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Contains: Breast Expansion, Weight Gain

Dungeons and Developments

Chapter I: Introductions

Sam knocked on the door of one of the private session rooms at his local game store. He was in the hallway in the lower level of a downtown retail space.

“Come on in!” A female voice called from the other side.

Sam wasn't entirely sure what to expect when he opened the boring wooden door, but three very attractive young women was definitely not it. The room was like the others he'd seen at this shop, basically a small conference room with a lot of nerdy fantasy posters on the walls. Seated at the table were a dark-haired girl in a pixie cut, wearing glasses, and a wavy-haired brunette. They both looked to be in their mid twenties. They watched Sam enter with such looks of anticipation that he was almost unnerved.

“Hey, I'm Sam, from GM Finder...?”

“Hey, Sam! We're so glad you're here!”

Sam had never gotten that response from a pack of cute girls. This had to be a prank. He glanced up at the woman who had spoken, a statuesque blonde who was pulling a game manual out of a stylish bag.

Alright, this had to be a prank. No way this former – maybe even current – model, a walking Starbucks/Ugg boot/PSL stereotype, was here for a tabletop RPG session with Sam, and with her two almost-as-cute friends.

Sam briefly wondered which of his friends had set this up. None of his gamer friends knew girls like this, even *if* they had the social skills to set up a prank, which they didn't. Maybe one of his married coworkers or their wives had some hot friends. Sam decided to play along, on the off chance it wasn't a prank the last thing he needed was to get cancelled for offending these normies.

“You all are here for D&D?”

“Yep!” The brunette spoke now. “None of our other friends will play with us anymore, and none of us are any good at GMing.”

“Anymore?”

“Yeah, they just didn’t get into it, you know?”

The girl had deep brown eyes, a nose like a button, and a bit of an overbite.

“Uh, sure, I get that.”

Sam was still curious about the ‘anymore’ part, but decided not to pry.

“Anyway, I’m Anna, this is Mandy...” She gestured at the short-haired girl, then pointed at the blonde who was just sitting down.

“...and that tall bitch is Sasha.”

Sasha shot a glare at Anna, whose only reply was to briefly stick out her tongue.

“Alright, now that we have introductions out of the way...”

Sasha straightened her blouse as she sat. Her face was narrower than Anna’s and her pink lips were kissably plump.

“We need to confirm that you’re okay with running an adult campaign.”

“Yes I saw that in the ad, I have no problem with that.”

“Okay good, do we need to setup safe words or go over specific boundaries?”

Sam blinked a few times, stunned. His brain started getting fuzzy when Sasha’s bright blue eyes met his, and the question had shorted it out completely.

“You broke him already, Sasha...” Mandy spoke for the first time since Sam had entered the room. The eyes behind her glasses were bright green, and she wore a ‘girl cut’ tee that read ‘Rogues do it from behind.’

“Sorry, you just caught me off guard. This isn’t like, ‘role play’ roleplaying, right?”

Anna laughed, and Sasha replied.

“No, Sam. This is just normal Tabletop RPG. We just want to make sure you’re okay with the story getting mature, maybe even some sexy times.”

“Alright, I guess the safe word thing threw me off.”

“Look at it this way Sammy,” Anna interjected, “what if some evil necromancer attacks one of our characters and wants to have his way with her?”

“I mean, I’d never have an NPC assault a player character...”

“Well that’s just my point. I would want you to, especially if it makes sense for the villain.”

“I... see...”

“It’s not real after all,” Mandy added, “what’s the point of RPGs if you don’t do stuff you’d never do in RL?”

“Yeah, I guess that makes sense. Alright, I’ll keep that in mind while I’m planning the adventure. Why don’t you all tell me about your characters?”

“I’ll go first!” The blonde was practically bouncing in her seat, platinum bangs bouncing.

“I’ll be playing Tavara Windblossom, a high elf sorceress.”

Mandy snorted.

“What?”

“Nothing, your elf names just always crack me up.”

“Whatever. Anyway, Tavara hails from the ancient forbidden city of Whitemoon...”

Sam readied himself for a long-winded backstory monologue, but Sasha brushed right past that part.

“...She is six feet tall, with red hair and pale skin. Her eyes are so dark as to seem almost black, and she is well-endowed for a high elf, wearing a full F-cup in human sizes.”

“Do you know about bra sizes, Sam?” Mandy asked.

“Um, sure, in general.”

“You could read up on it, or we’ll help you out whenever you need to know something.” Anna added.

“Alright, my turn!” The brunette exclaimed, clutching her character sheet.

“My character is Auralia Moonbeam.”

Mandy smirked again, and Anna shot her a warning glare.

“Auralia is a wood elf monk, hailing from the ancient forest of Willowwood.”

Once again, the young woman skipped backstory in favor of physical description.

“She has golden eyes and blue-black hair. She stands at five-foot-two, wears a loose red kimono, and is an E-cup.”

Sam noticed for the first time that Anna had the most concealing outfit of the three, a long sleeved sweatshirt with a dragon embroidered on the front. He could tell she was fit like the other two, but couldn't guess as to what kind of curves she had hidden under the baggy shirt.

Sam accepted character sheets from both women before looking over at the black-haired girl.

"Okay, I'll be playing Poppy Dragonfly."

Anna did a spit-take and Sasha burst out laughing. Mandy turned red.

"I don't want to hear anymore about elf names from you, Miss Firefly!"

"Fuck you Anna, and it's Dragonfly not Firefly."

"R-I-P"

"Oh let it go, Sasha. We were like five when that show was on."

"I still miss it." The blonde replied, gazing off in the distance dramatically.

Mandy rolled her eyes.

"Anyway. Poppy is a human bard, who grew up traveling in the free cities of the Eastern Islands. She's five-seven, with pale skin and long brown hair in a loose tail. Poppy has hazel eyes, nice hips with a thin waist, and big D-cup breasts. Her outfits is leather pants and corset, with a loose white top that always shows some cleavage.

"O...kay..."

Sam took Mandy's character sheet as well. They had the room for a full half-hour, and Sasha and Anna had brought brownies, and chips and salsa. Sam talked to the girls about what kind of campaign they wanted to play, it sounded

like a pretty standard dungeon crawl with the previously mentioned adult elements. He ate a few chips and half a brownie, while the girls all snacked heavily.

He wondered idly where they put it all, and supposed they must spend a lot more time at the gym than he did, to maintain bodies like that. Sam found himself distracted from their conversation several times checking out these nerdy cuties. Anna stood and moved around enough for him to clock that the sweatshirt was definitely baggy around the waist, and she had a nice pert butt in her ripped jeans. Mandy was the smallest of the three in every dimension, but there were still nice half-handfuls under that geeky tee-shirt.

He needed to get laid, or at least spend some quality “alone time” before game sessions with these girls, or he was going to have a hard time concentrating on running the game.

Sam made notes on particular story twists and goals the girls suggested and noticed they mentioned their characters’ bodies and especially breasts kind of a lot, considering they were all basically strangers to him at this point.

“Alright, well I probably have enough here to get started putting something together. This time slot works for everyone?”

They all nodded.

“If we can meet weekly I think ninety minutes is a good length, so I guess I’ll see you all next week.”

“Bye Sam, see you next Thursday!”

Sasha waved, causing some jiggling in her silk blouse, and Sam pulled the door open. As he closed it behind him, he could hear,

“Slide those brownies over here Mandy, I want one more before Sasha takes them all...”

This was going to be a very different TRPG experience, Sam thought.

Chapter II: Roll for Initiative

“The pair of goblins square off against you, Auralia is first to act.”

Anna finished chewing a mouthful of nachos.

“Auralia uses **Taunting Cry**.”

“Come at me you foul creeps! Just try and lay your filthy little fingers on my pure maiden’s body!”

Sam cocked an eyebrow at this, then rolled dice behind his screen.

“O...kay, that’s your action, –um– Camilla?”

Mandy took a long gulp of her non-diet cola.

“Camilla drops to one knee, eyes closed in silent prayer to her patron who–“

“I thought you were playing a bard?” Anna interrupted.

“Oh shoot, sorry. I changed my mind. Here, Sam.”

The dark haired girl slid a new character sheet across the table.

“Thanks Mandy. Sorry guys, Mandy messaged me she was changing her character yesterday, I figured you all knew.”

“Who are you playing now?”

Sasha asked through a mouthful of chips.

“Camilla Whitecrest, Human cleric! With blonde hair coiled in a complex bun, she wears a dark blue dress with steel gauntlets and boots, layers of plate covering her voluminous skirt and a breastplate unable to disguise the divine

swells of her double D-cup breasts!”

Mandy spread her arms and gazed toward the ceiling with her best expression of ‘righteous humility.’

Anna rolled her eyes.

“Whatever, you’re still doing like, buffs and healing shit though, right?”

“Yes Anna. Don’t get your panties twisted.”

Sam cleared his throat.

“–*ahem*– Alright then, everyone good?”

There was a round of nods, and a noisy slurp of sugary coffee.

“Go ahead then Mandy.”

“Camilla drops to one knee, eyes closed in silent prayer to her patron, the great and generous Fulla, seeking the blessing of her bounty on her allies, that they might strike our foes with all the weight of a bountiful harvest.”

Sam’s eyes met Mandy’s through her glasses and his expression was nonplussed.

“Oh, sorry. It’s um, **Divine Inspiration.**”

Sam checked the character sheet.

“Alright, everyone has +1 to attack and damage rolls. Do you–“

“Wait! I have one more part.”

“Go ahead.”

“The air around Camilla and her two companions glows with a green-gold light. They can feel their arms grow more steady and sure, their minds more nimble and quick, and their bodices just a little tighter. Especially Camilla, feeling the strain of her solid breastplate.”

Sam blinked slowly, then looked to the blonde who was munching on a cupcake.

“Tavara?”

“–*ulp*– Tavara prepares to cast **Firebrand’s Spark!**”

“Alright, which targ–“

“Ancient Spirits of the Eternal Forest! Lend unto me thine aid! Grant thy humble servant the blessing of thy sacred flame!”

Sam had never seen someone play a spell caster with such pageantry, but it was a nice change, if a little over-the-top.

“Okay, which target?”

“Um, –*nom*– the left one.”

She rolled to hit and then for damage.

“Alright, he’s bleeding pretty badly but is still in the fight. It’s Goblin Two’s turn first, and thanks to Auralia’s taunt he’s attacking her.”

“Oh no, don’t touch me with your tiny, probing little green fingers, you brute! –chomp–”

“He slashes with his blade and does... two points of damage.”

“How dare you try to slice off my robes with your tiny little tool!”

“Allright, Goblin One limps forward as well, he slashes and... it’s a miss.”

“Ha! The blessings of my ancestors will protect my maiden’s flesh from your probing, you cretin!”

These girls were *really* into role-play.

“Top of the round, we’re back to Auralia.”

“Auralia attacks the wounded one.”

“Alright and, he falls. Go ahead and describe the action.”

“Her katana flashing in the sunlight, Auralia winds up, generous curves outlined against the sky. With two perfect steps and a half-moon slash, she splits the goblin in two! Blood sprays and droplets blend into the red of her kimono as her breasts wobble for several seconds after she stops moving.”

All this breast talk was making Sam increasingly aware of his female companions’ bodies. Anna’s own curves were well on display today, in a snug tank top and shorts, and he could see she had decent handfults.

“Okay, Camilla?”

Mandy swallowed her mouthful of nachos.

“Um, Camilla uses **Righteous Rebuke**.”

“Alright, and what does she say?”

“Your mother was a hamster! And your—“

“No!” The other two girls spoke at the same time.

“**No** Monty Python.” Anna said.

Sasha added, “bad Mandy, bad!”

“Fine... uhh *You’re not worthy to even stand in Fulla’s great shadow, green skin!*”

Sasha rolled her gorgeous blue eyes.

“Okay, Goblin Two has **Demoralized** for two rounds and has a penalty on defense rolls... Tavara.”

“Tavara casts **Invocation of Flame**.”

Sam waited this time.

“Holy fire of the unseen depth, come forth now and smite mine enemies!”

“You’re using your level two spell already? On a goblin?” Mandy asked.

“You bet I am, short stuff.”

Sam blinked at this exchange as Mandy pouted. Sasha rolled the dice and did enough damage to kill the goblin twice over.

“Alright, describe the kill.”

“As her enormous witch’s hat flops on her head, Tavara holds her staff back and thrusts her hand forward, pale cleavage jiggling in the lacy white bodice of her robes. A torrent of blue-green flame streams from her fingertips, colliding with the green imp and making it explode in a shower of sparks.”

She paused to look over at Sam.

“Was it an overkill?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“By how much?”

“About four HP, why?”

“I have a curse effect on overkills.”

Sam scanned Sasha's character sheet and found it.

"O...kay... do you want to describe that too?"

"I'd like you to, if you don't mind."

Was this gorgeous blonde blushing?

"Uh, sure that's fine.

-ahem-

Tavara's attack had used too much mana, and the excess magical energy snapped back from the fire bolt and up her arm. The mana found a *-um-* storage space, in the sorceress' body, causing her chest to grow two cup sizes, to *-uhh-* H... cups?"

Sasha *was* blushing, Sam was sure of it now. Her cheeks definitely looked a little more pink than they had been a moment ago.

She grabbed another nacho and said in a small voice,

"That's right. Thanks, Sam."

"Sure, uh, no problem."

Sam wasn't sure why she was thanking him, but pressed on.

"Okay that's both goblins. You guys wanna heal or anything? I think only Auralia took damage."

"I can heal you." Mandy chimed in, licking icing off her index finger.

"Keep your hands off me, you dirty human!"

"I'm not even going to touch you, now stand still."

“Camilla crosses to the sword-wielding elf and extends one hand, a green-gold glow emanates from her palm and Auralia’s wounds close.”

Anna didn’t miss a beat.

“Auralia feels the warmth of the human’s divine magic wash over her body, and it tingles. Timidly she looks up at the golden-haired woman...”

Anna met Mandy’s eyes.

“and says,”

“Thanks.”

Now Mandy’s cheeks were a little pink.

“Camilla blushes slightly.”

“You’re welcome.”

Sam and Sasha were both watching this little interchange, until the spell was broken when both girls looked back to Sam.

“*-cough-* uh, okay, so...”

“You continue on through the forest, make camp for the night, and early the next day you arrive at the entrance to the caves. There is an ancient sandstone wall built into the natural formation, and you can see the outline of a door.

“And since we’ve only got ten minutes left on our time, I think this is a good place to stop for tonight.”

“That was fun, Sam.” Anna said, as the group began packing up their books and papers.

“Thanks Anna, do you guys have any notes or requests for next week?”

“None from me, this is going great.” Sasha said, as she scooped the last of the toppings from the nacho platter.

“I might have some, but I have to think them over and give them to you next week?” Mandy added, her brilliant green eyes emphasized by her glasses.

She was wearing another graphic tee this week, it was black with a blue police box on the front. Snug like last week’s had been, Sam couldn’t help but admire the pair of near handfals that distorted the design as the black haired girl interlaced her fingers and stretched.

“Are there going to be human enemies in the dungeon?” Anna asked.

“Um, there can be. Monks don’t have like a ‘favored enemy’ or anything in this system, do they?”

“Not exactly...” The brunette replied cryptically.

“Can they be female?”

“I guess...”

“Actually that’s the main thing. They don’t *have* to be human, just like, ‘human-ish’.”

“Humanoid” Mandy corrected.

“Yeah, that.”

“Um, sure, that’s fine I guess.”

Sam was baffled by this request, but it didn’t affect the stats one way or the other so he figured it didn’t matter.

Zippering up his bag, Sam reached for the box of cupcakes just as Sasha was plucking the last one in her long, manicured fingers. The snacks were gone. There had been two boxes of a dozen cupcakes and three big plates of nachos.

The girls had basically snacked the whole session. Sam supposed he would have to be a little faster if he wanted to get any for himself next time.

Sasha grabbed her bag and stood first. She had a light pink A-line dress on today, and while her figure was more narrow and willowy than Anna's, she also had decent handfuls up top.

Sam had never considered himself much of a boob guy. Not that he disliked them, he just didn't think about it too much. He usually considered the whole package; face, body, hair, sense of style...

These three though, they all had all of that. In slightly different flavors, yes, but he would have considered himself a lucky man to be seen out in public with any one of them.

On top of that, they were cool! Sure, they were a little odd, but what D&D nerd *wasn't* odd? And yeah, they talked about breasts a lot, which seemed very odd, but maybe girls did that when guys weren't around? Maybe it was only odd that they were doing it in front of him. And with him... Sasha had looked at him kind of strangely after that whole 'mana feedback' thing...

'Oh well' Sam thought, slipping his arms into his backpack. It was going great so far, and he was already looking forward to next week.

Chapter III: The Blessings of Fulla

For once, Sam had arrived at the gaming space before the girls, and was setting up his books and tablet. After a soft knock the door opened to admit a tall blonde figure.

"Hi Sam!"

"Hey Sasha."

Sam glanced up to take in the group's second arrival. Sasha was wearing a dark blue floral dress with buttons down the front and sleeves almost to her elbows. She had black shoes and black ankle socks, and the skirt of the dress reached halfway down her thighs. As always he found her beauty stunning, and wondered how he got so lucky to find such a gorgeous young woman in the world of D&D nerds.

Sasha dropped her large shoulder bag near her favorite chair and pulled out a large plastic container filled with sugary Chex mix. Sam continued to set up his GM screen and sort through his notes and books while stealing glances at the tall blonde as she moved, bending and rising. He noticed that her figure had a little more thickness than it had when they'd started meeting, or maybe he just hadn't noticed. At their first meeting she had seemed almost rail-thin, especially for her height, with supermodel-like proportions. But he could see now that there was a definite shape to the silhouette of bust to waist to hips, with a nice round peach of an ass. The added dimensions only made her beauty all the more alluring.

Glancing upward, Sam realized that he'd been caught staring. Sasha's cheeks were tinged pink.

"-cough- I, er..."

Before Sam could apologize or make any remark at all, the door swung open again as Anna and Mandy entered the room.

"And then I said, 'If you can't understand why making a trilogy of expensive movies without a plan was a mistake, we might as well ask for the check.'"

"You didn't!"

"Fuck yeah I did! I'm not going home with a guy who thought Rise of Skywalker was "pretty good" just 'cause he's got a nice ass!"

Mandy literally used air quotes.

"You're such a damn *nerd*..."

The short glasses girl was wearing a slightly loose white pocket tee with light tan pants. Anna wore a denim skirt that reached just past mid-thigh, a light teal tee shirt and a sporty jacket on top. If Sasha was supermodel hot, these two were 'girl next door' gorgeous and 'nerdy young teacher' sexy respectively. Doing some quick appraising glances, Sam was pretty sure that Anna was the most curvy of the group. Nothing like what someone would call fat or even plump, just a little more softness to her middle and definitely more in the bust than Sasha had. For her part, Mandy also had decent curves, and just like the other two, she seemed to be maybe a tad larger than she was a few weeks ago.

Anna set out a half gallon bowl of buffalo chicken cheese dip and multiple bags of tortilla chips, while Mandy brought enough brownies to supply a whole potluck lunch. Not for the first time Sam found himself astonished at the amount of snacks these three beauties managed to put away in a single evening's play session.

The awkward moment that had maybe been about to happen between Sam and Sasha was forgotten, and everyone got set up and settled in to play.

"Everyone good?" Sam asked.

The girls nodded.

"Okay, last week you met with the village council of Badensburg. Who remembers what happened at that meeting?"

Mandy's hand went up.

"The council requested our help dealing with some kind of curse or blight on their land. They don't know what it is, but if we can get rid of it, and restore their crops, they'll give us a reward."

"That's right. So, how do you want to proceed?"

"Well... they have a river running through their borders, right?" Sasha asked rhetorically. "We should go look around upstream and see if there's something poisoning their water supply."

“That’s a good idea.” Anna agreed.

“Alright, someone give me a *knowledge: nature* check, or maybe *survival*.”

“I have the highest nature knowledge.” Mandy offered, rolling her die into the felt lined dice tray.

“Okay...” Sam checked the result, “you can’t tell exactly what’s wrong with the water, but it’s definitely contaminated.”

“Tavara checks the water for curses or magical effects.”

“No magic effects.”

“Alright ladies, I think we should investigate further upstream.” Sasha said in her ‘Tavara’ voice.

Anna and Mandy nodded in agreement.

The party ventured north along the river, encountering a small pack of wolves, and a river crossing that took several creative problem-solving dice checks to complete. All the while the three players snacked. Sam managed to get a brownie for himself and a few chips worth of chicken dip.

“You come to a clearing along the banks and see a small band of Kobolds cooking chunks of meat cut from a nearby wyvern corpse.”

“You no take candle!”

Mandy swatted Anna’s arm with the back of her hand.

“Not that kind of kobold.”

“Have they seen us?” Sasha asked.

“Everyone roll for stealth.”

A round of good natured groans and die rolls, and it was time for combat. It proceeded in much the same way as it always did; with a lot of weirdly masochistic taunts from Auralia, some pompous spell chants from Tavara, and ostentatious prayers from Camilla. After about a half hour of die-rolling and turn taking, the last of the enemies were dead.

“Did that heal the village?” Anna asked.

“Well, the kobolds are dead, but have you checked the water?”

Camilla checked the water again and found that the contamination from the wyvern corpse was still present.

“Maybe we could burn the corpse?” Sasha suggested.

“Alright, you do that while I try to purify the ground around it here.” Added Mandy.

“I’ll uh... *-homf-* keep watch...” Anna said through a mouthful of muddy buddy.

“Oh sacred fire of the unseen depths, come forth! Purge this foul blight upon the land in your infernal fury!” Sasha recited.

“A core of heat begins to build up within the corpse and spreads to raging flame, consuming the wyvern corpse and leaving piles of ash that begin to scatter in the wind.” Sam described.

“Oh blessed Fulla! Pour out thy bounteous blessing upon this scarred ground! Let these, your children, feed themselves on the plentitude of thy bounty!” Mandy intoned.

“The green-gold aura of Fulla’s magic spreads like ripples of water along the ground where Camilla is kneeling, causing the burned and stained ground to sprout with grass and moss, and tiny flowers. The river water that was black and red is starting to run clear.”

“Yay! We did it!” Anna cheered.

“-ulp- We did. Let’s go back to the village and find out if it really worked.” Added Sasha.

“And maybe get that reward.” Anna added. “Get us some of that fat loot!”

Mandy rolled her eyes as she scooped a generous mound of buffalo dip from the bowl.

“Alright, you guys make your way back to the village. Nothing interesting happens in the woods along the way.”

“Aww”

Sam hadn’t caught who made that disappointed utterance.

“When you emerge from the wood you see the river running clear and blue, and the withering plants already beginning to heal.”

Mandy made a throat-clearing sound.

“Hmm? Oh right.”

Sam flipped through his papers, finding the document he was looking for. He rolled a die and then said, in a vaguely feminine voice;

“You have done well, my servant. I shall add a portion of my abundance to thine... endowment.”

Sam started to break character toward the end. He met Mandy’s eyes with a look of skepticism, but she was gazing at him eagerly through her glasses with such intensity he knew she was evidently completely sincere with this cheesy writing.

Well, Sam figured, he was here to facilitate his player’s fun, so he read on.

“The glow of Fulla’s power begins to suffuse Camilla’s body, a golden-green aura surrounds her, and her breastplate grows tight as her chest expands by two cup sizes.”

Sam swore he heard a whimper from the short-haired girl. After checking Mandy's character sheet, he added in his normal voice;

"That's *-uh-*, a G cup?"

Mandy bit her lip and nodded.

The party met again with the village council, who rewarded them with a small amount of gold, and a feast in their honor. Sam couldn't help but notice that the players had certainly feasted over the past hour and a half.

They improvised some conversation with random villagers, and Sam got the impression that Anna and Sasha both wanted to role-play their characters seducing some farmers and stable hands, but he was spared that awkwardness by the clock.

"Alright well, we've only got about ten minutes left. So we're gonna have to call it here."

The 'awws' were not subtle that time.

"The council chairmen did give you directions to the cultist stronghold, so you'll be able to make progress along that path next week."

"Okay then, Tavera takes the blacksmith's apprentice up to their room."

"Oh you bitch! Camilla takes the serving maid."

"Oooh, saucy... Auralia takes the stable hand."

Mandy and Sasha made objecting sounds.

"What?"

"Anna, he's like 15."

“It’s a medieval fantasy... whatever. Fine. Auralia takes um... the baker. He’s a half-elf anyway. Plus I bet he gives some sweet-ass massages, with all his experience kneading dough.”

“Gross!”

Sam couldn’t help but smirk. These girls’ ridiculous antics were more than a little infectious.

“And... scene.”

The girls laughed, and Sam grabbed the last brownie just before Anna could snatch it.

Chapter IV: Steamy Coffee and Stealing Curves

Sam and Mandy sat at a high-top table at the coffee shop down the street from the game store. He had a normal sized white mug half full of black coffee, while she had a mug that almost required two hands. A bit of whipped cream decorated Mandy’s upper lip as she took a generous sip from her whole milk caramel latte, and she cleared it with her pink tongue.

“So then you have the bandits, right?”

“Mmmhmm”

“And Anna will want some of them to be women.”

“Right”

“What if they’re *all* women?”

Sam sipped his own coffee thoughtfully.

“That would probably work.”

“And mostly kind of... stacked?” Mandy asked with a sparkle in her deep green eyes.

“Stacked?”

“You know... busty... ‘well endowed.’”

The topic of breasts made Sam give his companion a once-over before he could stop himself. He suspected Mandy was wearing a nerdy graphic tee as usual, but today it was covered up by a smart black blazer. He couldn't tell through all the layers but she looked a little more busty than usual herself. Mandy always looked great but this look was just a smidge more mature, and Sam would be lying if he said he wasn't into it.

“Oh, *-heh heh-* I mean I guess that's fine... Would that be normal for more physical classes like fighters, and especially archers?”

“*-hmm-*... That's a good point. What if they get larger as their level goes up?”

“What like, magically?”

“Well, the how and why I'll leave up to you, but I assume you'll have higher level enemies as we progress through the encounter.”

“No spoilers, but probably, yeah.”

“So just make the harder ones bigger, like mages and stuff.”

Mandy gulped more sugary ‘coffee’ as Sam considered that.

“And the main boss of the camp could be *huge*.”

“You know,” Sam said, picking up his mug, “I've played D&D with teenage boys who talked about breasts less than you three...”

Mandy stared down at her half-empty giant mug.

“Is that... bad?”

“Not bad, just a little different.”

“But you don’t mind, right? You’ll keep DMing for us?”

“Oh of course. Running sessions with you guys is a blast.”

Mandy let out an audible sigh.

“Yogatta...”

Sam quirked an eyebrow, and the bespectacled girl’s eyes went wide.

“Oh my gosh, I’m using weeb-speak like a fuckin’ nerd. Sorry...”

“It’s fine Mandy. Is that um... ‘I’m sorry?’”

“It’s more like ‘thank goodness.’”

“Oh, alright. And we’re all nerds here, you shouldn’t feel embarrassed.”

Mandy covered her faint blush with her enormous latte.

“Well, I think I have enough to go on, I’ll work on these for next session.”

Sam gulped down the last of his coffee and slid his chair back.

“Oh, one more thing!”

“Hmm?”

“Since we haven’t scared you off yet, feel free to make some of the bandits a little... aggressive.”

“I mean they’re enemy mobs, obviously they’re aggressive.”

“No no, I mean like... ‘sexually’ aggressive.”

Seeing the grimace on his face Mandy backpedaled.

“If you’re comfortable with that, of course. No pressure.”

“I’ll uh... I’ll give it some thought. This is kinda new territory for me.”

“Sure, of course. Thanks Sam, I appreciate it.”

Mandy reached across and touched his hand, then jerked it back.

“I mean we... *we* appreciate it.”

Sam’s hand still tingled from her soft touch.

“Uh... sure thing. Enjoy your weekend, Mandy.”

“You too Sam.”

Sam was more certain of it than ever; the girls were bringing in more snacks every week. This time Sasha had brought a charcuterie board one of her normie friends had made. The damn thing almost took two people to carry, and was loaded down with fancy cheeses and meats.

She was wearing a long sleeved white sweater which left a lovely slice of her midriff bare, and a form-fitting skirt in pale pink plaid that reached halfway down her gorgeously long thighs. Sam was sure her thighs had been a little less... ‘jiggly’ a few weeks ago. He couldn’t deny however that her bubble butt looked amazing in that skirt, and that sweater showed off her upper curves very well.

While Sasha was positioning the board and plucking up a few choice bits with her manicured fingers, Mandy entered the room balancing two full size slow cookers in her arms. One was filled with bacon-wrapped cocktail wieners and the other with Swedish meatballs.

Mandy had dark blue ripped jeans and a striped blazer over a white tee shirt that said “It’s MimOsa not MimosA” in a certain wizard-y font. Mandy had grown the least of the three girls, but she definitely had full handfuls on her chest now.

Not that Sam had a ton of experience with varying handfuls of breasts. He’d barely been with a handful of women.

Anna brought a big container of buffalo chicken dip again, and a second just as large with some kind of cheese and sausage dip.

“Damn, is it meat week or something?” The brunette asked with a chuckle.

Mandy had on running shoes and black leggings, topped with a snug black tank top under a bronze jacket. Her chest had inflated the most of the three, being the most curvy to begin with, and Sam could see a little cuddle fluff starting to show despite her all-black outfit.

“I told you guys we need to start coordinating the snacks...” Mandy said wearily.

“Hey, I brought stuff that’s not meat!”

“Like my body’s going to punish me any less tomorrow for adding a bunch of rich cheeses to a pile of meat.”

At Anna’s last remark, the girls seemed to remember Sam’s presence, and the room fell silent.

“This looks amazing Sasha, which one has the cranberries?”

“That one there.”

“Awesome.”

“What’s in this, Anna?”

“Cream cheese and Ro-tel, and sausage of course. Do you like it?”

“It’s like sausage gravy on a cracker!”

“I know, right?”

The girls set up their papers and dice, and loaded their plates, and the session got started.

Arriving at the bandit camp, the party attempted some negotiation but were drawn into battle. While Anna was refilling her plate with meatballs and charcuterie selections, Tavera burned a second-level spell to finish off a bandit archer.

“You know we have a whole hideout to clear...” Mandy said sharply.

“I have plenty of spell slots, we’ll be fine.”

“Vermillion flame coruscates from Tavera’s extended palm, striking the bow-wielding woman in her pathetically flat chest. Red embers spread from her core until nothing remains but a pile of ash.”

Sam knew the drill by now.

“Tavera had once again expended too much mana to incinerate her foe, and the mana surged back up her arm, flowing into her body to make her a... J-cup.”

Sasha swallowed her bit of cheese and asked,

“What, um... what about her outfit?”

Sam made a single exhale of a laugh and pulled up the fan art the girls had given him for their characters. Sasha’s was especially ridiculous.

“Extra-large hat flapping in the magical breeze, Tavera’s breasts pressed against the white er... lacy front of her sorceresses robes.”

“...and?” Sasha was blushing again.

“And... making them even more tight.”

“And?”

“And... she felt like they might rip at any moment.”

Sasha literally whimpered, and nodded wordlessly at Sam.

“Quit stealing all *-hompf-* the kills!” Anna complained.

“Maybe I can er... *heal* your garments if they do rip...”

“Um, there are still three bandits in the fight, ladies.”

Combat rounds continued, until Anna finally got what she wanted.

“Auralia uses **Breast Flow!**”

Sam cocked an eyebrow.

“‘Breast Flow’?”

“Okay it’s technically called ‘Life Slash,’ but this is her personal name for the technique.”

“That’s fine. Go ahead and roll.”

Anna had clearly been saving this one. It was a particularly difficult check unless the enemy was badly wounded.

“That’s a hit, go ahead and roll damage.”

Anna did so, and added the bonuses from Camilla's buffs.

"Alright and, she's down. Describe the kill."

"Auralia brings her arms back, holing her sword behind her head, its blade pointing straight up to the sky. Taking long strides she sprints the short distance between herself and the curvy bandit mage, leaping in the air and swinging her katana down and diagonally through the woman's whole body, as if slicing through her breasts."

'These girls and their breasts...' Sam thought, before realizing that thought made him keenly aware of three sets of healthy curves sitting around the table and he almost physically shook his head to dispel the accompanying thoughts.

"Sam?"

Anna was waiting. Sam had a pretty good idea what to expect by now, he had been waiting for it every time Anna tried a new ability. Of course the name of this one was a dead giveaway. He found the skill effect and readied his improv.

"-ahem- As Auralia lands behind the bandit mage, a few long seconds pass. Until eventually steam starts rising from the bandit woman's body. A hissing sound comes from her chest as her impressive breasts begin to vanish, like an *-uhh-* a deflating balloon?"

Anna's slightly widened eyes were all the confirmation Sam needed.

"The woman clutched at herself in horror, as if begging the life force to stay in her body. Eventually her eyes burned out and she collapsed in a heap, chest completely flat."

"Mmhmm, and then?"

"A few steps away, Auralia felt *-um-*, pressure in her own chest as the *-um-* dead woman's breasts transferred *-erm-* 'flowed' into her own body."

Sam glanced at Anna again, her eyes were now very wide.

“–*um*– Her monks robes get tight around her chest as she grows to –*uuh*– lemme do some math here...”

“Don’t forget she’s probably gone up half a cup size from all of my blessings and healings from Fulla.”

“Oh that’s good, Mandy. Hey could you say ‘swell’ instead of ‘grow’ Sam?”

Sam had sorted out the numbers, so he backed up.

“Auralia’s red monk’s robes grow tight across her chest as the dead woman’s breasts ‘flowed’ into her body, her own breasts swelled to H-cup.”

All three young women had seemed somewhat excited when Sam described their characters’s breasts growing, but Anna’s eyes fluttered closed and her whole body stiffened.

She hadn’t... had she?

Anna’s eyes shot open, and she blurted out,

“Igottausethe restroom!”

Sasha and Mandy’s eyes met with eyebrows raised, then they looked to Sam for a reaction.

“Just one bandit left... Camilla’s up next.”

Chapter V: Booby Traps

“You’ve come to the entrance to the second floor of the abandoned manor. There is a solid stone wall here with a heavy wood door. The door is locked.”

“Oh shit!” Anna said, bouncing in her seat. “Who’s good at locks? I knew someone should have rolled a rogue.”

“They’re called thieves in this system.” Mandy quipped.

“Can *you* open the door then, since you decided not to play a tricky bard?”

Mandy put on her haughtiest tone.

“A holy warrior and vessel of the great and —er— abundant Fulla would never stoop to breaking and entering.”

“Um, this isn’t even their house Mandy, the bandits are literally squatting here.”

“Figuratively.”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“—*sigh*—, fine. Tavera casts **Mage Hand** to try and pick the lock. —*chomp*—”

“Roll it.”

Sasha failed the check.

”You reach out with your **otherwise** senses and it seems like you might be able to slide the —*um*— tumblers into place, but your magic finds no purchase on the metal gears, sliding off them like well-greased ball bearings.”

Mandy grimaced.

“Ball bearings?”

“Sorry, that was a little weird. How about —*uh*— water off a duck?”

Anna suppressed a snort of laughter and reached for another donut.

“Alright, anyway, magic didn’t work. Either of you two have any ideas?” Sasha popped the last bit of her most recent éclair between her glossy pink lips.

“Maybe it’s some kind of puzzle?” Mandy suggested, catching Sam’s eye with a wink Sasha almost caught.

“Alright, *—urp—* I investigate the area around the door.” Anna suggested, succeeding her dice check.

”Auralia feels around at the stone and brick that make up the door, and finds a cleverly disguised button.”

“Ooh ooh! I push it!” The brunette was practically vibrating with excitement.

”Auralia pushes the button and a panel opens on each side of the door. Within each panel is a *-um—* a small alcove, with a hollow space.”

“What kind of hollow space?” Sasha asked before taking a big gulp of her soda.

“It’s um, like the inside of a bowl. *—er—* like two bowls beside each other.”

Anna and Sasha thought on this for a few moments. Then finally the visual description clicked in Sasha’s mind and her blue eyes lit up.

“I *—er—* Tavera steps up to the alcove and *—uhhh—*”

Sasha was blushing again.

“She compares the size of the hollow space to her chest.”

“The space looks like it would fit her *—um—* chest...”

Sam saw Mandy grinning like a Cheshire Cat as he felt his face grow warm and his heart rate pick up.

“Alright, Tavera steps up and put my *— her —* breasts into the alcove.”

“It’s a perfect fit. But nothing happens.”

“Maybe you need to be topless?” Anna suggested through a mouthful of donut.

“Why don’t **you** try it first!” Sasha barked, though with no heat behind her words.

“Fine, Auralia puts her boobs into the other alcove.”

“The alcoves are identical in size, and thankfully Auralia and Tavera are the same size. You feel the stone press again you from all—”

“We’re the same size? I thought you were still J-cup.” Anna interrupted.

“No I wasn’t adding up the gradual increases from Mandy’s blessing spells, that bumped me — my character — up to K.”

“And those two archers...” Anna began.

“And one fighter.” Mandy added.

“Right, those three bandits only got *you* up to K-cup?” Sasha asked.

“Yeah, I guess the wiry fighter types are pretty flat.”

“That makes sense I guess.” Sasha mused.

Sam cleared his throat loudly.

“—*ahem*—”

“Sorry Sam,” Sasha said “go on, please.”

It often gave Sam a little spark when any of his lovely players addressed him directly, but Sasha always said his name with such weight, such... promise?

“Okay. You feel the stone press in on your chest from all sides, but the alcoves shift down a tiny bit and you hear weights and gears start to work behind the stone.”

“The door slides open.”

All three young women leaned in eagerly. Anna took a sip of her milkshake. Mandy bit into her éclair. Sasha worked on a bowl of foil-wrapped chocolates.

“The door slides open to reveal a long hallway.”

“Do not be afraid loyal companions! Those who walk in Fulla’s blessing need not be afraid!”

Mandy intoned, adding “Camilla walks into the hallway.”

“You hear a voice cry out, Stand and deliver, adventurer scum! You’ll pay for trespassing in our lair, with your gold or your lives!”

Then a second voice from behind you says, *Why not both, sister?”*

Sam sat back in his seat.

“Aaand, we have to stop there. We won’t get through the whole fight before our time’s up and I don’t want to end the session in the middle of combat.”

Anna slumped back in her chair, Sam noticed her prominent breasts wobble from the motion.

“That was really good Sam, thanks.” Mandy met Sam’s eyes and he felt warm all over again. Mandy’s navy blue tee shirt was skin tight over a chest that was now somewhere around C-cup – Sam was getting better at judging sizes – and read “Do not meddle in the affairs of dragons, for you are crunchy and good with ketchup.”

“So do you have any fun weekend plans, Sam?” Sasha sucked the last of the soda out of her cup. She wore a pale blue baby doll blouse that showed a decent amount of pale cleavage.

“Not really. A couple of my friends are going to the movies Saturday so I might meet up with them.”

“Oh nice, is it that Ryan Reynolds one?”

“I think so, either that or the Marvel thing, though I heard it was just okay.”

“Most of those movies are just okay, especially if you’ve read the source material...”

“Don’t start with that, Mandy.” Anna pleaded.

“Fine, fine. What do you guys want to do for snacks next week?”

The girls started to pack their bags and stand one by one.

“Pizza?” Anna suggested.

“We had pizza last time.” Sasha protested. When she stood to collect her dishes and put them in her bag, Sam noticed that the dark blue pencil skirt she wore did nothing to disguise the way her hips and ass had grown in the past three months. Sam didn’t mind though, and busied himself with his books and papers to avoid staring.

“I like pizza, what’s wrong with that?” Anna wore a black tank top again, and Sam was pretty sure her jeans were a bigger size than usual— they looked new. The shirt left a pale sliver of belly showing where it didn’t quite reach her jeans.

“Alright, so you bring pizza. I think I want to do pasta salad again.” Mandy’s gain as always was the least noticeable of the three. Her breasts had plumped up a little bit, and Sam thought could see a little bulge of tummy not quite hidden by her ‘mom jeans.’

“That sounds good to me,” Sasha said, “I’ll make brownies again probably.”

“Hey, do you guys want me to bring any snacks?” Sam asked.

“Oh.” Sasha seemed surprised, and all three girls exchanged looks.

“You can if you want Sam, but you don’t have to.” Mandy offered.

“Yeah, the three of us eat most of the food anyway.” Anna patted her slightly bloated stomach under the shadow of her swollen breasts, then seemed to realize what she was doing. She spun away, pretending to rearrange the items in her bag.

“Alright, well I might bring something next week.”

“Okay!” Sasha beamed a million-dollar smile at him, and Sam felt his face grow warm again.

That Friday night, Sam got a message from Anna directly, outside of their group chat.

[Hey Sam, you know like, martial arts stuff, right?]

{I mean, I guess so...}

[Your DMFinder profile says you do 🤔👉]

{Yeah that might have been a bit of an oversell. I took taekwondo in middle-school 😅}

[But you watch like, karate movies and stuff?]

{Kung Fu movies, yeah that’s true.}

[Great! Can you come by our place sometime tomorrow? I want your help workshopping some combat stuff for Auralia]

{I'm busy in the morning but maybe around 3?}

[That's fine, you have the address?]

{👍}

The girls lived in a tri-level in one of the older suburbs. Sam supposed with three paychecks they could afford to rent a whole house pretty cheaply way out here.

Stepping up the walk a little nervously, Sam carried his Player's Handbook and a few other references he thought might come in handy. Also his Blu-ray copy of *Enter the Dragon*.

A moment after he rang the doorbell Anna flung the plain wooden slab open. She was wearing... a bathrobe!? Sam's heart rate increased instantly. He couldn't stop his eyes from traveling down the length of the maroon terrycloth housecoat and seeing the hints of her shape beneath. Quickly he caught himself and met her deep brown eyes. It occurred to him that he'd never been this close to the gorgeous brunette. She was textbook 'girl next door' adorable.

"Hey Sam! Come on in."

He stepped inside mutely. The curvy young woman closed the door then walked past Sam into a fairly small kitchen. He couldn't help but watch the wiggle of her robe-covered booty as she walked away, to say nothing of the smooth exposed skin of her calves as her bare feet padded across the carpeted floor.

"I'm almost done in here, you can have a seat in the living room."

Sam sat on the edge of a wing-backed chair, too off-balance to consider pulling any books out of his bag or even checking his phone. After a dozen excruciating seconds wherein Sam's mind ran through a million possibilities of what he'd just walked into, Anna returned carrying a platter of peanut butter cookies.

"Here we go..."

Anna set the platter on the coffee table.

For the first time since laying eyes on the adorable brunette, Sam spoke.

"So... are the other girls...?"

"Oh they're not here. Mandy went to some camping thing with her family and Sasha's at a conference for work."

"I see..."

"Are you... disappointed?"

Anna pointed one toe at the floor and twisted her leg.

"No, no! I was just curious... that's all."

"Great!"

Anna started to undo the belt on her robe, and Sam felt his chest get tight and his heart race.

"Okay, now don't laugh..." She said with a glare.

Huh?

Anna's robe fell away and underneath she was wearing... another robe?

No wait, it was some kind of kimono. Red and black and maybe silk? Sam was not an expert on cloth. He realized Anna was watching his face for a response.

“Um... it’s very nice...”

“Come on! You don’t recognize it?”

“Sorry...?”

“Well, I guess it’s not a perfect reproduction. The edging isn’t wide enough. But, it’s the kimono Auralia wears... or at least, the one the character I copied her look from wears.”

Sam was only half listening. The shape of Anna’s body was even more apparent through the thinner layer of clothing covering her skin. Sam found himself wishing he’d taken a cold shower before coming over here. *Keep it professional* he scolded himself.

“Anyway, now that Auralia is starting to get really big, I want to figure out how she would fight. I know I’m not nearly as big as she is, but I hoped you could help me.”

Anna met his eyes again. Deep brown rings that seemed to see right through him. Sam gulped hard.

“—*ahem*— Sure! We can probably start with —*um*— standard monk sword attacks?”

They spent the next hour going through various attacks, stances, moves, and poses.

“Okay this is one where I think her size is *really* going to come into play.” Anna grinned, “I think she can *use* the extra weight instead of it throwing off her balance.”

“Okay...”

Anna blushed suddenly.

“I have —*um*— a prop for this... that might help...”

“What like a foam sword or something? That would probably help a lot!”

Sam and Anna were standing in the open living room, and in the excitement of their project he'd almost forgotten he was standing so close to a very cute girl.

“Not exactly... hang on, I'll be right back!”

Anna bounded away up the half-flight of stairs and behind a bedroom door. Sam munched on a cookie until she re-emerged, descending the stairs at a much more cautious pace. It took three entire seconds for Sam to register the change.

Anna's breasts looked bigger. Quite a bit bigger. Sam gaped as she crossed the room to stand a few feet from where he sat.

“What...?” He asked dumbly.

Anna was beaming at him.

“It's an H-cup bra, and these inserts!”

Fishing one hand into her kimono and under her bra, Anna pulled out a wobbly disk Sam assumed was silicone or some other kind of rubber. As she slid it back into place Sam could see the skin of her actual breast rise up to match the other. The kimono now showed off more than a little of her pale cleavage.

“Okay, now I'm as big as Auralia...”

Anna suddenly turned shy again, clasping her hands behind her back and rotating her torso, sending her artificially enhanced breasts wobbling. If Sam was being honest, the inserts weren't as big as he'd expected. Maybe 2-3 cups worth at most.

He felt a stirring in his jeans.

Before Sam could say anything, or better yet flee the scene, Anna spoke again.

“Can we work on that pirouette slash now...?”

Chapter VI: Movie Moves

Sam was standing in line for concessions at the local multiplex when he felt a tap on his shoulder.

“Hi Sam!”

While her favorite seat at their gaming table was closer to him than his other two players, Sasha now stood less than a foot away from Sam. Her straight blonde hair fell over her shoulders to rest on the curves of her chest. Her bangs reached just below her eyebrows. Sam could make out dark eyeliner and blue eyeshadow surrounding the azure rings of her eyes. Her pink lips were glossy and full.

Sam’s heart rate sped up and he started to feel warm. He put on a smile that he hoped projected more confidence than he felt.

“Hey, Sasha!”

They stood facing each other for several long beats, until Sasha stepped up beside him in line. Sam realized he was staring and turned back toward the counter. He couldn’t stop his eyes from darting to the side a few times to take in the blonde beauty.

She wore a knee length white skirt with a brown belt. Her knit top left her shoulders bare, and the neckline scooped low enough in front to give Sam a good view of her lightly tanned cleavage. He guessed that Sasha’s breasts were somewhere between oranges and grapefruits in size.

“Are you here to see Strange Two?” She asked.

“Multiverse of Madness, yeah. I’ve been kinda putting it off because the reviews are pretty bad.”

“Yeah same. I like coming when it’s less crowded anyway.”

“Yeah...”

“Sometimes the girls and I come on opening weekends, but only if we’re sure the movie will be worth it.”

“That makes sense.” Sam agreed.

They reached the counter.

“Go ahead.” She offered.

“But you were in line first.”

They locked eyes for a moment and Sasha batted her eyelids. Her smile was dazzling.

“That’s alright, I’m still deciding what I want.”

Sasha glanced up at the menu screens.

“Do you want to split a combo? It’s a better deal...”

Sam’s mind reeled as he realized the context of his situation. Were the two of them about to watch a movie *together*? Was he suddenly, accidentally, on some sort of ‘friend date’ with this low-key goddess?

Surely not.

“–uh– Sure, I can Venmo you or whatever.”

“Oh don’t worry about it!”

Before Sam could object, Sasha was already talking to the teen behind the counter.

“Can we have the large combo 2 please? Extra butter.”

Sasha handed Sam the second of two large cups and led the way to the drink machines. Walking behind her, Sam couldn't help but appreciate the extra wiggle her phenomenal ass made in her pale skirt. Or the way its hem was cut high enough to show off her smooth, toned calves. Sasha filled her cup with non-diet cola and doused the giant popcorn bucket with salt and some kind of cheese powder. They proceeded into the theater.

Being a matinee, there were only about a half dozen people in the theater. Sam and Sasha were able to find good seats, in the middle and with railings to prop their feet on. Sasha led the way, and even in the dim light of the pre-show ads and trivia, Sam found himself distracted by the pale skin of her exposed shoulders.

The tall blonde sat and lifted the armrest that separated their seats. Sam started to silently panic again, until Sasha placed the popcorn in the space next to her, making a new barrier.

Throughout the movie, Sasha did various things that confused Sam. She kept fidgeting in her seat, bumping his elbow with hers. Before the film even started, she moved the popcorn bucket to her lap, offering it to Sam frequently. On several of these occasions she looked over at him, her height putting them almost at eye level.

"What's wrong?" He whispered.

"Oh! Nothing..."

At one point Sasha brushed the hair from her left shoulder behind her back, leaning over in a way that gave Sam a clear view down her blouse. When her motion caught his attention she locked eyes with him again.

"You okay?" He asked with concern.

She seemed surprised.

"Yeah! Sorry..."

Sam didn't like talking in the theater, but Sasha kept distracting him. He wondered if maybe she needed to use the restroom or something but was too shy to say so.

After the movie they stood in the lobby for a few minutes chatting about it. Sasha stood very close to Sam again, occasionally touching his arm and laughing at things he said. If Sam didn't know better he'd think she was flirting with him. But he knew that couldn't be the case. A girl like Sasha didn't have to flirt to get a man's attention.

"Hey," Sam began, "have you seen Everything Everywhere?"

"That weird one with Michelle Yeoh?"

"Yeah."

"Not yet, though I've heard it's good."

"Oh man, it's amazing. We should come back and see it this weekend. I've been wanting to watch it again."

Sasha met Sam's eyes again.

"I'd like that."

*'Wait. Did I just ask her out? Like on a **real** date??'*

Sam mentally chided himself for his delusions.

'Don't be stupid, she's just being nice...'

He needed to get out of here before he made a fool of himself.

"Cool. Well I'm gonna head out. I'll see you Thursday!"

"See you, Sam!"

Sasha's smile was brilliant, and she arched her back when she spoke in a way that emphasized her chest. Sam was sure it was unintentional. After all, she'd grown a fair bit recently...

Sam pondered that last thought as he walked to his car. Had all three of his players grown larger breasts since their campaign started? Was that normal for women in their early twenties? True, they snacked a lot, and all seemed to be gaining weight. Maybe they just had good genes.

*'What am I saying? They **obviously** have good genes...'*

"Two women in dark brown leather are blocking your path forward. One has two daggers and the other a small axe. Behind them are two more in loose robes that have seen better days."

"How big are they?" Anna asked through a forkful of pasta salad.

Sam held up one finger.

"A voice from behind you reveals another woman wielding a short sword, and two more in robes with staves."

"Staves."

Sam shot Mandy an annoyed look.

"Sorry..."

'Is she blushing?'

Anna spoke out of character. "Mandy, you take the ones behind us and I'll get the front, we need to keep Sasha out of melee."

"-ahem-" Sasha sounded with a glare at the brunette.

“Doh, my bad.” She grabbed another brownie from the container.

“I’ve got these two! Camilla, make yourself useful and watch our rears!”

Sam let out a snort of laughter before he could stop himself. Anna shot him a wink.

“Okay...” Sam checked his notes. “Tavara is first to act.”

“How much space is behind us, Sam?” Sasha asked, pizza in hand. “Like how far away are the casters?”

“The space is tight so the melee one is five feet from Camilla, and the casters are about ten feet back from there.”

“–*homf*– Tavara casts **Cone of Immolation.**”

She swallowed her bite of pizza before using her character voice.

“Oh ageless furnace of the great deep, come ye forth and incinerate mine foes!”

Sasha rolled hit and damage.

“Alright, the blast of fire hits the sword-wielder dead on, along with one of the casters. The other manages to side-step most of the damage, but all three women are now on fire.”

Sasha beamed giddily at Sam, and took an enthusiastic bite from her slice. Her white sundress was printed with strawberries, and cut low enough to show tantalizing cleavage when she leaned forward.

“N–next up is Auralia.”

“Auralia uses –*nom*– **Taunting Cry.**”

“Go ahead.” Sam offered.

*“I know you dirty whores are just **begging** for a night with my delicious body, but you’re not gonna get even a taste!”*

“Okay...”

“And Auralia uses her free hand to heft her boobs at them, tauntingly.”

Sam blinked several times. Anna was grinning at him, cheeks flushed. Her black tank top showed more cleavage than ever from her F-cups, and mostly hid the growing food baby she sported below.

“O...kay. The three melee are next. A and B are attacking Auralia for... three points and... two points. C attacks Camilla and... no damage.”

“How dare you pierce my flawless skin and spill my maiden’s blood!” Anna exclaimed.

“Gross.” Sasha said through a bite of pizza.

“Didn’t you hook up with the village baker last night?” Mandy asked.

Anna swallowed her mouthful of brownie.

“They –*uh*– they don’t know that. Plus we just stayed up late talking... and fooled around a little...”

Mandy rolled her eyes behind her glasses, and grabbed another slice of pizza. Her maroon tee showed pixel art of Link from the original Legend of Zelda, well distorted around what Sam guessed were now nearly D-cup breasts.

“Camilla is next.” Sam said firmly, ignoring the heat in his own face and nodding to Mandy.

“Do you need healing Anna?”

“I’m good for at least one more round.”

“Alright, Camilla casts **Divine Favor.**”

Sam put on his 'Goddess Fulla' voice.

"Bless you, my child, for sharing my bounty with your companions."

"Fulla's magic flows through your body and out into Auralia and Tavera. Camilla swells to an *-um-* I-cup. The other two are still K's."

Two of the caster mobs hit Anna's character with arcane blasts, and the third cast a heal on the burning melee unit.

"New round, Tavera is up." Sam said to Sasha, who was licking powdered sugar from her manicured fingers.

"Get that healer if you can, Sash." Anna suggested.

"Tavera prepares to cast **Flaming Column.**"

"How many level two slots do you have left?" Mandy chided.

"You let me worry about my spell slots!"

"I'm just saying, there's probably a boss in the next room."

All three girls looked to Sam, who felt his heart rate increase but kept what he hoped was a convincing poker face. He shrugged.

"It's fine, it's fine." Sasha said, unscrewing the top on a second bottle of soda and taking a few gulps.

"-ahem- Mighty phoenix of the great heights, cast your blessed flame to the ground to incinerate my foe!"

Sasha rolled a 20.

"Oh shiiiiit!" Anna yelled.

"Nice!" From Mandy.

“Hell yeah!” Sasha exclaimed.

Sam grinned. He lived for these moments, even when he *wasn't* playing with a group of goofy hotties.

“Roll to confirm.”

All three girls leaned forward expectantly. Anna stuffed half a brownie in her mouth. Mandy gripped her pizza so tightly it almost crumpled in her fingers.

Sasha's die rolled with a few small bounces and landed on 17.

The room erupted in cheers. Sam grinned, Sasha beamed. She rolled for damage.

“Oh yeah she's dead. Like ‘pile of ash’ dead.”

“And the *-erm-* the overkill?” Sasha grabbed another brownie.

“Let's see... with the double damage and low AC...” He checked his notes, then smirked.

“Once again Tavera had expended too much mana. It resonated with the *-um-* latent energy from the etherial plane, and as her target burst into a cloud of ash, she felt the arcane force reflect back into her palm and into her body. Tavera regains one spent spell slot.”

“Oh! That's cheating!” Mandy protested with a laugh, mouth half full of pizza.

“It's not cheating when you're the DM.” Sam shot back with a grin.

Sasha was still watching Sam expectantly.

“Tavera's breasts swell with unspent mana, growing to M-cups and making her white lace top very tight.”

She nodded, urging him to go on.

“–um– Uncomfortably tight?”

Her cheeks grew pink, but she was still waiting.

Mandy tapped Sam’s arm and half stood in her seat to whisper in his ear. He felt tingles down his neck at her warm breath. He looked back to Sasha.

“She can feel the –erm– cloth strain, it might rip at any moment.”

Sasha beamed and nodded, staring down at the table and taking a bite of her brownie. Even her ears were red.

Combat continued for several more rounds. Mandy and Anna wounded the melee targets while Sasha had the other two casters on the ropes.

“My turn, my turn!” Anna was wiggling in her seat. Sam tried and failed to not watch all that flesh jiggle, and nodded.

“Okay, Auralia prepares her **Breast Flow** technique and does a **Pirouette Slash.**”

Sam’s face grew warm at the memory of practicing this move with Anna and her padded bra. She rolled to hit and for damage and both targets went down.

“That’s two kills!”

“Nice!” Mandy exclaimed, offering Anna a high five. More jiggling.

“You never told me how big they were, Sam?” Anna asked eagerly.

“Oh yeah, they’re probably like C-cups.”

Anna’s brow furrowed and she bit her lower lip.

“Do you want to describe the kill?” He asked.

“N-no, just... do the other part.”

Sam grinned.

'I'm getting the hang of this.'

“Auralia pushes off with one foot and spins on the ball of the other, twirling rapidly as her blade swipes through the torsos of the two bandit women. They barely have time to cry out as the life force flows from their bodies, out of their chests and into the monk.”

Anna was staring at him now, as were the other two cuties.

“Life force flows into Auralia’s body, and she can feel her already large chest swell even larger. Her red kimono gets tight and *-um-*”

Sam looked at a reference photo.

“The top spreads wider as her breasts swell up and out of the opening at the top.”

Again Mandy whispered a suggestion in Sam’s ear.

“Auralia worries if she gets much bigger she might be... exposed.”

Anna whimpered, still biting her lower lip. She had one hand under the table.

All four faces around the table were red.

Sam cleared his throat.

“It’s *-um-* it’s Camilla’s turn next.”

Chapter VII: Don't Split the Party

Sam walked the short distance from his car to the girl's house. He felt his phone buzz in his pocket and checked it. It was another message from Mandy.

[ETA?]

He tapped a reply.

{Walking up now}

[K]

As Sam approached the house via the concrete walkway, the front door swung open slightly. Mandy was reading something on her phone, so she didn't see Sam's eyes dart down the new curves of her body.

The black haired girl was wearing one of her signature quirky tees, but the print of *Harry Potter* dueling with *The Fourth Doctor* with their scarves tangled was distorted by a set of breasts slightly larger than apples. Mandy's tummy pressed against the shirt as well. She was wearing maroon boy shorts. Sam had never seen so much of Mandy's bare legs. He'd expected them to be thin and bony—the way the bespectacled girl's whole body had been when they started the campaign. Instead Mandy's calves curved very nicely up to a set of thighs that were just a few good meals away from being called 'thick.'

Mandy tapped, locked her phone, and looked up. The hand holding her phone dropping to her side.

“Hey!”

Mandy's smile held more mischief than those of her roommates, but Sam liked it just as much.

Wait. Did he *like* all of them? Sam's head hurt just *considering* the possibility that he had crushes on all three of his players. At the same time!? He shook himself and met Mandy's eyes.

“Hey. The others here?”

“Nah, they ran to the store to get popcorn and more wine. I guess Anna *really* wanted caramel corn.”

“Are you all watching a movie?”

“They are. I might join after we’re done, but I’ve seen it a dozen times.”

“What are they watching?”

“Your Name.”

“Oh that’s a classic.”

“It is. And they should be too distracted watching it to snoop on us talking.”

“T–talking about what?” Sam was getting nervous. And watching Mandy’s bubble butt sway back and forth as she led them to her bedroom wasn’t helping the situation.

She rounded on him. “Game stuff! Boss fights, spicy twists of magic, the good stuff.”

Mandy looked down to the floor thoughtfully, then back up at Sam.

“And don’t forget, no spoilers!”

Sam affected a character voice and bowed.

“As you wish, my lady.”

Any average girl would have groaned or laughed at his performance. Maybe affectionately call him a dork. Mandy only grinned again. Were *her* cheeks looking a little pink?

“Nice.” Was all she said.

Mandy's room looked about how Sam expected— lots of anime figures and sci-fi posters. She directed him to the desk chair while she sat on the bed.

“Okay, so we're coming up on this big bandit boss, right?”

“I can neither confirm nor deny...”

Mandy rolled her eyes.

“Yeah yeah, whatever. So assuming we get past that, I was thinking...”

Sam and Mandy chatted for over ninety minutes. She coached him on several ideas for encounters, especially with the other girls' characters and their... growth. Sam even offered a few ideas of his own. Spending these past few months learning Sasha, Anna, and Mandy's little horny cues was paying off.

Being alone with such a cutie in her bedroom should have felt awkward, but Sam found Mandy very easy to talk to. They switched effortlessly from talking about the campaign, to all the various pop culture topics and faux-debates. At one point they both realized they'd been talking about non-D&D stuff for almost half an hour, and they each leaned back in their respective seats.

“Well, I should probably get going...” Sam said, breaking the short silence.

He thought he saw a flicker of disappointment in Mandy's eyes, but it was probably his imagination.

“Alright!” She said with another signature grin, standing to open the door.

“Oh, where's your restroom?” Sam asked.

“Back down the stairs and to your left.”

“Great, thanks.”

As he descended the stairs, Sam mentally replayed the interaction in his head, trying to figure out if he should have done or said something different. He passed the doorway to the living room and saw the anime film on their TV. He could see the top of Anna's head and the back of Sasha's, so he stepped slowly into the room. He intended to announce himself, but got distracted by the emotional climax of the movie. The soundtrack was swelling as the high school girl started running, so Anna and Sasha didn't hear Sam enter the room.

Leaning against the doorframe to watch the end of the movie, Sam's eye caught movement as Sasha's blond head tilted to rest on Anna's brown one. He could just hear the taller girl speak over the sound of the movie.

"Are you crying *again?*"

"Shut up! *-sniff-* This is my favorite part."

The character on screen groped herself and Sam had flashbacks to multiple play sessions with these three girls. He almost didn't hear Anna's soft squeak.

"H-hey..."

"I just want to feel... They've gotten so big..."

Anna's head turned, but the back of the couch blocked her view of the doorway where Sam stood frozen— terrified of moving and being seen 'spying' on them.

"S—so have yours..."

"Well, they're not Tavera's size, but I think I need to upgrade to DD's..."

"Really?"

Sasha's whimper confirmed what he imagined Anna was doing to the statuesque blonde.

One of Anna's hands crept up the side of Sasha's head, which dipped down to meet the brunette's. The wet sounds of their lips meeting and the movie music rising again gave Sam just enough cover to flee for the bathroom.

As he sat behind the locked door, Sam took deep breaths to calm himself. His phone buzzed again as he fetched it from his pocket.

[Thanks for tonight. Next time let's meet at your place.]

Now what did *that* mean?

Around the table, Mandy, Anna, and Sasha crunched on nachos as Sam narrated.

"You three fools have played right into their hands! We whom you call 'bandits' – he made air quotes around the word – are freedom fighters. Rebels. We're fighting to free the people of Belgravia from the oppression of the nobility!"

"Oppress them by robbing them?" Anna asked.

Sam shot her a look.

"Oh, sorry... –um– *What manner of freedom is it for your band of –um– bandits to attack innocent travelers on the Queen's roads?*" Anna took another bite of her cheese-covered chip.

"Indeed, thou are but common criminals!" Mandy added.

Sam continued.

"Lap dogs, all of you! Freely you cast about high-minded words like 'criminals' while doling out death and leaving a trail of bodies in your wake!? The impotent figurehead you call a Queen is merely the latest in a line of–"

“Can I cast magic missile?” Sasha asked.

“–Um– sure?”

Sasha seemed to realize what she’d done and reached a hand out to rest on Sam’s knee. She’d started sitting a little closer to him after the movie incident.

“Sorry Sam, I know you have a whole monologue here. But like, we’re not talking our way out of this, are we?”

She looked across the table at the other two young women, who were staring wide-eyed at her arm disappearing beneath the table. Sasha glanced down and then snapped her hand back to herself. She stared down at the table, red-faced.

Sam’s voice cracked when he spoke again.

“N–no, that’s fine. Honestly it’s just stuff I found on some website. We can move to the action... A spark of arcane energy flies from Tavara’s staff, glancing off the bandit leader’s shoulder.”

Anna tried to break the tension in the room.

“I don’t know how many fights you’ve been in lady, but there’s usually not this much talking!”

Mandy tapped her arm with the back of her hand playfully.

Sam resumed his ‘villain voice.’

“Fools! I see the only language you understand is violence... NOW SISTERS!”

All three girls sat up straight in their chairs, leaning forward expectantly.

“Three bandits wielding daggers and short swords jump out from behind these pillars.” Sam pointed at the map. “Two casters step out here, and here. And another behind the boss here.”

The fight was long and grueling. All three player characters took a lot of damage. After nearly two hours of dice rolling — four jars of salsa and queso — the party had the bandit leader on the ground.

“Blue-Eyed Layla stands hunched over, pressing a hand to her side where Auralia’s blade nicked an artery. Her robes are singed from Tavara’s fire, and she staggers. Her *-um-* massive breasts sway, pulling her downward.”

*“Do you have any last words, **bitch**?”* Anna snapped.

Sam thought for a moment.

*“Give my regards *-cough cough-* to the puppet queen, pawns...”*

“I attack with—“ Anna began.

“Wait!” Sasha interrupted. “Let’s do the thing!”

“Oh yeah,” Mandy said, “we want to use **Combination Attack** Sam.”

“Uh, let me see...” Sam tapped on his tablet to find the ability. “Once per encounter a character may spend one point of inspiration... Okay, so who’s doing what?”

“**Righteous Infusion**”

“**Arcane Beam**”

“**Breast Flow** of course, and **Eviscerate**”

“Hmm, okay. You guys want me to describe stuff?”

Three beautiful faces nodded at him.

“Alright, Camilla raises her arms in prayer...” He looked to the dark haired Mandy who was watching him. She was wearing a dark blue tank instead of her usual graphic tees, and a couple inches of near-white cleavage was on display.

"Oh great and bountiful Fulla! Let the abundance of thy holy bounty flow into me and to my allies! Aid us in this our righteous quest!"

"Using inspiration gives you an automatic crit, so roll for the effect."

Mandy rolled 2d8 and hit a 16. The other girls cheered. Mandy was watching Sam eagerly.

"Gold and *-um-* green energy radiates out from Camilla. She seems to grow slightly taller as she becomes the avatar of Fulla. The straps holding her steel breastplate in place strain as her breasts swell to *-um-* K-cup?"

Mandy nodded, face red. One hand held the table in a white-knuckle grip.

"Alright, you two roll attacks."

Anna and Sasha rolled, then for damage.

"Do you have taunts or anything?" He asked.

The brunette nodded. *"I can't have people lusting after you when they could be lusting after me! Give me those!!"*

Sasha glanced at Sam, then grinned at the figure on the map.

"Time to die."

Sam continued.

"Auralia takes three perfect steps forward, M-cup breasts wobbling in her kimono as her blade flashes. Layla's body is severed at the waist. Her massive chest pitches the top half of her body forward."

He tried to ignore Anna's hand moving into her lap under the table. Her sleeveless black top was straining at the buttons down her front, and she showed even more cleavage than Mandy.

“An instant later, a blinding beam of blue light erupts from Tavera’s staff. For a split second, the bandit leader’s body is a glowing silhouette of light, then she dissolves into mist.”

Green, blue, and deep brown eyes stared at Sam. He double-checked his notes, then continued.

“The motes of Layla’s life force drift through the air. They collect around Auralia’s body. More float toward Tavera and Camilla. The monk’s robes get tighter and tighter as her breasts grow to O-cups. Her *-um-*”

He glanced at Anna, who was obviously touching herself through her tight black skirt. She nodded eagerly.

“Her *-uh-* nipples peek out the top edges of her robe.”

“*Hmmmmmm*” Anna whimpered.

Sam felt something touch his left leg, then the right. He didn’t look but was pretty the ‘somethings’ were Sasha and Mandy’s feet.

“The sorceress’s breasts quiver and then bulge, absorbing the magic floating around the room. She swells to N-cup. Her white lace bodice starts to rip along the *-uh-* seams—“

Sam looked to Sasha, who made a tiny shake of her head.

“One wrong move could leave her exposed.”

Sasha squeaked, and Sam felt her foot slide further up his leg.

He looked to Mandy, who was tomato-red and wide-eyed.

“You have done well, my child. Fulla’s voice says in your mind. You are the perfect one to be my Chosen.”

“Camilla’s armor gets more and more uncomfortable as her breasts swell yet again. The leather straps holding her breastplate rip free as she grows to L-cup, and the heavy iron plate clangs to the floor. Her tunic beneath is skin-tight, and –um–“

Mandy nodded. Her foot joined Sasha’s very near a dangerous spot.

“The –um– outline of her nipples is visible as they –uh– press against the linen tunic.”

All three girls were breathing hard. They were so turned on they’d stopped snacking.

“As you –um– bask in your victory... a lone figure steps out from the back of the room. She tosses her staff to the floor and raises both hands.”

“Don’t kill me please! I was her prisoner... please take me with you!”

Sasha’s voice was strained. “Why –ahem– why should we?”

“I–I can tell you’re good. And you’re all so pretty...”

The three girls beamed at Sam.

“The former bandit stares at each of you in turn, glancing often at Auralia’s exposed chest.”

“H–how did you all get so... big?”

“Monk magic”

“Divine magic”

“... Magic magic.”

Sam grinned. “Aaand scene.”

“Holy shit”

“Wow”

“That was great, Sam.” Sasha said.

“Hey... do you want to come over tonight?” Anna asked. “We’ll make dinner and maybe watch a movie?”

Sam glanced around the room, both Mandy and Sasha nodded agreement.

“Um, sure! That sounds like fun.”

Chapter VIII: Travel Time

–Pling–

Sam’s phone chimed mid afternoon on Saturday. It was a new message in the group chat he’d named simply: ‘D&D Girls.’

Anna: [Hey guys, I’ve got some news, want to meet up later?]

Mandy: [Sure, where?]

Anna: [How about that cafe on Walnut?]

Sam: [👍]

Mandy: [In.]

Sasha: [Sounds good!]

Sam sipped his black coffee while the girls arrived at the table one by one with massive whipped cream topped beverages and several pastries apiece.

“This place is great,” Mandy said, “I haven’t been back since you and I were here, Sam.”

“You met up with Sam without us?” Anna accused.

“Yeah...” Mandy flushed slightly. “We were just *-uh-* brainstorming ideas for the campaign.”

“I met with you too, Anna.” Sam added.

Now Anna was blushing. “Yeah... but that was just for character stuff.”

“Yeah, see?” Mandy said. “It doesn’t count if it’s for the game.”

Sasha was staring at her extra large mug in silence.

“Right, Sasha...?” Mandy added.

“Sasha and I saw a movie together.” Sam offered. He wasn’t sure what was going on here, but he’d never met a woman as honest about what she wanted as these three, so he figured it was best to have it all out in the open.

“It was an accident!” Sasha protested. “I didn’t know he was gonna be there...”

Mandy and Anna seemed more annoyed that Sasha had seen the movie without them, but after some discussion of the film itself, they agreed they hadn’t missed much. Sam couldn’t think of a way to bring up that he’d been at their house with Mandy for a second meet-up without confessing what he’d accidentally witnessed Anna and Sasha doing on the couch, so he decided to keep that one to himself.

“What did you want to tell us, Anna?” He prompted.

“Oh right!” Anna took a bite of her chocolate scone, and explained. “We have to stop meeting at the game store.”

“What, why?” Sasha asked.

“Mike said they’ve gotten some complaints...”

“Really?” Mandy asked.

“Yeah... I guess the walls aren’t exactly soundproof, and some tabletop players could hear some of our... more... spicy, encounters.”

All four members of the group stared at the table or their drinks. Periodically one would look up to catch another’s eyes, then look down again. Everyone’s face was red.

“Well...” Sasha began slowly. “We could meet up at our place, if that’s alright with you, Sam?”

“I mean, you’ve already been there. It’s not like we’re strangers anymore...” Mandy added.

“That’s fine with me.” Sam said.

“Nice.” Sasha said, taking a bite of her double chocolate muffin and washing it down with a sip of a mocha that was nearly white with sugar and cream.

“So,” Mandy began, shifting topics, “what’s next for the party? Is the campaign over?”

“Hmm...” Sam thought a moment. “Well, I think ‘reformed bandit’ Marie might have a lead on the next job.”

“Marie?” Anna asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I... I’m still work–shopping her name!” Sam protested.

The girls laughed as they took bites of their snacks and sips of their drinks. Sam smiled.

The next text Sam got was from Mandy, a few days later.

[Hey, want to work on some campaign stuff tonight?]

He did a quick look around his small apartment. It was presentable enough.

{Sure}

[I have some errands to run, but I'll come by at like six?]

{Sounds good}

Sam pulled some extra ingredients out of his freezer. He'd never seen any of these girls not eating, so it seemed like a good idea to prepare dinner for two. Worst case he'd have leftovers.

His intercom rang at precisely six, so Sam buzzed Mandy in, and went back to the stove where he was stirring chicken, peppers, and broccoli in a dark sauce.

"Hello...?"

"Come on in!"

Sam's apartment was small, but plenty of space for one person. The kitchen opened into the main living space, and there were two doors leading to the bedroom and bath.

"I'm just finishing dinner. You want some?"

Mandy's eyebrows rose.

"Oh. Well I guess, if you have enough..."

“Of course. I made extra just in case.”

Mandy pulled out the stool at the counter and watched Sam stir fry for another minute. He pulled two plates and piled them with white rice from the cooker, then scooped chicken and veg dripping with sauce on top, sprinkling both with sesame seeds before presenting Mandy with her plate. She was staring at him with an odd expression.

“Something wrong?”

Mandy shook herself.

“No, sorry. I just *uh*— didn’t know you could cook.”

“Oh it’s not all that impressive. I used to cook for my family when I lived at home.”

“That’s really cool.”

Sam shrugged. “I watch a lot of YouTube and I like trying new things.”

Mandy picked up a piece of chicken and broccoli with some rice, blew on it a little and took a bite. She practically melted.

“This is *really* good Sam. Would you make dinner at the house sometime?”

“Sure! I’m glad you like it.”

Mandy scooped up another bite eagerly.

“The girls are gonna lose it...”

After dinner, Mandy hopped up to clear their plates.

“I can get those.”

Mandy smiled. “It’s the least I can do after you made me dinner.”

Sam shrugged and went to get his book and notes from his bag.

“You want something to drink? I’ve got beer in the fridge.”

“Sure!”

Sam sat on the couch and flipped through his papers while Mandy opened two bottles and brought them into the living area. She set them on the table then took a seat right next to Sam, their hips just touching. Sam tried to ignore the warmth spreading from the spot where the dark-haired girl’s body made contact with his. He unfolded a map.

“So here’s where the bandit stronghold is. You’ll want to head back to the village here, and I’m thinking of throwing in a story encounter here.”

Mandy leaned over to inspect the map, putting her head and hair just under Sam’s nose. She was *very* close.

“Hmm, I see...” she said, “and what about... ‘Marie?’”

Mandy’s head turned to face Sam. Propped on one arm she was leaning into him slightly, he could feel the heat of her all along his leg and upper arm.

“What *-erm-* what about her?”

“Well... she seemed pretty... into us— our characters... is she gonna... make a move?”

Sam was pretty sure they weren’t talking about D&D anymore.

“Would you... like that?” He asked softly.

Mandy nodded.

Sam slowly brought his other hand around to lightly brush Mandy’s hair back and touch his knuckles to her cheek. Mandy reacted by leaning further in, bringing both hands up to grab Sam’s head and pull him in for a kiss.

With her firm breasts pressed against his chest, Sam reached down to put his hands on Mandy's back. Her torso was soft and warm. She came up for air, then pushed the book and papers off Sam's lap, scattering them to the floor. Before he had time to protest or react, Mandy's hand found his erect member, grabbing it through his pants while gazing into his eyes.

He leaned in to kiss her again, and Mandy climbed into his lap, straddling his torso and grinding her full breasts against his chest.

Sam lay on his back with Mandy resting face down beside him, head resting on his chest and blankets covering them to her neck. He ran his fingers through her tousled black bob. Her glasses rested on his bedside table.

"You didn't come here to talk about D&D, did you?"

Mandy shook her head.

"We still can if you want. I'm excited to see what happens next." She murmured into his bare chest.

"That's alright."

Sam was silent for a moment.

"Are the other girls gonna be upset?"

Mandy shifted up a little bit to peck a soft kiss on his lips.

"Maybe a little that I got to you first, but I'm sure they'll be fine." Her cheeks flushed pink. "Especially if you don't mind sharing..."

Sam huffed a single "heh," making Mandy shake where she rested on his body.

“You three are so weird...” Sam mused as he lightly ran his fingertips up and down Mandy’s bare back. She arched and nearly purred, pressing herself into him again.

“Weird in a *-hmmm-* good way though, right?”

Sam put both hands on Mandy’s waist and rolled to kneel over her, leaning down for a kiss.

“Hell yeah...”

Mandy opened the door to their shared house slowly and quietly in the pre-dawn light. Tip-toeing around the places in the floor where she knew it would creak, she crept into the house.

“Good morning!”

Sasha’s voice made Mandy jump half a foot in the air. She spun to look into the living room and saw both her friends seated there, watching her try to sneak back in.

“I guess it went well, since you never came home last night.” Anna said, sipping on a mug of white coffee.

Mandy flushed and stared at the floor.

“So where were you?” Sasha asked.

“Duh, she was with—“

“Wait! I want to hear *her* say it, Anna.”

“With Sam...” Mandy mumbled, barely audible.

“What was that?” Sasha asked loudly.

“I was with Sam.”

Several full seconds passed while the three women stared deadpan at each other, then Sasha and Anna cracked, breaking into wide grins.

“So, how was it?” Anna asked.

Mandy grinned, hugging her arms around her torso. “He’s pretty good, not gonna lie...”

“Nice.” Sasha smiled.

“Oh and guess what...?” Mandy began.

“Hmm?”

“The boy can cook.”

“Oh my god, seriously?” Sasha moaned.

“Fuckin *splloosh*” Anna added.

“I think we can get him to come over tomorrow, or maybe even tonight.” Mandy said. “But I need a shower.” She winked at her roommates.

“Gross!” Anna laughed.

The girls decided to just order food for their first non-game gathering. Sam brought some bags of chips and a case of beer anyway.

Mandy greeted him at the door, rising on her toes to peck a kiss on his cheek. Sam felt his heart rate jump a few BPMs as Mandy’s breasts pressed into his arm. While still the smallest of the three girls, she’d grown to nearly E-cup over the past eight months. When she stepped back Sam saw she was wearing the

same black tee from their first meeting. Mandy's full breasts stretched and distorted the screen printing that read "I cast Magic Missile!" It really was a drastic change in such a short time.

"Hi" he said with faint surprise.

"Hi" she replied warmly.

"I wanted to see you first. The girls know what happened, but I'll have to give you some space tonight. I hope you don't mind..."

"No worries, I understand completely." Sam said, utterly confused.

Sam and the girls watched *The Princess Bride*, quoting along with all their favorite lines. All of Sam's snacks got devoured, along with six pizzas of which Sam only ate three slices. To say nothing of breadsticks, garlic knots, and cinnamon sticks.

Mandy took the sole recliner, while Anna steered Sam toward the center of the couch. Once there, the chubby brunette leaned into Sam, giving him a perfect angle down the low neck of her snug black tank top. She wore stretchy black pants for more comfortable snacking, but Sam couldn't see her soft tummy past her pale G-cups.

On his other side, Sasha left a polite distance between them, but leaned over to whisper comments in his ear every so often. This drew his eye to the pink blouse with buttons straining over her own F-cups. Sasha's lower half had grown more than either of the other girls, so it was inevitable that their hips made contact more than a few times over the course of the night.

When the movie was over, the girls took turns playing YouTube videos. A little while later Anna leaned forward to get Sasha's attention over Sam. They exchanged some non-verbal communication, then both leaned back again. After one last video pick from Sasha, she sat up and gathered the empty pizza boxes. She offered a lame excuse about an early shift.

“Want to help me clean up in the kitchen?” She directed the question at Mandy, who glanced at Sam and Anna before retracting the recliner and following the blonde out of the living room.

Once they were alone, Anna pressed her body even tighter into Sam’s side, looking up at him.

“Wanna see the character I based *Auralia* on?”

Sam felt so warm he was nearly sweating, but nodded weakly. He had positioned a throw pillow over his lap to hide his arousal for the past hour. Anna put on the first episode of *Manyuu Hikenchou*. Sam was torn between confused bewilderment at the ridiculous big-boob anime, and distraction as Anna kept moving slightly and resting her hand on his chest or arm.

When the blue-haired protagonist executed her *Breast Flow* slash and inadvertently stole the breasts of her rival, Sam felt a small feminine hand snake its way slowly between his lap pillow and his thighs. A gasp caught in his throat as Anna found what she sought.

“What is it with you three and boobs?” He croaked as Anna’s hand started to move slowly up and down.

“Do you like boobs, Sam?” Anna whispered in a low and throaty voice that sent a shiver down his spine.

“I mean... sure, I guess.” He managed to stammer.

Anna’s left hand reached across to grab Sam’s right, bringing it up to her chest. When his fingers pressed into her pliable flesh, Anna made a soft moan sexier than any sound she’d made in their D&D sessions. His body stiffened and shuddered, and Anna pulled his face down for a deep, intense kiss.

When the brunette slid her hand out of his lap and released his lips, Sam snapped back to reality and stared in disbelief at the pillow in his lap. Anna grinned up at him with a wink.

“Oops!”

She kissed him again, letting her tongue slide into his mouth.

“Do you want to see my room?” She whispered, her hot breath tickling the short hair around his ear.

Sam tossed the pillow to the couch and let himself be dragged up the half-flight of stairs, eyes glued to the bouncing bubble butt Anna had grown in the short time he’d known her.

Chapter IX: A New Adventure

Sam set a baking sheet on the counter, lifting cookies off of it one by one with a metal spatula. He felt a soft warmth press into his back while a set of well-manicured and enamel-nailed fingers plucked a cookie from the rows cooling on the rack.

“–*Mmpf*– These are really good, Sam.” Sasha said through a mouthful of cookie.

“Those are for tomorrow night’s D&D.” Sam scolded. “I’m gonna go back to making game night snacks at home if you guys keep getting into them early.”

Sasha’s free hand wrapped around Sam’s side to rub his chest, gradually drifting lower until she was softly tickling his hip, not quite venturing beyond his pelvis.

“Aww...” she whined, “don’t you like spending time with us?”

She pulled him back and slightly off-balance, her soft breasts mashing into his back and making his heart rate speed up. Whatever shoes Sasha was wearing made them the same height, and she leaned over his shoulder to nibble gently on Sam’s ear.

“Don’t you always have a good time? Aren’t we good... hosts?”

Sam dropped the spatula and spun, reaching around the tall blonde to grab a handful of plump rump in each hand. Whatever extra weight didn’t go to Sasha’s now G–cup breasts settled in her hips and behind. The blonde let out a little squeak, grinning as her eyebrows rose.

“How did you know I like it a little rough...?”

“Hey guys we’re gonna start the next... episode.”

Sam looked over Sasha’s shoulder to see Anna standing in the kitchen doorway. Her tummy had gotten soft and round; a little sliver of pale skin peeking out under her snug tank top. But her widened tummy failed to distract Sam’s eyes from the J–cup monsters spilling over the neckline of her shirt. Anna was staring at the pair with a flat expression.

“Are you distracting Sam while he’s trying to cook?”

Sam looked back to Sasha, who was still grinning.

“Bake.” She corrected.

Anna rolled her eyes. “Whatever. Get off him so he can get the next pan in. Unless you want me to tell Mandy you’re trying to steal her night.”

Sasha was still gazing into Sam’s eyes as she gripped his upper arms. “Maybe she’ll let me share... like you two did on Tuesday.”

Sam glanced back at Anna, whose cheeks had turned bright pink. He released Sasha and stepped out of her embrace. The blonde let him guide her toward the doorway with a firm hand on her shoulder.

“Go on. I’ll be out in a minute.” He said.

Noticing the visible outline of Sasha's ass in her pink yoga pants, Sam grabbed the spatula from where he'd dropped it and gave her a quick swat, making the blonde jump. She turned to gape at him.

"Punishment for cookie thieves." Sam smirked.

Sasha tilted her head forward and looked at him through long eyelashes.

"You promise?"

Sam rolled his eyes but found himself grinning as he turned back to his baking.

"Alright. When we last left our party, the three of you had broken into the False Queen's castle. The diversion attack by the Orc tribes drew out most of her soldiers, leaving just a dozen or so in defense of the castle."

Sasha sat on Sam's left, with Anna on his right. Mandy was beside Anna; she usually was the most focussed of the three women when they were playing the game. The table was covered with snacks as always.

"After quickly dispatching the few guards who remain," Sam continued, "you make your way down the large barren corridor to the False Queen's chambers."

"*"The pretender has fled! -hng- She fears your legendary power!"* Marie says."

"*It could be naught but a trap.*" Mandy said as Camilla.

"Hey Sam..." Sasha said, running the backs of her knuckles against his forearm. "...what's Marie doing?"

Sam sighed, but smirked at the blonde; she was seated so close her hip was touching his.

"She's helping Tavera walk. Carrying her breasts on her back."

“Couldn’t you use magic for that?” Mandy asked.

“And waste perfectly good spell slots??” Sasha asked mockingly. “Plus she’s happy to do it, isn’t she Sam?”

“Of course.”

“Do the voice!” Sasha pleaded.

Sam affected his best ‘peasant girl’ voice and met Sasha’s eyes.

“It’s my p–haaa– pleasure to serve you, –hrng– Mistress...”

Sasha’s breath caught and her cheeks brightened. “How big am I?”

Sam reached a hand up to squeeze Sasha’s right breast, kneading the soft flesh in his fingers.

“I’d say G–cup, maybe H?”

Sasha laughed but didn’t push him away.

“I meant how big is *she*?”

“No fair!” Anna protested, grabbing Sam’s other hand and bringing it to her own chest.

“Tavara is an S–cup as of the last encounter.” Sam said.

“Come on you two.” Mandy protested, cookie in hand. “Sexy times *after* the game!”

“Fine...” Sasha whined, brushing Sam’s hand away. Anna did the same, and Sam resumed his narration.

“This is getting almost as bad as when *I* DM’d...” Mandy muttered under her breath.

“You come to a large wooden door. It appears to be locked.”

“Put me down.” Anna said to Mandy, chewing on a brownie.

Mandy raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, sorry.” Anna continued in her character voice. “*Put me down, cleric.*”

“Camilla releases Auralia’s legs, letting the monk slide down off her back. The elf’s gargantuan breasts leave her shoulders last as she steps forward. Roll a dexterity check.” Sam said.

Anna rolled a 4.

“Auralia wavers on her legs, leaning back in an attempt to compensate for the added weight on her front. For a moment she almost falls backward, and when she jolts forward to correct, the weight of her bosom drags her all the way to the stone floor.”

Sam rolled a die.

“Auralia’s breasts cushion her fall, but one knee hits the floor. Take two points of damage.”

“And what else, Sam?” Anna asked.

“Oh.” Sam spoke more slowly. “The impact with the floor sends waves of pleasure up Auralia’s massive breasts. She feels overcome by the sensation. Roll a constitution check.”

Anna again failed the check. She covered her blush with another brownie.

“Auralia can’t control herself, and lets out a moan of pleasure as she comes.”

Anna let out a comedic squeal of pleasure. She turned to meet Mandy’s eyes, then leaned in to kiss the dark-haired girl. Anna groped one of Mandy’s breasts, which, while the smallest of the three women, still overflowed her grasping

fingers. Mandy whimpered and started to thread her fingers into Anna's hair, then pushed the brunette off her.

“Quit that! **Later.**”

Mandy straightened her glasses, and they both looked to Sam.

“You hear footsteps from behind you. The noise has altered more guards. *I guess that lock picking will have to wait.*’ Marie says.”

Sam sat at Mandy's desk, wearing a pair of glasses with the lenses removed. His eyes were closed.

“Okay, open.” Mandy said.

Sam's eyes widened as he saw the dark-haired girl wearing a plaid skirt, white button shirt, red necktie, and a black cardigan.

“I'm sorry I got such a bad grade on my exam, professor...” Mandy said, looking at the floor. She was rotating one leg with her toes on the floor.

Sam chuckled, but did some quick thinking. He put on a stern voice with a bad British accent.

“Hmm, yes... quite. You could probably do with some private tutoring...”

Mandy stepped closer, leaning down so her E-cup breasts were almost in his face. The material of the shirt puckered over her chest, and her black skirt was hiked so high he could see pale flesh welling out of her thigh-high stockings.

“Isn't there *anything* I could do for... *extra credit?*”

In seconds, Mandy had the fly of Sam's pants open and was lightly brushing her fingers against him. She spoke again in a low, throaty whisper.

“Anything...?”

“‘You three harlots and your little friend are making a grave error.’ The False Queen says slowly. ‘I am the rightful heir to the Jade Seat! When my Knights return, they’ll make short work of you three. By the Light of the Nine, two of you can barely stand!’”

“Camilla casts **Sacred Fortitude** on Auralia and Tavera.”

“The green-gold glow of Fulla’s magic radiates from the elves’ bodies. Their backs straighten as their magically enhanced muscles grow stronger. They stand tall, breasts projecting forward, less affected by gravity.”

“Nice.” Anna said.

Sasha swallowed a bite of charcuterie, and spoke as Tavera: “*I don’t think we’ll be hearing from your knights any time soon, Pretender.*”

“*The White Council made their judgement. Eliana is the One True Queen.*” Mandy as Camilla added.

“*Ladies, please...*’ the Queen pleads ‘*all I want is to bring peace to the Realm; to bring an end to the suffering.*’”

“*You can’t be serious.*” Anna as Auralia scoffed. “*Your ‘knights’*” She made air quotes. “*slaughtered over three hundred souls in your little coup. Even the maids and servants!*”

“*I see we’re going to have to do this the hard way.*’ The air crackles and the room darkens slightly. The Queen spreads her arms and levitates a few inches off the floor. Roll initiative.”

Sasha’s voice came from behind her closed door.

“I’m ready.”

Sam walked in, and froze. Sasha was wearing a full set of dark pink lingerie. He’d seen her naked many times, but this was something completely new. Lace demi-cups barely contained her large breasts. Sheer stockings reached halfway up her wide thighs. A satin corset cinched her soft stomach, exaggerating her hourglass figure even further.

Sasha tucked a few strands of hair behind her ear.

“How... how do I look?”

Sam realized his mouth was open, so he closed it before saying the only word his mind could form.

“Wow...”

“Really?” Sasha asked, smiling brightly. She rotated to look down at her body. “It *-uh-* doesn’t fit that good any more...”

Sam closed the distance between them and took Sasha’s face in his hands.

“You look incredible.”

He kissed her deeply, and when they separated she was breathing hard, her voice barely a whisper. “Well, take one more good look, and then take it off me. But if you break it I’ll punish you.”

Sam hooked his index finger into the band of her panties, smirking as he stared into her deep blue eyes.

“You promise?”

“Before you is a stone corridor. The walls are bare, and large square tiles make up the floor. You see an elaborately carved door at the end of the hallway.”

“I’ll go first. Camilla steps forward.” Mandy said through a mouthful of nachos.

“You hear a puff of air, and a small arrow, like a dart, whizzes out of a hole in the wall.” Sam rolled a die. “It bounces off your armor, but the sharp point scratches your ear. Take one point of damage.”

“We should probably check for traps...” Anna said, taking a drink of her sugary cocktail.

“Can you even *see* traps?” Sasha asked, scooping up some nachos herself.

Anna stuck her tongue out at the blonde, then looked to Sam, who shrugged.

“Roll it.”

Anna lay on her back as Sam thrust slowly in and out. Her breasts rolled up and down like waves as the pair moved. She held out a hand toward a box on the nightstand, so Sam slid it onto the bed where she could reach it.

“You know what to do.” She said, plucking a donut from the box and taking a big bite.

Sam kept up his rhythm, using one hand to rub Anna’s soft tummy.

“That’s a good girl... such a hungry girl...” Sam cooed softly.

Anna nodded encouragingly.

“You’re getting so big...”

Anna twisted her torso, drawing Sam’s eye to her bare breasts as the side-to-side motion added to their gyration.

“Especially these...” Sam moved his hand from Anna’s middle to heft one breast, kneading it in his fingers.

“Your boobs are getting so big, baby...”

He pinched a large pink nipple between his thumb and forefinger, making Anna squeak.

“If you’re a good girl and eat all your treats, I bet they’ll get even *bigger*” Sam teased.

Anna swallowed the last bite of her donut, then held her mouth open, tongue out.

Sam slid the box closer to himself, then picked up a donut, lowering it slowly into Anna’s open mouth. He repositioned them so he could stroke a breast with one hand while he fed Anna with the other.

“That’s it baby, eat up... such a good girl...”

“The Goblin King steps toward you. He is bleeding badly, but still seems strong. He strikes out with **Viscous Blow** at Camilla.”

Sam rolled the dice. All three women chewed and waited.

“Take eleven points of damage.”

“Oh, damnit!” Anna said. “Are you down?”

“Not yet.” Mandy said with a grin.

“Fuck him up, Tavara!”

“I’m out of spell slots.” Sasha said. “And you can’t talk, you’re unconscious.”

“Camilla attacks with **Holy Thrust**.”

It was sign of everyone’s tension that Anna’s snort of laughter went ignored.

“Roll it.”

Mandy scooped up her d20, shook it above her head, and tossed it on the table. Four mouths held their collective breath as the plastic polyhedron bounced across the kitchen table. Time seemed to slow as it clattered. When it came to rest, the upward face showed a 20.

Sam and the girls all cheered. Mandy reached up to grab Sam’s head and kissed him.

“Hey, what happened to ‘*after?*’” Anna protested. Mandy just stuck her tongue out at the brunette.

“Is he dead, Sam?” Sasha asked, reaching for another slice of pizza.

“Oh yeah...” The girls grew quiet as Sam narrated. “Camilla’s sword glows with Fulla’s Light as the incredibly busty cleric drives it forward. As if guided by the Goddess’s own hand, the point of Camilla’s sword finds the gap in the Goblin’s crude armor, piercing his green flesh and finding his heart.”

“Woohoo!”

“Nice.”

Anna reached for the nearest pizza box. “Can I get some of those sexy heals now, Mandykins?”

“Alright, now Anna, scooch forward so you’re over Sam’s mouth.”

Sasha had the biggest bedroom, and also the biggest bed. So hers became the default room for these nights.

“That’s it Sasha, keep the rhythm going. Now play with each others tits. Sam, I’d say you could get some hands in there too, but I doubt you can multitask *three* things at once.”

Mandy had been their most successful DM before the girls met Sam, though he was beginning to think she'd missed her calling as a film director. Adult films, anyway.

"Keep going Sam, you're doing great. Anna, use your mouth. That's it, that's it..."

Mandy sat in Sasha's desk chair, one hand down her pants as she watched and gave orders.

"Alright, now kiss. *-Hmmm!*— Oh god, that's so good! One of you finish Sam off. The other one get over here and kiss me."

The girls woke up tangled together in Sasha's bed, but there was an empty space where Sam had been. Sasha met Anna's questioning eyes, then they smelled it.

The three women staggered into the kitchen after hastily covering themselves. Anna wore an old tank top with boy shorts, Mandy had a big baggy tee that didn't quite cover her panty-clad bottom, Sasha was almost certainly still nude under her silk robe.

Sam was making breakfast again. There was already a stack of pancakes beside the stove, and a saucepan filled with maple syrup was warming on the back burner.

"Morning!" He smiled.

He was rewarded with several kisses and a few inappropriate grabs before the girls started making their plates.

Sam pushed his chair back from the table, carrying his plate to the sink. The girls were still eating.

"Do you have to go?" Anna whined.

“I have to shower and change before work.”

“Hey Sam,” Mandy said slowly, “why don’t you just move in?”

Anna and Sasha looked at Mandy in surprise, then up at Sam.

“Oh, that’s a great idea!” Sasha said.

“We could split rent, and you’ll be here all the time!” Anna added.

Sam’s head was spinning.

“But... there’s only three bedrooms...” He protested lamely.

The girls each looked thoughtful, but seemed to arrive at the same mental picture. They fixed him with their unique but decidedly similar ‘bedroom eyes.’

“You can sleep in our beds.” Anna said.

“We’ll take turns.” Sasha added.

“That’s basically what we’re already doing now.” Mandy noted.

“After all... We don’t mind sharing.”

The End