

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

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This is a 500 word flash fiction based on a reader prompt.

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Prompt:

Really obnoxious woke college girl writing a blog complaining about her gigantomastia and her self diagnosed binge eating disorder. The reaction online surprises her.

Lisa sat at her dorm desk, arms resting on her massive breasts. She was doing her best to type away on her laptop at the awkward angle it took for her fingers to reach the keys. It was easier to do this without her breasts on the desk of course, but then she'd have to crush them against the edge of the desk. Besides which, resting them on the desk gave her shoulders and lower back a much needed break.

I met with my shaman last week, and she said I definitely have Gigantomastia. I'm up to two massage appointments a week, and don't even get me started on the cost of custom-made bras.

Lisa arched her back, rolling her shoulders and cracking her neck.

She says it could be genetic, but I know my readers and I are far too smart to fall for that cover-up. So now I have to find a new masseuse who hasn't sold out to Big Pharma.

Lisa reached for the brown bag on the table nearby, and found it just out of reach.

“Gods damnit...”

Leaning way over in her chair, one of Lisa's basketball sized breasts slipped off the desk and she almost toppled over in her chair. Fortunately her fingers connected with the paper sack and slid it closer to her. She hefted her errant boob back onto the desk and pulled a paper-wrapped chicken sandwich from the bag. Unwrapping her fast food 'snack,' Lisa returned to her blog post.

No doubt my condition is the result of whatever chemicals the FDA is letting the drug companies pump into our water. I wouldn't be surprised if the chems were specifically designed by the patriarchy to stimulate breast growth in young girls!

And now on top of that, I have this eating disorder I mentioned last week. I was hoping it was the cafeteria food, but I've switched to the healthiest fast food I can find and it's just as bad!

No matter what I eat I'm constantly hungry. It's like having pregnancy cravings but without being pregnant! Obviously the appetite stimulants factory farms (and the supposed organic farms too) are feeding their livestock are still in our beef and poultry.

Here's an updated photo for this week. The patriarchy can target me all they want, but I refuse to be silenced. Stay woke my friends.

Raven

Lisa published her post and munched on a second sandwich. The like and share counters were going up even faster than normal. A few donations came in, a dollar or two here and there. Then one came in with a message attached. It was two hundred dollars!

Hey Lisa, it's Britney from San Hermano High. I just want to say I love your blog so much. It's so important to have someone out there speaking truth to power.

I hope this isn't too forward, but I think you're even more beautiful than you were back in high school, and I'd love to take you out sometime. Maybe to a buffet?

Lisa's already-full stomach growled hungrily and she licked her lips. She'd never been with another woman before...