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Contains: Breast Expansion, Attribute Theft, Sexual Acts

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## **Michelle**

“Okay, all you need to do is pick a target, and concentrate.”

Michelle Charles quirked an eyebrow at me skeptically, then her dark hazel eyes scanned the room.

I guess I should back up a little bit. I'm a student, junior in undergrad, and Michelle is one of my classmates, a sophomore. She has a magic ability. And I've read enough fantasy and fetish literature, and played enough RPGs, to try and help her learn to control it. There was a whole sequence of events that led to her asking for my help, but that's a story for another time.

"Hey, what about her?"

I followed Michelle's eyes, and saw the girl I was pretty sure she was talking about.

"Who, Amanda Prentis?"

"Yeah."

"Well, she's a swimmer, so I doubt she'd mind. You just have to be careful. Don't pull too hard."

Michelle stared at Amanda intensely, and I looked down at my half-empty plate, picked up and pretended to do something on my phone. Basically I was trying not to stare, or be associated with what was about to happen. I was more than a little worried something would go wrong or that she might draw too much attention to us.

Despite my best efforts, I couldn't resist looking up to watch the faint swell of Michelle's chest under her long sleeved pink plaid shirt. As I stared-without-staring, the small lumps – at the high end of B-cups at best – puffed up a little bit. It was almost imperceptible. If I didn't know better I'd think she'd just taken a deep breath. And never exhaled.

"Oh my gawd it worked!" Michelle whisper-yelled, her long brown hair dropping like a curtain around her chest as she looked down.

"Shhh!" I was chiding myself as much as her. My own heart was racing. Real magic, Michelle Charles had just used real magic!

Using a slow stretch as cover, I reached my arms back behind me, twisting to steal a glance at Amanda the swimmer. Her almost B-cups had indeed diminished to nearly nothing. I silently hoped she'd been really committed to her swimming career, and not overly fond of those small breasts.

"Next time maybe pick a target with a little more to lose? Kind of a Robin Hood type thing?"

"Robin Hood?"

"You know... 'steal from the rich...'"

"Oh..." Michelle smiled brilliantly, and with a hint of wickedness. My heart was starting to race for a different reason.

"I gotcha..."

She looked around the cafeteria again. I wondered if I should fetch some ice cream or something. That way we'd have an excuse for the two of us just sitting there, taking up a table. As I leaned forward to stand, I felt Michelle's touch on my forearm. It made my skin tingle with electricity.

"Hey wait, how 'bout that one?"

I followed her eyes again and saw the long haired freshman, Alison. Or was it Alyssa? I was pretty sure she was on the tennis team.

"What uh, which one? The brunette with those freshman guys?"

"Yeah, she's got *plenty* to spare."

I coughed to cover my reaction.

"Fair enough, just don't leave her flat like Amanda. Focus on your control."

Michelle nodded at me and then stared intently at the freshman just like she'd done to Amanda. Seconds passed and I was starting to really feel the presence of all these people in the cafeteria. Then I glanced over again and saw Michelle's breasts start to swell. They were probably getting close to D-cup now and were pulling her loose but not baggy shirt tight across their twin bulges. And she was still growing.

"Stop."

Michelle glanced over at me in annoyance, her trance broken.

"Why though?"

"You have to be subtle. If women around you start going completely flat, especially girls the size of that freshman, someone is gonna notice and start asking questions. And then how are you going to explain it?"

"I don't know... just tell the truth?"

"The truth? Just say to a freshman who went from full D-cup to a washboard; 'I have a magic power that lets me steal boobs, and I took yours. Hope you don't mind. GLHF?'"

"Gee el aitch eff?"

"It means 'good luck, have fun.' Like 'have a nice day' or 'sorry not sorry' ... 'screw you,' basically."

"Well, when you put it like that..."

"Hey, I'm not trying harsh your buzz or anything. I want to see your magic work as much as you do."

I glanced down at her pink-checked shirt before I could stop myself. Michelle arched one thick brown eyebrow and the left corner of her lips crept up into a knowing smirk.

“Look, your power lets you steal femininity from other women, right? There’s literally no woman who would be happy or even okay with that.”

“Yeah... I guess that’s probably true...”

“Eventually I bet you could get enough control over it to be able to give as well as take, but for now it looks like it’s all take.”

Michelle’s hazel eyes locked with mine, and the noise of the cafeteria faded away.

“Is that... a bad thing?”

She sat up a little straighter and her arms resting on the table came together slightly, making the buttons on her shirt pull tight. Little diamond windows puckered open between the buttons, showing hints of the pale, creamy skin beneath.

Wait.

What was happening?

Was Michelle Charles flirting with me?

Surely not.

“Well –*cough*– I mean... if you get outed as a person with powers... you could get picked up by some weird scientists and experimented on...”

Whatever look I’d thought I’d seen in her eyes was gone. I must have imagined it. A stunning beauty like Michelle Charles didn’t flirt with a guy like me, magic powers or no magic powers.

“You know, I think you’re right, we’re too exposed here,” she said. “Is there somewhere we can ‘people watch’ like this without being so visible? We could go to my dorm but my window faces the woods.”

“Mine faces the street, but it’s all cars on that side.”

It took me only a few moments to think of the solution.

“I mean I guess we could sit in my van... The windows are tinted...”

There was no way she’d go for this.

“Perfect, let’s go.”

This was unreal. How was one of the cutest, most well-proportioned girls in my school so eager to follow me to my windowless van? The old delivery van, the ‘grocery getter’ I’d ‘bought’ from my uncle as a college commuter vehicle.

Against all odds, Michelle Charles followed me out of the cafeteria, across campus, and to the lot where my van was parked.

Fortunately, the lot faced a relatively high traffic area where a lot of students walked past on their way from dorms to classes and back again.

Michelle climbed into the passenger seat – shotgun if you will – of my van. I sat behind the wheel and we watched the flow of students to and from classes. Foot traffic peaked at the top of each hour, but never died down completely.

“Oooh, there’s a good one...”

Michelle had spotted an unattractive chunky girl with oversized breasts.

I wanted to protest, to object to her stealing the one attractive quality of these poor girls, but I couldn’t bring myself to speak. After all, she was right; those big, swaying, heaving breasts were wasted on these otherwise homely girls.

Nothing at all like Michelle. She was beautiful. She could have been a model if she were flat chested. Okay, that wasn’t really true, but I sure as hell believed it. I had been crushing on this brown-haired beauty since her freshman year, and just being in a vehicle with her was a low-key dream come true.

She'd stolen mass from half a dozen more girls before I broke out of my daydreaming and realized that Michelle Charles was not learning to control her ability at all. Her button-down top was skin tight, and she'd inflated all the way to H-cup and was still going.

Wresting my eyes away from her chest, I saw that Michelle's eyes were glazed over. Sweat beaded on her forehead and she was breathing heavily, looking from girl to girl. Chunky ones, athletic ones, downright obese ones, and Michelle's breasts were slowly swelling larger and larger.

"Michelle."

"Michelle."

"Michelle!"

She looked at me, finally. Her eyes were the color of perfectly brewed coffee with just the right amount of cream, and I almost got lost in them before saying my piece.

"I think that's enou—"

A button popped off of Michelle's top, flying free to ricochet against the windshield of my van and land on the dashboard.

"What was tha—"

I started to ask dumbly, but as I slowly glanced back toward her, I saw that Michelle was not wearing a tee shirt under her top like I'd assumed. Her pink-checked top looked painted-on, and a large opening showed me two very healthy breasts begging to be set free. I could even see the outlines of the cups on her now severely undersized bra.

Forcing my eyes upward I found myself lost in Michelle's incredible eyes again, and all my clever and well-formed arguments left me. What happened next is something I don't think I'll ever understand, though I thank whatever higher

powers exist in the universe every time I remember it. Michelle Charles slowly leaned forward in her seat toward me, so I did the same, and her lips met mine.

She must have kept one eye out the window because she popped her shirt the rest of the way open while a gaggle of sorority girls walked by. Then her bra snapped off completely when she spotted the particularly busty culinary arts professor driving a golf cart down the campus road.

Grabbing me by the collar, Michelle crawled into the back of my van, pulling me with her. There was still a spare mattress back there that I'd never unloaded, thank goodness. Pushing me down onto it, her small hands found the button on my jeans.

Needless to say I had been semi-erect since the moment we climbed into the van, and her kisses and light tongue on my own had brought me to full mast. I was not an impressive size, but Michelle's eyes showed no disappointment as she peeled off her skinny jeans.

Straddling my legs, Michelle glanced up to make sure she could still see out the front windshield. Her delicate fingers grabbed my modest member with urgency and guided it to her already dripping lower lips.

I laid supine in the back of my van while Michelle Charles rode me. Normally I preferred being on top, but in that moment I would have let her do whatever she wanted to me... I still would, even today.

As we got a good rhythm going, I silently prayed no one would notice the van subtly rocking. Michelle sat propped on both knees, with my cock buried as far into her warm pussy as I could get. Occasionally she looked down at me, but mostly kept her eyes darting around through the front windshield of my van.

Honestly, I didn't mind all that much.

Whenever Michelle's eyes found a particularly over-endowed student, the basketball-sized breasts I mashed and kneaded as they wobbled in front of my face got even bigger.



It was kind of a win-win.