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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

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## Game Girl - 3/4 - 1/3 - 1/2 - 1/2

### III

Bobby could not have been more relieved when Cathy adjusted to the experimental treatment. After the first week of mood swings and unpredictable behavior from his usually chill girlfriend, he called Doctor Ann to give her an earful. The doctor calmly explained that such side effects were expected and to schedule a follow-up call if Cathy's symptoms hadn't stabilized in three to four weeks.

Less than a month. Bobby could last that long. Married men endured nine months of similar symptoms when their wives got pregnant. Not that Bobby was stupid enough to mention such a thing out loud.

But they got through it, and Cathy was back to her old self, bubbly and cheerful as ever. She had a little spring in her step, and the extra firmness in her chest made her perfect tits look even better.

As the weeks passed, however, Cathy's cravings and increased appetite didn't seem to be going away. She ate more than he did at most meals, and though she wasn't exactly sedentary, she wasn't nearly as active as him. Bobby wasn't shallow enough to worry about his girlfriend getting fat, but he couldn't help feeling a little concerned for her health.

They were playing *Dice Throne* when Bobby noticed the inevitable changes. It was a Friday, and Cathy had convinced him to order pizza. Two larges seemed excessive for two people, but Cathy said she'd reheat it and have leftovers for days. That seemed like sound logic to him, but one entire pizza was gone, and she was reaching for the

second box. Bobby had only eaten three slices from the first pie, and one of those was a skinny piece. He was debating whether to remark on it (and likely sacrifice his chance at sex that night) when he looked at her. Really looked at her.

Cathy had become such a constant presence in his life that he sometimes missed the little things. She was wearing a pink tank top with a meeples on the front. It was one of her favorites, so when Bobby saw how much cleavage she was showing off, the difference made him look twice. Her breasts had gotten perkier after she started the treatment, not *that* perky. Her shirt was so tight he could see the outline of her bra, which was obviously too small. Telltale bulges of flesh were visible above the cups, and from certain angles, he could see that her boobs were wider than her ribcage. Whatever that experimental hormone treatment had done to her body, it was making her perfect breasts get even bigger.

She said, "Are you gonna take your turn or stare at my tits all night?"

"Sorry..."

Cathy grinned at him. "You don't have to apologize. Why do you think I wore this shirt? It's not like I can wear it to work anymore."

Dumbfounded, Bobby said, "No comment."

She cocked an eyebrow. "What? You think I should stand behind the counter at The Board Room like this?" She drew her elbows together, squeezing her boobs and making even more cleavage well out of her gamer shirt. "How many games could I get those nerds to buy just by doing this?"

Bobby's brain short-circuited at the sight of two mounds of pale skin rising to greet him—that pure, raw femininity staring him in the face.

Cathy laughed, sending her assets jiggling and breaking Bobby's trance. "That's the exact face they'd make!"

Bobby scowled. "I'm just worried about you, that's all."

Cathy's expression sobered. "I'm fine, Bobby, really."

"Really? Because you just ate almost a whole pizza."

Her eyes narrowed, but before she could reply, he went on, "This hormone therapy was my idea, I'd feel terrible if—"

“Bobby. I made the decision myself. You’re not responsible for my choices.”

“I know, but—”

“There’s nothing wrong with me. I feel better than I have in months. I like eating, and I like food. And it’s not like I’m getting fat. All my pants still fit. And if I go up a couple more bra sizes, well... what’s wrong with that?”

Bobby couldn’t argue with that. Her tits were amazing, and they’d only gotten better since the treatment. Firmer, perkier, and most definitely bigger. Equally important was the fact that she was right. Bobby hated pushy, controlling boyfriends, and the last thing he wanted was for Cathy to see him that way.

“Hey,” he said, “can we start this conversation over?”

“What, like a misdeal?”

“Yeah.”

Cathy was silent for a moment, then said, “Are you gonna stare at my tits all night or take your turn?”

“It’s your own fault for being so fucking gorgeous.”

She beamed at him across the table, and her eyes held an unmistakable heat. “Let’s hurry up and finish this. If you win, I’ll let you take this bra off me. It’s the last E-cup I haven’t donated yet, and it’s killing me.”

A small voice in Bobby’s head was concerned that she was wearing something so tight it hurt her, but it was drowned out by a burning need to get his hands on those bigger tits as soon as possible.

Bobby played his turns faster than he ever had. He made several careless mistakes, and Cathy ended up winning, but she let him undress her anyway. With a pair of boobs the size of cantaloupes in his hands, his face buried in their warm, springy, vanilla-scented softness, Bobby decided he was an idiot for ever questioning her judgment.

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On the Saturday before Easter, Cathy was at home playing a video game to distract herself from stressing about meeting Bobby's parents for the first time for Easter dinner. Her phone buzzed with a text from Misty, one of her friends from high school.

Misty: *Hey, I'm back for the weekend. You wanna get coffee or something?*

Cathy: *Sure, when and where?*

Misty: *Is bean machine still open?*

Cathy: *Of course. You haven't been gone that long 😊*

Misty: *Meet me in like an hour? I really need to get away from my parents.*

Cathy: *lol k*

Cathy wore a loose cardigan in an attempt to downplay her new size, but based on how wide Misty's eyes got when she saw her, it hadn't worked. At least her friend was mindful enough not to say anything about it until they were seated at a corner table with their lattes.

"Fuck sake, Cath, what happened to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't give me that. Your girls were half that size last time I saw you!"

Cathy pulled the sides of her cardigan over her chest and hissed, "Keep your voice down!"

Misty huffed and took a sip from her coffee, licking a line of whipped cream from her upper lip.

"It's mostly just relationship weight," Cathy said.

"Damn, I wish I gained 'relationship weight' in my tits."

Two tables away, a middle-aged woman scowled at Misty's language. Cathy whispered, "Not so loud, Misty, Jesus!"

Misty waved a dismissive hand and scoffed. "Whatever. So, anyway... I guess relationship weight means you finally got a boyfriend?"

"What do you mean, 'finally?'"

"Oh, I don't know. I figured you would have found *someone* decent-looking out of all those nerdy guys you're always hanging out with."

Cathy sipped her coffee. "Bobby's actually not a gamer. Well, he wasn't. I've been teaching him."

"So... what's he like?"

Cathy pulled out her phone and showed Misty a picture of the two of them on the bluff where they met. Misty let out a low whistle. "Damn girl, nice."

"He's in pre-med, and he played football in high school."

Misty tapped a finger on her temple. "Clever girl."

Cathy raised a questioning eyebrow.

"I mean, it's probably easier for you to turn a normal guy into a nerd than try to give one of those basement dwellers at the Nerd Room a makeover."

Cathy scowled. "You know, a lot of 'normal people,' as you call them, play board games. Bobby was already interested in games when we met."

Misty chuckled. "Relax, I'm just messing with you. Seriously, though, he seems like a good dude."

"He really is," Cathy said.

"Has he seen your YouTube videos?"

Heat rose in Cathy's cheeks. "Oh my god, I forgot I even did that. I should really take those down."

"Why? They were cute."

"Shut up."

"I'm serious. Why'd you quit making them, anyway?"

"I don't know. We were starting high school. It was time to quit doing kids stuff like Minecraft."

Misty sat back, crossing her arms across her chest. "What were you just saying about 'normal people?' My roommate still plays Minecraft with her friends from high school."

"I guess..."

Misty's whole face lit up. "I know! You could start it up again and make videos about board games! You're pretty good at explaining all that nerdy shit, and if you wear some cute tops—some *low-cut* ones—I bet you'll have thousands of subscribers in no time."

"Oh, sure. Whore myself out for views, like some kind of 'influencer.'" Cathy rolled her eyes, affecting an influencer accent. *"Hey guys, get ready with me for board game night! Check out this great new bra I got from the sponsor of this video!"*

Misty snorted a laugh mid-sip, nearly spraying coffee everywhere. "Well, not like *that*! But I see game stuff on YouTube all the time. There are a few girls, but it's mostly old dudes. Even if you're not thirst trapping, I bet lots of people would rather look at those—I mean, you."

Cathy rolled her eyes but took a long, slow sip, letting the suggestion marinate. "I guess I could do reviews and how-to-plays..."

"See? That's way better than just narrating your Minecraft adventures."

Cathy scowled. "I'll think about it."

"If you want any help, let me know. I know all about marketing."

"As a freshman?"

Misty tossed her hair over her shoulder. "Majoring in communications makes me a lowkey expert, babes."

Cathy laughed. "Whatever."

Misty leaned forward, dropping her voice to a whisper. "Seriously, though, what are you doing to make those girls look so great? Are you wearing some kind of super bra?"

"It's just a normal bra, Misty."

"Well, what, then?"

Cathy sighed. "Alright, well, you know how I've been pretty busy?"

"Since, like, seventh grade."

"Yeah, so..." Cathy told Misty the whole story about her worries over sagging and the experimental treatment. She glossed over the messier details of her first few weeks on the hormones, focussing instead on how much better she felt now. Winding down, she said, "So, yeah. This is me, now." She gestured at her chest. "I think they'd look bigger either way because they're more firm, but they actually did get bigger, as you were so kind to point out."

Misty let out a long sigh. "Whew. So your pre-med boyfriend talked you into taking this magic boob drug?"

Cathy glared at her friend. "It's not a magic drug, and he *didn't* talk me into it. He found out about it, but I made the decision myself."

Misty held her palms out. "Alright, alright, sorry. Are... are they still getting bigger?"

Cathy shrugged. "A little bit. I wasn't lying about relationship weight. I'm hungry all the time lately, but I seem to only be gaining weight in the girls."

"Must be nice." Misty drank the last of her coffee just as Cathy's stomach gurgled.

"Do you want to get something to eat?" Cathy said.

Misty's eyebrows shot up. "Seriously? Hell yeah, let's go across the street and feed those babies a burrito!"