

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

1,385 words.

<The Wish>

by <Growing Desires>



#

Thank you for reading this story and supporting my work. This story was a commission, commissions are always open should you want your own story, please enjoy

Should you want to get any of my books in physical print, check out my Amazon page for physical prints.

-All of my links are here-

Thank you for three wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

“I thought I was past all this shit...” I muttered to myself, pulling my cardigan around my chest, my cheeks were burning red as I rushed away from the school yard.

I helped my family out with school runs, my sister was a few years old, and she had a very successful job which was a bit of a commute in the mornings, so that is where “Auntie Kim” steps in.

“I don’t want to do this anymore...” I uttered, my eyes welling up with tears.

The bitchiness of the other moms on the yard was enough to make my blood boil at the best of times, thankfully I wasn’t the mother of Cassie, I was the aunt, which should save me from getting dragged into their mutterings.

I guess I was wrong...

I had been doing this since the start of this academic year, so I was, presumably, fair game now because I was there every morning dropping off.

Just glad that I don’t have to deal with school pickups... Especially today.

They were very cliquey, I hadn’t been there for the past few years, Cassie was seven now and I was clearly an outsider. Maybe I hadn’t made enough of an effort, I can’t imagine I had said or done anything to anger the mob of mothers who were dressed up and wearing a full set of make up for just the school run.

It feels like I am back in school...

Today their snotty and pompous comments were more focused, more targeted and I was the one in the crosshair. I had seen it before; they picked another mother on the yard and singled her out for the way she dressed. It was deplorable, their behaviour was disgusting. Today however they crossed even that line.

“She’s pretty cute but shame that she is flat as a board.”

That was the start, the words were still in my head, I couldn’t go anywhere, I was stuck there waiting with Cassie ready to go into school.

“Well, it’s obvious that she isn’t the mother; no way she was breastfeeding with those.”

The group exploded into laughter, they started commenting on each other’s bust and guessing how many times bigger they were than me. It was just like school. I had heard more than my fair share of insults around my non-existent chest during that time. I thought that was behind me.

Apparently not.

Dating, it had come up once or twice, I’d have a girl with big boobs cut into my conversation and try to steal my date away by saying derogatory things about my chest.

Single and alone at 28, being poked fun at by these mothers was too much. I walked back to my car and sat there for a few seconds just trying to hold myself together. I looked up and saw the horde of stay-at-home mother’s strutting to their expensive cars and as they got closer I started to shake.

This isn’t right...

I pulled off quickly, almost causing a collision. I was just so desperate to get home.

I lived near my sister’s; I would go back there for the morning on a Monday and clean her house before I’d got to work in the afternoon. I was a helpful soul, or I’d like to think I was. I found it quite cathartic, and I was in a good routine. Pulling into the drive of her big four bedroom detached house, I was surprised to see another car in the drive.

Tim.

I didn’t want to see anyone, I wanted to just put music on and cry for a bit. I certainly didn’t

want to bump into my sister Natalie's handsome husband. Tim was very friendly and kind, very handsome and right now, after the barrage of insults I wasn't feeling like bumping into an attractive person, it would just make me feel worse.

Looking in the mirror, I checked my hair and made sure that I looked presentable. My eyes were puffy, and it was obvious that I had been crying. I knew there was no avoiding it, I got out of the car and walked towards the house, letting myself in. I bumped immediately into Tim. He was very rarely at home when I returned from the school run, but I recalled Natalie's words from yesterday.

"Tim has a meeting today so he will be leaving a bit later, just in case he is there when you get back."

"Hey Kim." He sounded bright and bubbly, but I saw his face drop as concern crossed his chiselled features. "Everything okay?"

It was more than enough to break me, I started to cry, my body shuddering from my blubbing. I had tried to say fine, but I couldn't get the words out. His arms wrapped around my body and took me into a tight embrace.

"What's wrong?" His kind words were soothing to me.

"Those... Bitches at school..."

"Oh, the Moron patrol. Who is it, Jackie, Deb, Trish and... That other one..." Tim said dismissively. "I wouldn't pay any attention to those lot." Tim broke the hug and lifted my face up by my chin. "It doesn't matter what they say, they never grew out of school themselves, they've had everything paid for by the men in their lives and they think the world is one big school yard. Whatever it is..." He leaned in close to my face. "Fuck 'em"

Tim wasn't one to swear, I had rarely heard it but when I did I knew there was a real call for it, in this instance he was using it to make me feel better. It certainly helped but it did make me cry more.

"Thank you Tim..." I took a step back. "You had somewhere to go, a meeting right?"

Tim nodded.

“You go; I’ll be fine.”

“Are you sure? I’d hate to leave you crying here alone.”

“I promise.”

“If you’re sure.” Tim gave me one last chance; I didn’t take him on it.

He rushed out the door and waved goodbye from his car. I retreated into my sister’s gorgeous house and closed the door.

Natalie...

Natalie was certainly more blessed than I was in the chest department, she got her boobs from our mother’s side. She had a sizable C cup before she had Cassie, after her pregnancy she was struggling to fit into E cups. Getting back her pre-pregnancy body made a dent in her bra size, and she has been a DD ever since.

She looked great, she always had, it was no wonder why Tim and her started dating. Two beautiful people, of course.

I caught myself in the mirror and looked over my face and body.

I at least look cute...

My face was very cute, I didn’t really look my age, I was quite petite in size, barely standing much over 5’1 I was very small, my curves were non-existent, my chest was flat as a board, rightly as the mothers said on the yard.

I felt my puffy eyes start to well up again. I scoffed and turned away from my reflection.

I headed to the kitchen to start cleaning when I felt a painful prick on my foot. I yelped and jumped onto one foot. Looking at the tiny blob of blood that appeared on the sole of my foot.

Looking around I saw the source of my pain was a toy wand strewn on the floor.

“Cassie...”

I bent down and picked up the metal wand and stared into the intricate gems in the tip.

“Wow... This looks really good...” I said aloud, admiring the craftsmanship.

Might need to ask Nat where she got it, maybe they have more things there for Cass.

Playfully, I waved the wand around.

“If only it was this easy.” I turned the tip to my chest. “POW! I wish for bigger boobs!” I chuckled to myself.

If only.

* * *