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Contains: Stuffing, Rapid Breast Expansion

Emily's Favorite Restaurant

Alex watched the college student couple enter her restaurant, greeting the pretty young man working the host station. She'd seen Emily come into her place several times and knew this was probably another first date. The man wasn't much to speak of— half a head taller than the statuesque blonde, he had brown hair and blue eyes, and wasn't *bad* looking per se. He certainly was no

equitable match for Emily, in Alex's book. The young man was underdressed — though most young people didn't get dressed up enough for dates these days — and his clothes told Alex he didn't come from a particularly wealthy family.

She almost felt pity for the boy, considering what was about to happen to him tonight... Almost.

Trevor struggled to keep his nerves in check. He was on a date with one of the hottest chicks in his class. Maybe even the whole university! The rumor that it wasn't actually that hard to get a date with the busty freshman turned out to be true! All you had to do was invite her to *Mama Alexandra's Italian Bistro* and she would almost always say yes.

Trevor idly wondered why Emily was still 'on the market' if it was so easy to get a first date with her. Maybe she scared most guys off. Well, Trevor wasn't going to be scared off. He was going to do whatever he had to do to get a feel of those tig ol' bitties. Ever the optimist, he hoped he'd get a chance later tonight. But he was prepared to buy Emily dinner as many times as it took to get a taste of nirvana.

Taking their seats at a secluded corner table, Trevor couldn't help but appreciate his date's body. He got a glimpse of her soft ass and 'just enough' hips in her dark jeans before they disappeared behind the table. That still left him a clear view of her blue tank top and unbuttoned white shirt as they framed enough cleavage Trevor bet he could hide his whole hand in between those beauties.

Trevor read over the beverage menu, pretending he knew what *anything* on the wine list meant. Across from him, Emily pulled two rolls from the basket and slathered butter on them. She ate them quicker than Trevor expected, and was buttering a third when their server arrived.

"What can I get you two to drink?"

Trevor answered.

"Sprite for me and *-uh-*"

“Coke please.”

Trevor half expected Emily to ask for Diet Coke. He'd never seen a girl order regular coke. Just then, he noticed Emily was plucking a forth roll from the basket. Trevor supposed she must eat quite a bit. After all, a girl didn't grow boobs the size of cantelopes by eating salad every day...

When the waiter returned, he brought a plate of bruschetta. It wasn't complimentary, but Trevor didn't know that. They were ready to order food by then. Trevor picked spaghetti and Emily requested the lobster ravioli. He noticed it was one of the more expensive items on the menu, and wondered if this was why she scared off so many guys. Trevor wasn't worried though, his family wasn't rich, but he had a good credit card.

Trevor was so distracted by Emily's eyes — and jiggling cleavage — that he barely noticed the way she'd cleaned the bruschetta plate before their food arrived. Trevor ate slowly, somewhat distracted by the pace at which Emily shoved the high-end ravioli into her mouth. Before he was halfway through his own dish, the blonde was mopping up the last of the sauce from her plate with yet another dense dinner roll.

To Trevor's astonishment, the server returned only a few minutes later with a fresh plate of ravioli. He set it in front of the busty blonde with one hand while retrieving her empty plate with the other. Emily seemed to have expected this, and smiled at the departing server before stabbing one steaming fresh ravioli with her fork.

“*Um*— Emily, what...?”

“*Hmm?*— Oh. They've started doing this here lately. I end up ordering seconds so often they just put the order in when the first comes out— saves a lot of time.”

“I... see...”

Trevor returned to his own plate. He'd heard the rumors about Emily's appetite of course, but he'd assumed they were exaggerated. Mentally running back through all the things she'd eaten already, Trevor estimated that the rumors

might actually be pretty spot-on. Still, it was no matter. His credit card could handle *two* orders of lobster ravioli well enough. More importantly, Trevor realized he was maybe about to discover if another — even more unbelievable — rumor about Emily was true.

Some guys said her breasts got even bigger when she ate a lot.

Trevor was pretty sure two orders of ravioli, most of a plate of bruschetta and a whole-ass basket of rolls qualified as ‘a lot.’

He tried to subtly gauge his date’s body— he snatched quick glances between bites, and on his way to and from looking her in the eyes. Emily’s cleavage was glorious as always, but Trevor couldn’t be sure. They were like cantelopes, right? Or was it honeydew... Trevor didn’t really know much about fruit.

They tried to make small talk, but between Trevor’s preoccupation with seeing whether Emily’s breasts were getting bigger, and Emily’s mouth being perpetually stuffed with food, the conversation didn’t amount to much.

Trevor’d always been able to see the outline of Emily’s bra through her tank top... hadn’t he?

He was so focussed on his date’s spectacular breasts that Trevor was startled to find the server at their table again, sliding a fresh plate of ravioli in front of Emily just as she was popping the last plump square of pasta between her lips.

Trevor was starting to sweat. His credit card would cover this, yes, but he was getting close to hitting his limit. And he could absolutely *not* call his parents for a loan because he’d spent too much money on a *date*.

Emily munched away, completely oblivious to Trevor’s anguish. All she knew was that the food at Alex’s was delicious, and she didn’t have to pay. Sure, she might bust a bra, but this one was on its last legs anyway. The swelling would go down — mostly — by morning, and she had other bras.

Alex approached the couple’s table, smiling in a way that was supposed to seem friendly and maternal, rather than shark-like.

“What a love–a–ly couple.” She said, exaggerating her light Italian accent for effect. “And how’s–a my favorite customer?” She directed at Emily. “Is–a everything to your liking?”

The busty blonde nodded, sending her bulbous breasts bobbing. Trevor wondered if they’d always been the size of her head. Emily swallowed her latest bite and spoke.

“Oh it’s perfect as always, Miss Alex.”

“*Eccellente, bella donna!* I wonder if–a you’d like to try something new. It’s a fettuccini with the *granchio* –ah– crab meat. We have to charge a–market price but it’s very good.”

“That’s sounds amazing, I’d love some.” Emily replied without hesitation.

Trevor squirmed but said nothing. He believed nothing killed a first date faster than a man who seemed cheap. Alex waved a hand and the couple’s server returned. He bore a bowl brimming with white sauce, long pasta, and a great deal of pink–white shellfish meat. Trevor could feel his wallet straining almost as hard as Emily’s ‘old’ bra.

When the fettuccini was gone, Alex tempted Emily with crab mac and cheese. After that it was baked ziti with wagyu beef. Then lasagna with three kinds of cheese Trevor had never heard of.

Alex offered Emily dish after dish. She accepted them all. Their server brought them out one by one. And Emily ate, and ate, and ate. Eventually there was no denying the proof before Trevor’s eyes– Emily was definitely growing. By the time she was scooping the last mac and cheese into her mouth, Emily’s breasts looked like fat pale watermelons. When Emily’s ziti was half gone her enormous breasts were resting on the table. And when the lasagna came out, Trevor heard a –snap– and the end of a broken bra shoulder strap hung ignored between one of Emily’s massive mounds and her upper arm.

Throughout this ridiculous pageantry, Trevor's id and ego battled for control. Like any red-blooded straight white male, Trevor was a big fan of boobs. The bigger the better of course. Though if he was being honest with himself, Trevor wasn't sure what exactly he would even *do* with this much boob. Even *if* he managed to get this girl into the sack, there was a non-zero chance she would smother him, entirely by accident! Then of course his rational mind tried and failed to tally up the bill for this endless train of expensive food. He couldn't do it. Even aside from the mysterious 'market price' items, the dishes that had vanished between Emily's pink lips and seemed to flow straight into her enormous jugs were already nearing the limit on his credit card.

Trevor resigned himself to his fate— he was going to have to grovel to his parents. He just hoped he'd be able to get out of this restaurant without being put to work washing dishes or something. Was that even a real thing, or just something that happened in movies? Trevor didn't know, and he wasn't exactly keen on finding out.

The overbearing restaurant owner approached their table again.

"Well my dears, can I offer you anything *more*?"

Emily eyed her date's panicked expression and decided not to push her luck.

"I think we're good and full, Alex."

Alex made an exaggerated frown.

"No room for a dessert...?"

Emily's eyes lit up and she just barely stopped herself from drumming her fingers on the sides of her bloated breasts.

"What desserts do you have tonight?"

"Oh they're just lovely *mia bella*. We have—a the strawberry gelato of course. Some lovely cannoli, a chocolate *panna cotta*, raspberry jam *bomboloni* and a crowd favorite pumpkin-spice tiramisu. The last of the season."

Emily's eyes darted wildly. She decided to roll the dice.

"Could I have some of each?"

"Of course my dear, of course. Anything for my best customer."

Trevor started literally sweating.

The desserts arrived and Emily savored them one by one. Trevor thought he could actually *see* her gigantic breasts blimping larger with each bite. Almost as clearly as he could *hear* his bank account crying...

With the last bite of cannoli, the hooks at the back of Emily's bra finally gave out, and the masses of her armload breasts rolled forward several inches like an avalanche. Trevor didn't even care anymore. Going on enough dates to score with this girl would bankrupt him.

Pulling up to her dorm building, Trevor got out and held the door so that Emily could heave herself out of his car. She did her best to cradle her now unsupported breasts in both arms.

"That was fun Trevor. We should do this again sometime..."

Trevor knew a firm 'goodnight' when he heard one.

"Absolutely, I'll text you!" He lied.

Alex closed out the register for the night. Once again, just one of Emily's 'first dates' meant *Mama Alexandra's* would stay in the black for another month. The middle-aged Italian-American woman smiled, crossed herself in a prayer of silent thanks, and began counting the cash from the register again.