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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

My Stepsister's Appetite

Part 1

I sat in my bedroom holding the white plastic jar of powder in my trembling hand. I'd been watching for the mailman for weeks hoping to catch the package before anyone else in the house saw it. Luckily there was no branding on the small brown box, but it was covered with stamps and stickers in some Eastern European language, and I was glad I caught it before I had to answer any awkward questions.

HungerCup™ the bottle read. A new product by Madsgenix, not yet available in the US. It was supposed to have all the effectiveness of their prescription-only drugs, but available over the counter. When the ad popped up while I was browsing for porn, I couldn't help myself.

Now I just had to figure out how to get my stepsister to take the stuff.

Hey! Don't you judge me like that. If you were in my position you'd be tempted too. Obviously I'd never have a shot with a girl like Tabitha. She's almost as tall as me, blonde and gorgeous. I've had blue balls nearly every day since Tabitha's mom married my dad last year. Her only flaw is her chest. How can a girl that hot have only A-cup boobs? Plus we're both nearly nineteen now so she's probably done growing.

Anyway this not-quite-legal food supplement would fix that for her. Maybe she'd thank me. Worst case scenario it might make her eat a lot and gain some weight. Maybe then I'll be able to stop thinking about her long enough to find a real girlfriend.

Poking my head out of the bedroom, I could hear my stepsister's voice behind her door. She was on the phone with somebody so I had a window. Quickly and quietly I crept down to the kitchen. Dad was still at work and Sharon — Tabitha's mom — was outside chatting with our neighbor. I opened cabinets one by one, looking for a way to get my stepsister to take the HungerCup.

The universe smiled on me for once and I spotted a big white jar— the protein powder Tabitha mixed into her smoothies every morning. The jar was only half full so I did some quick math, then measured half a cup of the sketchy drug into

the bigger jar. I closed the lid and shook it to mix them together. Now when Tabitha made her morning smoothie, a quarter of the powder would be HungerCup.

I darted back to my room, locking the door behind me to have some 'alone time' while I imagined my supermodel stepsister growing big fat tits.

Over the next month I paid closer attention to my stepsister's eating habits while trying not to be obvious. Tabitha was maybe eating more than normal but it was really hard to tell. I read and reread the label on the bottle of HungerCup I kept hidden in my bottom dresser drawer, and as best I could tell from the translate app on my phone, it said the effects might take 4–6 weeks to show. The suspense was killing me.

Then, about a month after I mixed the HC into her protein powder, my stepsister said something that almost made me spit out my food.

"Hey mom?"

"Hmm?"

"Can we go shopping Saturday? I think I need some new bras."

"Sure we can sweetie."

I saw my dad meet Sharon's eyes, but my stepmother only shrugged. My heart was racing. I glanced quickly over at Tabitha's chest. Her tee shirt was pretty big so I couldn't be sure, but it might have been a little more snug than normal.

I felt a shift in my jeans so I grabbed my plate and took it to the sink. Mumbling something about job applications I escaped to my room and locked the door.

A few more months passed and Tabitha was definitely eating more. I'd often come home from work to find her in the kitchen snacking on chips or cookies, when she used to only eat healthy snacks. She continued to dress pretty conservatively, but every once in awhile I'd catch her in a tank top or something and her tits were definitely growing.

Sometimes if she was staring intently at her phone I'd be able to get a good look at her body. Her tight butt and hips were still as great as ever, but my extensive online research told me she was growing about a full cup size per month.

Near the end of summer I overheard Tabitha in her room talking to her friend Jeanie. Her door wasn't shut all the way so I stood in the hallway pretending to read something on my phone.

"I love that top Tabby, your boobs look amazing!"

I estimated Tabitha was about an E-cup by now.

"Aww thanks. You know, I think they've been growing since like the start of summer."

"What really? How?"

"Who knows? Maybe some kinda hormone thing."

"Are you on the pill?"

"Ugh, no! I'm not even dating right now."

"More guys for me then!"

"You're such a slut..."

"Anyway I heard that birth control pills make your boobs swell sometimes."

"Well it's not that... though I don't really mind."

“I wouldn’t either. They look great on your thin frame...”

“Can I feel them?”

I fled into my room and fired up my computer.

After finding out my stepsister liked her boobs bigger, I went looking for her protein powder again while she was at work. I knew she’d just bought a new bottle, and I found it barely used. I’d ordered a fresh supply of HC so I dumped almost half of Tabitha’s powder down the sink and emptied the whole bottle of HC into it. If my math was right it should be about double her previous dose.

Tabitha’s appetite went crazy. I’d often catch her coming home from work with fast food bags and extra large sodas. At dinner she ate as much as the rest of us combined. I guess since she wasn’t getting ‘*fat fat*’ her mom didn’t mind. She was growing faster than ever. All those extra calories had to go somewhere, and they went right into her bra.

About two months after I upped Tabitha’s dose of HC, she started acting kind of strange. I didn’t find out until much later that she’d seen my second shipment of HC in the mailbox. Anyway she started wearing tighter and skimpier clothes just to lounge around the house. I mean, not that it mattered, every shirt she owned was tight now. I knew she was wearing I-cup bras, I’d managed to sneak a peek at the tag on one in the laundry when nobody was home.

“Oh hey, *-chomp-* you’re home early.”

Tabitha was sitting on the kitchen counter, a package of double-stuff Oreos beside her and a massive glass of milk in her hand.

“Y-yeah, it was slow so I got cut early.” I stammered.

“Nice.”

She wore a black tank top that must have been snug before I started dosing her. Tabitha's tits were the size of cantelopes and plumped up over her neckline, even a little on the sides! They jiggled every time she moved her arm to grab a cookie from the bag. She was stuffing them in her mouth one after another, pausing only to take big gulps of milk.

I couldn't stay here in the kitchen and let my stepsister see my quickly forming erection.

"Welp, see you at dinner." I said as I quickly retreated.

"Kay!"

Another time when our parents were gone, Tabitha knocked on my door. Luckily I was only played a game.

"Come in!"

My stepsister came up to my desk and held out her phone. She bent over so her massive boobs were like a foot away from my face.

"Can you help me with something?"

I helped Tabitha with the frozen app on her phone, sweating and stammering. I was super glad my desk was covering my crotch because I was rock hard within seconds.

"Thanks stepbrother!"

She gave me a quick hug, mashing her half-exposed tits into my shoulder. I stiffened a little and managed to squeak out "sure, no problem."

After she left I locked the door so I could change my pants and boxers.

The next few months were torture. Almost every day I'd run into my stepsister and she'd have some new way to torment me. Little did I know she was doing it on purpose. Any time our parents weren't around she'd flaunt her growing boobs, or ask me for help, always getting way too close. At dinner she would stuff her face, asking me to pass her more and more food. Sometimes I thought she was looking to see if I was watching her eat.

And her boobs. My god her boobs. They were growing two cup sizes per month now. I hadn't expected the double dose to be so effective but it really was. Two months after I upped her supply my stepsister was able to rest her tits on the dinner table while she ate. By Thanksgiving she was up to a K-cup, and there were no leftovers. Over Christmas, Sharon and Tabitha made more cookies than we'd ever had before, and I think my stepsister ate eighty percent of them. After New Years her tits were as big as her head, and her mom was constantly telling her to put more clothes on.

My dad and Sharon went out of town for Valentine's Day, leaving me alone in the house with my stepsister for a whole weekend.

Tabitha knocked on my door.

"Hey, you wanna go get some food?"

"Uh, sure. Where were you thinking?"

"That Chinese place just reopened, I heard it's good again."

"The buffet?"

"Yeah!" Tabitha grinned. She held her hands behind her back and rotated her torso, sending her P-cup breasts wobbling back and forth like ocean waves. Their motion lagged seconds behind the rest of her body as she twisted.

"Sure that's fine." I stammered. "Let me get changed."

"Kay!"

I put on a clean pair of jeans and a nice shirt and walked out to find Tabitha in the kitchen. She was rinsing out a very large glass and the blender in the sink. It seemed weird to me that she'd made a shake or something right before we went out to eat— she usually only made them in the morning. I dwell on it too much though, because I could see the whole outline of her perfect ass through her tight black leggings. She spun around and I saw she wore a pretty top that actually fit quite well. It was snug across her huge boobs but loose and flowing down just past her waist. Having the chance to be seen out in public with such a beauty gave me an unexpected confidence boost.

I drove us to the buffet, and I thought I could hear my stepsister's stomach grumbling before we even got there. I loaded a plate with a few flavors of chicken and white rice. Tabitha brought back one plate with a mountain of fried rice and another stacked so high with meat and seafood I was surprised nothing spilled off.

Tabitha inhaled both plates before I finished my first, and went up again. I could barely focus on eating my own food with the display going on across the table from me. Her basketball tits rested on the table while she gorged herself on Chinese food.

The third time she went up she seemed to be struggling, but the plates she brought back was just as loaded as the first two trips. Twice more she did this, and I caught glimpses of her stomach bulging into her loose shirt. Tabitha let out a small burp after finishing her fifth obscene helping of food. One small hand reached down to rub her bloated gut.

“*-urp-* Stepbrother...”

“Hmm?”

“I know about your secret...”

“My... my secret?” I'm pretty sure I felt my heart stop.

“Mmhmm *-hic-* that special supplement you have hidden in your room... you mixed it into my protein powder, didn't you?”

My mind reeled as I scrambled for an excuse.

“I... I...”

“It’s okay, I’m not mad.”

“You’re... not?”

“Nope. In fact I chugged four times my normal amount before we left. Would you... get me another plate?”

I was self-conscious about standing up and walking around with the erection I’d been sporting since Tabitha started eating, but I managed to slip it under the band of my boxers before going back to the buffet. Over and over I brought mounded plates back to our table, and Tabitha kept eating, and eating, and eating.

By the time I helped her waddle to the car, my stepsister looked like a pregnant woman about to pop. As I walked her to her bedroom, she stopped at the door, took my hand and placed it on her tummy. It was rock hard, packed tight with a boulder of greasy food. Tabitha guided my hand to press it against one breast. My whole body shuddered as I came, and when my eyes opened I saw my stepsister watching me.

“Oops.” She stuck out her tongue and winked at me.

“Goodnight, stepbrother...”

The next morning a loud voice jolted me awake.

“Good morning stepbrother!”

I rubbed the sleep from my eyes to see Tabitha standing in my room in her underwear. Her P-cup bra — her *enormous* P-cup bra — was hanging on for dear life. She was spilling out of the cups above, below, and even on the sides.

“Look what you made me do to my new bra, stepbrother..”

Tabitha put her arms behind her back and took a deep breath, arching her back and thrusting her enormous breasts forward. I winced as the bra audibly creaked, and then something behind her back popped and tore, and the massive underwear flew right at my face.

By the time I got my stepsister’s bra off me, she was backing out the door, using her hands to cover the nipples on her Q-cup breasts.

“Have a good day at work...”

Part 2

When our parents got back from their trip, Tabitha and her mom got in a big fight. When I heard their voices raised I hid in my room, but I still could hear the occasional shout of words like “size” “whore” and “diet.”

Tabitha left the next day. Sharon said she moved in with one of her friends, and would say no more on the topic. It took almost a week for Tabitha’s mom to remember to make half as much food to account for her daughter’s absent appetite.

It was nearly March when Tabitha’s friend Jeanie came by my work. She was wearing a baseball cap and big sunglasses like an MCU character in ‘disguise.’ She dropped her sunglasses slightly so I could recognize her, then laid a small pink envelope on the counter.

I picked it up and saw my name scrawled in what I recognized to be Tabitha’s handwriting.

“What—“

Jeanie was already gone.

Hands shaking I tore open the seal on the envelope. A matching pink card was inside with a short letter.

Dear Stepbrother,

As you probably guessed, I've been staying with Jeanie. I started a new business though and I'm getting my own place. If mom asks tell her I'm happy with my choices and she can't control me anymore.

Actually, just tell her I'm doing fine.

And speaking of fine, I think the effects of your "special supplement" are wearing off. I can't eat half as much as I was before I moved out, and none of my pants fit.

You can tell me where you bought it — or — you can come visit me sometime. Here's my new address, don't tell my mom.

Love, Tabby

PS — There's a present for you in the envelope.

The address on the card was just a few blocks from my work. I picked up the torn envelope and pulled it wide to check its contents again. There was a small square of fabric inside. I pulled it out and inspected it. It was a clothing tag. One side was printed with washing instructions, so I flipped it over, barely able to keep the scrap of fabric held between my trembling thumb and index finger.

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I took an extra long restroom break.

It wasn't until I was back at home hiding Tabitha's card and 'gift' in my bottom drawer when I noticed more writing on the card's back. It was a website address, with the note:

*Use the coupon code 'stepsister' if you want~ *♡

Taking calm, deliberate steps, I crossed the room to lock my door. I fired up an incognito tab and typed in the address on the card. It was Tabitha's OnlyFans.

I generally made do with what I could find online for free, but I couldn't resist the temptation. I made an account, punched in my credit card info, and only hesitated briefly when I had to type the word 'stepsister' to get 20% off.

There was no full nudity on Tabitha's page. But the amount of lingerie, bikinis, and 'hand-bra' photos and videos were enough that in just a few scrolls I was pleasuring myself for the second time that day.

During dinner I could barely hold a conversation as my mind kept wandering to my stepsister's face and body. I excused myself as soon as I could and dashed back to my room.

"-Mmmm- this cake is so good..."

Tabitha's voice moaned in my headphones as the video played.

"It's so many calories though... I'm gonna outgrow this itty bitty bra if I keep eating like this..."

Tabitha's index finger stroked the lace cup of an enormous bra. I didn't recognize it but could tell it was much larger than the one she'd worn on our 'date.' The video was almost two weeks old and the flesh of her massive breasts spilled over the cups and brushed her knuckle as she fingered the lingerie.

"-Homf- I's jus' sho goo I ca' hel' myshelf..."

I broke my personal record that night. Good thing tomorrow's my day off.

I made some lame excuse about meeting up with friends and drove downtown to find Tabitha's new apartment. I knew where the building was so it didn't take long.

"Hey!"

Tabitha swung the door open and pulled me into the apartment with a hug. The crush of her stupendous breasts knocked the wind out of me. My stepsister held me for just a moment longer than was proper, then stepped back.

I couldn't stop staring. She was wearing black yoga pants that showed off every curve of her legs, and I could see she was right— with the HungerCup wearing off she was starting to put on weight in her lower half. If anything the added inches made her even *more* gorgeous. Her black tank top was cut short and I could see a big slice of soft tummy. It wasn't quite chubby yet, and I wondered if getting her back on the HC would make her lose the new curves. The coup de grâce of course was her chest. She was nearly two cups bigger than the last time I'd seen her in person, and I could see the clear shape of her nipples through her double tank tops. My stepsister wasn't wearing a bra.

Eventually my eyes drifted back up to Tabitha's face, where I saw her watching me with a mischievous smirk. I'd been staring at photos and videos of her every waking moment since yesterday afternoon, but seeing her in the flesh made my pants tight despite my recent marathon.

"Hi stepbrother... I'm glad you *came*."

If I hadn't already relieved myself twice that morning, I might have done just that.

"Did you bring something for me?"

She looked down at my crotch, then over at the brown bag in my hand. I raised my arm slowly and handed her the package. Tabitha pulled the plastic jar from the bag and examined the label.

“Hunger Cup? I figured it was some Madsgenix product... That’s all I could find when I googled my condition last year...”

She turned the jar around to read the back.

“What is this, Polish? Swedish?”

“I, I’m not sure, actually. The English directions are online...”

“Trust you to find some illegal knock-off breast growth supplement... such a naughty boy...”

My ears felt hot, I was certain my whole face was red.

“Well I can’t argue with the results.” She said, hefting one flesh watermelon in her hand and letting it drop. I couldn’t tear my eyes away as I watched the pale orb wobble and jiggle, riding full and firm on her chest despite her lack of bra.

“So how much of this stuff were you dosing me with?”

“It was half of your protein powder.”

Tabitha did some math and figured out how much HC she’d been taking.

“Okay, I should probably stick with that then, or maybe a tiny bit less. My subscribers *really* like me growing, but I don’t want to grow *too* fast...”

I tried to swallow and found my mouth completely dry. Tabitha was already mixing the powder into a glass of milk. She eyed the glass greedily as she brought it to her lips.

“Though this stuff makes me *soo* hungry...”

My stepsister’s teasing videos were amazing, but no substitute for the real thing.

“As long as you’re here, maybe you can help me.”

“H-help you?” I stammered.

“I have to get more photos for my OnlyFans, and it’ll go way faster if I don’t have to mess with the tripod.”

She stepped close to me, her massive jutting breasts inches from my chest. She batted her lashes coyly.

“Will you be my cameraman, stepbrother?”

Tabitha’s OnlyFans account was definitely doing very well. Her apartment was a two bedroom, and she’d set up the second as a studio. Outfits hung on hooks and there was a shelf unit covered in various props. I could tell the camera she handed me wasn’t cheap. I’m no expert but it had heft to it and was clearly well-made. One wall was covered with a green screen panel, and I tinkered with the camera while my stepsister changed, taking test shots and experimenting with the controls.

When Tabitha returned to the studio I nearly dropped her fancy camera. Her bikini was light blue with orange shapes and dark blue leaves. I could have used one of the triangles of fabric as a hat, yet my stepsister’s breasts were spilling out the sides and bottom of the massive swimsuit. I was so distracted by the top that I almost didn’t notice the tiny g-string that left her whole ass bare and only just covered her crotch.

“Just take a bunch, I’ll go through them later.”

Tabitha stood in a variety of poses while I snapped photos of her in rapid fire. We repeated this process with two more bikinis. After we’d been at it for several hours, she stopped.

“Close your eyes.”

I looked up from the camera’s viewfinder.

“Huh?”

My stepsister put on her most sultry voice yet.

“I said cover your eyes, stepbrother.”

I did as she asked, and waited. A few seconds later she spoke again.

“Alright... open.”

I didn't breathe for several seconds, but I recovered myself and started taking pictures again. Tabitha had untied the top strap of her bikini, letting it fall down her front. She was covering her nipples with her palms. In various poses she would move her hand until just three fingers covered her areola, but she moved so expertly I never got to see the actual nipple.

With her hands on them it was even more apparent how big my stepsister's breasts had grown. It was like a child trying to palm a basketball. Despite my body's fatigue, I could tell I was reaching my limit again, watching Tabitha's body jiggle and sway as she moved from one pose to another, making bedroom eyes and flirty winks at me through the camera's lens.

Finally, Tabitha turned her back to me and put on a fuzzy pink robe, tying it closed. I could see the shape of her hardened nipples through the fabric, and it almost sent me over the edge.

“I'm getting kinda hungry now... I'm gonna set up for a video so you should probably get going.”

She stepped up close to me again, her breasts pressing into my arm as I held the camera stiffly. She met my eyes.

“Do you need to use my bathroom before you go?”

I shook my head wordlessly.

“Okay then!” She stepped back and held out her hand for the camera.

I handed it to her and she led me to the door.

“There should be a new post on my page later tonight. If I find any that are too spicy I’ll DM them to you...”

On the drive home I wished I taken her up on the offer to use her bathroom.

After that initial wave I managed to calm down a little bit. I fell back into my normal routine, only now I was only checking one website in my ‘personal time.’

Tabitha’s OnlyFans was growing even faster than the girl herself. I predicted correctly that going back on the HC made her tummy flatten back down, but her hips and bubble butt were here to stay. Every day she posted sexy, flirty photos, and every 2–3 days a video. Most were just normal teasing, but once in awhile she’d be eating, and ‘complaining’ about how tight whatever top or bra she wore was getting.

About a month after our photoshoot, Tabitha texted me.

[Hey, you busy tonight?]

{Nah}

[I’m bored and my new S–cup is on its last legs. Wanna bring some snacks over and feed me out of it?]

I broke many traffic laws on the drive over. I fat–fingered several DoorDash orders on my phone while filling a cart with baked goods at the grocery.

Tabitha was waiting for me in a lingerie set I’d previously only seen in photos. All white ribbons and lace with tiny bows, and more than a little areola showing through the transparent cups. She eyed the rows of grocery bags I carried on each arm and licked her lips.

“Come on into the living room stepbrother... I’m starving.”

She dropped onto the couch and kicked her feet up on the ottoman. I spent a moment appreciating her improbable figure at this unusual angle.

“Am I gonna get some food or were you planning to stand there ogling me all night?”

I almost tripped over myself dropping the bags and fetched a box of donuts, holding it out to her. Tabitha’s arms didn’t move, she only tilted her head back and opened her mouth.

“Aaaah”

I plucked a donut from the box. Nearly all the powdered sugar fell off it my hand was shaking so badly. In four bites the donut was gone, so I grabbed a second.

I calmed down as we fell into a rhythm. When the pastries were half gone the first DoorDash order arrived. It was a dozen tacos. Before she’d eaten all those, an order of five cheeseburgers arrived. Then two pizzas, family size orange chicken, three poke bowls, and an entire cheesecake.

I was careful not to touch her as she ate, but as the last of the takeout passed her lips, my stepsister was starting to moan and rub her distended belly. She was almost as big as she’d gotten at the buffet.

“Will you give me a belly rub, stepbrother?” She asked huskily.

I put one hand then the other on her food stuffed orb. She looked about to pop, but reached out one hand for an unopened box of cupcakes. As I stroked and fondled her bloated gut, I could feel it swelling under my hands as she continued to eat.

The delicate lace bra was strained so tightly I could hear it making little creaking sounds. I couldn’t tear my eyes away as Tabitha slowly pressed one cupcake after another down her throat. At last the threads on one shoulder strap tore, the cup rolling down to reveal one rock hard nipple the size of my thumb. My hands stopped massaging and my body shook.

Tabitha met my eyes. She was wincing at the pressure in her stomach as she said,

“Thanks for dinner, stepbrother... I’m so glad you came.”

Part 3

The rest of the summer passed in a blur. Every few weeks Tabitha would text me and I’d go over to her apartment to take pictures for her, but we never did another feeding session. As she grew impractically large her OnlyFans subscriber count started to drop off, but she started to interact with the more niche communities on Reddit, started a Discord, and was more popular than ever. She started a Patreon, and set up higher-price tiers where a select few could make requests. She started making increasingly explicit videos for the big spenders.

I’m ashamed to say I was one of those high end subscribers. I got to see every video where my stepsister gorged herself. She’d make role-play videos where she addressed the camera as “daddy” or “good boy,” squeezing herself into whatever outfits the other guys (and maybe a few girls, if the comments and Discord chat were to be believed) requested that she wear.

The money poured in, and Tabitha grew. Week after week I watched her improbably large breasts swell and fatten with the many thousands of calories she stuffed into her mouth each day. After our little feeding session, she was already resting her chest on the table during her eating videos. Less than a month later, she did a photoshoot in a bathrobe and pasties. Her thin arms were positively dwarfed by the enormous fat teardrops as she hefted them in front of her. It was clear she couldn’t do hand-bra photos anymore— they were simply too big.

And still she ate, and still she grew. The higher tier subscribers to her Patreon and OnlyFans got exclusive access to a ‘mukbang’ stream she did once a month. An hours-long session where she shoveled food into her mouth and answered

questions from the chat. She even set up a series of secure links where subscribers could order food from DoorDash without knowing her address.

I often was able to finish several times during a single stream.

For Halloween, she'd somehow managed to assemble a witch costume. To be more specific, she was the Sorceress from Dragon's Crown. Even the ridiculously well-endowed video game character couldn't hold a candle to my outrageously enormous stepsister.

"Hey guys! Are you ready to see the final results of all your donations to my Halloween cosplay drive?" Tabitha said on my laptop screen.

She was standing behind a dressing screen, wearing a long auburn wig. Everything from the neck down was obscured from view.

"Okay... first thing's first..."

Tabitha's head disappeared below the screen. She popped back up a moment later wearing a truly gigantic witch's hat.

"Tadaaaaa! Do you guys like it?"

My stepsister squinted at the screen several feet away. I watched the chat fly by, with various emoji— lots of eggplant and sweating faces. And messages that mostly said "show us the rest" at various levels of respectfulness.

"Okay okay, enough teasing. I know what you guys... and girls..." She winked at the camera. "Are all here to see..."

Tabitha stepped out of the frame, then slowly sauntered back in. The first thing I and the rest of the viewers on the stream saw, were two large, round, white-clad shapes the size of yoga balls. They jiggled incessantly, and projected at least two feet into the frame. I watched entranced, as I'm sure everyone else was doing, as they bobbed and swayed for several moments with each step. After several excruciating moments I spotted Tabitha's leg, then the other, and finally her face along with the rest of her body.

The ‘Sorceress’ was on display in all her glory. Many yards of white fabric and lace stretched over every inch of the bottom half of Tabitha’s gigantic breasts.

The chat positively exploded. I very nearly did as well. Tabitha grinned in smug pride as she showed off for the camera, slowly twisting her body from one side to the other. Her massive mounds never stopped wobbling. The structural engineering that had gone into her costume was truly impressive. When she turned in profile to the camera, my stepsister reached her arms forward. At the furthest lengths of her fingertips, the smooth, pale skin of her half-exposed breasts still extended almost half a foot beyond her reach.

“Isn’t it great?” She gushed. “I had to get it custom made of course, and the girl who made it put in *so* much support!”

Tabitha twisted her shoulders rapidly, as if to demonstrate the strength of her costume top. My breath caught as the pair of breasts which likely weighed as much as the rest of her body careened to one side, then followed her movement to the other. I could see her knees buckle and my stepsister almost fell over from the inertia of her massive milkers.

“*Heh heh* whoops! Guess my top isn’t stronger than gravity!”

Tabitha moved closer to the desk, showing her gorgeous face in more detail.

“Alright guys, now that you got me in this crazy outfit, I know what you’re all *really* here to see...”

She bent down, grabbing something off the floor. I could hear her grunting as she fought with the weight of her enormous breasts. She reappeared holding a three gallon bucket. It held so much candy it was overflowing.

“Halloween candy!”

My stepsister held the bucket out for us to see the contents, even though the full size chocolate bars and peanut butter cups were plainly visible, mounding out of the top. The camera shook slightly as she plopped the bucket on the desk.

“I know what you’re thinking...” she said with a wink, “this isn’t *that* much candy for a girl of my... size.”

Tabitha ran her hands lovingly along the sides of her breasts as far as she could reach. She bent down again and lifted another bucket that matched the first.

“After all...”

She dropped the bucket and bent to fetch another.

“I’m a very...”

A third bucket.

“Hungry girl...”

A fourth.

“And I have to...” She dropped a fifth bucket on the desk, half in the frame.

“Keep my hungry girls *well fed!*”

Tabitha lightly slapped the sides of her breasts, sending ripples along the surface of her exposed cleavage like two stones tossed into a pond. She slid her chair up to the desk and sat, smooth white flesh filling the bottom quarter of my laptop screen.

My stepsister grabbed a full size Snickers bar from the last bucket, ripped it open in one smooth motion and shoved the whole thing into her mouth, tossing the wrapper to the floor as she snatched a second bar from the bucket.

“*Mmm*, Now! Lesh tah-kin, more ca-dee!”

I got a forced reprieve the day after Halloween, because my group of friends agreed to have a competition for “No Nut November.” I don’t think I’d have had the willpower to go through with it after watching Tabitha dump twenty gallons of candy down her throat, but we’d made the pact back in March, and I couldn’t back out without taking a big hit to my reputation.

We’d agreed to all put \$100 in a pot, and whoever made it all the way to November 30th would split the winnings. Really it was a win–win for me— a month without spending money on my stepsister’s videos and medically–stimulated appetite was really going to help out my bank balance.

I signed up at the gym, started doing regular poker nights with the guys, and worked on my backlog of video games. I paused my subscriptions to Tabitha’s accounts, and blocked her number on my phone and various socials. The hardest part was the long hours at work, but fortunately things were plenty busy in the lead up to the holiday shopping rush, so there really wasn’t too much downtime for daydreaming.

Once in awhile I’d have literal dreams about Tabitha. More than once I dreamed she spent all day in her bed, massive breasts covering the mattress and spilling over it. She’d call tauntingly to me all day and night to bring her more and more food. Malnourished and dog–tired I ferried armloads of burgers, sandwiches, and giant milkshakes that appeared in the kitchen, dropping it on Tabitha’s vast cleavage. She never stopped stuffing it into her mouth with both hands as I watched her gargantuan chest swell larger and larger, until she filled the room and the walls started to crumble around us.

Luckily I always woke up in time, but I’d be rock hard. Usually a cold shower and a late–night gaming session would cool me down, but those thirty days seemed to last forever.

On December first, I collected \$350. Only one other guy had gone the distance. I resubscribed to Tabitha’s sites and unblocked her from my phone. As I’d expected, she’d messaged me a lot. When I didn’t respond to texts or calls, she’d sent DMs on Twitter, Instagram, and even TikTok. After the first week she started messaging almost daily.

[Hey stepbrother, where'd you go?]

[Did you go off the grid or something? Lol]

[I miss my #1 fan 🥰]

[Did something happen to you? I hope you're okay...]

[Did I do something wrong? I want us to still be friends 🥺]

[Where the FUCK are you??]

[I doubled my dose and have been eating so much... I miss you stepbrother... 🥺]

[I'm running out of Hunger Cup, I need my big brother to come bring me more...]

[Oops, big stepbrother... 😊]

[Well I finally figured out your secret. Your stupid friend Mike posted about NNN on his insta... I guess I should be flattered that you had to ghost me to do your dumb challenge. Well, good luck, and you'd better come see me on the first. I'll let you make it up to me 🙏]

December first was a Sunday, so I did something I'd never done— I messaged Tabitha first.

{Hey, you home?}

[Hey stepbrother... did you win?]

{Yep, 350 bucks}

[Nice, congrats! You wanna spend it all on food and get the fuck over here?]

{omw}

It took two overloaded carts to hold all the groceries I bought on the way to Tabitha's apartment. When I knocked on her door I had three bags draped over each arm, and the back of my car was still packed full.

"Come in!" A voice called from a distance.

The living room of Tabitha's apartment was empty, so I dropped the bags on the table.

"Tabby?"

"In the bedroom!"

I walked slowly down the short hallway, my heartbeat throbbing in my ears. I was already starting to sweat from anticipation and anxiety. The door to Tabitha's bedroom wasn't latched, so I pushed it open slowly. Nothing in my 30 days of daydreaming and self-restraint prepared me for the sight that greeted me.

Tabitha. Was. Huge.

She sat on the bed, legs splayed out, and a pile of pillows stacked behind her. She was wearing an enormous parody of a tank top that stretched tightly over a pair of breasts the size of beanbags. They sat heavy and round on her lap, extending past her knees. From my vantage staring stunned in her doorway, I honestly couldn't tell if my stepsister was wearing anything on bottom at all.

"Welcome back, stepbrother." She said in a much less teasing tone than she normally used. I was still staring at her lap-filling orbs, the shape of her shot glass size nipples seemed to point right at me.

Tabitha snapped her fingers at me.

"Hey, up here!"

I met her eyes.

“I’m guessing from that look that you’re still holding it from the contest.”

“Y–yeah.” I muttered.

“I’m very glad to hear that. If you get some food in here I’ll let you give me your first ‘nut’ of the month...”

She must have read the shocked question on my face, because Tabitha burst out laughing.

“Not in *there* you perv! We’re still sort of related...”

She ran one finger along as much of her glorious cleavage as she could reach.

“But I’ll let you stick it in here if you brought enough to fill me up...”

I had a hell of a time making the six trips it took to bring in all the food I’d bought.

I collapsed on the foot of the bed. I’d barely managed to slide it between the massive mountains of my stepsister’s breasts before erupting with 30 days of pent up self–restraint. I could hear Tabitha moaning as she shoveled muffins and rotisserie chicken into her mouth. My view of her face was blocked by a hundred pounds of boobs.

“I’m proud of you *–homf–* stepbrother, but don’t *–nom–* leave me again, okay? *–urp–* In fact, *–munch–* I set the bed back up in the other room, *–hmmm–* if you want to stay all the time. *–crunch–*”

I sat up, my stepsister’s face slowly coming into view over the horizon of her overfed chest. She smiled at me.

“I’ll let you watch me eat, and you can *use me* like this again once in awhile...”

She shoved another muffin into her mouth and ran one hand along the round curve of her bare breasts.

“It’s getting kinda hard for me to move around now.” She met my eyes with her smokiest gaze yet, and I felt myself getting hard again, mere moments after my last release.

“You’ll move in and help your big, hungry stepsister, won’t you stepbrother?”

I nearly tripped over my feet in my rush to fetch another load of food from the living room.