

Contest Story 2

by Wren - Illustrations by Portalcomic



Contest Story 2

A Breast Expansion Novella

Written by
Wren

Illustrated by
Portalcomic

The Breast Expansion Story Club

San Francisco – Tucson – Buenos Aires – London



Contest Story 2
All Rights Reserved © 2006 by **Wren**
Illustrations by **Portalcomic**
Designed by **NBK Estudio**
Edited by **Prophet Tenebrae**

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without express written permission from the publisher.

The Breast Expansion Story Club

For information address:
BE Story Club
P.O. Box 7361-101319
San Francisco, CA 94120-7361
www.bestoryclub.com

Any resemblance to actual people and events is purely coincidental.
This is a work of fiction.

Published in the United States of America

Contest Story 2

Naomi frowned and blinked, feeling groggy as the sun shined through the living room window. She felt a little stiff from spending the night on the floor, even though she had plenty of padding to sleep on. Her eyes suddenly went wide as she remembered the events of the previous night and she quickly sat up. Or rather, she tried to quickly sit up but ended up collapsing backward and flailing her arms and legs briefly like a turtle on its back. Carefully, she tried again, propping herself up with her arms so she could get a better look at her chest.

She had wondered if it had all been a dream but there was no denying the basketball sized boobs that were now weighing her down. She was relieved to see they had at least shrunk from the enormous size they had achieved last night. Feeling her rear and her thighs with her hands, she noticed that those at least felt only slightly swollen and mostly normal, but her breasts were still nowhere near her normal C cups. She also noticed she was still completely nude, her chocolate brown skin glistening a bit with sweat in all her naked glory, except someone had covered her with a large blanket.

“Good morning, sleepyhead.” Sylvia said as she entered the room, wearing an open robe over the red bustier, black lace panties and stockings that she had worn the night before. She was carrying two cups of coffee, and offered one to Naomi. “I hope you’ll excuse me for not carrying you to bed, but you were a little too heavy for me.”

Naomi’s hands shook a little as she accepted the cup, not particularly needing the caffeine as she was wide awake now. “I...Was that...I mean...Look at these!” She babbled, gesturing to her breasts and then quickly covering them with the blanket as a wave of bashfulness came over her.

Sylvia tapped a finger to her luscious lips, “Shh...Yes, what happened last night was real, as you can see. I told you it would take a while for the swelling to go down. I’ve never seen anyone overload my magic lingerie like that.”

“Magic lingerie...” Naomi said, putting a hand to her forehead as though she had a fever.

“That was really intense...I need some time to sort this all out in my head.”

“You’ll have plenty of time later. Right now we have to get to work.” Sylvia giggled.

Naomi looked at her like she was crazy. “I think I’ll call in sick.”

Sylvia smirked at her, “I’m your boss, and I know you’re not sick.”

Naomi gave her the look again. “Hellooo...” she said, pointing a finger at her boobs, poking them for emphasis.



Sylvia rolled her eyes. "It's just a little swelling."

"A little?!!!" Naomi scoffed.

"It's not like they hurt."

"I have nothing to wear!" Naomi rebutted.

"You can borrow some from my wardrobe. You'll be fine," Sylvia said, matter-of-factly.

Naomi looked exasperated, staring at her as if she was waiting for her to say "just kidding."

Sylvia just smiled and winked at her, taking a sip of coffee.

"You're such an ass!" Naomi growled as she wrapped the blanket around herself and stormed off toward the bedroom to find something to wear.

"Not as big an ass as you were last night!" Sylvia said with a giggle, slapping her on the bottom as she passed by.

"UGH!!!" Naomi roared, staring daggers at her before she flounced into the bedroom and slammed the door behind her.

Sylvia smiled and bobbed her head to her favorite song, her fiery red hair blowing in the wind as she sped toward her factory in her itty-bitty little classic convertible Porsche 914. She was wearing bright red lipstick and dark shades, with a white scarf wrapped around her neck. Her bright pink business suit didn't seem to befit a CEO of a major corporation.

"You've got a whole fleet of cars...Why did you have to pick the smallest one?" Naomi grumbled. It had very little leg room, so her knees were up against her boobs and her boobs in turn were up against the dash board.

Sylvia giggled, "'Mmm, you're so cute when you're sulking. I could just eat you up."

Naomi just scowled at her and then turned away, looking out the window. The way Naomi's thick black spiral curls fluttered in the wind around her beautiful pouting face made her look more like porcelain doll than a black business executive. Her rear was mostly back to normal, so she easily found a dark grey business suit with matching skirt in Sylvia's closet that fit her below the waist, but nothing that would fit over her expanded bosom. But Sylvia somehow managed to find something in the other room that fit perfectly and matched the skirt. Naomi was certain it was more magic, after the previous night, she wasn't sure she could trust any garments that came from Sylvia.

Her feelings were conflicted. She could not deny that the previous night had been the most enjoyable and exciting experience she'd ever felt in her life but at the same time she felt frightened and helpless...which might even have been why it excited her

so much. Could she have some kind of weird closet submissive fetish to go along with her even weirder expansion fetish? Naomi needed time to think about the events and sort them out in her head, but here she was, after a life altering event, sitting in a tiny car with her psycho body altering boss, on her way to work.

When they arrived, Naomi was glad to pry herself out of that sardine can. She had to walk slowly since she was not used to the new weight on her chest. The last thing she wanted was to topple over and draw more attention to herself. But then the realization hit her that she would have to explain her huge breasts to the other employees. She tried to think of a suitable lie.

“Good morning, Naomi!” One of the file clerks said as she walked by in the parking lot. Everyone, including executives, were on a first name basis at the company.

“Um...Good morning...Judy.” The girl glanced at her chest appreciatively but didn’t look surprised as she walked by. Naomi looked puzzled as she walked into the lobby with Sylvia and they were greeted by security guards.

“Morning, Sylvia. ‘Morning Naomi.”

“Good morning...” Naomi looked puzzled as they continued walking. The guards seemed a little friendlier than usual but she didn’t get the “good lord, look at those titties” reaction that she was expecting.

Sylvia glanced over at her and smiled. “In case you’re wondering, they do notice your breasts but the enchantment causes people to find them normal, acceptable and very attractive. Until the magic wears off, you could probably even walk around town topless without getting arrested.”

“Thanks... But I think I’ll keep my top on, though,” Naomi replied, still feeling uneasy.

“You would think that,” Sylvia giggled and replied mysteriously before they stepped onto the elevator.

Naomi felt even more uneasy noticing that employees on the elevator were stealing glances at her chest. It wasn’t because they thought she was different...The magic didn’t allow them to react to that. But now she knew the magic was making everyone attracted to her breasts. She was beginning to feel a little claustrophobic as more people piled into the elevator, all of them headed for the top floor to attend the management meeting scheduled for that morning. She fanned herself as she felt flush and began to breathe harder, her huge bust rising and falling with each breath. Then she noticed there was less fall and rise each time until she suddenly realized she had gotten bigger. Gasping in surprise, she elbowed Sylvia to get her attention.

“Ow! Oh, you naughty little devil,” Sylvia cooed as she noticed Naomi’s breasts were several inches larger. The comment caused several people to glance back. Naomi looked flustered and side-stepped, trying to casually hide behind Sylvia, who didn’t seem to mind having two large soft breasts pressing into her back.

“Why are you doing that here?” Sylvia whispered over her shoulder.

“Doing what?” Naomi whispered, squeezing her bust a little, trying to coax it into going back to normal. It wasn’t working. “It’s your stupid enchanted business suit.”

Sylvia whispered, “I only cast a fitting spell on that. It’s the enchantment from last night making you grow. You know, the enchantment that reacts to your own fantasies?”

Her boobs began to bump into the people on either side of her as they swelled to the size of beach balls. The people looked as embarrassed as she was, but didn’t say anything. She could tell they rather enjoyed the feel and casually moved in closer to her.

“Why hasn’t it worn off?” Naomi whispered, growing more concerned.

“I don’t know...I’ll have to look it up after the meeting.”

“After the meeting?!” More people turned to glance at her.

Sylvia giggled, “Look hun, nobody is going to realize what’s going on. And if you just stop enjoying it they’ll stop growing.” She felt a dainty fist punch her in the shoulder and then the boobs pressing against her back ceased their increasing pressure as. “See, they’ve stopped.”

Naomi rubbed her sore fist, her subconscious was distracted enough by the pain that it stopped fueling her growth. She began to think about what happened the previous night, and quickly pushed the thoughts out of her mind. Sylvia had said the enchanted lingerie would cause her to grow so long as she enjoyed it. If the same thing was happening again, she would have to control herself — something she had tried and failed to do the previous night. It was especially difficult now with her beach ball sized boobs pressing against Sylvia and other people in the packed elevator. She concentrated on the rising numbers on the elevator to keep herself from imagining her breasts growing even larger in size, inches ticking by just like the elevator floors, bursting free of her top, swelling against the other elevator passengers, pressing them aside, pushing them up against the walls of the elevator as they are engulfed in her soft warm expanding tit flesh.

“Um...Naomi...I can’t breathe...” Sylvia gasped.

Naomi awoke from her daydream and saw, to her horror, that it wasn’t a day dream at all.

"Oh, my God!" Naomi cried out as the elevator began to go dark, her breasts swelling up against her face and pressing her body against the back of the elevator. She completely packed the little room, and could feel people around her writhing against her enormous bare breasts, trying to get loose. When the elevator reached their floor and the doors slid open with difficulty, rubbing her nipples roughly, she shuddered in orgasm. All of the passengers managed to scramble out as her wave of boobs flopped out of the open doors and into the hallway. The soft mounds of flesh began to slowly recede moments later as she lay on the floor, feeling spent.

Sylvia remained in the elevator with her, looking a bit disheveled but otherwise unphased as she checked her makeup in her compact while Naomi's breasts continued shrinking to a more manageable size.

"Well...At least we know you have a release valve." She mused.

"What?" Naomi asked, still a bit dazed and trying to comprehend what happened.

"This is most concerning...You could have crushed those people."

"Oh, my God...Are they ok? They must think I'm a monster!" Naomi groaned, looking miserable as she tried to cover up her breasts, which had shrunk to the size of beach balls but didn't seem to be getting any smaller.

Sylvia glanced outside the elevator. "They've all gone into the conference room. I think they're still enchanted to think that was sexy..." Glancing over at Naomi who was still sitting on the floor, trying to get herself together, Sylvia reached down and helped her fasten the front hooking bra and buttoned up her blouse and jacket, which magically could still stretch over her expanded bosom.

"You didn't go down as much this time." Sylvia observed. "This is very concerning..." she said, scratching her head. "I'll have to bring it up at the board meeting."

"What?" Naomi asked.

Sylvia tried to look innocent, "Nothing...Come along dear."

"No, wait a minute... You said the enchantment keeps them from noticing the spell. Why would you bring it up at the meeting?" Naomi asked, looking puzzled.

Sylvia smirked slyly, "Hun, I run a company that sells magic lingerie. Do you think my employees aren't aware of that?"

"I wasn't!" Naomi growled. "Are you telling me I was the only one who didn't know?"

"You're my Chief Information Officer... Why would you need to know?" Sylvia giggled and winked at her.

Naomi was practically sputtering with rage, "I hate you!" She proceeded to storm back into the elevator, intent on heading home, but Sylvia grabbed her from behind, wrapping her arms around Naomi to restrain her. Her arms didn't even come close to going all the way around because of the size of her breasts but she held on tight.

"I hate you! Let me go! Let me go!" Naomi began to cry.

Sylvia, for the first time, looked genuinely caring as her concern began to break through her normally carefree demeanor. Naomi tried to wriggle free but she held her tight.



“Please calm down, hun. I know you’re scared inside and I feel awful about that. I created this place to make people happy and you’re not happy right now because of me. You have to let me try to fix that. I’m really the only one who can.”

Naomi stood there in Sylvia’s embrace for several moments, slowly calming down and wiping her eyes when her tears finally stopped. She looked over her shoulder and nodded. “Ok, I’ll go to the meeting.”

Sylvia smiled and they walked down the hallway and entered to conference room where everyone was already seated. Sylvia took her seat at the head of the table, while the only seat left for Naomi was at the opposite end. The table was very close to the back wall and as a result she couldn’t move her chair back enough to make room for her chest and actually had to rest her breasts on the table when she sat down. There were some glances and a little whispering, which made her feel embarrassed and miserable as the meeting began. Many of these folks were the same ones she had almost suffocated with her boobs only minutes before.

“I have a pressing matter I’d like to put before you all, but I would like to get the more mundane items out of the way first,” Sylvia said, kicking the meeting off to a start. “Hmm... Naomi, I guess we should begin with you.”

Naomi looked startled as all eyes were suddenly on her, more so than usual.

“Um... Ok... Well, our storage is packed full with the recent software expansions and there’s a heavy load on our mainframe at the moment that is really putting a strain on our bandwidth. We keep getting stack overflow errors, so I don’t think we can support the current system architecture much longer.” She said, tugging at her bra strap a bit where it was digging into her shoulder. One of the executives who was sipping coffee ended up spraying it out of his nose, while another knocked his cup off the table altogether.

Sylvia smiled, “Well, we’ll certainly have to deal with those issues. But I’m sure you’ll stay on top of things. Now Raymond, tell me how this past month’s figures are looking.” She asked her chief financial officer.

Raymond seemed a bit distracted, looking in Naomi’s direction as he spoke. “We’ve got some robust figures this month, Sylvia. I think we can expect to see even more growth very soon.”

There was more coughing and accidents around the room but Naomi obliviously nodded as she listened, though felt uneasy for some reason. She thought she could feel her top stretching a bit.

“Very good, Raymond.” Sylvia smiled. “James, how are we doing on distribution? Any new retailers climbing on board?”

“I’m just looking at the titties...” Replied James.

“Excuse me?!” Sylvia glared.

“Er...I said we are looking into new cities. Cities! Why? What do you think I said?”

“Never mind... Moving on...” Sylvia said, still scowling at her marketing consultant.

Naomi felt even more uneasy, and fanned herself a bit as she started to feel flush. She could feel that her breasts were slowly growing again now, there was no denying it and the executives and consultants at the meeting tried not to stare as her mammeries began to inch their way across the table, advancing forward and spreading outward to the sides. The people sitting nearest to her had to pick up their coffee cups as her bosom encroached on their areas, swelling over their paperwork. Naomi was trying to take her mind off growing by listening to the meeting but somehow it didn't seem to be taking her mind off her breasts.

“Lynne, how are things on the Operations side?”

Lynne wasn't quite blatantly staring like Raymond, but she licked her lips and kept stealing glances of the huge breasts making their way across the table. It was becoming impossible to pretend not to look, as the colossal boobs began to occupy every possible field of vision, as though they demanded to be seen and gawked at. Lynne managed to keep her composure well enough to say, “The new expansion is coming along nicely but some of our employees are having trouble handling the heavy equipment.”

“I see, Lynne... Well, keep me abreast of the situation as it develops.” Sylvia responded.

Naomi glanced around nervously, her worried expression disappearing from everyone's view as her swelling breasts grow too high on the table for her to see over them. The business jacket and blouse were still stretching thanks to Sylvia's spell from that morning but as the incident in the elevator proved, the garments still hard their limits and the straining buttons indicated she was fast reaching them.

“And everyone please welcome Darcy, our new Human Resources consultant. What were the results of your evaluation, Darcy?”

“Thank you, Sylvia.” Darcy replied. Darcy was an older yet very attractive woman with white hair, and seemed to be the only one oblivious to anything out of the ordinary, even as Naomi's breasts crept over and snapped Darcy's impossibly thick eyeglasses that she had set down on the table. Squinting at her report for a moment, she stated matter-of-factly, “I found that your organization is a little top heavy, from a managerial standpoint that is, and the expansion Lynne mentioned couldn't have come at a better time, as your workforce is practically bursting at the seams.”

“Oh, for Pete's sake!” Naomi groaned loudly, as did the table supports underneath her. There was a pop as the front fastener on her enchanted bra gave out, freeing her bosom to surge outward several more inches. Buttons clattered down onto the table top as the jacket and blouse burst open in quick succession, release her huge chocolate mounds wobbling onto the table. They looked like two breast shaped beanbags sitting up there. Everyone was staring now. There was no ignoring such a spectacle.

“Um...” Sylvia stood and made her way toward that end of the table. “This is the pressing matter I mentioned before. I had Naomi try on the supercharged prototype fantasy lingerie I was working on... But it couldn’t hold up to her particular fantasy. She overloaded it, destroyed it and absorbed its power somehow. Now she has all of its power, without the limiting spell for safety.

“I what?!” Naomi asked. She didn’t completely understand what Sylvia said, but it didn’t sound good.

“Can’t we just cast a safety spell on her now?” A voice asked. Naomi couldn’t see who was saying what. Everyone was just voices behind her breasts, since that was all she could see.

Sylvia shook her head, “Safety spells have to be cast before you enchant. Naomi is already enchanted.”

“What if we drain the energy off somehow?” A voice asked.

Sylvia looked interested. “How do you propose we do that?”

“Well...” the voice replied, “There is the new line of fantasy confections we’re developing but we hadn’t worked out a way of producing that much enchanted milk...”

“Wait a minute!” Naomi objected. “I am not gonna be your cow! I’m not even lactating!”

There was some whispering that Naomi couldn’t make out and then she felt a hand delicately tracing its way across the surface of her left breast and then she saw Sylvia step into view with a sly smile on her face.

“I don’t care what you say! I’m not...” Naomi began, but Sylvia shushed her.

“I know it sounds awful but it’s the only way, hun. Besides, I don’t think you’re nearly as opposed to the idea as you’re pretending to be.”

Naomi was growing upset again. “What do you mean by that?”

Sylvia giggled and leaned over one of the huge boobs, pressing her cheek against it and embraced it with her arms. “I read your notebook, remember? You can’t tell me you don’t like the idea of these glorious breasts getting so full of delicious, sweet, warm, yummy Naomi milk.”

Naomi could feel her breasts growing heavier and she felt a pressure within. “Stop it! This isn’t funny!” She said nervously.

“Mmm...I think I can even hear it in there. Oh, my...I think you’re filling up, dear,” Sylvia grinned, knowing that even with all the fuss she was putting up, she was still pushing her buttons.

Naomi gasped as she felt her breasts filling up with milk to the point that they had begun swelling again. The people in the conference room began to back away as her breasts began to fill the table, growing bigger and rounder, looking like bloated balloons.

“Oh my... They’re so big and full... They’re... They’re... Ahhh!” Naomi gasped and writhed in her chair as her huge dark nipples, now as big as soup cans, began geyser milk, spraying the executives with showers of warm white nectar. They didn’t seem too upset about it.

“This is pretty good.” Said the executive who made the suggestion. “But it’s not enough to supply a product line. It’s not even enough for a limited specialty line.”

Sylvia thought about that as she watched the poor girl writhing in pleasure until she finally passed out. Her breasts immediately began to recede, with her nipples still dribbling milk, until they came to rest at a size a little larger than the beach balls she had walked in with.

“She shrinks like that when the excitement wears off but the more aroused she gets, the bigger she gets...” Sylvia thought to herself. “I hate to use Naomi this way but it really was the only way to drain off the magical energy and at this rate it would take forever unless we could excite her enough to really lose control...Sort of the way she did the other night after I read her notebook and she put on the enchanted lingerie... Hmm...”

Sylvia grinned and grabbed her pocket book, heading for the door.

“Ma’am? Where are you going?”

“Get her down to the factory and prep her. I’ve got to grab something from home.” Sylvia chuckled mischievously and skipped out the door.

Naomi squinted as she awoke. The factory lines shined brightly down upon her. She tried to raise a hand to block out the light but found that she had been restrained. Both her hands were cuffed in chains, but her feet were free.

“What the hell is going on here?” She yelled angrily. Glancing down she noticed that she was nude except for a lacy pink bra.

“Oh good, you’re awake,” Sylvia smiled and strolled over casually squeeze her bottom. She kicked at her angrily.

“What the hell are you doing? Let me out of here!” Naomi growled.

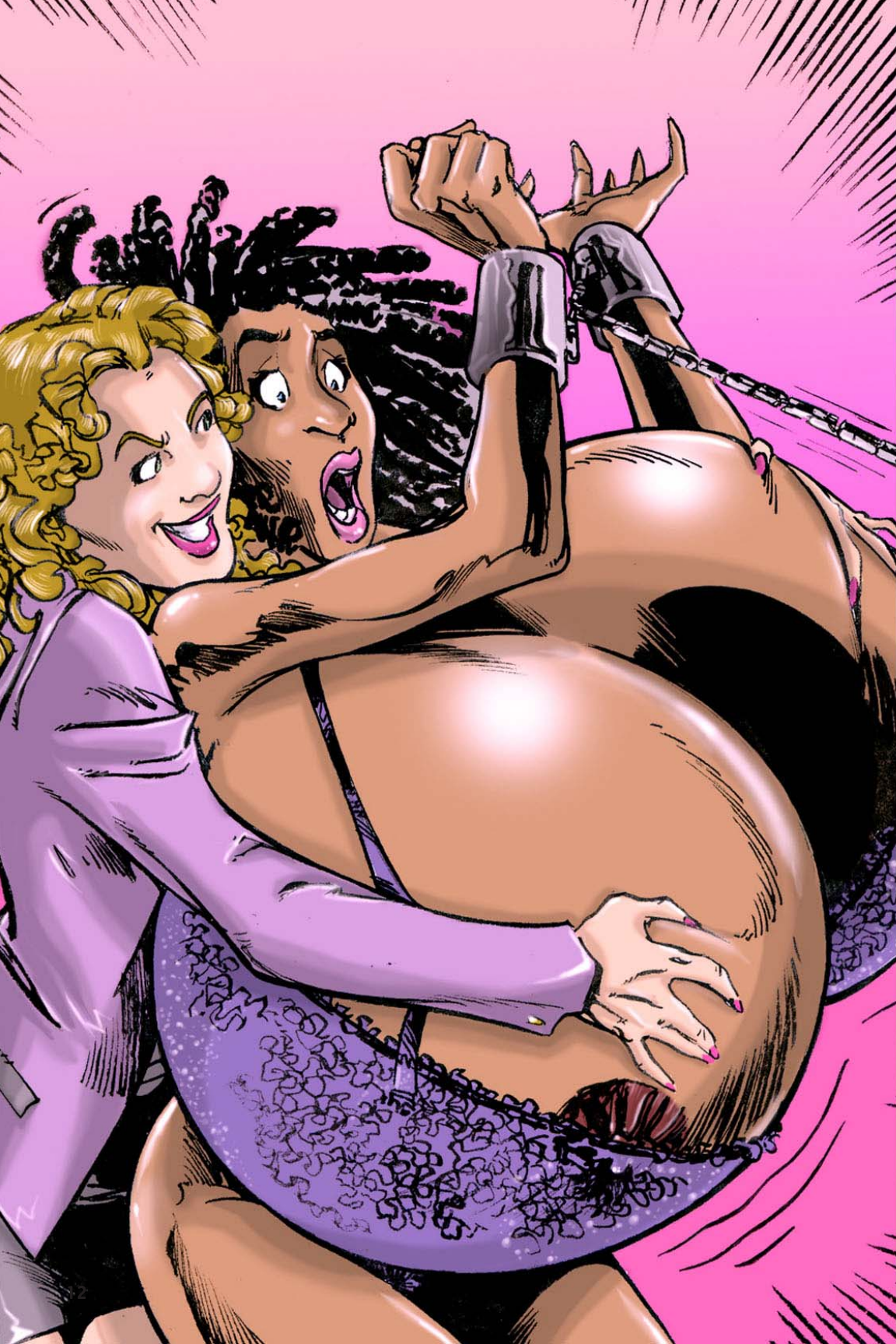
Sylvia chuckled, “Ah ah ah... I can’t do that. You see, I can’t have a girl with enchanted boobs wondering around in public. People would trace it back to me and I don’t need that kind of publicity. Not yet anyway...”

Naomi frowned, “Then fix me! You said you’d find a way to fix me!” In spite of her anger, she was feeling a little frightened. Sylvia was acting strangely. More so than usual.

“Well, we did research and just couldn’t find a way of doing that. Sorry. But we felt there was no sense in letting all that magic energy go to waste just randomly blowing you up whenever you feel kinky. So we’re going to drain it in the form of milk as planned.”

Naomi still looked confused and suspicious at what Sylvia was up to, “If you drain it, that’ll make me normal again, right? That’s what you said before.”

Sylvia bobbed her head from side to side as if mulling it over, “Mmm, yes and no, I suppose... I mean, we could do what we did in the conference room and proceed at that pitiful pace for who knows how long, draining so



little energy that you'll probably never be normal again... Or... We could just say screw it and supercharge you with enough energy that you can provide the main ingredient for my new line of magical fantasy confections!" With a flourish, she whipped off a curtain that was coverage a display board with the logo of the new product. It was a picture of Naomi with little horns and a cowbell photoshopped onto her image.

"That's not fucking funny!" Naomi roared. "I'm going to kill you when I get out of these chains!"

Sylvia cleared her throat, "Does that bra look familiar, hun?"

Naomi frowned and looked down at it. Then looked nervous as she recognized it, "Oh my, God...It's the bra that overloaded...Why is it on me?" Her huge new breasts filled it out much more than the smaller version she had worn before.

"Once you overload that one, you'll have a limitless supply of magic milk." Sylvia grinned evilly.

Naomi shook her head, looking frightened now. "No... You can't do this...I won't...I won't activate it."

Sylvia smiled and strolled over to Naomi, coming around behind her and grasping her breasts from behind, stroking her cheek against Naomi's. Naomi struggled to shake her free, but only made her breasts jiggle heavily.

"I've read your notebook, remember? I know you want this."

"Those are just fantasies! I mean, they're not real. They're not supposed to be!"

Sylvia grinned, "Oh, these are real, alright." She said, firmly gripping the huge globes. "And they're about to get more real than you ever imagined... On the count of three... 1..."

"No... Stop..."

"2..."

"Please, Sylvia...You can't do this..." Naomi could already feel energy building up inside her.

"3!"

Naomi's breasts began to grow once more, the magical bra stretching right along with them. She could feel the fabric stretching against her as her heavy breasts, which were already down to her hips, began to creep down her thighs while also blimping outward like balloons.

"Please stop this... You can't just turn me into some kind of milk factory!"

Sylvia cooed, "Remember, you're doing it to yourself, hun. This magic enhances your own fantasies. If you want to stop, just stop enjoying it."

Naomi cried, "I'm not enjoying it!"

Sylvia giggled, "Your boobs beg to differ."

They had already surpassed the size they were in the board room, and were approaching the size they had been last night when... And then the stitching of the bra began to give out. Naomi whimpered, knowing that when it did, she would absorb the magic. Sylvia released her cuffs, realizing she was too big to get away if she tried. She leaned forward against her breasts and they actually began to lift her feet from the floor. This was uncomfortable, so she pressed her feet into the soft skin for support,

making footholds for herself like a mountain climber. There was a loud creaking and groaning, followed by various popping sounds until finally the bra straps gave out with loud pops. They were big enough to fill a living room by that point, and she thought she could feel magical energy surge into them as they continued to grow larger and heavier. She knew now that they were beginning to fill with milk.

Sylvia smiled and nodded to a couple of her workers, who came over and put elastic cups over her huge nipples just before they rose out of reach.

“Those cups are magic like the clothing I make. They’ll fit your nipples no matter how big they get.”

Naomi just moaned, “Oooh...Soo big...” She clung to her breasts, massaging them with her arms and legs as they began to pump dozens of gallons of milk, bulging and throbbing. She was having multiple orgasms, but the prospect of growing so large and being stuck this way was keeping her too excited to let herself shrink down.

Sylvia sighed, hoping she had done the right thing as she strolled around Naomi, casually stroking the side of one immense swelling boob, eliciting a moan from her preoccupied friend and a slosh from within. Taking out the notebook she was carrying under her arm, she read the entry again.

“Contest idea #2— Proposed Plot — Girl gets tricked by best friend into growing her breasts far beyond her wildest dreams. A roller coaster ride of drama and comedy ensues as she tries to reconcile her fears with her deepest desires. Status: Unfinished.”

“You know she’s going to kill you when she finds out that was just a normal fitting spell on that bra.” Darcy said, walking up next to Sylvia. Her eyeglasses had been taped back together with masking tape.

Sylvia giggled. “I know...I suppose I deserve that, although the milking thing was your idea.”

Darcy smiled slyly, “Try to stay out of trouble, dear,” she said, patting her on the shoulder before snapping her fingers and disappearing in a cloud of smoke.

Sylvia smiled, “I will, Mom.” She sighed. This had been a very fulfilling day. Glancing at the notebook again, she scribbled out “Unfinished” and wrote “Finished.”

“Hmm,” she thought, tapping her pen against her chin. She then scratched out “Finished,” wrote “Best friend has her wicked way with her” instead, tossed the notebook over her shoulder, and proceeded to climb Mt. Naomi.

To be Continued