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Contains: Stuffing, Rapid Breast Expansion, Extreme Breast Expansion

Claire's Sister

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.

IV

"All right guys! My parents are going to be gone all weekend, it's just me and my sister here, so let's get this thing started! As you all know the codes and links are in my bio if you want to send some donations or order anything you want to see me to eat on stream. For now let's check up on my island..."

Emily reclined in her bed, earbuds in, laptop resting on the shelf of her cleavage as she re-watched episodes of *The Office*. She mostly tried to ignore her sister, as she had no desire to be a character in Claire's Internet Show.

For the first hour, Claire played *Animal Crossing* while occasionally munching on snacks. Claire's network of specialized delivery drivers would walk right up to the open bedroom window and drop off bags, Styrofoam boxes, and paper takeout containers. As Claire's live stream got closer to the end of its second hour, Emily's sister was spending less and less time gaming and more and more time eating.

As the credits rolled on a season finale, Emily decided she needed a break. Popping one of her earbuds out, she got a little sample of her sister's live stream.

"Oh man, that coconut shrimp is amazing! I thought I had tried all the best things from Peking Wok, but they must've tweaked up the recipe for this or something. Thanks so much for ordering it for me, TitLover247!"

Using chopsticks, Emily snapped up three more decent-size chunks of golden brown, sauce-covered fried shrimp into her mouth, letting out a moan of appreciation that Emily knew with only slightly exaggerated.

"Oh man, I think I could eat this stuff until I explode."

Claire chuckled in a way that was far more cutesy and performative than her normal laugh.

"Or at least until my buttons explode..."

Emily decided to go take a shower. She had to get out of this room for a while.

V

In the aftermath of Claire's 'experiment,' their home had been upgraded in various ways to accommodate her size. Few of these accommodations were sufficient for Claire's size at the time, but now most of the facilities in the house were more than spacious enough for the overgrown sisters.

Emily stepped into a bathroom that was over twice the size it had been when she left for college. Her brother's bedroom had lost its closet along with a fair bit of square footage, but he hadn't complained.

Inside the bathroom, the typical bathtub and shower combo had been removed, along with the linen closet, and the floor was tiled over and a drain installed so that it resembled one large locker room shower. As Emily stepped under the hot water, letting the heat caress her aching shoulders and lower back, she was reminded again of the cramped shower stalls back in her college dorm.

Toward the end of her life on campus, the only shower Emily had been able to use was the larger handicap stall at the far end of the building, and even that had been a little cramped. She was constantly bumping into the tile walls and faucet handles with her bloated breasts.

Back here in her family home, however, she had plenty of room. And it was a good thing, too, because at her current size she doubted she would have been able to turn around in that 'large' dorm shower without squeezing against the cold tile wall on both sides. Emily use both hands to heave her large left breast and soap it off, telling herself for the umpteenth time that her sister was a bad influence and she really needed to cut back on her snacking.

Quite some time later, Emily returned to the bedroom. Hair wet, but in a fresh set of sleep shorts and very large billowing tee shirt, she noted with annoyance that *her* chest was now brushing both sides of the doorway as well.

When saw her sister return from the corner of her eye, Claire signed off of her stream.

"All right guys, I'm going to take a break for a little while. I might be back on later tonight or we might pick this up again tomorrow. Thanks so much for all the yummy treats, you know my girls always appreciate it!"

Claire emphasized her words by giving her breasts a few strong pats, sending them to wobble in the bottom of the screen as she ended the stream. To Emily's eyes her sister looked to have been eating nonstop during her shower and was now visibly larger than when Emily had left the room.

Taking off her headset and hanging it on her mic stand, Claire dropped her cutesy voice.

"Geez, are you finally done in the shower? Do you manage to get your vag nice and clean with that spray handle?"

Emily made an indignant scoff and glared at her 'little' sister.

“Shut up, you bitch! I figured you’d be streaming for a couple more hours with mom and dad gone!”

Claire heaved herself up out of her fancy double-reinforced gaming chair and crossed to the door.

“Yeah well I really have to pee, OK? Plus it’s more work than you think to put on a show like this. I want to just relax and have some snacks for awhile.”

As Emily settled back down on her bed, she noticed with some satisfaction that her sister was struggling with the doorway much more than she had. Her breasts squeezed together and pushed her cavernous cleavage up almost to Claire’s chin as she pushed her way through the narrow opening.

“Well, do you wanna watch a movie then?” Emily asked.

Claire tried to grin but it came out as more of a grimace as she squeezed herself through the door.

“Sure, pick something out and I’ll be back in a few.”

VI

The two sisters sat in their beds and watched one of the latest Netflix movies. It was some inane thing about high schoolers and a love triangle involving two brothers. Emily was only giving the movie half her attention, constantly pulling out her phone or to look at something or other.

Claire, meanwhile, continue to receive a constant stream of delivery food even though her live stream was long over. When she finished every second or third container of burgers, waffles, or more Chinese food, Emily’s sister would take a selfie with the empty container that was at least 60% cleavage and post it on her socials.

Every once in a while, Emily would reach over and grab a fry or a cookie from her sister's 'donations' but otherwise, the younger girl spent every moment of the movie's 110 minute runtime stuffing food in her mouth.

Emily thought maybe she should have been baffled that the food deliveries kept coming even though her sister's live stream was over, but honestly, there was very little about this live streaming stuff that Emily really 'got.'

When the movie was over, Claire reached both arms over her head, stretching luxuriantly and making a pair of buttons on her top burst free. Emily noted idly that her sister had blown up considerably over the last two hours, but it was little wonder what with the seemingly endless flow of food coming in through their bedroom window.

Claire stood from her bed with no small effort, leaning way back like a woman in late term pregnancy to counterbalance the enormous weight on her torso.

"Alright, I think I'm gonna go get a shower now. If any more food comes, you can help yourself, I'm actually starting to feel a little full."

Emily almost spit out a bite of mozzarella stick.

"Full? You?"

Claire laughed energetically, setting her massive funbags to bob and sway.

"Yeah yeah, you know what I mean. 'Full' for me... As in, I'd like to still be able to wear my shirt to bed."

"Right, right, go on." Emily replied through mouthful of bread and cheese, pulling out her phone.

Claire crossed the room, and it seemed both sisters had forgotten the effort it took for the young brunette to fit through the doorway earlier.

Heaving and grunting, Claire forced her way into the narrow doorway once again, clearly meeting more resistance than the last time. Inch by laborious inch, Claire squeezed her breasts into the opening, feeling them wedge tighter and tighter in the wooden frame. When she was about halfway through, Claire found she could make no further forward progress.

“Shit.”

Emily looked up from her phone.

“What?”

Claire looked over at her sister with a sheepish grin.

“Want to give me a hand?”

Emily eased her self out of bed with a groan, and stepped up to stand behind her little sister. First she tried pressing into Claire’s back but that only squished the shorter girl’s body into the mass of her swollen orbs.

“That’s not gonna work, you have to actually push on my boobs.”

That was precisely what Emily was hoping to avoid, but she couldn’t come up with a believable excuse at this point, so she reached out and placed the palm of one hand on each of her sister’s shirt-clad breasts, to each side of her rib cage.

It was no surprise to either sister that Emily could reach her sister’s curves from behind. Unfortunately, this action put Emily in a position where her own breasts pressed up against her sister’s back, and the entire situation was giving her a very uncomfortable vibe.

Nevertheless, Emily pushed, heaving and adding her own considerable weight to the force trying to get Claire through the bedroom opening. Unfortunately as both sisters grunted and pushed, they only succeeded in jamming Claire in the doorway all the more tightly.

“I don’t think this is gonna work.” Claire said resignedly.

“Help me pull back out and I’ll just have to wait until I digest some of this down.”

She rested a hand on the swell of each massive curve.

Emily held her little sister by the shoulders and heaved once again. The sisters grunted and heaved, now pulling instead of pushing, but to no avail.

“This isn’t working either, I think I’m good and stuck now. Could you roll my chair over here so I can at least sit down?”

“Ugh, really? What if I have to pee?”

Emily crossed the room to grab her sister’s computer chair anyway.

“I don’t know, you’ll just have to hold it I guess. I don’t know what you want me to tell you. There’s nothing I can do now but wait it out.”

“I can’t believe you ate so much you got stuck in the door, you little piglet.”

As Claire sat in her chair, the door frame and surrounding wall creaked and groaned, and Emily poked a finger into her sister’s mammary girth.

“Whatever, lemme switch the input on the TV, you can screen mirror something from there so we can both watch.”

VII

Claire and Emily watched a few episode of New Girl while they waited for Claire to digest down. From her vantage facing the door, Claire couldn’t see her sister where she sat reclined in her bed, but she could hear chewing. Kind of a lot of chewing.

Every once in a while a tap on the window heralded another food delivery.

“Are you eating all my donation food back there?”

“Why not” Emily said through a mouth full of chicken sandwich. “I think we can both agree you’ve had plenty.”

“That’s not the point, those donations are for **me** from **my** fans.”

“Then why don’t you just post asking them to stop sending food?”

“Oh that’s a good one Em, let me just post a video saying *‘Hey guys I ate too much and got stuck in the door so could you please stop sending me food’* with a winking emoji? The donations would probably triple!”

“Well then, this is our only solution. You can’t eat anymore tonight if you want any hope of getting out of that doorway, and we can’t let all this food go to waste.”

“Fine, whatever,” Claire said with a deep sigh.

“But you better not eat my coconut shrimp.”

For the next three hours, the sister watched sitcoms. Claire on her phone, Emily on the TV. All the while, donation delivery food kept coming. With nothing else to do and nowhere to go, Emily ate it. Between the entertaining distraction of the shows, and a little bit of pent-up frustration, Emily found herself eating more and faster even than her sister had.

Every 20 or so minutes, while the next episode was queuing, Claire would roll her chair back a little and try to work her way free. She would even tug while pushing against the wall, but remained stuck fast. So every time, she hit play on the next episode with a sigh, and Emily kept eating.

Claire was somewhat baffled by this situation. It was not at all unusual for her to keep getting food donations for a little while after her streams ended. After all, it often took as much as an hour for an order to be processed and delivered. But she’d been off-line for hours now, and had stopped posting selfies and updates once she got stuck.

The most likely explanation was that one of the close friends she had texted about her door predicament had told her boyfriend. She knew that a couple of her friend's boyfriend's followed her streams – maybe even one or two of her friends themselves – and were more than a little enamored with Claire's 'condition.'

Claire supposed it was possible that a couple of those super fans had connected with others and decided to keep the donation train rolling. From where Claire sat she couldn't see her sister eating, but between the near constant sound of lip smacking, beverage slurping, and small appreciative moans, it was fairly hard to miss.

Eventually, Claire's attempt to free herself met with mild success. After about three hours, when she rolled her chair and pushed against the wall she felt something shift. Letting out a wordless cry, Claire stood and put all of her relatively insignificant weight into heaving her overfed zeppelins back out through the door frame.

The wood creaked, and the entire wall started to shutter and bow, as Claire slowly, ever so slowly, moved backward. At long last, with a sound like a very large cork popping free from a very large bottle, Claire's bust fell free. Her momentum carried her entire body backward so that she landed flat on her ass with a lapful of wobbling, jiggling cleavage. The whole room shook and a picture fell off the wall from the impact.

Beginning the slow process of rising to her feet, Claire rolled over so that she was on her hands and knees, breasts resting on the floor. She then lifted an arm full of tit in each arm and heaved herself upward until she was standing again at last. Slowly she turned around and was now able to see her sister reclining in bed. Claire took in the state of her sister.

"Good Lord, have you been eating this entire time? And you call me a piglet?"

Emily popped the last bite of a spring roll into her mouth defiantly, maintaining eye contact with her sister while chewed and swallowed.

"Whatever, it was all just sitting here and there was nobody else to eat it."

“Ugh, just give me that!”

Claire leaned forward to grab the takeout container right out of Emily’s hand, briefly losing her balance and almost falling right on top of her sister. All that was left in the Styrofoam container was half a helping of fried rice.

“What the hell, was this my coconut shrimp?”

Next to the rice were a few remnants of golden brown sauce.

“No, it was just some kind of sugar chicken. I saved your damn shrimp right there.”

Emily pointed to a large white takeout container that looked to be holding almost 5 pounds of coconut shrimp. Claire let out a sound of delight that was very nearly erotic, and snatched up the bulk take-out container. She popped it open and began shoving the small pieces of fried shrimp into her mouth with her bare hand like a woman starved.

Emily made a disgusted sound and turned to rise from bed.

“God, you’re like an animal. Whatever, I have to pee anyway.”

With this, Emily crossed the room to the doorway herself and began to make her way through. As she did, however, Emily realized with dismay that she was the one who needed some help now.

Not only were her breasts not going to fit through the standard size doorway, it didn’t look like she was even going to fit in far enough to get stuck like her sister had. Emily let out a sound of frustrated despair as she turned back into the room just in time to see Claire toss the now empty coconut shrimp container to the floor with a satisfied moan, just as a delivery driver set two more identical enormous buckets on the table inside the window.

Emily sighed in resignation. Her sister, apparently, had no plans for of being able to fit through that door again tonight. And from the looks of things, Emily was going to be stuck in here with her for a while.

Grabbing a small container of half a dozen mozzarella sticks, carefully so as to not get her hand literally bitten by her feasting sister, Emily sat back down on her bed.

“Well, I guess I can start my diet back up after the weekend.”