

Note: This story is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

Contains: Breast Expansion, Teasing, M/F Sex

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An Improbable Visitor

A few weeks into my third semester at college, when I had finally gotten a solo dorm room, someone knocked on my door at 11:30pm. Pausing the game I was playing, I stood from my desk and opened the door.

Standing in the hall, wearing a big coat – despite the fact that it was 73 degrees outside – was Alison Wagner. The curvaceous freshman on the tennis team who was also in my macro-econ class. I'd noticed her the first time I saw her across the dining hall; 5'7, thin, long straight dark red hair just past the shoulder blades, and easily a C cup, maybe D.

I'd never met her of course, all my knowledge of such things was conjecture and a lot of experience in online 'communities.'

"Hi, um, are you..."

Alison Wagner had just said my name. I never expected to ever speak to this freshman goddess in person, yet here she was standing outside my door with my name coming out of her perfect lips.

"That's me. Uh, can I help you?"

"Gawd I hope so. Can I come in?"

It looked like Alison was wearing pajamas under her large coat, so I undid the chain and let her in. She brushed past me and into my room, and I turned to re-bolt the door.

Now she was in my room. The busty tennis freshman was standing in my room. In a big shapeless baggy coat, yes, but still...

“Hey, so...” Alison’s deep brown eyes met mine and I thought I might melt.

“Are you also...”

She said my username. Not my gmail, or my twitter handle, or even my ‘normal’ reddit username. Her lilting angel’s voice uttered my ‘other’ username. The one I used to log on to the more ‘questionable’ websites.

“Um, where did you hear that name?”

“I know I’m only a freshman, but I’m in the comp-sci program. Even I can manage an IP address lookup.” Alison brushed some of her long auburn tresses over one shoulder. “Plus it’s not like this school makes it difficult to match IP addresses to room numbers.”

“So what if I am? Are you gonna report me or something? You know nothing on those sites is illegal...”

My head was spinning. This fantasy had turned into a nightmare in a heartbeat.

“Oh, no no. Sorry, I’m messing this up. I have a problem, and I’m hoping you can help me.”

She seemed even more flustered than I felt.

“P-problem?” I asked, baffled.

Alison Wagner opened her coat briefly, and I saw pajama pants, and a tank top that was definitely overloaded. I think I mentioned earlier that Alison was well endowed. Not ‘internet’ large, but definitely in the top five at my school by size,

and especially by ratio. What was under that coat was not only more of Alison Wagner's skin than I'd ever dreamed I'd see, but also far more volume than I realized Alison had.

"What...?"

My brain had locked up, and Alison seemed to recognize it. She closed her coat and stepped closer – making my heartbeat pound in my ears – placing one hand on either side of my head.

"Hey, relax. Sorry if I scared you before. I'm not here to narc on you. I need your help with something that I think we'll both enjoy. So take a deep breath, and ask me all the questions you have. I promise I won't be offended."

That was, at the time, the longest string of words any of the 'hot' girls in my school had ever said to me all at once. Sure, I hung out with the few female friends in my circle, but they were all "one of the guys" and didn't live in the same part of my brain as the Alison's and Michelle's, the few legitimate hotties at my sausage fest of an engineering college.

Nevertheless, I took her advice. I breathed deeply in, then out, and again in, and out.

"You uh..."

"Yes?"

"You're bigger than normal."

"What do you mean, bigger than most girls, or bigger than I usually am?"

Shocked that she somehow knew exactly what I meant, all my stupid mouth could form in response was;

"Erm... both?"

Alison gave a brief titter of laughter, then said;

“Oh I knew this was the right room to come to. Have a seat for a minute, I’ll try and explain everything.”

Unable to protest, I gingerly dropped into my computer chair, still looking up at the slightly younger girl. She paced a couple times, index finger to her lips, and then turned to face me.

“Alright, this is going to sound really dumb. I promise you it’s all real though, so don’t interrupt me until I’m done.”

I nodded. What else was I gonna do? If she’d asked me to stand on my head I’d have done it. Her brown eyes glinted and her full lips quirked, and she began her explanation.

“I have a rare condition that makes my breasts swell up when I become aroused.”

The shock on my face must have been obvious because she held up a hand before I could speak.

“I know it sounds stupid, but it’s true. I might be able to prove it to you, but let me go on.”

I tried to give her my best ‘I’m listening’ face, and she continued.

“As you may or may not have heard, I broke up with my boyfriend Charlie a couple weeks ago. Maybe almost two months, I’m not sure.”

She looked at me as if I was accusing her of something.

“Okay, fine, it was 47 days ago...”

Now she took a few deep breaths to regain her composure, and went on.

“My condition can be alleviated by sexual gratification. Especially vaginal penetration.”

I blinked hard. Stunned. She surely had not said what I thought I just heard.

“Yes. As ridiculous as it sounds, when I get turned on, my breasts swell up even bigger than they already are. When I cum, and especially when I have sex; they go back down.”

I waited several long moments and asked the stupidest question I have ever asked, up to that point in my life or since.

“So, why are you telling me?”

She looked at me with as much incredulity as I felt toward myself in that moment.

“Well, if you’re really who I think you are, you’ll jump at my offer.”

“W-which is?”

Another mind-numbingly stupid question. I could almost see the scorn in her eyes.

“Ugh. I want you to fuck me, so my fat-ass boobs will go back to normal before tomorrow’s game!”

I couldn’t believe this was happening. Even in the most ridiculous stories I’d read online, this situation was completely implausible.

I twisted back and forth in my chair a couple times, lips moving silently.

“Can I perhaps, try and help you with whatever overthinking you’re doing right now?”

I wasn’t sure what she could do to help. Her every word sent my brain into a hazy mist. But I looked back up at her quizzically.

“H-help me?”

She opened her coat again, and I saw her. The pajama bottoms were snug enough that I could see strong hips and legs toned by a lot of tennis training. Her tank top would have been a little snug even at her normal size, but in her current condition it covered about as much skin as a sports bra.

I tried – and failed – to make my eyes move past her flawless cleavage to her face.

“So,” she began shyly, “will you help me?”

She tugged the coat back just slightly, framing her chest and showing me the lightly tanned skin of her perfect shoulders.

“Do you... want me?”

Her words ignited a fire in my core, and I stood from my chair, trying to take in every visible centimeter of Alison Wagner. This was probably a prank, but I wasn't stupid enough to waste the chance to see such perfection in person.

Then I noticed something strange.

I mean, something *more strange* than the hottest girl in the freshman class popping into my dorm room half naked and inviting me to fuck her.

Alison Wagner's breasts were swelling.

In my 'research' I knew that there were many terms for this phenomenon; swelling, growing, expanding, plumping, bulging, etc etc. But none of those words were in my mind right now because I was watching it happen.

In real time, in real life.

Alison's breasts blew right past E-cup and into the F range. I couldn't stop staring, it was the most beautiful and glorious sight I'd ever witnessed in my two decades of life.

The redhead let out a cute moan I hadn't been expecting. Apparently she liked having me look at her.

"Nobody's looked at me like that in a long time." She said demurely as I met her eyes.

"Even my ex, who constantly flattered me and fed me lines to get me into the sack. He *never* looked at me the way you just did."

"Oh... sorry."

"Gawd don't apologize, that was great."

Alison was squirming where she stood. And while she had stopped growing for now, I could see that she was visibly aroused.

"What, uh... what do you need me to do?"

"I can't believe how dense you are." She grinned. "Your online persona is much more confident."

I tried with some effort to put myself in the mode of my secret online persona. He was not me, any more than the version of me who interacted with classmates was "me." All the same, I imagined myself with the confidence I had online. I had been reading fetish literature for years, many years. Maybe there was some wisdom there I could put to use in this scenario.

For fuck's sake, Alison Wagner was offering herself to me on a goddamn platter. What was there to think about?

I walked a slow circle around Alison and gave her my maximum strength smolder. Some would probably call it a 'male gaze.' My eyes lingered slowly over the flawless skin of her bare shoulders. When I was directly behind her, I reached out and tugged on the coat, making her let it drop to my dorm room floor. Now uncovered I was free to take in the vision of her strong athletic thighs, her pert ass, narrow waist, and toned tennis arms.

All of those assets were nothing but the appetizers for the main course. Breasts. Breasts that would have been tight in an F-cup, if Alison were wearing a bra. But it was clear she was not. I'd seen her nipples through the single layer of fabric the first time she flashed me, and now they were sticking out hard enough to cut glass.

I stared at Alison's breasts appreciatively. She seemed to be open to and indeed even enjoyed being ogled, so I gave her everything I had.

"Oh *-mmm-* wow..."

Alison was becoming increasingly aroused by my attention, and her body showed it. Without having to explain my tastes; the fetishes and sub genres, I was free to stare. She wanted it, and I wanted to do it. Her waist was so narrow, her hips so firm, and her breasts...

Well, her breasts were becoming more imposing and dominant with each passing second.

As Alison grew past G-cup and prepared to surpass H, I kept on staring.

"H-hey... *-mmm-* I know I said I liked you looking at me, but are you gonna to get to, I don't know, t-touching me anytime soon?"

I froze, staring. She was a goddess come to earth, and my attention was making her squirm and twitch, her breasts plumping even as I watched.

This situation was too absurd, I had to try...

"You're so beautiful."

Alison's breasts seemed to gain a sudden burst of size at my words.

"I can't believe you're here in my room, a goddess like you..."

The tank top was starting to creak.

“Unf, my god... how are you able to do that without even touching me? You’re so far away.”

She reached out for me, but I stepped back. If this was a prank I wasn’t going to fall for it. But if it was real, I was gonna milk it for all it was worth.

“-ahn- -oh god- -aaaah- -oh god yes, keep going...-“

I had never eaten pussy before, and honestly I had no idea if I was doing it right. I’d taken the advice of whatever story or video or site I’d seen this, and was ‘writing’ the alphabet with my tongue.

It was only getting Alison to the edge though, and not to completion.

Once I realized that her story was true, I’d been doing everything within my limited skills and knowledge to prolong the pure bliss of this evening.

I was by no means any kind of Don Juan, but the trash I’d spent my young life reading online was coming in *very* handy in this bizarre situation.

“-ha- -ahn- -ah- I did mention -haaa- that you need to penetrate me, -huff-, -eep- right?”

I leaned back and looked up toward her face, but the top of my head bumped into two large round shapes.

“This is a once-in-a-lifetime chance for me, Alison. I can’t afford to squander it.”

“Ugh, will you just-“

She was interrupted by my tongue returning to her lower lips, and I reached up with a free hand to caress one enormous breast and tweak its nipple.

Her breasts were the size of yoga balls, and I was not going to let them deflate back down to 'mere' D cups until I got to the bottom of this oddity.

Or at the very least, figured out what the hell was going on.

Right after I finished eating out the hottest girl in the freshman class.

I teased and edged her as best I could for someone with so little practical experience, but my 'book knowledge' was serving me well, very well.

Alison grew, and grew, and grew.

It was almost 3 AM when Alison had finally had enough.

"P-please... *-huff, huff-* please fuck me. I have class in the morning and I need you to scale me back down, *-haa-* so I can fit in my uniform."

This opportunity was too delicious to squander, and so I teased Alison and let her grow a fair bit larger before I finally laid her back on my bed. Her breasts now probably weighed more than the rest of her body, each.

As Alison's long delicate fingers guided my member into her waiting nirvana, her cute little moans grew into loud crescendos, increasing in volume until I put a hand over her mouth to keep the whole floor from hearing her scream my name.

Blinking away the glare of the morning sun, I woke up alone in my solo dorm room.

That was one hell of a dream.

My bed sheets were all tangled, but that just means I probably tossed a turned a lot in my sleep while having maybe the most vivid sex dream of my life. Maybe I should write it down. Post it on one of the subreddits...

Nah.

I went about my day as usual, uninspired breakfast, morning English class, pasta lunch, then macro-econ at 1. I was waiting for this class with a mixture of dread and curiosity. I hadn't seen Alison in the cafeteria at breakfast *or* lunch, but that wasn't uncommon.

I spotted her right away sitting toward the front of the room, her shining dark auburn hair hung straight down her back. She was wearing a long tan skirt and a green sweater, and I couldn't help but sneak a few sideways glances at her generous breasts as I took my desk on the other side of the room.

About 10 minutes into the lecture, she turned and scanned the room, and her eyes seemed to catch on me.

She looked right at me. I locked eyes with Alison Wagner for two entire heartbeats before she turned her head back to the the professor.

As I watched, her sweater-clad breasts almost seemed to swell up, ever so slightly.

I had to be imagining things, right? I was just seeing them move from her breathing, that's all.

Besides, last night hadn't been real, had it?

I stared blankly at my textbook to avoid being caught ogling the tennis goddess in the middle of class.

Last night had been a dream, and the swelling I thought I saw had to be my imagination.

Didn't it?

Glancing over again I saw Alison Wagner was watching me across the crowded classroom.

When I met her eyes, she winked.