

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*

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## Game Girl

### V

Cathy sat at her desk, editing her most recent video. She wore comfortable, loose clothes, but whenever she had to reach for her mouse, her arm jostled her breasts in a very distracting way. Her voice came from her computer speakers as she watched the playback.

*"Hey guys! Welcome back to Cathy's Corner. I'm gonna teach you how to play SpellBook! This is a game for one to four players, where each player is a wizard competing in the Annual Grand Rite. The goal of the game is to win, and you win by earning the most points. Let's get right into the setup. For your first game..."*

Cathy could already predict the kind of comments she'd get on this video once it was uploaded. She was wearing a tee shirt decorated with hexagons in the *Settlers of Catan* color scheme, and it clung tightly to her chest. It wasn't quite tight enough to show the outlines of her bra—she'd had more than one video taken down, presumably for that reason—but there was a little cleavage showing. Her breasts were getting so big that they were impossible to hide, even if she wore something really heavy and baggy like a hoodie. And, of course, the few videos she'd posted wearing hoodies had such low engagement they were barely worth the effort.

*"...This spell can be activated in place of your Day Action and allows you to store..."*

She shrugged off her worries about the comments. For every two thirsty guys, there was at least one person who appreciated the actual content of her videos. As long as she was providing actual, helpful information, what did it matter if a big chunk of her

engagement came from video thumbnails with some cleavage showing? It wasn't like she was whoring herself out or anything.

"...When any player learns all their spells, what's called finishing their grimoire, or if a player fills their familiar board..."

Cathy grabbed a handful of Chex mix from the nearby bag, popping the pieces into her mouth as she worked. Her appetite never went back to normal after she started the treatment. Indeed, she only seemed to get hungrier as the weeks went on. She was wearing H-cup bras now, and when her arm bumped her left boob on its way back to the bag of snacks, a dull ache formed between her legs. She missed Bobby, but even more than that, she missed being touched. She could take care of business herself and did so on an almost daily basis, but it just wasn't the same. For all his anxiety over her diet and constantly growing breasts, Bobby had worshipped her body in a way that took his touches to another level. Maybe she should try going to more places than just The Board Room and monthly game nights; there had to be other guys out there who could appreciate a nerdy girl with "tassive mits."

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Sweat dripped down Bobby's forehead as he made his way from the lab back to his apartment. He'd taken the bus for the first week or so of the internship, but going from his air-conditioned apartment to an air-conditioned bus to the air-conditioned lab made him go a little stir-crazy. Unfortunately, he was now debating the wisdom of commuting on foot in the Maryland humidity. He'd found a new gym in town that wasn't bad; indeed, some of their equipment was newer than what they had at his home gym. Once Bobby signed up for a month-to-month membership, he found himself at the gym every day, even on the weekends. With no friends in town aside from his "coworkers" at the lab, he had little to do when he was home except play video games and think about Cathy. He'd even pulled up her Ioujube channel once; the sight of his former girlfriend, shirt stretched tight across a pair of melons he wouldn't get to touch for another six months—if ever—got him so worked up he rushed to the gym for the second time that day. And he still had to take matters into his own hands during his post-workout shower.

As he walked, Bobby tried to think about anything but her. He'd processed a big batch of blood tests that day, and he ran through the terms and definitions he'd memorized for his cardiology class the previous semester.

*Anticoagulants help prevent blood clots in the arteries. ACE inhibitors reduce blood pressure. Beta blockers slow the heart rate, also reducing blood pressure.*

Reciting definitions in his mind made Bobby start thinking about parts of the human body. This led inevitably to the digestive system, fat storage, and glands. Then, of course, he was thinking about Cathy again and those beautiful, firm, pliable, perfect, and ever-growing tits. Bobby stopped in at his apartment just long enough to grab his workout bag, then headed for the gym.

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"Hey Cathy, do we have any more of those *Lorcana* starter sets?" Cathy was so lost in thought she didn't hear Mike's question. She'd gone to the outlets on her lunch break to get measured again and was now wearing an I-cup bra. The weather was still a little warm, but she'd worn a hoodie to work anyway. It didn't do much to hide her shape, but a tee shirt alone left her far too exposed for The Board Room's clientele. With a wry grimace, Cathy realized the joke scenario she'd teased Bobby with wasn't that far from the actual truth. Hoodie or no, the feel of her new bra—her new, huge bra—made Cathy's breasts ache to be touched, even if only by her own hands.

"Cathy?"

"Sorry, Mike. Yeah, they should be on shelf 17 by the other CCGs.\*

A young man approached the counter with a copy of *Clank*, and Cathy recognized him. Joseph, a guy she'd had a crush on in high school but never had the nerve to ask out.

Smothering the nerves that made her feel like an immature child, she asked, "This all for you today?"

"Yep!"

She'd never seen him this close-up before. He wasn't as tall or as fit as Bobby, but he had good facial features and a strong jawline.

"Do you have a points account with us?" He gave Cathy his number, and she pulled up his account, pretending she didn't know his name. "Joseph?"

"Joey, yeah. "

"Looks like you have a five-dollar credit. Did you want to go ahead and use that today?"

"Sure."

Cathy applied the credit and gave Joey his new total, running the charge on his debit card. When she handed him his receipt, he asked, "Have we met before?"

Cathy's retail mask cracked, and she said, "I think we both went to North."

Joey's face lit with recognition. "Yeah, that's it! Did you have third-period English with Mrs. Brooks?"

She nodded.

"This is probably inappropriate, but could I take you out sometime?"

Cathy's first instinct was to apologize and tell him she had a boyfriend until she remembered she was single again. Still trying to hide the flock of butterflies in her stomach, she asked, "What did you have in mind?"

Joey put on a confident grin that was almost a smirk. "Dinner and a movie?"

"That sounds like fun."

"Awesome. I'll pick the restaurant if you wanna pick the movie."

"How about Joe's, and I'll let you pick the movie? "

Joey seemed to appreciate her confidence. "Heh, sure. Meet at seven on Friday?"

"Make it six."

Bobby finished his last set of reps and made his way to the cardio machines. Sweating and straining his muscles never failed to clear his mind, but now it was cool-down time. One of the treadmills was open, so he took a swig from his water bottle and stepped onto the machine. After a mile of running and another at a light jog, he tapped the controls down to a brisk walk. The pace was slow enough that he pulled out his phone to see if he had any messages. He didn't, so he tapped over to the browser to take his turn in a game of *Dice Forge* he had going with some of the folks he'd met at game nights.

A feminine voice drew Bobby's attention. "Oh my gosh, is that Board Game Arena?"

Bobby glanced to his side, where a cute brunette was using the adjacent machine. "Yeah."

"I've never met anyone in real life who uses that app. What are you playing?"

"*Dice Forge*," Bobby said, "I'm getting my ass handed to me."

"I think I tried that one. It's a lot of luck, isn't it?"

"I guess, though my friend Chris wins more than anyone."

The girl laughed, her light and melodic voice ringing over the early-aughts rock pumping through the gym. "I'm Chrissy."

"Bobby." He gave her a surreptitious once-over. Chrissy was covered from shoulders to ankles in skin-tight lycra so he could see every dip and curve. She had the slightest swell to her middle and fairly sizeable hips. Before dating Cathy, he would have said she had big boobs, but they were only as big as large apples, barely half Cathy's size, as of her most recent YouTube video.

They chatted about games for a few minutes, then Bobby's treadmill beeped, the belt slowing to a stop. He said, "Well, that's me. Nice meeting you; enjoy your evening."

"Thanks!" Chrissy said with a grin. "You too, Bobby!"

Bobby couldn't help smiling to himself as he walked to the showers. He wasn't sure if anything would happen between himself and Chrissy, but it was always nice to have a gym buddy.

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Cathy's date with Joey was going very well, even better than she'd dared to hope. In high school, she'd assumed he was a typical normie, only interested in sports and network sitcoms. That didn't stop her from crushing on him pretty hard back then, but knowing he liked games made their conversation effortless. He hadn't reacted at all when she ordered a double cheeseburger and even suggested she get loaded fries as her side instead of regular ones.

But her plate was bare, and she couldn't stop her eyes from darting to Joey's uneaten waffle fries as she spoke. "... it has problems with AP, but I really like it."

"AP?"

"Sorry. Analysis paralysis. You know, when there are so many choices, people get overwhelmed, and their turns take forever."

"Oh, sure." Joey pushed his plate closer to Cathy's side of the table. She raised a questioning eyebrow.

Instead of making a snide remark about how she kept staring at his fries, Joey's mouth quirked into a sardonic grin. He said simply, "You've got ketchup left."

Cathy resisted the urge to eat all the leftover fries, only snacking on them as they chatted. Eventually, Joey waved their server down and asked for the check. "We should head over pretty soon."

She'd been so caught up in the conversation she'd forgotten all about the movie. "What are we seeing?"

Joey grinned again. "I hope you like Mel Brooks."

"Depends on which one."

"Have you ever seen *Men in Tights*?"

Cathy laughed. "Only at *renn faires*."

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It had only taken three weeks of running into Chrissy at the gym for her to ask Bobby if he was doing anything later. After a few drinks at the bar, she invited him back to her place on the pretense of showing him her board game collection. Her game shelf would have been impressive to Bobby before he met Cathy, but with Chrissy's tongue in his mouth and her hand on his cock, he couldn't have cared less.

When it was over, they lay together in her bed for a while. With post-coital clarity, Bobby was thoroughly dissatisfied with the encounter. Aside from board games and the gym, he and Chrissy had very little in common. Their conversation had been easy enough, but when she got into reality shows and romance novels, Bobby had nothing to add. Likewise, if he brought up sports or medicine. There just wasn't anything deeper that he could see. Which was fine. His relationship with Cathy had started out casual.

Eventually, Bobby realized Chrissy hadn't invited him to stay. He pushed the sheets off and climbed out of her bed, and she didn't try to stop him.

"That was great," She murmured.

"You were pretty great yourself."

Bobby walked back to his apartment alone, wondering what was wrong with him.