

Wishes: Ad Infinitum

Part Four

Inspired by a concept from Max Mammaries

ACT IV – Laura’s Story

try Told Twice Over *Day 23

The Titans were inescapable. Laura Berthier had grown to accept this, and actually come to revel in the dominance of her prodigious sweater puppies. She had long ago made peace with the idea that they would rule her life and, like the most extreme form of Stockholm syndrome in history, had become their most fervent fan. On both Twitter, Instagram, Reddit and OnlyFans she’d adopted the moniker ‘Titania’, merging together her massive assets with her love for Shakespeare. For some reason though everyone felt obliged to ask her about her breasts and not one person wanted to know what she thought about midsummer night’s dream. Funny that. Laura had been a D cup at 15 and, for a while, incredibly embarrassed by her breasts. For a couple of months her teenage self had barely left the house unless her mom actually forced her out because she couldn’t take the attention they brought. She’d been scared and apprehensive about receiving attention she didn’t want, about the judgement her less blessed ‘friends’ would make. ‘People are going to stare’ her mom had told her ‘But its only because you are blessed – there’s nothing to be ashamed about.’ If only her mom had known what was coming. Big breasts ran in the family but the genetic combination of her parents and a random quirk of fate had produced a girl of outstanding natural assets who had needed to learnt to accept her body quickly.

Once she’d gotten over the initial discomfort of her body doing its own thing without consulting her, teenage Laura had actually been rather proud of her ‘blessings’. Standing still in profile she’d practiced stretching and turning in front of the mirror, studying the way her bulging assets stood out and changed her profile. If she was going to have to carry big boobs then she needed to understand how they moved and how they looked. She had to be a master of her own self-image. But they kept growing, and Laura had to keep readjusting. And somewhere around an F cup she had to do an internal reassessment. Her mum insisted on staying body positive but Laura began to doubt guys could really ever find her attractive. They weren’t just curves any more they were heavy lumps. Surely her areola were freakishly large? Even if the size itself wasn’t a problem her boobs weren’t perfectly centred, because of the way her breasts hung from her frame they tended to loll off to the side, exposing her breastbone in the process. She also began to notice the first signs of sagging... Big boobs hang. The titans were going to succumb to gravity; the best thing she could do was ensure she always had a well-fitting bra with the proper support. The better the bra the less prominent the bounce, the happier her back and the more enjoyment her lovers got peeling it off her to reveal the titans in all their naked glory. Within a few years when she left the house Laura began to dress to flaunt her breasts as much as possible. The titans swung free and hung low, swelling with every passing year until, when she reached 21, they settled somewhere between a J and KK cup depending on her time

of the month. And she loved her fun bags – even though they weren't always exactly fun.

She'd be the first to complain about mismatched bikinis, about the impossibility of finding suitable bralettes, the requirement for industrial massive straps on every piece of clothing and worst of all the moist trapped flesh if she got overly sweaty. But there were more than enough reasons to love her body and one of the best was the way she had evolved to flaunt them. It was no longer an involuntary act but a natural facet of her evolution. Everyone felt sorry for the unwanted attention they must bring but it didn't bother her. She wasn't going to let a few sick perverts ruin her day; fuck them. In Laura's personal philosophy, whilst she did have to put up with a lot of unwanted attention, she was also blessed with its opposite. She got a lot of wanted attention, on hand, whenever she needed it. No matter how dark she was feeling, no matter how crappy her day, if she needed to find someone to give her a quick complement or a pick me up, she could get one instantly with no problem. A low-cut top, sensual walk and winning smile was all it would take to get the love flowing in. There's something special about well-endowed women, wearing a plunging neckline that makes people more gracious around them. Living with massive boobs meant she had the ability to flaunt them with ease and she wasn't alone. Besides all the men looking for eye candy she'd found plenty of similarly endowed women online who supported each other and shared amusing stories. In fact fully a quarter of titania's regular followers were fellow busty women looking to big each other up. They were a sisterhood, a community. And the best parts were when, once in a blue moon, one of her unique friends went ahead and tied the knot with a lucky guy. She grinned when she spotted the dresses chosen for providing full cleavage; strapless gowns that left nothing to hide. Women who

accepted their unique gifts and wanted the world to know how blessed they were. Everyone had their type and Laura wanted a man who loved hugs despite the inconveniences they caused. She had to buy clothes nearly three sizes up from the rest of her body and get a personal tailor to modify them to fit. Her small waist and tender back relied on the support that well-prepared garments could bring, and she had to exercise daily to keep her body in check. But it was worth it. As long as she was careful it was fine; she just had to keep moving – if she stood or sat in the same position for too long her back would seize up. However anyone who knew her said it was surprising how little they impacted on her life; she could even lie on her front if she needed to – the titans so large they naturally squeezed out to her sides like a pair of inflated life rafts! She was healthy and happy and everyone around her seemed to enjoy her presence. The titans brought joy to the world wherever she went! And it would have all been fine had she never met Vickie. Poor, weird, crazy Vickie who made the special custom-made lingerie Laura needed to keep her titans in check look like a training bra. Poor, naïve little Vickie who was so 'boob positive' that even Laura was unnerved by it. A woman wants to feel like a woman, and boobs are the most obvious hallmark of a female profile. Women were jealous but it wasn't normally just about the boobs. Women appreciate each other who have great figures, who present an overall striking package, and the jealousy doesn't come from that one place. But not with Vickie. Vickie had two things going for her and going for her hard.

And whilst Laura had to work hard to keep her body supple, to prevent her back ever seizing up, Vickie had used a magic box to wish herself the body of an Amazonia goddess to support her

massive boobs. The girl was a genius! And Laura had never once dared admit aloud how jealous she was. She posted regular topless photos in forums with the tag 'biggerthanherhead' but there was one moniker she occasionally glanced at but retracted away from because it was so uniquely Vickie's. BIGGER THAN HER TORSO. Nearly, oh so nearly. Vickie's boobs were so large she had been wheelchair bound before using the stone to give her the muscular frame that would allow her to heft her boobs around. Laura had felt a shiver of envy run through her breasts the moment she laid eyes on this freakish girl and insisted that they become the best friends possible. It was like boob-gravity where she was held in circling the immensity of her friend's boobs. But though Vickie was body positive in every way, and had pride and love for her unique body, she wasn't interested in sharing it online. None of her closest three friends were the kind of unique exhibitionist Laura was; more's the pity. That morning Laura awoke, went about her business and then turned in to bed believing that all of that was true, and that it had always been true. She gave her lonely titans a little fondle as she pulled out her bedtime aides and slipped off to sleep satisfied with self-love and the knowledge that, though she wasn't the biggest, she was what she was meant to be... ..and that was all that mattered.

*Day 24

Laura woke up on her back, slightly gasping for breath as her heavy breasts compressed her ribcage. She could breathe just fine with these short breaths but the weight was inescapable if you found yourself on your back for too long. She slept wearing a stretchy tube top to hold her boobs together but slipped it off to revel in freedom as she padded around her bedroom getting dressed. Some of her friends said they hated the jiggle but Laura adored the sensation. She showered and then dried her hair, critically appraising her reflection all the time; were those wrinkles forming around her eyes? A few crows feet forming at the edges? Uurgh. In response, as soon as she had finished brushing her teeth she reached for her phone, angled it looking down from above to get a fantastic view of her chest and inched her towel open just far enough to get a tasty view of her right nipple. The photograph had a hint of naughtiness to it, of her sharing an intimate secret with just her friends! Thirty seconds later the photograph was online and she awaited the loving reassurance from men and women to tell her she was still beautiful. The picture churned its way through social media whilst she dressed and soon her phone started to buzz. Nearly dressed she reached for it with a grin but was surprised to see messages not just from her followers but also Penny.

'Ring me. ASAP.'

Laura frowned, glanced at the clock and the ungodly hour she'd awoken, shrugged and hit the dial button. It rang just once before her best friend snatched it up. "Fucking hell Laura, we've been lied to." Penny sounded livid, she was almost snarling as she spoke.

"What are you talking about Penny?" Laura frowned as she headed downstairs to grab a coffee. "Whose been lying to us?" "Vickie," Penny replied. "I... I've been getting paranoid about the wishing chest. I wasn't there when you or Jane used it, and neither of us were there when Vickie and Jane used it the second time. We can't see the changes that start when we aren't there for the original wish." "Yes," Laura said, watching her kettle start to fizz and bubble with envy. "We

almost had to reintroduce ourselves to you the other week; it was awkward as hell but I thought we had gotten past that. We still know each other, nothing's changed that much." "...But it has," Penny replied quickly. There was a few seconds pause that allowed Laura to put her on speakerphone whilst she began to pour her coffee. "Jane's the fucking mayor now Penny; she used to just work in PR. Her wish, to get more respect, has been slowly paying dividends as she got promoted, then headhunted, then fucking elected!" "Yeah, I remember her leaving her job," Laura laughed. "She never left her job; history changed around her because her wishes rewrote history." Coffee in hand Laura decided to take a long, much needed sip and let her friend continue rather than ask a redundant question. "I went to check the Dream Box last night; I snuck in whilst Vickie was out and I put in a wish so that I could see what had changed. I hated the way I'd been left out and I wanted to get back on a level playing field with the three of you." "Okay," Laura nodded; "And we don't remember this because Vickie and Jane did it on their own to correct the original accident she did to herself." "The wishes repeated; and Jane's original wish not to be intimidating evolved into men treating her as some kind of prey to be hunted. But that wish hasn't been undone; men are still not intimidated by her, but they are also full of admiration. It's a

powerful message for a female politician not to have men intimidated by their success but also adored for their positive message." "Okay, so it worked out for her." "It worked out for us. In this new world Jane's endorsement gave my new business the boost it needed to flourish! I thought I was a self-made woman, I wished for money and ended up with millions in my bank account but I didn't need the money. I thought I'd done it all on my own. No, before the wishes my business was failing. Before the wishes Laura I was a failed entrepreneur who NEEDED the money to survive." Unintended consequences. Laura sipped at her perfectly brewed coffee and considered her friend's words. In her memory Jane had left her add agency a few years ago and taken up her job in politics with relish. Jane had always been positive about promoting her friend's businesses and generous with spending cash on her friends. Shit, were the last few years of her memory a fiction? Some new reality created by the wishing chest to accommodate the specific demands they had put into it? "Oh, but that's nothing! Not compared to what Vickie's done to herself," Penny began...

Laura was angrier than she had been in her life. Shivering with rage she and Penny had gone straight to Vickie's house and, whilst Laura had sat and chatted to Vickie and Dan (he looked cute, but he only ogled Laura's chest whilst Vickie wasn't in the room, bastard needed to show her titans a little more

respect) Penny slipped the Dream Chest out of its cupboard and deposited it in her waiting car. The entire time she was chatting Laura had to hold back the seething rage bubbling away inside her about what Vickie had done. She kept glancing down at the two simply ginormous rolls of flesh that Vickie called her boobs and hold back the urge to shriek 'fake' at her. In her memories Vickie had always been over-blessed, cursed by a puberty that rolled over her like an 18-wheeler. Vickie's breasts were simply massive; each blubbery tit swelling down into her lap and almost out to her knees! For years Laura had struggled with a strange mix of envy and pity; adoration for the physical object that was Vickie's unique body but also disappointment that

they caused her friend such difficulties. The changes the Dream Chest had brought on Vickie had turned the rest of her body into an Amazonian goddess! She would always be dominated by her boobs but with her swollen muscles rippled with power. Before the wishes she had been wheelchair bound if she wanted to walk more than a few meters; yes fully able to stand unaided but would wince with pain if it was for more than a few minutes. And this new Vickie was fully capable; she was never going to be lithe or light on her feet but she could pace around the room just fine. Her planetoid boobs rolled and swayed before her like twin behemoths, carving a path through the air as they bulged out ever forwards to occupy more of the room than the girl behind them. Without the Dream Chest they thought Vickie would have been a tragic figure but no, Vickie had done this to herself deliberately. And Dan, Penny assured her, was also only here because the Dream Chest had inadvertently summoned a boob worshiper to care for Penny's needs.

He was literally only here for the tits. It almost sickened her to watch the two of them together.

That evening the conspirators sat around Laura's sofa staring intently at the stolen Dream Chest. Penny had reached in and extracted the ongoing wish that gave Jane exponentially more power and respect than before. City mayor was enough; if their friend rose any further it would cause significant changes neither of them wanted to risk. It wasn't that they had lost Jane as a friend when she became a politician but they saw less and less of her because of it. Penny also removed her own wish to see what had changed. But Laura had stopped her from removing Jane's wish for bigger boobs. The two of them stared at it in the top drawer, wondering what they should do. "It's cruel and unusual punishment," Penny said eventually, shivering a little about what Laura had suggested they do. "We can't do that to her." "She did it to herself," Laura replied instantly, full of the same venom that had powered them through the day. "You're cooling down Penny but this morning you were raging. Almost the first thing you said to me; she lied to us." "I was raging because I thought I was a successful businesswoman," Penny retorted, wringing her fists. "Turns out everything I had was given to me." "Yes, and that's only one thing taken from us. I want what you have; I want to know what's changed. We have the Dream Chest, we can ensure no one else uses it without our knowledge. Let's

just sit on this and decide in a few days what to do when we've cooled down." "And Vickie will grow each and every day! She's slowly becoming immobile again, no, fuck, she never was immobile...." Penny scratched her head in frustration as memories of multiple realities clashed in her head. The original Vickie had been a waifish stray, not into sports or any physical activity because of a crippling lack of stamina. Then muscle-bound Vickie had been all over every sport imaginable. She'd been an Olympic level athlete who could have made it big if that had ever been her vocation. But now boob-bound Vickie, a fictional creation that only existed in their memories, had been a woman desperate to remain positive despite the fact she was being slowly crushed by her ever bulging breasts. They could both remember her trapped in a wheelchair, forcing a grin as she wheeled herself from place to place always preceded by her mammoth assets. A girl who had been desperate to use the Dream Chest to regain full mobility but too proud of her 'uniqueness' to ever wish her gigantomastia away... Only that Vickie had never existed! It was a fiction created to fill in the gaps and lead to the current reality. But Laura

was determined. She would see her friend 'back' in that wheelchair before they fixed this. Vickie probably had no memory about her new history, probably wasn't aware of the rewriting of her personal past, but before this was over she would have to learn. Laura needed to teach her a lesson. She and the titans had been insulted and there was no going back from that. There could be no greater sin!

*Day 25

Laura awoke with a grin. History had changed again, ever so subtly. This was amazing! She didn't need to spy on Vickie to see how her friend's growth was progressing; each and every night her memories adjusted to tell her what had changed! She could see in her mind's eye the bulging heft and weight her 'friend' was dragging with her as she walked. She could picture the straining muscles in her back and try to judge just how many days Vickie would have left before true immobility set in. Now that she'd had a night to think on it Laura wondered if she really was being too vindictive. But no, the course was set. Vickie wanted the biggest breasts there was. By god she was going to get them!

Vickie's breasts hung down past her bellybutton. Even in her massive heavy duty bra cups there was nothing she could do about it; big breasts were going to sag. But a new sensation had arrived today; perhaps it had been slowly building for a few days now but now she couldn't escape the sensation. Her breasts were actually painful to lift for any length of time! The weight was just too much to bear. She may not have fixated on this, she may not even have worried about it if she hadn't discovered that the box had gone. To extract the Dream Chest from the cabinet she'd had to bend down and crush her right boob to reach in and discover empty space where she'd left it before.

The pain was being brought in by anxiety. Yes, her boobs were heavy but she was strong, there was nothing to worry about. This wasn't real pain but stress she was experiencing; a new worry as her body braced itself for changes yet to come. But as the day went on Vickie found herself getting more and more frantic as she rifled through cupboards, opened drawers and searched in every hiding space to see if the Dream Chest had moved. But then the weight hanging off her chest made it difficult to keep up the search as long as she wanted so she collapsed back on the sofa temporarily defeated. Thinking that her past self she may have moved the box somewhere she systematically started looking through every drawer and cabinet until her aching boobs cried out for her to rest. With one final burst of energy, she tore through her apartment searching for it until she finally lay down in exhaustion and resolved to find the box the next morning. Dan came in from work and asked her what was wrong but she couldn't bring herself to tell him; the truth was just too weird to be spoken aloud. He was horny as hell to see her but Vickie's mood just couldn't bring her to satisfy him. Apologising she crawled into bed topless, enjoying the sensation of him nestling against her oversized breasts, promising that she'd make it up to him in the morning if she felt better. He fell asleep almost instantly, arms cradled around her right breast. He was cradling it almost as though it was a separate entity to her... Vickie lay there until midnight, dreading the coming change.

*Day 26

Midnight arrived and the changes began. Vickie felt it start before she saw any changes. There was a warmth deep inside her that flooded out to fill her boobs. Each of her titanic sweater puppies seemed to momentarily swell out, just a momentary gasp of life before they paused for the real, actual growth. She felt the extra load on her chest before she saw them grow any further. Mass was developing inside her, flesh piling into each of her boobs. New fatty tissues gathered, and though they began to force her pliant flesh upwards they also pushed downwards with ever greater force onto her body. The added weight was unbearable! What cup size was she now? Somewhere beyond an O cup? Each extra cup size meant an increase in inches around her chest but that meant an exponential increase in volume. Vickie wished she had paid more attention in maths lectures; there was an equation that related radii and volume of a sphere. What was it? The radii was cubed, so for every extra millimetre outwards projection she would gain 3 times as much mass or volume. So much extra weight! And then, after that momentary pause, like a sprinter taking a breath before starting, she saw her flesh begin to rise. Upwards it flowed, her boobs swelling out to fill the air. Dan loosened his grip around her boob as it flowed into him, and he gently shuffled backwards to give it more space. Her nipples tented towards the ceiling, each fully erect in the cold night air. She could barely see them now; they were far down her chest and partially hidden by her own natural curvature. And then, just as quickly as the change had started, it was over and she was a new woman all over again.

Tentatively she reached down with her hands to feel at her distant nipples. It was hard, almost impossible, to do so without painfully compressing her breast flesh sideways to get a grip but she managed. There. Her hand found a nub larger than her thumbs, thick and round and bulging and oh so, so very sensitive. Dan leaned in closer, his stubble scratching at her breast. Irritably she shifted, turning her body way from him so that he could spoon against her back. The motion turned each breast to lie on her far side but as she turned, for just a moment, she felt the full weight of what felt like a bowling ball pushing down on her front. Ouch! The tension left Vickie to be replaced by a deep, deep sadness. The weight was not unmanageable but she could feel each breast pressing down onto her and now also down onto each other. Getting up in the morning would be a challenge. But that was one for then, now she was exhausted. Lying in bed all night anxious about what was coming had drained her physically and emotionally and she drifted off with tears welling in her eyes. Her dreams came and they were not pleasant. She imagined a pair of boobs each as large as the bed smothering her in her sleep.

She awoke to the pleasant sensation of Dan stroking her back. She turned her head to smile at him, although her huge boobs lying on the bed kept her body facing away from him. "Good morning," he said tenderly, rubbing his hand up to her shoulder blade. He felt her muscular form tense and then relax

beneath his gentle massage, watched as she gently stretched out in the bed. She grinned at him, forgetting her problems in the moment and focused purely on the man smiling down at her from the pillow. Slowly she started turning towards him, having to reach down and lift each massive orb on her chest up and individually pass them over her body to

allow her to roll over. "Are you feeling better?" Dan asked hopefully, lightly stroking one of her breasts. Vickie shivered with pleasure; they said bigger boobs were less sensitive but not her. She could feel the heat running through her. She gave an imperceptible nod and Dan leaned down to kiss her. Whilst she wrapped her arms around him to pull him closer, his chest squishing pleasantly across her boobs, his hands roamed her body before eventually, inevitably, settling on her breasts. The act of pulling him in pushed them out so they ballooned out sideways and his fingers settled around her loose nipple that had forced its way free. There was just so much of her, all able to feel the press of his body and his arms as he leaned into her. The sensation was better than it ever had been before! The sex replaced the worries of the night. Dan and Vickie rode waves of ecstasy as she kissed him aggressively, then climbed on top and began to ride him. If she leant ever so slightly forwards she could rest each heavy breast on his chest and then gyrate freely, revelling in the sensation of his rocking abs and roaming hands pleasuring her every inch. When the first orgasm hit her, she leaned into him and let her nipples press into his body, heightening and lengthening her orgasm. She stayed on him for a few minutes more before her second orgasm hit at the same time as his first. Gasping for breath, she rolled off of him and lay beside him.

They cuddled for some time, with Dan gently holding an arm between her breasts. It felt nice to oh so completely envelope him like that. "What do you want to do today?" he asked eventually, a hopeful gleam in his eye. Vickie shivered for a moment before replying. "I need to look for something," she replied. "A wooden box, an antique chest with two drawers. I thought I'd left it somewhere but yesterday when I went to get it out I couldn't find it anywhere. I can't think where it could have gone - you haven't seen it have you?" "No," he replied puzzled. "I'll let you know if I see it." They nuzzled for a few more minutes until breakfast called. Vickie watched him stand and dress before reluctantly realised she would have to brave her new body eventually. With a great effort she heaved her body into an upright position and looked down, properly looked, at what she had become. Jesus she was big. It had been a joke before but now it was a fact of life that each breast rested heavily on her legs. She could feel the flesh distorting around her muscular thighs, the slight pressure as the flesh unsupported by her ribcage piled onto her lower body. There was simply no room in front of her for her hands, the entire space from ribs down to waist was taken by flesh. It bubbled up from beneath her chin and obscured most of the bed and her entire feet from her field of vision. She glanced around the room and was surprised to see her wheelchair waiting besides the bed. She hadn't left that there last night? It had appeared the day after her jog through town, when she had strained herself and collapsed after an ill advised run. If she'd been thinking straight she would have taken her wish out of the Dream Chest then - that was the moment things had turned sour. Why hadn't she?

Because Dan had chosen that day to come stay with her. He still had his own place but the two of them stayed together most nights and... Yeah, she could blame the distraction he had caused on her hesitance to stop this. But now, if she couldn't find the Dream Chest, she might have left it too late and doomed herself to... No, whatever future that way lay was not worth thinking about. She was missing something, she just had to figure out what. She stood slowly and carefully. She passed one leg and then the other over the edge of the bed and then eased herself up onto her feet, tensing her back and lifting with her whole body. Amazingly her breasts

lifted up off her thighs and hung pendulously in the air; her body muscles could take the weight! Her skin however screamed in protest. Each massive orb hung off her front and it pulled inexorably down on her neck and shoulders, it was a small pain but she had a feeling the longer she stood unsupported the worse it would get. She ambled towards the closet carefully, hyper aware that her nipples projected over a foot out in front of her and were liable to bump into anything. They also swung out to her sides a significant amount and she glanced nervously over at the doorway wondering if she would fit through it. She would today, but what about tomorrow? It was actually nearly impossible to open her closet without giving into that and stepping forwards into her breasts, crushing her right nipple against the cupboard door as she slid it open. Once she was inside she pulled out one of the huge industrial size custom made bras hanging in there. Holding it up she stared at the cups with disbelief! She could have fitted a weeks worth of laundry in each cup and still had room to spare! Glancing around the closet she realised she now had a lot more flowing garments and belts rather than jogging shorts and tube tops.

Presumably her extreme body shape meant she needed these clothes in order not to expose too much cleavage. At least skirts would be easy to pull up over her hips when she couldn't see anything below her tits from the front. She could still reach around and under them easily enough although that too would change in time. Once she had eaten breakfast, a meal she consumed by placing the cereal bowl between her breasts and sitting on the sofa rather than joining Dan at the breakfast table, she began to search her home again. It was familiar enough - she had lived here for a long time, but she struggled to come up with anywhere it could have ended up. Instead of providing a solution to her conundrum the search just showed her how much her world had changed. Photographs around the flat now showed her head poking out behind enormous sweaters or jumpers. From a distance she would have assumed the woman in the pictures was morbidly obese but only when you looked closer did you spot it was all breast flesh tenting those tops! Her sports clothes had disappeared. The trophies and awards for community races had all gone. Clearly the new Vickie did not believe in physical exercise of any sort. After an hour of storming around the house she realised she was getting out of breath and the weight of her boobs, and the constricting bra that tugged at her rib cage, was making her take shallower and shallower breaths. She reached down with her arms, grasped her immense size and lifted herself up ever so slightly. For just a few moments her lungs rejoiced at the freedom and she greedily sucked in full lungful's of air for the first time that day. But she couldn't spend the day walking around holding her breasts; even if the weight was not a problem they were just too unwieldy to keep a firm grip on.

Reluctantly she gently set herself back down, letting each breast settle in the bra cup before resuming her search. By lunchtime she was exhausted and came to accept that the Dream Chest was not in her flat although she had no idea where it could have gone. Glumly she ate lunch trying not to stare down at her massive boobs and think about what would happen if she didn't find it soon.

Dan offered to take her out for dinner. Vickie nearly said no because she felt incredibly self-conscious about her new bust but then realised that, for everyone else, she had always been

like this. Also she had no idea how much larger she was going to get before recovering the Dream Chest and so she had better enjoy going out whilst she still could whilst retaining some semblance of decency. Her new reality had already provided a stunning red dress that offered a mile and a half worth of cleavage and thus no need for a clutch bag. Vickie had always been jealous of women capable of storing mobile phones or other amenities in their bras and now she had all of them beaten! The sun was setting as she and Dan stepped out of the front door and, for the first time since discovering the Dream Chest was missing, Vickie enjoyed fresh outdoors air! Her boobs wobbled with delight, with only the compressive bra and thin red fabric to restrain them they seemed to swell with the thought of gaining a public audience. Now aware of the limits of her new body Vickie had to walk very carefully so as not to over-bounce her voluptuous assets. The

extra weight suspended in front of her chest wobbled at the slightest step and she was sure if she tried to star jump the jiggling would knock her to the floor. Dan asked repeatedly if they should bring her chair but she reassured him she would be seated the whole journey there and back and most of the time they were in the restaurant. She just had to walk the short distance to and from car to chair and that would not be a problem. She didn't voice it but inside she was dismayed as the doubtful way he accepted her judgement on that. Clearly he would go alone with it but he didn't agree. Getting into the car she had to heave one breast in through the door high enough that she could climb in beneath it and then allow her immensity to settle on her lap, obscuring her view of the lower windscreen. As for getting buckled in she found that an extender had already been put around the belt so that it could stretch around her massive bosom! With a sigh she leaned back in the chair, grinned at Dan and gave him a thumbs up to indicate he should go. And he tried to drive as smoothly as possible but every bump in the road, every time he had to break for traffic or every dratted pothole she felt in the form a wobble through her vast bosom. The restaurant he took them to was fairly quiet, thank god, and their table was nice and discrete in the corner. Vickie sat down and, for a long while, wondered how close to the table she was going to be able to sit. If she shuffled forwards then either she would have to hold back with a half foot of cleavage between her and the table, or she would have to just pull her jugs up and rest them on the table for Dan to admire the while time. In the end she settled on sitting at a 45 degree angle to the table, using it to compress her breast and shove it to the side, making her feel horribly precarious as her entire frontage was now pulling

her sideways to the floor, but on the other hand she was looking directly at Dan for the whole meal. And he was a delight! How had her boobs managed to ensnare her such a perfect gentleman? He seemed really anxious about her health and comfort, and whenever she shied away from the topic he caught on quickly. He filled her in on what had been happening at her old job. It turned out that she usually worked from home now and only came in one or two days a month maximum to get some hands on time with the exhibits. Was she really turning into an invalid because of her tits were too massive? She grinned the entire drive home imagining what she would do to Dan once he had his shirt off. He'd been such a gentleman the entire meal and she wanted some satisfaction to drive off the stress and anxiety that had been washing over her throughout the day. How to reward him for taking such good care of her? He parked the car and reached for his seatbelt but before he could open the car door Vickie pushed her boobs forwards

and leant across the gap between the seats to kiss him. They held their mouths together for a long time before parting. "Push your chair back," Vickie said with a hushed voice, "I want to try something." Silently Dan complied and Vickie lifted her legs to climb up onto the car seat. She managed to get half way before she found she had a problem... In order to get onto her knees she needed to lift her leg into a space currently occupied by her right breast. Her hands were busy supporting her upper body weight and she was half twisted towards Dan with her bum in the air facing the car window. Hopefully there was no one outside to enjoy an eyeful.

Screw it she thought and she shoved herself forwards, pushing her boobs onto the central dashboard, squishing them against the handbrake. Now she was on her hands and knees with her upper body over Dan's own and able to wrap her arms around his body. "Just lean back and let me thank you," she said, a hand fiddling with the button at the top of his trousers. She had to readjust, pushing her prodigious fat breasts out of the way as she found a position that allowed her to lean down and wrap her lips around his fat member. If she got any bigger; she would not be able to squish down and do this again. Best to enjoy herself whilst she could...

*Day 27

Vickie woke wondering why she was struggling to breath. Then she remembered the weight each breast had been putting on her chest and realised that yes, they were heavier and bigger yet again. Looking down she was impressed and amazed at the girth of jiggling womanliness that flowed out from her collarbone to envelope the entire bed! Whilst Dan had been running his hands over her body the previous night she'd briefly wished he had more arms as his hands had felt so small against her body. But her vastness the night before was nothing compared the acreage that wobbled on top of her now; flowing out to either side so that she could feel her own boobflesh pressing in against her sides and filling her armpits. She squeezed her arms underneath her boobage, scrabbling with her fingers to get purchase beneath her vastness and began to heave upwards with her arms. Thank god for the upper body strength she had bestowed upon herself as the old Vickie would never have been able to lift these titanic beasts. Her breasts spilled out around her arms, as she lifted with her arms they rose up to smother her chin and wobbled dangerously as they threatened to spill out of control. The movement lifted them off her legs however and enabled her to stand; a little precariously but definitely upright. However as she tried to lower her arms she encountered a problem. Slowly she lowered and her breasts descended; she went down and they fell away from her chin to give her free head movement, and she lowered her hands even further and the breasts continued to sag downwards. Her hands went down as low as she could reach and she still felt pliant flesh piled into her open palms waiting to drop.

She was terrified that if she let go the weight would pull her to the floor! Slowly and carefully she turned back towards the bed, hovering her boobs over the mattress so that if the weight was unbearable she would not have far to fall. With the utmost care Vickie carefully let go of her breasts and... Her back held, but only just. She needed to get these massive beasts into a bra as soon as possible or she was going to be in real trouble. Slowly she turned around, hyper aware of the apparent wind her nipples felt as they swung freely through the air. The simple laws of physics meant that no matter how slowly she turned her torso, the extremities of her

boobs had so much further to travel. She stumbled across the bedroom to her wardrobe and, approaching it side on opened the door with her right hand. Even standing sideways to the wardrobe the side of her tit brushed against the opening door and she had to back away, walk around it and approach from the front to see her clothes inside. The truly mammoth bra had a custom label with no size on it; instead there was an address and a simple statement confirming that the amazing garment that her old body could have worn as some kind of tent had been 'tested to a maximum weight capacity of 10 kg per cup' Ten kilograms per breast? She stared at the garment with disbelief. The cups were fairly rigid with wide plastic bands threaded through them to give her breasts support throughout. They almost looked specifically fitted for her shape; which, she imagined, was entirely possible. This certainly wasn't something bought off the shelf. Appraising the contraption which has a whopping eleven back straps and two shoulder braces, all of which had almost an entire meter of free material so she could wrap them around her boobs and then hoist into place, she began to pull the monstrosity onto her torso.

Even wearing it she could feel the weight still pulling down on her. Save for a trolley to push before her carrying her immensity there was no taking that burden away. Glumly she glanced at the wheelchair besides the bed and accepted that the world was trying to tell her something.

As she didn't want to go out to the cafe Jane came round to hers. Vickie didn't stay in the wheelchair for long but she did rest in it for a short while as she waited for her friend to arrive. From that moment on she settled on the settee and grinned at her friend over the mountain of breasts wobbling between them. Jane barely blinked, as though this wasn't all new but an everyday occurrence. "I feel like a whole new woman," Jane said, passing over her phone so Vickie could look at the pictures she'd taken on it. "I get to meet businessmen, celebrities, politicians and they all want to know my opinion about things. I go to town debates, listen to both sides push an argument and then make judgements about what should happen." "That's not how politics is meant to work," Vickie said with a frown; "It sounds more like your running some sort of feudal court." "Perhaps not but the thing is, even when I rule against people, they respect the fact that I'm doing it. I'm only the chair of the meeting. If necessary I get the casting vote but everything gets decided by committee. Even if I disagree with something the fact that everyone falls in line and goes along with the final vote, and they respect that decision and agree it should be implemented; well local politics has never run so smoothly. My advisor says

things have been going so well that my re-election is almost assured." "Well I'm glad you're happy," Vickie said with a sigh; "Because, I've lost the Dream Chest, so all changes made so far are permanent for now." "Lost it?" Jane asked, eyes flicking upwards in alarm. "What do you mean you've lost it?" "No more wishes," Vickie said, holding back about her final, secret, ongoing wish. "It used to be in the cupboard over there but when I checked the other day it was gone. I've searched everywhere but I can't find it." "You think someone's taken it?" "Why would anyone take it?" Vickie sighed, "No one else but us four know what it does." "Have you asked Penny or Laura?" Jane asked and Vickie laughed shaking her head. But an idea was planted...

*Day 28

Vickie woke up feeling an incredibly heavy weight pressing down on her. She tried to sit up but, unexpectedly, her muscular arms and back struggled to sustain the motion. She just didn't have the body strength to lift herself all the way upright, and her sore stomach muscles cried out in protest half way before giving up. Instead she grunted, forced her body to turn around her boobs, braced her arms against the mattress and heaved herself up. Up she went and a portion of her breasts followed, but her nipples remained stubbornly pinned to the bed. She was so fucking enormous that she was sitting almost upright before her tender skin was dragged up from the soft fabric and up onto her thighs. Sat upright, resting on the bed, her boobs swelled well over six inches out to either side of her body. How long before she was wider than she was tall? Even supported she could feel their draining weight pulling down and forwards, the increasing strain on her tissue ever present. She would cope. She had to. "How's your back feeling today" Dan asked intently, sitting up and reaching towards her back to offer an immediate massage. The sensation as he began rubbing her shoulders was nice but it didn't detract from the main problem; the soreness of her swollen boobs. "My back is fine but can you help me up?" She asked, motioning for him to lift her right boob so she could stand. Like an obedient puppy he crawled around her, stood upright and wrapped his eager arms around her tit. Masses of titflesh wobbled all over his arms as he held her aloft, leaving her free to slide both her arms around her left one and then, at least feeling partially supported, she stood upright.

Without his help she would not have been able to do that. At least; not going from seating to standing in one movement. Maybe with a bar or something over the bed she could use to actually pull herself upright but... With his help, she waddled over to the closet and began the process of strapping herself into her enormous new bra. It was even bigger and tougher than the one the previous day although the warning still stated an upwards capacity of 10 kg per cup. So she hadn't been that heavy yesterday. But maybe she was today? She probably had some of the largest natural breasts in the world now and she needed to find the Dream Chest and stop this from going any further.

Vickie spent the day in a state of shock. What had she done to herself? Her massive tits jiggled and heaved with each of her panicked shallow breaths. Her mind was focused on the next day, or the day after, or some unimaginable horror that she was heading towards as she would grow bigger each night. She hid it from Dan but she found herself in a state of silent, secret terror because the world would never know what she had done to herself. Each night reality re wrote itself and only she knew about it. Only she could watch in horror as her breasts swallowed her life! Today would definitely be the last day where she didn't need the wheelchair to walk! Her body was incredibly top heavy and her centre of gravity was now almost so far forwards that she had to lean incredibly painfully backwards just to stand.

Sweating, shivering and almost afraid to move because the potential for toppling over was too great she avoided looking at her distorted reflection in the mirror. What she would inevitably see were two sacks of flesh with a small woman trapped behind them peering over the tiny gap in her cleavage. Her clothing, save for the bra that pulled her up and pushed the weight back as far as possible, was essentially nothing more than a tailored bathrobe. She had it draped over

her chest and tied around the front to prevent it from falling open. Jesus... Out of ideas for how to resolve this she picked out her mobile and called Penny to see if her other friend had any ideas. The phone rang three times and then nothing... She tried Laura next and was delighted when she picked up and offered to come around that very afternoon. She expected Laura at around four, what she hadn't expected was for her friend to arrive with a camera. She asked what it was for but her bustiest friend just grinned and said; "Do you still have some gin?" Yes, she did, and despite herself she needed to unload. Not about her secret but just about how difficult her life was. Laura, out of everyone, should appreciate and she loved talking about her own boobs. But her friend just sat there, staring at her with a quizzically raised eyebrow. Did Laura know something she didn't? However with the second glass the conversation started to flow a little more naturally and by the time they had finished the first bottle and started on a second the awkwardness, whatever it was, had passed. "Why don't you just wish to be stronger again?" Laura asked eventually, pointing towards the cupboard where, until recently, the Dream Chest had been hidden. "You gave yourself back some mobility; why did you stop there?"

"Because it's not working any more," Vickie replied. That was a lie. Laura looked a little shocked and disappointed and the two friends started discussing anything and everything else. Every time her glass was half empty Laura would pour out some more gin and grin and smile and eventually asked; "But it's not all bad is it? You must get some pleasure out of your tits? I've seen the way you blush whenever something bumps into them." "They feel amazing," Vickie responded instantly; "When I'm in the mood all I have to do is run my hands over them and I'm there, instantly ready. Dan loves them, I'm so lucky to have found him." "So that's good," Laura said, glancing down at her own (normally pretty impressive) breasts. "You know I've always been jealous of you Vickie. Never dared say it because I know how much you struggle but you make me wish that my own titans were just a little... just a little bit.... Bigger." She paused, looked up at Vickie's, back down at her own and sighed. Then she reached over and gently squeezed the front of Vickie's right tit that was occupying the centre spot of the sofa between them.

Vickie was drunk by this point and giggled. Emboldened Laura leant forwards, wrapping her hands around her friend's top, pierced her with a solid look and said; "I bet your areola are absolutely massive?" "I barely ever see them," Vickie replied with a slur, "I guess they are." She didn't know, she had been so focused on the size and weight that the details hadn't had time to bore into her brain yet. She barely noticed as her friend started to pull down on the cord of her bathrobe; exposing more cleavage inch by inch as it curled open. "I want to see them," Laura exclaimed, pulling it open all the way. Vickie barely protested as her friend's hands, expert hands, fondled her exposed breast and began to work her into a frenzy.

Before she knew it her titan sized bra was unclipped and her massive breasts were free between them. Laura had removed her own top and was leaning in, caressing her friends boobs and her own alternately, as though making comparisons between them. "My fans will love this," Laura said as she leant forwards and lowered her own right boob to rest on top of Vickie's. The two girls were almost touching nipple to nipple although the size difference was immense. Laura's titans looked tiny compared to the behemoths sprouting from Vickie's front. There was a flash of light as the camera chugged away, then another, and then several more as Laura leant

over and grabbed her friend's nipple between her teeth. "Oh," Vickie gasped, pleasure spiking as her friend rolled her nipple along her tongue, expertly manipulating her. Laura filmed herself licking and sucking on the massive swollen nub, releasing then leaning forwards to swallow it again and again and again, each time gently massaging it with her teeth and watching Vickie's distant face contort with pleasure in the distance. It was all going so well until the massive, unsupported breast overbalanced off the edge of the sofa and then all four of them (Laura, Vickie and two breasts that were almost heavy enough to count as extra people each) collapsed into a pile on the floor. "No," Vickie screeched in anger more than pain, but as Laura climbed back to her feet she realised that her friend was stuck down there. The girl's boobs were now so massive that she couldn't even get up from the floor? Straining Laura offered her a hand, helped her up into a sitting position, and then clutching her breasts between them they heaved Vickie's bulk back to her bedroom. It had been a fun afternoon but now Vickie was drunk, tired and ready for sleep.

Laura let herself out, grinning, and wondered whether the photos she had taken would automatically resize themselves as reality shifted each night. She would always have this memory but tomorrow, and the day after, she would have photographic evidence of playing with titans even bigger again! Sorry girls, she said almost apologetically to her own breasts, this is about justice. She has us beat, we can't deny it, but in this game it's all or nothing!

*Day 29

Vickie woke up late. When she made the great effort to sit herself up in bed she had almost less issues doing this than she had the day before. She was able to pull herself upright fine because the majority of her breasts simply sat still on the bed besides her, only stretching slightly to follow her upper torso onto the pillows. Each breast lay before and also out besides her; thick bulging masses that shivered with sensual feelings. Every inch of them hummed with sensation; the fabric of the sheets around her body, the cool breeze of the room coming through the open window and the warmth of her hands as she explored her available tumescence.

She looked at the small door to the rest of her home and worried about if she could fit through it. Almost on cue Dan was besides her, his arms around one of her breasts and lifting up its heaving mass to help her move. With his held Vickie was able to slide over to the side of the bed where she felt herself bump into something hard poking into her waist. She grinned at Dan and glanced down towards his crotch; "Are you helping me out of bed or turning me over to get into position for that?" "Why not both?" he replied with a grin. She kicked off the bedsheets and Dan climbed up to begin coating her body with kisses. As he worked his way down towards her sensitive areas her hands worked on her own breasts, kneading the sensitive areolas and gasping with pleasure as her entire ridiculously out of proportion body writhed with pleasure. Whilst Dan licked her an orgasm racked her body that made her scream with delight and then, now she was ready, she pleaded for him to come inside.

Dan gripped one of her breasts with each hand and used her leverage to pull himself forwards and inside her. For a few moments she forgot about her oversized boobs and focused on this sensation; the rhythmic pumping and the sensations from down below. His hands were around her breasts now and supporting them, holding them back from falling off the edge of the bed

whilst he was standing besides her, pumping into her from a standing position. She tried weekly to reach out but there was too much flesh in the way, and instead he pulled up onto of her nipples and began nibbling on the exposed dug. When they were both finished he helped shove / slide her back onto the centre of the bed and she finally had a moment to breath and take stock of herself. "That was amazing," she sighed, exhausted. "You're amazing," he smiled down at her, "You are unique and I love every inch of you Vickie, never forget that." They lay there in silence until eventually he reached for his phone and swore when he realised what time it was. Amused Vickie watched as he raced around the bedroom, pulling trousers and shirt over his body at record speed. "Sorry, I have to go out, but I'll be back before dinner. I want to cook us something nice. Are you sure you can get into your chair without me or do you need me to help again?" It had been said now, she realised... It was out there in the open! Vickie was officially disabled.

Laura sat on her computer and grinned as she loaded up the pictures from yesterday's impromptu photoshoot. She'd been careful to ensure the pictures had just been her and the boobs, nothing that would identify Vickie save for her self- inflicted immensity.

And as she had suspected the photographs had changed... Oh yes, this was good stuff. It showed she was not just incredibly busty but had access to nipples even larger than her own, to tits of an incredible size previously unimaginable.

Her OnlyFans were going to love this!

...To be continued in Act V

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Wishes: Ad Infinitum

Part Three

Inspired by a concept from Max Mammaries

Interlude – The Tipping Point

Morning sunlight found its way between the cracks in the curtains and lightly cascaded itself over Vickie's naked torso. It was not the light itself, more the sensation of her skin warming beneath those gentle rays, that slowly pulled her back to consciousness. Her dreams had been pleasant but there was nothing.... NOTHING, better than luxuriating in her new curves! As a reflex movement the first thing she did was reach down to feel the new size of her breasts. She was delighted that they had expanded to not just rival, but eclipse, the size of her head whilst remaining incredibly perky! Crawling out from her bed towards the mirror she did a little shimmy to watch as her top-heavy figure wobbled alluringly. She appraised herself with a smile, reaching for the wardrobe where her bras were waiting for their daily inspection. Her routine had been the same each and every morning for some time now, ever since this wonderful wish had completely changed her world. As predicted the label now put her at an M cup, with washing instructions on the label printed in a foreign language! Her ribcage had barely grown at all over the last few weeks, the extra muscle pushing her up from a 32 band size to a respectable 34, but aside from her overabundant breast flesh, now resting snugly in the massive cups, the increase was pure muscle. Vickie realised that bras at her size must be increasingly harder to find, but the reality-altering powers of her wish made it so she always had a fitted bra ready in the morning. Somewhere, somehow, her new reality had found a willing supplier, information she would have to hunt down eventually if she was going to continue living this other life. Her entire wardrobe had grown alongside her to match her incredible bustline, and she pulled on a comfortable dress that covered her shoulders but left open most of her massive

cleavage. To be honest, looking down, she wasn't sure if it was ever going to be possible to find a dress that covered them that didn't swamp the rest of her like a tent. On another woman tits this size would be unwieldy but for her it was just... Just fine. She had the strength and dexterity to carry her heaving new appendages around with ease, although she had to admit they were now causing some issues. Not what she had expected; standing, sitting, walking, running even jumping were all fine. She had seen photos of her new body in gym clothes and she had learnt to triple bag her boobs with 3 sports bras to hold them down; uncomfortable but more than possible. She'd done a tonne of reading on how busty women could exercise without aggravating their chest and settled on a unique solution. One sports bra specifically designed to encapsulate, one sports bra specifically designed to compress, then a third to hold those two together. None of the guides online recommended it, they all insisted that one single 'well fitted' sports bra should do its job, but she also found discussion boards full of her full bosomed contemporaries moaning that they needed two regardless of how well fitted their clothes. Well Vickie was not a woman to do things by half. If you were doing something then do it properly; so she'd settled on the magic rule of three! She thought of it as triple bagging! Uncomfortable at

first, definitely overkill, but the freedom of control it gave her when running was worth it. She knew, subconsciously however, this would not work if she got much bigger. But that was a problem for another day. No, right now she only encountered issues when working in tight spaces. The flat was now clear of anything at chest height she could knock over with a side swipe of swinging boobs when she turned

around. Tables, desks, cupboard had all been cleared out to ensure there were no accidents! Worse her cantaloupe busting boobs meant it was difficult to sit at a desk and write! Bending forwards she had to take some time to manoeuvre her body into position at her work desk so she could sit and work without squishing herself between the chair and the table! Her boobs wiggled all over the place whenever she moved, reminding her constantly just how massive they were, but she was loving each and every moment! However when she checked her emails she realised very quickly that something had changed. She was still working for the same professor, still studying for a PhD whilst archiving the museum pieces, but... They had hired an intern to do the actual sorting. Somewhere along the line her responsibility had shifted. They had shifted her into a desk job! Over several weeks the wishes had been slowly but surely altering every aspect of her life but this was the first time they had affected her work in a major way! She spent the morning scanning over the last six months of her emails to learn just what and how much had changed. She still had access to the archive, still had found the Wishing Chest and asked for permission to buy it, but it was no longer her job to take each and every item out of storage and perform a manual inspection. Her assistant handled all that whilst sending reports and photographs to her for a virtual assessment! His name was Dan, he was two years older than her and incredibly cute! He was doing this as a part time to pay for his tuition after spending a few years as a college dropout. Keen, earnest, but also street smart – he'd left academia and spent a few years living in the real world and had some amazing stories about the things he'd seen. He was also incredibly shy, wide eyed and absolutely, painfully, unmistakably in love with her tits!

She realised that the way she was sitting, perched on her stool basically using the desk as a place to rest her breasts, she was giving anyone who approached her an eyeful... So maybe it wasn't his fault. But there were limits. Dan could not take his eyes off her breasts, could not look her in the eyes for more than a few seconds before his gaze returned downwards towards her behemoths. He seemed a really nice guy, he also seemed really apologetic for staring, but... Apparently, he couldn't help himself. And as he reported directly to her 2 – 3 times a day that meant her breasts got perved on a lot! According to her emails she'd had a guilty crush on him for a while and been debating with Penny about whether or not to just take the plunge with the guy. He clearly was a boob guy, she was a well-endowed woman boob wise, the maths wasn't difficult. It was weird though. She felt an instant connection with this drooling, though perfectly pleasant, cutie but there was never an opportunity to break the ice. At coffee break Vickie got fed up of the intrigue. She's been mentally holding back on the game of 'I know he's got an erection but I mustn't let him know I've noticed'. The tension had been fun at first but it was just unbearable.... "Dan, I know my boobs are massive, they're not causing you any problems are they?" "What?" he gasped, staring at her in shock. For the first time that day he was able to hold eye contact with her for a full ten seconds without glancing down once. She hadn't been

sure where she was going with this but she was caught in the sudden adrenaline rush. Flexing her body, arching her back to push her boobage forwards, she grinned seductively at him over her piled up tits. "Look, they're just breasts. Big, awesome, juicy tits. If I'm reading you wrong I'm sorry but I think you've always been a bit obsessed

with them, and the fact neither of us is acknowledging that is causing a bit of a wedge between us." He was caught, like a deer in headlights, and she felt a rush of power as she saw and grabbed the opportunity without any shame whatsoever. "You know if...If you want to get a closer look at them you just have to ask." "To ask?" He repeated with a slight stutter. For just a millisecond his mask dropped and she saw it all; hope, fear, lust, excitement, terror.... No, he was going to run, this wasn't a trap, she was serious and she had to let him know. "Dan, I'm serious. I think you're kind of hot and I need to know if you're serious or just enjoying a free eyeful." He shuddered, eyes finally flickering down before coming back up to hers. Men always looked. So did women. With gazongas this massive everyone looked until you called them out on it and then finally, finally, they were able to look you in the eyes. "No, I've never... Vickie, I didn't mean to stare. It's just they're just so..." "I LIKE people staring Dan, but I also like you and I know you like me too. If these are causing you a problem I want to help, and I want you know I don't blame you for staring. Every morning I stand naked before the mirror and stare at them myself, thanking god that I'm so blessed." "You do?" he raised an eyebrow. She felt relief as the moment of danger passed and a saucy smile slipped across his face. "What else do you do?" "Wonder why I can't find a boyfriend to share these wonders with," she replied tartly, flicking a strand of hair out of her cleavage. "Wonder why you've been working with me for six months now and never once had the gumption to ask me on a date. I know your single..." "You want me to ask you out?" "If you want to dummy," she laughed, standing up and stalking across the small room towards him. He stood to meet her, eyes

on hers as she reached up (and over her tits) to reach him and pull him towards her. As their lips locked her chest bumped into his and nearly bounced him backwards, but she clung on to hold him steady for just one perfect moment. Ten minutes later they were stumbling into the stationary cupboard, arms all over each other as they stripped clothes off. Vickie was kissing and licking his neck, moaning with delight as his hands ran up and down her body, struggling with the clasps of her bra to tear the monstrously large garment off. She fell backwards onto the floor, pulling him down alongside her. Her heavy breasts slammed into her chest as she flopped over on her side and she gasped at the impact. "What is it?" Dan asked, pausing to stare at her with concern. "Just my boobs," she laughed, "I'm fine! I forget how heavy they are sometimes!" "I don't see how anyone could forget how heavy these are," Dan said, gliding his hands up to squeeze her left tits. Her giant orb dwarfed his hand, in fact he could only really cup her areola if he wanted to, she was that massive! She gasped, amazed at how sensitive her newly huge breasts were as they finally got attention from a new sexual partner! This is what she had been waiting for all this time! Things had changed and it wasn't just her boobs, although for obvious reasons they were the centre of attention. The last time she'd slept with a guy Vickie had been a skinny freak, basically skin and bone, and she'd been handling men bigger and stronger than her. Now Vickie was nearly as tall as Dan and definitely stronger, just comparing their arms she had far more muscle definition than the poor little guy. She was able to gently push and pull him

around with ease, guiding his body where she wanted to suit her, rather than the other way around. He didn't seem to mind this small emasculation however, in fact he was enchanted by every inch of her naked body, spotting

kisses down her front, towards her waiting pussy before he dived back upwards to start again. She wanted that, she NEEDED that, but first she wanted to get the most out of her new endowments! She kissed him, tongue forcefully against his to explore his mouth, before guiding his head down towards her breasts, and she had to bite her tongue to hold back shrieks as he put his tongue on her breasts. He kissed and suckled, working in circles around her nipples, slowly edging closer and closer towards it and the anticipation was driving her crazy. She could feel herself getting wet, and his erection pressing against her thigh. This was going to be oral only, she decided at the last second, although she'd been tempted to go all the way. A blowjob today, to take the edge off his lust, then a proper date in a few days to see if he really was worth keeping around. And if it didn't work out she always had the Dream Chest to make a few minor improvements...

ACT III – Penny's Story A Story Told Twice Over

*Day 23

Penny stood in Vickie's living room, staring down at the box that had caused all this trouble. The flat was deserted, Vickie was out, so nobody knew she was here. Nobody knew she had a key but then for a woman with her resources it wasn't hard to get what she wanted. She held a small strip of paper in her hand and she glanced around nervously. What she was going to do would break her best friend's one rule. However it was absolutely necessary. It was now nearly four weeks since the world had invisibly changed around them, and she was fed up not knowing. She was fed up discovering each and every day that things were just a little... Off. She was fed up being caught out expecting her life to go one way and discovering it had gone another. Most of all she was fed up of the two bustiest women in her life bitching about each other behind their back. There was more to life than big tits, not that you would know it listening to Vickie and Laura bitching. This wasn't right. This wasn't how things should be. However she could not recall how they were before – the only thing to change that she was consciously aware of was the reserve of extra cash that had appeared in her bank account. She'd promised herself money would not change her, but had it? Was just becoming a multi-millionaire all it took for the world to treat you differently? "I wish I knew what had changed," she said aloud as she closed the door on the Dream Chest, although she knew it wasn't necessary. Her wish was deposited already and tomorrow... ..Tomorrow they would see what had happened.

Everyone felt sad for Vickie. Though she never showed any outward sign of how troubled she was it had always bothered her that she had no.... anything. She'd hooked onto friends who had every female stereotype going; Penny had as much curves as any woman but her shortened stature meant her figure (and particularly her ass) was as thicc as they came. Then there was Jane, the statuesque beauty who towered over most men. But really Vickie was most jealous of Laura, 'tit'-ania herself, a woman who had embraced her virginal breast hypertrophy to become an exhibitionist extreme. Vickie practically worshipped at Laura's feet. Whatever her breast

developed friend said she jumped at without thinking twice. It was as though she craved attention from her more developed friends to reassure her own fragile ego.

Everyone felt jealous of Vickie. Even Laura, secretly, was jealous that she didn't have the most massive breasts in the city. Who would have believed that two girls paired with each other throughout college would have the two most developed and well reported cases of Gigantomastia for miles around living just a few doors down from each other? And though Laura was the exhibitionist, the woman who wanted every pair of eyes on her magnificent tits, she was secretly very, very angry that Vickie had her inched out by just a narrow margin. Breast envy was a terrible thing. And Penny was fed up of playing go between for the two girls' growing hostility.

*Day -2

Penny glanced down at her watch. They had been trying dresses on for three hours already and nothing had quite been right. Why, oh why, had she wanted to co- ordinate clothing? In what mad world had she thought, for a moment, that this could possibly work. Nothing, and nothing, that fitted her short stubby frame could possibly match her two friends freakish body shapes. This last shop was their final chance – if they didn't have anything then she'd have no choice but to give up. And whilst she'd slipped into the selected dress quickly enough the two women the other side of those cupboards would be pushing and pulling at various bra straps to try and look as presentable as possible. "Are you coming out?" she asked eventually. "Yes," came twin replies from behind the curtains, before one of them added quickly; "I was just wondering if I need to go braless with this one." "That Laura," Penny said tactfully, "Is something no one wants to see. At least not in public." Come out and let me inspect."

Penny frowned at the red dresses she had forced her best friends to try on. They had all agreed to co-ordinate for the launch party knowing it would be a tall order. Skinny, lanky and boobalicious – with her short stature the four musketeers had almost every female body shape extreme catered for. If she was going to toe that difficult line of attractive but not overly sexual she'd need to consider how it would look on anyone.

And with the sole exception of Laura, whose frontage would stretch a circus tent to the limit, this looked like it could actually work. "I feel like this dress would be better without a bra," Laura said critically, running her fingers along the straps beneath the fabric, the wires taught against her flesh as they strained to hold up her monstrous boobage. "That is not anything the world needs to see. It looks fine, those straps are barely visible," Penny replied before turning to grin at Vickie. "How about you? How do you feel?" In response Vickie gave her a little ballerina's twirl. The girl had always been light on her feet, she could almost double as one of Santa's elves. Oh fuck, this wasn't going to be a Christmas themed do...

Penny watched as her friends stepped out to examine themselves in the mirror, pulling up their green dresses and smoothing down their plunging cleavage. The busty buddies had the most outwardly feminine body shapes of anyone she knew – picking something conservative that would appear classy but not prudish was a challenge. There was a tonne of cleavage on display

but the dress code could not be accused of being immodest. With these two it was just a fact of life. "How do you feel?" she asked, grinning as Vickie gave a little ballerina's twirl. Her muscular frame powered her round in a circle, long arms outstretched, tits thrust out to fill the space before her. As the girl came to a halt her top failed to stop with her; the two prodigious boobs jiggling against each other for freedom. "Not very supported," Vickie said laughing, patting her frontage down to a gentle halt. "But at least I'm not going to pop out in this contraption."

"Stop moaning about that sports bra," Laura rolled her eyes irritably "It's all I ever hear about girl; if your boobs are weighing you down so much stop jogging everywhere." "No," Vickie replied, flexing her arm at her friends, "That would mean letting them win." "By them do you mean gravity or the perverts following you everywhere with cameras?" Penny asked, and both girls giggled as Vickie went bright red out of embarrassment. The two endowed girls turned to examine each other in the changing room mirrors. Their bosoms heaved as they moved and turned and Penny stepped back instinctively to give them room. Because she was short her head was about level with those twin wrecking balls, and she knew from experience they carried enough momentum to send her staggering if she wasn't careful. Penny wondered for a moment why she'd ever thought co-ordinating dresses would be a good idea...

Jane grinned down at Penny and offered a small but silent thumbs up. The giant girl had probably spotted exactly the same small issue their small friend had she had but decided it wasn't a problem worth mentioning. "I don't feel conspicuous," was all she said, grinning at her reflection in the mirror; "This will do; probably as close as we're going to find that doesn't look awful on at least one of us." "Do you think this dress needs to be strapless?" Laura asked again, reaching down to the folds in her top and plunging her hand deep into the chasm between her boobs. Her hand emerged with a tube of lip gloss moments later which she began to apply before the changing room mirror.

"Only if you're on the hunt," Jane replied, reaching a hand out expectantly for the balm. Laura glared at her friend, who never

bought her own gloss, but handed it over silently when she was done. Vickie was looking sheepishly at her own reflection; "This dress doesn't leave much to the imagination; I mean it covers everything but I can feel it clinging to me." Jane rolled her eyes again. "You're just not used to wearing clothes that show off your shape," she said, patting their skinny friend down. It was amazing to see that she actually did have hips; it was hard to tell sometimes given her baggy clothes she normally wore. "It looks good on you Vickie - you should show off what you have more often." Vickie blushed deep red and grinned back at her friends.

Penny heard a buzzing noise and turned back to her hand bag to begin fishing out her mobile. "It's Jane," she grinned, reading the memo. "Should I switch her over to video?" "What?" Vickie turned in dismay, eyes wide; "Penny! No, we haven't decided..." "Too late." Jane's manicured face appeared on the small screen, frowning as she took in the dresses Penny had picked out. The new city mayor paused in surprise for a moment; then grinned as his eyes roved up and down their bodies. "That dress doesn't leave much to the imagination Vickie," she said with a smirk; "It looks good on you! You should show off what you have more often." "I show off just the right amount," Vickie replied demurely. "Less than Laura does even though you've probably

got more to flaunt,” Jane replied, receiving a deep scowl back from Laura in return. No one slighted Tit-ania’s boobs and got away with it.

Penny tensed. The size gap between Vickie and Laura was not a topic to broach lightly but Jane was a safe distance away on the other end of that phone. “Come on girl – you normally look like you’re on the hunt. That dress pulls you in nicely.” Laura grinned, leaning forwards so that her boobs hung down, displaying more than foot of plunging cleavage for the camera. “I think I still could manage... It feels like I could catch a killer whale in here.” “See,” Jane laughed. “I’m just sorry I can’t join you – but it’ll be brilliant Penny. It’s going to be a hit. I can tell. I’ve been telling everyone I know to be there...” “Well, with the deputy mayor’s backing tomorrow’s sure to be a hit,” Penny grinned.

*Day 0

Penny glanced up from her desk, staring at the accounting figures. Her phone was buzzing. It was Vickie, annoyed that she’d refused to join them for her little ‘surprise’, hopefully now apologising for acting like a cow just because one of her best friends couldn’t drop everything with just a few hours’ notice. Well some of them had work to do, a business to launch in the morning, and not much patience for her friend’s hobbies. Besides, the three of them had been out on Friday. The launch event of her new store had been a massive success, there had been so many people there, and so much alcohol. They had all got merrily drunk in the early hours, celebrating with champagne after most of the guests had gone home, and then spent Saturday sleeping off the consequences. Now there was going to be a tax audit alongside this new launch and she’d fucked up massively by letting herself lose control on Friday night. She had needed Saturday to call her accountant and get him to crunch the numbers and she had forgot!

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It was fine – she could do what she needed to do. It just would have been better on Saturday rather than late Sunday evening when she should be preparing for an early night. She reached for her phone

disaster didn’t mean tomorrow could afford to be. It was fine. Friday had always meant to just be a party. Sure – it was meant to drum up some publicity, but that was it. Nothing that had happened there mattered. Tomorrow mattered. She reached for her phone

9.10 PM Sorry you couldn't come. I have a fantastic surprise I'll share later when you are free. I think everything is about to change for the better!

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Penny sighed. Vickie could be such a drama queen sometimes.

*Day 13

Penny woke up. It was the morning after her epic pool party and the house was still full of people who had slept over. Most she 'sort' of knew but dozens of people had appeared in her phone contacts list since she had wished for money. Were they actually close friends in this new reality or just money chasers looking for a good time? Her security team (she's discovered she was rich enough to have a full-time security detail? That was SO COOL!) had silently checked who was here and who had gone so she wasn't worried about anything going missing. Who cared if they did anyway? She could replace this mansion three times over and still have enough pocket change to live her life comfortably. Jane left before she had a chance to see her, but then again her (new apparently?) career meant she never stayed in one place very long at all. In her memory, stretching back years, Jane had always been a PR woman with political ambitions, but apparently (as she'd found chatting to the woman last night) that wasn't the case at all. How weird must it be to wake up and find your whole career had shifted whilst you were sleeping, to remember your old life but find yourself in a new one. How weird to know it was your fault, that it was because of a wish you had bestowed upon yourself without truly understanding what the outcome would be. That left her with Laura and Vickie, the breast buddies as she privately called them in her head. Neither had anything to do that day so they put back on their swimsuits and lounged around in the pool. Vickie did thirty laps (barely warming herself up) whilst Laura sipped gin and tonic whilst paddling in the shallows. Eventually Penny plonked herself down next to Laura and the two of them

watched their Amazonian friend zip back and forth from one end of the pool to another. "So do you think she wished for that body because of the breasts?" Laura asked, glancing down at her own cleavage. For just a moment Penny saw a glimpse of something... nervous in her friend. It was there for just a moment. "She used to be just tits on a stick, completely rail thin if you excluded the cleavage. She never said anything but it must have been holding her back." "Well I don't 'remember' the old Vickie," Penny said with a long sigh. "To me she's been pumped for as long as I've known her." It had been nearly two weeks and she was still smarting that she hadn't been there in the room when the original wishes had been made. She'd had important work to do, it had been a conscious choice on her behalf not to go, but then she hadn't known what she was missing out on... "Well she never used to be into sports," Laura said, "Never used to be into anything that required her to stand up for any length of time. I get it, at least I have a little more heft below my boobs to balance them out, and I HATE sports bras with a passion... But she was just so skinny before." "Except up here?" Penny asked, miming two bowling balls stuck to her chest. Laura tipped a drink to her and nodded. "I'm struggling to picture her like that." "It makes me think I wasted my wish," Laura sighed, swirling her gin and tonic and

looking thoughtful. "Jane's getting something magnificent out of her wish, the whole world is loving what she's becoming, and you now have the resources to do anything you want." "What do you want?" Penny asked, a little surprised. "I want to be the biggest," Laura said under her breath, eyes fixed on the back of Vickie's head as her friend did breaststroke to the end of the pool. Their Amazonian friend flipped over as she kicked off wall, turning onto her back and did a backstroke for the next length.

Her boobs, flopping about on her chest, wobbled dangerously close to pulling free of her scandalous swimsuit. "I want people to talk about me for being something special, not being one half of a double act. It was hard growing up with tits like these; men and women would stop and stare wherever we went and my whole family was embarrassed on my behalf. I learnt I was unique and special and I loved it. At least... at least until I met Vickie." "She must have gone through something similar?" Laura shrugged. "Yeah, but I'm a competitor. I love Vickie to pieces but if I could wish one thing away it would be her boobs." "Better not say that out loud now we know it's possible," Penny laughed. Laura just gave a grunt in response.

*Day 14

Vickie loved herself. She was at a perfect size, not quite yet at that tipping point where she wanted to bring this experience to an end. She liked the change and had been out dancing in clubs to get the most out of her boobs. And the way that eyes of men, and women, on the dancefloor had been drawn to her bulging chest as she danced had been delicious. The thing about boobs, she realised, was that women who had to live with them all the time got bored and forgot just how awesome they were. I mean, they were conscious of their boobs, they often had a love / hate relationship with them, but familiarity breeds contempt. A woman with big tits taking her top off to their partner has a moment of sharing their gift with a whole new person - of silently announcing 'here my boobs are - now worship them'. And if their partner is responsive to their needs she'll get something out of the fun that follows. But the joy for her is the joy their partner reciprocates from the discovery - they are the ones given new toys to play with. For the woman with the big tits this is just any other day hauling itsy and bitsy around. A day just like any other day. But not Vickie! Vickie had massive, awesome, sexy tits and they were new! And every day they were new again! And she hadn't found someone to share that perfect moment with, where both man and woman were discovering new big breasts and getting brand new pleasure together, but it was coming soon! But it had to be with Mr Right, so until she found that elusive individual she'd just shake her booty on the dancefloor and loose herself to the music. Right now life was good.

*Day 15

Jane picked up the phone. It rang five times before a receptionist answered. The woman politely took her name, asked her to wait, then told her that the CEO was free to take her unscheduled call. She said that last part as though she was doing her a fucking favour letting her speak to her boss. She never said it but the hidden insult was there - 'I manage this bitches diary, next time book ahead'. Jane was used to getting her way. Perhaps the old Jane wouldn't have been irritated by the momentary delay but the new Jane was practically livid by the time she was

transferred through. "Penny," she said with delight, "This is going to sound crazy but can you tell me what my job is?" "PR," Penny replied quickly. "Why, has that changed?" "No," Jane replied, shaking her head, "I've always worked in PR, ever since college, but something's different and I'm trying to put my finger on it." "Like what?" Penny asked. "Well for one, like the fact you have a receptionist," Jane replied with a long sigh. There was a long silence from the other end of the phone. Well...This was awkward. "Penny, I'm sorry to ask, but your one of the only women who knows whats going on and I don't want Vickie to find out I screwed up again - if I screwed up... I need to know; did I do some ad work for you a few years ago?" "Yeah," Penny replied. "What did I do?" "TV commercials, posters, radio interviews... Your campaign was the one that really made my company take off. We went from one store in the city centre to a franchise after you told everyone to buy from us." "I told them?" Jane asked, "Penny, was I on the adverts?" "You've always been on the adverts," Penny replied, "You're one of the most famous women in media. Your firms got the golden

touch; whatever your advertising goes on to sell like nobody's business. How could I use anyone else?" "Until two days ago I was never on an advert," Jane replied with a hushed breath. "Until two days ago I did all the work behind the scenes getting contracts and writing content. We paid actors to do the actual selling." "So your saying the world has changed again?" Penny asked with a frown, "It had changed when we were at the party but that wasn't enough? Is it still changing?" "Apparently," Jane sucked in a deep breath. "Look, thanks, but don't tell Vickie. I'll talk to her, make sure that she'd ready to stop this. Right now it's all good." "How's it all good?" Penny demanded. The woman sounded angry. She'd been... She'd been a bit weird about the Dream Chest at the party but by the end of the night it had all been smoothed over. Life was good. But if the world was still changing and Penny was the only one who couldn't see it? Jane held back from answering that question - she'd been about to say 'well your successful for one thing' but that wouldn't be kind. In the old reality Penny had managed one solitary store and she'd been good at it. Well, she made enough money to survive but it had never been a big hitter. The woman had missed out on so much because she was always working day and night to make sure she had what she needed for payroll at the end of each month. But in the new world men tended to do what Jane told them to do and apparently the new Jane had told everyone to buy from Penny's shops. Her one store had multiplied into a franchise with Penny at the helm. An unintentional but cool change that made everything better. Jane instantly decided she couldn't let Penny know she wasn't the architect of her own success. This had to remain a secret or Penny's pride would take a real knock.

"I'll talk to Vickie," Jane said, "We need to meet up again and discuss the Dream Chest. My diary is a bit full this week but after the weekend... Thanks for this, I just wanted to check." "If things are still changing aren't you worried?" "No, I think this probably changed before but I've only just noticed," Jane lied. "Today's my first day back behind a desk since this all kicked off." A new desk. A very senior desk. Penny did not need to know.

*Day 16

Penny glanced up irritably as her buzzing phone pulled her away from her work. Vickie's grinning avatar smiled at her from the contacts screen and she picked it up despite the

interruption. "Penny, I've got a question... Have you got a few minutes?" "Yes?" Penny replied, recognising the worried tone in her friend's voice. Either she was freaking out over nothing or something seriously screwed up was going on. "I'm sorry to ask... Was Dan at the pool party the other night?" "Dan?" Penny asked, "The guy you work with? The one with the nice ass but who can't string more than half a dozen words together when you're in the room?" "Yeah," Vickie replied. "I... I think he was there... Can you remember when he went to bed?" Penny racked her brains, trying to recall what she could from the drunken haze. She knew Vickie's latest crush had been there but it took her a moment to remember. "You must have been more drunk than I thought. He was playing Spin the Bottle with us," Penny laughed, "And I think he went to bed with you! Shame on you girl for forgetting..."

Vickie stared at her phone in horror, letting Penny's words slowly sink in. Two days ago she had given Dan, a guy she'd never met before in her reality, but had been crushing on for six months in hers, a blow job and then promised him a full date in two days' time. She'd been feeling particularly horny all day - her boobs had reached a milestone size (larger than she'd ever originally planned to go) and the signs had just been... Yeah, it'd been good.

And though she'd been wondering if she'd grown big enough she decided to let it go a few more days, to really push the envelope and enjoy being the best, as by all appearances Dan really was a full on boob hound. Though it was tempting she'd wanted to know if he'd still want her if she went beyond extreme! Then that morning, the day of the date, Dan had sent her an ominous message.

Hope you're still good to go for tonight. I'm leaving early

and I'll be all set to pick you up at seven. Got to make sure we go somewhere special for our THIRD DATE!!!!

Then she'd checked her phone history and found the two of them had been texting ever since Penny's pool party. Apparently they had already hooked up - even though, for her, tonight was supposed to be their first date. For her this was meant to be a new discovery but apparently this new reality had already conquered that mountain. Fuck. She'd accidentally robbed herself of the first lay. She'd accidentally re-written over her new reality so many times it was starting to get confusing. She remembered playing Spin the Bottle, remembered goading Jane on, but in her memory she'd slept alone that night. Had she slept with him? Were they already an item? How was she supposed to ask? It wasn't something you could bring up in casual conversation 'Excuse me - have we already slept together or have you just licked out my pussy?' He'd think she was mad. Perhaps she was crazy for letting things get this far. Glancing down all Vickie could see was breasts for nearly a third of her lower vision. Two glorious mounds of flesh that bunched up on the desk before her like stacks of paperwork. She was not crazy. She was doing an experiment. She was still in control.

Change was constant but it was still incremental - the moment things started to turn for the worse she could stop it at any moment. And now she had proof. Absolute proof that Dan was in it for the boobs as much as she was. If boobs were what he wanted then she would deliver and

then some. And her nearest competition, the self-proclaimed 'Tit'ania, could watch as her near 'second place' in the breast league slipped from a close contender to a distance outlier. All those years of envy would be corrected in one go.

Penny sighed as she planted her phone back on her desk. Something was up with Vickie. The girl wouldn't say what it was, wouldn't even admit anything was wrong at all, but she was behaving... Oddly. She needed to get the four of them together again to discuss how their world had changed, to plan what they were going to do with the Dream Chest going forwards. It had done so much damage already... Perhaps they should just lock it in an attic and enjoy their new status. Or perhaps they should embrace this and go all in on their newfound power. Either way; either they would do it as a group together or not at all. With Jane's new status and Laura's hectic job it would not be easy to assemble them at short notice, but she had to reach out and try. She reached for the intercom for her secretary, and after hearing the confirmatory hiss asked ' "Can you get the deputy mayor's office on the line and ask when she's free for a social call? Tell the receptionist it is urgent."

*Day 17

Vickie stood in just her bra and pants marvelling herself in the mirror. Her boobs, even in the bra lifting them up, hung down past her naval! They bulged out in front of her, swelling out from her sternum and out into the world beyond. If she looked down all she could see was the valley between her two twin orbs, and this dark shadowy cleavage between them. She turned sideways to marvel at her unnatural physique in the mirror and grinned internally. She was far bigger than Laura now. For the last few days she had wondered but now it was certain. She was much, much, much bigger than Laura! And they were heavy but her muscular re-enforced back meant she had no problems standing upright. She was aware of the weight yes but... And because the world was changing with her she had no problems picking out comfortable bras - the 'new' old Vickie had done that for her. There was even a special entry in her phone, a specialist outfitter who apparently supplied all her underwear custom made with extra re-enforcements. She was several cup sizes beyond picking bras off the rack. And even better she had woken up to find she was not alone in bed! Their 'third' date had been a great success and the two of them had stayed up well past midnight. The poor, unaware fool had actually been mid coitus when it had happened. He'd been on top, rhythmically pounding into her when at the stroke of midnight she'd felt a rush of heat overtake her as the world shifted. Her breasts, pooling up on her chest, crunched between them had begun to swell further outwards. As she'd been on her back they swelled sideways, flopping up towards her face and further over the sides of her ribcage. Then, without a word, they had simply rolled over to put her on top, so her melons could hang free whilst she rode him like a horse.

He hadn't said anything, hadn't reacted at all, had just carried on kissing and gently fondling as the two of them drove each other towards a mutual orgasm. She remembered him sucking on her nipples whilst she rode him in bed, how he had reached up to fondle her whilst she rocked up and down on top of him. All she'd had to do was lean forwards and let her monster tits hang free so he could play with them and drive her over the edge. Whilst she was momentarily sated

but he still wanted more she'd rolled over and plonked her breasts over his package, smothering him! She'd giggled for a moment about how small it made him look but dared not say it aloud for offending the poor guy. They were still in the early days of courting – she didn't yet know where the line between gentle ribbing and mockery lay. How had extra boobs changed the world to make him stick around? Had she snagged a real breast man? Someone she could share these sweater puppies with who would love them just as much as she did? Dan was now downstairs cooking for her, and whilst it was a little freaky not remembering the opening two days of a new relationship she had promised herself that she would try out new things. And whilst, in normal circumstances, the fact that 'he's only into you because of your tits' was a stereotype, the fact she knew it for 100% certainty gave her this sense of power that she was relishing. She planned to dominate this man over the next few days, to watch his reaction as she swelled to greater and greater sizes (although he would never know) and see just how much of a big breast fetish he really had. Could she push it too far and turn him off or was his fetish for massive tits as great as hers?

*Day 18

Jane went to bed exalting in her successful third day as the Deputy Mayor. Andrei followed behind her, a dumb grin on his face as he prepared to worship his mistress. Three days in and she'd finally managed to sit down and have dinner with her boss. The things the most powerful man in the city had said were typically glowing. He'd said he needed a woman he trusted and respected at his side. Said that the world needed someone sensible to hold down the fort. Said that he couldn't imagine it being anyone else but her. She'd left the PR company, fully stepped into the political arena and been met with nothing but rapturous applause. Standing side by side the mayor and deputy mayor had posed for a photoshoot to celebrate the new theatre opening downtown. How many nights, she wondered, would that fat bastard still have his job? All men stepped aside for Jane eventually...

Laura went to bed alone. She'd done a fourteen-hour shift on the ward and, in her old life, she would have collapsed in bed fully dressed and slept through to the start of her next shift. But she felt fine. Not tired, not stressed, not on the verge of collapse like her colleagues but just... okay about it all. Her wish had given her a quick pickup and put her back to peak physical fitness, if not better, just as her work had become twice as demanding. She wasn't a super woman by any means she was just. Yeah, she was pretty good. Before she slept she rubbed herself down with moisturiser, pushing it into her breasts carefully. Got to keep the stretch marks at bay for as long as possible.

She had a strict daily routine to look after her puppies – a routine to fight the inevitable sag as long as possible. She may not be quite as big as Vickie, and she may not be quite as pert, but she couldn't afford to let herself be shown up. She had a reputation to maintain...

Penny went to bed angry and confused. She wanted to know what had changed. She'd been fixated on it for three days now, ever since her conversation with Jane about her career. Jane didn't remember that she'd used to be on adverts before getting her job as the deputy mayor. Jane thought she'd had a desk job until her political ambitions came calling. It didn't make

sense. And then Vickie had forgotten about what happened at the pool party. Maybe it was the alcohol or maybe... Penny could remember it clearly, remember the way they had all played Spin the Bottle. That was after all of the wishes had been made. That was after the world had changed. It hadn't stopped. Something was going on and she needed to find out what.

Vickie went to bed with Dan. He was all over her, kissing and nibbling on every inch of her upper body, although inevitably he kept returning to her boobs like some kind of perverted boomerang. It didn't matter – they were so sensitive that she would guide him back to them if he abandoned her for too long. But it was nice to know he liked her muscles as well as her fat. He sat before her, heaving her right breast up towards her face, offering her her own nipple as though it was some kind of special treat. Playing along she opened her mouth and latched onto it, cradling her own boob whilst he tried to lift her left.

He needed both hands to hold it up, his fingers sinking into the blooming flesh as it filled to confirm to the shape of his hands. The two of them sucked on an erect nipple each, each as large as her thumbs now they were fully erect, enjoying this shared moment of intimacy. And afterwards Vickie dozed with just one thought on her mind. Bigger...

*Day 19

Jane wanted to meet. But Vickie wanted to explore her boobs! They were swelling downwards more than forwards and sideways now but that was to be expected – if they projected out much further she'd be unable to pass through most doors other than sideways one boob at a time. They definitely had their own shape and momentum now. If she leant forwards they hung dangerously low beneath her, and she could swing them back and forth like independent pendulums just by tensing the muscles in her rib cage! Or jiggle them with her forearms... Dan was going to love this when he saw her for their next date! She really wanted to weigh them, to find out just how much weight she was carrying around. Despite her extra muscles she could feel it now – a pressure on her lower back and shoulders as the all encompassing weight bore down on her. It was fine – she could cope, but.... Yeah, that was new. Perhaps today was the day to bring this experiment to an end. The world was continuing to change and perhaps she had accidentally passed that magical tipping point. For example her wardrobe had a new addition she had not been expecting but was pleasantly surprised to see... A wheelchair! She was a little surprised to see the sports photos on the wall for college sports teams had all changed. Rather than being the college netball champion she'd pioneered and led the disabled sports teams... Well that was weird. Apparently, even with the all mighty power of warping reality, the Dream Chest couldn't figure how a woman with breasts her size could possibly be an Olympic level athlete! Well, if she couldn't compete for the Olympics the Paralympics were a more than acceptable option. She perched herself inside

the wheelchair and gloried at how, if she leant forwards even slightly, her boobs nestled in her lap. Well, an R cup did not make her disabled but if she let herself grow much further she would be heading that way.... What would that be like? Boobs so massive she had to use a wheelchair if she wanted to walk.... What the hell was she thinking? In only the last month she had developed a love of long distance running – her new fit body had just demanded that she start

taking jogs and getting out and about. She'd never seen the appeal before but now the endorphin rush of getting out and exploring the city was a part of her daily routine. Except – it wasn't any more. She could see the home gym in the back room, a multi-use piece of kit where she could set different weights in place and work out without leaving her dorm. Screw that. She wanted to run and therefore she would run.

"Meet me in the park café at 5 pm" she texted her friend, before stripping off her regular and sliding on her two sports bras that constricted her boobs twice as firmly. Over the last fortnight it had just become the normal thing to do. Before the wishes, as a naïve flat chested, non-sporty, proud geek she had dubiously thought the idea that busty women needed to double bag their boobs to play sports was a stupid idea. Surely it just meant their bras were badly fitted. But then when she'd developed the extra flesh, the extra weight, and found her chest moving of its own accord with all that extra momentum behind it, she'd began to understand. She loved her breasts but, if not supported, they started to ache horribly. Running, or indeed anything with a lot of upper body movement, exacerbated it. Compression was not just desirable but necessary and she'd been to shops, tried getting new bras, but found that no single garment had the strength to hold her girls in place the way she needed.

She'd done the maths and D cup boobs weighed around 20 pounds, and with every passing day she'd felt it get more noticeable. She'd adjusted her routine to start building up her lower back, put the preventative measures in place to ensure she did no long term damage, but there was only much strength her body could take. And the thing was they didn't just bounce further, they bounced differently. She hadn't noticed it at first but one day she had looked down and realised that her boobs were jiggling back and forth in front of her in a figure of 8! Her left boob shoved her right boob, which swung out to the side before shoving into her left boob. Back and forth, back and forth, ouch, ouch, ouch. Come on girls, stop fighting and get along in there. And so, with some trial and error, she had settled on using two sports bras, one designed to contain all of her boobs and then another to tighten the compression. But now.... With boobs that reached her lap? She gave herself a gentle wobble, watching as her tumultuous flesh jiggled worryingly free despite her undergarments, and so pulled out a third sports bra and squeezed herself into the wretched contraption. It was overkill but she needed it. Her boobs were sagging now, they weren't up on her chest like perky helium balloons but vasty weighty sacks of water. The bras lifted her boobs up just as much as they pulled them in and she was glad for it. Then she pulled out a white tank top, pulled out her running shoes (which looked suspiciously clean), downed a cup of water and set out into the big wide world. It had been a mistake. She should have looked at the home-gym set up and realised her body was simply no longer built for high impact activities like fucking running. Her boobs would not, could not, keep still. She thought she'd grown to understand jiggle and chafing over the last fortnight but

it turned out the way they moved when they hung below your chest compared to when they sat on was completely, utterly, terrifyingly different. Side the side, up and down, in diagonal circles, the moment her body hit a rhythm of any sort they swung into action. If not for the bras it felt as though one, or both, would have forcibly detached itself from her body, but then when denied the opportunity it turned around and smacked back into her other at full speed to take revenge. And then, worse, they weren't just jiggling any more but they were bouncing. Against

her stomach! Up they went, sometimes together but usually apart, and then they would hang in the air for just a blessed wonderful microsecond before slamming back down into her stomach. If she wasn't bruised already she soon would be. She tried to slow to a jog, as she physically could not run, and though the smacks of flesh and flesh was less painful it did not feel as though it had reduced the movement of breastflesh much at all. Her upper body seemed to have transformed itself into some kind of perpetual motion machine. And though, just three or four days ago, she could have run to the park and back without breaking a sweat today she was struggling to put one foot in front of the other. At some point her boobs had got out of sync with each other, one was rising whilst the other was falling. At any time one side of her rib cage was being pounded whilst the other had a momentary break whilst her cleavage jumped upwards towards her face. If it hadn't been for the sports bras she'd have a bloody nose by now! Ignore the rising boobage bobbing up and down just beneath your eyeline, concentrate on the road ahead. She told herself to do this but it was difficult because she couldn't just the movement she could feel it in every agonising detail.

But she had to push on. How had the distance grown so much? She was less than half way there and every muscle in her body was screaming with pain. Even her legs, far enough away from her terrible boobs to escape their wrecking ball mentality, were struggling from the extra weight she was carrying. Technically, she thought, if you included her boobs she had a horrifically high BMI. A substantial portion of her body was just fat. Just fat that was trying to kill her! But she couldn't go back now. She was past halfway and it was nearly 5 pm. She slowed down, eventually found a method that minimised the pain, a sort of gentle shuffle where her shoulders sideways movement caused her breasts to shimmy without inducing the dreaded bounce. This was comfortable. This she could manage. But she was barely jogging any faster at all than she would normally walk. She was going to be late... And by the time she reached the park she was covered in sweat and panting for breath in a way she had not done since her original wish. What had happened? Hadn't she wished to be fitter? Apparently no amount of upper body strength could combat this; her entire body hurt; her boobs ached, the ligaments connecting them to her body were sore, and every inch of her felt smacked around. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" Jane asked, glaring at her from a table outside the café. It was a sunny day, her friend was wearing designer sunglasses and sipping a cocktail. She looked cool and sophisticated in a way that Vickie never had, and with her new boobs never would. "Thought I'd go for a jog," Vickie said, trying to shrug her shoulders and brush it off as no big thing. "Stretch my muscles, get some fresh air." "When you wished to be fitter we thought it was so you could actually get out of that wheelchair and walk," Jane said

incredulously. "You haven't run anywhere since you were thirteen years old girl. You've barely walked at all in the last five until this month." Vickie's mouth fell open in shock. She'd misinterpreted the Dream Chest and the wheelchair based sports photos on her wall. It all made sense now. Her boobs, her monstrous, massive tits, hadn't just added to her original wish they had overwritten it. Jane knew about that original wish but she didn't know, still had no idea, about her second. About her growing tits. So in this new reality Jane and Laura assumed, and had probably told Penny that, Vickie had always been horrifically endowed. That she'd grown up with a horrific case of gigantomastia which had robbed her of free movement from her teenage

years onwards. In this reality that had never been Vickie had either wheeled herself around or walked. She'd walked very, very slowly as she hadn't had the upper body strength to do anything else. But then, just two and a half weeks ago, she had shown them the Dream Chest and wished for herself to be stronger. Any sane woman would have wished her boobs away but Vickie had just wanted the strength to carry her boobs around. The wheelchair was pushed to one side, kept for when she had to push herself, but now she could stand and walk and move around almost unencumbered like any normal woman. Not like any normal woman at all though.... Fuck. "I wanted to try it out," Vickie said, grimacing in pain. "I had no idea it would be so far..." Just a week ago she could have run that in ten minutes not stumbled in half dead after an hour of agony...

Oh god, the pain, she'd never felt anything like this before. As though someone had grabbed hold of each boob and pulled and pulled. There was no single incident just the accumulated shocks of the last hour left her with the terrible sensation as though they had nearly been ripped off her torso. Every vein and ligament was burning. "I'm getting you in a taxi back home," Jane said, snapping out her phone and dialling before Vickie could stop her. "We need to get some ice packs on your tits before they flare up. I can see from your cleavage just how raw they've got. God knows how big you'll get if they start swelling." "God knows," Vickie replied with a sigh as she collapsed on the chair opposite Jane, clutching her aching boobs, and waited for the car to come and take her home.

Penny stared at her phone in disbelief after taking the long expected call! Jane had forgot to ask Vickie about the Dream Chest! Well, she hadn't forgotten – she simply had never had a chance to ask because Vickie had taken a funny turn and nearly, oh so nearly, needed an ambulance. They'd sent her because... well. Jane was the fucking mayor! The woman had authority and respect and Vickie had always listened to Jane the most. But apparently the idiot girl had been running! Vickie couldn't run. The girl was a human trampoline with breasts that didn't so much jiggle as wobble. And so whilst Jane had been planning on grilling Vickie about her plans for the Dream Chest, on insisting that the four of them got together to consult on its future, she'd instead had to help the woman back into her house, lie her on the bed, strip her topless and apply icepacks to the girls bloated boobs.

And Vickie had spent the rest of the evening passing in and out of consciousness whilst Jane sat next to her watching trash TV and trying to force water down her whenever Vickie showed signs of stirring. Jane had rang Vickie's boyfriend to tell him what had happened and he'd promised to come over and look after her. She'd left at 9 pm after the two of them had tucked Vickie up in bed.

Dan loved Vickie and he loved her big tits, he would look after her. Right now the two of them were probably canoodling on the bed, him with his hand cupped around her massive pendulous breast gently stroking it. Her freakishly big nipples would be hardening in the cool air, swelling up, waiting eagerly to be sucked on... Penny shuddered as her mental projection went too far. You saw your friend naked one time and it did terrible things to you. And yeah, Penny had never had a bisexual urge in her life until she'd met Vickie but that didn't count. Vickie's breasts weren't sexual there were these big, monstrous, all encompassing 'things' that the three of

them had been laughing about for years. How could Dan, fuck that how could men, be so attracted to things that amounted to little more than sacks of fat? Wonders would never cease. So, apparently, the four of them would have to wait a bit longer to discuss the Dream Chest and plan their future. So be it. She could wait... Not for long though.

*Day 20

Vickie opened her eyes, wondering what was going on. "You're up," came a familiar voice from below her. She would have looked down but her duvet, mounted over her massive tits, pooled up in front of her and blocked her lower vision. She inched her body sideways, shoulders and arms aching at the strain of moving her heavy torso, and peered around her boobs to see Dan waving at her from the side of the bed. "Thank god, I was getting worried sleepyhead." "Why do I ache?" she asked, surprised. 'And why are you here?' She thought to herself. She didn't remember letting him in the night before. "You overdid it exercising with Jane," Dan said, fixing her with a pleasant grin. "Apparently you smacked yourself in the face with your boobs and passed out. She said there was blood everywhere!" No she hadn't. She'd stupidly tried to run to the park. But then she'd slept. Midnight had passed. The world had re-written itself. Of course she couldn't have run to the park. Not Vickie with the 20 litre tits. That woman couldn't have possibly tried to run because her breasts were so massive it took her two attempts to even climb out of bed. OUCH! She was sore. Dan was grinning at her. "It's not funny," she protested. I never said it was, he said, unable to hide his smile. She batted at him with her pillow and he turned away to reach for a mug of tea he'd prepared for her already. "Perfect excuse for you to spend the entire day in bed," he said with a smile. "I'll get you anything you want, just rest there and recover and I'll do everything." "Everything?" Vickie asked. He just grinned back at her with a big smile.

*Day 23

Penny hated herself. She hadn't earned this wealth, she hadn't worked for it. Her old life had been shitty after all but she'd worked for everything she had. The company she'd been building up had come out of her blood, sweat and tears. It had been struggling but it had been hers. Now however she was head of a multi-million pound empire and earning more in interest a day than she'd ever earned in a year before the Dream Chest. She was reaching the tipping point where she had to talk to Vickie and see what else they could change next. She didn't want to lose the fortune but she needed something else, something new, some challenge to spice their life up again. She needed to talk to Jane and Laura to come up with some ideas. To find a way to reconnect with them after their lives (particularly Jane's) had changed, locking her out of their original friendship. It sucked to know the women you loved, had loved your whole life as best friends, had never really existed. At least not in the form you thought of them as. It was like being lied to.... Well she was fed up of being lied to. If Vickie wouldn't take her calls she would just go over there, find the Dream Chest, and sort this mess out once and for all. She had to know what had changed!

... To be continued in Act IV

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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 bolognaise 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 friends 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 waiving 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

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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' wandering eyes. But over the last three days it's 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

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