

## Teaser:

An 83 year old man discovers a djinn's lamp in a park, but then the old man says he's lived his life, and gives the lamp to a young newlywed couple he sees. This touches the djinn, and having his faith restored in humanity, he grants the old man his only wish, and is very generous to the couple. The djinn bestows a few wishes upon the couple, and, well, you can probably guess where this is headed...

## Disclaimer:

This story contains adult language (phrases like 'ensure thorough comprehension of the ramifications'), adult situations (things like responsibility and maturity), sexual situations and concepts (woohoo!) and Really Weird Things™. If you shouldn't be reading this, don't. I can't be held responsible if a minor's parent/guardian(s) isn't/aren't monitoring their charge's internet activity.

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## About my writing:

I try to write as if it was almost a screenplay yet still leave many parts to the reader's imagination, so at times it can seem long-winded. I am aware of this – it's just the way I tell a story. Hopefully it means that I'll be able to have just as much detail in the juicy parts as in the not-so-juicy parts. Please direct all comments to [j\\_lee\\_g@hotmail.com](mailto:j_lee_g@hotmail.com) or post on the overflowing forum.

*For you guys who fast-forward to the “fun” parts of a movie... ;-)*

*...You can skip straight to Chapter 3 – page 13*

Baldassare  
*By Jason G*

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## Chapter 1 – Finding the Lamp

James Weatherby was a gentile old man of 83, though he didn't look a day over 60. He was the type that one imagines when people talk about their loving grandfather. His soft, wrinkled hands bore the scars of years of manual labor in his earlier days, his face wore the lines of a man who has smiled every day of his life, and the thin white hair decorating his shiny scalp moved freely in the light breeze. However, James was not smiling very much during today's stroll through the park. Dorothy, his wife of 61 years, had passed away peacefully just two weeks prior, and James missed her company. He felt almost guilty, because he and Dorothy had shared long walks through the park once a week, as the weather allowed, for the past twenty years. Apart from Dorothy's conspicuous absence, today's walk didn't seem any different from previous outings: children were happily shouting and playing tag, teens were snuggling and giggling under shade trees, and families were merrily playing frisbee with their dogs while ants silently carried away their picnic food. James didn't expect anything out of the ordinary to happen that day; he felt strong and confident as he leisurely meandered his way through the winding paths of the wooded park, and the clear, comfortable weather almost felt as if God had turned on the air conditioning.

Allowing himself to enjoy this particularly beautiful day a little longer than normal, James wandered towards the outer boundaries of the park. He let his mind wander as well, and eventually he found himself sadly recalling a time exactly three weeks ago, when he and Dorothy were walking this very same path, watching the sun set behind the trees. The sun was just above the treetops as James arrived today, so shadows were beginning to get long, and James began to consider heading home for the day. He stood in the middle of the path and took a few minutes just to drink in the cool air and study the beauty of nature surrounding him. As he slowly examined the area he noticed a young couple, probably in their early or mid twenties, sitting across from each other at one of the two stone picnic tables, leaning towards each other, silently holding hands. Their table was covered with a simple red and white checkerboard tablecloth, and to one side of them was an empty picnic basket. James' warm smile returned to his face, as he remembered when he was a strapping young lad, and he and Dorothy were performing the very same ritual at that very same table, 63 years ago. "Gosh, has it really been that long," James asked himself. "It sure was a great run though," he reassured himself, remembering their children, grandchildren, and their first great-grandchild, born about two months before Dorothy passed. "I sincerely hope their future is at least as good as mine was," he quietly said to no one in particular as he turned and began walking towards the exit of the park.

He'd only taken three steps away from the young couple's table when a sharp glint of light caught his eye, down on the ground near some bushes. "Looks like a squirrel found something more than just a nut," he remarked as he knelt down to inspect the brass-colored object shining from inside a hole that some small animal had recently dug. Brushing aside the dirt, James discovered that this wasn't just some lost jewelry, but what appeared to be an antique of some sort, judging by the tarnish around the seams. The young couple he'd noticed earlier looked up from their trance when they heard James grunt as he stood again, and noticed the old oil lamp in his hands. James went to the vacant table, set down the lamp, and carefully took a seat to examine his findings further. "Heh," he said to himself, "wouldn't it be something if this was Alladin's lamp..." as he brushed clumps of damp earth off of the lamp. He stopped suddenly, when he could've sworn he heard a man's distinctive voice say, "yes, it would be something." He immediately pulled his hands away from the lamp, scared that the voice might have come from it. "Who is that?" James called out as he looked around, trying to locate the source of the voice. The young couple hadn't heard anything, though they had noticed when James suddenly jumped back and called out to no one in particular.

"Who is what?" the young man cautiously asked.

James suddenly made eye contact with the young man, saying, "What? Oh... uh... didn't you hear that?"

"Hear what?" the young lady asked with a nervous smile, glancing quickly between the old man and her date.

"You know... that... well, um... nothing... I guess it was nothing... I guess I'm going crazy in my old age... heh..." he laughed briefly and flashed a nervous half-smile at them, rubbing his hand over his head, trying to pass it off as just being a senile old geezer, when he knew better than that. He turned his attention back to the lamp as the young couple did their best to return to each others' eyes and ignore the old man.

James cautiously reached out toward the lamp again, and as his right hand made contact with the cold brass handle, he was certain he felt a mild electric shock. "Is this really happening?" he thought to himself. "Yes, it is," the voice answered, certainly loud and clear enough for the couple to have heard it this time. Startled by the answer, James immediately focused on the couple to see if they had heard it, but they had successfully returned to holding hands and staring lovingly into each others' eyes, smiling drunkenly. They were oblivious to what James was experiencing.

Before James could begin to wonder how they could have missed such a strong and clear voice, it returned: "Your initial suspicions were almost completely correct. Though this is not Alladin's lamp,

I am a djinn, or as your culture likes to call my people, a genie.” James felt his heart skip a beat as he again glanced at the couple apparently lost in love. “I have the power to grant you three wishes... and I can sense your hesitation. Some of my brothers have been irresponsible or simply lazy when granting wishes to mortals, because they derive some sort of perverted pleasure from doing so. Please do not let this knowledge taint your idea of what I am. To put it another way, don't let a few bad apples spoil the whole bunch.”

James breathed a heavy sigh of relief. Whispering quietly, so as not to disturb the couple, he said to the djinn, “Good sir, I have only one wish in my heart, and that is to be with my Dorothy for the rest of eternity. It would be wrong to bring her back and cause her any further pain and suffering. If you could be so kind as to somehow impart those two young lovers with your gifts, I'm sure they will benefit far more than I. My life has been complete, and it would be selfish of me to ask for anything other than to be with Dorothy again.”

The djinn was taken aback; this was the first time his wishes had ever been refused, but it had been done in such a way that he was not only not offended, he was nearly brought to tears. However, being a djinn, he did not want to appear weak to the mortal James; instead he showed compassion. “James, you are truly a noble and kind man. For your honesty and selflessness, I shall grant your wish. Tonight, after you return home and retire for the evening, you shall easily fall asleep, and in your dreams you shall see your Dorothy once again. This dream shall never end for you, and you shall be forever at peace. I will also ensure that no one will be troubled by your final expenses, and everything will go smoothly for your family. And because your generosity abounds, I will reflect this by giving the young couple more than the usual three wishes. All I ask of you, kind sir, is to introduce yourself to them, and present my lamp to them as a gift.”

James firmly gripped the lamp with both hands in a way that he hoped translated into a hug, and smiled the most he had since Dorothy's passing. He looked up to the young couple who had noticed the shadows steadily getting longer as the sun began to set, and had begun packing their things to leave. James stood quickly, feeling an energy he hadn't felt in over 30 years, gripped the lamp delicately with both hands, and strode over to the young couple's table. Not feeling the least bit nervous, James stated, “Hi, my name is James Weatherby. I apologize for my earlier behavior, but you see, this old brass lamp actually contains a genie. I've lived my life, and it would be selfish of me to ask anything of the genie, so I'd like you two to have it. May I know your names, so that I can remember you always?”

The couple exchanged nervous glances, then the young man decided there was no harm in this crazy old codger knowing their names, so he said, “Well ok... My name is Adam, and this is Veronica.

Not to be rude or anything, but what makes you think this is a genie's lamp? Nothing happened when you rubbed it clean a little while ago.” Adam looked back towards Veronica, and she nodded in confirmation.

James placed the lamp on the table then took Adam's hand in both of his, gave him a knowing smile and simply said, “Trust me on this one.” James then shook Veronica's hand, wished them well, and turned to head home for the last time. As James confidently strode across the park, Adam and Veronica looked at one another in a way that said, “what the hell was that guy smoking?” Veronica glanced at the lamp again, and upon seeing her fun-house-mirror style reflection in the dirty brass, she said, “well, it's not too ugly... it would look pretty good on the bookshelf next to the brass planter and water jug once we clean off the rest of the dirt and shine it up a little.” Adam nodded his assent, then commented on the time and how they should be getting home before it gets too dark. They folded up their tablecloth with the lamp inside (“It'll keep it from being scratched,” Veronica noted), placed it into the picnic basket, and headed back towards their car, hand in hand.

The drive home was pretty uneventful, and the conversation started with Veronica wondering why there wasn't a park as nice as this one in the same county they lived in, so they didn't have to drive two hours each way, and eventually worked its way to the radio game. You know the one; where you find a song on the radio everyone knows, then make up new, goofy lyrics and sing them entirely too loud since you know nobody else can hear you. This passed the time quite well, and before they knew it, they were pulling into their driveway just as they finished a lovely rendition of “I Think We're Baloney” (Tiffany's cover of *I Think We're Alone Now*). Forgetting about the picnic basket with its precious contents in the back seat, they headed inside, watched the 9 o'clock news for a few minutes, then headed to bed.

## Chapter 2 – Make a Wish

Adam woke up first, stumbling into the kitchen in search of something containing lots of caffeine. Finding it in the form of a soda in the fridge, he straightened up and looked at the clock on the microwave. The glowing green digits simply said “PF.” “Damn power company... can't ever keep the power on for more than a couple hours at a time,” he griped. Finding his cell phone on the counter, he saw that it was only 7:30am, so, feeling a little generous, he decided to make pancakes to share with his wife. While waiting for the batter to rise, he cleaned up the kitchen a little, then remembered the picnic basket still out in the car. Retrieving it, its weight reminded him of the crazy old man claiming that lamp was actually a genie's lamp. “Yeah right... do I look like a five year old?” Adam whispered to himself as he pulled the tablecloth out of the basket.

“No, but about 20 years ago you did,” came a voice that made Adam nearly drop the tablecloth.

“Who the hell is that??” Adam yelled as he looked around the kitchen, now tightly clutching the tablecloth still containing the lamp in his right hand, prepared to swing it at any intruder he found.

“James was not a crazy old man, Adam. In fact he's the most stable and generous soul I've met in all my years on this planet, and I've been around a VERY long time.”

Adam was able to pinpoint the location of the voice to the tablecloth in his hand, and his fear of intruders was suddenly replaced by fear of the truth. “Holy shit that old geezer was right!” he said. “Veronica's not going to believe this!” He quickly set the lamp down on the counter, still in the tablecloth. He used the tablecloth cloth to wipe off the rest of the dirt, then, fearful of actually touching the lamp, he used a clean towel to move it to the dining room table. He quickly finished the pancakes, then set them on the table along with butter, syrup and a couple glasses of OJ, then went to get his wife out of bed.

“Ronnie... wake up honey. I've got a surprise for you...” he said as he gently rocked her shoulder.

“Mmmm... smells good, baby. Did you make me some waffles?”

“Sorry, just pancakes... but that's not the surprise. Come on, get up babe, I want to show you something.” You could hear the excitement in Adam's voice.

As she walked into the dining room, rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she noticed a glint of brass on the table that wasn't there yesterday. “Isn't that the lamp... um... last night?” she mumbled.

“Yeah, it's the one that crazy old coot gave us last night at the park. Remember how he said it was a genie's lamp, and we just said 'yeah, right'... Well I think he was for real. I heard a voice from it

this morning while I was cooking.”

“Great,” she said, rolling her eyes. “Now you've gone crazy too.” She yawned, stretching her arms above her head.

“No, really. Just hold your hand near it – you don't have to actually touch it.”

Unconvinced, she said, “Whatever dude. This smells really good, and it's making me hungry. We'll mess with that thing later.” She dismissed it with a wave of her hand, then sat down and started into her pancakes. Then she said, with her mouth full, “By da way... fanks fer breh-fuss. Iss good!”

Adam was a bit peeved that she really seemed to think he was hallucinating, and almost grabbed the lamp and rubbed it right there just to prove he wasn't mentally incompetent. However, his fear of the unknown kept him from actually doing it. He'd heard tales of people meeting genies and getting their wishes all twisted around and generally having their lives ruined, and he didn't want any of that.

Eventually Veronica finished her pancakes (Adam didn't eat any – he'd lost his appetite), and they cleared the table of their breakfast dishes. On their way out of the kitchen, they both stopped at the table and stared at the lamp, as if it had called their names. Veronica looked up at Adam, and said, “OK, I give. What makes you so sure that crazy old dude last night wasn't high on mushrooms or something? I mean, didn't you see him digging in the dirt? He was probably digging up more magic mushrooms.”

“Well you won't believe me if I tell you, so here.” With that, Adam took Veronica's left hand and pulled it towards the lamp. She initially resisted, but when he gave her a pleading look that said “please trust me” she relented and let him guide her hand towards the lamp. Once she was within about 2 inches of it, he stopped, and said, “Well?”

“Well what? Is something supposed to happen?”

“YES,” the voice boomed, startling both of them. “Now will you two please stop teasing me and release me from this lamp already?”

“...the fuck! You were serious!” she yelled towards Adam, holding her left hand as if it'd been slapped by the genie's voice.

“That's what I've been trying to tell you! So should we let him out?”

“Well duh, who wouldn't let a genie out of the bottle? Wishes and all that stuff, ya know?”

Veronica reached out and grabbed the lamp by its handle and began furiously rubbing the side of it with her open hand. Her wedding ring clinked against the brass with every stroke.

Nothing happened.

“Were you expecting a big cloud of smoke or an explosion?” asked the voice, now directly



behind them. They both jumped and turned around immediately, finding an olive-skinned man with a thin mustache and thick, shiny slicked-back hair, dressed to the nines in an Armani tuxedo. He paused to let them study his presence, then laughed and began speaking with an almost Transylvanian accent: “Did you honestly believe all djinns... pardon me... genies... come from ancient Persia? I hail from Italy, though I have been in what you now call the United States for the last 400 years or so. Now if you are quite finished staring, perhaps I can answer some of your questions.”

Dumbfounded, Adam and Veronica looked at each other with their mouths hanging open in disbelief as they realized all of their dreams were about to come true. Veronica recovered first, turned to the genie and blurted out as fast as she could, “I wanna million bucks!!”

“Your wish is my command,” he stated as he bowed slightly to Veronica, then used his hand to indicate a small briefcase that now stood quietly on the fireplace. “You will find it filled with non-sequential, unmarked, circulated American bills of various denominations, so as to avoid any trouble with law enforcement. The combination for the briefcase is your wedding date. However, may I advise you to take your time contemplating your future wishes rather than acting on impulse.”

Veronica covered her mouth and blushed, feeling thoroughly embarrassed. Adam looked at her, and seeing her expression, tried to use his least condescending tone of voice. “Haven't you ever heard those stories where people make wishes and the genie twists it around? They eventually get their wishes but it always fucks up their life somehow, and they always wish they'd never made that wish in the first place. There was one I heard where this guy asked to be irresistible to women and the genie turned him into a Hershey's bar.” This caused Veronica to giggle and relax a little bit.

“Sorry... I just got excited, ya know?” she replied while shrugging her shoulders. She picked up the briefcase, placed it on the table, fiddled with the combination dials, and popped it open to reveal stacks and stacks of cold hard cash. Adam glanced sideways and simply gasped – neither of them had ever seen so much money in one place before, and Veronica had once been a bank teller.

The genie slowly bowed his head and spoke, “I can assure you that there is nothing to worry about with me. Last night, Walter restored my faith in humanity with his completely selfless wishes. One of his wishes was that I be generous to you, and as you can see by this briefcase, I am ready to do so, but for your future, please take the time to think about your requests. A mere million dollars really isn't that much these days. Try to think of something that you will benefit from for the rest of your life.”

Adam pondered on this for a moment. “He's right, honey,” Adam said. “We can sure have fun with it, but we can't retire on only a million dollars. It'll take a lot more than that if we want to really

live like no one else.” Turning to the genie, he said, “We listen to a talk radio show that teaches people how to get out of debt and become wealthy. We’ve been trying to follow his plan, but neither of us has a good enough job to make it like the people we hear calling in all the time. Can you set it up so that we will be finished with all six baby steps by the end of the year?”

“Much better, Adam,” said the genie. With a nod towards the briefcase, he said, “You already have your emergency fund and more than enough to pay off your debts. That said, you probably won’t need it because the returns from your new and improved investment portfolio will allow you to live quite lavishly for the rest of your days. When you write a check, use the ATM or your debit card, it will always be accepted. All I ask is that you do not call in to the show to scream that you are debt free,” he finished with a smirk.

Adam laughed out loud at the idea of how the talk show host might react. The genie gave a short laugh as well, then said, “I must warn you Adam, at the risk of sounding cliché, with great wealth comes great responsibility. Be sure to adhere to your talk show host’s teachings or your funds will dwindle. Do not forget the *giving* part of the system, as it is the most important.”

Adam nodded to the genie with the utmost respect, then glanced towards his wife. She had closed the briefcase, but he could tell she had been staring at the wall, completely lost in thought for quite a while. Suddenly Veronica blinked her eyes, shook her head and immediately focused on the genie’s face, determined yet still a little apprehensive. “Is there anything you can NOT do, genie? And... do you have a name? I mean... I’m sure you do, I just feel silly calling you Genie, ya know?”

“Indeed, there are things I cannot do. I cannot end the life of any individual other than the one making the request. For example – last night Walter told me how he had done everything he ever wanted to in life, and that his only wish was to spend the rest of eternity with his recently departed wife.” At this, Veronica looked up into Adam’s eyes and pulled his arm into a tight hug. “However, I cannot take the life of another, no matter how ingenious your phrasing may be. And yes, just as you, I was given a name at birth. It is Baldassare il Benevolo. You may call me Bal,” and, running his hand through his thick hair, he continued: “But please do not call me Baldy.”

Veronica snickered at this last, then said, “OK then... Bal, I know what I want my next wish to be.” She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and continued, “I want absolute self control of myself. I want to be able to change anything – ANYTHING – about myself by simply thinking about it. The only thing I don’t want total self-control of is my heartbeat, digestive system, or anything else that sustains my life. And can you make it so that no matter what I try to do, it will not hurt or kill me... or anyone else for that matter?”

Baldassare looked at Veronica thoughtfully while rubbing his chin. “This is a very unique request. I have never received one quite like it since I first began sharing my abilities with others. I believe this should prove to be quite an interesting request, so I shall grant it. Just as you said, all you need to do is think about it, and it shall happen.”

Veronica continued to gaze at Bal for a few moments, then looked at her hands, as if she expected them to be on fire or something. When they looked the same as ever, she looked back up at Bal, still holding up her hands, and said, “I... I didn't feel anything... I feel exactly the same.”

Bal rolled his eyes and sighed, thinking “Damn Hollywood and their special effects...” He took her hands in his, faced her palms upwards, and caused small puffs of purple smoke to explode from her palms, while in the same instant, he caused her to experience a mild shock, similar to the static electricity one will experience after walking across a rug and touching a doorknob, except this jolt was centered in her brain.

Dazzled, she took a step backwards to steady herself, and while the smoke cleared she looked around the room, and somehow this time it all felt... malleable to her. Bal knew better, but then released her hands, which she slowly let fall to her sides, and she felt sated.

“Adam, do you desire to contemplate your next wishes or are you ready to proceed?”

Adam thought long and hard (which as it happens were two of his exact thoughts) about Veronica's wish, then nodded his head as he came to a conclusion. “Ronnie's idea sounds like it's got a lot of potential. I would like the same for myself with the same caveats.” He expectantly held up his hands to Bal, who sighed again, but took Adam's hands and performed the same actions as he had just done with Veronica, only this time the smoke was blue.

Adam stood there in a daze for a few moments. He steadied himself on one of the dining room chairs, then sat down in it. He leaned against the table, holding his head up with one hand, and said, “This is so amazing!” He ran his hand through his hair and sat up. “I mean, we're independently wealthy, and we can do just about anything we want to... I can't think of anything else. Honey, how are you feeling?”

She sat in the chair next to Adam, put her arm over his shoulder, smiled up at Bal, and asked, “Bal, we truly appreciate what you have done for us so far, and I'd like to return the favor. Would you like to stay as a guest in our home for a while? You know, have some dinner, enjoy some parties, and we can share the wealth you've given us with you and others. Perhaps go touring with us around the world, to see how things have changed?”

“I appreciate your generosity, but I must let you know that I have not been entirely captive to the

lamp as you apparently believe. My ability to roam the earth is not limited, though my ability to interact and make myself known is limited to those who possess my lamp. I believe I shall accept your offer. During this time, perhaps we can discuss your future wishes before I depart again. For now, I think I will go out for a stroll to enjoy this beautiful weather.”

Adam decided to try out his new ability as Bal walked out, so he began to imagine himself with blonde spiked hair rather than his boring straight brown hair. Veronica still had her arm around him when she saw his hair color gradually lighten to a dirty blonde and shorten to a spikey buzz 'surfer' style cut. She pulled her arm back and turned him so she could put a hand on each of his shoulders to be able to take it all in. “Honey,” she said to him, “I was kinda thinking of something more than just hair, if you know what I mean...”

“Hey, I'm not as stupid as you think, babe.” He stood and led her to the bedroom. Baldassare, now standing in the driveway wearing blue jeans, sneakers and a polo shirt so as to appear less conspicuous, smiled and began walking down the street, quietly whistling a tune to himself.

## Chapter 3 – The First Time's a Charm

Adam led Veronica into their bedroom by the hand, and as she crawled up onto their modest queen size bed, Adam imagined himself with very well defined muscles over his entire body, but only added a tiny bit of muscle mass – he wanted to surprise Veronica once he (or she) removed his shirt. Included in that vision was a total lack of chest hair, even though his chest only had like 5 pieces of hair on it to begin with.

Veronica was making her own changes as well. She envisioned her face completely free of all blemishes and scars, and slightly changed the color of her hair from a warm brown to a light auburn – not quite red, but nearly so. She was primarily concerned with appearances, so she continued her self-beautification by completely removing all of her body hair except her eyebrows and of course the hair on her head. As Adam watched, she seemed to shrink before his eyes, her clothes becoming more and more baggy by the second. Veronica had never been called skinny in her life, but had been called fat by skinny girls on a regular basis. Her slightly overweight frame was rapidly approaching the “fit” range – looking more like she'd never completely lost all of her baby fat, and had kept it in all the right places, yet spent a fair amount of time at the gym. She was not anorexic-looking like a lot of fashion models, but she would never be called fat in her current state. Adam noticed, however, that one part of her clothing never got baggy – the top of her shirt. Veronica had given careful thought to her slimming to make sure that none of the fat in her cute but somewhat small breasts went away when the rest of her body fat did. In fact, she imagined the fat in her breasts being replaced with milk ducts, so that her capacity for making milk was increased without actually increasing the size of her breasts. They still drooped a little, but she had plans for that for later.

Adam had finished his own slimming down and bulking up but had paused to watch Veronica's transformations. He was just staring in a trance, watching her change before him, not paying attention to anything else, when she took a deep breath, opened her eyes and let her breath out all at once, sounding very satisfied. She looked up at Adam from her seated position on the bed and said, “Oh wow, babe! Is that all for me?”

“What? All I did was tone up my muscles a little and drop some fat that's been bugging me since it showed up when I was 20 or so...”

“Um, no, honey, look down.” She pointed towards his crotch with one hand over her mouth, though you could tell she was grinning like an idiot behind her hand.

Adam glanced down and nearly lost his balance once it registered. He took a step backwards to

steady himself and put one hand on the dresser. The front of his pants was bulging out so far that it was pulling the elastic waistband away from his stomach about an inch. He had apparently been daydreaming about his wife while she became more and more beautiful before him, and his subconscious mind had decided that he would need something like this to impress someone so beautiful. He reached down and pulled the waistband of his shorts further out to take a better look at exactly what had happened down there and was shocked to see what looked like a flesh-colored baby python tangled up in his underwear. It didn't take him long to realize that this was now in fact his dick... And it wasn't even stiff yet! “But I didn't make this happen like I did with my hair and muscles,” he yelped, startled by the realization that he didn't actually have absolute control of himself.

“Well then I guess I did a pretty good job on myself then, huh?” she asked, with her hands on her hips, looking smug. “I *REEEEEALLY* doubt I could fit that inside me, but you know what... It'll probably be a hell of a lot of fun trying!” At that, she imagined herself slowly beginning to produce milk, then she scooted over to the edge of the bed, stood up and started to slink towards Adam, her eyes locked with his in a sexy gaze. When she took her second step she nearly did a faceplant – her hips and ass had shrunk so much, her pajama pants fell down and made her trip. She caught herself on the corner of the bed, then brushed her hair out of her face and said, “well *that* worked real well...” she said with a short huff. She dropped her panties the rest of the way down (they had only made it halfway down her thighs) then kicked her pants off her ankles and stood up straight again, now wearing only a newly oversized t-shirt.

Adam had laughed a little at her reaction to nearly falling over, but the sight of her leaning over to take her pants off the rest of the way had got him started. His erection was starting to crawl out of the top of his shorts like a cobra that climbs up from a snake charmer's basket. It was already almost up to his navel inside his shirt, and it didn't feel like it was close to being finished yet. Veronica had managed to work her way over to Adam, still standing by the dresser, and she started to caress Adam up and down. She spent quite a lot of time with one hand cupping his crotch, marveling at the throbbing, swelling mass inside his pants, imagining what was about to happen. She pictured herself standing – not kneeling – on the bed, with Adam's massive erection pointed straight towards her sopping cunt, and she began lowering herself onto it, eventually completely hiding Adam's pole within her. Strangely, her imaginings didn't come with any feelings, so she decided to speed things up a little. She grabbed the bottom of Adam's shirt and quickly helped him take it off. While Adam tossed the shirt into the corner, Veronica, eyes wide, ran her fingers down his freshly chiseled chest and abdominal muscles. Her eyes and hands found the steadily rising head of his cock, which was now a few inches above his navel, and

she immediately grabbed it with both hands, playfully tugging on it a little. Both of them were shocked when it came up out of his pants at least six inches with no resistance at all, as if it wasn't connected to anything. She pulled it a bit more, tentatively this time as if she was afraid of pulling it off, but it stopped abruptly, just shy of the bottom of his neck. “Oh my God,” she whispered. She stood there holding it, staring at it intensely for another few seconds, while it continued to stiffen in her grip. Then she smiled at it and laughed to herself, thinking, “Oh God is this ever going to be good.” She still hadn't seen its entire length, because Adam's pants were still on. She stood there like an idiot, grinning from ear to ear, holding it between his nipples, watching it spread her fingers as it got more and more stiff.

“Hello... Earth to Ronnie...” Adam said as he waved his hand in front of her face. She finally broke the stare and looked up at Adam, blinking a few times, still grinning wide. She let out a contented-sounding “Hmmm” sort of sigh. Adam had noticed that his balls were starting to hurt a little, so he decided to go ahead and drop his pants. As he bent down to take them off, Veronica let go of his flagpole of a cock, and it fell outwards towards her a little, and bumped into Adam's jawbone and shoulder when he leaned forward to drop his pants. As his boxers went past his hips, they both took in the sight of his balls, now each easily the size of a tennis ball, but not quite as fuzzy. As he stood again he felt his cock head brush against the back of his ear, and the reality of this hit him like a ton of bricks. “How is this thing gonna fit inside her?” he thought, feeling depressed that he'd never be able to have sex again, and angry that the genie had managed to trick him like this.

Veronica had started to slump forward due to the increasing weight of her lactating breasts, and had begun to use Adam's new equipment to hold herself up without realizing it. This served to conceal the sheer volume of her breasts from Adam. Veronica unconsciously took a small step forward to steady herself when she snapped to the realization that she was having to step forward due to the weight of her magnificent new breasts. At this, she stood up straight, jutting her new assets out in front of her proudly. Her glorious breasts hung heavily on her chest, looking firm and taut, yet not inflated like some implants look, but still creating a nice shelf out of the top of her shirt.

Adam noticed them the moment she stood up, and just like she had been focused on the bulge in his pants, his eyes were now riveted to her still-growing tits. He reached out to touch one, but her tightly-stretched shirt was in the way, and it was blocking his view, so he reached down to try and pull it up over her head.

A closer look revealed a faint network of purple veins just below the smooth surface of each breast. She cupped them with both hands and pushed them up and in, creating miles of cleavage for

Adam to get even further lost in. “Boy, do I know him or what,” she thought to herself. Adam's mouth began to water at the sight of all that cleavage, and he leaned in to kiss her mammaries, but was interrupted by his cock hitting his jawbone and redirecting his head upwards – he ended up bumping his nose into her chin. “Aww, what a problem to have, honey!” she cooed to him, trying not to laugh. “Guess we better find a safe place to put that, huh?”

She took his hands and helped him lay down on his back on the carpet in front of the dresser, then put her feet on either side of his hips. As she leaned down to help him the rest of the way to the floor, her breasts brushed against the insides of her arms, causing them to press together again, and as she stood, her arms released them and set them wobbling on her chest in a very delicious manner. Adam's erection stayed strong, and stood proud from its base, but its weight kept it from standing vertical. Instead, the head hovered about a foot above his chest. She leaned down once again, this time to pick up Adam's new tool, making sure to shake her chest a little to give Adam a bit of a show. As she stood, her tits continued to jiggle even though she'd stopped moving several seconds ago. She guided Adam's pole towards her warm and nearly dripping wet pussy and was surprised to find the tip of his cock was only about an inch away from entering her, even though she was standing with her legs straight. With her free hand, she reached down to spread her bare lips and make sure they were lubed. “Oh God this is going to be amazing,” she thought out loud, and with one hand on the dresser to steady herself and the other steering his massive tool, she slowly began to lower herself.

She cried out in ecstasy as he began to enter her, pushing her pussy lips wider than she had ever experienced before. Finally the head snapped inside, and she nearly lost her grip on the dresser as she fell a good 3 inches down onto his huge rod, when suddenly her dry pussy lips caught on his foreskin, bringing everything to a screeching halt, causing both of them to grimace in pain. “Fuck that hurt!” she yelled, reaching down with one hand, trying to rub herself where her pussy lips had glued themselves to his shaft. “I wish my lips weren't always dry like this... It happens every time we have sex,” she lamented. As she stood back up a little bit to relieve some pain, she reached in between his cock and her lips to separate everything. She noticed that her lips were coming back out very easily, and that she was having a hard time gripping them with her finger... because they were getting very slippery. She noticed that her pussy didn't hurt anymore, and when she brought her hand back up, she saw her fingers shiny with lubrication. Grinning, she said “oh... now this... this is *really* going to be good,” and again she began to easily lower herself onto Adam's impressive tool.

With just under a foot of it inside her, she began to notice that it was starting to require actual downward force to get more of it in. She willed herself down onto his shaft, and like a weak rubber



band snapping, she felt her pussy begin gobbling up more and more of Adam's shaft, as her knees bent further and further... Yet she noticed that her hand on the dresser wasn't really holding her up – her shoulders were not moving down anymore, even though she felt her knees continuing to bend and her pussy absorb ever more of Adam's meat. She glanced down to try to see what was happening, since this whole time she'd had her head pointed towards the ceiling, eyes closed, simply enjoying the sensations of having what felt like miles of man-meat shoved into her. She'd forgotten her earlier desire to begin producing milk, so she was stunned when she could only see Adam's face beyond her still-growing mammaries – they were so large that she couldn't see even his neck. She occasionally saw Adam's hands waving near them – apparently he couldn't reach them yet. “I'll fix that,” she thought, and imagined them producing milk even faster, becoming more and more heavily laden.

She returned to the mystery of why her hips were going down but her shoulders weren't by pushing one of her massive tits to one side so she could see down past them. She was confused to see her belly button slowly crawling away from her tits, along with her hips and legs. She could now see that Adam's flagpole was almost completely inside her – it only had another 8 inches to go. She laughed quietly to herself, thinking, “ONLY 8 more inches! And to think we used to have so much fun with his 'old' cock... and his 'old' cock would still not even be in me yet!” Looking at her still-lowering abdomen, she realized that because she so desired to have Adam's entire monster cock inside of her, her body-altering wish had accommodated by lengthening her abdomen to give his weapon somewhere to go without injuring her by breaking through her diaphragm or other internal organs. She said a silent thank you to Bal as she felt her pubic bone come to rest against Adam's.

Now completely engulfing Adam's masculinity with her freshly stretched lower half, Veronica took her hand from the dresser, and, using her knees against the floor to steady herself, began to lean forward towards Adam. About halfway down, Adam's hands found her warm jugs and began squeezing and massaging them. Just as her hands hit the floor on either side of Adam's head, she lost sight of his face – her engorged tits were hanging just inches from his face, and he was trying to pick up his head to suck on them. She only knew this because she could see his hair moving above the horizon of her bosom, and she could feel him pulling himself up using her tits. She bent her elbows and almost immediately smothered Adam because the immense weight of her heavily laden breasts overpowered the weak muscles in her arms. She willed herself the strength to push herself back up, and was rewarded by a gasp of air from below as Adam began breathing again. He stopped grabbing for her breasts for a bit to rub his bruised nose and ask what happened. “Heh, I guess I underestimated how much you like big tits, babe,” she said, still unable to see Adam.

“This is amazing, Ronnie,” Adam told her. His hands finally found her nipples, and as he started to tweak them, he was shocked when a spray of milk hit him in the face, some getting in his eyes. He stopped pinching her nubs and began blinking and rubbing his eyes to clear his vision, wondering what just happened. Veronica on the other hand, had a huge grin on her face (that Adam couldn't see, of course – all he could see was a pair of gigantic tits, dripping with milk). She was glad that her wish to make milk had worked so well. Before, she never really got anything out of nipple play, but now that there was a good reason to abuse them, she found much more pleasure in having them manhandled. She willed her milk production into overdrive, and she immediately felt the pressure build inside them, pushing her arms slightly apart, and causing her breasts to swell even further, becoming tight on her chest. She felt them pulling hard away from her ribcage – both because of gravity and because of the sheer amount and speed of milk production inside. This turned her on even further, and she began to buck her hips up and down Adam's flagpole. Her strokes were small at first, being used to his “old” 7-incher, but she quickly remembered her elongated abdomen and began using the full height of her thighs to thrust Adam in and out of her. It was like doing reverse push-ups, only the rewards were far, far more pleasurable.

Adam finished rubbing his eyes and again focused on Veronica's heavy udders, hanging just inches above his face. They weren't swinging as freely as they were before, because the skin had gotten tighter – they looked... full. He reached up experimentally with one hand to feel one of them, and found that his strong, masculine hands could not even begin to cover just one side of ONE of her amazing jugs. He'd had his hand on there for only a few seconds when he thought he felt a snapping sensation from inside her breast, and it began to vibrate a tiny bit in his hand as it steadily became warmer and warmer. He reached up with his other hand to caress the side of her other breast and found its skin to be even tighter than just moments before, and also warm to the touch. He moved both hands to one breast to try and squeeze it but found that her breast was as firm as a basketball, but very smooth, and heating up by the second, and starting to become almost shiny. He tried to squeeze it harder, but about that time Veronica started to rock back and forth on his shaft, pulling her smooth breast from his grip.

Adam immediately lost most (but not all – he's still a man) of his interest in her dangling breasts, because he now had almost two feet of cock being massaged by just as much pussy. She started off slow but quickly ramped up to foot long and longer strokes, and he never felt like he was in any danger of falling out. He started to try to match her rhythm, thrusting up as she came down and pulling back as she went up, and soon they found a groove where their pumping was as fast as it could get.

Unfortunately it didn't last long. Neither of them were used to so much motion during sex, and they were quickly getting tired. Veronica slowed down first, and was not going as high as she could, as her thighs were burning from the effort. Adam's lower back, abdominal and leg muscles were showing signs of fatigue as well, and the back of his head was starting to hurt from being pressed into the floor with every upward thrust he made. The back of his hips were also feeling bruised from every downward thrust Veronica made. Finally he gave in and stopped thrusting altogether. Panting, he said, "damn... I'm out of shape! And the floor is killing me." He reached back with one hand to rub the back of his head.

Veronica uncerimoniously plopped down onto his length all at once, causing Adam to grunt in pain, then she used the dresser to pull herself upright so she was sitting in Adam's lap. Breathing quite heavily herself, she wiped the sweat from her forehead, then pushed her over-firm breasts apart so she could look Adam in the face. "Yeah, I'm wiped out babe. But ya know... We can fix that," she said. She closed her eyes, and pictured herself having trained every day for a year to be able to run the New York Marathon. She saw herself rounding the final bend in Central Park, heading that last quarter mile or so towards the finish. With her massive hooters barely restrained in what looked to be a tiny sports bra (though on a normal woman it would have been huge), breathing easily, barely breaking a sweat, and the rest of the runners were all at least a mile behind her.

She smiled as she opened her eyes. Her breathing had slowed to normal and her body felt energized. She stretched her arms above her head and took in a deep breath, then tucked in her arms and rapidly swung her shoulders side to side to stretch her back, just like a marathon runner. Adam watched her firm breasts sway with her quick torso twists, then noticed the renewed grip she now had on his pole, and that her breathing had come back to normal. He was still breathing hard and feeling her weight on the bones in the back of his bruised hips.

"Damn, woman, you got the hang of this quick!" Adam gasped, still panting "How'd you cool down so easy?"

"Simple, babe. I pictured myself running a marathon, a mile out in front of everyone... I wasn't sweating or even feeling the least bit worn out even though I was about to cross the finish line."

"That... makes sense..." He replied. He pictured himself at the gym. In his mind, he'd just spent the entire day using every single machine, doing twice as many reps with twice the weight his trainer had recommended, including an hour on the treadmill on its highest speed setting, and yet, he wasn't sweating or even breathing hard. His body felt primed, ready to tackle anything. Coming back to reality, he still felt the weight of Veronica's body pushing the backs of his hips into the hard floor, so he

suggested to her that they move over to the bed.

She agreed and used the dresser to help herself stand up. She got about halfway up, and a different kind of sensation hit her – suction. Adam's cock was taking up so much space inside her elongated pussy that it was pulling a very pleasant vacuum as it came out. She slowed down, partly out of necessity, but also to draw out the pleasure of the moment. Adam himself noticed the suction and reflexively bucked his hips upwards to try to stay in just a little longer. He didn't really need to, since he still had over a foot of rock hard cock deep inside of Veronica. She noticed the bucking though, and said, “Hey hon... That feels great and all, but I thought you said you wanted to get up on the bed.” She smirked at him, and he blushed, then let himself relax back to the floor.

Veronica's legs were almost straight again, and she knew his cock was just about to come out, so she slowed down even further – this time to tease Adam. She stopped when she felt his cock head about to come out and bounced a few times just the tiniest bit right there, tickling the head. Adam grunted and tried thrusting again, but she was faster and stood up straight as quick as she could. His shaft came out with a little slurp noise, then fell towards Adam's chest and landed there with a wet slap. Adam wiped a little of the splatter off his chin and proceeded to lick his fingers clean. “You taste good, babe,” he told her.

Veronica replied, “duh...” as she stepped over his hips to allow him to stand up. As she did, she became aware of her new center of gravity – much higher because of her ready-to-pop mammaries, and also because she was over a foot taller due to her stretched abdomen. She leaned back against the dresser, then reached up to rub her hands across the tense skin of her breasts. The skin was unyielding and felt almost as hard as Adam's cock, but perfectly smooth. The transparent purple veins she could see through the tightly stretched skin didn't feel any different than the rest of her breasts – it was all super tense and, now that she looked at them directly, quite shiny. She could feel the immense pressure within them, and couldn't wait for Adam to begin playing with them again. She reached around in front (it actually took reaching, not just moving her hand, she noticed!) towards where she figured her nipples would be, and was surprised to find them pulled just as tight and flat as the rest of her breasts. Her ballooned breasts really were filled to the max! She was surprised to feel the sensitivity increase as her fingers crossed over into her aureoles, making her shudder with pleasure. She began drawing circles around her nipples, causing the skin to pucker and try to draw tight, but her breasts were already so wildly inflated with warm milk that the skin was unable to wrinkle up and cause the nipple to raise. It remained flat, yet it acquired a new texture which brought even more tingly arousal to Veronica.

Adam had long since stood up. He'd been holding his staff up against his chest with one hand

and slowly stroking the length with the other while he watched his super-lactating wife fondle her own breasts. He was shocked at how much taller she had gotten. He'd never really thought about where all his massive cock had gone when they started fucking earlier, but now he knew – she had somehow stretched out her stomach to make room for it all! He surveyed her beauty, starting from her strongly muscled legs, up towards her hairless, dripping wet pussy. His eyes traveled up to her belly button, nestled in the center of what could only be called a sexy-smooth 12-pack (no longer just a 6-pack) of abdominal muscles. Her bottom rib was barely visible beneath her smooth skin, hiding in the shadows of her taut, glossy breasts, the bottoms of which were now just above eye level for him. Just as well, since that's where his eyes stopped. Ronnie's hands were exploring every inch of her new globes, trying to find out as much as they could about this new territory. Adam's mouth began to salivate as he watched his Amazonian wife feel herself up, trying to tweak her nipples, but failing because the skin was too tight to even pucker up.

Adam reached up and began to help her knead her milk balloons, and she gasped as she felt his warm hands begin to massage her breasts. He tried to reach up and suck on them, but they were just out of reach of his lips and tongue. Veronica felt his sticky shaft pressing against her stomach since he'd let go of it to try to squeeze her breasts, and said, “Adam, can you put that thing somewhere else please?” You could hear the smile in her voice at the end of the question.

“Hmm... But of course,” Adam chided in a fake French accent. He got down on his knees, the tip of his cock still above her belly button, and inserted a couple of fingers to make sure everything was ready. When they shot right in with no resistance, it was his turn to gasp in delight, so he leaned the head of his prick forward as he sat the rest of the way down onto his feet to get his cock low enough to enter her again. He rubbed the head against her lips a few times to get it wet then twisted his hips up to get started up into her. He put his hands behind him to try standing up, and was glad to see that his cock was sliding right into her snatch without his help. As he struggled to stand from this awkward position (his rock-hard shaft didn't bend very much) he grabbed for Veronica's hips to help guide himself straight up into her without smashing his knees into the dresser. Veronica, meanwhile, was lost in the feelings of Adam filling her again, this time without the distraction of being stretched bodily, not to mention that her hands were still going to town on her overfilled breasts.

Adam was finally back on his feet and was nearly standing upright again when he reached up and, perhaps over-eager to get his hands back on her milky tits, he pulled himself the rest of the way up using Veronica's over-inflated breasts. “OW!” She yelled, slapping his hands. “What the hell, Adam?”

“I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you... I just can't reach them to kiss on them. You got all... tall

on me! Can you come back down here so I can suck on them, babe?”

“I think the reason I got so tall is because I wanted to be able to get all of that monster cock you grew for me, inside of me... So I think the only way I'm coming back down is if you shrink it back down some.”

“Well I didn't make it that way on purpose... But that makes sense. I got an idea though...”

Adam got a mental image of his current member, then pictured a couple of disembodied hands very similar to his own gripping it at the top and forcing it gently back towards the base. At first, the whole thing started going back inside his body, but he clenched his stomach muscles and pushed it back out, resisting the hands. This had the effect of making the whole thing gradually transform from a long, relatively thin pole into a shorter but thicker rod, more like a man's thick forearm, from wrist to elbow. The hands let go of his cock and revealed a swollen head bigger than an apple. Adam opened his eyes and saw that Veronica's stomach was now bulging visibly, but only in the center, and only about halfway up her 12-pack of muscle. He figured his rod must be at least 6 inches straight across now, and just as long as his forearm.

“I felt it get shorter, but I couldn't really tell what else you did... but GOD it feels good,”

Veronica said, exasperated, and no longer able to pay attention to the pain in her breasts. She pictured her abdomen returning to its former dimensions (but still super strong), and got a hint of dizziness as she felt her head and shoulders begin to smoothly descend towards normalcy. She finally stopped shrinking in height just as the bottoms of her breasts arrived at Adam's shoulders, making them the perfect height for him. Adam had seen it coming and leaned forwards to let her taut breast flesh rub against either side of his face on the way down. They'd still have a hard time kissing since she was still taller than him, but neither of them seemed very concerned with that at the moment. “God I feel so FULL,” she said. “Everywhere... My tits hurt they're so full... I feel like I'm about to burst!”

“Well I can help with one place... OK, well, two,” he said as he pulled his head out of her cleavage then leaned back in to delicately kiss one of her flattened, over-stretched nipples, giving it an ever-so-slight flick of the tongue. This caused her nipple to finally stand out a little, pulling the skin tighter than Veronica had gotten it with her soft rubbing earlier. This new tightness had the effect of squeezing out a little dribble of milk from the nipple, which beaded up on the surface of her shiny breast. Adam didn't miss a beat, and immediately licked up her milk before it could drip very far. He started licking her breast from the bottom up towards the aureole, and when he got there, he put his lips firmly against her breast and gently began to suckle her, drawing circles around her nipple with the tip of his tongue. His efforts were rewarded by a sudden burst of warm milk which flooded his mouth.

The tension inside Veronica's breast finally had an outlet, and it was going to do everything it could to drown Adam in milk. He did his best, trying to swallow the torrent of hot liquid. His cheeks were bulging, and every time he swallowed or paused to breathe, milk would escape out the sides of his lips.

Veronica was lost in a world of her own. She'd never given milk before, and the let-down reflex she was experiencing with Adam suckling her massive tit was like a mini-orgasm. She sudded every few seconds, reveling in the sensations of Adam's lips and tongue on her massive teat, and how he couldn't keep up with the flow. She felt the trickling of her milk down the sides of her breast and onto her stomach. She noticed that it was getting cold by the time it got to her hips, which suddenly made her remember her earlier desire to crank up her milk production to 11. She dialed it back to 6 or 7, and immediately Adam was able to contain every drop and come up for air more often. He gasped a quick breath before latching back on to the same breast and drinking down more of his wife's hot meal.

"Honey, do you think you could switch over to the other one? It's still pretty full, and I don't want lopsided tits," she begged of him. Only too happy to oblige a woman asking him to suck on her milk-producing tits, Adam swallowed a few more times, then released her breast from his mouth's grip. He had his hands ready to cover the nipple in case it sprayed him again, but since he'd drained a lot of the excess pressure from inside, and Veronica had toned down her milk production, it didn't spray or even dribble. Her other breast, however, was starting to trickle on its own from simply being overfilled and neglected for so long.

As Adam turned to start work on her other mammary, a tingling from below reminded him that he had a very large piece of himself wedged into his wife in the best way possible. He decided he needed to figure out a way to USE that hunk of meat rather than just standing there while all he did was drink from her teat. He paused for a moment to try and come up with a way to do that, and apparently he paused too long, because Veronica asked him what he was doing. "Huh? Oh... I was trying to figure out a way that I can suck on your tits and give you a good hard fucking at the same time."

"Gee, don't sugar coat anything, babe!" Veronica kidded. "Well... how 'bout we go ahead and get on the bed and figure it out there?" She turned them around and began to guide him towards the bed as she walked slowly backwards, with his manhood still completely inside of her. They plopped down onto the bed together, and she started to crawl up towards the headboard on her back, unintentionally pulling Adam out of her. At the same time, she imagined her breasts quickly getting larger without adding any more milk, to soften them up, because she was tired of them being so painfully tight this whole time. Even though it had been a "hurt so good" sort of pain, any type of discomfort gets old after a while. She didn't ramp up her milk production, but didn't stop it, either.

Adam paused at the bottom of the bed, still standing on the floor, leaning forward with his hands on the mattress. He just had to watch his wife's tits jiggle as she squirmed up the bed. After the second or third “step” she took with her shoulders, he noticed that her tits, especially the one he hadn't sucked on yet, were starting to jiggle more and more, eventually actually starting to flow around on her chest. No longer looking like flesh-colored water balloons attached to her chest, her mammaries now actually looked like real breasts... the largest ones he'd ever seen. The base of each breast was beginning to take up more and more space on her chest, spreading from her collarbone down past the bottom of her ribs.

With the hardness in his cock renewed yet again, he jumped up onto the bed and began guiding his thick, arm-sized cock towards her still dripping pussy. Once he had the head inside, he went for broke and shoved the whole thing in as hard as he could. Surprisingly, it went in with no resistance, as if they'd been going at it for a while and everything was already covered in her lube. He positioned his knees to brace himself and immediately started pumping her for all he was worth. Her still expanding breasts had lost their spherical shape and began to roll into her armpits, but his pounding was making them slosh around so much Veronica had to put an arm over them to keep them from hitting her in the face.

Not content with flat boobs, no matter how big they may be, Veronica began to picture her breasts filling again. Not with milk this time, but with air, so they wouldn't be so heavy. She pretended that her pussy was like a bicycle pump and that with every thrust Adam made with his meaty piston, her breasts would inflate for him. With the size of his impressive tool, it didn't take long before there was a visible difference in the shape of her breasts. Still sloshing around in her armpits, they began to rise away from her chest little by little.

A minute or two later, Adam, still concentrating on pounding his wife's pussy with everything he had, finally unclenched his jaw and looked up from where his weapon was splitting her open to take in some scenery. He noticed that her tits were no longer shiny and tight, but had almost completely flattened out, allowing her nipples to pull tight on their own, standing proud on the vast plains of breast flesh. Overall, her breasts were much larger than they were when he first climbed onto the bed with her just a few minutes ago... and he began to notice that they were slowly filling up again! They were jostling around so much from his pummelling that he couldn't make the connection between his thrusts and their growth, but he was enthralled by the concept of her tits getting even larger than he'd ever imagined. Excited by more growth, he willed himself to pump even faster than he already was, and he felt his back, glutes and legs ripple with strength as the friction between his rock hard shaft and her slick, stretched pussy caused more heat to come into their flesh, raising the excitement just that much



more.

Veronica gasped at Adam's amazing new speed, and quickly realized that he was going to be pumping up her breasts pretty damn fast at this rate. Because he was going inhumanly fast, her pussy was blazing with heat, despite her extra lube. She was finally beginning to boil towards orgasm, and she hoped her husband was getting close too. She wanted her breasts to explode in size when he came, and she remembered that when he crawled up onto the bed with her, she saw his balls hang between his legs like two giant oranges stuffed into a wrinkly ball sack. She figured that meant he could really produce a lot of cum, so she pictured a tube going from her womb to each breast, so that his sperm would fill each breast as he came. His pumping had already filled her breasts so full of air that they were beginning to pull out of her armpits again. She pulled her arms in to her sides and underneath her ballooning breasts to push them together, creating so much cleavage that even she was getting more turned on.

That did it for her, sending her over the edge into the most powerful orgasm she'd experienced in her life. Her vision immediately went white and sparkly, her skin felt like pins and needles, and she clamped down every muscle in her body as she screamed out in ecstasy. Her arms involuntarily pulled her tits even further together, smashing them into her chin, causing them to stick up way past her arms. Adam's continued thrusting was still inflating them, making them become tight again due to Veronica's crushing grip with her arms. Her breasts trembled above her arms with every breath she took in and every scream she let out, not to mention the shaking caused by Adam's incessant pounding.

Adam watched as his wife begin to pull her breasts together, creating more cleavage than he'd ever seen in his life. Just as she pulled her arms together below her unbelievable jugs, she began to quiver all over her body, almost like a massive shivering. Suddenly he felt her clamp down on his shaft so hard he thought she was going to break it in half as she screamed out in orgasm. She used to be pretty noisy, but this time he was sure the neighbors 5 houses away heard her cum. The intensity of her muscle spasms were really getting to Adam, bringing him closer to orgasm with every one, while he continued to piston into her at rocket speed. He looked down at her stomach momentarily and he could see it rise and fall with every stroke he made.

Just as Adam was beginning to wonder whether his wife was ever going to start breathing again, she began to come down from her incredible orgasm. The constant clenching of her elongated vaginal muscles relaxed and began to simply twitch instead of a single, hard crunch. This gave his huge cock a new set of sensations, bringing him closer and closer to his orgasm. He looked up at her wildly inflated tits, bouncing wildly, with the nipples standing proud, and that was all the stimulation he could handle.

He stopped ramming in and out and instead shoved himself as far as he could inside of her, and began spraying hot cum deep inside her in huge amounts. The “tube” Veronica had imagined between her womb and her massive tits did its job perfectly, channeling the powerful flow of ejaculate straight to her mammaries, causing them to swell mightily. The initial strength and immediacy of it actually knocked the wind out of her and pushed her arms back away from her exploding mammaries. Adam got a good grip on her thighs to keep himself pushed into her as far as possible, pushing harder each time he felt another surge coming.

Adam unclenched his jaw and looked down, still cumming like a champion. What he saw amazed him. As he watched, he saw Veronica's breasts filling up as if there was a firehose connected to them. He watched them swell as his orgasmic haze faded until he finally made the connection that it was his firehose of a cock, still powerfully spraying inside of her, that was filling her funbags. His mind clicked, and without really thinking about it first, he imagined his balls being able to produce jizz non-stop. He felt them tingle and begin to swell, causing them to first make contact with the mattress and then the insides of his thighs. He couldn't see them because both his and Veronica's legs were in the way, but he could tell that they were just plain huge. He willed himself to keep pumping her (tits) full of cum. Then, cautious of how his “old” cock was always hyper-sensitive after cumming, he began slowly thrusting in and out of her again, listening to his senses for any warning of stimulation overload from his cock. Finding none (probably due to excessive amounts of slippery stuff still pumping into her, he sped up his thrusting, but kept it at a more human speed, still worried that the head of his impressive tool would suddenly explode in pain from overstimulation.

Veronica had since let go of her breasts, simply trying to catch her breath. She could feel Adam's spunk filling her tits, and she could see them getting taller and wider by the second. They still didn't feel like they were full yet, so she just laid back and enjoyed the sensations of having her pussy completely full of jade stock, her tits full of a foamy mix of milk, sperm and air, and the pure elation of having experienced the strongest orgasm of her life. Her breasts were returning towards their hemispherical shape, though at more than twice their previous size. She noticed that even though they were nowhere near full yet, they were already getting a bit shiny. She figured this was probably just sweat, or maybe something to do with Adam's cum filling them up. She felt Adam starting to relax as his orgasm subsided, and saw him look at her tits, but then suddenly she felt something tickle her ass just as she felt the immense pressure of Adam's firehose cock return and resume filling her up. Adam slowly started pumping into her again, and she forgot all about that little tickle she'd just felt, and instead focused on the feelings of his monster cock stroking her insides, and the sight of her own

breasts towering ever higher on her chest.

Adam began to feel an aching just above his pelvis and in his balls as he continued to fill his wife's tits with his cream. He slowed down his thrusting to try and figure out what was hurting. He looked at his wife's tits again, and of course, they were incredibly large, and still becoming even more so, but the pain he was experiencing kept getting worse and worse, even though he was still pumping what seemed like gallons of cum into his wife. He stopped thrusting to see if maybe that was the cause, but the stinging pain still got worse. He looked over his shoulder, thinking maybe something had happened back there (because you never know), and was astonished to see his own ball sack reaching almost all the way to his feet, with his balls just inches away from touching his own back! “No wonder it hurts so much... Those things must weigh a thousand pounds,” he thought to himself. He immediately stopped spraying cum into his wife and willed his balls to return to a more reasonable size – back to what they were before they got into bed. The pain immediately subsided, and he breathed a sigh of relief. When he turned back around, the view that greeted him was simply amazing.

Adam took in the glorious sight of his wife, looking exhausted and totally satiated, laying on her back, hands on her stomach, as if to hold Adam inside of her, her breathing labored due to the immense weight on her chest. “Babe,” Veronica started, “That... was fucking amazing...” She looked down at her tits and said, “Hey... didn't you want to suck on these?” she asked, pushing them together with her upper arms, making them stick up from her chest like a couple of big, shiny zeppelins.

“Oh hell yeah,” Adam replied, leaning forward to latch on to the one he hadn't sucked yet. He began sucking, but at first all he got was a bunch of air, so he looked up at her, wondering what was going on. “Air?” he asked, and she nodded. “No wonder they got so big so fast!” he said, and went back to sucking. He only got a couple more puffs of air from her before he started to get foam. Coming back up, he said, “now I'm getting foam... Must have been all your milk mixing up with the air inside, while we were uh... you know...”

“Why get all shy now, Adam? You weren't too shy a few minutes ago... what was it you said... something like... 'I'm trying to figure out how to fuck the hell out of you while I suck on your tits at the same time...' That sound about right babe?”

Adam, still leaning over his wife's impressive chest, looked aside and said, “heh... yeah, I did say that, huh?” He gave a playful thrust of his dick while he kissed her breast, and was rewarded with a couple quick contractions of her pussy muscles, squeezing a few more drops of cum from his cock. Veronica felt her breasts tingle just a bit from just that little bit of new cum that had just come into them, filling them just that tiny bit more. Adam hadn't noticed them swell at all, but he did notice that

his cock hadn't protested from oversensitivity like his "old" one probably would have. He took a few more slow, experimental strokes, which elicited a few gasps from his wife, when he was suddenly hit by his usual post-orgasmic hypersensitivity, and the head of his cock exploded in pain. He gasped, expelling all of his breath in one long growling sound, and froze himself in position, trying to minimize the pain. The sensation had much greater intensity than he'd ever experienced before, because the head of his upgraded cock had so many more nerve endings.

Veronica saw him wince in pain, gritting his teeth and clamping his eyes shut, appearing frozen to her – not even breathing. She immediately recognized this as his overstimulated state, and cooperated with him by trying to minimize her movements until he could relax again. She held her breath until she saw Adam snap out of it, suddenly filling his lungs anew. As he relaxed his formerly tense body, Veronica looked up towards his still-closed but no longer clenched eyes. She watched a tear fall from one of his eyes, roll down the side of his nose, and splash onto her stomach. "Wow... That good, huh babe?" she commented.

Adam let all his breath out slowly as he nodded his head. "Hmmm.... Yeah, that was pretty awesome." He stared into his wife's smoldering eyes for a few moments, then remembered the swollen monstrosities just below his face and attacked them both. With one hand on each, he crushed them together, causing the one he hadn't already sucked to hiss quietly for several seconds, removing all the air Adam had pumped into her during their earlier activity. Once the less dense air was completely out, both of her awesome tits began to produce milky white bubbles from the nipples. The bubbles didn't pop right away – they held together very well, and began to completely cover the tops of her breasts, growing taller and taller as her breasts slowly shrunk due to them being emptied. Eventually the frothy mess started to run down the sides of her breasts, towards her chest and armpits, making a mess.

Veronica spoke up right about then. "Hey, I don't want to rain on your parade, but I just realized this is gonna make a hell of a mess of our bed, and I really don't want to have to clean that up. Wanna go get in the shower, babe?"

That sounded like a lot of fun to Adam, and he figured they'd need to shower after sex like that, so he released her milk balloons and sat up. He slowly began to withdraw from her still slick pussy, making sure he didn't get too much sensation to his still touchy cock-head. Veronica relaxed herself and made sure she didn't accidentally tweak his cock-head either. Once he was completely out, he reached down to hold it up, cupping his hand under the tip, expecting cum to drip off, but surprisingly there was none to drip – Veronica's pussy had made sure of that. He held his shaft up to keep it off the bed, and headed towards the bathroom to get the shower ready.

Veronica heard him turn on the water as she reached down to cover her pussy with her hand, and found that she couldn't reach her pussy anymore. Her abdomen was still stretched to accommodate Adam's outsized member, and she could only reach the very top of it, just above her clit. She closed her eyes and imagined herself reaching just that little bit further to cover herself, and instantly felt the bones in her arms stretch the short distance needed. She clamped her pussy tightly to try to keep all of Adam's juices inside of her; she used one hand to help make sure they didn't get on the bed as she used her other hand to help herself sit up. It took quite a lot of effort, considering the weight of her massively swollen mammaries, but she managed to do it on the first try. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and carefully began to stand up. She still hadn't gotten used to her new height, and her heavy tits brought with them a very high center of gravity, which didn't help her at all. She leaned back a little to try and balance herself, all the while keeping one hand clamped firmly over her pussy.

She was finally able to let go of the bed and stand on her own, so she began to take short, careful steps towards the bathroom. She felt really awkward, leaning backwards to keep her tits from pulling her forward, as well as having one hand occupied, “corking” her pussy. She didn't really need to do that anymore, but she wasn't taking any chances. She finally made it to the bathroom just as Adam had gotten the water to a comfortable temperature and was switching on the shower itself. She put her shoulder against the wall across from the tub to steady herself, then looked at Adam and said, “Dude... these things are heavy! Thank God I made myself stronger earlier... I never would've made it all the way over here... I think it woulda broke my back carrying this much weight on my chest just yesterday!”

Adam didn't hear much of what she'd just said, but not because of the shower. He was too busy staring at his wife's perfectly shaped breasts, still right at face-level. They were hanging freely from her chest, reaching almost to her navel, and the arm reaching down to her crotch was helping to push them together, creating a canyon of cleavage that he couldn't wait to dive into. He made a short, non-committal sort of sound, something like, “Yuh...” and ended with, “hmm?”

She giggled at the obvious brain-blasting effect her tits had on him. She reached out with her free hand to cup his chin and force him to look up at her face. “Honey?” She asked, really drawing out the word, “Let's get in the shower, kay?” She said it slowly, stopping after each word as if speaking to a child, making sure he understood her simple request. He apparently had, because he pulled the shower curtain open and began to step inside. His erection had started to subside, and he was no longer holding it up, but it hung heavily between his knees. It wasn't quite as thick as his legs, but it was still plenty beefy. Veronica couldn't help but watch it swing around as Adam stepped over the edge of the

tub into the shower – the head of it nearly hit the side of the tub on his way in! Pushing herself up off the wall, she finally let go of her pussy and stepped into the shower behind Adam, pulling the curtain closed behind her.

Adam had already turned on the hand-held shower nozzle and handed it to her as he began rinsing his member in the hot spray of the shower. He marveled at the size of his chunk of meat. He was standing far enough away from the showerhead that its spray was hitting him in the chest, but he found that if he held his cock straight out, it nearly reached the wall in front of him. He rubbed it more than was really necessary to rinse off their juices before moving to his enlarged ball sack to clean all her juices from the wrinkles in it.

Meanwhile, Veronica had begun to rinse off her sticky chest, but was having a hard time moving around – her elongated arms kept bumping into the wall, curtain, and even Adam, because she had to move her arms so far to get all the way around to the front of her chest. “We're gonna have to spend some of our new money on a bigger bathroom,” she said, after she accidentally hit Adam in the back of his head for the third or fourth time. Adam rubbed the back of his head and agreed, then remembered the reason they'd come to the shower in the first place.

He turned around, and as the hot water began to flow down the back of his neck, he found himself face to face with a pair of milk-white tits, glistening with water droplets, and each of them was larger than his own head. The nipples were raised up away from the skin, begging to be sucked on, so that's what he did. He latched onto one nipple and began licking it all over, flipping the tip of it with his tongue, causing her to become excited again. She dropped the shower nozzle to the floor of the tub, but neither of them noticed or cared. Now that both hands were free, she reached up and began to squeeze her other breast and pull on its nipple, raising her arousal even further. She put one hand on either side of her immense tit and squeezed it together, causing it to spew froth from the nipple, hitting Adam's ear with a spattering of foamy milk.

Adam didn't suck for very long, though. The foam didn't have much flavor, and the air in it was quickly filling his stomach, making him a little queasy. He stopped sucking and stepped back for a minute, the warm water splashing off his shoulders and onto Veronica's incredible tits. He watched the water splash off her bosom as he felt the air collect itself in his stomach, then finally turned his head to the side and belched loudly.

Veronica stopped squeezing her breast and frowned. “Oh, honey... I didn't realize that the air would mix with all the milk and make all that foam... I just wanted to make my titties nice and big for you. I didn't think about what would happen when it mixed up...” She trailed off, remembering what

else she'd made her breasts capable of, and then what Adam had filled them with. The sudden realization that it wasn't just milk that was causing the foam made her giggle. Adam apparently didn't know he'd been trying to drink his own jizz!

Feeling guilty, Veronica told Adam, “Hang on... I'm gonna try to flush out all the foam and stuff so you can get some real milk, babe.” She grabbed hold of the towel bar on the wall to steady herself, then closed her eyes. She pictured the tube she had made connecting her pussy to her tits, then imagined the flow being reversed. She opened her eyes as she felt the flow of hot liquid running down the insides of her legs. Adam simply stared, switching between watching her tits deflate with astonishing speed, and the frothy white mess coming out of her pussy, splashing all over their feet. The flow didn't last long – it slowed down to almost a trickle, but Veronica's boobs still had plenty of stuff inside them. “Give me a hand, would you?” she asked, as she pulled one of her breasts up and began to squeeze every last bit of fluid out of it via her bizarre pussy. Adam got the hint and did the same to her other breast, and with both of them working, she was left with two wrinkled breasts hanging against her stomach much like an 80 year old lady would have, though with much more color and life to the skin.

Veronica “turned off the drain” and tried to reach down to pick up the hand-held shower head, but couldn't reach it. Her breasts looked almost comical when she leaned down – they hung away from her chest like two large, thick, flesh-colored steaks with huge nipples on the ends, flopping around with no restraint. “Adam, can you hand me that, please? This stuff is making my legs feel gross.”

Adam bent at the knees to keep from bumping his head into her, and just before he got low enough to reach the sprayer, the tip of his cock smashed into the floor of the tub. It was mostly soft by now, but it surprised him, feeling almost like someone touched an ice cube to his cock head. He continued down to pick up the sprayer, then handed it to his wife. He glanced at her deflated boobs as he stood, then made an ugly face and looked at her, “Ronnie, those things are freaking me out. It's like grandma tits or something.”

“Hey, I thought you said you loved big tits! I know you do because that's what I see whenever I look in your computer's internet history! But hey, I'll put 'em all to shame here in just a minute. I just want to get this nasty shit off my legs.”

Realizing he could speed things up, he knelt back down and helped wipe the slimy stuff off her legs as she sprayed the water. “Wait a minute... slimy?” he thought to himself. “Milk isn't slimy...” He thought back to just a few minutes earlier, when they were still going at it (was it really only a few minutes ago? It felt like ages!) he thought about when he finally orgasmed... Everything blanked out at that point, and then when he had come back to Earth, he'd noticed that her tits were at least twice the

size of what they had been, and were still growing! It all came back to him – the connection between his humongous balls, the near-constant flow of cum from his aching testicles, and shutting it all down to ease the pain. He couldn't believe he'd forgotten that! He realized he might have drank some of his cum in all that foam, but he didn't feel weird or anything, and he figured that since lots of women swallow, it can't be all that bad for you.

Adam went back to washing his wife's legs, spending more time than was really necessary up towards the insides of her thighs, teasing her. Veronica noticed his ministrations, and the fact that he wasn't looking up anymore. She “turned on” her milk supply – this time jumping straight to “11” to fill them as quickly as possible, because there was so much breast to fill this time. Over the course of about 10 or 15 seconds, she watched her breasts rapidly inflate beyond their former state, only this time, they were filled with nothing but hot, sweet breastmilk. Having forgotten how heavy her breasts had been just moments ago, Veronica was glad she still had her hand on the towel bar, because the sudden weight of her breasts nearly pulled her forward. Then she remembered how she'd nearly drowned Adam in breast milk last time she filled them so completely with milk, so once they were full and the skin was tense again, she turned down her production to “1” just to keep them nice and full for a while.

Adam was completely oblivious to what was happening just inches above him as he rubbed his wife's legs up and down. He finally noticed that Veronica wasn't really spraying the water anywhere in particular anymore. In fact, she'd let it hang loosely in her hand, now spraying the side wall of the shower. He also noticed that it had gotten darker in the shower all of a sudden. He looked up to see what she was doing, and couldn't see much past her stomach because of the water splashing over his head, so he started to stand up. He hit the crown of his head on something very large and heavy, which didn't move very much. When he made contact with it, it sounded an awful lot like Veronica gasped. He backed up against the front wall of the shower to give his head room to make it around this obstacle and stood the rest of the way. The view he was presented with left him truly speechless for the first time in his life.

Veronica's tits were sticking out from her chest bigger than anything he'd ever seen online – even larger than the Photoshopped images he'd seen. Only cartoons had possessed breasts larger than these, but those were... well, cartoons. The breasts in front of him right now were more real than anything he'd experienced, and all he could do was stare at them and drool. Their milky white surface showed a few faint veins through the surface, and the splash of the shower from his shoulders was making them even more shiny than they had been. The random trickling of small drops of water down her orbs just served to accentuate just how big her breasts had become. Their perfectly spherical shape



had Adam's complete attention, and, unbeknownst to him, his erection was starting to find new life.

Leaning back against the wall, Veronica brought her hands around to the fronts of her impressively swollen tits, only to find the nipples once again pulled completely flat by the sheer tension of the milk inside. She drew circles with her fingers around where the nipples should have been, and was rewarded by a tingling down below when she found them. Then she imagined thick, juicy nipples growing out from the surface, each one shaped like half of a Vienna Sausage. As the firm pink nubs grew into her fingers, she began to twist and squeeze them, again bringing her arousal up to another level.

This new stimulation caused her to start leaking milk from her engorged nipples. Feeling it trickle down the backs of her fingers, she quickly started pulling on her nipples, running her fingers along their length, milking herself. She sprayed it on Adam's face and chest as he stood there in the water, grinning like an idiot. She finally managed to get a stream of it into his open mouth, and when the taste hit him, he came out of his trance, latched onto a huge nipple and began sucking hard. He was rewarded with mouthful after mouthful of hot breast milk, and once again he tried his best to drink the entire contents of her breast. This time, however, it was going to take a lot more drinking to empty her voluminous teats.

Down below, Adam's cock was starting to fill up again, steadily rising to the occasion, as it were. Veronica felt it bump into the inside of her thigh, near her knee on its way up, rising in short, quick pulses that matched Adam's heartbeat. It got stuck between her legs, with the head of it sticking out past her shapely ass. She let Adam continue sucking on her tit and reached back with one hand to tickle the head of his member, pushing it the rest of the way up into her warm, moist crotch. The palm of her hand barely covered the head of it, so she gripped it, rubbing it like a pitcher does to a baseball before throwing it.

Startled by this sudden sensation, Adam broke suction with her tit, allowing milk to dribble down his chin. He looked down, expecting to see Veronica playing with his cock, but he couldn't see anything past the acres of breast in front of him. One of Veronica's hands was still massaging her other nipple, but her other arm was back behind her, and he couldn't see what she was doing... But it sure felt great! Noticing that Adam had stopped sucking her, she looked down at him and said, "Hey... you wanna fuck these titties with that big Johnson of yours?"

No red-blooded man alive (who happened to have a cock larger than his own muscular forearm) would ever turn down an invitation like that. He backed up, to pull his cock from between the sheath of her legs. As it snapped free, it jumped upwards, immensely erect. The head of it bounced off the

bottom of one of her tits, sending a quiver through its still-taut surface. Adam reached into the corner and grabbed the body wash gel and squirted a bunch of it all over his wife's immense breasts. He used his hands to rub it in, completely covering her amazing jugs, and lubing them for the pounding they were about to get. He stepped forward again to let his cock slide up her stomach into her cleavage from below, but his shoulders bumped into her tits before his shaft got very far.

Deciding that wouldn't do, he reached down with one hand and tugged on his member, willing it to stretch out into the canyon of flesh before him. The first tug didn't do much, but the second one let it stretch slowly out, so he put a little more muscle into it and pulled harder, waiting to see his cock head appear at the top of her cleavage. It finally did, just as his arm hit the bottom of her milk-laden tits.

Satisfied, he put one hand on each breast, squeezed them together, and began thrusting. The soap did its job nicely, providing plenty of lube for his impressive shaft. It began to foam up and form a rich lather between her mammaries, completely coating his rod, and giving the shower a pleasant, fruity aroma. Every time his improved cock head emerged from the deep cleavage between them, it would splash a little bit of soap onto Veronica's neck and chin. She sure didn't mind, and in fact she had dropped the shower sprayer, forgotten by the both of them again. She reached down with both hands, to jack off the lower half of Adam's tree trunk of a cock, and found that it took both hands to reach all the way around his member. This excited her even further, so she squeezed her hands together and went to work on him, trying to bring him to climax as quickly as possible.

Adam redoubled his efforts at this supersized titty-fuck when he felt his wife's hands on his cock. When she reached down, her arms helped push her overfilled tits together, even further heightening the sensations Adam was receiving. With as many nerve endings as he had in his glans now, he wouldn't last long, and he could already feel the tension welling up in his balls. Adam grunted and said, "I'm not gonna last much longer babe..." as he automatically slowed down his thrusting, trying to make it last longer.

"Don't slow down babe... I want you to cum all over my giant tits... You know you want to cum on my milk filled boobs, Adam..." Veronica's dirty talk sent him over the edge, and Veronica caught his first spurt on her chin and the very tip of her nose. She reflexively looked away, and the next blast, this time much stronger, hit the side of her head just above her ear, again making her try to hide from it. The third blast made it to the ceiling of the shower stall, splattering across it and slowly raining down on them. Veronica had long since stopped jacking him off, and reached up to try to wipe off her face and get the slimy spunk off of her nose. She cautiously looked back towards Adam, where he was just finishing up with the final throes of his second orgasm of the hour, breathing heavily. His cum was still

slowly flowing from the tip of his cock, mingling with the soap suds and filling her impressive cleavage, as well as running down the sides of her breasts.

“Oh God that was intense!” Adam said, taking a deep breath. He finally let go of her tits, and as they fell apart, he could finally see his cock from top to bottom, and he actually had to look up to see the top of it. When he finally found the end of it, probably a good 8 to 10 inches above his head, he also noticed the splattered cum dripping from the ceiling, another several feet above his head. “Wow... I didn't even realize...” he trailed off.

“Yeah babe, that was pretty impressive. So I guess you really do like big ass titties, huh?” He blushed and nodded his head. When the water of the shower dripped down his face from his hair, his memory was jogged, so he reached down and picked up the handheld sprayer, handed it to her and mentioned that eventually the hot water was going to run out some time. “Oh... good point babe,” she answered, beginning to quickly rinse off, beginning with the side of her head.

Shortly after they finished rinsing off, Adam turned around to turn off the water. As he reached down to turn it off, the hot water suddenly went away, and the cold blast made them both shout in brief shock. Adam quickly turned off both knobs at the same time, instantly shutting off the flow of liquid ice from the shower head. “Boom! Now that's what I call timing,” Veronica said, in her best impersonation of John Madden. Adam laughed, since her voice was too high to do it right, but he knew what she was going for with that voice. He also didn't miss the jiggle of her chest when she said “boom.”

Pulling the shower curtain back, Adam stepped out, holding his semi-hard cock in one hand to keep it from hitting the side of the tub. He stepped aside in their tiny bathroom onto the cold linoleum floor to give his swollen bride enough space to get out of the shower herself. He grabbed a couple of towels off the shelf, handing one to his wife. She had other ideas though. He stood there, staring at her tits, holding out the towel to her, but she hadn't reached out to take it. He wrenched his eyes up towards her face, and noticed that her eyes were closed... and that she wasn't wet anymore. As she opened her eyes, she ran her hands over as much of her body as she could reach, and upon finding her skin smooth and dry, she smiled broadly. “This wish thing works pretty damn good, don't you think?”

Adam looked her up and down and couldn't see a drop of water on her anywhere, even her still-shiny swollen mammaries. Tossing the towels onto the sink, he closed his eyes and imagined the water on his body evaporating off him. The sensation was like stepping out of a sauna – the steam taking heat away from his body, leaving him feeling completely refreshed. He opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by a thin fog, and Veronica quietly giggling. She said, “That was pretty neat, hon. I just

pictured myself being completely dry. What did you do?”

“I pictured the water evaporating off of me. It felt great, kinda like when you step out of the steam room at the gym, and your skin kind of wakes up... But yeah, this thing has a lot of potential.” He reached up and tweaked one of his wife's nipples, causing her to gasp and a few drops of milk to squirt into his fingers, which he quickly licked clean. Adam, still holding up his now deflated cock, decided to let it hang, so he let go of it, and watched it bounce off his shins and calves as it eventually came to rest. He looked back up at his wife, gestured at her breasts and said, “Guess we'll need to get all our clothes custom made now, huh?” He winked at his wife as he strolled over to the closet, trying not to trip on his own flaccid cock.

Adam grabbed a T-shirt from the closet, and put it on as he walked over to the dresser. He could still see an Adam-shaped dent in the carpet in front of the dresser, and was startled to see the depression his balls had left in the carpet, almost looking like a second, smaller set of butt-cheeks had left their impression directly below his actual butt imprint. There were also a few cold wet spots on the carpet – breast milk. Taking a pair of sweat pants from the dresser, he tried putting them on the normal way – one leg at a time. This worked fine till he started to pull them up – his cock hung heavily, preventing the waistband from going all the way up. He pushed his pants back down and tried to place his floppy python-sized cock alongside his left leg and pull the pants up, and finally succeeded. When he heard light laughter from the left, he turned and found his wife leaning in the doorway, her head just an inch away from the top of the door frame, giggling at his appearance.

Adam looked down, and his pants leg was pulled tight on the left, yet baggy on the right. It looked like he had put both legs down his left pant leg... Except there was only one foot coming out the bottom. “Hey, I kinda like having one this big, especially since my wife can actually use it! I'll probably have to shrink it down to go out in public, but we ain't out in public yet,” he finished, winking at her.

Veronica figured her bathrobe probably wouldn't fit anymore, so she grabbed Adam's. Despite it being much larger, it still couldn't even come close to closing the front around her impressive chest, and since she couldn't see past her tits, she blindly tied the belt around her waist. She put her hands on her hips and flung her hair over her shoulder with a flip of her head, pulled her shoulders back and stood triumphantly in the bathroom doorway, posing like a real life Super woman. “If only these tits weren't so fucking heavy...” she thought out loud, as she recalled how easy it was to carry around her old B-cup breasts. Just like that, she nearly fell backwards as the weight of her tits disappeared, returning to the same weight as her tiny old chest. She barely caught herself on the door frame.

“Woah! You OK Babe?” Adam asked, as he rushed to her side. “What happened?”

“I was thinking about how light my old tits were, and suddenly these got super light, just like it was before... And since I was leaning back to balance with these monster tits and the weight went away, I nearly fell over backwards. I forgot this wish was so powerful!” Standing back up straight, she ran her hand down the side of her immense breast, still taught from all the milk inside which now weighed virtually nothing.

Adam put his arm around her lower back, and together they walked out to the living room. They found Baldassare sitting in their recliner, still dressed in casual attire, looking like he was about to fall asleep or had just woken up from a peaceful nap. When they walked into the room, Bal sat up and took in the sight before him: Veronica's overfilled tits, each significantly larger than her own head, sticking out absurdly from the front of her bath robe, Adam's overstuffed pant leg, and the fact that Veronica was now at least a foot taller than Adam. Not to mention the added musculature on the both of them. “I trust you have enjoyed your wish,” Bal stated with a slight grin. “However, I think that you have only just scratched the surface of what your wishes can do for you.”

--- end ch3. Scroll down a bit for a preview of something that will happen in a future chapter (not necessarily in chapter 4).

PLEASE post comments to the overflowing forum, or email [j\\_lee\\_g@hotmail.com](mailto:j_lee_g@hotmail.com) with your thoughts and ideas on where I should go next. I'm thinking that since Veronica has just discovered the ability to make parts of herself lighter, maybe they can go further and enjoy flight or doing it on the ceiling or who knows what else!



PREVIEW: this content may be modified in a future release of this story.

He felt his balls being pulled tight against his body, similar to the feeling just before he was about to cum. Suddenly he noticed that it felt almost cold at the center of his scrotum, as if his skin was wet right there. The tightness increased, and he winced as he felt his balls snap... back into his body? He reached down to feel what was happening and found the skin completely smooth and devoid of hair, as if he never had anything there in his life. The cool spot in the middle slowly grew into a line, going from the base of his cock to just between his legs, and it began to feel warm rather than cold. He couldn't help but trace the line with his finger, and he was surprised by how good it felt. He began to feel a slight pulling sensation from inside, just behind his belly button, and at the same time, his fingers bumped across his new clit forming at the top of the wet spot. Even though he was the one who willed it into being, he was still amazed at the feelings it could produce.

Ronnie was beginning to experience the changes herself. She knew her clit always got a little more stiff when she was aroused, but this time it felt like it was about to explode. She looked down and saw that her little 'man in the boat' was already turning into a giant in the boat. Then the giant started to stand up, and she realized that she was only seeing the giant's hat – the head of her new cock! As it slowly grew out of the top of her pussy, she groped her breasts, getting even more excited. Her cock was only two inches long, yet the sensation and sight of watching it grow had her in a trance. She already felt as though she was about to cum explosively, and yet the pressure inside her continued to build. It was as if every millimeter her new shaft added in length, raised the crest that she had to go over to cum that much as well, keeping an orgasm just a hair out of her reach. With every moment, the impending orgasm grew stronger and stronger as the head of her dick pushed further and further away from her pelvis.

Adam's new pussy was coming along quite nicely, and its new feelings were sending electricity up his already rock hard cock. Every time his fingers brushed across his new clit, it was like someone was licking the head of his shaft, and moving his fingers along his slit was like someone delicately tickling the shaft of his cock with a thousand hot little fingers. The pulling sensation from deep inside

of him continued, and it began to feel sort of... squishy... inside of him as his organs rearranged themselves for his new equipment. He fantasized that once he and Ronnie actually started fucking each other like this that it could only get better.

The more he thought about it, the more he realized that they weren't going to be able to use both of their new sex organs at the same time, the way they initially imagined. Always the logical one, Adam closed his eyes and pictured himself reaching down, removing his cock as if it was a piece of Play-Doh, and connecting it back into himself at the very bottom of his new pussy. Then he reached inside of his pussy to reposition it upwards about an inch on his body, thus pulling his cock up and around with it. Next he figured he might need a little extra length on his shaft to make sure it filled Veronica's pussy completely, so he put his hand under it to support it, then imagined that this was the size it was when it was completely soft, so that when he got hard, it would expand to almost double that size in every dimension.

Opening his eyes and looking down, he could no longer see his cock, but he could feel it hanging freely, straight down between his legs. It felt a little heavier than he was used to when it was flaccid, so he knew that everything he'd just done really happened.

Veronica, on the other hand, was standing there with her eyes bulging and her mouth hanging open. It took her a few seconds to come around, but when she did, she fired off a barrage of questions at Adam as fast as she could. “Dude!! I just watched you close your eyes, then you reached around and pulled your dick completely off your body without even flinching. It didn't bleed or anything! And then you just stuck it back on like you're made of silly putty or something! Then you stuck your hand in your... uh... vagina, and you pulled it up... and it actually moved! But you made it look like you were just pulling your pants up or something. Then you touched your cock and it went soft. What the hell was that all about, babe? Does your cock still work after you just ripped it off like that? Didn't that hurt??”

Adam glanced down at his new equipment, then looked at her and said, “You mean to tell me that after all the weird shit we did yesterday, you're surprised by...” He used both hands to indicate his crotch, “THIS?”