

Wishes: Ad Infinitum

Part Five

Inspired by a concept from Max Mammaries

ACT V – ‘New’ Vickie’ Story

*Day 30

Midnight came and the world changed.

Vickie woke up to another day weighed down by her cavernous breasts. She didn't see Dan next to her; but knew he could be anywhere in the house. It didn't matter where particularly, unless he was right besides her within arm's reach he may as well have been a mile away. She looked around her room and realised that her bed had changed in the night, almost doubling inside to something that the old Vickie would have considered palatial! It was far larger than she was used to... Wider, designed just to accommodate her enormous, fat, heavy breasts that lay before her like twin pillows. Heavy pillows, bolted to her ribcage, warm and sensitive to the touch. She'd been sleeping on her right side, so that breast was squeezed out beneath her left tit that overflowed its neighbour. She could feel the weight of herself, left boob pressing down on right boob, the weight not painful but clear and ever present. Gingerly she reached over them, having to squeeze her elbow up extra high to get clearance, and prodded the upper tit. It wobbled ferociously, not just under its own momentum but because of the unstable support her flattened right tit offered. The prod hadn't been hard but it hurt more than she'd expected. Looking up past her all-encompassing breasts she saw, hanging off the edge of her custom wheelchair, her 'new' bra waiting right by the bedside. The wheelchair had changed; it was wider at the front with no arm rests any more. Presumably arm rests would just dig into and squeeze her tits. However a new addition to the changed device

was a shelf that had been installed behind the headrest, a wide gently curved cradle that looked like a lunch tray for whoever was standing behind her. Her 'bra', if that's what she was calling this fabric monstrosity, was resting on the tray for her. It overflowed both sides and hung all the way down to the floor. She'd used to laugh about the fact she could stick her entire head into Laura's bra cups but this beast resembled a circus tent more than a piece of clothing. The old Vickie could have just leant over and grabbed it; just two feet away, but the new Vickie was going to have to manoeuvre around two rather large obstacles first. She decided rather than try to sit up, which would inevitably be painful and stretch her back muscles to their limit, she would just shuffle forwards until her breasts were at the edge of the bed. She could just 'ease' herself into a standing position. The concept was good but the execution was inelegant in the extreme. As she was lying in the centre of the mattress with nothing to give herself purchase against she realised that her boobs weighed enough to offer some pretty firm resistance to her attempts to push forwards. Simply shuffling her body, using her arms to pull herself along the bed, was impossible because all she did was push her upper body into her tits. She felt herself compressing, the cleavage of each breast swelling out, pounds of flesh rising into the air as her

ribcage displaced them. They moved a 'little' but only an inch and she now had a chin full of ripe cleavage swelling up at her. This was crazy, she was going to have to at least separate them in order to be able to move. She realised that she could crawl downwards, using her arms and legs to wriggle down to bed and into her cleavage. The pliant flesh allowed her some flexibility, her breasts were heavy in totality but the weight was evenly dispersed along their spherical mass. Small sections of cleavage were totally mobile and flowed around her as she forced herself down into the canyon.

A wall of tit rose to cover her face as she wriggled down the bed, a massive body of flesh that threatened to smother her. As her body travelled down the bed she was hoping she could pull, rather than push, her breasts along with her but the risk of suffocation was too high. There was one alternative... Awkwardly, shoving hand and then entire arm under her heavy tit, wriggling her fingers to find purchase to get under, so got her right arm extended around her right breast. The weight, and the warmth, pushing down onto her hand was incredible but she was strong enough to push through. Then, awkwardly reaching over with her left, she used the weight of her own immensity to heave herself, pushing her left one up and onto its neighbour. Heaving herself upwards with arms and all her body strength, and helped once she was past the initial surge by continued momentum and also gravity pulling her left breast so it flowed down onto the bed besides its twin, she made it! Now she was crawling; each of her hands and knees on the mattress and the rest of her torso resting lightly on her boobs. They swelled out beneath her, occupying almost all of the space from her pelvis to her chin. For a moment, panting for breath, she lay on top of herself, feeling like an over-exposed turtle tipped onto its back. The plan had been to sit up but immediately she knew that would be a bad idea. Instead out of the corner of her eye she saw the wheelchair waiting right by the side of the bed; all she would have to do is roll to the other side of her boobs and pull a few inches backwards to the edge of the mattress. Going down was harder than going up; as gravity pulled on her right breast and it in turn pulled against her. She had to let go of the mattress, balancing now on just one arm and one leg, and use her other to hoist up the engorged flesh and slide it over her other tit.

She had just rolled over her breasts to lie, exhausted, on the far side of them. But now she was at the edge of the bed and she could shuffle just an inch backwards to feel her legs hang over the ledge. Shuffling and turning her forced herself to face her boobs straight on and then she was standing! Or rather, half of her was standing, but the other half was still waiting, plomped on the edge of the mattress, pale flesh wobbling with each of her breasts. Vickie stared in amazement at her new body, at the two enormous globes that could rest on her mattress almost undisturbed by her stood before them. Her skin was clear and beautiful; it showed hardly any stretch marks despite the vast amount of growth and only a few light freckles dotted over her vast surface. Staring critically at them she recognised the pattern and shape of the things; they were here boobs all right, just turned into two monstrously large beasts that weighed enough to make her want to cry. In fact they were on the verge of becoming their own separate entities; no longer really a 'part' of her directly but something else just along for the journey. At the far end of her extremity, possibly out of reach (something she was not prepared to test) were her nipples. Both were fully erect, twin torpedoes pointed outwards in the direction of the far all. They just looked so fucking big, even though they were also so far away, it was

unbelievable. I mean, all of this was unbelievable. A month ago she had been very nearly flat chested but the rest of her boobs were just fat. She had an acre of amorphous smooth flesh; it jiggled and deformed and flowed to fill whatever space was available. Her nipples however were a specific feature, they were distinct and obvious. They stood out, even compared to the acreage around them, as something unusual. Now she was upright she was able to see something she hadn't noticed before; a new implement had appeared on the wall above

the headboard. It was a long, vertical metal bar protruding just an inch out from the wall. It started just above the headboard and stood pointed upwards towards the ceiling, about a foot in length. At the bottom it was set into a metal bracket that looked like a swivel point. She reached out and pulled down on the bar and with horror watched as it swung out over the bed to form a convenient pull bar just a few feet above where she had been sleeping. Gears in her head turning she realised that in this new world she was supposed to just pull this bar down over her and use it to heave herself upright! The faff rolling over her boobs had been for nothing however because this was all new for her she hadn't known. Bugger. Reaching over her shoulder Vickie grabbed the enormous bra and yanked it off the edge of her wheelchair. She pulled and the re-enforced fabric kept coming. Each of the cups were larger than most dresses! She read the label – it mentioned a date of manufacture and a postage address but no description of size say 'bespoke custom fit' - and set about trying to put it on. She had to pull and shove yards of flesh to heave herself into the cups and then yank on the fabric to get it tight around her ribs. In a moment of self-hatred she imagined that her breasts were each the size of giant garbage bags, just full of wobbling sensitive flesh. There were more straps than she was used to. The normal back and shoulder straps were absolutely enormous but they had several other smaller fastenings as well. It was designed to self re-enforce using not just her upper ribs but her entire torso to lift her enormous bosom. With the bra on however she could feel the weight was no longer just pulling on the front of her ribs but equally distributed over her whole upper body. Shoulders, chest, ribs and waist were all

wrapped up in this enormous, industrial contraption that lifted and pulled her vastness in towards her. Her enormous breasts slapped into her thighs. Even in the bra which hugged them close to her body there was no stopping them.

And as she tentatively stood she reached out to keep one arm on her wheelchair for support. She COULD stand, that was true, but she doubted she'd be able to walk without toppling forwards onto her heavy tits. In fact she might not be able to walk at all as she could feel her flesh pushing back into her thighs. Each step forward would be a step pushing against her immense weight, possible but dangerously unbalancing. Other clothing after the bra, it appeared, was a limited selection. This 'contraption' that had swallowed her breasts also engulfed most of her upper torso so she just had to put on some knickers, socks and jeans to complete the set. She wasn't very comfortable with how exposed her arms were so she slipped on a cardigan that, hilariously, offered the potential of putting just the top two buttons on the front so it was secured to her neck and breastbone. Below the breastbone the fabric hung open and fell sideways as her massive beanbag shaped boobs blossomed outwards. Beanbags, she thought as she peered down at them. Just a month ago the old Vickie could have reclined on these and felt quite comfortable. Critically she looked down at her wheelchair and the shelf

installed by the handles, the place where if she was sitting would be directly behind her head. There was a small shelf there, one she'd assumed was for storage but looking at it she saw two shallow seat-like indentations on the top, and she realized immediately what its purpose was. She carefully rolled one and then the other into the cart and was delighted it was just the right height for her boobs to rest on

comfortably. Now she could use the chair to carry herself around the house! It lifted her vastness up so her thighs were unimpeded and by reaching her arm around she could hold the edge of the chair and steer herself. Inelegant, definitely, but a practical solution to her disability, and infinitely preferable to sitting in the chair and letting them fill her lap as she had suffered for most of the previous day. Tears came. Vickie wasn't sure what the emotion was; relief that she wasn't completely trapped or despair that this was what her life had become.

By mid-afternoon Vickie had adjusted. She was getting used to walking with her rollator / wheelchair. She felt like an old woman aged before her time; she remembered her granny had potted around with one of these strollers for a few years before she died, pushing the little thing before her wherever she went in a futile attempt to stay upright. If you lived long enough gravity was inevitable, it would get you in the end, but she'd thought she had another forty years before getting to this point. Damn the Dream Chest and damn herself for starting down this road. After a wasted morning wallowing in her own self-anger Vickie determined to spend the afternoon looking for a ray of sunshine. As an overly well-stacked woman daily tasks were more difficult than she was used to but not impossible. It was the simple things that she found she just had to take care over. Getting up and down off the sofa for example – easy as long as she kept her body low, using her arms to press down on her boobs even as her body descended to ensure they didn't spring up and smack her in the face.

She found a tape measure in her sewing box and determined to do some measurements to find out just how big she was. After several weeks of constant change she wanted some certainty about where, and exactly who, she was at this point in time. The only problem she discovered was that the tape stopped at 60 inches, and that wasn't enough for her to go all the way around her giant tits! Holding one end of the tape in each hand she threw the centre forwards but it just wasn't long enough to go past the edge of her plunging cleavage! And whatever unknown dimensions she had achieved now would be dwarfed tomorrow as she swelled even further! There was no point dwelling. The chest was gone, she was certain of that though she had no idea how. She had resigned herself to the hope that the magic would have to stop somewhere. This couldn't go on forever, it had to stop eventually... All she could do now was try and get some pleasure out along the way. She texted Dan to ask him to let her know what time he'd be back, and she planned a surprise for him on his return. She warned him to rush back to satisfy her as soon as possible and he promised he would be back as soon as possible. The bathroom shower had been modified with a fold out chair beneath the shower head so she could sit and wash herself. It took some doing but she managed to get the enormous bra off and heave her boobs onto her lap. The warm water felt heavenly cascading from the shower onto her tits, waves of pleasure lapping across her vast surface as she began to wash herself. It wasn't easy, and she couldn't 'quite' reach all of her boobs, but she managed to rub the majority of her bulk

down with warm water. Then, satisfied she was clean, she decided to ignore the bra, hoisted first her left then her right breast into the stroller, and wheeled herself over to the kitchen where she manoeuvred her immensity onto the kitchen counter.

She had deliberately positioned herself on the counter between the fridge and the waffle maker. Once she was satisfied she was clean she poured pre-mixed batter, spent half an hour preparing several waffles, which she laid over her vast boobs. Waffles were followed by whipped cream, chocolate sprinkles. "I hope you're hungry," she grinned as she sent him a photograph of just a small portion of her left boob. The photograph showed a chocolate waffle, nothing untoward at all, until you realised the plate it was sat on was flesh coloured! The door opened just a few minutes before she was finished and Dan walked in clutching a shopping bag and an enormous grin. He paused in the doorway, a flushed look on his face as he surveyed the massive buffet that overflowed the kitchen counter. Each of her fat breasts was coated in whipped cream, with a hearty meal of waffles, chocolate sprinkles and, in her hand ready to be scooped from the container, ice cream. "Wow," he said, eyes wide and a massive grin on his face. "Wow indeed," Vickie said, running her forefinger along her left tit. She was able to scoop up a thick wadge of cream that she slowly slipped between her lips and sucked until it was all gone. "I said I'd serve you dinner Dan. Here I am; now get your kit off, come over here, and lick me clean." The only thing he could say was 'Yes Ma'am'.

An hour later, once the whipped cream was gone and he had roughly licked the muck off her breasts, the two of them heaved her breasts back onto her stroller and he guided her back to the bedroom. Lying flat on her back her huge bosom spread out around her, an acre of flesh rolling to either side of her torso. Her pliant flesh smothered everything from her forearms, several feet of mattress and her chest. If she let them roll upwards they pressed against

her chin and, unless she used her hands to pull them aside, she found it actually impossible to look down at herself! And she could feel her body sinking into the mattress far deeper than she ever had before! The old Vickie had been as light as a feather but now she probably weighed at least three times what she used to when you combined the extra muscle mass on top of the tits! She spread her breasts out invitingly and grinned up at Dan. The sensation as the two of them played with her flesh was delightful, his hands manipulating her as he grasped her boobs from below (from a distant spot she couldn't reach around to grasp herself) and gently rocked her immensity up and down. Like twin mountains collapsing beneath an earthquake the two of them delighted as the twin masses jiggled with each and every motion of her body. She couldn't even slightly lift herself off the bed even if she strained herself but it didn't take much strength to make them wobble! Even the gentlest push would loll her boobs upwards and she was able to kiss and nibble at her own cleavage, a self-motorboat that Dan joined in on. Once she could feel his head embedded within her deep valley of flesh she wiggled her shoulders and watched as her udders shook from side to side around him. His hands grasped onto her enormous nipples for support and she screamed with delight at his firm touch! It was all so perfect, the two of them were made for each other, the only problem was she was noticing now that his hands felt so small! Before she had delighted in feeling him standing behind her with his arms around her body clutching her from the front. She could lean back into in and feel his hardness pressing

against her back whilst his hands massaged and stroked her boobs. But now, though they tried that, he could only rub at her vast sides. He could still manipulate and play with her breasts; they were heavy but they had enough flexibility and momentum to roll

and tumble when prodded. But his little fingers could not reach her most sensitive areas and it just left her wanting more. She needed him to cuddle her, to rub his whole body against her immense breasts. How fucked was that? It took a whole body to rub her boobs! He had to spread his arms wide to embrace just one at a time! And tomorrow, she realised with a shiver of dread, he would feel even smaller still!

8:09 AM Don't you think we've done enough Laura?

8:11 AM Do you think we have? I think she could stand another few days growth.

8:11 AM She's in a wheelchair now; the world keeps changing every day to accommodate her even further. Leave it any longer and we don't know what will happen.

8:20 AM What if we made her even stronger? What if she could actually lift those beasts?

8:21 AM Are you mad?

8:21 AM She wouldn't know we had done it. She would think she had always been super strong and able to walk!

*Day 31

Midnight came and the world changed again.

Vickie awoke, smiled, and reached her arms up to stretch. With a heave she reached down, wrapped both her hands around her left breast and heaved it towards the edge of the bed. She didn't need two hands to lift because of the weight but purely because of the unwieldy mass of the things. Left breast shifted she turned her hands to the right and, as she pushed, she followed it with her body. Upwards she came, body almost dragged upright by her shifting tits, until eventually she was ready to stand. Boobs hanging free she stood, her body rising into the air, the stretched flesh of her under-bust slapping against her knees. She could feel her rippling back muscles taking the strain but somehow she was fine with this. Her back muscles rippled with power as they hefted kilograms of otherwise unsupported pendulous flesh skywards and, despite their best efforts, they held back against the swaying jiggle as a new centre of gravity began to assert itself. She marvelled at her arms and legs which, if possible, were even more muscular than she had made them just a month before. She thought her new sedentary lifestyle would mean she'd lose the muscle mass she'd developed but if anything she was gaining. Even if she didn't travel very far it took a lot of energy to get her boobs moving. Dan was nowhere to be seen, but that was fine, she treasured having a few minutes each morning to explore her new body. She was bigger, there was no doubt about that, but save for the mass and space her breasts occupied she felt perfectly fine! There was a mirror in the corner of the room and so she reached up and used the pull bar to manoeuvre her immense bulk to the wheelchair. Slapping each tit onto the mobile lap tray she then

pushed herself towards the mirror and took a long, hard look at herself. All she could see was a face peering over two mountains of pale flesh. Her boobs were incredibly round. On her torso they sagged but when planted on a firm surface, such as her new mobile carrier, they formed twin gigantic spheres that flowed out before her. At the end of these planetoid orbs were nipples that, ridiculously, looked larger than her fists! It was impossible for her to reach around the vast swathes of flesh between her and her extremities but... "Dan," she called, hoping for some response.

It was a good day to be alive.

8:30 AM We need to talk. This is wrong.

Vickie was waiting in the kitchen when her unexpected guests arrived. She glanced down at her cleavage and wondered for a second whether she could answer the door dressed like this. Her bra was on, so her nipples were technically covered, although their obscene mass showed clearly as bulges in the fabric. Lower down she had sweatpants on, tight fitting ones that hugged her ass and only a little more flesh besides. But then,

from the front, who would care about that? She was almost all boob and muscle and loving it! She'd been doing her morning exercises before deciding to prepare lunch. Her Olympian boobs meant that running and jumping were out but she could do a fair amount of exercise on her yoga matt.

Alongside all the changes to her body the world was continuing to adjust around her. Their home was now almost entirely open plan with doors separating only the bathroom from the rest of the house. She could wander around at ease knowing she'd never have to squeeze her breasts through any narrow gaps. They had set a weights room up in the corner of the house so she could work her muscles and keep in shape as best as possible. Plus she had bought a fitness video game that she could do stretches and simple exercises with. Not push ups of course, couldn't get low enough to the ground to do them properly, but almost anything that required simple stretches whilst standing was fine. She wasn't going to let the boobs hold her down; more strength was all she needed, a little more strength and a little more space so she didn't knock over things directly in front of her whilst turning. She was a little surprised to see Jane standing by the front door, looking more than a little concerned. She was also a little surprised to see that the door had completely changed; it was no longer just a normal door but a double width, specially fitted, sliding panel that she could shove in and out of place. As she slid the door open and stepped back, glanced down at how much room her boobs were occupying blocking the doorway, and stepped back again, Jane got a clear look at her enormous cleavage. "Fucking hell Vickie, you're massive," she said, hand rushing to her mouth. "Just never seem to stop growing," Vickie nodded, which made Jane laugh, but then to her surprise the woman leant forwards,

squeezed right boob affectionately and said; "I didn't mean these puppies! I meant your arms, you're getting more ripped every day!" "I am!" Vickie agreed, looking more than a little confused. But of course, for Jane, in this new world, she had always had breasts big enough to smuggle handbags between. She felt a rush of warmth and excitement run through her body at

the contact – it was the first time her new breasts had been touched by anyone but Dan and the contact sent a rush of passion through her that she had to fight down. “It’s not like you two to just drop in unannounced; is something wrong?” “Well yes, Penny and I have been talking,” Jane said, stepping through the door. “In just the last month the world has changes so much! I mean, I’m the mayor now, Penny’s business is doing great, and your muscles must be really helping with that back pain!” “New muscles,” Vickie nodded, giving them an emphasised shrug with both of her shoulders. This small movement set off a chain reaction in her breasts as a literal wave of breast flesh ran down from her small body forwards, towards the front of her boob, the entire enormous planetoid spheres rising up with one enormous ripple before, as her nipples wiggled in excitement, the wave rebounded and ran back along the boobs towards Vickie. The jiggle lasted for nearly twenty seconds as her ponderous tits swayed up and down and back and forth before finally, with the aid of her arms to coral them together, coming to a natural halt. “I still think you should have just wished them smaller,” Jane said with a wry smile. “I could never do that to the puppies,” Vickie replied with a mortified smile. “This is a perfect compromise. But what did Laura have to say?” “She said she doesn’t like the idea that the world keeps changing. She also said that Penny is freaking out – she wasn’t there when we made our wishes, she can’t see how the worlds

changed. It’s just the three of us Vickie! You, me and Laura, we’re the only ones who remember how things used to be!” Oh, how wrong you are, Vickie thought but said nothing. “And your obsession with finding the Dream Chest, getting us to help you use it so you could wish for more back support, enough muscle mass to carry your... yourself around more easily. We all supported you! But for Penny’s sake we have to stop.” “Have to stop?” Vickie repeated dumbly. “We don’t want you to use it again, and we want you to bring a halt to your original wish. We know that you’ve grown, you’re much bigger, great! But when you’ve had enough we all want to get together, make sure this is the end and... Seal the Dream Chest away somewhere safe where no one else can use it.” “But I don’t have...” Vickie began, confused. The things Jane was saying, the way she was talking made no sense. “Jane, the Dream Chest isn’t here. I can’t stop the wishes...” “Of course its not here, it wouldn’t be safe here, anyone could use it!” Jane said. “It’s in a secret vault, securely under lock and key where no one can get at it without our four keys. After how angry Penny got when she missed out – although it’s her fault, we all thought you were mad and she was busy with her work... But no. After what happened to me and also how angry Penny got we all agreed to put it somewhere safe.” Her friend was giving Vickie a strange look, as though she was repeating information that she should already know. But this was new, this was a terrible change that had occurred without her knowledge. How often had the world rewritten itself like this now? 30 times at least! Things could get out of hand so quickly... “So we can go and get it?” Vickie repeated. “As soon as your happy with your new muscles,” Jane nodded. “As soon as we can gather all of us; we need all four keys!”

“I think I’m ready,” Vickie said, struggling to keep tears from her eyes. A sudden rush of emotion had swollen up within her. Blessed relief! And end was in sight to this constant changing, to the endless growth and the re-discovery of her swollen body each morning. “Jane, I think I’m happy where I am. Can we go now?” Jane looked confused, as though she had expected an argument. What she wasn’t expecting was for her friend to dive forwards and pull

her into a massive side on bear hug. Vickie could feel her friends body pinned against the side of her boob, her arms and tits digging into the extremities of her flesh. "Well, without Penny and Laura there wouldn't be much point," Jane said, "We do need all four keys." "Ring them," Vickie urged, before pausing and adding; "And I didn't ask.. Do you want a drink?" "Drinks first, then phone calls," Jane said with a smile.

Penny was keen and agreed immediately. 'Any time,' she said with a smile. Laura's phone rang and rang and then went to answerphone. Jane tried three times across the afternoon but no one answered. The feeling of joy that had flooded Vickie was slowly turning to dread; and eventually crushing disappointment when Jane said; "Well, she might have a night shift tonight. She'll be free tomorrow, I'll get my secretary to get a word with her boss to make sure she calls me. One more day of extra muscle won't do you any harm.... I thought you'd want a few more days still!" "I can walk," Vickie said, with a faint half smile, "That's all I care about right now. Got to be strong to stay upright!" "Yeah," Jane nodded. "I've always admired you Vickie. You've been carrying these things all the time I've known you... Stuck in that wheelchair, unable to have surgery and having to put up with

the constant innuendo and abuse... From women and men! But you've always stayed positive and that's what I've always loved about you." Positive... Vickie thought about it and did her best to smile back although the despair, if only in part, had returned.

*Day 32

Vickie slept through her next growth spurt. Now she knew she was going to get the Dream Chest back the nagging terror in the back of her mind had disappeared. Vickie felt like a whole new woman, one who was finally able to just explore her new body and enjoy it for the marvel it was. Boobs that ran all the way from her neck to her knees! Massive spherical teats that swelled with pride and abundant femininity! Pleasure centres that made her shiver just by running a hand down the length, such a long, long length, of her breasts. Tracing a curve from her ribs forwards she could push her hand along until her arms were completely expended and her breasts never ran out, it was just warm, comforting flesh as far as she could reach. And they felt SO GOOD! And Dan came home and gave her the pleasure she needed. Her most sensitive parts had grown too far forwards for her to reach, even with her strong arms pulling on the flesh her boobs were just too big to squeeze them back towards her face. But he was the most skilled man ever when it came to pleasuring her! And though tonight she knew she would swell again; that the size and the weight would increase even further, weighing her down even more, at least this would be the last time. What Vickie could not figure out was how, or why, in this new universe Jane's security people had ended up with the chest. What possible reason would the new 'past' Vickie have had to hand such a precious item over? What strange twist of fate would allow her to give up possession of her most treasured item whilst still suffering the growing curse of her increasingly magnificent bosom? It made no sense. But she trusted her friends, she had always trusted them, it would be fine.

As soon as she'd finished eating breakfast she texted Jane to ask if Laura had replied but no, apparently there had been no response. To pass the time she went to the weights room and

pumped iron solidly from 10 AM to lunch. Her muscles gleamed beneath the neon strip lights Dan had installed to make the room look like an actual gym. She did reps of 12 on each arm of her 100 kilo dumbbells, and then looked longingly at the 250 kg barbell for a full body lift. It was difficult to do because, reaching the floor over her breasts was clearly impossible. There was only so far she could lean forwards before her tits were filling the gap between her torso and her legs and pushing back up at her. There was a leg machine with a special sling to lift her boobs up, off her knees, and let her work out her lower body though. She didn't' spent long in it as it meant suffering squishing her face into her cleavage and exercising blind once she was in position, however given she had to walk with these enormous weights she couldn't afford to just focus on her arms! After lunch she ate solidly for an hour, her screaming muscles begging for new sustenance and then went back to the gym. At 2 pm she phoned Jane herself but the mobile phone rang and then reached voicemail. Doubt was beginning to set back in but she pushed it to the back of her mind and returned to the gym. The muscles in her calves had swollen to the point where, standing side on and examining her new body in the mirror, she doubted she could have squeezed her legs into any conventional pair of trousers. Looking up the name of the muscles on her phone she discovered the engorged diamond shaped mass as the back of her leg was named the gastrocnemius, which wasn't a word she recognised, but clearly was an important one because hers had swollen to be at least four inches across!

However the muscle clearly worked because as she stepped forwards she could see it flatten against her shin, pulling itself upwards and down and into her legs. Stretching her legs she could feel the immense tension in these muscles, something her old body had never even remotely experienced. Of course, her legs had better be powerful, she had a lot of upper body strength to lift! Her boobs were bigger again but, to be honest, as long as she could hold herself upright an extra half inch barely mattered. She was long past the size where she could reach around her boobs. They were just enormous pendulous masses that filled all the space before her, ensuring she either had to interact with the world from a distance or side on. She ate dinner off her cleavage, placing a tablecloth over herself and simply sitting on a chair in the corner of her kitchen. Her massive boobs rested on her upper legs, spilling over her knees and filling the air at least three feet out in front of her, providing an instant table! And when Dan came home she pushed him against the wall, trapped between her enormous breasts, and told him that if he could force his way out she'd give him blowjobs every night for the next week! Feeling him squirm his way out from between them and then, out of desperation, try to shove her flesh aside tickled but it was hopeless! Her boobs weighted over two thirds of what he did and she had him pinned in place exactly where she wanted him! "If you want out of there then try heading down," she said invitingly, pointing with her finger towards the floor. "But you're going to have to do something for me if you want my legs to open!"

8:30 PM Answer your damn phone! NOW!

8:32 PM Or I'll tell her what you've done!

The phone bleeped just before 10 pm. Too tired to move Vickie asked Dan to pick her phone off the bedside table. He crawled up to her, placed one hand on her left boob, and heaved himself up and over her! She watched with amusement at the way that he struggled to push himself

over her two breasts and reach out to the phone without overbalancing. Though her boobs were massive they did not make convenient supports. But the sensation of him resting on them was heavenly! She waited until he had his fingers around her phone before, with a massive grin, she jiggled her upper chest just to watch him fall! He nearly saved himself, jabbing out with his left hand to support himself against a synthetic pillow, but her wobbling breast rebounded and jiggled back upwards and smacked him in the side. With a gentle cry he fell to the bed and Vickie instantly rolled over to smother him beneath her! She had almost all of him smothered, everything except his outstretched hand that still clutched her mobile phone! Gingerly she snatched it off him and, with some delight, read the message from Jane.

"Finally got hold of Laura; she's off work tomorrow. We'll pick you up at 10 am." Thank god, Vickie thought, before remembering she had a prisoner trapped beneath her breasts who was probably suffocating. Oh well, she thought, at least he'd be happy if this was the way her went...

*Day 33

Vickie stayed awake till midnight to feel her breasts grow one final time. She couldn't explain to Dan why she wanted to stay up – he had no idea his girlfriend was going through some unholy metamorphosis each night. As she changed the world changed with her, suggesting to all but herself that she had always been this freakishly endowed. But now that it was over and she finally had an end in sight she wanted to see the new woman she was about to become. She had prepared herself, placed herself in the kitchen and braced herself to stand. She did it completely unsupported; no monster bra and no granny stroller. She would face this final assault on her upper body strength head on. And as midnight struck the world changed for the final time! She could feel warmth flooding through her bosom. She could feel the skin stretching, not in a painful way but a pleasant one, as new nerve endings rushed to fill the new acres of flesh spreading out beneath her. Her boobs wobbled and then swelled forwards, advancing nipples pushed onwards by bulging flesh. She could feel her under boobs rolling down her thighs, advancing perilously close to her knees. She took in a deep breath and watched as a tide of motion overtook the sagging, tear shaped, Olympian sized tits that had nearly filled her living room. She had long since past the point where she could no longer reach over her boobs but now, she suspected, no one stood before her could reach her. Even if they both stretched their arms to their furthest point her breasts had formed an impossible barrier that would prevent anyone approaching her face on unless they squeezed into the deep valley between them, and the side compression she could

feel as her puppies shoved each other sideways was no laughing matter! Thankfully the one thing she was most scared of didn't happen. She had dreaded being able to feel the kitchen floor pressing into the base of her flesh. It was probably a near run thing – standing as tall and straight as possible the two spheres hung so low there could simply not be much gap between their lowest point and the floor, but it hadn't happened. If she could keep them clear of the ground then she could walk. It was as simple as that! So this was what she had become. Marvelling herself in the mirror Vickie turned a few times and grinned at the freakish shape before her. It was... bizarre but also completely right. Vickie Ellis, the woman with the largest natural tits in the world. Probably!

0:06 AM OUCH! WHAT DID YOU DO?

0:17 AM Concentrate! You'll figure it out!

Penny lay in bed, staring at her phone, trying to decompile a new universe of memories that had all of a sudden come flooding into her head on the stroke of midnight.

It was actually very nearly painful, trying to sort through the different sets of histories that the Dream Chest had created. She could remember the old Vickie now, and all of the intermediate women who had briefly flared into being over the last month. But now there was an entire second set of Vickies, nearly another twenty at least who were all subtly different from the others. This sudden rush of new memories had nearly overwhelmed her. It made no sense unless...

0:15 AM How did you do it?

0:17 AM I wished that she had never removed her original wish From the Dream Chest!

Jane lay in bed only peripherally aware that the universe had changed again. Vickie's muscles would have swollen, she knew, but she couldn't picture it in her mind. Instead, she only knew of her friend with the world's most terrible affliction of gigantomastia imaginable and the terrible ordeal she had gone through to regain some form of independence! And she knew a lot more now about her new life, this new reality where the city all but worshiped at her feet. She could do a lot of good here, she knew, however she could also have a lot of fun as she went.

0:20 AM Every morning her boobs have Grown, but so have her muscles. Our friend is a true Amazon now!

Laura lay on her front, grinning as she clutched her mobile phone and sent one last naked selfie to her fans. A midnight session had been called for this special occasion. God had it been worth it! She felt so smug right now; it had all worked out beautifully. Jane believed that the Dream Chest was stored somewhere safe, Vickie had been punished for daring to transgress the titans but now, hopefully, in a safe way. And Penny, dear sweet Penny who thought she knew everything. Wasn't she in for a shock in the morning!

0:22 AM I've not done anything except

Give her the wishes she asked for! Punishment enough for anyone...

As the sun rose Vickie was doing squats in the gym space of their flat. Her bulging muscles were crying for attention so she had lumbered out of bed without disturbing Dan, helped herself to a glass of protein shake and started exercising without bothering to dress herself. At this stage there weren't many clothes that would cope with her doing exercises; she had just too much swollen flesh to handle. Both her enormous boobs and bulging muscles demonstrated two obscenely different growths. She had pulled a low table before her and rested the undersides of her magnificent behemoths on the table. With them balanced and raised off the floor she was able to do the majority of the exercise 'mostly' unencumbered by them, probably only half of their 15 kilos of weight was pulling down on her and at this point that felt like almost nothing!

Her toes were pointed outwards, her abs tense and her butt poking as far backwards as possible she shifted her body weight forwards and backwards. Forwards and backwards; up and down, her body rose and fell rhythmically. The only problem was the sensation of her knees digging into the undersides of her breasts when she reached her lowest point but it wasn't painful as much as it was odd. Not as odd as the forwards lunge felt though. Keeping her torso straight she kicked one leg out of a time and had to aim her cleavage so that the raised knee fell between her massive boobs. At the lowest point of the lunge each of her boobs rested on the ground either side of her feet, and then as she pulled herself back upright they lifted up off the floor and wobbled ferociously as they slapped back together after rubbing past her thighs. But she had done four sets of ten lunges already this morning, and another four sets of squats. Her legs were tingling with energy, her lower body caked in sweat whilst her upper body trembled for attention.

She would lift weights for another ten minutes and then go rouse Dan. All this exercise had made her feel a little horny and her boobs needed his attention. They felt left out! At this point Vickie realised she had transformed herself into two very different extreme versions of femininity. Half of her was all fat; soft, slovenly, bulbous, sensual, curvy fat that hung ungraciously and jostled for attention. Her entire lower vision was full of breast flesh and she could feel them aching for attention. But the rest of her body, everything that wasn't chest space, was rippling with hard, rigid, straight, rippling muscle that bulged with every movement. Her muscles were so large they had to shift and compress each other whenever she moved at all, a movement as simple as flexing her bicep caused ripples (hard, compressive ripples not the soft undulations of her boobs) all along her forearm. Half of Vickie was as hard as a rock whilst the other half, and it nearly was a half, was as soft and pliant as a stuffed pillowcase. A heavy pillowcase, one that could cause someone some real harm if she smacked them with it, but that was the beauty of the paradox she had become! Her enormous, stacks of fatty flesh were the perfect weightlifting challenge! The rest of her body had adapted to cope and, though she missed being able to see anything below her collarbone or move her hands around in front of her below her neckline, the positive, joyous sensations she got from every inch of rippling flesh was worth it. She was big; in every possible way. A firm, tight, wide, muscular ass and pliant, planetoid boobs that could smother a small (or even a medium sized) dog. She'd been worried for a while after losing the Dream Chest but tonight she'd get it back, remove her wish, and it would all be fine. The others didn't need to know she had done this to herself; they thought the muscle was the invention to solve the boobs that

she'd had since birth. Ouch, she thought, imagine the old waifish little Vickie lumbered with these behemoth tits. The old Vickie would have been crushed to death by two massive piles of flesh that probably each weighed half of what she did! And as she pumped iron she thanked the heavens that this was going to end here. With each flex of her arm she could feel, she could see, her boobs swaying from side the side before her. She could feel the wind against her nipples as they bobbed back and forth a ridiculous distance due to the exaggerated pendulous notion of her massive tits. It was a nice feeling but she only had a few more inches of growth before she'd feel the floor brush against the undersides of her boobs. And she wasn't sure how much raw strength would be able to cope when it wasn't just gravity but friction she'd be

fighting to move! She had done the workout naked; honestly, when her body got mobile the best defence she had against jiggle was her own tight muscles. She was so huge and stacked she barely felt the cold any more – even her most sensitive areas were padded by layers and layers of warm fat! But for modesties sake when she was done she went to find her monster bra and some pants. The monster bra had changed, the old one had been built to contain her but this new was just an enormous cup that her boobs rested in. It gave some support, and it restricted some jiggle, but mostly it just held her nipples down a little bit to prevent passers by getting an eyeful! When the van finally arrived Vickie heaved her breasts into the back of the van with little more than a grunt, lifting first the left and then the right up onto the loading hatch before leaning into them and clambering in alongside them. Once she was up and level with her tits she was able to stand upright, turn sideways and shimmy deeper into the back of the vehicle.

However she stopped just before she got to the end and stared dubiously at the straps they intended to use to hold her in place. “You might be able to move them,” Penny had pointed out; “But if we get into an accident and you come flying and crush me you could do me some serious damage.” “They’re not THAT heavy,” Vickie protested but Jane just rolled her eyes at her and the two women waited whilst the driver began to loop the straps in place. It was surreal, Vickie thought, that her breasts were so large they counted as oversized cargo all on their own! They were going on a journey to the vault to end this bizarre fever dream once and for all. Jane sat up from with the driver, Penny on the backseat, Vickie trussed up like a turkey on the way to slaughter...

Jane would meet them there.

Onwards!

...To be concluded in ACT VI

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