

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 buggered 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.

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.*

Don't do that.

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?

10:45 AM

Fuck off and leave me alone.

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 unscrewed?) 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 stalling.

"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 waving her arm, pumping up the excitement in the room. The crowd was unanimous, they all wanted Laura and her tits to get involved in the game, they were all irritated that she had flaked out early with her chosen conquest for the evening.

The clock struck the hour.

Jane's eyes met Vickie's.

For just a moment the flesh beneath Vickie's scandalously revealing bikini twitched...

***Day 13**

Vickie was glancing down at her own boobs, a massive grin spread across her chest.

She was the only one not looking at Jane, the only one not cheering her on.

Nobody noticed, nobody was paying attention to the second bustiest girl in the building because they were enamoured with the prospect of Jane sucking down the nipple of her one true competitor.

But Vickie, and on a subconscious level perhaps Jane, had noticed her new designer H cup bikini top form itself around her swollen bosom.

The straps were wider than the one she had been wearing before, a little broader to spread the weight of their precious cargo across her shoulders.

She had more flesh on display than ever before if that was possible and the girl was loving it.

But the room had not noticed. The room was too focused on Jane's quest for Laura's nipple.

Although Andrei, who had been grinning like a lunatic a second before, was now looking awkward. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned apologetically at Jane.

"If you want to do it?" he said, turning the ace of clubs over in his hand. He dropped the playing card to the floor, took another sip of his drink and offered "I can think of something else?"

The cheering had quietened a little. Jane could tell. Everyone was still eager, they 'wanted' her to do this, but the incessant demand had faded.

The pressure, the crowd mentality that had overwhelmed the room just before midnight, had completely dissipated.

She could do what she wanted.

“No, it’s fine!” Jane replied with a grin. She had the advantage now and she was going to use it. With that horrible push gone she was happier to go ahead, but not on their terms, on hers. “I’ll suck on Laura’s nipple if you fetch her Andrei. I’m not getting between her and her cock, but if you bring her down here, lay her flat on that table and present her to me I’ll suck her rock-hard nipple off as though I was giving the best blowjob in history.”

Andrei visibly gulped.

A very dejected man left the room a few moments later to a hollering encouragement from his friends. Whether he would return with, or without, Titania however was doubtful.

“If I’m doing this then I want your phones,” Jane declared to the room, leaping to her feet and grabbing one of the empty chip bowls from the corner. She held it up for all the people in the room to see. “No cameras, put your phones in the bowl or you’ll get nothing from me tonight.”

And to her surprise and delight not a single one objected. She was left with a bowl full of mobile phones, an enraptured audience, and a pause whilst she awaited to see whether Andrei would return alone or with a friend for her to pleasure.

She took one last long swig of liquid courage and grinned with realisation about the way she could control the room.

Fucking hell yeah!

Vickie watched Jane with suspicion.

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

It was the first night Vickie had been awake through the transformation and it has been awesome. The moment she'd felt a glowing warmth in her chest she'd nearly orgasmed there on the spot!

Hopefully Jane would be too drunk to remember. None of the other girls knew she had wished for bigger tits. None of the other girls knew she secretly planned to out-pace Laura for the titty crown.

They all thought muscles were here one and only thing. Well she would have both and none of them would be any the wiser. Soon, about a week and a half away, she would reach that goal.

Buzzing with excitement she grabbed her date and retreated upstairs to better explore her new body.

That Jane had a hangover was predictable.

That she awoke with a man in the bed besides her was not as guaranteed but definitely a pleasant surprise. She turned over a few times before realising it was Andrei, her task master, the man she had effectively cucked last night.

Definitely a one night stand she thought. It might have been a pity shag but her memories after midnight were quite hazy.

That he offered to cook breakfast was a nice bonus.

Whilst he cooked Jane padded her way around Penny's mansion looking to see if any of her friends were up.

Surprisingly Laura was waiting in the lounge, dressed only in a bathrobe, watching television whilst playing puzzle games on her mobile.

“You don’t even look tired,” Jane remarked as she slotted in besides her. Laura offered a toothy grin in response. “Is this as weird for you as it is me? It’s like Penny is a completely different person; but from her perspective she’s known us her whole life.”

“Just roll with it,” Laura shrugged, twisting her neck and cricking her shoulders. Her boobs surged forwards with the upper body movement, threatening to pop out from beneath her robe. “I have never felt better than I do now...”

“Can you even get hurt?” Jane asked, surprised.

Laura nodded quickly

“I stubbed my toe pretty hard the other day and it was horrible until the bleeding stopped... But I think it healed quicker than it would have normally. I’m not super-human, just healthier and more resilient than the average woman.”

“And I seem to be getting my way a lot more than normal,” Jane nodded with a sigh, “It seems like a wasted wish. Penny’s life has completely transformed, and our ex-little Vickie has turned into some kind of Olympian. Who knew she had that specific desire in her?”

“Well I saw her lifting weights the other day,” Laura said with a sly grin; “The girl is stacked in ALL the right ways.”

They gossiped about their experience from last night, about the crazy ways the world had changed, how this never could have possibly happened in their old lives.

Although half way through Jane realised something was off.

Some things Laura remembered perfectly but others were just not right. Like the time they had both been arrested for drunken behaviour on Vickie’s twenty first birthday.

It had been a great learning experience – the two of them dragged out of the club and deposited in the back of a police car. One night in the cells to cool down, a small fine to pay for wasting police time, then home with no more said or done about the incident.

Only the way Laura told it Laura had been arrested and Jane had picked her up from the clink the following morning.

It was such a small detail but she didn't dare correct her friend. It was just another way the world really was still changing.

Andrei bought them both food, apologised sheepishly for his behaviour last night, and then quietly left to let them enjoy their breakfast in peace.

The two friends grinned at each other at the quiet way they had shamed him without saying a word.

Several of the other guests who had stayed over departed, stopping in to say goodbye to the two girls and briefly enquire if Penny was up. Midday came and neither their host or Vickie seemed to show any sign of coming down to join them.

Eventually Laura glanced over Jane's shoulder and said; "Your ride is here."

"Ride?" Jane replied, glancing over her shoulder at a suited gentleman who had just entered the room. He was holding a suitcase and a coat out ready for her.

"For the ad campaign," Laura grinned. "

He waited by the door, a suitably respectful distance, although it was clear he was waiting for her.

Well this was unexpected.

*Day 14

Jane watched the footage back on her phone, impressed at how quickly the ad team had been able to slice together a first draft within twenty-four hours over a Saturday night!

Someone had slaved away on this through the weekend.

She had spent the car journey reading through her emails on her phone to try and figure out what was going on. The answer had been quite simple.

Business was booming. It was booming so well that she had been asked two years ago, and apparently agreed, to become the public face of the company.

So now, as well as sit in an office and make spreadsheets, she got to wear designer clothing, have professional makeup applied and make speeches to visiting business delegates at high level meetings.

And sometimes they filmed her speeches to use as promotional adverts.

And sometimes they paid her fucking millions for the exclusive rights to her work. She discovered she was under a exclusivity deal worth more per year than her house was worth.

"Buy our products," she would conclude with when addressing a room full of corporate shills. There were a few high-powered women around her but it was mostly men.

And every single man in the room would listen, respectfully acknowledge her wish, and do just fucking that!

'I don't like the way my hair looks from that camera angle,' she thought self-critically, grimacing slightly at the footage. She emailed the editor a quick note; "Can you not use that one and just use the other shots? Otherwise looks fab."

"Of course," came the quick reply, "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.

"As mayor of this city," Jane said, leaning forwards to bring her head better into shot.

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.

"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 affected by this turmoil."

The small media circus was listening with rapt attention. The men 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 then soon, we can put this dark day behind us..."

Fucking hell.

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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