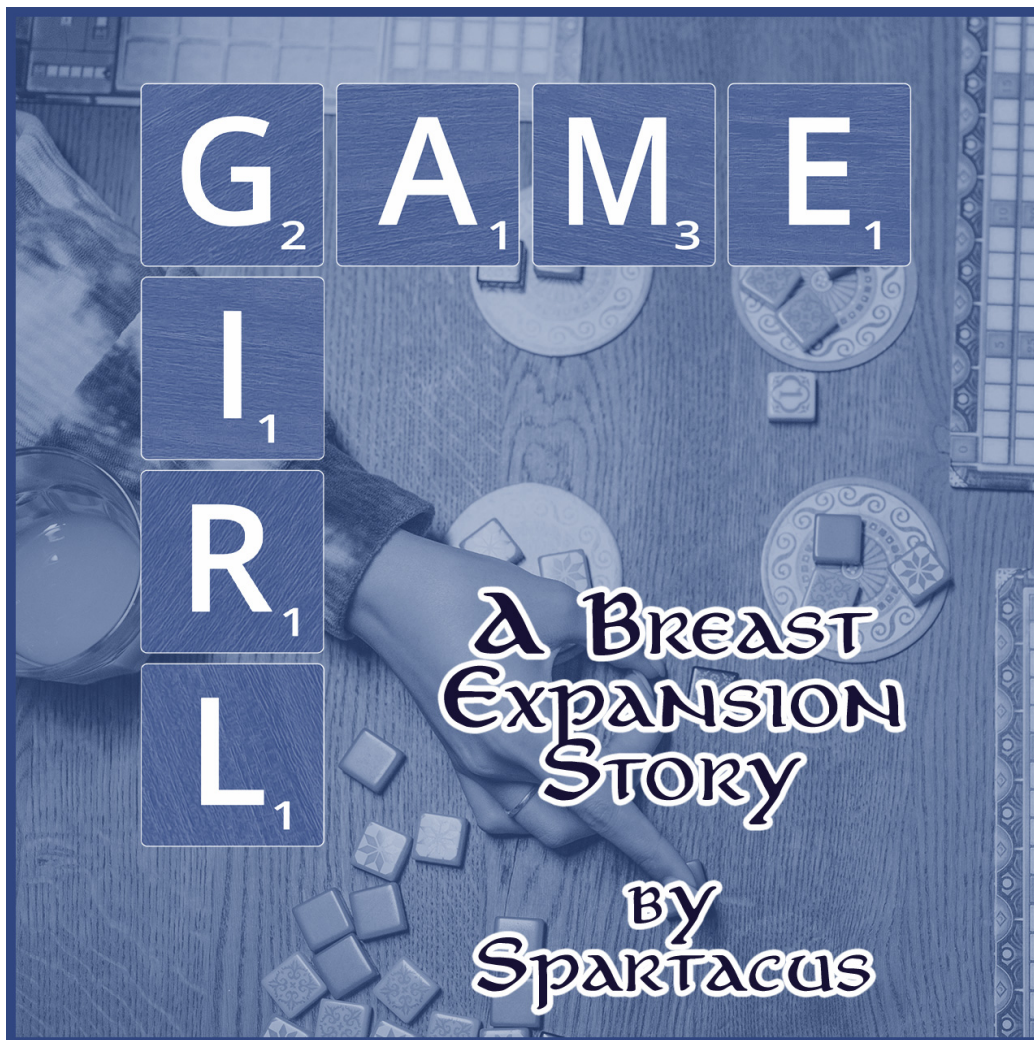




Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

<https://linktr.ee/spartacuswrites>

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing*

Game Girl

X

Cathy's calves burned and her lower back ached, but she'd never felt more alive. The sun was getting low in the sky, but she knew there was a campsite less than a mile away. The first two weeks had been the hardest. Despite almost a year of working out at home four or five times a week, she wasn't prepared to hike all day every day. Even with the best athletic bras her OnlyFans income could buy, the weight of her Q-cup breasts added strain to her shoulders beyond her pack. Two of her hiker friends, a blonde named Marcy who went by Malibu and a middle-aged woman named Janet, who they called Sunny, had given Cathy her own hiker name: Front Pack.

She'd fallen behind Sunny and Malibu two days before, insisting that they not wait for her. This stretch of trail was relatively flat and safe, and even after her body adjusted to the rhythm of through-hiking, she was slower than most other hikers she passed. Or rather, who passed her. Cathy reached for the water bottle dangling and dancing from her pack and stopped to take a swig of water. The forest around her sang in a symphony of birds and bugs and tiny creatures. Squirrels leaped from branch to branch, chittering at each other as they fought over fallen nuts. Birds trilled out their songs, and she imagined what she'd hear if she could understand them. "Hey baby, how do you like my plumage? Why don't you come over to this branch? We can share some seeds and some... seed, if you know what I mean..."

Cathy snorted a laugh at the ridiculous scene she'd imagined. A pair of chipmunks dashed across the trail, one of them stopping to look up at her as if to say, "What's a human with giant tits doing hiking our trail?"

"Boo!" She said, startling the animal back into the brush, then laughed again. She wouldn't be judged by anyone, least of all by a creature no bigger than her palm. As long as none of its bigger cousins wandered near the trail...

Cathy fingered the bear spray on her belt to remind herself it was there. Her stomach grumbled as it had almost constantly since she started hiking. Her appetite had increased even more when she started working out regularly and hiking six to eight miles a day had only made it worse. She contemplated fishing a protein bar out of her pack but decided to push on a little farther.

Less than half an hour later, Cathy reached the camping spot. A pair of figures sat beside a small fire, warming their hands and chatting softly. While she'd done a lot of wild camping the past few weeks, she'd been looking forward to staying at an official campsite. There was a large wooden shelter with sleeping platforms, bear boxes and poles, and even an outhouse—no digging a hole tonight. She'd gotten quite adept at

setting up her camp each night but was relieved she wouldn't have to unpack and repack her tent this time. Even though she'd broken down and eaten that protein bar a quarter mile earlier, Cathy was already debating which flavor of freeze-dried food to have for dinner.

"Hey, is that who I think it is?" A young female voice called from the fire.

"Is that Front Pack?" A more mature voice asked.

"Be for real," The first woman said. "Do you know any other hikers out here with a silhouette like *that*?"

Cathy shuffled toward the fire, unclipping her pack from around her waist. "Hey, girls."

"Looks like you caught up to us," Malibu said.

"I told you she would," Sunny added. "Especially with this damned knee slowing me down."

Cathy let her pack slide to the ground and dropped onto it with a sigh. "I think I'd take Sunny's knee over these heavy loads after today."

Malibu smirked. "I could take a few inches off your hands if you're looking to unload some."

Sunny rolled her eyes. "I don't think that's how it works."

"Even if I could," Cathy said, "They'd just grow back."

Both women looked at her askance.

"What?" Malibu asked.

"It's a long story."

Footsteps scuffed the gravel, announcing the arrival of more hikers, and Cathy turned with her friends to watch them approach. Two men and two women of varying ages plodded toward their circle. Cathy recognized all of them but one young woman whose eyes nearly fell out of her head when she caught sight of Cathy. She'd met the other three along the trail over the past few weeks. The older man went by Sparky, but she couldn't remember the other two's names—trail or otherwise. The young woman's gawking was nothing she wasn't used to, of course.

Sunny welcomed the newcomers to share their fire, and they chatted while one and another of them unpacked their cooking gear. Cathy pulled out her kit, which consisted of a stainless steel pot not much bigger than a cup, a canister of fuel, and a tiny folding stove that screwed onto the can. Unrolling the wet bag that held her food, Cathy counted up the packets. There were eight: three fettuccine Alfredo, two cheesy rice, three Spanish rice, and two pasta with broccoli. Sighing, she pulled out the two pasta with broccoli and pushed the air out of her wet bag before snapping it closed. She'd really been hoping to make three packets that night, but it would be at least two days before she could resupply, so she had to make them last.

As she dumped the pasta and sauce powder into the boiling water, Cathy decided she'd be done when she got to Harper's Ferry. Most considered that the halfway point. It was much farther than she thought she'd get, and she could get there in about two or three weeks at the rate she was going. She loved being on the trail, but having a much closer goal invigorated her. Just a few more weeks and she could go home and have more to eat than just what she could carry on her back.

Bobby leaned against the hood of Joey's car, watching a stream of hikers pass every few minutes. There were pairs and groups of three or four, but all of them were strangers. A man who was in even better shape than he was but with a network of lines etched around his eyes returned his wave. Bobby reached into the bag slung over his shoulder, and held up a protein bar to the man.

The man approached and accepted the offered bar. "Thanks, brother."

Bobby asked, "Do you need any water?"

The man tapped the Nalgene bottle dangling from his hip. "I'm all set; thanks, though."

Some of the hikers stopped to chat, but this man looked eager to be on his way, so Bobby said, "Good hiking!"

"Cheers, man."

Bobby walked back to the car and leaned beside Joey. "Are you sure you want me here for this?"

Cathy had been hiking for almost two months, so none of them had seen her aside from the occasional video call. Bobby could only imagine how eager he'd be to see her if they were still dating. As much as the four of them had become good friends, if it had been two months since he'd seen Sam, he'd definitely want her all to himself for the drive home.

"Nah, dude, you're good," Joey said. "I know how close you two are. Plus, this whole weekend was your idea, anyway."

Bobby saw movement in the trees and looked to see a familiar form. A short, auburn-haired nerdy girl with a lot of... personality. He'd seen her less than a week ago when she video-chatted with Joey, so he wasn't surprised by the changes to Cathy's face. She'd cut her hair into a pixie cut before starting the hike, and it was only a little longer now. Her cheeks weren't exactly sunken, but they'd lost some of their soft plumpness. Her still bright eyes had gone a little wild around the edges, and a soft glow of sweat covered her skin.

What surprised Bobby more than anything was that, for the first time in the nearly three years he'd known her, Cathy's breasts had gotten smaller.

It wasn't as if they'd grown constantly. While there was certainly a drastic difference in her size before he'd left for the internship and when he got home, Cathy's growth had always been more "fits and starts" than "slow and steady." She'd told Sam she was up to P-cup before she started the hike, and while Bobby couldn't tell just from looking at her what size she was down to now. They were definitely still above average for her frame and height, but she'd lost multiple cup sizes, he was certain.

Cathy's exhausted expression broke into a wide, surprised grin, and she rushed into Joey's arm. Over his shoulder, Bobby saw Joey's face scrunch into a grimace. Even standing a few feet away, he could tell she was in desperate need of a shower, but both men wisely said nothing.

"I didn't know you guys were gonna be here!" Cathy stepped out of Joey's embrace to smile at them both, then peered into the window of Joey's car. "Is Sam with you?"

"She's waiting back at the hotel," Bobby said.

"Hotel?"

"We got a place for the weekend," Joey said. "Figured you'd like a nice break before the long drive home."

She hugged him again. "That's an excellent idea; thank you so much!"

Joey pointed at Bobby. "It was mostly this guy's idea."

"It was a team effort," Bobby demurred.

Cathy unclipped a backpack almost as big as she was, and Bobby loaded it into the back of Joey's car. He then climbed into the back seat so she could sit in front with Joey as they headed to the hotel.

Cathy sniffed the air with a crinkle of her nose. "Sorry for stinking up your car, babe. First thing I'm gonna do when we get there is take the longest shower ever."

Bobby said, "Sam's got pizza coming, too." Through the rearview mirror, he caught the familiar unmistakable gleam of hunger filling Cathy's eyes.

"Okay," she said. "Maybe showering will be the second thing I do."

When they got to the hotel, Cathy gushed about her hiking experience through mouthfuls of pizza, barely stopping to breathe. When she reached for a third box, Sam said, "I love you, girl, but if you don't go take a shower, you're sleeping in the hallway."

"Alright, alright," Cathy said. "Sorry, I was starving. It's been two weeks since I've had anything but ramen and Knorr Sides."

Sam laughed. "Well, the pizza will still be here when you're clean. We might even do another DoorDash—how do you feel about tacos?"

Despite her visibly full stomach, Cathy's eyes sparkled, and the tip of her pink tongue traced across her upper lip.

When the bathroom door closed behind her, Bobby opened *The Crew: Mission Deep Sea* and started shuffling the cards. When the sound of running water came through the wall, Sam leaned in and asked, in a stage whisper, "Is it just me, or has she gotten smaller?"

"She's been hiking for two months," Bobby said. "It's not surprising she's lost a little weight."

"Yeah, that's true. It still makes me a little sad..."

"I somehow doubt you'll be sad for long," Joey said. To Bobby, he added, "Have you ever seen her put away two large pizzas and go in for more?"

Bobby thought back on all the times the four of them had hung out and the meals he'd shared with Cathy back when they were dating. "I think the peak was those first weeks after she started the treatment, but even then, the most she did was one with an extra slice or two."

They played games and chatted for the rest of the afternoon. Joey and Sam took turns ordering delivery whenever their supply of snacks got low. Bobby even made a couple of orders himself. Cathy slowed down a bit after her initial pizza binge but continued to graze constantly into the evening. Sam had made a snack run while he and Joey waited at the trailhead, and Cathy dug into the stash when all the pizza and tacos were gone.

After catching a few subtle and not-so-subtle glances between Cathy and Joey, he met Joey's eye. His friend's silent expression could not have been more clear.

As Sam took the last trick, winning the mission, Bobby announced, "I think I'm gonna run out for some more beer."

He tapped his girlfriend's leg beneath the table, and Sam glanced over at him with a raised eyebrow. He widened his eyes, and she put two and two together. "I'll come with you; I feel like we need some wine."