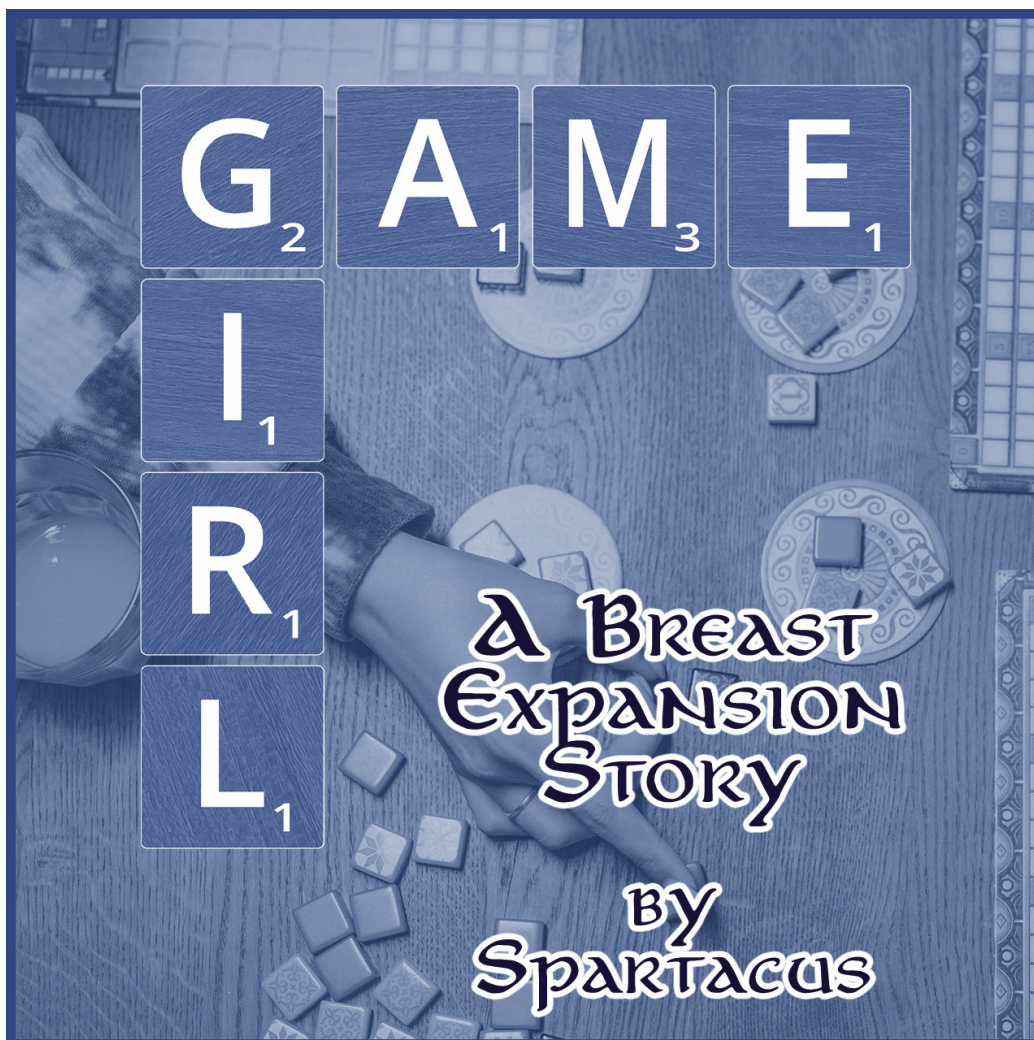




Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing*

Note: *This early access DeviantArt post will be removed when the public version is posted on .*

Game Girl

XI

It took less than two weeks for Cathy to gain back every ounce she lost on the hike. She felt hungry all the time. Well, that had been true before the hike, but somehow, her body never switched out of survival mode after she got home. By the time they went to Bobby's graduation, she was a sandwich away from three hundred pounds. All her clothes had to be custom-made, and she'd outgrown the bra alphabet months before. She stood at the back of the auditorium with Joey and Sam, looking at the narrow rows of chairs. If she could even fit in there, she'd definitely end up bumping a bunch of people's heads getting to her seat.

"This, um, is kinda crowded..."

"There's a wide row over there," Sam said, pointing to the accessibility row.

"That's the handicapped section," Cathy hissed.

"Well, there's nobody sitting there. I say it's fine for two big girls like us."

She outweighed Sam by a hundred pounds, and they both knew it. But bless her for trying to make Cathy feel better.

Cathy sat through the commencement address, munching on grapes from a plastic container in her bag. She wished she'd brought something more substantial, but she worried that Chex mix or trail mix would be too noisy. At last, they started calling out names, and the students walked across the stage one by one. When Bobby's name was called, Joey and Sam jumped up, clapping and whooping enthusiastically. Cathy cheered from her seat. If she'd tried to rise as well, they'd have been on to the next name by the time she was on her feet.

The ceremony lasted for another forty minutes, then the three of them wandered around the university courtyard, trying to find Bobby. When they did, Sam pulled him into a big hug.

"I'm real proud of you, kid. You're almost a real doctor."

Bobby gave her a crooked grin. "I've still got a few years of residency before that."

"Still..."

Cathy hugged Bobby as well, ignoring the twinge of hunger coming from her middle—she'd run out of grapes long before the ceremony had ended. Joey caught her eye and said, "You guys wanna grab some lunch?"

"Obviously," Sam said.

While the guys were at poker night at Bobby's, Sam came over to watch Love Island. During a commercial break, she asked, "So, what's your secret?"

"What do you mean?"

"How'd you grow them thing so damn huge?"

Cathy cocked an eyebrow at her friend. "How long have you been waiting to ask that?"

Sam laughed. "Since, like, the first time I noticed they were bigger on your YouTube channel."

"What was that, two years ago?"

"More like two and a half. So..."

"What?"

Sam leaned over, reaching to give one of Cathy's breasts a good shake. "Tell me your secret!"

She swatted Sam away, laughing. "Aren't you some kind of genius scientist? I eat like a pig; it's not some big secret."

"Pfft... I eat a lot, too. But I just end up outgrowing my comfy jeans."

"What are you talking about? You have great tits."

"Maybe compared to those skinny bitches," Sam said, pointing at the TV. "But yours are bigger than my ass. *My* ass..."

Cathy felt herself blush and covered her chest with her arms. She was much too big to pull it off, though. Her arms only reached far enough to cross wrists, and her absurd cleavage rose almost to her chin.

“Didn’t Bobby tell you about the treatment?”

“A little bit, but not all the details. Is that what it is? Some kind of magic drugs?”

She told Sam all about the strangely busty doctor and the hormone therapy. She might have exaggerated her misery during the early weeks. “Anyway, that’s just why they’re more high and firm than they should be—relatively speaking. The rest really is just me getting fat.”

Sam moaned dramatically. “So unfair!”

Cathy giggled at her friend’s theatrics. “Doctor Ann says she’s seen one or two cases like mine, but they’re very rare outside of her family.”

“Her family?”

“Yeah, I guess there’s some reclusive family up in the hills of Montana or something where all the women grow huge tits.”

“Some kind of cult, no doubt.”

Cathy rolled her eyes. “No doubt.”

Bobby glanced across the table at Sam. She’d been quieter than normal while they ate, which meant speaking between every two or three bites instead of each one.

“Hey...”

She looked up from her salad. “What’s up?”

“I should be asking you that; where are you?”

Sam stared at her food for so long that Bobby was about to say something, then she met his eyes again. “I wanna get fat.”

Bobby blinked. If he'd had anything in his mouth, he would have spat it out.
"Um..."

"I know what you're gonna say; I'm pretty fat already," she said, waving a hand across her torso.

"That's definitely *not* what I was going to say."

"It's true, though. Don't even try to deny it."

Bobby had a sinking feeling this was some kind of trap. Sam had never been vain about her appearance. Despite his own struggles with focusing a bit too much on looks, he loved that she was so easygoing while still remaining undeniably feminine.
"I, um..."

"Don't get weird on me now, dude. I really like that you're not judgmental about stuff like that. I mean, you're practically a doctor. But you never say a word about Cathy getting bigger every time we see her."

"Well, it's not really my place..."

"Exactly. We're all adults; we have to live with our own choices."

While Sam took another bite of salad, Bobby thought about what she'd said. Should he say something to Cathy about her weight? It wasn't like she didn't have her own doctor, and he knew she had regular checkups.

"She told me about the hormone therapy."

"She did?" He tried to picture what Sam might be like on the treatment. Would it hit her as hard as it had Cathy? Would she be miserable for weeks before leveling back out into an eating machine? Sam had a pretty healthy appetite already.

"And you want to try it?"

"Cath said her doctor says they're not taking new candidates for now, but I think I'd be on the fence about it either way."

"Why's that?"

"I don't know. She said it kinda messed her up for a while. And if I'm not gonna gain all in the chest like she does, I'd rather just keep it natural, you know?"

"Sure."

"So what do you say? Do you want a fat girlfriend?"

"I already do."

"Wow. I can't believe you said that."

"I... you... you said—"

He caught the slight upward tilt of Sam's lips, then scowled. She gave him a toothy grin. "Gotcha..."

Bobby tried to imagine Sam heavier. It wasn't hard; she'd gained a few pounds over the three years they'd been together. He decided on direct honesty. "As long as it's not impacting your health, I'll support you a hundred percent."

"Such a you answer," Sam said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means I love you, doofus."

Bobby didn't understand his partner sometimes, but that declaration, at least, had a simple response. "I love you, too."

"Now, I think this salad could use some protein. There's a pack of bacon in the fridge."

Bobby stood and turned toward the kitchen. "As you wish."

Bobby laid back on his pillow, waiting for Sam to emerge. In a rare moment of coquettishness, she'd pushed him down onto the bed, then ordered him to wait there while she disappeared into the bathroom. When the door swung open, she slid slowly into view, wearing an elaborate lingerie set and a silk robe that was almost completely transparent. A lacy bra cupped her breasts, pale flesh welling out of the top and sides. Straps and band made small indents in her sides and shoulders. She wore matching lace panties below, a small triangle barely covering her sex. Garter belts encircled her

wide thighs with a ribbon laced through loops and tied into bows. The entire ensemble was deep red and black, and when his eyes finally met hers, she was watching closely for his reaction.

He tried to let his hunger show in his eyes, and it seemed to work because Sam sauntered slowly toward the bed.

"See something you like?"

Bobby nodded.

She paused, and he said, "Yes."

"Say more."

"You look amazing."

She didn't seem satisfied with that, so he continued, "Gorgeous, like one of those paintings in a boudoir."

Sam snorted a laugh, making her body jiggle and her breasts shake. "Boudoir... that's quite a word. What else? I'm not sure it still fits right."

"I think it fits perfect."

Her expression flattened again; that was the wrong answer. Bobby let his gaze travel over her body again. Sam's bra, panties, and garters were all quite snug. Even 'snug' was being generous—the set was clearly intended for a smaller version of her from long before they met, at least five years ago.

"I guess it's a little small..." He ventured.

"I got it a while ago... maybe I'm getting too big for it."

A glimmer of clarity shone through Bobby's lust-addled brain. This was a continuation of her test earlier that night. She wanted to make sure he was truly on board with her new goal. One of the things he loved about Sam was her confidence. He knew she could go ahead with this plan with or without his approval, which made it that much more significant that she was seeking it anyway. They were two parts of a whole, now.

"It's pretty tight," He suggested.

Sam grinned, nodding for him to continue. Suspecting she wanted him to tease her, Bobby said, "I'm not sure how you managed to fit into it."

"What about the bra?" Sam asked, crawling onto the bed. She slipped the robe off her shoulders and ran her fingers along the tight straps supporting her chest. "This fits, at least."

"Not a chance." She made an offended sound, but her eyes sparkled with delight. He continued, "Your boobs have gotten way too big."

Sam moaned, high and gasping, lowering herself hungrily on top of him. Bobby ran his hands along her fleshy sides, gripping overflowing handfuls of boob in both hands.

"Look how big these are," Bobby teased. "We should put you on a d—"

Her mouth crushed into his, cutting him off.

Cathy stepped toward the bed, carefully balancing her chest upward like Atlas in reverse. Her back bent, arms thrust out, she carefully moved one foot and then the other. She couldn't see Joey, couldn't see anything directly in front of her but her own freckled skin. One knee hit the mattress, and she almost fell forward. Her center of gravity shifted forward and back, and she steadied herself before lifting one leg to crawl onto the bed. The mattress compressed almost completely flat, and the bed frame creaked. Muscles twitched as she held half her body weight aloft over her partner.

"Are you *-huff-* sure you don't wanna *-ha-* be on top?"

"And miss out on this view? Not a chance."

Even though she couldn't see him, Cathy could picture Joey lying on the bed. Arms folded behind his head, grinning in the shadow of her enormous bosom, his "meeple" standing at attention just over a foot away from her entrance.

She lifted her other foot, putting both knees on the bed, wavering yet again. As much as they both loved this maneuver, it was getting more difficult with every pound, every inch she grew. Straddling Joey's legs, she slid one knee, then the other, inching her way closer to their shared goal.

Unfortunately, when she got to his hips, Cathy shifted that knee out to the side a little too far, and her bottom plopped onto Joey's thighs. Her balance lost, the weight of her ponderous pontoons crashed down onto Joey, covering his entire body as he let out a muffled cry. As she felt his hands pawing frantically at her breasts, Cathy braced herself against the bed and leaned back, tugging her chest down across him until she could hear his gasping breath.

"I'm so sorry! Are you okay?" She rose on her knees again, craning her neck to see his face.

Joey smiled, running his hands soothingly across her overfed glands. "I'm okay, babe. Though I guess I better be on top from now on." He glanced sheepishly to one side. "Also..."

Cathy felt a sticky slickness in the underside of her cleavage. "Joey!"

"Sorry... I swear this has never happened before."

They both knew it had—barely a week earlier. Cathy pressed down onto Joey, crushing him into the mattress.

"I said I was sorry!" Joey wheezed. He reached for her nipples, and she briefly forgot she was trying to crush his weak-willed ass.

He grinned up at her. "If you let me out, I can try to make it up to you, at least...?"

Cathy was all too happy to oblige.