

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Woman comes home to find she can't get inside her house because there's boob blocking all the entrances. Wife had terrible lapse in restraint in her diet.*

Contains: Breast Expansion

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### **Gone So Long**

Lisa whistled as she climbed out of her car and up the walkway to her house. It was a modest thing, barely more than four walls and a bath. One bedroom, decent kitchen, but it was *hers*. Well, hers with her wife. Her beautiful, perfect wife, who she hadn't seen in almost two weeks.

Emily was Lisa's 'trophy wife.' A lovely blonde with breasts that could turn a gay man straight. And she had eyes only for Lisa. Lisa worked hard to climb the corporate ladder and take care of her partner. It wasn't that Emily didn't work, but neither had any illusions about who was the primary bread-winner in the relationship.

Lisa quivered with excitement as she approached her front door. She had two weeks of pent-up arousal to get out, and she'd loaded up her car with desserts and junk food in preparation. Emily wasn't as big a glutton as her 'little' sister, but it took very little encouragement to get her to over-indulge. Lisa spent the entire flight back from the corporate retreat fantasizing about dressing Emily up in one of her old button-ups and hand-feeding her donuts and cakes until she blew off every last button.

The front doorknob resisted Lisa's attempts to turn it. Putting her weight into it, she successfully unlatched the stubborn fixture, but was confused by what she saw next. The doorway was filled from top to bottom with what appears to be... skin?

Lisa pushed the door closed and went through the yard to the back. The seldom-used glass slider looked the same as the front. Pale, smooth... *something* pressed against the large panes and resisted her attempts to slide the door open.

In frustrated desperation, Lisa circled the house trying windows. Most were locked, and the ones that weren't were every bit as blocked as the front door.

*What the hell happened here??*

Lisa heard the sound of a car pulling into the drive, and went around front to see who it was. A twenty-something boy climbed out of the rusty coup carrying two plastic bags full of styrofoam clamshells.

"Oh er... hey Lisa."

Lisa recognized Pete, one of her sister-in-law's army of fans.

"Hey Pete, what's up?"

"Just got some food here for Emily." Pete said nervously.

Lisa followed the delivery driver around to the far side of the house, where the windows to the bedroom were. The tall bushes blocked the opening, but Pete pushed through them and Lisa saw the window was open. Lisa shoved past the driver to peer in.

Emily was perched on a pile of mattress and bedding. The entire room was filled with her massive breasts.

"You're back!" Lisa's wife exclaimed. As Lisa held the sill of the window, she felt the house tremble and creak as her wife tried to move. She could only picture the demolished walls and crushed furniture that lay beyond what she could see.

"Emily, what... what happened??"

Emily looked down sheepishly. “Well... you were gone so long... I got kinda... kinda hungry.”

A shiver of excitement ran down Lisa’s spine. She snatched the bags of takeout from Pete’s hands.

“I’ll take those, Pete. Thanks.”

Lisa lifted each bag of food through the window, then climbed in herself.