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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

CalorieBust

New beauty drug causes nationwide buying frenzy.

On March 23rd, biotech company Madsgenix released its first medication for purchase over the counter. The company's previous products have been available only in clinical trials or with a doctor's prescription. This new product, branded CalorieBust, claims to direct all excess calories gained by the user into developing and increasing mammary gland tissue. Madsgenix reports a 95% success rate in clinical trials. CalorieBust is available in all major pharmacies, and the retail price is set at \$200 for a one-week supply. Despite this relatively high price point, stores nationwide are reporting shortages. The treatment has the potential to provide results similar to cosmetic surgery at a fraction of the price, and customers are lining up.

Lauren closed the tab on her browser, returning to the news feed. She'd never understood why so many women were obsessed with having larger breasts. She'd worn a 34DD when she started college, and four years of cafeteria food and five more of fast food and takeout while struggling through the early days of her career had added another fifty pounds and four bra sizes. She didn't *hate* having big boobs, but they were such a pain in the ass. Everyone joked about back pain, but Lauren didn't find those jokes funny. She couldn't shop at regular clothing stores and envied the skinny girls in cute tops and dresses she could never wear without getting a bunch of dirty looks or being called into meetings with HR. Swimsuits were a nightmare; the one-pieces never fit right, digging into her ass and ruining the whole experience of being at the beach, and the two bikinis she owned had to be bought twice to get tops

and bottoms that both fit. Lauren never considered getting a reduction—surgery was too dangerous for something so frivolous—but she thought, if she'd been born with cute little bumps like her partner Jessie had, she'd have been much happier.

She scrolled through more headlines and news stories. Phone videos of women shoving their way into supermarkets to get to the pharmacy section, photos of tents and chairs where women lined up outside stores, firsthand accounts of women getting into fist fights over the last bottle of CalorieBust pills.

Lauren sighed, closing the browser and switching to a streaming app. Jessie worked at the pharmacy across town. Lauren hoped she was safe and things weren't too crazy.

Across town, Jessie stood behind the pharmacy counter, watching her coworkers turn away one customer after another with the bad news. The store was completely out of CalorieBust; they wouldn't get another delivery until next Tuesday. Seeing the mob of frustrated women rush into the store only to storm out angrily, Jessie was thankful she was behind the deep pharmacy counter. She almost wished the counters were still elevated a few feet above the main floor to give her a little more defense against the frenzy. At least there was thick plexiglass blocking most of her section, remnants of the protections and policies added during the pandemic. The main source of Jessie's anxiety was in her pocket—a plastic bottle pressing against her leg, a constant reminder that she had something all those angry women wanted. And soon enough, with the help of what was in that bottle, she'd have something *she* wanted: big, beautiful boobs like Lauren's.

Jessie spent the rest of the day as she usually did, filling small bottles from larger bottles and delivering sealed paper bags to customers when they came to pick up orders called in by their doctors. She couldn't wait to get home to try out her pills, debating whether or not to tell her partner. Lauren had mixed feelings about her own boobs, and Jessie was certain her partner didn't know just how badly she wanted a pair of her own. After her shift ended, she sat in her car, unable to wait until she was out of the parking lot before twisting open the bottle. She looked around nervously, making sure there were no customers in sight. She'd parked in the back of the lot, under a tree; no one could see her except for the squirrels. Even so, Jessie held the bottle under the steering wheel, tapping a single pill into her hand and hiding the bottle again before tossing the pill into her mouth.

She knew the pills needed calories to work, so she stopped for fast food on her way home, even though she knew Lauren would have dinner waiting.

For the first time Lauren could recall since they'd moved in together, Jessie asked for seconds. Lauren almost always cooked dinner for the two of them. Jessie was, by her own admission, a shit cook, and since Lauren worked from home, it just made sense. The basic taco meat and toppings were nothing special, though Lauren had tweaked the recipe a little, adding extra garlic and cutting the onions into bigger chunks. She chalked Jessie's increased appetite up to those changes, mentally patting herself on the back for making tacos even more delicious than usual.

Jessie was also insatiable in bed that night. As soon as they climbed into bed, her petite partner slid her hands under Lauren's sleep shirt, stroking and pinching and tweaking in all the ways Lauren loved. Jessie always paid extra attention to her breasts, more than any other woman (or even the one guy) Lauren had ever been with. That night, however, she seemed particularly enamored. Not that Lauren minded; her breasts had always been sensitive. Aside from the risks of surgery, one of the main reasons she'd never get a reduction was knowing it would break her partner's heart.

Exhausted from her day of work, cooking, and cleaning, plus over an hour of being thoroughly pleased, Lauren slept like a baby.

It took almost a week for Jessie's body to change enough for her to notice. She worried Lauren might start to get suspicious that she was eating so much. She complimented her partner on the breakfasts and dinners they shared and sent her little messages when she ate the lunches Lauren packed for her. But she was careful not to overdo it. That first night, she'd been so full her stomach hurt, but she had her eyes on the prize. CalorieBust needed, well, calories to work, and even though she'd always been a light eater, she knew she had to push herself to get the most out of the very expensive pills. She inspected her waifish body in the shower every morning, and by day three, she started to feel a little more squish where there had been nothing but nipples and areola decorating her ribcage.

Jessie stopped for a second breakfast on her way to work and even ordered extra hashbrowns. She endured another shift at the pharmacy where a steady stream of desperate women came in looking for CalorieBust. She bought snacks from the store during her shift, munching every spare moment to keep the pills working. She started to feel a low, steady tingle in her chest throughout the day, and it made her feel better about taking advantage of her job to get first dibs on a bottle of those magic pills.

Lauren was getting sick of hearing about those new Madgenix pills. They'd been out almost a month, and the news stories were *still* popping up. The initial frenzy had died down a little, but every Tuesday when the stores got a fresh supply, another wave of desperate women were lined up outside pharmacies to buy every bottle in the first hour. What bothered her even more was her partner's odd behavior that lined up a little too closely with the news. Jessie was as insatiable in bed as she was at the kitchen table, and while Lauren definitely welcomed her partner's enthusiasm in the bedroom, it was starting to get just a little... suspicious.

"Don't take this the wrong way," Lauren breathed as Jessie worked the large pink strap into her, "But are you feeling alright?"

Jessie pulled back, "What do you mean?"

"Well, you've been a little... different... lately. Are things okay at work?"

"Work is work," Jessie said with a shrug.

"I just... I saw news posts about that new drug and all the crazy customers..."

Jessie's cheeks reddened. "Oh, yeah, that... it's been fine."

Lauren recognized evasion written plainly across her partner's face. She reached up to grab Jessie's shoulders but misjudged the distance and instead found her hands holding... breasts?

Lauren's hands gripped reflexively, probing and inspecting what lay beneath Jessie's baggy sleep shirt. A thunderous shock ran through her. Jessie had always been basically flat. Lauren had dozens, if not hundreds, of delicious memories of running

her palms across the pale plane of her partner's chest, stimulating the pink nubs that stood out like signposts. Now, there was enough flesh to fill her palms. They weren't tits or even boobs, but they were real, actual breasts.

"Jessie... Have you been taking those mystery pills?" Lauren's voice wasn't quite as harsh as the words in her head.

Jessie nodded triumphantly. "Mmhmm! Can you feel how good they're working?"

Lauren had never been particularly interested in other women's boobs. She had her own, after all, and the most they'd ever done for her was get her more attention at the bar when she wanted it—and much more often when she didn't. But squeezing and kneading the soft mounds under her hands, watching the way it made her partner squirm...

"Do you even know what's in them? There could be side effects..." Once again, Lauren's tone conveyed more curiosity than rebuke.

Jessie rolled her eyes, leaning forward to press her budding breasts into Lauren's palms. "They did clinical trials for *-hmm-* years, Laur. It's an FDA *-aaah-* approved beauty treatment. I'm a pharmacy tech, remember?"

Lauren's mind raced. Her partner had nothing but valid points. And her tight, lithe little body was against her, squirming and whimpering at her touch.

Jessie's eyes opened and she saw the conflict in her partner's face. She pulled back, sitting on Lauren's hips. "Do you not... like them?"

Lauren processed the question in a heartbeat. Why should the way she felt about her breasts have anything to do with how Jessie felt about her own? This wasn't about her; it was about Jessie. It was her body, her decision to make, and it clearly made her very, very happy. "Of course I do... they're yours." She pressed Jessie's breasts together with the heels of her hands, then pinched each nipple between thumb and forefinger. Jessie cried out, and her juices ran down around the strap as her orgasm made it tremble inside Lauren.

A switch had flipped in Jessie. She started rocking her hips faster than before, pumping the rubber strap in and out of Lauren until she, too, whimpered with pleasure.

Nearly an hour later, they spooned together in the afterglow. Lauren cupped one of Jessie's breasts, asking, "Is this why you've been eating so much?"

Jessie's nod made her hair tickle Lauren's nose. "Mmhmm... the pills need material to work with, after all."

"I guess that makes sense."

Jessie rolled over in her arms, gazing into her eyes. "Will you help me?"

"Help you with what, babe?"

"Make me even more food. Help me eat as much as I can until these," She formed her hand into a C and squeezed one breast, "Are as big as yours?"

"As big as mine?" Lauren tried to picture it. She had nearly a head of height on her partner, and Jessie's body was stick-thin compared to her own "curvy" physique. She couldn't deny the thought was... intriguing. She'd never cared about her previous bedmate's chests. But then, she'd only dated thin or flat-chested women. In the bedroom, the only breasts she ever thought about were her own, whether they were in the way or her partner was more interested in them than her. But she'd long since fallen deeply in love with Jessie. She couldn't imagine her life without her. And that was still true—whether she had tits or not.

"Please..." Jessie begged.

"What about your job? I've seen the articles; people are trampling each other to get at those pills."

Jessie's grin was wicked. "I got one of the stock guys to sneak me a bottle when the shipment comes in. I think he's hoping I'm not *completely* gay."

"Jessie..." Lauren said slowly.

"Besides," Jessie said, "I pay for them. It's not like I'm stealing or anything, and I always pay in cash, so there's no trail."

Lauren sighed. She could tell her partner's mind was made up. "You really want this, don't you?"

Jessie nodded, "More than anything."

Lauren drew her into an embrace. "Then, of course, I'll help you."

Jessie leaned back in the dining chair. Her stomach felt like it might rupture. She laid a hand on her middle, distended like a woman several months pregnant. Lauren had filled her plate with spaghetti over and over until she thought pasta might come streaming out her ears. But glancing down toward her belly, Jessie saw two fat lobes of flesh making mind-blowing cleavage in her tank top. Her stomach capacity had improved, but she still had a long way to go.

Lauren pranced out of the kitchen with a fresh pot of sauce-drenched noodles. "Aww, you're not full already, are you?"

Jessie winced, pursing her lips to make sure she kept down everything she'd already consumed, shaking her head.

"Oh. Well, I can put it in the fridge for tomorrow." Lauren spun on her heels, and Jessie was so lost in sensation she didn't pick up on her partner's playful tone. "Only..."

"Only what?" Jessie asked.

Lauren turned back, a smirk playing at the corners of her mouth. "If you finish the rest of this, you might have to start wearing **my** bras..."

Jessie's hands left her belly and reached for the pot, fingers flexing eagerly. As she forked a fresh mouthful between her lips, she barely heard her partner cooing and stroking her hair. "That's it... eat it all up..."