



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

<https://spartacusda.deviantart.com>

<https://patreon.com/spartacusda>

<https://spartacusda.gumroad.com>

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

Catherine's Thanksgiving

Part I

Brightly colored leaves and a cool morning breeze heralded the imminence of the American holiday of gluttony, as the voice of a diminutive aspiring seamstress called out from her workroom.

“Catherine! Would you come try something on for me before breakfast?”

The doorway darkened with the shape of a tall blonde. This particular shape was blessed with an improbable silhouette. Calling it ‘hourglass’ would be somewhat of a misnomer, though perhaps ‘martini glass’ might be more apropos.

“Something new again? My current dresses still fit me fine.”

Catherine punctuated her point by rotating her hips and torso so that the hem of her empire-waisted dress flared outward, and her enormous breasts bobbed and swayed at a slight delay to the rest of her body’s movement.

Ruby drew Catherine all the way into the room then locked the door behind her.

Ruby laughed “It’s something special for Thanksgiving. Julie has a surprise planned for you, and so I’m making something as a surprise for her.”

“Hmm, she did mention something about Thanksgiving plans..” the taller girl thought aloud as she rubbed her middle, drawing the skirt of her dress in and further emphasizing her outrageous bust.

“Well anyway, try this on.” Ruby said, holding up a wad of brown and tan.

Catherine took it from her and held it up. “What is this, a ghillie suit?” The garment looked like a normal size brown tracksuit except for the front, which was covered in brown and tan feathers.

“It’s ummmm, a sort of cosplay.” Ruby said “Just try it on, I want to see how the front fits.”

Catherine went behind a changing divider and Ruby heard a series of gasps and grunts as Catherine maneuvered her body into the strange garment. When she stepped back into the room, all of her body was covered in brown tracksuit except for her breasts, which were covered in fake turkey feathers. The feathers were attached to a stretchy, almost mesh material that clung to her skin. The

mesh was attached to the shirt in a way that made the rest of the shirt even below her chest fit properly, making each breast look like a distinct, feather-covered sphere.

The coup-de-grâce were two plush turkey heads that perched just above each nipple, making it appear that Catherine had two fake turkeys attached to her front, each slightly larger than her head.

“Ruby, what the hell?”

The shorter girl suppressed a snort of laughter, then walked a circle around the busty girl, admiring her handiwork.

“Oh man, she’s gonna love it! It’s your thanksgiving turkey costume!”

Catherine pondered her reflection in the full-length wall mirror, crossing her arms below her breasts then using both hands to heft one then the other, admiring her size, and the fact that yes, if she wrapped her arms under them, it did look like she was carrying two very well-fed turkeys around.

“Heh, I guess it is pretty funny. These aren’t real feathers are they?”

“Oh no, fake feathers for sure. And the material I attached them to is plenty stretchy, in case those turkeys get any fatter before Thanksgiving.”

“Hey!” Catherine gave Ruby a shoulder punch, to which the younger girl just laughed.

“Come on and change back into your dress before Julie gets curious.”

Neither girl knew the grand plan Julie was already hard at work concocting for her personal taste tester’s Thanksgiving.

Part II

After reviewing and then stuffing herself with 27 of Julie's omelettes for breakfast that day, Catherine was presented with turkey legs cooked in 14 different ways (28 drumsticks in total) for lunch. The dinner hour was a variety of roasted potatoes, and evening movie time was accompanied by 6 different pumpkin pies, which Catherine devoured.

The first week of November continued this way, and by the second week, Thanksgiving side dishes even took over breakfast. Monday started with the aptly named stuffing, Tuesday was corn casseroles, Wednesday turkey breast with various gravies, cranberry sauces on Thursday, and Friday kicked off with turkey sandwiches.

"Wait, is this 'leftover' turkey?"

"That's what turkey sandwiches are, dear." Julie replied.

"I thought you didn't believe in leftovers.."

"Well, in general I don't, however," Julie placed a fresh sandwich on the growing blonde's plate, "I also believe in using all of a turkey, and besides Thanksgiving is the exception to the rule. If there are no Thanksgiving leftovers then somebody messed up."

"Mmph, that makes sense" Catherine replied, then swallowed her mouthful of sandwich. "Too much salt on this one." She said, before taking another large bite.

Julie nodded then smiled at her young friend's contradictory behavior. She had not yet gotten a negative note from Catherine that prevented her from continuing to eat whatever Julie set in front of her. The effects were unmistakable, the seams of her bodice creaking almost audibly with each bite.

Sunday morning after the second week, Catherine knocked on the door of Ruby's workroom.

"Hey Rubes, I think I need a bigger bra again." She said somewhat sheepishly, hefting her dress by the "neckline" on either side of two pale mounds of flesh.

"Already? I think that's the quickest one yet!" The shorter girl replied, jumping up and grabbing her tape.

"Yeah.." Catherine said, dropping her arms so Ruby could measure her "I think it's all this heavy Thanksgiving food Julie's working on."

Running her tape around the vast circumference of barely cotton-clad breast that filled her field of vision, Ruby said "Well, we *are* going to four different Thanksgivings, I'm sure she just wants the food to be perfect."

"Yeah, I guess that makes sense" Catherine replied, patting her middle and licking her lips in anticipation of Thanksgiving dinner, seemingly oblivious to the fact that she had almost two full weeks of tasting Thanksgiving food ahead of her.

Ruby took down the numbers and said "I have an experiment I want you to try on, while you're here."

The short-haired brunette produce a bra, very large, with an abundance of straps and buckles. Catherine tried it on then emerged from the changing screen examining it.

"It's... actually too big." She said, with slight disappointment.

"Well, that's sort of intentional, plus I wanted to make sure you don't outgrow it before the actual Thanksgiving dinners."

Ruby approached the older girl, and reached up to one of the myriad straps on her bra. "Okay this is going to be kind of uncomfortable, but bear with me, and I may need some help."

Ruby began tightening the straps one-by-one, gradually making the bra snug, then a little tight, then tighter still.

“Ugh, Ruby, are you trying to crush me?”

“Well, sort of. I know how weird your mom is about your... condition, and I thought it might help if we downplay just how... healthy you’ve gotten living with Julie.” Ruby continued quickly before Catherine could react. “So I decided to make you a compression bra. Although I doubt anyone has ever made one of these in a 25R. Anyway I’m almost done with your normal top, it’s a big fuzzy sweater, so you’ll just look kinda big, instead of your normal freak-of-nature proportions.”

“Freak of nature?!?”

“Ha! I mean that in the best possible way, babe.” Ruby poked a finger into a breast that was now packed so tightly there was almost no give. “You know I’d kill to have tits half this size.” Then under her breath “Hell, a tenth..”

“Yeah well I can barely breathe” Catherine huffed.

“Meh, breathing’s overrated. The important thing is it’s short, and your sweater will go straight down, so you’ll have plenty of room to eat, which is the point of Thanksgiving.”

GRRRROWL

Catherine’s stomach voiced its approval of Ruby’s words.

“Alright, alright, let’s get you out of this so you can get back to work filling that thing up with Julie’s side dishes.”

The next two weeks passed in a blur of Thanksgiving food, and finally it was the big day(s). The trio of girls went first to Catherine’s parents, where they brought a 5lb smoked turkey, corn and green bean casseroles, apple-bacon stuffing,

roasted redskin potatoes, crescent rolls, and pumpkin and apple pies.

Ruby had shown up early with beverages, and ran distraction interference so Catherine's mom only gave a disapproving glance at her daughter's enlarged form, then shrugged as if to say "it's her body to ruin."

The family ate with gusto, and there was enough buzzed conversation to distract everyone from the way Julie tried to avoid being caught watching Catherine eat, except for her 14 year old brother who was having complicated feelings about his very big sister.

For the sake of decorum, Catherine only filled herself to a fraction of her capacity, and when she started to feel the front of her sweater brush her swollen belly, she forced herself to stop.

The family watched the football game together, and Catherine only had three slices of pie, which went unobserved by all but Julie.

As they cleaned up the table, Julie said "I can leave any of these leftovers you guys want, otherwise we'll take them home."

"Just the three of you?" Catherine's mom asked.

"Oh they'll keep for awhile, plus I'm still working on some leftover recipes."

The older woman took another sip of wine and rubbed her slightly distended stomach "Yeah I guess you better take it away then, otherwise we'll eat it all."

Julie laughed then set aside enough turkey for maybe two sandwiches "Here, I left you some turkey to make sandwiches for the guys tomorrow."

"Thanks, dear. Your cooking's really very good, I can almost understand how..." she paused, seeming to realize what she'd been about to say, then said "well, never mind." and left the room.

Arriving back at the apartment, Ruby helped Catherine out of her compression bra while Julie packed up all but the pies and set up the movie. The leftovers did not survive the night.

Only three Thanksgivings to go.

Part III

Friday after Thanksgiving, while many were out engaging in rampant consumerism, Julie was in her kitchen preparing a second Thanksgiving feast. This one had an 14lb turkey traditionally roasted, the same corn and green bean casseroles, pork sausage stuffing, mashed potatoes with an abundance of butter and heavy cream, white dinner rolls, and pumpkin pie accompanied by pecan.

Catherine was close at hand for all the meal preparation, so Julie wasted no opportunity to whip up snacks, and offer bowls and utensils to be licked clean. By the time they were dressing to leave the curvaceous girl already had a swell to her middle.

Ruby once again helped Catherine into her compression bra, although found that it was much closer to fitting properly than it had been yesterday. Never the less it fit, and Ruby worked up a sheen of sweat tightening down all the straps to reduce the taller girl's apparent size. With the long baggy sweater hiding the day's indulgence up to that point, Catherine was ready to be seen.

Julie and Ruby's stepfather did not display his wealth in an ostentatious way, but it was nevertheless apparent in the subtle things like stainless steel appliances, and original fine art hanging on the walls. He had two children from his first marriage, a son and daughter, 5 and 9 years older than the girls, respectively, and the daughter was married and had an infant girl. Their stepdad greeted the girls warmly but formally, shaking hands instead of hugs.

Their mother did give hugs, and gave a start at Catherine's size.

“My goodness, Catherine. I’d hardly recognize you! Julie must really be fee-” she suddenly caught herself “- I mean, you’re so grown up!”

Catherine blushed slightly and thanked the woman, and they all sat down to eat.

Once again, pleasant conversation mostly distracted from the amount of food Catherine put away, though Julie’s stepbrother made pathetic attempts to avoid being caught staring at the busty blonde, and her stepsister’s husband received at least one elbow in the ribs.

After dinner they had cocktails in the sitting room, and Ruby once again ran interference against too many questions of Catherine, though both her stepdad and the young men were too intimidated to ask any pointed questions.

Their stepsister did have to nurse the baby, and when the men had left the room she took the opportunity to remark “I bet you would have plenty of milk, Catherine”

“Oh! I don’t know about that” Catherine replied, blushing furiously “I’m quite a ways away from being a mom. I haven’t even found the right man.”

Julie almost choked on her drink at that, then coughed, setting her drink down, saying “why don’t I go check those pies!” As she rushed from the room.

Once again Catherine was surreptitiously fed three times as much pie as anyone else, and Julie didn’t even have to offer to leave any leftovers, packing everything up to take back to the apartment, where Catherine ate it all.

Saturday morning Julie prepared a third meal, this time with only a 8lb turkey, deep fried, a Waldorf salad, lumpy mashed potatoes with peas, sweet potatoes, more crescent rolls, and two pies, one peanut butter and one banana cream.

Ruby and Julie’s dad greeted them warmly, giving all three girls a hug and only reacting with momentary wide eyes at Catherine’s form.

“I can’t wait to try some Thanksgiving dinner from my pro chef daughter!”

“Dad! I’m not a pro yet!” Julie replied, sounding uncharacteristically young.

“Well I’m sure it’s all gonna be great, isn’t it Catherine?” He gave a wink to his daughter’s roommate, who’s bulging sweater was a testament to the quality of Julie’s cooking.

Their grandmother joined them, prompting another round of hugs, and they sat to eat. Julie and Ruby’s father filled most of the time with stories about his job, or football anecdotes, while their grandmother encouraged all of them to second and third helpings.

“You girls are both so skinny. At least Catherine has a healthy appetite!” She scooped another spoonful of mashed potatoes onto the blonde’s plate with a smile.

They spent the afternoon in the living room watching football, until pie came out yet again. Julie’s grandmother insisted they take all the leftovers home.

“We’ve got plenty here my dear, and you brought all of this. Growing girls like you-” her eyes shot briefly to Catherine “-need plenty to eat.”

During the ride home Catherine ate the rest of the salad, and most of the potatoes. At the apartment Julie had been slow roasting her fourth turkey, a 24lb beast that had been soaked in brine overnight before roasting. This was accompanied by buttered garlic roasted redskin potatoes, handmade drop biscuits, slow cooked cranberry sauce, apple-sausage stuffing, bacon-balsamic Brussels sprouts, a dried cranberry and feta salad, and five pies, two pumpkin, an apple-cranberry, a blueberry, and a peach.

The fourth Thanksgiving was for Julie’s classmates at culinary school. It was a late dinner starting at 8pm, which was fortunate because Catherine had just finished eating the leftovers from their third Thanksgiving around five. Her

belly was no longer showing against the fuzzy sweater, but Ruby was pretty sure she could hear the compression bra creaking with tension every time the taller girl moved.

At the party were seven of Julie's fellow culinary students, and eight more friends and significant others, a couple of whom were clearly taste-testers like Catherine, judging by their waistlines. Though if the size of their testers was the metric by which these students were weighed, Julie was winning by a fair margin.

The other students had brought sides and some cookies, and the meal was heartily enjoyed by all. Neither Catherine nor any of the other testers had any notes, though Julie noticed with a slight smile that the same could not be said of her classmate's dishes.

One of the other chefs, a tall, rail-thin redhead, eventually recognized Catherine "Hey, didn't I go to summer camp with you two years ago?"

"Um, maybe, at Camp Wamapoke?"

"Yeah, that's the one!" The girl looked Catherine over, the bulge of her stomach beginning to show against her sweater making her look almost pregnant as she took another bite of peach pie. "I almost didn't recognize you, you've gotten so... erm... voluptuous."

"Heh, yeah" Catherine replied, placing a hand on the curve of her stuffed middle "Julie's cooking is getting *really* good."

Slowly the party died down, as couples and friends left. Julie once again packed up every bit of leftovers she could find, including some trays left by her classmates. Catherine was so bloated that the two sisters had to help her waddle to the car, then recline her seat so her tightly bound breasts and engorged stomach rose into the air, filling her field of vision. As Catherine laid back Ruby could hear her stomach churning loudly, turning all those calories into fat cells, and the creaking of her custom-made compression bra was punctuated by a loud **-POP-**

One of the strap connections had torn free, causing Catherine's breasts to swell appearing to grow an inch or two before her eyes.

A few blocks later Julie had to make a sudden stop at a light, and the lurching of the car caused another sharp –**SHRIP**– as a strap broke loose, the mountains of Catherine gaining another few inches of volume.

“Ugh, it's so tight, Ruby”

Ruby sat forward to lay both hands on Catherine's swollen gut and give it a rub.

“Don't worry babe, we'll be home soon and you can change into your nice loose robe.”

“And then you can have some more, yummy, pie” she punctuated each word with a firm pat of Catherine's belly.

Ruby watched Julie's face from the corner of her eye, but her sister only gave a slight twitch at this idea. Ruby smiled to herself in anticipation of her upcoming big surprise.

Part IV

Mid-morning Sunday, while Catherine sat on the couch cradling a stomach domed slightly from a (relatively) small breakfast of 8 pieces of French toast and half a pound of bacon, Julie and Ruby unveiled their big surprise. The pixie seamstress carried a digital scale into the living room and set it on the coffee table.

“Mmm, what's that for?” The large taste-tester asked, craning her neck to see over the swell of her bosom.

“We're going to weigh you.” Ruby said.

“What, why?”

“Well,” the older sister began, before Ruby cut her off

“We want to see just exactly how big these babies are!” Ruby pranced toward the couch and gave one of Catherine’s large breasts a poke. They were larger than her head.

Instead of reacting with shock or offense, Catherine just looked down at her abundance, raising both hands to press on the sides of each breast, causing even more cleavage to well up between the smooth, fat orbs.

“And then,” Julie interjected with a smile “we’re going to have one last Thanksgiving, a grand finale.”

“Okay...” Catherine trailed off.

“It’s to thank you for all your hard work these past months.”

“What hard work? All I do is eat all day.”

“Nonsense, your feedback is invaluable to my learning process.”

“Anyway!” Ruby cut in, “Let’s do this thing, I’m dying of curiosity.”

The girls reset the digital thermometer, and with the easy access of Catherine’s empire-waisted dress, set first the right and then the left of Catherine’s breasts on the scale.

“14.98 aaaannnd 15.04” Ruby read “for a combined total of 30.02 pounds.”

A stunned silence hung in the air, broken finally by Ruby giving out a long, low whistle. “Girl, why don’t you share some of that love?” The tiny girl pressed her nearly flat chest against Catherine’s enormous breasts and stroked them toward her, in what looked like an attempt to “milk” some of the mammary matter into herself.

Catherine swatted the younger girl away, and as she stood back up Ruby made one move to pat the sides of Catherine's breasts, making the large girl's cleavage jiggle. "Never mind that number, it'll be going up again soon anyway."

She turned to address her sister, who seemed in a trance staring at Catherine's rippling flesh. "So, sis, are you gonna be able to find a turkey that big?"

"What?" Catherine asked

Julie snapped out of her reverie "Oh, we probably should have led with that. Ruby thought it would be fun to get a turkey as big as you." She paused again thoughtfully "Though I guess we'll have to get two, you've grown more than I realized..."

Julie pulled out her phone, placing a call to her supplier. "Hi Jim, I need two turkeys, at least 15 pounds, plus 20 pounds of potatoes, three dozen ears of corn, six loaves of bread," her voice trailed off as she left the room to start prepping food.

Four hours later Catherine walked into the kitchen wearing the turkey suit Ruby had made. It had taken the two of them a fair amount of effort to get her into it again, since she wasn't wearing the compression bra, not with the amount of food Catherine was about to eat.

Julie nearly did a spit-take when she saw it. "Ruby, what the hell is that?"

Ruby laughed "it's a turkey suit! As a special challenge for Thanksgiving I wanted to make turkey suits for our two growing girls here." She reached up to give Catherine's breasts a few pats for emphasis, as Catherine blushed slightly.

Julie giggled "I see, two big, plump turkeys for us to fatten up for next year."

"Yep, that's it exactly."

“You guys, I’m right here.”

“Oh we’re not talking about you, we’re talking about these!” Ruby patted the tall girl’s feather covered bosom again “and we’re all three working together to help them grow nice and healthy for Thanksgiving.”

Julie began carrying dishes and platters to the dining table as Ruby got Catherine seated. The blond girl was already so voluptuous that she had to rest her breasts on the table.

“Julie why is there soooo much?” Catherine asked.

“Oh this is a Catherine-sized Thanksgiving, silly.” Ruby explained “You’ve got thirty pounds of boob, so we got thirty pounds of turkey. Well, 31 technically. That’s enough turkey for 28 adults, so Julie’s making enough Thanksgiving food for 28 people, though probably rounding up a little bit because you’ve got such a **large** appetite.” At the word “large” she gave another poke to Catherine’s right breast for emphasis.

Catherine was no longer listening, but watching as more and more Thanksgiving sides were placed on the large table. The two sisters sat and together dished up a plate, setting it carefully on Catherine’s chest, the only surface she could easily reach in her position.

Catherine dug in with gusto, and made short work of the plate of food. The instant she was finished Ruby took the empty plate and Julie set a freshly filled one in its place.

“Aren’t you guys eating?”

“We had lunch earlier” Julie said.

“This is your *own* special Thanksgiving” Ruby added.

Catherine shrugged and shoveled a mouthful of potatoes, satisfied to simply enjoy her special meal.

Minutes became hours, and slowly, ever so slowly, the gigantic meal disappeared down Catherine's throat.

By the time the first turkey was half gone, the sisters were concerned that Catherine was getting full. Ruby reached under the table to feel at the older girl's stomach, and while it was indeed enlarged to late term pregnancy size, it did not feel hard or tight.

Leaned in close like this, Ruby noticed from the corner of her eye that one of the feathers in Catherine's turkey costume twitched. She turned to look closely as Julie prepared another plate and Catherine kept eating.

There it was again, Ruby was certain. She could see tiny twitches in the feathers and elastic net of Catherine's top. Her body it seemed had grown so accustomed to the immense amount of food she ate on a daily basis, that her metabolism had supercharged, and was converting calories into fat while the large girl was still eating.

Four hours later, Ruby was dishing and serving Catherine food while Julie was once again cooking. She had planned to break up the meal into two or more phases, to allow for sleep and digestion, but Catherine's body apparently had other plans. The second turkey was in the oven, and Julie was keeping up a constant stream of side dishes to keep the meal going while the turkey cooked.

Plate after plate was emptied into Catherine's waiting mouth, mountains of potatoes, buckets of stuffing, the pile of discarded corncobs was the size of Ruby. Casserole sides of every kind, roasted potatoes with garlic, 6 different gravies so far, cranberry sauce, enough bread rolls to start a bakery, and still Catherine ate, and ate, and ate.

Everything Ruby or Julie set in front of the large girl got devoured, and the shelf on which her plate sat got higher. Already if Ruby sat in the right chair, she could not see Catherine's chin above the curve of two brown feathered mountains. She wondered absently how soon those mountains would block her view of Catherine's eyes.

The feeding continued into the night and through the next morning. Monday's dinner "hour" consisted of pies, at least 35 of every kind imaginable, apple, pumpkin, banana creme, peanut butter, cherry, pecan, chocolate. Slice after slice pressed between Catherine's lips. Her breasts had swollen and fattened all night, and were now nearly as wide as the table at whose head she sat. Seated at the table there was no way Ruby or Julie could reach over the enormous turkeys, so they stood to carry food for the taste-tester to taste, though inhale would be a better verb.

At long last, nearly 24 hours after it had begun, the feast finally drew to its end. Catherine's belly pressed against the table, but it could not be seen from above. Her breasts had more than doubled in size and covered her end of the table, a few inches hanging off on each side.

BbbbrrrrrrrrrAAAAAAPP!

She let loose a hearty belch, and several soft plinks could be heard as strands of the elastic net making up her costume gave up their fight, small pockets of bare flesh pressing out.

"There's no getting you out of this now" Ruby said, poking the bit of exposed flesh "We'll just have to wait for you to digest all this" she put her other hand on Catherine's belly "and grow out of it." She thought for a moment "these are some healthy turkeys, they're getting too big for their own skin." Ruby chuckled at her bad joke.

Catherine heaved a weary sigh, laying both arms on her bloated bosom.

"Happy Thanksgiving, you two."

"Happy Thanksgiving, Catherine."

Two days later Ruby was fitting Catherine for a sexy Mrs Claus outfit, when the girls heard a sound on the roof and a bit of soot dusted down into the cold fireplace.

Catherine and friends will return (eventually) in Catherine Saves Christmas!