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Contains: Stuffing, Rapid Breast Expansion, Extreme Breast Expansion

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## Claire's Sister

### Part 3 of 3

#### 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.”

