

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, Stuffing*

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## Game Girl

### IX

Bobby found a site close to the bathrooms and water hydrant. Joey and Cathy arrived first, so they set up their tent together. She felt invigorated to be out in the woods again. The last breaths of Spring chill were in the air, keeping the temps in the mid-sixties. Dappled sunlight filtered through the canopy of trees, squirrels chirped, birds twittered above, and she could smell traces of wood smoke in the air. All her stress and anxiety melted away as she helped Joey roll out the tent and connect the poles.

By the time they got to the stakes, however, Cathy was already getting frustrated. She tried bending at the waist to reach them, but the posture made her lower back ache—it got enough of a workout from just standing and walking. It also made her bra pinch at her shoulders as her N-cup breasts hung down at an awkward angle. She squatted but kept losing her balance, trying to hold the stake with one hand and swing the back of a hatchet with the other. She also couldn't find the right angle. If she faced the stake spot directly, her arms kept squeezing her boobs together so she couldn't see. If she turned to the side, one arm had to reach across her middle, throwing her off balance. After she landed on her rump for the third time, Cathy dropped the hatchet in frustration.

"I'm gonna set up the chairs and table. I need to sit down."

Joey's head popped up from the other side of the tent. "Looks like you are sitting down."

Cathy glared at him, and his smirk vanished. "Good idea, babe. I can handle these stakes."

She brushed herself off and pulled two bag chairs from the back of Joey's car. If they did more of this, it might be worth investing in some nicer camp chairs. At the moment, though, Cathy wasn't even sure *this* trip would be worth the hassle. A simple hike wasn't nearly as much work, even if it was more of a *workout*. Slid beside their bags was a small folding table, essential for meal prep, keeping things out of the dirt, and, of course, playing games. She'd packed her game night backpack with her favorites that played best with four. The lighter ones, anyway. *Dice Forge*, *Nexus Ops*, and *Pandemic* were all great, but they were big and heavy, and needed a lot of table space. She'd brought *Sushi Go*, *Love Letter*, and a travel-size version of *Azul*. They were some of Bobby's favorites, but Cathy was most excited to introduce Sam to *The Crew*. The four of them were starting to hang out more and more often, and Cathy was itching to get a long-running game going again. D&D took too much work, but a simple card game felt like a good entry point to test the waters.

Cathy was snapping the legs to the rolled-out slats of the portable table when the crunch of gravel under tires signaled the rest of their party's arrival. She stood to knuckle the muscles of her lower back and almost got bowled over by Sam. The woman moved surprisingly fast for her size.

"Breastie!"

Sam was definitely a hugger. Not that Cathy minded—they were always great hugs. Her few extra inches of height were offset by Sam's softer chest, making a "boob sandwich" as they embraced. It wasn't gratifying in the same way hugging or spooning Joey—or, once upon a time, Bobby—was, tender and hungry, with a possessive, smoldering desire that made her weak just thinking about it. In the arms of her partner, she felt safe, protected, in a primal, instinctive way that her modern sensibility couldn't fight. But with Sam, she felt loved and appreciated in a different way. Sam's body was soft and warm, pressing into her entire front. Apart from their boobs, which were an unavoidable point of contact in any embrace, she felt Sam's soft tummy against her own flat, if no longer firm, one. Her soft arms wrapped around her, hands pressing into her back as if the bigger woman was trying to squeeze Cathy's body into her own. Even her soft thighs pressed against hers as Sam leaned back, almost lifting Cathy from her feet. She could see why Bobby was so smitten with her. Beyond her personality—comfortable and easy, making every situation more enjoyable by her mere presence—Sam was an object of pure id, desirable and desiring all at once.

"H-hey, Sam," she wheezed.

"This is gonna be so great; I haven't been camping since I was a kid."

Sam finally released her, and she could see Bobby over his girlfriend's shoulder, smiling wryly as he opened the back of his car. He seemed prepared to do all the setup himself.

Joey jogged up. "Need some help, bro? Sooner we get the work part done, the sooner we can get to burning shit."

"Not actual shit, though, please," Sam said.

Cathy grimaced. "God, that would smell so bad."

"It would," Bobby agreed. "Though I don't think that's what he meant."

"Thanks for explaining the joke, dude."

"Alright," Sam said. "You boys get those tents set up. Cath and I will unload the cooler."

Cathy winced at the thought of more physical exertion but was pretty sure she'd have an easier time hefting one side of the cooler than reaching the stakes and poles of another tent.

Less than an hour later, the tents were up, and Joey was making a fire while Bobby "supervised."

"I don't think you'll get enough air that way."

"It'll be fine; trust me."

"Are you some kinda Boy Scout or something?"

Joey grinned impishly. "I've seen this on YouTube so many times; you don't even know."

Bobby rolled his eyes and glanced at Cathy. She and Sam were lounging in camp chairs. The older girl was cracking open her second beer; Cathy had a seltzer, non-alcoholic. He asked, "Who's up for a short hike? I saw trail signs just before this site loop."

"It's gonna be dark in like an hour, babe," Sam said.

Cathy felt exhausted from the small effort of setting up camp, more from rarely-used muscles than anything else. "How about after breakfast tomorrow? I brought games..."

"Man," Sam said. "I still can't believe I get to play games with the famous YouTuber with legendary tits."

"*Epic Chest*," Joey corrected. "And she's too sexy for YouTube, remember?"

Cathy's cheeks blazed, and she stared at her lap. That, of course, gave her an eyeful of the chest in question, filling out her tee shirt, spreading the sides of her zip-up hoodie under her arms. She'd confirmed the sweatshirt *could* zip up over them, but it was more than a little tight.

"Oh, I know," Sam said. "I just upgraded my subscription tier last week."

Cathy felt even more self-conscious, mumbling a soft, "Thanks."

Blessedly, Bobby saved her from their teasing. "So, what games did you bring?"

"This one's co-op, but kind of like *Euchre*..."

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Bobby was proud of Sam for coming on the hike with them, even though he could tell she'd rather have stayed at camp. What impressed him even more was Cathy. Having that home gym must have really made a difference.

Despite outweighing him by at least fifteen pounds and half a head shorter, she set a pace that had Joey puffing and Sam grumbling. Just as Bobby was about to suggest they slow down a bit, they reached the clearing at the bluff.

He suddenly realized it was almost identical to the spot where he and Cathy met two years earlier. Reminiscing about their little meet-cute with their new partners seemed pretty tactless, so he kept the observation to himself.

Cathy stood a little too close to the bluff's edge for comfort. Bobby couldn't help but picture those heavy breasts projecting from her frame tipping her over, sending her all the way down into the valley below. As if reading his mind, Joey stepped up behind her, wrapping his hands around her waist and drawing her back a few steps. He rested his chin on her shoulder, gazing out over the valley and the lake below.

"That's quite a sight."

Cathy murmured in agreement, tilting her head to rest against Joey's. "Bobby and I met at a spot like this."

"Same lake but like thirty miles from here," Bobby said.

He felt Sam's fingers lace between his as her soft body pressed into his side. "That's kinda sweet."

"She probably thought I was some kind of predator..."

Sam bumped him with her hip. "A pretty girl all alone in the woods running into a creepy guy? I don't blame her."

"Hey, I'm not creepy!"

"Every guy looks creepy when you're all alone with perfect boobs to protect."

Cathy mumbled, "They were a lot smaller back then..."

Joey nuzzled her hair and gave her chest a quick squeeze. "They were still perfect, though."

"Perfect small or perfect huge," Sam said. "Still perfect."

The direction of this conversation was making Bobby increasingly uncomfortable, and one glance at Cathy confirmed she shared his feeling. "Anyway," He squeezed Sam's hand. "I said the view would be worth it, didn't I?"

"You did, and it is. Thanks for dragging me up here."

"Now *you're* making me sound like a creep!"

"I'd definitely choose the bear."

Cathy barked a laugh. "That's what I told him back then!"

Bobby scowled, but softened when Sam wrapped an arm around him. "We should do this more often."

"What, hiking?"

"Well, the hiking's fine, but camping, hanging out, all of it."

"I'm always down to play with fire," Joey grinned. "Wait till you guys see what I have planned for dinner."

Cathy's face scrunched in what Bobby recognized was her hungry face. "Should we start heading back?"

"I'm ready to sit," Sam said.

Bobby took one more look out over the valley, then the four of them started down the trail, both couples holding hands.

When they were back around the fire, Joey scooped up the last of dinner onto the girls' plates, making Cathy and Sam's third helpings. He and Bobby had each eaten one plateful. It was a hearty dish of egg noodles with cabbage and bacon Joey called *Halushki*.

"This is really good, Joe," Sam said. "Where'd you learn to make it?"

"On YouTube," he said. "I've been getting really into cooking lately."

"Gee, I wonder why..."

Cathy scowled at Sam, who laughed softly in response.

Bobby cleared off the table and got *The Crew* cards out of the box, shuffling the deck. After setting her bowl on the ground, Cathy looked thoughtful for several moments, then said, "So..."

The other three all looked at her, and she hesitated before continuing. "I want to go on a long hike."

"What, like, a whole weekend hiking camp like we talked about before?" Bobby asked.

"Sort of. I want to hike the Appalachian Trail."

The cards stopped moving in Bobby's hands.

Joey asked, "Doesn't that take months?"

"Speaking of bears..." Sam added.

Cathy stared down at her hands. "I've been thinking about it a long time. My friend did it before college and said I could borrow her gear. It's too late now to do the whole thing, but I'd like to try part of it. Maybe just the Kentucky and Virginia part."

Bobby didn't want to say it, but blessedly, Sam did. "Are you sure you're up for that? I'm exhausted after today, and we only hiked like two miles."

"I've been working really hard," Cathy protested. "I think I can do it."

"Are you sure you don't want to wait until next year; get started earlier?" Bobby asked.

Cathy mumbled an unintelligible response.

Joey asked, "What was that, babe?"

Her voice was still a whisper as she said, "I'm worried I'll be too big by next year."

"Hot..." Sam breathed.

Bobby slapped her gently on the arm.

Joey took her hand and squeezed. "Well, if you're sure you want to do this, then we'll support you."

"Totally," Sam said.

"One hundred percent," Bobby added. He had a list of concerns and misgivings a mile long, but it wasn't his place to voice them. She wasn't his partner anymore, and she was an adult. As soon as they got home, though, he was going to research through hiking gear. He'd dip into his savings and buy her a satellite phone and GPS gear if he had to.