

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 III

Friday, at least, was relatively uneventful for Annie. So many of her coworkers were phoning it in and prepping for the weekend that she was able to get her own work done early for once. Most of her afternoon was spent doing some relaxing online shopping, and fantasizing about her wife's newly expanded assets. Without really realizing what she was doing, Annie found herself looking at blouses and bikini tops from the plus size sites, wondering just what size Stacy was up to now.

With a start, Annie realized her computer screen was filled with lingerie product photos— well-endowed women wearing nothing but bras from sports to underwire. She quickly closed the tab, head swiveling about to make sure nobody had seen her screen.

It was only through sheer force of will that Annie avoided speeding home even more aggressively than usual, nervous that another traffic stop and ticket could delay her even further. Pulling into the drive, she killed the motor and fast stepped to the door. Flinging it open, Annie's wife was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm in here, Annie!" Stacy's voice came from the living room.

“Since it’s Friday I ordered delivery for dinner.”

Annie dropped her keys in the bowl by the door and floated into the living room.

“You should have messaged me, I could have picked it up on my... way... home.”

Annie trailed off as she spoke, stunned speechless by the sight that greeted her.

“Oh I didn’t want to make you stop, I know how much you hate dragging out your drive home.”

Annie’s mouth opened, then closed.

Stacy was *enormous*. Her breasts were larger than basketballs, which on a woman who stood barely 5’3” was really saying something. Last night they’d been almost double their regular size, now Annie’s best estimates put them somewhere around three times larger. Stacy reclined in her own chair, half empty bottle of Melon soda on the table beside her, and a glass of the fizzy pink stuff in her hand. She was wearing another loose sleep shirt, but it’d become a belly shirt as her expanded mammary mass stretched the cotton garment to its extreme.

Stacy’s eyes drifted languidly from the TV to see her tall skinny wife staring.

“See something you like?”

The blonde drained her glass and set it on the table. She then extended both arms, curling her fingers in a beckoning motion to her stunned and exhausted wife.

Still unable to form words, Annie slowly crossed the room to stand near her wife where she sat in the recliner. Stacy took both of Annie’s hands in her own and pulled her closer, gesturing for the taller woman to sit in her lap.

Still in a trance, Annie complied, dropping her small pert ass onto Stacy's soft thighs. Her knees rode the armrest of the chair as her long legs dangled, and Stacy hugged her back and shoulders into her torso. Annie found herself with a lapful of boobs that belonged to someone else.

Resting one hand on her wife's knee, and the other stroking her short black hair, Stacy made shushing noises.

"You had a hard day, didn't you baby? Just cuddle here. Mama will make you feel all better."

This routine broke Annie out of her stupor, and she leaned her head back to look into her wife's cherubic face.

"You know I'm almost two years older than you, right?"

"I have the mommy milkers, so I get to be the mommy." Stacy said with a pout and a grin.

"Well I can't argue with you there..."

Annie reached up and tried to cup just one of Stacy's breasts in her hand. The orb was too heavy and large for that so she ended up scooping it up with her whole arm. The flesh felt surprisingly warm.

"Seriously Stace, you're not even a little worried about this?"

"Not really."

"You've doubled in size in like two days!"

"Isn't it great?"

"You don't wanna like, see a doctor or something?"

"What would a doctor tell me, Ann? I'm not sick, I'm not in any pain... In fact I feel better than I have in years."

“Really?”

“Really. It’s like being a teenager again, but without the acne or existential dread.”

Stacy hugged her wife into her massive chest and stroked her back.

“Let’s just enjoy this, okay?”

“Okay, okay. You know I worry about you, that’s all.”

“I know you do and I love you for it, but I’m fine, I promise.”

“And you’ll tell me if you *stop* being fine?”

“I will.”

“Promise?”

“I promise.”

Annie tried to relax. Stacy was right, she did feel better curled up against all this soft warm flesh. It *was* like being a kid again, clutched to her mother for comfort.

As they watched Netflix and waited for their food to arrive, Stacy used her free arm to refill her glass with soda from the bottle. She continued sipping on it as the couple cuddled together in the cushioned chair.

Annie rested her head on her wife’s bosom, one arm behind her shoulders and the other cupping the curve of one massive orb. In the ear pressed into Stacy’s shirt, Annie could hear the *gulp, gulp* of the blonde drinking even more of that sickly sweet pink soda. Stacy’s breasts still felt noticeably warm. In fact they seemed to be getting warmer the longer Annie lay pressed against them. For awhile she chalked it up to their combined body heat, and her wife’s recent friskiness, but then she felt something even more unusual.

Stacy's breasts seemed to be pushing back against her head and hand as they sat curled together. Annie could feel a slow, barely perceptible increase in pressure against her chest, pushing her slightly away and lifting her head higher, one millimeter at a time.

Pressing her hand further into her wife's watermelon breast, Annie tried to confirm her suspicion. Sure enough, the pressure against her fingers was definitely increasing. Somehow, impossible as it seemed, Stacy's breasts were swelling so fast that Annie could feel it happening.

Without lifting her head from its boob pillow, Annie asked "Stace... are you--"

-BING BONG-

The sound of the doorbell startled both women. Without finishing her question, Annie extracted herself from her wife's maternal embrace to answer the door.

Annie opened the front door slightly red-faced. Oddly self-conscious as if she'd been caught doing something inappropriate. The college kid at the door held a large paper sack, and two plastic grocery bags.

"DoorDash for Stacy?"

"That's us, thanks!"

Annie carried the bags into the living room, and set them on the coffee table. She started pulling oyster pail boxes from the brown bag, seeing that Stacy had ordered Chinese. The grocery bags on the other hand contained one bottle of unsweetened tea, which Annie assumed was for her, and three more two liters bottles of Mad's Melon Soda.

"Stace I think this soda cost more than our food..."

"It's fine... I wanted to stock up in case it gets discontinued or something."

Annie was pretty sure her wife's 'stock' of the pink soda wasn't going to last very long the way she was guzzling the stuff down, but said no more about it. She started sorting the dishes and sides between them, knowing which were for Stacy and which were hers. Fetching a glass for herself and some sets of chopsticks from the kitchen, Annie set herself up in her own chair.

"But..." Stacy said with a petulant glance, "but my lap is getting cold..."

Annie grinned wryly at her wife.

"I'm not going to eat in your lap, babe. Let's have dinner and then we can cuddle after, okay?"

"Fine..."

"Maybe we should think about getting a couch..."

"Ooh, yeah! These chairs are comfy, but it would be nice to snuggle together to watch movies and stuff." Stacy said as she popped open her orange chicken.

Over the course of their meal and the rest of the episode they were watching, Stacy polished off another half a bottle of Melon Soda. When Annie returned from combining the partial oyster pails and putting the leftovers in the fridge, she found the living room empty. Her wife had apparently already retired to the bedroom.

Walking down the hall to their room, Annie spoke as she was opening the door.

"You know it's only like nine..."

Stacy stood between the door and the bed. Her leggings and panties were already off, leaving only her tee shirt keeping her from being completely nude. There was no denying it now, Stacy's breasts were even bigger than they'd been an hour ago. The previously tight 'belly shirt' looked painted on, and Stacy was giving Annie her best smokey-eyed stare.

"Babe, what is going on wi—"

Stacy interrupted her wife by grabbing the hem of her tee shirt and pulling it away from her body. The overtaxed garment could take no more and ripped from the hem all the way to the collar, letting Stacy's immense melons burst free.

Annie once again was stunned into silence as Stacy extricated herself from the scraps of her last remaining article of clothing, until she stood before her wife in nothing but her skin. So much soft, luminous, glorious skin.

"You promised not to worry, remember?"

Annie only nodded, slowly. Stacy's breasts seemed to defy gravity, bobbing softly as they projected from her ribcage and hung like massive teardrops, reaching only her navel despite their immense size.

"Now get over here and fuck me."

Annie didn't need a second invitation.