

An old woman calls out from behind the counter, "Come behind the counter it's time for your fitting Ms. Fabi." Fabi quickly put her phone into her pink clutch and hopped up to her feet. She reveled in the feeling of her newfound mass on her chest bouncing softly. She'd gone braless for the day, never expecting that tiny sugar pill to cause so much... growth. As she approached the counter she took notice of the seamstress she'd booked. The old woman was a little hunched but had a soft demeanor. Without a car, she couldn't be choosy about the seamstress, though this one seemed kind enough. The woman smiled at her as they walked to the back of the shop.

"So what brings you here miss?" The woman asked.

Fabi hesitated before answering. "I've noticed that I have grown a little and would like to see where I am at the moment," the girl didn't want to say drugs, "I'm not sure if it's a second puberty but they've been feeling tighter. Fuller too." Fabi motions to her breasts.

Margaret chuckled and gave a nod, "well are you expecting? It's normal to grow when life is sprouting."

"No no! Not at all!" Fabi's eyes grew wide with shock, "I wouldn't have sex, shouldn't, can't! Umm what I meant to say is that I'm not sexually active at the moment." She'd tried to save whatever face was left of the embarrassing moment. The old woman laughed even louder and clapped her hands together causing Fabi to flinch slightly. "I didn't mean to embarrass you. I was just curious. Some women come in here looking for support, for fun, for something special for a special someone. You just never know these days." Fabi flushed. She felt like a teenager fumbling through sex ed class all over again. She sighed and closed her eyes briefly before stepping into the back of the shop.

At the back of the shop, an assortment of tape measures and stencils lay scattered around, along with three full-body mirrors positioned to give anyone standing in the center a clear view of themselves. Opposite of those three mirrors was another full body mirror probably meant for inspection of the back of a dress or other garment. The floor was carpeted and the center of the area stood a little wooden box. "Alright dear, please do me the favor of standing on the box and removing your top and your bra please," the old woman directed as she turned around to retrieve some tools and tape a blue tape measure. The young girl gulped. She could never have imagined that at twenty-two she'd be standing in the back of a musty-smelling shop, stripping in front of a stranger. It felt surreal—embarrassing, even—but there was no turning back now.

She slowly stepped up onto the box, listening to the box creak under her weight. She was only 113 lbs the last time she checked so this box *has* to be old. She glanced at herself in the mirrors, avoiding her reflection at first. But then her eyes caught the unfamiliar curve of her chest. It was... strange. Alien. Like looking at someone else entirely. Shaking off the thought, she reached for the hem of her shirt, pulling it over her head. The fabric rubbing against her nipples nearly made her knees buckle. She definitely wasn't used to the sensitivity her breasts held. She cupped one of her breasts and realized it filled her small hand easily. To think that two

nights ago there was nothing there. Suddenly, the seamstress turned around without looking up at the nervous girl and said, "We'll get you sorted, dear. The first measurement is always the hardest. Before you know it, you'll be coming in for your next one to match outfits with or get ready for the beach or even just for some tea." Margaret looked up and began to work. Like a machine most of her demeanor was now stoic. Margaret raised Fabi's arms without a word, her hands brisk but steady. The tape measure wrapped around her ribcage, just under her breasts, its cool surface making Fabi shiver slightly. She held her breath as Margaret pulled the tape snug, jotting down numbers with mechanical precision. Then came the next measurement—around her breasts, right over her nipples. Fabi bit her lip, fighting the urge to squirm as Margaret muttered to herself, seemingly lost in her work. The main issue is that she'd taken a pill shortly before entering the store. She didn't feel anything just yet.

"Hmmm well they certainly are a perky pair aren't they," exclaimed Margaret in surprise. Margaret's hand cupped one of her breasts without so much as a warning. Fabi froze, her cheeks burning. Was this normal? She wanted to say something, but the words stuck in her throat. The older woman's hand felt large and firm, almost clinical—but the weight of it still sent an unfamiliar jolt through her. "Margaret stepped back and nodded to herself, as if satisfied. 'Yes, I got it!' she said suddenly, turning to rummage through a drawer of tattered undergarments. "This should fit you just fine," the old woman said, tossing the pink bra toward Fabi. "This one is a 32C. Just your size!" Fabi stared at the bra in her hands. It was small and dainty, with lace trim that seemed too delicate for her unfamiliar body. She ran her thumb over the soft pink fabric, feeling both drawn to and repelled by it. It was hers now—her size, her shape—but it didn't feel like it belonged to her.

She slipped the pink bra on, fumbling with the rear clasp until it finally clicked into place. She felt the cups filled by her breasts, the fabric snug and soft against her skin. The weight of her chest felt new but not unwelcome, like stepping into a version of herself she was only beginning to understand. She glanced at her reflection again, letting her eyes linger this time. The girl in the mirror wasn't someone else anymore. The curve of her chest, the way the pink bra hugged her figure—it was all her. It felt strange, but it also felt... right.

For the first time, she finally felt like a woman. The soft, full feeling of the bra seemed to confirm it. And yet, she knew this was only the beginning—more was to come. The thought was both exciting and terrifying.

But before she could linger on the thought, her stomach growled, loud and insistent, breaking the moment. She flushed as Margaret chuckled behind her. "Looks like you'll need more than just a bra today, dear," the older woman said with a grin. "You've earned a snack after all this excitement." Fabi smiled faintly, her cheeks warm. Reality, as always, had a way of pulling her back down to earth. She nodded at the comment but the moment was broken yet again by her phone buzzing. Pulling her phone from her jeans she realizes she's late for her class. Panic surged in Fabi's chest as she reached behind her to unclasp the bra, the unfamiliar weight of it pressing against her like a reminder she wasn't ready for. Her fingers fumbled with the

clasp, desperate to shed the snug, alien feeling. But before she could undo it, a sharp slap landed on her hands.

“None of that now!” the shopkeeper barked, her voice firm but amused. “You’re keeping it on. Try it out. Trust me, dear, you’ll feel better once you get used to it.”

Fabi froze, cheeks burning as she stared at the older woman in disbelief. “But—”

“No buts!” the old woman interrupted, waving a hand at her. “You’ve got somewhere to be, don’t you? Go on, now! See how you feel with it. You can pay me later!”

The words barely registered before Fabi found herself being shooed out of the backroom and toward the front of the shop. She fumbled for her bag, pulling it over her shoulder as the shopkeeper gestured impatiently toward the door.

“Go, go, go!” she said, her voice cutting through Fabi’s confusion like a knife.

The door swung open, and Fabi stumbled out into the fresh air, her heels clattering against the pavement as she broke into a hurried walk. Her heart pounded, her head swimming with the old woman’s words, the sensation of the bra’s soft cups pressing against her chest, and the growing pit of dread in her stomach.

Running across campus, Fabi darted through the paved walkways like a woman on a mission. Blind corners were no match for her as she bobbed and weaved, narrowly avoiding students carrying coffees and oversized backpacks. “Sorry!” she called out, sidestepping a guy in headphones who didn’t seem to notice her at all.

Her mind, however, wasn’t nearly as focused as her legs. The snug fit of the bra kept distracting her. How was it this comfortable? She’d been expecting to hate it, to want to rip it off the second she sat down, but instead, it felt like... like it belonged. Like it had always been there. The thought made her cheeks flush, and she shook her head to clear it. Focus, Fabi! You’re going to be—

“OOF!”

The world tilted for a second as she slammed into someone at full speed, her bag flying out of her hands and her phone skittering across the pavement. “Oh my God, I’m so sorry!” she blurted, scrambling to pick up her things. A few loose papers fluttered in the breeze, and she lunged for them, her heart pounding harder than before.

When she finally looked up, she found herself staring at a pair of startled eyes—and the person she’d just bowled over. A man roughly twenty-six years old, in a black leather jacket and a beanie sat on the floor recovering from the sudden force of Fabi’s body. The guy looked around

awkwardly before making a hesitant move to help her up, but Fabi was already scrambling to her feet. Her hands worked quickly, scooping up her scattered notebooks and pens as a rush of embarrassment burned through her.

“Sorry—so sorry,” she mumbled, not even glancing at him as she shoved the last of her things into her bag. He started to say something, but she was already on her way, her feet moving faster than her thoughts as she darted toward the building’s entrance.

The classroom door loomed ahead, and Fabi pushed it open as quietly as she could, wincing as the hinges let out a faint creak. She slipped inside, her heart pounding from the sprint, and made her way to the back of the room, careful not to disturb the rows of students already scribbling in their notebooks.

She slid into an empty seat next to her friend, trying to catch her breath while smoothing out her shirt. “You made it,” her friend whispered with a smirk, not even bothering to look up from her notes.

“Can it, Stacy. I’m here now,” Fabi whispered back, brushing her hair out of her face as she settled into her seat. She could still feel the faint press of the bra against her chest, an unrelenting reminder of the morning’s chaos.

Stacy turned toward her, eyes wide and lips mouthing what the fuck? as she dramatically cupped large imaginary breasts, her expression a mix of mock shock and exaggerated awe.

Fabi’s cheeks burned, but she couldn’t help smiling as she grabbed Stacy’s hands and pushed them down. “Shut up,” she whispered, her voice low but firm. “It’s just a little push-up bra. I wanted to try something different.”

Stacy wiggled her eyebrows but didn’t say a word, her smirk doing all the talking for her.

Fabi rolled her eyes, leaning closer. “Do you have any food? I’m starving,” she said, her voice more pleading now.

“Nope,” Stacy replied, her tone teasing as she turned back to her notebook. Then, with the precision of someone who’d mastered mischief, she reached into her bag, pulled out a bag of mini chocolate donuts, and lobbed it onto Fabi’s desk with a quiet plop.

Fabi stared at the bag for a second before breaking into a grin. “You’re a lifesaver,” she whispered, tearing it open and popping one into her mouth.

“Don’t say I never do anything for you,” Stacy shot back, grinning as she scribbled something in the margins of her notebook.

Fabi leaned back in her chair, letting the sugary sweetness of the donut melt on her tongue. For a moment, the chaos of the morning—the crash, the bra, the rush to class—melted away with it. The familiar banter with Stacy and the calming hum of the classroom offered her a rare sense of normalcy.

But as she reached into the empty bag and realized she'd polished off the last donut without noticing, a strange warmth began to spread through her chest. It started as a faint tingle, then grew into a gentle, enveloping heat. She froze, her fingers brushing against her shirt as she glanced around, unsure if anyone could see the flush creeping across her face.

Her breath hitched slightly, and she shifted in her chair, rubbing her thighs together instinctively as the sensation coursed through her. It wasn't painful, but it was... noticeable—impossible to ignore. Her skin felt sensitive, her body hyper-aware of every inch of fabric brushing against it.

"Fabi?" Stacy's whisper cut through the haze, pulling her back to reality. Fabi blinked, realizing her cheeks were burning.

"I'm fine," Fabi whispered quickly, brushing her hair over her shoulder and sitting up straighter. She forced a weak smile, tapping her pen against her notebook as if that would ground her. Her eyes darted to the professor at the front of the room, but the words on the board blurred into meaningless scribbles.

The warmth in her chest didn't fade. If anything, it intensified, spreading like liquid heat under her skin. Her breaths came shorter, quicker, and a faint tremble worked its way into her lips. Oh no, she thought, her stomach flipping as realization struck. The pill.

Her arousal was building, slow but undeniable, each sensation layering on top of the other. The snug fit of the bra didn't help—it was impossible to ignore the heat pooling in her chest, the way the fabric seemed to cling to her sensitive skin. She gripped the sides of her desk tightly, her fingers pressing into the cool surface as if it could steady her.

Her breathing hitched as she tried to calm herself, but her body wasn't listening. Her thighs shifted restlessly, and she swallowed hard, willing herself to focus, to act normal.

"Fabi, are you alright?" Stacy's voice broke through the haze. "You look really flushed." Her friend's expression was a mix of concern and curiosity, her brow furrowing as she leaned closer.

Fabi nodded quickly, her movements jerky and unconvincing. "Y-yeah," she stammered, her voice barely above a whisper. "I'm fine. Just—just give me a minute."

Her hands gripped the desk even tighter as she closed her eyes, taking a deep, shaky breath to try and steady herself. The cool air of the classroom brushed against her flushed skin, a lifeline

she clung to as the heat in her chest threatened to overwhelm her. She just needed the class to end—needed to escape.

As soon as the professor dismissed them, Fabi bolted from her seat, her bag slung hastily over her shoulder as she hurried out of the room. The run back to her dorm was a blur. The cool breeze against her face helped, each step shaking off the lingering warmth that had been pooling in her chest. By the time she reached her door, her breathing had evened out, and the tension in her body had begun to fade.

The smell of food greeted her as soon as she stepped inside, stopping her in her tracks. On the table sat a takeout box, steam still curling from the edges. Her stomach growled at the sight, hunger rising to the forefront now that the chaos of the day had finally settled.

Fabi walked over, her fingers brushing against the box as she read the note written on top in Bree's familiar loopy handwriting: "Eat something, chica. Love you. -Bree." Her roommate was always looking after her.

She smiled, her shoulders relaxing as she peeled back the lid. The smell of fried enchiladas hit her immediately—warm, savory, and comforting. Next to them sat a generous helping of beans and rice, the rich aroma stirring memories of home.

Fabi pulled out a chair and sat down, letting the tension in her body finally release as she slumped into the seat. The run from the building had helped taper her arousal, the cool air outside soothing the heat that had been rising within her. For the first time all day, she felt like she could breathe.

She picked up a fork and took her first bite. The crunch of the tortilla shell was perfect, the creamy filling melting on her tongue. Warmth from the spices spread through her mouth, grounding her, easing the chaos that had consumed her morning. Bite after bite, she allowed herself to relax, focusing on the savory meal and nothing else.

But the relief was fleeting.

As the meal disappeared, that familiar warmth began to creep back into her chest. Subtle at first—a faint tingle beneath her bra, a pulsing sensation she tried to ignore—but it grew stronger with each passing moment. Her breath hitched, and her chest tightened as if the fabric of her bra were pressing against skin that had grown even more sensitive.

She shifted in her seat, hoping the motion would distract her, but it only seemed to heighten her awareness of her body. Her thighs rubbed together instinctively as the heat began pooling lower, spreading like wildfire.

Her fork clattered softly against the empty plate, breaking the silence of the room. Fabi sat still for a moment, her stomach full but her mind anything but calm. Without realizing it, her hand drifted downward, her fingers brushing against the front of her jeans. The rough texture of the denim under her touch sent a shiver up her spine. The motion was small—soft, almost absentminded—but enough to ignite a spark deep within her.

A soft moan escaped her lips before she could stop it, and she bit down hard on her lower lip, her cheeks flushing with heat. For a moment, she froze, her heart pounding as she stared at her own hand. But the warmth radiating from her chest and lower body refused to be ignored. Her breathing quickened, and after a brief hesitation, she decided to indulge the pull she could no longer resist.

Rising from the chair, she made her way to the bed, her legs trembling slightly with each step. Her fingers fumbled with the button of her jeans, tugging them down her hips until they pooled at her ankles. Kicking them off, she was left in a fitted t-shirt that clung to the soft curves of her new 32C chest and a pair of black cheeky panties that hugged her hips.

Fabi climbed onto the bed and lay back, the coolness of the sheets a stark contrast to the heat pulsing through her body. Her chest rose and fell with each uneven breath as she closed her eyes, letting herself sink into the sensations overtaking her.

Her fingers danced over the fabric of her panties, tracing delicate patterns over the barrier that hid her pulsing lips. The friction of her touch sent waves of electricity coursing through her, her body hyper-aware of every movement, every brush of fabric against her sensitive skin.

She bit her lip again, harder this time, stifling the small sounds that threatened to escape. Her mind felt hazy, a mixture of curiosity and need driving her forward. She wasn't sure what was happening to her, but at that moment, it didn't matter. All that mattered was the warmth, the pressure, the undeniable pull of her own body.

Fabi's brow furrowed as her fingers ventured lower, finding her entrance. Her middle and ring finger pressed into herself hesitantly at first, then deeper, exploring the sensation of being filled. Her chest rose and fell in uneven breaths as she let herself imagine something—or rather, someone—taking the place of her fingers.

Her mind flashed to the guy in the leather jacket, the one she'd crashed into earlier that day. His broad shoulders, the slight smirk on his lips, the way he'd looked at her even in those fleeting moments—it all came rushing back. Her fingers moved with more urgency, filling the space he occupied in her mind, the imagined weight of him pressing against her making her thighs tremble.

She bit her lip, a muffled moan slipping out as her fingers withdrew briefly, circling the sensitive little nub that sent jolts of pleasure racing through her body. The sparks were electric, pulling

soft gasps from her lips as she let herself fall deeper into the fantasy. Him. Moving against her. Over and over, unrelenting. Her fingers worked tirelessly, each motion mimicking what she could only imagine.

Fabi's legs instinctively pulled up, her knees bending as she spread them wider. Her toes curled against the sheets as heat radiated through her core. Her plushies sat on the bed beside her, their button eyes staring blankly, but the thought of being watched, even inanimate and harmless, made something primal stir within her.

She closed her eyes tightly, her mind swirling with a hazy mix of desire and surrender. She could feel her body teetering on the edge, her fingers alternating between plunging deep and teasing her most sensitive spot. Her breath hitched, her back arching slightly as her imagination and her body worked in tandem, sending her spiraling toward a place she hadn't known she could reach.

The release hit her like a tidal wave, forcing her body to arch as the orgasm surged through her, flooding every nerve with fiery pleasure. Her breath caught, her fingers freezing in place as the sensation overtook her completely. A sharp, high-pitched squeal escaped her lips before she could stop it, her entire body trembling as the pleasure rolled over her in relentless waves.

The intensity left her chest heaving, her face flushed, and her body warm and damp with sweat. The slick mess between her thighs was undeniable—her panties soaked, her hand sticky, and even the sheets beneath her dampened by the aftermath. But at that moment, she couldn't bring herself to care.

Her head lolled to the side, her gaze unfocused as she stared at the wall, her breaths coming out in uneven gasps. Slowly, the sharp edges of her aroused state faded, leaving behind a glowing warmth that filled her body and an ache that settled deep in her chest.

Fabi blinked, trying to catch her breath, her heart still racing as the realization of what had just happened began to sink in. She felt weightless and heavy all at once, her body spent but her mind still buzzing. For the first time in what felt like forever, she had let herself go completely—given in to the heat, the pull, the changes she couldn't explain.

Fabi jolted awake, her heart hammering in her chest as she gasped for air. Her skin was clammy, damp with sweat, and her t-shirt clung uncomfortably to her body. She sat up, her breathing shallow and uneven, clutching at her chest. It felt tight, constricted—like she was being suffocated.

Her brow furrowed as the realization hit her. The bra.



She scrambled to her feet, her fingers clawing at the back of her shirt as she tried to pull it off. The fabric caught for a moment before sliding free, and she stumbled toward the mirror, her chest rising and falling with every panicked breath.

The reflection staring back at her made her freeze. Her mouth fell open in shock.

The bra she had so carefully fitted earlier that day was straining against her skin, the cups overflowing to the point where the delicate lace barely covered her. Her nipples, flushed and peeking out from the tops of the , looked as if they were moments away from breaking free completely.

Fabi tugged at the rear straps, twisting and turning to try and reach the clasp, but it was no use. Her arms ached from the awkward angle, and the band dug painfully into her back. Frustrated, she let out a low groan and decided to pull the bra off like a shirt instead, tugging it up over her head.

The moment the bra came free, her breasts spilled out, bouncing slightly with the sudden release. The sensation stopped her cold.

She stared at herself in the mirror, stunned. Her chest felt impossibly heavy, the weight pulling her shoulders forward in a way that made her feel unbalanced. The difference was startling—she wasn't just bigger; she was fuller, softer, and undeniably changed.

Her hands instinctively cupped her breasts, testing their weight. Her fingers sank into the soft, warm flesh, her touch hesitant and almost disbelieving. She bit her lip, unsure whether to feel fascinated or terrified. Her hands, once perfectly adequate, now felt entirely too small to contain them. They looked enormous on her petite frame, their fullness impossible to ignore.

"This is insane," she whispered, her voice barely audible over the pounding of her heart. Her chest rose and fell with uneven breaths as she glanced down at herself, then back at the mirror. Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson, her emotions swirling in a confusing mix of awe, nervousness, and something she couldn't quite name.

"They've grown so much more this time than last time," she murmured, her voice shaking slightly. Her arms came up instinctively, pushing her bust together. The movement caused her breasts to squish and shift, their fullness spilling upward in the reflection. Her legs trembled as a jolt of sensitivity shot through her body, the slightest motion enough to make her chest ache with awareness.

She swallowed hard, her gaze fixed on the mirror. They looked like full grapefruits—soft yet impossibly firm, with a slight sag that only added to their natural allure. The contrast between their weight and their shape left her dizzy, like she couldn't quite reconcile what she was seeing with what she was feeling.

Her fingertips traced along the sides of her breasts, her touch light and hesitant, as though she were still testing whether they were real. The skin felt impossibly smooth, flushed a soft pink from the warmth radiating beneath. Every brush of her fingers sent little jolts of awareness rippling through her, making her chest rise and fall in shallow breaths.

“This is too much,” she whispered again, though even as the words left her lips, she knew they weren’t true. Part of her couldn’t believe it—couldn’t believe herself. She wasn’t just fascinated by her body’s transformation. She craved more.

Her mind wandered to the difference in how it felt now compared to before—the heat, the intensity, the way her release had been overwhelming and all-consuming. It wasn’t even close. The pill had turned everything up to a level she hadn’t known existed. And I need to feel it again.

No. It wasn’t a want anymore. It was a *need*.

She stumbled to her feet, the heaviness of her chest catching her off guard. Her breasts swayed with each hurried step, bouncing heavily against her frame, their weight an unrelenting reminder of how much her body had changed. She didn’t bother covering herself as she rushed toward the kitchen, her mind consumed by a single thought: she needed another pill.

Dropping to her knees in the middle of the room, Fabi pulled her bag closer, her fingers trembling as she rifled through its contents. Pens, notebooks, random receipts—none of it mattered. She needed the little film canister. The one that contained the tiny capsules she now felt desperate for.

Her breathing quickened as she dug deeper, her movements frantic. “Where is it?” she muttered, her voice rising with panic. She turned the bag upside down, letting its contents spill across the kitchen floor in a scattered mess, but the canister wasn’t there.

“Where is it?” she said again, louder this time, her hands shaking as she clawed through the pile. Her chest heaved, the sensation of her swaying breasts almost a distraction as she leaned forward, her fingers sifting through receipts and wrappers. It has to be here.

But it wasn’t. She’d lost the canister.

The realization hit her like a punch to the gut, dread pooling in her stomach as she retraced her steps in her mind. The impact from the crash—the guy in the leather jacket. That had to be it. It must have fallen out of her bag in that moment, spilling her secret for anyone to find.

“Damn it,” Fabi muttered under her breath, her hands shaking as she grabbed her phone. Her chest was heaving, and her head felt light, her body already aching for what the pill had given her before.

There was no time to waste. Her thumb hovered over the contact she'd saved—Special Girl. Her lips pressed into a thin line as she hit the call button. It rang. And rang. Each second felt like an eternity, her stomach twisting tighter with every unanswered tone.

Finally, the line clicked.

"Well, well, well," came the voice on the other end, sweet and teasing, dripping with amusement. "You finally decided to call me again, huh? What's wrong, chica? Ran out already?"

Fabi's grip tightened on the phone. "I need more," she said, her voice sharp and unyielding.

A laugh crackled through the speaker, light and playful, but with an edge that made Fabi's heart race. "Oh, I bet you do," the girl purred. "Let me guess—you're enjoying our little products, hmm? I knew you would. They always come back for more."

"Do you have them or not?" Fabi snapped, her tone cutting through the girl's taunts.

"Relax, sweetheart," the girl said with a giggle. "Of course I do. I'll even cut you a deal—ten for the price of five. How's that sound, huh? A little loyalty discount for my best new customer."

Fabi didn't hesitate. "Deal. I'll meet you at the last location."

Before the girl could respond, Fabi hung up, the line cutting off with a sharp click.

Her hands were trembling as she lowered the phone, her heart pounding in her chest. She stood frozen for a moment, her mind racing. She didn't have time to think about how reckless this was—or how much she was already depending on those pills. All she knew was that she needed them. And she needed them now.