

Mini-Story: These Are Too Big!

By FoxFaceStories

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Steven, now Stella, said. “I feel like I’ve got sandbags hanging off my chest. Can’t you make them a little smaller?”

Peter just smirked. “Sorry, once the wish is made, it can’t be changed or modified.”

Steven-Stella pouted, not knowing how sexy it made his new face look. “You and your dumb wish. Are you telling me I’m stuck like this for good? With these enormous things?” She lifted her enormous breasts for emphasis, forming a line of deep, sexy cleavage without realizing it.

“I’m sorry Stephen – though I guess I better start calling you Stella – but how could I have known that the genie would grant my three wishes for a sexy girlfriend with big tits using you as the template?”

Stella continued to pout, looking down at the incredible rack sticking out from her frame, pert and firm and wobbling with every movement, brushing against every uncared-for arm placement. “I know you didn’t mean for me to end up like this, but can you at least understand why I’m angry? What were your full wishes anyway?”

Peter tried to hide his smile, and his cheeks reddened. “You’re not going to like it.”

Again, that sexy pout. She tried to fold her arms, then thought better of it. “Try me.”

“Okay, well I wished to have a sexy girlfriend who would be mine for life and never leave me.”

Her eyes went wide. “So that’s why I feel compelled to follow you everywhere and sleep in the same bed!”

“I also wished that she would always make herself look nice for me and view me as hot and sexy also.”

Her cheeks flushed red at that. “That . . . that explains a lot about some thoughts I’ve been having. And some dreams too. And why I can’t bring myself to zip up this damn jacket!”

She gestured at the massive canyon of cleavage currently on display below her chin.

“Yeah, sorry about that. It also explains why you’re suddenly so good at makeup and why your eyebrows look so perfect. But my last wish was that my girlfriend had big H cup breasts, and that they would be so sensitive she would crave sex whenever I touch them.”

Stella looked at him in utter disbelief. “So, you’re telling me that I’m basically you’re big-titted bimbo for life, and that these big things are going to make me cum whenever you put your hands on them.”

“Basically, yeah. Sorry.”

Stella reached out, grabbed Peter’s hand, and pressed it against her heavy left breast. She immediately groaned in pleasure as her nipple stiffened, and bit her lip as she felt a burning need to have him inside her.

“Fuck, you weren’t kidding. Ooohh, that feels good.” She looked down with hunger at the obvious erection in Peter’s pants. “I guess if this is my life right now, having big bouncy tits like this won’t be so bad, right? Aaahh, this is nice. Well, what are you waiting for, sexy? Haven’t you two hands?”

Peter couldn't help but grin as he reached out to grope her other large melon of a breast.

“What do you think Stella, are they still too big?”

Stella turned on her side, her enormous H-cups wobbling in her too-small bikini top. The impossibly sexy woman smirked, arm draped over her smooth waist as her breasts pushed together to form a deep and alluring line of cleave. It had been months since Stella had given in to her lust for her former best friend, and accepted the strange and unexpected result of the genie's wishes. Now, it was hard for her to look back. Her big breasts were so sensitive she could cum just from having them played with or sucked on, and now she readily enjoyed life as a woman who always showed her buxom chest off. In fact, she often felt a surge of pride when her large, rounded boobs drew the ire and jealousy of other women, not to mention the wandering eyes of their partners.

“Not at all Peter,” she said seductively, staring him straight in the eyes. “In fact, I’d say they were exactly the perfect size, wouldn’t you?”

She knew she was giving him a show, and loved doing it. Where her big chest was once an annoyance, now she was turned on by showing off her big melons, especially since she couldn't *not* see Peter as the sexiest man alive. It may have been the result of a wish, but it didn't stop her pussy from needing him, or her tits either.

“Oh yeah.” Peter said. “Damn perfect, I’d say.”

“Is that so?” Stella said with a mischievous grin. “Why don’t you stick your face right in between them just to make sure?”

Peter grinned, already getting hard. “You know Stella, I think I prefer you as a woman.”

“You know Peter, I think I do too. Now get over here.”

The End