

“Hey Mike, you know how Michelle’s been stuffing her bra lately?” asked Alex, leaning in conspiratorially.

Mike raised an eyebrow. “Uh, no, not really. What’s up?”

Alex grinned, not buying it. “Don’t pretend you don’t notice, man. Anyway, I’ve got a birthday present for her next month.” From his pocket, he held up a small bag of crumbly pills, some barely intact.

Mike let out a scoff. “Wait, is that the stuff from that kid’s so-called ‘pump’ formula? Alex, you seriously wasted your money. There’s no way those things work.”

Alex punched Mike’s arm, suddenly serious. “It’s gonna work, dude. Remember Kristen Gomez? How else did she grow so much over the summer? She was hanging around that chem lab. It’s not a coincidence.”

Mike shrugged. “I dunno, maybe she just got on birth control. She took something every morning before class. Besides, Kristen’s always been a bit odd.”

Shaking his head, Alex insisted, “Those weren’t birth control pills, Mike. They were these.” Suddenly, his watch buzzed. He stuffed the pills into his pocket and bolted out the door. One little pill tumbled to the floor and caught Mike’s eye. He sighed, scooped it up, wrapped it in a paper towel, and tucked it away in his drawer—under a fresh box of condoms he’d bought to celebrate his girlfriend Priscilla’s return. Priscilla, a 5’5” art major, boasted full G-cup breasts that challenged her tops for space. Mike, a lanky programmer, had met her during a study session; they’d been “studying” together ever since.

**Later that night**, Mike’s phone buzzed him awake. A text from Priscilla read: *“Am I gonna have to sleep in my car, or will you be my man and help with my bags? I’m tired!”*

He chuckled and hurried outside, where Priscilla waited beside her familiar blue car. When she saw him, she flung open the door and hugged him tight, her plush chest pressing into him.

“Shhhhh,” he whispered, “it’s two in the morning. Let’s not wake everyone.”

She giggled, then kissed him softly. Mike popped the hatch and grabbed her duffel bags. “Jeez,” he grunted, “are these full of bricks?”

Priscilla just rolled her eyes, amused. “Supplies for art classes, Mr. Computer Genius. Not everyone just needs a laptop.” She teased him all the way back up to the dorm, grateful they had a place to themselves this year. “No roommates except me,” she said, sticking out her tongue playfully. “Let me reward my hero for saving a poor girl in the dark of night.”

She leaned in and kissed him deeply, and they stumbled onto the bed, side by side. Gazing into each other's eyes, Priscilla teased, "I bet my big man is all pent up. Too bad you can't get any without a condom." Mike's heart thrummed, and he nodded toward the nightstand.

Priscilla reached over, pulling open the drawer to grab the box. She noticed the wadded tissue beneath it. Curious, she fished it out, revealing a single white pill.

"What's this?" she asked, suspicious now. "A drug?"

Mike's stomach flipped. "W-what? No! It's... Alex's. Just a piece of candy he left behind."

Priscilla eyed him skeptically. "Candy? Really? Then why hide it like this?"

Flustered, Mike insisted, "I swear, it's nothing. Just some candy he forgot."

Priscilla sighed, shrugged, and popped the crumbly lump into her mouth. It tasted sugary, dissolving quickly. "Mmm, it's sweet," she said, smiling. "See? No reason to freak me out, silly."

Mike exhaled, relieved. It was probably just sugar anyway. The idea that it could magically enlarge anything was ridiculous.

Priscilla settled onto his lap, her breasts pressing warmly against him. He ran his hands along her toned thighs and up her backside, giving her shorts a playful tug. With a smirk, she raised her shirt to reveal a bra already straining at the seams—hard to find a perfect 30G, and even that was too small. She flung the shirt aside and unclasped her bra, letting her breasts bounce free. They were huge, practically as large as her head. She pressed them together, swaying her shoulders to give Mike a show. He moaned quietly, leaning up to kiss and suck her nipples as she shimmied out of her shorts, her body trembling with anticipation.

A month apart had left them both eager. Priscilla turned around, presenting her glistening folds, and Mike returned the favor by tasting her gently. She moaned, fumbling with the condom wrapper before rolling it down his ten-inch length. She loved how he always surprised her, and this time was no exception. Guiding him inside her, she gasped at his thickness, moaning as he filled her inch by inch. Her breasts grew warm and sensitive, nipples hardening as she slowly adjusted to his size.

They moved together, lost in their shared pleasure. Priscilla bounced above him, her breasts jiggling with every thrust, her head tilted back in ecstasy. Mike adored the way her body responded to him—the pulsing heat, the tight grip of her inner walls. She came first, her body gripping him so tightly he nearly lost it then and there. As he reached his peak, she slid off, tore away the condom, and took him into her mouth, swallowing every drop. The intense moment brought a second orgasm for her as well. Thoroughly spent, they curled up together and drifted into a blissful sleep, the strange heat in her breasts fading to a memory.

Priscilla woke slowly, still basking in the afterglow of the previous night's passion. Her body felt deliciously warm, her muscles relaxed yet buzzing with energy. She stretched luxuriously, a sleepy smile on her lips, remembering how Mike's hands had roamed over her curves, how he'd made her gasp and moan until she'd practically melted into him. Now, with morning light filtering softly through the curtains, she reached for him—only to find the bed empty and a small note waiting on his pillow.

"Hey baby," it read in his neat handwriting, "ran some errands. Back later for wings. —Love, Mike."

She snorted softly, amused. Wings for breakfast—what a guy. Sitting up, she felt an odd weight shift on her chest, heavier than she remembered. Her bra had come off sometime last night, and now only one of Mike's oversized sweaters hung loosely over her shoulders. Yet something was off—her breasts felt different, somehow... larger, fuller, more sensitive than even yesterday. She couldn't shake the strange sensation that they occupied more space than they should.

Cautiously, Priscilla tugged the sweater's collar wide and peered down. Her jaw dropped, heart thudding wildly in her chest. Her breasts were immense, easily larger than before. They were no longer just large—they were downright colossal, straining the soft knit sweater and creating a deep, inviting cleavage that seemed to beg for attention. She had thought her G-cups were big, but now they looked at least a few sizes larger. The lower curve of each breast peeked out beneath the sweater, and the fabric itself clung to her nipples, which were now so sensitive that even the gentle brush of the cotton made her toes curl.

She stood, and the movement alone was enough to send a subtle quake through her new masses. A warm flush spread over her cheeks, arousal and confusion twining together. Each step she took made her breasts sway heavily, their weight pulling on her frame in a way that was both startling and strangely erotic. She cupped them gently, biting her lip at how they overflowed her hands. They felt firmer, yet still soft to the touch, the flesh pliant and welcoming. Her skin tingled beneath her fingertips, and each slight squeeze sent a delicate ripple of pleasure trickling down her spine.

A day ago, she couldn't have imagined breasts any bigger than hers—but now she'd been gifted something new, something mesmerizing. Her nipples were darker, more prominent, stiffening at even the whisper of the sweater's soft threads. Her entire chest felt like an erogenous zone, poised on the brink of pleasure if she so much as brushed against anything. She could still feel Mike's mouth on them, remembering the way he had sucked and teased. The memory alone made her knees threaten to buckle.

Priscilla tested her balance, swaying gently side to side, marveling at the delicious heft. They moved like liquid desire, each subtle shift sending warm pulses through her core. She knew these weren't just an overnight growth spurt—they were supernatural, but how? She remembered Mike's nervous stammering, the weird look in his eyes when she found it. It

definitely hadn't been a piece of candy. Something in that crumbly thing had changed her body, and it was beyond anything she could have expected.

Her mind buzzed with questions. Would they get even bigger? How would she find a bra to contain these impossible curves? Yet for all her confusion, she couldn't deny the thrill coursing through her veins. The sensual pleasure of feeling her breasts this large, this sensitive, awakened a new, heady confidence within her. She imagined the look on Mike's face when he saw her like this, how he'd stammer and blush, how his hands would tremble with hunger. The thought made her shudder with anticipation.

She ran one hand down her ribcage, feeling how her torso now curved out so dramatically at the chest before narrowing again. Each breath made her breasts rise and fall in an exaggerated dance, nipples brushing the fabric, sending sparks of pleasure skittering through her nerves. She could practically feel the blood rushing into her areolas, making them more receptive, almost hungry for touch.

With a determined breath, Priscilla pulled the sweater tight, hugging her enhanced bosom, feeling them press against her arms. She had no idea how to explain this to Mike, but a wicked grin curled her lips as she imagined how appreciative he'd be. Last night had been incredible—tonight could be transcendent.

There would be no hiding these changes. She stepped toward the door, feeling the heavy pull of each luscious mound and reveling in the erotic charge it gave her. She could barely focus on anything but the sweet, insistent ache of growth, that lingering flush of arousal. There were mysteries to solve, yes—but first, she would relish this feeling, enjoy the luscious bounty she'd been given.

Priscilla grinned, flushed and breathless, her colossal breasts bouncing gently with each step. She'd find answers soon enough. Until then, she'd savor every moment of this impossible, exhilarating transformation.