

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

<https://spartacusda.deviantart.com>

<https://patreon.com/spartacusda>

<https://spartacusda.gumroad.com>

This is a commissioned story. To commission your own story check out my [Patreon](#) tiers or my [Gumroad](#) store.

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing*

See *The Cosplayer* and *The Family Farm* 6–10 for more of these characters.

Tina - 1/2

Part One

Tina and Casey followed the hostess to their table. It was a booth, but Tina was too nervous to ask for an open table. "I don't know why you needed me here for this."

"I need this girl to know what she's getting into if we're gonna do shoots together," Casey said.

Tina sat on the bench sideways before twisting her torso and attempting to squish her massive breasts under the table. In the system of straps and slings that Casey had fashioned into a makeshift bra, Tina's breasts projected over two feet in front of her, and while she needed the support to keep the giant lobes from slapping against her knees, it also meant she couldn't get them low enough to squeeze between her lap and the tabletop.

Casey watched her girlfriend struggle with a wry grin. "I don't think that's gonna work, *chica*."

Tina sighed, hefting one orb and then the other to rest on the table. They settled somewhat, spreading to cover over halfway to the opposite side, and she grimaced. "She's gonna take one look at me and run off. I bet she doesn't even come to the table."

Casey slid into the booth, giving Tina a one-armed hug. "Don't be like that. Who knows, maybe she'll be into it."

Tina smirked. "You looking for a fourth? Our bed is pretty crowded as it is."

"Not a chance. Four boobs are plenty for this relationship. If anything, we should find another guy so we can give Joseph a break now and then."

Tina's face went pale. "Please, no."

Casey laughed. "It's a joke, *chica! dios mio...*"

The pair ordered drinks and an appetizer while they waited. After they got their drinks, but before the food came, a mousey brunette walked toward them. She smiled politely when she saw Casey, but as she drew closer, her smile faded, and her mouth fell open. Her eyes got so wide Casey thought they might fall out of the poor girl's head.

"Um... Tricia?" Casey asked.

The girl's eyes snapped from Tina's enormous breasts to look at Casey. "H-hey, yeah!" She stared down at her feet. "Sorry..."

"You don't have to apologize," Tina said. "It happens all the time."

"Have a seat," Casey said, "They don't bite."

Tricia's eyes flicked back to Tina's button busters, then back at the floor, finally glancing back up at Casey. With a visible gulp, she slid into the booth across from the two women.

"So, tell us about yourself, Tricia."

"Just Trish is fine." Trish met Casey's eyes, taking a moment to gawk at the Latina's considerable bosom. With Tina's massive melons covering half the table, Trish hadn't even noticed that Casey sported what would have been the biggest pair she'd ever seen.

“Um... well, I’ve been posting on TikTok for a few months, and a friend told me about your channel. I’ve been wanting to do premium stuff, but it’s all kind of overwhelming.”

“That’s part of why I started the agency,” Casey said. “I’ll take care of all the logistics and business sides of things, and all you have to do is make content. I’ve seen your stuff. It’s really good, but we can give you some tips to take it to the next level.”

“Yeah,” Tina added, “your costumes are super cute, and you’ve already got a pretty good camera set up.”

“I’ll help you manage the accounts,” Casey said. “You can send photos and vids to me or upload them yourself. But I think the real game-changer will be combo content.”

“Combo content?”

“We get you over to our place and do shoots with one or both of us.”

Trish’s face turned even more pale. Clearly, the thought of posting photos of herself next to these busty behemoths unnerved her. She glanced down at herself, where a pair of bumps no larger than B-cups made tiny indents in her top.

“No pressure at all,” Casey said, “It’s just a suggestion. There’s a part of our audience that really appreciates... contrast. You’ll get extra traffic from our fans and maybe even a few new subscribers of your own.”

Trish’s mouth worked from one side to the other, and her brows twitched. Before she could give Casey an answer, two more young women approached the table. An Asian, about Trish’s height, and a blonde half a head taller.

“Oh my god, are you Tina?” The blonde asked.

Her friend gently tapped Trish’s shoulder with the back of one hand. “Trish, you didn’t tell us you were meeting Tina!”

Without waiting for an invitation, the two girls joined the table, pushing Trish further into the booth until all three of them sat across from Tina and Casey.

“I’m Juno,” The Asian girl said, “I follow all your accounts.”

“Susanna,” The blonde added. “We’re huge fans.”

Trish and Casey were now seated about as far apart as they could get and still be at the same table—not that Casey could continue the interview through Juno and Susanna’s fangirl gushing—so she shifted her focus to the newcomers. Neither was as pretty as Trish, but if they were already fans...

Juno and Susanna were peppering Tina with questions; Casey followed along, waiting for an opportunity to interject with her pitch.

“Do you really gain all your weight in your chest?” Susanna asked.

“Not all, but most of it, so far,” Tina said.

“What’s the most you’ve ever eaten?” Juno asked.

“Oh! I don’t really know...”

Caught up in the topic, Casey said, “Probably when we went to that buffet back in August. You put away seven plates.”

“I guess...” Tina stared down at her shirt-clad bosom, visibly discomforted. Just as Casey was considering what to tell her girlfriend to attempt to draw her out of her shell, Tina straightened her shoulders and spread her lips into a smug grin. “Yeah, that lunch was pretty big. We don’t always count them, though, and that was almost six months ago...”

Casey’s chest swelled with pride. Without any prompting on her part, Tina had slipped into her bubbly, energetic online persona. A competitive and greedy gleam slid across Susanna’s eyes. “I bet you could smash that record. Wanna try?”

Tina’s eyes widened, and Casey could tell she hadn’t expected such a blatant challenge from a pair of strangers. “Oh, I don’t know, guys. This isn’t a buffet or anything.”

“It’s on us,” Juno said. “Suze and I will cover everything.”

“Yeah,” Susanna added. “Please?”

Casey held up a hand. “Would you give us a minute?”

The three girls leaned back on their bench to give Casey and Tina some measure of privacy.

“I think you should do it,” Casey whispered to her girlfriend. “We might get all three of them to join!”

“I don’t know, they’re kind of... intense.”

“Just think of it like one of your streams.”

“I... I guess that would be alright.”

Casey turned to Susanna. “She’ll do it. Sort of a private stream in exchange for you buying lunch. But I want to make sure you’re not going to stick us with the bill.”

“My dad’s CFO of a Fortune 500 company,” Susanna said. “Even Tina can’t eat more than the limit on my gold card, I promise you.”

“My parents are both doctors,” Juno added. “Oncology and Pediatrics. We’ve got it covered.”

Holding up both palms in surrender, Casey chuckled nervously. “Okay, okay; You win.” These didn’t seem like girls who needed content creator income. Unfortunately, she’d already accepted their offer, and their enthusiasm was infectious. Casey couldn’t wait to see how much sports bar food Tina could pack in.

With Casey’s approval, Susanna waved their server over.

“Hi. We’d like all the appetizers, please.”

The server’s eyes widened slightly, but she held her professional facade. “Our apps are pretty big. Are you sure?”

“We know,” Juno said. Susanna nodded emphatically.

“Alright, awesome, I’ll go get those started for you ladies.”

Casey had watched Tina eat dozens, if not hundreds, of times. Not to mention pleasuring herself while watching her girlfriend’s streams from the next room. But Tina’s muckbang streams were more about quality than quantity. Yes, she usually ate for an hour or two straight, but it was broken up by answering questions and responding to the chat. And they rarely amounted to more than a couple thousand

calories at a time. Casey had never seen Tina put on her streamer persona in real life, and the encouragement of these two women was pushing the blonde to a level of gluttony even Casey had never seen.

“Ti-na, Ti-na, Ti-na!” Susanna chanted while Juno handed chicken strips to Tina, stopping just short of hand-feeding the girl.

She’d devoured every appetizer on the menu and was working on her fifth entree. They were huge portions designed for the typical sports bar crowd—big muscly guys or the beer belly variety—and each plate had enough calories to sate the average person for an entire day. Only now, with three chicken fingers slathered in sauce and a side of loaded fries, was Tina starting to flag. Trish had backed into the corner, occasionally covering her face with her hands but unable to stop watching the spectacle. Juno and Susanna were nearly vibrating with excitement, and Casey hoped the dampness between her legs hadn’t seeped through her jeans.

Tina’s face was flushed, and her breathing was shallow. Casey slid a hand under the table to feel her girlfriend’s stomach and found a taut, distended orb, drum-tight with all the food she’d consumed. A thrill ran up Casey’s spine, and she fought the urge to fork up a mouthful of those fries and slide them into Tina’s mouth. Tina lifted another chicken strip to her mouth and bit into it, chewing more slowly than Casey had ever seen. Her middle was packed with so much food. So many calories. So much fuel for her growing body. Casey could almost see the mass in Tina’s middle spreading throughout her body—a few trickles to her arms and thighs, a steady stream to her delicious bottom, and a torrent pumping into her gargantuan gazongas. Fighting to keep her trembling hand steady, Casey speared a wad of french fries dripping with cheese and sour cream, speckled with real bacon bits and chives, and lifted it to Tina’s lips.

Slowly, agonizingly slowly, Tina finished the plate. Once Casey started feeding her fries, Juno stretched her arm a little farther until Tina could bite into the chicken finger with even less effort. The Asian girl was careful not to let her arm touch the heaving swell of Tina’s chest, but Casey could see the color rise in her cheeks—this was an experience she’d likely be replaying in her mind for a long time. Tina’s arms dropped to the table, then slid down to her sides. She sat like a lump, shoulders drooped and gulping shallow breaths as the women around her pressed bite after bite into her waiting mouth.

When the plate was finally clean, Tina's head lolled back against the back of their bench. The angle wasn't ideal, but Casey pressed and prodded at her girlfriend's tummy under the table until a gurgling rumble built into an impressive belch.

"Oh my god, that was incredible," Susanna said. Her voice was pitched an octave lower than when she sat down, and Casey watched the skinny blonde squirm—no doubt working her thighs together under the table. Juno simply stared at Tina with wide-eyed awe.

Their server returned, and Casey braced herself, expecting to get kicked out or, at the very least, a request to keep it down—that the other customers were complaining. Instead, the woman smiled. "How're we doing over here? Did you ladies save any room for dessert?"

The four women looked at Tina. Her body jolted almost imperceptibly, and her cheeks bulged as she pursed her lips. The blush in her cheeks turned a faint shade of green.

"I think we're ready for the check," Casey said.

"Alright," the server smiled, and Casey felt certain she was resisting the urge to sigh in relief. "How are we splitting it up?"

"All on one," Susanna said.

"Uorrgh" Tina moaned, "That was such a mistake!"

Casey sat on Tina's legs, massaging her bloated stomach with her whole upper body. It was starting to soften, but she could still feel the mass of food inside. "Sorry, *chica*. It's too bad Suze and Juno didn't want to model for us. Trish might come around, but I think we scared her off."

Tina heaved a deep sigh, then winced. "So it was all for nothing?"

"Hey, at least you got a free meal," Casey said, patting the curve of Tina's belly.

"I feel like I'm gonna burst. I'm going on a diet—starting tomorrow."

"Aye, really?"

Tina nodded, though Casey couldn't see her face behind the twin mountains rising behind the foothill of her belly. "I'm starting that treatment on Monday. It should help, but I think I should stop gaining while I'm on it. Or at least... try to slow down a little bit."

"Are you going to stop streaming?"

"No... I love it too much, and my fans do, too. But no more gorging like this. And I think I should stop drinking your milk."

Casey kept her voice passive with an effort. "Alright... if that's what you want."

"It's just temporary, but I think it's for the best."

Casey crawled up the bed until her face was close to Tina's. "It's completely your choice, *chica*. I'll support you no matter what; you know that, right?"

"I do, and thanks." Tina smiled, then winced. "Could you rub it some more?"

Casey grinned. "Of course."