



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

VII

"Hi everyone! Welcome to my first-ever members-only video!"

Cathy stood at her usual table, with her usual cameras and lights, but she wasn't wearing her usual clothes. The camera only showed her from the waist up, so she had lounge pants on. What the viewers saw, however, was a baby blue tank top that clung to her K-cup breasts, showing off acres of pale, freckled cleavage. Cathy's hair was in a ponytail, and she wore a mask covering everything but her eyes.

"Today, we're going to talk about a game called *Odin*. Don't get this confused with *A Feast for Odin*, which is a medium to heavy-weight strategy game by Uwe Rosenberg. *Odin* is a lightweight card game for two to six players. It has elements of a trick-taking game but with a few twists..."

Cathy paused her editing software and spared a look over her shoulder. Joey was on his phone. Ostensibly ignoring her, but she knew better. "I don't think I can post this."

He looked up. "What? Why not?"

"It's practically softcore porn, Joey. I'm not some kind of e-girl. Who's going to pay money to watch a faceless girl review and teach board games?"

"Babe," Joey said calmly, "you haven't posted a thing yet, and you already have over a hundred subscribers. I think it's fair to say there's a market for your... niche."

Cathy sighed. "I guess... but it's so embarrassing. What if someone recognizes me?"

Joey got up from the bed and walked up behind her, pressing his strong thumbs into the knots in her shoulders. Ever since her breasts started growing again, Cathy's back and shoulders ached almost constantly. The gentle pain of Joey's massage made her lean into the back of her chair, her stress already beginning to melt away. She might have stayed with Joey for his shoulder massages alone.

"It's totally up to you," Joey said, "but I don't think you have anything to worry about. You have the mask, so no one will recognize your face. And it's not like you advertised on your old channel or anything; it'll be fine."

He was right, of course. Cathy had created all new social media accounts to advertise her subscribers-only page. The photos she used didn't show her face at all. "Maybe you're right..."

Cathy's eyes had drifted closed, but she could hear his grin when he said, "Of course, I'm right."

She tried to scowl, but Joey's rolling thumbs pressed harder, and she let out a satisfied moan instead. "Hmmm, lower..."

Joey's hands slipped down to her breasts, where a different kind of massage started. That hadn't been what she meant, but Cathy said nothing.

Bobby mumbled along with the lyrics of whatever pop song played on his car stereo. When he found out Sam lived closer to his college town than the medical lab in Maryland, he'd assumed their little "situationship" would be a weekend of fun and nothing more. But they'd kept in touch over the past few

months, and now that he was back, it was barely an hour's drive for one of them to go see the other. This weekend was his turn to make the drive, and Bobby found it difficult to contain his excitement. Cathy had her new boyfriend, of course, and Bobby really liked Joey. He was a little goofy, but so was she—they were a pretty perfect match. *Kind of like me and Sam?* Bobby wondered.

He sometimes thought of their relationship as a slow burn. It was nothing like the near-daily, almost cohabiting thing he'd had with Cathy. But there'd been nothing slow about their first meeting. Or that first night. Or every spare moment until the conference ended and she had to go back home. The simple fact that they'd been able to keep the embers of that first weekend's blaze glowing with nothing but texts and video calls seemed proof enough that their relationship had more staying power than he'd had with Cathy. Not that he harbored any animosity toward Cathy or any hard feelings against Joey. They were great together. Ever since Sam lost her job contracting with NASA, her work had been fully remote. She'd been looking at apartments closer to him; maybe all four of them could hang out when she moved to town.

After a hearty meal—Sam lacked the voracious appetite Cathy had after she went on the hormone treatment but was far from shy at the dinner table—they shared several rounds of enthusiastic love-making. Bobby found himself living for the feeling of Sam's heavy breasts weighing down on him, crushing his chest and smothering him until he felt he might pass out from pleasure.

As they cuddled in the afterglow, Sam used his arm as a pillow, her weighty tits still resting on his chest. She said, "Did I tell you about the new girl I found?"

For some reason, Sam was obsessed with sexy girls online. It had been an awkward conversation when Bobby found out, but now it was just another thing they chatted about. Bobby had far more interest in real women than virtual ones, but Sam's appreciation and interest seemed to be more aesthetic than sexual.

"The one who shakes her tits whenever she walks?" He asked.

"Oh, Deedee? That was like two months ago, dude. Try to keep up."

Bobby gave Sam's fat nipple a gentle squeeze. "Such a perv..."

Sam squeaked in surprise before letting out a pleased moan. "I think you'll especially like this one. She talks about those nerdy games you're into."

Bobby felt a chill as if someone had walked over his grave. It couldn't be... Attempting a casual air, he said, "Oh?"

Sam rolled off of him, reaching for her phone.

"There's just a little bit of this left," Joey said, "want to finish it up?"

Cathy felt like she'd been eating for hours, but she nodded. Her appetite never went back to where it'd been before she started the hormone therapy, but she'd come to terms with it. She tried a few fad diets and some more reasonable ones, but being hungry all the time made her feel like shit. Besides, Joey was a surprisingly good cook.

"Not that I'm complaining," she said as she twirled fettucini onto her fork, sliding it along the plate to get as much white sauce on the bite as she could, "but why did you make so much?"

Joey paused, his brow twitching. Clearly, an intense debate was going on in that head of his.

"Out with it," Cathy demanded.

"Well, I just, um, I don't want you to go hungry."

Cathy gave him a flat stare. "I'm not exactly wasting away over here." She waved her empty fork at her massive tits for emphasis.

Joey's cheeks reddened. "I mean, you were so miserable when you were doing keto..."

She was making him uncomfortable. The worst part about being on that diet was how mean she'd been to everyone around her, especially Joey. It'd been even worse than those first few weeks on the hormones. "Sorry, I get it. I know I get crabby when I'm hungry, and I was a complete bitch while I was dieting."

"Not the word I would have used."

Cathy barked a laugh. "Because you're not a complete asshole. Anyway, I appreciate it. This is really good." She forked another bite.

Joey shrugged. "It's just sauce from a jar."

"Still."

"Well, thanks. I've still got a lot to learn, but having someone to cook for makes it worth the effort."

Cathy hummed in agreement through her mouthful of pasta.

"And if more food makes you even sexier," he said with a smirk, "I'll cook for you anytime you want."

She had to swallow her bite to keep from choking with laughter. "You're such a perv!"

He leaned over to peck a kiss on her cheek. "Only for you, babe. Only for you."

Cathy's phone buzzed on the table beside her. It was a message from Bobby.

{Lunch at Joe's tomorrow?}

Butterflies did an Irish jig in Cathy's stomach as Joey held the door for her to walk into the sports bar. Bobby's message had seemed innocent enough, but it wasn't really like him. Would things be weird now that they were both seeing other people? For that

matter, how weird would it be for those other people to meet their partners' respective exes? Bobby had seemed reluctant for Sam and Joey to join them, but he hadn't insisted on meeting in private.

Seeming to sense her apprehension, Joey put a hand on her back, gently shifting his touch up and down. Maybe it was nothing; maybe she was building things up too much in her head. They were just meeting for lunch, after all. They'd done it plenty of times when they were dating. She spotted Bobby sitting at an open table and was grateful he hadn't opted for a booth. She could still fit in a booth, of course, but sitting so close to the table made eating awkward. He was considerate like that. But when she saw his new girlfriend, Cathy wondered if that consideration was for her.

Sam was even bigger than her. If they'd been in a dinette, she'd have to rest her boobs on the table! Her chest wasn't unnaturally firm like Cathy's, and she was thicker all around, looking more properly proportioned, but Cathy couldn't help but stare. She was broken from her reverie when they both stood.

Bobby pulled her into a brief hug, and Sam shook her hand. They made introductions all around and sat, Cathy across from Bobby and Joey across from Sam. After the server took their drink orders, Sam whispered, "I have to ask; is it really you?"

"Sorry?"

Sam's voice got even lower. "Are you really *Epic Chest Games*?"

Cold panic shot through Cathy. "W-what?"

Sam put a hand on her arm. "Don't worry, your secret's safe with me. I'm a huge fan."

Cathy looked across the table at Bobby. "How did you find out?"

"It was me, actually," Sam said, face slightly flushed. "I'm always looking for new egirls, and everyone's talking about you on Reddit."

"They are?"

"For sure! Everybody else is doing roleplays or video game streams if they do anything other than lipsyncs and TikTok dances, but you're actually creating interesting content."

“Um... thanks.”

Joey said, “So, you’re a fellow big-boob enjoyer?”

Cathy swatted him with the back of her hand.

“What? I just want her to know she’s among friends. It must be nice to also have your own to appreciate.”

“Jesus, Joey...”

“I mean, he’s not wrong,” Bobby said.

“Don’t encourage him.”

“Do you... not like yours?” Sam asked.

“Well, I didn’t always,” Cathy said. This conversation was getting entirely too personal for a first meeting. “I guess they’ve grown on me.”

“I’ll say,” Joey quipped.

Cathy smacked him again, but Bobby grinned as his hand met Sam’s. A fraction of the tension in Cathy’s shoulders eased. To Bobby, she asked, “You’re not upset?”

His eyebrows rose. “Why would I be upset? It’s your life, and I always thought your videos were really good. If they’re too spicy for YouTube, that’s their loss. Based on your sub counts, it’s going really well.”

“I guess...”

“She’s being modest,” Joey said. “We should hit 1K subs in a few weeks.”

“That’s amazing,” Sam said.

“It really is,” Bobby added. “I’m happy for you.”

Their server returned with drinks. “Are you all ready to order?”

The quartet shared glances; none of them had even looked at their menus.

“I can come back.”

“Actually,” Bobby said, “Can we get an order of dill chips?”

"Of course."

Joey looked up from his menu, adding, "Also, the mozzarella sticks and Mofo fries? And spinach artichoke dip?"

The server smiled. "I'll go put those in and give y'all a few minutes."

Cathy raised an eyebrow at Joey after their server left.

"What? We can't let our growing girls go hungry."

Bobby made a wry smile, but Sam laughed. "I like this one. Nice work, Cath."