taken more out of her than she thought. She needed to hydrate, but she had to find her mistake first.

Luckily, the twelve-foot-tall receptionist was making it easy for her. While Jackie wasn't leaving craters in the pavement, Sasha could follow the figurative impact of Jackie's path through the city. Cars had crashed into poles, trees, and other cars. A fire hydrant gushed water into a fountain, where a few children began to play. Every cadence and melody of alarms and sirens blared.

None of those signs were necessary, however. Sasha simply followed yet another trail of decimated cafes, convenience stores, restaurants, and food carts. Doors and windows had been smashed in, leaving gaping holes in brick walls or wood and plaster frames. Piles of empty produce crates had been upended and scattered across the sidewalk as if a sloth of giant bears had rampaged toward downtown.

Sasha knew the reality was even more ridiculous. The path of destruction she followed had been caused by one woman. One very tall, very busty, *very* hungry, not very bright woman. And it was all her fault. Jackie was an adult, responsible for her own actions, but Sasha had known better than to leave her lab unlocked. Especially with an untested formula sitting out on the bench. Nothing in her models had predicted this outcome, but she'd been working with the most potent formulae Madgenix possessed—there was simply no excuse for her negligence.

As she pursued the giant receptionist, Sasha wondered how she would draft the article about this incident. Would it be valuable to anyone at all to know that her formula, combined with the subject's pollen allergy, created an insatiable boob monster?

That was a problem for Future Sasha. Present Sasha's priority was to find Jackie and somehow stop her. Before she devoured everything edible in the city, caused billions' worth of property damage, or both.

She heard the crash and noisy chewing moments before she rounded a corner to finally catch up with her coworker. Jackie sat in a supermarket parking lot and was, of course, eating. Sasha estimated that the blonde was now at least twenty feet tall. Jackie held a shopping cart that looked like a shoebox in her hands, scooping math problem amounts of melons into her maw. Her stomach rested on the blacktop between her spread legs, bloated like a woman in her third trimester. With triplets. If said triplets were baby elephants.

Sasha jogged up to the store's entrance, where the automatic doors had been ripped off and tossed in a pile of bent metal and broken glass. A middle-aged man she assumed to be the manager was mopping sweat off his brow with his shirtsleeves. He supervised as employees ferried a train of shopping carts from the building, loaded with food.

"What are you doing?" She asked.

"She wants food," the manager said, as if explaining that the sky was blue.

"So you're just... *giving* her food?"



The man turned his full attention on Sasha. "How exactly are we supposed to stop her? She ripped my damn doors off! We'll get fresh stock on Tuesday. At least this way, she won't destroy the whole store trying to come inside."

A crash interrupted his tirade, and the two of them watched the titanic blonde drop her emptied cart onto the growing pile beside her.

"I just hope she's satisfied before we run out of food. I tried to call for help, but the whole damn system is overloaded." He took in Sasha's lab coat. "Who are you, anyway?"

The question dumped a bucket of ice water over Sasha's head. "I'm, um, nobody... Actually, I should probably get out of here."

She dashed around the corner of the building before the manager could ask any more questions. Apart from the store employees, she was the only person who hadn't fled the scene.

Sasha couldn't flee, of course. She hid behind the building, watching helplessly as Jackie gorged, emptying cart after cart as her towering belly swelled larger and larger.

Finally, the frenzy came to an end. The gluttoned receptionist sighed, rubbing her hands over her enormous middle.

"There's no more?" She boomed.

The manager cowered, wringing his hands. "I'm sorry, miss..."

Jackie beamed. "That's alright, thanks so much for being so generous!"

Sasha watched the massive blonde try to stand. Jackie pressed her hands to the asphalt and shifted her legs. Her truck-sized bottom hovered inches from the ground, but her stomach was simply too heavy. When she landed, dust sloughed off the brick walls of the building, several more car alarms went off in the area, and the retail workers staggered on their feet. Tremors vibrated up Sasha's legs while slick fluid ran down.

"Say," Jackie boomed. "Do you have any flowers in there... by chance?"

"Flowers? Um, of course!"

“Oh no...” Sasha breathed.

An employee pushed a cart full of bouquets from the gaping hole in the store’s former entrance. Jackie lifted the entire cart, burying her nose in the blossoms. Her face scrunched, her head reared, and she dropped the cart to brace herself with both hands on the pavement behind her.

Sasha wondered if she should warn the store employees to take cover, but they were adults; they’d figure it out.

“aaAHH... AHHHHH...”

That didn’t mean she had to stand out in the open, however. Sasha darted to a nearby tree, hugging its trunk as a flock of birds took flight above her head.

“CHOOOO!!!”

It was like a shockwave. The large sign above the grocery store rocked on its steel frame in a spray of sparks. The few cars still in the parking lot rocked on their suspensions—several tires left the ground. More glass shattered, and any car alarm not already going off in a two-block radius added its cadence to the cacophony.

Sasha relaxed her grip on the tree. Unlike the employees dusting themselves off and peering up at the giant woman in confusion, she knew Jackie’s sneeze was merely the starting bell.

***BRRRRRM***

The ground below Sasha’s feet trembled like an earthquake. Jackie’s engorged belly resting on the blacktop rippled and pulsed. Cars shifted from their parking spots like vibrating phones. The mountain of discarded shopping carts spread like a snow pile in spring. The employees grabbed each other’s hands and dove back into the store, despite the clamor of crashing shelves within.

***BLUB BLUB BWOOOM***

Sasha almost thought she could see the torrent of calories pumping through Jackie’s enhanced digestive system and adding adipose to her breasts. They pulsed and heaved, plumping outward even as the belly they rested on receded. Jackie

pointed her toes and stretched her arms into the sky. Sasha watched with fascination as a foot the size of her leg inched closer to the building.

*BRrrrRM*

*Bwooom*

*Creeeek*

The ground continued to shake even after Jackie's stomach left the pavement. The store sign wavered and creaked, then swung down like a hinge to crash in a shower of sparks and shattered lightbulbs. Branches fell from the trees lining the sidewalk. Sasha's hiding place suddenly didn't seem like such a great idea.

Making one last long, languorous stretch, like a cat sleeping in a spot of sunlight, Jackie's transformation subsided, and she worked her way to her feet. Sasha's mouth went dry and, to her astonishment, she felt heat squeezing between her thighs. Jackie's body was perfect. Long, lithe limbs, trim waist, soft hips, round ass—if she were still a normal height, and had no tits to speak of, she'd turn heads wherever she went. But for all she'd grown taller and taller, her boobs were determined to stay one step ahead. She stood between thirty and forty feet high, the roof of the supermarket reaching just past her navel. With her mind a haze of lust—and Jackie's continued deviation from the mean—Sasha was finding it difficult to estimate with any degree of accuracy. Jackie's gargantuan tits blocked out the sun, casting two round shadows across the building and the parking lot below.

As much as she wanted to find someplace private yet again, Sasha knew this couldn't go on. Another feast like this could make Jackie taller than any building in the city.

She staggered across the parking lot on trembling knees. "Jackie!"

Jackie's head swiveled, and her shoulders turned. Her breasts followed half a second later, slapping against each other and making her unsteady. She took a few balance-correcting steps, leaving small craters in the blacktop. "Sasha? Is that you?"

"Down here!" *You gluttonous cow*, she did not add.

The broken ground heaved, chunks of fractured asphalt rising and cracking as Jackie shifted her feet. Craning her neck, Sasha's view of Jackie's face was completely obscured. All she saw were the undersides of her bare glands, curving gracefully outward from her torso like twin parabolas. "Hang on," Jackie boomed. "I can't see you down there."

Air displacement blew Sasha's hair as Jackie squatted, those ridiculous breasts plummeting toward her. Sasha stepped away and circled to Jackie's side, both to be visible to the giant woman and on the outside chance that those tits might reach the ground, crushing her.

*What a glorious way to go...* Sasha shook the thought away, watching a face as tall as her entire body loom toward her.

Jackie grinned. "There you are! You're so far away, let me help you..."

Her girlish giggle created more tremors that Sasha felt in her core. Then a hand reached down. Nearly three feet from wrist to fingertip, Jackie's hand cupped Sasha's bottom, forcing her to sit as a forearm-sized thumb pressed gently into her pelvis. A thrill shot through her from the pressure, and she clenched her thighs to keep from coming before she put two and two together.

"Wait, Jackie nooooooooooo!"

Sasha's hair whipped as vertigo sent her guts dropping to her toes. In seconds, she was face to face with Jackie, over thirty feet in the air, still gripped in the blonde's hand. She clutched the giant thumb, white-knuckled like a roller coaster bar, its gentle pressure making her body tense and pulse with need.

Sasha's world spun again, and she found herself deposited on the slope of one gigantic breast. She'd used her free arm to heft them upward. "That's better," she boomed.

Sasha's voice came out tremulous and weak. "Jackie, I..."

"Oh, Sasha, isn't it great! I wanted bigger boobs, and now I have the biggest boobs ever! Thank you so much!"

The fleshy platform under Sasha's feet heaved, billowing upward as Jackie's face drew closer. She fell on her ass, her hands scrambling for purchase on the smooth expanse of skin. Jackie planted a kiss that covered Sasha's entire face.

Sasha had half a second to appreciate the touch before the vertigo returned. The big idiot lifted her head, dropping her tits as she looked around the city—no doubt searching for her next meal. Unfortunately, this sent Sasha sliding down the curve of her titanic tits. In her panicked flailing, she caught a few handfuls of Jackie's ponytail as it brushed past. Summoning every ounce of her meager athleticism, Sasha climbed over Jackie's clavicle to sit on her shoulder.

"Oh, whoops. Sorry about that..."

Sasha panted and shook, gripping the short hairs at Jackie's nape. "Jackie... don't you think... you've had enough?"

She felt Jackie's rumbling stomach vibrate through her bottom.

"Maybe just... a little more..."

A gentle wind brushed against Sasha as Jackie started walking. She heard the pavement cracking even if she couldn't see it past literal acres of cleavage.

Then she saw where they were heading.

Toward a pair of pale mounds that Sasha knew were taller than even Jackie's overgrown form.

A pair of tits colloquially known as "Mount Madison."

And the massive industrial complex of food production—built to keep them growing ever larger.

A ball of lead formed in Sasha's gut. Her thighs quivered. "Oh, no..."

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#### IV

Sasha rode on Jackie's shoulder, her heart racing and her legs trembling. They'd moved into a residential area, with row after row of one and two-story houses, the tallest of which barely reached Jackie's waist. Word must have spread ahead of them, because Sasha saw very little traffic on the quiet street below her. In front of Jackie, she couldn't see anything closer than a block away, but she saw glimpses around Jackie's swinging arms, and the trail of footprints behind them. The street asphalt was faring a little better than the parking lot, likely because Jackie was passing through the area, not sitting and eating and rising and standing and turning and squatting and sneezing and growing.

Replaying the many times she'd watched Jackie grow that day made the aching need between Sasha's legs pulse and squeeze. She knew it was going to happen again. Jackie was headed toward the most abundant source of ready-to-eat food on the planet, and Sasha didn't know how to stop her. She wasn't sure she *wanted* to stop her.

*Bzzzzt bzzzt*

As the twin peaks of Mount Madison loomed ever closer, Sasha felt her tablet vibrate in her bag. Somehow, the device had survived her aerial adventures back at the supermarket. She unlocked it and accepted the call, quickly grabbing Jackie's hair with her free hand. A Southeast Asian woman in a suit appeared on the screen.

"Hello, are you with the large woman walking toward the harbor?"

"Um... yes?" Sasha said, tilting her tablet so the side of Jackie's head was behind her.

"Oh, good. I'll make this brief, as it's a matter of some urgency. I'm Chloe, VP of Operations for Madsgenix. We gather that your... *companion* is headed our way in search of more food."

"Heck yes," Jackie boomed. "I'm starving!" The shoulder beneath Sasha's bottom shifted as Jackie rubbed her stomach far below.

"Excellent," Chloe continued. "We'd very much like to avoid further property damage. To that end, we've evacuated a nice open space away from downtown. If you'll simply follow the signs, we are diverting our delivery trucks as we speak."

"A-alright... thank you?"

Chloe nodded and ended the call.

“What did she say?” Jackie asked.

“She wants you to follow the signs?”

“What signs?”

As if on cue, a large drone whirled around the corner of a building to hover in front of them. It carried a large flat panel display showing a glowing, flashing arrow pointing to the left.

“Why am I following this?”

“She said they’d have food there.”

“Oh, okay!” Jackie shrugged, making Sasha lose her balance and cling more tightly to her hair.

What madness was this? Madsgenix was just going to *give* Jackie more food? Chloe had talked a lot about property damage. Maybe they thought this was the best, or perhaps the only way to keep the giant blonde from trashing downtown. Maybe Madison herself was worried that Jackie would destroy the factories and plants that made up her personal food supply. But how much bigger could Jackie get? How much food were they prepared to feed her? Sasha gazed at the gentle slope of Madison’s horizon-dominating breasts, her mind going hazy with want.

Jackie followed the signs, which led them to a flat, open space, free of buildings or even trees. Sasha could tell it was farmland of some kind, but whatever crop it held had been harvested clean. A fleet of trucks was parked at one end. They were the size of tractor-trailers with open-top containers, the kind used on farms to be fed by combines with corn or potatoes or whatever else. Sasha’s field of study was not agriculture. These trucks were not filled with raw produce, however. Or, not only raw produce. Sasha thought she saw burgers, baked goods, and entire pizzas. The company must have emptied out several of Madison’s factories to fill them. Over a dozen trucks were parked and ready, with many more kicking up small clouds of dust on the gravel road curving away out of sight. The first batch of trucks already held more ready-to-eat food than the entire supermarket that Jackie had recently emptied, and the queue behind them stretched for miles.

*She's going to get enormous*, Sasha thought, watching Jackie's titanic tits undulating with each step. The giant blonde evidently had similar thoughts, because Sasha felt Jackie's growling stomach vibrating all the way to her ass.

The combined stimulus was too much for Sasha's overloaded libido, and she quietly came. She prayed that Jackie hadn't noticed, but the blonde's head tilted to eye her where she sat on Jackie's shoulder. "I knew you were as into this as I am..." Her whisper still boomed as she gave Sasha a wink. "Now I really will have the biggest boobs ever." She spared a glance for Mount Madison dominating the horizon. "Well, second-biggest..."

As she approached the trucks, Jackie dropped to her knees, then onto all fours. Sasha had just enough time to grab handfuls of blonde hair and rappel down Jackie's arm. She hit the dirt in a roll and scrambled away from the impact site as the ground shook and a cloud of dust puffed outward.

*Aaah, ahhhh, CHOO!*

Jackie's back arched, and her breasts heaved. The sneeze created a shockwave that sent the trucks creaking on their suspensions. Had they not been fully loaded with their edible payloads, some would have certainly been rolled over. Even with her arms extended, Jackie's breasts pressed against the dirt, pooling out around her enormous—but otherwise slim—body. The upshot was that they created a convenient prop as she crawled toward the first truck, dragging her bus-sized pillows across the bare field. Wasting no time, Jackie used both hands to scoop fistfuls of food into her mouth as if she hadn't eaten in days.

*Brrooom*

As Sasha stared, body trembling and knees weak, she noted that the subject's reaction had accelerated yet again. As tens of thousands of calories pulsed down Jackie's throat, the foothills of flesh on which she lay inched inexorably outward. At least there would, hopefully, be less destructive sneezing for a while.

It took less than five minutes for Jackie to wolf down every scrap of food in the first truck, scraping her long fingers around the corners of its hopper to not miss a crumb. The truck shifted into gear and rolled away, kicking up a small cloud of gravel dust, so that another could pull up and take its place. The entire process took mere moments, and Jackie was gleefully gorging again. Unable to suppress her



observational urges, Sasha took a stroll along the blonde's prone length. The steady bass rumbling in her feet reminded her of the time she'd visited a large dam and felt the roaring water passing ceaselessly through the concrete edifice. Jackie's bare feet were longer than Sasha was tall, and she watched the cut plant stalks bend and crush under Jackie's toes as they inched away from the gluttonous onslaught happening at her other end.

Sasha made her way back to the feast, her path curving outward to avoid the more rapid spread of Jackie's side-boob. The line of trucks continued to advance, be drained, and pull away. Sasha wondered whether the drivers, or indeed any representative from Madsgenix, would disembark or make an appearance. It was only then that she examined the trucks more closely and realized they lacked the traditional large cabs of big rigs.

Of course Madison had a driverless delivery fleet. Sasha had no expertise in logistics, but it made perfect sense. The repetitive task of ferrying containers from the massive ships in the harbor to the plants and factories that processed their contents for Madison's consumption was as close to an ideal use case for autonomous vehicles as Sasha could imagine. And some part of that highly optimized system had been allocated to growing Sasha's mistake even bigger. Already, Jackie's mammary glands appeared forty to fifty percent larger than they'd been when she'd lain down.

The line of self-driving trucks leading up the service road started to thin out. At the end of the line, Sasha could just see a flatbed truck carrying a large wheel. Over a soundtrack of Jackie stuffing herself with literal truckloads of food and the gurgling churn of her expanding body, Sasha watched the final truck approach. What she took for a huge wheel was actually a spool, like the ones that rolled out underground cable.

Except it wasn't carrying a cable.

Behind the last truckful of food, the spool truck dropped a large nozzle at the end of a hose. The hose was about two feet in diameter; Sasha could have almost fit inside it. She stood clear of the operation, watching Jackie empty the last two trucks. Her blonde head was now twice as far from the ground as it'd been when they arrived. And even though her arms had gotten longer, she had to stretch them to

their full length to reach everything inside the trucks on the ground. Her breasts were still growing faster than the rest of her, a swelling mass of tissue forcing Jackie's head and shoulders farther and farther away from her feast.

Somehow, the overgrown secretary identified the new device on the ground faster than Sasha had. Before the final emptied truck had pulled away, she was reaching for the tube's nozzle. Sasha tried to gulp the massive lump in her throat as more fluid sluiced down her thighs, but as Jackie's mouth opened eagerly, the hose ran out of slack several feet short. She'd grown too enormously busty to reach it.

Sasha enjoyed a brief moment of relief, her heart still hammering in her ears, before Jackie dropped the nozzle and pressed both hands to the bare earth.

The ground quaked as Jackie arched her back, extended her legs, and rolled onto her back. Sasha's knees locked, her body refused to move. A cloud of dust presaged the avalanche of Jackie's left breast as the mountain of flesh rolled to a sloshing, rippling halt less than a foot away from where Sasha stood. Entranced, she stared at the wall of skin filling her vision, arcing away as it rose into the clear blue sky. The greatest, most beautiful flesh she'd ever seen. Her hand moved without her permission, rising slowly, shakily, to make tremulous contact.

Sasha's climax was still pulsing through her clenched, quivering body as Jackie's hand circled gently around her. Judging by the length of the blonde's fingers, a quiet part of Sasha's mind estimated that the receptionist was at least sixty feet tall as another wave of pleasure made her shudder in Jackie's palm.

"It's just us out here," Jackie whispered, the force of her breath like a breeze across Sasha's face. "Are you sure you want to enjoy this all by yourself?"

Her mind a haze, all but shattered by the impossibilities she'd witnessed in a single afternoon, Sasha shook her head. Jackie pressed another kiss to her face, and she had a moment of terror imagining how easily the blonde could pop her entire body between her enormous lips. But Jackie drew away in one hand, bringing the other close to slip a finger through the opened front of Sasha's lab coat and under her skirt.

It was like straddling a horse, and even Jackie seemed to recognize the logistical challenge. She switched to her pinky, which was still nearly as wide as Sasha's hips.

"This isn't going to work," Jackie huffed, echoing Sasha's thoughts.

Sasha reached a hand between her thighs to take care of it herself, but Jackie's eyelids narrowed, her glistening lips curling upward at the corners. She nudged Sasha's arm away with a massive thumb. Wind ruffled Sasha's hair as Jackie lifted her to the crest of one mountainous gland, depositing her near a giant nipple that reached for the sky.

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## V

Sasha stood atop the apex of Jackie's mountainous right breast. Her shoes had slipped off at some point in her rapid journey from the ground, and her socks sank gently into the plump skin under her feet. Her knees already shaky, Sasha could only stay upright for a few staccato heartbeats before she tipped onto her hands and knees. That was fine. She didn't need to be standing for what happened next.

Large as it was, Jackie's nipple was still smaller than Sasha's fist and appeared soft enough for what Jackie evidently intended for her to do with it. Sasha flared her lab coat and skirt, shuffling on her knees to straddle the enormous nub. Far below her, Jackie grabbed the feeding tube that was now well within reach and slid it between her lips, still shiny from the entire truck fleet's worth of food she'd already eaten.

*Ulp ulp ulp*

*Bwooommmmm*

A rhythmic suckling and slurping filled the air, and a gentle thrum pulsed under Sasha's knees. She felt the flesh beneath her expanding, increasing. As she slid Jackie's nipple into her wet and waiting slit, Sasha imagined the contents of that massive hose flowing into the titanic woman beneath her. A river of nutrient sludge, pumping into Jackie as quickly as she could chug it down. Breaking down with incredible speed into proteins, carbs, and sugars. Pouring through her body in torrents to collect in her gargantuan mammary glands. Billions of cells, absorbing those nutrients, growing fatter and rounder until they split into pairs that in turn grew and swelled, splitting into their own pairs. Over and over, impossibly rapid,

until Sasha thought she could feel herself being lifted upward, riding a gigantic water balloon attached to a garden hose, swelling higher and higher. That quiet voice in the back of Sasha's head—the rational one—whispered that the metaphor wasn't as ridiculous as she gave it credit for, considering...

Jackie's nipple filled Sasha to capacity, and the clearing echoed with the giant woman's moans. In the distance below Sasha's perch, Jackie's legs kicked, and her hips rocked. She was likely causing smaller versions of the quakes Madison sometimes produced, but the shockwaves were absorbed by her enormous breasts long before they reached Sasha. Jackie's massive peak stiffened inside Sasha, stretching and swelling until it seemed it might split her in two. Sasha's world narrowed to pure sensation as she came, bobbing on Jackie like a lifeboat on an undulating sea. Time slipped away, and her juices trickled down the impossible slopes as they slowly swelled with thousands of gallons of sweet, rich sludge pouring down Jackie's throat.

Sasha thrust herself onto Jackie again and again. She pressed with her palms, groping the minuscule fraction of Jackie's tits that would fit in her grasp. Her stomach gently churned as she swayed and bobbed, rising and falling, but mostly rising. Her head fell limp between her shoulders as she came, and came, and came.

*Whuppa whuppa whuppa*

When Sasha's senses cleared—the world around her returning to focus—the first thing she noticed was the thrum of helicopter blades. The second was Jackie's stomach, rising like a foothill in the shadow of her mountainous glands. Sasha crawled off of her crush-turned-natural-disaster, feeling cold and empty the moment Jackie's engorged nipple slid free with a wet pop. She turned on quavering knees and crawled forward to find the blonde's face. Jackie's head was much farther away than it had been when she dropped Sasha on her peak. Sasha knew she couldn't estimate accurately from her current perspective, but she guessed Jackie's tits had more than doubled in size since she started drinking from the tube. The tube Jackie still held between her perfect lips, arms folded behind her head as she guzzled in oblivious bliss.

"Jackie!"

Jackie's eyes fluttered open. "Hmm?" She asked around the nozzle.

“It’s stopped working!”

Finally, Jackie stopped drinking, reaching around her personal mountain range. Sasha watched Jackie’s left gland rise and shift against the one she knelt on, the blonde’s eyes widening with shock as she palmed her swollen middle with one giant hand.

“More importantly, we’re in danger!” Sasha shouted.

In another wave of vertigo, Jackie wrapped an enormous hand around Sasha as she sat up. From her elevated perch on Jackie’s minivan-sized palm, Sasha saw a small army of tanks, trucks, and helicopters advancing on their field.

“What’s happening?” Jackie whined, still sadly poking at her bloated tummy with her free hand.

“It must have been a ploy!” Sasha shouted.

“A... ploy?”

Jackie’s hand moved again, and Sasha clung to a thumb larger than her entire body as she was lifted nearer to Jackie’s face.

“It was a distraction,” Sasha said. “Lure you here with food while they waited for reinforcements.”

It wasn’t a great plan, Sasha mused. They’d been here for hours, and Jackie had spent every minute gorging herself. She’d grown to at least a hundred feet tall. If those war machines pissed her off, dozens, if not hundreds, of people could die.

The towering blonde didn’t look angry, however. Her eyes glistened with the beginnings of tears that could hold a liter of saline in a single drop. “But why? I thought Madison was just being nice to me...”

Sasha stroked a tree-trunk thumb with her palm. “I don’t know if you’ve noticed, babe, but you’ve made kind of a mess today.”

“I didn’t mean to! I just wanted bigger boobs, and I was so hungry...”

“Shh, I know you were, it’s okay.” Sasha didn’t know what that small army’s rules of engagement were, but she had to keep Jackie calm.

Jackie poked at her stomach again. "It's stopped working now anyway. I don't even *want* any more food..."

Sasha looked across the valley to the flesh mountains dominating the horizon. Madison still dwarfed Jackie, but she had no doubt the former secretary could cause some real damage if she wanted to. "I don't think..."

"Hmm?"

Sasha couldn't stop her lips from spreading into a grin. "I don't think there's room in this city for two giant boob monsters, do you?"

"Hey! I'm not a monster!" Jackie was smiling now, too.

"You do have giant boobs though..."

Jackie looked past Sasha to the hectares of cleavage below. She couldn't be certain, but Sasha suspected they were big enough to rest in Jackie's lap. Jackie's giggle was startling with her gale-force voice. "I guess maybe I did overdo it... just a bit."

"Just a bit."

The tanks rumbled closer.

"What should we do?" Jackie asked. "Maybe we can talk to them, work something out?"

***Thoom***

A soft thud in the distance preceded a gentle whistling that grew louder.

***CRACK***

***SHHHHHH***

A shell exploded a dozen meters from Jackie's head, creating a small cloud of grey-white smoke that drifted lazily in the breeze.

"I don't think they want to negotiate," Sasha said.

"What do we do!?"

For all the challenges of dealing with a giant, hungry Jackie, the last thing Sasha wanted was a Hulk Smash Jackie, or the guilt and trauma that would inevitably follow.

“We need to run.”

“Run? How? Where?”

**BOOF**

A geyser of dirt and stones erupted a few meters from Jackie’s foot. Still not close enough to harm her, but closer than the smoke shell.

“Anywhere but here, come on, Jackie, go!”

Sasha’s stomach dropped into her feet as Jackie stood, then set her on top of her head. “Hang on!” Jackie boomed.

Sasha clung to fistfuls of blonde hair as Jackie strode toward the harbor. The highest of Madison’s factories and warehouses only reached Jackie’s waist. Her steps were slow and staggering, her arms overflowing with a pair of tits like blue whales. She left craters in the concrete as she crossed the docks and stepped into the harbor. Her legs disappeared to the knees in murky water. Boats and barges heaved and listed in the wake of her slow, wading steps.

Within moments, Jackie was waist-deep in the Atlantic. Sasha turned to watch the city recede behind them. The trucks and tanks had no chance of matching their pace, and when the helicopters reached the harbor, they hovered there at the coastline. When Jackie waded into deep enough water that her cumbersome glands began to bob, relieving her of their weight, she leaned forward into an ironic breaststroke.

Sasha watched the rise of Jackie’s wake flowing behind them, wondering how much damage it would cause along the shoreline.

“Are they still following us?” Jackie asked.

Sasha squinted toward the shrinking harbor, but could not see the dark shapes of helicopters or ships pursuing them. Perhaps they were unwilling or unable to follow them into international waters.

“I don’t think so.”

Jackie’s wide strokes relaxed, and they drifted toward the southeast. Sasha hoped they could find an uninhabited island where Jackie could rest and digest at a normal pace. And also find food. Even without a chemically-accelerated metabolism, it would take a lot to keep Jackie fed. She wondered how hard it was to learn to fish. As they floated lazily into the vast blue horizon, Sasha hoped her boobzilla girlfriend wouldn’t get a cramp from swimming so soon after eating.