

Wishes: Ad Infinitum

Part Two

Inspired by a concept from Max Mammaries

ACT II – Jane’s Story

*Day 0

Jane looked down on her best friend, feeling slightly bemused at the way the small girl was fizzing with energy. Looked down not because she was snobbish, but her lanky frame meant even when sitting she had an inch and a half over her friends. She wasn’t just long legs; her torso had once been described to her by a particularly unfortunate one-night stand like a ‘long stick with tits’. That dickhead had just been unable to get over the fact that, even when standing, his eyes were only level with her shoulder blades. The thing was, whilst most men liked the concept of a woman whose tits were up nearer their faces, the reality threw up too many challenges for them. The sensitive guys, the ones she thought might actually be able to cope, always seemed too intimidated to even approach her leaving her with the obnoxious twats who bugged off as soon as the novelty had worn off. Jane had been around the houses several times; thought nothing could surprise her any more... But in this instance she was a little taken aback. Vickie was an addict. She always had been and always would be. She had one of those personalities that went ‘all in’ on anything she tried until she eventually burnt out. She didn’t just have ‘hobbies’ – oh no, Vickie had life changing gear shifts that turned everything upside down. She’d moved from college club to club, pouring her heart and soul into each one before something else caught her fancy.

From sports team to dance club, she would have been a world class gymnast if her tits hadn’t come in with a vengeance – but on the other hand that could just be her body showing the same level of extreme commitment for being ‘all in’. If it hadn’t been for Laura, whose body had adapted to one of the most extreme cases of macromastia, Vickie would have been one of the bustiest girls for miles. Because unlike most of girls with big tits Vickie had barely an ounce of fat on her body that wasn’t hanging off her chest. If Jane was a ‘stick’ then what her dickhead date would have made of Vickie’s spindly torso mixed with filthy boobage she couldn’t imagine. Skin, muscle, bone, tits and a smile that could light up a room, Vickie’s infectious personality had made them best friends for as long as Jane could remember. That smooth muscle definition meant her boobs didn’t just plop into that F cup bra. No, they held themselves proud like some weirdly erotic ancient statue. And when she got excited and hopped up and down on the spot like that they jiggled enticingly. Jane... Well, Jane had never been able ‘not’ to look down when the opportunity presented itself. “It grants wishes,” Vickie explained, after a rambling dissertation on the current object of her affections. “And even if it’s not true I couldn’t let something like this pass me by, it’s got such a fascinating history.” “Right,” Laura said sarcastically, idly rubbing the top of her boobs (the girl didn’t even realise she was doing it but from Jane’s elevated perspective that shit was obvious).

She couldn’t help herself but when your perspective was shifted upwards several feet your

world had a lot of cleavage in it. And when two of your best friends had to buy custom clothing to cope with their unique body shapes... "And you want us to try it out with you?"

Three of them had gathered at Vickie's house, all but one of Vickie's quartet of close friends. Their host had nearly cancelled when Penny had said she was working on her latest store opening (as if the girl needed even 'more' money) but insisted it was important the two of them come as soon as possible. "Take these pens and paper," Vickie said with a smile, "Write down what it is you want, what you want most, and we can see if it works."

*Day 10

'Men will not be intimidated by me' 'Men will admire but also respect me and my wishes'

Jane lay in bed reflecting on how much had changed in just under two weeks. She had gone from a sceptic to a firm believer after a horrible ordeal with some of the most perverted, sick, sociopathic men imaginable. Her original wish, that men would find her less intimidating, had repeated several times and eventually resulted in her becoming something less than human beneath the male gaze. She hadn't taken this seriously at all. Vickie, who had slowly gone from almost stick thin (save for her impressive frontage) to a muscular behemoth had explained that each of their wishes were repeating each night, and would continue to do so as long as their written wish was left in the device's top drawer. Wishes Ad Infinitum... So each successive day Vickie had continued to pack on more muscle, Laura's general health had improved and slowly Jane's reputational standing in the world had sunk ever lower. All she'd wanted was for people to find her height less of a barrier. Well that body consciousness had really fucked her over now. It seemed however that her replacement wish had undone that damage and then some. And the proof, on her mobile phone, was there clear as day. The pervert who had molested her at the end of the most atrocious date in history had sent her an apology of sorts. Well, more than of sorts.

Don't do that.

10:45 AM Fuck off and leave me alone.

8.11 AM I want to say how sorry I am!

8:45 AM Know you don't want to hear anything from me! Letting you know I've checked into a clinic to try and resolve some psychological trauma. I don't know what came over me.

9:12 AM I know you are angry with me and I am sorry.

9:45 AM I am angry with myself. I think I might kill myself for what I've done.

Okay, I won't.

10: 15 But I can't live with how I hurt you. I haven't been able to sleep since it happened.

10: 30 AM Sorry.

10: 45 AM What do you want me to do?

So, in a weirdly roundabout way, two wishes, both directed solely at Jane, had completely fucked this man's life over. He'd probably been a perfectly decent bloke before she'd done herself over with that stupid first wish and literally turned herself into a target. Then in this new reality, where men had to respect her, reality had forced a deep psychological trauma onto him because that old chain of events just did not tally. Despite everything she grinned at the message, enjoying the visible proof that everything was going to be just okay. She had the power now! At work she was delighted at the way colleagues kept offering her coffee. The machine was just ten meters from her desk, but they all just seemed so keen to be useful! At lunch time she stood in the cafeteria for the Wednesday lunch special feeling as though the world was at her feet. "I'd like bolognaise," she pointed at the chalk menu behind the counter. Proudly displayed at the top of the specials board, a little overpriced, but she felt like celebrating! The waiter smiled and almost bowed as he noted her order down. "An EXCELLENT choice ma'am," he exclaimed, pointing at the card reader for her to pay. "I hope you enjoy it; it's our chef's speciality. He's Italian you know, said the recipe was his grandmothers." "I'm sure I'll enjoy it," Jane smiled, walking away with a bottle of lemonade her receipt. She crossed the room to join Vickie holding a table for them by the window. Their favourite spot. Her friend was lounging in the big sofa chairs designed to dwarf their incumbent (Jane loved this café as these chairs almost made her feel 'normal' sized) and she looked absolutely radiant.

Had she been working out? She didn't look sweaty but there was this sheen to her body that just made her look... Fuckable? Why was every second thing about sex? Jane's wish should have been for a reduced (controllable, not reduced, the repeating wishes would have really screwed (or un-screwed?) her over if she'd gone for that. No, things had probably worked out for the best. "So, what are you going to wish for next?" she asked, plonking her drink down beside her friend. "I mean, now we have proof it works you could ask for anything." "Oh, I've some ideas," Vickie said with a mischievous smile. "But you showed me that we can't rush this - what happened to you was horrible. We can't let whatever we wish for backfire on us like that." "Well I think we've fixed it," Jane said, "I haven't had anyone creeping on me for the last few days. Quite the opposite actually..." "But we haven't actually tried to 'undo' the original wish - you asked for men not to be intimidated by you. They still aren't - it's just the by-product of that wish repeated several times was they viewed you as some sort of prey who needed hunting. The new wish means they respect you." "So they want to hunt me but they won't do it without permission?" Jane summarised with a smug smile. Vickie nodded vigorously. "Well as a result I feel like royalty wherever I go!" "Well I thought it'd be better to ask for something new that complemented the original wish without undoing it," Vickie explained, twirling her hand in the air as she spoke. The girl couldn't sit still, she was always twitching or waving her hands in the air or pacing. You'd think the hefty flesh filling her F cup bra would weigh a girl down but she barely seemed to notice them; despite how incongruous they looked on her bodybuilders frame.

Jane was sure she'd read that female bodybuilders had too much testosterone in their bodies. It was why they sometimes looked slightly masculine. Perhaps she was wrong but... Nobody could ever accuse Vickie of being the slightest bit masculine! "Well I'll leave the new wish in until you

tell me that your happy with it.” “I’m more than happy for a few more days of this,” Jane grinned broadly. She didn’t have any male friends really, no family she was close to, just men she had casually dated and then been hurt by at one point or another. In her mind men were good for a fuck and that was about it. Their food order arrived, the waiter told them how much he hoped she would enjoy the food, and then they both began to tuck in. The bolognese was good. Suspiciously excellent. Jane was sure she’d eaten this special before and it hadn’t been half this tasty, and the portion size had been smaller. In fact, comparing her food to Vickie’s, it was clear a LOT more love and attention had gone into preparing her plate. She hoped her friend hadn’t noticed. You could never tell with Vickie – she had a lot of blind spots where she almost seemed unaware of what was going on around her, but once in a blue moon she would come out with something incredibly insightful and profound and surprise them all. “By the way,” Vickie said after sipping her tea, “There’s a pool party at Penny’s place on Friday, as soon as she gets back from Ibiza. Bring anyone you like...” “But I haven’t got anyone,” Jane frowned. Vickie just grinned at her. “Well you have two days to find someone then!”

*Day 11

Jane was flipping through old favourite photographs on her phone, something she thought might become a daily routine to check how reality had shifted, when a shadow appeared above her desk. She panicked for a moment; she was supposed to be working not browsing social media. Hurriedly she tried to look official, pretend she hadn’t been swiping through photographs of Laura and Vickie comparing absolutely titanic bikinis, and grinned up at Andrei. “Hey,” she said as coolly as she could manage, grinning up at him from over her laptop. “Something up?” “Just wondered if you wanted anything from the canteen,” he asked, gesturing with his thumb over his shoulder. He and a few guys were hovering by the lifts, three of them looking awkward whilst he had been sent to talk to her. “You want me to come with you?” “No,” he said, before shaking his head and correcting himself and adding; “Unless you want to. I just thought, since I know how busy you are, most days you never even leave your desk, I could get you something? You really came through for me with that report last week so I figured I owed you.” “You really don’t owe me anything,” Jane said quickly, but then felt guilty when Andrei’s awkward smile crumpled; “But if your offering I’d love a chili beef burrito.” “Chilli beef burrito,” he nodded, “And drink?” “Coffee,” she grinned. He gave her a mock salute and disappeared to join his friends. Interesting, she thought, slyly picking back up her phone and grinning down at photos of Vickie’s F cup bikini which... She frowned, was really, really badly fitted. That girl was spilling out of the edges.

She must have been retaining water that week but Jane couldn’t remember that happening. Weird. Still, the girls bulging muscles were still her most prominent feature! Laura was all tits but Vickie offered the most complete package of extreme body shapes; massive tits, toned thighs and spectacular abs. No wonder their little quartet were best friends; although all Penny and Jane brought to their table was their polar opposite heights. Thinking of Penny she still needed to find a date for tomorrow and if Andrei was trying to get into her good books. She’d certainly had worse ideas and time was running out...

*Day 12

Standing upright in the shallow end of her personal Olympic size swimming pool the undersides of Penny's tits brushed the surface of the water. Standing right beside her Jane's belly button wasn't even wet. But both looked stunning in the most fashionable bikinis that money could afford. The costumes were Penny's treat (her friends had to be the best dressed after all) and both were the centre of attention from the swarm of men who kept offering each of them drinks. Jane's glass was never empty, so much so she had to consciously stop herself several times or things would get out of control far too quickly. "Is Vickie here?" she asked, looking around the crowded pool, looking for her friend. "I can't see..." "She said she'd be late," Penny sighed, swishing her arms through the water to make waves. Her friend was extra tanned since her trip to Ibiza. "She was still at work when I phoned her at half six, said she was looking into the Dream Chests history to better understand how it works." "I can't believe all this comes from that," Jane marvelled, looking around the mansion complex Vickie has bought. Jane remembered coming to this house, remembered partying in this very pool before. But apparently her friend had only owned it a week! In her own memories Penny had inherited it over a decade ago. It was weird to think that the world, and with it her own personal history, had changed without anyone noticing. Penny had wished for money, wished a few days after Vickie, Jane and Laura had been introduced to the Dream Chest, and only her and Vickie were aware of the changes.

Just as Penny had no memories of men ever being intimidated by Jane's height. According to Penny Jane had apparently always had a commanding presence to match her height, and an air of authority that made people respond in kind.

They had spent half an hour drinking gin and comparing notes on what each could remember about the other. It was a weird thing for two women, who were supposed to be best friends, to do but apparently necessary. They were clearly compatible people – they had been friends in both the old reality and the new one – but it was like discovering a secret side to a person you thought you had known your whole life. Weird and just a little bit violating. "Well Laura is going to get hammered," Jane said with a frown as their other friend cannonballed into the deep end of the pool from the diving board. Whilst the two of them had been careful up to now with their drinks, insisting that there were generous measures of mixer with the gin, Laura had shown no such inhibitions. The self-proclaimed 'Tit'ania was quite clearly buzzing with alcohol, had last been seen doing shots with three men, before darting across the complex and leaping from the diving board. Seeing tits larger than most people's head bouncing into the pool from on high was a sight most thought they would never see but the image was now burned into Jane's eyes. And the splash was immense. "If she doesn't stop that's going to leave her one hell of a hangover in the morning. Should we go and stop..." "But Laura doesn't get hangovers," Penny said with a frown, arm holding her back from stepping forwards. "She's never had a hangover – the alcohol just passes straight through her." "What?" Jane paused, remembering her friends wish. "Oh, yes, I remember. She wished for good health. Fuck, have things really

changed that much? Now she can drink like a fish and not suffer consequence! Why didn't I think of that?" "See, when you say it aloud it makes sense that it's a wish, but to me Laura has just... always been like that," Penny said looking slightly perturbed.

Together they watched Laura emerge from the deep end of the pool. Dark hair burst up first,

followed by her head, shoulders and then naked breasts. Two pink orbs, each larger than her head, that thrust up towards her head before bobbing back down to settle low on her chest. Her dark nipples settled just under the water line but their prominent shadows lurked under the water. The glimpse they had all seen indicates each was massive; even compared to the rest of her hefty assets. Everyone in the pool went silent. The crowds unified attention turned to Laura's naked tits, so large and buoyant that they floated before her like two small beachballs glued to her chest.

Her swimsuit, come loose in the commotion, surfaced to float next to her like an enormous orange dinghy. It was freakishly enormous but it had to be to contain her twin dirigibles. Laura giggled, gave her friends a peace sign, and then began to swim towards them (and away from her abandoned swimsuit). Her frontage wobbled beneath her, rising and falling hypnotically with each stroke. "Did she also wish for those breasts?" Jane asked quietly as 'tit'ania approached them. "I don't think so," Penny replied sombrely, "But then how would we know? Vickie said that apart from you we'd each had one wish each." They both stared as Laura swam nearer, two large, pale, fleshy orbs twinkling beneath the surface. They waited until she was within earshot.

"You've lost something," Penny said at last, "Although I think those guys are going to fish it out for you." "They'll probably want to keep it as a trophy," Laura giggled, her eyes wild with alcoholic delight. She was slurring slightly but not too much... "This is more comfortable - I float naturally so that thing was just weighing me down." "Your nipples are showing," June pointed out. Now she was standing in the shallows her boobs were (mostly) clear of the water and everyone had a direct, uninterrupted view of her chest. Her breasts were incredible; jutting proudly forwards and sideways from her torso. Long, graceful curves that hung deep on her chest, sagging slightly under their own immense weight. Nipples larger than thumbs stood proud at her extremity, angled slightly downwards as gravity inexorably pulled her down. Laura was a work of nature. The few, minor stretch marks that dotted the edges of her tits only accentuated their impressive bulk. "Don't be a prude," Laura laughed, before prodding her friend and giggling (which set her whole upper body shaking in turn). "You've seen me naked before in the changing room." "These people haven't," Jane waved her hand around the crowded party "Are you trying to start an orgy?" "Oooh," Laura smiled, her face going momentarily vacant. "If enough of them have just a 'little' bit more they might be up for that. I need some more vodka... Do you two want anything as well?" "I'm good," Penny grinned. And as Laura splashed (and bobbed) her way to the edge of the pool the two of them noticed Vickie appearing at the edge of the pool.

Her G cup bikini, also a special present from Penny, was a sight to behold. And whilst Laura's swimsuit had to look like a tent out

of necessity to contain her behemoths Vickie's was just a thin strip of fabric designed to conceal her nipples. Jane noted that the slightest tug and their second most endowed friends' tits would spill free in an avalanche of enclosed flesh. Penny slapped her friend to stop her starring. "What's wrong Jane? You're such a prude." "It's just Laura IS topless, and Vickie might as well be," Jane replied, shuddering slightly. "I don't think I'm drunk enough for this." "Then go get some more gin then you prude," Penny laughed. Jane sighed and began to wade to the side of the pool, adjusting her top as she went. Some guys hovering by the pool entrance saw her

approaching and moved aside to let her through. Their eyes were glued to her as she passed, and she noticed a few marvelling at her sculpted bikini, but none said anything. Vickie raced to meet her at the pool edge, the smaller bombshell bouncing up and down with excitement in the most indecent manner. "Can you believe it Jane! It's marvellous; everything has changed so much!" "It doesn't feel like it," Jane said with a sigh, "I can't remember the old Penny. In my memories we've always partied at her house. We were in this pool sunbathing just last month!" For just a moment Vickie looked a little taken aback but eventually she just shrugged and grinned. Then she raised up and flexed her arm, showing off the way her toned muscles glistened in the light. "I guess we need to be careful what we wish for. No more 'on the spot' wishes - we all do them together or we don't do them at all. I'm not going to risk my best friends falling out over this." Yeah, Jane thought as they weaved their way through the crowd towards the stocked bar.

Vickie's wish had turned her into an Olympic level athlete. Had that always been her plan or had she just wanted extra help lifting those fucking huge tits? Laura was famously slovenly but then she had the excuse that running wasn't just difficult but bloody impossible when hulking around two boulders several times the size of her head. Vickie's boobs on the other hand had taken to her new hyper- athlete form with aplomb. Jealousy was a terrible thing but Jane couldn't help but focus on her friends bodies. She'd always, always been body conscious; you couldn't not be when your height instantly drew anyone's eyes from across the room. Had she subconsciously been attracted to girls with massive tits because they offered the best chance of distracting attention from her height? Why were none of her friends flat chested? As if to prove a point they found Laura, sat upright in the next room, boobs resting on the table before her. She seemed to be challenging a group of men to line up and take shots from out of her cleavage. "Tequila!" the group cried out as the last of the men dived his head into her bosom. The drunken girl reached out, wrapped her hand around his head and shoved him in deeper. Vickie paused to stare at their friend, a mixture of lust and excitement in her eyes. 'So... this is 'that' sort of party is it?' "Just like every party," Jane replied with a shrug. "Penny's money attracts a wild bunch. It's a good job she has in house security in case anything happens." "No," Vickie wagged her finger at her friend; "This is the first time we've done anything like this. This is the first party about the rest of our lives!"

The evening drew late and, as it got colder, the party began to move inside. Vickie, Penny and Jane were part of a small crowd that had gathered in the basement, all gathered around an enormous table adorned with playing cards and a large bowl with a suspiciously fluorescent orange liquid... About two thirds of the people Jane recognised although she could barely name any of them besides her two closest. She was wondering what interactions this new her had with any of them, wondered if any of them thought they had a personal history with her she was unaware of. The Dream Chest was a scary thing if you spent too long thinking about it. As Penny showed the entire world, her entire history, had changed without her realising it. Perhaps she should just stop worrying about it and enjoy the benefits Vickie's new toy had brought them. But Jane was a worrier at heart. She had never been very good at letting things go and just relaxing.

"Pick a card," Vickie said, patting her friend's arm to try and encourage her back into the room. Jane jumped forwards, snatching the nearest playing card, and turned it over to reveal the jack of clubs. "Dare!" her friend hooted with glee, turning to look around the room. "Who has the task master card?" "I do," said Andrei, her nominal date for the evening, said holding up the ace of clubs. It must be the drink talking but Jane had never appreciated how good looking he was! He was tall, slim, very smart but not at all straight laced or boring. He just had this easy-going charm to him that never came across well in the office but here, with a drink in his hand, was more than endearing.

He smiled sheepishly at Jane, an apologetic look in his eyes as he reached towards the cocktail bowl in the centre of the room to refill his glass. Liquid courage she realised. He was feeling guilty about what he was about to do. People in the room were hooting as Andrei bit his lip and then with a spark of inspiration let out a massive Cheshire cat grin. "Jane, I dare you to go upstairs, find Laura, and take a selfie sucking on one of her nipples!" "Fucking yes," Penny cheered, spilling her own cocktail drink as she toasted Andrei. "I've been pissed off all night that she's better things to do than join this game." "Her better thing to do is a marketing executive," Jane replied with a frown. "God knows what their up to right now." "Nathaniel won't mind the interruption, he'd probably enjoy the extra attention," Penny said with a wink. "You've got to do what the Task Master says, it's the rules." Andrei looked sheepish but when she nodded her head in acceptance an enormous grin spread over his face. Jane put down her drink, wondering if she was really drunk enough to do this, and glanced longingly at the clock wondering if she should go to bed early or just play along. It was nearly midnight! She'd been drinking non stop for over six hours so this would not end well. Vickie was looking bemused. Penny was hooting and waving her arm, pumping up the excitement in the room. The crowd was unanimous, they all wanted Laura and her tits to get involved in the game, they were all irritated that she had flaked out early with her chosen conquest for the evening. The clock struck the hour. Jane's eyes met Vickie's. For just a moment the flesh beneath Vickie's scandalously revealing bikini twitched...

*Day 13

Vickie was glancing down at her own boobs, a massive grin spread across her chest. She was the only one not looking at Jane, the only one not cheering her on. Nobody noticed, nobody was paying attention to the second bustiest girl in the building because they were enamoured with the prospect of Jane sucking down the nipple of her one true competitor. But Vickie, and on a subconscious level perhaps Jane, had noticed her new designer H cup bikini top form itself around her swollen bosom.

The straps were wider than the one she had been wearing before, a little broader to spread the weight of their precious cargo across her shoulders. She had more flesh on display than ever before if that was possible and the girl was loving it. But the room had not noticed. The room was too focused on Jane's quest for Laura's nipple. Although Andrei, who had been grinning like a lunatic a second before, was now looking awkward. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned apologetically at Jane. "If you want to do it?" he said, turning the ace of clubs over in his hand. He dropped the playing card to the floor, took another sip of his drink and offered "I can think of

something else?" The cheering had quietened a little. Jane could tell. Everyone was still eager, they 'wanted' her to do this, but the incessant demand had faded. The pressure, the crowd mentality that had overwhelmed the room just before midnight, had completely dissipated. She could do what she wanted.

"No, it's fine!" Jane replied with a grin. She had the advantage now and she was going to use it. With that horrible push gone she was happier to go ahead, but not on their terms, on hers. "I'll suck on Laura's nipple if you fetch her Andrei. I'm not getting between her and her cock, but if you bring her down here, lay her flat on that table and present her to me I'll suck her rock-hard nipple off as though I was giving the best blowjob in history." Andrei visibly gulped. A very dejected man left the room a few moments later to a hollering encouragement from his friends. Whether he would return with, or without, Titania however was doubtful. "If I'm doing this then I want your phones," Jane declared to the room, leaping to her feet and grabbing one of the empty chip bowls from the corner. She held it up for all the people in the room to see. "No cameras, put your phones in the bowl or you'll get nothing from me tonight." And to her surprise and delight not a single one objected. She was left with a bowl full of mobile phones, an enraptured audience, and a pause whilst she awaited to see whether Andrei would return alone or with a friend for her to pleasure. She took one last long swig of liquid courage and grinned with realisation about the way she could control the room. Fucking hell yeah!

Vickie watched Jane with suspicion. That girl knew! It might be subconscious; she might not be aware of it but Jane had watched her fleshy orbs bubble up a size bigger as the clock struck midnight.

It was the first night Vickie had been awake through the transformation and it has been awesome. The moment she'd felt a glowing warmth in her chest she'd nearly orgasmed there on the spot! Hopefully Jane would be too drunk to remember. None of the other girls knew she had wished for bigger tits. None of the other girls knew she secretly planned to out-pace Laura for the titty crown. They all thought muscles were here one and only thing. Well she would have both and none of them would be any the wiser. Soon, about a week and a half away, she would reach that goal. Buzzing with excitement she grabbed her date and retreated upstairs to better explore her new body.

That Jane had a hangover was predictable. That she awoke with a man in the bed besides her was not as guaranteed but definitely a pleasant surprise. She turned over a few times before realising it was Andrei, her task master, the man she had effectively cucked last night. Definitely a one night stand she thought. It might have been a pity shag but her memories after midnight were quite hazy. That he offered to cook breakfast was a nice bonus. Whilst he cooked Jane padded her way around Penny's mansion looking to see if any of her friends were up. Surprisingly Laura was waiting in the lounge, dressed only in a bathrobe, watching television whilst playing puzzle games on her mobile.

"You don't even look tired," Jane remarked as she slotted in besides her. Laura offered a toothy grin in response. "Is this as weird for you as it is me? It's like Penny is a completely different

person; but from her perspective she's known us her whole life." "Just roll with it," Laura shrugged, twisting her neck and cricking her shoulders. Her boobs surged forwards with the upper body movement, threatening to pop out from beneath her robe. "I have never felt better than I do now..." "Can you even get hurt?" Jane asked, surprised. Laura nodded quickly "I stubbed my toe pretty hard the other day and it was horrible until the bleeding stopped... But I think it healed quicker than it would have normally. I'm not super-human, just healthier and more resilient than the average woman." "And I seem to be getting my way a lot more than normal," Jane nodded with a sigh, "It seems like a wasted wish. Penny's life has completely transformed, and our ex-little Vickie has turned into some kind of Olympian. Who knew she had that specific desire in her?" "Well I saw her lifting weights the other day," Laura said with a sly grin; "The girl is stacked in ALL the right ways." They gossiped about their experience from last night, about the crazy ways the world had changed, how this never could have possibly happened in their old lives. Although half way through Jane realised something was off. Some things Laura remembered perfectly but others were just not right. Like the time they had both been arrested for drunken behaviour on Vickie's twenty first birthday. It had been a great learning experience - the two of them dragged out of the club and deposited in the back of a police car. One night in the cells to cool down, a small fine to pay for wasting police time, then home with no more said or done about the incident.

Only the way Laura told it Laura had been arrested and Jane had picked her up from the clink the following morning. It was such a small detail but she didn't dare correct her friend. It was just another way the world really was still changing. Andrei bought them both food, apologised sheepishly for his behaviour last night, and then quietly left to let them enjoy their breakfast in peace. The two friends grinned at each other at the quiet way they had shamed him without saying a word. Several of the other guests who had stayed over departed, stopping in to say goodbye to the two girls and briefly enquire if Penny was up. Midday came and neither their host or Vickie seemed to show any sign of coming down to join them. Eventually Laura glanced over Jane's shoulder and said; "Your ride is here." "Ride?" Jane replied, glancing over her shoulder at a suited gentleman who had just entered the room. He was holding a suitcase and a coat out ready for her. "For the ad campaign," Laura grinned. " He waited by the door, a suitably respectful distance, although it was clear he was waiting for her. Well this was unexpected.

*Day 14

Jane watched the footage back on her phone, impressed at how quickly the ad team had been able to slice together a first draft within twenty-four hours over a Saturday night! Someone had slaved away on this through the weekend. She had spent the car journey reading through her emails on her phone to try and figure out what was going on. The answer had been quite simple. Business was booming. It was booming so well that she had been asked two years ago, and apparently agreed, to become the public face of the company. So now, as well as sit in an office and make spreadsheets, she got to wear designer clothing, have professional makeup applied and make speeches to visiting business delegates at high level meetings. And sometimes they filmed her speeches to use as promotional adverts. And sometimes they paid

her fucking millions for the exclusive rights to her work. She discovered she was under a exclusivity deal worth more per year than her house was worth. "Buy our products," she would conclude with when addressing a room full of corporate shills. There were a few high-powered women around her but it was mostly men. And every single man in the room would listen, respectfully acknowledge her wish, and do just fucking that! 'I don't like the way my hair looks from that camera angle,' she thought self-critically, grimacing slightly at the footage. She emailed the editor a quick note;

came the quick reply,

"Can you not use that one and just

use the other shots? Otherwise looks fab." "Of course,"

"Not a problem."

Jane sighed, deciding that she needed lunch. The sun was nearly setting, and she hadn't decided what to have for dinner yet. Perhaps steak to celebrate? "Andrei?" she called, wondering downstairs to find her new admirer. He had come to apologise that morning, offered to cook her lunch and accidentally revealed he was a celebrated chef amongst his friends. Jane liked good quality food so she decided to keep him.

*Day 25

Vickie watched the morning news briefing with a frown. After an hour pleasuring herself in bed, enjoying the sensitive joys her new frontage had brought whilst distracting herself from the horrors of the day, she realised it was time to get to work. But she was just sooooo big now! Each tit just filled her chest, they had finally succumbed to gravity so they hung low to her naval despite how far they projected forwards. And they were just so sensitive - every time she shifted and felt them move it made her feel moist. But despite how good she felt she'd been watching the news, worrying about what was going on in the world for some time now. Since the weekend party at Pennys, such a hedonistic let down of all her inhibitions, the reality of modern life had hit them like a stone. At first she'd started masturbating just to try to forget about what was going on but now it had just become a habit. She had to physically force herself NOT to begin rubbing down there, or squeezing a nipple and groping herself silly. She had to get out of bed but that would mean lifting these immense weights. Much easier just to lie back and carry on self-administering pleasure... She'd been tempted to use the Dream Chest to try and make the world a better place but the consequences of large-scale changes seemed too unpredictable. Particularly after how she'd already massively screwed with all of her friends lives already. She'd promised to stop, not to touch the Dream Chest without them present and she meant to stick to that promise. That she'd left two repeating wishes, one for herself and one for Jane in there whilst she waited for the chance to get them all together again, was hers (and partially Jane's) secret.

Only... it wasn't any more. She'd turned on the morning news to find out what was going on in the world, what was going to happen to her job, when she'd seen a familiar face grinning at her

from across the media pulpit.

head better into shot. "As mayor of this city," The stand, that usually covered most politicians to mid chest, only barely covered the gangly woman's hips. The cameras seemed to lap her up however, her curves accentuated in a tasteful way by her business suit that covered everything but hinted at the woman beneath.

Jane said, leaning forwards to bring her

"I am sorry to announce that further measures have to be temporarily adopted. I am going to impose several, temporary, public emergency instructions to ensure that our city is not further The small media circus was listening with rapt attention. The men affected by this turmoil." more than the women Vickie had to say but when the mood was one of calm respect and acceptance it seemed almost everyone was fully bought into the Jane brand.

"City funds have been released to deal with this crisis and I have the authority to announce investments in infrastructure and public health. Though this is a difficult day we will get through this, I wish to take you all on this journey wish me and soon, if not tomorrow Fucking hell. then soon, we can put this dark day behind us..." Too much had changed, Vickie realised. She'd accidentally created a billionaire delinquent, installed a new city mayor and ruined one of her best friendships in the process. Squeezing her titanic breasts close to her chest she realised that she had to stop this now before the changes went any further.

The Dream Chest was hidden in the cupboard beneath her television, just where she had left it since Jane's visit to her house a fortnight earlier. The night where she had secretly, without telling anyone, sent her down this path to becoming the bustiest woman on the planet. To get to it she would have to crouch down, but she couldn't just lean forwards – no matter how strong her muscles had become her back could not take that weight. Her days of acrobatics, fun as they may have been, were now long behind her, and all the material evidence she had that they had ever existed had gone; replaced by photos of... these beautiful monsters! And she couldn't kneel – her tits now overfilled her lap. There was just too much flesh between her torso and her legs for her to get low enough to reach into the cupboard comfortably. And she wasn't going to lie on her front because that would just be too painful. She managed to cramp herself down low enough to reach her arm in and reach out for the Dream Chest. Her hand reached into the cupboard and waived through empty space. Disbelieving she reached out again, further back, and her fingers touched the dry wood of the back of the cupboard. It was empty. The Dream Chest was gone. And her own chest was still fucking growing!

... To be continued in Act III

Also Available from Sობტაც

The Twins

Gina's life is going through some changes. Hopefully bigger breasts will just be the start of an incredible journey.

- bonus Epilogue 'Perfect Bodies'

Sobtac's Other Latest Releases

Troubled Waters

Mike and Elsa's anniversary was not going to plan...

28-page pdf sequence.

Transgender, Breast Expansion.

Status: Recruited – Giantess Sequence Two Pills – Breast expansion and Shrinking Woman
Making Adjustments – Breast expansion and Penis Enlargement

These and more illustrated Sequences are available for Purchase through Deviantart or
<https://364527.e-junkie.com>

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, loosing 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

Also Available from Sობტაც

The Twins

Gina's life is going through some changes. Hopefully bigger breasts will just be the start of an incredible journey.

- contains bonus Epilogue
'Perfect Bodies'

Further short stories and illustrated sequences available for purchase through Deviantart or <https://sobtac.e-junkie.com/>:

Status: Recruited

Making Adjustments

Two Pills

In a secret location deep underground a Giantess slumbers, observed by patient eyes...

Despite her misgivings Nadine answered an online advert to try out a new experimental drug designed to enhance feminine beauty.

35 page pdf sequence. Giantess.

30 page pdf sequence. Breast Expansion. Penis Expansion.

Strip naked and take one pill each. Which one will you have; red or blue? Choose wisely and discover your fate. Learning is all part of the fun

11 page pdf comic. Breast Expansion. Shrinking Woman.