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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

There's an App for That

Marcy was sitting in her room in her oversized beanbag chair reading when she heard the door to her apartment click open. Marcy grabbed her bookmark to save her place and wandered into the kitchen slash common area. Her roommate Janelle staggered into the kitchen, weighed down with two reusable grocery bags on each arm.

Janelle was a pudgy redhead just shy of being chubby. She possessed an unfortunate physique that thickened in the hips and ass while leaving her poor breasts no bigger than B-cups. It was for the best, really. If Janelle had been Marcy's type, it might have made their living arrangement somewhat awkward.

"What's all this?" Marcy asked.

"Just some groceries. I found this new meal plan app that has super good reviews."

Marcy watched the redhead unload the bags. Yogurt, ice cream, blocks of cheese, full fat milk, and tubs of butter began to cover the counter. Janelle wasn't much of a dieter, she still had the appetite of a teenager despite them both being in their early twenties. Marcy often had to exercise extra self-control around her roommate lest her constant snacking rub off on her. Of course, Janelle was also somewhat of a techie, and Marcy often thought of her roommate as a neophile, always on the lookout for some new "cool" thing. She'd bought Marcy a kindle on her last birthday, but the mousy dark haired girl preferred the experience of real paper books.

"Did you eat already?" Janelle asked as she ferried items to the fridge and cupboards.

"Yeah, I had some hummus and broccoli earlier."

Janelle grimaced. "No vegan food for me. Though with this new app *I* might be the 'skinny roommate' in a few months." She grinned proudly, and Marcy couldn't help letting her eyes wander over the hips stretching out Janelle's dark leggings, her soft belly spilling over the waistband.

"This is um... a lot of dairy, Janelle." She remarked.

"Yeah, the app says you focus on a few food types and cut out the rest, it's like that Atkins thing from way back."

Marcy wondered how eating only dairy was comparable to cutting out carbs, but she didn't want to sound unsupportive, so she said simply, "Cool. Well, good luck!"

"Thanks!"

Marcy watched Janelle peel back the foil of a yogurt cup to snack on while she put the rest of her groceries away. Janelle went back to her book.

A few weeks later, Marcy came home to find her roommate lounging on the sofa, eating ice cream straight from the carton. She didn't *look* any thinner to her. In fact, the buttons on Janelle's top were pulled tight across her chest, making the fabric pucker and opening small windows between each one where Marcy could see the cups of her bra.

"Are you sure that diet app is legit?" She asked.

She examined the redhead's body more closely. Her lower half didn't seem any bigger, so maybe she was only gaining weight up top. Marcy supposed that the diet might be worthwhile if it gave her chubby roommate a more 'balanced out' figure.

"Oh yeah definitely." Janelle said. "It's by a new software house called MelonSoft. They're a division of that big pharma company Madsgenix, and all *their* stuff is super legit. You should see their stock charts."

Marcy was of course well-acquainted with Madsgenix. Her love of the female breast was how she'd discovered her preference for women back in high school.

"If you say so..." she muttered, before retreating to her room. She'd planned to read, but hearing her roommate namedrop the company that made all the best breast enhancement drugs sent the brunette's mind wandering. She wanted some 'alone time' before dinner.

About a month after Janelle started using her meal plan app, Marcy got curious and decided to do some of her own research into this *MelonSoft*. The name was certainly ridiculous enough to be a Madsgenix subsidiary. She couldn't find any details about the company itself, but the store page for the app, lazily named 'Curvy Girl,' was filled with *very* mixed reviews.

1 Star: <I followed this app's plan to the letter, and I gained 15 lbs in a month! Plus none of my bras fit now!>

2 Stars: <I didn't even lose any weight, and I had to buy all new tops!>

5 Stars: <My girlfriend started using this app and she's never been hotter!>

Marcy was a skeptic by nature, but she was pretty sure this app was just a poorly described breast enhancement system for Madsgenix to add to their repertoire. She wondered if Janelle realized that.

After two months of using *Curvy Girl* to plan all her meals, Janelle had to replace most of her wardrobe. Every day Marcy saw her wearing a new top or shirt she'd never seen before. On the weekends when they were together all day, the brunette watched her roommate follow the app's guidelines to the letter. Yogurt and whole milk for breakfast, cheese cubes for a mid-morning snack, grilled cheese and creamy soup for lunch, nachos (with just cheese) in the afternoon, some kind of cheesy pasta for dinner, and a whole carton of ice cream before bed.

If the purpose of the diet app was to help its users lose weight, it was a complete failure. But if the goal was to bump them up a cup size or two... well... it was either a resounding success, or Janelle had found some *amazing* padded bras. Marcy found herself getting distracted and flustered every time she was in the same room with Janelle. Strained buttons and stretched sweaters gave her the kinds of thoughts she'd never entertained when they decided to share rent. It wasn't like it mattered anyway, as she was pretty sure the redhead was straight.

About three months after Janelle installed the meal plan app, Marcy heard a curse of frustration come from the open bathroom. She walked out to the hallway and called, “you alright, Janelle?”

“I’m fine. I just can’t get this damn shirt to close.”

Marcy poked her head into the bathroom.

“You need some... help?”

Marcy’s voice trailed off as she took in the sight of her ginger roommate. Her hair was bound up in a towel on her head, and the shirt she was trying to button hung open from her arms in defeat. The only other things covering Janelle’s body were her panties, and a severely undersized bra.

The bra was *not* padded, that was *all* Janelle.

Pale, freckled skin was everywhere. Her abs, though far from a ‘six-pack,’ were now flat and firm. Her hips were not much wider than Marcy’s, only an inch or so of chub pressed out around her simple white panties. She almost had a thigh gap!

And her tits... they were bigger than Janelle’s head. An industrial–strength bra worked valiantly to hold them up, while the freckled expanse of her overfed mammarys bulged out over the cups, spilling out the sides as well. The shoulder straps dug into her soft shoulders and hovered above her chest as they extended down to the overworked cups.

“Are you *sure* that diet app is working?” Marcy stammered.

“It’s a meal plan app.” Janelle said, meeting her roommate’s eyes in the mirror. “And yes, of course it’s working.”

“Have you actually *lost* any weight?”

The redhead’s cheeks turned pink, and she looked down, freckled cleavage filling her view.

“Well, not really...” She met Marcy’s eyes again. “But I’m down three pants sizes, look!”

She ran her long pale fingers down her narrow waist and over her diminished hips. Marcy acted without thinking, stepping into the bathroom and hefting a fat breast in each hand, pushing the watermelon sized orbs into Janelle’s chin.

“What about *these!*?”

Janelle’s face turned scarlet, and her face scrunched up in arousal. She grinned down at her roommate.

“Do... do you like them?”

“I... I mean... they’re... they’re very nice—“

The redhead bent to press her lips to Marcy’s.

It turned out her roommate wasn’t all that straight after all.