

The room was painted a pale shade of blue and covered in posters of various video games. Electronic dings and bells chimed softly from a laptop on the desk, punctuated by soft, high-pitched moans emanating from a large office chair. From behind, a pair of slender legs and petite feet could be seen hanging over the armrests—belonging to Mary, a five-foot-three college girl with a curvy figure. Her hips were pleasantly wide, her waist a modest twenty-eight inches, and her breasts, each about the size of a softball, filled a snug 34F cup.

She wore a tight navy-blue T-shirt with her college initials, “TSC,” in hot pink across the chest. A custom cutout in the fabric framed her generous cleavage, which spilled forth enticingly. Matching hot-pink cheeky panties hugged her rear, nearly disappearing between her cheeks. Leaning forward, Mary pressed her breasts onto the desk as a little chime sounded. She rubbed her thighs together, smiling into the camera. “Ooh, thank you so much, Brady26! Just a bit more, and I get to take another one, heh.”

On-screen, three camera angles focused on her: one straight ahead, one from below the desk, and one from the side. Mary, a business major at Texas State College, had taken her entrepreneurial spirit online, selling the allure of her body through this live show. A small pile of white pills sat just beneath the monitor, and each donation triggered the buzzing of her Bluetooth vibrator. A new ding and subsequent buzz made her squeal in delight.

“Ohhh, thank you, Brady! You’re so... oh!... So generous today!” She pressed her breasts together, smiling coyly. On the screen, a donation tracker labeled “Candy” approached its goal. The contributions rolled in, each one intensifying the vibrator’s hum. Her eyes fluttered as she spread her legs momentarily, fingers working themselves eagerly between her thighs. The camera angles caught everything: her arching back, her trembling legs, the way her nipples strained visibly against the fabric of her top.

Soon, the candy slider maxed out, triggering a special chime. “Looks like you boys deserve a little sugar magic,” Mary teased, leaning forward. “The next biggest donation gets to spin the wheel!” She displayed a pinwheel divided into sections marked with numbers—most ranging from 1 to 5, and one tiny sliver marked 10. A flood of large donations poured in, and the winner, “BigD1K,” ended up with three spins.

She flicked the spinner. The first spin landed on 5. “Is this good, BigD, or do you want to try again?” His reply flashed on screen: ‘Again.’

The second spin landed on 2. Mary pouted playfully. “Awww, should’ve stuck with 5, cutie. One more spin?” The chat responded: ‘Again.’

This time, Mary flicked the spinner harder. It whirled, slowed, and landed precisely on 10. Her smile widened. “Ooh, BigD, you like them big, don’t you?” She giggled nervously, feeling her pulse quicken. She’d taken three pills before, even five on special occasions, and each time

she'd grown a bit. But ten pills at once? She wasn't sure what to expect. Still, the money was good—very good—and the show must go on.

Popping the pills one by one and washing them down with gulps of water, Mary felt her temperature rising by the fourth pill. By the seventh, sweat trickled down her neck and her arousal soared, soaking the seat beneath her. By the tenth, her vision blurred and her body hummed with energy. Her breasts already appeared swollen beneath the overtaxed top.

“Wow, BigD, you really want me huge, don't you?” Her voice trembled with a blend of nervousness and lust. She lifted one pill at a time, pressing them past her full, painted lips. By the third pill, a heat kindled low in her belly. By the fifth, her nipples chafed painfully against the T-shirt's fabric, each breath a tease of friction that made her toes curl. By the seventh, a slickness dripped steadily between her thighs, her mind hazy and electric. By the tenth, she was nearly delirious with sensation, body humming as if alive with magic.

Her chest tingled, a thousand tiny pinpricks tracing the edges of her breasts. She gasped, arching her back, feeling the gentle swell intensify. They were growing, slowly at first—a steady firming, as if they were filling with warm liquid. She panted and moaned, the vibrator's relentless hum pushing her toward another orgasm. As the pleasure peaked, she cried out, her voice hitching, and felt her breasts surge larger. The fabric strained, the cleavage window widening painfully around her expanding globes.

Her heart hammered. With each wave of pleasure that shuddered through her, her chest expanded further—heavy and hot, the flesh pliant yet dense. She pressed a hand to her shirt, feeling the fabric creak as her breasts rose from cantaloupe to nearly bowling-ball proportions. Her nipples, now hardened into taut buds, pressed angrily against the cotton, every shift of the fabric sending fire through her veins.

“Ohhh God,” she choked out, sweat trickling down her temple, “they're getting so big... so huge...” The chat exploded with approval, egging her on. The donations poured in, making her vibrator hum faster. She couldn't help it—she plunged three fingers into her soaked panties, crying out as the pressure between her legs mounted. Her breasts surged again with her orgasm, swelling to the size of basketballs, gravity tugging them down so heavily that just holding her posture upright was a struggle. She gasped with each breath, her lungs fighting for space as her chest dwarfed her once-curved yet modest frame.

Her top could no longer withstand it. With trembling hands, she yanked the shirt upward, baring her enormous breasts for the cameras. They swung free, each one so large that they spread across her torso, the delicate skin flushed and sensitive. The cool air hardened her nipples further, making her whine and shiver. A second orgasm ripped through her body—she clenched around her own fingers, honey-slick arousal running down her inner thighs. With that peak, they grew even more, expanding past basketballs, heavier, fuller—each now like a medicine ball of trembling, luscious flesh.

By the time her growth slowed, she was panting and teary-eyed, her massive chest now obscuring part of her view. These breasts were beyond any bra size she'd ever known, tipping into some unimaginable letter. Each sensitive swell was hyper-tuned to sensation, and even the subtlest shift of her upper body set them swaying, sending shocks of delight racing down her spine.

"Th-thank you, everyone," she managed, voice shaky, her cheeks stained crimson. She tried to focus on the camera, on finishing the show gracefully, but it was hard to think over the throbbing of her overgrown breasts and the lingering pulses of afterglow. Every nerve ending in her chest blazed to life with even the tiniest movement.

The show ended, and the screen went dark. Finally alone, she stood carefully, marveling at the sheer weight that pulled her forward. She had to lean back slightly, adjusting her posture to accommodate the twin planets attached to her torso. Her nipples were enormous, tender peaks that begged to be touched. She resisted, knowing she was already too overstimulated, each brush of air over her skin like a whisper of pleasure.

In the bathroom mirror, she gaped. Her tits were wider than her shoulders, their skin flushed and stretched. She couldn't stop running her hands over them, each caress sending flickers of pleasure through her core. They were impossible now—bigger than any fantasy. No shirt or bra in her wardrobe would ever come close to fitting. She felt powerful, desirable, and yet slightly terrified by the scale of her transformation. Still, a grin tugged at her lips. The money had been good—and if her fans wanted more, who was she to deny them?

Exhausted, swollen, and tingling with lingering pleasure, Mary eased herself into bed, supporting her massive breasts with pillows. Her lids grew heavy as she drifted off, mind dancing with visions of what tomorrow might bring. She'd find a way—clothes, comfort, maybe even more pills. After all, growth was good business, and the night's blissful chaos had proven she could handle it. With a final, contented sigh, she surrendered to sleep, her newly engorged form a testament to her wild, unstoppable allure.