

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Hillbilly redneck moonshine swillin gal's beer calories end up stretching out even her Pep
Pep's old plaid shirts*

Contains: Breast Expansion

Too Much Moonshine

A girl with messy, knotted dishwater-blonde hair staggered into her momma's kitchen. She wore cutoff jeans that mostly covered her bubble butt and a white tank top that functioned more as a bra than proper clothing. The girl had udders big enough to put a blue ribbon-winning heifer to shame. Each larger than a Thanksgiving turkey for the whole clan, they spilled out above and below the white cotton of her top.

"Betty Sue, where have you been?" The girl's mother scolded.

"I was just over at Granny's, Momma. *-hic-*"

Betty Sue was carrying a quart-size mason jar filled with clear liquid. Her fully exposed belly was plumped up, no doubt filled with cookies and snacks from her doting grandmother. She'd also been indulging in plenty of their "Family Recipe," from the looks of her wobbling legs. Her mother would have accused the girl of spoiling her appetite if such a thing were possible. But Betty Sue was still hungry as a teenager, even though she was about to turn twenty-three.

The girl took a sip from her jar. "Is it almost supper time?"

Her mother sighed. "About ten more minutes. You git upstairs and put some proper clothes on, young lady."

"But Momma..."

"Don't you 'but Momma' me. No daughter a mine's gonna sit down to supper dressed like some big city hussy."

"Momma, none of my shirts fit anymore!"

The older woman clicked her tongue. "I'll get you some bigger shirts next time I go to the Walmart. Go and borrow one of your Pop-pop's flannels for now."

Betty Sue whined but left the kitchen.

When the family sat down to supper, Betty Sue's chest was stretching what little life was left out of a red and black plaid flannel shirt. The fabric puckered, and the buttons were holding on for dear life.

The girl's first plate was piled higher than her daddy's. She inhaled her food and filled her plate again. Every few bites she sipped from her mason jar to wash it down. When her cousin—visiting from the next county—reached for a biscuit, she frowned when she saw the empty basket.

"Gotta be quick if you want something before your cousin gets it." Betty Sue's daddy said.

The family ate, and for half an hour after the rest were finished, Betty Sue gobbled up everything left on the table. When the last morsel passed her lips, she leaned back in her chair, rubbing her full belly through the flannel.

"That was good *-hic-* ham, Momma."

"Thank you, sweetheart."

Betty Sue reached for her jar, taking a few long gulps.

"You oughta go easy on the Recipe there, pumpkin," Her daddy said.

"I like it, Poppa," Betty Sue smiled, "It helps to wash it all down."

Betty Sue patted her tummy again, and a plastic button flew from the crest of her overfed mams, barely missing her skinny cousin.

"Oops! Sorry..."

Her daddy patted her on the shoulder. "Our pumpkin's a growing girl. When are you going into town, Momma?"

"Sunday, after church."

“We best see if they have bigger shirts at the Walmart, eh pumpkin?”

Her eyelids already drooping, Betty Sue smiled and nodded weakly at her daddy, taking another sip from her jar.