

Wishes: Ad Infinitum

Part Three



Inspired by a concept from Max Mammaries

Interlude – The Tipping Point

Morning sunlight found its way between the cracks in the curtains and lightly cascaded itself over Vickie's naked torso.

It was not the light itself, more the sensation of her skin warming beneath those gentle rays, that slowly pulled her back to consciousness. Her dreams had been pleasant but there was nothing.... NOTHING, better than luxuriating in her new curves!

As a reflex movement the first thing she did was reach down to feel the new size of her breasts. She was delighted that they had expanded to not just rival, but eclipse, the size of her head whilst remaining incredibly perky!

Crawling out from her bed towards the mirror she did a little shimmy to watch as her top-heavy figure wobbled alluringly. She appraised herself with a smile, reaching for the wardrobe where her bras were waiting for their daily inspection.

Her routine had been the same each and every morning for some time now, ever since this wonderful wish had completely changed her world.

As predicted the label now put her at an M cup, with washing instructions on the label printed in a foreign language!

Her ribcage had barely grown at all over the last few weeks, the extra muscle pushing her up from a 32 band size to a respectable 34, but aside from her overabundant breast flesh, now resting snugly in the massive cups, the increase was pure muscle.

Vickie realised that bras at her size must be increasingly harder to find, but the reality-altering powers of her wish made it so she always had a fitted bra ready in the morning.

Somewhere, somehow, her new reality had found a willing supplier, information she would have to hunt down eventually if she was going to continue living this other life.

Her entire wardrobe had grown alongside her to match her incredible bustline, and she pulled on a comfortable dress that covered her shoulders but left open most of her massive

cleavage. To be honest, looking down, she wasn't sure if it was ever going to be possible to find a dress that covered them that didn't swamp the rest of her like a tent.

On another woman tits this size would be unwieldy but for her it was just... Just fine.

She had the strength and dexterity to carry her heaving new appendages around with ease, although she had to admit they were now causing some issues.

Not what she had expected; standing, sitting, walking, running even jumping were all fine. She had seen photos of her new body in gym clothes and she had learnt to triple bag her boobs with 3 sports bras to hold them down; uncomfortable but more than possible.

She'd done a tonne of reading on how busty women could exercise without aggravating their chest and settled on a unique solution. One sports bra specifically designed to encapsulate, one sports bra specifically designed to compress, then a third to hold those two together.

None of the guides online recommended it, they all insisted that one single 'well fitted' sports bra should do its job, but she also found discussion boards full of her full bosomed contemporaries moaning that they needed two regardless of how well fitted their clothes.

Well Vickie was not a woman to do things by half. If you were doing something then do it properly; so she'd settled on the magic rule of three!

She thought of it as triple bagging!

Uncomfortable at first, definitely overkill, but the freedom of control it gave her when running was worth it. She knew, subconsciously however, this would not work if she got much bigger.

But that was a problem for another day.

No, right now she only encountered issues when working in tight spaces.

The flat was now clear of anything at chest height she could knock over with a side swipe of swinging boobs when she turned

around. Tables, desks, cupboard had all been cleared out to ensure there were no accidents!

Worse her cantaloupe busting boobs meant it was difficult to sit at a desk and write! Bending forwards she had to take some time to manoeuvre her body into position at her work desk so she could sit and work without squishing herself between the chair and the table!

Her boobs wiggled all over the place whenever she moved, reminding her constantly just how massive they were, but she was loving each and every moment!

However when she checked her emails she realised very quickly that something had changed. She was still working for the same professor, still studying for a PhD whilst archiving the museum pieces, but...

They had hired an intern to do the actual sorting.

Somewhere along the line her responsibility had shifted. They had shifted her into a desk job!

Over several weeks the wishes had been slowly but surely altering every aspect of her life but this was the first time they had affected her work in a major way!

She spent the morning scanning over the last six months of her emails to learn just what and how much had changed. She still had access to the archive, still had found the Wishing Chest and asked for permission to buy it, but it was no longer her job to take each and every item out of storage and perform a manual inspection. Her assistant handled all that whilst sending reports and photographs to her for a virtual assessment!

His name was Dan, he was two years older than her and incredibly cute!

He was doing this as a part time to pay for his tuition after spending a few years as a college dropout. Keen, earnest, but also street smart – he'd left academia and spent a few years living in the real world and had some amazing stories about the things he'd seen.

He was also incredibly shy, wide eyed and absolutely, painfully, unmistakably in love with her tits!

She realised that the way she was sitting, perched on her stool basically using the desk as a place to rest her breasts, she was giving anyone who approached her an eyeful...

So maybe it wasn't his fault.

But there were limits.

Dan could not take his eyes off her breasts, could not look her in the eyes for more than a few seconds before his gaze returned downwards towards her behemoths.

He seemed a really nice guy, he also seemed really apologetic for staring, but... Apparently, he couldn't help himself. And as he reported directly to her 2 – 3 times a day that meant her breasts got perved on a lot!

According to her emails she'd had a guilty crush on him for a while and been debating with Penny about whether or not to just take the plunge with the guy.

He clearly was a boob guy, she was a well-endowed woman boob wise, the maths wasn't difficult.

It was weird though. She felt an instant connection with this drooling, though perfectly pleasant, cutie but there was never an opportunity to break the ice.

At coffee break Vickie got fed up of the intrigue. She's been mentally holding back on the game of 'I know he's got an erection but I mustn't let him know I've noticed'. The tension had been fun at first but it was just unbearable....

"Dan, I know my boobs are massive, they're not causing you any problems are they?"

"What?" he gasped, staring at her in shock.

For the first time that day he was able to hold eye contact with her for a full ten seconds without glancing down once.

She hadn't been sure where she was going with this but she was caught in the sudden adrenaline rush. Flexing her body, arching her back to push her boobage forwards, she grinned seductively at him over her piled up tits.

"Look, they're just breasts. Big, awesome, juicy tits. If I'm reading you wrong I'm sorry but I think you've always been a bit obsessed

with them, and the fact neither of us is acknowledging that is causing a bit of a wedge between us.”

He was caught, like a deer in headlights, and she felt a rush of power as she saw and grabbed the opportunity without any shame whatsoever.

“You know if...If you want to get a closer look at them you just have to ask.”

“To ask?” He repeated with a slight stutter. For just a millisecond his mask dropped and she saw it all; hope, fear, lust, excitement, terror.... No, he was going to run, this wasn’t a trap, she was serious and she had to let him know.

“Dan, I’m serious. I think your kind of hot and I need to know if your serious or just enjoying a free eyeful.”

He shuddered, eyes finally flickering down before coming back up to hers. Men always looked. So did women. With gazongas this massive everyone looked until you called them out on it and then finally, finally, they were able to look you in the eyes.

“No, I’ve never... Vickie, I didn’t mean to stare. It’s just they’re just so...”

“I LIKE people staring Dan, but I also like you and I know you like me too. If these are causing you a problem I want to help, and I want you know I don’t blame you for staring. Every morning I stand naked before the mirror and stare at them myself, thanking god that I’m so blessed.”

“You do?” he raised an eyebrow. She felt relief as the moment of danger passed and a saucy smile slipped across his face. “What else do you do?”

“Wonder why I can’t find a boyfriend to share these wonders with,” she replied tartly, flicking a strand of hair out of her cleavage. “Wonder why you’ve been working with me for six months now and never once had the gumption to ask me on a date. I know your single...”

“You want me to ask you out?”

“If you want to dummy,” she laughed, standing up and stalking across the small room towards him. He stood to meet her, eyes

on hers as she reached up (and over her tits) to reach him and pull him towards her.

As their lips locked her chest bumped into his and nearly bounced him backwards, but she clung on to hold him steady for just one perfect moment.

Ten minutes later they were stumbling into the stationary cupboard, arms all over each other as they stripped clothes off. Vickie was kissing and licking his neck, moaning with delight as his hands ran up and down her body, struggling with the clasps of her bra to tear the monstrosity large garment off.

She fell backwards onto the floor, pulling him down alongside her. Her heavy breasts slammed into her chest as she flopped over on her side and she gasped at the impact.

"What is it?" Dan asked, pausing to stare at her with concern.

"Just my boobs," she laughed, "I'm fine! I forget how heavy they are sometimes!"

"I don't see how anyone could forget how heavy these are," Dan said, gliding his hands up to squeeze her left tits. Her giant orb dwarfed his hand, in fact he could only really cup her areola if he wanted to, she was that massive!

She gasped, amazed at how sensitive her newly huge breasts were as they finally got attention from a new sexual partner! This is what she had been waiting for all this time!

Things had changed and it wasn't just her boobs, although for obvious reasons they were the centre of attention. The last time she'd slept with a guy Vickie had been a skinny freak, basically skin and bone, and she'd been handling men bigger and stronger than her.

Now Vickie was nearly as tall as Dan and definitely stronger, just comparing their arms she had far more muscle definition than the poor little guy. She was able to gently push and pull him around with ease, guiding his body where she wanted to suit her, rather than the other way around.

He didn't seem to mind this small emasculation however, in fact he was enchanted by every inch of her naked body, spotting

kisses down her front, towards her waiting pussy before he dived back upwards to start again.

She wanted that, she NEEDED that, but first she wanted to get the most out of her new endowments!

She kissed him, tongue forcefully against his to explore his mouth, before guiding his head down towards her breasts, and she had to bite her tongue to hold back shrieks as he put his tongue on her breasts. He kissed and suckled, working in circles around her nipples, slowly edging closer and closer towards it and the anticipation was driving her crazy.

She could feel herself getting wet, and his erection pressing against her thigh.

This was going to be oral only, she decided at the last second, although she'd been tempted to go all the way. A blowjob today, to take the edge off his lust, then a proper date in a few days to see if he really was worth keeping around.

And if it didn't work out she always had the Dream Chest to make a few minor improvements...

ACT III – Penny’s Story

*Day 23

Penny stood in Vickie’s living room, staring down at the box that had caused all this trouble.

The flat was deserted, Vickie was out, so nobody knew she was here. Nobody knew she had a key but then for a woman with her resources it wasn’t hard to get what she wanted.

She held a small strip of paper in her hand and she glanced around nervously. What she was going to do would break her best friend’s one rule.

However it was absolutely necessary.

It was now nearly four weeks since the world had invisibly changed around them, and she was fed up not knowing. She was fed up discovering each and every day that things were just a little... Off.

She was fed up being caught out expecting her life to go one way and discovering it had gone another.

Most of all she was fed up of the two bustiest women in her life bitching about each other behind their back. There was more to life than big tits, not that you would know it listening to Vickie and Laura bitching.

This wasn’t right. This wasn’t how things should be.

However she could not recall how they were before – the only thing to change that she was consciously aware of was the reserve of extra cash that had appeared in her bank account.

She’d promised herself money would not change her, but had it? Was just becoming a multi-millionaire all it took for the world to treat you differently?

“I wish I knew what had changed,” she said aloud as she closed the door on the Dream Chest, although she knew it wasn’t necessary.

Her wish was deposited already and tomorrow...

...Tomorrow they would see what had happened.

Everyone felt sad for Vickie.

Though she never showed any outward sign of how troubled she was it had always bothered her that she had no.... anything.

She'd hooked onto friends who had every female stereotype going; Penny had as much curves as any woman but her shortened stature meant her figure (and particularly her ass) was as thicc as they came. Then there was Jane, the statuesque beauty who towered over most men.

But really Vickie was most jealous of Laura, 'tit'-ania herself, a woman who had embraced her virginal breast hypertrophy to become an exhibitionist extreme.

Vickie practically worshipped at Laura's feet. Whatever her breast developed friend said she jumped at without thinking twice. It was as though she craved attention from her more developed friends to reassure her own fragile ego.

Everyone felt jealous of Vickie.

Even Laura, secretly, was jealous that she didn't have the most massive breasts in the city. Who would have believed that two girls paired with each other throughout college would have the two most developed and well reported cases of Gigantomastia for miles around living just a few doors down from each other?

And though Laura was the exhibitionist, the woman who wanted every pair of eyes on her magnificent tits, she was secretly very, very angry that Vickie had her inched out by just a narrow margin. Breast envy was a terrible thing.

And Penny was fed up of playing go between for the two girls' growing hostility.

***Day -2**

Penny glanced down at her watch.

They had been trying dresses on for three hours already and nothing had quite been right. Why, oh why, had she wanted to co-ordinate clothing? In what mad world had she thought, for a moment, that this could possibly work.

Nothing, and nothing, that fitted her short stubby frame could possibly match her two friends freakish body shapes.

This last shop was their final chance – if they didn't have anything then she'd have no choice but to give up. And whilst she'd slipped into the selected dress quickly enough the two women the other side of those cupboards would be pushing and pulling at various bra straps to try and look as presentable as possible.

"Are you coming out?" she asked eventually.

"Yes," came twin replies from behind the curtains, before one of them added quickly; "I was just wondering if I need to go braless with this one."

"That Laura," Penny said tactfully, "Is something no one wants to see. At least not in public."

Come out and let me inspect."

Penny frowned at the red dresses she had forced her best friends to try on. They had all agreed to co-ordinate for the launch party knowing it would be a tall order.

Skinny, lanky and boobalicious – with her short stature the four musketeers had almost every female body shape extreme catered for.

If she was going to toe that difficult line of attractive but not overly sexual she'd need to consider how it would look on anyone.

And with the sole exception of Laura, whose frontage would stretch a circus tent to the limit, this looked like it could actually work.

"I feel like this dress would be better without a bra," Laura said critically, running her fingers along the straps beneath the fabric, the wires tauged against her flesh as they strained to hold up her monstrous boobage.

"That is not anything the world needs to see. It looks fine, those straps are barely visible," Penny replied before turning to grin at Vickie. "How about you? How do you feel?"

In response Vickie gave her a little ballerina's twirl.

The girl had always been light on her feet, she could almost double as one of Santa's elves.

Oh fuck, this wasn't going to be a Christmas themed do...

Penny watched as her friends stepped out to examine themselves in the mirror, pulling up their green dresses and smoothing down their plunging cleavage.

The busty buddies had the most outwardly feminine body shapes of anyone she knew – picking something conservative that would appear classy but not prudish was a challenge.

There was a tonne of cleavage on display but the dress code could not be accused of being immodest. With these two it was just a fact of life.

"How do you feel?" she asked, grinning as Vickie gave a little ballerina's twirl. Her muscular frame powered her round in a circle, long arms outstretched, tits thrust out to fill the space before her.

As the girl came to a halt her top failed to stop with her; the two prodigious boobs jiggling against each other for freedom.

"Not very supported," Vickie said laughing, patting her frontage down to a gentle halt. "But at least I'm not going to pop out in this contraption."

“Stop moaning about that sports bra,” Laura rolled her eyes irritably “It’s all I ever hear about girl; if your boobs are weighing you down so much stop jogging everywhere.”

“No,” Vickie replied, flexing her arm at her friends, “That would mean letting them win.”

“By them do you mean gravity or the perverts following you everywhere with cameras?” Penny asked, and both girls giggled as Vickie went bright red out of embarrassment.

The two endowed girls turned to examine each other in the changing room mirrors. Their bosoms heaved as they moved and turned and Penny stepped back instinctively to give them room.

Because she was short her head was about level with those twin wrecking balls, and she knew from experience they carried enough momentum to send her staggering if she wasn’t careful.

Penny wondered for a moment why she’d ever thought co-ordinating dresses would be a good idea...

Jane grinned down at Penny and offered a small but silent thumbs up.

The giant girl had probably spotted exactly the same small issue their small friend had she had but decided it wasn’t a problem worth mentioning.

“I don’t feel conspicuous,” was all she said, grinning at her reflection in the mirror; “This will do; probably as close as we’re going to find that doesn’t look awful on at least one of us.”

“Do you think this dress needs to be strapless?” Laura asked again, reaching down to the folds in her top and plunging her hand deep into the chasm between her boobs.

Her hand emerged with a tube of lip gloss moments later which she began to apply before the changing room mirror.

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

bought her own gloss, but handed it over silently when she was done.

Vickie was looking sheepishly at her own reflection; “This dress doesn’t leave much to the imagination; I mean it covers everything but I can feel it clinging to me.”

Jane rolled her eyes again.

“You’re just not used to wearing clothes that show off your shape,” she said, patting their skinny friend down.

It was amazing to see that she actually did have hips; it was hard to tell sometimes given the baggy clothes she normally wore. “It looks good on you Vickie – you should show off what you have more often.”

Vickie blushed deep red and grinned back at her friends.

Penny heard a buzzing noise and turned back to her hand bag to begin fishing out her mobile.

“It’s Jane,” she grinned, reading the memo. “Should I switch her over to video?”

“What?” Vickie turned in dismay, eyes wide; “Penny! No, we haven’t decided...”

“Too late.”

Jane’s manicured face appeared on the small screen, frowning as she took in the dresses Penny had picked out. The new city mayor paused in surprise for a moment; then grinned as he eyes roved up and down their bodies.

“That dress doesn’t leave much to the imagination Vickie,” she said with a smirk; “It looks good on you! You should show off what you have more often.”

“I show off just the right amount,” Vickie replied demurely.

“Less than Laura does even though you’ve probably got more to flaunt,” Jane replied, receiving a deep scowl back from Laura in return.

No one slighted Tit-ania’s boobs and got away with it.

Penny tensed. The size gap between Vickie and Laura was not a topic to broach lightly but Jane was a safe distance away on the other end of that phone.

“Come on girl – you normally look like you’re on the hunt. That dress pulls you in nicely.”

Laura grinned, leaning forwards so that her boobs hung down, displaying more than foot of plunging cleavage for the camera. “I think I still could manage... It feels like I could catch a killer whale in here.”

“See,” Jane laughed. “I’m just sorry I can’t join you – but it’ll be brilliant Penny. It’s going to be a hit. I can tell. I’ve been telling everyone I know to be there...”

“Well, with the deputy mayor’s backing tomorrow’s sure to be a hit,” Penny grinned.

*Day 0

Penny glanced up from her desk, staring at the accounting figures. Her phone was buzzing.

It was Vickie, annoyed that she'd refused to join them for her little 'surprise', hopefully now apologising for acting like a cow just because one of her best friends couldn't drop everything with just a few hours' notice.

Well some of them had work to do, a business to launch in the morning, and not much patience for her friend's hobbies.

Besides, the three of them had been out on Friday. The launch event of her new store had been a massive success, there had been so many people there, and so much alcohol.

They had all got merrily drunk in the early hours, celebrating with champagne after most of the guests had gone home, and then spent Saturday sleeping off the consequences.

Now there was going to be a tax audit alongside this new launch and she'd fucked up massively by letting herself lose control on Friday night. She had needed Saturday to call her accountant and get him to crunch the numbers and she had forgot!

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Besides, they'd all been out on Friday, done their best to have a good night at the launch party for her new store despite the epic disaster it had then turned out to be.

She had drunk to ignore the shame - and the three of them had ended up walking her home, trying to drunkenly convince her that everything was going to be okay.

She'd planned to spend the weekend working to get everything ready for the launch tomorrow. She'd fucked up massively by letting herself loose control on Friday night. Just because that had been a

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

She reached for her phone

disaster didn't mean tomorrow could afford to be.

It was fine. Friday had always meant to just be a party. Sure – it was meant to drum up some publicity, but that was it. Nothing that had happened there mattered. Tomorrow mattered. She reached for her phone

9.10 PM

Sorry you couldn't come.

I have a fantastic surprise I'll share later when you are free.

I think everything is about to change for the better!

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Sorry you couldn't come.

I have a fantastic surprise I'll share later when you are free.

I think everything is about to change for the better!

Penny sighed.

Vickie could be such a drama queen sometimes.

***Day 13**

Penny woke up.

It was the morning after her epic pool party and the house was still full of people who had slept over.

Most she 'sort' of knew but dozens of people had appeared in her phone contacts list since she had wished for money. Were they actually close friends in this new reality or just money chasers looking for a good time?

Her security team (*she's discovered she was rich enough to have a full-time security detail? That was SO COOL!*) had silently checked who was here and who had gone so she wasn't worried about anything going missing. Who cared if they did anyway? She could replace this mansion three times over and still have enough pocket change to live her life comfortably.

Jane left before she had a chance to see her, but then again her (new apparently?) career meant she never stayed in one place very long at all.

In her memory, stretching back years, Jane had always been a PR woman with political ambitions, but apparently (as she'd found chatting to the woman last night) that wasn't the case at all.

How weird must it be to wake up and find your whole career had shifted whilst you were sleeping, to remember your old life but find yourself in a new one.

How weird to know it was your fault, that it was because of a wish you had bestowed upon yourself without truly understanding what the outcome would be.

That left her with Laura and Vickie, the breast buddies as she privately called them in her head. Neither had anything to do that day so they put back on their swimsuits and lounged around in the pool.

Vickie did thirty laps (barely warming herself up) whilst Laura sipped gin and tonic whilst paddling in the shallows. Eventually Penny plonked herself down next to Laura and the two of them

watched their Amazonian friend zip back and forth from one end of the pool to another.

“So do you think she wished for that body because of the breasts?” Laura asked, glancing down at her own cleavage. For just a moment Penny saw a glimpse of something... nervous in her friend. It was there for just a moment. “She used to be just tits on a stick, completely rail thin if you excluded the cleavage. She never said anything but it must have been holding her back.”

“Well I don’t ‘remember’ the old Vickie,” Penny said with a long sigh. “To me she’s been pumped for as long as I’ve known her.”

It had been nearly two weeks and she was still smarting that she hadn’t been there in the room when the original wishes had been made.

She’d had important work to do, it had been a conscious choice on her behalf not to go, but then she hadn’t known what she was missing out on...

“Well she never used to be into sports,” Laura said, “Never used to be into anything that required her to stand up for any length of time. I get it, at least I have a little more heft below my boobs to balance them out, and I HATE sports bras with a passion... But she was just so skinny before.”

“Except up here?” Penny asked, miming two bowling balls stuck to her chest. Laura tipped a drink to her and nodded. “I’m struggling to picture her like that.”

“It makes me think I wasted my wish,” Laura sighed, swirling her gin and tonic and looking thoughtful. “Jane’s getting something magnificent out of her wish, the whole world is loving what she’s becoming, and you now have the resources to do anything you want.”

“What do you want?” Penny asked, a little surprised.

“I want to be the biggest,” Laura said under her breath, eyes fixed on the back of Vickie’s head as her friend did breaststroke to the end of the pool.

Their Amazonian friend flipped over as she kicked off wall, turning onto her back and did a backstroke for the next length.

Her boobs, flopping about on her chest, wobbled dangerously close to pulling free of her scandalous swimsuit.

"I want people to talk about me for being something special, not being one half of a double act. It was hard growing up with tits like these; men and women would stop and stare wherever we went and my whole family was embarrassed on my behalf. I learnt I was unique and special and I loved it. At least... at least until I met Vickie."

"She must have gone through something similar?"

Laura shrugged.

"Yeah, but I'm a competitor. I love Vickie to pieces but if I could wish one thing away it would be her boobs."

"Better not say that out loud now we know it's possible," Penny laughed.

Laura just gave a grunt in response.

***Day 14**

Vickie loved herself.

She was at a perfect size, not quite yet at that tipping point where she wanted to bring this experience to an end. She liked the change and had been out dancing in clubs to get the most out of her boobs.

And the way that eyes of men, and women, on the dancefloor had been drawn to her bulging chest as she danced had been delicious.

The thing about boobs, she realised, was that women who had to live with them all the time got bored and forgot just how awesome they were.

I mean, they were conscious of their boobs, they often had a love / hate relationship with them, but familiarity breeds contempt.

A woman with big tits taking her top off to their partner has a moment of sharing their gift with a whole new person – of silently announcing ‘here my boobs are – now worship them’.

And if their partner is responsive to their needs she’ll get something out of the fun that follows.

But the joy for her is the joy their partner reciprocates from the discovery – they are the ones given new toys to play with. For the woman with the big tits this is just any other day hauling itsy and bitsy around. A day just like any other day.

But not Vickie!

Vickie had massive, awesome, sexy tits and they were new! And every day they were new again!

And she hadn’t found someone to share that perfect moment with, where both man and woman were discovering new big breasts and getting brand new pleasure together, but it was coming soon!

But it had to be with Mr Right, so until she found that elusive individual she’d just shake her booty on the dancefloor and loose herself to the music.

Right now life was good.

*Day 15

Jane picked up the phone.

It rang five times before a receptionist answered. The woman politely took her name, asked her to wait, then told her that the CEO was free to take her unscheduled call.

She said that last part as though she was doing her a fucking favour letting her speak to her boss. She never said it but the hidden insult was there – *'I manage this bitches diary, next time book ahead'*.

Jane was used to getting her way. Perhaps the old Jane wouldn't have been irritated by the momentary delay but the new Jane was practically livid by the time she was transferred through.

"Penny," she said with delight, "This is going to sound crazy but can you tell me what my job is?"

"PR," Penny replied quickly. "Why, has that changed?"

"No," Jane replied, shaking her head, "I've always worked in PR, ever since college, but something's different and I'm trying to put my finger on it."

"Like what?" Penny asked.

"Well for one, like the fact you have a receptionist," Jane replied with a long sigh. There was a long silence from the other end of the phone. Well... This was awkward. "Penny, I'm sorry to ask, but your one of the only women who knows whats going on and I don't want Vickie to find out I screwed up again – if I screwed up... I need to know; did I do some ad work for you a few years ago?"

"Yeah," Penny replied.

"What did I do?"

"TV commercials, posters, radio interviews... Your campaign was the one that really made my company take off. We went from one store in the city centre to a franchise after you told everyone to buy from us."

"I told them?" Jane asked, "Penny, was I on the adverts?"

"You've always been on the adverts," Penny replied, "You're one of the most famous women in media. Your firms got the golden

touch; whatever your advertising goes on to sell like nobody's business. How could I use anyone else?"

"Until two days ago I was never on an advert," Jane replied with a hushed breath. "Until two days ago I did all the work behind the scenes getting contracts and writing content. We paid actors to do the actual selling."

"So your saying the world has changed again?" Penny asked with a frown, "It had changed when we were at the party but that wasn't enough? Is it still changing?"

"Apparently," Jane sucked in a deep breath. "Look, thanks, but don't tell Vickie. I'll talk to her, make sure that she'd ready to stop this. Right now it's all good."

"How's it all good?" Penny demanded. The woman sounded angry. She'd been... She'd been a bit weird about the Dream Chest at the party but by the end of the night it had all been smoothed over. Life was good.

But if the world was still changing and Penny was the only one who couldn't see it?

Jane held back from answering that question – she'd been about to say '*well your successful for one thing*' but that wouldn't be kind.

In the old reality Penny had managed one solitary store and she'd been good at it. Well, she made enough money to survive but it had never been a big hitter.

The woman had missed out on so much because she was always working day and night to make sure she had what she needed for payroll at the end of each month.

But in the new world men tended to do what Jane told them to do and apparently the new Jane had told everyone to buy from Penny's shops. Her one store had multiplied into a franchise with Penny at the helm.

An unintentional but cool change that made everything better.

Jane instantly decided she couldn't let Penny know she wasn't the architect of her own success. This had to remain a secret or Penny's pride would take a real knock.

“I’ll talk to Vickie,” Jane said, “We need to meet up again and discuss the Dream Chest. My diary is a bit full this week but after the weekend... Thanks for this, I just wanted to check.”

“If things are still changing aren’t you worried?”

“No, I think this probably changed before but I’ve only just noticed,” Jane lied. “Today’s my first day back behind a desk since this all kicked off.”

A new desk. A very senior desk.

Penny did not need to know.

***Day 16**

Penny glanced up irritably as her buzzing phone pulled her away from her work.

Vickie's grinning avatar smiled at her from the contacts screen and she picked it up despite the interruption.

"Penny, I've got a question... Have you got a few minutes?"

"Yes?" Penny replied, recognising the worried tone in her friends voice. Either she was freaking out over nothing or something seriously screwed up was going on.

"I'm sorry to ask... Was Dan at the pool party the other night?"

"Dan?" Penny asked, "The guy you work with? The one with the nice ass but who can't string more than half a dozen words together when you're in the room?"

"Yeah," Vickie replied. "I... I think he was there... Can you remember when he went to bed?"

Penny racked her brains, trying to recall what she could from the drunken haze. She knew Vickie's latest crush had been there but it took her a moment to remember.

"You must have been more drunk than I thought. He was playing Spin the Bottle with us," Penny laughed, "And I think he went to bed with you! Shame on you girl for forgetting..."

Vickie stared at her phone in horror, letting Penny's words slowly sink in.

Two days ago she had given Dan, a guy she'd never met before in her reality, but had been crushing on for six months in hers, a blow job and then promised him a full date in two days' time.

She'd been feeling particularly horny all day – her boobs had reached a milestone size (larger than she'd ever originally planned to go) and the signs had just been...

Yeah, it'd been good.

And though she'd been wondering if she'd grown big enough she decided to let it go a few more days, to really push the envelope and enjoy being the best, as by all appearances Dan really was a full on boob hound.

Though it was tempting date she'd wanted to know if he'd still want her if she went beyond extreme!

Then that morning, the day of the date, Dan had sent her an ominous message.

Hope you're still good to go for tonight. I'm leaving early and I'll be all set to pick you up at seven. Got to make sure we go somewhere special for our THIRD DATE!!!!

Then she'd checked her phone history and found the two of them had been texting ever since Penny's pool party.

Apparently they had already hooked up – even though, for her, tonight was supposed to be their first date. For her this was meant to be a new discovery but apparently this new reality had already conquered that mountain.

Fuck.

She'd accidentally robbed herself of the first lay.

She'd accidentally re-written over her new reality so many times it was starting to get confusing.

She remembered playing Spin the Bottle, remembered goading Jane on, but in her memory she'd slept alone that night. Had she slept with him? Were they already an item? How was she supposed to ask? It wasn't something you could bring up in casual conversation *'Excuse me – have we already slept together or have you just licked out my pussy?'*

He'd think she was mad.

Perhaps she was crazy for letting things get this far.

Glancing down all Vickie could see was breasts for nearly a third of her lower vision. Two glorious mounds of flesh that bunched up on the desk before her like stacks of paperwork.

She was not crazy. She was doing an experiment. She was still in control.

Change was constant but it was still incremental - the moment things started to turn for the worse she could stop it at any moment.

And now she had proof. Absolute proof that Dan was in it for the boobs as much as she was.

If boobs were what he wanted then she would deliver and then some.

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

Penny sighed as she planted her phone back on her desk.

Something was up with Vickie.

The girl wouldn't say what it was, wouldn't even admit anything was wrong at all, but she was behaving... Oddly.

She needed to get the four of them together again to discuss how their world had changed, to plan what they were going to do with the Dream Chest going forwards.

It had done so much damage already... Perhaps they should just lock it in an attic and enjoy their new status.

Or perhaps they should embrace this and go all in on their newfound power.

Either way; either they would do it as a group together or not at all. With Jane's new status and Laura's hectic job it would not be easy to assemble them at short notice, but she had to reach out and try.

She reached for the intercom for her secretary, and after hearing the confirmatory hiss asked 'Can you get the deputy mayor's office on the line and ask when she's free for a social call? Tell the receptionist it is urgent.'

***Day 17**

Vickie stood in just her bra and pants marvelling herself in the mirror.

Her boobs, even in the bra lifting them up, hung down past her naval! They bulged out in front of her, swelling out from her sternum and out into the world beyond. If she looked down all she could see was the valley between her two twin orbs, and this dark shadowy cleavage between them.

She turned sideways to marvel at her unnatural physique in the mirror and grinned internally. She was far bigger than Laura now. For the last few days she had wondered but now it was certain. She was much, much, much bigger than Laura!

And they were heavy but her muscular re-enforced back meant she had no problems standing upright. She was aware of the weight yes but...

And because the world was changing with her she had no problems picking out comfortable bras – the ‘new’ old Vickie had done that for her.

There was even a special entry in her phone, a specialist outfitter who apparently supplied all her underwear custom made with extra re-enforcements.

She was several cup sizes beyond picking bras off the rack.

And even better she had woken up to find she was not alone in bed! Their ‘*third*’ date had been a great success and the two of them had stayed up well past midnight.

The poor, unaware fool had actually been mid coitus when it had happened. He’d been on top, rhythmically pounding into her when at the stroke of midnight she’d felt a rush of heat overtake her as the world shifted.

Her breasts, pooling up on her chest, crunched between them had begun to swell further outwards. As she’d been on her back they swelled sideways, flopping up towards her face and further over the sides of her ribcage. Then, without a word, they had simply rolled over to put her on top, so her melons could hang free whilst she rode him like a horse.

He hadn't said anything, hadn't reacted at all, had just carried on kissing and gently fondling as the two of them drove each other towards a mutual orgasm.

She remembered him sucking on her nipples whilst she rode him in bed, how he had reached up to fondle her whilst she rocked up and down on top of him. All she'd had to do was lean forwards and let her monster tits hang free so he could play with them and drive her over the edge.

Whilst she was momentarily sated but he still wanted more she'd rolled over and plonked her breasts over his package, smothering him!

She'd giggled for a moment about how small it made him look but dared not say it aloud for offending the poor guy. They were still in the early days of courting – she didn't yet know where the line between gentle ribbing and mockery lay.

How had extra boobs changed the world to make him stick around? Had she snagged a real breast man? Someone she could share these sweater puppies with who would love them just as much as she did?

Dan was now downstairs cooking for her, and whilst it was a little freaky not remembering the opening two days of a new relationship she had promised herself that she would try out new things.

And whilst, in normal circumstances, the fact that 'he's only into you because of your tits' was a stereotype, the fact she knew it for 100% certainty gave her this sense of power that she was relishing.

She planned to dominate this man over the next few days, to watch his reaction as she swelled to greater and greater sizes (although he would never know) and see just how much of a big breast fetish he really had.

Could she push it too far and turn him off or was his fetish for massive tits as great as hers?

***Day 18**

Jane went to bed exalting in her successful third day as the Deputy Mayor. Andrei followed behind her, a dumb grin on his face as he prepared to worship his mistress.

Three days in and she'd finally managed to sit down and have dinner with her boss. The things the most powerful man in the city had said were typically glowing.

He'd said he needed a woman he trusted and respected at his side. Said that the world needed someone sensible to hold down the fort. Said that he couldn't imagine it being anyone else but her.

She'd left the PR company, fully stepped into the political arena and been met with nothing but rapturous applause. Standing side by side the mayor and deputy mayor had posed for a photoshoot to celebrate the new theatre opening downtown.

How many nights, she wondered, would that fat bastard still have his job?

All men stepped aside for Jane eventually...

Laura went to bed alone.

She'd done a fourteen-hour shift on the ward and, in her old life, she would have collapsed in bed fully dressed and slept through to the start of her next shift.

But she felt fine. Not tired, not stressed, not on the verge of collapse like her colleagues but just... okay about it all.

Her wish had given her a quick pickup and put her back to peak physical fitness, if not better, just as her work had become twice as demanding.

She wasn't a super woman by any means she was just. Yeah, she was pretty good.

Before she slept she rubbed herself down with moisturiser, pushing it into her breasts carefully. Got to keep the stretch marks at bay for as long as possible.

She had a strict daily routine to look after her puppies – a routine to fight the inevitable sag as long as possible.

She may not be quite as big as Vickie, and she may not be quite as pert, but she couldn't afford to let herself be shown up.

She had a reputation to maintain...

Penny went to bed angry and confused.

She wanted to know what had changed. She'd been fixated on it for three days now, ever since her conversation with Jane about her career.

Jane didn't remember that she'd used to be on adverts before getting her job as the deputy mayor. Jane thought she'd had a desk job until her political ambitions came calling.

It didn't make sense.

And then Vickie had forgotten about what happened at the pool party. Maybe it was the alcohol or maybe... Penny could remember it clearly, remember the way they had all played Spin the Bottle.

That was after all of the wishes had been made. That was after the world had changed.

It hadn't stopped.

Something was going on and she needed to find out what.

Vickie went to bed with Dan.

He was all over her, kissing and nibbling on every inch of her upper body, although inevitably he kept returning to her boobs like some kind of perverted boomerang.

It didn't matter – they were so sensitive that she would guide him back to them if he abandoned her for too long. But it was nice to know he liked her muscles as well as her fat.

He sat before her, heaving her right breast up towards her face, offering her her own nipple as though it was some kind of special treat. Playing along she opened her mouth and latched onto it, cradling her own boob whilst he tried to lift her left.

He needed both hands to hold it up, his fingers sinking into the blooming flesh as it filled to confirm to the shape of his hands.

The two of them sucked on an erect nipple each, each as large as her thumbs now they were fully erect, enjoying this shared moment of intimacy.

And afterwards Vickie dozed with just one thought on her mind. Bigger...

***Day 19**

Jane wanted to meet.

But Vickie wanted to explore her boobs! They were swelling downwards more than forwards and sideways now but that was to be expected – if they projected out much further she'd be unable to pass through most doors other than sideways one boob at a time.

They definitely had their own shape and momentum now. If she leant forwards they hung dangerously low beneath her, and she could swing them back and forth like independent pendulums just by tensing the muscles in her rib cage!

Or jiggle them with her forearms...

Dan was going to love this when he saw her for their next date!

She really wanted to weigh them, to find out just how much weight she was carrying around. Despite her extra muscles she could feel it now – a pressure on her lower back and shoulders as the all encompassing weight bore down on her.

It was fine – she could cope, but.... Yeah, that was new. Perhaps today was the day to bring this experiment to an end. The world was continuing to change and perhaps she had accidentally passed that magical tipping point.

For example her wardrobe had a new addition she had not been expecting but was pleasantly surprised to see... A wheelchair!

She was a little surprised to see the sports photos on the wall for college sports teams had all changed. Rather than being the college netball champion she'd pioneered and led the disabled sports teams...

Well that was weird. Apparently, even with the all mighty power of warping reality, the Dream Chest couldn't figure how a woman with breasts her size could possibly be an Olympic level athlete!

Well, if she couldn't compete for the Olympics the Paralympics were a more than acceptable option. She perched herself inside

the wheelchair and gloried at how, if she leant forwards even slightly, her boobs nestled in her lap.

Well, an R cup did not make her disabled but if she let herself grow much further she would be heading that way.... What would that be like? Boobs so massive she had to use a wheelchair if she wanted to walk....

What the hell was she thinking? In only the last month she had developed a love of long distance running – her new fit body had just demanded that she start taking jogs and getting out and about. She'd never seen the appeal before but now the endorphin rush of getting out and exploring the city was a part of her daily routine.

Except – it wasn't any more. She could see the home gym in the back room, a multi-use piece of kit where she could set different weights in place and work out without leaving her dorm.

Screw that. She wanted to run and therefore she would run.

"Meet me in the park café at 5 pm" she texted her friend, before stripping off her regular and sliding on her two sports bras that constricted her boobs twice as firmly. Over the last fortnight it had just become the normal thing to do.

Before the wishes, as a naïve flat chested, non-sporty, proud geek she had dubiously thought the idea that busty women needed to double bag their boobs to play sports was a stupid idea. Surely it just meant their bras were badly fitted.

But then when she'd developed the extra flesh, the extra weight, and found her chest moving of its own accord with all that extra momentum behind it, she'd began to understand.

She loved her breasts but, if not supported, they started to ache horribly. Running, or indeed anything with a lot of upper body movement, exacerbated it. Compression was not just desirable but necessary and she'd been to shops, tried getting new bras, but found that no single garment had the strength to hold her girls in place the way she needed.

She'd done the maths and D cup boobs weighed around 20 pounds, and with every passing day she'd felt it get more noticeable. She'd adjusted her routine to start building up her lower back, put the preventative measures in place to ensure she did no long term damage, but there was only much strength her body could take.

And the thing was they didn't just bounce further, they bounced differently. She hadn't noticed it at first but one day she had looked down and realised that her boobs were jiggling back and forth in front of her in a figure of 8!

Her left boob shoved her right boob, which swung out to the side before shoving into her left boob. Back and forth, back and forth, ouch, ouch, ouch. Come on girls, stop fighting and get along in there.

And so, with some trial and error, she had settled on using two sports bras, one designed to contain all of her boobs and then another to tighten the compression.

But now.... With boobs that reached her lap?

She gave herself a gentle wobble, watching as her tumultuous flesh jiggled worryingly free despite her undergarments, and so pulled out a third sports bra and squeezed herself into the wretched contraption. It was overkill but she needed it. Her boobs were sagging now, they weren't up on her chest like perky helium balloons but vasty weighty sacks of water. The bras lifted her boobs up just as much as they pulled them in and she was glad for it. Then she pulled out a white tank top, pulled out her running shoes (which looked suspiciously clean), downed a cup of water and set out into the big wide world.

It had been a mistake.

She should have looked at the home-gym set up and realised her body was simply no longer built for high impact activities like fucking running.

Her boobs would not, could not, keep still. She thought she'd grown to understand jiggle and chafing over the last fortnight but

it turned out the way they moved when they hung below your chest compared to when they sat on was completely, utterly, terrifyingly different.

Side the side, up and down, in diagonal circles, the moment her body hit a rhythm of any sort they swung into action. If not for the bras it felt as though one, or both, would have forcibly detached itself from her body, but then when denied the opportunity it turned around and smacked back into her other at full speed to take revenge.

And then, worse, they weren't just jiggling any more but they were bouncing. Against her stomach! Up they went, sometimes together but usually apart, and then they would hang in the air for just a blessed wonderful microsecond before slamming back down into her stomach.

If she wasn't bruised already she soon would be.

She tried to slow to a jog, as she physically could not run, and though the smacks of flesh and flesh was less painful it did not feel as though it had reduced the movement of breastflesh much at all.

Her upper body seemed to have transformed itself into some kind of perpetual motion machine.

And though, just three or four days ago, she could have run to the park and back without breaking a sweat today she was struggling to put one foot in front of the other.

At some point her boobs had got out of sync with each other, one was rising whilst the other was falling. At any time one side of her rib cage was being pounded whilst the other had a momentary break whilst her cleavage jumped upwards towards her face.

If it hadn't been for the sports bras she'd have a bloody nose by now!

Ignore the rising boobage bobbing up and down just beneath your eyeline, concentrate on the road ahead. She told herself to do this but it was difficult because she couldn't just the movement she could feel it in every agonising detail.

But she had to push on.

How had the distance grown so much? She was less than half way there and every muscle in her body was screaming with pain. Even her legs, far enough away from her terrible boobs to escape their wrecking ball mentality, were struggling from the extra weight she was carrying.

Technically, she thought, if you included her boobs she had a horrifically high BMI. A substantial portion of her body was just fat. Just fat that was trying to kill her!

But she couldn't go back now. She was past halfway and it was nearly 5 pm. She slowed down, eventually found a method that minimised the pain, a sort of gentle shuffle where her shoulders sideways movement caused her breasts to shimmy without inducing the dreaded bounce.

This was comfortable. This she could manage. But she was barely jogging any faster at all than she would normally walk. She was going to be late...

And by the time she reached the park she was covered in sweat and panting for breath in a way she had not done since her original wish.

What had happened? Hadn't she wished to be fitter? Apparently no amount of upper body strength could combat this; her entire body hurt; her boobs ached, the ligaments connecting them to her body were sore, and every inch of her felt smacked around.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Jane asked, glaring at her from a table outside the café.

It was a sunny day, her friend was wearing designer sunglasses and sipping a cocktail. She looked cool and sophisticated in a way that Vickie never had, and with her new boobs never would.

"Thought I'd go for a jog," Vickie said, trying to shrug her shoulders and brush it off as no big thing. "Stretch my muscles, get some fresh air."

"When you wished to be fitter we thought it was so you could actually get out of that wheelchair and walk," Jane said

incredulously. "You haven't run anywhere since you were thirteen years old girl. You've barely walked at all in the last five until this month."

Vickie's mouth fell open in shock.

She'd mis-interpreted the Dream Chest and the wheelchair based sports photos on her wall.

It all made sense now.

Her boobs, her monstrous, massive tits, hadn't just added to her original wish they had overwritten it. Jane knew about that original wish but she didn't know, still had no idea, about her second.

About her growing tits.

So in this new reality Jane and Laura assumed, and had probably told Penny that, Vickie had always been horrifically endowed.

That she'd grown up with a horrific case of gigantomastia which had robbed her of free movement from her teenage years onwards.

In this reality that had never been Vickie had either wheeled herself around or walked. She'd walked very, very slowly as she hadn't had the upper body strength to do anything else

But then, just two and a half weeks ago, she had shown them the Dream Chest and wished for herself to be stronger. Any sane woman would have wished her boobs away but Vickie had just wanted the strength to carry her boobs around.

The wheelchair was pushed to one side, kept for when she had to push herself, but now she could stand and walk and move around almost unencumbered like any normal woman.

Not like any normal woman at all though....

Fuck.

"I wanted to try it out," Vickie said, grimacing in pain. "I had no idea it would be so far..."

Just a week ago she could have run that in ten minutes not stumbled in half dead after an hour of agony...

Oh god, the pain, she'd never felt anything like this before. As though someone had grabbed hold of each boob and pulled and pulled.

There was no single incident just the accumulated shocks of the last hour left her with the terrible sensation as though they had nearly been ripped off her torso. Every vein and ligament was burning.

"I'm getting you in a taxi back home," Jane said, snapping out her phone and dialling before Vickie could stop her. "We need to get some ice packs on your tits before they flare up. I can see from your cleavage just how raw they've got. God knows how big you'll get if they start swelling."

"God knows," Vickie replied with a sigh as she collapsed on the chair opposite Jane, clutching her aching boobs, and waited for the car to come and take her home.

Penny stared at her phone in disbelief after taking the long expected call!

Jane had forgot to ask Vickie about the Dream Chest!

Well, she hadn't forgotten – she simply had never had a chance to ask because Vickie had taken a funny turn and nearly, oh so nearly, needed an ambulance.

They'd sent her because... well. Jane was the fucking mayor! The woman had authority and respect and Vickie had always listened to Jane the most.

But apparently the idiot girl had been running!

Vickie couldn't run. The girl was a human trampoline with breasts that didn't so much jiggle as wobble.

And so whilst Jane had been planning on grilling Vickie about her plans for the Dream Chest, on insisting that the four of them got together to consult on its future, she'd instead had to help the woman back into her house, lie her on the bed, strip her topless and apply icepacks to the girls bloated boobs.

And Vickie had spent the rest of the evening passing in and out of consciousness whilst Jane sat next to her watching trash TV and trying to force water down her whenever Vickie showed signs of stirring.

Jane had rang Vickie's boyfriend to tell him what had happened and he'd promised to come over and look after her. She'd left at 9 pm after the two of them had tucked Vickie up in bed.

Dan loved Vickie and he loved her big tits, he would look after her. Right now the two of them were probably canoodling on the bed, him with his hand cupped around her massive pendulous breast gently stroking it. Her freakishly big nipples would be hardening in the cool air, swelling up, waiting eagerly to be sucked on...

Penny shuddered as her mental projection went too far.

You saw your friend naked one time and it did terrible things to you. And yeah, Penny had never had a bisexual urge in her life until she'd met Vickie but that didn't count. Vickie's breasts weren't sexual there were these big, monstrous, all encompassing 'things' that the three of them had been laughing about for years.

How could Dan, fuck that how could men, be so attracted to things that amounted to little more than sacks of fat?

Wonders would never cease.

So, apparently, the four of them would have to wait a bit longer to discuss the Dream Chest and plan their future. So be it. She could wait...

Not for long though.

*Day 20

Vickie opened her eyes, wondering what was going on.

"You're up," came a familiar voice from below her. She would have looked down but her duvet, mounted over her massive tits, pooled up in front of her and blocked her lower vision. She inched her body sideways, shoulders and arms aching at the strain of moving her heavy torso, and peered around her boobs to see Dan waving at her from the side of the bed. "Thank god, I was getting worried sleepyhead."

"Why do I ache?" she asked, surprised.

'And why are you here?' She thought to herself. She didn't remember letting him in the night before.

"You overdid it exercising with Jane," Dan said, fixing her with a pleasant grin. "Apparently you smacked yourself in the face with your boobs and passed out. She said there was blood everywhere!"

No she hadn't. She'd stupidly tried to run to the park.

But then she'd slept. Midnight had passed. The world had re-written itself.

Of course she couldn't have run to the park. Not Vickie with the 20 litre tits. That woman couldn't have possibly tried to run because her breasts were so massive it took her two attempts to even climb out of bed.

OUCH!

She was sore.

Dan was grinning at her.

"It's not funny," she protested.

I never said it was, he said, unable to hide his smile. She batted at him with her pillow and he turned away to reach for a mug of tea he'd prepared for her already.

"Perfect excuse for you to spend the entire day in bed," he said with a smile. "I'll get you anything you want, just rest there and recover and I'll do everything."

"Everything?" Vickie asked.

He just grinned back at her with a big smile.

***Day 23**

Penny hated herself.

She hadn't earned this wealth, she hadn't worked for it.

Her old life had been shitty after all but she'd worked for everything she had. The company she'd been building up had come out of her blood, sweat and tears. It had been struggling but it had been hers.

Now however she was head of a multi-million pound empire and earning more in interest a day than she'd ever earned in a year before the Dream Chest.

She was reaching the tipping point where she had to talk to Vickie and see what else they could change next. She didn't want to lose the fortune but she needed something else, something new, some challenge to spice their life up again.

She needed to talk to Jane and Laura to come up with some ideas. To find a way to reconnect with them after their lives (particularly Jane's) had changed, locking her out of their original friendship.

It sucked to know the women you loved, had loved your whole life as best friends, had never really existed. At least not in the form you thought of them as.

It was like being lied to....

Well she was fed up of being lied to.

If Vickie wouldn't take her calls she would just go over there, find the Dream Chest, and sort this mess out once and for all.

She had to know what had changed!

... To be continued in Act IV

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