

Family Recipe Preview

Sophia's stomach growled loudly, vibrating hard enough for her to feel it in her chest and hips. Her arms slowly went to her sides, rubbing the smooth red fabric of her sweater.

"Still hungry?" Tom asked, "There's plenty of everything! Even turkey after that huge portion you had."

"I-I'm fine for now. I might have a little more turkey later, though."

Sophia felt like hugging her stomach, her waistline slightly bulged out from the food she had scarfed down. Slowly the pressure started to dissipate, turning into waves of heat and intense tingling.

"Ooooh... Whoa..." Sophia swooned, feeling light as air when the pressure vanished.

"Everything all right?" her mother asked, looking up from a pile of yams.

"M-Mmm, fine," Sophia assured. Something inside of her was bubbling up, making her mind swim with different erotic thoughts. Under her sweater and inside the depths of her bra, she could feel her nipples perking up in hard, erect nubs. She felt them fighting against the soft padding with a surprising amount of sensitivity.

"Ow!" Sophia cried out suddenly, drawing both Tom's and Margarett's eyes.

"Soph?" Tom asked, "What's wrong?"

"N-Nothing," she said, "Just something stuck to my clothes pricked me was all." She feigned a smile, hoping it looked more sincere than it did aroused. She winced again, feeling the band of her bra sliding against her ribs. It felt like the spandex had been pulled taut, sliding against her with enough pressure to cause pain. *What the hell??*, she wondered, trying to adjust her undergarment through her sweater without drawing attention. *This was my most comfortable bra!*

Making sure neither of them would see, Sophia glanced down quickly at her chest.

"Eep!"

"Sophia!" Margarett scolded, "It's not polite to act out like this. Act like the adult you are."

She ignored her mother, as well as the smile Tom was trying to hide between bites of food. Sophia was sure she had seen it. What else could it have been? She looked down again, steeling herself to not make a noise this time.

The sight made her bite her lip, sending a quivering sensation down through her legs and into her loins. Through her tight sweater, the outline of her bra cups could be seen indenting her front. Between each of their curving semi-circles, a soft bulge of flesh was pushing into the fabric where cleavage had previously been nonexistent. Even under her sweater, she could see that what had been empty space moment ago had now closed together into a mash of breast flesh, clearly too large for her 30B bra. It made her want to moan.

The heat she felt running over her body was becoming more intense and starting to focus on her breasts as if they were two spotlights. Her nipples felt like hot pokers, pulsing with

engorgement. *T-They feel so swollen!*, Sophia's mind cried out, feeling her nipples' tightening skin throbbing with heat.

Her bra shifted again, her cups lifting away from her ribcage until she drew a breath and they slid off her breasts and back to her torso. The lining rubbed against her nipples as they traveled, making Sophia jump in her seat from the sudden surge of intense pleasure.

The new positioning of her bra pushed her breasts upwards, her nipples popping free of the tiny cups. "*M-MM!*" she loosed without control, her thighs slamming shut when she felt moisture beginning to form.

"I-I think I'll make...*nnngh*...m-make a trip up to...to the s-second bathroom..." Sophia stammered in a flustered voice. She excused herself from the table before anyone could protest. Both Tom and Margarete could hear her stumbling up the stairs moments later, the bathroom door closing suddenly.

"What has gotten into those two?" Margarete asked, casting a look at Tom. "You're feeling all right, aren't you?"

"Perfectly fine!" Tom agreed. "Can't imagine what's wrong with Sophia. Or Ruby for that matter. She's been away for quite some time now..."

"Ruby!" she called. No response came and Margarete slanted her frown. "Would you mind going to check on her?"

"Check on Ruby?"

"Just knock on the door and make sure she's still awake. Maybe she had a bit to drink without me noticing. She always was the problem child," Margarete laughed, taking a large gulp of wine from her glass. "Please?"

"Sure thing," Tom caved. *Please don't let Sophia come down, please don't let Sophia come down*, he thought. He would never hear the end of it if she caught him talking to Ruby alone in that dress.

The chair squeaked when he stood up from the table, leaving his mother-in-law to herself as he passed into the hallway. The door to the bathroom loomed closer on his left down the hall, a light shining through the crack at the bottom.

"*Nngh*..." he heard coming softly from behind the door.

"Ruby?" he almost whispered. No response. His palms were uncomfortably sweaty, faced with the awkward situation of checking on his sister-in-law in the bathroom.

He knocked gently on the door. "Ru--" he started to call, stopping short when the door slowly swung open from his hand. In an instant, Tom realized that in her rush Ruby had locked the door but not closed it all the way. His heart felt like it was in his throat as it revealed the bathroom's contents, his mind unable to tell his arm to reach for the door handle, much less tell his eyes to look away from the sight before him.