

## Shrunk

Leanne stared in disbelief at the lamp in her hands. It all seemed so surreal – the old beggar woman that she kindly gave a dollar to who in turn gave her a severed monkey’s paw. The strange man with a top hat who offered to buy her money paw in exchange for an old oil lamp (a deal she immediately agreed to. Who the hell would want a freakin’ monkey paw?) The long-bearded hippie who offered her a “wand” in exchange for her lamp (*that* offer she refused. It was a stick. Seriously who would trade a perfectly functional lamp for a stick?)

She had taken the lamp home and gave it a quick polish, making it fit and ready for its new purpose in life – a gravy boat.

Midway through her cleaning however she heard an odd noise. Or rather she didn’t ‘hear’ it as much as felt the impression of words forming in her brain, like her ego and id were playing scrabble.

“Ask and you shall receive...” the words formed in her head.

“What, like ask out loud? Or think it really hard?” Leanne said to no one in particular. She was not accustomed to talking to thin air, but she was personable it seemed rude to not reply.

“Whatever... works for you...” the words again formed in her consciousness.

Leanne had heard of genies, of course, how could one not when they seemed to be endlessly cashing in on sequels and remakes of classic genie stories. So it stood to reason that the entity addressing her through the nether realms was likely a mystical genie.

Leanne took this fact in stride. She remembered there were multiple interpretations of the genie myth, one saying they simply gave wishes, another saying they gave three and another still saying they only gave a single wish.

Reading her mind, the words formed in her head “I do not do... two of those things...”. In response Leanne pictured in her mind’s eye a useful person, before indicating that the genie was not that person. This seemed to entertain the entity residing inside her head.

Contemplating her options Leanne decided the most prudent method would be to simply assume that she’d get a one-time wish and go from there.

Although she would never admit it out loud, given the ability to have anything in this world she really only wanted two things: tits and money, both of which she felt she was severely lacking. Reading her mind, she felt a comforting thought enter her head “I have seen... the insides of many and can say without doubt... beauty is only skin deep. As for money... all the riches of the world... could not bring any who wished for it a second’s –“

“Shush, genie” Leanne said out loud, “I’m trying to think here”. She scrunched up her face, thinking through the options. “Now if I wished for money, I could always buy tits” she said cupping the empty areas where her purchased endowments would be. “Buuut...” she laboured the word “that would mean surgery, recovery time and I may not even like feeling of implants under my skin”.

“Those... who learn to love themselves first... will never be left wanting...” the genie imparted to her. “You’re right!” exclaimed Leanne “make the body hot as, and the money will come rolling in afterwards!”

“That’s not what...” the genie started to think but was cut off.

Her mind made up, Leanne dashed to her closet, stripped off and donned a semitransparent silk shirt she saved for 'special' occasions (and/or people). Reacting to the shirt, a questioning feeling placed itself in her mind. "Oh, this?" Leanne said to the air "If this goes the way I think it will I absolutely want to feel it... but I also want to see it!". "Your logic is... insurmountable..." the not-quite-a-voice said to her, somehow inserting a dry sarcastic tone to the ethereal words.

Missing the mental jibe, Leanne straightened her posture, reading herself for her new self. Grasping the lamp she sent a single clear thought – I wish for massive boobs!

"Your wish... is granted..." the thought returned to her.

The sensation Leanne felt was instantaneous. Her entire body tingled excitedly, like being gently licked by an electric cat all over. She had imagined what this feeling would be like more than once and in an almost surprising way it matched her expectations perfectly. Giving it some thought she realised it shouldn't surprise her, why wouldn't the genie use her memories as a template to grant her wish.

Like it had done in her fantasies, the tingling electric feeling moved from her extremities and focused on her chest area. She felt the skin push against her silk top, rubbing against the fabric as it swelled outward.

Looking down a contented smile crept across Leanne's face. She watched her once petite breasts continue to swell out, racing through the cup alphabet. Not only had she made the right choice, she had even lucked into wishing for something that felt incredibly-

"Wait" she thought, suddenly noticing that there was something off. She scanned her bedroom. Everything seemed at once incredibly familiar, but also different, like the angles were wrong.

Looking at her wardrobe she finally picked what was wrong – the handle, which normally sat at the waist of her 5'9 form was now clearly at her chest height.

"I'm... shorter?" she thought both to herself and the entity inside her head. "Of... course..." the response came. "I can't just make matter from... nothing... I'm not... magic"

'IF YOU'RE NOT MAGIC THEN WHAT THE F-' Leanne mentally screamed before being interrupted by another wave of full body tingling. "Wait a minute... I" she thought as the tingling intensified, this time much more intense than the last.

On the one hand she wasn't surprised that her growth hadn't finished, after all while her breasts were clearly more than a handful she wouldn't them 'massive'... but on the other hand the thought of losing any more height... terrified her? No, not exactly terrified, but she absolutely hadn't had time to process how she felt about it. Her height had never been a factor for her, being entirely average in that department and she had obviously spent most of her mental pining time thinking of tits and cash.

Distracted by the tingling sensation covering her body and steadily moving to her chest area Leanne was forced to put any thought on the matter to the backburner.

She felt her breasts lurch forward, sliding through her silk top and almost toppling her forward. Along with the growing sensation of skin against top, Leanne could now notice the other transformation as the lamp seemed to enlarge in her shrinking hand and her shirt sleeves pushed further down her arms.

Her view noticeably shifted down as well, with her closet door now sitting at her face height. Her bed, which was once the perfect height to sit on now seemed like something she would have to hike herself on to... assuming that would even be possible with the large globes of flesh now jutting out from her torso.

Leanne looked around the room stupefied. Her entire view of the world had changed along with her own body, now supporting breasts far larger than her head and it was a lot to take in. Her breasts were larger than she had ever imagined – clearly the genie had taken her wish template and run with it in directions she had never envisioned.

In the back of her mind something was still niggling away however, and with a jolt she realized – the tingling sensation was still present, and growing.

Slightly panicked Leanne felt the electric sensation once again consume her body, tingling her hands, feet and nipples (that were now larger than the other combined) in a way that she had only ever felt in the wake of an orgasm.

Her fight or flight response overwhelmed by the sensation Leanne had no choice but to give in to the tingling as it rose and once again moved to her chest.

In a final burst Leanne felt her breasts surge forward, stretching the once loose top to its limits, a fact that was doubly impressive given her now diminutive form. Through her large collar she could clearly see her cavernous cleavage as her breasts pushed out further still.

The added weight seriously throwing her balance, Leanne swung her arms back to prevent toppling over. Leaning back to keep her breasts balanced she eyed the mountainous mammaries and wondered if she could even reach her own nipples now.

Looking up she was again struck in awe by her changed surroundings. Her bed now seemed almost insurmountable and she would be lucky if she could even reach the handle of her wardrobe. She could walk over and try, but given the vast weight straining her back she wasn't positive that much walking would be taking place in her future.

Checking herself she was relieved to find that the tingling sensation seemed to have subsided. "Your wish... is complete... farewell..." Leanne felt the words in her mind lingering before dissipating along with whatever had taken residence there before.

"So..." she thought to herself "turns out it was a one trick pony". Glancing around the room once more Leanne gave a shrug. Even if she could turn back, no longer be a 2ft tall hottie with astronomical breasts, would she? "Meh." Leanne said out loud. "Probably not".