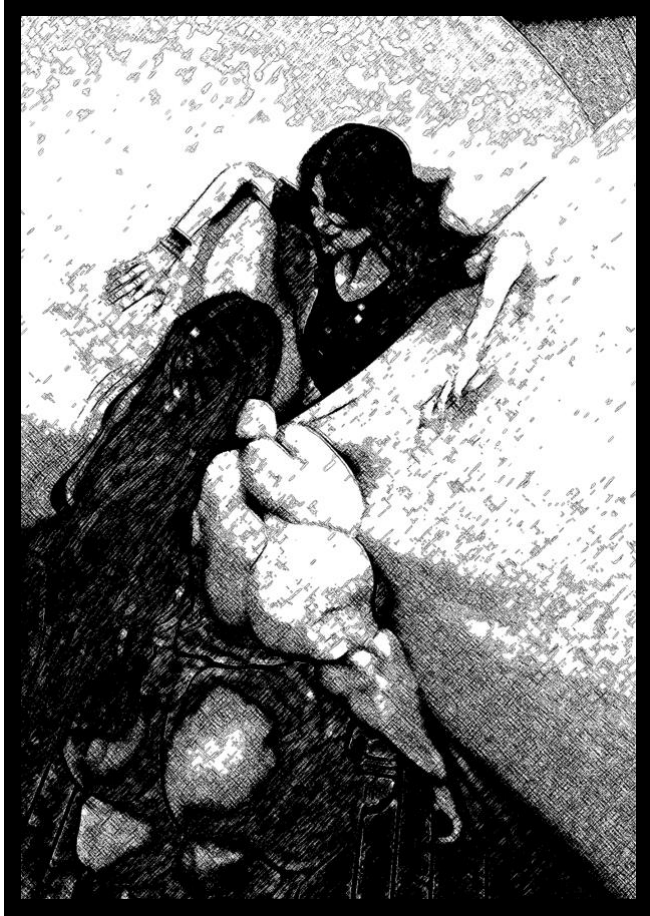


Wishes: Ad Infinitum

Part Six



By Sობტაც

ACT VI –Laura’s ‘New’ Story

‘I HAVE to be the biggest’

***The Last Night**

Laura screamed with pleasure.

She held her lover close, the two of them entwined around each other as they drove themselves towards a mutual climax. Fingers lovingly caressed her boobs, her bum, her hips, her face before tracing their way, inexorably, back towards her swollen nipples.

They squeezed just the right amount to excite her without causing excess pain, tugging on them just the way she liked it before a pair of cooling lips settled around the nub to cool them back down.

It was perfect!

This was a sensation she had never had before, a moment of mutual perfection. She had never found someone who knew, how expertly, to satisfy her in all things. Someone who could make a night beneath the sheets together sensational!

Someone who knew, properly and expertly, how to treat her breasts and give them the reverence they deserved!

Hands roaming over her torso she rocked back and forth, smothering their body with kisses as they gently massaged her breasts into a frenzy! Not too hard, there was no pain, but not too soft, she hated it when they tickled her skin.

Feeling like goldilocks had finally found the 'just right' porridge bowl she grunted with the final, brilliant, all encompassing orgasm and was satisfied when they joined her just moments later.

And afterwards they lay together panting, both struggling to resist the waves of tiredness that followed after. They had to stay awake to midnight to see if anything would follow...

On the far side of the city Jane was still at her desk, staring at the latest city housing reports. She wondered, idly, how she'd allowed her life to get so boring. The Dream Chest had done this...

Nearby Penny rolled around in her sleep as the world changed ever so subtly. The girls brain filtered through this new reality and passed it into her dreams. She saw her friend Vickie, both as she had been and as she was now. She was scared by the changed and knew that the Dream Chest had done this...

Vickie stared as her breasts ploughed outwards. But, almost unnoticed, so did her muscles. The woman was now a powerhouse, an all-female wrecking ball inhibited only by the two behemoth weights attached to her chest.

They hung before her, her back muscles holding them aloft but only barely. The moment she released her hold and allowed herself to lean forwards even slightly she could feel the cold floor brushing at her underboobs. However, as long as she had clearance from the floor, she still had some freedom.

The Dream Chest had done this.

And Laura looked around the dark room and was satisfied to see that she only had one perfect lover.

The Dream Chest had given her this and she grinned with self-satisfaction, leaning close and whispering in their ear just one word, almost a question that she knew the answer to but had to say aloud regardless.

“Again?”

***The Final Day**

Have you ever seen a mountain move?

That was how Penny felt when she saw Vickie emerge from her house, somehow despite the odds carried by her own steam.

Her wobbling, titanic teats dangled before her like two giant boulders that rose and fell with a thundering crash with every one of their owner's steps.

Penny wondered if Vickie could tell how powerful the drop of her boobs were when they fell; watching these behemoths rise and fall with a clap made her suddenly hyper aware of the tiny jiggle in her own top as she walked. Only her tits didn't fall with the power to smash through walls or demolish furniture.

The new Vickie lived in an empty home with no surfaces below chest height as her awesome assets would crush anything they carelessly bumped against.

The new Vickie was a woman whose life had been entirely reshaped by the ever present beanbag size teats who defied medical explanation.

But the one thing stronger than their immense weight was the powerhouse of a woman behind them. Muscles bulged out of every square inch of her flesh; her body was taught with constrained power.

When she stepped forwards her feet fell heavy against the floor with each thundering footfall that echoed around the room. Penny half imagined the music from Jurassic Park accompanying her friend across the hallway, images of rippling water glasses announcing the presence of this true titan of nature.

If Vickie hadn't been so strong they would have needed a team of three to lift each of her enormous breasts. The thought that her friend's back muscles were stronger than six normal people sent shivers down her spine as she realised just how warped this new world had become.

How could anyone twist nature that much to produce freaks like this?

A happy freak though; Vickie had a definite smirk on her face as she plodded out of the door towards the van they were delivering her in. In normal times it was for moving heavy furniture but today they would be lifting one girl and the two massive weights that she'd accidentally forced upon herself.

Penny watched with awe as Vickie stopped at the back of the van and reached each of her arms around her left breast. With one arm stretched wide around her side and the other shoved down into her cleavage she hoisted, a momentary strain on her face as a tonne of flesh shimmied up and was unceremoniously dumped into the back of the vehicle.

The van sank a little into its tyres, but it was not such an abnormal load that Penny was worried. After all, this was under half of Vickie's full weight.

The girl clambered up alongside her breast then used her arms to pull the right one up alongside its twin. It was such a bizarre sight but then Penny supposed Vickie was getting used to making manoeuvres like this.

The van visibly sank lower again into its tyres but this would still be fine. The heavy load was fully aboard and just needed strapping into place.

Hunched forwards over her boobs Vickie turned herself around and backed into a makeshift chair against the side of the van. They had laid a few cushions out to make the journey more enjoyable but that was all they could offer.

Vickie descended and her boobs flowed over her to fill every available space. All Penny could see was the girls feet, clad in flat trainers that Dan had slipped onto her as there was no way she could reach around her bosom to reach her legs, poking out beneath the cleavage.

Trainers, boobs, shoulders and a grinning face was all they could make out of one of her best friends as they began to strap her into place for the journey.

But hidden beneath those massive breasts was a body of pure muscle, a powerhouse of a woman that could, if not exactly leap, more than easily force her mountains back up and out at a moment's notice.

"Wiggle your toes," Penny asked curiously, and both of them grinned as they watched her heavy boobs ever so gently wobble as Vickie moved her feet around beneath them. "I was just worried you'd be cutting off blood supply to your feet."

"They do a bit," Vickie said with a sigh, "But, you know, things like that happen when each boob needs its own seat reservation."

And with that they got ready for the final trip.

Once they were underway they rode in silence. Jane was in the front with the driver, working on her phone. Vickie dozed in the comfort of her own cleavage to keep her warm. Penny sat in the back worrying...

She was... She didn't know. Nervous?

Laura had indicated she had a plan. The slighted self-styled busty goddess had not reacted well to her best friend transforming herself from impish waif to a titan whose boobs were easily bigger. Vickie only had her truly outlandish proportions now because Laura (with Penny's help) had stolen the Dream Chest that granted these miracles and forced their friend in a form of secret revenge.

Every day Vickie would grow larger. Out of mercy Laura had also changed things so that every day Vickie would also grow stronger and, things had shifted.

For a moment these breasts had threatened to overwhelm the small girl attached to them but, in a stroke of inspiration, they had given the woman 'some' form of life back by turning her into a freak of nature that went beyond even the wildest steroid obsessed bodybuilder's wet dreams.

Penny had objected but she had underestimated Laura's anger and rage. The woman was obsessed and refused to calm down until she had finished the punishment.

Worse, Vickie had no idea this was deliberate. Her body had been sacrificed at the altar of Laura's breast obsession without ever realising it.

Jane knew none of this; her life had changed beyond recognition due to the Dream Chest. The new city mayor was too busy dealing with changes that had happened around her to get involved and the majority of the changes Vickie and Laura had wrought were invisible to those not involved.

In this 'new' world Jane thought Vickie's freakish breasts were an inherited condition that she had used the Dream Chest to grant herself muscles to overcome. That story did not bear scrutiny but the warping of reality was strange like that, people tended not to stare at the frayed edges.

Penny and Laura were 'supposed' to be like Jane but they had interfered, cracked back the curtain to see the truth of things. All of this mess was Vickie's fault, she had begun this journey and then lied to the rest of them about the wishes.

Vickie had started down this road. She'd set this runaway train in motion; all Laura had done was remove the breaks. Now though, after much cajoling, it was going to end one way or another.

The van was taking them to the depot where Laura waited with the Dream Chest for the four of them, together, to decide what they wanted for their future.

But Laura had some kind of secret plan to finish her minor, or not so minor revenge, and Penny had no idea what it was...

Laura was a brilliant woman but her vindictive streak could not be underestimated. When she'd found herself being picked on at college for having big tits she'd taken matters into her own hands by following the girls to the swimming pool, breaking into their lockers and removing all their bras and tops so the girls had to head home in their bikinis.

That had just been teenage banter but this, this was some kind of eldritch reality shaping magic that had already rewritten their reality thirty times over.

Unimaginable power in the hands of a woman with the temperament of an angry toddler.

It scared her.

Laura was, if nothing else, guilty of self-love.

She had conditioned herself to worship at the alter of her own body because, throughout her teenage years, it had been working to its own agenda.

Womanhood had hit her like a freight train, her aunt had commented once, and it was true. She'd started developing early and then never really stopped.

She had to love her body, to get the most out of it, because this was a unique gift she had been granted. All of these curves, all of this pointless extra flesh, all of these sensations were there for her to enjoy. They were there for her to cherish.

A blessing of boobs.

And then, when she'd learnt her whole life had been upended by one of her best friends, that her jealousy for the one woman more 'blessed' than her had not been a natural evolution, but a forced rewriting of her own personal history...

When she'd discovered Vickie's private jealousy of her best friend had made her want to one up a woman whose private life WAS defined by her bust...

It hurt.

The rage was gone now, the last few days of private gloating over her old friends self-inflicted discomfort had slowly killed the bubbling anger she'd developed in the moment.

But as she'd begun to work towards a form of self-reconciliation she had also realised SHE had the power now.

The Dream Chest was in her possession and only Penny knew about it. Penny, poor, trusting, listless Penny, a woman who could not bear to stand between her friends for long.

Laura had been tempted, for a moment, to increase her own blessings further. The titans, as she had referred to her breasts since they'd arrived, could go further.

Then she'd looked, really looked, at the behemoths Vickie had developed into and shuddered. A part of her wanted to be the biggest but that way madness would lie.

If she went bigger than Vickie she would be surrendering fully to the titans. There was a future, potentially, where she would lie affixed to two breasts each several volumes of size larger than herself, and live one of self pleasure and worship.

But that was a fever dream; fun for the moment but how could she live like that? She enjoyed her life too much. She had trained as a nurse and she loved her work; the hospital offered new challenges every day, a chance to meet new people, the chance to show off her body (clad in nursing scrubs – which were supposed to hide such things but on her were a whole other fetish) to the whole of society.

And her online activities, the private accounts where she explored her body more intimately. She had a following for those who adored large busts but it was a general audience.

What Vickie had become was unique but it was also a niche fetish. It was, she hated herself for saying it, but undeniably too big.

Some men and women already recoiled from her own titans and that was fine. There was no accounting for taste. But the majority of the world saw Laura's bosom and was entranced by her.

The world saw this new Vickie and it shuddered beneath the weight she carried. She was a novelty, a freak, an inconsistency whose two main assets didn't just dominate but over-ruled the rest of her female beauty.

Laura's whole body was a temple, not just the titans... They were just the jewels in the crown on an otherwise sensual package.

But Vickie was almost more boob than woman and Laura could not countenance doing that to herself. It would unbalance her too much.

So... How to proceed.

She could not leave things as they were. For just a few nights she had kept the Dream Chest ready to make her move but it had to be done right.

Had she made the right call?

Yes, she thought as she smiled down at the strange box that had brought all this about. She had a future in mind where balance could be restored.

Her phone beeped and she glanced down to see the text message informing her that the moving van had just arrived at the depot entrance.

Her friends were coming.

Time for the fun to begin she thought as she walked down the steps to meet them. She held up her fingers and, with a knowing smile, snapped her hand.

As the van slowed down to approach the parking lot something incredibly strange happened. Jane, sat in the front, didn't notice it but both of the women in the back did but in very different ways, Penny arched her back upwards in shock as a bolt of pain seared through her head.

It was... It was the same feeling she had each midnight when the world realigned itself! The Dream Chest was... The Dream Chest was rewriting things in the middle of the day!

She could feel memories rewriting themselves and, oh god, they were all about Vickie. She turned to look at her friend who had a somewhat stricken look on her face.

Both of them stared down at the immensity of breast flesh inside the woman's tank top. It was... moving!

With horror Penny had to inch backwards as a wall of encased bosom rushed towards her! Vickie's massive bra was expanding with the flesh beneath but it offered precious little protection from the taut flesh beneath.

At their base Penny watched as Vickie's toes, which had previously poked out of the gap beneath her under-cleavage were swallowed by the encroaching flesh.

Before Vickie had been seated with a mountain of boob laid out before her like an enormous shelf. Now her face was partially hidden behind the swollen masses, they curved upwards from her ribcage and formed an impenetrable barrier between them.

It stopped as quickly as it had started, fortunately. The growth was not so massive that they couldn't have been able to load her into the van.

Only... No, her memories had not changed. Vickie had definitively NOT been this big when they had climbed aboard. Those were not the memories that had been overridden.

But something was very wrong, this sudden spurt defied explanation! The Dream Chest only activated at midnight, it had only ever activated at midnight for over a month.

Penny tried to clutch her head – not out of pain but out of exhaustion. She'd been tense for weeks and now, just when she'd thought this was finally over, something new was confusing everything.

What was it? What was she missing?

Vickie shivered with slight fear as an unexpected growth spurt overtook her. She fought to keep her face calm, not to show how terrified she was, as she could sense her boobs swell out to cover even more of the van.

She was pinned beneath them until they arrived, arms and legs behind her tits, unable to move!

And, with terrible slowness, her cleavage rose upwards closer and closer to her chin. It wasn't just her lower vision that was dominated by boobs now but full half of the space before her as a wall of boobs crept upwards.

She had to remain calm, she told herself. History would rewrite itself. None of the others knew what she was going through. For them, in this weird world, she had always been like this.

The swell of her chest rose to the point it partially hid Penny from view. Vickie tried to smile reassuringly at her concerned friend until she realised that her swelling boobage meant her mouth was hidden from view!

And then, when she could only just make out the top of her friends hair, she felt the cool metal of the sides of the van press against the side of her right breast.

More accurately she was pressing on it, but at this point that definition was meaningless. For just a second her right boob mounted upwards whilst her left continued swelling forwards until inevitably it to met resistance!

Feeling pressure on all sides her mouth clenched shut as her cleavage pushed upwards into her jaw, causing her to arch her head upwards to get space to breath.

No matter where she looked all she could see was cleavage. Her boobs were so big they were blotting out the lights, casting her into a darkening shadow.

And she could feel as her sides pressed firmly into the van containers the rhythm of the engine became more prominent. She'd been shuddering as her boobs vibrated with the rocking of the engine since climbing aboard but this was new.

With her bulk pinned tightly, filling the space between left and right wall, her breasts achieved a strange form of resonance. It was as though her freakish body became a part of the vehicle. The slightest motion outside caused her to tremble as it passed right through her alongside the rest of the vehicle. The sensation was... overwhelming.

She could 'feel' the humming of the engine as the driver passed through multiple gears. She could 'feel' the slight tilt of the van as it turned around a sharp corner, and then a jolt as it stopped and passed into reverse.

Had her mouth not been pinned shut she would have had to bite her tongue to hold a small whimper in lest Penny hear her.

Fortunately the growth did not come back.

She sat beneath the wall of her own tits and did her best to hold herself together until the van came to a complete stop. Then her boobs shuddered as the van driver climbed out and slammed his door.

Soft footsteps could be heard outside, then a crunch as the door was unlocked, then a whoosh as it was pulled up. Light flooded into her upper cleavage but it didn't reach her face.

And then there was a slight scream as Jane shouted; "Fucking hell Vickie! You've nearly doubled in size!"

Penny, who had studiously tried to ignore Vickie's swelling breasts, stared daggers at Jane's outburst.

"You can see this?" she demanded, jabbing a finger at the canyon wide bosom, "Jane, you can see that its bigger?"

"Fucking hell," Jane replied, starting to babble now she was in a state of shock. She stared upwards at the wall of bra-clad flesh that towered above even her. "Are you right in the head Penny?"

Of course I can see she's bigger. Vickie, are you alright in there? What the hell happened? We're going to get you out... Somehow!"

"Thanks," Vickie said glumly, "If you can untie the straps I'll be able to push them out. I 'think' they're the only things holding me down."

"Why didn't you call out?" Jane swore again, "Penny, you were sat next to her? Why the hell did neither of you call out? When she started growing"

All three women stared at the mountain of boob.

Some explanations were necessary.

Once the straps were undone it did not take Vickie long to heave her breasts out of the van.

Heave was the operative word however – she couldn't get to her feet so instead she had to literally bring her arms up and push. Her massive muscles screamed but not as much as her boobs did as they slid forwards, out into the empty air behind the van, and then tumbled forwards onto the parking lot.

She was yanked forwards behind them but fortunately not out of the van. Climbing down was not a very dignified process but she somehow managed it.

And then, her worst fears confirmed, she found that she was standing behind two enormous mountains of flesh that both rested independently on the floor before her.

Left tit and right tit each pooled under their own weight, and when she pushed forwards she found she could shove them into motion but it really was a case of her body pushing against a nearly immovable object.

Penny was standing near her, a guilty look on her face.

Jane was shrieking something into her phone, asking Laura to get herself out here right now. It had all gone tits up, literally, at the last second!

However Vickie had no time to wait for Laura to get here.

Her boobs had been growing, she explained, it had something to do with the Dream Chest and they needed to get into the depot to stop it right now.

Penny agreed and she suggested that, if Vickie could heave herself into motion, she could guide the left tit and Jane could guide the right,

It would be slow going but at least they had a literal mountain of muscle on their side! Vickie's problem was not movement but vision.

The fact she physically couldn't see through her cleavage to where she was going meant Jane and Penny had to shout directions as the all woman mountain heaved forwards step by step against her mighty boobs.

They wobbled defiantly against her, her poor underboobs scraping against the floor, but step by agonising step they achieved some sort of forwards motion.

Stood up her boobs no longer crested higher than her face but they did nearly reach her chin. If it was in front of her and below head height she had the sensation of touch as she crushed things beneath her boobs and that was about it.

Step by agonising step they inched forwards, Vickie spreading her arms wide to corral as much flesh in front of her before she heaved herself forwards.

Her legs, her arms, her back all had the muscle but her bosom was simply too large. As she sank into the flesh her boobs would part, spreading sideways as she literally found herself walking into her own cleavage.

On her left and right Jane and Penny heaved her boobs towards each other, helping the woman keep control of her own ridiculous

vastness, but it meant after every step she literally had to stop, pull herself together, and start again.

Step after step after step, clutch, push boobs together, readjust. And whilst neither Jane or Penny were strong enough to do much she could feel that her shorter friend was struggling, and with each step her left boob was slipped further and further out than her right.

She could feel their arms, heads and shoulders heaving against her sideboob.... The sensation was amazing!

"Jane," Penny said worriedly as they heaved their friend through the wide cargo doors and into the building "This doesn't look like a storage depot?"

"These are the directions Laura gave me," Jane replied irritably as she futilely tried to heave against a wall of flesh fully as tall as she was.

"I'm here," their friend shouted from the distance, as the girls stopped and waited for their friend to race down the corridor towards them.

Laura stopped just before the two mountains of Vickie, peering around them to try and see the amazon hidden on the other side. Eventually, rather redundantly she said; "Jesus Vickie, you've grown again?"

The ex-bustiest girl in the group slowly walked clockwise around the all woman mountain and, when she reached her friend, hugged Vickie in a tight embrace from the side.

It was impossible to hug 'her' head on, all that would offer would be an armful of boob flesh.

She nearly had gone for that but it would be an awful decision whether to go left or right...

"Help me get to the Dream Chest," Vickie begged and Laura, giving a glum look at the two mountains. "Can you help Penny coralle my boobs together, I think I can move them all right but it's difficult to keep control!"

Once they got into a rhythm their passage was quite fast and Laura had plenty of time to admire her friend's rippling muscles as she heaved herself forwards.

"You look fantastic," she said, running her hand down her friend's swollen back. Muscles poked through every inch of her friend's torso, straining to keep her up and steady. Given how forwards her centre of gravity had become it was a miracle Vickie could walk without toppling forwards. "This chest has done so much to help you!"

Vickie looked momentarily guilty before smiling.

Of course, from her perspective, Laura only knew about the wish for extra muscles. To her close-knit circle of friend's the wishes had been to give her mobility, not to turn her into this strange freak of nature.

"Thanks," she said with a grin. "Are we nearly there?"

"Nearly there," Laura promised.

"So," Laura said as they reached the doors at the end of the corridor; "I've been thinking about a final set of wishes we could do. Now we know we have the power to reshape the world we can't just lock this thing away without talking about it."

Vickie just grunted as she hefted for the hundredth time her upper body into her cleavage. The mountain of muscle was sweating buckets, her face swollen bright red with exertion. It was impossible to calculate just how many tonnes of flesh she was heaving down the corridor.

"What? No," Jane replied quickly. "It's too dangerous."

"Laura," Penny hissed, but Laura ignored her so she spoke louder. "Don't you think we've changed enough?"

"Of course you'd say that," Laura began, "Jane accidentally turning yourself into the city mayor, and you making yourself a

multi-millionaire overnight! But all I got was a natural resistance to the winter flu!”

“It’s more than that,” Penny said firmly. “In this new world I don’t remember ever seeing you ill, with anything.”

“Maybe,” Laura said with a shrug. “Vickie, you are mobile again for the first time since you were a teenager! Surely now you’ve a taste of freedom you want to go further?”

The lie was there bold as brass.

Penny glowered at her but Laura just smiled back winningly.

“I…” Vickie began.

Before her friend could answer Laura cut her off.

“Because I have the solution!” Laura said with a smile. “The problem is not that you all had your wishes granted, it’s that it happened again and again without you noticing. Every day, every night, you let things go too far without realising it.”

Vickie could not hold back the blushes. Partly from the sensation of her friends hands clawing at her increasingly sensitive cleavage.

“But we can control the chest if we are a little smarter with our wishes. We ask for abilities and powers rather than outright changes. We make ourselves capable of magic rather than relying on it to do the lifting for us. In short – we maintain control!”

“Nice theory,” Jane said, panting, “But that could be dangerous. We need to find a way to test it safely if you want to…”

“I’ve already tested it,” Laura laughed, just a little manically.

“You wished without us?” Penny demanded, glaring daggers at her friend. Penny, unlike any of the others, was sensitive to the world rewriting itself and she had sensed nothing. “What did you change?”

“I was very careful not to rewrite history. I… I wished that my perfect lover would materialise in my room. I was a bit jealous about the way Dan worships Vickie’s and…”

She paused, her mouth twisting into an enormous grin as she reached out to heave at the right door revealing the room beyond.

And at the same time a pair of hands heaved open the left door revealing a tall, busty woman who grinned manically.

“...And I found her,” another Laura continued from inside the room.

The group of women all goggled at her!

Two versions of Jane, each completely identical from their head to their toes, each the very model of feminine beauty stood besides them. She had put a different dress on each body; one blue, one green, but otherwise there was no difference between the two of her.

“Two days ago I wished to create myself another body,” Jane said. She ran her hands down her svelte form and then pointed at her opposite. “I awoke that morning to find her besides me.”

“It’s strange,” her opposite continued, “To see out of two sets of eyes, to have two mouths, two noses, two sets of arms and legs but strangely exciting!”

“So whilst I went to work and lived as normal...”

“...I’ve been out enjoying myself and preparing!”

Penny sucked in a deep breath of shock. She looked about to say something but Laura had more to say.

“We knew what we wanted,” the Laura inside the room said with a manic grin. Slowly, carefully, she reached her hands out and placed one atop each of Vickie’s enormous boobs. “We wanted you to join in the fun Vickie!”

The twin women turned to each other, grinned conspiratorially, and then stepped aside as a new, smaller, diminutive figure stepped into the room.

“Hi girls,” she said shyly, “Its... It’s good to be back again!”

Suddenly Vickie could see herself through a new set of eyes.

She could see herself and realised, really realised, just how enormous her boobs had become!



“Oh Shit,” Vickie exhaled twice. “Shit, shittity, shittity, shit...”

***The First Day of the New World**

Laura opened first one and then another set of eyes and grinned at herself.

She'd taken to sleeping with herself, although she didn't imagine it would mean she'd never find other lovers.

The world was full of possibilities – perhaps one Laura could go clubbing under the pretence of being a twin... There had to be some men out there who would find that exhilarating!

When her two selves were close to each other she could see out of both eyes. Her mind expanded so that it was just like having an extra arm, only it wasn't just a new limb but an entire new body that she could move around independently.

But when she took herself apart the link began to degrade. It didn't happen instantly, it took an hour or two for her to fully lose consciousness, but if she left herself more than about 100 m apart she found her consciousness split.

She'd find herself following one or the other of her 'selves' with only a vague sensation of where the other was. She always knew the direction and some concept of distance but her other mind was just a vague sensation.

But the moment she saw herself again she reconnected, her two halves merging to bring both halves of herself fully up to speed.

It had taken her a few days to get used to this new mode of living but it seemed to her the perfect solution. She wasn't quite one person any more, and not quite two.

And it gave her the opportunity to try out her nude modelling career full time! Whilst one Jane carried out her day job, working as a nurse and helping out vulnerable people in the community had always been a passion for her, she could use her other self to build her online audience.

There was a market out there for stacked women to show off their tits and she'd always considered packing in her day job to go full time but never been quite able to commit.

She'd need an agent, find a photographer who could take some test photos and then...

She knew that the titans, FOUR of them now, weren't the biggest boobs in the world but she remained convinced they were the best.

But tonight she had a double date with her nemesis, with the one woman who had her beat hands down. She had to dress to impress, find the most stylish dress possible otherwise she'd start to feel... inadequate.

But the beauty of having two bodies, two sets of eyes to look at yourself, is she never needed a mirror any more. Jane used her other self to tuck and pull the dress tight around her bust and grinned at the satisfying way the fabric stretched ever so slightly (or massively) to contain her bosom.

Tit tape. Lots and lots of tit tape held this magnificently revealing construction up. It was risky but... Well, one of the girls they were going to meet had outgrown clothes entirely so horses for courses.

One red dress, one blue one, both exactly the same in all things except for the colour. She'd found dressing uniquely helped people around her adjust; her two selves were so similar that it was impossible for anyone but her to tell them apart.

The two versions of Vickie's, on the other hand, couldn't be more different!

They had used the Dream Chest to reshape reality to fit their needs exactly.

Vickie wanted to regain her normal life but she also didn't want to loose what she had.

Her final form may have been monstrous but it was also a thing of beauty and unimaginable power! The strength and size to dominate another individual with your boobs...

Laura had to admit she had been tempted, sorely tempted, but the Titans were perfect as they were.

It hadn't been the size that had terrified Vickie, it had been the fear of what would follow. She would have been happy stopping at any point along her journey had she not missed the opportunity however, now she had tasted true, unimaginably fetishistic proportions, she found... it was exhilarating!

And so the two twins rode the limousine to the bunker where their best friend lived with herself, met her at the door and then descended the steps to the bunker / gym where they kept the boob monster!

Soon Laura and Laura found themselves sitting across the table from two of the most distinct and unlikely women they had ever seen. One; small, mousy, not just flat chested but with hardly an ounce of muscle or fat on her bones, the other; massive, bulging with muscles and breasts!

Small Vickie sat close to the table, tucking herself in. Big Vickie hunkered down at the far end, her body side on to the rest of them as she picked at food with her left arm.

Everything in front of the amazon was breast. A wall of succulent flesh ran from the floor up to her ribcage! Sat down the giant woman's underboob rested on the floor and the top of her cleavage formed a shelf several feet in front of her neck.

Absolutely stacked was a term that would no longer apply to any woman but Vickie.

Even better small Vickie (as she would now forever be known) was starting to fill out. She was less emaciated than she used to be. Her experience had given her a taste for exercise and this new body was light and nimble in a way that hulk Vickie would never be again.

Vickie was a regular sight doing laps around the block both before and after work every day. Using the Dream Chest she'd got her old job back and nobody knew any different.

Penny and Laura were also settled – although they had taken the Dream Chest off their irresponsible friends and locked it somewhere neither of them could access.

As far as those two were concerned everything had worked out for the best but none of them could believe how irresponsible Vickie and Jane had been.

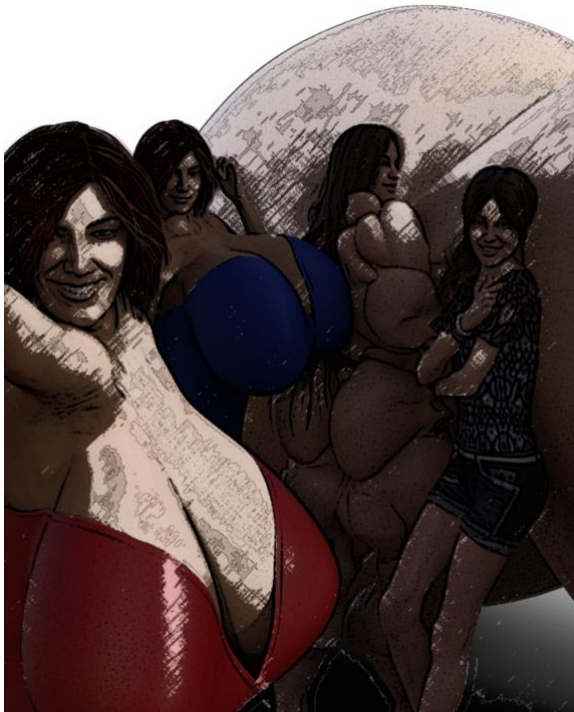
Irresponsible? This wasn't irresponsible. It was **MAGNIFICENT!**

Now that she was over her jealousy Jane just marvelled at the wall of flesh across the table. Large Vickie's body was a mountain of muscle and fat that demanded your attention.

And... Jane smiled with a grin, it would only take one snap of her fingers to give her friend another little boost. She had left herself that power after all, all she had to do was snap her fingers.

One day... Possibly.

If they ever felt that this wasn't quite enough.

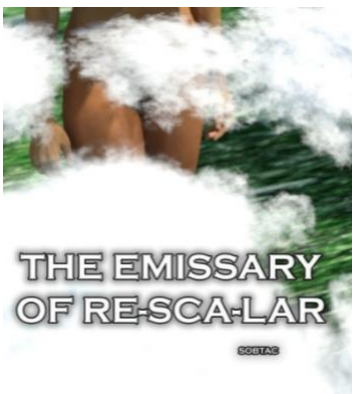


Group Selfie

The End

If you enjoyed Vickie's transformation then other transformation works are available from Sobtac!

Latest releases:



The Emissary of Re-Sca-Lar

20-page pdf comic sequence

Giantess



Troubled Waters

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

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These and more illustrated Sequences are available for through Deviantart