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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing*

Game Girl

I

Bobby stepped out of the wooded trail to stand on a bluff overlooking Adams Lake. Ordinarily, he preferred to do his workouts indoors, but his trainer kept recommending more cardio, and treadmills bored him to tears. This view was definitely worth the hassle of hiking all the way up here, the rocky bluff dropping steeply into a valley with the vast lake spreading out before him. The hills rose up on the opposite shore, packed thickly with pines, and the water was so still it made an upside-down copy of the trees and sky, lightly distorted by the rippling water.

“Hey.”

The feminine voice startled Bobby, and he almost jumped in surprise. He looked for its source and found a girl about his age with a light brown ponytail and glasses. She was dressed like a typical hiker: khaki cargo shorts, a pale blue athletic tank top, and a flannel tied around her waist. Bobby thought she looked like that *Tomb Raider* character.

He said, “Oh, hey. I didn’t know anyone else was up here.”

Bobby guessed the girl was more of a casual hiker, though he didn’t have much room to talk. Her limbs were thin and lithe, but she didn’t have much muscle definition. She was cute, though, and that tank top showed off some decent curves up top. Not huge, but plenty big enough for her small frame.

“Just me!” She said with a smile. A shadow crossed her face as if she was just realizing the two of them were alone in this remote place. “Um... I have bear spray, in case you’ve got any funny ideas. I’m prepared for both options.”

Bobby took a step back, raising his palms and giving a smile he hoped was disarming. “No funny business here. I was just—wait, both options?”

“You know, ‘I choose the bear?’”

Bobby's confusion must have shown on his face because the girl's eyes lit up, and she let out a soft chuckle. "You seriously don't know that meme? It was all over social media like a few months ago."

He shrugged. "No idea, sorry."

"Basically, someone asked whether, if a woman was alone in the woods, she would rather run into a bear or a random man. Most women chose the bear, and then, of course, a bunch of guys got butthurt about it."

Bobby thought about this for a moment. His ego wanted to be offended at the idea that this girl would rather run into a bear out here than him. But he pushed the thought away. "I mean, that sort of makes sense. You can prepare for a bear encounter, but people are more random."

"See, you get it." She held out a hand. "I'm Cathy."

He shook Cathy's hand. "Bobby. Nice to meet you."

"Have you been here before?"

"First time," he said, "It's quite a view."

Cathy hummed in agreement and looked out over the valley. "I don't get out as often as I'd like, but it's hard to catch the window of nice weather before it gets too hot or too cold."

They sat on the rocks and talked for a while. Cathy graduated high school a year after Bobby but was taking a gap year. Bobby was about to start his second semester of pre-med. She was a self-proclaimed nerd, into comics, anime, and games of nearly every variety. He was a high school athlete, third string on the college team. Before he knew it, a full hour had passed, so they started the long trek back to the trailhead together.

Despite their differences, Bobby found Cathy very easy to talk to. He enjoyed her sense of humor, and he'd been curious about nerdy stuff lately after his roommate showed him some Marvel movies. His roommate also tried to teach him *Magic the Gathering*, but he was quickly overwhelmed by all the rules and mechanics.

As they reached the parking area, Cathy said, "If you're interested in card games, you might like a deck builder."

“What’s that?”

“It’s like a TCG (trading card game), but you don’t have to build your deck ahead of time. Everyone starts with the same cards, and you add to them as part of the game. There’s a Marvel-themed one that’s pretty popular, and it’s co-op.”

“Co... operative?”

“Mmhm, everyone works together to fight off the villain, so it can be a little more laid-back than a dueling game like *Magic*.”

“That sounds cool.”

“I work at The Board Room, just off the square?”

“Oh, I think I know the place. Next to the comic shop?”

“Yeah. You should stop in sometime. We have a library of games to try; I bet you’ll find something you like.”

“I’ll have to check it out.”

Cathy said, “I work ten to six every day except Sunday and Monday.”

“It’s a date.”

Cold panic washed over Bobby as the words slipped out of his mouth, but Cathy’s face held a pleased smile.

True to his word, Bobby visited the game store after work and before going to the gym. The shelves packed with board games were a little overwhelming, but Cathy gave him a full tour, describing the various genres and game types.

“These bigger boxes are mostly ‘eurogames,’ but there’s a few ‘ameritrash,’ of course. They’re all different weights; some are co-op, and these, on the end, are legacy games.”

Bobby’s head spun with Cathy’s stream of unfamiliar terms. It was almost as bad as being in class. But her eyes shone with excitement as she explained. She was so passionate. He felt he could listen to her talk about games all day. Bobby wondered if he should have tried to date a nerdy girl a long time ago rather than the

vapid cheerleader types that made up his list of exes. Sure, half of what Cathy said was going right over his head, but he was slowly picking up the terms of art. It was far more interesting and engaging than listening to his past girlfriends' boring gossip.

"Is legacy the same as campaign?" He asked.

Cathy put a finger over her lips, and the motion of her arm brushing against her boobs briefly drew his eye. "Sort of. You play both kinds over multiple sessions, but campaign games are closer to something like D&D."

"Okay..."

"So, this one is *Pandemic Legacy*. There's an original *Pandemic*, which is a co-op game where you're trying to find the cures for diseases before they spread too much. In the legacy version, each game is one month of the year, and depending on what happens in each game, the board changes. Like a city might get overrun with a disease, and it'll be weaker from that point on."

"Makes sense."

"And this one is *The Crew*. It's a trick-taking game... do you know *Euchre*?"

"I think my grandparents played that."

"Yeah, it's a regular card game. Anyway, this one is a co-op, too, but it's just a series of fifty missions. You go through them all, repeating any you fail, then score based on how many attempts it took to beat them all."

"So, *Pandemic* is a legacy, and *The Crew* is a campaign?"

"Pretty much, yeah. It's kinda fuzzy, though."

Bobby pondered that a moment. "Like, more of a spectrum than a binary?"

Cathy grinned. "Exactly."

They continued the tour. Bobby asked more clarifying questions, partly out of genuine curiosity and partly just to spend more time with this cute, fascinating girl. The games were more expensive than he'd anticipated, and eventually, he couldn't

justify hanging out at the store hanging out with Cathy when she was supposed to be working. Before he left, however, they exchanged numbers, and she invited him to a monthly game night at a restaurant a few blocks away.

Bobby split up the cards in his hand, playing them down in front of him. "I have three recruit points and eight attack points."

"Spendy and stabby," another guy at the table said. Bobby thought his name was Chris or maybe Mike.

"Right."

"We just say that because every game uses different terms, but almost all have a 'buying' currency and a 'fighting' currency."

"Got it. Anyway, that's enough to attack Loki, right?"

"Mmhmm."

"And we win!" The woman beside Chris said. "Nice work, new guy."

"Heh, thanks. Do we score now?"

"It has scoring," Cathy said, "But we don't usually bother with it."

"Yeah," Mike added, "It's more fun to just win or lose together."

Bobby recalled the drama he'd dealt with in high school because guys got too focused on who scored more or spent less time on the bench. They cared more about one-upping their teammates than whether or not they won as a team. "That makes sense," He said, still wondering who got the most points.

As game night was wrapping up and people packed their many-colored boxes into large bags to haul to their cars, Cathy stayed near him. Her games fit into a fairly large backpack, which sat in the booth where they'd played *Legendary*.

"Did you drive?" He asked.

Cathy shook her head. "I live just over near Samuels Park."

"Can I walk you home?" He asked. "You know... in case you run into any bears?"

Cathy grinned with a huff of laughter. "Sure!"

Bobby offered to carry Cathy's backpack of games, which she allowed with a smile. "Lord knows my back gets enough of a workout as it is."

They walked together back to her place, discussing and analyzing the games they played and the people he met. As many of them as Cathy knew, that is. Bobby felt like he learned something new every time he talked with Cathy.

When they got to her place, an old house that had been divided into four apartments, he started to sling her bag off his shoulders, but she put a hand on his chest. Heat tingled through his body, and he met her eyes. Her glasses made them seem even bigger than they already were, deep blue orbs reflecting the sodium streetlights overhead.

"Do... you want to come in?"

Bobby had gotten such offers several times over the years, though never from a woman as clever as Cathy. Usually, it was the ditzy cheerleaders or female athletes with muscles for brains. In truth, a part of him wanted to get his hands on Cathy the day they met, but he didn't think she was a one-night-stand kind of girl. "Are you sure?"

Cathy's sable eyebrows rose a fraction of an inch. "Call this our third date..."

He didn't think showing up at her work counted as a date—or running into her in the woods, for that matter—but he'd be an idiot to say so. Still staring into her knowing eyes, he gently laid his hand over hers. "I'd like that."

Afterward, Cathy snuggled into him, pressing her slim backside against his chest. Bobby wrapped an arm around her, accidentally grabbing a handful of boob before dropping his hand to the mattress.

"I don't mind if you leave it there," She said.

Bobby put his hand back on her breast, gently kneading. They were large enough to fill his hands with a little left over, and he'd spent a good part of their evening together worshipping them. Cathy chuckled softly in his arms, her body shaking against his.

“What?”

“I’m glad you like them,” She whispered. “The last guy I was with thought they were too big.”

“What a moron.”

She laughed again, the round lobe in his hand trying to jiggle out of his grip. After a moment, Cathy’s mirth subsided, and she said, “You can stay if you want, but I’m guessing you need to get back.”

“I should, yeah,” Bobby said, regretting every word, “I have work in the morning.”

“I figured. We’ll have to plan better next time.”

“Next time?” He asked, silently cursing his stupidity.

Cathy rolled over to face him. Without her glasses, her bare face glowed in the darkened apartment. “Of course, next time. What kind of girl do you think I am?”

Bobby had no response to that.

Her flat stare shifted into a wide grin. “Besides, I want a rematch on *Dice Throne*. You had beginner’s luck.”

Bobby laughed, using a finger to brush a few strands of hair behind Cathy’s ear. “You got it.”

II

Spring rolled into summer, and the fall semester started. Cathy missed the extra time she’d been able to spend with Bobby while he had school off, but they eked out as much time together as they possibly could. He hung out at The Board Room when his class schedule was lighter, and she went over to his place if he had a lot of homework. She’d bring her Switch or whatever book she was currently reading and hang out in his room while he studied. Her presence “distracted” him occasionally, but he was a hard worker, and Cathy was content to simply share space with him.

On the rare occasions that their schedules were clear at a decent hour, she and Bobby went out. He suggested hiking a few times, but if the weather was more than five degrees outside her preferred comfort zone, Cathy vetoed the idea. Their college town was packed with restaurants and bars of every flavor and vibe, so they never lacked fun places to go together. More often than not, however, they simply stayed in, at his place or hers.

She continued to teach Bobby new games, and they gradually figured out which styles and mechanics he liked or disliked. His competitive nature sometimes got the better of him, and Cathy had to give him a gentle reminder.

"I'll tell you something a friend told me once back in high school that sometimes helps me," She said. "Obviously, games are the most fun when you win, but if you're playing, say, a four-player game with people around the same skill level, you're probably only gonna win a quarter of the time."

"That's a really good point," Bobby said.

"Don't get me wrong," Cathy said with a sardonic grin, "It can be pretty hard advice to follow, sometimes. Losing sucks, especially in longer games where you spend hours making plans and strategies only to get your ass kicked."

"Like when you took those military cards, and my whole science plan was cooked?" Bobby frowned.

Cathy did feel a little bad for teaching him *7 Wonders Duel* and using an instant victory strategy to win, but she couldn't pass up a chance to tease him anyway. She stretched her foot under the table and ran it slowly up Bobby's leg. "Aww, what's the matter? Is the big tough quarterback salty over losing to a girl?"

Bobby scowled. "I was never a quarterback; I played wide receiver or tight end mostly."

"You do have a nice tight end," She smirked.

He fixed her with a flat stare, but there was no heat behind his eyes. "Listen, if you think that cutesy talk is gonna make me forget how you just wrecked me in that game..."

She slid her foot along the inside of his thigh, feeling the growing hardness between his legs against her big toe. "Yes...?"

Bobby's eyes flashed hungrily. "You're absolutely right!"

Before Cathy knew he was moving, Bobby was on his feet, wrapping his arms under her knees and carrying her to his bed.

One morning, Cathy woke just before dawn and slid out of bed to use the restroom, careful not to wake Bobby. The nights he was free to stay over were rare, and she wanted to make sure he got enough sleep. On her way back to bed, she caught her reflection in the full-height mirror and paused. She didn't think of herself as vain but knew she had a body some girls envied. She spotted a little bit of fluff sticking out around her panties, and her bra was digging into her skin all around her chest, even making indents on her shoulders. She lifted one of the straps, tugging up on the cup it was attached to and making the boob in that cup jiggle.

She caught movement from the corner of her eye before she heard Bobby's voice. "What's wrong, babe?"

She looked up at his reflection, putting on a faint smile that wasn't entirely feigned. "Just girl stuff."

"Oh... Never mind, then."

Her smile widened to a grin, and she fought the urge to laugh at his visible discomfort. She reached behind to slap his arm with the back of her hand. "Such a boy..."

If whatever they were doing was going to turn into something more than a summer fling, Cathy had to find out if Bobby could handle a bit of "realness." She turned back to the mirror, cupping her boobs with both hands. "I think I'm getting a little 'relationship weight.'"

He took a step back, and even without the mirror, she felt his eyes appraising her. The naked desire in his eyes sent a warm tingle down her body; he clearly couldn't see any change in her body, and he said as much.

"Well, that makes me feel a little better. But some of my clothes are getting kinda tight—especially my bras."

Okay, a small voice in Cathy's head whispered, *now you're just fishing*. She ignored it. Bobby stepped up behind her until he was so close she could feel the heat of his bare chest against her back, making heat blossom between her thighs. He wrapped her in a hug, then ran his fingers up and down her sides, turning the heat into a full-blown blaze. Her spine arched involuntarily, pressing their bodies together. Bobby's hands slid under hers, giving her tits a few enthusiastic squeezes. "I *definitely* don't see a problem with that..."

She'd caught the compliment she'd been fishing for, but Cathy couldn't help scowling up at Bobby's reflection as he leered at her cleavage in his hands. "That's all well and good for you; you're not the one who gonna have saggy tits before she turns twenty-five."

Bobby's hands slid back to her hips, and he hugged her while nuzzling his chin into her neck. Between his groping and the feel of his hard body against her, Cathy's body wasn't nearly as annoyed as her mind. And what she felt pressing against her ass was more than just morning wood.

"And no," She added, "*He* doesn't get a vote, either."

Her voice betrayed her, however, coming out in a low, breathy shudder. Cathy looked at her reflected face, surprised at the hunger she saw in her own gaze. She spun around in Bobby's arms and pushed him back across the room until they fell into her bed in a fit of giggles.

Afterward, she rested her head in the crook of his shoulder. She heard the rhythm of his pulse in her ear, and the soft rise and fall of his breathing made her eyelids grow heavy. The low tenor of his voice stopped her from drifting off. "Hey, I read about something the other day..."

"Hmm?"

"An article about this new experimental hormone treatment."

Now, she was fully awake. She sat up, looking down at him. "What?"

Bobby shrugged. "It's just something I read in a medical journal. This hospital up in Montana or Wyoming or something is doing trials of this treatment; it's supposed to improve duct density and Cooper's ligaments to reduce sagging."

Cathy tilted her head to one side. She was too sleepy for this conversation.

"It's totally up to you, of course," Bobby said. "But if you're interested, I can try to find out more about it."

She mulled over the suggestion. Bobby's use of such clinical terms in reference to her body was the opposite of alluring, and she wrapped both arms around herself. But, if there really was something out there that could help her... without surgery...

Bobby seemed to sense her unease and tucked his hands under his head. "Sorry, that was weird, wasn't it? It's your body, and—"

"No, no, it's an interesting idea," Cathy said, lying back down beside him. "Go ahead and look into it more. I especially want to know if there are any weird side effects."

He wrapped an arm around her, letting his fingertips run up and down her shoulder. "I'll find the article again and see if there's contact info. Maybe they're still taking candidates and will do a remote consultation."

Less than a month later, Cathy was the newest participant in the hormone treatment study. It had taken multiple video chats with Doctor Ann, and she had to have her own doctor send blood samples and other vital info. The doctor seemed thrilled to have a candidate of Cathy's age and size; the others were slightly older and big enough to have mobility concerns, apparently. Doctor Ann also had the biggest tits Cathy had ever seen. They were as big as her head!

She'd been relieved when her own breasts stopped growing about two years earlier, but seeing the doctor, a poised, professional woman carrying melons like that around, scratched an itch in Cathy's mind she hadn't known was there. If the treatment really worked, she thought it might not be so bad if hers got a little bigger, especially if she had someone like Bobby in her life who appreciated them.

It took a few weeks for Cathy's body to adjust to the treatments. The hormones threw her whole system into disarray. She got tired at random times of the day, no matter how much she slept. She couldn't regulate her emotions, snapping at coworkers for the most minor things and sobbing at anime episodes. Worst of all were the cravings. Cathy felt like she was living a sitcom stereotype of a pregnant woman, craving cheese and chocolate and sugar every waking hour.

She was surprised Bobby stuck with her throughout the ordeal. Sometimes, she wept in his arms after sex; other times, she screamed at him, insisting it was all his fault. He didn't always stay, of course. He had work and classes, and there's only so much irrational verbal abuse a boyfriend can take. But it only lasted a few weeks, and then Cathy was back to normal.

The first day they both had off after Cathy returned to her regular sleep schedule, she met up with Bobby at Joe's sports bar for lunch. He got there before her, and when he stood to give her a hug, the pressure of his chest against her breasts felt nice. It was a welcome change from the aching tightness the hormone treatment had given her.

"How're you feeling, babe?"

She smiled at him. "Really good, actually."

"That's great!"

"I know," She said with a sigh. "I know it only lasted a few weeks, but it felt like forever. You have no idea how many times I thought about flushing those pills down the toilet."

"Well, I'm just glad you got through it."

"Me, too."

Their server arrived, a girl about Cathy's age in booty shorts. When the sight of another woman in proximity to Bobby didn't send her into a jealous doom spiral, Cathy knew she was finally back to her usual self.

Bobby said, "Can I get the Mofo chicken sandwich with a side salad?"

"Of course, and for you?"

Cathy glanced over the menu. Despite having eaten her regular breakfast just a couple of hours ago, she felt ravenous. "I'll have the double bacon Mofo burger."

"Fries alright with that?"

She was about to ask for a side salad like Bobby had, but a twinge in her stomach made her change her mind. "Um... can I get the mac and cheese?"

Maybe not all the side effects have gone away, Cathy thought.

“Of course! I’ll get those right in for you guys.”

If Bobby had concerns about the size of Cathy’s lunch order, he didn’t voice them. Maybe he was less sure her mood swings were over than she was. Or maybe he just wasn’t an idiot.

III

Bobby could not have been more relieved when Cathy adjusted to the experimental treatment. After the first week of mood swings and unpredictable behavior from his usually chill girlfriend, he called Doctor Ann to give her an earful. The doctor calmly explained that such side effects were not unexpected and to schedule a follow-up call if Cathy’s symptoms hadn’t stabilized in three to four weeks.

Less than a month. Bobby could last that long. Married men endured nine months of similar symptoms when their wives got pregnant. Not that Bobby was stupid enough to mention such a thing out loud.

But they got through it, and Cathy was back to her old self, bubbly and cheerful as ever. She had a little spring in her step, and the extra firmness in her chest made her perfect tits look even better.

As the weeks passed, however, Cathy’s cravings and increased appetite didn’t seem to be going away. She ate more than he did at most meals, and though she wasn’t exactly sedentary, she wasn’t nearly as active as him. Bobby wasn’t shallow enough to worry about his girlfriend getting fat, but he couldn’t help feeling a little concerned for her health.

They were playing *Dice Throne* when Bobby noticed the inevitable changes. It was a Friday, and Cathy convinced him to order pizza. Two larges seemed excessive for two people, but Cathy said she’d reheat it and have leftovers for days. That seemed like sound logic to him, but one entire pizza was gone, and she was reaching

for the second box. Bobby had only eaten three slices from the first pie, one of which was a skinny piece. He was debating whether to remark on it (and likely sacrifice his chance at sex that night) when he looked at her. Really looked at her.

Cathy had become such a constant presence in his life that he sometimes missed the little things. She was wearing a pink tank top with a meeples on the front. It was one of her favorites, so when Bobby saw how much cleavage she was showing off, the difference made him look twice. Her breasts had gotten perkier after she started the treatment, but not *that* perky. Her shirt was so tight he could see the outline of her bra, which was obviously too small. Telltale bulges of flesh were visible above the cups, and from certain angles, he could see that her boobs were wider than her ribcage. Whatever that experimental hormone treatment had done to her body, it was making her perfect breasts get even bigger.

She said, "Are you gonna take your turn or stare at my tits all night?"

"Sorry..."

Cathy grinned at him. "You don't have to apologize. Why do you think I wore this shirt? It's not like I can wear it to work anymore."

Dumbfounded, Bobby said, "No comment."

She cocked an eyebrow. "What? You think I should stand behind the counter at The Board Room like this?" She drew her elbows together, squeezing her boobs and making even more cleavage well out of her gamer shirt. "How many games could I get those nerds to buy just by doing this?"

Bobby's brain short-circuited at the sight of two mounds of pale skin rising to greet him—pure, raw femininity staring him in the face.

Cathy laughed, sending her assets jiggling and breaking Bobby's trance. "That's the exact face they'd make!"

Bobby scowled. "I'm just worried about you, that's all."

Cathy's expression sobered. "I'm fine, Bobby, really."

"Really? Because you just ate almost a whole pizza."

Her eyes narrowed, but before she could reply, he went on, "This hormone therapy was my idea, I'd feel terrible if—"

"Bobby. I made the decision. You're not responsible for my choices."

"I know, but—"

"There's nothing wrong with me. I feel better than I have in months. I like eating, and I like food. And it's not like I'm getting fat. All my pants still fit. And if I go up a couple more bra sizes, well... what's wrong with that?"

Bobby couldn't argue with that, either. Her tits were amazing, and they'd only gotten better since the treatment. Firmer, perkier, and most definitely bigger. Equally important was the fact that she was right. Bobby hated pushy, controlling boyfriends, and the last thing he wanted was for Cathy to see him that way.

"Hey," he said, "can we start this conversation over?"

"What, like a misdeal?"

"Yeah."

Cathy was silent for a moment, then said, "Are you gonna stare at my tits all night or take your turn?"

"It's your own fault for being so fucking gorgeous."

She beamed at him across the table, and her eyes held an unmistakable heat. "Let's hurry up and finish this. If you win, I'll let you take this bra off me. It's the last E-cup I haven't donated yet, and it's killing me."

A small voice in Bobby's head was concerned that she was wearing something so tight it hurt her, but it was drowned out by a burning need to get his hands on those bra-busters as soon as possible.

Bobby played his turns faster than he ever had. He made several careless mistakes, and Cathy ended up winning, but she let him undress her anyway. With a pair of boobs the size of cantaloupes in his hands, his face buried in their warm, springy, vanilla-scented softness, Bobby decided he was an idiot for ever questioning her judgment.

On the Saturday before Easter, Cathy was at home playing a video game to keep herself from stressing over meeting Bobby's parents for the first time. Her phone buzzed with a text from Misty, one of her friends from high school.

Misty: *Hey, I'm back for the weekend. You wanna get coffee or something?*

Cathy: *Sure, when and where?*

Misty: *Is bean machine still open?*

Cathy: *Of course. You haven't been gone that long 😊*

Misty: *Meet me in like an hour? I really need to get away from my parents.*

Cathy: *lol k*

Cathy wore a loose cardigan in an attempt to downplay her new size, but based on how wide Misty's eyes got when she saw her, it hadn't worked. At least her friend was mindful enough not to say anything about it until they were seated at a corner table with their lattes.

"Fuck sake, Cath, what happened to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't give me that. Your girls were half that size last time I saw you!"

Cathy tugged the sides of her cardigan over her chest and hissed, "Keep your voice down!"

Misty huffed and took a sip from her coffee, licking a line of whipped cream from her upper lip.

"It's mostly just relationship weight," Cathy said.

"Damn, I wish I gained 'relationship weight' in my tits."

Two tables away, a middle-aged woman scowled at Misty's language. Cathy whispered, "Not so loud, Misty, Jesus!"

Misty waved a dismissive hand and scoffed. "Whatever. So, anyway... I guess relationship weight means you finally got a boyfriend?"

“What do you mean, ‘finally?’”

“Oh, I don’t know. I figured you would have found *someone* decent-looking out of all those nerdy guys you’re always hanging out with.”

Cathy sipped her coffee. “Bobby’s actually not a gamer. Well, he wasn’t. I’ve been teaching him.”

“So... what’s he like?”

Cathy pulled out her phone and showed Misty a picture of the two of them on the bluff where they met. Misty let out a low whistle. “Damn girl, nice.”

“He’s in pre-med, and he played football in high school.”

Misty tapped a finger on her temple. “Clever girl.”

Cathy raised a questioning eyebrow.

“I mean, it’s probably easier for you to turn a normal guy into a nerd than try to give one of those basement dwellers at the Nerd Room a makeover.”

Cathy scowled. “You know, a lot of ‘normal people,’ as you call them, play board games. Bobby was already interested in games when we met, actually.”

Misty chuckled. “Relax, I’m just messing with you. Seriously, though, he seems like a good dude.”

“He really is,” Cathy said.

“Has he seen your YouTube videos?”

Heat rose in Cathy’s cheeks. “Oh my god, I forgot I even did that. I should really take those down.”

“Why? They were cute.”

“Shut up.”

“I’m serious. Why’d you quit making them, anyway?”

“I don’t know. We were starting high school. It was time to quit doing kid stuff like Minecraft.”

Misty sat back, crossing her arms across her chest. “What were you just saying about ‘normal people?’ My roommate still plays Minecraft with her friends from high school.”

“I guess...”

Misty’s whole face lit up. “I know! You could start it up again and make videos about board games! You’re pretty good at explaining all that nerdy shit, and if you wear some cute tops—some *low-cut* ones—I bet you’ll have thousands of subscribers in no time.”

“Oh, sure. Whore myself out for views, like some kind of ‘influencer.’” Cathy rolled her eyes, affecting an influencer accent. “*Hey guys, get ready with me for board game night! Check out this great new bra I got from the sponsor of this video!*”

Misty snorted a laugh mid-sip, nearly spraying coffee everywhere. “Well, not like *that!* But I see game stuff on YouTube all the time. There are a few girls, but it’s mostly old dudes. Even if you’re not thirst trapping, I bet lots of people would rather look at those—I mean, you.”

Cathy rolled her eyes but took a long, slow sip, letting the suggestion marinate. “I guess I could do reviews and how-to-plays...”

“See? That’s way better than just narrating your Minecraft adventures.”

Cathy scowled. “I’ll think about it.”

“If you want any help, let me know. I know all about marketing.”

“As a freshman?”

Misty tossed her hair over her shoulder. “Majoring in communications makes me a lowkey expert, babes.”

Cathy laughed. “Whatever.”

Misty leaned forward, dropping her voice to a whisper. “Seriously, though, what are you doing to make those girls look so great? Are you wearing some kind of super bra?”

“It’s just a normal bra, Misty.”

“Well, what, then?”

Cathy sighed. “Alright, well, you know how I’ve been pretty busy?”

“Since, like, seventh grade.”

“Yeah, so...” Cathy told Misty the whole story about her worries over sagging and the experimental treatment. She glossed over the messier details of her first few weeks on the hormones, focussing instead on how much better she felt now. Winding down, she said, “So, yeah. This is me, now.” She gestured at her chest. “I think they’d look bigger either way because they’re more firm, but they actually did get bigger, as you so obnoxiously pointed out.”

Misty let out a long sigh. “Whew. So your pre-med boyfriend talked you into taking this magic boob drug?”

Cathy glared at her friend. “It’s not a magic drug, and he *didn’t* talk me into it. He found out about it, but I made the decision myself.”

Misty held her palms out. “Alright, alright, sorry. Are... are they still getting bigger?”

Cathy shrugged. “A little bit. I wasn’t lying about relationship weight. I’m hungry all the time lately, but I seem to only be gaining weight in the girls.”

“Must be nice.” Misty drank the last of her coffee just as Cathy’s stomach gurgled.

“Do you want to get something to eat?” Cathy said.

Misty’s eyebrows shot up. “Seriously? Hell yeah, let’s go across the street and feed those babies a burrito!”

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 was spinning 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 recalled 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 say 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 tried 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?”

“Yeah, okay!” Her smile held none of the enthusiasm she’d had before, but he appreciated her effort.

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 tightly hugged her ass and were cut so short the front pockets peeked out over her thighs. On top of 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 he struggled 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 asked sheepishly, “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'd planned 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 was devastating.

"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. "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. Not 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? The reasons ran through her head like a title scroll. 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 couldn't 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, that 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 her words. 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; now she was a complete smokeshow. 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 were shiny, 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."

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'd worn 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 or three thirsty guys, there was at least one person who appreciated the actual content of her videos. As long as she was providing accurate, helpful information, what did it matter if a big chunk of her traffic 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 out somewhere other than The Board Room and monthly game nights; there had to be other guys out there who could appreciate a nerdy girl with "tassive mits."

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 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 East Coast humidity. He found a new gym in town that wasn't bad; some of their equipment was newer than the stuff at his gym back home. 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 YouTube 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 that he rushed back 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 glands. Bobby stopped in at his apartment just long enough to grab his workout bag, then headed for the gym.

"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; she 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 huge new 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 a naive child, she asked, "This all for you today?"

"Yep!"

She'd never seen him this close-up before. He wasn't as tall or fit as Bobby, but he had a good face 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. Then she remembered she was technically single again. Still fighting 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 you pick the movie? ”

If Joey was put off by her confidence, he didn’t show it. “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 head, 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 guys from game night.

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 treadmill beside him. "Yeah."

"I've never met anyone in real life who uses BGA. 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's speakers. "I'm Chrissy."

"Bobby."

He gave her a surreptitious once-over. Covered from shoulders to ankles in skin-tight lycra, 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.

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'd been 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."

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. He'd have found her game shelf impressive 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. 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.

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 were professors or other students.”

“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 forced a 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.

"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 point out that increased 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 bosom.

"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 talk to me 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 so fugly 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 really 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 child trying to palm a basketball. "You weren't interested until you saw how huge these got?"

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

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

Cathy's ice softened, and she climbed onto the bed. At least he was being honest. "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 from here.”

“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.

36N.

His mind reeled. Sam was... *I, J, K...* five 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 turning into 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 slipped on his shoes 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, lay motionless on the bed. He hadn't recovered enough to go looking for his comic. While she was still arranging 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 sharply. "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 all but admitting out loud that he'd pleased himself to her videos didn't even register. "I mean, I had kind of a low top on 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! Probably some Karen afraid her fragile little son might learn that women have breasts, or some neckbeard incel living in his parent's basement butthurt at the mere existence of women!"

Joey rose slowly from the bed.

"Hell, why would any of them 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 Instagram 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 her 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?”

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 could see 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, made of fabric printed with polyhedral dice.

“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 just from the teaser promotions. 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 wasn't what she meant, but Cathy said nothing.

Bobby mumbled along with the lyrics of a pop song he didn't know playing 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 could barely sit still as the miles passed. Cathy had her new boyfriend, of course, and Bobby really liked him. Joey was a little goofy, but so was she—they were a pretty perfect match. *Kind of like me and Sam?*

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 Sam 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 Cathy's voracious appetite 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 with the Pokemon cosplays?" He asked.

"Oh, Tina? 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 moron. 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’d always been 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. They both stood, breaking her reverie.

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 just 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 glared 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 girls, and everyone's talking about you on Reddit."

"They are??"

"For sure! Every other 'influencer' is doing roleplays or video game streams if they do anything other than lipsyncs and TikTok dances, but you're actually making 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.

"Please, 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, reaching to take Sam’s hand. Cathy released a fraction of the tension in her shoulders. 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.”

VIII

"Alright, easy," Joey said, "easy does it. Watch the door trim."

"I'm watching the door trim. You watch where you're going—you're the one walking backward."

Bobby adjusted his grip on the unwieldy elliptical machine, carefully maneuvering it through the door to Joey's place. He'd been a little surprised to learn that Cathy was moving with her new boyfriend after barely a year of dating, but his place was bigger, and having a home gym would be nice. She'd never been fond of working out in a crowded gym, and he could only imagine how much worse it'd gotten as her body grew more... attention-grabbing.

"Why'd you get such a big one?" Joey asked.

"That's what she said!" Sam called from the couch.

Joey snorted a laugh. Bobby glanced at Cathy, and they shared an eye roll. She said, "I didn't really have a choice on sizes."

"It's from my gym," he added. "They upgraded their machines and sold off all the old ones that weren't beat to hell."

"Nice!" Joey said. "I bet one like this is super expensive new."

"Literally five times what I paid," Cathy answered.

Sam let out a low whistle. "Maybe I should start coming over here to work out."

If he was being honest, Bobby was getting mildly concerned about Sam's habits. She ate more than he did, and as far as he knew, she hadn't been in a gym since that hotel fitness center where they met. He guessed the closest thing to exercise she got was climbing the stairs to his apartment. He hadn't found a way to broach the topic, though.

"I just gotta find some routines that won't make the girls shrink. That's what usually happens."

"Is that a thing?" Joey asked.

Bobby and Cathy answered at the same time.

“Go ahead,” he said.

“Me and Bobby did a bunch of research on it when I started growing again.”

Bobby resisted the urge to correct her grammar.

“Just let me know whenever you wanna come over,” Cathy said. “I’m still figuring it all out, but it’s mostly about focusing on different muscle groups instead of just doing cardio.”

Sam nodded. “Makes sense.”

Joey had stopped moving, listening to the girls’ conversation and glancing back and forth. Bobby couldn’t entirely blame him; they were like two different flavors of voluptuous feminine perfection.

While his attention and affection now belonged solely to Sam, he couldn’t deny that Cathy had gotten even sexier since they broke up. Her auburn ponytail danced whenever she moved her head. Her face was a little softer, but her lightly freckled cheeks and expressive eyes made her more adorable than ever. She’d inevitably filled out a little with all the extra food she ate now—it couldn’t all go to her chest. He could tell her jeans were at their limit, but they hugged her hips and bottom in a way that would have been eye-catching if anyone ever managed to look past her chest. She’d proudly announced to the group that she was wearing an M-cup now. They stood out from her ribs like a pair of watermelons, stretching out a T-shirt with some Pokémon character warped over her curves. Only a fraction of her cleavage showed, but even that was more than most women could boast.

Then, on the couch across from her, was Sam.

The de facto “grown-up” of the group, Sam was like a Renaissance painting of a voluptuous woman with a few extra tubes of paint added for good measure. Wavy blonde locks framed her cherubic face, with plump pink lips that seemed always ready to laugh or grin—she would have been flawless with that face alone. Sam liked to talk with her hands, and whenever those hands moved, she jiggled. Her arms jiggled, her shoulders jiggled, and, of course, her boobs jiggled. They seemed to be perpetually in motion. Sitting down, her hips and thighs spread even broader than usual, the black material of her leggings stretched translucent by her chunky legs. She wore a dark pink top that reached to mid-hip when she was standing. It had a

scoop neck, showing off almost as much cleavage as Cathy. But even with less visible cleavage, it was easy to see that Sam's breasts were larger overall, even if they weren't as jaw-dropping as Cathy's with her slim frame. Not that Bobby ever thought of Sam as "fat." She carried the weight perfectly: in her ass, boobs, thighs, with a little bit spread out over the rest. He was sure she outweighed him by a few pounds, but still kept that hourglass shape that made him want her every time he saw her.

Including right now.

With one end of a heavy-ass workout machine in his hands.

"Where are we going with this?" He asked.

Joey seemed to snap out of a similar trance. "Through that door..." He waved his head vaguely to the side. "It might be a tight fit."

"That's what she said!" Cathy giggled.

Sam grinned. "Nice!"

Bobby just shook his head.

Cathy stood from the last rep in her set of squats, setting a pair of kettlebell weights on the floor.

"And... ten," Bobby said. "Good work."

She grabbed a hand towel off the chair and sat, wiping the sweat from her forehead. Having all four of them crammed into what had once been a spare bedroom made the air thick with heavy breath and exertion. Joey stood in the corner doing curls with a set of dumbbells while Sam "walked" at a leisurely pace on the elliptical.

Bobby picked up the kettlebells and started doing reps himself. "Hey, do you guys like camping?"

The question was for Joey and Sam. She and Bobby talked about camping many times while they were dating, but had never managed to actually do it.

Sam looked up from her phone propped on the machine's display. "I like drinking outside."

Bobby shot her a glare, and she stuck her tongue out at him.

"Hell yeah!" Joey said. "I haven't played with fire in ages."

Cathy pondered the question. She loved hiking and being outside, but was starting to feel like she could take or leave the whole "sleeping on the ground" thing. It didn't help that any physical activity was getting more and more difficult as her body changed. But she wasn't even twenty years old—if Sam could handle camping, she sure as hell could.

"It's been a long time since I've been on a hike. Were you thinking of somewhere specific?"

Sam said, "If you all are talking about hauling giant backpacks up a mountain, it's gonna be a hard pass."

"There are no mountains in Indiana," Cathy protested. "Even the hills in the National Forest aren't *that* steep."

"I love you guys, but no thanks. My shoulders already have to carry the girls around." She glanced pointedly at Cathy but said no more.

The comment irked Cathy. Sam was right, of course; the constant strain of her breasts protruding from her chest was something the hormone therapy hadn't fixed. She didn't need a bra quite as badly anymore, but that just meant all the weight pulled on the muscles and ligaments in her chest instead of being carried by her shoulders. Board gaming was a sedentary hobby, but did that mean she was okay becoming a complete couch potato?

Having all this gym equipment set up at home, where she could use it before or after work without having to go out, was huge. Between the noisy gym bros crashing weights on the floor or the constant double-takes and wide-eyed stares she got in an athletic bra, it'd been far too easy to make excuses. She could count on one hand the number of times she went to the gym after breaking up with Bobby and before moving in with Joey.

It wasn't like her breasts were getting any smaller, either. None of her attempts at dieting worked at all; she just got grumpy when she was hungry. She knew Joey would support her if she was really determined to lose weight, but eating was so satisfying. There was nothing better than the feeling of her belly full and happy. Well, the face Joey made when she took off her bra came pretty close.

She wasn't going to starve herself, but she still wanted to be able to do things she loved. That meant pushing herself, even when those things were difficult. "I don't know; a short hike might not be too bad..."

Cathy thought she saw a look of concern pass over Bobby's face, but it was gone so fast she might have imagined it. "I don't think we have to go that far. I'm thinking about the State Park, maybe some weekend in April or May?"

"That could work," Cathy said. "It won't be too hot yet, but we won't be freezing either."

"That's what I thought. They have trails at the park, so we can hike if it's nice, but we can drive right to the sites, no giant backpacks required."

He shot a tender look at Sam that was so familiar to Cathy that her heart ached for a beat.

"In that case," Sam said. "I'm in."

"Same," Joey added.

Cathy nodded.

Bobby said, "Nice. I'll watch the weather and message the group to find a weekend that works."

A soft gurgling filled the room, and Cathy's cheeks heated before she realized the sound wasn't coming from her.

Sam grinned, shameless as ever. "Do we have a dinner plan?"

"I think we were gonna get delivery," Joey said. "Cath wants to teach us a new game?"

"It's not really new, more of a remix. You all know *Pandemic*, right?"

“Well, this is like that, but it’s WoW-themed.”

“Wow?” Bobby asked.

“I think she means *World of Warcraft*, babe,” Sam said.

Cathy nodded. “I’ll set it up, but I need a shower first.”

She jumped up, wrapping an arm across her chest to control the wobbles. The guys both stared, and Sam was too busy doing the same to chide Bobby, who recovered first. “Let’s figure out what we want to eat. Indian?”

“Works for me,” Sam said.

“Joey knows my order,” Cathy added, halfway out of the room.

Bobby asked, “Yellow curry with extra jasmine rice and garlic naan?”

“Double rice and double naan,” Joey added.

Cathy’s cheeks flushed again as she fled to the bathroom.

She heard the doorknob click open even above the hot water streaming around her.

“Mind if I join you?”

Cathy sighed in relief at Joey’s voice. For a moment, she was surprised at how okay she’d been with the thought that it might have been Bobby—or even Sam. “I guess...”

Joey’s clothes hit the bathroom floor, and he stepped into the tub behind her. “We’ll save time this way.” His hands gently rested on her sides, the touch tentative and questioning.

“I somehow doubt I’ll be done faster with you distracting me,” she said, leaning back into his touch until she felt skin against her bottom.

Joey’s hands slid up her sides, briefly cupping her breasts before prying the loofah gently from her fingers. He ran the soapy puff ball under and over and around them, massaging her flesh eagerly. The treatment had made them

unnaturally firm, but they couldn't defy gravity and had drifted slowly lower as they kept growing. Her skin tingled as Joey's fingers caressed her body; heat bloomed in her middle even before she felt him rising against her.

"That definitely won't make this go faster."

"Maybe not, but it'll be more fun..."

"Not with my ex down the hall, Joey."

Joey angled back until his pelvis wasn't pressed against her. "Sorry..."

She turned around carefully, leaning in to kiss him. "It's fine, you're fine. It's a nice idea, kind of hotter than I thought it'd be, just... bad timing."

Joey smiled and started climbing out of the shower, but she put a hand on his arm to stop him. "You stay. I'm basically done, anyway."

When she emerged into the living room, damp-haired but dressed, Bobby was staring at his phone so hard she thought his neck might sprain. Sam caught her eye with a smirk.

"I'll, uh, get the game set up," Cathy said.

IX

"That's it," Cathy said. "Bobby said site twenty-three. Look how close we are to the bathhouse and water faucet."

"Yeah, Bobby and I figured it was worth risking the smell to not have to hike from BFE to take a leak."

Joey and Cathy arrived first, so they set up their tent together. It was invigorating being 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 smelled traces of

wood smoke in the air, more than covering any potential bathhouse fumes. 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 bent at the waist to reach them, but the posture caused her lower back to ache. It had already gotten enough of a workout from her standing and walking. It also made her bra pinch at the shoulders as her N-cup breasts hung down at an awkward angle. She tried squatting, but couldn't keep her balance while holding the stake with one hand and swinging the back of a hatchet with the other, plus the angle was all wrong. If she faced the stake directly, her arms squeezed 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, and his smirk vanished. "I mean... 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 chairs. The way things were going, 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 was a big commitment, 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 she heard the crunch of gravel under tires signal 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. Sam's softer chest offset their height difference, 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 sensibilities 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. Sam's fleshy arms enveloped her, hands pressing into her back as if the bigger woman was trying to squeeze Cathy's body into her own. She could even feel the squish of Sam's thighs as the taller woman 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 the embodiment 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 saw 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 was exhausted from setting up camp, more from using neglected muscles than anything actually strenuous. "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 T-shirt and 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*...”

Bobby was proud of Sam for coming on the hike with them, even though he could tell she’d rather have stayed at camp. But he was even more impressed with Cathy—having a home gym must have really made a difference. Despite outweighing him by at least twenty pounds and being 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. 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 added.

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 Cathy’s hair and gave her chest a quick squeeze. “I bet 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 feelings.

“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 he 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 as 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 that

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 deep-dive into hiking gear research. He'd dip into his savings and buy her a satellite phone and GPS if he had to.

X

Cathy's calves burned and her lower back ached, but she'd never felt more alive. The sun was getting low in the sky, but she knew there was a campsite less than a mile away. The first two weeks had been the hardest. Despite almost a year of working out at home four or five times a week, she wasn't prepared to hike all day every day. Even with the best athletic bras her OnlyFans income could buy, the weight of her Q-cup breasts added strain to her shoulders beyond her pack. Two of her hiker friends, a blonde named Marcy, who went by Malibu, and a middle-aged woman named Janet, who they called Sunny, had given Cathy her own hiker name: Front Pack.

She'd fallen behind Sunny and Malibu two days before, insisting that they not wait for her. This stretch of trail was relatively flat and safe, and even after her body adjusted to the rhythm of through-hiking, she was slower than most other hikers she passed. Or rather, who passed her.

Cathy reached for the water bottle dangling and dancing from her pack and stopped to take a swig of water. The forest around her sang in a symphony of birds, bugs, and tiny creatures. Squirrels leapt from branch to branch, chittering at each other as they fought over fallen nuts. Birds trilled out their songs, and she imagined

what she'd hear if she could understand them. "Hey baby, how do you like my plumage? Why don't you come over to this branch? We can share some seeds and some... seed, if you know what I mean..."

Cathy snorted a laugh at the ridiculous scene she'd imagined. As a pair of chipmunks dashed across the trail, one of them paused, looking up at her as if to ask, "What's a human with giant tits doing hiking our trail?"

"Boo!" She said, startling the animal back into the brush, then laughed again. She wouldn't be judged by anyone, least of all by a creature that could fit in her palm. As long as none of its bigger cousins wandered near the trail...

Cathy fingered the bear spray on her belt to remind herself it was there. Her stomach grumbled as it had almost constantly since she started hiking. Her appetite had increased even more when she started working out regularly, and hiking six to eight miles a day had only made matters worse. She considered fishing a protein bar out of her pack, but decided to push on a little farther.

Less than half an hour later, Cathy reached the camping spot. A pair of figures sat beside a small fire, warming their hands and chatting softly. While she'd done a lot of wild camping the past few weeks, she'd been looking forward to staying at an official campsite. There was a large wooden shelter with sleeping platforms, bear boxes and poles, and even an outhouse—no digging required. She'd gotten quite adept at setting up her camp each night, but was relieved she wouldn't have to unpack and repack her tent. She'd broken down and eaten that protein bar a quarter mile earlier, but Cathy was already debating which flavor of freeze-dried food to make for dinner.

"Hey, is that who I think it is?" A young female voice called from the fire.

"Is that Front Pack?" A more mature voice asked.

"Be for real," The first woman said. "Do you know any other hikers out here with a silhouette like *that*?"

Cathy shuffled toward the fire, unclipping her pack from around her waist. "Hey, girls."

"Looks like you caught up to us," Malibu said.

"I told you she would," Sunny added. "Especially with this damned knee slowing me down."

Cathy let her pack slide to the ground and dropped onto it with a sigh. "I think I'd take Sunny's knee over these heavy loads after today."

Malibu smirked. "I could take a few inches off your hands if you're looking to unload some."

Sunny rolled her eyes. "I don't think that's how it works."

"Even if I could," Cathy said, "They'd just grow back."

Both women looked at her askance.

"What?" Malibu asked.

"It's a long story."

Footsteps scuffed the gravel, announcing the arrival of more hikers, and Cathy turned with her friends to watch them approach. Two men and two women of varying ages plodded toward their circle. Cathy recognized all of them but one young woman whose eyes nearly fell out of her head when she caught sight of Cathy. She'd met the other three along the trail over the past few weeks. The older man went by Sparky, but she couldn't remember the other two's names—trail or otherwise. The young woman's gawking was nothing she wasn't used to, of course.

Sunny invited the newcomers to share their fire, and they chatted while one after another unpacked their cooking gear. Cathy pulled out her kit, which consisted of a stainless steel pot not much bigger than a cup, a canister of fuel, and a tiny folding stove that screwed onto the fuel can. Unrolling the wet bag that held her food, Cathy counted up the packets. There were eight: three fettuccine Alfredo, two cheesy rice, three Spanish rice, and two pasta with broccoli. Sighing, she pulled out the two pastas with broccoli and pushed the air out of her wet bag before snapping it closed. She'd really been hoping to make three packets that night, but it would be at least two days before she could resupply, so she had to make them last.

As she dumped the pasta and sauce powder into the boiling water, Cathy decided she'd be done when she got to Harper's Ferry. Most considered that the halfway point. It was much farther than she thought she'd get, and she'd be there in

about two or three weeks at the rate she was going. She loved being on the trail, but having a much closer goal invigorated her. Just a few more weeks, and she could go home and have more to eat than just what she could carry on her back.

Bobby leaned against the hood of Joey's car, watching a stream of hikers pass every few minutes. There were solo hikers, pairs, and groups of three or four, but all of them were strangers. A man who was in even better shape than Bobby, but with a network of lines etched around his eyes, returned his wave. Bobby reached into the bag slung over his shoulder and held up a protein bar.

The man approached and accepted the offered snack. "Thanks, brother."

Bobby asked, "Do you need any water?"

The man tapped the Nalgene bottle dangling from his hip. "I'm all set; thanks, though."

Some of the hikers stopped to chat, but this man looked eager to be on his way, so Bobby said, "Good hiking!"

"Cheers, man."

Bobby walked back to the car and leaned beside Joey. "Are you sure you want me here for this?"

Cathy had been hiking for almost two months, so none of them had seen her aside from the occasional video call. Bobby could only imagine how eager he'd be to see her if they were still dating. As much as the four of them had become good friends, if Bobby had gone two months without seeing Sam, he'd definitely want her all to himself for the drive home.

"Nah, dude, you're good," Joey said. "I know how close you two are. Plus, this whole weekend was your idea, anyway."

Bobby saw movement in the trees and looked to see a familiar form. A short, auburn-haired, nerdy girl with a lot of... personality. He'd seen her less than a week ago when she video-chatted with Joey, so he wasn't surprised by the changes to Cathy's face. She'd gotten a more practical pixie cut before starting the hike, and it

was only a little longer now. Her cheeks weren't exactly sunken, but they'd lost some of their soft plumpness. Her still bright eyes had gone a little wild around the edges, and a soft glow of sweat covered her skin.

What surprised Bobby more than anything was that, for the first time in the nearly three years he'd known her, Cathy's breasts had gotten smaller.

It wasn't as if they'd grown constantly. While there was certainly a drastic difference in her size before he'd left for the internship and when he got home, Cathy's growth had always been more "fits and starts" than "slow and steady." She'd told Sam she was up to R-cup before she started the hike, and while Bobby couldn't tell what size she was from sight alone, they were definitely smaller. Still well above average for her frame and height, but she'd lost multiple cup sizes, he was certain.

Cathy's exhausted expression broke into a wide, surprised grin, and she rushed into Joey's arms. Over his shoulder, Bobby saw Joey's face scrunch into a grimace. Even standing a few feet away, Bobby could tell she was in desperate need of a shower. Both men wisely said nothing.

"I didn't know you guys were gonna be here!" Cathy stepped out of Joey's embrace to smile at them both, then peered into the window of Joey's car. "Is Sam with you?"

"She's waiting back at the hotel," Bobby said.

"Hotel?"

"We got a place for the weekend," Joey said. "Figured you'd like a nice break before the long drive home."

She hugged him again. "That's an excellent idea; thank you so much!"

Joey pointed at Bobby. "It was mostly this guy's idea."

"It was a team effort," Bobby demurred.

Cathy unclipped a backpack almost as big as she was, and Bobby loaded it into the back of Joey's car. He then climbed into the back seat so she could sit in front with Joey as they headed to the hotel.

Cathy sniffed the air with a crinkle of her nose. "Sorry for stinking up your car, babe. First thing I'm gonna do when we get there is take the longest shower ever."

Bobby said, "Sam's got pizza coming, too." Through the rearview mirror, he caught the familiar, unmistakable gleam of hunger filling Cathy's eyes.

"Okay," she said. "Maybe showering will be the second thing I do."

When they got to the hotel, Cathy gushed about her hiking experience through mouthfuls of pizza, barely stopping to breathe. When she reached for a third box, Sam said, "I love you, girl, but if you don't go take a shower, you're sleeping in the hallway."

"Alright, alright," Cathy said. "Sorry, I was starving. It's been two weeks since I've had anything but ramen and Knorr Sides."

Sam laughed. "Well, the pizza will still be here when you're clean. We might even do another DoorDash—how do you feel about tacos?"

Despite her visibly full stomach, Cathy's eyes sparkled, and the tip of her pink tongue traced across her upper lip.

While Cathy vanished into the bathroom, Bobby opened *The Crew: Mission Deep Sea* and started shuffling the cards. When the sound of running water came through the wall, Sam leaned in and asked, in a stage whisper, "Is it just me, or has she gotten smaller?"

"She's been hiking for two months," Bobby said. "It's not surprising she's lost a little weight."

"Yeah, that's true. It still makes me a little sad..."

"I somehow doubt you'll be sad for long," Joey said. To Bobby, he added, "Have you ever seen her put away two large pizzas and go in for more?"

Bobby thought back on all the times the four of them had hung out and the meals he'd shared with Cathy when they were dating. "I think the peak was those first weeks after she started the treatment, but even then, the most she did was one with an extra slice or two."

They played games and chatted for the rest of the afternoon. Joey and Sam took turns ordering delivery whenever their supply of snacks got low. Bobby even made a couple of orders himself. Cathy slowed down a bit after her initial pizza binge, but continued to graze well into the evening. Sam had stocked the hotel room with snacks while the boys waited at the trailhead, and Cathy dug into the stash whenever the takeout ran low.

After catching a few subtle and not-so-subtle glances between Cathy and Joey, Bobby met Joey's eye. His friend's silent expression could not have been more clear.

As Sam took the last trick, winning the mission, Bobby announced, "I think I'm gonna make a beer run."

He tapped his girlfriend's leg beneath the table, and Sam glanced over at him with a raised eyebrow. He widened his eyes, and she put two and two together. "I'll come with you; I feel like we need some wine."

XI

It took Cathy less than two weeks to regain every ounce she lost on the hike. She felt hungry all the time. Well, that had been true before the hike, but somehow, her body never switched out of "survival mode" after she got home. By the time Bobby graduated, she was a sandwich away from three hundred pounds. All her clothes had to be custom-made, and she'd outgrown the bra alphabet months prior. She stood at the back of the auditorium with Joey and Sam, looking at the narrow rows of chairs. If she could even fit in there, she'd definitely end up bumping a bunch of people's heads getting to her seat.

"This, um, is kinda crowded..."

"There's a wide row over there," Sam said, pointing to the accessibility row.

"That's the handicapped section," Cathy hissed.

"Well, there's nobody sitting there. I say it's fine for two big girls like us."

She outweighed Sam by a hundred pounds, and they both knew it. But bless her for trying to make Cathy feel better.

Cathy sat through the commencement address, munching on grapes from a plastic container in her bag. She wished she'd brought something more substantial, but she worried that Chex mix or trail mix would be too noisy. At last, they started calling out names, and the students walked across the stage one by one. When Bobby's name was called, Joey and Sam jumped up, clapping and whooping enthusiastically. Cathy cheered from her seat. If she'd tried to rise as well, they'd have been on to the next name by the time she was on her feet.

The ceremony lasted for another forty minutes, then the three of them wandered around the university courtyard, trying to find Bobby. When they did, Sam pulled him into a big hug.

"I'm real proud of you, kid. You're almost like a real doctor."

Bobby gave her a crooked grin. "I've still got a few years of residency before that."

"Still..."

Cathy hugged Bobby as well, ignoring the twinge of hunger coming from her middle—she'd run out of grapes long before the ceremony had ended. Joey caught her eye and said, "You guys wanna grab some lunch?"

"Obviously," Sam said.

While the guys were at Bobby's for poker night, Sam came over to watch Love Island. During a commercial break, she asked, "So, what's your secret?"

"What do you mean?"

"How'd you grow them things so damn huge?"

Cathy cocked an eyebrow at her friend. "How long have you been waiting to ask that?"

Sam laughed. "Since, like, the first time I noticed they were bigger on your YouTube channel."

“What was that, two years ago?”

“More like two and a half. So...?”

“What?”

Sam leaned over, reaching to give one of Cathy’s breasts a good shake. “Tell me your secret!”

She swatted Sam away, laughing. “Aren’t you some kind of genius scientist? I eat like a pig; it’s not some big secret.”

“Pfft... I eat a lot, too. But I just end up outgrowing my comfy jeans.”

“What are you talking about? You have great tits.”

“Maybe compared to those skinny bitches,” Sam said, pointing at the TV. “But yours are bigger than my ass. *My* ass...”

Cathy’s face heated, and she covered her chest with her arms. She was much too big to pull it off, though. Her arms only reached far enough to cross wrists, and her absurd cleavage rose almost to her chin. “Didn’t Bobby tell you about the treatment?”

“A little bit, but not all the details. Is that what it is? Some kind of magic drugs?”

She told Sam all about the strangely busty doctor and the hormone therapy. She might have exaggerated her misery during the early weeks. “Anyway, that’s just why they’re more high and firm than they should be—relatively speaking. The rest really is just me getting fat.”

Sam moaned dramatically. “So unfair!”

Cathy giggled at her friend’s theatrics. “Doctor Ann says she’s seen one or two cases like mine, but they’re very rare outside of her family.”

“Her family?”

“Yeah, I guess there’s some reclusive family up in the hills of Montana or something where all the women grow huge tits.”

“Some kind of cult, no doubt.”

Cathy rolled her eyes. “No doubt.”

Bobby glanced across the table at Sam. She’d been quieter than normal while they ate, which meant speaking between every two or three bites instead of each one.

“Hey...”

She looked up from her salad. “What’s up?”

“I should be asking you that; where are you?”

Sam stared at her food for so long that Bobby was about to say something, then she met his eyes again. “I wanna get fat.”

Bobby blinked. If he’d had anything in his mouth, he would have spat it out. “Um...”

“I know what you’re gonna say; I’m pretty fat already,” she said, waving a hand across her torso.

“That’s definitely *not* what I was going to say.”

“It’s true, though. Don’t even try to deny it.”

A sinking feeling in Bobby’s middle said this was some kind of trap. Sam had never been vain about her appearance. Despite his own struggles with focusing a bit too much on looks, he loved that she was so easygoing while still remaining undeniably feminine. “I, um...”

“Don’t get weird on me now, dude. I really like that you’re not judgmental about stuff like that. I mean, you’re practically a doctor. But you never say a word about Cathy getting bigger every time we see her.”

“Well, it’s not really my place...”

“Exactly. We’re all adults; we have to live with our own choices.”

While Sam took another bite of salad, Bobby thought about what she’d said. Should he say something to Cathy about her weight? He wasn’t *her* doctor, and he knew she had regular checkups.

“She told me about the hormone therapy.”

“She did?” He tried to picture what Sam might be like on the treatment. Would it hit her as hard as it had Cathy? Would she be miserable for weeks before leveling out into an eating machine? Sam had a pretty healthy appetite already.

“And you want to try it?”

“Cath said her doctor says they’re not taking new candidates for now, but I think I’d be on the fence about it either way.”

“Why’s that?”

“I don’t know. She said it kinda messed her up for a while. And if I’m not gonna gain all in the chest like she does, I’d rather just keep it natural, you know?”

“Sure.”

“So what do you say? Do you want a fat girlfriend?”

“I already do.”

“Wow. I cannot believe you actually said that.”

“I... you... you said—”

He caught the slight upward tilt of Sam’s lips, then scowled. She gave him a toothy grin. “Gotcha...”

Bobby tried to imagine Sam heavier. It wasn’t hard; she’d gained a few pounds over their three years together. He decided on direct honesty. “As long as it’s not impacting your health, I’ll support you a hundred percent.”

“Such a you answer,” Sam said.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means I love you, dumbass.”

Bobby didn’t understand his partner sometimes, but that declaration, at least, had a simple response. “I love you, too.”

“Now, I think this salad could use some protein. There’s a pack of bacon in the fridge.”

Bobby stood and turned toward the kitchen. "As you wish."

Bobby lay back on his pillow, waiting for Sam to emerge. In a rare moment of coquettishness, she'd pushed him down onto the bed, then ordered him to wait there while she disappeared into the bathroom. When the door swung open, she slid slowly into view, wearing an elaborate lingerie set and a silk robe that was almost entirely transparent. A lacy bra cupped her breasts, pale flesh welling out of the top and sides. Straps and band made small indents in her sides and shoulders. She wore matching lace panties below, a small triangle barely covering her sex. Garter belts encircled her wide thighs with a ribbon laced through loops and tied into bows. The entire ensemble was deep red and black, and when his eyes finally met hers, she was watching closely for his reaction.

He tried to let his hunger show in his eyes, and it seemed to work because Sam sauntered toward the bed.

"See something you like?"

Bobby nodded.

She paused, and he said, "Yes."

"Say more."

"You look amazing."

She didn't seem satisfied with that, so he continued, "Gorgeous, like one of those paintings in a boudoir."

Sam snorted a laugh, making her body jiggle and her breasts shake. "Boudoir... that's quite a word. What else? I'm not sure it still fits right." She plucked at a few of the lacey edges of her lingerie.

"I think it fits perfect."

Her expression flattened again; that was the wrong answer. Bobby let his gaze travel over her body again. Sam's bra, panties, and garters were all quite snug. Even "snug" was being generous—the set was clearly intended for a smaller version of her from long before they met, at least five years ago.

"I guess it's a little small..." He ventured.

"I got it a while ago... maybe I'm getting too big for it."

A glimmer of clarity shone through Bobby's lust-addled brain. This was a sequel to their earlier conversation. She wanted to make sure he was truly on board with her new goal. One of the things he loved about Sam was her confidence. He knew she could and would go ahead with this plan with or without his approval, which made it that much more significant that she was seeking it anyway. They were two parts of a whole, now.

"It's pretty tight," He suggested.

Sam grinned, nodding for him to continue. Bobby said, "I'm not sure how you managed to fit into it."

"What about the bra?" Sam asked, crawling onto the bed. She slipped the robe off her shoulders and ran her fingers along the tight straps supporting her chest. "This fits, at least."

"Not a chance." She made an offended sound, but her eyes sparkled with delight. He continued, "Your boobs have gotten way too big."

Sam moaned, high and gasping, lowering herself hungrily on top of him. Bobby ran his hands along her fleshy sides, gripping overflowing handfuls of boob in both hands.

"Look how big these are," Bobby teased. "We should put you on a d—"

Her mouth crushed into his, cutting him off.

Cathy stepped toward the bed, carefully balancing her chest upward like Atlas in reverse. Her back bent, arms thrust out, she carefully moved one foot and then the other. She couldn't see Joey, couldn't see anything directly in front of her but her own freckled skin. One knee hit the mattress, and she almost fell forward. Her center of gravity shifted forward and back, and she steadied herself before lifting one leg to crawl onto the bed. The mattress compressed almost completely flat, and the bed frame creaked. Muscles twitched as she held half her body weight aloft over her partner.

"Are you *-huff-* sure you don't wanna *-ha-* be on top?"

“And miss out on this view? Not a chance.”

Even though she couldn't see him, Cathy could picture Joey lying on the bed. Arms folded behind his head, grinning in the shadow of her enormous bosom, his “meeples” standing at attention just over a foot away from her entrance.

She lifted her other foot, putting both knees on the bed, teetering yet again. As much as they both loved this maneuver, it was getting more difficult with every pound, every inch she grew. Straddling Joey's legs, she slid one knee, then the other, inching her way closer to their shared goal.

Unfortunately, when she got to his hips, Cathy shifted that knee out to the side a little too far, and her bottom plopped onto Joey's thighs. Her balance lost, the weight of her ponderous pontoons crashed down onto her partner, covering his entire body as he let out a muffled cry. As she felt his hands pawing frantically at her breasts, Cathy braced herself against the bed and leaned back, tugging her chest down across him until she could hear his gasping breath.

“I'm so sorry! Are you okay?” She rose on her knees again, craning her neck to see his face.

Joey smiled, running his hands soothingly across her overfed glands. “I'm okay, babe. Though I guess I better be on top from now on.” He glanced sheepishly to one side. “Also...”

Cathy felt a sticky slickness in the underside of her cleavage. “Joey!”

“Sorry... I swear this has never happened before.”

They both knew it had—barely a week earlier. Cathy pressed down onto Joey, crushing him into the mattress.

“I said I was sorry!” Joey wheezed. He reached for her nipples, and she briefly forgot she was trying to crush his weak-willed ass.

He grinned up at her, panting, “If you let me out, I can try to make it up to you, at least...?”

Cathy was all too happy to oblige.

XII

Bobby sat at a table with his partner and their two best friends, chatting over a game of *Dice Forge*.

“What were you working on all day?” Sam asked Cathy.

“Didn’t I tell you? Doctor Ann offered me a contract with the family to work on their new website.”

“The Family?” Sam asked. “Are you working for the mob now?”

Cathy laughed, sending her whole body into a small ocean of jiggles. She sat sideways to the table in her own reinforced chair. With her enormous breasts resting in her lap, it was the only way she could reach the game.

“It’s your turn, babe,” Joey said.

“Sorry!” Cathy rolled her dice, adjusted the small tracker cubes on her player board, then evaluated her options. “I’m forging again. Would you hand me one of the red twos, Bobby?”

Bobby obliged, and Cathy snapped one of the default faces off her die, replacing it with the upgrade. While Bobby took his turn, the girls resumed their conversation.

“It’s just Doctor Ann’s family. The ones who all have big boobs and developed the treatment I’m on.”

“Oh, right. What’s the website for?”

“That’s the best part; they got FDA approval.”

Bobby looked up from the array of Heroic Feats he’d been considering. “Really?”

Cathy nodded. “I guess between me and a few other girls who did the trial, they got the data they needed to get approved.”

“So what does that mean? Any girl who wants can go to CVS and grow giant boobs like yours?” Sam asked.

Cathy ran an affectionate hand over one breast. "You know the treatment didn't make them grow; we've been over this."

"Yeah, yeah. Are you done yet, Bobby?"

Bobby claimed a Heroic Feat and nodded.

"Anyway," Cathy continued. "It's still gonna be prescription only, but I think it'll really help a lot of women who want to look younger without surgery."

"So what's your part in all that?"

"They're making a new website to promote it, and they offered me the contract because I have first-hand experience."

"I didn't know you could write code," Bobby said.

"It's not really code, just a WordPress site, but I made my own to promote my videos and stuff. It's not that different from setting up YouTube or Patreon accounts."

"OnlyFans when?" Sam asked with a grin. "Ow!"

Bobby scrambled to put the game pieces back in place. Cathy's massive breast bumping the table left little doubt about what she'd done underneath it.

"I'd subscribe," Joey said.

Sam gave him a raised eyebrow. "Why would *you* subscribe?"

"To support my girl," he said, as if her question was the dumbest thing he'd ever heard.

"Yeah, but you *get the milk for free.*"

"Are you calling me a cow??"

"If the bra fits..."

Bobby sighed. "You know it's still your turn, right, Babe?"

Cathy sat at her modified desk. With some help from Bobby, Joey had shortened the legs so the desktop sat low enough for her to rest her chest on it while she worked, with a pair of large flat pillows that were technically dog beds. Even though

the treatment had kept her breasts as firm and tight as a teenager's for the past five years, strong ligaments and higher duct density could only do so much against the relentless pull of gravity. At just over 300 lbs—nearly half of that in her chest—Cathy was still far more mobile than a woman her size should be, but her back and shoulders wouldn't thank her for carrying them in her bra for hours every day. Custom-made reinforced bras still weren't magic. So they'd adjusted her desk to carry them while she worked. A small table on a reticulating arm held her laptop just above her chest, easily in reach of both hands. The posture still wasn't great for her back and shoulders, requiring her to take breaks at least once an hour. After starting the lengthy rendering process on her current video, Cathy pushed the laptop arm back so she could stand.

Switching on the kettle for tea, Cathy slowly paced the kitchen, knuckling her lower back and rolling her shoulders in turns. Catching her reflection in the toaster, distorted like a fun house mirror, she stepped into the hallway to use the real one hung there. It wasn't a filming day, so she'd only put on her everyday makeup and pulled her red hair into a ponytail. She wore stretchy leggings and an enormous tee shirt. In her bra, her breasts projected several feet in front of her. She couldn't even reach her own nipples anymore unless she was braless. The shapes of a dragon and a collection of polyhedral dice stretched and distorted across her extraordinary form, the shirt falling like a curtain to hang far from her stomach and even farther from her hips. Joey had put one of her shirts on as a joke once, and it reached almost to the floor despite the extra half a head of height he had on her. She wondered how big they would get before the rest of her body started catching up. Compared to the woman she'd been when she went on the treatment, Cathy would already consider herself chubby, if not downright fat, but with so much of her weight resting in her bra, she still looked disproportionately small. She was still putting away over twice as much food per day as Joey or even Bobby. The thought would have made her self-conscious if Sam hadn't decided to try keeping up with her about a year ago.

As if thinking of her friend had summoned her, Cathy felt her phone buzzing from deep inside her cleavage.

[Girl's night? I'll bring takeout]

Joey was out of town for a work conference, so Cathy replied [Hells yeah, I can finally teach you 7 wonders duel]

[🤓 nerd lol]

[😘]

True to her word, Sam showed up with two plastic bags on each arm, filled with oyster pails and styrofoam clamshells. “Jesus, Sam...” Cathy said.

Sam laid the bags on the coffee table. “The rest’s in my car.”

“There’s more??”

“Don’t worry,” Sam said with a wink, “If we run out, there’s always DoorDash.”

Despite bringing enough greasy chicken and fried rice to feed a party of twelve, the two women polished it off in under two hours. Cathy was pretty sure she’d eaten more than her friend, but Sam definitely put away more than a third of the small mountain of Chinese takeout. Cathy won their second game by military victory.

“Damnit, how’d you do that?”

Cathy grinned. “I told you the game ends if someone gets that tracker all the way to their end. It’s like tug-o-war; you’re supposed to buy military cards to stop me.”

Sam groaned, flopping back in her chair dramatically. The wheeled computer chair hit the limit of its recline distance, the base wobbling enough that Sam’s eyes went wide as she jolted upright. The motion made her plump body jiggle, and her tee shirt rode up over her stomach, now visibly bloated from all the food she’d eaten. She tugged the hem back down, but a sliver of skin was still visible.

“Wanna play again?” Cathy asked.

“Nah, let’s watch a movie or something.”

Cathy gathered the cards and game pieces and started sorting them into piles. Sam poked through the empty takeout containers. “Are there any Crab Rangoons left?”

“I think we ate them all.”

Sam sighed. “Well... pizza?”

Cathy never really got full these days, but her friend's appetite surprised her. "You're still hungry after all that?"

"Aren't you?"

"I mean, sort of... Are you trying to catch up with me or something?"

Sam snorted. "Not everything's about you, Weather Girl."

"Weather Girl?"

"You know, 'cause these things are the size of weather balloons." Sam poked one of Cathy's breasts across the table.

Cathy huffed. "I don't think you know how big actual weather balloons are. Anyway, don't change the subject."

"Fine, yes. I mean, not about the catching you part. I've been bulking for a while now."

"But why?"

"I don't know, you tell me. You're way bigger than I am... for now."

"Rude." Cathy thought about Sam's question. She could have given her the stock answer she gave nosy acquaintances, but she'd been friends with Sam for years now.

"Honestly, it just kind of... happened. The treatment messed up my appetite a little, and the hike made it worse... I could have tried harder to fight it, I guess."

"Did you want to fight it?"

"Not really, which I guess is why I never did. Don't get me wrong, it's definitely a challenge, being so big, but Joey's always so sweet about it."

"You didn't do it for him, did you?"

"I said I didn't do it on purpose."

"Right, right. I mean, we're a whole little circle of big boob lovers here, but you didn't let him pressure you into not trying to diet or anything?"

“Nah, not at all. I think if I’d been on my own, I would have ended up here anyway, just been more miserable along the way. Having a supportive partner—and friends—makes all the difference.”

Sam squeezed her arm. “Aww, I love you too.” She paused. “I mean, not like that. Unless...”

Cathy laughed. “Sorry, Sam. I couldn’t do that to Joey. Or Bobby, for that matter.”

She had a brief vision of what it might be like to have all of her pressed up against all of Sam, but she shook it away. “Anyway, how’d we end up talking about me? I still wanna know why you’re intentionally gaining weight.”

“Well... if I’m hearing what you’re saying, you feel like all this—” She gestured vaguely at Cathy’s chest “—is who you’re supposed to be.”

“I guess that’s true, in a sense.”

“Well, I’ve always been fat, and I like eating, so I decided to embrace it.”

“Just that simple, huh?”

“Yep! And while they’re nothing compared to yours, these tig ol’ bitties are a nice bonus.”

Cathy laughed. “You know, you could try the treatment if you wanted. Bobby could probably write you a prescription.”

“No way, he’d say it was unethical or some shit; he’s not *my* doctor.”

“Well, I’m sure he could get you a referral.”

Sam’s eyes grew distant.

“Like I said, it probably won’t make them grow like mine, but they’ll firm back up. And I’m guessing you won’t mind the appetite side-effects.”

Sam remained silent, staring into the middle distance.

“Just something to think about. Anyway, what do you want to watch?”

Bobby sat on the couch with Sam's head resting in his lap. It had become one of her favorite postures for watching TV with him. Legs dangling over the arm, belly and breasts rising like a mountain range of squishy softness in the corner of his eye. It also created the perfect spot to hold a bowl of whatever snack she'd chosen for the evening, nestled between her soft shoulder and his leg. Tonight's selection was "muddy buddy" Chex mix, so she was getting powdered sugar all over her fingers and shirt. Sometimes, when she was in a particular mood, Sam made him feed her straight from the bowl so she could just lie there and chew. Luckily, this was not one of those nights, so only one of them had messy hands.

"I think I want to try that treatment," Sam said suddenly.

Bobby paused the TV. "What?"

Her head turned in his lap, and she looked up at him. "That treatment Cathy's on. I want to try it."

"What brought this on? I thought you were against it."

"Well... I've kind of hit a plateau, and she said it increased her appetite."

"Babe, if that's all you want, there are appetite stimulants; you don't need a brand new hormone therapy."

"It's not just that..." She was silent for several moments, then said, "If I'm being honest, I'm a little jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Of your ex." She'd never referred to Cathy that way before. "Don't look at me like that! That's not what I mean. I know you're over her or whatever; the four of us couldn't be such good friends if you weren't. But mine used to be bigger than hers. And yes, before you say it, I know the treatment didn't make them grow. But doctors don't know everything—not even you. And besides, even if it doesn't make them any bigger, getting them high and firm like hers will make them *look* bigger, and that's almost as good."

"It sounds like you've made up your mind."

"I guess I have, but I still want your input."

"It's your body, Babe."

She rolled her eyes.

"What?"

"I want to hear what you have to say. If you think it's a bad idea... or dangerous, I want to know. We're in this together, right?"

Bobby ran his fingers through her hair. "I'm serious, Sam, it's your choice. Sure, I could tell you all about how rough it was for Cathy those first few weeks, but you've heard all that before. I could also lecture you on the side effects, but you're a scientist; you know all this stuff as well as I do, if not more so." He hesitated, surprised to realize his words were completely true; the hesitations and concerns he should have had barely registered as conscious thoughts. "Honestly? I think the treatment will make you even sexier."

Sam's face lit up in a broad grin. "Good answer," she said, pulling his head down for a kiss.

XIII

Just past the outer suburbs of a small college town, a former office building and attached warehouse had been renovated and converted into a mixed-use property. The new sign at the end of the drive read, 'Healthstone Beauty Clinic.' Even though the practice had only been open three months, the small parking lot was almost never empty.

Bobby flipped to the patient's chart on his tablet before opening the door to exam room three. The woman seated on the exam table was twenty-five with blue eyes and dark brown hair falling halfway down her back. Bobby recognized her as one of the girls Sam followed, Kat or Kitty-something. The name on her file read, "Fiona." She was incredibly pretty, and even without her medical history in front of him, Bobby could tell why. Laser skin treatments, a diligent diet and moisturizing regimen, hair removal, threaded eyebrows, regular manicures, lip filler, and workout

routines precisely calibrated to keep her slim and toned without looking muscular or bulky. He estimated her bra size as a 34E before glancing at the tablet again. 32F, a “sister size”—he was getting better at that.

“Good afternoon, Fiona.”

“Hello, Doctor.” Fiona beamed, and Bobby added veneers and high-end orthodontics to his mental tally.

“What brings you in today?”

A shadow of hesitation passed over the young woman’s face, but was gone as quickly as it appeared. “I read about that hormone treatment online. The one for...” Fiona gestured shyly at her chest.

“Of course. May I have a look, or would you prefer to have a nurse perform the exam?”

Fiona shook her head and unbuttoned her blouse. There was a time when the sight of such a perfect pair in nothing but a bra would have set Bobby’s pulse pounding, but he’d seen more bare breasts in the past three months than in his entire life before opening the practice. His eye was now completely clinical, to say nothing of a far more impressive pair attached to the woman he loved just a few rooms away.

The patient reached for the front hooks of her bra. “This, too?”

“Yes, please.”

Fiona’s breasts held a perfect teardrop shape, skin smooth and clear, the barest suggestion of blue veins lacing their surface. Despite being only slightly oversized for her frame and the specialized exercises she must do to keep them so firm, the effects of gravity were beginning to show. Bobby held each of them in turn, directing his patient to raise her arms as he inspected them for lumps. While she refastened her bra and did up the buttons on her shirt, Bobby looked over her file again.

“Alright, Fiona. Your numbers all look good here—blood tests, tox screen, cholesterol, blood pressure. I can’t find any lumps, but I’m going to write you a referral for a mammogram over at University Hospital. If that comes back clear, we should be able to start you on the hormone therapy right away.”

Fiona flashed that perfect smile up at him again. “Thank you, Doctor.”

Halfway out the door, Bobby turned back. "My fiancé's a big fan, by the way. I'm sure she'd love the chance to meet you next time you come in."

That shy look flashed over her face again, but Fiona nodded. "Of course."

Bobby led Fiona back through the corridors to the front desk, where Joey sat behind a computer screen. Bobby said, "Mammogram referral."

Joey handed Bobby a pad with the top sheet mostly filled out. Bobby scribbled Fiona's name and signed it. "Alright, you're all set, Fiona. Hopefully, we'll see you soon."

Before he made it halfway back down the corridor, Bobby saw Christy, one of his two nurses. "Rooms one and two are ready, but two's been waiting longer. Madison Brooks."

"Thanks, Christy."

They had to turn away nearly a dozen women in the last hour before the office closed. Bobby stopped by the front desk again after his last patient left. "I'm gonna head back—you good to lock up?"

Joey nodded. "We really should think about hiring more staff."

Bobby shrugged. "Give it a few more months. We're managing for now, and I want to be sure this is more than a novelty before we overcommit ourselves."

"You're the doc, Doc."

The larger part of the building behind the clinic had been converted from an empty warehouse into a very spacious living area. Bobby sat at one side of their round dining table with Sam on his right and Cathy on his left. The two women sat sideways to the table; Cathy facing Joey's side and Sam facing Bobby. Sam's breasts rose to the level of her chin, extending so far forward that Bobby could have used the one nearest him as an armrest. Cathy could see nothing directly in front of her, and neither woman could reach the table if they sat normally. Joey set a platter of chicken pieces and a pan of mashed potatoes on the table, then turned back to the open kitchen area.

"Need a hand?" Bobby asked.

“There’s just the veggies left—you can top up our waters if you want.”

Bobby reached for the pitcher of ice water, but Cathy held a hand up.

“Actually...”

Cathy stretched an arm down beside her chair, but clearly lacked the range of motion to reach. Her gargantuan breasts—now making up over two-thirds of her total weight—held her shoulders too high. She could stand and push her chair back, but that was a risky maneuver that might mean needing help to get seated again.

“Hang on, lemme help you.” Bobby stepped behind Cathy’s chair and picked up the bottle. Turning it over to read the label, he set it on the table. When Sam reached for it, her fingertips also stopping several inches short, Bobby handed it to her.

“Damn,” Sam said. “This is the good stuff.”

Bobby fished in the top drawer of their games cabinet (one of them, anyway) for a corkscrew and grabbed a set of stemless wine glasses. “What’s the occasion?”

“Can’t you guess?”

“Cath!” Sam gasped. “You said you weren’t gonna tell them!”

Cathy waved a dismissive hand. “Not that! As of today, it’s been three months since the clinic officially opened!”

Joey carried two roasting trays loaded with broccoli, cauliflower, and Brussels sprouts, swimming in garlic butter. “Hey-o, congrats, you guys.”

“What’s this ‘you guys?’” Sam said. “You’re as big a part of this as any of us.”

“Nah, Bobby’s the doc, Cath runs the website and marketing, Sam’s in charge of research and our *-ehem-* most ‘experienced’ social media person...”

“Come over here so I can slap you.”

Bobby poured wine into glasses. “You’re like the least arrogant business major I know. Do you think any of this would work without someone making sure we didn’t blow our whole budget on nice chairs in the waiting room?”

“Or ‘discretionary purchases?’” Cathy added.

“What, like bras that can hold Volkswagens?” Bobby asked.

“Now *you* get over here for me to slap,” Sam said.

“Fine, fine,” Joey said, lifting a glass. “Here’s to us, and to the Healthstone.”

“The Healthstone!”

They raised their glasses and drank. The guys filled their respective partners’ plates before serving smaller portions for themselves.

“I am curious,” Joey said through a mouthful of chicken. “What that ‘other thing’ was...”

“What other thing?” Bobby asked.

“The thing Sam thought the wine was for.”

“Oh, that.” Cathy looked at Sam, who was too deep in a mouthful of potatoes to object. “Well, you know that big scale that came with the property?”

“The one for weighing cargo pallets?” Joey asked.

Sam growled.

Cathy continued, “So, yeah... turns out Sam and I weigh more than half a ton between us.”

“Whoa...” Bobby breathed.

“That’s a lot of boobage,” Joey added.

“And before either of you wise-asses ask,” Sam said. “You’re not getting specific numbers.”

“Aww...”

Bobby ran a hand along Sam’s right breast. “Congrats, babe.”

Joey scooped a few more piles of potatoes onto Cathy’s plate.

Cathy leaned back into a mound of pillows, arms draped over her colossal breasts. The bed was a California King, a set of mattresses resting on the floor. After she and Joey broke their second frame and Sam and Bobby broke their first, they stopped buying bed frames. Joey had asked her a few weeks ago if she ever missed being able to go on hikes or reach all the pieces of a board game by herself. While she couldn't say she never did, she wouldn't trade her life now to have those things back. Though she couldn't see it or even reach it in her current posture, she felt the tight pressure in her stomach. It was a narrow, focused version of how her whole body felt. Heavy and full, straining as if her skin could barely hold all of her in. And knowing it was Joey's food, Joey's cooking, all the love and care and attention he poured into the meal that he poured into her, like she was a giant puff pastry stuffed with so much of his love and affection she might split open. It was almost enough to make her come just thinking about it, but, of course, he was about to give her even more.

Bobby looked out across a mountain range of pale, perfect skin as he inched forward on the bed. Sam lay flat on her back, with her enormous breasts splayed to either side to give him access. They hung over the mattress, resting like giant sleeping beasts to either side of him. As he raised each of Sam's knees, gently separating them so he could crawl between a pair of thighs larger than his torso, he couldn't believe there was ever a time when he preferred thin, athletic partners. A small, rational part of his mind knew that there were thousands of people out there who would consider a woman like Fiona the peak of feminine allure, but the much louder part insisted that they'd never seen what he was seeing.

Cathy's boobs covered most of the bed, and she watched them wobble and heave as she felt Joey moving underneath them. She felt each of his fingers gripping her thighs, felt the tickle of his hair in her endless cleavage, felt his tongue—dancing inside her.

Her hips shifted, pressing into that tongue, needing him deeper. Between the weight of her breasts and her packed stomach, she couldn't move much. She'd eaten until it hurt, but she was still hungry, still wanted more, always more.

Bobby drank in the melody of sounds that Sam made. He'd learned what every gasp and moan and sigh and hum meant. As if she were a conductor, directing his every thrust, every touch. As if she were the instrument itself, the sounds subtly shifting as he tightened a tuning key or plucked a string. It was both of those things

and neither. With each thrust of his hips, Bobby watched Sam's boobs undulate in waves away from him and back, like an ocean of raw femininity. A gentle grunt of barest frustration told him he'd gotten distracted, slowed his rhythm. Bobby trailed his fingertips from Sam's knees along the inside of her thighs, the skin of her lower belly trembling as he traced lines toward her navel until he pressed his palms down her sides to grip the flesh around her hips. Anchoring himself, Bobby sped up.

As waves of ecstasy washed over Cathy, her body bucked and clenched. The motion below made only the faintest ripples on the surface of her gigantic breasts. She felt hands parting her cleavage, and Joey's head appeared, gulping air. He was too far away to kiss, but they both knew he'd have to crawl onto her belly to get any closer. She saw the embers of need in his eyes, the silent question.

He asked it anyway. "Another round?"

"I don't think so, baby. You fed me too much."

His face flickered in disappointment, the pain of unsatisfied release. It was gone in a moment, his hands stroking her peaks affectionately. "Not possible."

She met his eyes, running the tip of her tongue along her lips. "Bring him up here—I've still got room for dessert."

Bobby knew Sam was close, and he reached for her nipples. Spread as they were, he had to hyperextend his arms and shoulders to reach both thumb-sized nubs. In a few more months, she'd be too big for him to do this. Bobby used the tips of his fingers to tease them into his grip, then squeezed. Sam froze, a soft cry rising to a silent exhalation as she came. He followed seconds later, shifting his hands to her knees as they trembled together.

At opposite ends of a warehouse-turned-home, a young doctor and an enormously busty woman drifted off to sleep, cuddled close to their loving partners.