

Note: This story is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

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Contains: Weight Gain, Breast Expansion

Dungeons and Developments

Chapter V: Booby Traps

“You’ve come to the entrance to the second floor of the abandoned manor. There is a solid stone wall here with a heavy wood door. The door is locked.”

“Oh shit!” Anna said, bouncing in her seat. “Who’s good at locks? I knew someone should have rolled a rogue.”

“They’re called thieves in this system.” Mandy quipped.

“Can *you* open the door then, since you decided not to play a tricky bard?”

Mandy put on her haughtiest tone.

“A holy warrior and vessel of the great and —er— abundant Fulla would never stoop to breaking and entering.”

“Um, this isn’t even their house Mandy, the bandits are literally squatting here.”

“Figuratively.”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“—*sigh*—, fine. Tavera casts **Mage Hand** to try and pick the lock. —*chomp*—”

“Roll it.”

Sasha failed the check.

”You reach out with your **otherwise** senses and it seems like you might be able to slide the —*um*— tumblers into place, but your magic finds no purchase on the metal gears, sliding off them like well-greased ball bearings.”

Mandy grimaced.

“Ball bearings?”

“Sorry, that was a little weird. How about —*uh*— water off a duck?”

Anna suppressed a snort of laughter and reached for another donut.

“Alright, anyway, magic didn’t work. Either of you two have any ideas?” Sasha popped the last bit of her most recent éclair between her glossy pink lips.

“Maybe it’s some kind of puzzle?” Mandy suggested, catching Sam’s eye with a wink Sasha almost caught.

“Alright, —*urp*— I investigate the area around the door.” Anna suggested, succeeding her dice check.

”Auralia feels around at the stone and brick that make up the door, and finds a cleverly disguised button.”

“Ooh ooh! I push it!” The brunette was practically vibrating with excitement.

"Auralia pushes the button and a panel opens on each side of the door. Within each panel is a *-um-* a small alcove, with a hollow space."

"What kind of hollow space?" Sasha asked before taking a big gulp of her soda.

"It's um, like the inside of a bowl. *-er-* like two bowls beside each other."

Anna and Sasha thought on this for a few moments. Then finally the visual description clicked in Sasha's mind and her blue eyes lit up.

"I *-er-* Tavera steps up to the alcove and *-uhhh-*"

Sasha was blushing again.

"She compares the size of the hollow space to her chest."

"The space looks like it would fit her *-um-* chest..."

Sam saw Mandy grinning like a Cheshire Cat as he felt his face grow warm and his heart rate pick up.

"Alright, Tavera steps up and put my *- her -* breasts into the alcove."

"It's a perfect fit. But nothing happens."

"Maybe you need to be topless?" Anna suggested through a mouthful of donut.

"Why don't **you** try it first!" Sasha barked, though with no heat behind her words.

"Fine, Auralia puts her boobs into the other alcove."

"The alcoves are identical in size, and thankfully Auralia and Tavera are the same size. You feel the stone press again you from all—"

"We're the same size? I thought you were still J-cup." Anna interrupted.

“No I wasn’t adding up the gradual increases from Mandy’s blessing spells, that bumped me – my character – up to K.”

“And those two archers...” Anna began.

“And one fighter.” Mandy added.

“Right, those three bandits only got *you* up to K-cup?” Sasha asked.

“Yeah, I guess the wiry fighter types are pretty flat.”

“That makes sense I guess.” Sasha mused.

Sam cleared his throat loudly.

“–*ahem*–”

“Sorry Sam,” Sasha said “go on, please.”

It often gave Sam a little spark when any of his lovely players addressed him directly, but Sasha always said his name with such weight, such... promise?

“Okay. You feel the stone press in on your chest from all sides, but the alcoves shift down a tiny bit and you hear weights and gears start to work behind the stone.”

“The door slides open.”

All three young women leaned in eagerly. Anna took a sip of her milkshake. Mandy bit into her éclair. Sasha worked on a bowl of foil-wrapped chocolates.

“The door slides open to reveal a long hallway.”

“Do not be afraid loyal companions! Those who walk in Fulla’s blessing need not be afraid!”

Mandy intoned, adding “Camilla walks into the hallway.”

“You hear a voice cry out, *Stand and deliver, adventurer scum! You’ll pay for trespassing in our lair, with your gold or your lives!*”

Then a second voice from behind you says, *Why not both, sister?*”

Sam sat back in his seat.

“Aaand, we have to stop there. We won’t get through the whole fight before our time’s up and I don’t want to end the session in the middle of combat.”

Anna slumped back in her chair, Sam noticed her prominent breasts wobble from the motion.

“That was really good Sam, thanks.” Mandy met Sam’s eyes and he felt warm all over again. Mandy’s navy blue tee shirt was skin tight over a chest that was now somewhere around C-cup — Sam was getting better at judging sizes — and read “Do not meddle in the affairs of dragons, for you are crunchy and good with ketchup.”

“So do you have any fun weekend plans, Sam?” Sasha sucked the last of the soda out of her cup. She wore a pale blue baby doll blouse that showed a decent amount of pale cleavage.

“Not really. A couple of my friends are going to the movies Saturday so I might meet up with them.”

“Oh nice, is it that Ryan Reynolds one?”

“I think so, either that or the Marvel thing, though I heard it was just okay.”

“Most of those movies are just okay, especially if you’ve read the source material...”

“Don’t start with that, Mandy.” Anna pleaded.

“Fine, fine. What do you guys want to do for snacks next week?”

The girls started to pack their bags and stand one by one.

“Pizza?” Anna suggested.

“We had pizza last time.” Sasha protested. When she stood to collect her dishes and put them in her bag, Sam noticed that the dark blue pencil skirt she wore did nothing to disguise the way her hips and ass had grown in the past three months. Sam didn’t mind though, and busied himself with his books and papers to avoid staring.

“I like pizza, what’s wrong with that?” Anna wore a black tank top again, and Sam was pretty sure her jeans were a bigger size than usual— they looked new. The shirt left a pale sliver of belly showing where it didn’t quite reach her jeans.

“Alright, so you bring pizza. I think I want to do pasta salad again.” Mandy’s gain as always was the least noticeable of the three. Her breasts had plumped up a little bit, and Sam thought could see a little bulge of tummy not quite hidden by her ‘mom jeans.’

“That sounds good to me,” Sasha said, “I’ll make brownies again probably.”

“Hey, do you guys want me to bring any snacks?” Sam asked.

“Oh.” Sasha seemed surprised, and all three girls exchanged looks.

“You can if you want Sam, but you don’t have to.” Mandy offered.

“Yeah, the three of us eat most of the food anyway.” Anna patted her slightly bloated stomach under the shadow of her swollen breasts, then seemed to realize what she was doing. She spun away, pretending to rearrange the items in her bag.

“Alright, well I might bring something next week.”

“Okay!” Sasha beamed a million-dollar smile at him, and Sam felt his face grow warm again.

That Friday night, Sam got a message from Anna directly, outside of their group chat.

[Hey Sam, you know like, martial arts stuff, right?]

{I mean, I guess so...}

[Your DMFinder profile says you do 🙌🙌]

{Yeah that might have been a bit of an oversell. I took taekwondo in middle-school 😅}

[But you watch like, karate movies and stuff?]

{Kung Fu movies, yeah that's true.}

[Great! Can you come by our place sometime tomorrow? I want your help workshopping some combat stuff for Auralia]

{I'm busy in the morning but maybe around 3?}

[That's fine, you have the address?]

{👍}

The girls lived in a tri-level in one of the older suburbs. Sam supposed with three paychecks they could afford to rent a whole house pretty cheaply way out here.

Stepping up the walk a little nervously, Sam carried his Player's Handbook and a few other references he thought might come in handy. Also his Blu-ray copy of *Enter the Dragon*.

A moment after he rang the doorbell Anna flung the plain wooden slab open. She was wearing... a bathrobe!? Sam's heart rate increased instantly. He couldn't stop his eyes from traveling down the length of the maroon terrycloth housecoat and seeing the hints of her shape beneath. Quickly he caught himself and met her deep brown eyes. It occurred to him that he'd never been this close to the gorgeous brunette. She was textbook 'girl next door' adorable.

"Hey Sam! Come on in."

He stepped inside mutely. The curvy young woman closed the door then walked past Sam into a fairly small kitchen. He couldn't help but watch the wiggle of her robe-covered booty as she walked away, to say nothing of the smooth exposed skin of her calves as her bare feet padded across the carpeted floor.

"I'm almost done in here, you can have a seat in the living room."

Sam sat on the edge of a wing-backed chair, too off-balance to consider pulling any books out of his bag or even checking his phone. After a dozen excruciating seconds wherein Sam's mind ran through a million possibilities of what he'd just walked into, Anna returned carrying a platter of peanut butter cookies.

"Here we go..."

Anna set the platter on the coffee table.

For the first time since laying eyes on the adorable brunette, Sam spoke.

"So... are the other girls...?"

"Oh they're not here. Mandy went to some camping thing with her family and Sasha's at a conference for work."

"I see..."

"Are you... disappointed?"

Anna pointed one toe at the floor and twisted her leg.

“No, no! I was just curious... that’s all.”

“Great!”

Anna started to undo the belt on her robe, and Sam felt his chest get tight and his heart race.

“Okay, now don’t laugh...” She said with a glare.

Huh?

Anna’s robe fell away and underneath she was wearing... another robe?

No wait, it was some kind of kimono. Red and black and maybe silk? Sam was not an expert on cloth. He realized Anna was watching his face for a response.

“Um... it’s very nice...”

“Come on! You don’t recognize it?”

“Sorry...?”

“Well, I guess it’s not a perfect reproduction. The edging isn’t wide enough. But, it’s the kimono Auralia wears... or at least, the one the character I copied her look from wears.”

Sam was only half listening. The shape of Anna’s body was even more apparent through the thinner layer of clothing covering her skin. Sam found himself wishing he’d taken a cold shower before coming over here. *Keep it professional* he scolded himself.

“Anyway, now that Auralia is starting to get really big, I want to figure out how she would fight. I know I’m not nearly as big as she is, but I hoped you could help me.”

Anna met his eyes again. Deep brown rings that seemed to see right through him. Sam gulped hard.

“—*ahem*— Sure! We can probably start with —*um*— standard monk sword attacks?”

They spent the next hour going through various attacks, stances, moves, and poses.

“Okay this is one where I think her size is *really* going to come into play.” Anna grinned, “I think she can *use* the extra weight instead of it throwing off her balance.”

“Okay...”

Anna blushed suddenly.

“I have —*um*— a prop for this... that might help...”

“What like a foam sword or something? That would probably help a lot!”

Sam and Anna were standing in the open living room, and in the excitement of their project he’d almost forgotten he was standing so close to a very cute girl.

“Not exactly... hang on, I’ll be right back!”

Anna bounded away up the half-flight of stairs and behind a bedroom door. Sam munched on a cookie until she re-emerged, descending the stairs at a much more cautious pace. It took three entire seconds for Sam to register the change.

Anna’s breasts looked bigger. Quite a bit bigger. Sam gaped as she crossed the room to stand a few feet from where he sat.

“What...?” He asked dumbly.

Anna was beaming at him.

“It’s an H-cup bra, and these inserts!”

Fishing one hand into her kimono and under her bra, Anna pulled out a wobbly disk Sam assumed was silicone or some other kind of rubber. As she slid it back into place Sam could see the skin of her actual breast rise up to match the other. The kimono now showed off more than a little of her pale cleavage.

“Okay, now I’m as big as Auralia...”

Anna suddenly turned shy again, clasping her hands behind her back and rotating her torso, sending her artificially enhanced breasts wobbling. If Sam was being honest, the inserts weren’t as big as he’d expected. Maybe 2–3 cups worth at most.

He felt a stirring in his jeans.

Before Sam could say anything, or better yet flee the scene, Anna spoke again.

“Can we work on that pirouette slash now...?”