The Curious Case of Hailey’s Condition: Chapter 1

As Hailey reached for the toothpaste, she felt the cold ceramic of the sink lightly brushing against her breasts. She squirmed instantly from the unpleasant sensation. Even though she was wearing a baggy t-shirt, her breasts lifted the front so much that it failed to cover the bottom of her breasts. A bra would have prevented this mishap, but Hailey wasn’t wearing one. Why would she? Although she was in the communal floor bathroom of her college dorm, no one else could possibly be awake at four fifty in the morning. Hailey had never stayed up this late either as a matter of fact; it’s just that she had to finish an eight-page paper due at ten that very morning. Despite her exhaustion, Hailey felt relieved and triumphant that the paper was finished — that is, until her breasts somehow ended up brushing against the sink for the very first time.

Shame and disbelief overtook her: ‘Have my boobs gotten bigger? This can’t be happening! They pretty much stopped growing the sophomore year of high school. It’s been three years since then. Or did I somehow bend my back just now!?’ With her mind racing in ten different directions, Hailey stood upright and slowly hunched to see what would happen. And there she had it: her breasts lightly touching the sink at her most natural posture; her breasts were growing again.

Overwhelmed by the realization, Hailey rushed to her room to scour the Internet for an explanation. ‘How could this be!? My boobs stopped growing like three years ago! What is going on!?’ But then something dawned on her: she just started taking birth control for the first time. Hailey remembered the doctor telling her that the pill could slightly make her breasts bigger as a side effect. As undesirable as the side effect was, Hailey had no choice because practicing safe sex was of utmost importance to her.

Hailey and her boyfriend, Sandy, had been dating for three months now and Hailey was finally ready to lose her virginity. She loved him and nobody had made her feel so safe in her life. Sandy always listened with an open heart and spoke with such confidence. Simply put, Sandy was the boyfriend Hailey had always dreamt about during high school. In fact, she was more than ready to take the relationship to the next step.

With an explanation for her sudden breast growth, Hailey could not help but chuckle at just how much she was freaking out. ‘Thank God my roommates are asleep. Otherwise it would have been pretty embarrassing,’ she thought to herself as she got into her bed. It was now five o’clock in the morning and she only had four hours to sleep before going to her history class to turn in her paper.

When Hailey woke up, she knew instantly she was late for her history class. Her roommates, Kate and Emily, were gone. If she had woken up on time, Kate and Emily would be chatting in the room as they always do before leaving for their writing class. She grabbed her phone to see if she could at least make it to class before it would end. It was a quarter to eleven, which was when class ended. If she ran, she would make it by the end of class to turn in her paper, avoiding a late penalty.

She ransacked her drawers to get dressed as quickly as possible except there was just one problem: she was out of clean panties. However, it did not matter. Hailey was determined to turn in her paper on time no matter what and decided to do without underwear for the day. Besides, her period was two weeks away. There was nothing to worry about. So, in her typical spring attire – yoga pants with a loose shirt – Hailey bolted out of her room.

Hailey ran as fast as she could. The history classroom was ten minutes away from her dorm. She could not afford to slow down. Unfortunately, Hailey’s breasts made it rather painful and downright embarrassing. Hailey was a 32N and each of her breasts weighed at least eight pounds. Her bra could do not adequately contain them let alone constrain the wild movement. They bounced up and down, side to side, and front and back. If it weren’t for their weight, Hailey’s breasts would have slapped her in the face with every bounce. But it was also the crushing weight that made it not just unpleasant but also painful. Every bounce sent a jolt throughout her breasts, making them tremble with unforgiving intensity.

And as baggy as her shirt was, it was painfully obvious to everyone else how Hailey’s breasts were bouncing out of control. Her petite figure only worked to accentuate the movement. Of course, Hailey was well aware of how ridiculous she looked. In fact, she was blushing scarlet red from the unwanted attention. Hailey wished for the millionth time that her breasts weren’t so large.

It was eleven sharp when she finally arrived at the classroom. Professor Valentina hadn’t dismissed the class yet. Hailey snuck in through the back door and turned in her paper with relief.

Still out of breath, Hailey started walking to her acting class. She’d been told countless times that she had the looks of a 1950s Hollywood starlet and that she should seriously consider a career in acting. However, Hailey was never convinced that she had the talent for it. Nevertheless, she still enjoyed acting in a class setting or in a school play. Today, however, Hailey felt tempted to skip since she had gotten so little sleep. If there was one thing Hailey could never give up in life, it was sleep. If she skipped acting and went back to her dorm, she could nap till her astronomy class at two thirty. Hailey felt bad but decided to skip her acting class.

The entire walk back to her dorm, Hailey was terribly guilt-ridden. But the moment she opened the door to her room and saw her bed, all that guilt dissipated. She didn’t even bother changing into her sleeping clothes – loose t-shirt with shorts – because she was too exhausted. She just took off her bra and got into bed for some shuteye.

Unfortunately, Hailey couldn’t fall asleep or get any rest for that matter. As she was getting comfy in bed, a strong tingling sensation in her breasts suddenly came on. It was as if her breasts had fallen asleep. *Hard*. Her mind went numb from the pain. The sensation persisted for about half an hour.

Strangely enough, this was not a new experience for Hailey. At thirteen, she fell victim to medical condition called “virginal breast hypertrophy,” undergoing excessive breast growth. Within a span of two years, Hailey went from wearing training bras to wearing 32M bras. Before every growth attack, she would experience a strong tingling sensation in her breasts. A growth attack would last anywhere from several hours to weeks. During her most aggressive growth spurt, Hailey’s breasts ballooned up from a 32D to a 32H in less than two weeks. They also grew gradually even when she wasn’t having a growth attack. But that was “negligible” compared to how much she’d grow during a growth spurt. Thankfully her breasts stopped growing after the sophomore year of high school, and they remained pretty much the same size since then. Now it seemed, however, her breasts might start growing again.

Panic seized her: ‘What if my breasts start growing and never stop this time? What if this time, the growth attacks are more aggressive? Will I need to drop out of college? How big will my breasts be? What if they become so heavy that I can barely walk? Will I become bed-ridden?’ Hailey tried not to jump to conclusions without first seeing a doctor. But she could not stop picturing the most unfortunate outcomes. As soon as the tingling sensation went away, Hailey got out of bed and called her mom.

“Hello?” Her mom picked up.

“Hi Mom, it’s me.”

“I knew it! I knew my daughter was missing me just as much as I missed her. So, what’s my little Hailey been up to?”

“Mom, listen… I think it’s starting again.”

“What’s starting again?”

“My condition. I think they’re starting to grow again, my breasts.”

“What do you mean? That’s not possible.”

“No, I’m serious. I just experienced the same tingling sensation from way back then.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course I’m sure, Mom! Why aren’t you taking this seriously?!”

“I’m sorry sweetie, I didn’t mean it that way. It’s just—has there been any growth yet?”

“No, not yet. But I think it’s only a matter of time.”

“Well, try to stay calm for now, okay? I’ll come down and get you this weekend. And we can go see Dr. Prince and see what we can do. Alright?”

“It’s not like he was of any help last time.”

“I know, Hailey, I know. But it’s the best option we have. Stay strong for mommy, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Good! That’s my girl. Well, mommy’s gotta get back to work now. Love you.”

“Okay, bye.”

After hanging up, Hailey took off her shirt and blankly stared into Emily’s full body mirror. She saw a girl with ridiculously large breasts. The girl’s breasts revolted her. But she also knew that very girl was her. There was no denying it. Those pendulous breasts in the mirror were the same breasts hanging from her own chest, sagging down to her hips and pushing each other to the sides. They engulfed her entire torso. The skin had so many wrinkles and stretch marks, making her breasts look like those of a fifty-year-old woman.

To top it off, her nipples and areolas were freakishly large. They had grown proportionally to the rest of her breasts, which is precisely why they were so huge. However, the light pink hue of the nipples and the areolas gave them a shy, apologetic presence. Now Hailey’s panic slowly turned into rage. She began to ask herself again and again, ‘Why me? Why me!?’ It had been a while since she deliberately looked at her bare breasts with such contempt. The shame and anger she once felt about her breasts came roaring back.

‘Look at how big my breasts are. If only I could wake up tomorrow and they were completely gone… I must look like a total freak wherever I go. They’re so large that they don’t even make me look feminine. God, I feel like some monster. I wonder what it’s like to not worry about how freaky your boobs look every minute you’re out in public. And these nipples are so huge. There’s no way anyone can actually find me physical attractive. Like even Sandy probably doesn’t although I hope he does because he’s my boyfriend.’

The more Hailey looked at her breasts in the mirror, the more shameful and angry she became. Her most humiliating and enraging memories came screaming back. Hailey’s face started to turn scarlet red as she remembered that time when her bra strap snapped in the middle of a scene during her high school play. Hailey was wearing a tight shirt for her role. Literally everyone – from her best friends to her parents – in the audience could see her right breast lose support and conspicuously sag to her belly. There were gasps and giggles among the crowd. But Hailey managed to smile it off and finish the scene.

As soon as the scene was over, Hailey rushed backstage in tears, not knowing what to do for her upcoming scenes. Going braless was not an option since then her oversized nipples would show through. They were no smaller than a quarter and protruded as much as three quarters of an inch. Also, Hailey had no intention of letting the world see just how much her breasts sagged due to their sheer weight and size. Borrowing a bra would not work either. Although she was only a freshman in high school, her size was a whopping 32J. Besides, even if Hailey managed to find someone with the same size, who in their right mind would lend her their bra?

Her fellow cast members did their best to console her, but all fell short of offering a solution. In the end, Hailey was forced to perform the rest of her scenes with lopsided breasts. Needless to say, her performance suffered. It was a miracle that Hailey didn’t forget her lines. After getting home that night, Hailey screamed and cried into her pillow till sunrise. Although it was four years ago, Hailey could still feel her right breast plunge and hear the gasps and the giggles in the audience. She felt just as humiliated from merely remembering that night.

Another incident that came screaming back was the time when she got fitted for a custom bra. Hailey had just outgrown her 32L bras and it was again time to get measured for a new size. Getting fitted for a custom bra was nothing new for Hailey. In fact, this was to be her seventh time. But she loathed the whole experience of getting fitted nonetheless.

As a sophomore in high school, Hailey was as insecure about her breasts as any girl could possibly be. At that age, every girl of any size felt insecure. If you were below a C cup, your breasts weren’t big enough. If you were larger than an E cup, your breasts were too big and saggy, making you look heavier than ideal. And if you were indeed endowed with the “right” cup size – C or D, you would find problems with the shape. It was no wonder why Hailey did not like getting fitted. The mere thought of a bra fitter seeing and touching her bare breasts made her stomach knot. No matter how polite and professional the bra fitter was, Hailey was choked with humiliation when the fitter would see and touch her bare breasts. Perhaps if her breasts weren’t so large and pendulous, Hailey would have found the experience infinitely more tolerable. But that was not the case.

Hailey’s breasts obscenely heaved at the middle and rudely sagged at the bottom. Due to their sheer size, Hailey’s breasts had a pendulous shape despite being extremely full. As a result, her bust was the fullest around her waist and bottomed out just above her hips. It was also around this time that the outer edges of her breasts started touching her arms as they pushed each other to the sides. In short, Hailey’s breasts came nothing close to the “ideal” breasts you saw on television and in the movies. It was only natural for Hailey to not want anyone else, let alone an utter stranger, see and touch her breasts. Of course, all the taunts and ridicules she endured at school for her outlandishly sized breasts did not help.

The only consolation Hailey had as her mom drove her to get fitted was the fact that she was starting to feel more comfortable with the bra fitter. Ariana was a great conversationalist and Hailey genuinely enjoyed chatting with her. Ariana was like the cool aunt Hailey always wanted. It also helped that Ariana too had large breasts. They were not as huge as Hailey’s but 34F was no moderate size either. Unfortunately, when Hailey and her mom walked into the store, they were told Ariana had been in a car accident and that she wouldn’t be back at work a while. A woman in her late twenties by the name of Sasha was to cover Ariana’s shifts for the time being.

Unlike Ariana, Sasha didn’t let Hailey get ready in private by waiting outside the fitting room. Instead, Sasha came into the fitting room with Hailey, expecting her to take off her shirt and bra as she stood by. Hailey asked Sasha if she could wait outside only to hear her snap back, “I don’t like to waste my time. Come on, let’s just get it over with. I’m not your mommy.” Sasha’s rudeness irked her, but Hailey asked again politely. Sasha refused with even more irritation this time. Not wanting to make a scene, Hailey took off her shirt and bra and hung them on a rack. She quickly covered her nipples with her hands although her areolas were too big to be fully covered.

“Oh my god! They’re so saggy.” Sasha gibed.

“I know.” Taken aback, Hailey agreed with Sasha.

“No, I mean they’re really saggy. It’s almost hard to believe. And I can still see your areolas by the way.”

“Oh, I’m sorry.” Hailey apologized although she had done nothing wrong. It was not her fault that her nipples were too big to be fully covered by her hands.

“It’s okay. I’m going to see them anyways when I measure your bust.” Sasha replied indifferently as she took out her measuring tape. “I need you to lift up your boobs so I can measure your band size. Right where your breasts fold and meet your chest.”

Hailey hesitated. To lift her breasts, she would have to scoop them up from below. And that meant her nipples would no longer be covered.

“What are you waiting for? I don’t have forever.” Sasha pressed. Hailey complied, eager to be done as quickly as possible. Sasha measured Hailey’s band size but not without making another snide remark. “Jesus, I didn’t even know nipples could be this big. But it makes sense since your tits are so big.”

“If it’s okay with you, I think I’d be more comfortable if you didn’t make comments on my breasts.” Hailey spoke politely, suppressing her ire.

“Fine. Although, it’s not my fault that you feel so uncomfortable with your own tits.” Sasha shot back. “Put your breasts down. I need to measure your bust.”

At this point, Hailey felt tempted to slap Sasha in the face. She had never encountered someone so offensive and confrontational as long as she could remember. Unfortunately, Hailey had always been bad at standing up for herself. So, she swallowed her anger and let her breasts hang from her chest in their natural position. Sasha kept to her word and didn’t make a peep.

However, she became deliberately careless and touchy for the rest of the fitting just to spite Hailey. Whenever Ariana tested a bra’s fit on Hailey, she would adjust and feel the fit very carefully. And each time she had to directly touch Hailey’s breasts for adjustment, she would let her know and only do so gently. Sasha, however, handled Hailey’s breasts roughly and directly touched when it didn’t seem necessary. In fact, Sasha ended up jabbing Hailey’s nipples five times in the process. Each time, the nipple grew more sensitive, making the pain sharper. But of course, Sasha didn’t apologize once. Hailey could not wait to get out of the store. When Sasha was finally done, Hailey got clothed faster than she ever had and stormed out of the fitting room.

As her mom put in the order and made the payment at the counter, Hailey contemplated informing the store manager of what had just happened. But she couldn’t bring herself to do it. Recounting the story would be too humiliating. And she felt pathetic for not having stood up for herself. Before she knew it, Hailey was already in the car, going back home.

“Oh shoot, I’m sorry!” Emily shrieked as she walked into the room and saw Hailey topless. Hailey gasped, realizing she had been topless in their room this whole time as she was lost in self-pity and contempt of her own breasts. Emily went back out immediately after for Hailey to get dressed.

“My bad, Emily. That was totally on me. You can come in now.” Hailey spoke as she collected herself. Emily came back in.

“What were you doing? Were you just changing?”

“No, I mean I was just… never mind. It’s not that important.”

“Are you sure? Because if you were checking for lumps or anything, you should just go to Student Health Center and get examined.”

“It’s nothing like that. I don’t think you’ll understand.”

“Why not?”

“It’s just a very personal issue for me. Like I shouldn’t drag you into it. And I should go to my astronomy class now. I’ll see you later.”

“You do you, Hailey. But just remember I’m always here for you if you need me.”

“I know.” Hailey smiled at Emily as she closed the door behind her.

Hailey could not focus on the lecture no matter how hard she tried. The thought of her breasts growing again terrified her. Although her breasts were abnormally large at 32N, she still lead a normal life. There were many things Hailey wished she had or didn’t have, but she was always grateful for being able to live an ordinary life. But if her breasts start growing again, there was no guarantee what would happen.

Then suddenly, an intense tightening sensation in her nipples overtook her. She couldn’t think straight anymore. The sensation was neither painful nor pleasurable. It was simply overwhelming. It pushed out from her mind any thought or emotion. All she knew was this intense feeling in her nipples. Hailey struggled to keep her breath. Desperate to ease the sensation, Hailey clutched her nipples. But it was no use.

When the feeling of tightness did ease, another sensation took over Hailey’s nipples. Except this time, it was decidedly pleasurable. Hailey could feel her nipples throb, ushering in an unrelenting wave of orgasmic pleasure. With each throb, she climaxed. Hailey had no choice but to bite into her lower lip to keep herself from screaming. All she could do for now was not draw any attention to herself and hope the sensation would subside by the end of class.

After twenty minutes, Hailey’s nipples finally stopped throbbing to her immense relief. Class was about to be dismissed. But Hailey realized she had another problem: her loins and pants were drenched. Hailey had a tendency of becoming excessively lubricated in times of arousal. Whenever she masturbated, she had to put a towel underneath her thighs so that the sheets wouldn’t get ruined. After orgasming in her nipples for twenty straight minutes, Hailey was wetter than she had ever been. And it showed through her grey yoga pants. The entire thigh and butt area was soaked.

Class was dismissed but Hailey remained in her seat, pretending to jog down additional notes. Hailey’s plan was to rush to the bathroom as soon as everyone else left. Then she would remain in a bathroom stall until her pants dried. It would take hours, but there was no other choice.

Hailey broke down in tears as soon as the bathroom stall door locked behind her. So much had happened in the past twelve hours. She could not keep her mind from racing. ‘What just happened to me? Why was I getting all those weird sensations in my nipples? That’s not even the most important question right now. I need to know if my breasts are actually growing again. If my birth control made them bigger, that would be good. Because then I can just stop taking them and my boobs won’t grow. But what if taking birth control triggered my breasts to start growing again? Would that explain why my nipples were feeling so weird just now? Oh my god, what’s gonna happen to me? I should just pray for a peace of mind.’

About half an hour into praying, Hailey could feel her breasts flare up with heat from all the blood rushing in; her worst fear was confirmed. Her breasts were growing again! Although it had been three years since her last growth spurt, Hailey instantly recognized she was about to have a growth spurt. And she knew it would an intense one from how much her breasts were flaring up. “Please be over quickly,” Hailey muttered under her breath with resignation.

Growth spurts not only varied in length but in intensity. When they were relatively mild, Hailey could go about her day without too much distraction. She would never *not* be aware of the sensations in her breasts. But she could still function. On the other hand, severe growth spurts practically immobilized her. Even the slightest movement exasperated the intense tingling sensation in her breasts to unbearable pain. Her only course of action was to lie in bed and wait it out. She couldn’t do anything as she waited it out in bed either. The sheer intensity of the tingling sensation in her breasts made it possible. Luckily, intense growth attacks tended to be shorter, lasting anywhere from a few hours to several days. All Hailey could do now was pray for this growth attack to pass as soon as possible.

Before the sensations would intensify, Hailey came out of the stall and walked to the paper towel dispenser. She took out at least thirty sheets and soaked them with cold water. As painful as it was to move, she needed them to cool her breasts down. Hailey went back in to the stall and took off her shirt and bra as carefully as possible. Her breasts were already red from all the blood rushing in. Hailey hurriedly put the paper towels on her breasts and sat down on the floor. Now she just had to wait till it was over.

After eight gruesome hours, the tingling sensation in Hailey’s breasts subsided. The growth spurt was finally over. Hailey walked out of the stall topless stood in front of the mirror to gauge how much her breasts grew. Since it was past midnight, she didn’t need to worry about anyone coming in. Her breasts looked noticeably fuller especially at the bottom and gave them an even more pendulous look. Hailey anxiously put on her bra to see how much her breasts would bulge out. They spilled out over the top and to the side. Luckily, over her baggy shirt, the bulges weren’t as obvious.

Hailey checked her phone and saw that it was well past midnight. Her boyfriend, Sandy, had left her a voice message saying he was worried and that she should call him back as soon as possible. Hailey dialed.

“Hello?” Sandy picked up.

“Sandy, I’m so sorry. It’s just…”

“It’s just what? Hailey, are you okay?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know what’s happening and I don’t know what to do.” Hailey choked up.

“Hailey, where are you right now? Are you safe?”

“Yeah, I’m safe. I’m in a bathroom right now.”

“What building? I’ll come get you!”

“I’m in Uder Hall. Second floor bathroom.”

“Wait there, okay? I’ll come get you as soon as I can. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Alright, I’ll see you in five minutes.” Sandy hung up as he started sprinting towards Uder Hall.

Hailey checked her texts and replied to all her friends who were worried as well. She told them she was fine although that was a complete lie. But she was not ready to tell her friends about what had just happened. In fact, Hailey was not even sure if she felt ready to tell Sandy. Then she realized that he might figure out on his own anyway. Before Hailey could decide whether to tell Sandy, the phone rang.