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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing*

Fast-Acting Pills

"Happy birthday, Sweetheart!"

I handed Arianna the small gift box. I'd wrapped it myself, so there was too much tape, and none of the lines were straight. It was too big to be jewelry, and from the look in Arianna's hazel eyes, she knew it. She blew the brown strands of her bangs off her eyes and held the box up to her ear, shaking it. I wondered what the pills sounded like through the layers of paper towel I'd used instead of tissue paper.

"If it's a watch, it sounds broken." She said.

"Just open it."

Arianna tore the wrapping and opened the paper box. She met my eyes with a crease in her brow, then pulled out a small white pill bottle.

"Steve, what the hell?"

"Just read the label," I said. Then, unable to wait, I continued, "They're *Madsgenix* pills!"

"Really!?" She finally read the label. "Oh shit, the fast-acting ones? These are super rare!"

I shrugged. "Only the best for my baby."

"Oh, Steve!" Arianna wrapped her arms around me. I returned her hug, feeling her narrow back in my hands, the soft warmth of her little B-cups pressed against my stomach. The little bottle of pills set me back two months of paychecks, but if they worked as well as the reviews claimed, I'd have a much harder time hugging my girlfriend by the time the ten-day supply was gone.

Arianna pulled out of our embrace to turn the bottle over, then read the directions. "One pill per 24-hour period... takes 4-6 hours to take effect..." She pressed down on the top and opened the bottle. "If I take one now, it should start to

kick in sometime after dinner.”

She tapped a pill into her palm and swallowed it without water. Then she tilted her head, looking up at me through her bangs. Her lips were on mine a split second later, and she pushed me toward the bedroom. She’d never initiated sex before, but I wasn’t complaining.

As we lay on our backs in the afterglow, Arianna said, “Are we going out, or did you order in?”

“I thought I’d wait to see how you felt after the pills,” I said. “How hungry are you?”

She ran a finger over one bare nipple and licked her lips. “Pretty hungry...”

I knew the pills couldn’t be working yet. “Pizza?”

Arianna nodded and cuddled against me. I grabbed my phone and loaded the app. I’d never seen my girlfriend eat more than two slices of pizza in a sitting, but I took a chance and put two large pies in the cart.

“Maybe three,” she whispered.

I looked at her.

“If they really work, I’ll want some leftovers tomorrow...”

When the pizzas arrived, Arianna nearly tore the top box open to get at the steaming slices within. She stuffed a third of a slice into her mouth, cheeks bulging as she tried to chew.

“Babe, slow down. It’s not going anywhere.”

She held a hand up while she chewed, then, after swallowing, “I’m just really excited. I’m finally going to get some real boobs!”

I put my arm around her as she took another bite.

My girlfriend set a new personal record that night, five slices. She seemed disappointed, but I reminded her the pills hadn’t kicked in yet, which seemed to help her mood. She kept checking her watch during the movie, and when it had

been four hours since she took the pill, she reached for another slice. I missed whole sections of movie dialogue as I watched my girlfriend slowly forcing down more pizza.

“Don’t make yourself sick...” I said, stroking her hair.

“I’m okay...” She was breathing hard, and when I reached over to feel her flat tummy, it felt hard, like she’d swallowed a bag of sand.

After two more slices, Arianna tried to get me to feed her more, but I refused. She’d eaten almost four times her normal amount, and if she got sick tomorrow, I didn’t want her blaming it on me or my gift. I carried her to bed. Sometime in the wee hours, I felt the bed move when she got up to use the bathroom.

“Steve...”

Her voice was soft. I came awake but didn’t open my eyes, rolling away from the bright window and tugging the blanket to my chin.

“Steve!”

“Wha-what’s wrong?”

“Oh, nothing’s wrong...”

I felt the bed shift as Arianna crawled on top of me. She rolled me onto my back, and just as I opened my eyes, my face was full of something warm and soft. I tried to catch my breath, then she leaned back and sat on top of me. Even in her sleep shirt, I could tell she’d grown. Her little half-plums were at least as big as nice ripe oranges.

“It worked!” She grinned, bouncing on my hips. We both watched as her boobs jiggled tightly, making her baggy shirt dance. She was mesmerized, but I slid my arms from under the blankets to reach for them. I paused a few inches away, looking up at her. She nodded, and I grabbed them.

“Ahn!”

I jerked my hands away like I’d been burned. “I’m sorry, Babe. Are you okay?”

She panted, grabbing my hands. "I'm okay. They're just really sensitive. Gently..." She put my hands back on her boobs, and I let her move them. Moaning, she said, "Go ahead..."

Slowly I massaged her tits. The small mounds I'd held before were gone, replaced by fat little lobes that nearly filled my hands. They were firm as ever, and as I thumbed her nipples, Arianna's hips moved, grinding on my stiffening dick. Her moaning built to a crescendo, and she clenched her knees against my sides, pressing her chest into my hands as she came.

It was a morning of firsts. She'd never come just from boob play and grinding. She'd never offered to suck me off. And she'd never swallowed.

"Extra calories," She said with a wink.

After showering and dressing for work, I found Arianna in the kitchen cooking an entire carton of eggs. I saw all three pizza boxes stacked by the trash.

"I wish I didn't have to go to work," I said.

She hugged me, and the warmth of her new tits mashed into my chest made me check my watch. I didn't have time. I kissed Arianna long and deep until she pulled out of my arms to check her eggs.

"See you tonight; love you!" She said.

"Love you too!"

I went through my workday in a haze, counting the hours until I'd be back in her arms. It had taken months of dating for me to work up the courage to tell her about my preference. To my delight, she liked bigger boobs too, but the idea of surgery scared us both. Thanks to those pills, she'd almost doubled in size overnight. Even if she didn't grow any bigger, it would be money well-spent.

That afternoon, my boss informed me that we were opening a new branch in the neighboring state, and he wanted me to fly out to help with the launch. My stomach dropped. But I accepted. The company booked me on a flight the next morning.

Arianna texted asking me to buy groceries, so I stopped on my way home and loaded up a cart with the cheapest, most filling food I could find. I dropped the first load of bags on the table, and when I came back with another load, I found her already munching on a package of cookies.

“Fank goodneth,” she said, “-ulp- I’m starving.”

Arianna still wore her sleep clothes; boy shorts and a tee shirt that had once been oversized. They looked maybe an inch or two bigger than they were that morning. I wondered if we had any food left in the house. I forced myself to go back for the last load of groceries before checking for sure.

The cookies were half gone before we finished putting everything away. Arianna had set a pot of water to boil and two boxes of mac and cheese on the counter.

“Never mind that,” I said, “Let’s go out for dinner.”

“What, why?”

“Do you want the good news or the bad news?”

She frowned, then approached me and put my hands on her tits. “I already have some good news...”

I stiffened as I groped Arianna’s chest. They were definitely bigger than this morning. I wanted nothing more than to pull that inadequate sleep shirt off her and have my way with them, but I shook myself.

“The good news is I’m getting a bonus and might be up for a promotion soon.”

Her eyes lit up.

“The bad news is I have to go supervise a launch for the next week.”

Her face fell. “Really? Now??”

“I fly out tomorrow. It’s shitty timing, but it’s a big opportunity for me. For us.”

She pulled out of my grip and turned off the stove. “Maybe I can wait to take the rest of the pills until you get back...”

“It’s up to you, I guess.”

“Well, it is what it is. We can enjoy our last night at least.” She cupped her breasts with both hands. “I hope I can find something that fits...”

“It doesn’t have to be anything fancy. We’re going to the buffet.”

Arianna’s eyes sparkled again, and she leaned in to kiss me.

She found a green blouse she’d bought online that was the wrong size. It was still baggy everywhere but her chest, where it fit like a glove. At the buffet, she filled plate after plate. I wondered where she was putting it all until a button popped off her blouse. I guess “fast-acting” wasn’t just marketing BS.

Eventually, the manager asked us to leave. Arianna was showing off a foot of cleavage, and some Karen must have complained. I’d been rock-hard since the first button popped, so I was ready to head home anyway.

“I want to try something.”

We’d just finished pulling each other’s clothes off, and Arianna pushed me onto the bed. She knelt like she was going to suck me off but instead grabbed a grapefruit-sized boob in each hand.

“I might finally be big enough for this.”

She wrapped her tits around my cock, and I clenched my whole body to keep from coming. I’d fantasized about getting a titty fuck since I was a teenager.

“Mmmm you feel amazing,” She said. “Do you like that, Steve?”

I nodded stiffly.

“I bet it’ll be even better once they get bigger...”

She stroked them up and down my shaft, licking the tip to keep everything lubricated. Then she froze.

“Hmm?”

“Can you feel that?” She whispered.

I waited. Without either of us moving, I felt the pressure of her tits wrapped around my dick slowly increasing.

She met my eyes. "They're growing right now."

I couldn't hold back. The first spurt hit my girlfriend right in the face; then her mouth was on me to catch the rest.

My week away from Arianna was the longest of my life. Luckily I was busy enough with work to distract me during the day, but the lonely hotel nights were agony. We called every night, and I sometimes heard her chewing while we were on the phone. She told me she hadn't stopped taking the pills but refused to send photos or do video calls.

"My boobs might be a teensy bit bigger when you get home. I hope you don't mind..."

Halfway through the week, I got a call from my bank to confirm a suspicious charge on our shared credit card. It was at our local wholesale club; the total was more than our mortgage. I approved the charge.

I'm lucky I didn't get pulled over getting home from the airport. The launch had gone well, and I was certain I'd be up for that promotion, but I had bigger things on my mind. Pulling into the drive, I saw a small mountain of cardboard snack boxes beside the trash cans. I had a text from Arianna.

Bedroom.

The living room was filled with stacks of boxes—all different snacks and foods from the warehouse club. Arianna's voice came from across the small house, "Steve? Grab one of those boxes, would you?"

Stepping into our bedroom, I almost dropped the box of cookies on my feet. The floor was covered in empty boxes and food wrappers. Where I expected to find my newly-busty girlfriend in the bed, I saw only two enormous mounds rising to the ceiling and spilling off the mattress.

"...Arianna?"

"Thank god you're back," her voice came from behind the shapes, "I'm starving."

I set the box down and walked around the side of one gigantic breast, not daring to touch it. I found Arianna sitting against the headboard.

“Surprise!”

“Wow,” I breathed.

“Those pills work *real* good,” She ran both hands over as much of her expanse as she could reach. “Go on, feel them.”

I laid a hand on her breast. She moaned and squirmed.

“What happened?” I asked.

“Well, you probably noticed, but the pills make me *really* hungry. I got so big it was getting tricky to drive. So I went and got as much food as I could fit in the house. There’s nowhere to sit with all those boxes, so I decided to eat in bed. But then last night, I couldn’t fit back through the door, and I already ate everything in here.”

Her face was red with arousal from my touch. “You brought me more, didn’t you, Steve?”

I fought through a cloud of horny to ask, “Are you sure? Can you even move?”

Arianna bit her lip and nodded. “Growing feels so good; you have no idea. I get to eat and eat, and they stretch and fill...” She hugged the mass of her chest with her entire upper body, trembling as she came. “I only have three pills left and want to make the most of them.”

I tore open the box and handed her a bag of cookies, sliding the box next to the bed where she could reach it. She ran a finger up the erection visible through my pants. “I can’t wait to feel you between them, but you’ll have to do all the work this time, sorry...”

I walked around to the foot of the bed, where I found her nipples. They were the size of my fist, and when I grabbed one, I heard Arianna moan through a mouthful of cookies. The bedframe creaked as she orgasmed again.

I dropped my pants and pulled her left nipple until I could reach the right. With my arms spread wide to grip them both, I slid my cock into her cleavage. She was soft and warm. The ocean of tit-flesh in my arms undulated like waves as I thrust

into her. Ripples from my end crashed into the ones she was making as she came over and over, shoving cookies in her mouth between panting breaths.

As I came between Arianna's gargantuan breasts, I realized I might have created a monster. How much could she eat in three more days? Would she outgrow our bedroom? What would we do then?

That was a question for "Future Steve." "Now Steve" was going to bring his girlfriend all the food she wanted. I'd pay off the credit cards eventually. Maybe I'd see if I could afford another bottle of pills.