



Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

<https://spartacusda.deviantart.com>

<https://patreon.com/spartacusda>

<https://spartacusda.gumroad.com>

This is a commissioned story. To commission your own story check out my [Patreon](#) tiers or my [Gumroad](#) store.

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Slime

The Host

I

Lizzie rotated a black dial clockwise ever so slightly, increasing the flame from the Bunsen burner below the Erlenmeyer flask suspended above it. The blue-green liquid within turned cloudy, which she noted on her tablet.

If this works I'll get into the Master's program for sure.

Lizzie watched through her glasses as the liquid formed small bubbles and began sliding up the sides of the glass flask, more than the capillary effect could account for.

“Hmm...”

As the bubbles grew more numerous and energetic, the liquid started to increase in volume. Lizzie assumed it was starting to solidify, which was *not* what she expected. She twisted the knob to kill the heat, but the reaction continued. The substance continued to expand until it filled the glass flask and started to spill out of the narrow opening at the top.

“What the hell...?”

Lizzie's blonde ponytail danced as she leaned in to examine her experiment in sharper detail. A rookie mistake. The glass cracked and shattered, and the blue-green liquid – which now had more of a gelatinous consistency – spilled out onto the lab table. It spread like spilled milk, rippling toward Lizzie's hand where it rested on the table.

As it made contact with her skin, Lizzie jerked her hand away, but the substance stuck to her like tree sap. The mass of blue-green goo stretched from the table to her fingertips. Then it started sliding up her fingers. The substance flexed and lurched as if with a will of its own, spreading across Lizzie's hand and up over her wrist.

Lizzie jumped back and flung her arm reflexively as if to shake the slime off of her. Instead of separating from her skin, the mass of slime sprung off the table to hang limply from her outstretched palm. Then the loose goo began to pulse

and ripple, contracting upward to join the rest as the substance spread all along her skin, up her arm and onto her torso.

Lizzie panicked and started ripping off her lab coat as the slime spread over her chest. She felt an icy-hot sensation as it slithered under her bra to collect on her modest breasts. At first the sensation was stimulating, like a lover's caress. But it didn't take long to become overwhelming. Lizzie's eyes rolled back as the substance overloaded her body with pain and pleasure, until she collapsed on the floor, unconscious.

When she came to, Lizzie pushed herself up from the linoleum-tiled floor. Remembering her last moments of lucidity, Lizzie flung her lab coat open, lifting her graphic tee up under her chin. She saw nothing but clean, pale skin and her dusty-rose bra. The liquid from her experiment was gone, and everything looked normal apart from her breasts.

Lizzie pulled one cup of the undergarment away from her chest. There was nothing beneath but skin and a dark pink nipple, still a little puffy from over-stimulation.

The substance must have evaporated or soaked into my clothes or something... My clothes are dry, though...

This definitely called for further experimentation.

After I get changed. And clean up my workstation.

Lizzie got herself to her feet and smoothed out her clothes. As she started to sweep up the bits of broken glass, she felt sharp pangs of hunger in her middle. She tried to push the sensation down— there were higher priorities than lunch right now. Yet despite her efforts, her hunger grew more and more intense until simply moving required an effort of will.

Well, I guess I can eat real quick, then take care of this mess...

Lizzie got a soda and bag of corn chips from the vending machines while her frozen burrito was warming in the microwave. Usually she just had water with her meals, but she felt like if she didn't calm the pain in her stomach she might pass out again.

She was dumping the last of the chip crumbs into her mouth as the microwave beeped. She bit into the tortilla wrapped rice and beef before it had time to cool, nearly burning her tongue. After uncharacteristically inhaling her lunch, Lizzie tossed her trash into the bin and went back to her station to clean up.

Less than half an hour later, on her way to the infirmary, Lizzie's hunger pangs returned.

This is ridiculous. I can definitely wait until dinner, I ate lunch at like 3pm...

A voice Lizzie mistook for her own inner monologue spoke in her brain.

Hungry...

Before she knew what she was doing, Lizzie was punching in the code for a candy bar from another vending machine.

The school nurse couldn't find anything wrong with Lizzie's body. At Lizzie's insistence she measured her, and while they were swollen almost a full cup size larger than usual, there were no lumps or other abnormalities. Lizzie made a follow-up appointment to get checked over again in a few days. Toward the end of her exam, her stomach was making so much noise the nurse could hear it.

"And make sure you eat something, dear. I know some of you science majors forget to eat when you're working on your senior projects..."

Lizzie found herself in the dining hall, wolfing down meatloaf and mashed potatoes at 4:30 in the afternoon. She'd gotten a bit more food than usual, just in case, but by the time she was scraping up the last bites with her fork she still

felt a little peckish. Lizzie went up for a bowl of soft serve from the machine, then left the cafeteria, finally satisfied.

About an hour later, Lizzie was in her dorm room trying to find any information online in forums or scientific journals about the chemical reaction she'd observed. The sound of the common room door opening with the return of her roommate, snapped Lizzie back to reality. She noticed two unexpected sensations in her body. Her stomach felt empty, and her bra felt tight.

Stepping to the full length mirror hanging on her door, Lizzie pressed her clean tank top to her middle and stood in profile. Her breasts were visibly larger. They were possibly even bigger than they'd been in the Nurse's office.

What is going on?

"Hey Liz you here?"

"Yeah..."

"You eat yet? I'm heading to dinner."

"I..."

Hungry...

Okay, that voice was *definitely* not her own thoughts.

Who was that?

A long pause and then the voice repeated.

Hungry...

I'm not eating any more until I get some answers!

Lizzie's stomach knotted with such pain that she wrapped her arms around her middle and doubled over.

“I’m... I’ll be right out!”

Lizzie ate even more for second dinner than she had at her first. After two full plates she still felt hungry, so she went up for a third. She ignored her roommate’s raised eyebrow. Lizzie resisted the impulse to grab dessert this time— she could feel the tightness in her slightly distended stomach and knew that the hunger she still felt couldn’t be natural.

When they got back to the dorms, Lizzie bolted for her room and shut the door, flopping on the bed and massaging her tight stomach in an attempt to soothe it. After a few minutes she pulled out her phone to continue her research online. Her stomach felt warm to the touch, and was gurgling much more than it should.

She added “accelerated digestion” to her search terms, but still came up blank.

By about 7:30, Lizzie notice the straps of her bra digging painfully into her shoulders. Also, her stomach didn’t feel warm anymore.

Hungry...

Who was that?

I am me. I am you.

”What?!”

A voice came from the common room, “You alright, Liz?”

Shit.

“I’m just on the phone, sorry!”

Who and what the hell are you?

I am... I am hungry!

The hunger pains that flooded Lizzie's middle were so intense that she rolled onto her side and curled into a fetal position. The sudden motion made one shoulder strap on her bra break with a soft *shrip*.

Lizzie jumped up from the bed, whipped off her tank top and inspected herself in the mirror. Her breasts were far bigger than any mere swelling could account for. Lizzie wasn't flat by any means, the bra she'd just ruined was a B-cup. Her chest was respectable enough considering how little thought she gave to such superficial things. Now, the milky white flesh on her torso overflowed the pale green bra like a tube of biscuit dough.

The hunger pangs hit her again.

Hungry!

Lizzie's body was in agony, but her sharp mind worked through the pain to form a hypothesis.

If I feed you will you answer my questions?

Hungry... The voice said, this time more a plea than a demand.

Lizzie unhooked her broken bra, the elastic making it fly across the room like a rubber band. She dug in her dresser for a rarely-used sports bra. Luckily the garment was stretchy enough to contain her new assets, but she still struggled to stuff herself into it. Slipping on a baggier tee shirt over the elastic bra, Lizzie grabbed her backpack and left the bedroom.

"Hey, you wanna watch somethin— oh, where ya goin?"

"The *-uh-* library." Lizzie said lamely.

"Now?"

"Yeah, I need to look something up for my project, and it's quieter at night."

“Oh... okay!”

Lizzie crossed the quad and two blocks down to another set of dorms. She feared someone at her usual dining hall might recognize her if she visited a third time, so she fast-walked to a different one. The voice in her head repeated its pleading the entire way.

Two full plates of lasagna and garlic bread later, Lizzie surreptitiously touched her stomach under the table.

Now will you tell me who you are?

I am me. I'm hungry.

I fed you enough. Who are you?

I live. I hunger.

Are you inside my body?

Hungry...

Lizzie tried a more wild hypothesis.

Were you in the lab? Did I make you?

Hungry...

Lizzie clicked her tongue in frustration and went back through the cafeteria line. By the time she crammed down a third helping of pasta and two more chunks of bread, she could feel her stomach pressing tightly against the button on her pants.

There. Now tell me, are you inside my body?

Body... my body... your body... yes.

Did you come from the lab?

Hungry...

No! Answer me!

More!

Lizzie struggled to her feet and got two pieces of cheesecake. She ate a few bites then resumed her questioning.

Did you come from the lab?

Lab? Vessel? Break?

You were in a glass vessel that broke?

I... break... yes.

Is that when you came to life?

Life... live... hungry...

Lizzie sighed and forked another bite of cheesecake between her teeth.

Were you born in the lab or did you come from somewhere else?

More...

Lizzie slowly ate two more bites. She could almost feel each lump of sweet chewy cake slide only partway down her throat to land atop the pile of food already packed into her stomach. There was quite literally no more room.

Where did you come from?

More...

Lizzie forked the rest of the cheesecake into her mouth and down her throat as fast as she could. She gulped down big bites and held her breath, hoping to keep it all down before her body could protest.

Where?

I come, from far... very far...

Far, like, from space?

Space? Hmm... More...

The mere thought of more food made Lizzie's body shudder and lurch, but she managed, with some concentration, to keep the food down.

I can't eat any more, I'm going to be sick!

Hungry...

The voice would not respond to any of Lizzie's questions after that. It just kept repeating its pleas for more, though mercifully it got quieter over time. Lizzie struggled the long walk back to her dorm, emitting soft burps and occasionally steadying her stomach with one hand like a pregnant woman.

Luckily, Lizzie's roommate was in her bedroom when she got back. Lizzie changed for bed and slid under the sheets. She lay on her back, gently massaging her unnaturally warm stomach. Exhausted from her bizarre day and with her body drained by her rapid digestion, Lizzie drifted off almost immediately.

Lizzie woke just before dawn to the feeling of a strange weight on her chest. It was like being back at home when her parents' cat would curl up on top of her while she slept. Rolling onto her side, Lizzie felt her skin pull and tug as some part of *her* flopped down onto the mattress, just under her chin.

Bolting upright, Lizzie felt the unfamiliar weight pull at her shoulders. She looked down to see her normally baggy sleep tee was skin tight across her chest.

These aren't 'breasts,' they're fuckin tits!

Lizzie's hands grabbed at her breasts, feeling their elasticity push back against her fingers. They'd grown even bigger in her sleep. They were twice the size they'd been when she'd snuck off for 'third dinner.' Lizzie was no good at estimating bra sizes, but they were at least as big as grapefruits.

You touch. Awake?

Lizzie almost jumped out of bed.

Are you... my tits?

Tits? I am hungry!

The voice went back into its 'hungry' mantra, so Lizzie got out of bed and looked for something to wear. Skipping her normal snug khakis, she grabbed some gym pants with an elastic waist. Tops were going to be more difficult. Even her sports bra wouldn't go down past her nipples— sliding up every time she released the bottom band.

Looking at her topless form in the mirror, Lizzie noted that her newly grown breasts had almost no sag.

Rapid growth must mean the skin is still tight enough to keep them firm like this.

Lizzie pulled what was once a loose tank top over her chest. It was tight enough now to fit like a very lewd bra. She added a large tee shirt on top, which also clung snugly to her new assets.

Poking her chest and watching the large orbs wobble, Lizzie started updating her working theories.

“I’ll feed you again” she whispered to her cleavage, “but then I want some answers.”

The voice only moaned.

More...

II

After a very filling breakfast – three omelettes and a mound of hash browns – Lizzie made her way off-campus to the small collection of shops nearby. As much as she scoffed at her peers who obsessed over fashion trends and consumer culture, Lizzie was forced to admit that she needed new clothes.

Lizzie’s first stop was the lingerie store. She’d never been in this particular shop; the collection she brought from home freshman year had held up fine. But she needed a larger size now.

“Hello, welcome in!” The clerk greeted Lizzie as she pushed open the glass door. She wore her dishwater-blonde hair in a bob and Lizzie guessed her to be just over thirty.

The shop was mercifully quiet; Lizzie saw only one other customer, a heavyset brunette who looked at least fifty. Lizzie ignored both women and walked straight through the shop toward the bra section.

I’ve been 30B since tenth grade, but based on what I saw in the mirror this morning, they must have at least doubled in size.

Lizzie had researched the ridiculous sizing system during breakfast, so with some quick mental arithmetic, estimated that she’d need something around an E-cup. She found a serviceable looking 30DD, and also grabbed a ‘sister size’ 32D. On her way to the fitting room, she saw a different style that came in 30F so she grabbed one of those as well, just in case.

In the privacy of the fitting room, Lizzie pulled off her tee shirt, careful not to mess up her pony tail. Examining herself in the mirror, Lizzie was startled by her reflection and thought maybe she'd even grown since this morning.

It's probably just shock... breasts don't grow fast enough to be noticeable over days, let alone a few hours.

Slipping off the tank top she was using as a makeshift bra, Lizzie couldn't help but be awestruck at the sight of her naked breasts. She'd never thought much about them, most every woman had breasts, and hers were appropriate for her body type without drawing unwanted attention.

Emphasis on the past tense; 'were.'

The round lobes of fat that now hung from Lizzie's shoulders were firm and round, jutting proudly from her ribcage to end in soft pink nipples.

Lizzie slipped her arms through the 30DD bra, and managed to get the band closed on the widest set of hooks. It was too small. Pale smooth skin bubbled over the tops of the cups.

Figures. Clothing sizes are more marketing BS than hard science anyway...

Lizzie unhooked the first bra, tossing it aside to try the next, the 32D. This one was loose in the band, as she'd expected.

At least whatever's happening to me isn't making me fat...

The cups were even worse on the second bra, so she took it off and tried the 'just in case' 30F.

It didn't fit either.

The band was snug enough, and while the cups weren't as bad as the DD, they were still uncomfortably tight. Lizzie clicked her tongue in frustration and put her two shirts back on. When she emerged back into the shop, Lizzie saw the other customer was gone.

“Can I help you find anything miss?” The shopkeeper asked.

I guess it couldn't help to ask a 'professional'...

Mmmm hungry...

You hush.

“Yes, actually,” Lizzie said, “I think I need measuring.”

“No problem. Let me grab a tape and meet you back in the big fitting room.”

Lizzie stood in the larger fitting room tapping her foot. She really had better things to do today than deal with this nonsense.

Hungry...

I said hush. I just ate!

The shopkeep tapped on the frame of the open door and stepped inside. The fitting room was about twice the size of a normal one, but Lizzie was not fond of having her personal space invaded.

“Hi, I'm Sara.” The woman said, reaching a hand out to Lizzie.

“Lizzie, nice to meet you.”

“Alright Lizzie, shirt off if you don't mind?”

When Lizzie got her tee shirt over her head, she saw Sara's eyes bugging out of her head as she stared at her chest. She met Lizzie's glance and blushed faintly.

“Sorry, that's not very professional of me. I'm just surprised you're not wearing a bra.”

“Oh, yeah... nothing I have fits. I guess I had a bit of a growth spurt.”

Lizzie slipped off her tank top, causing Sara to gape again for a split second before she regained her professional composure.

“Well they’re certainly very nice, if you don’t mind my saying.”

“Er... thanks.” Lizzie muttered.

“You’re a student aren’t you? Do you mind if I ask how old you are?”

“I’m nineteen.” Lizzie said. “It’s unusual isn’t it, for someone my age to still be growing?”

Sara wrapped the flexible tape measure around Lizzie’s torso, just under her bust.

“It’s uncommon, but I don’t know if I’d say *unusual*... a lot of students gain a little weight when they start college.”

“Oh yeah, the ‘freshman fifteen,’ right?”

“Mmm, yeah. Alright Lizzie, just a hair over 30 inches here.”

“Well at least *that’s* the same.” Lizzie sighed.

“Alright, I’m going to measure your bust now.” Sara warned.

She slid the tape up Lizzie’s back and stretched it around the circumference of her breasts. The cold plastic tape tickled Lizzie’s exposed nipples, making the skin over her smooth orbs break out in gooseflesh.

“Looks like you’re just shy of 38 inches, so you’ll want a 30H...” Sara trailed off as she recited the size.

“Fuck me.” Lizzie whispered.

Hungry...

I said hush. This is your fault.

“I have to say, Lizzie, you’re a very lucky girl,” Sara began, “though we might have trouble finding anything... wait here a sec.”

Sara peaked out the door to ensure the hallway was empty then left the changing room. Lizzie slipped her tank top and tee shirt back on while she waited. A few minutes later, Sara returned carrying two bras, both were flesh toned and quite basic in appearance.

“These aren’t very pretty I’m afraid, and this one,” she held up one of the bras, “is maternity.”

Lizzie grimaced.

“Unfortunately these are the closest thing we have to your size, Lizzie. This one is a 32G and this one is an actual 30H.”

She tried the 30H first. It was a near–perfect fit.

“Sorry it’s not prettier.” Sara apologized again, adjusting the shoulder straps.

“Oh that’s fine, as long as it fits.”

“Okay! Do you want to try the other one on?”

“I probably better.”

Sara unhooked the first bra and helped Lizzie into the maternity bra. It was loose around her ribs, and the cups were a little snug.

“This one’s not quite as good,” Sara remarked, “but it should get you by.”

Lizzie turned to either side, eyeing her reflection with indifference.

“I can special order you something else if you like? Our deliveries come on Tuesday.”

“This should be fine for now Sara. Thanks for your help.”

“Oh it’s no problem! Do you want to wear it out?”

“Sure.”

“Alright let me just get the tag here... I can ring you up whenever you’re ready.”

Lizzie stuffed her tank top into her bag and put her tee back on. She took the second bra to the counter and let Sara scan the tags. She grimaced at the total, but handed the woman her debit card. Sara bagged the second bra and plucked a business card from a tray on the counter.

“I’ll put my card in the bag, feel free to call if you have any questions, or change your mind about that special order.”

Lizzie played back the events of the past few days and sighed in resignation.

“Thanks Sara, thanks for your help.”

“No problem! Enjoy your afternoon!”

Food now? The voice asked as they left the shop.

Haven’t you done enough damage to my body already?

Huuuunnnnggrrrryyyyyy...

A familiar knotting in her stomach made it hard for Lizzie to walk. She checked her watch and saw it was only eleven thirty. She could probably make it back to the cafeteria.

Hungry!

Lizzie stumbled over nothing as a fresh wave of hunger blasted her body. She quickly crossed the parking lot to the pretzel shop.

After devouring two soft pretzels — one salt with cheese sauce and one cinnamon with icing — Lizzie stopped at another store to buy some larger tees she hoped would hide or at least downplay the changes to her body. A pair of XL shirts didn't really do the job, but they looked less "slutty," so she bought them anyway.

Lizzie made her way back to campus and went to her dorm. Her roommate was out, mercifully. She scoured the internet for about an hour, still finding nothing that even remotely answered any of her questions.

Hungry? The voice asked.

"Already? We ate like two hours ago."

But that was just a snack.

Lizzie's eyes unfocused from her computer screen and she looked down at the unfamiliar swell of her bosom under one of her new tees.

"Are you talking normally now?"

You talk. I listen... learn.

Lizzie opened a new file on her computer and started taking notes on her conversation with the... "whatever," that seemed to be inhabiting her body and mind. She'd barely gotten two lines down, however, when the voice interrupted her.

I said hungry...

"Just let me make these notes real quick."

Grrr

Lizzie typed up the little she knew— the details of her experiment, passing out, and waking up with intense, unearthly hunger and a voice in her head.

“Nobody’s ever going to believe this...”

Hungry!

“Fuck! Fine...”

Lizzie saved her work, put her computer in sleep mode, then left for the cafeteria. It was nearly dinner time anyway.

Four PM is dinner time, right?

Not bothering to wait for the voice’s prompting, Lizzie stacked a plate with three cheeseburgers and another with fries, then found an empty table. Before she knew it she was licking salt off her fingers and both plates were bare. The voice remained silent throughout her meal, but she found she didn’t even really feel full.

Is... is that enough?

Mmmm... more...

I figured as much.

Lizzie got one more burger and fries, plus two pieces of chocolate cake. After cleaning her plates, she put a hand to her stomach. It was firm, but not hard like it’d been after last night’s dinner. It was also warm to the touch again, and she could feel it churning away at her meal.

Lizzie sighed.

Alright, I fed you. Can I get some more answers now?

What are answers?

Who, or what are you, and where did you come from?

I told, I was in the vessel and you found.

I found you... in the lab?

Yes.

Where were you before?

Without.

With out... out... in space?

What is space?

Lizzie *tsked* in frustration. She carried her tray to the return station and headed back to her dorm. As if on auto-pilot she ducked into the little convenience store on her way and bought a pack of cookies.

How do you learn? Is it from me talking or can you read my mind?

See. Hear. Listen.

Okay, so it can't read my mind but it can observe via my senses...

When Lizzie got back to her dorm, her roommate was still out, so she retreated to her room and put a movie on her computer. Every so often the voice would mumble or groan, so Lizzie popped a cookie in her mouth to shut it up. The movie was interesting enough to keep her mind occupied, and she theorized that this would help the being inside her learn. At least it was enough to let her ignore the loud churning of her early dinner digesting.

Thankfully, the voice was still not begging for food by the time Lizzie went to bed. She should have been shocked that she'd managed to demolish a whole bag of cookies, but she was starting to get used to the changes in her body.

The next morning, Lizzie tried to put on one of her new bras. She managed to stretch the band to hook behind her back, but her breasts were muffining out of the cups again. Lizzie checked herself in the mirror. Her breasts had grown in the night. Maybe only a cup size this time, but it was still noticeable to her scientific eye. Lizzie sighed and pulled the card from the shop bag, punching the number into her phone.

“Hi Sara? I think I am going to need to make that special order after all. What’s your return policy by the way?”

The Host

III

As the days passed, Lizzie fell back into her normal routine. After all, she still had a senior project to finish before the due date. She *really* didn’t want to become a ‘fifth year senior.’ So she went to class, spent time in the lab, and seemed to spend every waking minute eating.

After a few more trips to the lingerie shop — outgrowing three special order bras before they were even delivered — Lizzie switched to buying very large sports bras and tanks from the ‘plus size’ store. They were designed for overweight and even obese women, but at least they fit comfortably around her growing chest. They lasted longer than bras anyway.

Every morning Lizzie went to the cafeteria and ate enough for two to three people. She stocked up on snacks from the grocery to avoid the temptation to pay vending machine prices. She snuck cookies and snack cakes in her bag when she went to class. When she started to get annoyed looks and raised eyebrows at the cafeteria near her dorm, Lizzie started going to a different cafeteria for lunch, and another for dinner. By that point she was getting stares anyway due to the sheer size of her tits, which made her wonder if she should have bothered sneaking around.

But human beings are adaptable creatures, and Lizzie was no exception. She got used to packing away fifteen to twenty thousand calories a day. When her breasts grew big enough to rest on classroom desks, she put her tablet on top of them to take notes. While it never stopped being annoying, she learned to ignore the gaping mouths and owl-like eyes that followed her everywhere she went. And perhaps strangest of all— she got used to having a second voice in her head.

Too hot...

What's too hot?

That solution is too hot, the reaction will fail.

Lizzie lowered the flame on the Bunsen burner. It was difficult working in the lab with one hand, but if she turned to face her experiment she was likely to send everything crashing to the floor with her basketball-size tits.

Thanks.

Lunch soon?

As soon as we're done here.

The voice grumbled softly. Lizzie had learned to tune it out; but she knew if she waited too long between meals or snacks it would become impossible to ignore.

Lizzie's roommate stopped talking to her. The chubby redhead only made annoyed scoffs and glares whenever Lizzie passed her in the common area of their dorm room. Knowing her roommate was much more stereotypically girly than she, Lizzie didn't let it bother her.

I guess if I cared about looks as much as she does I'd be jealous too.

Lizzie glanced at her reflection, turning sideways and holding the 3XL tee shirt against her flat stomach, making the size of her massive breasts even more obvious.

Especially since I keep getting bigger...

Dinner time?

Lizzie sighed.

Yes, dinner time.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks became months. In the waning days of the spring semester, Lizzie threw herself fully into her senior project. Running through a fresh hypothesis in her head during lunch, Lizzie didn't notice that the 'lunch lady' had stacked her plate with *seven* grilled panini. She looked questioningly at the heavysset foodservice employee.

"Save you a second trip." The older woman smiled.

Lizzie thanked her and found a table. Sitting sideways, Lizzie rested her breast in her lap. She worked through formulae and calculations on her notepad where it rested on the large shelf of her bosom, taking bites from a sandwich held in her free hand. Lizzie was so focussed on her work that she was surprised when she reached down and found her plate empty. Reflexively she put her notebook on the table and went through the line again.

Thirty minutes and five sandwiches later, it was time for Lizzie to get back to the lab. She put her things in her bag and felt at her bloated stomach. She hadn't been able to see it except in the mirror for over two months, but now it was packed full, swelling out like a woman six months pregnant.

At least this huge shirt hides the bloating.

Lizzie could feel the churning beneath her skin as her body processed the gargantuan meal. In her peripheral vision she saw her breasts tremble slightly.

What the...?

Lizzie looked around the cafeteria. She didn't see anyone watching her, so she stared right at the fleshy beach balls filling her lap.

It happened again. Her breasts were mostly covered by a stretched-out tee, but there was quite a lot of cleavage exposed. Lizzie watched as the surface of her skin rippled, her snug shirt getting ever so slightly tighter.

Are you growing right now?

Mmm, good lunch.

The voice in Lizzie's head literally burped.

Fuck me... Whatever, I'm late for my lab time.

Lizzie leaned back in her chair, using the weight of her chest to propel herself forward, feeling her vertebrae crackle as she stood upright. The weight on her chest and shoulders threatened to send her tumbling down on her face.

At least my fall would be well-cushioned...

Don't fall on me, please.

If you keep growing like this I might not be able to help it.

Mmmm...

The churning in Lizzie's stomach grew warmer, and her body flushed with endorphins.

You're right, it was a good lunch...

Lizzie threw herself into her project. Every conscious thought focused on memorizing formulae and writing up reports. And eating. Lizzie woke up starving and went to bed engorged. There was no room in her bag for anything but her one notebook; every spare inch was taken up by boxes and bags of snacks. Her professors eventually gave up reprimanding her for eating in class. Lizzie compromised by buying snack cakes and soft candy to stuff herself with, assuming quieter food would be less distracting.

Of course Lizzie was a distraction just sitting in class. Her breasts grew so large that resting them on the table would block her view of the professor, so she started sitting sideways, taking notes with one hand. The sight of a pretty blonde with tits so big she took up two seats in the lecture hall would have been distraction enough; but the constant stream of cookies and snack cakes Lizzie popped into her mouth meant she showed up to each class bigger than the one before. Many of Lizzie's classmates of all genders ended up retaking those classes the following semester.

The morning Lizzie was scheduled to present her project before the review board, she put special care into her clothes and makeup. Looping her bag over her shoulder, Lizzie headed out of her bedroom, surprised to feel her body make contact with something. Lizzie looked around the slopes of her immense breasts and saw they were touching both sides of the door frame.

This is starting to get ridiculous.

Are you stuck?

Lizzie pushed her way forward; luckily her breasts scraping the doorway did no damage to her outfit.

Whew, not stuck.

That is good news. Breakfast now?

Lizzie smiled, rubbing both hands over the swell of her enormous chest. She gave them a friendly pat, sending ripples over their surface, making them bob and quake for several seconds. Lizzie heard a loud huff and a bang— she looked up to see her roommate's door slam closed.

I think you were right, she is jealous.

I wonder if she'll still be jealous when I get too big to fit through the door?

Maybe. Come on, let's go eat. I'm starving.

Lizzie passed through the larger exterior door without issue; but knew if she kept growing it was only a matter of time before her tits got her stuck somewhere. Stomach grumbling, Lizzie put the thought out of her mind. She had to focus on her presentation. Plus, it was omelette day in the cafeteria.

IV

Lizzie's presentation went well; she got high marks from the review board. And blessedly they were all too well-mannered to comment on her jaw dropping, improbably-proportioned body. She celebrated with an extra-long dinner, letting the slime living in her chest goad her into a sixth and seventh trip back through the buffet.

When Lizzie squeezed her way back through the door to her room, her roommate was watching TV in the common area. The redhead glanced at Lizzie and scowled, but kept her tone polite as she asked "How was the um... presentation?"

"You're looking at one of next semester's Masters students!" Lizzie gloated.

Her roommate reacted in a way Lizzie didn't expect, jumping up and wrapping her in a hug. For a brief moment the redhead was taken aback at Lizzie's new size – her breasts were so large her arms couldn't meet behind the blonde's back. She recovered quickly though.

"We need to celebrate!" Lizzie's roommate dashed to their tiny kitchenette and dug out a large glass bottle from the back of the fridge.

"Shots?"

Lizzie wasn't much of a drinker. And she hadn't touched a drop since the accident that saddled her with her 'hungry passenger.' But she was still riding the high of her good news.

“Hell yeah!”

A shot of vodka turned into two, then a third. Lizzie normally had a pretty high tolerance, but that small amount of liquor was enough to make her more drunk and giggly than that time in high school a friend stole a bottle of peach schnapps from her mom’s cabinet. Some days later Lizzie would ponder the multiplicative effects of alcohol with her slime-enhanced metabolism, but for tonight she was in full ‘party girl’ mode. Watching videos and laughing with her roommate like they were best friends.

“Sorry I’ve been such a bitch to you lately.” The chubby girl said from her place beside Lizzie on the couch.

“It’s already forgotten.” Lizzie grinned.

Her roommate poked a finger into one side of her lap-filling tits. “How did these things get so big anyway? And so fast??”

“I had an accident in the lab and some weird slime thing got into me.”

Hey!

The redhead pouted. “Alright then, keep your secrets.” Her stomach rumbled. “I’m starving. You wanna order some pizza?”

Despite the fact that she’d eaten more for dinner than she had the entire day yesterday, the voice in Lizzie’s head said—

Yes.

And the voice in her mouth agreed without hesitation.

Lizzie’s roommate continued to drink, and kept pace with Lizzie’s snacking. For a while. Without her sober intellect to keep it in check, the slime had almost full control of her body. She picked up her phone again and again to order more delivery food. Five pizzas were followed by three bags of Chinese food. Then a whole party platter of sushi. Two buckets of fried chicken. A dozen donuts. At

some point in the night her roommate tapped out and went to bed. Under the slime's influence, Lizzie kept going until every restaurant she could order from was closed for the night.

Lizzie woke with a pounding head, and an unfamiliar weight on top of her body. Her eyes opened slowly and she glanced around the unfamiliar room.

Did I fall asleep on the couch?

Lizzie tried to sit up, but something held her pinned on the sofa. She looked around again and saw every flat surface in room piled high with empty pizza boxes, oyster pails, and styrofoam clamshells. It looked like a dumbstruck of food containers had been emptied over her head, spilling out in a small mountain around her. At the far end of the room Lizzie could see all cabinet in their kitchen hanging open, as was the fridge. Every scrap of food in the apartment was gone.

It was a sign of how hungover Lizzie was that it took her so long to notice the elephant(s) in the room. She'd gotten used to waking up each morning with bigger breasts than the morning before, but this morning was on a whole new level. Her breasts had grown far beyond fruit or sports metaphors. They filled her lap and spilled onto the couch cushions to both sides of her thighs. Lizzie felt like she had two beanbag chairs resting on her lap. Big, heavy, firm beanbag chairs made of flesh.

Slowly, carefully, as if questioning her entire reality, Lizzie brought both hands to rest atop her gargantuan boobs. They were half again as big as they'd been yesterday.

Are you awake?

WHAT THE FUCK!?

Mmmm, we had a good feast...

WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME??

I told you, I need food to grow big and strong. Thank you for feeding me so well.

Lizzie took several deep breaths in an attempt to calm her building hysteria.

What. Am I supposed to do. Now??

Um... breakfast?

I CAN'T EVEN MOVE!!

Oh! That's my bad. Here, I think I'm strong enough now to help with that.

The room seemed to spin as Lizzie felt a sudden wave of vertigo wash over her body. She felt like she was being hugged, squeezed; like something was pressing into every part of her body from every possible angle. The weight on her lap and torso lessened and Lizzie watched, stunned, as her chest seemed to deflate like a slowly leaking balloon. At the same time she felt a tingling in her bottom half, and a sensation like the couch lifting her up, inch by inch. Lizzie's breasts receded back to the size they'd been yesterday, perhaps a little smaller, and her mouth fell open as she watched her hips and ass appear beneath them as her weight was redistributed.

Is that better?

Lizzie tried to stand again, but was still pinned to the couch.

You just gave me a fat ass instead of freakishly huge boobs!

Lizzie looked herself over from her seated position.

They're still freakishly huge to be honest...

Hmm... Let me see...

Lizzie's body felt like it was on fire. She nearly cried out in pain before her spine crackled in a way that felt better than any chiropractor's hands. She felt a power building in her legs and lower back, and the next time she tried to push herself upward she sprang off the couch with ease.

"Woah..."

Better now?

How did you do that?

I've grown big and strong enough to change your body in other ways, I guess.

This is fascinating... can you do other things, like make me taller? Lizzie thought as she twisted, running her hands down her wide hips and bouncing on her heels to feel her newly grown bubble but shaking.

Maybe... After breakfast?

Lizzie slapped her massive butt, watching it jiggle, and heard the seams on her sweatpants creak.

Fine. Breakfast. But then I need to go clothes shopping... again.