

“Happy Biiiiirthday dear Jennaaaaa...~”

The three women sang as they collectively set the cake down in front of their redheaded friend, smiles on their faces. The room was decorated in tinsel and streamers, manilla walls of the apartment as festive as dollar store prices would allow.

“Happy Birthday to youuuuuuu!” They all stepped away from the cake and clapped, whooping as Jenna gazed at the round chocolate cake, adorned with a single red candle, sat tantalizingly below her face.

“Make a wish, Jenna!” Ruby, the blonde friend, insisted.

“Yeah, blow out the candle!” Marie, the taller brunette of the group, joined her on the insistence. They stood there, watching as Jenna pondered for a moment, wondering what to make her wish. After a few more moments of thought, a devilish look crossed her face, Jenna giggling a little as she blew out the candle, the other ladies cheering as she did so. Crystal, Jenna's closest friend in terms of time known and how short they were, brought out the knife and started making slices.

The slices were passed around, all four women digging in to the rich chocolate confection and collectively letting out “mmms!” and “that's good”s.

“What did you wish for, Jenna?” Ruby asked intrusively. Jenna rolled her eyes at the question.

“You know the rules, Ruby. No telling people or else it doesn't come true!”

“Yeah, but like...why did you laugh before you blew out the candles? Was it a funny wish or something?” Marie asked, pulling at her grey yoga pants to adjust them, feeling the material bunch up a bit as she stood. She had finished her slice first and proceeded to head to the kitchen next to the dining room, pulling at her waistband as she walked over. This distracted Jenna for a moment, looking at her friend's backside as it wobbled its way into the kitchen. Marie had always had some impressive curves – something Jenna was definitely jealous of – but something seemed...off about it.

“Um...well it was...it...uh...” Her eyes darted over to Crystal, who had set her slice down and made her way over to the restroom, backside lightly swaying as she did so. The envy that Jenna had didn't come from Marie, as nice and perky as her butt was – it mainly stemmed from Crystal, whose backside was definitely the most profound part of her frame. A true pear amongst twigs was the joke that Jenna always thought of, but had never said to her out loud. Jenna collected her thoughts after being lost in them for a moment, distracted by an odd growing heat in her cheeks, which caused her to slowly stand from her chair, her cake only half finished.

“What's up, Jen?” Jenna looked over at Ruby, her lilac short-shorts lightly pinching into her thighs. Had they been doing that the whole time? Were they riding up? Or perhaps, maybe...?

Jenna felt her throat go dry. She was a bit dizzy at the thought of it, but the reality was starting to creep in as she felt her panties riding up. She adjusted them, only for them to gradually ride up once again. The sensation only caused Jenna to sweat, her nerves causing her to shake as she held onto the top of the chair beside her.

“I...it was...it was a dumb joke wish...you know, like, 'haha, I'll tell the joke later', right?”

“Yeah? So what's the big deal then...?” Marie asked, adjusting her yoga pants again, looking down and putting a hand to one of her cheeks.

“It was...um...you're gonna hate this, it was so last minute...” Jenna sighed, reaching a hand down her skirt's waistband and across her legging-covered cheek. What was usually a relatively flat surface had now bubbled up quite a bit, a small handful of cheek welcomed into her palm. The alien feeling caused Jenna to choke up a bit, but she finally spit it out.

“...I wish this cake would give me cake.”

There was a silence in the room for a moment, before Marie and Ruby started to cackle. Wiping a tear from her eye, Ruby went over and gave her friend a slap on her backside.

“That is *so* bad but I fucking *love* it...” Ruby teased, not registering at first how she had actually smacked a reasonable sized backside and not the usual twigs Jenna once had. In fact, she had quite the decent rump at this point, the growth steady and gradual enough to not be so obvious to everyone. That was, however, until that smack from Ruby hit. Then, after a moment, it occurred to her. “Hey...wait a minute...” Ruby stepped behind Jenna, who blushed, but allowed her friend to take a look. “Go over to the kitchen and get light on it, go!” Ruby rushed her over, the three women now crammed in the tiny kitchen together. They all three looked at it, Jenna craning her head over her shoulder to witness the gradual addition of mass to her posterior, her black skirt slowly raising like a curtain on a stage.

“No way! Your wish, like...came true?” Jenna blushed, turning to her two friends and looking down at their own respective curves – curves which had, indeed, grown, regardless of whether they had noticed or not.

“Y-yeah...thing is...we all, um...ate the cake...” Jenna said, looking down at her friend's lower halves again, Ruby's shorts now starting to tug up her bloating thighs.

“Yeah, but you specified it enough, so-”

“Yeah, don't think the wish is working that way.” Jenna stated flatly. This prompted the two to finally look down at themselves, to which they suddenly shrieked. Ruby ran a hand up the back of her thigh, feeling cheek starting to ooze out of her shorts, which were quickly becoming too small for their quickly swelling masses. Marie looked down as well, seeing her grey yoga pants start to go sheer at the top, her butt quickly adding several inches, her rate of growth seeming faster than the other two.

“How the fuck did I not notice this happening?!” Marie exclaimed, putting her palms to her swollen hips which only continued to bloat outwards. Holes started to tear in the material, little spots of cream white flesh poking through the grey fabric. Ruby tried pulling her shorts down, only to hear them shred at the sides of her hips, her own tan flesh bubbling through the purple shorts.

“This is so fucking weird, Jenna!”

“Dammit, I've like...heard stories of this stuff happening, but I never thought...” Jenna mused as her skirt now became completely worthless. What was once a practically flat plane stood two massive round spheres, draped uselessly with a black skirt. Her hips stood wider than her petite shoulders, her frame now a complete pear.

“Alright, just...light the candle and wish for something else, then!” Ruby demanded. Jenna huffed and crossed her arms. They all felt the growth starting to wear off, all their rumps now at least quadrupled in size. Jenna turned to leave, only to feel her cheeks rub and squeeze against another soft, round surface; Marie turned to the counter, feeling herself get shoved by Jenna's sudden turn. All three women were squeezed together in the tiny kitchen, ass to ass, taking up a majority of the space left between themselves.

“This is fuckin'...ridiculous.”

“What is?” Crystal's voice came from the dining room around the corner, out of all of their views. Jenna craned her neck back to look through the small bar-style window opening through the kitchen, only to see Crystal bringing a bite of cake up to her lips.

“Crystal, wait!” before the words could leave her mouth, the cake had entered Crystal's, and she quickly ingested it after Jenna's sudden outburst.

“What?!” Crystal rushed over to the voice, only to see all three women smushed together, backside-to-backside, with asses all the size of basketballs at least, with Marie being a good half a foot larger than even that. She ogled them for a moment, unsure of what to make of what she was seeing. “Uhh...is this like...a prank I don't know about, or...?”

“No! I made some dumb wish and now...the cake did this to us!” Crystal's eyes went wide as she looked down at her plate, the single bite from the cake now causing a pit to open within her stomach. She dropped it, cake smattering across the kitchen floor as Crystal grabbed her backside.

“So...what's gonna happen to me...?” Crystal asked, anxiety coursing through the silver-haired shortstack as she grabbed her plump posterior in panic. “Like...like you guys ate how much of it?”

“We all ate our slices, I think...” Jenna looked back at the two girls, who both nodded with affirmation.

“So...so maybe it won't work...or it at least...won't be as strong, maybe?” Jenna nodded, trying to bring her friend a bit of comfort.

“That...actually makes a lot of sense.”

“Yeah, Jenna's right. You had like, what, one tiny bite? If anything you won't even notice it.” Marie chimed in, still struggling to unstuck her backside from the three-way wedge.

“Yeah, like...we had like, nothing before this! Not compared to your badonk.” Ruby said with a wink, scratching at her bare flesh as the majority of her shorts had shredded to pieces, leaving her in her white lace panties.

“Awww...you guys are too sweet...and its not even MY birthday!” The other three giggled at this statement, not noticing the subtle wobble in her gray leggings. Crystal was used to her booty wobbling, even when she laughed – but when her laughter stopped, and the wobble didn't, was when she decided to look behind herself – ever so slowly, she peeked over her shoulder, only to be greeted with a shelf of an ass that was quickly pushing out inches at a time.

The other three girls got silent as they watched their petite pear-shaped pal gradually blossom down

below. Her thighs pushed apart as mass piled in and they became thicker and wider. Her hips joined in, inches bloating outwards and going past her shoulders. Her pear shape practically exploded, cheeks graduating to look as big as beanbags. She officially carried around her own personal seating, within seconds.

All four stood there for a moment, completely silent at the sight, as her growth ended as quickly as it started. Crystal sighed, looking at the other three women with a wry smile.

“Well...I guess I'm technically not on my own here, huh?” The other three women sighed, but let out a little chuckle as well.

* * * EARLIER THAT MORNING * * *

“Hey Crystal! Where did you put the baking soda?” Marie called out, looking through Crystal's pantry in a frantic, last second dash to make a cake for Jenna's birthday.

“Its in that jar on the second shelf! Its not marked.” Crystal called from the other side of the room. Marie grabbed the first jar she saw, not knowing that Crystal's boyfriend had recently secretly bought something for them that he just never got the guts to tell Crystal about. About how he could make her friends experience exactly what she was going through. Buying it on a whim, he regretted it as soon as it arrived, stashing it in the pantry, thinking nothing really of it.

And now it was in Marie's hands, making its way to the kitchen, and into the cake that would be devoured by all four women that night.

But it was all just Jenna's wish to them, at the end of the day.

THE END