

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A busty young astronaut endures a year of dieting for her upcoming mission to Mars, overcoming her sleep-eating habits. But on the mission, her hunger pangs have her leaving her deep-sleep chamber...

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Cryo-Sleep-Eating

The mission to Alpha Centauri was the most prestigious Space Force mission of the decade. Ayla had been a backup on the list of selected astronauts for the deep space mission but nevertheless had dieted and exercised her way down to a D-cup just in case. Space Force's requirements were quite strict, and she knew to even have a chance, she must exceed their physical standards. She even went so far as to obtain experimental sleeping pills to deal with her frustrating habit of sleepwalking and, more importantly, sleep-eating.

Then one of the A-List astronauts came down with a nasty case of pneumonia, and Ayla was called up. She called and shared the news with her family, then the big day came. Ayla could barely contain her excitement as she strapped into her seat for the launch. The massive vessel broke the atmosphere and floated their two-day trip to the Lunar orbital base. They took on fresh water and fuel and set off for Deep Space.

Ayla zipped up her jumpsuit, enjoying the rare feeling of baggy clothes over her breasts. She controlled her breathing, laid on her back with her arms crossed, and waited for the cryo-sleep chamber to activate. Then she drifted off to sleep.

Red lights flashed across the ship, and an artificial voice reported, "Warning! Food supply critical!"

The Captain was awakened early from her cryo-sleep by the ship's computer. She sat up groggily, rubbing her eyes and reaching for a pouch of water.

"Computer, mute alarm."

The klaxons went silent, but the flashing lights continued. The Captain pushed off from her pod, drifting toward the cockpit. Climbing into her seat, she buckled herself in and tapped at a display to her left. Fuel supply was at seventy percent. Oxygen was at eighty. Engines were all operating normally, as were the air recycler and the cryo-sleep systems.

Then the Captain found the food supply readout. The ship's stores were cataloged and monitored by RFID tags. Any pouch or package that was retrieved and consumed was recorded. Their food stores were at nineteen point nine percent.

The Captain cursed, forcing the system to refresh. The number didn't change.

Unstrapping herself from the chair, the Captain floated back to the living quarters, drifting toward the food locker nearest the cryo-beds. She found nothing but empty pouches and wrappers.

"What in the moons...?"

The Captain pushed herself to the next locker, where she found the same result. It was as if a family of raccoons had snuck onto the ship and eaten every crumb.

She made her way closer to the cockpit, further from the sleeping bay, finding one emptied locker after another.

"How could this happen? Computer!"

"pling"

"Have any of the cryo-pods malfunctioned?"

"All cryo-beds are functioning within established parameters."

"Did any of the crew wake up?"

"All Crew but one have been asleep since cryo-sleep was last initiated."

"Which one?"

"The Captain."

She cursed, then continued her search. One food locker almost to the cockpit was intact, with bins full of liquid pouches and solid rations in wrappers. The Captain sighed in relief, then drifted across the ship to a matching locker on the port side.

She heard... chewing.

The Captain floated through the door of the food locker to find Ayla, eyes closed, ration bar in hand. The zipper of Ayla's jumpsuit had slid all the way down to her pelvis. A truly enormous pair of breasts stretched her undershirt to its limit, bobbing and undulating in the zero-g environment. The pair of them together must have weighed as much as Ayla herself.

"Ayla!" The Captain shouted.

"Buh-wha?" Ayla's eyes snapped open. She saw the Captain's irate expression and took in her surroundings. Then she glanced down at her lap-filling breasts.

"Uoah... not again!?"