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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Little Treats

Aria pulled a pan of cupcakes from the oven and set them on the cooling rack with the others. After refilling the pan with paper cups and batter, the wiry redhead spread frosting on the ones that had sufficiently cooled. Her mind was so filled with imaginings of what the evening would bring that she didn't hear her roommate walk into the kitchen.

"Oh god, it's Tuesday, isn't it?"

Violet would have been exactly Aria's type if she had even a shred of romantic interest in women. Dyed-black hair, goth-adjacent fashion sense, and enough thickness to give her juicy thighs and a set of DDs. The number of secret fantasies in which Vi starred was a secret Aria intended to carry to her grave.

"Sorry," Aria said, "I'll be out of the way soon."

Violet opened the fridge and pulled out a pudding cup. "Why don't you just do her already?"

The back of Aria's neck burned, but she kept her eyes on her work. "Come on, Vi. That's, like, totally inappropriate."

"Why?" Violet asked, grabbing a spoon from the drawer and digging into her pudding. "This is college. We're all adults here."

Aria gently touched a knuckle to one of the cupcakes from the most recent batch. They were still a little warm, but she started frosting them anyway. "The school's paying me to tutor her..." Aria trailed off into a soft whispering mumble.

“What was that? Use your words.”

“I said she’s probably straight, anyway.” Aria felt the heat spread to her cheeks and up her ears.

Violet scoffed, shrugged, and walked back to the living room. “Whatever, but if she breaks another chair, **you** get to explain it to the RD.”

Aria couldn’t stop a high-definition replay of her last tutoring session with Emily from filling her mind.

“Which two generals met to end the war?” Aria asked, holding a cookie in her fingers.

Emily squirmed in her seat. Aria’s student was thinner than Violet in every way but one. Well, two, technically. Aria rarely went for blondes, but Emily had a face like a movie star and tits like a porn star.

“Lee and, um, Grant?” Emily said, eyes locked on the cookie.

“That’s right.” Aria handed her the cookie, which she devoured in two bites.

When Aria started tutoring Emily, her boobs were only a little larger than Violet’s, and she was failing American History. She made little to no progress for the first month and a half until Aria stumbled on a motivation technique that was effective in more ways than one.

Emily swallowed the cookie. Aria asked the next question on her worksheet, plucking another cookie from the plastic container. “And where did that meeting take place?”

“Oh, shoot!” Emily squirmed again, and Aria glanced nervously at the buttons running down her top. The fabric puckered and strained, diamond-shaped windows peeking open between each button, showing Aria flashes of pale skin and a pink bra. “It’s A-something... Was it... Antietam?”

“Wrong!” Aria said with a grin, dropping the cookie back into the box. “Appomattox Courthouse.”

“Damn, I almost that one!”

Aria pulled another cookie from the box and asked another question. By the time they finished the worksheets, only ten cookies were left of the original three dozen, and the gaping windows in Emily's shirt were no longer winking closed.

Emily laid her hand on a breast so large it rested on the table and sighed. "Well, I didn't get them all, but I really am getting better."

"You're doing great," Aria said, swallowing a lump in her throat. "You got over seventy percent. When we started, you were getting over half of them wrong."

Aria didn't understand how or why Emily's breasts swelled when she ate. She only knew that bribing her with little treats was more than effective at getting Emily to retain the class material. It was effective in another way, too. Emily had supplanted Violet—and every other woman—in Aria's private fantasies for months.

"Thanks," Emily said with a grin. "I guess our time's up." She glanced at the plastic box of cookies on the dresser behind Aria. "Unless... you've got more prep questions. Or I could just take those off your hands..."

Aria suppressed a grin of her own. The bombshell blonde was always trying stuff like this. She was insatiable. "You get at least a ninety on the test Thursday, and I'll let you have the leftovers after our next session."

Emily lifted her lower lip into a petulant frown. "Aww..."

"Of course, you could always get all the questions right. Then there wouldn't *be* any leftovers."

Emily pushed back against the table with both hands, tilting her chair onto two legs. "If I get too many questions right, I'm gonna have to go clothes shopping again..."

Aria felt time slow as Emily's words seeped slowly into her brain. It was obvious to anyone with eyes that Emily's tits were not only bigger after each tutoring session than when she arrived, but they also never went all the way back to their previous size by the time Aria saw her again. It was simple cause-and-effect. Whatever unique physiology Emily had, it didn't make her immune to gaining weight. And she'd been letting Aria feed her whole batches of little treats twice a week for months. Emily's boobs were several inches fuller than they'd been when Aria started quizzing her, but she'd started the session twice as busty as she was when Aria met her. She was gaining

weight, and every ounce of it seemed to be collected in those jumbo jugs. You'd have to be blind not to see it, but somehow hearing Emily acknowledge it, however obliquely, made Aria's heart briefly stop and tingles run down her nape.

As Emily leaned back in her chair, her calcium cannons slipped off the table and bounced against her chest. The added weight proved too much for a pair of cheap wooden legs that were never designed for shearing strength to bear. A crack like a tree branch falling prey to a storm filled the small room, and Emily collapsed to the floor, rolling off the chair and landing in a faceful of tit flesh.

Time returned to normal as Aria dashed around the table. She leaned to reach a hand out toward the blonde, then froze. Emily's torso was twisted, but she was lying flat on her chest. Compressed outward as they were, Aria could see more boob from behind Emily's back than Violet had in her whole chest. "Oh my god, are you okay?"

Emily chuckled, pushing herself up into a kneeling position. "I'm fine. Plenty of padding to break my fall." She patted the sides of her boobs, making them ripple and bob.

Somewhere in the process of falling, the button at the peak of Emily's mounds broke its threads. More cleavage peeked through that expanded window than Aria had ever seen in real life, and her mouth went dry.

Emily said, "I guess these dorm chairs aren't as sturdy as I thought..."

Aria was just frosting the last batch of cupcakes when she heard Violet letting Emily into their dorm. She poked her head out of the kitchen and tried not to gape.

Emily wore a white milkmaid sundress with a deep pink flower print. Nearly half of those glorious mounds welled up out of her neckline. Aria guessed Emily's chest was somewhere halfway between her smallest and largest size from last week—the hungry blonde was clearly indulging in plenty of extra-curricular snacking.

"Hey!" Emily smiled. "I got a ninety-two!"

"That's great!" Aria said. "I'm just finishing up in here. Go on into my room and get set up."

"Kay!"

Aria watched Emily's relatively small bottom wiggle as she walked away, the skirt of her sundress swaying like fresh laundry in a summer breeze. When she turned to grab the door handle, Aria saw her body in profile, and she suppressed a gasp. When Emily disappeared from view, Aria glanced over to see Violet sitting on the couch, eyes wide as saucers and mouth hanging open. Her eyes met Aria's.

Aria said, "Shut up."

Emily's sundress was obviously new. It was loose around most of her torso, the extra material cinched tight around her waist as it was clearly designed for a woman who was large everywhere instead of just the chest. Even the bodice was slightly baggy at the start of the evening.

Not only had Emily aced her test, but she'd evidently been pouring over the material since their last tutoring session. She'd correctly answered all twenty-four questions on Aria's worksheet. The cupcakes were the largest 'little' treat Aria prepared for their quizzes, but Emily's eyes sparkled when she opened the plastic container and showed them to her. After each correct answer, she wolfed down the offered treat like a starving woman.

The container was empty, but Emily's dress was not. The three buttons down its front were mostly decorative, but they strained against two dozen cupcakes' worth of mass added to Emily's enormous endowments.

"Aww, are they all gone?" Emily asked, lightly running a finger along the taut neckline of her dress where a half inch of flesh muffed out.

"Never mind that," Aria said, "You got all of them right! I'm really proud of you."

"I had a good tutor," Emily said, meeting Aria's eyes, "Look how much smarter I am than when we started..."

A chill ran down Aria's spine. Was she saying what she thought she was saying? Failing to keep a slight tremor from her voice, she said, "You did all the real work, studying and memorizing..."

Emily put a finger to her lips. "Hmm... It's too bad we're all out. I could probably answer some stuff from the next chapter, too."

"I'll be right back."

Aria dashed to the kitchen, grabbing two more plastic boxes from the counter. On her way back through the common room, Violet said, "Seriously?"

"Don't question my methods," Aria snapped.

"You took a whole box in there earlier. How much can that girl eat?"

Aria shrugged. She was going to find out.

Emily's eyes widened when she saw Aria carry the containers into her room. They were clear plastic, and each held two dozen more cupcakes, frosted and ready to go. Emily laid both hands flat on the table and bit her lower lip.

Aria set the containers on the dresser and opened the top one. She handed Emily a cupcake and said, "Here, a freebie for doing so well on your test."

While Emily wolfed down the treat, Aria flipped through her history textbook. "Who assassinated Abraham Lincoln?"

"That's an easy one. John Wilkes Booth."

They went on like this: Aria found more questions to ask, and Emily answered them. If she ever got one wrong, Aria simply corrected her and asked another. Emily ate cupcake after cupcake, her breasts swelling imperceptibly larger with each correct answer. She must have known Aria was watching because she started eating slower. Sometimes, she extended her tongue to lick up a bit of frosting before taking a bite. Then she tore a cupcake in half, inverting the top to make a cupcake sandwich. Her pretty sundress grew tighter as the feminine flesh within swelled like rising dough.

As Emily chewed and swallowed her last bite of the last cupcake in the first box, the topmost button on her dress slowly popped free, sailing over the table to land near Aria's feet. Cleavage poured out of the newly available space, and Aria stared just a second too long.

"Oh no..." Emily said, her voice playfully mocking.

Aria scrambled for an apology that wouldn't sound ridiculous, but the words wouldn't come.

“I guess I should have bought an even bigger dress,” Emily said, “I’ve been studying too hard for this one...”

Aria met Emily’s eyes, fighting panic as the room started to spin. Emily said, “Ask me another question.”

Aria clutched the textbook, forcing her eyes to focus on the words. “Who was president during World War One?”

“Wilson.”

Aria opened the second box and handed Emily a cupcake. She ate it with excruciating slowness, licking the frosting and moaning appreciatively with each bite. “Mmm, so good...”

The second button was weaker than the first, and when Emily swallowed, it also flew off. Aria knew she was just a few correct answers from seeing way more of Emily than she ever dreamed.

Two more correct answers and the last button joined its friends on the bedroom floor. Emily stared into Aria’s eyes and asked, “Are there any more buttons? I can’t really see down there.”

Aria’s neck was on fire, and she was certain her freckled cheeks were red as tomatoes. She shook her head.

“Look how smart you made me, Ari...”

“I... you...”

“If I get any smarter, this poor dress is gonna rip and fall right off me. Maybe we should—”

Aria bent down and cut off Emily’s next word with a kiss. A split second later, she pulled back in shock and shame. “Oh my god, I’m so sorry...”

Emily was smiling.

“Finally.”