

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 IV

As the ambient light in the bedroom brought Annie awake naturally, she stretched her back and legs under the covers, basking in the luxury of being able to wake up without her accursed alarm. Her eyes fluttered open to find a pale cherubic face and a set of emerald eyes watching her.

“How long have you been awake?” She gasped, startled.

“Just a few minutes. Have I ever mentioned I love waking up with you still in bed with me?”

Annie grinned. “Once or twice...”

Stacy leaned in for a kiss then rolled on top of her wife.

“-Oof!-”

“Oof?”

“Sorry Babe, you’re kind of a little... heavy.”

Instead of being offended and rolling off of her like some girls might have, Stacy only bent her elbows, letting herself press harder into her wife's torso.

"Am I getting too fat for you, 'Beanpole Annie?'"

"I'd never say that..." Annie squeezed one plump ass cheek in each hand. "You know I like my women a little thick."

Stacy grinned knowingly.

"But lately there's a little more weight, on my chest..."

Annie's eyes darted downward and saw nothing but a valley of pale cleavage. In this position it was impossible to tell for sure, but she suspected Stacy had grown even larger overnight.

"I wonder why that could be..." Stacy teased, as her fingers worked their way between their overlapping crotches and tickled her wife's labia.

About an hour later, the couple were enjoying coffee in the kitchen. Stacy wore nothing but panties and a large robe that she'd had to tie closed to keep herself covered. Annie's lithe form was clad in boy shorts and a baggy tee that reached to her hips.

"We should go to the flea market today and look for a couch." Annie suggested.

"Oh that's a good idea... I'm gonna take a shower and get dressed."

Annie nodded with a mouthful of toast. While her wife was using the bathroom, Annie decided to tidy up the kitchen a little bit, and found two more empty bottles of Melon Soda in the recycling.

"When did she have time to drink these?" She wondered aloud to the empty room.

When Stacy emerged from the shower, Annie got in for her turn. She grinned lecherously at the thought that the two of them had definitely generated enough sweat in the past 12 hours to need a shower before being seen in public. Even if they were just going to be walking around the melange of odors known as the flea market.

As the hot water coursed down her body and steam filled their en suite bathroom, Annie replayed the events of the past few days. While she'd always admired Stacy's voluptuous body, she couldn't shake her curiosity over what was making her chest grow so much larger, and so rapidly. It wasn't natural, and she couldn't help but worry about the long-term consequences. Unfortunately, thinking about Stacy's gigantic boobs was also getting Annie worked up. She hadn't come so many times in so few days since their honeymoon, and didn't want to waste a round riding solo, so she turned her mind to other things while she finished washing her own body.

"Bad news, Babe." Stacy said as her wife emerged from the bathroom wearing nothing but a towel.

"Hmm?"

"I have to take care of some stuff for work."

"What? Lame!"

"I know. It's probably gonna take a couple hours, so you should just go without me."

"*Ugh*. But half the fun of the flea market is getting to 'people watch' with you!"

"Sorry, hon. Why don't you text me pictures or we can video chat if you see any good furniture?"

Annie sighed as she slipped on a pair of capris and a blue top. "Fine. Should I pick up food too while I'm out?"

"That sounds great babe, whatever you want."

Stacy was at her computer already getting logged into her work systems and clearly only giving Annie half her attention. Annie stepped up behind her wife and leaned down to peck her cheek. She had Stacy's full attention then, as the blonde turned to give her wife a proper kiss. It lasted a little too long and their tongues started to dance.

"Maybe we could..." Stacey mumbled.

"No... no! Then you'll be even longer getting your work done. I'll go shop for couches and let you know what I find."

"Okay Babe, have fun, love you!"

"Love you too!"

Annie spent over three hours walking around crowded tents and even more crowded little stores, and found absolutely nothing of value or even interest. Kitschy tee shirts, garden flags, phone accessories of all styles no doubt made in China and barely functional. All the furniture she saw was too old to be nice but not old enough to be vintage. Defeated and dejected, she picked up a few clamshells of Indian food and drove home.

Stepping through the kitchen and peeking into the living room, Annie's wife was nowhere to be found.

She must still be working... she thought with annoyance. Then she noticed a couple empty grocery bags on the kitchen island that hadn't been there that morning. She opened the fridge and found nothing new there, so she did a quick scan around the room.

There were new bottles in the recycling bin.

Annie bent down to inspect the bin and saw several fresh, empty bottles that bore a familiar pink and green label.

“Stace...?” Annie called out nervously.

She got no reply.

Crossing the living room, Annie found it still just as empty as the kitchen. The second bedroom Stacy used as an office was similarly deserted. Annie walked into the main bedroom, wondering if her wife was in the bathroom.

“Stace?”

The sound of the door closing behind her made Annie spin around quickly.

Stacy stood in front of the door, still wearing her bathrobe.

It fit even more poorly than it had that morning.

She. Was. Huge.

Annie wondered how her wife was even able to stand with such massive weights attached to her chest. They reached forward over two feet, and Annie could see the edges of Stacy’s areola peeking over the hem of her woefully inadequate robe.

Slowly, wordlessly, Stacy untied the belt on her robe, and it fell open to let a pair of fat pink nipples breathe the free air. She dropped her arms to her sides and let the heavy silk garment shimmer to the bedroom floor.

Immense breasts swelled proudly from Stacy’s otherwise petite body. Annie felt sure that both sides of her wife’s breasts would be visible even from behind. They spread wider than her shoulders, wider even than her generous hips. Yet somehow the bottom edges of their curves reached just to her waist, riding high and firm like a pair of ship’s sails.

They were the biggest, most perfect, most beautiful breasts Annie had ever seen.

And they scared her.

She was afraid of them, and afraid of how much she wanted them.

“B–babe,” Annie stammered, “I think I figured out what’s h–happening to your...”

“My tits?” Stacy asked boldly, arching an eyebrow at Annie.

“Yeah. Did you go get more of that pink soda?”

“The Melon Soda? You bet your skinny little ass I did.”

Stacy took a single step forward. Her gargantuan breasts jiggled and bobbed, perpetually in motion.

“Well I think that might be what’s making you... uh... swell.”

“I think you’re right, babe.”

Stacy stepped even closer, her breasts wobbling into Annie’s personal space. The dark–haired woman took a reflexive step backward.

“Okay, but I mean, don’t you think...”

“Don’t I think what, Annie?”

Again Stacy advanced, and again Annie stepped back, unable to tear her eyes from those glorious globes. Impossibly round, impossibly large, they loomed in her vision and made everything else in the world fade.

Annie shook herself and looked her wife in the eyes.

“Don’t you think you should... I don’t know... *stop drinking it!?*”

“Well, I have some good news for you, Ann.”

Annie backed away again as Stacy’s enormous orbs bobbed ever closer. She felt her legs touch the edge of the bed.

“The store is all out, and they don’t know when they’re gonna get more.”

“Oh. Well I guess that’s for the be—” Annie’s words were interrupted by her wife making a sudden surge forward and slamming those massive tits into her chest.

Thrown off balance, Annie fell back onto the bed. She started crawling away from her newly dominating wife. Stacy followed faster than Annie would have thought possible, clambering onto the bed and dropping her overgrown bosom on top of her.

Straddling her wife’s hips, Stacy sat up far enough to see over her mountainous curves, but not so far that her weighty breasts weren’t still pinning the thin woman on her back. Resting one arm on each fleshy orb, Stacy grinned down at Annie.

“The store ran out, because I bought up their whole stock.”

Before Annie could speak again, Stacy plunged her hand down into the valley of cleavage between them, and slowly withdrew a brand new bottle of Melon Soda. Annie felt a brief moment of astonishment, impressed that her wife’s tits were now so gigantic she could hide a damn two liter bottle between them, while naked.

Annie’s awe quickly turned to panic, however, as Stacy unscrewed the plastic top and tossed it to the floor behind her.

“Babe, no!”

Annie’s objections fell on deaf ears as Stacy raised the bottle to her lips and started chugging. Stacy’s pale soft neck pulsed as the sweet, fizzy, pink liquid poured down her throat in a torrent.

Annie squirmed, trying to free herself as she felt the weight on her chest increase. She’d been right, the soda was making Stacy grow. She could feel it happening. She could *see* it happening. As Stacy continued to gulp down the

mysterious beverage, more and more of her face disappeared from Annie's view as two pale mountains of flesh bulged larger, and larger.

A single tear leaked from Annie's eye as Stacy reached the bottom of the bottle and tossed it aside. Annie was struggling to breathe, but she'd never been so turned on in her life. Stacy rose to her knees, rolling on top of her breasts to bring her face close to Annie's. She kissed the salty tear from her wife's cheek, then kissed her lips.

"Don't be sad, babe. I got lots more bottles. Plus the store said they'll have more in stock by Tuesday."

Annie only whimpered, her hips rising off the bed hungrily.

Stacy's fingers found her wife's sopping pussy, and she plunged them in as she whispered in Annie's ear.

"I know you've always loved my big boobs, and now they're gonna be the biggest ever..."

The End