

JULIE AND CATHERINE INTRO AND BACKGROUND

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

Julie and Catherine - Intro and Background

On an early summer morning, Julie approached the door of a normal-looking suburban house. She bounded the few steps to the front porch and rang the bell. Waiting for an answer, she turned to take in the familiar neighborhood she hadn't seen in nearly a year. Julie was average height, 5'5" in her flat shoes, with straight hair somewhere between light brown and dirty blonde that extended

just past her shoulders. She was pretty in a somewhat elfin way, with dark eyes and a slight frame that was just short of toned, and almost imperceptible curves of chest and bottom.

It was the start of summer break after her first year of college, and Julie was about to see her high school friend –who was a year younger– for the first time in almost a year. Before Julie returned her gaze to the door she had just rung, it swung open and she was engulfed in long tan arms and wavy blond hair.

“Julie!!” the second girl exclaimed, attempting to crush the older girl in her embrace. Julie thought that her friend seemed more, substantial, than when she had seen her last, but couldn’t fully process why. She managed to grunt “Catherine, you’re crushing me” and was released from the bear hug as her friend leaned back to look her over. “Oh, sorry. Man, I’ve missed you! Come on inside, I’m just about to finish making lunch. Do you want some?”

Catherine grabbed her friend’s hand and dragged her inside, not waiting for an answer.

“No thanks, I already ate.” Julie replied, still reeling from her friends’ exuberance, and her, “increase.”

You see, when Julie left for college last fall, her younger friend had been about her height, maybe an inch taller, with pale blue eyes and wavy blonde hair that ran halfway down her back. She was also undeniably pretty. Where Julie was attractive and slender, Catherine was attractive and curvy. Not extremely so, just a little more width in the hips, a bit of a booty, and breasts that filled out a C cup bra very well.

The Catherine that now stood in her parents kitchen stirring a pot of boiling pasta was identical to the one Julie had left behind last year, with one exception. Or rather, two, if you’re fond of tired clichés.

“Boy, Catherine, you sure have, um, ‘grown,’ since last summer.” Julie said, still somewhat stunned.

“Oh you mean these?” the younger girl replied, looking down and tugging at the straps of a bra that had to be at least double-D if not larger. Julie watched as the flesh within jiggled and could see that the tank top her young friend wore strained to hold its contents, being ever so slightly overflowing.

Catherine turned off the heat and lifted the pan to the sink, dumping its contents into the waiting strainer. “Yeah, it’s pretty weird. Our doctor thinks its some kind of hormone imbalance, sort of like a ‘second puberty’ or something.”

The younger girl returned her pasta to its pan, and Julie simply watched her a moment before replying “Wow, that’s pretty lucky for you, considering how... generous... your first puberty was!” Julie glanced down at her own chest with a barely concealed expression of jealousy.

“I guess.” Catherine replied. “It’s been a nice excuse to go shopping more, though outgrowing a bunch of my favorite bras and tops was super lame.” Julie silently scowled at her younger friend’s humble-brag. Catherine failed to notice.

Julie watched distractedly as Catherine emptied three packets of cheese sauce into her pan, stirring the contents and emptying them into a bowl that was clearly of a size for mixing, not individual consumption. She then carried the bowl and a large glass of milk to take a seat opposite her college aged friend at the kitchen table.

It was not until the younger girl began to shovel food into her mouth rather rapidly that Julie took full stock of the sheer quantity of cheesy pasta shells her friend had prepared.

“That’s um, a lot of shells and cheese.” the older girl said, not quite making the statement a question.

“Yeah, I made extra ‘cause you were coming, and since mom’s not home I’ll just tell her you had some too.”

“Okay..”

“Yeah, she keeps trying to put me on a diet.”

“What? You’re not fat, why would your mom want you to diet?”

“Well, I’m basically hungry all the time lately, and mom thinks the extra food is contributing to my, uh, growth spurt.”

Julie sat in stunned silence a moment “Ah.. I see.”

“Yeah, basically she’s tired of buying me new clothes all the time.” Catherine said with a soft chuckle.

“Yeah, that makes sense” Julie replied softly.

The break in conversation allowed Catherine to continue her culinary onslaught, shoveling mouthful after mouthful of cheese-covered pasta into her mouth, punctuated by large gulps of milk.

Julie had never thought of herself as being into girls. In fact, since her Dad had passed away several years ago, she hadn’t given much thought to relationships at all, choosing to focus instead on school and her career. However, she watched in a daze as her young friend inhaled thousands of calories of pasta and dairy, the swollen tops of her breasts bulging out of her outgrown undergarment and rippling with each movement, pressing against the cotton of her skin-tight tank top and forming a slight quad-boob. She could see the mouthfuls of food slide down Catherine’s throat with each swallow, and without realizing it she imagined them skipping the entire trip through the girl’s digestion and dropping directly into her breasts, feeding them with fat and making the bra tighter by the moment. Deep-seated feelings stirred within the older girl, and while she wasn’t entirely sure what they meant, she knew she wanted to stay near this girl, and what she wanted to do for her, or rather, to her.

“Hey, what are your plans this summer?” Julie began.

“I don’t know, probably just hang out, maybe get a part time job to start saving for college.”

“You should come live with me.”

“What, really?”

“Of course. You know that my mom’s new husband is super rich, that’s why they’re paying for me to go to culinary school.”

“Right..” the younger girl replied, scooping up one of her last few mouthfuls of lunch.

“Well they’re also paying for my apartment in the city, and it’s got two bedrooms.”

“Okay, but-”

“Plus” Julie interrupted “I need to practice making a bunch of stuff for my classes over the summer, and you can help me taste-test.”

Catherine’s eyes lit up at this, and Julie could see her almost lick her lips at the thought. Evidently she was not exaggerating about her appetite, considering she had just consumed at least two entire day’s worth of recommended calories in about 10 minutes, and Julie could see the girl’s stomach bulging out slightly against her tank top.

“I have to go back tonight, but here’s the address.” Julie said, sending her friend a text. “Check with your mom and then you can move up right after graduation.”

“Okay!” Catherine replied, beaming.

“Alright, come on, let’s go upstairs. I want to see all your new clothes, and I have some **amazing** new music you just **have** to hear.” The older girl said, this time it was her turn to drag her friend by the hand.

This summer was going to get interesting.