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When she was eighteen, Olivia's parents made her get reduction surgery and go on meds to keep her breasts from growing back. Years later, in college and on her own,

she decides it's time for a change.

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Deferred Development

I

Olivia Sullivan pushed the mass of ginger curls off of Em's shoulder, nuzzling the hollow column of her neck below her ear. She trailed wet, open-mouthed kisses along Em's skin as if she could suckle the freckles off with her lips, one by one. The other girl's scent was lavender with hints of bergamot, but her skin tasted like a fresh soft pretzel.

Em's hands ran down Olivia's sides, reached the hem of her shirt, and slid under the fabric, up her bare skin until they reached her bra. Her fingers followed the edges of the cups, tracing their lace tops, where they paused. Olivia nodded, and Em slid one cup down to palm a full handful of her breast.

The feeling of loss hit so hard it was like an unwelcome balm covering her skin, cooling the fever of having a ginger princess straddling her lap. Olivia lost it so quickly that her bedmate noticed. Em's hand left her breast, resting on her thigh as she leaned back.

"You okay?"

Olivia nodded.

"We can stop..."

Em's voice gave her away.

"I'm fine, I promise," Olivia said, pulling her into another kiss.

Olivia poured all her energy and attention into the other girl. She sent Em over the edge at least three times and managed to push her dark thoughts away long enough for one adequate climax of her own.

After the redhead left, with her compliments and no further strings or obligations, Olivia lay on her back in her twin-sized dorm bunk, unable to quiet her brain. Her bra was on the floor where Em had tossed it, and Olivia massaged her nude breasts through her sleep shirt. She'd had many dates since the operation, and while her partners weren't all big-boob appreciators, most were. She kept hoping another person's hands would feel better than her own, especially after touching herself had lost so much of its luster.

Olivia couldn't blame her parents, not really. She'd been eighteen and could have refused to go through with the procedure. E-cups were a perfectly respectable size, suiting her thick frame. With the right bra and outfit, they appeared only noticeably and flatteringly full, instead of monstrously huge. She didn't miss hauling M-cup boobs around, but she could have done without the side effects.

Before the operation, Olivia could sometimes get herself off just by touching her breasts. Their skin, and especially the areola and nipples, had been that sensitive. Now, whether from getting all that boob pumped out of them or the pills she took to keep everything balanced and stable, she'd lost it.

Having her boobs touched now felt no better than having any other part of her touched. Even her nipples were about as sensitive as her inner thigh or the soft spot behind her jaw. It wasn't nothing, but it was like a rusty space heater after the warmth of the sun.

"No shit? The redhead who works in the coffee shop under Greene Hall?"

"That's the one. She was like Merida once I got rid of that braid."

Over the course of their three years of undergrad, Cora Danton had become one of Olivia's closest friends. Six semesters of shared classes and lab partnering will do that.

"What's her name, Emma, Emily?" Cora asked while they waited for the centrifuge.

"Just Em. It could be Emily, Emma, or Emaline for all I know."

"Ooh, mysterious."

"I wouldn't say mysterious so much as... casual. No strings."

"Right, right. Can't get your feelings hurt if you never have them, right?"

"You say that like it's a bad thing," Olivia scowled.

"No, I get it. Who meets their 'person' playing Ultimate Frisbee on the quad?"

"I'll have you know I have never played Ultimate Frisbee in my life."

"Right, because you weren't built for running or jumping, I remember. It's one of my top five patented Olivia Humble Brags."

"Wow."

Cora leaned against the lab bench, laughing at whatever she saw on Olivia's face. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's just too funny to me that someone built like you complains so much about her tits."

"I've shown you the pictures. You have any idea how hard it is to find sports bras in an M-cup?"

Cora affected a voice a full octave higher than Olivia had ever spoken in. "Look at me, I'm Olivia. My boobs used to be *soo big* that even after a reduction, I'm the bustiest girl in B Dorm!"

Olivia couldn't help but crack a smile. "I do not sound like that. Plus, what about Alicia on Floor 3?"

"Pfft. Alicia is a cheeseburger away from being obese, be so for real."

"I'd still smash."

Cora rolled her eyes, still grinning. "Of course you would."

The conversation stalled while they took the sample tubes from the centrifuge and piped their contents onto slides.

"I guess that's the other thing I don't get," Cora said while they waited for the analysis to run.

"What?"

"The whole... 'U-Hauling' thing."

"Okay, first of all, that's a harmful stereotype. And second, I'm not a lesbian; I'm pan."

"That's right. It's been so long since you hooked up with a guy, I forgot you're an 'equal opportunity' harlot."

"Harlot? Okay, Julia Quinn."

They logged the results and started another analysis.

"It's not that I haven't tried with guys," Olivia said. "It's just... a whole thing."

"Oh, I get it, believe me. I'd definitely switch to Team L if I could."

"Well, let me know if that ever happens..."

"Ugh, it'd be like kissing my sister!"

"Hot."

Cora bumped her soft hip against Olivia's. "You're such a freak."

"Love you too, babes."

Cora's expression flattened as she stared at the screen. "Um, O, this is your sample, isn't it?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Look at this. It looks like the marker for mastitis, but it doesn't quite match."

"It could be the meds I'm on."

"I think we should ask Doctor Meyer."

"Should make our project more interesting, at least," Olivia said with forced nonchalance.

"Miss Danton has good instincts," Dr. Meyer said, eyes scanning over Olivia's tablet. "The typical markers are all here, but there's a deviation from the mean. Maybe a tenth of a percent at most."

"So, what does that mean?"

The professor stared at the screen for several moments. "Well, I can't give you any medical advice, except to say you should discuss this with your primary care doctor."

Olivia suppressed a shudder at the thought.

"As far as the project," Dr. Meyer continued, "your hypothesis that the markers are a side effect of your medication has some viability, but it's a bit outside my area of expertise."

The professor handed Olivia's tablet back to her and turned to her computer. "I'm going to refer you to Doctor Greenstone. I attended a seminar she gave last year on gynecological disorders. She's a leading expert in the field, so she should be able to advise you on which tests to try."

Talking to yet another person about her condition, the operation, and the meds she'd been on for the past three years sounded about as appealing as another visit to her geriatric family doctor. But whatever she found out, the paper she and Cora would write about it would stand out in class. A guaranteed A.

"That'd be great."

"I'll send you her info, and email her to let her know you'll be contacting her."

"Thanks, Professor."

Over the next three months, Olivia emailed back and forth with Dr. Greenstone. Between their other classes, she and Cora took samples of her blood and ran them through every test and analysis the expert recommended. Olivia studied and wrote up the results and sent them to Dr. Greenstone to check her work.

Meanwhile, she continued to go on dates, occasionally making it as far as someone's dorm room. There were even a couple of visits off-campus. Unfortunately, these encounters continued to be no better than "fine." She enjoyed sex enough to keep pursuing it, but it always felt like she was giving more than she got. She didn't mind being generous, and it was gratifying when a girl, or the rare guy, appreciated her prowess—or her effort, at least—but she couldn't help longing for more.

When she and Dr. Greenstone finally had a breakthrough, Olivia was thrilled. Dr. Meyer said that, with her help, the paper that would have been a standard bio-chem lab class assignment might end up good enough to get published in one of the journals.

The breakthrough had more immediate, personal implications, however.

"I almost wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen the results myself," Dr. Greenstone said on their video call.

"We ran every test, multiple times," Olivia said.

"Oh, I know. But I've reviewed every available clinical trial and reported side effects. Even the ones for similar medications. An antiestrogen like this shouldn't affect cancer risk at all. If anything, it should reduce those risks, considering that the relevant hormones are being suppressed."

At the C word, all thoughts of her grade flew from Olivia's mind. "What does that mean? I might have cancer?"

Dr. Greenstone's eyes flashed in alarm, then she seemed to consider her reply. "I can't answer that for certain. What I can tell you is that these markers are very faint. They'd have to be at least an order of magnitude stronger for there to be any cause for concern."

Olivia sighed, releasing some of the tension in her shoulders.

"Of course, you're still quite young. Things may change as you age. You're, twenty-two now?"

"Twenty-three."

Dr. Greenstone tapped at her computer. "Yes, even for your age, these numbers are well below average. What's puzzling is that you shouldn't have them at all."

"Because of my family?"

"A bit reductive, but yes. These markers are absent from your genome. Does your family have any history of breast cancer?"

"Not that I know of, but my parents are kind of weird about the extended family. I think they tend to be very busy—I told you I had a reduction when I was eighteen?"

"You did, yes. That comports with everything I've seen. Your DNA has code for healthy mammary tissue growth in the segments where much of the female population has these mastic markers."

"Just so I'm perfectly clear," Olivia said. "My cancer risk is low, but if I weren't on these meds, I'd have zero risk at all?"

"I wouldn't say zero—"

"No absolutes, I get it, but in general: my risk is higher on the meds than it would be off them."

"That's... a reasonable assertion."

"So I should stop taking them."

"Miss Sullivan, I can't give you medical advice. I can't write prescriptions, and I certainly can't advise you on the medications you're currently being prescribed. I gather you have some reluctance to consult with your PCP, but I'd recommend you find someone you *can* talk to. Someone familiar with your medical history who can consult with your surgeon."

Olivia sighed. "I understand."

“Now, what I will say—mind you, I am not a medical doctor—is that at twenty-two, you should be in the final stages of mammary gland development, if not past it completely.”

“So I shouldn’t need the pills anymore.”

Dr. Greenstone blanched, and Olivia quickly added, “In your opinion as a biochemist, not as medical advice.”

“I understand your frustration. Uncertainty is always a challenge. If you like, I can make some calls. There are many excellent gynecologists in your area, and I have colleagues who specialize in gigantomastia who may be licensed for telehealth.”

“I’d appreciate that, Doctor. Thanks.”

Olivia researched the list of doctors. She read their patient reviews and testimonials. The highest rated one was about an hour away by public transit, and in-network with her insurance. Unfortunately, the earliest appointment she could get was over six weeks away, right before summer break started. Well, she’d lived with the disappointing shell of her former curves for over four years; what were a few more weeks?

After yet another romantic interlude that left her feeling hollow, Olivia decided enough was enough. The next morning, she didn’t take her pill.