

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Weed that makes a stoner's tits grow. It could also be swung that instead of the weed itself making her grow, she has classic "All weight goes to tits"-itis and her first time trying weed, she gets the munchies bad.

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

The Munchies

"Anya! Did you eat my Pop-Tarts?"

An angry female voice startled Anya awake, and she groaned. Her head felt like it was hosting a practice session for a high school drum line. Rolling back over, the blonde pulled the duvet over her head.

"And my CT Crunch!?" The voice intruded again.

Nikki shoved Anya's door open. She was holding an empty carton of ice cream.

"Anya, what the *fuck*?"

"-Hrrng- not so loud..."

Nikki's anger started to dissipate, and the chubby brunette chuckled.

"Rough night?"

"What the hell was in that edible, Nikki?"

"What do you mean?"

Anya's gorgeous face appeared as she shoved the covers down to her chin. Her mascara was smudged, but Nikki's breath caught as it always did when she saw her beautiful roommate's face.

"I feel like death."

"-Pfft- that's just 'cause you're a lightweight."

Nikki had hoped getting high would make her roommate a little amorous—or at least give the brunette the THC-induced confidence to confess her feelings. Instead, the busty blonde had spent the whole evening munching on snacks. An activity that apparently continued long after Nikki passed out.

Anya groaned again.

“What happened last night?”

Nikki dropped the empty carton on the dresser and walked over to sit on the foot of Anya’s bed.

“What’s the last thing you remember?”

“Um... the duel in *Princess Bride*?”

“Yeah, we watched that, then put on YouTube and watched cat videos and kids falling off bikes until I passed out.”

“Why do I feel like I got run over by a bus then?”

“Maybe you’re just sore from eating so much?”

Anya’s eyes went wide with shock.

“What!?”

“Yeah... you dug into your snack stash when we started the movie. I guess the munchies hit you hard because all my food is gone, too.”

““The munchies?” I thought that was an urban legend!”

“Nope!” Nikki grinned. “Well... not everybody gets them, but probably half of people do.”

Anya’s head rolled back on her pillow.

“Nikiiiiii, why didn’t you warn me!?”

“What? About the munchies? It’s no big deal; we’ll just have to run to the store later.”

“Yeah but... my condition...”

A single bead of sweat formed on Nikki's brow.

"What, your *-uh-* thing about gaining weight in your boobs? I thought that was a joke..."

Anya slowly sat up in bed, letting the blankets slide over the curve of her chest to bunch up in her lap.

She was *huge*.

Nikki had long admired her roommate's impressive curves. She'd even snuck a peek at one of Anya's bras and saw the tag: 30G

The memory of that tag had been Nikki's companion during many long showers.

The twin melons that stretched out Anya's tank top now were well above G cup. Nikki guessed they were at least H, if not I cup.

"Holy shit..." she breathed.

Anya clutched her chest, squeezing her newly enlarged breasts with annoyance.

"Look at this, Nikki! I'm gonna have to diet for *weeks!*"

Nikki found her body moving of its own volition, crawling up onto the bed and closer to her roommate.

"I really... wish you wouldn't..."

Nikki's hands joined Anya's as they groped, and their lips met.