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Stacked Like Pancakes by TrebleClef

A homemade pancake breakfast is an odd occasion for catching up with an old friend, but would I refuse Brandi's invitation? I wasn't dieting, vegan or lactose intolerant, and besides, I missed Brandi.

We'd been out of touch for close to a year since Xavier landed his job at the company and we moved to our place on the Upper East Side. The move was my idea. I didn't want Xav fighting through city traffic on his way to work, and as for me, a freelance web designer's work goes where her laptop goes.

Anyway, just past 10AM, I knocked on Brandi and Jared's door. A beaming, grinning twenty-something answered. "Hey Alyssa. Long time no see. I've missed you!"

It *couldn't* have been Brandi. Brandi was a 5'2 pixie. I could *carry* her. *This woman* had boobs the size of honeydew melons and hips half a meter wide!

But...she had the same dark brown pixie cut, the same five feet and two inches... Her face was familiar too; same pasty cheeks, same bubblegum-pink, pouty lips, same cute little button nose...

I was dazedly trying to remember if Brandi had a near-identical cousin from a super-curvy, super-stacked side of the family as the voluptuous little woman in the doorway drew me into a super-squishy-soft embrace. I was blushing.

Of course it was Brandi, how *rude* of me to gawk just because she'd gained...eighty-something pounds. All in her chest and lower body...

I confess to thinking: *no fair! I'm supposed to be the curvy one! I have D cups and hips and ass...Brandi's supposed to compliment me by contrast, just like I compliment her. She's not supposed to best me!*

I guess there's no counting on a friend. But, *gosh* her boobs were huge and soft! Brandi's loose-collared gray sweater was a little drapey around her midsection and was obviously designed to be drapier still, if those massive cans had not filled out the bulk of it. Yes, *coffee cans* were a good size comparison. Brandi's boobs were about that circumference and had just a *teensy* bit of natural hang. As she hugged me, I could feel warm flesh surging around me, straight through sweater fuzz and undergarment lace.

“C’mon in and take off your shoes!” she said, releasing me at last from fuzzy, squishy oblivion.

I got another heart-plunging surprise as Brandi turned in the hall and I saw damn near the fullest ass ever to adorn a 5’2 frame. Brandi’s black yoga pants were stretched tight. All that bubbly booty waggled with every step. Her thighs had plumped up too; filling out to support those steeply curved cheeks.

Gosh...didn’t Brandi used to have a thigh gap?

And yet, Brandi gave off an impression of lightness and buoyancy. She practically skipped down the hallway, accentuating the bobbly eagerness of her rump like she was made of foam and springs. Her waist was still narrow, her arms and neck still elegant and svelte. Gosh, did Brandi seem chipper. She used to be mellow.

We came out to the living room/kitchen. Brandi had always been a tidy person, but her place now looked like a foldout from an IKEA catalog. The lime green sofa in the living room was so pristine, I doubted anyone had ever sat in it. The big white hutch where the TV stood smelled of fresh paint, as did the sky-blue walls. “Wow!” I said. “Did you guys redecorate recently?”

“Yep! And I did some painting, too. Can I get you something to drink, Alyssa? I’ve got orange juice, water, wine, beer, milk...”

“Water?”

“You betcha.” She went into the kitchen, which was enclosed by three counters, two of which were set into the walls, spaced out by fridge, dishwasher, stove. The third counter was a freestanding partition, separating kitchen from living room.

The burners had been removed from the stove, replaced by a cast iron griddle. And there were *two more* griddles—portable, steel, countertop units, sitting on opposite corners of the kitchen, plugged in and ready to go. Mixers were partnered with each griddle, two of which had bowls dribbling over with creamy, yellow batter. The counter was scattered with bowls, stirring spoons, packages of flour, baking powder, salt containers, measuring cups... The kitchen had evidently been set up for *three chefs* today.

In the middle of the kitchen was an island, intended for dining, not food preparation. It was here that we were—or, as I discovered, *I alone* was—to eat. The varnished wood countertop of the island extended past the side over two stools. A place was set: a wicker placemat with a little, yellow napkin and a fork

and knife. There was also a stick of butter, a ceramic dish of powdered sugar and a big jug full of maple syrup. Brandi bid me to sit down and I did.

I couldn't help watching Brandi's bountiful tail swing as she filled a glass with tap water. I wondered how a cute pixie body suddenly burst out with such crazily gigantic T&A.

"So, Alyssa," Brandi said, as she offered the glass. "I have to confess, I haven't been entirely forthcoming about what I'm up to today."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm doing sort of a competition. Do you remember my friend, Lainey? She was here back when we did our house-warming party."

"Brunette?"

"Yep! We did this at her place a month ago—pancake breakfast. Alyssa, I tell you, Lainey's pancakes were delicious! And she made *so many* that day; we kept track, too—sixty-six total."

"That's a lot of pancakes."

"I absolutely stuffed myself! Anyway, I swore that I would best her record. *By a mile*. And Lainey's holding me to it. So, I'm going to be baking a *lot* today. But, I wanted you to keep me company, not just because someone needs to eat these pancakes but also because I had such a great time that day...it sounds silly, I know, but it was so nice. I want to do the same with you."

"So, you're doing *three griddles*?"

"Yep! Lainey did two, simultaneously. *I* can do three. I hope you don't mind, Alyssa, I thought it was a chance for us to hang out."

"That's fine with me, Brandi, I can cheer you on. Just don't expect me to eat sixty-six pancakes."

Brandi laughed. "Of course I don't, Alyssa! Eat whatever you're hungry for. Everything else I can save for Jared and his office."

I liked the idea. If Brandi spent the better part of the late morning to afternoon baking, then the two of us wouldn't be stuck at a table, awkwardly grasping for things to say, not having seen each other for ten months. I also wouldn't have to

spend the whole time face-to-face with Brandi, trying not to gawk at her supernormally huge boobs.

ffffsssssssst...

Brandi coating the first two griddles with a cloud of sweet, buttery, cooking spray. It smelled nice! I was hungry.

“Last batch, then I’m ready to bake!” Brandi said. With a swish of her huge, juicy butt, she went to the fridge. Inside were a dozen or so egg cartons on a shelf and three tall, plastic juice jugs full of milk. Brandi drew out a carton and a jug and brought them over to the unused mixer.

She measured baking powder, salt and flour into the mixing bowl.

“So, how’s Jared?” I tried, hoping to get my mind off the crazily curvy...uh, elephant in the room.

“We’re great. We’ve never been better,” said Brandi, cracking an egg and emptying the yoke into the bowl with impressive dexterity. She mixed in the egg and continued; “we’ve made some changes recently. Some of which you can see.”

I stared at her blankly.

Is she talking about her curves? Is Brandi about to tell me that she met a very talented plastic surgeon and that she and Jared dumped all their savings on...

“The couch! And the walls, the hutch! And all the painting I did!” she said.

“Oh, of course! It’s so *pretty* in here!” I was blushing again.

Alyssa, you idiot.

“And, Jared’s stopped pulling late hours at work. I see him every night now. It’s like when we were in college.”

“That’s so nice!”

“And, I’m just keeping myself busier these days. I’m cooking and baking and keeping the place clean. I just have so much energy.” She was stirring the bowl with a big spoon. “And, I’ve resolved to spend more time with my friends, like you and Lainey.”

“How’s Lainey doing?”

“She left her job not too long ago after she caught a virus.”

“Oh no!”

“Don’t worry, she’s doing good.”

Our conversation was cut short with a *rwerrrrrrrrrrrr...*

Brandi was mixing the ingredients. Thick, yellow batter dripped over the edge of the bowl.

fssssssssht. Another cloud of yummy cooking spray. Brandi poured out her batter on the griddle, making remarkably precise, CD-sized disks on the surface.

As soon as her batter was bubbling, she brought her used measuring cup, spoon, beater and mixing bowl to the sink and washed them, stopping briefly to flip her pancakes.

“First stack’s done!” she said, a couple minutes later.

After tallying her pancake-count on a dry erase board on the fridge, Brandi flipped the pancakes off with a steel spatula, stacking them up on a big plate. She set down the plate before me. “I can tell you’re hungry Alyssa. Don’t be shy,” she teased.

I forked a pancake over to my plate, added a heavy dribbling of syrup and a slice of butter. With a sip of water, I gathered knife and fork in hand. And...

Ohmygod. Amazing.

They were spongy, sweet and packed with savor. Even without syrup, they were moist, coated with cooking spray, which left a hint of vanilla on my tongue.

“Mmmm. Delicious, Brandi!”

Brandi giggled. She was mixing another batch. Another stack was baking.

I was spoiled. I relished every bite, letting it sit in my mouth for a second before I sank in my teeth. Butter and syrup coated my tongue.

I ate four pancakes, virtually without pause. I was going to pay for this indulgence tomorrow when I set foot on the scale and saw how many starchy, buttery carbs

had gone to my ass. Alas, I was thinking of asking Brandi if I could wrap a stack in plastic and take it home with me.

Somehow, however, I wasn't stuffed yet. And there were two uneaten pancakes still stacked there in front of me.

"Don't worry Alyssa, eat as much as you like!" said Brandi, reading my mind.

She came around as I was most of the way through pancake number six, carrying another half dozen, all perfect, fluffy, circular, browned...

God, I can't help myself!

Minutes passed. Was I on my eighth or ninth now? Brandi was clearly up to speed on her baking. Another six fresh pancakes were already piled before me. I guiltily forked another to my plate.

Halfway through stack number two, another six pancakes were set before me. Brandi was like a machine. For every set of dishes she washed, she had a stack bubbling on a griddle. For every bowl of batter she mixed, she had a baked stack ready to serve. Her timing was precise. Even when she was a little off, she caught herself. Invariably, she was always by the griddle at *just* the right time, flipping pancakes before they charred.

Brandi came around and piled *another* half dozen before me. I'd lost count on how many I'd eaten.

Are you there, stomach? It's me, Alyssa. You're supposed to give me the signal that it's time to stop now...that I need to leave those extra stacks alone.

I'd quit adding syrup and butter to my pancakes but it didn't make a difference. They were just as delicious, just as moist and fluffy, plain.

Still I ate...

Alyssa to stomach...how about a growl or a churn or a twinge of I'm-so-stuffed-I-can-barely-move, now? Tell me to put my fork down, maybe?

No use. I didn't feel a bit full. My stomach was begging for more. I jabbed another pancake with my fork, sliding it to my plate.

God, what will Xav think when he has to roll my fat ass out of bed tomorrow?

Not that it would be the end of the world if I put on a little extra curve. But, even if I was cool with that, it's not supposed to happen in *one day!* God, I was going to be *sick...*

But, I didn't feel sick. Aside from being scared by my insatiable and inexplicable appetite for pancakes, I felt fine.

"I'm very embarrassed, Brandi, I'm eating all of your pancakes," I said, as she came around with another stack. "I don't know what's wrong with me. They're just so...good."

"Oh, don't be embarrassed Alyssa! I was the same way when Lainey made them for me. You're doing great!" She set another big plate on the counter to make room for more stacks, and...

Hey, did she just pat me on the bottom?

I watched her go back to the sink. She toweled off a mixing bowl and returned it to its place where she measured flour for the next batch.

Brandi was different from how I remembered her, in ways besides her hypervoluptuous body. There was something coy about her. Something...naughty.

Don't be ridiculous, Alyssa. Brandi's just playing around.

I shifted in my seat and was alarmed by the tightness of my jeans. The short circuit in my brain that had been blocking signals from my belly was taking its inevitable toll on my figure as I was obviously bloating into my Levis.

But...on inspection, that didn't seem to be the case. My belly was not bloating into my jeans. If anything, my pants were *pulling* into my belly. The source of tension was at my seat, not my stomach.

I tried wriggling my bottom to get some slack into my jeans but there wasn't any. My jeans were huggy to begin with, but I didn't remember them feeling so tight around my butt. *Could it be...*

But that couldn't be happening right now. Pancakes don't travel that quickly!

And yet...I could feel the pant seams pressing into my butt cheeks, the deep groin creases sinking into my pelvis. It was unmistakable. These pancakes were *literally* going straight to my ass.

I *had* to stop eating.

It took a conscious mental effort to pause my fork. I studied the cut up semi-circles of pancake on my plate and wondered if I could stop. I opened my mouth to say, *thank you so much for breakfast, Brandi. I don't think I can have another bite.*

But, the smell of butter and vanilla filled my nostrils as Brandi unleashed another cloud of cooking spray. A wave of desire hit me. It was as if I'd barely eaten a thing all day.

Eat now, scold yourself later, I thought.

I devoured another stack or so.

"How many so far?" I said. I was almost too afraid to ask.

She finished pouring out her batter, waltzed up to the dry erase board and counted tallies. "Forty-two and counting!"

Forty-two...minus...twenty-seven...*holy cow.* I was on my *twenty-first* pancake.

My fork was in perpetual motion. So was Brandi, who flipped, mixed, poured, washed, and served as she sashayed round and round the kitchen. Were her unnaturally huge boobs a little fuller, a little *plumper* now than an hour ago when I first saw her? Right now, they seemed very nearly the size of her *head.*

My body was cramping up from being hunched over the counter. I took a spare second to arch my back and felt something. My bra. The cup seams were digging into my boobs.

I looked down at myself. My turquoise, skin-tight t-shirt and tank top couldn't obscure it; I was bubbling over my cups. Flesh bulged toward my chin and armpits. I was bulging out *under* my bra too; the elastic band no longer encircled my ribs but pressed into the flesh below my nipples.

If anything though, my jeans were giving me worse discomfort. The denim bit into my groins and my thighs felt absolutely packed into the pant legs. My hips yanked the material from either side, pulling at the buttons down the center.

Okay, Alyssa, you've had your fun. But now, NOW would be a very good time to stop.

Oh, the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. My fork traveled from plate to mouth. *Brandi, what are you doing to me?*

Even in considerable discomfort and increasing fear, it was hard to think about much besides warm, moist, fluffy pancake between my cheeks. Every bite was as great as the first. I couldn't stop the motion of my fork or still the eagerness of my tongue. It made no sense; they were pancakes, not crack.

Meanwhile, my clothes got tighter. Holy *god*, it was uncomfortable. My boobs were starting to slip out of my cups, forcing me to readjust with my free hand. I could feel every stitch in the back of my jeans sinking into me. Would I be able to get out of these pants without a pair of scissors when I got home?

Brandi came around again. Another plate. Another stack. A Great Wall of Pancakes was erecting before my eyes, promising heaven to my tongue and hell to my ill-fitting clothes. I cleaned my plate and forked over two more pancakes. The act was as involuntary as scratching a bug bite.

My mind was fogging up. It was getting hard to tell how much time had gone by or to keep tabs on Brandi's progress. Brandi was evidently too occupied with her endless series of tasks to do much talking. And I was secretly grateful for it because I was more interested in eating Brandi's pancakes than talking to her. I'm a horrible friend, I know.

"Woo hoo!" said Brandi, leaping into the air, spatula in hand like a cheerleader's baton. Her twin volleyball boobs bounced in her sweater, crowding her face in mid-air, jingling like bells as she hit the floor. "Sixty-six! Tied with Lainey and more to go!"

"Great job," I said, distracted. The tightness of my clothes was approaching unbearable. I had to focus hard to ignore the feeling and keep my mind on delicious pancakes.

I was a creampuff rising inside a medicine jar. I'm not sure I could have walked a straight line in these jeans now. A part of me wanted to take them off right there in Brandi's kitchen so I could eat unencumbered. But that would take too long. And...be inappropriate.

Relief was on the way, though. As I cleaned my plate once more, and leaned in across the counter to snatch another three pancakes, something happened.

thk-thk-thk-thk-thk...

Oh. Shit.

tktktktktk!

That would be the butt seam in my jeans, popping apart, stitch by miserable stitch.

thhhhk!

...until the tear split a *huge* hole across my bottom.

“Ahh!” I cried, involuntarily.

“Alyssa, are you alright?”

Shit. I could feel cool air against my underwear. *Alyssa, you stupid, stupid, stupid...*

Brandi came around the counter. I was blushing again. Maybe Brandi wouldn't see...

She glanced down. Dammit.

“Oh,” she said.

“Oh my god, Brandi, I'm—

“It's alright, Alyssa! Don't be embarrassed. Seriously, I can drive you home. You don't have to take the subway.”

“Thanks...” I mumbled, my face red. “I-I have to stop eating...I really don't know what's wrong with me...”

“That's *perfectly* okay, Alyssa,” she said, returning to her mixing bowl. “You can stop whenever you want to.”

But, I *didn't* want to stop. And now that I had ripped a huge hole in my jeans...well...they weren't as tight now. Which would make eating easier...

“Seriously Alyssa, it's okay” said Brandi, mixing another batch as she talked. “I recently had to buy a whole new set of pants and skirts. I couldn't get my old ones on past my knees. It was ridiculous!”

I was barely listening. I clenched my teeth between bites as my bra dug into me, sinking into my tender boob flesh. The pain was building quickly.

My butt filled up the extra space in my jeans, billowing out of the widening tear.

Holy shit, Alyssa. Your butt is huge. You've already torn your jeans and your boobs are getting bigger by the minute. If you keep eating, you're going to explode out of all your clothes. You'll embarrass yourself worse than you already have. STOP. NOW.

...nope. Not stopping. Still gobbling up pancake. Still forking new pancakes over to my plate. Still filling up my jeans, still testing my bra. Still growing and growing...

With every swallow, I practically felt the warm, spongy pancake going down to my stomach and then leave my stomach for other parts, north and south. While my boobs and butt blew up to clothes-splitting sizes, my tummy remained trim. It was as though my midsection was the last place the pancakes wanted to be.

The straining in my jeans returned. More stitches came loose. The buttons slowly tore their openings. The seams of my pant legs began to bust apart. Stitch by stitch, they went, leaving loose, white frays between gaping holes at my thighs.

My bra ceased to be a bra now that the cups contained nothing, but instead stretched like a rubber band across my boobs, pressing deeper and deeper into mounting titflesh. I took a brief pause between pancakes to reach behind me and see about unhooking the band. It was pulled taut and I couldn't stop long enough to wrestle with it. In very little time, I had become addicted to pancakes. Come hell or high weather, I had to have more.

Brandi ran out of counter room for plates and ran out of plate room for new stacks so she started stacking stacks on top of stacks. The Great Wall rose higher.

Pretty soon, my pants were little more than tightly threaded tatters over my legs. Fed up, I tore off what was left of the frayed fabric. It easily came apart to my knees. My thighs and hips were bare and exposed. I pulled the loose denim from under my giant tush and kicked off what was left around my ankles, letting it fall to the floor.

I was so wide! My hips extended far off the stool. My thighs seemed too big to be mine and I wondered for a second if they belonged to someone else and I'd misplaced my own today. Not that that made sense.

I slipped a hand behind me and got a bigger surprise. What the fuck. Is that all *me*? Is that *my ass*, surging over the stool?

As I went on eating, I could feel my ass, my hips spread out further and further. My bottom was a pincushion, making this stool a flimsy needle, propping me in the air. My bottom felt so big and soft...it was like sitting on big, comfy pillows.

I groaned. My bra was giving me such unspeakable pain now. It was worse than my jeans. The hooks in my band were bent out so far that they poked straight into my back. *Oh god, please make it stop so I can just go on eating.*

Brandi heard my cries, set a bag of flour on the counter and came to the rescue. She went back behind me. "Here, let me help you with that," she said.

Her hands lifted my shirt. Her fingers dug under the taut elastic of my bra. My fork was still in motion as her fingers wrapped around the band. She yanked.

snap!

I shrieked. My fork did somersaults in the air. I felt my bra suddenly constrict in my shirt like a burst balloon. Something exploded into view beneath my eyes. I looked.

I was gasping for air. When oh when oh when did my boobs get so *HUGE*? My t-shirt was absolutely filled with tit. The turquoise material stretched around me, pulling my sleeves from my armpits. My nipples poked through the fabric like angry nubs. *Softballs*. I had two, big fleshy softballs, right in front of me. I was now, probably, as cartoonishly buxom as Brandi.

I looked over at Brandi. Not *quite* as buxom, because Brandi's boobs now seemed visibly past head-sized. They were swollen to the size of overtaxed party balloons. Her nipples looked like ready-to-pop wine corks.

Brandi slipped a hand into each of my sleeves. I obediently drew my arms up as she pulled the straps of my ruined bra around them. Then, she reached down my collar and snatched the worthless garment out from my shirt. The bra seemed like dolls' clothing compared to my ballooned boobs now. Brandi dangled it in the air like a discarded stripper garment. "Don't think you'll be needing this anymore," she said with a little smile, and patted the side of my boob like she was giving me an *attaboy*. She went over to the sink and dropped the bra in the trash.

I was past embarrassment now. I shifted in my seat, feeling unfamiliar weight jostling on my chest, and scooted my huge bottom towards the counter.

On and on, I ate; Brandi baked. My ass and thighs built up beneath me, pouring over the stool. My super-stretchy cotton underwear was taut across my immense

butt cheeks. The stool groaned and creaked with my increasing weight. But, my boobs were the main attraction. Every time I looked down they seemed bigger, blowing up inside my t-shirt like ripening melons. Their weight dragged harder on my chest. My back tightened. I could just about feel my nipples pressing deeper and deeper still into my tank top and t-shirt.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I was scared. I was mostly naked and had just put on...oh, how many pounds? 60? 70? A lot. All above and below the waist.

But pancakes took priority over everything. Brandi kept the stacks piling up. Pretty soon, she ran out of stacks to stack on, so she stacked stacks on top of stacked stacks. The Great Wall grew into a pancake fortress.

Pretty soon, Brandi ran out of milk. Go figure. While she had a whole stockpile of flour, butter, baking powder and everything else, she'd only had three juice jugs of milk. Was she finished baking now?

She took a measuring cup from a cupboard and set it on the counter.

Then, she did something that got my attention. She lifted her fuzzy gray sweater up over her bra, and lifted her bra over a huge, fat, super-swollen breast with a dark, wine cork nipple fully exposed. She took the breast up in her free hand, leaned in, and drew it over the measuring cup and started tweaking her nipple and massaging her areola. Until...

Milk.

Oh. My. God.

She squirted a thin stream of it into the cup. Brandi glanced at me as I gaped. She winked.

Brandi's milk wasn't from any store. No wonder she was using juice containers. If Brandi was lactating her own milk for her pancake-batter and *I* was eating the *pancakes*, then...

If anything could have made me drop my fork and just leave in horror, it was the sight of Brandi filling up that measuring cup, right in front of me. Yes, I had known that something was not right all along. But, to have visible proof of it in the form of Brandi baring her breast and lactating into a glass bowl, right in front of me...it was like she had crossed a boundary. A line that had always existed between us was now surpassed and I was seized with a sense of fight-or-flight.

For just the briefest moment, I felt as though I could just leap off the table and run, without pants, without a bra, with my huge butt cheeks exposed and my boobs jiggle and my thick nipples jabbing through my shirt. *I swear, I swear, I swear*, I was about to do it.

But, I looked down at the partially eaten pancake on my plate. I looked up and saw the fortress of pancakes, waiting for me. Desire welled up in me once again and my panic subsided.

Whatever. It's a natural ingredient, I said to myself. My fork went back to business.

But, I went on watching Brandi. It was mesmerizing to see her fill the entire measuring cup. Halfway through, she drew back her leaky left boob and replaced it with her right one. Milk was soon brimming over the top of the cup. "Whoops!" she said, stopping herself as a trickle dribbled onto the countertop.

Brandi's boobs were visibly smaller now, closer to head-sized. I checked my own. I had exceeded her in the boob department now. My stretched out tank top and t-shirt couldn't hide the fact that my boobs had grown wider than soccer balls. My nipples drove through the fabric like tent poles through tarp. Even my areolas were visibly bulging through the fabric. The unfamiliar weight was doing a huge number on my back and in that moment, I wouldn't have minded if these massive boobies got bigger still so they would sit in my lap and give my back a rest. But that didn't seem likely to happen before I burst out of this shirt.

And I had resigned myself to it: I was *definitely* going to burst out of this shirt. And, this underwear, too.

Brandi's baking slowed. Her work was winding down. I kept eating. Even now, I was never tired of yet another fucking delicious pancake.

My boobs stuffed my shirt like a piñata. Warm, tightly packed flesh pressed into my torso, surging around to my sides. My tank top and t-shirt were running out of give, reaching a point of maximum stretchiness.

Rrrrip!

Oops. There went my panties at my butt. My ass was fully exposed now. The cotton still held around my massive thighs, but that wouldn't last.

The Great Wall was starting to come down, brick by flat, fluffy brick. It was some consolation to my distressed mind that once I had eaten all of these pancakes,

another wouldn't tempt me. A paradoxical defense against temptation if ever there was one, I know, but it was the only consolation I had.

Brandi got more than two more cups of milk out of her boobs before she was evidently dry and down to coffee can size. Her rack was back to buoyant and jiggly instead of turgid and heavy.

Rrrrrp! Rrrrip!

My underwear, breaking around my thighs. *So long forever, panties. You were a good friend, hanging in there for me...*

I wasn't sure just *how* bottom-heavy I was now because all I could see when I looked down was tit stretching my t-shirt to impossible lengths. But, given how much of me I could feel bugling over the back of the stool, over the sides, everywhere...well, to say the least, I was officially a fat bottomed girl. *Welcome to the club, Alyssa, have a seat. Try not to break it.*

Brandi came around again and plopped two more pancakes on the fortress.

"That's it!" she said, "Enjoy the rest."

"Mmm," I said, mouth full. I swallowed. "What...what are you doing to me, Brandi?"

"You're doing it to yourself, Alyssa. I never *made* you to eat my pancakes."

"That was...that was your milk in the batter."

"Yep!" She came around behind me, slid her arms around my waist and rested her head against me. "And it does a body good, too" she said, feeling me up, running her fingers over my massive jugs, in toward my tiny waist and out once more over my super-curvy hips. My nipples hardened and I felt a sigh rise up in my lungs.

Oh god, am I enjoying this?

I felt Brandi's palm trail down my backside until she got to my huge butt cheek. Her fingers tested my soft flesh. She took a handful and squeezed.

I moaned.

What would Xavier do if he knew that my friend's caresses were really turning me on? What's happening to me?

"I'm going to clean the kitchen now," said Brandi. "You keep up the good work!"

Pretty soon, tears formed across my t-shirt. Small holes broke out and got bigger and bigger. My tank top started to go, too. A wedge-shaped hole formed in the white material and gradually widened, letting more and more creamy, pale flesh billow out.

My t-shirt and tank top became strained, cotton nets over my huge, heavy breasts. I was tired of having to break through clothes.

C'mon, shirts. Just pop. Just break and let me be free. It's not like I can hide anything now...

I gobbled up another stack. My ginormous hooters finally dealt a killing blow to the fabric. They welled up out of a big hole where my nipples were and sent a trail of threads, popping apart, up and down the material.

Two humongous boobs burst into the light of day. They were warm and heavy against my thighs. Slight movements sent swells of jiggles up and down them.

I threw the white and turquoise tatters from my shoulders and got back to the longest breakfast ever. Even now, my colossal curves were hungry for more

The fortress of pancakes, once a mighty and imposing citadel, was leveled by a hungry Tits n' Ass Behemoth. I watched my boobs, roughly basketballs in size, advance across my lap, pressing into the edge of the counter, giving me less room to lean over my plate. Monstrous titflesh widened and fattened. My body was busy trying to keep balance as my ever-expanding hips and bust added more teetery weight to the stool.

I ate as Brandi cleaned a bajillion dishes. Measuring cups, mixing bowls, spoons, spatulas, juice containers... Then, she wiped the counters and mixers and scraped the oily gunk from the griddles.

My boobs grew and grew and grew. My huge, naked body shivered with sensation as my nipples drove into the counter, getting thicker and harder against the painted wood. The sensation made the hair on the back of my neck stand.

Even as my brain was inundated with sensations of pancakey-wonderfulness, I found myself struggling to resist new urges. The feeling of Brandi's hands on my body had stirred something inside me. I kept shaking off flashes of lustful fantasy: Brandi, squeezing my boobs; Brandi, licking the inside of my thighs; Brandi, sucking on my swollen teats.

These thoughts made me incredibly guilty. I had never cheated on Xavier before and intended never to do so.

Stop thinking about her, Alyssa. Think of Xavier!

But that didn't help. Conjuring up Xavier's image only made my horny fantasies more scandalous. I scolded my dirty mind as I pictured Brandi, Xavier and myself, all naked, in the throes of a blissful, ultra-fleshy ménage à trois...

What was *wrong* with me? Brandi was my enemy, not my *friend*. She had deceived me. She had fed me her breast milk and altered my body. And now, she was penetrating my mind, drawing me deeper and deeper into a state in which I couldn't say *no*...because *goddammit*, I didn't want to.

I shook my head and I opened my eyes. I swore, I could see my boobs springing out another centimeter with every swallow. I could feel my nipples getting just a bit fatter, pressing harder into the counter. I could feel the weight mounting up another notch...

This can't be real. My boobs are as big as beach balls and I've eaten dozens and dozens of pancakes and I'm so horny for Brandi and my butt is about to level this stool. Time to WAKE UP, Alyssa. You're just lying in bed, having a silly, sexy dream. It's time to get up, shut off the alarm and take the next subway to Brandi's place. You're probably already running late...

No use. I was still here in Brandi's kitchen, with the tits and the ass and the pancakes and my curvaceous friend who was looking more desirable to me by the minute.

At the last mile, my boobs, by their huge, fleshy weight, unwedged themselves from between the counter and myself and slipped from my lap to either side. I almost fell, face first into the table with their weight but I caught myself with a forearm and drew myself to a sitting position. I arched my back and pressed on, fork, tongue and teeth working in harmony to get through the Very. Last. Stack.

Brandi was finished cleaning. She stood by my side, watching me finish.

Three pancakes left...

Two pancakes left...

One more...

Brandi cheered as I swallowed my last bite. “You did it, Alyssa! You ate all of them! You’re *amazing!* Guess how many I made in the end?”

“How...how many?”

“A hundred and twenty-two. Nearly *double* Lainey’s total!”

I was exhausted. I had eaten and eaten and eaten, bursting through my pants and bra and shirt and panties without ever stopping. I felt like I’d run a marathon. How much time had passed since I first set foot in Brandi’s condo? I felt like I’d been here for hours, if not for ages.

“What time is it?” I said, hazily. I was disoriented. And naked. And horny.

“It’s just after two,” said Brandi.

Two. Nearly four hours, eating. My fork-wielding hand was sore and tired. My jaw ached. And my back...

I had to get off this stool.

Not an easy task. With a hundred and twenty-two pancakes stacked on my frame, simple maneuvers were not the same.

It was a lot of work even setting a foot on the floor. When I shifted my weight off the stool, I twisted a little too quickly and my butt knocked it over. A parting gesture, I suppose.

When I first sat on that stool I was a size 12. Now, I was a size *who knows*, and my butt and hips and thighs and boobs extended to far off places, redistributing my weight and leaving me with an unfamiliar center of gravity.

I took a step and fell.

BAM! Jiggle jiggle jiggle jiggle...

“Oh, Alyssa, are you alright?!”

Wobbly flesh everywhere. My boobs were right in my face. My butt must have been even bigger than I imagined, because I was feeling waves and undulations in places I didn’t know I had places.

I looked up at Brandi. “What...happened to me?”

She squatted and patted my head. "It's alright, Alyssa. You'll get used to it."

"What...what did you do to me Brandi? Tell me."

Brandi slipped her sweater over her head, exposing bowling ball breasts. She unhooked her white, lacey bra and threw it aside. Her nipples reared in my face, full and fat in their milk-swollen glory. She was ready to express again.

Oh god, I'm sorry Xav...I don't know if I can resist her...

"The pancakes were a ruse," she said. The virus that Lainey caught...she passed it on to me, that day that I went to her place. I ate her pancakes and caught the virus and I was a changed woman. Mentally, physically, in every way. And now Alyssa, my friend, you've eaten *my* pancakes and I've passed the gift on to you."

She put a hand over my shoulder and with a firm thrust sent me tossing to my back. A mountain of butt flesh gathered beneath me. Two mountains of tit swung on top of me. She straddled me over my tiny midsection and stroked my boobs and squeezed them and fondled my nipples, which I couldn't see now but were obviously very big, judging by how wide Brandi opened her mouth before her face disappeared behind the fleshy tit horizon to take them in.

I felt her boobs and her hair and her cheeks and she leaned in to kiss me. I was crying, but not only out of guilt.

"Oh Alyssa, your boobs are so huge and beautiful. Wait 'til Lainey hears how BIG I made you! Oh, god, I want you so bad!"

We kissed and fondled and felt. And then, she climbed over my colossal tits and guided her nipple into my mouth. Her boobs were plump with milk.

"Finish me off, Alyssa. Get the rest of it."

My lips locked onto her and I drank, feeling every change in my body as the stream of milk sprang forth, satiating my appetite, building up in my boobs and butt and thighs...

Brandi stood me in the mirror when we were done.

From hip to hip, I was a full yard. That was as wide as the doorway of Brandi's room, forcing me to angle myself sideways to get through. My butt cheeks were globular and buoyant and looked like huge twin beach balls in the mirror as I glanced at them over my shoulder. When Brandi saw my ass move as I walked,

she said I was a wave of perpetual jiggle, swaying this way...that way...this way...

My thighs were nearly as thick as my butt cheeks. They curved in huge arcs with my hips and tapered down to my knees. My calves had filled out a bit too, which I was honestly thankful for. It made the transition from colossal hips to tiny ankles look more gradual.

My boobs had blown up into massive armfuls. I was a full meter from one tit-flank to the other. Like enormous, fat teardrops, they stood, naked and proud, too big for any bra to support. I was shocked by how round they were, despite their size. Brandi had transformed me into a walking, jiggling caricature of the prototypical female form. My nipples resembled the tips of summer sausages, dark and thick and ripe. They quivered fussily with every step I took. How I could actually carry these mountains of tit—well, I'm still guessing.

In between gargantuan boobs and humongous hips was my itty-bitty waist. It had not changed even a bit, but in comparison to its neighbors, it looked like it had shrunk. Hip-to-waist ratios like this don't exist in nature. I checked myself in profile and caught my breath. I looked like an optical illusion. My ass projected an unnatural distance behind me and my boobs jutted an equally improbable distance in front. A teensy little midsection held the planets together. Gosh, to think that I used to be self-conscious of my tummy.

As I gazed at myself, dumbfounded, Brandi kept practically leaping into my boobs, hugging them, nestling her head in the fleshy expanse. The girl was enraptured with my body. I tried hard not to enjoy her attentions *too much*.

Brandi had a huge trench coat for me to wrap around myself for the ride home. I sat in the back. No shotgun seat would accommodate *this* ass.

"Call me sometime, Alyssa. Don't be a stranger" said Brandi when we drove into my lot.

"Mm-hmm" I said, and went into my building.

* * *

That was a month ago.

I told Xavier all about it. The pancakes, the growing, the kissing and fondling and milk drinking...everything. I was scared he was going to leave me, for any number of reasons. Instead, he and I had a long talk about boundaries in our

relationship and we agreed to make some changes, which are nobody else's business, thank you.

Of course...I didn't fess up to Xavier *before* other things happened... I was insanely horny that night when Xav came home and he saw my transformed body for the first time ever. We really didn't get around to talking before we fucked and fucked again and he squeezed me and spanked me and licked me and felt up every inch of my body and said I looked amazing.

And...he drank me. Yep, I didn't even know I was lactating until the moment he took me in his mouth. A warm stream squirted forth and I had the greatest thrill of my life as he drank me up.

Since all that happened, Xavier and I have been happier than ever. That said, I'm not sure, but...is there something about this milk that makes people a bit...acquiescent?

Anyway, these days, I have so much energy. Xav and I are having more sex than ever before. It's like we're teenagers. And, I'm so productive! Last week, I did two big client projects. Started on Monday and finished them both before Saturday, *just like that*. Xav says if I keep up this pace, I'll be making more money than him. *Wow*.

There goes the buzzer to our apartment. She's here!

I haven't seen Dee in two years. Gosh, I've missed her! I open the door and see the cute, round smiling face melt into an expression of shock and bafflement.

It's too much trouble at this time fitting boobs the size of bed pillows through the doorway. So, I back off and let Dee in before I give the disoriented woman a hug. For a couple seconds, she's practically sunk into my boobs. She's blushing.

Then, with a swish of my gigantic ass inside my clingy skirt, I turn about. She follows me into the kitchen.

"I hope you're in the mood for some pancakes," I say.

"Uh huh," says Dee, still dazed, still perplexed. *God, she's cute*. I'm so glad Xav and I worked out an arrangement about this kind of thing...

She looks around. Courtesy of Brandi, I've got three griddles, three mixers, all ready to go. The pantry is stuffed with ingredients and I've been practicing.

And the milk! Oh, that I've got in *spades*.