

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Classic one is a wish gone awry, woman wishes she had what would make her dream man instantly love her more than any other woman, poof and now you have literally inhuman tits and the back to handle them.*

Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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### **Be Careful What You Wish For**

I'd been half-joking when I made my wish. After all, who still believes in wishes as an adult? But the weird old woman in her weird little store said she would grant me any wish. Why on earth didn't I wish for, like, a billion dollars or something normal?

Instead, like a lovesick puppy, I made a wish about my crush, Eddie. I've liked him since high school, and he had a surprising glow-up while he was away at college. I know a mousy bookworm like me could never catch his eye, so I made a really dumb wish.

"I wish Eddie would see me as his ideal partner."

So dumb. I've read all the stories— *Monkey's Paw* all that shit. A sensible adult would know better than to believe in wishes at all, but *I* should have known that if a wish actually worked, it was almost certain to go terribly, terribly wrong.

So here I am, trying to drive my little compact car with freakishly huge breasts resting in my lap and pressing into the steering wheel. I really hope I don't get in an accident with these damn things. Breasts isn't even a strong enough word. These are boobs... tits! What's the word they use for cows... udders!

They've been slowly but steadily growing since I made that stupid wish. I circled back through the mall to try and make the weird old lady undo it, but the whole damn shop was gone! Vanished! It's like I'm living in some very poorly written story...

Well, at least Eddie's 'dream girl' apparently has back muscles strong enough to carry these ridiculous things. But did he have to imagine them so sensitive? I'm so hot right now I'm gonna have to get my car detailed, to say nothing of these jeans. I'll have to burn them; I'll never get the smell out.

I probably double-parked when I pulled up to Eddie's building, but I didn't care. I marched confidently up to his door and rang the bell. I had to freakin stand sideways to reach the thing.

"K-Kate?"

"Hi, Eddie." I thought he was hot before. Now, I was seconds away from jumping his bones.

"You *-uh-* look different from the last time I saw you..." He said lamely, shamelessly staring at my gravity-defying tits.

I channeled my best *femme fatale*. "Are you gonna invite me in or leave me standing out here in the hallway?"

"Oh, sorry!" He stammered. "Please, come in."

I'll admit it gave me a bit of a thrill to see him so flustered. Maybe this wish wasn't so much of a curse after all.

As I walked past him into his apartment, my breasts very nearly brushed the doorframe. They *did* brush against Eddie's chest, and my knees nearly buckled at the intense electric tingles that shot through my body.

I took a few calming breaths, then stopped myself. Too deep an inhale was liable to rip my poor tee shirt right open.

"I'll be straight with you, Eddie, since this situation is so weird. I've liked you for a long time. And I wondered if you..."

"You wanna go out with me?" He asked.

"Well, I was gonna say 'fuck me,' but we can take it slow if you prefer?"

Eddie smiled shyly. "I don't mind taking it fast if you don't."

"I didn't think you would..."

I came three times before he even attempted to get my pants off.