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Francesca

Room for Dessert

“You know,” Francesca said, as you ladled a third helping of mashed potatoes and several pieces of fried chicken onto her plate, “before we started dating, I was going to be an actress.”

“Mmm, so you’ve mentioned.”

“I’d done several TV specials, and my agent said I was bound to get some calls any day.”

Her eyes widened when you brought a very large gravy boat near her plate, and poured a river of creamy pale brown sauce over her food.

You knew her protestations were an act. An act she played for an audience of one; herself.

“I even had a few auditions in the early months when we were going out.”

“Oh?” You slid the plate slightly closer to your girlfriend, encouragingly.

“Oh yes, they were always...”

-nom-

“always friendly enough”

-chomp-

You returned to your seat, and watched as Francesca feigned reluctance but still popped bite after bite from her fork to her mouth, continuing in the brief moments when her mouth was empty enough to speak.

-chew chew-

“Eventually, I heard it from my friend Sylvie.”

-chomp chomp-

“She works in casting...”

-urp-

“They’d say ‘we’ve’ decided to go with someone more ‘demure’ or...”

-chomp-

““more of a girl next door type...””

-nom, ulp-

“or ‘maybe not so over-sexualized...’”

Her fork was starting to hit ceramic more than it hit potato or poultry, so you stood to replenish it again.

“I wonder what they could mean by that?”

“You’re not fooling anyone, mister. ‘I wOnDeR wHaT tHeY cOuLd MeAn...’”

You chuckle softly, dropping the last three chicken strips on her plate with tongs, then lifting the large bowl still heaped with mashed potatoes to rebuild the dwindling mountain of carbs.

“They mean these of course!”

Francesca gestured at her breasts, but did not touch them. You knew it would take a little more “loosening up” before she started openly groping herself in front of you. Francesca’s breasts were larger than her head, filling the bodice of her pink sundress to the limit. The dark wavy locks of hair that cascaded around her face just barely brushed the surface of her bulging cleavage as you lifted the gravy boat yet again.

“Your breasts, my dear? What problem could they have with your breasts?”

“You’re a right bastard, you know that?”

–chomp–

You clear some empty dishes as Francesca resumes eating.

“I could still”

–ulp–

“fit in a G-cup when we met,”

–nom–

“you know?”

“You might have mentioned that.”

“Well...”

–chomp–

“guess what size this one—“

—CRACK—

As if with the precise comedic timing the best improv artist could only dream of, her words were interrupted by a sharp snapping sound.

With a look of legitimate annoyance, Francesca set down her fork, held up the front of her dress with one hand, then slid the other down into the canyon of her cleavage. Fishing around and tugging for a few seconds, she produced from between her perfect mounds the largest bra you’d ever seen in real life.

“Can you get what size this is... was?”

Lacking the support of the bra, Francesca’s breasts slumped down into the top of her dress. Her curves weren’t quite as spherical as they had been, and you could see the faint outlines of her nipples as they pressed into pink cotton.

“Um...” You were at a legitimate loss here, distracted by the freedom of her hefty breasts. “Is it a... J-cup?”

She threw the busted garment in your face with annoyance.

“A J-cup he says...”

She tried to adjust herself in the sundress while you fumbled with the heavy-duty industrial bra in your hands. Twisting it around you could see where the formerly curved clasps had bent completely straight from the pressure they had been under. Finally you found the tag.

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The semi you had been sporting since your outrageously busty girlfriend started eating twitched.

Francesca was satisfied with her dress, or at least content with her appearance, and she noticed the tent you were pitching.

“Are you about ready to take this to the bedroom, big guy?”

Tossing the bra she'd never wear again on the table, you stepped forward and slid Francesca's plate back up to her breasts as they cast a large curved shadow on the table.

“Not before you finish your dinner.”

You spoke in your most commanding tone, and you could almost feel the heat radiating off of your girlfriend. She shuddered ever so faintly, the bobbing motion of her breasts almost putting them in contact with the gravy drenched plate and staining her dress.

If the night went according to plan, she'd never wear that dress again either.

Francesca cleared her plate a fourth time without further commentary, while you watched. She was gorgeous, and even with much more modest curves your girlfriend could have caused traffic accidents. Perfect pink lips, a nose that was prominent without being distracting, eyebrows that arched as if at their own private joke, and brown eyes so dark a man could get lost in them.

All of those features faded into the background for you, as you kept your focus like a laser on two swells of lightly tanned flesh that bulged up from the deep neckline of her dress. As Francesca scooped up mouthfuls of gravy soaked potatoes and large chunks of fried chicken, you could see the material of her dress grow ever tighter.

Seams pulled gradually tight enough that you could see the threads. Slowly, so slowly you might not have noticed if you hadn't been watching for it specifically, more and more millimeters of thread appeared as she ate.

Unfortunately, as she popped the last bit of chicken between her pearly white teeth, looking at you for confirmation, Francesca's bodice was still intact. You glanced meaningfully to her plate, and she sighed, scraping the last few half-bites of potato and gravy onto her fork.

You'd thought the sigh might do it, but the seams and threads held. You were positively thrumming with anticipation, so when the last few bites failed, you stood again.

"Ready now?" She asked, "I'm about to burst over here."

"Almost," you teased, "there's still dessert."

"Dessert!?"

"Wait right there, don't move."

"Ugh, you're a monster, you know that?"

"Hmm?" you call from the kitchen.

"I'll never get a real acting job now. Not unless I want to play a stripper. I guess I could strip for real..."

"Is that what you wanna do?"

You pulled several containers from the fridge.

"Of course not, you idiot. But I also didn't want to become some huge-boobed freak!"

You popped your head around the corner of the doorway.

"I think you look beautiful, perfect."

"Of course *you'd* say that." She had her hands near the flanks of her plump curves now, and it took considerable willpower for you to return to your task.

"I should have never told you about my condition. If I'd known you were such a greedy tit-crazed maniac."

"Um, we prefer the term 'BE Enthusiast.'"

You filled a bowl with strawberries, several pounds of them.

“Yes, yes, BE enthusiast. If I had known I would have run for the hills. Or at the very least I should have run when you told me about it.”

You returned to the dining room with an enormous strawberry shortcake, so large it filled a damn mixing bowl. Not waiting for your girlfriend to take the initiative, you sat down and scooped a bright ripe strawberry coated in whipped cream and held it up to her lips.

Feigning annoyed resignation, Francesca opened her mouth, showing the pink tongue that you hoped very much to interact with directly very soon.

Piece by piece you fed your girlfriend strawberries and cream, checking between bites as the seams on her dress grew tighter and tighter. A quarter of the bowl gone and her tanned flesh pressed tightly against the hem of her neckline. Halfway gone and hints of skin were showing between the thread in the seams at the zenith of her curves. By three quarters the flesh around her cleavage was spilling out of the bodice, turning shiny and a little bit pink.

The larger Francesca grew, the more excited she got. She held one breast in each hand, her delicate fingers no match for their bulk, and her feigned resistance to each bite was getting less convincing all the time.

“No babe I’m so full...”

-munch-

“My dress is getting too tight...”

-chomp-

“Please, no more...”

-nom, ulp-

Incredibly, the garment withstood your caloric onslaught. You scraped the last bits of cream and strawberry sauce from the bowl and spooned them into your girlfriend's mouth, then set the bowl aside to wait.

In her own version of a food coma, Francesca caressed and massaged her enormous breasts. Tiny hands stroked from clavicle to under-bust, then hefted them upward to run along their flanks. Fingertips slid under the tight hem of her neckline to offer brief respite to the harshly indented skin there.

"You're such a greedy, greedy boy." She looked up at you through half lidded eyes.

"Growing girls need plenty of nutrients." You met her gaze with a lecherous grin.

"Is that so?"

"Mmhmm"

Her gaze slowly slid down your torso to your full hard on, quirking one eyebrow.

"Is that for me?"

You nod.

"I mean, I'm already..."

She slapped a hand on the side of each basketball sized breast.

"so..."

Squeezing inward, her cleavage bulged and swelled.

"damn..."

Lifting her hands away, she let her breasts wobble and shake, the second skin of her sundress letting them move much less than they should.

"full."

Hefting her breasts again with both hands, she let them drop, and the violent motion finally proved too much for her poor pink sundress. As if in slow motion, you watched the seams separate. Starting at her widest point and spreading, upward and downward, tanned flesh pressed out between the openings like a tube of biscuit dough. The thin hem along her neckline was no match for Francesca's wobbling, gyrating bosom, and the fabric simultaneously unraveled at several points.

Time resumed its normal pace, and your girlfriend's breasts were completely bare. Dark pink nipples stiffened in the open air as she brought both arms under the enormous orbs and lifted them back to about where they would have been if her bra still fit.

Francesca looked up at you. Neck craning, she presented more cleavage than you'd ever seen, and you swore you could see her breasts still swelling, ever so slowly.

Glancing down at your throbbing erection again, she licked her lips.

"I maybe have room for a second dessert now..."