

# Heartwarming Hooters

***CW: Includes discussion of drug use.***

***This story focuses on Breast Expansion through Stuffing/Weight Gain.***

## ***November 25th (Thanksgiving):***

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Roxanne asked.

“Yes, I’m sure,” Vivian responded.

“Ok, but... that was a lot you know? I hope you didn’t hurt yourself,” Roxanne continued.

“I know, I couldn’t help it. I was really hungry,” Vivian explained.

“Yeah, is that all? I don’t think I’ve ever seen you eat that much at once before. I saw you serve yourself 10 whole plates,” Roxanne addressed.

“I’m sorry. I know I probably looked like a pig in front of your family. I asked your parents, and they said the more I ate, the fewer leftovers they’d have to deal with. They made it sound like I was doing them a favor,” Vivian apologized.

“Oh, wait, that’s not what I’m concerned about,” Roxanne intervened. “I just hope you and your stomach are ok after all that. I’m not worried about appearances or anything.”

“Are you sure? You and your family all look super fit and in shape, while I look...” Vivian trailed off.

“Sexy, babe. You look sexy. You know I *wish* I had your curves. And there’s nobody I’d rather cuddle with other than you,” Roxanne assured her girlfriend.

“Thanks, babe,” Vivian accepted with a smile.

“All I’m concerned about is your well-being,” Roxanne reminded her.

“Oh, right, I’m sorry. I’m ok, really. I don’t really know how, but even after eating so much, nothing feels off,” Vivian answered.

“Ok, if that changes tell me,” Roxanne ordered.

“Of course,” Vivian accepted.

That night in their large moonlit bedroom the two girls slept soundly together.

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## ***November 26th:***

In the morning, Vivian noticed a change in circumstance. Roxanne was on the couch watching something, still in her pajamas and reclining deep into the cushions ready to be lazy today, until Vivian came up behind her.

“Hey babe, can we go out? I need a bigger bra,” she began.

“I wasn’t exactly planning on leaving the house today, how badly do you need one?” Roxanne asked as she turned around. The sight behind her was beautiful to behold.

“Pretty badly, this is the one I wore to the Thanksgiving party last night and I’m spilling out of it already. It fit just fine last night,” Vivian explained.

Dazzling morning sunlight came in from the floor-to-ceiling window beside them. The light surrounded Vivian’s curves gently caressing them with a pale glow that clearly showed the shape of her naked body. The underwear she had on blended in with her skin making a seamless transition between her curves. From her plump thighs to her tight stomach to her ripe supple breasts. She stood so calmly that she portrayed a stillness reminiscent of the winter chill outside. And as she said her chest was overflowing her bra, flowing over the top like a muffin rising out of its paper cup. A slightly worried expression painted her face.

“Oh my. So this just happened overnight?” Roxanne asked after breaking out of her stunned state.

“Sure did, I guess we know where all that food went,” Vivian chuckled.

“Yeah, alright. I’ll get ready and we’ll go out for the day,” Roxanne accepted.

After adorning themselves with warm fall/winter attire Roxanne drove into town with Vivian. About an inch of fluffy snow lay across all the neighbors’ lawns and on their roofs. Thankfully the sun was out now and the roads had been plowed not too long ago, their trip was not to be impeded by weather. The sharp and cold air forced the girls to huddle under their jackets for a few minutes while the car cabin warmed up. Roxanne drove to a coffee shop out of habit. The warm bean water soothed Vivian’s mind and body, Roxanne could only sip occasionally until they were parked.

Once inside the *<Non-Specific Clothing Store of their choice>*, the girls meandered their way to the underwear in the back of the store. Vivian was guilty of often getting distracted in stores like this and wanting to buy every third pair of jeans that looked like they would fit. Luckily, today the fabric trying to make a dent in her tits served as a constant reminder of what she was here for, she only ended up taking 2 pairs of pants, a jacket, 4 blouses, a bracelet, a box of hairpieces, 3 hats and a scarf before reaching the back of the store.

A store clerk allowed Vivian to borrow a measuring tape, she measured herself in one of the changing rooms, then grabbed a matching bra and tried it on. Perfect, the fabric held Vivian’s shoulder boulders nicely. Now, while she’s here, she’ll try on the other clothes she picked up and ask Roxanne how they look. For about an hour Roxanne spent her time lightly browsing the socks in the aisle outside of where the dressing rooms were, and quickly going back to tell Vivian variations of: “Yeah, I think those fit pretty well,” or “Damn girl, you look good! Very Sexy!”, and “Oh that’s a good match, it pulls the whole outfit together for sure!” Before the end of their visit, Roxanne got the idea to buy some of the larger sizes in case Vivian got even bigger. Vivian agreed that was a good idea.

Back in the car, Vivian said: "I'm getting pretty hungry, can we grab something before heading back home?"

"Sure, anything specific you want?" Roxanne asked.

"Hmmm... Something quick, and filling. A burger joint should be perfect," Vivian decided.

"Just a burger? You don't want to visit someplace more romantic? You remember I'm leaving tomorrow right?" Roxanne questioned.

"Oh, right, to visit your family that's out of town... Uhhhh," Vivian pondered. "Tell you what, once I'm hungry again later today, we'll go to <Non-Specific Restaurant with Romantic Atmosphere>. Sound good?"

"Sounds great, it'll give us time to get ready, maybe wear something more attractive for one another?" Roxanne suggested.

"You kidding, it's still cold as hell. I'll stick with my Jacket-Cocoon™," Vivian refused.

Roxanne drove them to <Non-Specific Burger Joint> and ordered a BLT while Vivian ordered 5 double burgers, 2 large fries, and 2 large sodas. Roxanne looks at her girlfriend with concern.

"What? I said I was hungry," Vivian defended herself.

The girls rushed home, inhaled their lunch, and rested on the couch together, sharing a blanket and watching TV. Not 2 hours passed before Vivian leaned into Roxanne and said, "I'm hungry again."

"Really? Already?" Roxanne responded.

Vivian responded with an affirmative-sounding moan.

"So, we should go to the restaurant now?" Roxanne asked.

Vivian responded with another affirmative-sounding moan.

"Ok, can I have my arm back so I can get up?" Roxanne continued.

Vivian responded with a negative-sounding moan.

Roxanne eventually convinced Vivian to get up if she wanted to eat and they drove to the restaurant. The number of occupied tables was sparse, the couple was guided to one of the booths along a windowless wall. The lighting was just above that of a romantic candlelight and French-themed decorations littered the walls. Roxanne ordered a quarter pound of cut steak with fried hashbrowns and a glass of lemon water. Whereas Vivian ordered Chicken Fettachini Alfredo with a quarter baguette of garlic bread (twice), a two-person pizza topped with 4 kinds of cheese, mushroom, garlic, and pepperoni, a 1 pound medium cooked and cut steak with broccoli, chicken parmesan on a bed of rigatoni coated in marinara sauce, and 5 glasses 1 contained water and the other 4 contained different sodas.

After a while, Vivian noticed Roxanne wasn't eating and was just watching her.

"What?" She asked through a mouthful of noodles.

“Oh, nothing, just wondering how big you’re gonna get,” Roxanne smirked. “You ate so much last night and it added 2 inches to your bustline, are you gonna wake up filling the bed tomorrow or what?”

Vivian looked embarrassed, looked around at all the empty seats nearby, then turned back to Roxanne, “They’re already bigger,” she whispered.

Roxanne’s eyes lit up and her cheeks flushed a little pink. “Really?”

“Yeah, I’m still wearing the bra we bought earlier and it’s definitely too small now,” Vivian explained.

“I need to see that when we get home, got me?” Roxanne requested.

Vivian chuckled, “Yeah, I got it.”

Later that night, back at home and under the covers Roxanne thoroughly inspected the goods Vivian was carrying. Soft breasts measuring at about P-cup, the size of two basketballs, were at the mercy of Roxanne’s playful hands. Vivian lay on her side, her boobs stacked like two round dumplings, their soft skin melting between Roxanne’s fingers. Roxanne could see moonlight shimmering off of her moist skin and decided to stuff her face in between them before breathing a deep relaxing sigh. She held Vivian close and Vivian patted Roxanne on the head. The happy couple fell asleep, giddy, warm, and embraced.

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### ***November 27th:***

The next morning, Vivian woke up late and found Roxanne had left (as she said she would.) On the nightstand, Vivian found a gift left behind by Roxanne. There was a note saying,

“You look damn sexy with your new boobs and no top. I know you wouldn’t be aware, but I promise I gave you a goodbye kiss while you were asleep. I eagerly await our reunion in two weeks, until then be sure to text. And enjoy this treat. -Roxanne XOXO,”

Beneath the note was a large box of chocolates. Vivian tore into it and enjoyed her unconventional breakfast.

Before long Vivian was dressed and ready to leave the house, delayed only slightly when she noticed her boobs had gotten bigger still and were starting to strain her clothes. It was a good thing Roxanne decided to buy bigger bra sizes or else Vivian’s whole day would have consisted of her trying to shove two large watermelons into two volleyball-sized bags. Even after adding all her layers, her bosom’s shape was easy to see, her scarf rested higher and the zipper was strained.

The cold air and drizzling rain outside made Vivian want to cozy up on the couch with her morning coffee, but she had to go get it first. She struggled with her new assets

until they were rested in a comfortable position, and then she started driving. She felt a familiar sense of hunger that she had felt yesterday and decided to get food while she was out too. It would be almost noon by the time she got back anyway. Making her way through a couple of drive-throughs Vivian ended up bringing home, 2 large coffees, 6 double burgers, 4 large fries, 2 boxes of chicken strips, 2 large sodas, and far too many packets of dipping sauce (the burger place was clearly desperate to get rid of them, so she obliged.)

Vivian returned home and shambled through the door using her new tits to help carry her lunch. She managed to do it in one trip (congratulations.) Without Roxanne



here most of Vivian's movements are aimless. She's not working (currently) and has nobody to dote on. So she just scrolls streaming services from the couch until she knows what to do with herself and eats when she's hungry.

As things are Vivian is kind of like a housewife to Roxanne, no work, does all the cooking. And so in a similar vein, she would be cleaning the house. Then Vivian remembered the garage. Their car was parked in the driveway this whole time because the garage was a complete mess. Vivian decided to at least work on cleaning that up before Roxanne got back. Then she thought about when that would be and remembered that December was in 4 days, and she needed to think of a present to get Roxanne for Christmas.

With her mind made up, Vivian ate 3 large pizzas before getting started. It took all of 6 minutes and 28 seconds of Vivian standing in the doorway before she let out a groan, "Ughh, fuckin'... with the... and... Shit. Why do we have so much crap?" She shuffled her way between bags and boxes of random stuff to get a better look at what she was dealing with. It's not as bad as it looks, most of the space is taken up by empty boxes and packing materials. Vivian spent the rest of the day clearing that out, bagging the packing peanuts, popping the bubble wrap, and folding the boxes.

Later in the day when she was done she finally got to relax on the couch, and it was then that she noticed, "They got bigger again." Even through her sweatshirt, she could feel the top of her bra where her bosom had started spilling over the edge. Vivian tested the other bra Roxanne had bought, a T-cup size, that almost doesn't feel like a real bra size, and sounds more like an insulting name for small boobs: 'Teacup.' The larger bra fit, but then Vivian thought, "What am I going to do if they get bigger than this bra? I am feeling really hungry again." At this point, it was more than obvious that the growth and ravenous hunger were related, but then Vivian remembered Roxanne talking about her curvy body as something beautiful, cuddly, and enviable. With a smile, Vivian decided to forget her concerns and let the growth happen.

Dinner was home-cooked. Some microwavable meals and instant noodles, fried leftovers, Vivian experimented with as many different sandwich combinations as she could, she drank the entire 12-pack of cola that they had in the fridge. Throughout the entire meal, her boobs took up residence where her plate would normally be, so it was instead stacked on top of her bosom, making it easier to get food to her mouth without spilling anything in her cleavage. Vivian went to bed full, happy, and satisfied.

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**November 28th:**

Vivian woke up feeling heavy and hungry but rested. First order of business, coffee. Even if she had no errands or work to go to, she was in the habit of driving to the coffee shop every morning. As she was getting ready, her bra was giving her trouble. As she expected, she grew bigger while she slept, but unexpectedly, she grew too big to squeeze into the same bra as last night. No matter how hard she tried the two halves of the clasp wouldn't even touch. She thought about what to do, there are probably bras out there that are big enough for her current size, but if she was just going to outgrow it, there wasn't much point. She didn't exactly plan on getting out of the car so she just went braless. She got in the car, her sweatshirt looked like it was stuffed with two beachballs and they hanged low enough that she could hunch over and they'd rest in her lap. She left, got coffee and a sizable breakfast, came home, ate it all, and then started looking at the mess in the garage again.

The mess was in three distinct piles. Roxanne was fairly orderly with her stuff and left it in a pile away from the door to keep it separate, while Vivian just put stuff down as soon as she could, so all her stuff was in a pile by the door. The third pile was things associated with both of them, there were small appliances they didn't use, some equipment for maintaining the house, old movies, and other media. Vivian decided it would be easiest to deal with her stuff first so she got to work. She spent several hours reminiscing on old memories because of some photo albums she found, while also deciding things like which loulous she wanted to keep or throw away. When she was done for the day she rested on the couch, ate 5 dinners, then slept.

And as such, this would be her routine every day for about a week. And every day her chest was gradually growing bigger. She started bumping into doors and walls more often. She started having trouble carrying the boxes around. She started to notice the table creaking a bit when she rested her bosom on top of it. Then one particular morning...

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### ***December 5th:***

Vivian woke up buried beneath her oversized breasts. Overbearing as they were, Vivian looked on the bright side of things: Roxanne was going to love the shape of the girlfriend she was returning to, and from beneath these fat mounds, Vivian felt *warm*. Even without her sweatshirt or jacket her soft and supple breasts were good insulation from the cold. She didn't want to get up just yet but, she had to, her morning coffee awaits.

Vivian rolled her chest forward as she got up, then rested against them for a moment. It was like leaning into two yoga balls filled with pudding, big and pliable. She dragged them out of bed with her and had to lean back to maintain balance. Getting

ready, Vivian did not have clothes big enough for her new bust, so she resorted to wearing a jacket but not closing the zipper. Then she covered her chest with a blanket and tied it behind her. Once she was ready, she went out to the car, opened the door, and sat down, but was no longer able to close the door, her boobs were in the way, and too big to squeeze down or move out of the way. Not to mention, if she did try to drive like this it might be too difficult to move the steering wheel and her legs would be held down making it hard to switch pedals.

Vivian dragged her tits back inside with her and had to order all her food and coffee from then on. She was no longer able to drive. It's a good thing there's a surplus of delivery services. Because of this, Vivian got to work on the mess in the garage much earlier. She was moving slower, but on the bright side she had finished dealing with everything in her pile of crap, and now she was working on the 'joint' pile.

Because her chest was so heavy, Vivian started spending more time on the floor. She wasn't on the floor as a consequence of falling over, she was one step ahead and decided to sit instead of get dragged down. She spent most of her time sorting through a bunch of junk from the pile, the floor was definitely the ideal space for such work.

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### ***December 10th:***

More time passes, Vivian's chest continues to grow, and she grows big enough that she starts using her chest as a mattress. Then she finally finishes her work. The only pile left in the garage is all Roxanne's stuff. Vivian is finally able to rest for a full day.

Feeling very proud of herself Vivian lets herself sleep in before waking up atop two gargantuan tits. Big enough that both together would fill up most of the king-sized bed if she was still sleeping in it. She had to drag them along the ground to move anywhere, although luckily, she was also now big enough to stand up while doing that.

Vivian immediately went to the front door to grab breakfast: 4 cups of coffee, 10 biscuit sandwiches, 20 hashbrowns, 5 breakfast platters that included pancakes, scrambled eggs and bacon, 4 bottles of milk, 4 omelets, 5 breakfast burritos, and 100 packets of syrup (she didn't ask for the syrup.) All of that to fuel her growth for part of the day. She watched TV while eating and reclining into the couch. Her bountiful bosom filled the whole thing and even spilled off of it a little. She relaxed there for a while before lunch arrived: 20 double cheeseburgers, 5 large pizzas, 2 fast food bags filled with fries, 10 large sodas, a sushi platter, 5 different spaghetti dishes, 3 whole steaks that were sliced, and a box of chocolate (for dessert.) A couple of hours after finishing that meal, dinner was: 35 tacos, 15 quesadillas, 10 large sodas, 10 large pizzas, 5 boxes of orange chicken, 5 boxes of breaded shrimp, 1 box of just rice, and like a gallon in total of all the different sauces.



Just like that, a whole day of relaxation was now over, Roxanne would be back the next day and Vivian was so excited for her to see everything. The couple had been staying in constant contact over text but Vivian decided to surprise Roxanne with exactly how big she was, and the mostly cleaned garage. The majority of their texts were 'Good morning', 'Good night', 'I miss you', 'I love you', as well as Vivian letting Roxanne know that she is still growing, and Roxanne telling Vivian that her family is crazy.

Vivian jumped up onto her bed of boobs with a blanket and a pillow, then fell asleep.

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### ***December 11th:***

The next morning was the same as yesterday, Vivian slept in, ordered and ate a giant breakfast, and then waited on the couch for Roxanne to get home. When she did she started trying to slot the key in the lock and Vivian sprung up from the couch so she could greet her properly.

Upon entering their house, Roxanne was met with the awestruck scene of her girlfriend with HUGE tits! The light from the window behind her outlined her assets in a beautiful yellow glow, the light cascading over her skin and gently caressing the surface of these orbs. Vivian was clearly standing up straight and still her boobs were resting comfortably on the ground. They came forward several feet from Vivian's body and were wider than their couch. Small wrecking balls and large buoys would be the only spherical objects appropriate to compare these hooters to.

"Whoa!," Roxanne uttered otherwise stunned into silence. "I didn't know boobs could get that big."

"Yeah, I didn't think so either. But, here they are. What do you think?" Vivian asked.

"I think they're beautiful. I don't know what to do first, I..." Roxanne paused, turned around to close and lock the front door, then proceeded, "May I hold them?"

Vivian, blushing while smiling ear to ear responded, "Yes, of course!"

In a flash, Roxanne ran up to her lover, kneeled before her, and began fondling. Vivian's skin was soft and malleable, her tits were big and heavy. Roxanne could hardly reach her arms around them as she tried to hug them, and then she buried her face into her girlfriend's cleavage. Vivian sat down and joined her girlfriend on the floor from the other side of the massive round dumplings. These 'developments' were certainly something amazing to behold, the two girls were almost tempted to straight-up worship these breasts for their size and beauty. They felt satisfying, fulfilling, and arousing. Roxanne remained lost in the soft pillow environment for some time before breaching the surface again to deliver a kiss to her beloved.

When she was done Roxanne put her arms around Vivian and hung off of her neck while they conversed, "I hope they aren't too much to handle," Roxanne prompted.

"They're certainly something. There's a lot I can't do anymore, but if you can take care of me I'm sure I can manage the rest," Vivian responded.

"Of course baby whatever you need," Roxanne agreed. "I'm sure it's more than worth it."

Roxane sat up and the giddy couple looked each other in the eyes for a moment. Then Vivian remembered, "Oh, I have another surprise for you."

"Yeah?" Roxanne asked.

"Before I got too big I managed to clean the garage for us," Vivian announced clearly very proud of herself.

"Oh... Well, that's fantastic, good job babe," Roxanne wasn't that impressed but didn't want to take away the feeling of accomplishment. "Wait, you cleaned everything?"

"Well, I didn't think you would want me deciding to keep or throw out any of your things so that pile is still there," Vivian clarified.

"Ok good, I was worried for a sec," Roxanne said, relieved.

"What were you worried about?" Vivian asked wearing a very curious face.

"Oh, umm..." Roxanne froze. "It was... your Christmas present I hope you didn't spoil the surprise," Roxanne chuckled nervously.

"Uh... right. Right, that makes sense. No, I didn't see anything," Vivian assured.

"Good," Roxanne responded. After a pause, she changed the subject, "I'm hungry, do we have food still, or do I need to order takeout?"

Vivian started, "Oh, I'm sorry, we don't have anything, I kind of –"

"No, it's ok. I think I'll be perfectly happy with where it all went," Roxanne said as she patted Vivian's boob. Small shockwaves darted across their soft, jiggly surface.

Roxanne got up, took out her phone, and sat down at their dining table while searching for food to order. Vivian dragged her chest back over to the couch. She turned on the TV but her mind was elsewhere. "What Roxie just said was really suspicious. Is she trying to hide something from me? In her pile of stuff in the garage, she said my Christmas present was there, but I didn't see anything that looked like a gift, no decorative bag or wrapping either. I don't want to think it, but..." Vivian looked left and right at her wondrous new breasts and pondered. "She didn't secretly make this happen right? No, she hasn't been here for two weeks and they still got huge, it wouldn't make sense." Vivian gently caressed one of them with her hand and *really* considered what she was feeling. It felt good, really good. It was pleasurable just to have them be so big, and that made her want to get even bigger. "But, shouldn't I feel more concerned by something like this?"

Vivian went on with her day like normal, allowing herself to devour the same oversized portions for both lunch and dinner. Then at night, she convinced Roxanne to stay in their bed while she slept on her bosom. Once Roxanne was asleep Vivian made

her way to the garage. It took a lot of effort to not make noise with these titans attached to her, but she managed. After 2 hours passed, she was in the garage.

The last remaining pile of random unsorted stuff was all things that belonged to Roxanne. And in this pile, is something Roxanne didn't want Vivian to see. Vivian began looking through all of the items one by one. Some old yearbooks, a bunch of loose photos, random knick-knacks, and a couple of old sports trophies from high school. Nothing suspicious until she found what she was looking for. Vivian found a small bottle of pills. If someone were to use drugs to get bigger boobs Vivian would first imagine a bottle of pills before anything else. "But wouldn't Roxanne want to use it on herself first?" Vivian asked herself, "Or is this like a trial run to see the effects before doing that? Do I... confront her about this? Do I... Do I take another one? Who would make pills like this anyway? They seem effective, I'd be surprised if it wasn't some well-known..." Vivian finally decided to turn the bottle over to look for the name and the company. 'Xanax' was written in bold across the top of the label. "Oh," Vivian thought, "It's not... It's not breast enhancement drugs." The bottle only had 7-ish pills and it looked like it expired recently. Feeling a little defeated and embarrassed Vivian put the bottle back and slowly made her way back to the bedroom.

Vivian thought to herself, "I guess that's what she was hiding. So if that's it, she's probably just embarrassed. As long as she got it by prescription it's legal, so... does she own it illegally? I need to talk to her about it instead of making assumptions, but how do I do that? I looked through her stuff after she clearly didn't want me to. Damn it... boobies, give me strength." Vivian reached around as much boob as she could and hugged tightly.

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### ***December 12th:***

The next morning, Vivian woke up wedged into her cleavage, it seemed like she sank a little while she was asleep. After squirming around for a few seconds Vivian was able to roll off of herself and plant her feet to stand up. Daylight shone brightly through their bedroom window despite the overcast. Snow was beginning to pile up against the house. It wasn't that deep, but the snow falling along the walls made an embankment that was piled about 1 foot high. Vivian didn't much care for the cold but the snowy yard outside their window looked quiet and calming. She needed that, given the conversation she had to face later. She looked down, her boobs rested comfortably on the ground and were noticeably larger, they weren't sagging as much to reach the floor, so they were just comfortably sitting right where they wanted to be.

Vivian looked around the room for Roxanne, she'd already gotten up and left. Whether or not she was still home remained a mystery. Vivian leaned back and tried to drag her boobs toward the door so that she could go look for her girlfriend, but the

mounds of fat wouldn't move. She tried pulling harder, no movement. She tried pushing instead, no movement. She tried lifting one and moving it to reduce friction, a little movement but it was impractical to think she could search the house if it took that much effort to move one boob maybe an inch.

Vivian thought to herself, "That's unbelievable. I'm so big now. I actually grew too big to move. I suppose it's no wonder given how much trouble I was having just to get to the garage but still. It's hard to believe they could even get this big. It's hard to believe they got this big without some kind of medication or anything. I guess I'll have to rely on Roxanne for everything now so... Wait, is she still at home or am I gonna have to wait until dusk for her to come back?"

Just then Vivian heard the shower turn on, letting her know that Roxanne was still in fact in the house. All she had to do was call 'Roxie' and she would come, but Vivian was too anxious to start the talk, especially if she was about to get in the shower, so instead she waited until after the shower and collected her thoughts in the meantime.

"You called for me?" Roxanne asked stark naked in the doorway, holding a towel.

"Yes, um... well first of all I can't move anymore. I should probably make sure you know that," Vivian started nervously.

"Wait, really? Like at all, you're totally stuck in place because your boobs got so big?" Roxanne asked in response.

"Yeah. Well, with some effort I was able to move one of them 1 inch from where it was," Vivian chuckled.

Roxanne chuckled in kind, "Right, so you need some help going somewhere? What's your destination?"

"No, I... I can wait, I just need to ask about something," Vivian explained.

Roxanne's smile faded and she stopped slouching, pointing her attention towards Vivian.

"I uh... should I let you get dressed first?" Vivian asked.

"It's ok, I'd stand like this all day if I had to," Roxanne assured.

"Ok, so... last night when you said not to look in your stuff because my present was in there," Vivian started.

"Oh, that, right. I was thinking I should tell you about that. I know I sounded pretty suspicious back there," Roxanne responded.

"Yeah? Tell me... about what?" Vivian asked.

"That I was hiding something from you. Now your Christmas present is actually out there, I just, at that moment I hesitated because I was more nervous that you'd find... my old Xanax bottle," Roxanne confessed.

Vivian didn't respond.

"You're... acting like that wasn't new information," Roxanne accused.

"Oh! Uh... I mean... It- it is! It's just..." Vivian panicked, calmed down, sighed, and then explained, "No, I'm sorry, I... looked through your stuff when I figured out you were hiding something from me."

Vivian hung her head and Roxanne looked at her sympathetically, "It's ok, I understand," she then continued her confession, "I thought I had anxiety in high school." Vivian looked up at her as she continued, "I don't, I just thought I did because I was frustrated at myself for not speaking up when I needed to or lacking motivation in social settings. I heard about Xanax and was told it was an anti-anxiety medication, so I tried to convince a doctor to prescribe it to me, and when I couldn't I got it a different way. Later, when it was clear that it wasn't helping and actually turned out to be pretty bad for my health I stopped using it. But also, because I got it illegally I'm not sure how I should dispose of it."

"Ok, that's... reasonable enough to forgive. Isn't it addictive? How did you stop using it?" Vivian asked.

"I got lucky. I don't have an addictive personality so I just replaced them with sugar pills so that I wasn't still taking Xanax as I curbed the habit," Roxanne explained.

"Yeah, that, sounds lucky alright," Vivian responded.

After a pause, Roxanne asked, "What did you think you were going to find when you looked through my stuff? Or I guess; what were you afraid of finding? I want to know."

"My mind was fixed on the idea that you... had drugged me causing my boobs to grow and were hiding the pills," Vivian explained sheepishly.

Roxanne approached Vivian quietly and hugged her. Vivian had turned toward her boobs so Roxanne was behind her speaking softly into her ear, "I need you to know that I would never do something like that. I need your consent before I do anything to your body. I love what your boobs have become but medication like that has side effects and I wouldn't risk hurting you for something like this. You're worth more than that even if you didn't have these beauties attached to you."

The couple fell silent for a moment before Vivian said, "Thank you, Roxie. That makes me feel a lot better."

They kissed before parting ways and Roxanne then said, "I'm glad I could give you my full, 'naked truth'. Ha ha ha! I'ma get dressed now."

Vivian and Roxanne had a fantastic rest of the day. With Roxanne's help, Vivian managed to get back in bed where she could be warm and comfortable. And there she would remain for the rest of the story. And yes the bed frame collapsed almost immediately.

Roxanne got used to bringing her growing lover her meals and nights in bed didn't even need a blanket, the squishy oversized dumplings provided plenty of insulation. The happy couple maintained their routine as Vivian's chest grew and grew and grew. Reaching huge landmark sizes such as spilling over the edge of the mattress just the next morning (December 13th.) Then growing until they reached the floor and started spilling over the foot of the bed by the 16th. Then growing until they surpassed Roxanne's standing height of 5 feet 4 inches or 163 centimeters on the 18th. Then they grew more until each boob was big enough to act as a king-sized mattress on the 21st.

Then on the 23rd Vivian's bosom filled the room wall to wall. The distance between the wall behind and in front of her was about 20 feet, (more the length of two king-sized mattresses.) The walls to Vivian's right and left were still out of reach.

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### ***December 24th:***

Come Christmas Eve the couple was excited to share Christmas day together and Roxanne brought Vivian hordes of food and drink to fuel her growth, they wanted her as big as possible for Christmas day.

Starting with breakfast Vivian ate 50 waffles, 100 pancakes, 10 pounds of bacon strips, 5 pounds of sausages, 80 eggs cooked in a variety of ways, 10 loaves of bread, 10 sticks of butter, 80 glasses of milk, 10 bottles of syrup, 20 boxes of cereal, and 10 cups of coffee.

Very soon after, like an hour after finishing lunch is served. Vivian ate 300 tacos, 120 quesadillas, 30 pizzas, 100 hotdogs, 20 corndogs, 180 chicken strips, 40 large sodas, 10 full bags of fries, 5 pots of spaghetti, 20 loaves of garlic bread, and 142 sandwiches with a wide variety of ingredients.

Not to be outdone Vivian had her largest meal, dinner, about 2 hours later. Vivian ate 86 plates of fettuccini Alfredo, 149 plates of spaghetti topped with red sauce, 32 steaks that were pre-cut for convenience, 121 pizzas, 482 double cheeseburgers, 60 large sodas, 26 sushi platters, 263 servings of orange chicken, 81 boxes of just rice, 121 boxes of chao-mein, 84 servings of different shrimp dishes, 892 chicken nuggets, 26 salads, and for dessert, 42 trays of brownies, 20 cakes, 84 tubs of ice cream, 249 cookies, and 191 bags of different candy.

Vivian went to sleep full and satisfied, and Roxanne was right there with her.

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### ***December 25th:***

Christmas day came and Vivian woke up surrounded on all sides by boobs. She couldn't tell if it was day yet because her chest blocked out the light while she was beneath them. She could tell that it was ice cold on the outside of her breasts one of them was probably getting very close to the window, but inside her cleavage was a different story. She could feel, rustling of some sort underneath the boob closest to the door. It was Roxanne. She appeared soon after with a light, Vivian's morning coffee and a box.

"Rise and shine sleepyhead," Roxanne called as she appeared.

“Finally Christmas,” Vivian cooed as she took her coffee.

“How’re you feeling?” Roxanne asked.

“Good. Really good! Really... happy. I’m glad we can be together for a day like today,” Vivian answered.

“I’m glad you’re enjoying my company as much as I am yours. Now the boobs, I hope you can also enjoy them at least as much as I do,” Roxanne continued.

“They feel fantastic. They have this constant sensual feeling that’s been getting more intense as they get bigger. It just makes them feel *really good!*” Vivian responded while blushing brightly.

“I’m glad you like them. I’d feel guilty if I was the only one enjoying them,” Roxanne explained. “Now, your present!” Roxanne presented the box. It was a plain white box with a store-bought ribbon stuck to it.

“Oh, that’s right I forgot to get you something,” Vivian recalled.

“Don’t worry, you’ve given me more than enough already,” Roxanne leaned into one of Vivian’s boobs putting all her weight into it, then returned to sitting upright in the cleavage.

Vivian opened the box, “A blanket? Oh, a *big* blanket, it’s super thick and soft. Is it weighted?”

Roxanne replied, “Yep. You might remember making a wish at a fountain a couple of months back. I know I wasn’t supposed to hear it, but you wished you could wake up warm and happy on Christmas. So I got the nicest, warmest blanket I could find.”

Vivian wrapped the blanket around herself a few times and bundled herself like a burrito, “I love it, thank you, Roxie!”

Roxanne relaxed and laid down against Vivian’s body, “I’m afraid it might be in vain. You got so big that it’s really toasty in here now. Do you think your boobs heard that wish too and decided to get as big as they could before Christmas?”

Vivian responded, “You know, now that you mention it, I’m not all that hungry today.”

Roxanne lifted her head to look Vivian in the eyes. Vivian was sitting up, boobs spread all around her, she tucked her knees in and brought her coffee close to her lips. Still swaddled in her new blanket Vivian could not be warmer if she tried. She looked so happy. Her smile was just as warm as she was.

As Vivian settled into the cushiony boob surrounding her she noticed something, “Are they pressing against the ceiling?”

