

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*

Game Girl

IV

"Alright, you kids drive safe," Bobby's dad said.

His mom added, "Text me when you get home, Robby."

"I will..."

Bobby and Cathy climbed into his car and drove off. When the car rounded the corner at the end of the block and vanished from view, Bobby's mom steered her husband back into the house, shutting the door behind her. "I don't like her, Robert."

Robert sighed, dropping the slippers off of his feet beside the door. "Of course you don't, Diane."

Diane folded her arms across her chest. "Tell me I'm wrong."

"What's wrong with her? Robby seems to really like her."

"For one thing, he doesn't have time for a girlfriend right now."

Robert sighed. "He already gave up sports to focus on college; do you want him to be a hermit?"

"He's studying to be a doctor, Robert. How bad are his grades slipping while he's playing Chutes and Ladders with that trollop?"

"Diane..."

Diane scowled at him, then her eyes lit up. "Hey, what about John up at VitaPath?"

Robert paused on his way to the kitchen. "What about him?"

"He's a big shot up there, right?"

"I guess so. Lord knows he brags about it enough."

"And it's a medical lab..."

"Yes..."

Diane rolled her eyes, speaking slowly, as if to a child. "So... they must take medical... interns... right?"

Robert was a little slow on the uptake, glancing at the ceiling thoughtfully. "I suppose they do, though it's kind of late in the year."

His wife's hand rose, as if to slap herself in the forehead, but she stopped short. "Robert. Call him."

Bobby's head spun as he walked into The Board Room. Cathy was explaining card sizes and sleeves to a customer, so he wandered around the family games section to look less awkward waiting for her to be done. He picked up a game called *Llama*, turning it over to read the back. It seemed dumb and simple—maybe something he could try to teach his family at the next holiday gathering.

"Have we played that one before?" Cathy's voice came from behind him, startling Bobby mid-read.

"I don't think so. It looks pretty simple."

"It is," Cathy said, "It's basically Uno."

"Oh."

"But better than *Uno* in almost every way."

"Oh?"

"So, you do the same climbing mechanic, but there's no color matching, so that's simpler. Also, there are no special draw cards, none of that bullshit."

Bobby remembered playing *Uno* once with his cousins; the draw two and draw four mechanics were particularly frustrating. "Okay, nice."

"Honestly, they just took out all the annoying parts of *Uno*. I still stay it's a good game, but it's not groundbreaking or anything."

Bobby stared at the back of the card box, not reading the text. Perhaps sensing his mood, Cathy asked, "Did you really come here to talk about *Llama*?"

He met her eyes, large and round in her glasses as if they could see into his mind. "I've got some news..."

"Good news or bad news?"

"A little of both, honestly. I've been offered an internship."

Cathy's grin was sparkling. "That sounds like good news to me."

"I mean, it is. It's a medical lab, so I'll be getting a lot of good experience. But it's six months, so I'll have to take a semester off."

Bobby was avoiding the bad part of his news, and it seemed that Cathy could tell. "Okay, and..."

"And it's in Maryland. Almost eight hours away."

"Oh."

Bobby forced a smile in an attempt to reassure her. "I mean, it's only six months. We can still do video calls and play games online..."

"Yeah."

Cathy was trying to hide her disappointment, but he could hear it in her voice. His mind raced. Did she want to break up? Or just take a break? They'd never really had a "define the relationship" talk, but now, he regretted never bringing it up. This wasn't the place for it, though. He put a hand on her arm and said, "Let's talk more tonight. I'll order some Indian food and we can figure it all out together, okay?"

She smiled up at him again. "Yeah, okay!"

Before going to Bobby's apartment, Cathy changed out of her work clothes—a compressor bra and button top with loose khakis. She put on black denim cutoffs that hugged tightly to her ass and were cut so short the front pockets peeked out over her thighs. Over a new, better fitting and *very* flattering bra, she had on another nerdy shirt; a blue crop top with a red d20 printed in the center. The screen printed die was warped into wrinkles as the shirt stretched across her breasts. She watched Bobby's eyes travel over her body, feeling heat rise up her neck. His expression went pained, and he shifted his stance in a way she recognized as him struggling with his arousal. Although she appreciated his reaction, she hadn't come dressed this way to talk him into staying. She stepped closer to him, reaching out for an embrace. His arms wrapped around her. His strong, toned arms. His clever fingers traced along her shoulder blades with gentle strokes, and she reflexively pressed their bodies tighter together.

The tender moment was interrupted by a soft gurgling from Cathy's stomach. Angling her neck to look up at him, she sheepishly asked, "Is the food here yet?"

While they ate, Cathy steered the conversation to games, movies, streaming series, anime, literally anything to avoid the painful topic. Their relationship wasn't casual, but it wasn't quite serious, either. It wasn't like she was planning their wedding or anything, but she wasn't ready to go back to being single. On the flip side, the thought of going six months without his touch devastated her.

"I had really high hopes for it," she said, picking up a wad of Pad Thai with her chopsticks. "Not very many Western properties are being adapted into anime, so I was pretty excited." She chewed and swallowed, then added, "It's not that it's *bad*, it's just... okay. Well, slightly better than okay, but still..."

Cathy dropped her fork to the paperboard clamshell, finding barely a bite of noodles remaining. She'd eaten the entire container. It was supposed to be enough to share, twice the size of Bobby's butter chicken. Her cheeks grew hot as she met his eyes across the table. "...Sorry."

He smiled warmly at her, sending a fresh wave of conflicting emotions through her head. Without a word, he pushed the container of naan closer to her side of the table. Cathy couldn't decide whether to be relieved or annoyed. But if he was leaving soon, the last thing she wanted was to have another argument about her eating habits. She

pulled a piece of naan from the clamshell and tore a corner off it, dipping it in raita before stuffing it in her mouth. Bobby took advantage of the silence to address the elephant in the room. "I guess we should talk about it."

Cathy sighed, swallowing her bite. "Tired of my stalling, huh?"

He grinned again, and Cathy couldn't decide if she was turned on or about to burst into tears.

"It doesn't have to be complicated," he said. "What do *you* want to do?"

"Hmm?"

"Just tell me what you want."

Cathy's frustration flared into anger. Struggling to tamp it down, she said, "What *I* want?"

Her voice came out so harsh that Bobby flinched back slightly in his seat. She took a deep breath and continued, more calmly, "This is your life, Bobby. I can't make the decision for you."

He sighed. "I know that. I just... I want your input. I want whatever we decide to do to be something we decide together."

She felt the impending tears coming again. "You need to take the internship. It's not fair to ask you not to."

"It's just an internship. It's not like my life will be over if I don't take it. I'll probably get an earful from my parents, but—"

"Your parents?"

"Yeah, my dad went to college with one of the supervising techs at the lab, he basically got me the internship."

Several biting remarks about nepotism crossed Cathy's mind, but she couldn't voice them when Bobby was making such an effort to include her in his plans. "I really think you should take it."

Silence filled the room while she tried to sort out her next words. "And I think... I think we should put this on hold until you get back."

Cathy stared at the table, waiting for his response. But when the kitchen clock ticked several times, she looked at him.

Bobby said, "What do you mean, on hold?"

How could she explain it? She rattled off the reasons in her head. He needed to focus on his education, not be worried about his relationship with her. What if they put a bunch of extra effort into this relationship and it wasn't going anywhere? What if he half-assed the internship because of it? Between spending so much time with Bobby and everything the treatment had done to her body, she was learning that she craved physical contact. Not just sex, but hugging, cuddling, foreplay; going six months with none of it would be torture. And with all the stress about her eating habits, she felt more and more certain that they'd break up eventually anyway.

But she didn't want to say any of that. Bobby was such a good guy that he'd just try to accommodate any and all of her concerns. The simple fact was that she didn't *want* to do long distance. "Sorry, I guess maybe that's the wrong word. I want to just be friends, at least until you get back."

Bobby's face was so pained that she wanted to take it all back. To tell him she was wrong, and they could be a long distance couple while he was gone. He said, "If that's really what you want..."

Cathy's eyes grew damp, but she didn't let the tears fall. "I think it's for the best. We'll see where we are in six months."

Bobby sat stunned, trying to process everything Cathy'd said. It was over. She was breaking up with him. Cathy pushed on the table, sliding her chair back and briefly brushing the tabletop with her chest. It was a sign of how raw his emotional state was that the sight caused almost no reaction in him. He rose to his feet as well, and they stood for an awkward moment before she spread her arms and he wrapped her into a hug.

They stood in each other's arms for a long time. The warmth of her body against his made Bobby ache. He wasn't going to hold her or even touch her for six months. And by the time he got back, who knew? What were the chances a woman like Cathy

would stay single? She'd been incredible when they met, and now she was a complete smoke show. Her breath tickled his neck, and the pressure of her breasts against his chest rose and fell.

Finally, he whispered, "I'm gonna miss you."

"Me, too," Cathy said, her voice trembling.

Sensing the moment had gone on too long, Bobby gave her a brief squeeze before drawing back. Cathy's eyes shone, but she wasn't crying. In a soft voice, she asked, "I should go; you probably want to be alone."

"Stay."

"Alright."

"I don't leave for three weeks; let's make the most of the time we have left... if you want."

"Okay."

Cathy gave her head a little shake and put on a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Do you wanna play a game or something?"

Bobby grinned in spite of himself. There was no way he could concentrate on a game in his current state. Besides, he didn't want to spend the evening sitting across the table from her, he wanted to hold her. It would probably make the parting harder, but he didn't care. "I don't think I'm up for it tonight. Let's just watch something."

Her smile widened, and she turned for the couch. "I'll pick something; popcorn?"

He was going to miss his hungry girl. "Of course."