

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Indiana Joni held the so-called cursed fetish idol in her hands and laughed. That's when she felt her chest tingling*

Contains: *Breast Expansion*

---

## Indiana Joni

Joni stepped cautiously around the corner in the stone temple. A straight corridor was the only thing between her and the artifact. Her guide from the village had only gone as far as the temple entrance, and she'd had to scare the man off with her pistol. He'd been desperately trying to stop her from going inside, raving about how the idol was cursed. But Indiana Joni knew that if she left the idol here, Major Toht and his jackboots would storm in and steal it. She was sure the idol was part of some Nazi scheme, and they'd likely destroy a few dozen priceless artifacts in the process. Artifacts that belonged in a museum.

Joni took off her fedora, fanning her face as she got ready to go the last hundred feet to her prize. She took a few steps, then felt a stone tile shift under her weight. She jumped back as a hail of darts whizzed across the corridor. Most of the darts missed her, but one caught a sleeve of her leather jacket, leaving a small tear. Joni put a finger through the hole, then rolled her eyes with a sigh. She stepped forward more slowly, testing each tile with one toe before putting her weight on it.

The corridor ended in a chasm. Inexplicably, it split the temple, thirty feet across, and extending down into the darkness below. Joni pulled out her bullwhip, giving it a few wide swings. Pitching the forked end above the chasm, her whip found purchase in the stone above. Joni gave the whip a few testing tugs, then stepped back. With a running start, she jumped off the ledge, swinging across the chasm on her whip. Hair flying behind her, Joni reached just shy of the opposite side when the stone cracked above her. Her whip fell slack and she lunged for the ledge. Catching herself with the fingertips of one hand, Joni groaned, pulling herself up until her other hand, still holding the whip, could clutch the stone surface.

Joni scrambled up the ledge, then stood to brush the dust off her khaki pants and tan button shirt. Shrugging her jacket back into place on her shoulders and straightening her hat, Joni climbed the few steps to her goal.

The idol sat on a pedestal. Solid gold and in the shape of an improbably buxom woman, the idol shone from a beam of sunlight through some seam in the stone. Joni examined the pedestal. She pulled a pouch of sand from her belt and made the swap. The pedestal did not move, and she sighed in relief.

Indiana Joni held the so-called cursed fetish idol in her hands and laughed. That's when she felt her chest tingling. Looking down, Joni saw her apple-sized breasts grow to coconuts, then melons. The buttons on her tan shirt strained and popped, skittering across the temple's stone floor with hollow echoes.

She ran for the exit, both hands wrapped around her swelling bosom to steady herself. The echo of her boots on dusty stone interspersed with the sounds of skin stretching and fabric tearing.