

1.

“So, let me get this straight,” said the petite brunette, hesitating. “It’s one pill for thirty bucks, or five for fifty, or ten for a hundred and fifty?”

The redheaded woman—her generous cleavage on display beneath a snug sweater—nodded, smirking. “That’s right, honey. Take it or leave it. Your call.”

The brunette shifted her weight nervously. “Mmm, I don’t know... I only have a hundred. Could I give you a hundred for ten? Or maybe just ten for one hundred?”

A low laugh escaped the redhead’s painted lips, causing her ample chest to wobble enticingly. “Oh, sweetie, no. But you can always buy five now and more next week.” She dangled a small plastic bag in front of the brunette’s face. “C’mon, I know you waaaaant theem.”

With a sigh, the younger woman snatched the bag, passing over a crisp Benjamin. The redhead casually retrieved a fifty from her cleavage and tucked it into the brunette’s shirt. “Thank you. Come again,” she said with a wink, before turning on her heel and sauntering off around the corner.

The brunette—Fabi—watched the redhead disappear. She patted the pocket holding her prize, then headed toward her dorm building. She’d anticipated this moment all summer. “Finally,” she muttered under her breath, “I’ll be able to show up that bitch Lindsey.”

Inside the building, she unlocked her dorm room and slipped quietly through the door, shutting it softly behind her.

“Sneaking around, are we?” a shrill voice called out, nearly making Fabi jump from her socks. Her heart pounded as she spun around, landing her gaze on her roommate, Bree.

Fabi forced a grin, pushing her bangs aside. “Hey, um... Bree.” Her roommate, a Brazilian from Illinois, rolled her eyes good-naturedly and smiled, flashing perfect white teeth. Bree was about five-five, slender, yet impossibly curvy where it counted—especially her wide hips and tanned complexion. Her full, natural lips and bright green eyes were a stark contrast to Fabi’s slight frame and more subdued features.

“Fabi, you’re staring again,” Bree teased, making Fabi blink and blush.

“Sorry,” Fabi stammered. “I just got lost in thought.”

“Oh yeah? Something on your mind?”

Fabi shrugged, forcing a casual tone. “I was wondering why you’re back so early. Thought you had a double tonight.”

"I do. Just came home for dinner," Bree said, jerking her thumb toward the table. "I brought you something—'panchos,' basically nachos with beef strips. Help yourself."

"P... panchos?" Fabi echoed, smiling sheepishly. "Sounds great. I could use the weight." She tugged a strand of hair nervously.

"Well, enjoy. I've got to head out." Bree pulled on her shoes and reached for her sweater, standing directly in front of Fabi. "Umm, Fabi? You're blocking the way." She stuck out her tongue playfully.

Fabi stepped aside, relief washing over her as the door clicked shut behind Bree. She waited a moment, watching the gap beneath the door, then sprang into action. Rushing to the bathroom, she fumbled out the small bag of crudely shaped pills. They looked... odd. More like chalky candy than medicine. Had she been scammed?

She rolled her eyes. "Only one way to find out," she said quietly. She placed a single pill in her mouth and chased it with a glass of water. The pill dissolved quickly, leaving a sugary aftertaste. Her stomach sank. "Fifty bucks for sugar pills. Puta madre!" she cursed, glaring at herself in the mirror.

Fabi's reflection revealed an eighteen-year-old freshman: petite, slender, with clothes that always seemed too large. Her bust was nonexistent, her figure boyish. She'd always envied her curvier classmates and loathed her own twig-like physique, despite a soft, pretty face framed by long lashes and gentle brown eyes.

Tears pricked her eyes, but she shook them off, heading to the kitchen. The styrofoam container from Bree sat waiting. She popped it open, inhaling the steamy aroma. Soon, every chip, every strip of beef, every dollop of beans and cheese vanished. Satisfied, she tossed the empty box, rinsed her fork, and collapsed onto her bed with her current read, *Fifty Shades of Grey*. Curling under the covers, she immersed herself in the story, her pulse quickening as she read. She giggled, licked her lips, and before she knew it, her free hand drifted beneath the sheets. Her heart raced as she explored herself, losing track of time and place until exhaustion overcame her and she passed out.

The next morning, Fabi awoke feeling stiff, her mouth dry and her shirt crusted with sweat and drool. She rubbed her eyes and noticed Bree still asleep. Quietly, she slipped into the bathroom and shut the door. As she moved, a dull soreness in her nipples caught her attention. Confused, she reached up—and found soft, tangible weight in her hands.

Her eyes widened. She lifted her shirt and stared in the mirror at two newfound breasts, sensitive and full enough to fill her palms. A grin spread across her face. "They actually worked," she whispered. The pills were still in her pocket. She pulled out another and swallowed it eagerly, gulping down three cups of water to wash away any lingering sugar. Her heart fluttered with excitement.

A knock rattled the door, jolting her. “Hey!” Bree’s voice called. “Done groping yourself yet? I gotta pee!”

Fabi’s voice cracked as she tried to sound normal. “Just brushing my teeth! I’ll hop in the shower.”

She started the water and stepped in, letting it calm her nerves and wash away last night’s sweat. The new fullness of her chest felt intoxicating. She bounced slightly on the balls of her feet, delighting in the gentle sway.

The door opened behind her. “Long night?” Bree asked over the sound of rushing water. “Your book was on the floor when I got in. You always fall asleep reading. It’s cute, but seriously, take care of those pages.”

Fabi forced a laugh. “I know. It’s just so good... maybe you should give it a try.”

“Me? Nah, I’m not into word porn,” Bree joked. “Anyway, I’m off again. Connie dropped her shift, so I’m filling in. More cash for us—and maybe I can take you out somewhere nice before classes start.”

“Promise?”

“Promise!”

As Bree finished her business and stepped out, Fabi’s face flushed again. The moment she was alone, the heat returned—an intense wave of arousal spreading through her body. She leaned against the shower wall, panting, her newly sensitive breasts heavy and warm. She barely registered Bree’s parting words before the door clicked shut.

Fabi slid down to the tile floor, water cascading over her, her hand drifting hungrily between her legs. Each breath made her breasts feel a bit more swollen, her nipples tight and darkened. The sensation was stronger than before, pushing her to the brink of ecstasy as her world blurred into hot, pulsing pleasure. She closed her eyes and surrendered to the rising heat, caught in a wave of blissful transformation.