

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

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Contains: Breast Expansion, F/F Sex

Melon Soda

Part I

“Stay in your lane, asshole!”

Annie very nearly honked at the middle-aged driver clearly focused more on their phone than the road. She restrained herself, but wondered idly where the cop who'd pulled her over for speeding last week was now, when he could be giving a ticket to an *actual* dangerous driver?

Pulling off the highway and heading into the suburb where she lived, Annie took several deliberate, calming breaths. She tried to let the dulcet tones of Michael Bublé bring her road rage back under control. Stopping at a red light, she glanced over the notifications on her phone, oblivious of her own hypocrisy. There was a text from her wife, Stacy, asking her to stop at the grocery store on her way home.

“Damn it! She's home all day but couldn't be bothered to run to the store herself?”

Annie crept into the left turn lane so she could make a U–turn, the grocery was half a block back the way she’d come. Finding a parking spot near the cart corral, Annie killed the engine and stalked up to the supermarket. She’d forgotten to grab the reusable bags from her car.

Re–reading the text from Stacy, Annie collected two random bags of tortilla chips, toilet paper, and ketchup. She spent about 3 seconds trying to find the specific brand of soda her wife had requested, before grabbing a random two liter and heading for the checkout area.

Annie’s eyes went wide when she saw the price pop up on the screen:

Mad’s MeLon Soda: \$14.99

What the fuck kind of soda costs fifteen bucks!?

Annie was too socially awkward to back out of the purchase now, so she tapped her card on the reader, took her disposable plastic bag, and forced a smile for the cashier.

“Hey babe, welcome home!”

Stacy met her wife at the door, taking the groceries and leaning in for a brief squeeze and a kiss before returning to the kitchen. The feel of her wife’s ‘short stack’ form pressed against her own rail–thin physique made the tension melt out of Annie’s body, and she forgot all about her frustration during the commute. She loved this ditzzy blonde madly, and would endanger traffic any day of the week to run errands for her wife.

“Hmm, what’s this? Mad’s Soda, Melon flavor?” Stacy asked, pulling the pink soda from the bag.

“Were they out of Faygo Red?”

“Uh, yeah...” Annie lied. “But that stuff should be pretty good, considering how much it cost.”

“Oh Babe,” Stacy chided, running one soft hand down her wife’s back, pressing their bodies together at the waist, “you worry too much. Rough day?”

Annie shrugged noncommittally.

Stacy grinned at her wife’s grumpy stoicism.

“Why don’t you go relax for a bit. Dinner will be ready in about twenty minutes. Can I get you anything? You want a beer or White Claw or something?”

“What flavors do we have left?”

“Mostly Black Cherry I think...”

Stacy grinned sheepishly and Annie grimaced.

“Oh well, we have to drink them eventually.”

Stacy held the refrigerator door open for her wife to grab a can, and Annie retreated to the living room. Collapsing in her recliner, the dark-haired woman sighed with dramatic exhaustion and relaxed her shoulders as she reached for the remote.

“Dinner’s ready, Annie!”

Annie downed the last of her hard seltzer and grabbed the lever to retract her recliner. Standing slowly and with more groaning than a woman in her mid-twenties should make, Annie padded tiredly into the kitchen.

“Oooh, bean burgers?”

Annie's dark violet eyes lit up at the spread of condiments and hand-formed patties laid out on the kitchen island.

"Yep! I found a new recipe online and I wanted to try it out."

Stacy beamed with pride at her feat of domestic achievement. Her pink apron was smudged with handprints of black bean and who knew what else. Annie's eyes drifted from the dinner spread to watch her voluptuous wife pull the apron over her head, letting her big blonde curls fall around her bare shoulders and frame the generous cleavage on display in a snug black tank top.

"Well come on, make your plate! There's a new episode of Riverdale out!"

"You and that show..." Annie shook her head as she picked up a stoneware plate.

"I mean, I can just watch it without you if you want..." Stacy grinned wickedly.

"Don't you dare!" Annie glared at her wife, who burst out laughing, doubling over with mirth.

After both women had constructed their burgers and added chips to their plates, Stacy poured herself a tall glass of the pink soda.

"Do you want some of this?" She held up the bottle.

Annie looked askance at the pink liquid fizzing in her wife's glass.

"Let me try some of yours I guess..."

Stacy set the bottle down and started screwing the cap back on, while Annie lifted her glass and took a small sip. She blanched immediately.

"*Bleh*, that's way too sweet! Even Black Cherry Claw is better than that."

"Let me try..."

Stacy followed her wife's example and took a sip, then a larger gulp.

“Tastes great to me!” She beamed.

“Whatever, weirdo. Let me get some water and I’ll be right in.”

The couple ate dinner and watched TV. Annie cracked open another White Claw after they were done eating, and while she was clearing the plates, Stacy asked her to refill her soda.

“Sure Babe!”

With a good meal and a little alcohol in her system, Annie was feeling much better. She wasn’t sure how Stacy could stomach this syrupy sweet pink soda, but she shrugged it off and handed her wife the newly full glass as she returned to her seat.

Annie and Stacy cuddled together in a tangle of sheets, limbs sliding over limbs and hands everywhere. Annie was enjoying her wife’s curves as she often did, but something felt off.

“Stace...”

“Hmm?”

“Are you uh... feeling bloated or anything?”

“Um... rude.”

Stacy’s index finger poked her wife in her flat stomach.

“I saw you refill on chips Miss Skinny...”

“Not there,” Annie clarified, “I mean these.”

Annie squeezed her wife’s breasts to emphasize her words. She was intimately familiar with Stacy’s E-cup breasts, and they definitely felt *fuller* than usual.

“-*mmmm*- I don't, I don't think so...”

Stacy's breasts had always been sensitive, and her wife's extra attention was making her flustered.

“Huh. Well they kinda feel a little bigger than they usually do.”

Annie's fingers explored the shape of her wife's bosom from all sides, groping and poking their mass.

“Well is that -*haaa*- is that a -*oh*- a bad thing?”

Now it was Annie's turn for a wicked grin.

“I guess not...”

Annie pinched her wife's nipples. Stacy's head flung back as she cried out in ecstasy.

In their afterglow, Annie played big spoon to the curvy blonde, one arm under her pillow as the other reached around to gently cup and caress one of Stacy's breasts.

“I wonder what happened...” She asked mostly to herself.

“Maybe it was that new soda you bought? It is 'melon' flavored after all...”

Stacy ground her thick ass into Annie's crotch, delighting in her own dumb joke.

“Ugh, you're such a dork!”

Stacy leaned her head back into Annie's face, awkwardly contorting for a quick kiss.

“You love it. Now give my big melons a rest so we can sleep.”

Stacy paused a moment.

“–*Hmmm*– unless you want to... go another round?”