



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

<https://linktr.ee/spartacuswrites>

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

---

Game Girl

## VI

A jaunty tune playing from Bobby's laptop made him jump up from his hotel bed to answer the call. Cathy's beautiful face filled the call window, ending just at her clavicle. He was surprised to find he wasn't more disappointed not to see any cleavage.

"Hey!" She said.

"Hey, how's it going?"

"Pretty good." Her eyes traveled around the room behind him. "Where are you?"

"At a hotel. Didn't I tell you they sent us to a medical convention this weekend?"

"Oh, right. How is it?"

"It was a little overwhelming at first, but it's been really cool to meet so many professionals. Before the internship, everyone I talked about this stuff with was another student or a professor."

"That sounds like fun. I bet you're doing a lot of networking."

"For sure. What's new with you?"

Cathy hesitated a moment, then said, "I told you I started my YouTube channel back up?"

Bobby nodded. "I watched some of them, but..."

"But?"

Bobby sighed, wishing he'd simply lied to her. "Honestly, it was too hard to keep watching."

Cathy's face melted into concern. "Bobby..."

Her pitying tone was almost too much. Bobby put on a wide smile. "It's fine, I'm fine. It was just weird, you know?"

"Sure."

"I... uh, I met someone, actually."

Her eyes widened. "Oh, yeah?"

"Well, I met her yesterday, so I don't know if it's going anywhere. I think you'd like her, though; she's a lot like you, nerdy and stuff."

Cathy chuckled, the motion giving Bobby the briefest glimpse of her chest as it bounced upward.

"That's really great, Bobby. I'm happy for you, and I hope it works out."

She hesitated again, looking at something off-camera. "I guess I should tell you... I met someone, too."

The spark of pain through Bobby's heart didn't hurt as much as he expected. Deep down, he'd known it was highly unlikely that a woman like Cathy would stay single for long. Still, his voice caught when he said, "That's great; I hope he's a good guy."

"He is, he really is."

"That's good. I'd hate to have to beat his ass." Bobby said, putting more redneck twang in his voice than an arena country singer.

Cathy laughed again, and Bobby couldn't stop himself from grinning in response.

"Oh hey, guess what?" She said.

"What?"

"I'm failing the pencil test now."

"What? Really?"

Cathy leaned back in her chair. He couldn't see her hands out of the video frame, but it looked like she was crossing her arms under her breasts. Twin mounds of full, perfect skin rose into view. She said, "I can keep one in there if I really jam it in, but if I try to walk or fit a second one in, they fall out. I doubt there are too many I-cup girls out there who still fail the test; this treatment is like magic."

Bobby resisted the urge to say higher duct density and stronger Cooper's ligaments weren't magic. "I bet your channel's doing really well," he said with a smirk.

"You're not wrong; I get a lot more engagement when I wear tank tops. I'm sure it's just people who appreciate how well I explain games."

"I'm sure," Bobby said, his tone only slightly sarcastic.

"Speaking of which, I should probably go. I've got a ton of editing to get through tonight."

"Alright, have a good night."

"Thanks, you too!"

As Bobby was closing his laptop, he heard a soft knock on the door to his hotel room. Peering through the peephole, he saw a blonde head behind an expanse of cleavage even deeper than Cathy's.

\*\*\*

Cathy stood at her table in front of the camera, gesturing at cards she couldn't see spread out beneath her unnaturally firm cleavage.

*"Mountain Goats is a game for two to four players. The goal of the game is to win, and you win—"*

"By earning the most points," Joey said from where he sat on her bed, reading a comic book.

"Hey, come on," Cathy whined. "I said you could stay in here if you didn't talk."

"I know, I know. But you say that in every video."

Cathy balled her hands into fists on her hips. "Have you been watching my videos?"

"Of course," Joey shrugged, "How do you think I figured out where you worked to come ask you out?"

"Stalker."

"Anyway, what's with the points thing? Isn't the goal of every game to get the most points?"

"Not always!" Cathy stomped one foot, the wobbling that ensued, causing Joey's eyes to drift downward. "Some are co-op, like *Pandemic*, where you're trying to survive as a group. There aren't any points in that."

Joey shrugged again. "Fair enough."

"Wait," Cathy said, reaching for her laptop to pause the recording, "Did you really track me down after finding my YouTube account?"

He nodded, not even bothering to look ashamed.

"Why did you never try asking me out when we were in school? I had kind of a crush on you."

Joey's eyebrows shot up. "Oh, really?"

"Shut up."

"Well," He began slowly, "You're, uh, prettier than you were back then."

"That's a hell of a thing to say!" Cathy stalked across the bedroom to stand over him. "I was such a dog in high school you didn't even notice me?"

"Yes. I mean—no!" Joey closed both eyes and pinched his nose. "Yes, I didn't notice you, but no, you weren't unattractive. I was just really focused on class. I was close to failing most of Senior year; I didn't have time to get distracted."

Cathy wasn't sure she was buying his story. "It's these, isn't it?" She asked, grabbing a breast in each hand. Shirt-clad flesh oozed between her fingers. Her hands on them made her boobs look even bigger, like a pro basketball player palming a ball. "You weren't interested until you saw these."

Joey's eyes were now firmly locked on her chest. Without looking up, he said, "Not gonna lie, they definitely helped."

He looked up finally, seeing an icy inferno in Cathy's eyes. Taking a dramatic gulp, he added, "Not that, uh, the rest of you isn't also great."

Cathy's glare softened, and she climbed onto the bed. "Go on..."

"I mean, you're beautiful, smart, funny..."

Cathy walked on her knees until she was straddling his legs.

"Witty, thoughtful..."

She grabbed the comic book and tossed it to the floor.

"Hey! Don't crease the pages—"

Cathy cut him off mid-sentence with her lips on his mouth and her tits crushing his chest.

\*\*\*

Bobby rolled onto his back, gulping air as his pulse gradually settled. Samantha was certainly... energetic for a woman her size.

"You're amazing..." He breathed.

The hotel mattress shook as she rolled onto her side, one heavy breast slumping on top of the other as both brushed his arm. "Thanks, you're not too bad yourself."

Bobby hadn't expected to meet anyone at this conference. Well, aside from normal networking. He definitely hadn't expected to find a woman twice Cathy's size in the hotel fitness center. Entirely unlike his encounter with Chrissy, he found himself in no hurry to leave Sam's company.

He glanced at the clock radio on the hotel nightstand. "You hungry?"

Sam grinned. "I could eat."

"I don't really know the area, but I heard some people talking about a ramen place a few blocks away."

"Hmm... I was going to suggest DoorDash, but now you've got me thinking about noodles, and they'll definitely be better fresh."

Sam rolled onto her back and sat up. Bobby watched her breasts flop down, resting on her legs for half a second until she arched her back and twisted out some kinks. She caught him staring. "I don't mind you enjoying the show, but you'll have to get dressed at some point."

"Sorry."

She climbed out of bed with surprising ease, and Bobby couldn't stop himself from enjoying the sight of her bare backside for a moment before getting up himself. While he dressed, he snuck peeks as Sam slid her panties on and fastened her skirt. Her breasts were so full and fat; they moved so differently from Cathy's...

Bobby pushed the thought away. Thinking about Cathy still put a hollow feeling in his chest. Whatever was happening with Sam might not last, but he'd definitely fuck it up if he kept pining for his ex.

"Did you see where my bra went?" Sam asked.

"I think you tossed it on my side." Bobby checked the floor by the bed and found the flesh-tone, lightly padded undergarment. Its straps were wider than his thumb, and when he picked it up by one end, it reached halfway to the floor. The tag fell over as he handed it to Sam, giving him just enough time to read the size printed there.

36 O.

His mind reeled. Sam was... *I, J, K...* Six sizes bigger than Cathy? He'd been stressing out about Cathy's eating habits, worried about how big her breasts were getting, but now, this? What did it mean? Was he some kind of boob-obsessed freak? Had being with Cathy really changed him *that* much?

Bobby spiraled until motion caught his eye. Sam was waving her hand at him to get his attention. "Hello...?"

"Oh, sorry."

"Dude, where'd you go?" She asked.

"It's, um, complicated."

Sam shrugged. "Fair enough. You good? Ready to go?"

Bobby finished buttoning his shirt and nodded. "Yeah, let's go."

\*\*\*

Cathy buttoned her shirt back up and checked her hair and fit in the video preview. Joey, she noticed with a hint of smugness, hadn't recovered enough to go looking for his comic. While she was still lining up the game components and getting ready to resume her recording, a silent notification popped up in the corner of her screen.

"Oh my god..."

Joey sat up in her bed. "What's wrong, Babe?"

"One of my videos got deleted," Cathy said, stepping back from her table and staring down at it.

"What, why?"

"Violating 'Terms of Service,' of course... the most cop-out reason ever."

"What does that mean?"

She met his eyes, then started pacing. "It means I broke a rule. Or I got reported enough that they *assume* I broke a rule and just took it down."

Joey shifted his legs under him until he was sitting up completely. "Which one was it?"

"The 'learn to play' for *Odin*."

"Oh, I remember that one; I watched it a couple times..."

It was a sign of Cathy's agitation that Joey's implication that he'd pleased himself to her videos didn't even register. "I mean, I had a lower top in that one—I remember when I was editing it, I wished I'd worn something that fit a little better—but it's not like it was porn!"

Cathy stomped back and forth across the room. "Video game streamers show cleavage all the time! It's blatant discrimination for them to block my video just because I have big boobs."

"Huge," Joey noted.

"I mean, I get that that's not why. But that has to be why it got reported! A bunch of Karen moms, afraid their fragile little sons might learn that women have breasts!"

Joey rose slowly from the bed.

"Hell, why would their sons be watching *my* videos when they could just go on pornhub or Tumblr?"

"Didn't Tumblr ban all their porn?"

"For fuck's sake, they could open TikTok and see a hundred girls showing more and doing more than I do."

"Babe...?"



"My videos aren't *porn* just because I have big boobs! My videos are informative! They're *educational*!"

"Cathy!"

"What!?" She stopped, coming to herself. "I... I..."

Joey's arms were around her then, smoothing her hair. She half-expected him to start rocking them or making soft shushing noises. She buried her face in his neck, mumbling, "Sorry..."

"You've got nothing to be sorry for. It's not your fault people are shitty."

She would not cry.

"Thanks."

He said, "This might not be the right time, but I have an idea, a suggestion?"

She stepped out of Joey's arms, eyeing him quizzically. He gave her a sheepish grin and shrugged. "What if you just... lean into it?"