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Contains: Stuffing, Rapid Breast Expansion

Claire's Testing

Claire's Testing: Chapter I

bing-bong

A doorbell rang in a modest suburban home, and a door was opened by a middle-aged woman with shoulder-length curly hair, dyed brown to hide the her first touches of grey.

Outside stood a man and a woman, both in dark conservative suits, looking almost like government Agents.

"Hello, ma'am, I believe we spoke on the phone? I'm Doctor Jones." The man said in greeting, congenial but not overly friendly.

"Doctor Mendoza." The woman added, extending a hand to the housewife.

"Y-yes, hello doctors. You said you want to interview my Claire?"

"That's right ma'am, may we come in?"

The pair were ushered inside and shown to upholstered chairs in a sitting room. Their host offered coffee which the woman accepted. A few minutes later her daughter appeared.

From the dossier that had prompted this visit and interview, Doctors Jones and Mendoza knew that Claire was 18, having just graduated high school. Their report held several eyewitness accounts of Claire's breasts growing before the witness's eyes. The cause seemed to be food related, but aside from the actual growth, the accounts were mere conjecture and speculation.

What was not speculation was Claire's size, in just a couple dimensions, that is. Claire had dark brown hair, almost black, and was even shorter than her mother, standing no more than 5'1" tall. She wore denim shorts and an oversized light blue button-down shirt.

Claire had a body for clothes in size S, or maybe XS, but her shirt was at least an XL, or possibly 2XL. On any other young woman of her height the shirt would have hung down to obscure her shorts, and in fact it was long enough, being untucked, to cover her entire bottom from behind. The girl's top was loose in all places except one, and its bagginess could not conceal the volume of Claire's chest. The blouse had a logo on it for a band or TV show nobody else recognized, and that logo was stretched snug but not tight, pulling extra material upward and revealing Claire's front almost to the waistband of her shorts.

The young woman bounded into the room with a youthful energy that belied the two extra weights she carried, and extended a hand to each of the scientists in turn. Mendoza suspected the girl was wearing some heavy duty bra hardware, from how little Claire's chest wobbled. Either that or this was all a scam and Claire had implants, the most likely explanation for breasts the size of cantaloupes to move about as little as B-cups.

At Doctor Jones' request, Claire's mom left the room as they began the interview.

"Now Claire, you know who we are and who we represent. Our company is at the forefront of research into cosmetics and cosmetic surgery alternatives. We've heard quite a few reports about you and we've come to get some more first-hand information." Mendoza asked. She was taking the lead despite being the younger of the two, while Jones sat quietly taking notes. Claire supposed it was easier to have a woman asking about personal anatomy questions.

"Alright Doctor, what would you like to know?"

"Let's start with the incident on your 15th birthday."

Claire stared into the middle distance as she began her narrative.

“Ever since I was a little girl, my parents always told me to ‘Claire’ my plate. So, when I turned fifteen, I did. I’m pretty sure it was dad who started saying it as a joke, though it’s supposed to be ‘clean’ your plate... Whatever, dad’s always making lame jokes like that.

“Anyway, we had a party with a bunch of friends from school, and they had all gone home except for my bestie Beth. My family let us go inside to play while they cleaned up the party stuff in the yard, so we decided to sneak some of the leftover cake.

“Beth and I each had a piece, but I was still hungry so I had another one, and another, until the whole cake was gone, and I licked the icing out of the pan. Beth thought it was so cool, she went and got the extra chips and pretzel bags from the pantry, and while I was eating those she heated up some of the leftover hotdogs in the microwave.

“I ate and ate, and Beth just watched and kept bringing me food to see how far I could go. After awhile we checked my tummy to see if it was sticking out or anything, but it was the same as always. Instead it was my chest that was puffing up. Beth was pretty freaked out at that point, but I thought it was cool. I got almost as big as Flora Davis. (She had the biggest boobs in school that year, before I outgrew her.)

“Anyway, after that we hid in my room, playing games and watching TV until she had to go home. From then on whenever I ate too much my boobs would swell up, so even though I was hungry a lot, I tried not to eat too much all at once.

“And when did your family find out about your condition?”

“Well, even though I tried to control what I ate, I was still putting on weight and growing bigger. One of the girls at school, I never found out who, but it was probably that bitch Madison Grey, bribed my brother because she was jealous of

my tits and got him to put appetite stimulants in my food.

“We were having Christmas dinner and mom had made twice as much food as we could normally eat. I think maybe she was missing being with all the family that year. Anyway we had all this extra food, Nate and Emily and our parents had all gone to the living room to watch A Christmas Story, so I kept eating.

“That was also the day I learned that it’s basically impossible for me to get full. I was wearing a big baggy green sweater, with a tee shirt underneath. That tee shirt eventually ripped open but the sweater just stretched and stretched. I remember it clearly, because we had ham and mashed potatoes and cornbread and green bean casserole, jello and pudding and three kinds of rolls. I just kept filling my plate and cleaning it again and again. Soon the pans of food started to get empty, and by the time my family was starting Christmas Vacation, the whole table was just empty pans and serving dishes.

“By the time I waddled my way into the living room, my boobs were bigger than basketballs. When I curled up in that chair over there, they almost rested in my lap. They were even bigger than they are now. When mom found out that I’d eaten all the leftovers, she wouldn’t let me have any pie, even though I was still hungry...

Claire got a faraway look in her eyes, and the trio could hear the faint rumbling of a hungry stomach.

“Alright, Claire, I think that’s enough questions for now. The next thing we’d like to do is test your claims.”

“Test them? Like how?”

“Well there’s only one way we can think of. We’d like to measure you, then observe you while you eat. You like pizza, right?”

At this, Claire noticed that Doctor Jones had stepped outside to accept delivery of a stack of pizzas. There were six of them, larges. Claire's eyes glazed over, and she licked her lips.

"Mmhmm..."

"Great, then if you like we can take your measurements in private."

Clare was staring at the pizza stack. "Oh! Yeah that's fine, though if you're gonna let me eat all that pizza I need to take this bra off first."

The young woman led Doctor Mendoza to a bathroom that looked like it was recently renovated for accessibility, with a wide door and a large shower stall.

"What's this about your bra?" Mendoza asked.

"Well, you see," Claire began, reaching behind her back and under her shirt to unfasten something, thrusting her impressive bosom forward and making the scientist's eyebrows rise. "After awhile my parents found the best way to keep me from overeating was to make me wear these constrictor bras. They also make sure I don't draw too much attention in public."

Claire reached under the front of her top and Mendoza heard more clasps and buckles being undone, before Claire pulled a monstrosity of robust fabric and dangling straps out with a sigh. Mendoza almost broke her professional composure as she watched Claires breasts expand before her eyes. Each clasp coming undone was accompanied by a surge of mass into the short girl's large shirt, swelling into the material and pulling it from snug to tight.

Without the compression bra, Claire's cantaloupe-sized breasts were now closer to watermelon dimensions, and Mendoza could clearly see the outlines of her nipples. They were relaxed, but even still Mendoza guessed they would be almost the size of her big toe when stimulated.

Claire didn't miss the look in the doctor's face.

“Heh, I guess I just proved my parents’ concern about drawing attention. Anyway, you wanted to measure me?”

The doctor regained her professional composure and weighed the young woman, then used a tape measure to record her various dimensions. She was indeed 5’1” tall, and weighed almost 180lbs. This weight was high but Claire was clearly carrying it all in one place. Well, two, because we have to make that joke every time. Her hips measured 35 inches, 25 in the waist, and 33 at the ribcage. At the fullest circumference Claire’s bust measured 41.5 inches, making her a generous H-cup, creeping toward I.

“Well, even if the stomach thing turns out to not be true, you’ve certainly got a record-breaking figure, Claire.”

“Oh it’s true. Let’s go prove it right now.” Claire licked her lips again greedily, and Mendoza could swear the rumbling she heard from the girl’s hungry stomach was making the masses of her breasts vibrate visibly.

Back out in the dining room, Claire wasn’t about to waste this opportunity to prove her condition, and for a brief window of freedom from her mother’s draconian diet restrictions. She bounded over to the table, treat the two doctors to a show of bouncing and wobbling that proved to Mendoza just how tight the girl’s bra had been. Pulling out a chair, the girl’s diminutive height meant that her now braless breasts rested on the table slightly. She pulled the first box toward herself and popped it open immediately.

“I just, go to town on this?”

A nod in the affirmative was all the girl needed. Slice after slice was folded in half and devoured in a few bites. The two scientists watched in fascination as she ate, at first they were sure the girl would choke or at least make herself sick, but by about halfway through the second pizza, they ceased worrying about that and started to notice the changes.

It was hard to be sure at first, but the creases and wrinkles of Claire’s extra large top seemed to be shifting. By the time she finished the third pizza, her breasts had clearly swelled enough to eliminate all the creases across her front. When

the fourth was gone, the shirt had gone from snug to tight to now clearly undersized. As the fifth box joined the others in a pile of empties on the floor, and Claire pulled the sixth and final box toward herself, the seams around her sleeves were starting to show threads, the buttons down her front crying out for dear life.

At last the final chunk of crust passed Claire's pink lips, and with a few chews and a gulp the lump of carbs slid down her throat, and a few tiny rips appeared around her sleeves. The young woman leaned back in her chair, letting her breasts drop off the table where they had been resting, with a deep **FWOMP**. The massive orbs quivered and shuddered, and one of the girl's buttons shot across the room with a *bang*.

"There, *-bwORP-* (excuse me) do you believe me now?" Claire rested a hand on the slope of each bloated breast, patting them contentedly and setting them to wobble as much as they could, packed tightly into their cotton prison.

"Well, you could take her measurements again, Doctor Mendoza, but I don't think you need to. I'll go speak with the parents."

Though it took some doing, Doctor Jones succeeded in convincing Claire's parents to let her participate in their tests. She was legally an adult so they couldn't have really stopped her anyway, if she accepted. She would accompany them to their lab, deep underground, and he assured them nothing untoward would be done to her. They intended only to feed her varying amounts of normal, safe food, and measure and record how her body reacted. She would of course be compensated for her time, and her family would receive a weekly stipend for their... "discretion."

Although it was described to them as a surety for their non-disclosure agreement, to protect the valuable cosmetic surgery alternatives they would develop from studying Claire, her parents were secretly thrilled to have some free money, and to have their daughter's endlessly hungry mouth out of their house for awhile. Jones had noticed in their hallway filled with family photos that Claire's mother had once been slightly plump, and her father had a bit of a "dad bod" when Claire was a child. As she entered her teen years, the photos

showed Claire growing more and more voluptuous, as her parents went from overweight to healthy, to underweight. In the most recent photos everyone looked somewhat emaciated apart from Claire.

“So, once we get to the lab, all you want me to do is eat?”

“Well, we’ll be measuring and monitoring you a lot,” Mendoza replied “but mostly, yeah.”

“Oh man this is going to be the best job ever.”

“And don’t forget,” Jones chimed in, “if the doctors are pleased with your participation and the data they get during the five weeks of experiments, at the end you’ll get a feast. As much as you can eat...”

Claire whimpered with almost sexual pleasure at that, caressing her pizza-bloated breasts as visions of buffets she had been banned from danced behind her eyes.

Claire’s Testing: Chapter II

Into a clean, nearly sterile control room of off-whites and beiges walked a stern-looking woman just past her 50th year. She was just over six feet tall, with her blonde hair secured in a severe bun, and wore a white lab coat over tan slacks and light green turtleneck sweater.

The handful of scientists and aides watching screens and making notes reflexively fell silent at the sound of Doctor Lilian von Hartz’ clacking high heels.

“How is ze mid-day meal progressing?” Doctor von Hartz spoke with a thick Germanic accent.

A middle-aged man responded.

“The subject is about 20 percent into the meal, Doctor.”

“Time?”

“Um, just over 4 minutes, Ma’am.”

“Very güd.”

The imposing Doctor von Hartz took her seat in the center of the room. As she did, the door through which she had entered swung open again to admit Doctor Mendoza, who appeared not quite as put-together as she had that morning. Her shirt wasn’t tucked quite right and a few strands of hair had fallen out of place. She also had a faint flush to her slightly dark skin. Doctor Hartz spared only a moment’s glance for the newly returned Mendoza, as the younger woman took a seat at an unoccupied station not far from her.

“Activate ze main view-screen, please.”

The front wall of the room, which had been filled with numeric readouts, faded to a live video feed of “the subject,” the dark-haired 18 year old they were currently studying. Claire was seated at an industrial table, chair and table height adjusted so that her breasts could rest on the table top. A myriad of sensors attached to wires ran from Claire’s head and body, and the flat surface of a scale could be seen between her breasts and the table.

Claire was currently eating enthusiastically from a stacked pile of grilled cheese sandwiches. She had half a sandwich in each hand and 6 remained in the stack. She was alternating bites between one hand and the other, and entire sandwiches disappeared in a matter of seconds. Claire reached for a rubber tube that projected from the table and took a long gulp, mouth filling with water as she rinsed her mouth before grabbing the next grilled cheese off the stack and continued her feast.

“30 percent.” The male voice from earlier stated the obvious.

A younger female scientist seated at another console chimed in.

“Mass increased by 520 grams. 40 grams from water.”

Doctor von Hartz nodded silently, watching intently as the young woman on the screen continued to eat.

In just 9.27 short minutes, the platter of grilled cheese was reduced to crumbs. Claire had consumed over 4000 calories in one meal, and gained over 1.5kg of mass in her breasts. She again chugged on the drink tube, and the scientists in the observation room watched the numbers climb, as the threads on Claire’s simple blue top stretched ever tighter.

Doctor Mendoza leaned into a microphone at her console, and her voice echoed through the viewscreen.

“Good job, Claire. You can relax for a bit while we wait for you to start digesting. I’ll be in in a bit to get you cleaned up.”

As the PA clicked off, Claire stood from the table, leaning back to carry the weight of her full bosom. The text in the corner of the screen read “Day 5” and Claire had already grown to a 35I. The current meal put her at 35K, but everyone knew that number was temporary.

Doctor von Hartz broke her gaze from the viewscreen and stood again.

“Page me when ze digestion starts.”

As she turned to leave the room, she spun back around.

“And increaze the evening meal by another thouzand calories.”

Doctor Mendoza started.

“But Lilly—”

She froze at a glare from Doctor von Hartz.

“But Doctor, five thousand calories per meal?”

“Zhe clearly has room for more, Doctor Mendoza, and ve are here to test her, no?”

Mendoza nodded sheepishly.

“Very vell. Carry on, everyone.”

47 minutes later, Claire was reclining in a custom chair watching Netflix when the meters attached to her body registered the changes that signaled the start of her digestion. Doctor Hartz was paged and once again Doctor Mendoza was also absent from the control room when the elder scientist arrived.

“Ztatuz?”

“It’s just started, ma’am. Chest vibration is up to 70 percent of recorded peaks.”

“Very güd.” The tall woman sat.

Everyone in the room silently watched their screens, the only sound was the occasional scribbling of notes as numbers changed. Slowly, very slowly, the number indicating breast mass decreased. The cellular makeup of Claire’s breasts changed from the undigested mass of food to increased size and quantity of fat cells.

A few minutes later Doctor Mendoza arrived and took her seat. On the main viewscreen Claire fiddled with her phone, only half paying attention to Stranger Things season 3.

“Do you think she’ll reach J-cup today?” Doctor Mendoza asked the female scientist seated beside her.

“She’s halfway through digestion and already down 500 grams, so I doubt it. Maybe by tonight or tomorrow.”

Mendoza only nodded, keeping her own counsel. She looked over the numbers on her display and made some notes. On the screen Claire heaved herself upright and passed out of sight into the small lavatory. No one remarked as her overall mass numbers dropped, and a few minutes later there was a flush, a running sink, and Claire returned to her seat.

“Vibrations at 50 percent.” The male scientist announced.

“30 percent.”

“15 percent.”

“Digestion vibration has ceased.”

“Please proceed, Doctor Mendoza.” Hartz directed.

Mendoza left the control room again and reappeared in the viewscreen. When Claire saw her she grabbed the remote and paused the playback.

“Measuring time?” The younger woman asked eagerly.

Mendoza nodded in reply, extending a hand to help Claire stand. They walked behind a privacy partition and the scientist helped the brunette undress down to her underwear. The scientist brandished her tape measure and recorded Claire’s progress. She was still 5’1”, though the doctor thought perhaps she was creeping toward the first quarter-inch mark. In the 5 days she’d been at the lab, Claire was up to 187lbs, and her measurements were 35.25 - 25 - 42.75.

“Well?”

“Well you’re up another half pound since this morning.”

“Yeah yeah, but what about these?” Claire hefted a bra-clad breast in each hand and wobbled them meaningfully. The bra was perfectly sized, there was a dedicated wardrobe specialist on the team, and simple flesh tone. She usually took her bra off to eat, but it made the measuring much easier.

“Still a large I-cup I’m afraid.”

The short girl’s face was a mask of greedy frustration.

Mendoza laid one hand on Claire’s shoulder.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be very surprised if you don’t hit J-cup after dinner. Tomorrow morning at the latest.”

Claire’s visage lit up like a kid at Christmas, and she jumped giddily.

“Yay!”

Her near volleyball-sized breasts bounded upward, nearly coming out of her bra. Mendoza took a step back protectively.

“Easy there chica, you’re gonna put an eye out!”

Claire grinned and adjusted herself into the bra again.

“Sorry Doctor. So when’s dinner?”

“You know it’s still over 4 hours away, Claire. We have to monitor your body as it rests between meals. Just relax until then.”

“Do you know what I’m having at least?”

“Um, I think tonight is Italian, spaghetti and meatballs if I recall correctly.”

Claire pumped a fist and sent her overfed knockers wobbling again.

“Nice!”

“Yes, yes. Come on, let’s get you dressed.”

After dinner, Claire reclined watching another movie, pasta-filled cleavage obscuring the bottom of the screen. One of the techs made a note to have her television elevated on its wall mount. Again.

Another tech was entering data, as Doctor Mendoza had just finished taking Claire’s measurements before straightening up the room and leaving through another door.

Across the building, in another room, a darker, soundproof room, with a locked door, Doctors von Hartz and Mendoza were having a meeting. A private meeting. The darker-skinned woman was on her back lying on a bunk, skirt pushed up around her waist as a nearly white-haired head bobbed between her legs. The older woman came up for air.

“Und tell me ze meazurements from donight.”

Doctor von Hartz’ accent always got thicker when she was aroused, Camila Mendoza had observed.

“Hips, *-unh-* just under forty-three inches *-aah-*” Mendoza spoke between soft moans of pleasure.

A few moments passed as she just breathed.

“Waist, *-mmm-* still twenty-five inches.”

“Fantastisch, zimply amazink” von Hartz mumbled into the younger woman’s nethers, causing a fresh round of whimpers and moans from above her.

“Underbust is still 35 and *-ahn-* a quarter.” Mendoza reported.

“Und? Und!?” Lillian was really going now, and the reply was both slow in coming and nearly unintelligible.

“–Uhn, aaa– Forty, –mmm!– forty-five, –Ahn– –oh god– and a half!”

Doctor Hartz continued now, tongue buried deep.

“*Dios mio, yes! Yes! Aaahh* Thirty- *mmmmm* Thirty-five *Jaaaaayyyyyy.*”

Mendoza buried her fingers in the older woman’s white-blonde hair as she cried out in ecstasy.

Doctor von Hartz slid up onto the bed to lie on her side next to her spent lover. She muttered and whispered in her ear, but mostly to herself.

“Thirty-five J... Thatz over two inchez of growth, at her zize, in five dayz!”

A free hand wandered into her own waistband, and Mendoza recovered herself enough to unbutton her boss’s slacks, rolling over and leaning in to pepper her with tiny kisses.

“I caught you drooling while she was eating that spaghetti, Lilly.”

“Nonzenze! I do not drül.”

“Mmmhmm...”

“Anyvay, I am merely exzited by the potential of young Claire’s genetiks. If – *hmm*– if ve can harnezz her condishon, zhe kould revolutionize cozmetick medizine, it will be –oh– vorth millionz!”

Mendoza’s hand had joined Lilly’s, and it was the older woman’s turn to grow flushed and sweaty.

“Are you sure that’s all it is, Doctor von Hartz?”

Mendoza spoke her boss’s formal title with a decidedly informal tone.

“Are you sure you don’t just want to see how big those teenage tits can get?”

“Don’t *—mmm—* don’t be vulgar, Camila.”

Camila grabbed Lillian’s free hand and pressed it to one of her own modest B-cups.

“Don’t lie to me, von Hartz. You’re a dirty old pervert under all that German stoicism.”

Lillian opened her mouth to protest, but Mendoza filled it with her tongue. The pair moved together into their own rhythm for awhile before Camila continued her teasing.

“You might have the rest of the scientists on the team fooled, and I’m certain those fat cats on the company board can’t see past the profits, and their own lust, to notice yours.”

Doctor von Hartz was reduced to panting and half-formed words now.

“You get sopping wet just watching that medical marvel in there shovel food into her mouth. You love watching her tops get tighter and tighter as she swells up with calories.”

“Oh, oh Camilaaaaa”

“Why do you think I keep dressing her in button-up blouses? I can feel your anticipation all the way from my station as the threads on those buttons strain. Any day now one of those meals is going to make one of those buttons...”

She punctuated each next word with another kiss.

“Pop. Right. Off.”

Lillian von Hartz was near her limit now, and Camila Mendoza knew it.

“That’s right, I know what you want, ‘Doctor.’ I bet you’re already planning on telling me to up her calories again before tomorrow’s breakfast.”

Hartz nodded wordlessly, eyes glazed over in lustful hunger.

“How many calories for Claire’s breakfast? Six thousand? Seven?”

Their rhythm was speeding up now.

“How long before you’re stuffing her with ten thousand calories? Or twenty? How long until she’s shoveling down ten full days’ worth of food? For. Every. Meal?”

“How big will she have to get before you’re satisfied, you greedy, greedy woman? N-cup? T-cup? Will you feed that girl out there until she runs out of alphabet?”

Camila could feel her lover reach her climax, and waited, continuing to pepper the older woman with kisses as she silently rode the waves of pleasure. As she came down, Hartz met Mendoza’s eyes and began stroking her hair.

“Don’t get me wrong,” Camila said, “I’m not jealous or anything. I know you’re too much of a professional to ever think of seducing a test subject. And I’m pretty sure she’s too young even for you.”

Camila gave Lilly another kiss.

“But I’m a little concerned, my darling. How big is too big? What’s the limit?”

“Mmm, sveet Camila, my sveet young one. This is zcience. Ve are here to, vhat is ze sayink, puzsh ze envelope?”

She rolled the younger woman over so they could spoon as fatigue took them, and whispered in her ear.

“Ze limit does not exist.”

Claire's Testing: Chapter III

It was the start of Claire's third week at the research lab, and her family had been allowed a brief visit. Claire's parents pulled their car, an old but not quite decrepit SUV, into a parking lot. They found a spot and the trio walked up to the generic looking building. Claire's mother and father were accompanied by her younger brother, Nate. All three appeared to either be quite fit for Americans or somewhat undernourished.

Claire's mother was of a height with her middle daughter, 5'1" with curly brown hair that was lacking a certain shine. She wore modest brown slacks and a pale blue blouse, both of which seemed slightly oversized for the middle-aged woman.

Her husband hadn't been faring much better. The balding man had only a few inches of height on his wife, and was clad in jeans and a flannel shirt. His wardrobe also appeared to have been purchased for a more well-fed man.

Their one son, Claire's "little" brother Nate, had lucked into some recessive genes in his family's bloodline and towered over his parents at a full six feet. He wore gym shoes and basketball shorts, with an ironic tee. And although he appeared to have hoovered up any calories Claire left behind to fuel his vertical growth, his physique could best be described as "gangly."

The family entered the building and were greeted by a mousy scientist in her late 30s who led them to the wing where Claire was being housed. Along the way they could see through the glass into many rooms. People worked at computers crunching numbers, in labs mixing chemicals, and some rooms even contained cages of animals. The two men didn't give a second thought to the idea that this facility was doing tests on animals in some way. Claire's mother was taken aback for a moment, before deciding that since she was letting these people do some kind of testing on her daughter, she was in no position to judge their ethics.

At last Claire's family were led to the chamber where she was living. Her father noticed the scars on the walls showing that the space had formerly been divided into living, sleeping, and bathroom facilities, but was now a single large room

with a few strategically positioned curtains for privacy. From behind one of these, Claire's family could see the faint shadows of two people as one appeared to help the other finish dressing.

Claire emerged from the curtains with the familiar Latina doctor who had come to their house when this all started. Both Claire's parents and brother were rendered speechless by the sight of her. Claire was wearing fuzzy pink bottoms that clung to her ass somewhat scandalously. At least, that's what they would have thought if any of her family could see Claire's hips or behind. The view was of course obscured by her enormous breasts. Claire was larger than any of her family had ever seen her. Comparisons to fruit or sports balls were inadequate, even medicine balls or watermelons were considered then discarded. Claire's prow billowed forward like the sails of a tall ship in full wind, weighed down only slightly by gravity as they stood high and firm on her torso. Claire wore a button-down blouse over a long-sleeved tee, and the buttons on the layered garment were already being tested by the many pounds of flesh within.

Claire's father cleared his throat to break the awkward silence that hung in the room.

"Doctor... Mendoza, was it?" He extended a hand to the dark-haired woman in the lab coat.

"That's right." Camila returned the handshake with a slightly uneasy smile.

"I'll leave you for awhile. All the monitoring equipment will be disabled while you're here."

Dr Mendoza nodded to Claire and her family and left through a door.

"What does she mean, monitoring equipment?" Claire's father asked with suspicion.

"They have cameras and sensors on me Daddy, that's the whole reason I'm here."

"What about your privacy?"

“They’re scientists, they’re just trying to learn about me for their research.”

“Hmm, I don’t know–”

“Never mind that,” Claire’s mother interjected, “look at you! What on earth are they feeding you in here!?”

“Oh I don’t know. Normal food, mostly...” Claire had the gall to blush slightly and cast her eyes downward in what almost passed for shame.

“But so much... how...?” Her mother reached out a hand to almost touch the cotton-clad surface of Claire’s swollen orbs, stopping just short of contact.

“Yeah,” Claire chuckled softly, “they’re definitely feeding me well.” The hint of pride in her voice almost gave her away.

“Anyway, I’ve missed you all!” Claire deftly changed the subject with a heartfelt smile.

Claire’s mother wrapped her daughter in a big hug. Or at least, what should have been a big hug. The malnourished woman reached both arms around her daughter, managing to just reach Claire’s shoulders. There was simply too much Claire for her mother to get her arms all the way around.

Her father and Nate settled for side hugs, cautious to avoid any contact with the largest parts of Claire’s figure. Her parents made affectionate noises through this ritual, but her little brother said nothing, tongue tied and wide eyed.

A sudden thought entered her mother’s mind, scrambled for a foothold and attempted to reconcile her concept of reality with the evidence of her senses.

“So, you must have just finished up a late breakfast or something before we arrived, eh?” Claire’s mother prepared to heave a sigh of relief, surely this was the explanation for her daughter’s overfilled form.

Before Claire could reply, her mother's delusional calm was shattered by a gurgling rumble. Glancing down from her daughter's face to her prominent curves, Claire's mother could literally *see* the material of Claire's blouse pucker and tug as the flesh within vibrated and rippled.

Claire put a hand on each enormous boob and blushed.

"A-actually, I finished breakfast a few hours ago. It'll be lunchtime pretty soon."

Claire's mother's eyes unfocussed as her world was shattered yet again. This was her daughter's size empty!? She was this big *before* she started eating lunch? Sensing his wife's distress, Claire's father put a hand to her shoulder and guided her a few steps to a nearby chair where she collapsed.

The rest of the family sat, Claire resting her bloated bosom in her lap. Freed from the tension of holding them upright, Claire's back curved slightly and her flesh bulged out over her legs. Her breasts stretched forward to just start hanging off her knees, and her thighs were completely obscured by their bulk.

They made small talk, Claire's father mostly leading the conversation through sheer force of will. He ran through a typical day for Claire here at the facility, and offered comments and follow-up questions as if he were talking to a neighbor about his plans to build a back deck. Nate remained silent, only occasionally managing to nod or react to Claire's answers. Her mother put on a brave face, smiling nervously and adding questions here and there.

Fortunately this awkward conversation didn't last too long, and Doctor Mendoza returned.

"Sorry to break this up everyone, but Claire's lunch is ready. You can visit some more after she's eaten, but for the sake of our research you'll have to leave the room during the meal."

Claire's father was the first to stand, helping his still distracted wife to her feet and back through the door, their son following in a zombie-like state. Back inside the chamber, Camila was already reattaching sensors to Claire's body, and setting up the table and chair for her subject's meal.

The table had been replaced with a sturdier model, with thick legs of reinforced steel. Scale sensors were placed on its surface just so, and Claire was led to her seat. Resting her breasts as usual on the table's surface, Claire's mounds relaxed and spread, covering nearly half of the available area. She nearly reached the far edge, and only the table's rectangular shape made enough space on either side of Claire's chest for the food being carried in through the back doors.

Claire's family were led to a small observation room behind the main lab where Doctor von Hartz and the others were reestablishing their sensor readouts. The room had a large glass wall but was soundproofed so Claire's parents and brother could not hear any of what the scientists were saying. They took seats and waited.

"Honey are you sure you want to watch this?" Claire's father asked.

"Of course I do. I have to see what they're doing to our little girl."

Nate nearly choked at the word "little," but kept his peace.

"But we already agreed to this. It's not like we can just pull her out now and take her home..."

"Who says we can't!?" She barked.

"Sweetheart, we signed a contract. They're gonna give us enough to pay off our mortgage! But only if she stays through to the end!"

"Is that all you care about, money??" Claire's mother asked, tears beginning to form in her eyes.

Claire's father took his wife in his arms, and made gentle shushing sounds.

"There, there. You know I care more about our Claire than any amount of money. But she's fine. They're obviously taking good care of her."

“Too good of care, clearly. By the end of three more weeks she’ll be too big to fit out the door...”

Their conversation was interrupted by a change in the large wall-filling viewscreen in the main room. Claire’s family could see her seated at a large clinical table, breasts bulging out widely and looking even larger than they had in person. Several nondescript people in white lab coats set platters of fried chicken on what little space was available on Claire’s table, and a large bucket was set next to her chair.

“I guess we’re watching.” Claire’s father said with a sigh, moving to sit. “Sure you won’t change your mind?”

Claire’s mother shook her head, wiping her eyes as they took their seats.

Her family had been living with Claire’s “condition” for several years now, so her appetite was something they were all well-accustomed to. What they saw in the lab, however, was something else entirely. The scientists set up enough fried chicken to stock a KFC. Platters of poultry sufficient to feed a family of four with some left over, two on each side of Claire’s fleshy mountains.

Unaware of her family watching, not that having an audience had ever bothered her before, Claire double fistled the fried meat. A drumstick in each hand, her white teeth and pink tongue scoured every bit of flesh and crunchy breading in large gulps. Claire dropped bones into the bucket with one hand while grabbing thighs and breasts with the other.

And speaking of breasts, Claire’s family could see hers swelling as she poured chicken into them. Huge mouthfuls of meat and breading were chewed and swallowed, small lumps sliding down her throat, making her neck bulge and adding their small mass to the abundance already expanding out in front of her. Grease covered her lips and chin, but Claire was oblivious, in a fugue state of gorging.

When the first two platters were clean, scientists appeared from the periphery and took them away, sliding the full ones within Claire’s reach, and adding two more behind those. Twice more this happened, and Claire never acknowledged

them, she just stuffed more and more food into her mouth, down her throat, and into her breasts as they swelled, slowly but surely. They bulged out past the far end of the table, and its hard line made an undeniable reference point to Claire's inevitable growth.

Claire's mother now understood why her daughter's outfit was layered as it was. The top layer had buttons, and they were being tested. Small diamonds formed between the buttons, then grew. Wider and wider they spread, puckers forming behind the buttons as pounds and pounds of chicken were stuffed into them.

As she started in on the last two platters, the button at the crest of Claire's food and fat filled bosom broke free. The soundproof room gave her family no indication of what sound it made, but a few bites later another button joined it somewhere on the floor.

More and more chicken, bite after bite, until at last it was over. Claire licked grease from her fingers as another button lost the fight. Then as she moved to stand, the motion putting a different strain on the material sent two more flying. The only buttons on Claire's top that were still attached were one at the very top, and two down by her waist. Fortunately she had the long sleeved tee underneath to protect her modesty, but it was stretching to become nearly transparent.

On the screen, Claire's family could see Doctor Mendoza cleaning her up, removing her ruined top layer and putting a new, larger shirt on her. This one was by no means loose, and its buttons were already being tested.

A youngish male scientist poked his head into the observation room.

"Mendoza says you can go back to the living chamber— er, Claire's room, if you like."

Camila met them at the door again as they reentered the chamber.

"Please be brief, the digestion phase is critical to our research. I'm sorry."

Doctor Mendoza did not leave the room this time, but stood against the wall and waited for the family to say their goodbyes.

Claire was reclining in the sofa now, arms resting on her swollen breasts, looking like the cat that swallowed the canary. Or maybe an albatross. Two of them.

“Hey guys, sorry I was a little cranky before. You know how I get when I’m hungry.” Claire’s breasts bulged out of her lap, swollen high and looking even more firm and tight than before. Claire patted them contentedly.

Her mother managed to keep calm, fixing her face with a pleasant smile. “We’re just glad to see you’re doing alright, sweetie.”

“I’m doing great mom, I’m so looking forward to three weeks from now.”

“We’ll be glad to have you home too, honey.” Her father replied.

“Oh,” Claire blushed slightly. “Yeah, that too.”

“At the end of five weeks is your big feast, right?” Nate said, speaking for the first time in at least 20 minutes.

“That’s right.” Claire rubbed the tops of her breasts, oblivious to the eroticism of the act. “Just three more weeks and I’ll finally get to eat my fill.”

“D-do... do you mean you’re not full right now, Claire?” Her mother asked nervously.

“Oh, I mean I guess I’m kind of full now... At least satisfied... I’m not hungry anymore...” Under her caress, Claire’s breasts rumbled almost too faintly to be heard.

Claire's Testing: Chapter IV

The next three weeks passed in a blur for Claire. As her meals grew in size and calorie count, she spent more and more time each day simply eating, which was perfectly fine with Claire.

Doctors Mendoza and von Hartz found fewer and fewer chances to sneak off into the on call room, as more and more of their days were taken up with caring for and monitoring the medical marvel that was Claire.

On the last Friday of Claire's contract period, the team had just recently wrapped up Claire's dessert –ten apple pies– and Mendoza had left a pair of junior member of the science team to get Claire dressed and into bed.

"Lilly, aren't you at all concerned for her psychological state?"

"What state? She is just a healthy growing girl with a big appetite."

"She spent the last three days eating fifteen thousand calories per meal, even dessert! She can barely walk and she just keeps gorging herself with whatever we put in front of her!"

Camila was pacing the room instead of getting into bed with Doctor von Hartz. The older woman sat on the bed impatiently.

"Camila. You knew what zhis project was about when we started. Ve have to see how far zhe will go. Ve have to see what her body does at eckztreme size."

"Don't you think it's dangerous?"

"Pfft, dangerouz how?"

"Well... what if she... I don't know, explodes?"

Lilly von Hartz chuckled softly, erupting in a full laugh that would have sounded derisive had Camila not known the true affection the woman had for her.

She stood and touched her fingers to Camila's cheek, pushing a strand of hair behind the younger woman's ear.

"Mein lieber, zhe is not a balloon. Zhe is surrounded by scientists, ve are monitoring her body konstantly."

"But tomorrow you promised to let her eat all she wants..."

Camila's eyes dropped to the floor in timid concern.

"Do you really think I would feed her until she explodes, Camila?"

"...no"

Lilly touched Camila's chin, raising her head until dark brown eyes met pale blue ones.

"Everythink will be fine my dear. Now come to bed, please?"

The big day had finally come, and Claire was awake a full hour before her attendants –as she'd come to think of them– came to help get her out of bed and dressed. Her bed had been upgraded to a king size reinforced frame in the corner, and when she slept lying on her side, Claire was starting to spill off the far end.

Two junior scientists, both female, entered Claire's chamber and adjusted the lighting. Claire was already awake, so she brought her feet under her –her version of sitting up– and crab walked around and off the end of the bed, rotating her enormous breasts in place.

It took entirely too much time and effort to make bras in Claire's size, especially considering she had been outgrowing them daily two weeks ago, and would probably be outgrowing them every meal all this past week if she were still

wearing them. Instead, Claire had something like a cloth bandage, twelve inches wide and dozens of feet long, wrapped around the circumference of her bosom until she was decently contained.

Claire's outfits had gradually been getting more and more loose and flexible. Yesterday's was basically a muumuu under which she wore black leggings. Today, everyone knew Claire was going to spend the whole day eating and growing, so her attendants brought in what was essentially a poncho. To call it a tablecloth would have been an understatement, the garment was more like a tent. Plain beige fabric with holes at one end for her head and arms, the rest draped over her like the cover on a small concept car about to be revealed. Two of them.

Once Claire was clean and dressed, Doctor Mendoza entered to take her penultimate set of measurements. Claire's total weight was now 578 pounds, 465 of that in her breasts. Claire's other body measurements stayed roughly the same, though she had put on an inch or two in hips and waist from her gain. Claire's bust measurement was 176 inches. Almost fifteen feet!

"What size is that?"

"Claire, you know the size isn't—"

"What size?"

"—*sigh*— it's a Z5J"

Claire patted her enormous breasts happily.

"I bet we'll take another lap after today..." She whispered into her cleavage.

When Claire's breast had surpassed 300 pounds, the team stopped using reinforced tables. Instead, Claire sat with her breasts resting on a pile of mattresses on the floor, and had specially made tables placed to either side of her relatively diminutive torso. These were where the team placed Claire's food.

Claire started off her “reward” day, with waffles. Leaning over the table on her right, Claire forked up massive bite and shoved it into her mouth, careless of crumbs or syrup drips. When the triple stack of waffles was gone, she turned to her left where another was waiting. The scientists by this point had perfected their system, and delivered the syrupy stacks of carbs and butter matched exactly to Claire’s pace, the alternating tables meant there was never a break in the flow of Claire’s breakfast.

Unlike previous mornings however, there was no set quota for the amount of calories Claire was to consume. One might’ve thought 15,000 calories for breakfast a high watermark for the amount of food one person to consume in a single meal. But today was Claire’s “reward“ for all her “hard work“ in the science team’s “research.“ So the waffles kept coming and Claire kept eating. For two solid hours, the team made dozens and dozens of waffles. Then the number climbed into the hundreds. All the while, Claire shoveled bite after bite between her pearly white teeth, down her gullet, and into her ever-expanding stomach-as-breasts.

Eventually, the team ran out of syrup.

“We’re out of syrup, miss, do you want dry waffles or–”

“Eggs.”

“Scrambled, fried, omelette–“

“Yes.”

Claire ate dry waffles while she waited for the eggs.

In addition to several racks of whole eggs, the science facility’s warehouse also had containers of liquid eggs for making omelettes and scrambles. The team got into a rhythm as before; Claire devoured the plate on the right, turned to the left, and while she was eating from the plate on the left, a new plate was put on the right.

The waffles had lasted over two hours, the eggs another hour and a half, and with the addition of various types of toast, the team kept Claire going until lunch.

Lunch started with fried chicken. When the breading ran out, they switched to various types of “Chinese“ chicken. General Tso’s, Orange, Kung-Pao, sweet-and-sour... Ever-changing combinations of poultry, sauce, and rice were ferried to Claire in an endless stream and the eating continued into the afternoon

Of course, with all that eating came more growing. The scientists had grown accustomed to seeing Claire’s enormous breasts swell and expand with every meal but they had never seen the process last this long.

It was as if two Volkswagen-size water balloons were propped up in front of Claire under her massive poncho-style garment and had a hose attached to a slow running water tap. In the control room, scientists measured and took notes as the weight of Claire’s body climbed up and up. Before the syrup ran out, she had passed 600 pounds. By the time the last bottle of Asian sauce was empty, she was almost to 650 and they had switched to chicken fried rice.

Back in the chamber, the enormous mass under the white tent shirt grew and grew. Clare wolfed down bite after bite, dish after dish and grew larger and larger and larger.

Eventually, they made the switch to dinner, which was of course Italian. Fettuccine, linguine, rigatoni, caprice, Parmigiana, cannoli, ravioli, penne, on and on the list went. Enough pasta to feed an Italian wedding every hour, for five hours. By the time they ran out of pasta Claire’s breast weighed over 580 pounds.

“Lil– Doctor von Hartz, this is getting ridiculous. She’s gained over 100 pounds in one day.“

Dr von Hartz’ eyes nearly rolled back in her head at the statement, then she collected herself and turned to a man sitting to her left.

“What is the current reading of the subject’s skin elasticity?“

“27 kPa, Doctor.”

“You see Dr. Mendoza? We are still well within acceptable safe parameters.”

Camila sighed and turned back to the viewscreen.

After “dinner” of course came “dessert.” Cakes, pies, donuts, cream puffs, cupcakes, cookies, and dessert bars of every kind passed between Claire’s lips. The hem of her enormous shirt, which rested on the floor that morning, was running out of slack. It started to lift off the ground as the contents it contained grew more and more voluminous.

The chamber had a large clock mounted high enough on the wall that Claire’s breasts did not block her view of it. She knew the one limit on her “reward” day was that they would stop feeding her at 11PM. It was almost 10 and she was running out of time.

When the desert started transitioning to ice cream, Claire spoke up again.

“Guys this is taking too long, and it’s too cold. Can you melt it or turn it into shakes or something?”

The team looked toward the cameras watching from the control room for confirmation and a heavily accented voice came through the PA speaker.

“Proceed.”

Now instead of plates on the table to either side of Claire, the same team brought whole pitchers of milkshake. Claire lifted each with both hands, bringing it to her lips and chugging in a continuous stream until the glass vessel was empty, then turn to the other side for the next. At first, the team wasn’t able to keep up with Claire, so the kitchen started heating and melting the frozen dessert so they could fill pitchers faster.

Eventually, the chamber looked like a bucket brigade. Several more scientists had been relocated from the control room to assist in the feeding. So rather than scurrying back-and-forth bumping into each other, the scientists were

passing full pitchers forward and empty ones back.

And in the center of it all sat Claire, guzzling down melted ice cream just as fast as physically possible. The only way to do this faster would be a literal hose.

Claire kicked herself for not thinking of it sooner, but now she didn't want to waste valuable drinking time to ask.

As Claire poured melted dairy down her throat, her breasts surged. If they had been attached to a trickling tap before, someone had just opened the faucet.

The path of the bucket brigade had to keep shuffling sideways to not bump into the wall of breast behind them. The bottom hem of Claire's "shirt" rose higher and higher, exposing more and more underboob as it grew tighter and tighter.

In the kitchen, the team started supplementing the shakes with milk, cream, half and half, even butter, anything to stretch out the frozen confection as they sent out fresh gallons by the second.

The clock ticked, and Camila, Lilly, and the last few scientists not actively passing pitchers watched. And Claire swallowed. And Claire grew. Her Volkswagens were turning into minivans. Doctor von Hartz was whimpering softly and Camila glanced over to notice the older woman lightly brushing her finger along the material of her pants. Camila looked at the readouts and saw Claire was approaching 240 inches, almost 20 feet. Camila hoped Lilly was right about Claire's skin.

In the chamber, a faint creaking had grown in volume over the past 20 minutes. What had at first been unnoticeable under the din of scientists working and Claire's gulping had grown louder. Now it was a constant set of groans and squeaks. Like a balloon being run across fabric.

"Lilly, her elasticity is too low!"

"-mmm- she's fine, Camila..."

Knowing she had to stop them herself, Camila left the control room to enter the chamber. Walking through the door she was greeted by a wall of fabric that started at the level of her chest. Below that was a mass of skin, bulging out like upside-down cleavage.

Camila was so stunned by the sight of Claire up close, that she forgot why she'd come into the chamber. Then the mass in front of her seemed to twitch.

Taking a closer look, Camila stared, and saw it again. A ripple ran through the expanse of Claire's breasts and they shuddered faintly.

"What in the world..."

Then the shudder became a jump, and faster than anyone could react...

-CRACK-

-SHRIIIIP-

-FWOMP-

Camila was thrown back against the wall, the scientist feeding squad were scattered on the floor, and Claire was naked. All that remained of her poncho was the top shoulder part, and bunch of shreds and ribbons hanging around her breasts. Which, now free to expand to their full size, rose to fill Camila's field of view.

In the control room, Doctor von Hartz bit down on her lip to keep from crying out as she rode a wave of ecstasy.

In a daze, Doctor Mendoza left the chamber and returned to the control room. Doctor von Hartz was sitting in her chair, red-faced and panting.

"Are you happy now? She can't even walk!"

"Ve'll..."

-pant-

“Help her loze the weight.”

-haa, haa-

“Or get her a wheelbarrow..”