

Note: This story is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

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Contains: Breast Expansion

Melon Soda

Part II

The next day Annie walked into her house un-greeted. That wasn't particularly notable, Stacy wasn't some kind of Suzy Homemaker who waited by the door for her return every evening. Even though she *did* work from home.

Stepping into the kitchen, Annie spotted a familiar looking plastic bottle, though it was fuller than she expected, the line of pink liquid visible above the label.

"Stace?"

"Bathroom!" Her wife's voice sounded from a few rooms away.

Annie pulled open the fridge and found a bottle of white wine with a screw top that had been opened sometime recently. Grabbing the cold glass container she carried it to the counter near the cabinet with the wine glasses. Pouring herself a half-full glass of liquid relaxation, Annie sighed and felt the tension of her Thursday start to melt out of her shoulders.

By the time Annie was on her third sip of wine, Stacy emerged from the bathroom.

“Hey...”

“Hey yourself,” Annie replied, “there’s more of this soda left than I thought.”

Stacy’s eyes darted to the floor and she confessed. “It’s *-um-*, a new bottle. I had to run to the store for some *-er-* salad mix... so I grabbed some more.”

“That’s fine, you don’t have to be weird about it. Though I still don’t know how you can stand the stuff.”

Annie gave her wife an appraising once-over. Stacy was wearing a normal tee shirt that hugged her curves to great effect. She had on her usual black leggings stretched over her juicy rump and thick thighs. Returning her glance upward, Annie was certain now of what she’d suspected last night. Stacy’s breasts had grown.

Pressed tight against her plain mauve tee, Annie could clearly see the shape of her wife’s flesh spilling over the cups of her bra. And under them. And maybe even out the sides? Annie would have suspected Stacy was wearing one of *her* A-cup bras, if her pneumatic wife could even get one closed around those monsters.

“So uh...”

Annie noticed for the first time that Stacy’s face had turned bright red.

“I got one of those rotisserie chickens to go with salad mix for dinner.” The blonde said with forced nonchalance.

“Mmm, cool.”

“Yeah, I figured something easy since I just got back from the store a little bit ago.”

“Makes sense.”

Still not meeting her eyes, Annie’s partner stepped deliberately across the kitchen to open the fridge. Doing so brought her within inches of Annie, and as she rotated her lower half to swing the refrigerator door open, her hips brushed against Annie’s leg. Stacy let out a tiny but audible whimper.

“Are you alright, Stace?”

Stacy turned abruptly, flinging the heavy door closed again, and leaned in close to her skinny, slightly taller wife.

“Annie... *-haa-*” Stacy was breathing hard, bloated breasts rising and falling in her tight tee. She grabbed the wine glass from Annie’s hand and set it on the counter behind her wife. Then she pressed her entire soft torso into Annie’s trim one. Sliding her hands up Annie’s arms, over her jaw and behind her ears, Stacy rose up on her toes as she pulled Annie’s head down for a deep, full-tongue kiss.

“*-mmpf-* Wha- Before dinner!?” Annie mumbled through her wife’s slightly swollen lips.

Stacy was hungrily popping wet kisses all over her wife’s neck, starting at the point of her jaw and gradually making her way down to Annie’s clavicle. Annie was starting to grow warm herself, her motor slowly rolling into motion between her legs. She decided not to question whatever was happening with her deliciously squishy little blonde wife. She slid one hand under Stacy’s shirt as the other slipped into her panties.

Feeling them in her hand, Annie was more convinced than ever that Stacy’s breasts had grown. Last night might have just been some kind of random swelling, but they were several inches larger than normal now. No amount of swelling could cause that. Not in one day at any rate.

In less than two minutes, Stacy pressed her face into Annie’s chest to muffle her cries as her wife’s fingers on her nipples and in her pussy brought her to climax in record time.

“-*haaa, haa*- Sorry, hon. Do you -*huff*- want me to...”

Stacy’s hand started to snake its way into Annie’s waistband, before the taller woman laid a hand on her wife’s wrist.

“That’s okay, babe. I’m good until bedtime. You go get cleaned up and I’ll dish our plates.”

For dinner, Stacy changed right into sleeping clothes. Baggy pants and what had once been an equally baggy tee shirt. The larger shirt was not quite the second skin the one she changed out of was, but was still snug across the blonde’s newly enlarged chest.

The couple watched Netflix again while they ate, and Stacy drained another full glass of Melon Soda before she had finished eating. She’d brought the bottle into the living room with her, so she filled the glass again before continuing with her meal.

Annie tried to follow the low budget romcom they were re-watching, but found herself glancing over at her wife frequently as she raised the glass of fizzy pink liquid to her pink lips again and again. Annie was certain that just a few ounces of that stuff would have given *her* horrible heartburn, if not a full on stomachache. But somehow Stacy was gulping the stuff down like water.

When the movie was over, Stacy stood and collected their plates.

“I’m gonna rinse these real quick. Meet me in the bedroom?”

Annie wasn’t sure what had gotten into her wife lately, but she wasn’t complaining. While they’d always had fairly even levels of enthusiasm in the bedroom, the job of ‘getting the ball rolling’ often fell to Annie. This new, more assertive version of Stacy was an exciting development.

Annie was still getting changed when Stacy padded into the bedroom. As she stepped up behind her, Annie felt her wife's plush bosom crushed against her back as Stacy reached around to cup Annie's basically flat chest.

"Oh hi..."

Stacy pushed Annie's skirt the rest of the way down off her hips, then spun her wife around to plant another deep kiss on her lips. In one smooth motion she grabbed the hem of her tee shirt and pulled the garment off, taking her overtaxed bra with it.

Annie's eyes became large and she reached out to cup the pair of honeydew melons that had been just larger than grapefruits only two days ago. Now that they were in her hands, Annie was pretty sure her wife's breasts were at least an inch or two bigger than they'd been a couple hours ago, when Annie got her wife off in the kitchen.

"Seriously Stace what is going on with these monsters?"

Stacy leaned in closer to her wife, forcing the taller woman backward until the backs of her knees hit the bed, forcing her to sit with a thump and a soft bounce.

"Monsters, huh?"

Stacy clasped Annie's head behind her ears and pulled her head closer.

"Do you not like them anymore?"

"I didn't say that, I jus--"

Annie suddenly found her face and head surrounded by soft warm skin as her partner smothered her curiosity with big, beautiful breasts. Stacy leaned in even closer until Annie fell back onto the bed. Then she stood back up, bloated bosom nearly obscuring her face from Annie's eyes as her diminutive wife towered over her. Stacy reached down to grab Annie's panties and slide them down off her long, lithe legs.

“You were saying?”

Annie crab walked up onto the bed so her legs weren't dangling off the edge, and Stacy crawled toward her on all fours. In this position her breasts dangled down almost to her elbows. They undulated and bobbed as she slowly crawled over Annie's thin body.

Stacy positioned herself directly above her wife, then grabbed a wrist in each hand, pinning her in place. Stacy's nipples hovered mere inches from Annie's. Swollen and stiff like the ends of her thumbs, the pink nubs stretched down from their overfilled fat sacks. They seemed to be reaching for the dark pink thimbles of Annie's nipples which in turn stiffened to meet them.

“What about now?” Stacy asked with a smirk.

Annie's head lifted off the pillow as she tried to reach her wife's mouth. Stacy obliged her, collapsing the full weight of her full bosom into Annie's chest and forcing the breath out of her lungs. Arms still pinned, Annie did her best to grind her torso up into Stacy's plush form. She wrapped her thin legs around the blonde's soft tush to press their bodies together even tighter.

Questions and curiosities vanished from Annie's mind as she sank into the pleasant softness of her partner's altered body.