

Giving Up

Chapter One

Years wasted.

I sat on the edge of my bed looking at myself in the mirror. I was thin, lithe, the sinew from my muscles visible through my skin, the level of cutting and exercising was something I thought I needed but now I wasn't so sure. 5 years I had been dating, not once had I met someone that I could say would even stand a chance to be someone I'd settle down with.

Shallow, self-centred, pricks.

Dating was rough and the advent of dating apps only made the situation far worse. People were happy to match with me, I'm thin, fit, beautiful in all the traditional ways.

Nothing more than a quick fuck...

Tears filled my eyes as I watched my flat chest start to rise and fall quicker as I started to cry.

No more... I'm giving up...

I thought about how the women I saw in work, how they looked beautiful, curvy, there was nothing about those women that screamed that they were in the gym at 5am doing a 10k run before work.

They're happy though...

It wasn't a case of the grass being greener on the other side, I actually liked how those women looked, I thought I needed to be this but after five years it didn't look like I was right.

Tears rolled down my cheek, and I picked up the package that I had ordered online. MY body was shaking nervously, and worry filled my veins as I slowly opened the package, seeing the bottles inside I felt an excitement dwell within.

What if this is a mistake?

It didn't matter; the largest part of my brain was telling me to take the whole concoction and never look back.

My phone buzzed, it was Brian, my date for this evening.

Another boy that was going to fuck me and leave m...

The rage filled my heart, and I looked at my phone. The text was him telling me he was on his way, but he was so excited to meet a hottie like me.

It made me grit my teeth.

I quickly opened the bottles and poured the contents of each into a jug. Not caring about the dosage, I grabbed a bottle of wine I had intended to share with this evening's entertainment but instead I poured it into the jug and watched as the pills slowly dissolved.

There was a knock on the door, and I chugged half a bottle of the potion I had hastily created.

“Time for some fun...”

Brian was never going to work out, he laid the moves on but the drugs I had taken were messing with my head, maybe thanks to the alcohol. We sat on the sofa, and it felt like it was a hundred degrees. I was sweating from my brow and thought that it must be putting him off, but Brian was not deterred by a little perspiration. His hands moved around my toned legs and up my abs until he reached my breast, breasts was a nice way to describe them, they were more like nipples attached to my chest and the second his fingers crossed over my bra I let out a soft moan.

Taking that as a good sign he reached over with his other hand and wrapped it around the small of my back, pulling me towards him, his lips were brought to mine, but I was too lost to really notice.

As he made out with me I felt stranger by the second.

It has to be the drugs...

I didn't know what to do or say but I just let it continue. Every second his fingers were near my chest. I just wanted more. I had never felt like this, so turned on from just my chest.

Then Brian froze, he looked at me a little shocked.

“What's wrong...??” I looked at him with far more desperation than I really even wanted to show.

“Your... Boobs...”

Of course I had boobs, I was a woman, but the term boobs, it wasn't really used for me, I didn't really have them. I tried to remove the fog out of my brain, and I looked down and saw that he was so shocked by.

Holy shit.

On my chest, there were two mounds, mounds might be underselling it, they were two sizable bumps. Something that I had never seen there before, stuffing my bras in my teens looked less than what I had now on my chest.

I timidly reached up and my fingers made contact and I gasped. They were real.

“What... What's going on?” Brian was confused, but instead of just going with it he seemed freaked out.

I grabbed his wrist and brought his hand to my chest again, but he pulled back and stood up.

“Your... Belly...” He stammered before he turned and made for the door.

I watched him leave, my own hands playing with my mounds, the sensation making my eyes roll into my head.

“His... Loss...”

I was so lost in the feeling of my breasts that I didn't really pay attention to what he said. I certainly didn't feel anything because of the sensation of my tits, which were still steadily growing. It was only when I wanted to see how I looked with these boobs that I went to the mirror. My clothes felt tight and I chalked it up entirely to my tits but that wasn't the case, as I was about to find out.

My body was thin, my brunette hair hung around my thin face with almost concave cheeks, not anymore. The woman before me was far different than what I was used to seeing, the efforts I had put in had turned me into some sort of long-distance runner looking woman, and for the most part, I was doing running. The body now before me, that was not a body suited for running.

It hadn't even been an hour since I took the concoction of medicine, and it looked like I had gained 15lbs quite easily. My body had puffed out, and my abs were hidden behind a layer of fat. The sinew on my arms was no longer visible; there was a layer of fat that had spread all over me. My face had puffed out and my boobs, my boobs were big. I had never been busty enough to wear anything bigger than a B cup, a C if I was stuffing the bra but now I was quite easily a D. I cupped them and felt my legs wobble.

“Fuck...”

I felt a sudden pang of hunger; it was like a hunger I had never felt before in all of my life.

Rubbing the side of my stomach that had not been there an hour ago.

“I guess I'm hungry...”