

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Food critic packs on the pounds, mostly in her rack, of course, when restaurants continuously bribe her with free desserts for good reviews*

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

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### The Food Critic

Veronica Mendes made her plump red lips into a bow and dabbed them with a cloth napkin. With mild irritation, she pulled at the lapels of her semi-formal suit blazer. When she'd purchased the ensemble, the blazer buttoned over her front, minimizing her small tummy while emphasizing her impressive bosom. It was the perfect combination of suggestive and classy. But four months of sampling and reviewing the City's restaurant's fall menus had added nearly twenty pounds and three cup sizes to Veronica's voluptuous frame.

A split-second after Veronica's fork hit her empty plate, her server was back with the third course; roasted duck with spicy raspberry chutney. The portions were small at *Élan*, but the chef's culinary artistry would earn them at least three-point-five stars in Veronica's review.

As the juicy dark meat hit her tongue and blended with the sweet and spicy condiment, Veronica suppressed the urge to close her eyes and moan. The food really was excellent, but she'd have to knock off at least half a star for the poor wine selection.

Veronica was full after the duck, and she started to retrieve her napkin from her lap. Then the owner appeared at her table, bearing a small plate.

"Something special just for you, Miss Mendes."

It was chocolate lava cake. Veronica had been a chocolate fiend since she was knee-high to a grasshopper. She plucked up her dessert fork and split the small chocolate mound. A river of molten fudge spilled slowly out like the liquified rock

that gave the dish its name. Veronica ignored the pressure of her skirt's waistband against her full tummy and lifted a bite to her mouth, dragging the perfectly moist sponge with her gleaming white teeth.

Perhaps Élan would get four stars in her review.

Bite by bite, the decadent dessert was brought low. Veronica made a mental note to go bra shopping again this weekend. Fully satisfied and then some, she dabbed her lips again and set down her fork.

The owner was back. This time with a large glass goblet dripping with chocolate sauce and a golden-yellow wedge topped with cherry sauce so dark it was almost black.

How did he know the only thing she loved more than chocolate was cheesecake?

"Perhaps we can tempt you with two more specialties from our dessert menu?"

Veronica Mendes had never said no to chocolate mudslide *or* dark cherry cheesecake in her life.

Struggling to maintain her professional decorum, Veronica slipped a bite of cheesecake between her lips. She then sipped the rich, creamy, milky, chocolatey beverage to wash it down. Back and forth this process continued, and the buttons on Veronica's blouse strained as her tummy filled ever further.

Maybe she'd get a couple of bras two sizes up on Saturday, just in case. This was *at least* a four-point-five-star establishment.

Scraping up the last of the crust and cherry sauce, and draining her glass, Veronica sighed. Then caught herself as she felt her blouse strain.

Once again, the owner was back. With a glass of dessert wine and a square of tiramisu. When he named the vintage, Veronica recognized it as one that typically went for around \$200 a bottle.

"An aperitif, Miss Mendes?"

Veronica undid the only button on her blazer that was still fastened and lifted her fork.

Élon got a five-star review.