

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Woman gets growth hormones to grow her boobs. Get's cow hormones by mistake cus sketchy Chinese website.

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Lactation*

Sketchy Pills

Miri sat at the small kitchen table of her apartment, wolfing down takeout food like a starving woman. Her head-sized breasts rested on the table in a once-loose tee shirt, and her lips were covered in wing sauce. Two clamshells of wings sat in front of her, with a third to the side holding nothing but a small mountain of bones.

The apartment door slammed shut, and Miri's girlfriend Nora stormed into the kitchen. She was carrying two plastic bags containing even more styrofoam clamshells.

"What the hell is going on with you lately?" Nora demanded.

"-Mmpf- Oh hey, babe. Is that my Chinese?"

"I ran into the DoorDash guy on my way in." Nora dropped the bags on the table, making a few empty bags of chips slide to the floor.

"Miri..."

"What?"

"I asked you a question."

Miri swallowed her bite, depositing the small bones on the pile.

"Sorry babe, what did you say?"

Nora growled, "I said, what the hell?"

“What the hell what?”

“What the hell is going on?? You’ve spent double our monthly food budget on takeout in the past two weeks!”

“Sorry baby, I’ve just been so hungry...”

Nora pinched her nose and took a deep, calming breath. In the ensuing silence, the two young women heard a grumbling. It was coming from Miri.

Miri looked down at her chest, as did Nora. Miri’s overworked tee shirt got slightly tighter as the flesh within visibly plumped half an inch larger.

“Miri! What the actual fuck!?”

“It’s my um... late growth spurt...” Miri said lamely.

“Growth spurt my ass! Look, you know I love your body. I loved it when we first met and you were a C-cup—”

“I thought you *liked* my boobs!?” Miri interrupted.

Nora sighed, “Yes. Far be it from me to complain that you’ve gotten bigger lately. But this isn’t normal!”

“Some women keep growing into their twenties, Nora. It *does* happen...”

“Okay, sure! But I can literally *see* you growing bigger as we speak! That *doesn’t* happen!”

Miri decided it was time to come clean.

“Alright, you’re right. I didn’t want to tell you because I knew how you’d get.”

“How I’d g—” Miri cut Nora off with a raised hand.

“I found these hormone pills online. They’re supposed to make your breasts grow.”

“You what—”

“I didn’t think they’d actually work!”

“Oh, they work! I’d say they work a little *too* well!”

“Heh, yeah...”

Nora stepped closer to her girlfriend, squatting down to put a hand on her shoulder. “Where are the pills? Let me see them.”

Miri pulled a small bottle from her pocket, handing it to Nora. While Nora examined the bottle, Miri went back to eating.

Nora saw with frustration that the print on the bottle was all in Chinese. She pulled out her phone and pointed the translation app at it. Nora mumbled as she tried to parse the broken machine translation into coherent phrases, then blurted, “Miri! These are *bovine* hormones!”

“-Ulp- What?”

“Bovine, like cows! These aren’t meant for humans!”

When Nora looked back at her girlfriend, Miri’s breasts had plumped up another inch. The seams on her shirt were straining under her arms, and there were dark patches on the front.

Nora’s voice was soft and low for the first time since she’d entered the apartment. “Miri...”

“Hmm?”

“I think you’re... leaking...”