

JULIE AND CATHERINE TASTE TESTER

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing

Julie and Catherine - The Taste Tester

Julie hummed to herself in anticipation, taking a peek inside the top half of her double oven to see how dinner was progressing. The kitchen the young woman stood in would have impressed all but the most pretentious of foodies. Long, spotless countertops and top-of-the line stainless steel appliances. Besides the double oven she had a six-burner gas cooktop, plus a full size refrigerator and walk-in freezer.

Her anticipation was caused by the imminent arrival of her young friend Catherine, who was moving in to be her personal taste-tester. Not only was Julie excited to have her friend move in with her, she also had a secret hope, one of which she was not quite consciously aware.

You see, Catherine had recently contracted a 'condition' where her breasts had started growing again, after her puberty should have been finished. Along with that condition came a greatly increased appetite, leading her mother to suspect the extra calories as the cause for her new development. Julie had a subconscious desire to test out this theory.

Flipping through her phone and checking out cooking posts on pinterest, Julie gave a start at the sound of her door buzzer. Pocketing her phone she ran her hands down the front of her apron, meeting no resistance of curves, then crossed the room to the intercom.

"Julie, it's me! I'm here!!"

"Sweet, come on up, it's 23b"

Several agonizing moments later Julie heard a knock at her door. She opened it to reveal her friend hauling several bags, but otherwise no more "overburdened" than she had been a month ago. She quickly took one of Catherine's bags and led her to the spare bedroom.

"You can leave your bags here, dinner should be ready in about 5 minutes."

"Oh good, I'm starving" her young friend replied.

Julie just smiled and return to the kitchen to check on dinner.

When Catherine joined her in the kitchen, she had removed her outer layer and wore a short-sleeved button-down shirt that, while well-filled, was hardly overflowing. If anything Julie would say her friend was actually *smaller* than when she had seen her last.

“Mmm, that smells really good.” Catherine exclaimed, taking a seat at the table. “Also this place is amazing!”

“Oh, thanks” Julie said shyly, removing a pan of garlic bread from the oven and pouring two glasses of wine, setting one in front of her friend. “So, how have you been?”

“Ugh, miserable. Mom would only agree to let me come stay with you if I went on this **super** strict diet!”

“I thought maybe you looked a little... lean” Julie said meaningfully

“Yeah. When you were in town I was outgrowing all my clothes, now all my new bras are loose.”

Julie’s left eye twitched slightly at that revelation, but she recovered quickly. “Well don’t worry about that. You’re here now and I promise you won’t go hungry here.” She cut the garlic bread into strips and set them on a platter on the table in front of her friend.

Catherine quickly grabbed a piece and took a large bite. “Hmpf, that reminds me” she began, not bothering to finish chewing, “shouldn’t I look for a job? Don’t you need me to help with rent or groceries or something?”

“Don’t be silly,” Julie replied, “everything is covered here. The spare room was just taking up space.”

“What about your sister, wasn’t she staying here?”

“Actually this was half her idea” Julie replied, bending the truth somewhat, “the bed in my rooms huge and she was so excited to have you move in she didn’t mind sharing. She should be back from her trip in a week or two.”

She took advantage of her friend’s chewing to continue. “So don’t worry about a job or anything. I’ll pay you to be my taste-tester. We’ll practice a little tonight, though there’s nothing too adventurous about dinner. How is the garlic bread?”

Catherine nodded her head, swallowed, then replied “Oh Julie it’s amazing!” before popping the last of her second piece into her mouth and grabbing a third after feigned hesitation.

Julie chuckled “well, you’ll have to be more specific than that, but don’t worry about it for tonight.” She opened the oven once more to reveal an entire lasagna, which she set on the table with the bread and dished herself a normal size serving and her friend a double.

“Oh my god, Julie how did you know?”

“What?”

“I haven’t had bread or pasta since you were in town!”

“Heh, lucky guess I suppose.”

Catherine barely waited for her piece to cool before popping a forkful into her mouth and giving a slight moan.

Julie laughed again “I’ll take that as more positive feedback” as she took a single piece of garlic bread for herself and had another sip of wine.

As the evening progressed the two friends caught each other up on various trivial happenings in their lives over the past month. When Catherine finished her helping of lasagna, Julie offered her seconds which she graciously accepted. At that point Julie put the pan back in the oven to keep it warm and they resumed talking. She offered her young friend more when the second piece was gone, and she again nodded after only a moment’s hesitation.

Over time Julie could see her friend’s tummy swelling against her form-fitting shirt, as bite after bite of lasagna and garlic bread was consumed. When Julie rose to cut a fourth slice she saw in her periphery as Catherine unbuttoned her jeans, allowing her bloated form to relax forward. The lasagna was now over halfway gone.

Sometime later Julie cut and served her friend a fifth piece. Catherine's shirt was starting to pucker and pull at the buttons over her stomach, and she frequently rubbed it with her free hand while she continued eating, much more slowly than when she started. At last Julie brought the pan back out, it had an amount of lasagna that was less than Catherine's first slice.

"Want this last bit?"

"Ugh, I probably shouldn't." Catherine said, rubbing her swollen gut.

"Come on, just a few more bites then we won't have leftovers."

"You know," Catherine grunted, "most people *want* leftovers."

"Not me. I'm practicing to be a chef, and there's no talent involved in heating up old food." She slid the last of the lasagna on to Catherine's plate.

Catherine appeared to psych herself up, and took a long sip of wine before lifting her fork again to the challenge.

Needless to say the dish was defeated. Julie reached over and gave her friend's swollen belly a pat, feeling how hard it was from being stuffed with food.

"I knew you would be a perfect taste-tester. Ruby and I just don't have the appetite for it. Two or three samples and we're done."

Catherine just smiled weakly as her friend cleared away the dishes.

"You want to watch some TV? My couch has built-in recliners."

Both girls changed into pajamas and reconvened in the main room to watch TV. After about two and a half hours Julie went to the fridge and returned with a large slice of cheesecake with fresh strawberries and sauce.

"More?"

"Just a little desert. I want to hear some real notes this time."

Catherine pressed her fingers into her middle to confirm that it had softened a fair bit before accepting her plate. She took a bite and gave a little moan again.

“That again? Come on, Cath..” Julie said, unable to hide the grin on her face.
“Too much sugar, berries too green?”

“Mpf,” Catherine began, swallowing her bite. “The berries are perfect. I guess maybe...”

“Yes?”

“The sauce is just a little runny.”

“Okay. Thanks, hun, you’re the best!” Julie exclaimed, before plopping back down on the couch beside her friend.

Another hour later Catherine retracted the recliner part of her seat, and struggled to stand.

“Bedtime?” Julie asked.

“I think so..”

“You sure you don’t want any more cheesecake?”

“I think four pieces is enough.” She had eaten five.

“Okay then, tomorrow I’ll make a different sauce for the rest.”

The girls hugged and retreated to their beds. As Julie began to fall asleep, though it was surely her imagination, she could swear she heard the gurgling of her younger friend’s stomach as it digested all of the evening’s food. In her mind she could almost picture Catherine’s form in the next room swelling, regaining all the mass she’d lost over the past month in a single evening.

The next morning Catherine awoke to the smell and sound of breakfast already being prepared. She adjusted her nightgown and underwear, noticing that the bulge of last night's indulgence was gone from her middle, leaving her with the trim, flat waist she always had. Overnight her body had not wasted those calories it seemed, for the bra that had been getting a little loose yesterday was now perfectly snug. Answering a brief call of nature she walked into the kitchen to find Julie in an apron at the cooktop flipping a pancake.

"Morning! Did you sleep okay?"

Catherine gave a long stretch, and Julie tried not to ogle her friend as the pronounced curves of her top half made their presence known.

"Yeah, it was great, thanks" she sat at the table just as Julie set a plate mounded with link sausages nearby and laid a set of silverware in front of her friend.

Catherine forked a sausage and chomped eagerly as Julie returned with a stack of pancakes. Her fullness from the previous night long forgotten, Catherine ate with gusto while Julie returned to the stove and continued cooking.

As the last bite of pancake disappeared, Julie was already there with three more and a questioning look.

Catherine hesitated.

"I have blueberries for these." Julie said, waving the plate under her friend's nose.

"Okay!" Catherine nodded eagerly and resumed her feast as soon as Julie finished drenching the stack in syrup and transferring a few of the sausages onto her friend's plate.

The second stack disappeared only slightly slower than the first, and Julie returned with yet another stack.

"I don't know..."

“These have chocolate chips.” Julie said enticingly.

Catherine again nodded her assent, and her plate was once again filled with pancakes drenched in syrup, and a few more sausages.

Julie cleaned up the pans and other dishes while her friend continued stuffing herself with pancakes. When she returned to the table the sausages were gone, and Catherine was taking the last bite of pancake. Julie picked up the sausage plate and offered it to the younger girl.

“Here, have the rest of these so I can wash the plate.”

In response Catherine just rubbed her stomach, which once again bulged with food, its form visible against the loose silk of her nightgown.

“Come on, you can’t taste-test on an empty stomach. The hunger throws off your tastebuds.”

Catherine had no reason not to believe this, so she accepted the remainder of breakfast.

When Catherine finished eating, Julie took her plate and said “I have a bunch of prep work to do for lunch, so you can watch TV or whatever while you digest breakfast.”

Catherine slid her chair back and prepared to rise. “By the way” Julie said “any notes on the pancakes?” The stuffed girl just patted her swollen stomach and gave her friend a thumbs up.

Julie chuckled at she began to take out bowls and containers for her next meal preparation.

At noon Julie called her friend back into the kitchen to begin the true taste-testing. Catherine sat at the table and was presented with two pieces of fried chicken.

“Okay try these and tell me what you think.”

Catherine took a bite and made an approving murmur.

As she finished the first bite Julie interrupted her second “How is the breading, and the spices?”

“It’s pretty good, maybe it could be a little more crispy?”

“Okay, great!”

As Julie returned to the ingredients and fryer she watched from the corner of her eye as Catherine continued eating the first “sample.” Between breakfast and lunch Catherine had gotten changed into a skirt and a tank top again, and while she had begun with the waistband shoved down to accommodate her breakfast, by lunch the swelling was all but gone leaving the young girl’s belly ready to be filled yet again.

Just as Catherine was finishing off the first two pieces, Julie brought two more. Catherine tried one of these, and without additional prompting offered “this is good too, but maybe a little too floury”

“Got it.”

Julie set to work again, intentionally failing to tell her friend that she wasn’t really supposed to eat all the chicken, just test a bite or two. Left to her own initiative Catherine cleaned every bone. Julie returned to the table again and again with slightly different variations of fried chicken, and got notes on all of them.

“That’s kind of a lot of rosemary.”

“Maybe make it more spicy?”

“Definitely too spicy.”

“Needs more garlic.”

This went on for hours. Julie cooked and cooked while Catherine ate and ate. Even when her feedback was more negative that never stopped her from inhaling every bite. Eventually she pushed the waistband of her skirt down again to make room for more chicken. Then after about five more “samples” she undid the button as she continued to swell.

At last Catherine was presented with a set of fried chicken pieces for which she had no notes.

“I don’t think,” she said, giving a grunt as she swallowed, “it’s going to get any better than this.”

“That’s awesome, and a good thing too, I’m out of chicken pieces until tomorrow’s delivery.”

Julie started cleaning the kitchen as Catherine crammed the last two pieces of fried chicken into her middle. When she rose from the table slowly, hand pressed to her swollen form like a pregnant woman, Julie walked over to her and laid a hand on her arm.

“Hey are you okay, did I feed you too much?” Julie put a tentative hand on her friend’s belly, blushing slightly at the feeling of hardness.

“Don’t be silly” Catherine replied “there’s plenty of room in there still.”

Julie looked askance at her friend.

“No, really! I’m so glad you asked me to stay here, and taste-testing is just as awesome as I thought it would be.”

Catherine turned and embraced her older friend in a bear hug. Her swollen stomach and slightly taller stature meant that Julie’s shoulders and chin were overwhelmed by Catherine’s breasts. This close Julie was certain they were bigger than they had been when Catherine arrived, less than 24 hours ago.

All too soon Julie was released from her friend’s embrace.

“Okay, I’m going to watch some more TV, let me know when you’re ready for me to,” Catherine gave her overfull stomach a few meaningful pats “taste-test dinner.”

As she turned away Julie could see the straps of Catherine’s bra digging into her back. Forget about clothes being too big, Catherine was going to outgrow her bras and blouses within a week at this rate.