

Wishes: Ad Infinitum

Part Four



Inspired by a concept from Max Mammaries

ACT IV – Laura’s Story

*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 come 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 handbreak. 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 or 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

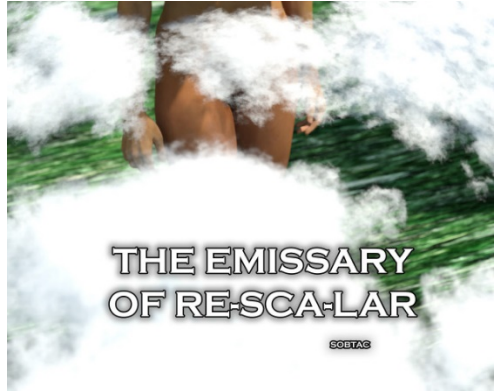
Also Available from Sobtac

The Emissary of Re-Sca-Lar

20-page pdf comic sequence

Giantess

\$1.50 from E-Junkie



Troubled Waters

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

28-page pdf comic sequence

Transgender, Breast Expansion.

\$1.50 from E-Junkie



The Twins – Breast expansion

Status: Recruited – *Giantess Sequence*

Two Pills – *Breast expansion and Shrinking Woman*

Making Adjustments – *Breast expansion and Penis Enlargement*

+ Sobtac Presents Scenes from Rebellious Phase

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