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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing*

Carbonara Amore

When her partner sighed for the third time in a row, Corina paused the TV. Andrea didn't even look up from her laptop.

"What's wrong, *amore*?"

"Oh, you didn't have to stop it."

"I can tell something's bothering you."

"It's nothing, just my subscriber count has been plateaued for months now."

Corina hadn't known her partner was a digital creator when they started dating. She didn't mind sharing Andrea with the Internet, since she never did collabs, just solo stuff. Her vanity sometimes got on Corina's nerves, but she accepted it as the price of having a partner who turned heads wherever they went. Knowing that she had someone they all wanted.

"Maybe you should try something new?" Corina said. "Mix it up a little bit."

"I know, I know. But I don't know what I can do," Andrea whined.

Corina started watching other content creators like Andrea after she found out. It was a fascinating world to her, exhibitionist while also being strangely personal and private. "What about talking instead of lip syncs? You could do some of those, uh, affirmation videos."

Andrea shook her head. "I'd have to do them in English, and you know how bad my accent is."

"Not as bad as mine."

"Still..."

"Well, that rules out 'get ready with me's' and unboxing hauls... What about ASMR? You could open stuff and do that finger-tapping thing."

"I hate those. And I'd hate myself even more for making them."

Corina racked her brain for any other skills or talents Andrea had that would make interesting content without her having to talk. “Cooking? I saw a girl make spaghetti the other day, and it was awful. She broke the pasta in half.”

“No!?”

“Sì, she even used sauce from a jar.”

“My *nonna* is rolling over in her grave...”

“Anyway, I know you can cook better than that. And all you’d have to say is the name of the dish at the beginning.”

“You’re a better cook than me, though.”

“It doesn’t have to be anything fancy. Just a basic carbonara. You should at least try it.”

Andrea’s eyes narrowed. “Is this just an elaborate ploy to get me to make dinner?”

“No! But also, yes.”

Corina struggled to keep her hands to herself while Andrea cooked. Her partner had dressed up in one of her new outfits for the video: a dark skirt and tan top, with an extra-strong bra heaving her G-cup cleavage nearly to her collarbone. She gave them a little bounce before saying, “Let’s make a carbonara” to the camera and tying her apron.

Andrea used too much black pepper in the recipe, but Corina wasn’t complaining. Her partner did another boob-shaking bounce before taking a test bite, and if Corina hadn’t been so hungry, she might have tackled her partner before they even ate.

Corina watched the post before Andrea uploaded it. She’d played Dean Martin’s *That’s Amore* over the video, and her “bells” definitely “ring-a-linged” so gloriously that Andrea wanted to rewatch it in slow-motion. There followed a series of quick clips of every stage of the preparation, from slicing the guanciale to swirling the cooked pasta in the egg mixture and pasta water. Andrea rounded off the video with

an expression of wide-eyed delight as she tasted a bite, and Corina watched her partner's plump, perfect lips slurp up the noodles twice before attacking those lips in real life.

Corina was still curled up in her favorite position—covered in blankets with her head resting on Andrea's chest pillows—when her partner woke her with a squeal.

"Mamma mia!"

Voice cracking from sleep, Corina asked, "What is it?"

"My video... it has almost a hundred thousand likes already!"

Corina hugged her partner's ribs, burying her face in the soft warmth of her bosom. *"Che bello..."*

Seemingly unaffected by her attention, Andrea kept swiping and tapping on her phone. "So many comments..."

When she tried to sit up, Andrea finally noticed Corina's presence on her chest. "Let me up, I have to make another one! Maybe with breakfast."

Corina tilted her head to look up at her partner, but didn't release her hold. "You never make hot breakfast."

Andrea tapped a finger to her lips. "True... I could make red prawn pasta for dinner!"

"We'll have to go to the market," Corina murmured as she made herself comfortable again.

Andrea put her phone away at last, running her fingers gently through Corina's dark hair. "I probably shouldn't spam my accounts anyway. I can use some photos from last night to keep the hype going for a day or two, but I'm definitely making more of these."

Over the next few weeks, Andrea made every photogenic dish she knew. Red prawn pasta, potato gnocchi, calamarata, spaghetti bolognese... Then, she ran out. She tried meatloaf and veal piccata, but though Andrea looked amazing, the food did not.

"What am I gonna do?" She wailed. "My numbers have almost doubled—I can't go back to boring lip syncs and bikinis!"

"Isn't there anything else you can make?" Corina asked. "What about ravioli?"

"I can't cut the squares straight—they always look like a child made them."

"If your followers are American, why not pizza?"

"American pizza? *Mannaggia*... Besides, we don't have a pizza oven."

Andrea paced for a moment, then whirled on Corina. Supported only by a sports bra, her chest wobbled long after the rest of her stopped moving. "I know! I can record *you* cooking!"

"W-what!?"

"We both know you're a much better chef than I am. I'll just show your hands doing the cooking, it'll still be me at the start and end—nobody will ever know the difference!"

Corina looked her partner up and down, then studied her own hands. Andrea had a point—aside from lighter and redder hair, and considerably more bosom, she and her partner could have been sisters. No one would be able to tell that her hands weren't Andrea's—if she grew out her nails. And if someone were to suspect, they'd have to be looking so closely at her hands instead of the delicious food or her partner's adorable face and generous cleavage that their opinion wouldn't be worth considering.

"I don't know... Why don't I just teach you more dishes instead?"

"But that'll take so long! I have to keep this momentum going." Andrea stepped into Corina's space and gently held her waist. "Remember how much my last OnlyFans deposit was? If we keep this up, you can finally quit that job you hate."

Corina couldn't tell if she was more excited by the thought of escaping wageslavery or Andrea's delicious body pressing against her own.

“Fine... We can try it.”

It took several attempts at ravioli before Andrea was satisfied with Corina’s work. Not the food itself—her partner moaned with delight at the finished product. But the skill difference was too obvious. Corina cut and sliced and folded so much better than Andrea that she made her repeat the steps more slowly. “If my knife skills got that good overnight, people will get suspicious.”

They couldn’t waste the rejected batches, of course, but Andrea seemed all too glad to take care of the leftovers.

Freed from the challenge of preparing the food herself, Andrea made cooking videos every other night. She passed off Corina’s ravioli, linguine, puttanesca, and cannelloni as her own. With so much more pasta and rich sauces in their diet, what happened next was inevitable.

After listening to her partner murmur noises of frustration while she dressed, Corina heard Andrea finally step into the kitchen to film her parts of their latest video. “You know, I love pasta, but I think it’s making my clothes shrink...”

Corina turned from her pan of tortellini to take in Andrea’s outfit. Her cobalt blue skirt looked fine; there was maybe a pinch of extra thickness to her waist that she wouldn’t have noticed without her partner’s comment. The more drastic changes were higher up. Andrea’s sage green top clung like a second skin to her bosom, and Corina could clearly see the shape of her partner’s bra cups. The flesh they held aloft was spilling over slightly, forming a “quad boob” effect.

“I could try making lighter or more healthy things,” Corina suggested. “Some nice salads or grilled salmon?”

Andrea shook her head. “The traditional Italian stuff always gets better numbers.”

Corina stared pointedly at her partner’s healthier chest. “Well, you’ll get no complaints from me. I think you look sexier than ever.”

Andrea's cheeks reddened, and the hunger in her gaze as she locked eyes with Corina didn't seem entirely for the tortellini. "I guess it's fine, so long as my sub count is going up."

"I promise to put you on a diet if too many people start to cancel," Corina said, turning back to the stove.

Her partner stepped up behind her, hugging her waist and pressing those tits into her shoulder blades. "*Grazie, Amore.*"

Corina wasn't sure she'd be able to keep that promise.

A year later, Andrea's content was almost entirely food-based. She'd renamed or replaced her social media accounts with ones containing the word chef or cooks. Even her paid content had captions talking about how much she ate or how good spaghetti had been to her.

From the kitchen, Corina called, "The carbonara is almost ready, *Amore!*"

Andrea stepped slowly into the room, leaning back with a wide, waddling gait. Her shirt was undone, and her custom-made bra bore more resemblance to a piece of industrial rigging equipment than an undergarment. She said, "I need you to button this for me... I can't see the front properly."

Corina felt her panties dampen at her partner's words. Andrea's weight had doubled in the past year, and apart from a deliciously fuller *culo* and a slight thickening around her waist, all those carbs had settled into her bosom. Corina killed the heat on the stove and set her kitchen fork aside. She stared into her partner's eyes as she slowly did up the buttons of a blouse that would have been a dress on Corina. "I'm ripping this off you the minute you finish eating."

Andrea didn't even bother protesting the promised destruction of the garment. They both knew that, even if she didn't need new outfits for every video, the top wouldn't fit her anymore in a month's time.

In a recreation of her first cooking video, Andrea tied an apron around her waist. "Let's make carbonara."

In the original video, Andrea's cleavage was merely the focal point of the clip. Now, her breasts dominated the frame, dropping to the top of the apron while rising almost to her chin. They spread wider than her ribs, hiding her arms when she held them at her side.

The midsection of the video was a montage of close-ups on Corina's hands, making a perfect carbonara with blazing knife skills and perfectly emulsified sauce.

Finally, Andrea's face returned, holding a plate of pasta just above her vast cleavage. Instead of standing in the kitchen, she sat at the table, her massive breasts resting on its top. The plate also held more than twice as much pasta as its original—what a restaurant would call a “family size” portion.

Andrea swirled the pasta with her fork, stuffing it between her plump lips as her eyes shone. She chewed and swallowed with a look of ecstasy, but instead of a pinched finger “chef's kiss,” she patted one overfed breast before forking up another bite with a wink to the camera.

The caption on the video was a quote from Sophia Loren: “Everything you see, I owe to spaghetti.”