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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing, Mini-Giantess, Sex, Lactation

Bridget

I awoke to a warm and welcome sensation between my legs. Looking down I saw a large round shape under the sheets. I pulled the covers back to reveal a sea of curly red hair blocking my entire pelvis and fanned out over acres of pale,

freckled skin. Bridget's head tilted back and she met my eyes. Letting my member fall from her mouth she grinned up at me.

"Good morning..."

I thought back to our first date...

I walked nervously into the rowdy sports bar. I took a deep breath and counted to five internally to calm my nerves. The pretty dark-haired hostess looked at me questioningly.

"Hi, I'm meeting someone..." I managed to say without stammering. I stood up on my toes to scan the restaurant, and a head of curly red hair caught my eye.

"I see her." I informed the hostess, making my way across the crowded room. The restaurant was filled with TVs showing sports news and games of all types. There were jerseys and photos on the walls along with beer signs and other typical sports bar paraphernalia. As I got closer to her table I got a better look at my date. Curly ginger beer hair framed a cute face and spilled down past her shoulders. Her skin was pale and dotted with freckles. She was even more adorable in person than in her profile photos.

"Hi... Bridget?"

Blue eyes looked up from a plate of mozzarella sticks and met mine. She flashed a brilliant smile full of perfectly straight white teeth.

"Hi!"

Bridget stood from her seat and wrapped me in a brief hug. Her photos had all been from the shoulders up, and I was pleased to see that the rest of her did not disappoint. Not that I'm overly picky about such things, but a dating profile with only headshots is usually a red flag. Bridget barely reached my shoulders and was dressed in a pale blue blouse with ruffled edges and small orange flowers printed on it. When she stood I could see a dark blue skirt reaching just above

her knees. Her limbs were pale and freckled as well, and were smooth and thin. The skirt rode high enough for me to see that her waist was narrow and her hips were no wider than her shoulders. Her top was loose but when she hugged me I could feel the *smoosh* of decent-sized breasts for such a thin girl. Anyway, like I said I'm not too picky, but it's always nice to be pleasantly surprised.

The mozzarella sticks and tall beer she'd already ordered should have been a red flag.

I took the seat across from her and we struck up easy conversation. We'd been messaging back and forth for a couple weeks and were really hitting it off.

"I ordered without you, I hope you don't mind."

"That's perfectly alright. May I?" I asked, reaching for a stick of breaded cheese.

"Of course!" She grinned and my heart fluttered. All the worst-case-scenario visions I'd been imagining for the past two days vanished from my mind.

We chatted and ate and drank. When the server returned I ordered a beer of my own and perused the menu. Bridget ordered a second beer and a second appetizer— jalapeño poppers.

When the poppers came I ate just one— Bridget devoured the rest as we talked. I ordered a chicken sandwich and side salad. Bridget ordered a triple cheeseburger and tater tots loaded with cheese and bacon bits. When our entrees arrived she blushed a little as we saw the difference in our plates.

"Sorry, I kinda eat a lot when I'm nervous..."

Her demure attitude gave me a little confidence so I answered more boldly than usual.

"Well don't be nervous. And you should eat as much as you want. I like a girl with a healthy appetite."

Her smile warmed my heart, and she forked a mouthful of loaded tots between her pink lips. Conversation died down while we ate, and since I was done first I kept the talk going while she finished. When our plates were clean the server returned.

“How was everything?”

“Excellent, thank you.” I said.

“Did we save any room for dessert?”

Normally I don’t eat dessert, but I could see Bridget watching for my cue here and took a guess at the answer she wanted.

“Sure!”

The server set a smaller menu on the table and after a few moment’s consideration, Bridget made a selection.

“The chocolate lava cake?”

“Great choice. And for you?”

“The strawberry parfait, please.”

“I’ll get those right out to y’all.”

I nursed my parfait while Bridget dug into her cake with gusto. Like I said I’m not much for dessert, so when Bridget’s cake was gone my dish was still half full.

“Do you want to try some of mine?”

“Oh... I really shouldn’t...” She protested.

I slid the dish across the table and the pretty redhead picked up her unused spoon, digging in eagerly. Her eyes fluttered with delight at the flavor— she finished my dessert.

As I walked Bridget back to her car I could see her tummy puffed out a little against her skirt from the big meal. I maybe should have been put off by the sight but it just made her more adorable to me.

I looked down at my enormous girlfriend's perfect face.

“Hi. Are you hungry for breakfast yet or—“

Before I could finish my sentence Bridget crawled up onto the bed. Lifting me with relative ease, she rolled onto her back with me draped over her front. She'd reached ten feet tall last week, and it was getting hard for me to straddle her wide hips.

“You know I'm always hungry.” Bridget said, staring greedily down at my crotch over the mountains of her enormous freckled breasts. “But breakfast can wait... a little longer.”

Our second date was an Italian place, where Bridget ordered a family size Fettuccini Alfredo, and the server refilled our bread basket twice. Bridget wore a thin green cardigan over a grey sundress with red and green accents. Her chest seemed a little fuller than our first date, but I figured it was her outfit. When we walked to our cars I could see a definite bulge in her middle from all the carbs. We shared our first kiss before she climbed into her car.

Bridget's big hands pressed her breasts together as I got into position near her massive hips. Her breasts overflowed even her hands— together they probably weighed more than I did.

“I have a *-aah-* surprise for you this morning...” Bridget teased as she felt me enter her.

A few weeks into our relationship we went to a Pho restaurant. The bowl of soup Bridget ordered was the size of a punch bowl, but she finished the whole thing. She wore a dark green top that cinched under her breasts and fell loose over her middle. Her dark brown leggings showed off the shape of her legs. They were just a little thicker than I remembered, and the blouse couldn’t hide the curve of her soft bottom. This was the first outfit she’d worn on our dates that showed off cleavage, and I wondered if she was wearing a push-up bra.

We made out for a long time before saying goodnight.

“A surprise?” I asked.

Holding her breasts toward me she crooked one finger and teased a nipple the size of a shot glass. I knew she liked this and my mouth couldn’t reach her own from this position anymore anyway. I leaned forward to take one breast in both hands. It was like a huge freckled beanbag chair— there was no way I could handle both of them at once. I latched onto Bridget’s pink nipple and teased it with my teeth and tongue, and was indeed surprised.

For our sixth date I picked her up and we drove to a Chinese buffet.

“I hope you don’t mind something less classy.” She said with a giggle. “I thought I should give your wallet a break.”

“I’d never turn down some sugar chicken. And don’t worry about me, I got the promotion.”

“Oh that’s awesome! Congrats.”

It was a miracle we didn't get banned from the buffet. Bridget fetched and devoured three plates piled high with various shrimp, chicken, and beef dishes, and when she leaned back in her chair eyeing the buffet tables again I offered to help.

"Want me to get you another plate?"

"Would you?"

"Of course."

Bridget wore a fuzzy sweater in navy blue, with stretchy tan slacks. The sweater couldn't hide her chest and I was certain now that she'd grown at least a cup size or two since our first date. I could see the outline of her navel through the sweater already, but I knew her appetite was just getting rolling.

The staff at the buffet were starting to give us dirty looks by around Bridget's ninth or tenth plate— I lost count.

"We should probably get going before they kick us out." I said.

"Yeah, you're probably *-urp-* right... ohmygosh excuse me!"

Bridget blushed and covered her face with her hand. I reached across the table to touch her arm.

"I said don't be embarrassed. Let's pay and get out of here. We can stop for ice cream on the way if you've still got some room..."

I eyed her middle where she looked like a woman in her third trimester. It seemed impossible that she could still be hungry, but even I could hear her tummy rumble for more.

I thought she might invite me in when I dropped her off. Instead we made out on the steps of her apartment for a long time. Things were heating up when her phone buzzed and she sent me home with a deep, meaningful kiss and a pair of blue balls.

Warm, sweet liquid flooded my mouth, and I pulled back in shock.

“Wha?”

Bridget only craned her neck to slide the other, unoccupied nipple into her own mouth.

It was the three month anniversary of our first date when Bridget climbed into my car. She wore a loose teal dress with a thin belt high on her waist. I was more certain than ever that she was putting on weight, but so much of it went to her boobs that I sure as hell wasn't complaining.

“Where are we going?”

“It's a surprise.” I said cheekily.

We pulled up to Captain Jack's Seafood Shack, where there was already a line out into the parking lot. Puffing my chest in pride I watched the jealous eyes of other guys — and a few girls — in line as I led my redhead bombshell girlfriend past them to the host station.

“They don't do reservations here.” Bridget protested.

“I pulled a few strings.” I said coyly.

We got a table near the kitchen, and a server brought us a bottle of white wine, a basket of rolls, and a mounded plate of fried shrimp while we were still sitting down. I smiled as I watched Bridget pop a whole shrimp between her teeth and close her eyes in pleasure as she chewed.

“Is it good?” I asked.

“—*Mmmm*— amazing. You did good, mister.”

“Everyone raves about this place and it’s all-you-can-eat, so dig in.”

“Oh I will.” She grinned at me with a predatory gleam in her blue eyes. “They’re gonna have to roll me out of here...”

As we walked to the car, Bridget’s arm over my shoulders for support, I heard someone in line mutter something to their friend about shellfish being bad for the baby. I looked down to see Bridget’s face flushed bright pink, and noticed that her head wasn’t nearly as far below mine as it used to be. Her bloated stomach was also pushing her cantelope size breasts upward enticingly, and I rushed us to my car as fast as Bridget could waddle.

On the way back Bridget laid a hand on my arm before I made the turn to her apartment.

“Let’s go to your place.” She said, blue eyes flashing with a different kind of hunger.

My mouth flooded with Bridget’s milk. It almost flowed faster than I could drink it. She smiled at me through a mouthful of her own nipple.

“Drink up, I’ve got plenty...”

Over the next few months we were inseparable. We went on dates at least once a week, and Bridget’s appetite continued to grow. And speaking of growing, my ginger girlfriend’s breasts seemed to get bigger by the day. Her hips and ass swelled as well, and as she got taller her thighs became thick smooth columns that I had a hard time keeping my hands off.

On non-date nights she’d come over to my place and I’d order takeout, or cook for her. She ate twice as much as I did, and I started making or ordering meals for four, six, ten people, and even more. She ate it all, and kept growing. A

month after our first night together Bridget was as tall as me, and her breasts were the size of my head. After six months she topped seven feet. The last time I let her be on top I walked with a limp for days.

On the one year anniversary of our first date, I asked Bridget to move in with me, and she accepted, hugging me tightly and lifting me off the ground.

I bucked my hips in time with my gulping mouth, squeezing the soft sexy flesh of my giant girlfriend's body. She'd grown to match her appetite, and I was more thankful than ever that I'd swiped right.