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Contains: Stuffing, Rapid Breast Expansion, Extreme Breast Expansion

Claire's Sister

Part 1 of 3

I

Besides her parents and her brother Nate, Claire had a sister named Emily. Emily was three years older than Claire, and had gone off to college right out of high school. She chose a university that was so far away that she hadn't been back home for two and a half years. The combination of costly air travel and the lucrative summer jobs that Emily took between semesters had kept her away from her family for all of her college career until now.

When Emily unexpectedly moved back home, it has been about six months since Claire's adventure at the science facility, and there were shocked faces all around. Even though Emily had kept in touch with her parents while she was at college, it was mostly email, phone calls, and the occasional FaceTime where she kept the camera pointed right at her face.

Emily had discovered in her freshman year of college that she had the same condition as Claire. The only reason no one had noticed Emily's unique body composition before she left was that there was so much attention focused on

Claire. Not to mention the fact that Claire ate up every bit of spare food in the house, so Emily never had a chance to exhibit symptoms.

Once out on her own however, with the benefits of a cafeteria and the blessed student meal plan, Emily put on the freshman 15 in her first two months at college. She passed the sophomore 60 just after the start of her second semester. Making matters worse, her summer job had been at a bakery. There were of course a plethora of cupcakes, donuts, scones, muffins, and coffee cake – either those left over at the end of the day, or “uglies” they couldn’t sell – and Emily took them home by the boxful.

When Emily arrived back at her family home, Claire had just ‘slimmed’ back down to a mobile size from her ‘testing,’ while Emily had gorged and expanded to become well on her way to immobility herself.

Like a bit in a comedy show, each sister took one look at the other and said,

“What the hell happened to you?”

II

Two sisters – one blonde and one brunette – sat across from each other at the kitchen table. On the table itself rested four separate overgrown glands. Claire and Emily sipped on coffee – the former black, the latter with an indulgent dosing of cream – while Emily regaled her sister with a “brief” telling of the last two years of her life. Claire was fairly certain that Emily wasn’t telling her everything, but smiled, nodded, and made appropriate sounds of surprise and acknowledgment during Emily’s story.

“I think Molly would’ve kept me on at the bakery, even after I got so big that it was impossible for me to see anything in the display cases. Either way by that point almost everything about college life had gotten impractical, if not impossible. Unless I wanted to apply for ‘disability’...”

Emily scoffed, popping another cookie from a nearby tray into her mouth.

Through most of Emily's tale, she talked with food in her mouth, their mother ferrying out a constant stream of plates filled with cookies, cheese and crackers, and various other treats.

"I mean, seriously! Actual disability..."

Claire's sipped her drink and chuckled softly.

"Ha ha, yeah..."

Emily met her sister's eyes for a moment and had a sudden realization.

"Oh God, what am I saying? Obviously you know exactly what I'm talking about! Mom told me all about your little... 'adventure.'"

Claire laughed a little more honestly at that, running one small hand over the immense acreage of her right breast as it rested on the kitchen table.

"Yeah, adventure is one way to put it... Anyway, so what happened with the college? Did they give you disability status?"

Emily swallowed another large bite of cheese.

"No, we all agreed it would be best if I just finished my last two semesters online."

"Really?" Claire asked. "So you're, what, moving back home?"

Emily almost choked on a bit of sausage and cracker.

"You don't have to say it like that. *You're* still living at home aren't you?"

Claire put a hand up to calm her sister.

"No, no, I was just surprised is all. I'm super glad you're back. I'm starting online classes too, it'll be like we're roommates!"

Claire hoped her sister had bought her feigned enthusiasm as she took another sip of her coffee. She eyed her sister's bulk as it rested across the table from her own. It had taken Claire quite a bit of work – with help from Dr von Hartz and her team – to 'slim down' to her current size, and she had just been able to move back into her bedroom last week. Now that her sister would be moving into the room as well, the place was bound to get a little crowded...

"So anyway," Emily said, "tell me all about *your* story. Were you actually being tested in a lab?"

Claire laughed at this again and said, "well, only sort of. I mean, saying it that way makes it sound kinda scary. It was actually pretty fun, if a little boring at times..."

Claire went on to tell her older sister all about her research lab adventure. Meeting the scientists, eating a lot of pizza, going to the lab, getting her own very spacious and well-appointed bedroom, eating giant breakfasts, getting measured, eating huge lunches, needing new clothes almost every day, eating massive dinners, watching loads of Netflix, mountains of deserts, and had she mentioned there was a lot of eating?

Speaking of eating, Claire couldn't help but notice that without her own talking to slow her down, her big sister was doing plenty of eating of her own.

"So let me get this *-ulp-* straight. The company brought you to their lab, – *uuncp-* put you up in a really nice private room, and fed you non-stop, giving you new clothes every time you outgrew your old ones?"

Emily popped another cookie in her mouth, and Claire couldn't help but notice that her sister's top was a little more snug than when they first sat down. Despite being less than two-thirds her own size, Emily was clearly no slouch in the appetite department.

"That's right," Claire replied, "aside from the long, boring stretches between meals, I just ate and ate and ate, and I grew grew and I grew... Especially that last day. You might think I'm exaggerating when I say they had to bring me home on a truck, but I'm not."

Claire emphasized her word by patting the side of each enormous 40 pound breast. They jiggled and sloshed for several long seconds and Emily found herself mesmerized by their motion, quickly stuffing another cookie in her mouth before her face could betray any kind of reaction.

“It’s taken me almost 6 months just to get down to this size.” Claire said. “But I can finally fit through normal doors again...”

Claire decided to come right out and address the elephant in the room.

“Speaking of size, don’t you think you’re hitting those snacks a little hard?”

Emily froze in the act of grabbing another cookie from the platter. Their mother had replenished it three times already, making Claire more than a little suspicious. Her mother had been a driving force throughout Claire’s recent diet and ‘weight loss,’ and if she hadn’t caught wind of Claire’s ‘fan club’ sending her delivery food at all hours she’d probably still be sleeping out in the living room.

For the briefest of moments Emily’s eyes flashed with indignation as if she might object to the nerve of her little sister’s criticism. Who is she to talk? The greedy little glutton had eaten her way to becoming over 400 pounds of pure tit?

Mentally calming her self, Emily drew back her hand and placed it with the other in her lap.

“You’re right. Over-indulging on sweets is what got me into this predicament.”

Then her eyes took on a mischievous glint.

“I’m gonna have to watch myself so I don’t end up like you!”

“Hey!” Claire cried in mock outrage.

The two sisters laughed heartily, sending all four enormous breasts wobbling and shaking, the legs of the poor kitchen table creaking and groaning ominously.

III

Emily kept true to her word, and in the first month she and Claire shared their childhood bedroom she managed to maintain her size. Well, ‘maintain her size,’ relative to her younger sister. Claire’s social media and streaming presence turned out to be very popular, and very lucrative. The pneumatic brunette spent hours each day making videos, posing for photos, and doing the occasional live stream.

At any and all hours of the day, they got deliveries of meals or snacks. Sometimes these were secreted into their room by their brother – who Emily was beginning to suspect was having some very un-brotherly feelings about his big sister – but most of the time, they were intercepted by their parents, especially their mother. Unfortunately for Claire’s diet, but fortunately for her fans, both their parents worked full-time. And consequently many more deliveries got delivered than were intercepted.

Despite the fact that their family home had been upgraded in certain ways to accommodate Claire – and now Emily’s – size, the door to their bedroom was still a standard size. Day by day, countless calories and treats made their way into Claire’s overgrown breasts, and day by day their overfed flanks brushed against the frame of the door a little tighter.

Then one weekend, Nate and their parents had planned a trip. Their father had to attend a conference for work out of state, and decided they should combine the work-funded flight with a small vacation. The girls, unfortunately, could not accompany them because they were too big for commercial flights.

Claire and Emily didn’t mind one bit; the notion of walking around a downtown city hauling their massive boulders and sweating into bras was not their idea of a fun weekend. Evidently, Claire’s idea of a fun weekend was an hours-long live stream with all of her fans.