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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*

Deferred Development

II

She lay in the biggest bed she'd ever seen, surrounded by gorgeous women. Four of them. On her sides, at her lips, her neck, between her legs? Okay, make that five. Every last one of them is a goddess. Their faces shift and blur, becoming familiar for an instant before changing again. She almost recognizes them, but they're idealized versions of the women she knows. Fuller lips, straighter noses, skin so smooth she could weep for its perfection. And their tits… Four, six, eight boobs press against her; overflow her hands. Two more grind along her thighs. Not a single one is smaller than its owner's head; all heavy and full and glorious. Yet no pair of them is more glorious than her own. Larger than they'd ever been, fuller even than they'd been Before—she must struggle against their weight to breathe. The goddesses encircling her spread all twenty of their combined fingers along her bare flesh, and her world goes white with ecstasy. Their pillowy lips find her nipples, and her control slips, her body bucking and thrashing in an undulating cascade of orgasms.

The giant bed rocks and creaks with her rhythm. The perfect tongue sliding between her folds moves in time with the perfect lips on her mouth and the fingers dancing on her tassive mits, all of them synchronized to a metronome she can't hear. The bed's headboard taps the wall, then bangs. The banging of wood against wall grows louder…

"…via."

"…livia."

"Olivia!"

Olivia jolted awake, sheets tangled around her limbs. The second she sat up, pain squeezed at her skull, driving her back to her pillow.

"I'm coming in. You better not be dead in there!" Nell's voice swam through the door, brushing Olivia's ears like a foreign tongue.

Mmm, tongues…

Olivia's roommate inched the bedroom door open, ineffectually covering her eyes with one hand. When she saw Olivia horizontal, yet conscious, she stormed the rest of the way into the room. Five-one and ninety-three pounds soaking wet, Eleanor "Nell" Gardner planted her fists on her hips as she glared down at her. They'd been roommates since their First Year, and though Nell was a music major, she made the third leg of Olivia and Cora's "tripod." For their first two semesters, Olivia thought of Nell as yet another of her very regrettably hetero friends. With the benefit of a year or so of maturity—and the smorgasbord of alternatives on campus—Olivia had moved beyond the desire to "shit where she ate."

Mostly.

When Nell's dark eyes flashed like an effervescent solution, framed by the midnight curtain of her jet-black hair, Olivia was powerless to stop the tight awareness that pooled in her core. There was something different about the sensation that morning, something achy and sore and fatigued.

"Why didn't you answer me? I lowkey thought you got a brain aneurysm and died in your sleep!"

"I'm not dead." Olivia's mouth was full of gravel. Speaking made the headache worse.

"Well, good for you. No shot were my pianist's arms going to haul your heavy-ass corpse out of here."

"Heh, pianist…"

"I'd have had to get Jess and Caitlyn to carry you, and you wouldn't even be alive to enjoy it."

Jess and Caitlyn lived two suites down the hall and were both on the volleyball team. All broad shoulders and corded arms. The thought of those Amazons' hands all over her body—dead or not—did little to soothe Olivia's throbbing skull.

"Don't feel good…"

Nell's adorable fury flashed to concern, but Olivia's blurred eyes were locked on the drop ceiling tiles. Nell darted to the bed to touch her forehead. Her pale hand felt like an ice pack, and she almost whimpered with relief.

"Geez, you're burning up."

Olivia tried to say she just needed more sleep, but all that came out was an incoherent mumble. When Nell withdrew her soothing hand, a whimper forced its way through her lips.

"Go back to sleep. We'll go to the Health Center after I get back from Comp. I'll text Cora so she can tell Dr. Meyer you're sick."

Nell paused halfway out of the bedroom door. "Maybe I can get you some soup from the cafeteria…?"

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Olivia lay in bed, expecting to drift back into a snooze-button nap that would last for hours. She stared at the ceiling, closed her eyes, opened them. She would have rolled onto her side, but the mere thought of moving her body brought on another wave of achy nausea.

Now she was bored. She couldn't even get on her phone because she'd left it on the charger. On her desk. Way on the opposite end of the room. She had another charger beside her bed, but she'd stopped putting her phone on it at night in an effort to keep herself from starting and ending every day by doomscrolling. Stupid mindfulness influencers…

She'd been having a dream—before Nell so thoughtfully woke her up. What'd it been about? Something nice, wasn't it?

Slowly, she slid a hand over her hips, careful to move as little as possible. Her bicep bumped her right breast, and she sucked air through her teeth. She slipped her fingers into her sleep shorts. Her satin panties were damp. Not soaked; she wouldn't find a puddle in her sheets or anything, but it was there. A very nice dream, then.

She tried to review her lectures and assignments for the week. If she couldn't move her body, she could at least keep her brain occupied. Except her thoughts were frictionless as mercury. She'd start on a theorem, walk through its steps, and then it would slip away like a wriggling fish.

The Krebs Cycle, or citric acid cycle, is a series of biochemical reactions that release energy stored in nutrients. The pituitary gland releases GH to direct that energy toward mammary gland development…

Olivia scowled at the ceiling. Organic Chem was not a gynecology class.

Collagen type one makes up about ninety percent of total collagen in vertebrates. It forms eosinophilic fibers that make up most of the rope-like connective tissue in the body. An example of this connective tissue is Cooper's ligaments, or fibrocollagenous septa, which help maintain the shape and structural integrity of…

Olivia sighed. Had the meds been keeping her sane as well?

Myoepithelial cells are found in the glandular epithelium beneath the luminal cells. When stimulated by oxytocin, myoepithelium in mammary glands contracts to excrete milk…

For fuck's sake. It must be all those conversations with Dr. Greenstone. Her whole world had been hormone and breast cancer talk for weeks; no wonder her fever-addled brain kept going there.

She studied her ceiling, noting the familiar bits of damage in the foam tiles. A push pin left by some former student who'd strung fairy lights around their bed. Scraps of tape where someone else had hung a poster. The idea seemed ridiculous when Nell suggested it, but it would've been nice to have a big poster of Kristin Stewart or Aubrey Plaza to ogle right then. Way more interesting than white foam tiles hanging in their white grid.

Imagining two of her favorite actors sent a pulse of heat pooling between her thighs. If only she had her phone, she could read her favorite fanfic ending to *Happiest Season* for the umpteenth time. She pictured the scenes, replaying the story's descriptions from memory. Suddenly, her thoughts weren't so slippery. The hand still near her shorts slid back under her waistband, and she traced a finger over her panties.

Bolts of pleasure radiated outward. Her free hand moved by reflex to her chest. Heat seared through her, as if her hand were a flat iron pressed to her boob. She stiffened, lifting her hand off herself, taking slow, intentional breaths. She wasn't burned; more like the blast of hot water in a near-scalding shower. Too intense at first, but shifting into a soothing heat as the body adjusted to the shock.

Ignoring the hand between her legs, Olivia explored her breast with more caution. Even through her sleep shirt, every touch felt like sandpaper on her most sensitive parts. But like a bruise you keep poking to see if it still hurts, she couldn't stop.

Her mind fractured into three warring thoughts. First, frustration. Going off her meds shouldn't have effects this soon. She'd wanted her sensitivity back, yes, but she'd gone from the desert to drowning. Second, pragmatism. A strong reaction wasn't uncommon for such a sudden change in medication. Her body would adjust and find a new equilibrium. And finally, far more insistent than the others, arousal. As the spicy scene played out in her mind, Olivia synchronized Aubrey's fingers inside Kristin with her own fingers on herself. Her pulse thundered in her ears. Her breathing grew sharp. She slid her hand under her shirt and lifted her bra cup. When the stiff fabric peeled off her nipple, letting it swell and rise in the cool air, Olivia came harder than she had in years.

Her body clenched and shook on the mattress, equal parts ecstasy and agony.

As her arms fell to her sides, Olivia imagined herself sinking deeper into the mattress. It hadn't been that easy since before the operation, back when she could scoop her nipples into her own mouth. Exhausted as if she'd run a marathon, Olivia's eyelids began to droop. She fell asleep with a gentle smile on her lips.

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By the time Nell returned from class, Olivia had crawled out of bed and shuffled to their shared common room. She slouched in the stiff, industrial couch, swiping on her phone while a show played on the TV.

Nell's voice hovered somewhere between annoyance and concern. "How are you feeling?"

Olivia didn't look up from her phone, where she read the WebMD article on her meds for the first time. "Actually, much better."

Nell moved to stand in front of the TV that Olivia wasn't watching. "Really?"

Olivia shrugged.

"You were literally dying two hours ago, and now you're fine?"

"I don't know what to tell you. Maybe it was a stomach bug or something."

"You know I don't care if you skip class, right? I mean, I think it's dumb and irresponsible, but I'm not your mom. You don't have to give me a whole *Ferris Bueller* routine."

Olivia tore her eyes from the article to look up at Nell. Instead of the fluttering heat from that morning, her heart clenched with shame at Nell's worried expression. Knowing she'd put that look on her friend's face. Obviously, she couldn't tell Nell what was really going on, even if she could understand it herself. Nell knew about the operation, but how could she explain all the rest of it? She'd either freak out at the mention of cancer or she'd freak out that Olivia had gone off her meds without talking to her doctor.

"I'm fine, Nell, really. And I'm not cutting class."

Nell's raised shoulders dropped a fraction. "It did seem a little out of character. I don't think I've ever seen you miss class. So, what is it, a hangover? On a Wednesday?"

Olivia chuckled. "No. I did not, in fact, go out for a Tuesday night rager."

Nell's hands curled into fists, and they drifted toward her hips before she stopped herself, crossing her arms over her chest. Her eyebrows twitched, then she dropped her hands to her sides with a little too much force.

"I still think you should go to the Health Center."

"I'm fine, I promise."

While she no longer felt like death warmed over, "fine" was more than stretching it.

"People don't get sick for no reason, Olivia."

"People get sick all the time, Eleanor."

"You know, majoring in bio-chem doesn't make you a doctor, right?"

"What if I get a PhD?"

Nell glared her down, hands twitching toward her hips again.

Olivia sighed. "If I feel bad again tomorrow, I'll go, okay?"

"You promise?"

"Yes, Mom," Olivia mocked.

Nell rolled her eyes, then settled into the opposite end of the couch. Olivia suppressed a wince as her girls jostled in her bra.

"What are we watching?"