

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*What if Harper just gained weight in her boobs?*

Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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### **The Bustiest Black**

Hannah Hammond was losing her mind. She'd finally been promoted to full manager of the Daven's Port Hammond Hotel. She was given *carte blanche* to run the hotel however she pleased. She'd fully replaced the stock of every vending machine in *her* hotel with the highest-calorie snacks she could get from her various deals with Yeng. Every day, all around her, Hannah was greeted by the delicious sight of bellhops, maids, servers, and even a concierge struggling with their pants, vests, and chairs. Skin-tight trousers were all around her. Muffined up bellies were everywhere. Seams stretched while buttons strained and sometimes even popped, sending the hotel heiress behind her locked office door to replay the glorious moments with her well-manicured fingers down her custom-tailored suit skirt. She even had an assistant whose appetite was as prolific as tasty MILF was useless at her 'job.'

There was only one thing keeping Hannah Hammond's life from being perfect. Well... two things.

Harper Black refused to get fat.

Make no mistake, the gluttonous secretary was gaining weight. But it all went to her chest!

Hannah could tell from the moment she'd met the tall, wise-cracking Piper Black, that her family had some strong genes in the bust department. But when her voluptuous momma applied for a job at the hotel, Hannah was certain that enough pampering would make Harper's waistline every bit as delicious as her ginormous tits.

She'd been wrong. Days and weeks and months of making sure her assistant stayed beached in her Yeng-brand office chair, supplied with an endless stream of sugary coffees, snacks, and the bare minimum of work Hannah could get away with giving her had done nothing but blow Harper's behemoth breasts even larger.

Sure, her pants were snug. But they looked no more snug than they'd been a year ago, to Hannah's eyes. The woman spent her entire workday gorging on snacks, and it only made her fat breasts get even fatter. Hannah tsked angrily under her breath as she passed by Harper's desk and into her office; Harper's fat sacks of mammary meat spread across the assistant's desk, inching closer to the keyboard every day. Hannah slammed the door behind her and sat at her own desk, frustratedly punching in another order of 'protein' shakes from YFP.

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Hannah knew it was cliché to be banging her secretary, but she had to get her frustration out *somehow*, and Harper's daughter had resisted all of Hannah's attempts at seduction; food and carnal pleasure alike.

"Miss Hammond... *-huff, haaa-* are there any more chocolates?"

Hannah thrust the pink strap on into her assistant even more forcefully, clutching and groping at the mountain of fat tit spilling between them. As long as she kept her hands full of fat, and didn't let them wander to the other 'skinny' parts of Harper's body, Hannah could briefly forget her ultimate failure.

"Of course, my sweet Harper..."

Hannah reached behind her to a box of Yeng chocolate bars, dangling one over the ridiculously busty MILF. Harper's eyes closed as her mouth fell open.

"*-Mmpf-* theshe are *-ulp-* so good..."

Hannah stared down into the acres of cleavage, trying to ignore the distinct lack of double chin on Harper's face.

"I'm glad you like them, big momma... Eat up now..."

"Okay *-chomp-* Miss Hammond..."

Hannah buried her face in Harper's breasts, feeling fat smother her face and fill her hands. Her rhythm sped up.

"I told you, Harper... Call me Hannah."