

SPAS-12

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

SPAS-12

Chapter I

“Grr... damnit!”

Tom cursed at his computer as the screen flickered.

“Stupid piece of junk... stupid storm!”

Tom was a nondescript guy sitting in a nondescript room. It was a small studio apartment, the kind designed for students. Unimpressive, poorly built, countless layers of “fresh” paint covering every surface. The only “nice” things in the room had been purchased from IKEA. In fact, both the desk supporting Tom’s computer, and the chair supporting Tom, came from the House of Meatballs.

The apartment was almost completely dark, save for the blue glow of the computer monitor which cast Tom’s face in eerie shadows, and the occasional bright flash of lightning illuminating the closed blinds over the unit’s few windows.

As the storm raged on outside, the screen on Tom’s computer showed a militaristic video game with boxes and panels, he appeared to be doing some kind of gacha pull. The game showed a female silhouette holding some kind of weapon, and some flashing stars as a clap of thunder shook the entire two story building. As the screen flashed white, resolving to an image of an anime girl with silver hair in pigtails, a bolt of lightning struck the building outside, crackles of light running down the sides and corners, transformers popping. Back inside, the bolts of electricity followed the wiring in the walls, coalescing on the cord connecting Tom’s computer to the wall, tracing the rope-like cable to the box on the desk.

Tom’s whole world glowed as brightly as the white screen in the game, growing in intensity as time slowed. Tom’s pupil’s dilated trying to adjust to the sudden influx of light until his eyes hurt and his head did too. Suddenly the crackling became a loud pop, and Tom’s world went dark.

Which is not to say that Tom died. He only passed out from electric shock.

An indeterminate amount of time later, Tom slowly regained consciousness.

“Ugh... what the hell?” He said slowly, putting a hand to his head.

He was lying on the floor of his apartment. He was several feet away from his desk chair and wondered idly how he'd gotten there, as his awareness returned.

The room was dark. That is, the room was darker than it had been before.

"Alexa, lights!"

Nothing.

"Alexa, turn on the lights."

Still nothing.

"Huh... the damn power must have gone out."

From the darkness an unfamiliar voice responded. It was not the voice of an Amazon product.

"Hello Commander, it's SPAS-12! Allow me to become your impregnable shield!"

The voice was undoubtedly female, but Tom could make out nothing in the dark room.

"What the... who's there??"

"I told you, it's SPAS-12, Commander. You can just call me Spas if you want to, sir."

"How... how did you get in here? The door is locked."

"Um... you summoned me here sir. To give me my orders?"

"Hang on, let me find a light..."

Tom fumbled around the dark apartment for a bit, digging through drawers and cabinets until he found the camping lantern his parents had sent with him when he left for college. It then took several more minutes of fumbling before he found batteries for it. Finally the compact light source blazed forth, spilling soft blue light into the tiny apartment.

Now the young man was struck with an entirely new shock. Seated in his computer chair was a girl. Well, he had known there was a girl in his place, but he thought it would be like, a burglar or something. Best case scenario it was one of his female neighbors, hopefully the cute brunette from the first floor. What he didn't expect to see was an extremely cute, busty, silver-haired, red-eyed battle goddess!

SPAS-12 fidgeted in her seat as the man she took to be her new Commander inspected her uniform. (Speaking of uniform, why wasn't he in his??)

The girl was short, maybe just above 5'3". (Tom was only 5'9" himself so this was good news.) Her silver hair was braided behind her head and tied in fluffy pigtails with black ribbons. She wore a strange uniform. It started with a dark grey buttoned shirt with a high collar, tied with a red ribbon tie. The blouse was without sleeves, baring flawless creamy-white skin at the shoulders. The outfit had separate sleeves that started at the armpits and ended at her wrists, they matched the blouse and had red and white trim. (Tom did not fail to notice that the uniform top was hugging a very generous bosom.)

Over the shirt was a scoop neck black vest, and a set of elaborate red and black straps around her torso and hips to carry her gear. The harness pieces and other straps and clips held shotgun shells, armor panels, and other battlefield equipment. There was a narrow strip of leather belt just the girl's impressive chest, and the vest extended to the tops of her hips. Below the vest was a red and white skirt, not quite short enough to be called a mini-skirt, with just a bit of slip showing. A few inches of more perfect skin led to long, very long black stockings. These were fastened to garter belts, also black, and if Tom had looked more closely he'd have noticed that both stockings and garters were a little tight, slightly inadequate for their owner's thighs. The stockings led down to low heeled boots, black and red with white trim.

(I probably should have just put a photo here, but if you're reading this you probably know what SPAS-12's default outfit looks like.)

It's a testament to how cute Tom found this young woman that he noticed all these details about his houseguest's clothing before realizing she was carrying a gun. A big gun. A full size combat shotgun. Set nearby was a device that looked like some kind of expanding shield, and she had a set of speed load tubes fastened to the harness at her hip.

"Wh... what? ...who?" Tom said dumbly.

The girl hopped to her feet. Taking the weapon by the butt in one hand, letting it rest in her shoulder, while she saluted with the other. Tom was again distracted from the gun as he noticed the girl's skirt flutter and her breasts wobble in their snug casing.

"SPAS-12 reporting for duty, Commander!"

The pieces of the puzzle were falling into place in Tom's overstimulated and literally shocked brain.

"At ease soldier. Um, go ahead and sit back down. This is gonna take some time to explain."

"And so that's where you are now."

Spas was listening intently. Her shotgun was propped against the desk, mostly forgotten. She had both hands folded in her lap as she listened.

"Okay, Commander!" she replied with a big grin.

Tom rubbed his eyes with the palm of one hand.

"It's just Tom, Spas, I'm not a Commander."

“Okay, Tom!” she said with the same level of cheeriness.

“You don’t uh... you don’t have any questions or anything?”

“Hmmm...” The pale girl looked up at the ceiling briefly, before her stomach reminded her of the most important question with a fierce rumble.

“Oh! Do you have any food?”

“Sure thing, Spas. Come sit over here, I think I have some chips left, and I can make some ramen. I should be able to start the stove with some matches, if I can find them...”

Quite a while later, the silver-haired girl was loudly slurping up the last of a bowl of instant ramen. The last of her *last* bowl of ramen, that is. She had eaten all the ramen Tom had, in fact.

How could a girl this size eat 7 packages of instant ramen? Tom wondered.

The silver-haired girl lifted the bowl and brought it to her lips, the red ribbon tied around her collar dancing as she chugged down the last of the sodium-rich broth.

-ulp-

-ulp-

-ulp-

“Haaaa” Spas sighed contentedly, leaning back in her chair and resting a hand on her middle. Her shield and other accoutrements were left by the desk with her gun, and Tom now had a clear view of the way Spa’s stuffed stomach pressed against her uniform vest, straining the clasps.

“That was really good Comm- Tom!” Spas said with a big smile. “Do uh... do you have any more?”

Tom chuckled, somewhat nervously.

“Heh, sorry Spas, that’s all the ramen I have. Really all the *anything* I have, you already ate the chips *and* the pretzels.”

“Oooh yeah,” Spas said, mouth dropping open and close to drooling. “Those pretzels were great...”

She started to rub her tummy now, remembering the salty snacks.

“Uh... yeah. Well anyway we’re out of food unless you want to eat raw condiments, which I can promise you don’t. I’ll go out shopping tomorrow.”

“Oh...” The short girl looked down so dejectedly that it nearly broke Tom’s heart. Despite her cleaning out his ramen stockpile in one sitting he wished desperately that he had more food for the cute young woman.

“Can I come with you shopping?” She asked, looking up at him eagerly.

“Sure you can, Spas.” Tom put the dirty dishes in the sink, and asked, “Do you have some clothes to sleep in?”

“Of course, let me grab them from my pack—”

The girl stood and reached behind her to an imaginary space, and nothing happened.

“That’s weird, why can’t I access my pack?”

“There’s no magic pack technology here, Spas.”

“Oh right, I forgot!” Spas grinned at Tom in a way that made his heart skip a beat, bouncing on her toes and sending everything jiggling again.

“I uh... I can loan you something for tonight, then I guess we can buy you some clothes while we’re out tomorrow...”

“New clothes, really!?” Spas’ red eyes glowed with an intensity almost as bright as they had while she was eating.

“Well sure. You can’t sleep in that uh... uniform.”

“Good point...” Spas clasped her hands together at her waist and twisted back and forth. Her uniform-clad breasts wobbled and swayed hypnotically and Tom had to force himself to look his guest in the eyes.

“Let me grab you some sleep clothes, I’ll be right back.”

Tom returned with a T-shirt and sleep pants, thankfully his spare set were clean. Spas took them with a smile and started immediately undoing the buttons of her uniform top.

“Wait, not out here!”

“Huh?”

Tom blushed and coughed into one hand, the other covering his eyes.

“You should uh, change in the bathroom.”

He pointed at the one door that didn’t lead outside.

“Oh... Sorry, Tom. In the barracks at G&K it’s all us girls, T-dolls, so we just change wherever.”

The pale cutie frolicked into the bathroom to change. A little while later she emerged, and Tom was once again stunned by her appearance. Somehow the boring baggy sleep clothes made this strange girl even more attractive. She had taken out her hair ribbons and the silver locks cascaded around her face in waves. The oversized band shirt that was baggy on him draped snugly over her bosom, the faint outlines leaving little doubt as to the abundance within. The shirt hung down past Spas’ hips, but as she twisted to look at herself around the bulges of her chest, she commented.

“How does it look? It’s a little snug in the hips...”

Spas fixed a sudden glare on Tom, her red eyes daring him to make a crack about her weight or appetite.

“You look great, Spas.” Tom said with sincerity. He gestured at his bed. You can sleep here and I’ll sleep on the couch.

“What? No, I couldn’t let you do that!!”

“Nonsense. I insist.”

“But I’m a soldier, I’m used to sleeping on the ground, out in the war-torn wreckage of the battlefield!”

“All the more reason for you to take advantage of the comfort you’ve so clearly earned.”

Spas turned her head side to side, internal conflict raging.

“But... but...”

Tom stepped up to the shorter girl and put a hand on her shoulder. It was soft to the touch, even through the cotton of his sleep shirt. He deployed what little “game” he had.

“Take the bed, Spas. I’d never get any sleep anyway, if I made such a pretty girl sleep on my couch.”

Spas’ creamy white face turned bright pink, and she looked down at the floor. She probably saw more of the logo on Tom’s shirt stretched over her chest than she saw of the floor, Tom thought.

“O– okay... t-thanks Tom. And thanks for dinner too. I hope I get to try lots more of your American food while I’m here.”

“Sure thing, Spas.” Tom took another bold move and placed a hand on the girl’s head, ruffling her hair. To his surprise she didn’t pull away, but rolled her head in his hand appreciatively, almost purring.

Tom cleared his throat, drawing his hand away. “Okay, sleep well.”

“Sleep well, Tom!”

Chapter II

-bzzt-

-bzzt-

Tom’s phone vibrated with his morning alarm. Fortunately it had been plugged in when the power went out and had enough charge to last the night. Tom rolled onto his back and rubbed his eyes.

“What a weird dream...”

Tom had had a dream where a beautiful girl from his new favorite video game had come to life in his apartment during a storm.

Tom suddenly noticed he was not in his bed but on the couch.

“Wait... did I...?”

He did not remember drinking last night, so passing out on the couch seemed very unlikely.

Tom threw the blanket off himself and stood, stretched, and staggered over to the “bedroom” area. To his surprise, Tom’s bed was not empty. His blankets half covered a very cute girl, with silver hair and nearly white skin. She was wearing

one of Tom's large sleep shirts that could not hide the impressive curvature of her breasts, though the rest of her body was hidden under the covers. Well, except for one perfect foot sticking out toward him.

Spas was not a very deep sleeper, apparently, because her eyelids fluttered open at the soft sound of Tom approaching the bed. She did not seem to have over-tuned combat awareness, however, as she merely blinked several times as the young man watched dumbfounded.

"MmmmmMMM" the young woman made a light moaning sound, increasing in volume as she rolled onto her back and stretched, like a lazy house cat. Tom tried not to notice the way her large bosom, pressed enticingly against his band tee she was wearing, seemed to swell with prominence as she arched her back.

"Haaa!" She exhaled energetically, then offered him a smile that would warm the coldest heart. "Good morning, Tom! Did you sleep okay? I still feel kinda bad, taking your bed..."

With that the curvaceous T-doll pulled the covers up under her chin, squirming in his soft and comfy bed and meeting his eyes with a guilty look.

Tom thought he might be in love.

"I told you it was alright, Spas." He said, unable to resist smiling at her cuteness. "I slept just fine."

Tom turned and grabbed a fresh shirt and things for the new day.

"Do you like coffee? I can probably make some on the stove. I'd offer you breakfast but all I have are some frozen sandwiches I can't heat up without power for the microwave."

The mere mention of breakfast made Spas' stomach rumble, and the silver-haired girl put a hand on her middle in embarrassment, trying to silence the beast.

Tom had heard, but he politely pretended he hadn't.

“I don’t normally drink coffee, but if you have some milk... and maybe... sugar?”

The grumbling of the young woman’s stomach increased now, as if offended at the idea of such a meager breakfast. Tom walked back to the bed, somehow he had gotten dressed without Spas noticing.

“Would you rather go out for breakfast, Spas?”

Spas blushed for the briefest of moments, half hiding her face in the covers again, then her head popped back up with a huge grin.

“Yes, please!”

“Alright, hungry girl.” Tom tousled the top of her silvery head. “Get dressed then, and we’ll go. There’s a place near here I think you’ll like.”

Spas sprung to her feet, grapefruit sized breasts wobbling. Pressed against the material of his XL shirt, Tom could see the outlines of Spas’ bra as her flesh formed a slight ‘quad boob.’ His mouth went dry and he quickly turned away from his houseguest, grabbing his shoes and things so they could go.

He may have been a hopeless loner, but Tom knew better than to be caught ogling a girl he’d just met. Regardless of where she’d slept last night or whose shirt she was wearing this morning.

Tom scrolled through social media on his phone while he waited for Spas to get changed in the bathroom. He heard a few grunts and tongue clicks of frustration as he waited, but at last the latch clicked and she emerged.

Giving her uniform a appraising once-over, Tom found himself marveling at his unexpected house guest. Tom had never been too picky when it came to women in real life, he would take what he could get, which was usually no one. He recalled his earlier thought that he was in a dream. If he was, he hoped to never wake. Spas was not an unearthly beauty like some of the characters in GFL, but had a little healthy thickness to her. Seeing her flesh in the... flesh... made that realism all the more apparent.

She had re-braided her hair and tied the sides in pigtails. Her uniform was done up like last night but without the ammo and other attachments. Her thighs peeked from her skirt just right, and her face was soft while still being gorgeously well-defined. Before he got caught staring, Tom couldn't help but notice again that the upper portion of her uniform vest was quite snug. Maybe even more snug than it had been last night...

As the pair walked to breakfast, Spas hummed to herself, skipping and bouncing happily. She gazed around in wonder at the unimpressive urban sprawl around them.

"You seem in a good mood." Tom remarked.

"Yep! It's so pretty here!"

"Really? These cookie cutter houses and strip malls?"

She scowled at him a moment before smiling again.

"Well I don't know what a 'strip mall' is, though you mentioned cookies and now I'm hungry again."

She rubbed her middle with a mournful expression that still came off as cute.

"Anyway, it's all so clean and nice!"

"Really? It looks kind of run-down to me."

"Well," she pointed a finger at him meaningfully, "compared to where I came from, it's great! Nothing is bombed out, the streets are clear. And most important of all..."

Spas spread her arms out and twirled, facing Tom with palms up, making him strain to not look down at her jiggling body.

“there’s nobody shooting at us!” She grinned and stuck her perfectly pink tongue out just a bit.

“Aww, I’m sorry Spas. I forgot the place you came from is so awful. Kind of makes me feel bad for all the times I sent you into battle...”

“Don’t feel bad Comman– er, Tom! It’s a T-Doll’s job to fight! And it isn’t all bad. I have my friends, SAT8, Mosin-Nagant, Springfield...”

Spas got a wistful look in her eyes, then was interrupted by her tummy rumbling.

“Well anyway, I’m glad for this break, and a chance to see how nice things were before the War. How much longer before we eat?”

Tom chuckled at the cute shotgun’s single-mindedness.

“Not far now, it’s around that corner up there.”

“Table for two?”

Tom’s heart stuttered at the unfamiliar question. Was this a date??

“That’s right.”

The hostess led the pair through a crowded gift shop full of country and faux-country gifts and tchotchkes. Spas was like a kid in a candy shop. Well, not literally, in an actual candy shop Spas would have been shoving candy in her mouth like one of those naughty kids in the Willy Wonka movie. Instead, Spas gazed around in wonder at all the souvenirs and plastic crap in the store. And the people, of course.

The store was not crowded, but the few people milling about waiting for their tables were some of the largest Spas had ever seen. More than a few of them did double-takes at her as well. There were no fat people in Spas’ world, and there

were no silver-haired battle dolls in Tom's world.

One family of husband, wife, and two daughters were feigning interest in souvenir shirts while frequently looking toward the hostess station, impatiently awaiting their table and the feast to follow. The daughters were maybe high school age, with extra loose cloths draped over full bellies and wide hips. The parents were even larger, and as Spas looked watched the family browse through shirts with multiple Xs on the tags, she licked her lips hungrily. Wherever Tom had brought her, there was obviously plenty of food.

A tiny voice in the back of Spas' mind worried she might get fat if she stayed in Tom's world too long. A very tiny voice.

As there were only two of them they didn't have to wait long. Since they were much less "broad" than the restaurant's typical clientele, Tom and Spas were led to a small table against a wall. They were just a few feet from a large fireplace, with folksy checkers sets that used small rugs instead of boards set up on the hearth.

Spas gazed around in wonder at the old-timey tin signs on the walls, and asked,

"What did you say this place is called again?"

"Cracker Barrel"

Her smile faltered. "Cracker, like, for soup?"

It was Tom's turn to smile.

"Well, yes, sort of, but I think it's more of an homage to the old days when people would do deals using a barrel for a table, or something."

"Oooh" She was grinning again. "That explains all this ancient decor."

"Ancient? This stuff's not *that* old. Heck, half of it is reproduction."

"Reprodu... like Dummy Links?"

A Dummy was a copy of a Tactical Doll that aided her in combat, but the main Doll had to control it via a Dummy Link.

“Well, sort of. Like, see that up there?” He pointed at a metal serving tray depicting a popular carbonated beverage.

“There used to be trays made like that back in the 1950s, but that one was probably made in the last 5 years.”

Spas gazed at the art on the tray, oblivious to the drop of drool forming on her lower lip.

“Do... do they still have that drink in your world?”

“What, Coke? Yeah, of course.”

Spas’ face lit up and her eyes glowed red in an almost unsettling way.

“Can we get some??”

“Well... maybe not for breakfast.”

Her face fell.

“But I think I know something you’ll like just as much.”

A portly middle-aged woman approached their table with a pair of menus, set them on the table and asked, “can I can get y’all something to drink?”

Tom smiled at the server and said, “just coffee for me, please, black. And she’ll have a pumpkin pie latte.”

Spas’ eyes glittered at the word “pie” and she began perusing the menu eagerly.

“Oh my gosh, it all looks so good. It looks even better than the breakfasts SAT8 makes for special occasions!” She flipped the pages back and forth, eyes darting across illustrations of the various American feasts.

Tom noticed the menu was mostly text with drawings of a few dishes, and had a sudden awkward thought.

“Uh, Spas... can you um...”

The adorably cute face looked up from gawking at the menu to meet his eyes with her glimmering red ones.

“Hmm?”

“Are you able to um... read the menu?”

Spas glanced down as if seeing the text on the large booklet for the first time.

“Sure I can! ‘Sunrise Sampler’, ‘Hashbrown Casserole’, ‘Biscuits and Gravy’...”

She was starting to drool again.

Tom breathed a sigh of relief. “Okay, I just wasn’t sure if you could read English, sorry.”

She looked back up at him warmly.

“Nothing to be sorry about, Tom. T-Dolls are fluent in all major languages. English is pretty uncommon in my world, but it’s still the primary language in some districts.”

Soon the waitress returned with their coffees. She’d brought Tom small dishes with creamers and sweeteners anyway, and set a large mug heaping with whipped cream and orange sprinkles in front of Spas.

“Y’all ready to order, or you need a minute?”

Tom was pretty sure he knew what he wanted, but looked a question at his companion. Unfortunately she was lost in her own little world, gazing down at her hot beverage. He looked back up at the server apologetically.

“Just a few minutes, sorry.”

“No problem, hon, I’ll check on my other tables and be right back with y’all.”

Eager pale fingers reached out and clasped the large mug in both hands. Spas slid the hot drink toward her and took a whiff. The swirling aroma of coffee, cream, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, and allspice tickled her nostrils. Her eyes glittered red and she breathed deeply, the comfortable combination of flavors filling her lungs. Her uniform vest, already tested by the mass of her extra-large breasts, creaked audibly to Tom’s ear under the added pressure.

The garment was spared any destruction as Spas exhaled, then lifted the mug to her soft pink lips and took a hesitant sip. Licking whipped cream from her mouth she grinned happily and took a longer sip. A sip that became a gulp, then two more gulps, her shirt collar pulsing as she swallowed.

At last she set the mug back down on the table, still holding it with both hands, and exhaled contentedly. Tom could see that a third of the sugary drink was already gone.

“-Haaaa- This is delicious!”

Tom sipped his black coffee with a small smile as he watched Spas enjoy her coffee. Her cheeks had turned pink from the heat of the beverage, and tiny beads of sweat were forming on her temples.

Spas took another healthy glug of her latte and grinned over at Tom again.

“I might need another one of these.”

“Sure thing Spas. You should decide what you want to eat before the server comes back.”

“Oh, right! This is so tasty I almost forgot how hungry I am.”

Spas’ stomach rumbled loudly as if to say that no, she had most certainly not forgotten.

She picked the menu back up and looked over it again, a cute wrinkle forming on her brow as she deliberated.

“Is something wrong?”

“Oh... It all looks so good, I can't decide!”

“Well go ahead and order whatever you want. We can just take any leftovers back to my place.”

Her eyes sparkled with joy. “Really?”

“Sure. I've got basically no food back there, and who knows how long the power will be out.”

Spas was laser focussed on the menu again, licking her lips in anticipation.

Soon their server returned.

“Y'all know whatcha want?”

“Yes, I'd like the French toast with fruit, please. And two eggs on the side, over easy.”

It was more than Tom would normally eat for lunch, but he had basically skipped dinner last night, between making the ramen and watching his new houseguest enthusiastically eat it.

“Alright hon. And for you sweetheart?”

“Could I have the Sunrise Sampler?”

It was one of their largest breakfast combos.

“Mmhmm” The server wrote on her pad.

Spas was still eyeing the menu.

“And...”

Chapter III

“And what else, hon?”

“And the pancake platter!”

“Mmhmm”

“Oh, and pancakes with fruit!”

“You want the platter and the pancakes with fruit, sweetheart?”

“Yep! Oh and the Biscuits and Gravy, the Bacon & Egg Hashbrown Casserole, the Eggs-in-the-Basket...”

Tom almost thought he could see smoke rising from the server’s order pad. She kept writing as Spas listed off item after item. Tom thought she might order the entire menu, and was thankful they’d gotten here early enough that it was just the breakfast menu. The silver-haired beauty might have added lunch and dinner to her order.

Fortunately Tom’s parents had given him a decent allowance, and he had saved most of it by living off instant ramen, and almost never going out. Really he was saving up to buy a new gaming PC, but he decided he had now a better use for his money.

Though maybe their next “date” should be at a buffet...

Spas was finally winding down, running out of new dishes to add to her order. But she had one last item.

“Oh! And another one of these...” She picked up her latte mug again and took a long deep sip.

“Whew, goodness. Well, Lord knows I love to see young’uns with good, healthy appetites. Y’all want me to send that out as it’s ready...” She looked to Tom with the question, the white-haired girl lost in Latte-land.

“Yes, please. The last few we’ll probably just get boxed up to go.”

“You got it hun, I’ll getcha a refill on that coffee too.”

The odd pair made small talk while they waited for the food. Spas was frequently surprised at how much Tom knew about her world, and he was surprised at how much she and the other girls experienced in that game world that he never saw on screen.

“And then AK-47 was harping on to the Commander about me about stealing her rations, which I *totally* hadn’t.”

Spas looked up at Tom who was wearing a tiny smirk.

“I hadn’t!”

Spas fidgeted in her seat for a moment.

“Well, I hadn’t *that* day... or the day before!”

She looked to Tom again, who was only listening and watching, enjoying the sight of the pale-skinned T-Doll dig herself a deeper hole.

Finally, Spas confessed in a tiny, barely audible voice, “It was two other girls’ rations that day. AK’s had been three days before...” She stared down into her empty latte mug.

“Heh heh” Tom chuckled softly, and smiled warmly as her face turned bright pink.

“Tell me more about AK-47.”

“Oh, she’s great! This one time we were searching the ruins of this village—”

Spas’ story was interrupted by the arrival of their food. Well, the arrival of Tom’s food, and the arrival of Spas’ first round of food. Her anecdote was immediately forgotten, and her glowing red eyes almost scared off the restaurant worker carrying the heavy tray.

The mousy young woman placed a large plate and a small one in front of Tom, then two large plates and three small ones in front of his female companion. He wondered if perhaps in the post WW3 world there was not much restaurant or dinner table etiquette left, or maybe he had kept her waiting for breakfast too long. Either way, Spas started in on her food almost before the server had left.

Tom nodded his thanks to the server and cut a bite of French toast with his fork. Evidently he was not going to learn any more about the T-Doll AK-47 right now.

Just like she had the previous night, Spas ate like a starving woman. Tom supposed having consumed nothing but a 600 calorie coffee since her ramen binge, she must have worked up quite an appetite.

Every bite of the “Sunrise Sampler” was gone before Tom had finished his first slice of French toast. Spas was just finishing the last of her first pancake platter when the second arrived.

None of this is to say that she was by any means a messy eater. It was inevitable that a few crumbs scattered from the hashbrown casserole, and a few drops of fruit jam stuck themselves to the edges of her mouth. The silver-haired girl used fork and knife properly, she just happened to slice chunks of pancake almost as big as her fist before shoving them into her cute little maw.

By the time Tom finished his French toast and eggs, he guessed that Spas was about halfway through her order. He assumed she would be getting full pretty soon, and he would have to ask their server to box up the rest, but the curvy shotgun kept eating.

And eating.

And eating.

Tom watched with fascination as biscuits and gravy, bowls of grits, and eggs cooked in every style he knew, not to mention another pumpkin pie latte, disappeared between his cute new friend's pink lips. She was relentless, and Tom idly wondered where she was putting it all. He was tempted to lean around the table and look, but was too much of a gentleman to do so. Either that or he was just afraid of what he'd see there. In his mind's eye he saw Spas' stomach ballooning out under the table like a cartoon character, spilling over her lap and swelling toward the floor.

Eventually, of course, the final few plates of food were delivered. Spas was starting to breathe heavily and Tom wondered if she was approaching her limit. But when a big bowl of fried apple slices and one last massive chunk of hashbrown casserole arrived, she snatched up her silverware again and started to shovel them in. When the last bits of apple in sugary sauce slid down her throat, Spas leaned back in her seat and rested a hand on her middle. Tom could see that she did indeed look bloated, the leather of her armor vest was puckering severely at the clasps, and every move the silver-haired girl made caused the garment to creak audibly and ominously.

"That was all so *-hic-* good!"

Her body shuddered with the hiccup, and Tom feared she was one light spasm away from a wardrobe malfunction.

"Did you get enough, sure you don't want anything more?" He joked.

Spas' crimson eyes glittered at the prospect of more food, but as she tried to sit up a pain in her abdomen reminded her of its state.

"Heh heh... I guess I'm *-hic-* full. I think if I ate one more bite I might pop."

Their server returned shortly after that.

“My my darlin, you can color me impressed. My manager and I had a bet going whether you’d be able to finish all that, and bless yer heart you sure did.”

The heavysset waitress looked conspiratorially over at Tom.

“I know gamblin’ is a sin, but you two just won me forty bucks, so here’s this.” She handed him a voucher card. “Next time y’all come in, you got a free meal.”

Spas’ eyes sparkled again and she grinned greedily. The rumbling from her belly had to be her digesting breakfast feast and not hunger pangs, right?

Tom was still reeling somewhat from the sticker shock of their breakfast bill as the pair walked to the mall. He shook it off however as the cute girl walking beside him lifted his spirits just by her presence. Amazingly, despite having eaten enough breakfast for a family of six, she was as energetic and light on her feet as ever.

At the mall they went from store to store. Tom figured they had time to kill while the power was still out in his building, so he and Spas walked and chatted. He told her about other games he played and answered her questions about his world. She told him more about the other girls at G&K.

After awhile Spas remembered why they were at this massive monument to commerce.

“Oh, I almost forgot, I need to get pajamas here, right? I’ve never bought clothes before.”

“What, really?”

Tom was so startled he stopped walking, forcing Spas to do the same, the crowds flowing around them with annoyance.

“Well, not that I remember anyway. My uniforms are issued to me by G&K, and whenever I want anything special I just ask Miss Kalina.”

“Oh, does Kalina handle outfit requisitions too?”

“Yeah, she does all sorts of stuff for the girls. Mostly I have to go see her when stuff doesn’t er... fit quite right.”

Spas looked down at her feet, or she would have if she could see them. Two black clad orbs filled her vision instead, and she blushed.

Wanting to relieve her of her embarrassment, Tom cleared his throat and started walking again.

“–*ahem*– So uh... pajamas?”

Spas gave him a grin that made his heart skip a beat and followed.

“Yeah!”

She looked around frenetically, and spotted a store with a lot of pink in the display windows. Large close-up banners of beautiful women framed the entrance to Victoria’s Secret.

“Do they have pajamas in there?”

Now it was Tom’s turn to blush, and he guided them into the Old Navy. His voice nearly cracked as he said,

“Let’s look in here!”

Spas grabbed a set of bra and panties in her usual size. Tom blushed at that and averted his eyes, but she seemed to think nothing of it. In the pajamas section she went straight for the one piece bodysuit style. After perusing a variety of selections she picked her two favorites. One was navy blue with chocolate chip cookies printed on it, the other was dark pink and covered in breakfast food, waffles, eggs, and bacon. Tom thought he heard a faint rumbling from the girl’s middle as she handed him the food-print rompers.

“Do you want to look for some normal daytime clothes while we’re here?”

“Oh, could I? This isn’t quite my favorite uniform, and I don’t really blend in in it. I’m pretty sure people are giving me weird looks.”

Tom gave the short girl a once-over. Looking no older than twenty she had white hair, not grey, but silvery white, shining in the fluorescent mall lighting. She wore a ‘uniform’ that most people would call cosplay. She had uncommonly large breasts, especially for her frame. Tom had noticed the tag on her bra read 36F and wondered idly whether she could also convert bra sizes between countries. Her stomach seemed to have receded in the couple hours they’d been walking around, and the vest buckles over her waist didn’t appear to be at risk of bursting open anymore. Oddly the upper half of the girl’s uniform looked tighter than ever.

Anyway, Tom thought, the “weird looks” were not because of her outfit. Or at least, not *only* because of her outfit. Spas was a thicc battle goddess, and she would stand out wearing a potato sack.

“Yeah let’s do it. Do you want my help picking something out?”

“Mmhmm” Spas nodded with a grin.

“Well, I’m not great at women’s fashion, but I’ll try.” Tom gave a wan smile.

With her signature spritely enthusiasm, Spas bounced around the store grabbing up various items and handing them to Tom. He had explained to her how dressing rooms worked when she had tried to undress while they were looking at the pajamas.

Finally Tom’s arms were full and they made their way to the dressing rooms. The next hour was spent with Spas picking up several items from the heap and vanishing in the dressing room, reappearing to show the ensemble off to Tom.

Dark purple shorts with a baby blue tee; the shirt was definitely too small

A long beige skirt with a red spaghetti strap top; Tom waved her back into the changing room before they could get kicked out for indecent exposure.

A black miniskirt that showed off almost every single inch of her creamy white thighs, and a grey button-up blouse that actually worked perfectly. Or at least a version of it one size larger would work perfectly.

Two more tees, three tank tops, five different styles of jeans, including some that were so tight Tom thought he could see panty lines. Somehow everything Spas had picked out was at least a size too small. The third button-up she tried on literally popped a button when she spread her arms and spun to show it off. The round bit of white plastic almost caught Tom in the eye.

Finally they settled on a pair of dark red low-rise jeans, and a light grey button-up blouse. Tom had gone and found the blouse in a large and the jeans in a size 16 while she was trying on other things. While somewhat oblivious about fashion, he picked colors that matched the uniform she arrived in, knowing that the colors suited her. This ensemble fit perfectly so they grabbed a second copy of the same blouse in a darker grey, Tom paid and they left the shop, passing back through the mall on their way back to Tom's place.

"Sorry I took so long picking out clothes, Tom." Spas sounded uncharacteristically despondent again.

"Oh, that's okay." Tom said with a smile down at her. "I usually just buy whatever's on the mannequin, making choices is hard."

"I don't know why so much of it didn't fit me right... Maybe the sizes here are smaller than the American sizes I know from my world..."

Tom eyed the puckering buttons on Spas' uniform and suspected that size conversion wasn't the issue.

As the pair passed by the fountain intersection that led to the food court, Spas' stomach let out its customary grumbling so loudly that Tom could hear it over the crowds and muzak of the mall. She blushed and put a hand to her middle, looking up at her host with a faint blush.

“Could we maybe... get some lunch on our way back?”

Chapter IV

After a ‘brief’ stop at four of the available fast food places in the food court, Tom and Spas hit up the department store at the far end of the mall. Tom added every ingredient or box meal that piqued Spas’ fancy to his cart, and finally they were back outside and headed back to his place. Tom and his cute new roommate were weighed down with bags of clothing and groceries.

“So, you have to pay for all your own supplies?” The silver-haired girl asked. The weight of six bags of groceries seemed not to affect her at all.

“Of course.”

“So you don’t get like, ration credits or anything?”

“This isn’t the military, Spas...”

Tom attempted to explain the basics of a market economy.

“That sounds kinda crappy...”

“Yeah... well... that’s a whole different conversation. Anyway I hope my power gets turned on soon or we’ll have to eat a lot of this stuff before it spoils.

Spas nodded and made a murmur in the affirmative, and Tom could hear her stomach rumble faintly in hunger already.

“Well, maybe that won’t be too much of a problem...” Tom said cautiously.

Spas blushed and laid a hand on her middle. “Sorry, I probably should have warned you. My appetite is kind of legendary.”

“That’s alright. I can get us through a few weeks at least.”

“A few weeks?”

“Well yeah, I’m a student, I’m not exactly bringing in big bucks.”

“Bucks? Like stag?”

“No, sorry, it’s a euphemism for money.”

“So, without an organization like G&K supporting you, you have to earn your own money?”

“That’s right...”

“Maybe I can help!”

Spas effortlessly swung the heavy bags of groceries around in front of her hips as she bounced on the balls of her feet, squeezing her overlarge breasts between her forearms and making them look even larger as she looked up at Tom with innocent earnestness.

Tom blushed slightly. Was it possible he was falling for a video game character come to life? Pixels and polygons? Tom glanced down at Spas’ milky pale skin and glimmering silver pigtails. The scarlet-eyed T-doll who looked up at him with the most adorable determination he’d ever seen certainly didn’t seem like mere pixels.

“Erm... help?”

“Yeah! I could, I don’t know... go on missions and earn some credits for us!”

“Well we use money, not credits. But it’s not as simple as ‘going on missions.’”

Spas face fell so dramatically that Tom laughed, then felt bad almost immediately.

He went on to explain jobs, applications and interviews, and legal identification.

“So, to your government, I don’t exist? Well... maybe I can get fake papers, like a spy!”

“Hmm, maybe. Though I’d have no idea where to get those...”

“Oh...” Spas looked dejected for a few moments, then perked right back up.

“Well, I’m sure we’ll figure out something, if we work together!”

Tom found Spas’ indefatigable enthusiasm infectious, and smiled along with her.

Back at Tom’s apartment, the power was still out. A work crew at the corner was doing something with the grey boxes up on the pole, so hopefully it would be resolved soon. Tom gave Spas some of the few magazines he had so she could learn more about life in his world.

Her stomach was rumbling again, so Tom started heating up some canned soup. Spas was struggling to focus on her reading as she hummed happily, swinging her feet under the chair.

“Hmm, the styles these women wear are all so different from my uniform...” Spas noted to herself, glancing down at her chest and back at the spring dresses and ripped jeans of the models in the magazine ads.

“Yeah, kind of. That’s why we got you new clothes.”

Tom glanced away from the pan he was stirring, and noticed that the vest of her bodice was now far too tight. Shirt clad breast meat bulged out of the scoop neck of the vest, and the buttons on the shirt itself were nearing their limit. Small diamonds of skin were starting to show between each pearl white fastener.

The pale-skinned girl ran her small fingers along the curve of her chest, absent-mindedly perusing the magazine as one fingertip slowly inched toward a button.

“Um, you might not want to–“

The barest feather touch of Spas’ fingertip pushed the threads holding the button to their limit, and they surrendered their mission. The tiny circle of white plastic launched free, crossing the kitchen and landing in the soup with a *-plop-*.

Tom tried not to stare as several inches of cleavage appeared. He could see the next button above the gap straining even more without the aid of its neighbor. The button below was hidden by her vest, but he was certain it was engaged in a similar struggle.

“Oh no! I better go change.”

Spas darted from the room as Tom turned to fish the button from the soup and rinse it in the sink. When she returned, Spas was wearing one of the pajama rompers she’d picked out at the mall.

Dark blue and covered with chocolate chip cookies, the sleepwear molded itself snugly to the former T-doll’s torso. The leg holes barely reached as far as the skirt on her uniform had, and without boots and stockings her pale smooth legs were fully on display. Very little of her hips or butt were left to the imagination, and Tom could see the subtle softness of her middle. Spas’ waist was well defined, far more narrow than her hips, but squishy-soft and ready to be filled up at any moment. Most of her arms were bare as well, the counterparts to her long pale legs. The stars of the show however were definitely her breasts. The blue fabric of the pajamas clung well, and Tom could see the outline of her bra as she bulged out of it slightly.

“H-how does I look?”

Spas was blushing.

Tom swallowed hard and gave a thumbs up.

“Really?”

As Tom nodded, and Spas’ face lit up, lights in the apartment flared back to life, and all around they could hear electronics beeping and fans whirring. Spas jumped slightly and reached for a weapon that wasn’t at her side.

“Hey, it’s okay. It’s just the power coming back on.”

Spas let out a breath with a sigh.

“Oh... right.” She smiled weakly.

“Well that’s a relief. Also the soup is warmed up, you want some?”

Spas beamed at Tom.

“Yes, please!”

Just as before Spas inhaled the food. Tom heated two more cans of soup, two boxes of mac and cheese, and opened three bags of chips. With her skin-tight pajamas, Tom was able to more easily observe the effects of her feast, and could almost see her tummy puffing out as she filled it with food.

The twin-tailed girl seemed to contemplate whether to ask for more food, but restrained herself and leaned back in her chair, resting both hands on a stomach that was several inches larger than it had been when she’d changed clothes.

“I think I’m going to do some research online. Do you want to watch TV? It will probably help you more with understanding our world than those magazines.”

“I don’t know what teevee is, but sure!”

Tom put on Netflix for his new friend/roommate, and booted up his computer. While she watched sitcoms and romcoms, he scoured forums and subreddits for stories like his. Was it even possible that anyone else had had a video game character come to life? He hit dead end after dead end. The best he ever came up with was weird fan fiction. The worst of *that* was the ‘adult’ kind.

Hearing the rustle and groan of his couch in the other room, Tom quickly closed the tab he had open, banishing cover art of a green-clad adventurer and his princess. Looking around the space he saw that Spas was slumped down on the couch, starting to fall asleep.

Tom stretched and stood from his chair.

“Hey, you ready for bed?”

Spas’ heavy-lidded eyes popped open.

“Mmm, yeah, I guess... I want to see what happens to these kids and this number girl...”

“They’ll still be there in the morning.”

“Okaaaaay.”

Spas interlocked her fingers and stretched her arms above her head. Her breasts pushed out against her pajamas and Tom couldn’t help but follow their motion. When she returned to her normal posture he could have sworn that the orbs spilling out of her bra and into the tight fabric were more prominent than they had been that morning.

His eyes must be playing tricks on him, Tom thought. This was the first time he’d seen her in such a revealing outfit, that’s all...

Spas pulled her legs up onto the couch so she was in a ball. Her knees pressed into her breasts and made them appear to swell even larger. She held this pose for a moment then tipped over to slump on her side, stretching out again.

“I’m good here Commander, you can have your bed back.”

Spas pulled the blanket over herself and tucked the pillow Tom had used last night under her head.

“It’s Tom, Spas, not Commander.”

Spas nodded wordlessly.

“Actually, Spas is a designation too, SPAS-12... do you have a real name?”

“-mmm-”

Spas’ eyes were closed now. Tom smiled and patted her head, then turned to the bedroom.

“S...ina”

“Did you say something?”

“My name’s... Sabrina.”

“That’s a pretty name. Goodnight, Sabrina.”

“night Tom”

Tom laid in his bed staring at the ceiling. He found himself preoccupied by the unfamiliar but not unpleasant smells his guest had left on his sheets. While working on that he mulled over the events of the past two days. How was it possible she was here? Was she real? How long would she stay? Could he send her back? Did she *want* to go back? Did *he* want her to go back? She was his favorite GFL character by far, but did that make her real? Did that make his feelings for her real? Could he really keep her here if she didn’t belong here?

Fortunately, finally, Tom drifted off to sleep. His mind remained unsettled, but his body’s fatigue won out.