

JULIE AND CATHERINE RUBY

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

BY SPARTACUS

Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing

Julie and Catherine - Ruby

Catherine was seated at Julie's table, taste-testing different cheeseburgers. As she took the first big bite out of her seventh burger, a loud *TWANG* rang out from behind her. The buttons of her blouse strained as her breasts surged forward. She had been wearing a G-cup bra.

"Damnit," she exclaimed, swallowing her food, "that was the biggest bra I had!"

Julie's breath caught in her throat but she recovered quickly. "Well, you **are** a growing girl after all. Don't worry about it, Ruby is getting back tonight and I bet she can make you something."

"Wha, rearry?" Catherine asked through a mouthful of burger.

Julie scowled at her younger friend's manners. "Yes, she's studying fashion and women's clothing design. Now, how is the mushroom swiss?"

–*gulp*– "Pretty good," she replied, as a drop of juice fell onto her button-down blouse, "maybe a little too much juice?"

Both girls laughed, and Julie went back to the cooktop to make more lunch burger tests.

The first BBQ bacon was too sweet.

The second's bacon was overcooked.

The third had bacon so limp a slice slipped out in the first bite and deposited more grease onto Catherine's blouse.

Half a dozen burgers later Catherine rose from the table, her pants unbuttoned and her stomach stressing her blouse's buttons almost as much as her enormous breasts.

"I don't know why you bother with jeans." Julie commented, resisting the urge to poke the belly she had spent the last hour and a half filling with burgers.

"Well it's not like I can walk around without pants all day."

A tiny voice in the back of Julie's mind thought that might not be so bad. "Yeah I guess that's so."

"Though I guess I could stick with something elastic." Catherine said, giving her bloated middle a few pats as she left to find a clean shirt.

Julie's little sister Ruby was another year younger than Catherine, standing no more than 5'3" in heels with shoulder length brown hair and a pixie face made to break hearts. She shared her sister's physique, looking more loli-esque than elfin. As she dropped her bags right inside the door, Ruby dashed to their new roommate and wrapped her in a hug, her feet leaving the ground as she clung to the taller girl. It took only a split second for Ruby to realize she was up to her eyeballs in large, healthy breasts before she released Catherine and hopped back to the floor.

"Dang girl, what has my sister been feeding you?" Ruby reached out and cupped Catherine's breasts, or at least tried to. The girl's tiny hands were dwarfed by their contents, which were just past honeydew melons in size, stretching the threads on the tank-top Catherine had donned after lunch.

Catherine quickly stepped back and crossed her arms over her chest, another act that proved impossible at her current size.

"I-I don't know, nothing weird, just a lot of stuff to taste-test!"

"I'm just teasing you, babe" Ruby said placatingly "you look amazing. I'm going to love making stuff for you to wear. Normally I only get to make stuff for flat, skinny white chicks like Julie and me."

"Gee, thanks, Ruby. What am I, 'plus-sized' now?"

"Don't be such a drama queen. I bet you'd wear the same sizes as Julie if it weren't for those." Ruby gestured at Catherine's chest. "And they are **definitely** plus-sized."

All three girls laughed and Catherine helped Ruby carry her bags to the master bedroom as Julie went back to the kitchen to finish making dinner.

Seated at the table, Ruby nibbled at her first (and only) piece of garlic bread while Catherine chomped away at her third. Julie set a familiar pan on the table before being seated herself.

“No testing tonight?” Catherine asked, failing to hide the hint of disappointment from her voice.

“Nah, I figured I’d give your taste buds a break since it’s Ruby’s first night back. But don’t worry, I made plenty. I’d never let my personal tester go hungry.”

Julie dished normal servings of casserole for herself and her sister, then loaded Catherine’s plate with about three times as much. The dish was macaroni pasta with various cheeses, plus bacon bits and chunks of fried chicken breast.

The three girls chatted while they ate. Though Julie and Ruby did most of the chatting, as Catherine spent most of the meal with a mouthful of food. Ruby caught her sister up on all the various interesting things she had experienced on her trip, while bite after bite of cheesy, greasy pasta moved from Catherine’s plate into her middle.

A few more pieces of garlic bread disappeared, and when Catherine’s plate was empty, Julie refilled it. Ruby’s stories continued, and more pasta disappeared.

When Julie scraped the last of the macaroni onto her plate, Catherine reached down to unbutton her shorts and let her swollen stomach bulge forward. Julie set the last piece of garlic bread on Catherine’s plate and walked to the oven.

Ruby watched wide-eyed as her sister removed a second sheet of garlic bread and sliced it up, then withdrew another full-size casserole from the oven. She glanced sideways at their roommate, who seemed to be lost in a gluttonous trance, shoveling bite after bite into her mouth. Ruby could see her friend’s tank top very slowly inching its way upward as Catherine’s belly filled with more and more pasta.

As night wore on Julie continued to fill Catherine’s plate again and again. Ruby attempted to continue their conversation but kept getting distracted by either her sister watching their friend eat, or the sight of Catherine’s eating.

Oblivious to all this observation, Catherine ate and ate and ate. The tank top which had started the evening stretched to its limit over her massive bosom was now also being tested in its lower region. Each time her plate was cleared Julie scooped more cheesy pasta onto it, and Catherine never stopped gulping it down.

Eventually the gluttony came to an end, once all the food was gone. Catherine laid both hands on a stomach that gave her the look of a woman six months pregnant.

“Excellent Jules, *-burp-* no notes on any of that.”

“Hey, I said no working tonight!” Julie said, grinning proudly despite herself.

The three girls retired to the living room to watch tv, but Ruby ducked into the bedroom to grab a tape measure.

“Hey Cath let me take your measurements then I can get started making some stuff.”

Catherine’s hip measurement was 34, and her current waist 36, though Ruby knew she’d have to measure her tall friend again without all this pasta in her belly. Her chest band measured 32, and Ruby’s eyebrows climbed higher than the numbers on her tape as it stretched around the full circumference of Catherine’s breasts. They were over halfway between 41 and 42, making her almost a 32J.

“Oh you’re going to be a unique challenge indeed” Ruby said, giving both of Catherine’s breasts a pat on the sides, sending them wobbling. She gave a poke at her stomach for good measure, earning herself a scowl from the taller girl.

“Obviously you’d have to custom-order a bra to hold these, but I bet I can come up with something.”

Catherine joined Julie on the couch while Ruby set up her workstation in the back of the room and set to work.

The next morning when Catherine came to the kitchen, Ruby was waiting at the table while Julie prepared breakfast.

“Come on, I have stuff for you to try on!”

She led Catherine to the workstation and handed her a long dress and a bra.

“Wow Ruby did you make this last night?” Catherine asked, fingering the bra.

“Well I’ve never made a bra this big before” Neither girl could see Julie’s eyes go wide in the other room. “But it should work.”

“And is this a dress?”

“It’s just something basic, to wear around the house.”

“Okay let me go try them on.” Catherine disappeared into the bathroom.

A few minutes later Catherine emerged wearing a dark blue dress, sleeveless and reaching to mid calf. It had a scoop neckline low enough to expose a girl of Ruby or Julie’s proportions, but on Catherine it just showed many many square inches of well-fed bosom. The dress cinched to her ribcage just below her breasts and was loose and flowing the rest of the way down.

“An empire waist huh, I’ve never had anything like this.”

“Well, I had the idea after dinner last night, I figured it would give you more breathing room while you’re... working.”

Ruby attempted to poke Catherine’s middle again, but found nothing but empty space long before she reached flesh.

“Dang girl, let me measure you again. How is the bra?”

“Pretty good, maybe a tad snug.” From the kitchen a spoon fell.

“Hmm, I might have made it a little small. Okay arms up!”

Ruby measured her friend again and found that with no food in it, Catherine’s waist was a mere 25 inches. Even with the bra on, her bust measurement was just touching the 42 inch mark. Ruby was thrilled at the prospect of making clothes for someone who’s measurements were a moving target.

Just then a surprisingly loud rumble came from beneath Ruby’s handiwork. “So, you don’t mind if I wear this while I’m working?”

“Nope, that’s what it’s for. I’ll make a couple more then start on something else.”

“Thanks Rube, you’re the best!” Catherine wrapped her friend in a hug, enveloping Ruby’s face in boobs and briefly suffocating the short girl. Ruby could feel, more than hear, Catherine’s stomach give another growl.

“Yeah, yeah. Go get some breakfast, hungry girl.”

Catherine spent over two hours taste-testing different flavors of waffles, and when she re-entered the living room with a slight waddle she gave Ruby another hug from behind. Seated at her sewing machine, Ruby felt breast flesh press against her back, and shoulders, and upper arms, and she could almost swear she saw pale curves appear in her peripheral vision.

“Thanks again babe, this dress is great. It’s so much more comfortable to eat in.” As Ruby turned Catherine stepped back where she could see her full frame, and Catherine placed both hands on her middle again, showing that the drape of her new dress hugged a stomach even larger than the pasta-filled one from last night.

During lunch the next day, one of the hooks on Catherine’s new bra popped open. At breakfast the following day, fat cleavage bulged over the neckline of her dress, and a seam under the left arm tore free. Ruby wasn’t sure if having clothing that was revealing on top and incredibly roomy below was making Julie feed her more, or Catherine eat more.

Either way, she thought, measuring straps for a larger bra, Ruby was along for the ride.