

Full Curves Meal

by Rack-Coon

DISCLAIMER: This story contains a cringeworthy amount of food puns. The author is not responsible for ocular damage from excessive eyerolling while reading.

DING

The bell above the door rang as Romina entered the restaurant. As her eyes scanned the interior, they widened at the sight of all the women sitting at the tables – more specifically, at their breasts. No mammary smaller than a head as far as Romina could see, straining blouses, shirts, tank tops, jackets and dresses across them. Many had trouble picking up the food from their plates, having to maneuver their forks, knives and spoons around their huge breasts. Their booties matched their busts, chairs overflowing with cheeks that brought skirts and pants to their limits, stretched by wide hips and thick thighs.

But it wasn't just that the women's curves were huge: As they ate and drank, their bodies slowly were swelling into more voluptuous shapes. Breasts pushed, making it even harder for the women to eat, while their butts overflowed their seats, their knees pointing apart as their thighs swelled against each other.

Seeing all those curvaceous and growing women Romina blushed, her tan cheeks turning red. However, she wasn't embarrassed at their size or the fact they were growing – instead, seeing how large they all were, she realized how late she was.

“Shit, am I that late?” She pulled her phone out of her baggy jeans pocket. *“Yup, it's the middle of lunch rush.”* Again she looked at the women's curves, many appearing like they had stuffed melons into their clothes. *“Figures – with the size of these honkers and badonks, most must be at the second course already. I hope Lucia isn't mad...”*

“Welcome, Miss! Your friend's already waiting for you.”

Without her noticing, a waitress had approached Romina. Tanned like her, but with short blond hair instead of Romina's hazel locks, she was dressed in a typical waiter's attire with a black vest over a white blouse. Unlike the costumers, her figure was slender, petite even, just like Romina's.

“Oh, um, thanks.” Romina scratched the shoulder-long mess of her hair as she looked around. “Er...”

“Please follow me.” Smiling, the waitress went ahead, with Romina following her through the restaurant. While she was led to the back, Romina glanced at the other costumers. They were wearing all kinds of clothes, from shirts with logos to dresses with corsets, buttoned up blouses, also zipper jeans jackets like the one Romana wore, except only hers had ripped sleeves. Some women displayed their assets in generous V-necks, others in the gaps of blouses as their buttons stretched across their swelling racks. Under cleavage poked under cropped tops as they climbed up increasing slopes of flesh while halter necks revealed side cleavage. All the flesh that was showing steadily overflowed the clothes containing them, bulging out of every available opening.

In addition to avalanching necklines, Romina glanced at the firm posteriors steadily swelling larger. All chairs had a large, conspicuously shaped opening in the back, out of which cheeks were steadily bulging. Some butt even bent the poles of the backrests with their bulk, while skirts clearly showed the contours of each cheek as they stretched across the inflating surface. Many jeans and shorts were even tauter, with pockets getting squeezed so thin no hand could fit inside. As Romina walked by all those curvaceous women, she shook her slack jeans, barely cambered by her petite bum, and smirked.

In the far back of the crowded room, Romina finally spotted a familiar face. Her complexion fair compared to most other women in the restaurant, her black hair was woven into a braid that fell on her right shoulder, tied by a blue ribbon. Wearing ring-shaped silver earrings along with a pair of round glasses, she scanned the menu with her blue eyes. Only when the waitress and Romina stood at her table she looked up and smiled.

“Mina!” Putting down her menu she got up. She was wearing a blue vest, with three golden buttons above a white blouse, and a white pencil skirt. “So glad you could make it!”

“Of course, Lucia.” Their flat bosoms docked on to each other as the two women hugged, the curves of their butts barely shining through their clothes even as they arched their backs. “It’s been too long.”

“Can I bring you something to drink?” the waitress asked as they sat down opposite to each other.

“I thiiiiink...” Lucia looked over the wine card, before pointing at her pick. “I think I’ll take a wide wine.”

“For me a BEer, please” Romina said as she pushed her chair towards the table.

“Sure thing!” As the waitress left for the kitchen, she walked between two bottom-heavy women, cheeks the size of volleyballs protruding through their chairs. Sitting with their

backs to each other, one's buttocks billowed the skirt of her white summer dress, the faint contours of her panties steadily showing through it, while the bum of the other started pulling the legs of her shorts up her thick thighs.

"So how was Venice?" Romina asked, putting her hands into the pockets of her jeans jacket. Pulling it back, she revealed the logos of several punk bands, written in white on her red T-shirt. "Did you visit the Palazzo?"

"The Palazzo, the Libreria, the golden house – we basically ran from place to place." Leaning her head on her fist, Lucia sighed. "Sometimes, vacation feels like more work than the job."

"Well, I'm sure you had fun. I know Guiseppe had – he sent me tons of photos."

"I'm so sorry!" Folding her hands, Lucia bowed in apology. "We were so busy with sightseeing, I completely forgot to send you any messages."

"It's fine. That's what you got your better half for." Smirking, Romina leaned towards her friend. "So, did you take a gondola?"

"With singing gondolier and all" Lucia giggled. "It cost a fortune, and Guiseppe nearly fell out of the boat. Luckily, I could grab him before he dropped into the channel."

"No wonder he didn't send a photo of it" Romina laughed. "But I'm sure it was still very romantic."

"Most romantic thing we ever did." Half under her breath, Lucia murmured: "Though apparently, not romantic enough..."

Catching that last bit Romina raised an eyebrow. Before she could ask about it though the waitress returned with their drinks. "Here you go, one wide wine and a BEer." She placed a large mug in front of Romina, with a dark and stout beer inside, and a wine glass in front of Lucia, into which she poured golden wine from a carafe. The bottom of the wineglass was shaped like a booty, while the foam crown on Romina's beer had the form of a bosom. "So, ready to make your order?"

"Sure" Lucia said, picking up her menu. "For first course, the knockerchi filled with spine-ache and rack-cotta, and for second..." She rummaged through the main courses, then pointed at her choice. "The ass-paragus fri-tatas."

"And for me, um..." Romina hastily looked through the menu. "I think I'llllll... take the booty-catini caboose-nara, and the mammarinated rump-steak."

"Rare, medium or well-done?"

"Rare, please."

"And for starters?"

“How about some steamy cleavegeatable and caked butt-tatos?” Lucia suggested.

“Sounds great!”

“Perfect!” The waitress turned around, leaving through the slightly narrower aisle between the two women’s butts.

“Well then, cheers!” Smiling, Lucia raised her glass. Romina was about to pick up her mug but paused.

“One sec.” Grabbing her jacket she closed the zipper, then pushed it all the way up, hiding the punk bands on her shirt. When the slider rested at her collar and her jacket lay loosely on her torso, she took the handle of her mug. “Okay, cheers!”

After clinking glasses, both women took a sip. The foam tickled Romina’s lips before she let the thick, harsh amber flow into her throat. Lucia flinched as the wine prickled in her mouth, but her tongue welcomed its mellow, sweet taste.

“Aaaah!” Sighing in content, Romina set down her mug, wiping the foam from her grin. “That hit the spot!” She grinned even more as with the aftertaste of malt in her throat, a tingle settled into her chest. Pulling back her shoulders she stretched her jacket as much across her chest as the loose material allowed, its cropped hem slightly riding up while her plain curves pressed against the denim. Very slowly, it started to billow, two distinct swells forming around the zipper, their shape distinguishing as they surged out of her body.

More slowly, Lucia sipped on her wine. While taking little gulps, picking up the delicate flavors with her tongue, she wriggled her butt. Like Romina’s breasts, her cheeks started to inflate, growing little by little on her chair. Glass on her lips, she smiled as the flat curve of her behind filled the slack in her skirt, tightening it across her rear. The fabric hanging from her thighs also stretched as they grew into it. “A delight, indeed” Lucia said as she put her glass down, both women chuckling at her act of a snobbish wine connoisseur.

With Romina’s bosom and Lucia’s booty slowly shaping their clothes, they joined the growing women around them. Steadily more bosoms dropped on tables, slowly swelling over them. Some women put their plates on top of their rising chests, balancing them on the wide fields of fabric or between slopes of cleavage. A few guests, however, were too slow: Their looming busts loomed onto the plates, soaking their tops with sauce and meat juice. One woman, wearing a sweetheart tank top, didn’t notice her bosom growing onto her plate, slowly tilting it. When she leaned back to stretch herself, she raised her melonous assets, only to slam down on the plate again. The prawns of her fettucini fruti di mam-mare were catapulted right against her tank top, one latching onto her neckline right between her breasts. The woman flinched, blushing at the crustacean hanging on her top.

Romina briefly watched her over the shoulder. Her own breasts were starting to really bulge her jacket, jutting out on each side of her zipper as protrusions the size of apples. She then turned her head as the waitress returned with their appetizers.

“Here you go” she said, placing two large plates between her and Lucia. On one, steaming vegetables were arranged to form a woman’s décolleté, with eggplants and zucchini representing the cleavage and the carrots and sweet pepper the neckline, adorned by frills of cauliflower. The other plate carried baked potato slices, each with a crispy surface raised in two soft swells like a bum, arranged like a woman’s lower body.

After Lucia and Romina had thanked her the waitress left again. On her way, she had to twist herself a little to get past the bottom-heavy women, now sporting basket balls for buttocks. One’s panties clearly were visible through her sheer skirt, showing as they were eaten up by her buttocks, while the other’s shorts were turning into hot pants, their legs rolling up the billowing bulges of her bum.

Lucia took a whiff of the steam rising from the plates, humming at the smell of seasoning and garlic, before she picked up her fork. “So, how’s your father doing?” she asked as she put some of the steamy cleavevegetables on her plate. Curving out behind her, her butt pulled her skirt across its bulging cheeks, though even as he leaned forward, its swelling clearly slowed down. “Still driving your mom insane?”

Romina shrugged. “Eh, it’s getting better” she replied while putting some caked butt-tatos on her plate. “Seems he’s *finally* settling into retirement.” Just when her petite breasts began to lift the zipper between them, they pushed out more slowly, eventually ceasing their growth. “Still, there’s at least major throwdown per week – at best.” She shook her head. “I keep telling him not to mess with the household, but he won’t listen!”

Picking a slice of zucchini and sweet pepper with her fork, Lucia chuckled. “Guess it’s hard for him to accept he’s not the boss in your mom’s company.” She blew off the steam before putting the cleavevegetables into her mouth. As she slowly chewed on the soft, but still crunchy vegetables, the tingle moved from her butt to her chest. Like Romina’s before, her breasts began to billow her clothes, slowly tenting up her blue vest before starting to smooth it over their rounding surface.

“Tell me about it!” Two potato slices on her fork, Romina bit off. Though hot, their texture was sublime, crispy on the surface while the inside was mellow. As she savored their taste, the swelling shifted from her chest to her lower half. Her jeans began to fill up, the loose denim getting stretched by her growing butt. Underneath, she felt her panties gradually flatten on her rear, her underwear getting pressed against her jeans. “They’ve been married for forty years” she mumbled after swallowing “But now I’m afraid their relationship won’t survive three years of my dad’s retirement.”

Picking up cauliflower and carrot Lucia turned up her mouth. “Urgh, don’t say stuff like that.” As she ate the cleavevegetables, her bust steadily protruded from her vest. A pair of

bumps distinguished on the blue fabric, reaching around the large button between them. While her breasts curved the fabric around them, forcing it against them, the button slowly was pulled forward. Little creases appeared around it, going up the rising slopes of her breasts as they surged forth, like hands that were clenched under her clothes. “Makes me dread the day my parents retire...”

“Well, your parents both work and do the household, so it probably won’t be as bad” Romina said before filling her mouth with more butt-tatos. Bit by bit, the denim was blowing up under her belt line, her cheeks reaching for the open backrest. At the same time, they spread out over the seat, creeping towards the sides as her hips arched from her waist outwards. Though a little more slowly than around her butt, the slack of her jeans also smoothed around her thighs, from the top down towards her knees as they swelled. “Also, you can share the burden of hour-long phone calls with your brother.”

“Your father can at least go fishing to vent off. My parents have no hobbies – they are both workaholics!” As Lucia took a sip of her wide wine, her backside joined her front again, both butt and bust bulging her clothes. Steadily the fabric puffed up on her curves, buttocks and breasts individually showing on the fabric. The indentations between them became more striking, making each asset pop. “Besides, you also have a brother.

“Francesco? They don’t talk about stuff like that with him.” Also drinking from her BEer, Romina’s breasts started to expand again, billowing denim with her butt in tandem. Both the zipper of her jacket and the seam between her buttocks arched, getting nestled between the domes protruding to either side around. “Only about my nephew.”

“He’s a darling.”

“Sure, but it means all the heavy stuff is handled to me!”

Growing rounder and fuller by the second, the bases of their breasts slowly bent over. Beneath Lucia’s vest and Romina’s jacket, as well as under their blouse respectively shirt, their inner curves slowly swelled into the space crafted as the fabric rose, gradually closing the gap between. Similarly, their thighs continued to swell, Lucia’s growing into the space of her skirt while Romina’s rounded her jeans.

“Let’s just hope neither your nor my parents when they retire will drive each other mad” Lucia sighed. “Or worse, us.”

“Sure hope so.” The two of them continued eating while sipping on their beverages. From flat and petit their curves swelled into subtle bumps, far from the other women in the restaurant, but catching up by the second. Smoothing over their curves, their clothes joined the orchestra of stretching fabric, quietly creaking under the rising pressure. The symphony was joined by stitches snapping over a woman’s hip as her lavender skirt ripped, revealing the tight waistband of her red panties cutting into her skin. Blushing, she picked up a serviette and covered the tear with it, though as it continued to spread

out, she couldn't keep a sliver of her basketball sized buttocks from poking out, her panties also showing as the skirt stretched sheer over her cheeks.

“Aaah!” Satisfied, Romina dropped her fork on her empty plate and patted her stomach. “Good stuff!”

Lucia also put down her fork, wiping her lips with a serviette. “Indeed.”

As they leaned back, the bulges of their tops pushed out further, shaping the fabric around zipper and button while making them stand out. Steadily, the soft flanks of their bosoms became sharper, the fabric creasing where they were bending out of their bodies. A clear edge formed around their breasts, their sides framed by wrinkles while their bottoms lifted the fabric from their midsections, shirt and blouse creasing as they tented up. Romina's cropped jacket and Lucia's vest rose as their breasts projected from them like grapefruits, bulging and pulling on the fabric. The contours of their butts were also growing more prominent, the shadow between their cheeks growing darker as they protruded around it. Their slender waists were emphasized as their hips became wider and curvier, the formerly straight line of their bodies gaining a visible arc on each side.

While they took another sip, the waitress returned. She first gathered the empty plates, then put new ones in front of them. “Knockerchi with spine-ache and rack-cotta” she said as she handed Lucia a plate with potato dumplings in a cheese and spinach sauce. “And booty-catini caboose-nara” she said when handing Romina thick, long noodles in a sauce of cheese, bacon and egg.

“Thank you!”

As the waitress left with the empty plates, she had to squeeze herself between the bottleneck of butts swelling out of their chairs. The shorts kept riding up on one, lips seeping out under the denim that diagonally crossed the cheeks, while the dress of the other was pulled transparent, showing how her panties were shrinking into a thong.

“Hmmm, these look delicious!” Taking a spoon, Lucia dug up some knockerchi. Thick threads of cheese stretched and snapped as she raised them to her mouth. She stopped for a moment to watch her bust reach out, pushing forth the button in the middle, before putting the dumplings into her mouth. “And they are!” she said with a full mouth, wriggling her growing butt. While wrinkles appeared between the cheeks as they spread out, the growth of her bosom accelerated, the folds framing it getting sharper as her breasts bent over more quickly, wrapping her vest around them.

Meanwhile, Romina spun the thick noodles around her fork. Full of rich sauce with chunks of bacon and egg inside, she put them into her mouth. Slurping up the noodles she put back her head, making her bosom project. It wasn't where the boost of nutrition went however, instead fueling the growth of her behind. A little faster than before, her cheeks spread over her chair, approaching its edges while looming for the hole in the

backrest. The further they reached, the more they were nestling the seam of her jeans between them, each buttock standing out from it. Pulling her pockets up her rear, their shape continued to camber, appearing firm even as she sat. “I think I’d come here even if the food wasn’t so... rich” Romina smirked, her lower body gradually growing into a pear shape.

“It’s good for sure.” Lucia took another sip of her wine, causing her rear to slightly catch up with her front. While wrinkles also formed between her swelling thighs, her vest slowly began to drift apart between the buttons, the lower half slipping out under the upper. “But without those supplements, they’d lack their special touch.”

“Oh, definitely – I wouldn’t want to miss their special touch!” Romina said before drinking her BEer. While the wrinkles on her jeans grew larger, running more tightly around her groin, her breasts smoothed those on their edges, forcing them to retreat to their periphery while smoothing her jacket across them. Slightly, but steadily its hem was pulled up, fluttering as it lost contact with her shirt. “Sucks though you can’t take Guiseppe on a date here” she said as she put down her mug, rolling up another fork of noodles. “I mean, you could rent the place for a private event, but it’s so fucking expansive-“

She paused. Spaced out, Lucia held her spoon in front of her growing bosom, only her swelling curves moving as she stared past food and bust, eyes cast down.

Romina put her fork down. “Say, Lucia, is... something wrong between you and Guiseppe?” she asked, tensing her butt as she leaned forward.

Her vest creaked as Lucia took a deep breath. “No, everything is like always” she said, shoving more knockerchi into her mouth. As she chewed on them, the fabric between her buttons opened into teardrop-shaped slits. The shade in the gaps cleared, the frilly line of her blouse’s buttons showing inside as it arched over her bust. “But that’s kind of the problem...”

Romina arched an eyebrow at her. “What do you mean?”

Swallowing the knockerchi, Lucia sat back. The shape of her breasts fully rounded, orbs the size of cantaloupes projecting from her. Her vest hung off them, slightly obscuring their bottoms, while on their flanks, it was stretched smooth and taut, turning sky blue as her blouse shined through where they swelled for her shoulders. While the fabric between the buttons continued to open and reveal her blouse, the wrinkles around the central one grew tighter and longer, indicating the rising pressure. “I like him, Romina” Lucia finally said. “I REALLY like him.”

At first, Romina didn’t catch on. Taking another fork of booty-catini, her butt bulged towards the opening of the chair, until its most projecting regions swelled through. Slowly filling the hole with their bulk, her buttocks also inched towards the sides of her

chair, almost standing beyond it. In addition to giving her lower body the shape of a vase, the growth of her posterior also slowly pushed Romina up, her eye-level rising compared to Lucia's. When her jeans started sliding down her hips, exposing some midriff, Romina's eyes suddenly widened in realization, and she almost choked on her noodles. "Wait, seriously?"

Lucia blushed but smiled. "Yeah. I think he's the guy." However, her smile quickly turned into a frown. "But he just won't pop the question, and it's grinding my gears!" Frustrated, she stuffed more knockerchi into her mouth. Her bosom immediately responded, the bright spots spreading over the sides as they pushed out to her shoulders. "Like, when he invited me on that horribly kitsch gondola, I was sure he'd pull out the ring. But all he did was nearly fall out of the boat!" The windows in her vest grew faster as she shoved more knockerchi into her. In the displays, one could see the pressure on her blouse's buttons rising, wrinkles appearing around them. "I love him, really" Lucia sighed, putting down her spoon. "But sometimes, I want to throw him into a dumpster!"

While listening to her Romina continued with her pasta. Each bite seemed to make her taller as her butt pushed her higher, with her thighs steadily getting thicker in accordance. Space was getting narrow on her chair, buttocks and thighs filling it bit by bit. Stretched by her growing curves, the creases of her jeans retreated towards the seams and her groin, the denim smoothing on the round surface. The further the back pockets were dragged up her buttocks and their pouches deflated, the smaller they appeared on her butt, the surface around them increasing as her cheeks steadily filled the hole in the backrest. "Crazy idea here" Romina said, putting down her fork, "But if you want to seal the deal, why not just propose yourself?"

Lucia shifted around. While not as large as Romina's her butt also steadily filled her chair, inching for the opening and sides while stretching the fabric between its cheeks. "Weeeell..."

"Cold feet, huh?" Romina leaned over her plate. Her shirt rode up as she stuck her butt behind her, while her breasts pressed against her jacket, making it flutter even more from them. It was slow, but as they puffed up the denim, growing to the diameter of CDs, they were starting to pull on the zipper, the slider starting to move down and open her jacket from her collar. "I know it's hard, but if you don't take the first step, things may stay like they are forever."

"I know that." Her breasts flaring past her shoulders, Lucia's arm slightly squeezed one as she bit on her thumb nail. "It's just... what if he says no?" With growing strength her bosom pressed against her arm, a back slope forming where her breasts jutted out of her body. "What if things change... for the worse?"

"Ever crossed your mind he might be thinking the same?" As the hem of Romina's pants was sliding down, it tilted slightly, revealing the waistband of her white panties.

Underneath her steadily tighter jeans, her underwear was curving across the round cheeks, bending inwards as they exposed the bottom corners of her buttocks. “Like, both of you want to take the next step, but are afraid to get rejected?”

“Maybe.” Lucia put her hand on her breast. Steadily it was lifted, heaving it above her collarbone towards her neck. Similarly, the bottoms of her bosom lolled down her ribcage, sucking up the wrinkles draping from them, while those pulled from her shoulders arched behind the rising top of her head-sized assets. “Doesn’t make it easier though...”

Romina watched her friend’s breasts loom above her almost empty plate. Suddenly, she felt her butt bump into the sides of the chair. While filling the hole, her cheeks reached past the seat on each side, her hips gradually hanging in the air. The gap between her thighs narrowed, a squeeze zone spreading from her groin towards her knees, forcing them apart. “If you want my advice” she said, moving her butt a little to get more comfortable, “You should propose after having lunch here – the only way he won’t say “yes” is because he’s stunned.”

Lucia chuckled, breasts wobbling as she picked up her glass. “Heh, he actually was the first time he saw me like this.” She was about to take another sip of her wine when suddenly, something clinked the rim of her glass. Flinching, she watched a small projectile bounce off, spinning in front of her face before dropping into her wine. Raising her glass, she and Romina observed as a button sunk to the butt-shaped bottom.

“Sorry!” From a table across the restaurant, a woman was yelling over to them. Cheeks red, she held her huge bosom between her arms, bashfully tapping her knuckles on her buttoned-up dress. Resting on the table, her breasts were slowly flowing over it, pushing her plate away. Between front and top slope, a button was missing, exposing dark orbs of flesh oozing over the frills of her bra.

Lucia nonchalantly fished the button out of her glass and held it up. “Score!” she yelled back and grinned. She was about to take a sip but paused. Through the wine, she looked at the woman, before lowering her gaze to her vest opening on top of her bosom. Slowly forming a diamond as its edges folded from curves into lines, the crowfeet around the big buttons grew tighter, Lucia feeling the fabric being pulled taut on both sides.

Smirking, Lucia put her glass down. With quick bites she gulped down the last knockerchi with spine-ache and rack-cotta, then arched her back. Her vest creaked as she pushed out her breasts, their expansion visibly picking up. Slits also gaped between the buttons of her blouse, while the pressure on the big golden ones of her vest increased. Catching on, the woman in the buttoned dress stuffed her own wine glass into her cleavage. She lifted her beach balls off her table as far above as she could, pointing the glass at Lucia as it was slowly enveloped by the swells rising out of her cleavage.

With a deep breath, Lucia pulled back her shoulders. Tight creases ran over the billowing backsides of her breasts. The slits in her blouse opened further, exposing a sliver of skin and her breast gap, while the windows in her vest further widened. Sticking her tongue out Lucia aimed while holding her breath, her clothes groaning in protest. The central button jittered, its stitches tearing until...

POP!

The moment the button jumped off Lucia thrust out her chest, giving it extra momentum. While her vest opened from her collar button to the hem, creating a large diamond that exposed most of her bosom, the button flew in an arc through the restaurant. Several hyper-sized women watched it head straight for the woman on the other side of the room, who grinned eagerly as she held her glass up between her breasts, keeping it still despite her assets trying to push it out.

Pling!

The whole restaurant cheered as the button nailed the landing, diving right into the wine. Lucia held up her glass at the applauding crowd. After fishing the button out of her glass, the other woman did the same, she and Lucia toasting at each before taking a mutual sip.

“You know what?” Romina said, grinning at her friend with volleyballs in her blouse. “Guiseppe would be a complete idiot to reject you.”

Lucia blushed as she drank, making her butt grow a little faster. Romina meanwhile rolled up the last of her noodles, alongside the rest of the sauce before slurping it all up. Her butt responded by growing even faster, bit by bit becoming cramped inside the backrest. One inch, two inches, her buttocks projected behind her chair, puffing up the seat of her jeans. Getting pulled down, they fully revealed the waistbands of her panties slowly stretching across her hips. Overflowing her chair, the curve from her waist became sharper, yet made Romina’s lower body appear mellower the wider it became.

Swallowing the noodles, Romina felt a little wedged. Her butt as large as Lucia’s bosom, she felt it steadily getting stuck in the chair. “Sorry, can I have a second chair?” she asked as the waitress returned.

The waitress looked around. Behind their table, two women were sitting, a regal blonde with bi-colored eyes and a chirpy woman with messy blue-green hair. As they ate and talked, their breasts slowly overflowing their dresses, the waitress grabbed the third chair from their table and put it next to Romina. “Here you go.”

“Thanks!” Romina plugged her butt out of her seat, the waitress helping her set up the two chairs to divide the load of her butt between them. When Romina was seated, the waitress picked up their empty plates and left. She got stuck for a second as she crammed herself between the bottom-heavy women’s glutes but managed to inch her way through

cheeks the size of beach balls. The white skirt was tattered, numerous tears revealing cheeks that tried to squeeze out of their prison, while the shorts looked like underwear, covering her buttocks like a slim triangle.

Meanwhile, Romina tried making herself comfortable. The outer legs of her chairs tilted but gradually got back on the floor as Romina's buttocks swelling over the chairs. Filling around half of each's total space, they slowly reached for three quarters. Each cheek billowed into the hole of its backrest, together engulfing the inner poles of each chair where the cheeks met. At the same time, her thighs were pushed off the chairs as her butt occupied more space, the curves of her legs rising towards the table.

"So, ready to get back to the job after your vacation?" Romina asked with her arms crossed on the table. As her butt raised her, her body steadily tilted forward, her nearly head-sized breasts looming above her arms.

"Not like I got a choice, do I?" Lucia replied, slightly leaning back. Stretching over her bosom, her vest was peeled off her midriff, hanging like a curtain from her basketballs. Their bottoms tightly wrapped her blouse around them, slowly lolling out under the waving blue fabric as they approached the table. "Though I fear after three days, I'll be ripe for another vacation" she sighed, taking another sip of her almost empty wine glass. Her booty filled out a little faster, her thighs conquering the remaining space in her pencil skirt as their round curves squeezed together. Her growing posterior slightly raised her, although far less than Romina, the curves of the two women mirroring each other.

"Psh! I only need ten minutes to feel like that" Romina laughed before gulping down her BEer. The slider of her zipper moved further down, getting lifted as it approached the swelling top of her rack. Underneath her clothes, the gap between her breasts was closing, her shoulders stiffening for a moment when they bumped against each other before the sensation of them squeezing and swelling together eased her tension. At the same time, her steadily thicker backside stretched her pants around it, forcing the denim to slide up the slope of her rear. More of her underwear poked out, its exposed waistbands thinning across her hips. Beneath the denim, the curved edges of her panties glided towards her butt gap, the naked corners of her bum expanding against the denim.

While their bodies swelled into cartoonish proportions, with Romina growing bottom-and Lucia top-heavy, the first guests around them started to pay up and leave. Buttocks the sizes of sports balls and larger waddled towards the exit, while equally huge knockers tried not to knock anything over on the way. As one woman stood up, her incredibly taxed cocktail dress creaking around curves the size of Halloween pumpkins, she dropped her purse. As she bent down to pick it up, her skirt suddenly ripped over her behind, splitting over a thong-like piece of pink fabric. Claspings her hands over her rear she quickly got back up. The momentum made her bosom leap, enough for her

neckline to tear down the entire length of her breasts. Blushing, the woman watched them bounce up and down, each jiggle causing the underwire of her bra to ride up.

Only few women bat an eye at her. Still, she was very careful not to increase her wardrobe malfunction as she shuffled towards a door in the back of the restaurant. A black-haired woman wearing glasses stood there, gently leading her into a cloth store attached to the restaurant. Bras large enough to be used as hammocks were on display, as well as panties that could slingshot a boulder. Pants, skirts, tops, jackets, dresses, they were worn by mannequins with breasts and butts up to the size of beanbag chairs. Several women left the restaurant through the store, either because their clothes had torn during their lunch, or simply because they desired a more risqué wardrobe. As such, many came out in dresses with necklines down to their bellybuttons, and skirts with scandalously high slits on the sides, leaving little to the imagination as they strutted towards the exit.

After Lucia and Romina had finished their drinks, the waitress returned with their main dishes. “Mammarinated rump-steak and ass-paragus frit-tata.” As she put down the plates, she saw their empty glasses. “Can I bring you something else to drink?”

“Just water for me” Lucia said, the wide wine prickling in her bum. The shape of her lower body bent into a pear, with a soft yet wide curve transitioning from her waist to her hips. A sliver of her midriff got exposed as her skirt was pulled down her growing butt and her blouse up her bust. The thin veil of her vest further shortened, her blouse-covered breasts bulging out under it.

“For me, too” Romina said, the last of the BEer making her bosom protrude even further. The wrinkles on the flanks got obscured as her curves swelled over her arms towards her shoulders. Little by little, the slider of her zipper moved onto her bosom, showing her shirt stretch across her breasts. Meanwhile, she felt the rivets of her jeans’ pockets dig into her bum, the pressure growing as her buttocks spread over the chairs.

“Got it.” Picking up their empty plates and glasses, the waitress walked away about to squeeze herself through the two butts. Suddenly, the shorts ripped across one booty and the summer dress across the other, buttocks the size of yoga balls wobbling and colliding with each other. Huge cheeks bounced back and fully ate the panties covering them, while their flesh creased out of the chairs. Seeing the rears squeeze and grow against each other, the waitress sighed and took a detour to the kitchen.

Picking up fork and knife, Lucia and Romina looked at their main courses. Lying in a thick sauce, a marinated steak rested on Romina’s plate – somehow, they had managed to sculpt its marbling, looking like butts printed on the steak. In front of Lucia at a large omelet cake with asparagus and cheese inside. “So, ready for the main dish?” Lucia asked, grinning as she stuck out her chest.

“One sec.” Romina wriggled her behind, making sure it was safe on her two chairs. “Alright, let’s dig in!”

Eagerly, the two women took a slice of their food. Despite being rare, Romina’s knife went smoothly through her flesh. She admired the dripping red meat for a moment before putting it into her mouth. The fine marinade tingled Romina’s tastebuds while the flesh melted on her tongue. Lucia also savored on the fri-tatas, with the ass-paragus adding just the right amount of bitterness. “HmMMM!”

The growth of their curves picked up again. Their butts spread out, Lucia’s cheeks filling the hole in her backrest while Romina’s gradually took both chairs over. Their swelling posteriors increased their height, making their torsos rise above the table, while their thighs steadily approached it from underneath, Romina’s about to collide with the underside. At the same time, their busts wrapped their tops around them, Romina’s approaching volleyballs in size while the diameter of Lucia’s aimed for medicine balls. Jacket and vest got stretched across their curves, while the wrinkles framing their racks grew sharper the further the backsides of their breasts spread out. Zipper and buttons sunk between the swelling slopes, wrinkles spreading out around them, while the hems of their tops were pulled up. The last bit of Lucia’s vest glided on her bosom while Romina’s jacket loosely hung from hers.

“Delicious!” Lucia said as she swallowed.

Romina nodded. “Could be a bit sweeter though.” From the spice rack, she picked up the asset-ano balsamico and put some on her rump-steak. When taking another bite, her breasts visibly swelled faster, reaching past her shoulders. As her zipper split over the top of her rack, the slider landed on it, slowly tracing along the slopes between her breasts. Around it, their crests pushed out of the opening jacket, stretching the band logos as well as rest of her shirt.

“Mine could use some spice.” Lucia grabbed the hotpants sauce and put some on her frit-tata. After cutting off another piece, her buttocks reached even faster out of her chair, looming past the backrest. While the creases and shade between her cheeks sharpened as her skirt puffed up, the outlines of her panties shined through. Like Romina’s, they were stretched into a shrinking triangle across her backside, their shade growing sharper and clearer the more transparent the white fabric grew. At the same time, the black waistbands of her panties also poked out as her skirt moved down her hips, while also getting rolled up her thighs. Still, it was hard to peek under her skirt, for her thighs fully filled the space in it, squeezing each other as they swelled into steadily thicker cones.

“Aah... I needed that.” Content, Lucia leaned back. The cleavage windows in her blouse expanded, the fabric creasing around the swells pushing out. “As nice as Venice is, nothing kills stress more than turning into a massive mountain of mammary with some

big booty to boot it – especially in company of good mountains” she added, winking over her rising bosom at Romina.

“Thanks.” As Romina ate another juicy piece of meat, her rear inched for the sides of the chairs. With her hips growing wider and fuller, the seams visibly stretched across them, to the point they slowly were pulled apart. White stitches stretched across her splitting jeans, the tears slowly spreading over her thighs. “I’d come here more often if it wasn’t so expansive – guess stuffing a year’s worth of supplements into each meal doesn’t make them cheap.”

“Well, considering it takes a week to shrink down, I wouldn’t go more often than our usually once per month here” Lucia said before taking another bite of her fri-tatas. Her vest raced up the front slope of her breasts, fully revealing their bottoms as they spread out against her midriff. The diamond gap of her vest continued to expand, its sides stretching towards the most protruding parts of her breasts. “Or do you want to walk around a hyper-hourglass all the time?”

“Heh, course not”, Romina said and licked mammarinade from fork and knife. Like Lucia’s vest, her jacket was pulled against her bust, showing her shirt tenting up from her midriff to her breasts. While the fabric steadily creased as it was pulled up, her zipper continued to open, a growing V revealing the band logos getting pulled across her breasts. Smiling at her growing assets, she drove her knife into her steak again but paused. “Although... I might have to take steak off the menu.”

About to eat another piece of fritatas Lucia raised an eyebrow. “What do you mean?” Though Romina’s huge rump made her a little taller, Lucia was steadily catching up, her rear overflowing her seat. Her hips reached over each side, slowly stretching her pencil skirt across them. The bigger her backside grew, the more the white fabric creased around the seams on each side, the hem also throwing wrinkles as it crawled up her thighs. “Is something wrong?”

Romina didn’t look up, just sliced off another piece and ate it. The denim grew tighter on her curves, her jacket spreading over the backsides of her breasts while the seams of her jeans split across her hips and thighs. Snippets of skin showed between the stitches, minuscule spots at first that gradually expanded along her backside. Both chairs were almost entirely occupied by her buttocks, except for slim triangles on each seat that were steadily covered by her swelling buttocks. “Let’s just say I may have to be a little more mindful with money in the future” she said flatly.

“I don’t understand.” As Lucia’s breasts hung above the table, casting a shadow on her plate that grew darker by the second, their bottoms slowly approached it. Reaching past medicine balls, they were stressing her blouse’s buttons to their limits, large crowfeet spanning from them over her breasts. When the stitches of the central button frayed and

dissolved, a look of horror suddenly crossed Lucia's face. "Wait, don't tell me... you're losing your job?!"

PLING!

The button popped off, right against Romina's zipper. While the slits of Lucia's blouse fused into a large window spanning the center of her jiggling rack, Romina's zipper opened across half her breasts. Each already the size of a basketball, the logos on her shirt prominently warped across the billowing curves in her V-neck, their outlines blurring from the pressure. "It's not so much I'm losing my job" Romina said, her shoulders dropping behind the swelling backside of her bosom. "More that the entire institute might have to shut down..."

Shocked, Lucia was about to say something when the waitress returned. "Two flat waters for some curvaceous ladies!" she chirped. As she poured each of them a glass of water, they silently took another fork of their food. Their proportions reflecting the others, Lucia's breasts and Romina's butt were around the size of beach balls, with their smaller curves roughly half the size. Lucia's torso was basically invisible behind her bosom while Romina throned on a rump that pushed her torso above the table.

"Thank you." Lucia looked after the waitress as she left, then hushed at Romina: "Mina, you are working in the pharma industry, and your institute focuses on cancer treatment!" As she leaned over the table, her breasts dipped into her food. The cleavage between the buttons pressed her fritatas even flatter as it squeezed out of her blouse. "How can you be in financial trouble?"

Romina sighed. "Well, we have a very tight cooperation with an institute in the US." The further the slider of her zipper wandered down her breasts, the more her jacket revealed their crests. As they bulged towards her face, they pushed against the teeth of the zipper, which ploughed through her shirt as the surface underneath distended, throwing wrinkles where her breasts oozed out of the V-neck. "It supported us with a lot of expertise and... funds."

Lucia's fri-tatas were squeezed even further as she slouched. "Oh..."

"Eyup. Their funding was cut, and now they can't afford our cooperation anymore." Frustrated, Romina cut off a large piece of her steak and shoved it into her mouth. Some sauce dripped, a drop landing on her shirt. In addition to billowing out of the open zipper, her breasts also lolled out under the hem of her jacket. Her shirt also was steadily climbing up her midsection, unveiling her navel as the fabric was lifted from her body. "We are currently trying to replace the funding" she said after swallowing. "Checking available EU grants and stuff. But even in best case there will be cuts, and in worst... it'll be more a full shave than a cut."

Sighing, Lucia raised her rack. Her fri-tatas stuck to cleavage for a moment before dropping back on her plate. “Sheesh, politics are really nothing but a headache lately.” With one hand she massaged her forehead, while her other pulled her plate out from under her breasts to place it on top of them. Her frustrated face vanished behind her food as her rising bosom pushed it up, while its bottoms bumped against the table, gradually flattening against it. “It’s bad enough our right-wing government is turning out to be the most stable we had in decades...”

“At least they are not as bad as in some other countries, I guess.” The rivets of Romina’s jeans pockets dug into her buttocks, each filling up the entire hole in their backrests. As the waistband of her jeans pinched her hips, they were pulling on the button, stretching its hole while gradually pulling it out. As the seams split from her hips down to her knees, the stitches holding them one by one snapped, allowing growing fields of skin to bulge out of her jeans. “At least they are pro-EU... somewhat.”

“Not as bad?!” Lucia had trouble keeping her voice down as she glared over her rising plate at Romina. Like her breasts were flowing over the table, her lower body outgrew her chair, covering the last free portions before thighs and cheeks hung over. The grand round bulbs of her bum reached out of her chair, low creaking noises emerging both from the poles and her skirt. More and more clearly one could see her panties shrink as the white skirt was pulled sheer over her butt, their black color shining through between the wrinkles spanning her cheeks. “Are you mental?! If these guys could have their way, kids would learn in school that Mussolini was a swell dude, and my name would still be Emilio!”

“You don’t need to tell me, okay?” Romina stemmed her fists against her swelling hips, her upper arms blocked by the sides of her bosom. At the center of her rack, the slider of her zipper suddenly stopped, the pressure keeping it in place while making it jitter. Meanwhile, her breasts swelled out under the jacket, growing bulges wrapping her shirt around them, as well as pushing out of the V-neck. The zipper was put under even more strain, teeth and slider looking like they were about to burst. “They made surrogate motherhoods illegal, even if performed in another country. If they had been in power a couple of years ago, I wouldn’t have a nephew now!”

“Then why are you defending them?”

“I’m not-!”

POP!

PLING!

SHRIIP!

BAM!

In quick succession, the button of Romina's jeans and another of Lucia's blouse popped, while Lucia's skirt ripped over her butt and Romina's slider burst off her jacket. The button of Romina's jeans flew against Lucia's knees, making her squeeze her thighs together. Lucia's button meanwhile bopped against Romina's bust, bouncing off the firm denim and landing between them alongside Romina's slider.

"...I'm sorry." Lucia adjusted her seating, her chair sounding like a tree that was about to fall. Having torn in the middle, her skirt kept splitting, the frayed edges slowly gliding up the billowing slopes of her butt gap. While the hole in her skirt grew, showing her black panties steadily slimming into a V-shape, Lucia took a deep breath and sighed. "I know you hate them as much as I do, if not more."

"I'm sorry, too – I was just trying to cope." Though lifted by her behind, her breasts swelled out under her jacket towards her arms as she crossed them on the table. With the slider gone, the teeth of her zipper were slowly pulled apart, from the center down the bottom slope of Romina's bosom. "It's shit when all you can do is hope things will get better somehow..."

Quietly, the two continued eating. Growing more voluminous alongside her rear, Romina's thighs pushed against the table from underneath, while Lucia's bosom weighted it down on the other side. As such, the table began to tilt towards Lucia's thighs and Romina's rack. With the mammarinade getting dangerously close to her bosom, Romina pulled her plate out from under her bust and also placed it on top of it. As the two women finished their meals, their curves continued to grow, their larger sets exceeding truck tires and their smaller ones medicine balls.

"Ooph!" After swallowing the rest of her fri-tatas, Lucia dropped fork and knife. They rattled as her bust pushed the plate up to her nose. Struggling to stay in one piece, her vest stretched into thin threads around the buttons that framed the top and bottom of her bust. While the diamond-shaped window turned into a nautical hole, the gaps between her blouse widened and deformed. More and more skin poked out as the gaps curved towards the middle of her breasts, the buttons drifting apart over her chest. From under the table, the hem of her blouse suddenly glided into view. Slowly it crept up the bulging slope, under cleavage growing up her bust and over the table. Lifting her plate, her breasts obscured her face, even as they "sunk" slightly due to the table tilting under their weight, and her upper body was rising due to the increasing girth of her posterior. "I'm stuffed."

"Me, too." Romina also put fork and knife down. With her breasts being smaller, her plate was even more unstable. Steadily, the denim restricted her breasts, causing more mass to shift out of her jacket as it held back their flanks. Though the fabric stretched loudly, the noise was drowned by the creaking of her chairs. Her cheeks overflowed them on all sides, bulging through the backrest behind Romina. More and more, the outer poles bent around her buttocks, put under rising strain like her pockets as they

stretched across a surface larger than a small night table. Rivets and seams dug into their surface, while her leg pants kept ripping at the sides. Snapping from the hem to her knees, the threads exposed her tan thighs and hips as the fabric opened like a clam. While the ripped denim glided up her thighs, Romina felt her panties ride up between her buttocks, the waistbands turning into lines. “One more bite and I’m gonna-“

Shriiip!

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Multiple things happened at once: In addition to the outer, the inner seams of Romina’s jeans also tore, the denim splitting from her groin to her knees. As the stitches broke, the inner sides of her thighs were uncovered, naked skin of one leg squeezing the other. Only on top and bottom her jeans covered her thighs, pressing the denim against the underside of the table. At the same time, more buttons popped off Lucia’s blouse, as well as both of her vest. While her blouse’s cleavage extended to span the entire length of her bosom, her vest was catapulted off, bunching up behind its swelling backsides. Her breasts jiggled and pushed forth, pulling her blouse further up. Swells bulged out under it, growing larger and more bulbous as they flowed over the table. Her head fully vanished as her breasts covered her half of the table, burying the slider of Romina’s zipper and her buttons. With them resting on one side and Romina’s thighs pushing from underneath on the other, their curves asymmetrically pinched the table.

“Oookay!” Romina said, carefully moving her buttocks. “I think we may have...”

Bang!

The rivets of her pockets burst off her jeans. Her cheeks rippled and destroyed the backrests of her chairs, sending the poles flying to either side. The wobbling pudding in her jeans rocked forth and back, slightly tearing the denim between them, but not so much something was visible between the white threads. When they stretched almost wide enough to show her thong-like panties, and the stitches on the last buttons of Lucia’s blouse started unravelling, their growth slowed down. Large enough to be used as bean bag chairs, they stopped just before their clothes gave in.

“Overdone it?” Lucia finished the sentence for Romina, smiling while carefully stroking the backsides of her breasts. Her fingers went along the ridge of wrinkles that ran up their slopes, spreading out so vast and far it was almost even around her, before softly curving a towards their flanks. Her top-heavy torso sat on buttocks way too small for her chair, its legs creaking even as she sat still.

“Maaaaybe a little.” Romina’s chairs were just as noisy, despite her rear being supported by eight legs. Her huge backside lifted her upper body above the table, her breasts levitating above it despite being the size of beach balls. On the verge of blowing out of

her jacket they wrapped her shirt tightly across them, the fabric draping from their bottoms as it was lifted off her stomach.

As they leaned back, Romina careful not to topple over without a backrest, the waitress returned. “Was everything alright?” she asked while collecting their empty plates.

Lucia smiled at her. “Excellent, as always!”

“Sorry about the chairs” Romina said, blushing on her dumpster trunk.

The waitress chuckled. “The chef takes that as a compliment. So, can I offer you some dolce?”

Lucia and Romina looked at each other, then at their humongous, ridiculously swollen curved, and shrugged. “Sure, why not?”

“Great! Shall I bring you the menu?”

“Actually, I’ll take the cheeks-cake” Lucia said, flesh rippling in her blouse as she patted her breasts. “To balance myself a bit.”

“Good call” Romina said, chairs screaming as she wriggled her rear. “Then I’ll take a tit-ramisu.”

“Coming right up!” the waitress chirped before leaving with their plates. On the way to the kitchen, she helped the two bottom-heavy women out of their seats. Their rears practically naked, they waddled to the cloth store, the snapped threads of one’s shorts swaying while the other one’s panties occasionally were visible in her struts as they poked out of her torn skirt. With lunch rush nearing its end, the restaurant was getting quieter. Many guests held the tattered remnants of their clothes on their way out, most of them heading for the store. Romina and Lucia were now among the largest women in the room, with most of the newcomers only taking light lunches, their curves rarely blowing up above head-size.

“Here you go!” As the waitress returned, she set a fluted glass cup in front of Romina. Bright mascarpone intervened with dark ladyfingers to a marbled pattern. The finely detailed layers looked like cleavage shots stacked on top of each other, with a thin veil of cacao powder on top. “One tit-ramisu...” On top of Lucia’s breasts, she carefully placed a slice of cake. The base was crumbly and chunky, the filling mellow and soft, and the two cherries on top arranged like a butt. “...and one cheeks-cake.”

“Thank you.” As the waitress left, Lucia took her fork from the plate. “Ready?” she asked, craning her neck to grin over her breasts.

“Right ahead of ya” Romina replied, already leading a spoonful of tit-ramisu into her mouth, while Lucia cut off a piece of her cheeks-cake. The cool cream melted on their

tongues, sweet flavors tickling their taste buds. Romina savored on the bitter note of the cacao and coffee while Lucia relished in the crunch of the crumbly base.

“Hmmm!” Both women kept shoving cake and cream into their mouths. Alongside the sweetness of their desserts, the growing sensations in their curves fueled their excitement. Slowly at first, then steadily faster their smaller curves were swelling again, Romina’s bosom pushing out in front of her while Lucia’s butt grew out of her chair. Steadily, their curves were projecting from their bodies, shelves spreading out in front of Romina’s face and behind Lucia’s back while the flanks of their curves grew beyond their bodies.

“Fuck, thish ish good!” Savoring on the tit-ramisu, Romina had to move her arm in ever larger arcs around her bosom. The teeth of her burst zipper unhinged as her breasts pushed out of her jacket, at the same time reverse muffin-topping under it. Her midsection was fully exposed as the fabric was raised towards her rack, falling from it like a curtain. The logos practically dissolved, the band names becoming hard to read, while the red hue of her shirt turned brighter. In addition to her skin shining through the fabric, the neck was stretched across her breasts, cleavage growing out of it and bulging into the open. “Good shing all...” She swallowed. “I mean, good thing all the stuff here is zero calories!”

“Technically, it’s not zero calories.” Already too large for her chair, Lucia’s glutes further outgrew it, flowing like an avalanche off her seat. As they poked out of the backrest, standing inch after inch from it, they further widened the tear in her skirt. Alongside exposing her swelling cheeks, it showed her panties receding into her butt gap, revealing more skin between the frayed edges of fabric. Cramped inside her skirt her thighs and hips stretched its seams while rolling it up into a miniskirt, growing shorter with each bite of cake. At the same time, her skirt was pulled down her rear, a small crack appearing that grew deeper the further skirt and panties slid down. “They are just converted immediately into mass” she explained while taking another bite.

“But the good kind of mass!” Grinning, Romina watched her shirt bulge out of her jacket. One by one, the teeth of the zipper bent from the pressure. In front of her nose, the neck of her shirt was spreading out, gradually exposing more cleavage. At the same time, the curtain of her shirt shortened, her breasts tightly squeezing each other as they surged out under it. With her top growing shorter, the bottom lobes of her bust started poking out – slightly at first, only when the fabric wavered. But as her breasts inched towards the table, her under cleavage became permanent. At the same time, their crests forced Romina to raise her head to keep looking at Lucia, although all she saw of her friend was her breasts. “Wow! I always forget how much their desserts kick in” she murmured yet took another spoon of her tit-ramisu.

“Same.” While Lucia chewed on soft cream and crunchy crumbs, as well as savoring the two cherries, her buttocks slowly raised her higher. Swelling around the poles of the

backrest, her skirt kept retreating over their expanding surface, the edges of the hole gliding up the most protruding parts of her buttocks. Her black panties turned into a thong that was eaten by her cheeks. As panties and skirt were pulled down, they exposed the top of her rear, gradually deepening her butt crack. The legs of her chair groaned under the weight, the swells hanging off the chair on each side growing as large as the part still on it. The seams of her skirt started to tear over her hips, slits expanding down her thighs until reaching the hem at her groin. "But... I can't stop!" Lucia cooed, shoving another forkful into her mouth. "It'sh toooo goood!"

"Heck yeah!" Romina grinned, also digging into her dessert. Exceeding beach balls in size, their "smaller" curves were quickly catching up to their larger ones, Romina's rack swelling up her face while Lucia's butt lifted her above the table. As Romina's breasts bumped against her cup, pushing it towards Lucia's bosom, she picked it up and placed it inside her cleavage. While the swells engulfed the fluted glass, the neck of her shirt widened around the very tops of her breasts. Slight lips seeped over, just like her shirt was oozing over the zipper. One by one, the teeth broke off and slid down her bust, while the logos on her shirt grew transparent. With a third a third of them exposed as under cleavage, Romina's breasts dropped on the table, flowing over it and approaching Lucia's bust.

Meanwhile, Lucia's skirt glided down the top slope of her buttocks towards its equator, her cheeks steadily mushrooming over. The hole in the skirt was about to rip past the edges of her posterior to the seams ripping on her hips. As her thighs bumped against the table from the bottom, the rolled-up hem tattered, each of her upper legs wider than a traffic cone. Her panties clearly looked out below, her skirt being reduced to a belt around her lower body, still shrinking across its increasing girth.

"Ooooh!" Enraptured, Romina scratched the rest of tit-tamisu out of her cup as it was absorbed by her cleavage. Lucia also pushed her plate towards her mouth, shoving the last crumbs into her mouth. People around began to stare, murmuring and gawking at sizes even considered large for the place. Between their curves, the table was tucked more tightly, secured by four pairs of feminine flesh. At the same time the pressure on their clothes increased, the fabric stretching loudly across them. For a second, the moaning of tearing threads paused, lying absolutely taut on their bodies.

BAM!

SHRIIIIP!

Almost at the same time, Romina's jacket flew off her breasts while Lucia's skirt was torn to pieces. Pieces of white fabric flew around her chair like confetti, leaving only one large portion under her butt and on her lap that was sucked up between her thighs. With nothing to cover it one could see her panties stretching into threads, steadily cutting into the soft mass of her bum. Meanwhile, Romina's breasts bounced on the table,

making it tremble as they rippled. The shaking caused her shirt to rip from the neck down, deepening her cleavage. With only her shirt restraining them, they closed the gap to Lucia's mounds, slowly pushing them back as they fought for their own space on the table. The vibrations rocked the two women's massive bodies, their chairs creaking as their butts wobbled while Lucia's plate and Romina's cup jiggled around their cleavage. As the tremors calmed down the table was hanging in the air, slowly rising higher as its legs were lifted by four massive thighs, while at the same time being weighed down by two gigantic bosoms.

"Oof!" Satisfied, Lucia put her fork on her empty plate. The rate at which her head rose behind her cleavage decreased, her butt lifting her more slowly. Her panties slimmed into a T-shape that vanished inside her butt crack, as well as between the lips overflowing the waistbands running across her glutes and hips. When they closed above them, sinking the waistbands inside their soft flesh, the swelling stopped, leaving her backside as large as her mounds resting on the table. "That hit the spot!"

"Eyup." The spoon clanked as Romina dropped it into her cup. More and more subtly, her cleavage crawled up its riffled surface, while the tearing of her shirt slowed down as the rip passed the center of her bust. Just when it was about to meet with the hem and split her top in two, the growth stopped, Romina and Lucia sporting perfectly humongous hourglass proportions. Their breasts squishing each other, they filled the table completely, cuddling each other like good friends. Almost half of their bosoms were under cleavage, with the tear in Romina's shirt opening it so far their crests and front were also mostly exposed. The logos on her shirt allowed a perfect shot at her tan skin, with the red part only being slightly less opaque. "Though I should have brought a stretchier top..."

"I know" Lucia said, blushing as she admired at her huge naked rear. "Oh well – I wanted to go shop new clothes, anyway."

"Maybe I can make it work." Carefully, Romina grabbed the hem of her top. Slow and steady, she tried pulling it down her breasts, just so far it would be decent.

Shriiip!

Romina flinched as her breasts suddenly bounced forward, catapulting her arms aside. In each of her hands, she held a split half of her top, her bare breasts jiggling against Lucia's. "Nope. Shopping it is."

Lucia giggled. "That happens when you don't know when to--"

Crack!

Lucia yelped as she suddenly fell. The table dropped on her side as the legs of her chair snapped. With a loud thud her butt hit the floor, crashing the seat under its weight. While Lucia was shaking on her buttocks, her breasts tilted over the table against her face, the

plate on her cleavage steadily sliding down. Shoving her breasts out of her face Lucia quickly grabbed it, trying to sit up on her butt just so much her bosom wouldn't fully avalanche off the table onto her.

"...stop" she mumbled, hiding behind her breasts.

"You alright?" Romina asked, trying to look past her breasts. With Lucia on the floor, it was mostly her curves holding the table, her thighs and breasts engulfing it. "Or do you need help?"

"Thanks, but I'm fine." As Lucia struggled to get back on her feet, she felt a pair of helping hands on her shoulders. "Oh, t-thank you very much!"

"No problem" the waitress replied. Although much smaller and slimmer than her gargantuan guest, she helped Lucia back up on her feet. "Was everything okay?"

"Y-yeah" Lucia mumbled. Though towering several feet over the waitress thanks to her butt, the curvaceous colossus bashfully stroked her braid. "Um, sorry about the chair."

Hand on her hip, the waitress winked at her. "Like I said, for us it's a compliment." As Lucia and Romina handed her their dishes she asked: "Can I get you anything else? An ass-presso maybe? Or a D'cappuccino?"

"I'm good, thanks."

"Me, too. We would like to pay up."

"Sure, just a sec." As the waitress left to get the bill, Lucia shook the crushed seat off her cheeks. The last piece of her skirt, only held by clinging to her skin, dropped from her backside, leaving it naked except for her G-string-turned panties. Some women turned to watch splintered wood and shredded fabric drop, also to catch glances at the enormous women. The restaurant was mostly empty by then, Romina and Lucia being the largest ones left – although, upon seeing them, a few decided to order seconds.

"You're gonna let me pay, is that clear?" Though Romina couldn't see it behind her breasts Lucia stemmed her hands into her several feet wide hips, pointing the wide maws of her cleavage windows at her friend. "Today's my treat – no discussion!"

Romina chuckled, rocking her naked bust on top of the table, while trying to get her huge cheeks out of the chairs without damaging them or her jeans any further. "Deal if I can buy you a new skirt."

"Are you sure?" Lucia bit her lip. "I mean..."

"I still got a job, okay?"

"Of course! It's just I have a membership, so after a meal here, I get 20% discount on their super-sizes."

“And you get 100% discount if you let me buy something nice for you.” The chairs were lifted as Romina got up but then they fell off her butt. The underside of her breasts rounded as she raised them from the table, Romina’s equally imposing figure facing Lucia’s. “Besides, I was thinking about getting a membership, too, and new members get one item free.”

Lucia chewed on her cheek, then sighed. “Alright. But bras are on me!” Plunging her arms into her under cleavage, Lucia hefted her breasts. “These may burn off in a week, but that doesn’t mean we can’t treat ourselves something nice in the meantime” she said, smirking at her cleavage.

Squeezing her breasts, Romina chuckled. “Agreed.”

“So, same time next month?” Lucia asked, trying to pick up her purse from the remnants of her skirt as the waitress returned with their bill.

“Same time next month.” More to herself, Romina mumbled: “Even if I can only afford a bru-chest-ta...”