

## Underestimate

“Zach! Glad you found the place all right; I’m kinda out of the way clear out here...”  
Bryn sighed, greeting me at her front door.

“No kidding. I don’t think the campus map even extends this far out. How did you get stuck with this dorm?” I asked. Her hand waved me inside and I graciously entered to get out of the cold weather.

“Eh, it’s not so bad... I get my own space at least. That *more* than makes up for the distance from campus.”

Looking around her small dorm room I couldn’t help but gape at the scene. “And here I thought the single dorms were just a myth. I wouldn’t believe it if I wasn’t looking at it!”

“Home sweet home!” Bryn laughed, spreading her arms out as she plopped onto the couch. Books were already strewn over a small coffee table and she patted a spot next to her on the cushion. It was a motion I had wanted a girl to make towards me all my life. If I had been able to be any more excited for our study date, I would have peaked right then.

Bryn giggled at my apparent gawking. “Well come on! We have a test tomorrow!”

“Right! Sorry,” I apologized, shaking myself from my stupor. My heart was thumping loudly in my chest with anticipation. Honestly, I couldn’t believe what I was about to do. It almost seemed wrong, but boy did it feel right.

I had read the tiny bottle again and again in my room. That label had probably been read more than any of my textbooks this year. It was damn-near memorized by now:

## *Boobs or Bust*

*Ingest dosage relative to your current size and desired end point.*

*Take more if smaller, take less if already well-endowed.*

*Caution: Existing breast tissue amplifies effects*

It hadn’t been cheap, but the tiny bottle hidden away in my pocket was a miracle in a bottle. Bryn had no idea what tonight was going to bring her. Part of me felt bad doing it without her permission, though I knew once she saw her new tits she would thank me. Maybe even show her gratitude in some way...

Don’t get me wrong; Bryn wasn’t an unattractive girl by any stretch of the imagination. In fact, she was downright gorgeous. Her height was average with a head full of thick chestnut-brown hair reaching past her shoulders and her complexion was unbelievably clear for a college student. She had a giggle that could make your heart melt and eyes full of teasing wonder.

If only she had a nice rack. Now before you go grabbing your pitchforks and calling me shallow, hear me out: tits are awesome. They’re the greatest invention on Earth and every girl deserves to own a nice pair of personal melons. Especially Bryn.

Staring at her by my side, I tried to imagine what she might look like well-endowed and without her baggy sweatshirt. She was always in baggy clothes. I assume both for comfort and due to a lack of any curves to show off.

“You want something to drink?” Bryn asked.

Spying her own glass of water on the table I immediately jumped at the opportunity. “If you don’t mind!”

My hand was like lightning the moment her back was turned in her tiny kitchen. I had estimated the amount perfectly; assuming Bryn was somewhere around a B cup, half of the bottle should bring her to a healthy E, or even F. Such a goddess would have never graced this world...

“Here you go!” she grinned, handing me a glass of cool water, “Can’t study anatomy while dehydrated!”

“You’re telling me.” Awkwardly I raised my glass and prompted her to do so. “To a full night of studying. May the test not murder us tomorrow.”

Bryn giggled in her special way and clinked her glass to mine, “Agreed.”

We downed our waters. I was scared she might actually hear my heart beating its way through my ribs at this rate, or see the massive bulge in my pants. You try keeping it down when you’re expecting a girl’s tits to balloon in front of you.

Bryn coughed slightly and set her empty glass on the table. “Where should we start? Our anatomy professor didn’t give us much of a study guide...”

“The female breasts.”

She laughed at my joke, more than I thought she would. “Why did I even ask?” She coughed again, her cheeks flushing pink slightly. “Can’t say it would be much more than a review for me, though. You’re talking to a girl with experience in the subject over here!”

I looked at her funny. “How do you mean?”

“You might say I’m rather...gifted in the matter.”

Her face was hot as if embarrassed to be talking so candidly, though I knew better. The serum was quick to go to work, a bulge rounding the front of her top. I still couldn’t resist pushing the envelope. “Gifted?”

Bryn leaned in close, holding an open book tightly in her hands. “I’m actually an E cup.”

I felt the world freeze around me. “What?”

The expression on my face told her I had no idea and she laughed. “I know, I hide them well, huh?? I’m actually really skinny under this sweatshirt! But this twig of a girl has a pair of fruits growing on h-her...”

I saw the way her eyes fluttered then and I knew exactly what I had done wrong. Had porn taught me nothing?? *Never* assume you know what a girl is hiding under baggy clothes!

“O-Oohhh...” Bryn swooned, leaning forward into her book, “Sorry... I-I just feel... So weird all of the sudden... Is it hot in here to you?”

Her breathing was becoming faster and more labored. Something large and soft was pressing into her open book in her lap as she remained doubled over. What the hell did I do?

“Bryn?” I asked softly, a creaking from her sides informing me of a straining bra.

“Nnnngh... I-I can’t...breathe...” she gasped. “My bra feels like it’s...” In an attempt to relieve the pressure around her bust, Bryn raised herself from her book and leaned back into the couch. The resulting wave of flesh revealed to be filling out her sweatshirt made it look as if she were smuggling two giant water balloons against her chest.

I’m not sure which of our eyes were wider; mine looking at the biggest pair of boobs I had seen in my life, or Bryn staring at the swollen melons wobbling before her eyes.

“W-What... My boobs!” she gasped, dropping the book between her legs. “What happened to my chest?! I feel--NNNGGHHHHMMMM...” A loud moan escaped her mouth as a worried hand pressed into their firming sides.

“Bryn, I--”

“God they feel so big...” she groaned, wincing as a loud pop came from her bra. It seemed she forgot I was there for the moment, her hands gripping the bottom of her sweatshirt. I almost fainted when I saw her struggle to stretch it over her bloated udders, two watermelon-sized tits falling against a petite torso like wrecking balls with soft slaps. A blue sports bra was bursting at the seams with her puffy flesh, underboob threatening to escape at any second while the straps caused her cleavage to bulge towards her chin on top.

“H-H-Holy shit...!” she exclaimed, “What’s happening to my tits?!” Her fingers gently prodded the heap of cleavage inching higher and higher, her skin taut with pressure.

I couldn’t bring myself to say it. How could I? Maybe it’s best she didn’t know what the cause was. From the look on her face, I wasn’t sure she would even hear me. One of Bryn’s hands grazed over the front of her tightening bra, a finger catching a thumb-sized nipple that made her shiver with pleasure.

“O-OOOHHHHHH...” she moaned. I noticed her other hand twitching on top of her thigh as if it was taking all of her strength to keep it from sliding between her legs. “Z-Zach...” she panted, her chest continuing to swell out from her body, as they became like beach balls. “W-What’s happening to...mmmmmm...me?? My chest...f-feels so...NNNGH....!”

I couldn’t help myself anymore. My hand shot to one of her tits like they were magnets. For a moment I thought my fingers might disappear into their soft forms, and they might have too if her sports bra hadn’t pulled tight.

“AHH!” Bryn cried out, her nipple pressed into my palm. “G-Get my bra off...please!!”

I yanked her bra over her breasts to release a flow of jiggling flesh that reached to her navel. They heaved and wobbled in fullness as she panted heavily, one hand kneading their sides while her other disappeared into her pants. “G-God I’m HUGE!! They just won’t stop!! I feel like...nnnnngh...a blowup doll!” Eyes half open in ecstasy, she moaned softly, “Zach...H-How big are they...mmmMMMM....going to g-get...?”

They continued to inch their way outwards, overflowing her arms and onto the couch. My hand became buried underneath their engorged masses, the heat of her cleavage like an oven. I wanted desperately to latch onto one of her quivering nipples but didn’t dare make a move. Bryn looked one touch away from being pushed over the edge.

“Ah... A-Ahhh...!” Bryn gasped, her chest shaking as her hands worked over her growing body. It didn’t take much thought to realize she was nearing orgasm, her chest bloating into large circular forms. “*AhhhHHHH!*!”

Her entire body clenched and sent a massive quake through her chest and she held her breath in absolute pleasure. Just as pale, marbled veins began to appear over their massive forms filling her lap, Bryn’s body relaxed. Her breasts’ growth taped off to leave her at an unbelievable size threatening to overflow her trembling knees.

Cheeks red and hair sticking to her sweaty face, she slumped to the side and landed against my chest for support. My arm couldn’t even reach around her chest to hold her properly and I was sure she was about to realize how serious her size had become. I had vastly underestimated her bra size, and now she had become more tit than woman. How her skin had stretched so far was beyond me.

That’s when I felt a lithe hand work its way into the waistband of my pants, fingers slick with her own fluids rubbing against my hard shaft. I didn’t dare move, the pressure of her firm chest and her hand pressing against my cock already putting me close to my limit.

Giggling, Bryn leaned into me again to force me onto my back and expose the zipper of my jeans. Her eyes hungry and full of lust, she stared at me and cooed, “Your water should be taking effect any second now...”