

Fabi tugged down the hem of her skirt for the third time that morning, but it was no use. Every time she bent even slightly—like to scoop blueberry muffins onto the display tray or refill the cinnamon sugar shaker—it inched right back up, clinging stubbornly to the swell of her hips.

She gave a little huff and bumped the tray into place, then turned to wipe her hands on her apron. The stupid thing barely tied at her waist anymore. Her curves had outgrown the uniform two semesters ago, but the owner still insisted on those same pastel skirts and button-down tops with puffy sleeves, like they were running a bakery inside a damn dollhouse.

Her thighs pressed together as she leaned over the register, pulling a sticky note from the back of the screen. She caught the way her reflection looked in the glass—soft brown waves tied back with a ribbon, warm tan skin, her cleavage just barely peeking above the frilly edge of her blouse. The bra helped. A lacy little thing she'd splurged on—white, delicate, with light pink ribbon in the middle and just enough padding to suggest curves where there weren't any.

Cute. Convincing enough from certain angles. Especially when she leaned forward like this.

She stood back up and adjusted the top button of her blouse. It had popped open earlier, and she hadn't bothered to redo it. No one had complained. Some customers even seemed friendlier today.

Still.

Fabi glanced toward the counter where her coworker was frosting cupcakes. The girl's apron was hopeless—barely holding back the weight of her chest as she bent forward, arms steady, hands delicate, smearing buttercream into soft peaks. Her breasts pressed fully into the back row of finished cupcakes, the soft give of her bust leaving two shallow, unmistakable dips in the icing.

She didn't even notice. Just kept frosting like nothing had happened. Trying to reach the front of the row. Fabi stared, frozen with the towel still clutched in her hands. The apron rode high on the girl's waist, but it didn't matter—it wasn't built for this. It wasn't built for tits like that.

They used to be the same size. That girl used to complain in the locker room about padded bras and the gap between her chest and every blouse she tried on. They used to go bra shopping together, giggling as they reached for push-ups and shelf bras, laughing at the same awkward mirror moments. She remembered exactly how that girl used to tease her.

"Girl, your dump truck's a menace. Forget tits—you could park a whole van back there."

Fabi would grin, roll her eyes, and give a playful bounce of her hips. She didn't mind the teasing. Her ass was her signature move. Round, thick, and her thighs always made her look so leggy. Skirts always rode up, leggings always split seams, especially when she intentionally wore things that were meant for her height but not her rear.

But lately? Lately, it felt different, like she wasn't the one turning heads anymore.

That girl's chest had just... swelled over the semester. Gradually at first, then faster. Fabi had started noticing it a few weeks ago—the snugness of her shirts, how she'd begun adjusting her straps more often, tucking loose strands of hair behind her ears just to keep the focus on her cleavage.

Fabi shifted her stance behind the register. The movement jostled her blouse, the frilly push-up bra doing its best to give her shape, but it was smoke and mirrors. Soft padding, clever cut, tight buttons. If she took it all off, there'd be little more than cute handfuls and prominent nubs beneath.

She glanced back. The girl was licking her finger and smiling to herself. A quiet confidence, maybe even satisfaction, was written into the way she moved now. Her hips, while average, swayed when she walked, but it was her chest that led the way.

Fabi looked down at herself. Dump truck, sure. But she was starting to want more up front. A balance. A curve to match her curves. Something that wasn't just pushed up, but pushed forward.

"Hey, ummm..." Fabi hesitated, towel in hand, voice barely above a whisper. "You've got s-some frosting on your, umm... boobies. Right there."

The girl glanced down lazily, barely fazed. Two thick smears of pink buttercream dotted the curve of her chest, one dangerously close to the edge of her apron. No flinch. No embarrassment. Just a soft, distracted hum.

Without a word, she stuck her chest out slightly. Inviting.

Fabi blinked, heart skipping. Her cheeks flushed instantly. She stepped in closer, towel clutched tighter, doing her best not to stare—even as her hand started to tremble. She dabbed at the frosting gently, carefully, her fingers brushing the edge of the taut apron.

The girl's breast shifted beneath the towel—soft, warm, heavy. It gave slightly under her touch. Fabi swallowed, wiping a bit more, the scent of butter and sugar clinging to her fingers. It wasn't just frosting she felt—it was body. Skin flushed with heat. Flesh that felt full, real, and alive.

The girl didn't move.

She just took a slow breath, chest rising beneath Fabi's hand. Her lips parted slightly, and her eyes fluttered shut. A sharp bite to her bottom lip.

Sensitive, it seemed.

Fabi's face burned hotter. "Got it," she mumbled, dropping her hand and stepping back like she'd touched a hot stove.

The girl smiled faintly—lazy, slow, knowing. "Thanks, babe."

Fabi didn't answer.

She just stood there as the girl turned and walked off toward the back room, hips swaying, door swinging closed behind her with a soft click.

Fabi turned back toward the display case, trying to act normal, trying to breathe.

Her fingers still tingled.

She reached for the tray of oversized blueberry muffins—ones baked extra large for the weekend rush—and the irony hit her all at once. They were huge. Rounded. Golden brown and firm to the touch. She picked one up with both hands, cradling it gently, and her heart gave a little lurch.

They were roughly the size of her coworker's breasts.

Not exact, not perfect. These didn't have that soft give or that impossible warmth. But the weight in her hands—the roundness, the mass—was close enough to make her chest tighten. Her palms remembered the curve. The way that girl's body had shifted against the towel. The way she'd breathed.

The way she'd bit her lip.

Fabi swallowed and placed the muffins into the case one by one, carefully, deliberately. But her fingers flexed a little too tightly. She wanted to squeeze. Just a little. Just enough to see if they'd respond to her again.

Her thighs pressed together slightly as she bent over the counter. Her frilly bra was suddenly uncomfortable, the push-up too tight against skin that wanted to feel more. She glanced toward the back room door, still closed. Still quiet.

She set the last muffin down, then stood there a moment longer than necessary, hands resting on the glass.

Fabi stepped into the cramped locker room, the door clicking shut behind her. The familiar scent of yeast, sugar, and lingering sweat clung to the air. She slipped past the narrow bench and toward her cubby, absently tugging at the hem of her skirt. Her skin still felt warm, like the heat from earlier hadn't faded, like her fingertips hadn't quite cooled since brushing over—

She stopped.

There on the bench, just beside where her coworker had been sitting moments ago, was a small tin. Round. Simple. No label. The kind you'd expect to find breath mints in—those old-school ones that felt like you were shoving winter into your mouth. But this wasn't that. The tin was pale pink, smooth and metallic, with no branding, no logo, no silly pun.

Fabi stared at it for a moment, her blouse still halfway unbuttoned. She glanced toward the door. Still shut. No sound of returning footsteps.

She picked it up.

It was light. Not empty, but not full either. The lid slid off with a quiet click, revealing a neat row of glossy capsules nestled inside. Pink. Softly translucent. Like they'd melt on your tongue if you gave them the chance. There were maybe four of them, cradled in a thin bed of cotton.

Not mints.

Not aspirin.

Curiously, almost without thinking, Fabi slipped the tin into her bag. It fit too easily—like it had been waiting for her. The metal pressed cool against her thigh through the canvas as she swung the strap over her shoulder. She didn't zip it shut. Didn't need to.

Her hand lingered there for a moment too long.

Then she straightened her skirt, smoothed down the front of her blouse, and left the locker room.

The bakery was quiet now. Lights dimmed, cases empty. The clatter and chaos of the morning rush had faded into the still hush of closing time. Fabi passed the counter where she'd first wiped that frosting from her coworker's chest. The memory came back, sharp—soft heat under the towel, the subtle breath, the bite of a lip, that lazy "Thanks, babe." She was flushed again.

Outside, the air was cool. Late dusk wrapped the street in pink and lavender light, and everything smelled like rain on warm pavement. She walked in silence, her shoes tapping lightly on the sidewalk, bag bouncing softly against her side with every step.

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Back at her apartment, Fabi sat on the edge of her bed in nothing but her panties and that oversized shirt she stole from her older brother. It hung loose on her frame, sleeves bunched at the wrists, collar stretched just enough to fall open when she leaned forward.

The room was quiet. The only light came from the little ceramic lamp on her nightstand, casting a soft orange halo over her sheets—and the tin.

It sat there, innocently.

Open.

Inside: those same pink capsules.

Glassy. Opaque. Just sitting there, glowing faintly in the lamplight like they knew something she didn't. Like they were waiting.

Fabi pulled her knees up onto the bed and stared.

Her heart was pounding. Not fast—but deep. Palpitating in her throat, her ribs, behind her eyes.

What if they were placebos?

She stared harder.

What if they weren't?

She knew what they'd done to her coworker. She watched her change. Her bust hadn't just grown—it had taken over her silhouette and lifted her posture. Pulled shirts tight in all the right places. Fabi had seen her new bras, those double-layered cups with extra seams. Had watched the extra fabric stitched into her uniform blouse to accommodate what she'd become.

She knew what they could do.

But what if these weren't the same?

What if they were knockoffs? Or worse—what if they worked, but not the way she hoped? What if they made her sick? Or... did nothing?

Her thighs clenched. Her hand hovered over the tin.

The light caught on the surface of one capsule and it shimmered—like temptation itself. Like a candy-coated dare.

She exhaled shakily and let her hand drop into her lap.

She wasn't ready.

In a sudden, reckless pulse of instinct, Fabi reached out, snatched one of the capsules from the tin, and popped it into her mouth before she could even think.

No hesitation.

Just need.

She grabbed the half-empty can of cola from her nightstand—flat, warm, leftover from the night before—and tilted it back. The liquid hit her tongue like syrupy regret.

“Bleh!” she winced, face scrunching up. “What trash!” she barked, pushing the can away.

The cola fizzled weakly in the back of her throat, just enough to chase the pill down, but left behind a cloying, artificial aftertaste that only made the moment feel more real.

It was done.

The capsule was gone.

No taking it back now.

She sat there for a second, stunned at her own speed, lips parted like she’d just said something she couldn’t unsay. Her heart skipped once, then twice. The silence in her room deepened, pressing in from all sides.

No fireworks. No glowing veins. No burst of heat.

Nothing.

No tingling. No rush of warmth. No dramatic pulse through her chest or sudden gasp for air.

Just... quiet.

Fabi sat there for a few seconds, shoulders tight, waiting for something to happen.

Then she burst out laughing. Loud, full, from the belly.

“Oh my god,” she muttered, flopping back on the bed, her hair spilling across the pillow. “All that drama for a vitamin?”

She rolled her eyes and gave the tin a playful shove with her knuckle, snapping the lid shut with a clack.

A smile tugged at her lips.

All the buildup, the fantasies, the whispered thoughts of breasts swelling overnight—and nothing. Maybe it really was just a glorified sugar pill. A placebo wrapped in pink plastic.

She reached over and grabbed her laptop, flipping it open with a practiced flick. The glow of the screen lit her face as she sat half-cross-legged, her bare thigh resting beneath the oversized shirt, one knee pulled up loosely to support her elbow.

She slouched, lazily leaning forward against her leg as she scrolled through the endless wash of social media. Classmate selfies. Outfit reels. Food porn. The occasional thirst trap.

About an hour later, she shifted in bed, trying to get comfortable.

That's when she felt it.

A flutter—low, subtle, like a soft throb just above her thighs. She tried to ignore it at first. Just a little rush of blood, maybe. Nothing serious.

She adjusted her posture, crossing her legs the other way, her oversized shirt falling over her lap like a loose curtain. Her laptop still glowed softly in the dim room, muted colors flickering across her face as she scrolled.

But the warmth kept building.

Not just warmth—pressure. A slow, rising swell of heat curled up from her pelvis and settled in the pit of her stomach like the first pull of arousal. That familiar bloom of breath and blood, coiling low and hard.

Fabi exhaled and shifted again. Her thighs brushed. Her panties tugged—slightly damp now.

She didn't want to admit it.

Didn't want to say it out loud, even to herself.

Her breathing grew shallow, tight in her chest.

The scent crept up slowly—warm, humid, unmistakably intimate. The smell of damp heat clung to her thighs and filled the room like a beacon, even though she was alone.

With a frustrated sigh, she snapped her laptop shut. The screen blinked out, and she sat still for half a second, then leaned over and yanked open the drawer beside her bed.

Her favorite toy rolled into view.

Thick. Smooth. Well-endowed. The kind of toy that made her insides clench before it even touched her.

Six inches of quiet authority.

She stared at it for a beat, nipples clearly outlined beneath her brother's old shirt. The cotton did nothing to hide how stiff they were, how the fabric clung just a little tighter than before.

Fabi bit her lip. Her thighs shifted.

Her body already knew what it wanted.

She closed her eyes and sank back into the pillow, her breath catching in her throat.

She pulled her knees up slowly, thighs parting with a lazy, instinctive openness—like she was presenting herself to someone watching, even if that someone only existed in her head. Her panties clung to the heat between her legs, damp with need, and she hooked her thumb into the side to slip them aside with a shaky inhale.

The cool air kissed her bare skin.

She rubbed the smooth tip of the toy against her entrance—just once, just enough to make her hips twitch—before flicking her thumb over the button.

A faint buzz bloomed in the silence. Soft and Muted.

Fabi whimpered as the vibration met her, her toes curling slightly, her head tilting back. A low sound escaped her lips—half sigh, half cry—her body betraying her calm the moment she touched herself. The room filled with the gentle hum of her pleasure and the subtle sounds of breath and desire.

Before long, the slick sounds of her arousal filled the room, quiet, wet, obscene in the low light. Her thighs trembled slightly, and the heat between them had started to trail backward, coating the soft curve of her rear and seeping warmly into the sheets beneath her.

Her breathing came fast and shallow, each inhale sharp, broken. She bit down on her lower lip, brow furrowed in pure focus, her whole body locked around the rhythm of her hand.

With a shaky exhale, she slowly pressed the toy deeper.

Her entrance stretched to accommodate it, inch by inch, the thickness parting her slick folds with a wet, helpless sound. She cried out—high, desperate—and her hips jerked upward, bucking against the fullness as it bottomed out inside her.



Her shirt clung to her chest, damp with sweat, her nipples stiff beneath the cotton. The heat that had started between her legs was climbing now—up her belly, over her ribs, settling low and heavy in her chest like a wave building toward a crash.

It didn't take long.

With a sharp cry and a final desperate buck of her hips, Fabi froze—every muscle in her body taut, her toes curling as the orgasm crashed through her like lightning. Her breath hitched, stuttered, and then broke into a high, gasping whimper as her body trembled uncontrollably.

Her legs twitched. Her fingers clenched the sheets. Her thighs pulsed with aftershocks.

Then came the heat.

Everywhere.

Her skin was flushed, damp, glowing with sweat—but her breasts were burning. Not painfully—just... swollen. So warm, she instinctively brought her hands up and cupped them through the shirt.

They felt full. Heavy.

A little more than usual.

But she was too dazed to question it.

That release had taken everything.

Still panting, she slowly reached over and set the toy onto the nightstand with a soft clack. Her hand lingered on the wood for a second before sliding back to the sheets. She collapsed into the pillow, breath ragged and shallow, eyes already drifting shut.

Her body pulsed.

Her chest rose and fell.

And under the soft fabric of her shirt, her breasts throbbed—slowly, gently, with each beat of her heart.

With every pulse... they seemed just a little fuller.

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Sometime in the middle of the night, Fabi stirred—legs tensing beneath the sheets, a soft whimper escaping her lips.

Her dreams were soaked in heat. Blurred hands held her thighs open, warm breath grazed her neck, and a deep, aching rhythm built low in her belly. Each breath came faster than the last—moaning, gasping, begging—and her back arched with every invisible thrust, every phantom kiss.

She was floating in sensation.

No sharp edges, no clear scenes. Just rolling pleasure. *Building*. Always building.

Her thighs squeezed together under the blankets.

Then, release.

A soft cry escaped her lips as her hips jerked forward, the sheets catching between her legs. Her body tensed—and then fell slack with a satisfied exhale. But there was no stillness. Not truly.

Within minutes, it returned.

That slow throb between her legs. The rising pressure in her chest. The flush feeling spread up her neck.

It started again.

She writhed in her sleep, brow furrowed, nipples stiff against the damp shirt that clung to her. Sweat gathered between her breasts as they slowly *filled*, pulsing with the rhythm of her pleasure. The soft fabric that once hung loose now stretched and lifted—her chest rising with every wave.

Her dreams looped—new hands, new mouths, her moans echoing back at her.

Again and again, she climaxed in her sleep.

Small ones. Then stronger. Then deep, curling ones that shook her from the toes up, even unconscious. Her legs parted wider. Her hands twitched, gripping the sheets. Her shirt twisted around her torso, bunched high beneath the steady swell of her breasts.

And still, they grew.

Slowly. Sensually. As if with every pulse of her body, Bloom was rewarding her.

From the outside, she looked like a girl lost in a fever dream—flush-faced, damp, glowing.

By the time her body finally stilled, she lay sprawled in tangled blankets, lips parted, breath soft and ragged.

Her chest rose and fell with a heavy rhythm.

Her breasts were rounder now. Firmer. Full and flushed, nipples dark through the cotton, skin warm with arousal and growth.

And even then—even *then*—the weight of them pulsed gently with her heartbeat.

Still growing.

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The morning light filtered in through the sheer curtains, soft and unwelcome. Fabi groaned and buried her face in the pillow for a second longer.

She rubbed her legs together beneath the sheets, chasing warmth, and let out a long, croaky yawn. Eventually, she rolled out of bed with a sigh, feet dragging across the cold floor as she shuffled toward the bathroom.

Her brother's old T-shirt hung loose around her frame—thin, oversized, familiar.

She leaned over the tub, twisting the faucet to start the shower.

And froze.

Something shifted.

She leaned again, slower this time.

And felt it.

That unmistakable swing.

The shirt didn't tighten. Nothing pulled against her ribs. But there was a sway, a drag, a motion that hadn't been there before. A pendulous bounce, subtle but impossible to ignore, that made her pause mid-movement.

Her eyes widened just a little.

She repeated the lean, just to be sure.

Again—there. The soft swing of weight that followed a half-second behind her own motion. Her breasts weren't just there—they were moving, responding to gravity in a way they hadn't before.

She stepped back into the mirror's view and brought her hands up, cupping the soft swell beneath her shirt. Her brain clicked on—fully awake now. The moment her fingers felt that weight, that give, she knew.

Grabbing the hem, she raised the shirt slowly over her waist, past her flat tummy—until the fabric caught on her nipples. With a single lift, quick and sharp, her breasts bounced out into view with a soft, delayed sway.

Her jaw went slack.

Sitting on her chest was a perfect, plump pair—round, full, *hers*. She cupped one gently, and it spilled just past the edge of her fingers, warm and swollen in her palm.

“...What the fuck?”

Her mind was racing—too fast to grab onto any one thought. Last night had been incredible, and she could still feel it echoing through her. The sensations. The way her body had responded. She'd loved it.

Quick flashes from her dreams flickered behind her eyes—phantom hands, deep moans, that relentless hum of her toy buried inside her. Her knees wobbled under her, and she gripped the edge of the sink for balance.

Her thighs pressed together instinctively.

She was still puffy down there. Tender. Her folds swollen and soft, lips plump from a night spent in that half-conscious loop of need and release. She wasn't dripping, but the heat hadn't faded. Not entirely.

She took a slow, shaky breath and pushed herself upright.

The mirror still showed her—bare-chested, flushed, changed—but she turned away, stepping into the steam rising from the shower. The heat wrapped around her instantly, soaking into her skin, loosening the tension in her thighs and chest.

Water hit her shoulders.

She closed her eyes.

Whatever this was—whatever she'd started—there was no going back now.

And the following days were going to be interesting...