

JULIE'S DAY OFF

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

Julie's Day Off

A thin sliver of sunlight broke through a tiny gap in the curtains into an otherwise dark bedroom. The sunlight met the closed eyelids of a blonde female head. Catherine moaned in annoyance and tried to roll over onto her

other side, before her body reminded her rather uncomfortably that such a task would require more effort and coordination than she wanted to expend in her half-asleep state.

The young woman pulled the blankets over her head and tried to go back to sleep, but realized with annoyance that the damage was done and she might as well get up. She was hungry anyway.

Reaching down under the covers, Catherine hefted her overgrown breasts so that she could roll onto her back and sit up. Grunting with the effort, Catherine rose to a seated position and rotated to let her feet dangle off the bed. Rubbing sleep from her eyes, she reached down to pat the generous mounds of flesh that rested in her lap. "When will you girls quit growing?"

Rising to her feet, Catherine scooped up both breasts in one arm. They were still remarkably firm, not sagging much at all despite their size, but lacking the support of a bra, they would have swung, wobbled, and bounced madly in her nightgown. They were getting almost too heavy on her shoulders and back for her to move around without carrying them in her arms. Truly, she was nearly to the point where it took both hands, or rather both arms, to support their generous weight.

Catherine grabbed her newest bra from the top of her dresser. It was a simple-looking garment that Ruby had made for her just last week. Made of a simple white canvas and satin, it had a band nearly 8 inches wide, with cups large enough that Catherine could've used one of them as a hat with room to spare. Putting one arm at a time under straps a full inch wide, Catherine fastened the band behind her back in a series of seven heavy-duty hooks. The garment now secured around her torso, Catherine began the arduous task of getting her mommy milkers into their enormous cups. Bending at the waist to lean forward and let gravity be her ally for once, she used her fingertips and sometimes her entire hand to stuff herself into the cups of her custom P-cup bra.

Briefly, Catherine considered getting fully dressed, but a rumbling from below Boob Mountain made her decide that breakfast would have to come first. She grabbed a brush off the dresser and brushed her blonde hair out from its bedhead state and checked herself in the mirror.

Scrutinizing her reflection, Catherine once again marveled at Ruby's handiwork. If this whole "fashion designer" thing didn't work out, Catherine thought, the little pixie certainly had a career in structural engineering. Supported as they were by the massive garment, Catherine's bosom rose gloriously into large, nearly flawless hemispheres.

Nevertheless, as she gazed upon her generous rotundity, Catherine could see that she was already beginning to bulge ever so slightly out of the garment. The bra she had had for less than two weeks was already getting too small. Frowning, she poked into the supple flesh of each orb with mild annoyance.

"I know most guys like big boobs, but this is starting to get pretty freaking ridiculous."

Pulling the nightgown back over her head and slipping on a robe that she tied at her waist but which would lost its ability to close over her prodigious bosom months ago, Catherine left her room and headed toward the kitchen.

It only took a few steps down the hall before Catherine was reminded harshly that her personal chef was not at home. Julie had gone with her entire culinary class on a field trip into the city, and would not be home until after midnight. That could mean only one thing, Ruby was cooking.

Catherine knew that Ruby was cooking because she smelled smoke, and even from several rooms away, she could hear the small girl cursing. As Catherine entered the kitchen, she saw the diminutive brunette scraping the remnants of a pancake incongruously into the kitchen sink. The kitchen was filled with a haze of smoke and the short girl had dabs of flour and batter all over her clothes, hands, and face. On a plate beside the stove, sat a single solitary pancake, or what looked like a pancake, it may have been a black frisbee.

"Mornin' Rubes..." Catherine said cautiously, "how's it going?"

"Oh Catherine, you're up. Ugh! Julie had everything measured out and left all these notes on making pancakes, but as you can see, it's not really working."

Silently, Catherine reevaluated the mental praise she had been giving Julie's sister on her skills mere moments earlier.

"Oh, I don't know... Let me do a taste test for you."

With that, Catherine picked up the charred "pancake" and took a big bite. The grimace on her face told Ruby all she needed to know, but Catherine nevertheless affected the world's most artificial smile as she chewed.

"It's pretty good actually..."

The short girl frowned up at her outrageously busty friend and put fists on both hips.

"Don't bullshit me Catherine, it's garbage and you know it!"

Catherine grinned sheepishly. "Sorry, you're right, it's not great."

Surprisingly, Catherine went in for a second bite of the burnt pancake. It seemed her voracious appetite had won out over her sense of taste. Ruby wondered idly how valuable the blonde's taste-testing skills actually were to her culinary sister.

"Alright," Ruby said with determination, "clearly cooking is not my forte. How about we go out, for breakfast?" Catherine only smiled and nodded eagerly, taking another large bite of the mostly carbon pancake.

Back in her room, Catherine was struggling with one of her empire-waisted dresses. Ruby had custom-made the garment for Catherine's generous form, but it was starting to get quite snug. The navy blue fabric was bunched up around Catherine's neck, and she had drawn the material down over her chest until she got to the waistband. It was elastic, and every bit as wide as the flowing skirt, but the apex of Catherine's bust-line was proving to be too much for it. As the busty blonde pulled and tugged the garment downward, the elastic waistband caught on the edge of one of her bra cups, slipping it down and

causing her left boob to pop free. This created a sudden pliability in Catherine's magnificent mammaries, and the waistband slid down into place. Bending forward once again, Catherine reached into the top of her dress to wrestle her errant breast back into its home. It took some doing, however, and was made even more difficult by the lack of "give" between her chest and the garment's upper half.

Fully clothed at last, Catherine turned to the mirror and gave herself a once over. The empire-waisted summer dress had a scoop neck, and while everything from the under-bust down was loose and flowing, the material around her bosom was skin tight. In addition, the low neck of the dress meant that she was showing off almost a foot of tight, enticing cleavage. The busty blonde shrugged, an action that would've sent her bloated assets wobbling a great deal more, had she not been tightly compacted into a sausage casing of a bodice.

Stepping over to the mirror again, Catherine quickly did the small amount of makeup that she usually wore. Very light mascara, barely visible eyeliner, a few tabs of blush, and a quick swipe of lip gloss. Pulling her hair back into a ponytail tied with a crimson scrunchie, Catherine judged herself ready to go.

Downstairs, Catherine only had to wait a few minutes before Ruby emerged from her own room. The loli brunette was wearing a light sundress of pale blue with white polkadots, the skirt reaching just past her knees. She wore white socks, and faux leather flats, also in baby blue. Her hair was brushed out, and she'd cleaned all of the pancake aftermath off of herself. Ruby wore somewhat more bold makeup than Catherine; bright red lips, and striking blue eyeshadow. She held a simple white clutch in her hand and as she emerged asked, "ready to g—"

Ruby's dark blue eyes took in the sight of her taller friend. She stepped up to Catherine without a hint of shame and began manhandling the blonde's swollen breasts. "My God, Catherine, look how tight this dress is already! I'll have to make you a new one after we get back from breakfast..."

Catherine barely suppressed a faint moan, her breasts had gotten more and more sensitive as they grew ever larger. "Alright Ruby, that would be awesome... Can you stop that? Can we go now?"

The two girls walked a couple blocks to a nearby diner. They had been seated in a booth, once they could get the poor hostess to stop staring at Catherine's pale fertile valley. After the poor woman's wide eyes went back to normal size, and she walked away, Catherine leaned forward, letting her bounteous bosom rest on the booth's table with a sigh.

Ruby giggled softly, "I don't think that hostess was even 30, and I'm pretty sure she was about to have a heart attack."

Catherine chuckled softly as well "yeah, this is why I don't go out so much in the summer, I much prefer hoodie weather."

"Are you crazy?" Ruby reached across the table to poke Catherine's generous cleavage. "Why would you wanna keep these glorious beauties covered up?"

Catherine swatted the small girl's hand away. "Could you not do that in public?"

Ruby withdrew her hand, sitting back and grabbing the menu.

"Seriously, girl, if I had half of what you have, I'd be flaunting it all over town."

Catherine blushed at the phrase and then scowled. "Well that's the problem, if I had half of what I have maybe I'd be flaunting it too! But I blew right past the 'hot and busty' stage, straight into the 'holy shit, look at that freak' size!"

Ruby tipped her menu down to meet Catherine's eyes. "You're not a freak, Catherine. I can guarantee you that plenty of guys would kill to be with a girl your size..."

Ruby paused thoughtfully and added in a lower tone, "maybe even some girls..."

Catherine was taken aback. “Ruby... are you... do you... have feelings for me?”

Ruby blushed, dropping her menu and waving both hands at her friend in protest. “No, no nothing like that! I’m just saying that I know for a fact you have some admirers out there who don’t think you’re too big.”

Catherine wasn’t buying it. “But you said girl... Is there some girl who’s... into me?”

Ruby was getting frantic now. “No, no... it’s not for me to say. All I’m saying is, you shouldn’t feel insecure about your body.”

Catherine seemed to be appeased. “Yeah, maybe... For now anyway. But I’m clearly still growing... How big can I get before I am considered ‘too big?’”

Ruby only shrugged, picking the menu back up. “Beats me. My grandma used to say ‘there’s a lid for every pot’”

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of their waitress. Catherine straightened her back, lifting her breasts off the table. Ruby ordered a simple eggs-and-toast breakfast, while Catherine ordered a pancake platter, an omelette, sides of French toast and waffles, and a large milkshake. It was enough food to feed five young women, but still probably considerably less than she would’ve eaten while taste-testing with Julie. The waitresses’ eyes widened only slightly at the magnitude of Catherine’s order, but from her vantage point she couldn’t see below the blonde’s generous cleavage, and assumed that the rest of her body was as plump as the breasts bulging from her neckline.

After the waitress filled their coffees and left, Catherine dosed hers with two creams and three packets of sugar before taking hearty, greedy first gulp.

“Anyway...” the blonde said, take another healthy gulp of her sugary coffee. “They just won’t stop growing. I wish I knew why...” Ruby sipped on her black coffee in astonishment. How was it possible for someone to be so oblivious?

Catherine devoured every crumb of her considerable breakfast, and even nibbled down a piece of toast leftover from Ruby's. The brunette paid the tab, and the pair headed back to the apartment. Catherine's online class was starting in half an hour, and Ruby was eager to get started on a better fitting dress for the increasingly P-shaped blonde.

As they walked, Catherine reached across her bulging cleavage to press into one shoulder, and then the other.

"Are your back and shoulders still hurting?" Ruby asked. "I might be able to make you a new bra with a couple different strap options to move the weight around."

"Yeah, that would be great... This one's already getting a little tight anyway."

"Damn girl," Ruby laughed "share the love!"

"Would if I could, Rubes, would if I could..."

The two girls shared a laugh as they continued their walk home.

Back at the apartment, Catherine sat at a desk they had set up especially for her. Two flat chair cushions sat on the surface of the desk, onto which the busty blonde could rest her mammoth mammaries. A simple lap desk bridged the valley of her cleavage, on top of which her laptop was perched. With earbuds in, the busty girl listened to lecture and had her laptop camera angle set so that everything below her neck was out of the frame.

In the next room, Ruby busied herself with some of her projects, until it was mid-morning. At about 10:30, a reminder popped up on Ruby's phone and she hopped up, pranced into the kitchen, and fetch something out of the fridge. A

few minutes later she poked her head into Catherine's room and, confirming that she was not on video, the short girl deposited a large plastic food container beside Catherine's enormous endowments.

Julie, it seemed, had prepared some snacks the night before and left Ruby with instructions. This "mid-morning snack" was a batch of brownies. Or maybe, several batches of brownies. Really, it was almost enough brownies for an entire party. Catherine smiled appreciatively as Ruby backed up with cartoonish tip-toeing and snuck quietly out of the room.

When noon rolled around, Catherine's class was done, so she heaved herself to her feet, stretched her lower back, and wandered into the kitchen. In one hand she was carrying the food container which now held only one brownie, and in the other she held the penultimate brownie which she chomped on gleefully. For her part, Ruby was once again standing over the stove, which now only contained a large pot of boiling water.

"What's for lunch, Rubes?"

"Hey Cath. Julie left stuff for shells and cheese with the sauce packets."

"Sauce packets?"

"You know, the sauce that isn't dry... uh... wet sauce?"

Catherine gave a start then grimaced, chest wobbling. "Wet sauce sounds gross."

She thought for a moment. "Though... I guess all sauce is wet? Words are weird."

"Anyway," Ruby interrupted Catherine's musing, "it's mac and cheese. Even I can't screw that up."

Both girls laughed nervously and Catherine took a seat at the table, pulling out her phone. Once again she rested her chest on the table's surface as she scrolled through socials.

Conversation was sparse as Ruby focussed on "cooking," only occasionally sending each other videos or memes. A short while later, Ruby presented the table with one normal sized portion of mac and cheese, and one over twice that size in a mixing bowl.

Catherine hesitantly took a small bite, popped it between her lips and chewed slowly. Smiling and nodding with a sound of appreciation, the busty blonde dug in with gusto. Before Ruby could finish her moderately sized portion, Catherine's bowl with empty.

"Uh, Rubes... is there, any more?"

Ruby grinned and grabbed Catherine's bowl, hopping up from the table. She scooped cheesy pasta from the pan and filled bowl yet again.

This process repeated itself two more times while the girls chatted about movies, TV shows, and just a little bit about classes. Despite having devoured at least three dozen brownies, Catherine proceeded to inhale enough mac & cheese to feed a small family for a few days.

As the buxom blonde wobbled back into her room to prepare for her afternoon classes, Ruby once again marveled at Catherine's outrageous gluttony. She decided she had better make the bra she was working on another size bigger, just in case.

When mid afternoon rolled around, about 2:45, Ruby went to the cupboard again to fetch Catherine's snack. This time it was a collection of several dozen plastic bags, each containing three cookies with a labeled note card. Apparently, Catherine's mid afternoon snack was also a pre-prepared taste testing chore.

By a little after 4PM, Catherine was done with her online classes and prepared herself for what she called a “workout.” Ruby knew that Catherine was only going to do some mild stretches and walk on their treadmill for maybe 20 minutes. Certainly not anything even the most casual fitness buff would call a workout. Such activity would not make Ruby or Julie breath heavily, much less break a sweat.

Catherine, however, was dripping with sweat and soaked through her gigantic sports bra after her short walk. Ruby eyed the tall blonde as she walked in place, breasts larger than her head bobbing and swaying, trying desperately to escape their lycra prison.

“I guess I’d better add a bigger sports bra to my todo list...”

“What? *-huff-* Did you say *-haa-* something, Rubes?”

“No, no... just talking to myself.”

Catherine only breathed rhythmically in response. Her pace never exceeded a brisk walk, but her overfed bosom tried to carry her off her feet nonetheless. Sloshing and swaying they sometimes seemed to have their own laws of physics. Eventually, Catherine stepped off the machine, breathing hard.

“I *-hoo-* need to go take a *-hah-* shower.” The blonde said, toweling sweat off her face.

“Okay Cath. Julie pre-ordered pizza for us, it should be here around six.”

“Awesome!”

Gathering up her chest in one arm, the greedy brunette crossed the house to the bathroom, licking her lips at the promise of another filling meal. Locking the door behind her, Catherine turned the faucet to get the hot water going, then stripped off her workout clothes. First came the shorts and panties, sliding down off her hips and over an ass that was fighting her waistbands just a little more these days. Her hips and behind had not grown enough that anyone would notice, besides maybe Ruby with her tape measure. Certainly not Catherine and

definitely not Julie. Next came the sports bra, and at last her babies could breathe. They sagged slightly, but their rapid growth meant they were still very firm and sat high on her chest, making their weighty presence known on her shoulders and back muscles.

Catherine stepped into the shower, the sudden temperature change sending a mild shudder through her body. Water streamed over her head and face, and into coursing rivulets down her neck and into the canyon of her cleavage as she hefted her breasts with one arm. As she turned around to face away from the water, Catherine's nipples brushed the cold tile of the shower wall and she shuddered once again at the intense sensation.

As she lathered and scrubbed, she ran her hands over the expanse of her chest, under and over and in between. As she soaped up her midriff blindly, Catherine's stomach rumbled. It had been almost an hour since she last ate. Knowing pizza was on the way was a small comfort, but she found herself daydreaming of the pizza Julie had made last week. Pan after pan of different breads, sauces, and toppings. More and more Catherine was finding herself associating food with her best friend, and vice versa.

Their relationship had changed somewhat since Catherine had moved in with her best friend. The taste testing gig was certainly weird, but Catherine had found she really enjoyed it. Beyond the free and frequent access to abundant delicious food, Julie was so caring and attentive, taking Catherine's every comment and suggestion to heart, no matter how trivial or small, it really made her feel seen and appreciated.

The heat of the water running down her body was warming Catherine up beyond the literal sense, and thinking about Julie's cooking wasn't helping matters. Handling her breasts this much almost always got her juices flowing, and Catherine reached out to tweak an elongated nipple...

Across the apartment, Ruby was running her sewing machine, else she would have heard Catherine's ecstatic sigh.

Catherine was trying to conjure up some of the mental scenes she normally “used” for this activity; confessions from romance movies, Ryan Reynolds or Chris Hemsworth. Her mind betrayed her, however, and kept slipping back to food. She would picture a cheeseburger, almost too big for her to bite into. A mound of spaghetti with golf ball sized meatballs and a gorgeous dusting of fresh parmesan. A stack of waffles, golden brown and dripping with syrup.

Speaking of dripping, Catherine was nearing her peak, and the parade of food in her mind’s eye was getting her close to the edge but not over it. Suddenly and without warning, the play in her brain had a second cast member. The massive slice of cake she was about to inhale was on a plate held in the hand of her best friend. Julie held a fork in the other and deposited a bite almost too large for Catherine’s mouth. The sponge was delicate and moist, and the icing perfectly sweet without being too sugary. She met Julie’s gaze and she chewed, and the generous, caring, loving? spark in her friend’s eye pushed Catherine to her limit. Arms outstretched she held an engorged nipple in each hand as she rode the orgasm out, eyes closed and jaw straining as she struggled to keep from being too loud.

The delivery boy blushed as Ruby signed the receipt for the pizza. They could both hear cries of ecstasy from the bathroom. Ruby wanted to apologize but knew that would just make the situation more awkward. Instead she took the stack of ten extra-large pizzas and shut the door in the poor guy’s face.

As she came back down, Catherine’s eyes popped open in shock.

Water ran down her face and into her mouth as she asked aloud, “what the hell was that??”

Ruby said nothing as a wet-haired, pajama-clad Catherine emerged into the living room. The blonde was playing it cool so Ruby decided not to comment. Catherine plopped down on the couch, breasts wobbling, and Ruby could see her trying to adjust herself in her bra again.

“It’s too tight, isn’t it?”

Catherine sighed. “Yes, again... it didn’t even last two weeks!”

“Well,” the shorter girl said, setting the stack of pizzas on the couch and popping open the lid of the top box, “I should have the new one done tomorrow. I’m making it a little big with more adjustments so it should last a little longer if you grow any more.”

Catherine was already halfway through her first slice.

“I should *-nom-* be hitting a plateau pretty soon, *-chomp-* I doubt I’ll get too much bigger... *-scarf-*”

“Right, right.” Ruby nodded, wholly unconvinced.

The girls watched *Love, Actually* and *The Kissing Booth*, then countless episodes of *Friends* until Catherine started to nod off. Needless to say the pizza was completely gone before the second movie started. From her vantage across the couch, Ruby could see the blonde’s tummy pooch out as the tall girl filled it with a whole party’s worth of pepperoni slices.

When the food was gone, Ruby moved the boxes out of the way and the pair cuddled together. As the hijinks and mis-communications of the cast of *Friends* played out on the TV, Catherine’s eyelids grew heavier. At one point she nodded off then started awake.

“Hey big girl, you want to crash out?”

“No,” Catherine protested, her half-asleep state making her more petulant than usual. “I wanna hear about Julie’s trip. Gotta be up when she gets home.”

“Alright, well I think she left us some ice cream. Want me to check?”

That brought Catherine back to full consciousness, and she nodded eagerly, rubbing her swollen tummy. It had receded slightly but was clearly still home to many many slices of pizza.

In the kitchen, Ruby dished a small bowl for herself and brought the rest of the new carton of Rocky Road and a spoon for Catherine.

“Mmm” Catherine moaned in anticipation, reaching out for the cold treat.

When the ice cream was gone, Catherine leaned sleepily on Ruby’s shoulder, then eventually curled up onto the couch and let her head drop into Ruby’s lap. The tiny seamstress made a surprised sound, then seeing that Catherine had already fallen asleep, brushed her wavy blonde hair with her fingers as she enjoyed the show.

Ruby was straight as an arrow, but it had been a long time since her last boyfriend, and Catherine’s heavy head in her lap felt kinda nice. She was less sure how she felt about the acres of cleavage she could see down the tall girl’s nightgown, the heat of one enormous breast resting against her thigh.

A short while later Catherine was clearly having a dream, she was squirming and fidgeting in her sleep. She was muttering something, too, and Ruby paused Netflix long enough to hear.

“mmmm, Jules... more...”

Ruby’s face turned pink and her eyes went wide. She hit play immediately. Then she smiled faintly to herself resumed stroking Catherine’s hair, making soft shushing sounds.

Less than an hour later the apartment door opened slowly and cautiously, making a faint creak in spite of Julie’s efforts at stealth. Ruby nonetheless could hear her sister as she shed her shoes at the door, dropped her bag and keys in the kitchen, and padded her way into the living room.

The fatigue of her day was plainly written on Julie’s face, until she caught sight of her best friend sleeping in her little sister’s lap. She didn’t even have a chance to feel jealousy as the adorable scene warmed her heart.

“Hey sis, how was the trip?”

“It was fun, but exhausting. I’ll tell you all about it tomorrow. Right now I just want a hot shower and a warm bed.”

“Hmm, I bet. Your ‘girlfriend’ here wanted to wait up for you, but couldn’t quite manage it.”

Julie’s face turned crimson as she sputtered “g-g-girlfriend??”

Ruby put a finger to her pink lips as she grinned wickedly, feeling Catherine stir at the noise. The blonde sat up, rubbed her eyes, then saw Julie standing in the room, still stunned at Ruby’s words.

“Jules, you’re back!”

With a speed belying her size and very recent unconscious state, Catherine sprang to her feet and bounded across the room, crushing Julie in a hug and smothering the waifish brunette in 25 pounds of breast flesh.

Ruby pushed herself up off the couch.

“Welp, I’m off to bed. Good night, guys.”

Julie met her sister’s eyes over Catherine’s shoulder, and Ruby gave her a sly wink.

“Sleep well...”