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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

XII

Bobby sat at a table with his partner and their two best friends, chatting over a game of *Dice Forge*.

“What were you working on all day?” Sam asked Cathy.

“Didn’t I tell you? Doctor Ann offered me a contract with the family to work on their new website.”

“The Family?” Sam asked. “Are you working for the mob now?”

Cathy laughed, sending her whole body into a small ocean of jiggles. She sat sideways to the table in her own reinforced chair—with her enormous breasts resting in her lap, it was the only way she could reach the game.

“It’s your turn, babe,” Joey said.

“Sorry!” Cathy rolled her dice, adjusted the small tracker cubes on her player board, then evaluated her options. “I’m forging again. Would you hand me one of the red twos, Bobby?”

Bobby obliged, and Cathy snapped one of the default faces off her die, replacing it with the upgrade. While Bobby took his turn, the girls resumed their conversation.

"It's just Doctor Ann's family. The ones who all have big boobs and developed the treatment I'm on."

"Oh, right. What's the website for?"

"That's the best part; they got FDA approval for the treatment."

Bobby looked up from the array of Heroic Feats he was considering. "Really?"

Cathy nodded. "I guess between me and a few other girls who did the trial, they got the data they needed to get approved."

"So what does that mean? Any girl who wants can go to CVS and grow giant boobs like yours?" Sam asked.

Cathy ran an affectionate hand over one breast. "You know the treatment didn't make them grow; we've been over this."

"Yeah, yeah. Are you done yet, Bobby?"

Bobby claimed a Heroic Feat and nodded.

"Anyway," Cathy continued, "It's still gonna be prescription only, but I think it'll really help a lot of women who want to look younger without needing surgery."

"So what's your part in all that?"

"They're making a new website to promote it, and they offered me the contract because I have first-hand experience."

"I didn't know you could write code," Bobby said.

"It's not really code, just a WordPress site, but I made my own to promote my videos and stuff. It's not that different from setting up YouTube or Patreon accounts."

"OnlyFans when?" Sam asked with a grin. "Ow!"

Bobby scrambled to put the game pieces back in place; Cathy bumping the table left little doubt about what she'd done underneath it.

"I'd subscribe," Joey said.

Sam gave him a raised eyebrow. "Why would you subscribe?"

"To support my girl," he said as if her question was the dumbest thing he'd ever heard.

"Yeah, but you 'get the milk for free.'"

"Are you calling me a cow??"

"If the bra fits..."

Bobby sighed. "You know it's still your turn, right?"

Cathy sat at her modified desk. Bobby had helped Joey modify her old one, shortening the legs so the top sat low enough for her to rest her chest on it while she worked, with a pair of large flat pillows that were technically dog beds. Even though the treatment had kept her breasts as firm and tight as a teenager's for the past five years, strong ligaments and higher duct density could only do so much against the relentless pull of gravity. At just over 300 lbs and nearly half of that in her chest, Cathy was still far more mobile than a woman her size should be, but her back and shoulders wouldn't thank her for carrying them in her bra for hours every day. Custom-made, extra strength, reinforced bras still weren't magic. So they'd adjusted her desk to carry them while she worked. Thus supported, she had a small table on a reticulating arm to hold her laptop just above her chest, easily in reach of both hands. The posture still wasn't great for her back and shoulders, requiring her to take breaks at least once an hour. After starting the lengthy rendering process on her current video, Cathy pushed the laptop arm back so she could stand.

Switching on the kettle to make a cup of tea, Cathy slowly paced the kitchen, knuckling her lower back and rolling her shoulders in turns. Catching her reflection in the toaster, distorted like a fun house mirror, she stepped into the hallway to use the real one hung there. It wasn't a filming day, so she'd only put on her everyday makeup and put her red hair into a ponytail. She wore stretchy leggings and an enormous tee shirt. In her bra, her breasts projected several feet in front of her. She couldn't even reach her own nipples anymore unless she was braless. The shapes of a dragon and a collection of polyhedral dice stretched and distorted across her extraordinary form, the shirt falling like a curtain to hang open far from her stomach and even farther from her hips. Joey had put one of her shirts on as a joke once, and it reached almost to the floor despite the extra half a head of height he had on her. She wondered how big they

would get before the rest of her body started catching up. Compared to the woman she'd been when she met Bobby, Cathy would already consider herself chubby, if not downright fat, but with so much of her weight resting in her bra, she still looked disproportionately small. She was still putting away over twice as much food per day as Joey or even Bobby. The thought would have made her self-conscious if Sam hadn't decided to try keeping up with her about a year ago.

As if thinking of her friend had summoned her, Cathy felt her phone buzzing from deep inside her cleavage.

[Girl's night? I'll bring takeout]

Joey was out of town for a work conference, so Cathy replied [Hells yeah, I can finally teach you 7 wonders duel]

[🤓 nerd lol]

[😏]

True to her word, Sam showed up with two plastic bags on each arm, filled with oyster pails and styrofoam clamshells. "Jesus, Sam..." Cathy said.

Sam laid the bags on the coffee table. "The rest's in my car."

"There's more??"

"Don't worry," Sam said with a wink, "If we run out, there's always DoorDash."

Despite bringing enough greasy chicken and fried rice to feed a party of twelve, Sam and Cathy managed to eat it all over the course of two hours. She was pretty sure she'd eaten more than her friend, but Sam definitely put away more than a third of the small mountain of Chinese takeout. Cathy won their second game by military victory.

"Damn it, how'd you do that?"

Cathy grinned. "I told you the game ends if someone gets that tracker all the way to their end. It's like tug-o-war; you're supposed to buy military cards to stop me."

Sam groaned, flopping back in her chair dramatically. The wheeled computer chair hit the limit of its recline distance, the base wobbling enough that Sam's eyes went wide with panic, and she sat upright again. The motion had made her plump body

jiggle, and her tee shirt rode up over her stomach, now visibly bloated from all the food she'd eaten. She tugged the hem back down, but there was still a small sliver of skin visible.

"Wanna play again?" Cathy asked.

"Nah, let's watch a movie or something."

Cathy gathered the cards and game pieces and started sorting them into piles. Sam poked through the empty takeout containers. "Are there any Crab Rangoons left?"

"I think we ate them all."

Sam sighed. "Well... pizza?"

Cathy never really got full these days, but her friend's appetite surprised her. "You're still hungry after all that?"

"Aren't you?"

"I mean, sort of... Are you trying to catch up with me or something?"

Sam snorted. "Not everything's about you, Weather Girl."

"Weather Girl?"

"You know, 'cause these things are the size of weather balloons." Sam reached across the table to poke one of Cathy's breasts.

Cathy huffed. "I don't think you know how big actual weather balloons are. Anyway, don't change the subject."

"Fine, yes. I mean, not about the catching you part. I've been trying to gain for a while now."

"But why?"

"I don't know, you tell me. You're way bigger than I am... for now."

"Rude." Cathy thought about Sam's question. She could have given her the stock answer she gave nosy acquaintances, but she'd been friends with Sam for years now.

"Honestly, it just kind of... happened. The treatment messed up my appetite a little, and the hike made it worse, but I could have tried harder to fight it, I guess."

"Did you want to fight it?"

"Not really, which I guess is why I never really did. Don't get me wrong, it's definitely a challenge, being so big, but Joey's always so sweet about it."

"You didn't do it for him, did you?"

"I said I didn't do it on purpose."

"Right, right. I mean, we're a whole little circle of big boob lovers, but you didn't let him pressure you into not trying to diet or anything?"

"Nah, not at all. I think if I'd been on my own, I would have ended up here anyway, just been more miserable along the way. Having a supportive partner—and friends—makes all the difference."

Sam squeezed her arm. "Aww, I love you too." She paused. "I mean, not like that. Unless..."

Cathy laughed. "Sorry, Sam. I couldn't do that to Joey. Or Bobby, for that matter."

She had a brief vision of what it might be like to have all of her pressed up against all of Sam, but she shook it away. "Anyway, how'd we end up talking about me? I still wanna know why you're intentionally gaining weight."

"Well... if I'm hearing what you're saying, you feel like all this—" She gestured vaguely at Cathy's chest. "—is who you're supposed to be."

"I guess that's true, in a sense."

"Well, I've always been fat, and I like eating, so I decided to embrace it."

"Just that simple, huh?"

"Yep! And while they're nothing compared to yours, these tig ol' bitties are a nice bonus."

Cathy laughed. "You know, you could try the treatment if you wanted. Bobby could probably write you a prescription."

"No way, he'd say it was unethical or something; he's not *my* doctor."

"Well, I'm sure he could write a referral or something."

Sam looked thoughtful as she considered.

"Like I said, it probably won't make them grow like mine, but they'll firm back up. And I'm guessing you won't mind the increased appetite."

Sam remained silent, staring into the middle distance.

"Just something to think about. Anyway, what do you want to watch?"

Bobby sat on the couch with Sam's head resting in his lap. It had become one of her favorite postures to watch TV together. Legs dangling over the arm, belly and breasts rising like a mountain range of squishy softness in the corner of his eye. It also created the perfect spot to hold a bowl of whatever snack she'd chosen for the evening, nestled between her soft shoulder and his leg. Tonight's selection was "muddy buddy" Chex mix, so she was getting powdered sugar all over her fingers and shirt. Sometimes, when she was in a particular mood, Sam made him feed her straight from the bowl so she could just lie there and chew. Luckily, this was not one of those nights, so only one of them had messy hands.

"I think I want to try that treatment," Sam said suddenly.

Bobby paused the TV. "What?"

Her head turned in his lap, and she looked up at him. "That treatment Cathy's on. I want to try it."

"What brought this on? I thought you were against it."

"Well... I've kind of hit a plateau, and she said it increased her appetite."

"Babe, if that's all you want, there are appetite stimulants; you don't have to use a brand new hormone therapy."

"It's not just that..." She was silent for several moments, then said, "If I'm being honest, I'm a little jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Of your ex." She'd never referred to Cathy that way before. "Don't look at me like that! That's not what I mean. I know you're over her or whatever; the four of us couldn't be such good friends if you weren't. But mine used to be bigger than hers. And yes, before you say it, Cath already explained the treatment didn't make them grow. But doctors don't know everything—not even you. And besides, even if it doesn't make them grow any faster, getting them high and firm like hers will make them *look* bigger, and that's almost as good."

"It sounds like your mind is made up."

"I guess I am, but I still want your input."

"It's your body, Babe."

She rolled her eyes.

"What?"

"I want to hear what you have to say. If you think it's a bad idea... or dangerous, I want to know. We're in this together, right?"

Bobby ran his fingers through her hair. "I'm serious, Sam, it's your choice. Sure, I could tell you all about how rough it was for Cathy when she first started taking the treatment, but you've heard all that before. I could also lecture you on the side effects, but you're a scientist; you know all this stuff as well as I do, if not more so." He hesitated, surprised to realize his words were completely true; the hesitations and concerns he should have had barely registered as conscious thoughts. "Honestly? I think the treatment will make you even sexier."

Sam's face lit up in a broad grin. "Good answer," she said, pulling his head down for a kiss.