**The Failing of Words**

Contains: One dumb guy, BE, and some incredibly large breasts.

To be clear: Every character is 18 or older. Forgive Justin, he's been held back once or twice.

Justin Halvech studied the paper in his hand with disgust. The red streaked paper looked more like a murder scene than an English report. A big "41 see me after class" was scribbled in the corner. Justin's hands shook as he seethed, air whistling through his teeth as he breathed. The sidewalk below him paid the price of his anger as heavy footfalls beat it with reckless abandon.

*Stupid high school teachers. Always thinked writing is important. Always saying spelling is a key. That grammar matter. That putting words on the pages has any meaning.*

His brain spun with these ideas. Justin didn't even go to the afterschool session his teacher asked him about. No one was going to stop the 6'4" Justin Halvech, gym junkie and self-proclaimed hottest guy at school, from going home in the afternoon.

The pavement was continuing to be punished when one of the blocks of sidewalk tilted quickly under the forceful step of the distracted, brutish high schooler. Justin tripped over himself before coming to a stop. Interested in getting back at the annoying piece of concrete, he whipped around only to notice something odd. With the block twisted now, a shiny object now glowed softly from under the slab of mistreated walkway.

Justin leaned in and peered at the object, anger tucked away for now at the sudden discovery of something fascinating. Below the pavement, in a small hole dug for the purpose, was a gold object. Justin took a quick look around at the dead neighborhood before he stuck his hand into the crevice and pulled out a gold-plated oil lamp.

Now if Justin had been any sort of reader or payed attention to things other than himself for once, he would have been very excited. This was obviously a lamp very much like the fabled genie lamp from Aladdin and countless other stories of that nature. Instead, he decided it was not only cool, but would probably be worth a profit once he'd cleaned it up. With that, he tipped the stone back into place, and took off with the lamp. The discarded and crumpled essay was the only piece of evidence he was there, and that too was blown away by the winds.

Justin did the obvious thing when he returned home, brought his spoils of war back to his room and rubbed the lamp. To nobody's surprise but Justin's, a genie exploded from the lamp. Justin's flabbergasted face was such an amazing example of pure idiocy that it is impossible to describe.

"Hello there good sir, I am Rymur," said the massive swirling green person, "genie of the lamp and server of the one who woke me." Justin kept making that meme worthy face as the silence stretched on far too long. "And your name, sir?" asked the genie with a look that while still smiling and cheerful basically read: "Great. Another weirdo to deal with."

Justin managed to pull himself out of his own look of shock to say, "I'm ... uh ... Justin ... Justin Halvech."

The genie then gave him the whole spiel and it seemed that with every word Justin's grin grew bigger and more sinister. He giggled to himself. THREE WHOLE WISHES were under his control and they would be the best three wishes his feeble brain could think of, that's for sure. In what may seem like a break in character, Justin began a plan for his wishes. It wasn't that Justin never put in any effort, it's just that he never put in effort to things he didn't think were important. Weight lifting? Important. English? No one cares.

Justin turned to the genie, plan in mind. "Alright, I want every girl who see me to fall in love with me instantly," he declared, pointing at the genie triumphantly and wearing a smile of pure unadulterated giddiness.

The genie snapped his fingers and it was done.

Justin then raised his hands to the sides like he was some anime villain summoning power orbs into his hands. Now for his master plan. Sure he hadn't thought about the third wish yet but he was sure he would know a way to spend it. With a cackle that would make any evil genius proud, Justin boldly proclaimed, "I want my neighborhood full of busty woman!"

Justin didn't realize his mistake. A wish for many hot women to adore him was not what he had just expressed. The genie kinda cringed, then rolled his eyes and said, "If that's what you want..."

The genie snapped his fingers and it was done.

Justin turned toward his bedroom door, head full of visions of himself in a pile of busty blondes, all of them tending to his every need. Behind him the genie quickly transported the lamp elsewhere, but Justin didn't notice. The girls were all begging him to play with their large chests and he was picking out the biggest one when he opened the door and ...

There was an awful sound of crunching. Metal and wood bending past their limits, snapping, folding, and caving in. Justin froze, door open and grin fading fast. The guest room door was also open giving him a clear view out of the other side of the house through the window. For a few brief moments he saw the pink wall as it approached the window, broke through it, and began snowplowing over the room opposite his. Justin's scream barely lasted half a second before the pink wall muffled it out of existence and he was crushed under multiple tons of force.

Officer Morenos had been a cop for thirty years and he thought he had seen everything. That's why when reports from frightened citizens came in about a giant pink wall and huge red cannons, he didn't believe it. They claimed that the wall had suddenly expanded out of nowhere, crushing many houses. The story became even more bizarre as other people began reporting sightings of giant breasts. Officer Morenos found the whole thing way too clever to be a simple prank. Calling up some trusted contacts, he found that they only spluttered that it was the truth and that it shouldn't be possible. Officer Morenos decided that now was a good time to see for himself.

Even as he watched them loom over him as he approached, he couldn't accept it. It was just not possible. His partner, Officer Beck, could only stare out in disbelief as well for the entire ride. She normally ragged on him for looking at other women, even though they weren't married, but none of that was happening now.

They parked their car nearby the base of the mountains understanding exactly why they were being called a pink wall. It was barely possible to tell they were curved from this angle. A few people were hanging out near the titanic things and they were all shell-shocked to the core. One guy with a frozen state of horror and disbelief was standing right next to it and poking the pliable wall at a constant rhythm as if completely unaware of the surroundings.

"Jim," whispered Officer Beck, wide eyed and embarrassed like everyone else, "can you check out the ... um ... source? I'm going to check in with the other officers."

Officer Morenos nodded slowly and began moving his way toward the woman crying up next to the oversized sweater puppies. This was the woman these breasts actually belonged to. Officer Morenos was glad to see that someone had been kind enough to throw a jacket on the poor topless woman. As he got close to the breasts, he could feel their warmth radiating almost ... seductively? Whatever it was, it was somewhat arousing. He swallowed his feelings and arrived at the perpetrator.

Damn. How do you deal with this? What did you charge a person who was visibly shaken by their own body growing and crushing multiple homes and possibly other people? Did this count as indecent exposure? What about...

Officer Morenos decided to get the truth or at least the closest thing he had to that. He quickly determined it was not the woman's fault and that there had been no sign of this even possible happening. Officer Beck reported that they had evacuated the citizens on the other end of the breasts, in case another growth spurt happens and that they were trying to determine how the best cover up the poor girl. They didn't have enough data on her total size, but it was eerily clear that the expansion stopped at the edge of the community.

Officer Morenos turned to his partner.

"My god, this girl has filled up the neighborhood."

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