



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

<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

Tiffany and the Merchant

Once upon a time there was a young woman named Tiffany. Tiffany lived in a common village and worked as a serving girl at a common inn. Tiffany herself was not common. In fact she was uncommonly beautiful. Just below average height, she had hair like shone like polished gold in the magic hour just before

sunset. Her hair hung just past her shoulders and always stayed in perfect ringlet curls. Tiffany's eyes were bluer than the sky on a clear summer day, and her skin was the color of fresh cream, and every bit as spotless and smooth.

One day the traveling merchant came into town pulling his large wagon loaded down with wares. He was young for a merchant, having not yet seen thirty summers. His circular route brought him to the village once a week, weather and roads permitting. The inn was uncommonly busy when the cries of the merchant's arrival flowed through the village, so the innkeeper sent Tiffany to bargain with the man instead of going himself.

"We need salt, cured ham, and a few more tin mugs if he has them." The innkeeper ordered, handing Tiffany a few silver coins.

Tiffany hung her serving apron on a peg and ventured out into the village thoroughfare. She'd seen the merchant from a distance on several occasions, but lacking the coin to afford any of his goods herself, she'd never met the young man. He was tall and dark haired, not quite handsome but not ugly either.

The merchant's eyes sparkled as they fell on Tiffany. She wore a heavy brown skirt with a pale linen blouse, and a laced bodice ending just below her breasts. Tiffany was thin as most all villagers are, but her bosom was uncommonly healthy, like two ripe peaches hiding just below the neckline of her blouse. In his travels the merchant had met many women— goodwives, daughters of fellow merchants, even a princess or two, but he'd never seen a woman so lovely as young Tiffany.

"Light's blessing to you, my girl. Can I interest you in a new hat, or perhaps some lovely ribbons to complement your lovely tresses?" The merchant said with a smile, bowing deeply as Tiffany approached his cart.

"No thank you, good sir. I am here on the business of my employer, the innkeeper. He has sent me to purchase goods on his behalf." Tiffany said with a small curtsy. Tiffany's parents were both gone — died of a pox the previous summer — but they taught Tiffany uncommonly good manners.

“Of course, of course.” The merchant fetched each of the things the innkeeper requested, then produced a small bag which he handed to Tiffany.

“What’s this?” She asked.

“A lovely gift for a lovely customer.” The merchant said sweetly. “Tell me, what is your name?”

“Tiffany, good sir.”

“How old are you Tiffany?” He asked.

“My eighteenth name day was this past spring, sir.”

Tiffany peeked in the bag and found it contained several hard candies.

“Some sweets for a sweet girl.” The merchant said. “You must come visit me again when I return.”

“I will!” Tiffany said with a smile. “Thank you very much good sir!”

She scampered back to the inn with her basket of wares, popping a candy in her mouth as she walked. Tiffany was not particularly attracted to the merchant, but she was much too poor to turn down such delicious gifts. The innkeeper was good to her, he gave her a place to stay and regular meals in exchange for her work at the inn. But Tiffany’s pay and the rare tips from customers were barely enough to buy new clothes when her current things got too worn to be presentable.

When Tiffany delivered the salt, ham, and mugs to the innkeeper, he saw that the merchant had undercharged the serving girl by nearly half. He eyed Tiffany skeptically, noticing for the first time how lovely she was. If the merchant was besotted with her, it would be good for the inn’s profits to take advantage of the man’s largess.

From that day forward, whenever the merchant came to town, the innkeeper sent Tiffany to bargain with him. This arrangement suited everyone involved—the innkeeper was spending half as much on peddled supplies, the merchant got to see and speak with the beautiful girl every week, and Tiffany got free samples of the candy and treats the merchant brought.

Grateful for the coin she was saving him, the innkeeper tipped Tiffany a small portion of the change she brought back each week. Finally having a few more coppers than she needed, Tiffany was able to buy even more candy herself from the traveling merchant. Being quite taken with Tiffany, and seeing that she was quite fond of sweets and treats, the merchant tried to always have something new to bring the girl when he visited her village.

“Look at this, Tiffany.” He said, holding out a long pastry covered in a layer of chocolate.

“What’s that?” The pretty girl asked, mouth watering.

“It’s called an ‘éclair.’ I bought them fresh this morning.”

Tiffany bit into the pastry and her eyes closed. She moaned in delight as the cream filling hit her tongue. In mere moments she’d scarfed up the whole éclair.

“Do you have any more?” She asked.

“Just one box.” He said. “It’s five coppers.”

Tiffany handed over the coin eagerly. The merchant had paid six coppers for the box, but he counted the small loss well worth paying to see the delighted smile on lovely Tiffany’s face.

Weeks passed and the pattern continued. The merchant gave Tiffany samples of candy and freshly purchased desserts, and she spent every last penny of her meager earnings buying more. When they’d been meeting for over three months, the merchant started to notice something strange. Tiffany’s chest — which was already impressive on a girl of her slim frame — was getting bigger.

The merchant bought whatever sweets and treats he could afford, and continued to sell them to Tiffany at a slight loss. Lemon cakes, fruit pies, and all manner of toffee, taffy, and tarts. And every time the merchant saw Tiffany, her breasts were a little fuller, a little rounder, and pressed against her blouse and bodice a little tighter.

As Tiffany grew, she became more popular with the men — and even a few women — of the village, along with many travelers who stayed at the inn. Her tips grew in proportion to her cleavage, and she was able to buy even more of the merchant's sweet treats.

"Here Tiffany, try one of these." The merchant said, holding out a brightly colored cookie that looked like a tiny sandwich.

She bit into it eagerly, then popped the rest between her perfectly plump pink lips.

"—*Mmmm*— what's this called?" She asked.

"It's called a macaron my dear. Would you like some more?" The merchant replied.

Tiffany nodded. "How many do you have?"

"I got two boxes yesterday." He smiled.

"I'll take them both!"

Tiffany handed the merchant her coins, and he tried not to stare at her grapefruit sized breasts packed into her plain white blouse and bodice.

As the months passed, the merchant knew his relationship with Tiffany was not sustainable financially. He simply could not afford to sell such high quality goods at a loss. Unable to give up his pursuit of the beautiful serving girl, he rented a room above one of the bakeries he bought from and started to learn to

bake. After a season of practice, with many dry cakes, burnt brownies, and crumbling cookies, the merchant finally made something he felt was good enough to offer to his favorite customer.

“Try one of these cupcakes Tiffany, there’s a new apprentice baker and I think he’s starting to get the hang of it.” He told her.

“–*Hmm*– it’s not quite as nice as the ones you brought a few weeks ago, but it’s still tasty.” Tiffany said, shoving the rest of the cupcake between her lips.

The merchant was crushed, but tried not to let his disappointment show. “Do you... want to buy them?”

“Of course!” Tiffany beamed her perfect white teeth at the merchant and his heart soared. Even though she didn’t know it was he who’d made them, the fact that she wanted to buy his cupcakes was all the encouragement the merchant needed. Tiffany ate three more of the cupcakes while they chatted, eagerly taking big bites and licking her lips. The merchant’s eyes were drawn to her chest as always, and he could see that her blouse was patched in several places to make it more roomy around her breasts as they’d grown. They were nearly as big as her head now, and the merchant suspected that all the extra sweets and treats she was eating were the cause.

The merchant redoubled his efforts at learning to bake. The ingredients were cheaper than buying desserts from the bakery, so he was able to keep his business afloat, if just barely. As the weeks passed his skills improved, but he would still sometimes make mistakes. He was getting good enough at baking that he started selling his own baked goods to his other customers, and it balanced out the loss he took every time he visited the hungry blonde barmaid.

Unfortunately for the merchant’s coin purse, Tiffany’s appetite was growing along with her bust. She began to make disappointed faces at the merchant when he only brought two boxes of treats to sell her. She’d gotten even more popular at the inn, her tips were flowing freely, but the profits were eaten up by her need to have her clothes altered or upgraded every month or so.

Then one day a mysterious woman stopped at the village inn, wearing a dark red cloak and keeping to herself. Her hair was jet black, streaked with grey. Her deep hazel eyes followed Tiffany as she flitted around the common room, swapping empty mugs for full ones, slipping coin after coin into her cavernous cleavage.

Eventually Tiffany's rounds brought her to the woman's table.

"Can I get you anything mistress? More wine?" She asked.

"Would you sit with me a moment, child?" The handsome woman said.

"Oh I really shouldn't mistress. There are a lot of thirsty men that need tending to..." Tiffany replied.

The older woman produced a silver mark and held it up to the serving girl.

"I suppose I could for just a minute." Tiffany took the coin and it vanished between her watermelon-sized breasts. She took a seat across from the strange traveler.

"You are uncommonly pretty my dear, has anyone ever told you that?" She asked.

"You would think me vain if I said so, mistress." Tiffany replied demurely, looking down at the table.

"Quite so. Forgive me for being bold," the woman said, staring right into Tiffany's chest as her fat breasts strained the laces on her soft leather corset, "but you are quite blessed for one so young."

"I'm not sure I take your meaning, mistress." Tiffany replied, looking up at the woman with some confusion.

"Your bosom, my dear. Why, I have travelled the length and breadth of the continent and have never seen a woman of your bounty. Save one particularly wealthy noble, who was nearly as wide in the flanks as she was tall."

Tiffany was blushing now, staring down at the table where her breasts jutted out almost far enough to rest on the aged wood surface.

“You must tell me your secret, my dear.” The woman added.

“My... secret?” Tiffany was embarrassed now, and it was making her mind a little slow. The dark beauty across from her was like no one she’d ever met.

“The secret to the size of your chest, dear.” The woman explained. “Are you a witch or sorceress of some kind?”

Tiffany’s eyes went wide. “Oh, no no mistress, nothing like that! I suppose...”

“Yes?” The woman leaned forward eagerly.

“I suppose they started getting a little bigger when I started eating so many sweets...” Tiffany said shyly.

“Sweets?” The woman looked confused.

“Yes... the traveling merchant sells me the most delicious candies and desserts, and I can’t help gobbling them up. I love sweets so much I can never manage to make them last until he visits again. That’s probably why I’ve been getting a little bigger...”

The woman eyed Tiffany incredulously. ‘A little bigger’ was an understatement the size of the Crown Prince’s ego.

“Is the merchant in town now?” She asked.

“No mistress,” Tiffany replied sadly, “he won’t be back for three days at least.”

“Oh. Well that’s alright. I’ll let you get back to your other customers then. Thank you for indulging an old lady.” The smile the mature beauty gave Tiffany would have put a wolf to shame.

From that day on, word spread throughout the kingdom of a traveling merchant whose candy and sweets would bless a woman's bosom. Goodwives and serving girls whispered in corners. Servants gossiped to their noble mistresses. Milkmaids and apprentice seamstresses shared samples when they passed on the roads.

As a result, the merchant's custom boomed. Before long he was selling more baked goods than all his other wares combined. He spent almost no time buying goods to resell and nearly every spare moment baking. Cakes, pies, lemon bars, and every kind of cookie imaginable. The merchant often had little and less to sell to Tiffany— everywhere he went women flocked to his cart to buy up his entire stock.

One day, the old baker who owned the shop below the merchant's lodging decided to retire. The merchant jumped at the opportunity and bought the business outright. The two apprentices stayed on and the merchant was able to sell more desserts than ever.

About a year after their meeting, on the merchant's regular visit to Tiffany's village, he'd come up with a new strategem.

"I have something to show you, Tiffany." He said. They stood outside the inn, near his cart, and the merchant admired Tiffany's altered body. Her breasts were enormous and round. Larger than the largest melons the merchant ever saw, they bulged out from her torso, supported by her leather corset. Her linen blouse was skin tight across their bulk, and the merchant suspected that Tiffany could carry two full pies without the use of her hands.

He held out a box, somewhat larger than the boxes of donuts or cupcakes he usually brought. "I would like to meet and speak with your father, my dear."

Tiffany was taken aback. She'd been reaching for the box but withdrew her hands in surprise. "I'm terribly sorry good sir, but my father is dead."

"Oh dear, forgive me. Your mother then?" He asked.

Tiffany shook her head.

“Well then, is there someone who speaks for you in matters of love?” The merchant asked.

“L–love!?” Tiffany drew back even further, and the man’s heart sank.

Tiffany saw the change in the merchant’s countenance, and quickly amended her words. “Forgive me if I’ve offended you sir. You caught me off guard is all. I am alone in this life, and speak for myself.” She straightened up a little taller, and the merchant could hear the stitching of her dress groan as her chest puffed out proudly.

The man gulped nervously, then gathered his courage. “Well then my dear, you leave me no choice but to ask you directly.” He opened the box, revealing a dress of blue satin, tailored as close to Tiffany’s current size as the merchant was able to estimate.

“I’m quite taken with you, Tiffany. And with your permission, I’d like to court you.” He said formally.

Tiffany lifted the frock from the box and held it against her front. It draped over her chest to hang nearly a foot away from her lower half, but she pressed it to her flat stomach and eyed the loose extra fabric in the bodice. Her eyes sparkled in the mid–afternoon sun and she beamed up at the man.

“Oh good sir. This is too much, I couldn’t possibly—“ The merchant held up a finger, then fetched another large box from his cart.

“I have one more surprise for you Tiffany. You see, I am no longer a mere merchant. These past months I have been learning the art of baking. Many of the sweets I’ve brought to sell you are my own creation, and I flatter myself to say these might be my finest yet.”

The merchant opened the lid on the box to reveal two dozen brightly–colored macarons. Without hesitation Tiffany plucked a green one in her pale slim fingers and bit into it. The crunch and texture were perfect, the filling sweet without being cloying, and she popped the rest of the cookie into her mouth

before she'd finished chewing the first bite. Her eyes closed and she moaned faintly in pleasure as the flavors filled her mouth and she swallowed the delicious treat.

Sliding the dress to one side Tiffany reached down to her belt pouch. The merchant held out a hand to touch her wrist.

“Not to sell, my dear. These are a gift. Sweets for my sweetheart.”

Tiffany's eyes went wide and then gleamed. Her smile changed from polite to genuine warmth, and she plucked two more macarons from the box. She pressed both between her lips, cheeks bulging as she chewed. Tiffany held out one hand for the merchant to kiss, which he did.

“I accept good sir— or perhaps I should say, ‘my darling.’”

Tiffany batted her eyelashes at the merchant as she took the box of cookies from his hands.

In the months that followed, Tiffany and the merchant — now known as the traveling baker — spent more and more time together. Whenever he could, the baker would visit the village on Tiffany's days off. He brought her boxes of desserts by the dozen, sometimes three or four boxes in a trip. No matter how many treats he brought for the beautiful blonde, they never lasted until his next visit. Tiffany's appetite grew along with her affection for the baker, and in step with her swelling chest.

When he came to town on her day off, Tiffany and the baker would spend the afternoon together. If a dress he'd gifted her was getting too snug, they would go together to the seamstress and have her measured for a new one.

“Goodness Tiffany,” the wiry old woman said on one such visit, “you're bigger around than you are tall!”

Tiffany stood on a small stool while the old woman encircled her enormous bust with a measuring string. The length of knotted twine would not meet in the front no matter how hard the seamstress tugged.

“Stay right there, I shall need to get my longer measuring string.”

Tiffany squeezed the baker’s hand and leaned in to kiss his cheek.

Some time later, the pair made their way to a lovely hillside overlooking the green pasture land around the village. Tiffany carried a folded blanket while the baker carried a large wicker hamper nearly the size of a wine barrel. Tiffany spread out the blanket for their picnic, and the baker set out plates and trays with all manner of desserts and sweets, along with proper food as well.

Sweet bread with pots of jam and honey, meat pies with sweet and sour sauces, glazed grouse and pheasant, candied vegetables, and thick rashers of bacon stacked high. The baker learned from experience that it took a great deal of food to find the bottom of Tiffany’s stomach, and was determined to feed her as much and more than she wanted on every one of their dates. While she would often count it a failing if there was any food left for the baker to box up and leave with her at their parting, the baker considered it a great victory to have satisfied his love so fully.

And so the months passed, and their love grew. And Tiffany’s breasts grew. And grew. And grew. A few months into their courtship, the innkeeper was obliged to promote Tiffany from serving girl to bartender. She was simply too large and cumbersome to move between the tables and crowds of the inn’s common room, which was now packed with customers every night. Men — and no few women — from across the kingdom came to Tiffany’s village to see the girl rumored to be the most beautiful, and by far the most busty, in all the land.

Tiffany soaked up their praise, and the nightly inquiries from women of all ages and stations wanting to know her secret.

“Mistress Tiffany, you must tell me! I’ve been buying all the sweets I can afford from your suitor, and my bosom has hardly waxed a fingers–breadth.” The milkmaid was barely two summers older than Tiffany, but with a pair of breasts that would only just fill a man’s palm. Tiffany had met the woman before, and couldn’t help noticing that her frock was more than a little snug around her soft middle.

Tiffany handed the woman a tin cup of ale and shrugged. Her breasts rested on the bar, spreading slightly and extending past the front edge, just larger than a pair of quarter–casks. Tiffany’s shrug sent ripples down her cavernous cleavage that reverberated for several second afterward.

“I’m very sorry mistress, I don’t know what advice to give you beyond what I’ve already given.” Tiffany plucked a chocolate ball from under the bar and slipped it between the perfect bow of her pink lips.

The milkmaid eyed the gorgeous young woman’s dusting of freckles, perfect gold ringlets and the vast expanse of flawless pale skin rising high and proud in two enormous mounds, and glared. “Very well then. Keep your secrets.”

The milkmaid took her beer and stalked away.

Throughout her growth, Tiffany’s chest stayed high and firm through much greater sizes than should have been possible, but eventually gravity started to win out. Near the end of the fourth season into their courtship, Tiffany and the baker were walking the path to their favorite picnicking spot. The baker carried an even larger food hamper strapped to his back, while Tiffany carried an overgrown bosom in each arm, the weight of their immense size straining the muscles of her arms and back. Both were breathing hard.

“Darling *–huff huff–* would you mind terribly if we *–haa–* set up a little closer to the village, *–huff–* this time?” She asked.

The baker turned to see Tiffany's cheeks flushed pink from the effort of walking all this way and the sympathy he felt made him more sure than ever that he loved this young woman.

"Of course my dear. There's a clearing just over there. We don't need to go all the way up the hill." In truth, the man was grateful to set down his own burden.

Tiffany sat cross legged on the blanket, wine barrel size breasts resting in her lap. Her newest frock was deep blue and complemented her eyes perfectly. She had enough cleavage on display that the baker could have rested his entire forearm on her chest and touched nothing but bare, flawless, creamy pale skin. The baker arranged a stack of sweet cured meats and cheeses on a platter and placed it on the shelf of Tiffany's exposed bosom, where she could easily reach her first appetizer of their long picnic lunch.

The pair talked for hours. When the baker's single sandwich was long gone, and Tiffany was starting to slow. She was popping chocolate balls from one plate and macarons from another into her mouth one at a time instead of by the handful. The baker gazed appreciatively at the gorgeous girl. She'd been the most beautiful girl in the kingdom when they'd met, and she'd only gotten more and more beautiful over the past two years. Her dainty white feet peeked out from the skirt of her dress, and even though her immense bosom filled her lap, he could see the soft curve of her hip, and the way her waist tapered inward even now, stuffed as she was with his cooking and baked treats. Yards of rich satin covered the sides of her enormous breasts, and the row of small buttons puckered and strained all the way from her cleavage to her hidden lap.

He loved her more than ever, and the time was nearly right.

The next time they met, the baker brought a new gift for Tiffany. When she emerged from the inn — squeezing her gigantic chest through the wooden doorframe — the baker stood beside a large shape covered in a canvas drop cloth.

"What's this?" She asked.

“I commissioned this just for you my love.” The baker pulled the cloth away to reveal a wooden cart. Something like an open wheelbarrow but taller, with two handles and a pair of spoked wheels.

“Is it...?” Tiffany began slowly.

“It’s to help you carry your lovely burden when you walk!” The baker smiled.

“Oh!” She said excitedly, stepping up to the cart and leaning back, raising her chest high so she could rest her bosom on the cart. The wood creaked under its heavy load, but once she got settled Tiffany took a few experimental steps backward, then turned, and got an easy rhythm going.

“Oh my darling, I love it!” Tiffany wheeled up next to the baker and wrapped her arms behind his neck, planting a kiss on his cheek.

They picnicked in their usual spot overlooking the flocks roaming the hills. Freed from the burden of carrying her breasts around, Tiffany’s appetite was more ravenous than ever. It had been some time since she’d been able to eat all the food the baker brought on their dates, but this time she licked the crumbs from the last pie and let out a dainty burp.

“*-urp-* Oh my darling, that was delicious as always.” She reached under her massive bosom to rub her stuffed tummy. “Do we have any more?”

The baker decided the time was finally right. He pulled a small hinged box from his pocket.

“Tiffany, my love...” he began, opening the box as he held it out to her, “will you marry me?”

The box contained a single chocolate truffle, with a small gold ring resting on top.

Tiffany leaned forward excitedly. She inhaled sharply and the combination of motions sent several oyster shell buttons flying from the front of her expanse and into the tall grass, exposing even more of her flawless pale bosom. She

plucked the ring from the box and slipped it on her finger. Then, unable to resist, she snatched the truffle from the box and it vanished between her pink lips.

“Oh my darling *-homf-* of course I will!”

Tiffany reached for the baker, but was pinned in place by her bosom. He crawled closer to her instead, and their lips met. He didn't mind the hint of chocolate in their kiss one bit.

The baker built a large house off the side of his bakery, at ground level and with extra large doors. Tiffany was hardly ever seen in public, but the rumors say that marrying the baker was only the start of her spectacular growth. With an adoring and eager taste-tester right next door, the quality of the baker's goods only got better and better over the years. He became famous throughout the land as the best baker in living memory. His business flourished, and his wife's breasts grew, and they lived happily ever after.