

Wish Fulfillment

By Bigby Wolfe

The device was small, but powerful. It was shaped in the form of a Y, a skinny stick with two legs sticking out. Some called it the Wishbone. Others simply called it the Device. No one knew where it had come from and though many had tried to hold onto it, it always left them. Locked in a safe and it would vanish. Gripped tightly in one's hand and you could open your palm up to see it replaced with a regular twig. No one knew where it would go next or why.

So it was with almost no reason whatsoever that Frederick Murphy, age 19, student at the University of California, Los Angeles, happened upon the Device one evening when he was out walking. Murph, as he liked to be called to his friends (of which there were few), enjoyed walking around the campus, often putting his legs on autopilot as he wandered in his mind and got lost in his thoughts.

Right at that moment, he had been thinking about a music video he had seen on the Internet that day. The singer had been foreign – Polish or Swedish or something like that – but that didn't concern Murph. Neither did the music, which he didn't really like; rather, it was the fact that the singer was quite busty that had caught his attention and held it. Murphy was a breast man through and through, though he got little opportunity to view the kind of breasts he liked in real life. In fact, Murph was still a virgin, so he had in fact seen no breasts in real life.

He was pondering the inherent unfairness of this when he had tripped over a loose rock. Gravity pulled and he fell, braking his fall with his right arm. He winced and gasped as he got up and wiped off the gravel from his arm, checking to see if it was bleeding at any point.

That was when he noticed the Device on the ground. It would have looked like a normal twig, except it was a dull gray, silver-ish even, and Murph thought that was weird. So he picked it up, put it in his pocket, and promptly forgot about it.

His thoughts turned back to the busty singer. To be precise, his exact thoughts were: I wish I could encounter somebody like that.

Murphy was, in fact, so engrossed with his thoughts that he almost tripped again, but this time over a person. Fortunately, he was able to stop himself in time and stood straight up. The person – a girl – hadn't even seen Murph and was currently leaning down, tying her shoes, giving Murph the perfect opportunity to gaze at her extraordinary

butt. Though Murph was firmly a breast man, he did love a rounded and firm butt and this was the roundest and firmest he had seen.

The girl finished tying her shoes and stood up and Murph, not wanting to be caught staring at her behind, averted his eyes. Unfortunately, he moved his eyes from her back to her front, which was now right in front of him, and the girl turned out to have an equally gorgeous (if not moreso) set of breasts. Murph gulped as he looked at the cantaloupe-sized bosom and quickly dragged his eyes up to her face.

She was blonde and her hair was down to her shoulders. Her face was beautiful. Murph had a hard time not staring at her breasts, though, since his eyes continually tried dragging down to where they could glimpse the girl's cleavage and glorious outline of those double D (or were those Es? Murph had no clue and bra charts greatly confused him, so he decided just to stick with fruit metaphors) watermelons.

"Hello," the girl said to him in a Swedish accent. "My name iz Bridget. Vat iz yours?"

"Uh, Fred," Murph said. "Fred, um, Murphy." He stammered because he wasn't used to speaking to such a beautiful (and large-chested) girl and he had no idea what to say.

"Hello, Fred," Bridget say and she smiled, making her face almost double in beauty.

"Actually," Murph said, "I, um, I prefer to be called Murph."

"Oh, Murph?" Bridget said, her smile disappearing. "I'm zorry."

"No, no," Murph said, "there's no need to be sorry."

"Oh, tank you," Bridget said and the smile returned. "I'm new here and I vas vondering if you vould like to show me to my dorm?"

A Swedish big-breasted blonde had just asked Murph to show her around. It was like a dream come true, except for Murph's heart, which was beating 90 miles per hour. "Yes!" Murph said, perhaps a little too quickly and loudly. "I mean: yes. What dorm are you in?" Bridget told him. "Oh, that's easy," Murph said. "That's my dorm." Murph was suddenly very glad he had been assigned to a coed dormitory.

"Oh, your dorm?" Bridget said. "How lucky. Perhaps later, you vill show me around campus?"

"Yes!" Murph said a bit too quickly and loudly again. "I mean, it vould be my pleasure."

"Oh, you are so helpvul," said Bridget. "My knight is shining armor." She pronounced "armor" very strangely, so Murph didn't understand what she meant for a few seconds.

Murph decided that he had better get started on the tour, since Bridget might get bored just talking to him and try to find a better tour guide. He told Bridget to follow him and as they walked to their dorm, he pointed out the buildings and said their names. Bridget cutely repeated back them to him and some she mangled beyond repair, but Murph still smiled and congratulated her. At times, Murph would try to walk backwards and face Bridget (and her breasts, of course), but this would always result in Murph's natural accident proneness to take over and for him to have a spill of some sort. Not that he minded this when Bridget was there to help him up. When she touched him, he pulse quickened and he could feel himself getting an erection. Murph was glad that he had worn baggy pants and was able to hide it.

Quickly, however, the tour was coming to a close and their dorm was in view. Murph finally led Bridget up the final steps and opened the door for her. Taking her into the next room, he said, "This is the common area. You can watch television here or play ping-pong or poker. I think we have regular poker games every Tuesday." Murph didn't know for sure because he rarely ventured out of his room, content with surfing the internet every night.

"Oh, this iz vunderful!" Bridget exclaimed. "But my veet are so tired after all zat valking. I tink I'm going to jutz zit down and rest here." She sat down on the couch and took a deep breath, almost giving Murph a heart attack.

I wish I could see what's underneath that shirt, Murph thought.

"Oh," Bridget said. "It iz zo hot. Vhy iz it zo hot?"

"Well," Murph answered, "it is Southern California. It's pretty much summer 24/7 here."

"Oh," Bridget said again. "Zo hot." She quickly removed her jacket, giving Murph a full view of her creamy cleavage. She fanned her hands in front of her face and chest and took a deep breath again, making her shirt strain under the pressure. "Zo hot in here," she said, "and zis clothing iz so restrictive." She slowly pulled up her shirt and pulled it over her head, discarding it on the floor. Murph gazed in disbelief. Bridget was now only wearing a white lacy bra on her chest. She took a deep breath again and Murph thought he was going to die of delight, but he quickly realized that the show was over yet and Bridget's hands were going around, unclasping her bra, slowly removing it, tantalizing Murph with inch after inch of creamy white breast flesh.

Bridget was now sitting on the couch completely topless. "Oh," she said for a third time, her eyes closed, "zat is zo much better." Her breasts were magnificent – twin zeppelins on her chest that barely sagged or even drooped, topped with mouthwatering light pink nipples.

I wish I could touch them, Murph thought.

"Vell?" Bridget said, opening her eyes. "Vat are you vaiting for? An invitation?" It didn't take Murph long to figure out what had happened. I thought it and it came true! part of his mind yelled. The other part of his mind told him that a gorgeous, stacked Swedish blonde was topless and telling him to fondle her breasts.

Murph zipped onto the couch quickly and reached out with his hands to touch Bridget's breasts. He was nervous – not only was this the first time he had touched a real breasts (or even seen one outside of TV and the internet), but anyone could walk into the common area at any time and he didn't know what he would tell them. Of course, he didn't suggest they go back to his room, because Bridget might change her mind and refuse to allow him to fondle her and that – having the opportunity dangled in front of him and then snatched away – was his worst nightmare. So he tentatively reached out and grabbed Bridget's breasts.

"Oh, not zo rough," Bridget said and Murph loosened his grip, eager to please. "Ah, yez, your hands are zo cold, zo cold. They give me goose bumps on my breasts. Feel the bumps, feel them." His fingers brushed her nipples and she gave a small gasp. "Yez, yez, that feels zo good, zo good. Keep going." Murph decided that it was now or never and to take a risk.

He asked, "Can I suck on your breasts?"

Bridget looked at him and suddenly he was worried that she would think that was sick, that she would push his hands away and go to the Dean's Office and tell them he sexually harassed her and he would be kicked out of college and his parents would disavow him and he would have to work at some fast food place for the rest of his life, which would quickly be cut short by having to walk home through unsafe, dark alleys. Then Bridget smiled her beautiful smile and all those bad thoughts fled Murph's mind. "Yez, that iz a very, very good idea." She pulled her hands to her chest and cupped her enormous breasts and said, "Suck zem, please."

Murph smiled back and then leaned forward. He didn't exactly know how to go about suckling her breasts, but he didn't have to as Bridget took the back of his head into her hand and brought it forward to wear his mouth was on a beeline with her right breast. He was only centimeters away and finally he took the plunge and wrapped her nipple

across his mouth and started to suck. He was careful that he didn't bite her, but she seemed not to notice any pain. She was too busy moaning and Murph was glad he could provide her pleasure like that. He was certainly getting pleasure – his penis had engorged and was now at full length (five inches). Thinking about his penis made him realize that perhaps he wasn't equipped to properly "service" Bridget. After all, he had never had sex before and so had no clue what was the right size or if he was too small (he judged that he was too small from all the erotic stories he read online, but he guessed the nine and ten inches were also pretty exaggerated and would probably hurt Bridget). He remembered that whatever he thought came true and so, as he continued to suckle her breast, he thought, I wish I had a more muscular body.

He felt a rush of blood through his body and he could feel things growing. His belly sucked inward and he finally got a six-pack (something he felt he would never have) and his pectoral muscles rippled and grew. He felt more energetic and powerful than he had been and he could feel his legs getting stronger and his arms becoming sturdy and tough. With his new energy, he latched onto Bridget's left breasts and started suckling it like there was no tomorrow. Her moans grew louder and Murph started to worry that someone might hear them. He reluctantly detached himself from her breast.

"Vat iz ze matter?" Bridget asked him, her face in a pout.

"I'm just worried someone might hear," Murph said. "We should go to my room. My roommate's gone home for the weekend and we won't be disturbed."

Bridget gave him a wide grin. "Vhy didn't you zay zo?"

Murph stood up and tried to adjust to his new body. He looked at himself and could see that he was still similarly proportioned, but had new muscles where none had been before.

"Bevore ve go," Bridget said getting up out of the couch, "I vant to give you zomezing."

"What is it?" Murph asked.

"Zis!" Bridget jumped forward, grabbed the sides of his head, and brought his mouth in for a long and deep kiss. Their mouths didn't part for a minute or so and when they did, both gasped for breath. Murph couldn't say a word, merely stood there speechless as Bridget took her bra, shirt, and jacket from the floor. He quickly led her to his room and as she sat down on his bed, he quickly looked down at his pants, wondering if his muscle improvement had improved the size of his member.

Murph was disappointed to see that his penis was only a little bigger than it had been before, but then he realized that he could change that with a thought. I wish my penis was eight inches long, he thought, figuring out that eight inches was probably big enough for any woman.

He could feel blood rushing downward and soon his pants felt very tight. He didn't realize how big eight inches was until he felt it in his pants.

"Vell?" Bridget said as she leaned back on his bed. "You can rezume now." Murph then realized that though he had more muscles and a bigger penis, he still had no idea how to use them or even how to kiss properly. I wish I could kiss better, he thought. In fact, I wish I could give her a kiss like she gave me. He walked towards the bed, removing his shirt as he did (and marveling about the size of his new muscles as well) and leaned beside Bridget. However, instead of suckling her breasts again like she expected, he leaned forward and gave her a kiss like she had given him: long, slow, and sensual. When their mouths finally parted, they both gasped for breath and she looked at him with awe in her eyes. "More" was all she said and Murph went in for a second round.

He was a little confused at what to do with his hands, however; he couldn't decide whether to keep them on her breasts or move them up and down her body. Finally, he just decided to rub her breasts in concentric circles, figuring that would give her the most pleasure.

After the third round of tonsil hockey, when Murph and Bridget came up for air, Bridget decided that it was time to remove her pants and panties. Murph was a little disappointed when she got off the bed, but was delighted when she started to remove her pants in a slow little striptease. Finally, her magnificent ass was in full view and Murph took no hesitation when he outstretched his hand and rubbed her backside. She moaned and then grabbed his hands and brought them around to where her pussy was. He started rubbing that as well and she crept, inch-by-inch, back into the bed as he did so. As he started to finger her, he decided that since she had removed the rest of her clothing, it was only proper that he remove the rest of his.

Slowly, he stopped fingering her. He almost couldn't stand her look of displeasure on her face, but knew that his newly grown penis would rip his underwear to shreds anyway if he didn't take it off. He quickly unzipped his jeans and shed them (with some difficulty, however, since he had grown a bit and the jeans seemed plastered on). When Bridget finally saw his dick rising out of the top of his briefs, she grew quick of breath and gave a dreamy sigh and Murph knew he had chosen the right size. Discarding his underwear, he jumped back into bed.

This was the part that Murph had been unsure about; the actual sex. Before, it was all foreplay and Murph had read plenty of description about foreplay and he wished about kissing, but he didn't want to wish about sex. He wanted to go through the first time on his own, with no other help than himself. He gave Bridget another deep kiss and began.

It was awkward. Murph knew it would be, but he still wanted to go at it himself. He didn't want to wish he knew how to have sex perfectly, because he wanted to experience the first time on his own and now he was. Afterwards, if there was a second time (and Murph was now pretty confident there would be a second and third), he would wish for that knowledge, but not now. And so it was awkward. But it was also marvelous; Murph did what he had always wanted to do with a woman he had only dreamed about. And she made it more pleasurable for him, making his first time all the better. He tried to hold in his orgasm, tried to go longer, but since it was his first, he couldn't hold it that long and finally he climaxed. He felt lucky that he hadn't prematurely ejaculated.

Bridget's orgasm came seconds later and soon they both breathing hard on the bed, sweaty and sticky.

"Vow," Bridget said.

"Yeah. Wow," Murph said.

When Murph woke up, he thought it was all a dream and he would have kept on thinking it was a dream if he had not looked down and seen his new eight inch penis being expertly given a blowjob by the woman of his dreams. He gasped with delight and blew his wad. Bridget pulled back as he orgasmed, so she got some in her mouth and some on her lips and chin. "Oops," she said, rubbing the semen away with a blanket, "sorry to wake you."

"Don't be," he said. He sat up, leaned forward, and gave Bridget the first kiss of a new day. She seemed to melt in his hands and as he kissed her, she fondled his penis, giving him an accidental hand job.

After the kiss was over, Bridget said, "I have to take a shower."

"It's right outside, the second door across the hall," Murph said.

Bridget reluctantly got up from the bed, opened the door and went to where the shower room was. Then Murph heard her voice waft in saying, "Are you coming or not?" Murph smiled and knew it would be a good day.

In the shower, they soaped each other down and rinsed each other off. They also back each other come, requiring more soap and hot water. Bridget gave him another blowjob and so Murph felt it was his duty to eat her out. Gasping in the shower, Bridget seemed like she was going to burst from pleasure.

Pretty soon, the hot water was all used up and the cold water didn't really suit their activities. Getting out of the shower, Bridget wrapped herself in a towel. The towel barely covered her breasts and made a nice valley of cleavage. With the other towel, she dried her hair, leaving Murph with no towels to dry off himself. Murph just stood there, dripping wet.

Murph started wondering about the wishes he had made. Had he made Bridget appear out of thin air? She certainly fit the description of the singer he had been thinking about (who was now totally out of his mind – he couldn't even remember her name). Thinking about it, he decided to test this power out.

I wish Bridget's breasts grew bigger one cup-size, Murph thought. He specified one cup-size, because he didn't want her breasts going bigger indefinitely. He looked as Bridget's towel grew tighter, though it didn't fall. Her valley of cleavage was deeper, however, and Murph knew it worked. I wish Bridget's breasts grew bigger two...no, three cup-sizes. The towel snapped and fluttered to the ground as Bridget's breasts grew to the size of small beach balls.

Bridget looked shocked down at her breasts and then up at Murph's smile. She cupped her breasts and moaned in surprise as she fondled them. "Did you do zis?" she asked Murph. Murph smiled and nodded. "Do it again!" Murph was surprised at her enthusiasm; if she really was his dream girl, she shared his love for huge breasts.

I wish Bridget's breasts were grow bigger four more cup-sizes, he thought. He decided to go for broke and Bridget's breasts slowly and steadily grew until they were the size of basketballs. Now they sagged a lot, though they still seemed firm, and although Bridget seemed to be getting pleasure from fondling them, they also seemed to cause her pain. I wish Bridget wouldn't feel any pain because of her breasts, Murph thought, and that her breasts don't sag like they normally would.

Bridget suddenly stood up straight, her breasts almost reaching the shower room wall. She rubbed her breasts more now, outstretching her hands all the way to her nipples. I wish the sensitivity in Bridget's breasts would increase tenfold. Murph was enjoying this as Bridget suddenly moaned louder and sat down on the bench to concentrate more on rubbing her breasts. Murph walked over to her and sat beside her. He reached up and started rubbing her breasts in concentric circles, like he had done last night. She moaned louder and closed her eyes and arched her back in pleasure. Murph decided to go for the

gold and leaned forward to suckle her breasts. He noticed that her nipples were larger – like pencil stubs – as he hungrily licked and sucked. She arced her back again and Murph could tell she was orgasming. Finally, he wound down his suckling and stood back up, taking the towel that had dropped to the floor and drying himself off.

"Vat day is today?" Bridget asked, her hands still fondling her gigantic breasts.

"Sunday," Murph said. "Why do you ask?"

"So we have all day before classes start," Bridget said and licked her lips.

Murph smiled. It was going to be a fantastic day!

Daniel McKay grabbed his new books and stuffed them in his backpack. He had gotten up early so he could avoid the rush at the bookstore and buy all his books before all the other students got them. That was the kind of person Daniel McKay was.

He slung his backpack on his shoulder and started to trek to his first class when he saw them. A boy and girl – well, a man and woman would be more accurate. He was muscular, but not too much, and she...well, Daniel couldn't take his eyes off of her. She was a vision. Blonde hair, angelic face, and absolutely massive breasts. His eyes were locked on them so much that he completely forgot where he was walking and tripped over a loose rock.

Getting up and brushing himself off, he looked around, but the huge-breasted angel was gone. Her boyfriend could probably beat me up without that much effort, he thought. As he looked down, he saw a weird shape on the ground – it would have looked like a twig, except it was a dull gray. He picked it up, put it in his pocket, and completely forgot about it. He thought, I wish I could get a girlfriend like that.

End