

It had only been 12 hours since Fabi decided to meet up with the dealer on the street again, her curiosity and cravings winning over whatever hesitation lingered in her mind. Now, standing in her dorm, she found herself staring at the mirror, struggling to figure out what to wear. Her hands rested on her hips as she regarded her reflection, her brow furrowing.

Her breasts had grown significantly overnight, suddenly fuller and heavier than before. Each one was now the size of a large grapefruit, round and firm, pulling her frame forward with their weight. They hung high on her chest, their natural fullness fighting for space, pressing against each other like they were competing for room on her small frame.

Her fingers brushed over the soft swell of her cleavage, which now seemed to spill out of anything remotely tight. She tried on a few shirts, but they clung awkwardly to her chest, riding up at the hem or leaving too much skin exposed. With a sigh of frustration, she grabbed a big, oversized pullover sweater from her older brother's closet.

The sweater had always been comically large on her, its hemline once hanging well past her hips, brushing against the backs of her thighs. Now, however, her newfound mass pulled the fabric up, leaving it sitting just at her beltline. The thick material draped awkwardly over her chest, giving her a rounder, more top-heavy silhouette that nearly hid her waist entirely. She tugged at the hem, trying to stretch it downward, but the sweater refused to cooperate.

She gave up with a huff, grabbing her bag and heading out the door. As she walked down the stairs, her breasts swayed with every step, their weight making her hyper-aware of how much her body had changed. She could feel the pull of gravity with each bounce, the way the heavy flesh shifted beneath the sweater.

By the time she reached the courtyard, her cheeks were flushed, and she needed a moment to compose herself. She sat on a bench, leaning forward slightly to ease the pressure on her back. The crisp air brushed against her face, and for a moment, she let herself relax, taking in the sights around her.

Her gaze wandered down to her feet—or rather, where her feet should have been. Her breasts, heavy and full, completely blocked the view of them now. The realization made her blink, a soft laugh escaping her lips. It was strange, but she didn't mind.

She let her eyes drift across the courtyard, watching the small groups of students milling about. Then she froze. A flash of leather caught her attention. Her heart skipped a beat.

It was him.

The guy she had collided with—the one she couldn't stop thinking about—was walking across the courtyard. His leather jacket fit snugly over his broad shoulders, his confident stride

impossible to miss. But he wasn't alone. A girl was walking beside him, holding him close. She was fuller-figured, with long, shiny hair that framed her face perfectly.

Fabi's breath caught as she watched them together, her hand moving instinctively to her chest. Her fingers cupped one of her breasts, squeezing the soft flesh lightly. A soft moan escaped her lips, barely audible, and she quickly bit her lip, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

Fabi's eyes followed the couple as they walked through the courtyard, her gaze lingering on the girl. Her chest was modest, proportional to her figure, barely filling out the front of her snug shirt. Cute, Fabi thought absently, but the thought didn't linger. Her imagination wandered, picturing the girl's breasts swelling into something fuller, round and firm, maybe the size of softballs. The image was so vivid that Fabi caught herself smirking, envisioning the girl walking differently, the new weight forcing a confident sway in her hips. But the pride that swelled in Fabi's chest wasn't about the other girl's potential transformation—it was about herself. Mine are so much bigger, she thought. I look better. The realization struck her with an unexpected heat, her hand instinctively moving to cup her own chest. Her fingers sank into the soft flesh, which spilled over her palm, heavy and warm.

Her gaze flicked downward, catching the faint outline of her breasts straining against her sweater. Their size was impossible to ignore; the thick fabric clung tightly to the curve of her chest, rising up at the hem where the fullness demanded more space. She adjusted the sweater, tugging at the hemline, but it didn't help—the oversized fit of the garment couldn't disguise how much room her chest now occupied. Fabi glanced back toward the couple, watching as they disappeared around a corner, the girl laughing softly as she clung to the guy's arm. For a moment, Fabi imagined herself in her place, but with her new figure—the kind of curves that demanded attention and left little else to be noticed. Her lips parted as her thumb brushed over her nipple through the fabric, sending a shiver through her. She couldn't help it; the pride was undeniable, but it came with a question she couldn't quite answer. Why does it feel so good to know I'm bigger?

The couple rounded a corner and disappeared from sight, but Fabi remained frozen, her hand still resting on her chest. The warmth spreading through her body was undeniable, and her thoughts were a jumbled mess. She shook her head, trying to push them aside.

Movement out of the corner of her eye caught her attention, pulling her from her thoughts. She turned and blinked, her jaw dropping slightly. A pair of massive breasts—stuffed tightly into a sweater that looked two sizes too small—came into view. The woman's cleavage spilled out of the open sweater, the fabric straining to contain her.

"Eyes up here, sugar tits!" the woman called out, her voice playful and teasing.

Fabi snapped her gaze upward, her cheeks burning. It was her dealer.

The woman sauntered over, her hips swaying, and plopped down on the bench beside Fabi. Up close, the scale of her chest was even more overwhelming. Fabi couldn't help but stare, her eyes wide. Each of the woman's breasts was at least twice the size of her head, round and full, straining against the zipper of her sweater.

"Well, look at you," the dealer said with a grin, leaning back slightly to stretch her arms behind the bench. Her massive chest shifted with the motion, jiggling slightly, and Fabi swallowed hard. "You're looking bigger these days, sweetie. Don't grow too big too fast, though. Gotta let the fun last, right?"

Fabi could only nod, her voice caught in her throat.

The dealer reached into her cleavage, rummaging around before pulling out a small film canister. She held it out with one hand, the other extended toward Fabi, palm up. "Money first, honey, then you can have your candy."

Fabi gulped, her heart pounding as she reached into her bag and pulled out two crumpled bills. She handed them over, her fingers brushing against the dealer's for a moment.

"Good girl," the woman purred, passing Fabi the canister.

Fabi stared at it in her hands, her stomach twisting with anticipation.

The dealer stood, brushing off her pants and flipping her long hair over her shoulder. She took a step forward, and there was a sudden pop—the sound of fabric giving way.

"Oops!" the dealer said with a laugh, glancing down at her sweater. The zipper had split open further, the gap now running down the middle of her chest. Her massive breasts threatened to spill out entirely, the tight fabric barely holding them in place.

"Looks like Momma's gotten too big for this one," she said, winking at Fabi. "Be careful, sweetie. You're small—those babies will look huge on you if you're not careful."

With that, she turned and walked away, her exaggerated curves swaying with every step.

Fabi watched her go, her eyes lingering on the dealer's figure. The woman's chest was enormous, yet it seemed to fit her fuller frame in a way that felt natural. Fabi glanced down at herself, imagining what it would look like to be that size. On her petite body, it would be... gargantuan.

Fabi's fingers brushed against the soft fabric of her oversized sweater, lingering just over her chest. She could feel the weight of her breasts pulling at the material, their fullness pressing

against the inside of the thick fabric. A faint sigh escaped her lips as her hand drifted lower, her thumb grazing the gentle swell where her breasts began.

Her mind was a haze of curiosity and dread. They'd grown so much already. She couldn't ignore the way they filled out every shirt she owned, their size and weight unrelenting. The thought of growing more was both terrifying and... intoxicating.

And then, without thinking, her other hand moved on its own. It slid into her bag, brushing past her phone and keys until it closed around the familiar plastic of the film canister. Her fingers twisted the lid with practiced ease, the soft *click* barely registering in her distracted thoughts.

Before she realized what she was doing, Fabi tipped the canister, and a small pill rolled into her palm.

She blinked.

Her breath hitched slightly, her brow furrowing as she stared at the capsule resting in her hand. *Wait... why did I take this out?* The question floated in her mind, distant and foggy, as if she were watching herself from far away.

Her hand moved automatically, lifting the pill to her lips. She popped it into her mouth without hesitation, swallowing it down with a reflexive gulp. Only after the pill was gone did her thoughts snap into focus.

Her heart skipped a beat. "Wait... what did I just do?"

She stared down at her empty palm, her stomach twisting in confusion. Her eyes darted to the canister still in her other hand, the lid dangling loosely between her fingers. *Why did I take one?* she thought, her pulse quickening.

It had happened so quickly—so naturally—that she hadn't even processed her actions. Her hands trembled slightly as she screwed the lid back onto the canister, shoving it into her bag as if to erase the evidence of her impulsive act.

But it was too late.

She pressed her hand to her chest, her breathing uneven as she tried to steady herself. "Why did I do that?" she whispered, the words barely audible. The answer eluded her, slipping through her grasp like sand. She hadn't *wanted* to take another pill, not yet, but her body had acted as if it had a will of its own.

Fabi stumbled to the mirror by the door, staring at her reflection with wide, searching eyes. Her chest rose and fell with each shaky breath, the oversized sweater clinging slightly to her figure.

She could already feel it starting: the faint warmth in her chest, the familiar ache spreading beneath her skin.

Her fingers brushed against the fabric of her sweater, trailing along the curve of her chest as if to confirm what she already knew. The pill was working.

She didn't have time to dwell on what had just happened. Throwing her bag over her shoulder, Fabi left her dorm and headed for the university shopping court. The crisp air brushed against her cheeks as she walked, but it did little to calm the restless energy buzzing beneath her skin.

Her breasts felt heavy as they bounced softly with each step, the motion impossible to ignore. The familiar warmth in her chest was building, spreading outward in slow, deliberate waves that made her hyper-aware of every curve of her body.

Fabi tugged at the hem of her sweater, trying to pull it down farther over her hips. The oversized garment had once hung loosely on her frame, its hem brushing against the tops of her thighs. Now, it barely covered her beltline, the fabric pulled taut across her chest and lifting slightly at the sides.

Her mind raced as she walked, replaying the moment she'd taken the pill over and over again. *Why didn't I stop myself?* she wondered, her brow furrowing. The pill had been in her hand before she even realized what she was doing. She hadn't made a decision—it had just... happened.

Her fingers brushed against the edge of her bag, feeling the familiar outline of the canister inside. A chill ran down her spine as she realized how easy it had been.

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The shopping court was crowded, students darting in and out of stores with bags in hand and drinks from nearby cafés. Fabi ducked into one of the clothing shops, hoping to find something—anything—that would fit her changing body.

She moved quickly through the racks, her eyes scanning for tank tops and fitted shirts. She could feel the stares of other shoppers, though she wasn't sure if they were real or imagined. Her chest brushed against the edges of hangers as she maneuvered through the narrow aisles, the slight pressure reminding her of how much space her body now occupied.

Her fingers stopped on a soft cotton tank with fitted cups, the stretchy fabric designed for fuller figures. She held it up, inspecting the size.

A medium.

She sighed, her lips pressing into a thin line. Not long ago, she'd been an extra small—barely filling out the smallest sizes on the rack. Now, even the medium looked like it might be a tight fit.

Fabi carried the tank top to the fitting room, her stomach twisting with nervous anticipation. She shrugged off her sweater, letting it fall in a heap on the bench behind her.

Her reflection in the mirror stopped her in her tracks.

Her chest was enormous, the soft, round flesh swelling outward. Her nipples, now larger and more pronounced than before, pressed visibly against the thin fabric, their sensitivity making her wince with every movement. She slipped the tank top over her head, the stretchy fabric catching on her skin as she tugged it down over her chest.

The fitted cups cupped her breasts perfectly, lifting them slightly but leaving them mostly unrestrained. The fabric clung tightly to her curves, outlining every inch of her figure and pressing against her sensitive skin.

Fabi let out a shaky breath, her trembling hands brushing against the hem of the tank top as she inspected herself in the mirror. Her reflection was almost unrecognizable. Her breasts looked massive now, the snug, stretchy fabric of the tank top clinging tightly to their every curve. The natural roundness of them was impossible to ignore; they jutted forward, proud and full, pressing the fitted cups of the tank top to their absolute limit.

She adjusted the straps, her fingertips grazing her shoulders as the material shifted. That slight movement sent the soft cotton brushing against her nipples—now swollen, darkened, and achingly sensitive. Her breath caught, and she bit her lip, a jolt of pleasure rippling through her like electricity.

Her knees buckled slightly, her free hand bracing against the fitting room wall as she tried to steady herself. "Oh god," she muttered under her breath, her cheeks burning red. The sensation was overwhelming, both thrilling and terrifying.

Her breasts were taking over—there was no other way to put it. Every shirt, every bra, every stitch of clothing she owned seemed to struggle against the onslaught of her growing chest. Even now, she could see a faint redness along the upper curve of her breasts where the fabric of the tank top pressed against them, her skin slightly swollen and flushed from the growth that was still happening.

Fabi pressed a hand gently to her chest, her palm tingling as she felt the steady warmth radiating beneath her skin. Her breasts felt heavier than they had just a few minutes ago, their fullness spreading outward as if they were staking a claim on her body. *It's still happening*, she realized, her heart pounding in her chest.

Later, Fabi found herself at the university food court, distracted as she picked at a low-fat turkey sandwich she'd ordered more out of habit than hunger. She wasn't thinking much about food as she ate—her mind was elsewhere, her thoughts circling back to the fitting room and the image of her reflection in the mirror.

Her sweater hung loosely over the tank top now, concealing her dramatic curves, but she could still feel the snug fabric beneath it, rubbing lightly against her skin. Every movement seemed to amplify the sensation, her breasts shifting subtly under the weight of gravity.

A faint buzzing sensation had started in her chest, a low hum that spread outward like ripples in a pond. It wasn't uncomfortable, but it left her feeling restless, aware of her body in a way she hadn't been before. Her breathing quickened slightly as the buzzing continued, growing stronger with every bite she took.

She leaned back in her chair, the motion causing her chest to rise prominently. The sweater fell back slightly as she moved, revealing a glimpse of the round, swelling flesh hidden beneath it. A faint smirk played on her lips as she glanced around the room, wondering if anyone had noticed.

The truth was, she felt good. She felt powerful. Her chest felt full and alive, as if it were expanding with every breath she took.

What she didn't realize, however, was that the low-fat sandwich she'd eaten wasn't fueling the changes as much as her body craved. The buzzing was there, yes—but it was muted, restrained. Her metabolism was waiting for something richer, something denser, something that would feed the transformation.

By the time Fabi arrived at her first lab of the day, the buzzing sensation had settled into a steady warmth in her chest. She slid into her seat near the back of the room, the oversized sweater draping over her body like a protective shield.

The lab was mundane as usual—a lecture on chemical reactions followed by a hands-on activity that was as dull as it was straightforward. Fabi found herself zoning out, her focus drifting away from the lab table in front of her and settling inward instead.

Her breasts were impossible to ignore.

She leaned forward slightly, resting her elbows on the edge of the table as her chest pressed against the cool surface. The weight of them was staggering, pulling at her shoulders and forcing her to adjust her posture every few minutes. She let out a soft sigh, shifting her arms to ease the pressure.

The thought crossed her mind again, unbidden: *Jiggs*.

The word was ridiculous, but it stuck. She stifled a laugh, her cheeks flushing as she pictured her breasts filling up like water balloons. *It's kind of fitting, though*, she thought, glancing down at her chest. They *were* filling up, after all. Slowly but surely.

Her sweater, though loose and oversized, did little to hide the gradual changes happening beneath it. The fabric stretched slightly across her chest as the steady growth continued, the slight swell of her breasts becoming more pronounced with every passing minute.

What she didn't realize was how noticeable it was to others.

A couple of her classmates had already glanced her way, their eyes lingering on the slight movement beneath her sweater as she leaned forward. The fabric pulled back just enough to reveal the round curve of her chest, the soft swell visible at the neckline.

Fabi caught one of them staring, a boy sitting two tables away who quickly looked back at his notes when her eyes met his. Her cheeks flushed, but she couldn't help the small, knowing smile that crept across her lips. *So they noticed*.

The buzzing sensation flared slightly, a subtle reminder that the changes hadn't stopped. Fabi let out a soft breath, glancing down at her notebook with feigned interest.

By the end of the lab, Fabi could feel the full extent of the changes. Her breasts felt heavier, fuller, the soft fabric of her tank top pressing against her skin with a persistent, teasing friction. Every step she took as she left the room made them bounce slightly, the unrestrained weight pulling at her shoulders.

Her sweater still provided some cover, but she was keenly aware of how much more tightly it fit across her chest now. The fabric clung to her curves, highlighting the fullness of her figure in a way that was both thrilling and frustrating. She tugged at the hem again, but it was no use—the sweater wasn't designed to accommodate her new size.



As she walked through the hallway, her mind wandered back to her sandwich at lunch. She remembered the low-fat label on the wrapper, the way she'd eaten it without a second thought. A nagging suspicion crept into her thoughts: *Was that why the buzzing wasn't as strong?*

*Something sweet would really hit the spot*, Fabi thought, her mood lifting as she walked through the courtyard. Her eyes landed on a colorful ice cream stand, and she giggled softly. The thought of a creamy, sugary treat was almost too good to resist.

Approaching the cart, she scanned the menu. "Three scoops," she said with a small smile, her fingers tapping her bag. "Vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry, with extra chocolate syrup and a banana."

The vendor handed her the finished bowl: three generous scoops of ice cream drizzled with thick chocolate syrup, framed by a sliced banana. It was indulgent, over-the-top even, but Fabi couldn't help but grin as she took it.

Fabi settled onto a shaded bench, balancing the bowl of ice cream on her knees. She took her first bite, the vanilla cool and creamy on her tongue, the rich chocolate syrup adding just the right amount of indulgence. But as she worked her way through the dessert, something else began to demand her attention.

The buzzing in her chest, faint at first, started to grow stronger. It pulsed beneath her skin, paired with a warmth that spread outward in steady waves. She shifted slightly, pressing a hand lightly to her chest as the tingling heat deepened with every bite.

By the time she reached the last scoop, the buzzing had become impossible to ignore. It wasn't subtle anymore—it was alive, almost thrumming in rhythm with her heartbeat. Her chest felt warm, almost heavy, and she tugged at the hem of her sweater, trying to ease the strange sensations.

Fabi set the empty bowl aside, her breaths uneven as the heat lingered. Her hand drifted to her chest again, fingers brushing over the fabric. *That was... different*, she thought, her cheeks flushed.

Fabi held the whole banana in her hand, its smooth curve glistening slightly from the drizzle of chocolate syrup she had poured over it. She didn't think much of it as she brought it to her lips, biting into the soft fruit with slow, deliberate movements. The sweetness burst on her tongue, mingling with the syrup in a way that made her hum softly with satisfaction.

Across the courtyard, one of the boys from her lab froze as his eyes landed on her. He hadn't meant to stare, but the way she ate the banana—taking small, lingering bites, her lips pressing against its edge with every motion—was impossible to ignore.

She licked a stray bit of syrup from her lip, completely unaware of the show she was putting on. The boy's face flushed as he watched, his gaze flickering nervously between her and his phone, as if trying to convince himself he wasn't really looking. But he was.

Fabi glanced up briefly and caught his eye, her brow furrowing in confusion for a moment. Then, realization dawned. Her cheeks warmed slightly, but she didn't stop, taking another slow bite with just the hint of a teasing smirk pulling at her lips. *Let him stare*, she thought, giggling quietly to herself as she finished.

Fabi bit into the banana again, the chocolate syrup dripping lightly onto her lips. The sweet, rich flavors were intoxicating, and she found herself savoring each bite more than the last. She hadn't realized just how hungry she was for something indulgent, and the combination of the creamy fruit and thick syrup was pure heaven.

But something was happening.

The warmth in her chest, which had been a faint hum before, suddenly surged. It was as if her body had been waiting for this—waiting for the burst of sugar and fat to kick things into overdrive. A buzzing sensation pulsed through her chest, deep and insistent, spreading outward in rhythmic waves that left her breathless.

Her hand instinctively moved to her chest, fingers pressing lightly against the swell of her breasts through the fabric of her sweater. They felt warm—almost *hot*—beneath her palm, the flesh tingling as if every nerve was alive and sparking. Her breathing quickened, a faint flush creeping up her neck as the sensations intensified.

Fabi shifted on the bench, her thighs pressing together as a slow, unfamiliar ache began to build deep inside her. The heat wasn't just in her chest anymore—it was pooling lower, radiating through her stomach and down her legs. She bit her lip, her cheeks burning as she tried to focus on finishing the banana. But every bite seemed to feed the fire, the buzzing growing stronger with every swallow.

Her sweater began to feel tighter, the loose fabric pulling snugly across her chest. The change was subtle at first, almost imperceptible, but as she adjusted her posture, she felt the hem lift slightly higher over her stomach. Her breasts were swelling, inch by inch, pushing outward and downward, their weight settling heavily against her frame.

The tank top beneath her sweater wasn't faring much better. The fitted cups that had hugged her earlier were now stretched to their limits, the elastic band digging slightly into her skin as her breasts filled out further. Her nipples, already sensitive, pressed firmly against the cotton, the friction sending faint jolts of pleasure through her with every small movement.

"Oh god," she whispered under her breath, her hand still resting against her chest. She could feel the fabric of her sweater pulling tighter, the swell of her breasts creating a noticeable strain.

The heat, the buzzing, the constant pulsing—everything was happening so fast, and her body felt like it was on fire.

She shifted again, her thighs pressing together harder as the ache deepened, turning into something undeniable. Her arousal was climbing steadily, her body responding to the sensations in ways she couldn't control. She let out a soft, shaky breath, glancing around the courtyard to make sure no one was watching.

But she wasn't entirely alone.

Out of the corner of her eye, Fabi noticed the boy from her lab still sitting nearby. He was pretending to scroll through his phone, but his furtive glances betrayed him. She caught him looking at her again, his gaze flicking toward her chest before darting away, his face red with embarrassment.

The heat in her chest surged, the buzzing sensation rippling through her body like a tidal wave. Fabi clutched the edge of the bench, her breath quick and shallow as her swollen breasts pressed painfully against her too-tight tank top. The friction of the fabric against her sensitive nipples sent sharp jolts of pleasure straight to her core.

Her thighs clenched as the warmth pooled low in her belly, building to an unbearable intensity. Her body trembled, and before she could stop it, the pleasure exploded through her. Fabi froze, her hand shooting up to cover her mouth as a muffled moan escaped. Her body shook, waves of ecstasy washing over her as her chest throbbed in time with the pulsing heat.

When it was over, she sagged forward, her chest rising and falling as she struggled to catch her breath. She glanced down and gasped. Her breasts had grown—at least a full cup size larger. The sweater stretched tighter over her chest, the seams pulling, and her breasts felt impossibly heavy and full. She cupped one, her fingers sinking into the soft, warm flesh.

*I'm still growing*, she thought, her cheeks flushed as a shiver ran through her. Fabi staggered to her feet, her body still trembling slightly from the aftershocks of what had just happened. Her legs felt weak, her breaths uneven, and her chest—heavy and full—seemed to tug her forward with every motion. She adjusted the bag on her shoulder, her sweater straining awkwardly across her swollen curves as she turned to leave the courtyard.

Her thoughts were muddled, the world around her hazy. The steady warmth in her chest hadn't completely faded, and every step made her hyper-aware of how much her breasts were swaying beneath the now-too-small tank top. She hugged her arms around herself, hoping the sweater would hide how tight everything felt, though the weight of her chest was impossible to ignore.

Across the courtyard, the boy from her lab was still sitting, his lanky frame hunched slightly over his phone. He adjusted his thin-rimmed glasses, pretending to scroll, but his freckled face was

flushed, his eyes darting back to her. He couldn't stop glancing at her, his gaze lingering just a little too long on her chest before flicking away nervously.

Fabi noticed. She blinked at him through her haze, her lips twitching into a faint, tired smirk. But she didn't stop. She just shook her head slightly, a soft giggle escaping her lips as she turned away, her steps slow and unsteady as she made her way back toward the dorms. Finally home, Fabi stumbled through the door and dropped her bag to the floor. Her body felt unbearably heavy, her chest full and aching with every breath. She barely managed to kick off her shoes before collapsing onto the bed, her swollen breasts pressing against the mattress as she exhaled shakily. The lingering warmth and exhaustion blurred her thoughts, and within moments, she passed out, her body sinking deeply into the covers as sleep claimed her.