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Contains: Weight Gain, Breast Expansion

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## **Dungeons and Developments**

### **Chapter VII: Don't Split the Party**

Sam walked the short distance from his car to the girl's house. He felt his phone buzz in his pocket and checked it. It was another message from Mandy.

[ETA?]

He tapped a reply.

{Walking up now}

[K]

As Sam approached the house via the concrete walkway, the front door swung open slightly. Mandy was reading something on her phone, so she didn't see Sam's eyes dart down the new curves of her body.

The black haired girl was wearing one of her signature quirky tees, but the print of *Harry Potter* dueling with *The Fourth Doctor* with their scarves tangled was distorted by a set of breasts slightly larger than apples. Mandy's tummy pressed against the shirt as well. She was wearing maroon boy shorts. Sam had never

seen so much of Mandy's bare legs. He'd expected them to be thin and bony—the way the bespectacled girl's whole body had been when they started the campaign. Instead Mandy's calves curved very nicely up to a set of thighs that were just a few good meals away from being called 'thick.'

Mandy tapped, locked her phone, and looked up. The hand holding her phone dropping to her side.

"Hey!"

Mandy's smile held more mischief than those of her roommates, but Sam liked it just as much.

Wait. Did he *like* all of them? Sam's head hurt just *considering* the possibility that he had crushes on all three of his players. At the same time!? He shook himself and met Mandy's eyes.

"Hey. The others here?"

"Nah, they ran to the store to get popcorn and more wine. I guess Anna *really* wanted caramel corn."

"Are you all watching a movie?"

"They are. I might join after we're done, but I've seen it a dozen times."

"What are they watching?"

"Your Name."

"Oh that's a classic."

"It is. And they should be too distracted watching it to snoop on us talking."

"T—talking about what?" Sam was getting nervous. And watching Mandy's bubble butt sway back and forth as she led them to her bedroom wasn't helping the situation.

She rounded on him. “Game stuff! Boss fights, spicy twists of magic, the good stuff.”

Mandy looked down to the floor thoughtfully, then back up at Sam.

“And don’t forget, no spoilers!”

Sam affected a character voice and bowed.

“As you wish, my lady.”

Any average girl would have groaned or laughed at his performance. Maybe affectionately call him a dork. Mandy only grinned again. Were *her* cheeks looking a little pink?

“Nice.” Was all she said.

Mandy’s room looked about how Sam expected— lots of anime figures and sci-fi posters. She directed him to the desk chair while she sat on the bed.

“Okay, so we’re coming up on this big bandit boss, right?”

“I can neither confirm nor deny...”

Mandy rolled her eyes.

“Yeah yeah, whatever. So assuming we get past that, I was thinking...”

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Sam and Mandy chatted for over ninety minutes. She coached him on several ideas for encounters, especially with the other girls’ characters and their... growth. Sam even offered a few ideas of his own. Spending these past few months learning Sasha, Anna, and Mandy’s little horny cues was paying off.

Being alone with such a cutie in her bedroom should have felt awkward, but Sam found Mandy very easy to talk to. They switched effortlessly from talking about the campaign, to all the various pop culture topics and faux-debates. At one point they both realized they'd been talking about non-D&D stuff for almost half an hour, and they each leaned back in their respective seats.

"Well, I should probably get going..." Sam said, breaking the short silence.

He thought he saw a flicker of disappointment in Mandy's eyes, but it was probably his imagination.

"Alright!" She said with another signature grin, standing to open the door.

"Oh, where's your restroom?" Sam asked.

"Back down the stairs and to your left."

"Great, thanks."

As he descended the stairs, Sam mentally replayed the interaction in his head, trying to figure out if he should have done or said something different. He passed the doorway to the living room and saw the anime film on their TV. He could see the top of Anna's head and the back of Sasha's, so he stepped slowly into the room. He intended to announce himself, but got distracted by the emotional climax of the movie. The soundtrack was swelling as the high school girl started running, so Anna and Sasha didn't hear Sam enter the room.

Leaning against the doorframe to watch the end of the movie, Sam's eye caught movement as Sasha's blond head tilted to rest on Anna's brown one. He could just hear the taller girl speak over the sound of the movie.

"Are you crying *again*?"

"Shut up! –*sniff*– This is my favorite part."

The character on screen groped herself and Sam had flashbacks to multiple play sessions with these three girls. He almost didn't hear Anna's soft squeak.

“H–hey...”

“I just want to feel... They’ve gotten so big...”

Anna’s head turned, but the back of the couch blocked her view of the doorway where Sam stood frozen— terrified of moving and being seen ‘spying’ on them.

“S–so have yours...”

“Well, they’re not Tavera’s size, but I think I need to upgrade to DD’s...”

“Really?”

Sasha’s whimper confirmed what he imagined Anna was doing to the statuesque blonde.

One of Anna’s hands crept up the side of Sasha’s head, which dipped down to meet the brunette’s. The wet sounds of their lips meeting and the movie music rising again gave Sam just enough cover to flee for the bathroom.

As he sat behind the locked door, Sam took deep breaths to calm himself. His phone buzzed again as he fetched it from his pocket.

[Thanks for tonight. Next time let’s meet at your place.]

Now what did *that* mean?

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Around the table, Mandy, Anna, and Sasha crunched on nachos as Sam narrated.

*“You three fools have played right into their hands! We whom you call ‘bandits’ – he made air quotes around the word – are freedom fighters. Rebels. We’re fighting to free the people of Belgravia from the oppression of the nobility!”*

“Oppress them by robbing them?” Anna asked.

Sam shot her a look.

“Oh, sorry... *–um– What manner of freedom is it for your band of –um– bandits to attack innocent travelers on the Queen’s roads?*” Anna took another bite of her cheese-covered chip.

*”Indeed, thou are but common criminals!”* Mandy added.

Sam continued.

*“Lap dogs, all of you! Freely you cast about high-minded words like ‘criminals’ while doling out death and leaving a trail of bodies in your wake!? The impotent figurehead you call a Queen is merely the latest in a line of–“*

“Can I cast magic missile?” Sasha asked.

“*–Um–* sure?”

Sasha seemed to realize what she’d done and reached a hand out to rest on Sam’s knee. She’d started sitting a little closer to him after the movie incident.

“Sorry Sam, I know you have a whole monologue here. But like, we’re not talking our way out of this, are we?”

She looked across the table at the other two young women, who were staring wide-eyed at her arm disappearing beneath the table. Sasha glanced down and then snapped her hand back to herself. She stared down at the table, red-faced.

Sam’s voice cracked when he spoke again.

“N–no, that’s fine. Honestly it’s just stuff I found on some website. We can move to the action... A spark of arcane energy flies from Tavara’s staff, glancing off the bandit leader’s shoulder.”

Anna tried to break the tension in the room.

*“I don’t know how many fights you’ve been in lady, but there’s usually not this much talking!”*

Mandy tapped her arm with the back of her hand playfully.

Sam resumed his ‘villain voice.’

*“Fools! I see the only language you understand is violence... NOW SISTERS!”*

All three girls sat up straight in their chairs, leaning forward expectantly.

“Three bandits wielding daggers and short swords jump out from behind these pillars.” Sam pointed at the map. “Two casters step out here, and here. And another behind the boss here.”

The fight was long and grueling. All three player characters took a lot of damage. After nearly two hours of dice rolling — four jars of salsa and queso — the party had the bandit leader on the ground.

“Blue-Eyed Layla stands hunched over, pressing a hand to her side where Auralia’s blade nicked an artery. Her robes are singed from Tavara’s fire, and she staggers. Her *-um-* massive breasts sway, pulling her downward.”

*“Do you have any last words, **bitch?**”* Anna snapped.

Sam thought for a moment.

*“Give my regards –cough cough– to the puppet queen, pawns...”*

“I attack with—“ Anna began.

“Wait!” Sasha interrupted. “Let’s do the thing!”

“Oh yeah,” Mandy said, “we want to use **Combination Attack** Sam.”

“Uh, let me see...” Sam tapped on his tablet to find the ability. “Once per encounter a character may spend one point of inspiration... Okay, so who’s doing what?”

“**Righteous Infusion**”

“**Arcane Beam**”

“**Breast Flow** of course, and **Eviscerate**”

“Hmm, okay. You guys want me to describe stuff?”

Three beautiful faces nodded at him.

“Alright, Camilla raises her arms in prayer...” He looked to the dark haired Mandy who was watching him. She was wearing a dark blue tank instead of her usual graphic tees, and a couple inches of near-white cleavage was on display.

*“Oh great and bountiful Fulla! Let the abundance of thy holy bounty flow into me and to my allies! Aid us in this our righteous quest!”*

“Using inspiration gives you an automatic crit, so roll for the effect.”

Mandy rolled 2d8 and hit a 16. The other girls cheered. Mandy was watching Sam eagerly.

“Gold and *–um–* green energy radiates out from Camilla. She seems to grow slightly taller as she becomes the avatar of Fulla. The straps holding her steel breastplate in place strain as her breasts swell to *–um–* K-cup?”

Mandy nodded, face red. One hand held the table in a white-knuckle grip.

“Alright, you two roll attacks.”

Anna and Sasha rolled, then for damage.

“Do you have taunts or anything?” He asked.



The brunette nodded. *"I can't have people lusting after you when they could be lusting after me! Give me those!!"*

Sasha glanced at Sam, then grinned at the figure on the map.

*"Time to die."*

Sam continued.

"Auralia takes three perfect steps forward, M-cup breasts wobbling in her kimono as her blade flashes. Layla's body is severed at the waist. Her massive chest pitches the top half of her body forward."

He tried to ignore Anna's hand moving into her lap under the table. Her sleeveless black top was straining at the buttons down her front, and she showed even more cleavage than Mandy.

"An instant later, a blinding beam of blue light erupts from Tavera's staff. For a split second, the bandit leader's body is a glowing silhouette of light, then she dissolves into mist."

Green, blue, and deep brown eyes stared at Sam. He double-checked his notes, then continued.

"The motes of Layla's life force drift through the air. They collect around Auralia's body. More float toward Tavera and Camilla. The monk's robes get tighter and tighter as her breasts grow to O-cups. Her *-um-*"

He glanced at Anna, who was obviously touching herself through her tight black skirt. She nodded eagerly.

"Her *-uh-* nipples peek out the top edges of her robe."

*"Hmmmmmm"* Anna whimpered.

Sam felt something touch his left leg, then the right. He didn't look but was pretty the 'somethings' were Sasha and Mandy's feet.

“The sorceress’s breasts quiver and then bulge, absorbing the magic floating around the room. She swells to N-cup. Her white lace bodice starts to rip along the *-uh-* seams—“

Sam looked to Sasha, who made a tiny shake of her head.

“One wrong move could leave her exposed.”

Sasha squeaked, and Sam felt her foot slide further up his leg.

He looked to Mandy, who was tomato-red and wide-eyed.

*“You have done well, my child. Fulla’s voice says in your mind. You are the perfect one to be my Chosen.”*

“Camilla’s armor gets more and more uncomfortable as her breasts swell yet again. The leather straps holding her breastplate rip free as she grows to L-cup, and the heavy iron plate clangs to the floor. Her tunic beneath is skin-tight, and *-um-*“

Mandy nodded. Her foot joined Sasha’s very near a dangerous spot.

“The *-um-* outline of her nipples is visible as they *-uh-* press against the linen tunic.”

All three girls were breathing hard. They were so turned on they’d stopped snacking.

“As you *-um-* bask in your victory... a lone figure steps out from the back of the room. She tosses her staff to the floor and raises both hands.”

*“Don’t kill me please! I was her prisoner... please take me with you!”*

Sasha’s voice was strained. “*Why –ahem– why should we?*”

*“I–I can tell you’re good. And you’re all so pretty...”*

The three girls beamed at Sam.

“The former bandit stares at each of you in turn, glancing often at Auralia’s exposed chest.”

*”H–how did you all get so... big?”*

*”Monk magic”*

*”Divine magic”*

*”... Magic magic.”*

Sam grinned. “Aaand scene.”

“Holy shit”

“Wow”

“That was great, Sam.” Sasha said.

“Hey... do you want to come over tonight?” Anna asked. “We’ll make dinner and maybe watch a movie?”

Sam glanced around the room, both Mandy and Sasha nodded agreement.

“Um, sure! That sounds like fun.”