

The following is an excerpt from the Pocus™ Wishing Basics manual.

Wishes can be powerful tools if one is careful to understand the rules. The basic wish has no restrictions. These are the most powerful, capable of altering the entire universe with a few spoken statements. Not surprisingly these wishes are rarely able to be granted. Only powerful artifacts or deities are able to fulfill these wishes. Limited wishes are far more common, and generally the more limited the wish, easier it is to grant. Common limits include range of effect, duration of effect, and number of wishes. The specific combination of limitations is unique to the entity granting the wishes. As these entities are often objects, the limitations are generally decided by the creator of the object, and creators can be very creative in their rules. This is why it is very important to understand all these limits. Often the creator, for varying reasons, imposes strange twists to the wishes and ignoring them can lead to disastrous results. A case in point is the story of a person, who will be called Bob, who used a wishing device without understanding all of its restrictions. He also did not follow safe wishing practices, which we will examine afterward.

Case Study: Bob

“Bob...Bob...BOB!”

“Uhh...Yeah! Right.” Bob looked up at Sue's face. She had been talking about their project. Bob had been gazing at her chest. From the tone of Sue's voice Bob decided that he had been focusing on the wrong thing. Time to take it, he thought.

“Bob, we've got to get this done. If you insist on getting sidetracked with other things, “ Sue gestured at her front, “ its never going to get finished. Now, where was I? Oh yeah, ...”

Bob tuned her out again. He knew that their project was almost done already. They had been working on it for the past two weeks. Besides, it sounded like Sue already had everything else under control. She really didn't need his help, and in fact she never really did. Its not that he was overly lazy, but Sue had been carrying this assignment along while he provided only token assistance. *So what if I take some time to indulge myself? Its not like the project would really suffer. And besides, Sue should take my attention as a compliment. She doesn't have huge boobs, so its not like everyone stares at her chest. The rest of her body was okay though.* He wouldn't mind asking out, that is if he thought he had any chance. Sue wasn't the dating kind of person. He would bet she was still a virgin. *But then again, he thought wistfully, so am I.*

“BOB!”

“Yeah... I know, don't get distracted”

"As I was saying, my computer is down and the library doesn't have the stuff I need to finish the project. Could I come over to your room and use your stuff to finish this up?"

"Sure. Fine."

"Great! How about tonight at five?"

"Whenever."

The Coleburg University campus was small. And dull. And boring. As Bob walked home to his dorm across campus, he considered what interesting things were happening on campus. He couldn't think of any. Well, nothing besides the local fair. Not that he considered it much of anything. A few stalls, some trinkets, and vendors who looked like gypsies. Almost not worth considering, but he had decided earlier that he should buy something for Sue. Partly to make up for his behavior at the library earlier, and partly in order to win her affections. It was worth a shot anyway.

Turning away from his dorm, Bob started walking towards the fair in town. With Sue coming over tonight, it would be a perfect moment to give her a gift and the fair would be the perfect place to get one. The fair had only recently come to town. For the most part it seemed like any ordinary local craft fair, except for the people running it. Many of the vendors were not locals. They dressed in strange clothing and their appearance reminded him of Eastern Europeans. All of this told Bob that they were gypsies, although he didn't have any proof of that. Besides he thought, gypsies probably would have some great gifts, or at least unusual ones.

The fair itself was a single street affair. Booths lined each side of the Coleburg's Main Street. The atmosphere of the street was much different than its usual sleepiness. Typically one would be lucky to see a single person walking through town – and nine times out of ten that person was the local drunk. But today there were people milling about everywhere, checking out the goods of the vendors. Bob had no idea Coleburg even had this many residents. And they all seemed to be so oddly dressed.

Walking down the street Bob glanced over at the different booths. The goods on the tables seemed as strange as the customers buying them. Bob could have sworn that most of the people there weren't speaking English. But as Bob looked closer at the tables, he revised his opinion – the objects for sale were definitely stranger. Ranging from pickled animal parts in jars to strange spinning mechanical devices, Bob was starting to wonder if it was even safe to be here. Some of the items he bet would be classed as bio-hazards elsewhere. There was nothing here that he could even imagine giving to Sue, unless of course she was interested in strange, possibly life threatening curios. He might as well go back, there was nothing here... *wait a minute.*

Bob spied a table that seemed to be covered with jewelry. Perfect, he thought. Moving closer he looked over the inventory arrayed on its surface. Most of the stuff was, in his opinion, overly gaudy – and most likely expensive. There were rings, necklaces and a few bracelets. All were in what looked like gold and set with a dazzling variety of gemstones. *Too expensive*, he thought. He was about to go when a voice stopped him.

"See anything that fancies you? Hmmm?" Bob turned to see an older woman, leaning out of the booth's darkened back.

"Yeah. But it's a little out of my price range. Do you have anything simpler?"

"Simpler? Let me see if I can find something back here." The woman turned away into the back of the booth. Bob strained to see what she was doing, but it was if the back of the

booth was a black void. Strange. Soon the woman came shuffling back out, holding a tray of pieces in her hands.

"How about these? See anything you like here?" She held the tray out for his inspection. The tray contained some rings and bracelets. They were nice, but not what he was ... *Ah, what's this*, he thought, and picked up a light gold chain necklace. Hanging from it was a single small clear globe.

"This one." Bob presented the necklace to the woman. He hoped the globe was something cheap like glass or even quartz.

"Ah, that one. I had forgotten I still had that one. Its not one the best pieces I have. Fifty gol – oh, silly me, dollars. Fifty dollars. " Bob thought it was a bit expensive for such a simple looking item, but then again, if it helped win Sue's affections it would be worth it.

"Done." Bob fished the money out of his wallet and gave the woman what she asked for. As she handed Bob the necklace, she hesitated slightly, looking over him again for a few seconds.

"You're a local aren't you? You do understand what this is right?" Seeing Bob's utter confusion, she continued "This is a necklace of wishes. Limited grant you, and it has a wicked streak to it, but a necklace of wishing all the same."

"That's not going to raise the price, is it?" Bob asked, taking the necklace in his hand.

"Oh no. You paid all I wanted for it. I just wanted to warn you about it. It only has a few wishes available per person, and ..."

"Let me guess: 'Be careful what you wish for because it might not be what you expect?'" Bob had a distinct feeling he was being played, and that he knew all the lines to boot.

"Oh good, you understand. I was just afraid you were like most mor- locals and didn't know about such things. You wouldn't believe how big of a mess they can get themselves into when they don't understand the rules. I know some people get their kicks selling these sort of things without proper instructions, but its just not very ethical is it? I know this one guy, wears this old bathrobe, maybe you've seen him? Well anyway, he's always pulling stunts like that. He always tries to feign innocence, but I know better. Why just last..."

"Riiight.... I've really got to be going." Bob pulled away from the booth and moved back into the crowd.

"Just remember, if you need any help I'll be here until the end of the day."

Bob got back to his dorm around 4:45. Just enough time to straighten up my room ... and to make sure nothing questionable is easily visible on my computer he thought. Moving quickly he cleaned up his desktop, changed the wallpaper, hid a few folders, and shoved the dirty clothes under his bed. There was a knock at his door. Looking around one last time, he went over and opened it. He was all ready to give Sue the necklace. It was right here in pocket, at the ready. Sue smiled at him and walks right by.

"Oh good, you got your computer turned on and ready for me. Not wasting time, a big improvement." You're welcome, thought Bob, as he made his way over to the bed and sat down with a small sigh. Already tapping away at the keyboard, she seemed oblivious to everything except the project. Especially Bob. *At least now I can stare at her tits without her noticing he thought. They are rather good sized, maybe a C, but still, I wish they were bigger.*

With that last thought, time seemed to freeze for moment and the necklace felt hot in his hand. Startled, Bob pulled his hand out of his pocket and slowly reached in to touch the

necklace again. *Cold. Weird*, he thought, *I wonder what that wa... Holy Shit!* Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Sue's chest move. It wasn't just any normal boob jiggle either; it was as if they had ballooned. As he watched they did it again. Swelled, just like a balloon filling with water. Only it happened in bursts. They grew a little more, and swayed softly after each spurt. After a few more minutes the growth seemed to have stopped. Sue's breasts had reached the point where they almost touched her hands on the keyboard. They hung on her chest just as naturally as her old ones. With every keystroke they jostled slightly, swaying back and forth. Sue didn't seem to notice at all.

All thoughts of giving Sue the necklace as a gift vanished from Bob's mind. *That old woman wasn't kidding. This thing really can grant wishes. Wow.* He stared some more at Sue's body. Her new boobs were a bit large for her figure, but that just added to the appeal. He felt his dick hardening from just looking at her. *I could make her look like anything I liked. But then again, she looks perfect the way she is. And boy do I want her. It wouldn't be right to force myself on her, though. Although maybe I don't have to. I wish Sue will become really, really horny. That should do it.*

Bob felt the necklace become hot in his hand and began to watch Sue. At first nothing seemed to be happening. But slowly he noticed her nipples beginning to harden through her shirt. They seemed to have gotten bigger along with her breasts. Her face became slightly flushed as she started squirming in the chair. He could see a dark spot forming on her pants between her legs. Her squirming became more intense as she struggled to stay focused on the work at hand. But Bob could see it was starting to break her concentration. A hand slipped down and started rubbing her crotch, trying to relieve the itch she felt. Bob could hardly believe that it working so perfectly. *I wish I could get into those pants he thought.* The necklace got warm, and Bob's world got very, very dark.

Bob came around slowly. He felt rather strange. First off he felt very warm, and he had the sensation that he was wrapped up in a blanket or something cloth-like. He tied opening his eyes. At first everything looked dark, but slowly he could make out the weave of a fabric right next to his face. His mouth felt funny too. It was wet like he had been drooling and seemed to be hanging open. He tried closing it but it didn't seem to respond. Then there was this strange pressure that seemed to be coming from beyond the cloth and it was rubbing at his nose. Except it didn't feel like his nose, it felt more like his dick...*Oh Shit. I am in sooo much trouble.* Then he heard the zipper start.

"Bob... I think... I need to... Bob? Ahhhh! My breasts! What happened to my breasts?! They're huge!" Sue finally noticed her sudden growth as she turned to tell Bob she needed to leave. Except Bob wasn't in the room and her breasts were huge and she was so horny. Throwing caution to the wind, Sue moved over to Bob's bed, shoved aside a small necklace and started pulling her clothes off. She finished unzipping her pants and pulled them off, giving her needy pussy another quick rub. Then she pulled her shirt off. Her new breasts bounced and rolled as she struggled out of her very tight tee-shirt. But finally she freed them. Looking down, Sue found she could no longer see her feet let alone the goal of her endeavors, her pulsing pussy. But Sue didn't need to see it in order to please it. She lay down on the bed and pulled her panties off. Head back, she anticipated the feelings about to wash over her body.

Bob heard Sue cry out and inwardly winced. He had been hoping she magically wouldn't notice her new boobs. *Although, if she noticed the boobs, maybe she'll notice me*

and we can get this fixed he thought hopefully. He sensed her moving around and then heard her pull on the zipper again. As Sue pulled her pants down, Bob saw light for the first time, or at least what light passed through Sue's, now visibly blue, panties. More movement. Finally Bob saw the panties beginning to move. *At last*, he thought, *now she'll notice me*. As the waist band pulled away, Bob now could see out the corner of his vision what looked like red fibers. *That's her pubic hair. Huh, I always thought she was a fake red head*. Crossing his eyes, Bob could just make out the top of Sue's, (or was it his?), pussy. Figuring it was only a matter of time before Sue found him, he waited patiently. Until he saw the giant hand reaching over him.

Reaching down, Sue began by massaging her engorged pussy lips. She really enjoyed the feeling her large lips gave her, especially when slick with excitement. Pushing and mashing them with her hand gave the most exquisite feelings. She slowly eased them apart and started pushing her fingers down deeper. One finger, two, and then three, Sue relished the sensation of her pussy walls clamping down on them and pulling them in. Not one to argue with herself, Sue complied, pushing her fingers in deeper. Then slowly she pulled them out and then in again, picking up speed. Her other hand moved up to her enlarged breasts. She didn't know why they were bigger, but it didn't matter – they just felt so good. Flicking her much bigger nipple, she was rewarded with a pleasure never felt from her breasts before.

Bob saw the hand pass over his eyes and travel down. He felt Sue's fingers on his pussy. It was as if she was touching his mouth, that is if his mouth felt like his dick. The feelings he got as she rubbed over him were similar to masturbating, but so much better. Then it got even better. She stuck her fingers in his mouth-pussy and he began to suck on them as if they were a stick of candy. In the back of his mind Bob knew this was strange, but it just felt so good. He could feel the orgasm building deep beneath him, just like jacking off, but more intense, more widespread. It built and built until it erupted as a wet flow dribbling out between his lips. A deep sense of contentment came over him, but then it washed over him again, and yet again. Series of powerful orgasms wracked Sue's body. Bob could feel her hips bucking up and down, forcing her fingers in harder. Then she settled and quieted. And stayed quiet...



Sue awoke slowly with a deep yawn. She shifted about on the bed before slowly opening her eyes. Large fleshly blobs filled her vision. "What... are... Breasts! Oh my god, my breasts!" Fully awake and remembering last night's events Sue struggled to sit up. "I'm naked! On Bob's bed! Where is Bob anyway?"

"Look down." Gurgled a small voice. It sounded like someone trying to speak with water in their mouth.

"Who's there? Bob is that you? Where are you?" Sue cried, trying, and failing, to cover herself from some unknown voyeur.

"Look down. Its me Bob." Sue pushed apart her enlarged breasts and looked down

at her pussy. "Yeah down here, its me Bob the talking Pussy."

"No way...How..."

"Yes way. As to how, that's a long story" As Sue watched, she saw her pussy lips move slightly with every gurgle word spoken. Curious, she reached down and touched herself. It sure felt like her pussy. Everything looked normal, except for the two eyes nestled in her pubic hair above her clit.

"Hey stop that! I thought would have had enough last night. It felt really good by the way, so no real complaints if you want to go again..." Sue blushed. She felt kind of uncomfortable knowing Bob shared everything that happened last night.

"So how did you get down there? I get the feeling it wasn't an accident." Sue felt strangely calm. After growing breasts near the size of her head, masturbating and sleeping on her study partners bed, and then finding him attached to her pussy should have sent her screaming, but she only felt calm. Sue figured this must what shock is like.

"Well, yeah, it sort of was. I was really wishing for something else..."

"Wishing?"

"Well it all started..." Bob proceeded to tell her the story about the fair, the gypsy, the necklace, and the fateful wishes. *It's strange talking through Sue's pussy. Kind of like wheezing, but really wet. I guess it better than thinking with ones dick. That's how I got here in the first place. Sue's taking the story remarkably well, considering what had happened to her.* "... and that's how we got here."

"So its that necklace huh? Well if a wish got you into my pussy, another one should get you out. First things first though." Sue moved over and picked up the necklace. Holding it in her hand she made her first wish. "I wish our project was done with A plus quality." The necklace got hot, and suddenly a sheaf of paper was sitting beside her.

"What!! You wished for our project! What's wrong with you?"

"Well, the project needs to be done, and I wanted to test it out. You wouldn't want something worse to happen. And now that I know that it works, I think you can just stay the way you are for a while. You can get to know me just like you wanted." Sue smiled and placed the necklace around her neck. Ignoring Bob's gurgled cries, she dressed. Fortunately the clothing muffled her pussy so no one would notice. Picking up the project, she began walking back to her room.

Bob gave up in protesting realizing that he wasn't really in any position to do anything about it. Wherever she was going he was just going to have to deal with it. Besides, the feeling of her legs squishing against his pussy felt pretty good. Sue on the other hand had her own problems. She had never realized how much large breasts moved. She didn't have any support for them except for her arms, but they still bounced and heaved with every step. She didn't really want to get rid of them; they still offered greater pleasure than ever before. Not to mention that she always had wanted larger breasts. But bras will definitely be the first thing on the next shopping list. Several minutes of walking later, Sue paused outside the door to her room. She had a feeling that Bob would not be expecting what was going to happen next.

Bob perked up from his daydream when he heard the zipper start to open. Opening his eyes he could see the pants come down and light coming through the panties. Looking hard, he could see fuzzy shapes through the fabric. *No way*, he thought, *It can't be*. Then the

panties came off and he saw that it was true. There was a face staring at him, a girl's face, and it wasn't Sue.

"Oh my god. You weren't kidding. This is so weird! Who did you say it was again? Some guy named Bob?" The stranger reached out and poked Bob in the pussy. Bob gurgled a sharp protest. "It can talk too? This is so cool. Let me get my clothes off and we'll have some fun with him." Bob couldn't believe his eyes. First he couldn't believe the girl was taking her clothes off. Second he couldn't believe, now that she had stepped back, how good she looked. He started to drool, but he couldn't be sure if it was him or Sue doing it.

The girl, presumably Sue's roommate, was hot by any sense of the word. She was quite small, maybe only five feet at best, but the rest of her body made up for it in spades. As she removed her clothes, the girl did a sexy little dance, flaunting her best parts towards Sue and Bob. Bending over, she slid her pants off revealing a tiny thong. It disappeared between her rounded ass cheeks and then reappeared over her very full and obviously moist pussy. She shook her ass to enhance the effect. Bob drooled some more. Standing to remove her top, Bob could see her waist taper nicely and then widen to hold the hefty load above. Thrusting her chest forward while removing her shirt, Bob was amazed at the size of her breasts. They seemed so out of place on such a small girl, not that they were near the size of Sue's, but still. Finally nude, except for her wet thong, which she pulled off to reveal a shaved snatch, the girl stood before Bob and Sue in all her glory.

"Well, what did you think?" The question was obviously directed at Bob. He gurgled his appreciation. Sue reached down and massaged her pussy.

"It feels weird when he talks. Kind of like my pussy is trying to suck something in. Weird, but really good."

"So you can feel everything?" the girl asked, leaning down for a closer look. Bob quivered at the sight of her hanging breasts.

"Oh yeah. Just like normal, except now it has a mind of its own. He seems to like you, I can feel it pulsing."

"Most people like me. They really like these. I bet you do." The girl lifted her boobs and rubbed them across Sue's crotch. Bob couldn't take it anymore. He had felt the orgasm building mentally when the girl started stripping, but now he couldn't hold it any longer. He let loose, his pussy started pulsing and he could feel Sue moving her hips in response. As it subsided, he was left with a feeling of intense satisfaction and a wet sloppy feeling in his pussy.

"Oooh... He really liked that."

"He'll like this even more..." and with that the girl pulled Sue onto the bed and proceeded to remove what clothing they still wore. The next few hours went by as a fast, but definitely pleasant blur. The girls kissed for a bit, allowing Bob a good look at his counterpart. Then he got a good feel as they ground their hips together. It was similar to kissing, but wetter and far more powerful. Afterwards the girls moved around to engage in a little oral play. It was sort of disturbing for Bob to have this strange girl stare right into his eyes as she went down on Sue. But she did a good job and soon Bob was quivering in the throws of another orgasm. Finally Sue collapsed back on to the other girl, their heads touching. More kissing.

"That was great Holly. You always know how to get me going. I bet Bob enjoyed it too." Sue giggled and gave her pussy a quick rub. Bob gurgled in appreciation.

"Yeah, but I really want to know how you got these babies." Holly said, lifting one of Sue's boobs that had spilled over onto Holly's chest. She lifted it to her lips and tenderly sucked on Sue's nipple. Sue proceeded to tell the whole story from the gypsy encounter up to when Sue came home. Bob gurgled in the parts of the story Sue missed.

"And it's all because of this." Sue held up the necklace that was laying in the chasm between her breasts. "All you have to do is hold it and wish for something."

"Huh, let me see that necklace." Holly reached over and grabbed the necklace's pendant. "I wish my breasts were twice the size of Sue's."

"What! Hey... Aah!" Sue was pushed off to the side as Holly's boobs grew underneath her. Soon Holly's chest was topped with a pair of mountainous lumps of flesh. Slightly flattened by gravity, they kept Holly's golden brown skin tone and were capped with dark brown peaks. In the cool morning air, they quickly grew even more pointed.

"Holy crap! It worked! I'm huge." Holly pushed herself off the bed and watched in awe as her breasts bounced off each other and slowly settled into very large, but perfect teardrops. She carefully lifted one, feeling the weight. Then, unable to stand it any longer, she squeezed them together showing off her miles of new cleavage to Sue.

"Wow. But why did you want your breasts to be bigger? They were already great."

"What a silly question. Everyone knows that I'm the bigger girl, or is that girls?" Holly tried to keep a straight face, but soon failed and the girls collapsed together giggling. I'm so glad they're having a good time.

"Hello? Girls? Bob here, still a pussy. Not getting any better." Bob gurgled, flexing his pussy mouth trying to get Sue's attention. Slowly the girls composed themselves and focused on Bob's issues.

"Well I think you should just leave him there. Serves him right for what he did." Holly said.

"What! I don't think so-hmmp"

"Quiet Bob," Sue said, covering her pussy with her hand, "still I feel inclined to agree with Bob here. I don't particularly want him living in my pussy. It's kind of creepy."

"I think it's cool. Kinky even."

"No. He can't stay here. I want my old pussy back. The quiet one."

"I know! I could take him!"

"No that would still be too weird. Every time we have sex he would be watching. Eww."

"Alright fine. Let's just wish him back into his own body and make him forget all of this. That will make everyone happy, except perhaps Bob." Holly picked up the necklace and made the wish: "I wish Bob was back in his room, in his old body and has forgotten everything about this last day."

Nothing happened.

"Why didn't it work?" Sue asked after a quick look at her pussy.

"I don't know. I'll try again." Holly made the same exact wish. Same result. "Huh. Well I have an idea. I wish I knew why my last wish wasn't working..... Oh. Shit. Bob's not going to happy about this."

"What's wrong?" Sue asked, pressing her harder over her pussy to muffle Bob's alarm.

"It seems that Bob didn't understand all the rules that this necklace has." Bob quieted, remembering a fragment of the conversation he had with the gypsy. Something about rules. "This necklace was made with a feminist, or at least anti-male, purpose. It will only work if a woman is either the wisher or the recipient of a wish. If a man is involved, it tries to twist

the words of the wish to deliver unintended results. So that explains why Bob was able to make wishes on you and why he ended up where he did."

"And that's why your wish failed. We were too careful with the wording."

"Humm. Well on to Plan B."

"What's Plan B?" Sue asked, trying to ignore the squirming sensation in her crotch.

"Oh, just something that follows the rules and gets Bob out of your pants, at least temporarily." Holly said with a sly grin. Bob's cries grew louder as Holly concentrated over the amulet, and then they stopped altogether. Sue lifted her hand. Bob was gone. No eyes, no voice in the vagina, nothing.

"Where is he? What did you do with him?"

"Oh, he's right here." Holly lifted her hand revealing a large realistic dildo. Over ten inches long, it was as thick as Holly's wrist. Completing the image was a set of balls at least three inches wide.

"Oh my! May I?" Holly handed the dildo to Sue. "Ahh! It's warm as if it was... Oh no, you didn't!"

"Why not? It follows the rules by helping us out, gets Bob into your pants and mine, plus he gets to have his own multiple orgasms. Good thing I made him sterile, huh?" Holly explained with a sly grin.

"Well in that case..." Sue crawled on top of Holly and slowly spread her legs apart. Gently Sue began pushing the penis into Holly. It was bigger than any of the toys they had used in the past and pushed Holly's pussy lips to the limit. As the swollen head passed inside, it became easier and Sue began to move it back and forth.

"Ugh... Its soo big! I can't believe that it even fits. Ohh yeah that's it... Harder! Fuck me harder! Ugg..." Sue increased her speed, using her friend's slippery juices to lubricate the shaft. She pushed it deeper into her cunt until the obese balls were bouncing off Holly's ass. Soon they were moving in perfect harmony, as if practicing an erotic ballet.

"Oh god yes! Fuuuck..." Holly cried, clenching her pussy around the penis in climax. Sue watched the dildo's balls contracting as Holly's orgasm reached its peak. As Holly slowly relaxed, Sue pulled the dildo out with a satisfying plop. A small stream of white flowed out of Holly's cunt and down the crack of her ass.

"Ooh, it looks like Bob had a good time too, Holly." Sue said, pointing to her lover's crotch. Holly giggled and pulled her legs up together, causing more cum to ooze out between her lips. Sue ran a finger down the cleft and licked it off. Then she leaned forward for a more thorough cleaning. Running her tongue between Holly's labia, she tasted the salty cum from the dildo. Wanting more she probed deeper, questing for every last drop Holly could squeeze out. Finally having enough, Sue laid back, feeling her breasts wobble into a resting position.

"I don't know what we'll do next, but I do know one thing for sure." Holly said, crawling atop Sue for a kiss.

"What's that?" Sue said returning the favor, realizing she liked the feeling of her big breasts rubbing against Holly.

"No one is ever going to be able to accuse Bob of being a pussy." Holly said, holding up the massive dildo. Then she reached behind and began pushing it into Sue.

"Oh ..! Yes I think you're quite right. Mmmm..." Sue murmured, squirming slightly under Holly's warm embrace and relishing the pleasant fullness of having Bob in her pants...

Bob's situation is unfortunately not uncommon. While the majority of the blame falls squarely on Bob's shoulders, this is not always true in every case. Often the wish granting object is small and easily forgotten about until later with disastrous results. Or the object seems so innocuous that the user takes few precautions. That said, eighty percent of the time the fault is of the user. Bob is an excellent example of this. He commits three grave mistakes when using the amulet that all competent magic users should avoid. First he does not fully research the object he will be using. If he had, the rules would have been apparent. Second, he wishes recklessly. Careful planning of all wishes is a must to prevent unintended consequences. Especially if one lacks full knowledge of the object of power. The last and third mistake Bob made is lack of adequate support from another magic user while wishing. If he had such support, the wishes may have been able to be reversed. Of course these observations from Bob's case are generalities. When we reach Chapter 13, Adv. Magic Safety Practices, a much more detailed guide will be presented...

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