

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A girl who enters in a food eating competition gains all the weight in her boobs, but continues eating well after everyone else gave up

Contains: Breast Expansion

Pie Eating Contest

“Are you sure about this, Claire? It kinda feels like cheating...”

Claire was starting to regret brining Peter along for this. True, she needed him to drive, now that she couldn't fit behind a steering wheel, but he was such a worrier.

“It's fine Pete. I'll be eating the pies just like everyone else, right?”

“Yeah but... don't you basically have an unlimited appetite?”

“So?”

“So... um... what if your clothes rip?”

Claire rolled her eyes and tugged on the massive tee shirt she wore.

“Look at this shirt Peter.”

Peter did, and was silent for several long moments. Claire smirked. The shirt hung off her like a tarp, but no garment made could disguise the prize watermelons the brunette carried around.

“Does it look tight?”

“Erm... no?”

“And the material stretches. I’d have to grow twice, no, three times this size to even come *close* to tearing it.”

“I guess...”

“Look. I owe you quite a bit on my tab, right?”

“Yeah...”

“And a thousand-dollar prize will more than cover it, yeah?”

“True...”

“So quit worrying so much.”

“Fine...”

Claire stepped closer to the young delivery boy, letting her massive breasts bump into his chest. “If I win, I’ll buy dinner on the way home. I may even let you feed it to me...”

Peter’s cheeks reddened, but before either of them had a chance to say more, the announcement came over the PA.

“The pie eating contest starts in five minutes! Make your way to pavilion C to watch the big pie eating contest!”

Claire grabbed Peter’s hand, dragging him toward the pavilion with more speed than a woman her size should have been capable of.

“Ready... set... go!”

Claire’s breasts rested on the table as she ate. There were twelve contestants in the contest; all different ages and body types. Most were Claire’s age or younger, and quite a few were fatter, if you didn’t count her enormous chest. Some used

the fork they were given, some used their hands. Claire simply picked up the aluminum pie plates with both hands, bent it like some kind of pie taco, and poured the crust and filling into her mouth as fast as she could.

A very overweight man in his late twenties saw Claire's technique and imitated it, but after eight pies he had to tap out. A few of the younger contestants didn't even make it to five. By the time Claire was chugging her twelfth pie, there were only two competitors left. A woman in her mid thirties, and a man pushing forty. Neither were particularly fat, but both were tall and broad, and were clearly veterans of the competitive eating scene.

Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen; the final three almost matched each other pie-for-pie. Claire's oversize top grew snug across her bosom as it swelled across the table. Hushed whispers and muttering spread through the crowd. The woman pushed her eighteenth pie away, leaning back in her chair. Claire and the man continued for two more pies, until he tapped out as well.

The crowd looked on in morbid fascination as Claire continued to gorge. Her snug shirt grew tight as the fronts of her breasts reached the far end of the table. Twenty-three, twenty-five, thirty.

The voice of the announcer finally managed to cut through Claire's haze of gluttony.

"Um... contestant number six? You've won... You can stop eating now..."

Claire looked around in a daze. Her bloated breasts blocked her view of the crowd.

"Is... is there more pie?"