

Wishes: Ad Infinitum

Part One

Inspired by a concept from Max Mammaries

ACT I – Vickie’s Story

*Day 0

Vickie stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her critical eyes focusing in on each of her perceived faults, expanding them until they were all she could see. A mental checklist that grew in length and gained flashing exclamation marks with every passing second.

Too many freckles!

Eyes too close together!

Flat chest!

Podgy Belly!

Nondescript ass!

Her face was too square!

Scrawny, weak arms and legs!

No one could quite tell if her hair was red or brown, it was something muddy in between.

In conclusion a plain, average looking woman that was ‘okay’ but would never turn heads in a crowd.

The problem was she was too thin. Her arms, legs and torso had no meat to them at all. She was skin and bone, a walking skeleton in need of more than just one big meal. But whenever she did eat the fat went straight to her stomach and nobody thought a pot-bellied woman was sexy so she stayed thin and emaciated. Everyone said ‘lean’ was beautiful – just look at the models starving themselves to fit into size zero dresses – but they were thin ‘with’ curves and perfect skin. She was just... Well, she was just small.

It wasn’t feminine. It wasn’t sexy.

She didn’t hate her body, but neither was she particularly attached to the damn thing. She had turned out... fair? Average?

Normal? Not pretty, but not ugly either, just an ordinary girl.

Someone that nobody would pick out of a crowd.

She was fed up of being ordinary. Fed up of being weak.

Whenever she was out with her friend’s men ignored her.

Each and every one inevitably dove towards Jane, Penny or Laura...

Tall, short or busty, her best friends and ex-classmates had all the female attributes between them to appeal to any man. All of them were beautiful but distinct.

If it weren’t for her fantastic tits Jane could have been described as a beanpole! She was almost as thin as Vickie but she had some muscle and the curves were there where it counted. Over six and a half feet tall with beautiful radiant blonde hair she stood out in any crowd. She was so elegant, so authoritative.

When Jane entered a room the world saluted.

Conversely Penny was just a few inches bigger than any legal definition of being medically short, and her lack of height meant the plentiful curves she had stood out on her petite frame double.

She was sensual and voluptuous, short but stacked, her body incapable of adopting any pose that failed to radiate her beauty.

Then there was the self-declared 'tit'-ania herself.

Sexy, ultra-top-heavy Laura; who has been a DD-cup at 14 and not stopped piling on extra boobage until she was past 21. She was gorgeous, with radiant red hair and a perfectly lightly freckled face that looked stunning from any angle as long as you could tear your eyes upwards! Her eyes were deep blue, stunningly captivating, and they had to be to stop your gaze falling downwards into the cleavage below. Cleavage that went on for miles, that bounced and swayed and entranced everyone who saw it.

It felt as though Laura's curves entered a room several minutes before the rest of her, like the prow of a great ship clearing the way.

All three had qualities that made them special!

None of the three could be remotely called ordinary, and all three had curves that had men fawning over themselves to get at. They were almost too successful in love – they had no problem attracting men, but long-term relationships were... Difficult.

Unlike Vickie who had spent several years working very hard at not being jealous. After all it wasn't their fault her friends had been born genetically blessed.

They were great girls to hang out with; fun, exciting, friendly. The group had such a great dynamic and though all three of them were different they made Vickie feel stronger by being amongst them.

Alone she felt weak, but they held her up; treated her as someone special even though she really didn't think she was.

When she was alone Vickie hated herself for being weak and pathetic, but they never treated her like that, and she loved each and every one of them for it.

In the absence of a love life of any sort Vickie tended to keep her head down and study. She partied – she partied hard when the occasion came, but she slept alone and found other things to occupy her time besides men.

Almost all of her energy went towards her research. A PhD in archaeology had sounded exciting at the start but without her three best classmates, who had all graduated and got high powered jobs after University, she'd found a career in academia a lot less fun than expected.

At least until she had discovered the Dream Chest.

It was a simple relic, not an ancient treasure but a hundred-year- old antique that could only be traced back to the early days of the British Empire. It had been pilfered from some ancient part of the

world long forgotten – the thieves had returned it to the empire without bothering to inform their lords and masters which ancient culture they had looted it from. There were a lot of items that fit this description, but the Dream Chest was special.

She had been helping catalogue a museum foreclosure to sell on the assets when she'd

discovered the box. It had belonged to a Victorian Heiress, one who had passed through the British Colonies before settling in America.

Legend said she had written her heart's desire in the dream chest and it had come true, she'd married an American lawyer and lived happily ever after, spawning six children and a dynasty that had flourished for the next fifty years.

Eventually it had gone to the museum and been catalogued away with all the other nondescript oddities.

Something about the box had tickled Vickie so rather than price it up for resale she'd bought it herself. It had taken a month to get internal approval but to anyone not familiar with the box's intimate history it was just a small oddity of no real worth.

Well, they would test that theory tonight.

So, she had immediately invited round Jane and Laura (Penny was on duty at the record store prepping for the week ahead) and showed them her new prize. Sunday night be damned!

Enjoying their bemused expressions, she explained the history of her new acquisition with pride, then stood back so the two women could have a closer look at it.

Once she had explained how the box was supposed to work she nipped out to the toilet so they could consider their dreams. She had been thinking about hers for a while now but she wanted to give them time to consider.

It was just a bit of harmless fun but imagine if it really did work?

She gazed into her reflection in the mirror, taking a mental note of her small, weak body. If her suspicions about the box were right...

So, clutching a piece of paper in her hand, she turned from the full-length mirror in her bathroom and re-joined them in the lounge.

To her disappointment both sat on her sofa at the fat end of the room looking at each other doubtfully, pens still idle and not a single thought jotted down.

"You just write your dream on a scrap of paper and leave in the top drawer," she said, wiping clean a line of dust along the back wooden edge with her finger. "It is supposed to bring you luck."

"Is this actual witch magic?" Laura asked suspiciously, "Or have you lost your head girl?"

"I thought it would be fun," Vickie replied, which got Laura nodding at least. "You don't have to do it if you don't want to."

"I'm game for anything," Jane laughed, "But when you said you had something amazing to show us, that it couldn't wait, I didn't expect it to be this. I thought you might have been holding out on us and..."

"She's too wrapped up in her work," said Laura, who was scribbling, then crossing out and tossing away, then re-scribbling notes. A pile of scrap paper was forming by her feet, and her eyes were glinting with mischief. "I can't work out which wish would be most fun. I'm just going to wish for good health. It's all I really want."

"Sensible," Jane nodded sympathetically.

Laura worked as a senior nurse, the most popular nurse by some margin, at the local maternity ward. She said it was perfect besides two things; because of her bust everyone assumed she was a wet nurse, and secondly she picked up every infection going around off the patients.

Satisfied she leant forwards over the small box with her completed wish and frowned down at it

suspiciously. Her pendulous boobs dwarfed the small antique and for a second Vickie was terrified her friend would take the opportunity to crush it.

She'd dropped her assets on more sturdy things before and come out the victor! "You just slot it in there?"

"Top drawer," Vickie nodded, tapping the drawer that opened and closed. Below it was a slot into the lower compartment which despite trying to pry open was sealed firmly shut. "If it comes true you're meant to place in the bottom one. Then when the chest is full it means all your dreams have come true."

"Crazy," shrugged Jane, climbing to her feet to join her friend. Together they slotted two post-it notes into the top drawer. "I just want to meet a few men less intimidated by my size. I'm fed up of first dates who think I'll be exciting but who just can't handle a full-size package."

Jane's longest relationship ever was four months.

That was three and a quarter months longer than Vickie's...

Vickie placed her wish beside Jane and Laura's and slid the door shut, a massive grin on her face. Of course, they didn't believe it - they thought this was just a joke.

If they had cared they would have thought to ask what she had wished for.

But unlike them Vickie had faith.

*Day 1

Vickie woke up and nothing was different.

Well that wasn't true. She felt light and refreshed, a little stronger and healthier than the day before. She didn't notice it until she was halfway through breakfast, but she felt energized, healthier than ever. Normally getting out of bed in the morning was a slog but today she zipped through her morning routine with an extra spring in her step.

She just put it down to just being a good day.

She went to work on the bus, sat at her desk and answered emails for ninety minutes, before walking down to the sealed unit that the museum goods had been stashed in.

She then continued unpacking boxes, large unwieldy boxes that you needed a good grip on before shifting down from the storage unit before unpacking and sorting.

She lifted them down, unpacked and sorted the contents inside, before repacking them and loading back into the storage unit. It was hard work, and usually by lunchtime she was sweating, but today she felt good about herself.

She had a big lunch, all that packing had given her an appetite, before there was a meeting with her supervisor that afternoon.

It was a big meeting, discussing her funding, and she'd been dreading it for weeks....

Somehow though it wasn't as bad as she'd been expecting. He was unusually polite, and kind, and she was guaranteed at least another six months to write up. Just what she'd wanted! She left work early, did some shopping on her way home, and went to bed feeling unusually content with the world.

In the lounge the Dream Chest, tucked away behind the sofa, stood silently.

*Day 3

On Wednesday Vickie arrived at work an hour early, completed all of her tasks by midday and spent the afternoon unboxing and cataloguing storage crates from the museum.

The crates, each as wide as her arms spread and just as tall, didn't feel exactly light in her hands but they were incredibly easy to lift today, almost as though she was getting stronger. For three days in a row she had felt more energised each morning, more capable of coping with whatever the day would throw at her.

Rather than get the bus home she decided to walk back. It wasn't too far, three quarters of an hour away, and she could swing by the supermarket and get some orange juice on her way back.

To her surprise she ended up jogging most of it; she felt incredibly light on her feet and still full of energy when she got home.

That night, at a quarter to midnight, her phone buzzed. She blinked and gazed bleary eyed at the screen. It was from Jane.

DATE FRIDAY!

SUPER EXCITED!

DRESS SHOPPING TOMORROW

*Day 4

"Wow girl, have you been working out?"

It was the first thing Jane said when she spotted Vickie in the shopping mall after work.

Vickie smiled self-consciously and ran a hand down the side of her dress, feeling the toned skin of her rib cage and the new muscle that was forming between her abs.

And though the scales said she'd put on several pounds she hadn't actually even gone up a single dress size! Her muscles were still small, but they were dense.

She'd been feeling extremely good about herself all week. At this point she was almost certain the Dream Chest had done its job. Thanks to her wish to be a stronger woman she'd started feeling stronger, more confident, more able than before. She spent the next hour helping Jane carry out the impossible task of finding a dress both sexy, not slutty, classy, not posh, and most importantly suitable for someone over six foot six.

All the time she quizzed Jane about the lucky man.

"Well it was really odd," Jane laughed, "He just approached me in a bus queue. Normally I'd have laughed him off but, it's been a while and he was absolutely gorgeous, so I thought... Why not treat yourself?"

"You deserve it," Vickie smiled, nodding internally. It made sense. Jane had asked for men to find her size less intimidating and that true had come true, Proof that the Dream Chest worked! But one of her closest friends had missed out on this opportunity! Penny had been busy all week with the relaunch of the store and still had no idea what was going on.

She'd have to do something about that.

*Day 5

That evening Penny was introduced to the Dream Chest.

Vickie gazed lovingly down at the wooden box that had, in one solitary week, completely turned

her life around.

She was eating more healthily, exercising more, sweating less...

She felt like she could run a marathon and that was just her body. Colleagues were complementing her more, her boss had started to notice her, and she'd noticed that although her boobs were still tiny the better muscle definition on her torso made them stand out slightly more proudly.

"So you're saying that you wished to be a stronger woman and it came true?" Penny asked suspiciously, squinting up at her with one eye. "And Laura wished not to fall ill, and Jane to be less intimidating to men?"

"I asked Laura if she had a cold this morning and she hasn't had one all week," Vickie replied proudly. "Not that that proves anything."

"But she's never ill," Penny replied incredulously, "And you've always been an athlete and Laura gets tonnes of dates with men.

She practically has to fend them off with a stick."

"No," Vickie shook her head, a little taken aback at her friend's outburst. "Laura is always ill. Do you remember her birthday last year? She spent a whole fortnight in bed and had to cancel her holiday..."

"She went to Ibiza," Penny replied angrily. "You know she went to Ibiza, she was bragging about it for weeks, and there were those photos from the beach...."

"No, she was ill in bed," Vickie frowned.

At this Penny pulled out her phone and started flicking backwards through her photographs. She found a photo of a woman wrapped in a towel (and literally only a towel) standing between four extremely tall, extremely bronzed, extremely proud looking men.

Men who had probably never been so close to two of the natural wonders of the world, perky monster boobs straining against the towels knot.

Vickie starred at it for a moment, mentally processing the image.

She had never laid eyes on it before but at the same time... it felt familiar.

"Laura... Topless beach... Ibiza... Last September?" "Duhh," Penny sighed, shaking her head like a disappointed teacher. "And you've been on a health fetish since you were 13; the only one of us who actually gets their money's worth out of the gym membership!"

"But I don't remember," Vickie stared with confusion down at the wooden box.

Then something in the back of her head clicked and suddenly the situation seemed to make sense. Penny didn't know about the wishes; she hadn't been there on Sunday night.

For her the world had always been like that.

However, it was further proof that the Dream Chest worked. It was so efficient it didn't just change the here and now but retroactively altered their history. It wasn't just her imagining things had changed - the world really was different.

Penny was staring at her fearfully.

"Vickie, I know you're a little crazy at times, but you don't have to make things up to impress me. What is this really about?" "It's about the fact I have a magic box that can grant wishes." "It can grant wishes," Penny repeated sarcastically. "Seriously, you expect me to believe that?"

"Try it," Vickie insisted, scrabbling for the post-it notes she kept on the fridge door. "Try writing

something you've always dreamed of and putting it in this drawer. Tomorrow it will start to come true."

"You're mad," Penny replied, throwing her hands in the air. "Just do it," Vickie insisted. "And don't tell Jane or Laura about this. Wait a day then see if they notice what has changed – I don't

think they will. It seems the only people who know about the wishes can see what's changed. Jane noticed I was getting fitter, but she saw me put my wish into the chest."

Vickie and Penny both wrote their own requests, then Vickie slid open the top drawer of the chest to reveal the three scribbled notes from the previous weekend.

Carefully Vickie removed her own, leaving Jane and Laura's in there, added the two new notes and closed the drawer shut.

Then, with a contented smile, she slotted her completed wish into the sealed compartment. Her body was singing with anticipation of what was to come...

She wouldn't be the only flat chested member of the group for long!

*Day 6

Vickie's phone was ringing.

The room was dark, there wasn't even a hint of sunlight behind the curtains, but her phone was screeching for her to wake up.

Bleary eyed she fumbled for the handset at the side of the bed and saw that Penny was ringing her. Why the fuck was Penny ringing her this early? Without even rolling over she pulled the mobile onto the bed and put it on loudspeaker; "What time in the morning is it?"

"It's 4 AM," Penny's tinny screech filled the room, far too loudly. "It's 4 AM and there's a hundred fucking thousand pounds in my

bank account! Vickie, I'm fucking rich!" "It worked then," Vickie replied with a grin.

She resisted the urge to pull her hands up to her chest and feel her own progress. Instead she rolled over to get more comfortable, and she immediately felt her arm brush against some flesh that definitely hadn't been there the night before. "You didn't believe me but I told you it would work."

"Too fucking right it worked," Penny cackled like a mad woman. "But only you and I know that this is because of your wish box? As far as Jane and Laura will be concerned I will always have been rich? I've been looking at pictures on my phone history and I've got shots of both of them trying on posh frocks and dresses that look waaaaaay too expensive."

"That's what I guess will happen; we'll find out," Penny tried to blink sleep out of her eyes. She popped her legs over the side of the bed and padded over to the nearest mirror.

"Well I've got three weeks holiday saved up," Penny cried delightedly. "I'm driving down to the airport, parking my car and getting on the first plane to Barbados. I'll be back in three weeks! Fancy coming with me?"

"I can't take three weeks off without notice," Vickie scoffed; "I have a paper due!"

"What do you mean? You have a magic box that grants wishes, magic the work done and come with me," Penny laughed madly. "I'm going to invite Jane and Laura, see if they bat an eyelid when I tell them I've already paid for their tickets. If you change your mind ring me back by 9." Hanging up Vickie put the phone down, then reached for her pyjama top. She lifted, slowly,

carefully, eyes wide as she looked down at her naked breasts. She felt friction against the fabric that normally wasn't there.

It wasn't a big increase, in fact they didn't look so much bigger as more defined, but it was real. She had spent so long staring mournfully down at them that she was certain they had changed! For the first time since a very disappointing puberty Vickie Spencer was growing tits! They poked out from her petite frame, retaining their natural firmness to give her some amazing cleavage! Nothing at all compared to her friends but for her this was amazing. Vickie was ecstatic! She spent most of the day topless in her house marvelling at the fact she had a full, womanly bust! The sensation of swaying weight in her chest was new and she marvelled in every moment. The only downside she had noticed was her nipples and aureoles were extremely sensitive. She couldn't wear a shirt as the sensation of fabric brushing across her breasts set pulses of pleasure rushing through her body! She found herself caressing her newly expanded aureoles, her fingers slowly moving towards her puffy nipples, holding them tight between her fingertips, squeezing and pulling on them alternately as she worked herself into a fervour. As the sun set and night fell Vickie realised she had masturbated the day away without getting a single productive thing done! But fucking hell she still felt good. Tomorrow though would have to be different...

*Day 7

Vickie rose early on Sunday, excited for a very specific purpose, a direction she had decided on the night before settling down to bed.

She ate breakfast, hands eagerly searching out the fresh folds in her pliant flesh that was building beneath her top. The skin was taut but not painful, every brush and caress a new wave of pleasure. She was still small enough to walk around unsupported without feeling more than a gentle sway but that wouldn't last much longer.

On a whim, because it was the weekend and because she wanted to enjoy her new assets, she had gone braless all day.

She revelled in feeling her breasts moving independently as she wandered around the house, the little jump they made when she flopped down on the sofa or the rubbing against her forearm when she tried to move her arms forward forgetting they were there... It had been fun at first but by bedtime she could feel them pulling at her ribcage. And the constant slight irritation from her shirt had set her nipples to hard and they hadn't gone down until she'd turned in for the night.

At 8 AM she left the house expectantly, more than an hour to wait before her appointment, but she knew the walk, then train, to the supermarket would fly by. The whole time she was grinning ear to ear, waiting for confirmation of what she already knew.

She arrived ten minutes early and waited eagerly to be let into the brassier. An elderly woman opened up at 9:00 exactly and led her through to the back room, instructing her to strip down to her bra and wait for her to fetch her tape measure.

Vickie held her arms up excitedly as the woman passed the tape measure around her shoulders then pushed it down into position snugly against her bust. After a few more positions, numbers being jotted down, and then another repeat of the first measurements it was done.

"34 D," the woman declared confidently.

Vickie's heart swelled with pride.

"So there's no need to change size," the woman replied condescendingly, "Unless you were just retaining water when you rang yesterday. This is exactly the same as your current bra."

Vickie opened her mouth to disagree then frowned. She glanced down at the fitted bra she had put on that morning without thinking about it. It didn't feel tight, or clingy, just extremely comfortable and fitted. Why hadn't she realized? Not only had she grown but all of her bras had changed with her.

There was no need to come back here and get measured; she could check her progress simply by examining the tags on her clothing.

"I guess I was just panicking," she apologized, smiling at the woman. "I need to get some more anyway so it's not been a wasted trip."

All of the bras in her wardrobe were functional at best. As she had no chest to speak of she had never gone in for fancy lingerie before. Now that she had something to show off that would have to change.

She spent nearly an hour trying on a variety of styles and colours, marvelling at the way different shapes lifted and cupped her new assets. And in almost all of them she looked fucking awesome!

Sexy bras purchased she headed back home, and as she walked her phone beeped to inform her she had a voicemail message. Plucking the phone from her pocket she was surprised to hear a message from Penny.

"Good news – safely arrived on beach. Record store is doing fine – just checked our sales figures and it's never been so profitable! It will be safe until I get back.

Am alone as Jane has hot date and Laura's on shift for the rest of the week. I also checked my bank account and there's almost triple the cash in my account compared to yesterday! I was rich

before but now I'm over halfway to being a fucking billionaire!

When I get back, just want to say I owe you! I owe you big time. Tell me what you want me to buy and it is yours girl!" Vickie just smiled and pocketed her phone.

Her suspicions were confirmed – as long as you left the wishes in the box they would repeat.

And just as every day over the last

week she had gotten stronger, now every day coming her boobs were growing!

*Day 8

Vickie woke up and rolled over, feeling her arm brush against new flesh that hadn't been there the night before!

She sat up quickly and looked down at her naked breasts, proud and jiggling on her torso. She cupped her hands over her breasts, which were now large enough that they filled her hands completely.

A quick check of the bras hanging in her closet confirmed that the wish had changed her surroundings as well as her body, with each label proclaiming her new size of 34 DD.

Standing naked before the mirror she admired how these once small (or not so small) additions

to her lithe body completely changed her shape. They were round, and proud, and heavy! Their slight, but not prominent sag, meant her nipples no longer pointed proudly skywards but drooped towards the floor. She got dressed and felt that her boobs were finally filling out her shirts properly. She spent the rest of the day with her head held high, although it was a quiet day doing jobs around the house so there was no-one to admire her new form.

Her schedule was too busy to really explore what her new body would be like, so she headed out of her apartment and to her work.

She had arranged to meet Jane for lunch and it would be a fantastic opportunity to see whether her other friend had noticed her new developments. It would also be a chance to find out how date night had gone.

Laura was still the 'largest' of the group – but now only by just a few cup sizes.

Since Friday Vickie's boobs had caught up with Jane and Penny just leaving 'Tit'ania herself to pass.

That wouldn't come for a while yet but the unthinkable was now within sight...

When they arrived at the cafe Jane looked different.

She was dressed more conservatively than normal. It took Vickie a moment to realise what it was but as her friend sat down opposite her in the cafe she realized just how many layers the woman had on.

Jane's clothes were baggy, wider and drabber. She was dressing to try and hide her bust. That was difficult when your extra height naturally brought them up to most men's eye level.

Vickie glanced around and realized that almost every man in the cafe was staring at them. But this was different to normal. Intent gazes flickering from herself to her friend, with her it was passive but when they turned to Jane there was something predatory about them.

"You're looking as healthy as ever," was her friend's opening remarks. Vickie blushed but before she could thank her Jane gave a worried glance around the room. "Sorry I can't stay long.

I... I feel a little self-conscious here."

"You've never been self-conscious before," said Vickie as she sipped at her latte. There was a long pause before at last she had to ask; "So.... How did date night go?"

"It was fine," Jane said, shrugging. She had never looked so awkward before in her life. "It was good... I think... So... I really liked it until he started groping my tits in the taxi home." Vickie rolled her eyes but Jane glared at her to hold back the snide remark.

"This wasn't normal. A quick feel in the taxi is one thing but he wasn't subtle at all. He practically tried to rip my top off. The Taxi driver was watching, and we knew he was watching, but the dude was shameless. I was up for it at first but it got out of control and.... Well, the Taxi Driver started egging him on. It was like the two of them were in on something and I was just stuck there, waiting to get home, a fantastic date suddenly turned into something awful in just a second. It wasn't normal."

"He sounds like a sicko." Vickie shook her head, amazed. "I'm so sorry, you were so excited. Did he apologise? Have you reported him?"

"No. I just got out the taxi and slammed the door on him. He was really apologetic afterwards, I think he realized what he had done, sent me a text message to say he didn't know what had come over him. I said fine but I never want to see him again. The thing is.... He's not the only

one," Jane grumbled. "I mean, I get stared at, I always have. But this last week something has changed. At first I just got more smiles, more nods, more wandering eyes. I can cope with wandering eyes. I 'like' wondering eyes. But over the last three days its changed." She leant back in her chair and cast her eyes around the room. And as she did Vickie realized just how wrong this situation had become.

Normally when you make eye contact with a leering man they turn away and try to pretend that they hadn't been sneaking a look. Some of the more confident men would smile, maybe wink or at least shrug and give an apologetic nod that they had been caught out.

Men were gonna look. With things that big and that prominent it was just going to happen. But today?

Every man who was leering (openly leering, not trying to hide it at all) at Jane's chest met her gaze head on. They didn't even acknowledge she had caught them. They just carried on with this predatory half smile, half longing gaze pointed straight at her friend.

She was almost more a slab of meat on display than a woman. "I think it's your bloody wishing box," Jane said at last. "I didn't believe it at first but I wished men would be less afraid of me. Well they are less afraid now and I don't like it. It's gone too far the other way. I've felt it get worse every day since Thursday and I want it to stop."

"You wished men would be less afraid of you?" Vickie repeated, shaking her head as she recalled. And as she'd intuited the wishes were repeating - each and every day. Eight days had now passed and each time Jane had become a little less intimidating. Less... respected? Oops. "Its... Well, yes. Okay. I see the logic."

"How do we stop this?" "You are meant to move the paper into the lower drawer when your wish comes true," Vickie said slowly. "I haven't bothered moving any of our wishes down - I left them where they were, and I think the wishes have been repeating themselves. Every night I've felt a little stronger than before."

"You look like an athlete," Jane smiled, flicking her hair back from her face. "Well, except for your front. It's like all the fat in your body coalesced inside your bra." "I need to move the wishes down," Vickie nodded; "That will stop this getting worse. But can we undo this? You'd need to make a new wish."

"That makes sense," said Jane hopefully, a hopeful smile briefly appearing. "I can undo this!" "But be careful! Think carefully about it because you don't want to make the situation worse." "I'll think about it," Jane replied thoughtfully. "I like the attention when it's respectful but the last two days have just been too much. A checkout assistant called me 'tall jugs' when he was scanning my groceries yesterday. He wasn't ashamed at all about it. If this is what 'no fear' means I've made a terrible mistake."

"It'll get better," Vickie promised her. The tension settled somewhat, although their audience had not gone away Jane seemed content to have shared her anxiety.

They chatted for a few more minutes until it was nearly time for them to head back to work but both agreed to meet after work for Jane to put in a new wish.

Her friend spent the afternoon locked in her office trying to find the best wording for the new wish and come up with the perfect compromise.

Vickie spent the afternoon trying not to fantasise about how big her boobs would be tomorrow. She sent a text asking Laura if she was free for lunch – she just HAD to compare sizes. When she got home Vickie opened the drawer and removed all but one of the previous wishes, the one about her boobs, and slotted them in the lower drawer.

Wishes fulfilled!

Then Jane arrived with a new one ‘men will admire but also respect me and my wishes’ and inserted that in the top. Hopefully if that was allowed to repeat for a few days they would get some semblance of normality.

Everyone could come out of this a winner!

*Day 9

Vickie examined her new oversized bras the next morning with a smile on her face. She’d outgrown skimpy lingerie apparently and begun to move towards solid, construction grade scaffolding. The straps were wide brimmed, designed to spread the weight over her shoulders evenly, and the cups wide and full to both lift and support. The magic had changed her entire wardrobe to fit the new woman; still sporty but with the twist that every top had to fit her new bust. Almost as a guide there were photos on the wall of her in running clothes with the straps of three, separate sports bras visible through her skimpy top. Certainly her drawers were full of the things; the evidence indicating she went through them faster than ever before. She tried one of the mammoth boulder holders on, did a few test star jumps, and grinned her way through the pain of over- stretched skin as they flopped around wildly in front of her. From now on it looked like she’d be double, or even triple, bagging it she ever wanted to move above a medium pace and not wobble everywhere! At lunch the cafe was less busy than the previous day...

Without Jane in the room it had a much calmer atmosphere – the only tension or starring was the normal eye-magnets that both Vickie and Laura sported on their chests.

People couldn’t NOT stare – it would just be rude to let these two wonders of nature pass without a glance!

And somehow Laura had no idea that Vickie was still growing! From the way the conversation was going it appeared her friend thought they had been the ‘busty duo’ since college! Vickie had to hold back tears of joy thinking about what was going to happen next!

Penny and Jane were both true believers in the Dream Chest now, but busty Laura was still sceptical. She didn’t even mention the dream chest until Vickie brought it up. “You do look a little healthier,” Laura said, frowning at her friend but doubt still clear on her face. With squinting eyes and a furrowed brow; “If you’ve been working out at the gym over the last few months to play some kind of elaborate prank ...” “No prank,” Vickie retorted, “Check your social media account Laura; there’s photos of your trip to Ibiza last year that never happened because you were ill.” “Hmmm....” Laura said with a furrowed brow. The girl had always had problems admitting when she was wrong. This wouldn’t be any different. “Out of curiosity... I’ve been thinking about... Maybe... Wishing for a different enhancement myself.”

Her eyes flickered downwards at her burgeoning (but practically flat compared to Laura’s) chest.

"A boost?" Laura asked, "Why girl? You've got the dream package; curves and muscles. Beneath this dress I'm just all flab but you?"

She hadn't noticed. She hadn't noticed that she'd gone from nearly an ironing board to a double D in just four days. So that proved it; only people who saw you putting the wish in would be aware of the changes. As far as the world was concerned things had always been this way.

"I just wondered what it was like to have KK boobs?" she said, "I mean, this is an opportunity of a lifetime, and I've always admired you."

"I'm a freak," Laura laughed. It was a deep belly laugh and the two pendulums on her front shuddered with amplified momentum. Vickie couldn't help herself but watch, wondering how long it would take for the monster boobs to stop trembling.

"Seriously? You don't want these girl; you couldn't handle them! And I don't know if I could be friends with someone bigger than me. I always got on with you three because your 'big enough' to know what I'm going through but not threaten my place as the queen of tits."

"You're proud of that title?"

"I'm fucking 'Tit'ania," Laura replied, sticking her tongue out at her friend. "That fucking nickname didn't happen by accident, I knew these things would dominate my personality, so I forced a title I wanted. It was difficult, growing up with these things, getting re-fitted every six months, but once I had found some bras that actually fitted, actually held my bust up where they should be, I loved it. I love myself."

"You say we know what it's like, but we don't," Vickie prodded. "What's it really like being off the deep end of the bra size catalogue?"

Laura sighed. "Well, I keep having to buy clothes too big and get them altered – off the shelf they fit my bust but swamp my waist. And I constantly have to fiddle with bra straps that are digging in, or sometimes double up on bras just to hold me up and prevent spillage. I have to exercise constantly and watch what I eat because they swell painfully if I over-indulge. There's boob sweat in the summer which is awful... It's a pain. But it's all me; I love it. Now push off and stop asking intimate questions. What's come over you girl?"

"I'm just wondering about the wishing box," Vickie said idly, "And now our first wishes have come true what we could do with it." "You've turned into a fucking athlete and I appear to be impervious to disease," Laura replied with a laugh; "And poor Jane... That thing is dangerous Vickie – my advice would be to take this as a win and walk away!"

"Hmmm," Vickie replied, grinning on the inside because she dare not let 'Tit'ania know the truth. "Perhaps your right." The irony was just too delicious.

They got up, gave each other a quick hug (both leaning ridiculously far over to avoid boob smotherage) and then Laura took her handbag with her to the bathroom. Men around the cafe watched her go longingly.

Just not quite as longingly as they had followed Jane yesterday!

Vickie left through the front doors, copping a quick feel of her own chest as she went, wondering how many days it would take for her to catch up with her old friend.

*Day 10

Vickie climbed out of bed eager for the day even though the sun had yet to rise. The clock on

the wall told her it was 5 AM – it seemed she only needed a few hours’ sleep now. One boon that the dream chest had granted her. The other boons stood proud on her chest, their bulk one of the reasons she was on her feet so soon. All her life she had tossed and turned in her sleep but now... Now if she turned to lie on her front she couldn’t last long. Well, losing the ability to sleep face down was a worthy sacrifice for what she was gaining. She took stock of what the last week had brought. She had become an endowed goddess; a woman in peak physical fitness bragging 36E boobage. Despite the present weight on her ribcage she felt light on her feet, her muscles toned and ready for action.

Her skin was perfect; most of her freckles had gone and the ones that remained were smaller and lighter. Her hair was glorious whether she showered or not. She was fitter than she had ever been in her life.

Jane was now far less intimidating to men but hopefully with her new wish she would also find some safety. Apparently, the fine line between ‘intimidatingly tall’ and ‘sex prey’ was a thin one indeed but if they left this new wish repeat a few times things should get better.

Jane had reported that she was fine. Apparently, a flu was going around the maternity ward but she hadn’t caught it. In fact, according to her medical records, she hadn’t taken a day off sick in her entire career.

And Penny was still in Ibiza and had reported that her bank account had finally settled at \$80,432,000. She was a little miffed

when Vickie told her she had removed the wish and that would be it however 80 million was hardly a number to sniff at.

Vickie stood wearing just a bra before her bedroom mirror and began to stretch. She watched her new athlete’s body with a critical eye as she went through a variety of poses, limbering herself up for the day ahead. It was like watching a Greek goddess at work; curves, muscles and tits!

In just over a week their worlds had changed completely, and it was AWESOME!

But she wasn’t quite where she wanted to be yet. She’d leave the Dream Chest a few more days before she declared her wishes complete.

... To be continued in Act II

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