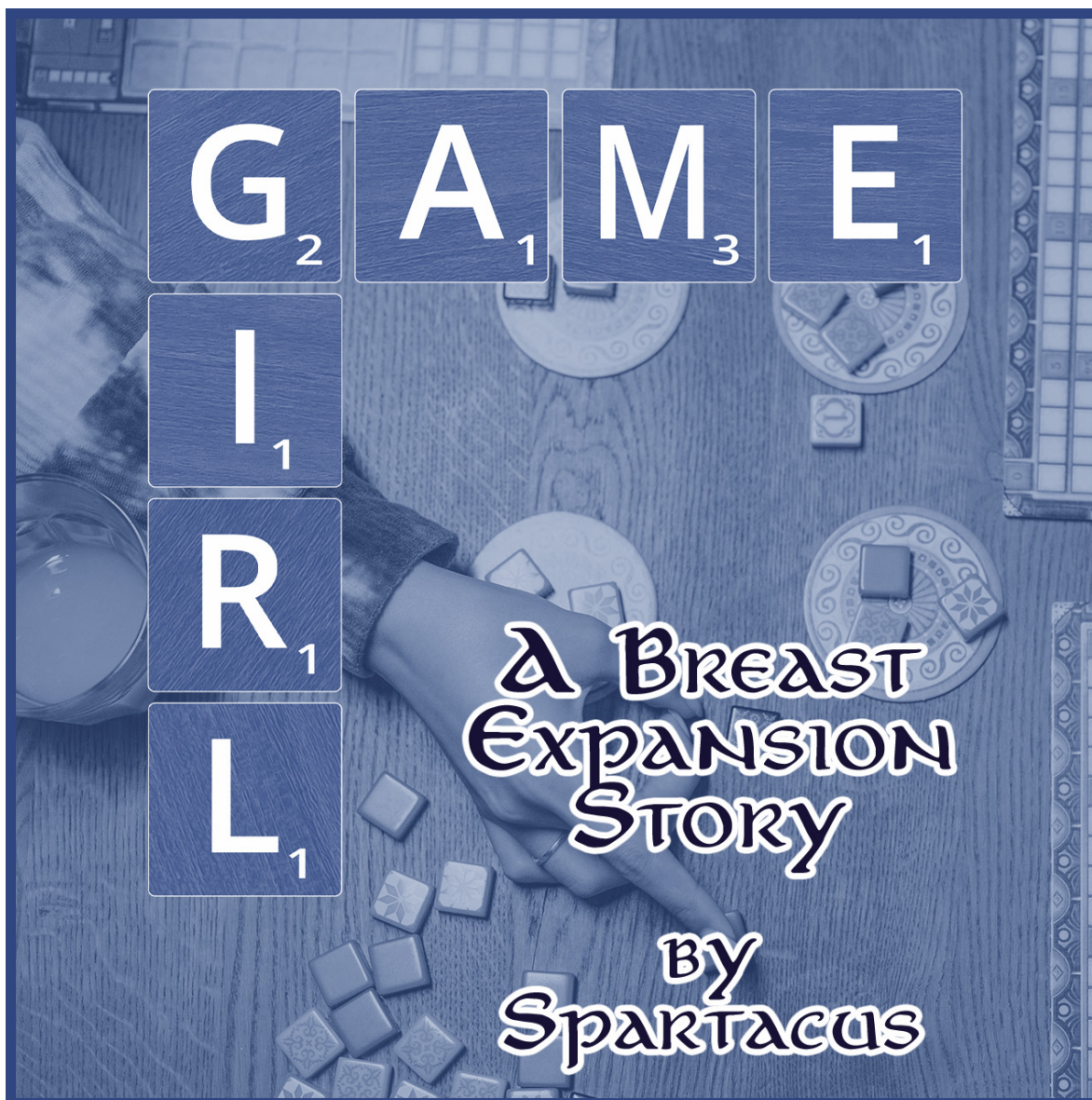




Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing*

## Game Girl

### XIII

Just past the outer suburbs of a small college town, a former office building and warehouse had been renovated and converted into a mixed-use property. The repainted sign at the end of the drive read, 'Healthstone Beauty Clinic.' Even though the practice had only been open three months, the small parking lot was almost never empty.

Bobby flipped to the patient's chart on his tablet before opening the door to exam room three. The woman seated on the exam table was twenty-five with blue eyes and very dark brown hair falling halfway down her back. Bobby recognized her as one of the girls Sam followed, Kat or Kitty-something. The name on her file read, 'Fiona.' She was incredibly pretty, and even without her medical history in front of him, Bobby could tell why. Laser skin treatments, almost certainly with a diligent diet and moisturizing regimen, hair removal, threaded eyebrows, regular manicures, lip filler, and workout routines precisely calibrated to keep her slim and toned without looking muscular or bulky. He estimated her bra size as a 34E before glancing at the tablet again. 32F, a 'sister size'—he was getting better at that.

"Good afternoon, Fiona."

"Hello, Doctor." Fiona beamed, and Bobby mentally added veneers and high-end orthodontics to his mental tally.

"What brings you in today?"

A shadow of hesitation passed over the young woman's face, but was gone as quickly as it appeared. "I read about that hormone treatment online. The one for..." Fiona gestured shyly at her chest.

"Of course. May I have a look, or would you prefer to have the nurse perform the exam?"

Fiona shook her head and unbuttoned her blouse. There was a time the sight of such a perfect pair in nothing but a bra would have sent Bobby's pulse pounding, but he'd seen more bare breasts in the past three months than in his entire life before

opening the practice. His eye was now completely clinical, not to mention the fact that he had a far more impressive pair attached to the woman he loved just a few rooms away.

The patient reached for the front hooks of her bra. "This, too?"

"Yes, please."

Fiona's breasts held a perfect teardrop shape, skin smooth and clear, the barest hints of blue veins lacing their surface. Despite being only slightly oversized for her frame, the effects of gravity were already beginning to show. Bobby held each of them in turn, directing his patient to raise her arms as he inspected them for lumps. While she refastened her bra and did up the buttons on her shirt, Bobby looked over her file again.

"Alright, Fiona. Your numbers all look good here. Blood tests, tox screen, cholesterol, blood pressure. I can't find any lumps, but I'd like you to get a mammogram over at University Hospital. If that comes back clear, we should be able to start you on the hormone therapy right away."

Fiona flashed that perfect smile up at him again. "Thank you, Doctor."

Halfway out the door, Bobby turned back. "My fiancé's a big fan, by the way. I'm sure she'd love the chance to meet you next time you come in."

That shy look flashed over her face again, but Fiona nodded. "Of course."

Bobby led Fiona back through the corridors to the front desk, where Joey sat behind a computer screen. Bobby said, "Mammogram referral."

Joey handed Bobby a pad with the top sheet mostly filled out. Bobby scribbled Fiona's name and signed it. "Alright, you're all set, Fiona. Hopefully, we'll see you soon."

Before he made it halfway back down the corridor, Bobby saw Christy, one of his two nurses. "Rooms one and two are ready, but two's been waiting longer. Madison Brooks."

"Thanks, Christy."

They had to turn away nearly a dozen women in the last hour before the office closed. Bobby stopped by the front desk again after his last patient left. "I'm gonna head back—you good to lock up?"

Joey nodded. "We really should think about hiring more staff."

Bobby shrugged. "Give it a few more months. We're managing for now, and I want to be sure this is more than a novelty before we overcommit ourselves."

"You're the doc, Doc."

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Behind the clinic rooms, the bulk of the building, once an empty warehouse, had been converted into a very spacious living area. Bobby sat at one side of their square dining table with Sam on his right and Cathy on his left. The two women sat sideways beside the table; Cathy facing Joey's side and Sam facing Bobby. Sam's breasts rose to the level of her chin, extending so far forward Bobby could have used the one nearest him as an armrest. Cathy could see nothing directly in front of her, but she was facing the table, anyway. Joey set a platter of chicken pieces and a pan of mashed potatoes on the table, then turned back to the open kitchen area.

"Need a hand?" Bobby asked.

"There's just the veggies left—you can top up our waters if you want."

Bobby reached for the pitcher of ice water, but Cathy held a hand up. "Actually..."

Cathy stretched an arm down beside her chair, but clearly lacked the range of motion required to reach. Her gargantuan breasts—now making up over two-thirds of her total weight—held her shoulders too high. She could stand and push her chair back, but that was a risky maneuver that might land her back in a position of needing help to get seated again.

"Hang on, lemme help you." Bobby stepped behind Cathy's chair and picked up the bottle. Turning it over to glance at the label, he set it on the table. When Sam reached for it, her fingertips also stopping several inches short, Bobby handed it to her.

"Damn," Sam said, "this is the good stuff."

Bobby fished in the top drawer of their games cabinet (one of them, anyway) for a corkscrew and grabbed a set of stemless wine glasses. "What's the occasion?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Cath!" Sam gasped. "You said you weren't gonna tell them!"

Cathy waved a dismissive hand. "Not that! As of today, it's been a month since the clinic officially opened!"

Joey carried two roasting trays loaded with buttery broccoli, cauliflower, and Brussels sprouts. "Hey-o, congrats, you guys."

"What's this 'you guys?'" Sam said. "You're as big a part of this as any of us."

"Nah, Bobby's the doc, Cath runs the website and online marketing, Sam's in charge of research and our *-ehem-* most 'experienced' social media person..."

"Come closer so I can slap you."

Bobby poured wine into glasses. "You're like the least arrogant business major I know. Do you think any of this would work without someone making sure we didn't blow our whole budget on nice chairs in the waiting room?"

"Or 'discretionary purchases?'" Cathy added.

"What, like bras that can hold Volkswagens?" Bobby asked.

"Now *you* get over here for me to slap," Sam said.

"Fine, fine," Joey said, lifting a glass. "Here's to us, and to the Healthstone."

"The Healthstone!"

They raised glasses, and drank, and then the guys filled their respective partners' plates before serving smaller portions for themselves and sitting.

"I am curious," Joey said through a mouthful of chicken, "what that 'other thing' was..."

"What other thing?" Bobby asked.

"The thing Sam said she thought the wine was for."

"Oh, that." Cathy looked at Sam, who was too deep in a mouthful of potatoes to object. "Well, you know that big scale we got with the property?"

"The one for weighing cargo pallets?" Joey asked.

Sam growled.

Cathy continued, "So, yeah... turns out Sam and I weigh more than half a ton between us."

"Woah..." Bobby breathed.

"That's a lot of boobage," Joey added.

"And before either of you wise-asses ask," Sam said. "You're not getting more specific numbers."

"Aww..."

Bobby ran a hand along Sam's right breast. "Congrats, babe."

Joey scooped a few more piles of potato onto Cathy's plate.

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Cathy leaned back into a mound of pillows, arms draped over her colossal breasts. The bed was a California King, a set of mattresses resting on the floor. After she and Joey broke their second frame and Sam and Bobby broke their first, they stopped buying new bed frames. Joey had asked her a few weeks ago if she ever missed being able to go on hikes or reach all the pieces of a board game by herself. While she couldn't say she never did, she wouldn't trade her life now to have those things back. Though she couldn't see it or even reach it in her current posture, she felt the tight pressure in her stomach. It was a narrow, intensified version of the way her whole body felt. Heavy and full, straining as if her skin could barely hold all of her in. And knowing it was Joey's food, Joey's cooking, all the love and care and attention he poured into the meal that he poured into her, like she was a giant donut

stuffed with so much of his love and affection she might split open. It might have been enough to make her come just thinking about it, but, of course, he was giving her even more.

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Bobby looked out across a mountain range of pale, perfect skin as he inched forward on the bed. Sam lay flat on her back, with her enormous breasts splayed to either side to give him access. They hung over the mattress, resting like giant sleeping beasts to either side of him. As he raised each of Sam's knees, gently separating them so he could crawl between a pair of thighs larger than his torso, he couldn't believe there was ever a time when he preferred thin, athletic partners. A small, rational part of his mind knew that there were thousands of people out there who would consider a woman like Fiona the peak of feminine allure, but the much louder part insisted that they'd never seen what he was about to see.

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Cathy's boobs covered most of the bed, and she watched them wobble and heave as she felt him moving underneath them. She felt each of his fingers gripping her thighs, felt the tickle of his hair in her endless cleavage, felt his tongue, dancing inside her.

She shifted her hips, pressing herself farther onto Joey's mouth. Between the weight of her breasts and her packed stomach, she couldn't move much. She'd eaten until it hurt, but she was still hungry, still wanted more, always more.

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Bobby drank in the melody of sounds that Sam made. He'd learned what every gasp and moan and sigh and hum meant. As if she were a conductor, directing his every thrust, every touch. As if she were the instrument itself, the sounds subtly shifting as he tightened or loosened a tuning key. It was both of those things and neither. With each thrust of his hips, Bobby watched Sam's boobs undulate in waves away from him and back, like an ocean of raw femininity. A gentle grunt of barest frustration

told him he'd gotten distracted, his pace slowing. Bobby trailed his fingertips from Sam's knees along the inside of her thighs, the skin of her lower belly trembling as he traced lines toward her navel until he pressed his palms down her sides to grip the flesh around her hips. Anchoring himself on her pelvis, Bobby sped up.

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As the orgasm washed over Cathy, her body bucked and clenched. The motion below made only the faintest ripples on the surface of her gigantic breasts. She felt hands parting her cleavage, and Joey's head appeared, gulping air. He was too far away to kiss, but they both knew he'd have to crawl onto her belly to get any closer. She saw the embers of need in his eyes, the silent question.

He asked it anyway. "Another round?"

"I don't think so, baby. You fed me too much."

His face flickered in disappointment, the pain of unsatisfied release. It was gone in a moment, his hands stroking her peaks affectionately. "Not possible."

She met his eyes, running the tip of her tongue along her lips. "Bring him up here—I've still got room for a little dessert."

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Bobby knew Sam was at the edge, and he reached for her nipples. Spread as they were, he had to hyperextend his arms and shoulders to reach both thumb-sized nubs. In a few more months, she'd be too big for him to do this. Bobby used the tips of his fingers to tease them into his grip, then squeezed. Sam froze, a soft cry rising to a silent exhalation as she came. He followed seconds later, shifting his hands to her knees as his body shook.

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At opposite ends of a warehouse-turned-home, a young doctor and an enormously busty woman drifted off to sleep beside their respective partners.



