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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing

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### **April's Folly**

April twisted to one side reach her phone, stopping the alarm, then rolled back onto her back. Blinking sleep out of her eyes, April tried to remember what day it was. Last night had been Taco Tuesday, which meant it was Wednesday. Not only was it not the weekend; she had a 9AM class. Groaning as she sat up and climbed out of bed, April stepped over to her 'clothes chair.'

Being a somewhat 'absent-minded' girl — *not* a 'dumb blonde' — April had developed a system of laying out her clothes for the next day before she went to bed. Or on nights like Taco Tuesday where she might have a few too many Margaritas, she'd pick out clothes in the afternoon. Sliding a pair of ripped jeans up her thick but toned legs, April felt a little more resistance in the stretch denim than usual. She could have sworn she picked a comfier pair for class, but these must have just been washed. With a few small hops she slipped the jeans up over her hips, then exhaled as far as she could to make the button close. Next she grabbed her bra. Slipping off the one she'd slept in, April took a moment to give her healthy chest a quick squeeze. The blonde didn't think of herself as vain, but she knew she had a body to die for. Feeling hands on her tits, even if they were her own, never failed to put her in a cheerful mood for what was sure to be a dull morning of *Western Civ*.

Hooking the band behind her back, April was surprised to find the flesh tone bra was a little baggy. Glancing down at herself was a bad angle, but she tugged at one of the cups anyway. Her breasts didn't *look* any smaller... maybe the bra

was getting stretched out. It wouldn't be the first time *that* happened. Buttoning her shirt and slipping on her shoes, April left her bedroom and headed for the kitchen.

The blonde walked through to the kitchen just as Cecily was waddling out. In truth the brunette walked normally, but April couldn't help but think of her childhood friend as 'the chubby one,' even now that they were college roommates.

"Bye Ceecee!"

Cecily turned, giving April a view of her profile— soft round belly and mounding breasts even bigger than her own.

"Oh hey April, morning. I gotta go, I'm already late."

"Have a good day!"

"Thanks, you too!"

"*Tsk*, she didn't even finish her breakfast..."

The voice of her third roommate made April turn. Madison was a senior, and despite only being three years older, often fell into a sort of 'house mom' role. Though it was somewhat odd for the older girl to make breakfast in the middle of the week. That treat was usually reserved for weekends, and only after a significant amount of begging.

"Oh well, more for us. Sit, sit!"

From the way Madison stacked her plate high with pancakes, bacon, and fried eggs, April was pretty sure 'us' mostly meant 'her.' Despite her excellent kitchen skills, Madison weighed maybe ninety pounds soaking wet. Being almost six feet tall, the dark haired senior looked more like a yoga instructor than a Southern belle with the best pancake skills April had ever seen.

April dug into the surprise breakfast with gusto. Never known for moderation, she'd had no weight troubles up to this point in her young life. She ate whenever she was hungry, and had the big tits and nice ass to show for it. Her tummy always stayed small and flat, so why deprive herself? As she reached the halfway point in her breakfast feast however, April started to feel the band of her tight jeans pinching against her waist. She powered through anyway. The food was amazing, she was probably just a little bloated. If anything, she might skip lunch.

"More?"

Madison was leaning over the table with the skillet in one hand, flipper in the other. April wasn't the brightest crayon in the box, but her roommate was acting suspiciously nice today.

"I probably shouldn't..."

"Oh come on... I have to use up this batter. Plus you're practically wasting away."

April fingered the tight waistband of her jeans incredulously, but before she could respond Madison was speaking again.

"That top is practically hanging off you."

April glanced down at her front. The shapes of her breasts were still there; but Madison was right, her button top did look baggy. She remembered getting dressed and wondered if she'd been wrong. Maybe her breasts *were* starting to shrink!

Madison lifted two more pancakes with the flipper and held them over April's plate. "You want to keep that bra nice and full, don't you?"

April was so distracted by the unfamiliar sensation of tight bottoms and loose top that she didn't even register Madison's very unusual question. Nodding to the tall girl, April doused her second helping of pancakes in syrup and dug in.

She could practically *feel* her beautiful breasts withering away as her ass widened; the only logical thing was to put more food in her body to counteract the process.

As she ate, April could feel her jeans getting tighter. But *maybe* her bra was getting less loose? Forgetting Madison was in the room, April reached up to cup one breast with her free hand as she shoveled pancakes into her mouth. They *felt* big again, which gave the blonde a little more confidence.

“Want some milk?” Madison held the carton up to a large glass.

Milk! Milk would help. Everyone knew dairy had loads of calcium, which would help her grow bigger tits, right?

“Some extra vitamin D for your double-D’s?” Madison grinned, but April only heard her speak aloud words confirming her desperate hope. She took the glass in both hands and started chugging the thick white liquid. As her throat pulsed and her chest heaved, April could feel her breasts shifting around in her loose bra. She would do whatever she could to keep her beautiful boobs. They were her best feature, and she could *not* lose them!

April’s packed stomach swelled as she gulped half a quart of milk in one go. She slammed the empty glass on the table and let out a gasping breath.

“More?”

“Ye-*haaa*- yes please.”

As Madison was refilling her glass, April caught her breath. She scooped another bite of pancake with her fork while she waited.

-*POP*-

-*Tink*-

-*clatter*-

Below the table, April felt a breath of cool air hit her middle. It was as if someone had been choking her and suddenly let go. She felt around under the table to find her packed stomach spilling out between the open flaps of her jeans.

Madison set the milk down and started to laugh.

“Did you...” She tried to catch her breath between gasping chuckles, clutching at her middle. “Did you just *break* my jeans!?”

“Wha— *your* jeans??”

“April fools!” Madison was almost doubled over with mirth.

“What... why... I’m so confused...”

“Oh, poor college barbie...” Madison chuckled, standing back to full height and wiping tears of joy from her eyes. “I swapped your clothes last night. Those are *my* jeans you’re wearing. I’m surprised you managed to squeeze that bubble butt into them at all.”

“They did seem tight...” April muttered.

“You couldn’t tell those are Cecily’s shirt and bra?”

“I thought they were stretched out...”

“Oh man, you’re too easy, girl. I wanted to see how long it would take you to figure out, I didn’t think you’d start stuffing your face like a kid in a candy store. You ate more than Cecily did!”

April stared down at her stuffed body and pouted. “April fools is dumb...”

“Aww, I’m sorry April.” Madison patted her roommate on the shoulder while she topped off her glass. “Have some more milk. It never gave me any tits, but it’ll probably work for you, with your lucky genes.”

April perked up, smirking at her roommate. “I hope these weren’t *your* lucky jeans!”

“Hey—o!”

The girls shared a laugh, and April went back to eating. Now that she wasn’t panicking about her figure, she could *really* appreciate the flavor.