\*\*\*I would write the typical disclaimer for such a story, however, it is my experience that if you've gotten this far then you already know what to expect from such a story. But for those of you who have found something you shouldn't, as I did once upon a time, please turn back now. This is my first story, and any feedback or criticisms would be greatly appreciated (instigator385@yahoo.com). If you're still reading then you are either here for the main reason this has been written or you are here because you derive some sick enjoyment out of critiquing other people's work. If you are of the former, then I hope you enjoy the tale, but if you are the latter, I suggest getting some help, or possibly a hobby =).\*\*\*

—Ragnarok385

# Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. [Matthew 7:12]

"Thank God winter break is here!" Bridget said, as she fell back onto her bed. Her roommate had long since left, and Bridget had just finished up her last final and was anticipating heading home. Not that she enjoyed going home, but it meant being closer to Mike her boyfriend. Her parents had called earlier that morning asking if she needed them to come get her, but she had politely told them that Mike had already offered, and with a cheerful "ok" her parents had invited her steady boyfriend over for dinner when he dropped her off.

Her stuff had been packed earlier that morning, or rather, as packing often goes she thought she was finished packing and continued trying to stuff more and more things she would "need" while home into her ever tighter suitcases. She sat up on the bed and took one last look around the room, inventorying what was left. As she scanned her eyes settled on hair straightener she had left in the bathroom. "Can't leave that here, my sister's sucks, not that she'll be home either." Bridget said to herself. Rising from the bed she was about to head over and retrieve it, but a buzzing from her pillow swung her head around.

She dove back on the bed, and answered the ringing cell phone, "Hey hun what's up...Ok I'll be down in a second to let you in."

Within minutes the two lovers were locked in each other's arms as the door to the dorm room opened again. The two twirled and stumbled through the vast luggage and collapsed on the bed lips locked, packing forgotten. As Mike pulled away from Bridget he smiled and gestured to the suitcases and bins about the room, "I don't know if we have time for this. Had I known you were going to bring everything including the kitchen sink home I would've brought the truck."

"What are you talking about?" Bridget said mischievously, "we've got plenty of time to get this packed up and be home for dinner." She smiled, kissed him again, and reached down to stroke the front of his sweatpants. "Besides, I can see you're all ready to go, and I'd hate to have you carry all my stuff down with that in your way."

Mike shook his head and chuckled as his sweatpants and boxers were now down around his knees, "Alright you've convinced me."

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Bridget looked on as her naked boyfriend rose from the bed. She'd certainly had her share of men in her life, but Mike was a little bit of all of them, and that's what she liked. He had been a football star at his highschool, (American Football for those European folks. I appologize if my being American offends, can't help that sadly) although he had forgone his college scholarship to focus more on school. As she had heard him say once when she asked him about it, "I'm not cut out for college ball, not really much desire to play now. I'd rather just hang out with the guys and enjoy college instead of having the rigid structure that comes with teams, especially football." So he decided to go to a different college, study Chemistry and live it up with his buddies.

Luckily for Bridget, most of his buddies went to her university. One night at a party she had been randomly teamed up with Mike for a game of beruit. Already pretty drunk herself, she immediately started flirting with her athletic looking teammate, who couldn't help but flirt back in turn. Bridget had always known she was attractive, she stood 5'8" that night in her heels, the black tube top stretched tight to contain her DD-cup breasts leaving a little of her tight stomach showing above her short-shorts. Although she didn't remember much of that night, she did remember the look he gave her breasts, and how when she called him out he simply smiled and said, "What do you want? I'm a breast man, and those are gorgeous."

That had been a year ago, and as Bridget got up and wrapped her arms around Mike's chest she kissed him softly on the back of his neck sending shivers up his spine. "Still a breast-man my lover?"

"Now and forever," he said turning around and flicking one of Bridget's nipples.

"Hey now! None of that," She said playfully as she covered her breasts with her hands, or at least attempted to.

Mike just laughed, "Alright, but we should really get going, it's already starting to get dark out."

"Shit!" Bridget exclaimed, throwing Mike's pants to him, "My parents are gonna be pissed."

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Bridget was greeted with exclamations from her parents as she walked through the door later that night. After a few trips and some hasty excuses the majority of Bridget's stuff had made its way up to her room. After dinner, which was late and filled with apologies on Bridget's fault, the family settled in for the night and Mike was given the polite you-should-go-now look from Bridget's father. Mike was smart enough to take the hint, and Bridget walked him to his car for a quick kissing session before watching him drive down the street to his house.

Bridget walked back inside to find her parents waiting for her. After some polite conversations about grades, school, Mike, etc. her parents finally told her that they were heading out to pick up her sister at college.

"She's coming home?"

"She said she wanted to. So your father and I are going to head out and get her and stay awhile with your aunt out there."

"I see how it is, I come home you leave to see Bri-"

"No, no she just called us-"

"Easy Mom," Bridget said laughing, "I'm only joking. You know I'll be spending the next couple days unpacking anyways. You going to be back for Christmas?"

"Of course." Bridget's father said smiling. "I'll leave some money on the counter for food for the week, because I doubt you'll be up when we leave."

"I would say you'd be right." Bridget smiled then said she was going to head upstairs to start unpacking and head to bed. She hugged both her parents and went upstairs closing the door behind her, staring at the huge pile of bins and suitcases in front of her. "Well, gotta start somewhere."

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Bridget awoke around noon, took a shower, and immediately cursed at leaving her straightener at school. Settling for a brush and comb she threw on some sweats, and a loose fitting T-shirt before heading back to her room to continue what she started the night before. After a few moments of staring at her bins upon bins of stuff she shrugged her shoulders and headed downstairs leaving it for some other time. She noticed the money on the counter, with a short note from her parents about when to expect them home. She searched about the kitchen for some food, found a box of not quite stale cheerios and settled down for lunch.

With her stomach satisfied, she felt her cell phone buzz in her pocket. She looked at the message from Mike: "Hey I'll be back in about an hour, my parents are out if you wanna meet me at my house."

"Sure thing, can't wait =)" She replied. Then thought about what she was going to do for an hour. *I know*, she thought, *I'll go over and surprise him! God knows I don't want to take care of all that shit upstairs.* Pleased with herself she went back up to her room and searched through her various suitcases until she found what she was looking for. She pulled out the sexy red lace lingerie Mike had bought her last year for Christmas and put it on throwing her sweats on over it.

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*Good thing he hasn't changed where he leaves the spare key*, Bridget thought as she stepped into Mike's house unlocking the front door. She returned the spare key to its hiding spot and locked the door before heading upstairs to Mike's room. She threw off her sweatshirt and looked at the clock. *45 minutes left, hmmm what to do?* She thought. She noticed the faint blinking glow from Mike's computer and decided on some surfing until he got home. She threw off her sweatshirt onto his bed, but left her tube-top on over her lingerie. *I'll have plenty of time to hide and change when he comes in*, she thought as she pulled out the computer chair and wiggled the mouse.

She was shocked at what was left on the screen. "What the fuck is this!" she screamed looking at the naked woman on the screen. Or rather what she could see of the naked woman. The majority of her body was covered up by the most massive tits Bridget had ever seen. They looked like someone had stuffed a pair of volleyballs into this woman's breasts. And the way they jutted out from her body...it looked so unnatural. Disgusted, she closed the window and saw the folder underneath it on the desktop, filled with pictures. She began to open them, her disgust and anger growing more and more as each girl she looked at had ridiculous huge chests. The smallest girl she saw in the folder had breasts about the size of hers, and no one had ever called her "small". She continued scrolling through the pictures, eventually making it to stories and comics signed by "Bustartist." She began to read through some of them, eventually stopping as she noticed tears were beginning to form and fall onto her hand. She wiped a hand across her face and slowly got up from the chair, shock, anger, jealousy, sadness all bubbling up within her. And then she looked up at the silhouette in the doorway.

"Oh Bridget you didn't..."

Before he could say another word she was past him and rushing down the street towards her house.

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"FUCK HIM!" Bridget screamed to no one. "Are my breasts not big enough for you, you asshole!" She collapsed on her couch. She felt the familiar buzz of her cell phone and ignored it. "Probably that giant tit-loving Michael wanting to explain to me what that was." She cried silently into her arms curled up on the couch.

Mike called twice more, and then gave up. Bridget sat on the couch finally stopping the tears she tried to regain her composure. "What am I gonna do now?" she said aloud. Sighing she got up from the couch and turned towards the kitchen. Scouring the cabinets she grunted in frustration, "God damnit why don't we have any chocolate?" She turned back to the counter and her eyes fixed on the cash her father had left her. "Well when all else fails, go shopping." She walked over to the couch, retrieved her cell phone and texted her friend Sam: "Hey need to do recovery shopping and get some chocolate you in?"

A few minutes later her phone buzzed in response: "Sure thing hun everything alright???"

"Tell you when you get here Im gonna go change"

"K"

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"So let me get this straight," Sam said as they pulled into the mall parking lot, "You snuck into your boyfriend's porn folder and saw a whole bunch of ridiculously large titted woman and freaked out at him."

"Well I didn't 'sneak' into it, it was already open," Bridget said getting out of the car, "and I didn't freak at him I just left."

"Honey, you snuck in and freaked out. All guys have porn folders, it's in their DNA or something." Sam said shrugging, "besides you've always known he was a breast-guy."

"Ya, but I thought he was a 'normal' breast-guy." Bridget snapped back. Then she cupped her breasts and practically shoved them in Sam's face, "I mean since when have these ever been considered *small*!"

"Easy girl, everyone's watching, and I didn't say they were small, no one did." She clapped her friend on the shoulder, "I mean hell you've got me way beat."

"Ya but you've got a nice ass." Bridget said trying to smile, "You should have seen some of these girls, they had breasts bigger than their heads."

"Eh, some guys like that." Sam said guiding Bridget into the mall, "Speaking of boobs, I'm gonna head over to Victoria's Secret for a new bra. I think I might finally need a B-cup, this one is a little snug. Care to come with, or are you gonna wander on your own?"

"No I'll come with you."

"Good, help me pick out something sexy to make these things at least compliment my tushy."

"That'll be hard to do, you got quite the trunk back there girl." Bridget said hazarding a smile.

Sam was grinning from ear to ear, "That's the spirit!"

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While Sam was busy getting one of the girls from the store to size her up correctly, Bridget took the time to wander the store. She found some things in her size that were sexy enough, but she was curious to see if there was anything bigger. She searched fruitlessly for about five minutes then politely asked one of the girls behind the register what the largest size they sold was. "40-DDD, but I don't think you'd need that. You look more like a 34-DD to me."

Bridget politely thanked her and walked away to the front of the store. *That's only a little bit bigger than I am,* she thought as she let her eyes wander. *How could he like them that big, they look ridiculous*. Her eyes wandered to outside the store where she saw one of the men running kiosks looking back at her. Curious she met his gaze, and watched as his smile brightened and he waved her over. *Me?* she thought looking around, then pointing to herself. The man shook his head yes and she felt a huge wave of embarrassment wash over her. She gathered herself up and walked towards the man and his kiosk.

"Well took you long enough Bridget."

"Wait, how do you know my name?"

"Says so on the sleeve of your sweatshirt." The man said as he smiled and turned back to his shop.

"Oh." Bridget said, another wave of embarrassment washing over her. As the blush rose in her cheeks she took the time to actually take a look at the man who had called her over. Currently he seemed to be looking for something in the various arrangement of trinkets and jewelry bedazzling his stand. He looked a lot younger than her first take of him had gauged. Probably in his mid-twenties, blonde hair, some nice fashionable clothing, he looked just like any other guy she would run into at school.

His kiosk, however, was the exact opposite. If he was well kept and good natured, his stand was a hodgepodge of knick-knacks and trinkets, some balancing precariously on others, while those hung on roughly hewn wooden pegs. Jewelry cases were chalk full of various necklaces, rings, bracelets, and chokers all of which looked fake and gaudy to Bridget's eye. As her eyes scanned the vast array of anything and everything that was this man's kiosk, she realized the man was mumbling under his breath as he searched.   
 "Stupid ring...never there when you need it...I knew I put it in this cabinet."

"Excuse me, but do you need my help looking for anything?"

"Oh, I'm sorry what was that," the young man said spinning around suddenly. His arm connected with one of the near toppling towers of trinkets and sent them sprawling.

"Damnit!" He said as he sighed and reached down to begin picking up his wares.

"I'm really sorry," Bridget said as she knelt down to help the man, "I didn't mean to startle you, but you did call me over here."

"So I did, and that's because I have just the thing for you, but now I can't seem to—Eureka!" He exclaimed pulling a ring out from the pile at his feet. "This, this is what I wanted to give you."

He handed Bridget the ring and she held it in her hand. There was nothing special about the ring, at least at first glance. The simple silver ring had a single set opal that seemed to reflect the light into every color of the rainbow. It was a pretty little thing for as simple as it was.

"Do you like it?" The man asked.

"It's cute and my birth stone, but nothing special really."

"Nothing special!" The man stared at Bridget shock written plainly on his face. "My dear, that ring is anything but 'not special'. What you hold in your hand is none other than the ring of St. Matthew himself. Although he wasn't exactly a saint yet when he was given the ring, but he is now."

"Ok...Sorry I'm not exactly up on my religion."

"Never fret my dear, simply read the inscription on the inside of the band."

"Hey Bridget whatcha doing out here." Sam said bounding over. "Oh God, did you knock all this stuff over?"

"No, well, maybe but hey Sam, can you read the inscription on the inside of this band I left my glasses at home and don't have my contacts in."

Sam rolled her eyes and took the ring from Bridget's hand and twirled it around in her own reading as she did so, "*Do unto others as you would have others do unto you*. That's what it says."

"And that's what it is," the man said from the floor where he was still gathering his wares. "It's a magic ring that grants you one personal wish for every good thing you do for someone else. But for every bad thing you do you lose a personal wish and whatever you did rebounds doubly onto you."

"That's such bullshit." Bridget said as she turned to leave.

"Wait Bridget, at least find out how much it is." Sam said as she stopped Bridget and handed her the ring.

Bridget sighed and turned to the man who was still gathering the last of his trinkets off the floor. "So how much is it?"

"Only $20 for you. Like I said I think you need it and you'll get quite a bit of good use out of it. Who knows it may even give you a new perspective on things."

Twenty bucks was a good deal, especially if it was a real opal. Nevertheless, Bridget was hesitant.

"Listen Bridget, you don't buy it I will and give it to you as an early Christmas present."

"Ugh, fine then." Bridget said as Sam took out a twenty and handed it to the man.

"Thank you miss. I am sure you'll both find it very worthwhile and a Merry Christmas to you both."

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"I can't believe I let her buy this stupid thing for me." Bridget said as she waved to Sam's disappearing car. She walked inside and put down her shopping bag and removed a Dove chocolate Christmas tree and broke off a piece popping it into her mouth. Then she reached into the bag and pulled out the ring Sam had bought her. "Wishes, ya ok." She said aloud then slipped the ring onto her finger. She broke off another chunk of chocolate and rolling her eyes said, "I wish my stuff upstairs was all packed away." After a few moments she broke off another piece of chocolate and dragged herself upstairs. "Well let's see this magic."

She threw open the door to her room and saw that nothing had so much as budged. "Hey imagine that. Nothing happened!" She closed the door and walked back downstairs putting away the various other groceries she had bought. She was almost finished when she heard the familiar buzz of her telephone. It was a text from Sam: "So you try it yet???"

"Ya junk"

"Aw well no biggie at least it's a good looking ring"

Bridget was in the middle of typing a response when her phone buzzed again. She accidently answered it and held it up to her ear, "Hello?"

"Hey Bridget."

"What do you want Mike?"

"Hey you left your sweatshirt over here, mind if I come bring it back over? Maybe we can talk about this."

"Fine whatever."

Mike sighed on the other end of the phone, "Alright see you in a bit."

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There was a knock at the door and Bridget walked over to answer it. She pulled open the door and there was Mike, standing there holding out her sweatshirt as a peace offering.

"Thanks." Bridget said curtly, reaching out and taking the sweatshirt and making to close the door.

"Listen, Bridget, at least let me try to explain."

She rolled her eyes, and backed away from the door. Mike stepped in and closed the door behind him. "Look Bridget I've been meaning to tell you for a while now."

"What that you like ridiculously huge breasted women?"

*Well this is going to go well, I can already tell.* Mike thought as he tried to forge onwards, "Yes I do. I told you when we first met that I was a breast man. And it's not like every guy doesn't have a porn folder."

"Ugh! That's your excuse? You're going to have to do better than that."

Mike sighed, "Listen I want you to at least try to understand—"

"Understand what?!" Bridget yelled, her anger finally getting the better of her. "That I'm not big enough for you. That you'd rather date a girl with tits bigger than her head."

"No that's not what I'm—"

"Do you have any idea how much it sucks to have breasts this big? Do you? All the people that look at you and think, slut, just because I have these. Or that I'm already starting to have back problems because of the weight." She shook her head, "And I'm TINY compared to those girls on your damn computer." She said cupping her own breasts, "I can't imagine how they can get implants that big and still be able to walk just so that guys like you can jack off to them in the comfort of your home." She pointed a finger at Mike, "I wish you had a pair of tits like some of those girls just so that you could know what it felt like."

Mike was fuming in anger. *All I wanted to do was explain this in a nice civilized manner and she goes and blows up at me*. He thought. He took a deep breath trying to calm himself when he thought he saw a flash of red from the ring on Bridget's outstretched finger. He shook his head and dismissed it, "Look Bridget, I just want to have a civilized conversation about this and explain to you my point of view. But if you aren't willing to listen now I'll leave and—" He stopped midsentence as a chill ran up his spine. The feeling quickly passed as he shivered visibly.

"And?" Bridget said hands crossed over her chest.

"And we can talk about this some other time." Mike said as a sudden warmth flowed into him. He felt himself beginning to sweat, *Jesus if this is what hot-flashes are like, thank God I'm not a woman.* "So can we talk about this or should I leave?"

"Are you alright Mike?" Bridget asked hesitantly, a look of confusion on her face.

"Yes...Why do I not look alright?"

"Well it's just that you look really hot and your shirt is getting tighter."

*What the hell is she talking about?* He thought. *I mean it is a little warm in here and my shirt does feel like it's stretching but I thought that was just me*.

"I mean my chest is kinda itchy but other than that I'm fine," Mike said reaching up to scratch the itch on his pec. Only his hand hit flesh much sooner than he was expecting. "WHAT THE FUCK?!"

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Bridget was watching as Mike was clearly sweating now, and something about him didn't seem quite right. He had asked if they could talk another time, but Bridget was simply staring at the front of Mike's shirt as it slowly began to pull away from his chest. *What the hell is going on?* She thought as his shirt continued to stretch over what now looked like two growing mounds on his chest.

As Mike reached up to scratch his chest, Bridget could see there was no denying it. Mike had tits. And not just any tits, they looked to be about as big as hers and still swelling under his shirt. She watched as he cupped his growing breasts as they quickly outgrew the size of his hands. Bridget stared in awe as his nipples became clearly visible through the now taut fabric just as she heard a faint ripping noise signaling the surrender of the shirt.

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*This is not fucking happening!* Mike thought as he cupped his now clearly growing breasts. His shirt was unbelievably tight as his swelling chest continued to stretch the limits of the fabric. They were so big, he could barely cover them with his hands now, and his nipples, God were they sensitive. He looked over to Bridget who looked just as stunned as he was. The neck of his shirt was stretching enough so that he could now see down his own cleavage. *Jesus I'm fucking huge! I'm well past Bridget's size and they don't look like they're slowing any*. That's when he heard and felt the tear of fabric from the neck of his shirt. He felt the threads break all the way down his back as the shirt just gave up the struggle of containing what it clearly wasn't meant to. The tear continued from the neck all the way down his spine, as his breasts swelled even larger, his hands barely able to hold them in as his shirt finally came free.

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As Mike's shirt finished tearing away Bridget saw that the neck was still intact making his shirt look more like an apron than anything else. But an apron covering the largest breasts Bridget had ever seen in person. They finally looked to stop growing as Mike struggled to wrap the remains of his shirt over his massive breasts. Despite his best efforts Bridget could see quite a bit of tit-flesh from the bottom of the torn shirt. They were simply massive. Bridget could only liken them to two basketballs in size and shape as they jutted out perfectly from Mike's chest. *Basketballs with thumbs attached to them*, she thought as she looked at the huge erect nipples on each breast.

"What the hell is going on?! What did you do to me?" Mike screamed as he finally came to his senses.

"Me? What makes you think I did this?"

"That ring of yours glowed red right before this happened," Mike said pointing to the ring. Then he walked over to the table and sat down in a chair, "Jesus these things are heavy."

"I told you so somehow doesn't quite cut it right now." Bridget said laughing. Then she quickly stopped as she felt a chill dance along her spine. She shivered, and shook it off looking back to Mike. "So how's it feel having giant tits? Now you're really a breast-man."

"Very funny." Mike said sulking. "What the hell am I going to do?"

"I don't know, join a strip club? I'm sure there are plenty of people who'd pay to see tits like that." She reached up to readjust her bra strap it felt a little snug all of a sudden.

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Mike had collapsed into the chair at the dining room table clutching at the last vestiges of his T-shirt. *Bridget was right, these things are damn heavy*. He thought. He could feel the draft from the floor vent below him blowing up between his breasts, and his shirt brushing against his nipples felt really good. His dick began to rise in attention at the pleasure, but Mike suppressed it trying to focus on what to do now.

Bridget's comment on a strip joint was a low blow to be sure, but what else could he do at this point. There was no hiding these puppies, *I mean if they were normal sized...Jesus man, you're a GUY! Guys don't have tits so this ain't normal.* He was about to respond to Bridget's comment when he noticed her apparent discomfort and slight grimace. She adjusted her bra strap, but he was paying more attention to her chest, which seemed to have become significantly larger. Not nearly as large as his, but he could see the bra struggling to contain the amount of flesh that seemed to simply pour out of the cups.

It wasn't too long before he heard the *snap* of the bra and Bridget's curse as tit-flesh billowed out from the sides of her tube top. Mike could clearly see her belly-button as the shirt rose to try and contain the massive breasts that it was now being asked to contain.

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*What the fuck is going on?* Bridget wondered as she felt her bra snap and her tits began swelling against the fabric of her shirt. *Why is this happening to me? I already had big enough tits!* Despite her best efforts she could barely contain the growing mounds of flesh under her shirt. And even then her shirt was barely seconds away from giving out on its own. "Get me a chair quick these things are getting really heavy."

Mike grabbed a chair and swung it over to her where she quickly dropped into it. *This is unreal! My tits are nearly resting in my lap!* She had long since been able to grasp the front of her breasts and try to contain them. Her shirt now lay in tatters around her feet as her absolutely massive breasts surged free of their confines. She looked down trying to see her feet beneath the chair, but all she could see was tit-flesh. She looked over at Mike who was smiling and she could see the hard-on in his pants as he looked over her body.

"You happy now?" She yelled at him.

"You tell me." He said smiling, "but I'd have to say if people were willing to pay a lot of money to see my 'giant' tits, what do you think they'd pay to see THOSE." He gestured at Bridget's breasts and began laughing.

"Shut up Mike." She said looking down at her beach ball sized breasts. She couldn't even see around the end of them but she could feel her nipples stiffen at the slight breeze from the floor vents. "This is your fault I'm a freak like this."

"Oh ya because I like having huge breasts of my own so I gave you a pair twice as big." He rolled his eyes and shrugged causing his breasts to jiggle about.

"You're the one who loves giant tits!" Bridget screamed pointing at Mike, or at least she tried to. Getting around her massive chest was more difficult than she thought it would be. "I mean you've got a fucking hard-on just looking at me!"

"And you'd be hard pressed to find a gay guy who didn't like those tits." Mike said. "Most guys would kill to tit-fuck a pair of breasts like mine. And here I am staring at a pair that dwarf even these," he said cupping his giant breasts sending a wave of pleasure through his body. He shuddered as his dick throbbed in his pants, "I can't help it if I'm enjoying myself."

"God you're such a dick, Mike." Bridget yelled shaking her head in disbelief. When she looked back up into that smug face of Mike her anger flared again. "You wanna tit-fuck so bad? You got your own pair of breasts you can give yourself one."

Mike laughed, "Luckily I'm not anatomically built for that. Most guys aren't, and I'd probably get lost in my own tits, let alone if I tried yours."

"Well I wish you were big enough then maybe you'd shut up or fix this."

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Mike watched as Bridget's hand flashed red again at her side then felt another chill run down his spine. *That can't be coincidence. I thought I saw that flash before when I got these breasts.* He didn't have much time to think on it before he felt his dick begin to pulse and throb within his pants. He reached down subconsciously to adjust it within his pants so that it wasn't pressing so tightly against the seam of his crotch. He shifted in his seat and noticed that his hand was gripping something much larger than it was accustomed to. He looked down but all he saw was tit-flesh blocking his vision, so he tried to squish his breasts out of the way in order to get a view of what the hell was going on.

In lieu of getting a better view he felt around with his hands to figure out what was causing all the discomfort. He reached his waistband on his sweatpants and tried to pull it down to try and loosen some of the tightness. *That helped a little*. He thought ignoring the fact that he was now in his boxers. *What does it matter if I'm in my boxers in front of her. It isn't like she hasn't seen this before.* Then he heard the sound of tearing fabric for the third time today.

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Bridget had a full view of what was happening and she couldn't believe it. *Sure Mike is bigger than most in the dick department, but I don't think it's ever been "that" big.* At first she had thought it just a trick of the light, but as the bulge in his pants continued to swell fuller and fuller she couldn't keep ignoring it. As Mike reached down and pulled back his sweatpants she saw just how big he was now. So did his boxers as they tore apart releasing the biggest dick she had ever seen. Her jaw was on nearly on the floor as she stared at the massive dick attached to Mike as it continued to lengthen and swell in girth.

Mike reached down to grab his dick and Bridget watched his hands grip the monster. *He can't even fit one hand around it and God look at how long he is. If he pulls that back to his chest he could probably rest it between his tits...*

It hit her like a ton of bricks. *He could give himself a tit-fuck with a dick that big. And that's what I wished for wasn't it?* She watched as Mike slowly pulled his dick back until it rested between his massive cleavage the head sitting just above his breasts. *It's gotta be at least twenty inches long by now*. She thought as she watched the realization dawn on Mike's face as well; he really was big enough to give himself a tit-fuck.

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"So you still think this is my fault?" Mike said looking over the top of his breasts and now his dick at Bridget. He couldn't believe it, *She wishes for me to give myself a tit-fuck and all of a sudden my dick grows almost three times bigger.* He shuddered as another wave of pleasure and heat coursed through him. *This is so intense, I could just lean over a little bit and lick my own dick.* It was all he could do to stop himself from doing so just to relieve some of the pressure building up behind it.

"So, um, I think I know what's going on here."

"Does it have something to do with those flashes of red light that keep on appearing?"

"Ya, I kinda bought this 'magic' ring today," Bridget said using the finger quotes to emphasize her disbelief.

"Well I think we're past the not believing in magic stage seeing as I have a pair of tits and a dick that would make a horse jealous while you're sporting a pair of blimps over there." Mike said adjusting himself in the chair trying to ignore the feelings coursing through his body. "So what does this ring do exactly?"

"Well it, uh..." Bridget began, but stopped as she felt a chill run down her spine and settle in between her legs. It was quickly followed by a wave of pleasure as she felt herself begin to grow moist. She dismissed it as her body reacting to the massive dick sitting between Mike's tits. "It's supposed to grant the wearer a wish for every good thing they do for someone else. And you lose a wish every time you wish for something someone else doesn't want."

Bridget began to squirm in her seat, something was clearly not right, and she was starting to feel something touching her right leg. *That pant leg is getting a lot tighter too*. She thought as Mike began to speak again.

"Ok, but that doesn't explain how you ended up with tits the size of beach balls. You only wished for me to have them, and although these aren't exactly things I want, you should have only have lost some wishes."

"Well there was something else," Bridget said as whatever it was that was touching her leg was now brushing her knee. "The man also said that whenever I wished for something the other person didn't want it would rebound double on me...OH MY GOD!" She screamed as she *felt* the thing brush past her knee and push against the taut fabric of her sweatpants. The feeling nearly caused her to cum on the spot.

The sound of tearing stitching echoed through the house as Mike said, "Well then that explains *that*."

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Mike listened to Bridget as she explained the ring and how it worked. Listened, but his eyes were elsewhere. More specifically on the slowly swelling bulge travelling down Bridget's leg. Bridget continued to talk and squirm as he watched whatever it was travel down her leg, slowly thickening as it went. *It almost looks like a giant hard-on.* Mike thought. *But she's a girl and I'm the only one here with a giant dick because she wished me to have one.* Then he heard the second part of the unwelcome wishes and everything popped into place.

Or out of it in Bridget's case.

The fabric tore along the inseam as the mass of flesh was freed from its pant prison. Mike could only stare as what was clearly a penis was growing out of Bridget's body. As the pant leg fell to the floor MIke watched in awe as the penis drooped resting on the wood of the chair as it continued to grow. The head was now dangling over the edge of the chair and continuing to extend towards the floor. The girth was incredible, it was actually pushing her legs apart, and the term "third leg" actually came to Mike's mind as the tip of Bridget's dick rested on the floor. Then, just as he thought it was done he watched the penis slowly begin to rise. *Oh my God, that's how big it is FLACCID!*

Bridget for her part was lost amidst the many numerous feelings coursing through her body. She felt her dick touch something cold and hard and waves of pleasure coursed through her body like lightning. *Oh my GOD. I have to feel this thing!* She thought as she felt blood begin to rush towards her groin, and push apart her legs even further with the width of her new dick.

She reached down with one hand and gingerly stroked the mass of flesh between her legs. *I doubt I could even wrap my hand around it*. She thought as she reached down with her other hand underneath her massive tits. Both hands began to rub up and down the length of the long shaft, fingers barely connecting around its girth. *This feels unbelievable!* She thought as she continued to stroke her massive dick. She felt blood and heat continue to pour into her groin and out towards the tip of her dick. *Oh God I wonder what this would feel like between my breasts*. She smiled as she began to pull her massive dick towards her equally large breasts. *Time to give myself a tit-fucking.*

She watched in awe as the tip of her dick came into view. As big around as a two liter soda bottle she quickly realized that there was no way that it would even come close to fitting in her mouth. *Oh well I can still lick it*. But she quickly realized as her dick continued to rise that to was out of the question.

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Mike watched as Bridget continued to pull her dick towards her body. She reached over the top of her tits and grabbed the absolutely massive penis. It took both her hands to pull it between her tits and even when it looked to rest comfortably against her chest Mike could see that Bridget was in complete bliss. The head of her dick was now above her head, he could see her dismay at being unable to use her mouth on the massive head, but her hands still caressed the tip as her tongue made its way around whatever of the dick she could reach.

Mike was simply stunned at Bridget's reaction and even more so as her dick finally stopped growing just above her head. Her hands still worked around the shaft close to the head, and her tongue danced about the massive length. *That is one HUGE dick!* Mike thought as he suddenly realized his own hands were subconsciously fondling his tits. He felt the pre-cum begin to drip onto his shaft and between his tits as he watched Bridget's hands move to try and copy his hands' movements. The lubrication aided him as he groped one nipple continuing to move his tits up and down his dick.

He couldn't take it any longer as he watched pre-cum continue to drip out of his penis, and plunged his mouth towards the head. Within seconds his tongue was making it's circuit around the head of his penis. He looked up briefly and saw Bridget pumping her hands faster and faster along the length of her massive dick. The chair beneath her was drenched in juices from her pussy as he watched her body climax. Her dick pulsed throughout its length, but as her pussy continued to spurt juices, no cum came from her dick. She continued to gasp as pulse after pulse wracked her body, until she fell from her chair onto her tits.

Mike couldn't hold back any longer. The sight of Bridget face down into her tits, massive penis sticking out from between them, he felt the finally wave of pleasure course through his body. He ratcheted his mouth down over the head of his own dick as cum flowed into his mouth. He couldn't help but swallow the salty, thick liquid as his body continued to shudder for what seemed like an eternity.

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"Good you're finally awake." Mike said as Bridget's eyes opened and she took stock of her surroundings.

The last thing she remembered was having possibly the best orgasm of her life, and then the world went black. "I can't believe I blacked out, but that felt so good." Bridget said. She was still resting on her tits, and her dick, now flaccid was still nestled in her cleavage. "Here help me up so that I can at least have some dignity."

Mike got up and walked over to Bridget wrapping his arms around her tits and helping to lift as Bridget pushed off the ground. Bridget got a full view of Mike's now knee slapping cock, but marveled at how small his balls now seemed in comparison. As she got to her feet and walked over to another chair that wasn't covered in her own juices she asked, "So why didn't your balls grow along with your dick?"

"Two different parts entirely," Mike said as he sat down opposite Bridget, "And thank God you didn't wish for those to grow otherwise I'd still be cleaning up my cum. Not to mention what would have happened to you."

Bridget vaguely remembered the climax she'd experienced and was mildly disappointed when cum hadn't come pouring out of her dick. *But it makes sense,* she thought, *It's not like the dick produces the cum.* "Ya if I had a pair of balls, we'd probably need to remodel the whole kitchen."

"Exactly my thoughts," Mike said leaning back in his chair and sighing. "So how are we going to fix this, because let's be honest. As much as I enjoy having a 20" monster in my pants, and tits bigger than my head, they aren't exactly practical and kinda freakish."

Bridget laughed, surprising Mike, "You think *you're* freakish? I've got tits twice the size of yours and a literal anaconda between my legs." She grabbed her dick and pulled it out of her cleavage, and then hoisted herself up using the table to steady herself. Her dick was almost as wide around as her thigh and hung all the way to the floor. "Care to have a dick measuring contest? I'm pretty sure I win."

"Alright I get your point, but you did that to yourself. Rebounding wishes that I never wanted..." Mike's voice trailed off as he suddenly got an idea. "Bridget, all you have to do is wish for these things to go away. I don't want them so you would be doing a good thing in my eyes by getting rid of them. That way you can then use your own personal wishes to turn yourself back to normal."

"Well it's worth a shot." Bridget said as she sat back down. "I wish that your chest was back to normal."

Both Mike and Bridget waited a few moments. Nothing happened. Bridget said the wish again exactly the same way, and still nothing happened.

"What the fuck, why won't it work?" Bridget screamed. "I'm gonna be stuck like this forever if this doesn't work."

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*Why didn't that work?* Mike thought as he looked down at the tits still hanging from his chest. *That should have worked, she wished for me to back to normal, but nothing happened. No flash, no nothing.* He shook his head trying to think while Bridget quietly sobbed into her tits. It was then that he caught sight of one of the family photos hanging on the wall behind her and immediately saw the problem. Mike got up and walked past Bridget and grabbed the latest family photo from the wall.

"I think this might explain a lot," He said handing it to Bridget.

She'd seen this photo a hundred times. It was her family posing on the beach in Cancun a couple years ago before she went to college. Only it wasn't how she remembered it. Instead of her and her older sister Bri leaning over seductively in the front while her parents stood smiling behind, the picture now showed Bridget lying down leaning backwards, massive tits thrust up into the air. Bri was now on her hands and knees facing the camera. But it looked like her hands were resting on some solid mass between Bridget's legs that she was trying to keep down, while her parents stood above the two girls smiling.

"Oh my God, this *is* normal now!"

"Exactly." Mike said as he put the picture back up on the wall. "So I'm pretty sure if you called up your friend Sam she wouldn't even believe what happened because to her you've always had tits like that and 40" dick."

"So I can't wish for you to be normal, because this is normal is what you're trying to tell me."

"Yes. So just wish for my tits to disappear or something."

"Alright. I wish you had a manly-looking chest."

Both Mike and Bridget saw the quick green flash from the ring as nearly instantly Mike felt a slight tingling sensation down his spine. It was more pleasant than the chills he'd been receiving earlier and he watched with some satisfaction as his breasts slowly shrunk back inwards. Surprisingly the sensation was extremely pleasurable and he felt himself reach up and cup his fading breasts one last time before they completely disappeared into his once again muscled chest.

However, Mike realized he had another problem as he now looked down at his body to see his penis slowly becoming erect.

"So I'm guessing now you want me to put that back to normal?" Bridget said point at the slowly swelling dick.

"Actually, no." Mike said, causing Bridget's eyes to go wide with curiosity. "It's every man's dream to have a dick this big, I just wish that there was someone who could handle it, you know?"

"So what do you want me to wish for?" Bridget said, although she had an inkling where this was going.

"I want you to wish that whatever woman I have sex with is able to take me."

"Fine. I wish that whatever woman you're having sex with is able to take your dick."

There was a flash of green light, and a beaming Mike sitting across from her.

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*Finally, I can get rid of these things now and go back to normal.* Bridget thought as she looked at Mike's beaming face, his 20" monster jutting out like another arm from his crotch. "Well time to get rid of my cock, so you can have the biggest one again. I wish I didn't have a cock."

The two sat there for a while, but no flash issued from the ring. "What the hell is wrong now?"

"Well, you did say that making negative wishes took away personal ones, and you did make two negative wishes before so maybe you just evened it out now."

"Great so now I have to make another good wish to get one for myself." Bridget moaned and her eyes fell on Mike's erect cock. *Hmmm, looks like someone wants to test out their newest wish. I wonder...*

"I wish you wanted to have sex with me." Bridget said.

She watched as a quick green flash lit up the room before Mike was kissing her deeply. It was all she could do to stay focused as the pleasure began to build from Mike's various explorations with his hands and tongue. She felt herself becoming hard as her dick began to swell between her breasts. It was already at her chin when she watched the head of her own dick push Mike's face away from hers. He then slowly helped her down from the chair and laid her on her back against the floor. Mike quickly began kneading her huge tits which were still absurdly firm in their form. She felt her dick pop free of her cleavage resting nearly vertical against Mike's heated body.

He began to lick her dick as his hands continued to trace her dinner plate size areolas and erect nipples. She could feel her pussy becoming wet as Mike continued his foreplay, his dick pressed up against her own. "Alright time to take this baby for a spin." Mike said as he lowered himself a little further and eased his dick into Bridget's moist pussy.

The feeling was absolute bliss. Bridget moaned audibly as Mike's dick slowly made its way inside of her. *God's that's so big, I would never be able to fit that if it wasn't for that wish earlier.* It was then she began to feel tingly all over her body, as though someone had impossibly turned up the temperature even further. She felt Mike slide his dick further and further into her, Bridget's pussy taking nearly the whole length. It was then that her foot touched the leg of the table and she was suddenly startled. *I thought we were in the middle of the floor, there's no way I should be that close to the table.* She then noticed that Mike's body was slowly drifting down the length of her dick, she could feel his hands dropping off of her breasts. *What the fuck is going on?* She thought as she finally felt her waist touch Mike's as his entire dick was now inside her. But something felt wrong, and as she sat up she quickly figured out what it was, and smiled.

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Mike could not believe his luck. He began to slowly ease himself into Bridget's soaking pussy and found that although it was tight, it was the perfect size. It seemed to wrap itself snuggly around his monster dick and he could only cry out in pleasure with his eyes closed as he levered himself further and further into Bridget. Finally, he gasped as he felt his entire length inside her, and as he opened his eyes, he was stunned.

Everything seemed bigger. He looked up and saw that his hands no longer made it to Bridget's breasts they were too far away and certainly much bigger than before. His face was now looking at the base of Bridget's absolutely colossal dick and her legs stretched out behind him for what seemed like forever. He saw her lift herself up, a huge grin plastered on her face.

"I wasn't expecting this, but I guess it's the only way you'd fit."

"Damn I guess so," Mike said as he looked her up and down, "You've got to be at least 8 feet tall."

"Not just tall, I'm bigger all over apparently." She said gesturing to her tits and dick. Then her smile flashed down on Mike, "Well what are you waiting for, it already feels so good don't just leave me like this."

"With pleasure." Mike said smiling as he began to thrust into the now giant Bridget.

*God this feels SOOOO good.* Bridget thought as Mike began thrusting in and out of her giant body. As another wave of pleasure rushed over her she had a devious thought. *Hmmm, I have a personal wish, why don't I wish for Mike to have my dick. Imagine how big I would get then.* She was about to wish for it, when she had a second thought, *What if he doesn't want a bigger dick, then mine will double in size. Wait I can wish to know what he's thinking!*

"I wish I knew what you're thinking." She muttered under her breath as a small blue flash filled emanated from her ring. Suddenly her mind was filled with a series of thoughts that clearly were not hers. It was strange having Mike's thoughts inside her head. It was kinda like recalling lyrics from a song or quotes from a movie. She could hear them inside her head as though he had actually said them, but she knew he hadn't. She focused on his thoughts until she found the ones she was looking for: *I wish I had a bigger dick just to see how big she would get, and God it's kinda lame having these small balls. What's the point in having a big dick if you don't have the cum to go with it?*

Bridget smiled and said under her breath, "Well Mike you're about to get your wish." Then she said aloud, "I wish Mike had my dick instead of his and a pair of balls to match its size."

There was a flash of green light and Bridget watched with pleasure as her dick suddenly disappeared. But she knew where it had gone, and she was already starting to feel the effects.

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Mike continued to thrust back and forth into Bridget's giant body, but as he continued he noticed something was a little off. Every time he thrust back into Bridget it felt as though there was more cock to thrust. He couldn't help the feeling of pleasure that was coursing through him as he suddenly looked up from his thrusting to see something he wasn't expecting.

Bridget's dick was gone. No longer was it standing titanic above her body. As a matter of fact, he couldn't see up over her legs. He looked about stunned. He was standing between Bridget's legs, only they were practically as tall as he was, and she was lying on her back. He watched as Bridget's head quickly came into view, and he nearly stumbled backwards. *GOD SHE IS HUGE!* Was all he could think as her hand reached down to practically encase his body. She lifted him clean off his feet, and he suddenly felt the massive weight dragging him down between his legs. He looked down as his dick came free of Bridget's pussy and simply stared.

"Mmmm, that looks good enough to eat," Bridget said, her voice booming. Mike couldn't take his eyes off of his dick and balls. *My dick is as big as I am! It looks like I've got a person attached to my crotch, only if that person was perfectly cylindrical. And these balls! They've got to be as big as Bridget's tits were earlier.* Bridget held Mike in one hand as she cupped his balls in the other. Waves of pleasure coursed through him as his dick stood erect above him. It was about 6 feet tall in his estimation and about 2 feet across, an absolute monster. He looked around as Bridget brought him closer to her mouth and he watched as her massive tongue reached out to begin wrapping itself around his colossal member.

*How does she even fit in here, she's got to be at least 20 feet tall.* Mike thought as he looked about the room in between waves of pleasure coursing through his human sized cock. The room they were in looked exactly like the kitchen, on it had massively vaulted ceilings, and looked to be the perfect size to accommodate Bridget's size. *Guess this is the normal world now, anyone who has sex with me with get this big so it makes sense that my girlfriend has a house big enough to hold her.* As Bridget continued to suck him off he felt wave upon wave of heat, pleasure, and joy course through him. *If only she was as into this as I was, I wish that when I came inside her she would do whatever I asked. Then we could have some real fun.*

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It took all Bridget's control not to bite Mike's dick off right there. As the thought came into her head from Mike she nearly burst with rage inside. *How could he want that!? I thought he loved me, but now...now I just know he wants someone to fulfill his fantasies.* She smiled as she continued to work her tongue around his cock. *Well two can play that game. You want fantasies? I've got some of my own, and I happen to have a wish left.*

She slowly removed Mike's cock from her mouth and nibbled a little on the end of it, knowing he was just about ready to cum. "You know Mike I've been thinking," She began as she looked at the now tiny man in her hands, "I've been thinking that I wish whoever came in me was completely subservient to me afterwards. Whatever I suggest they would want. You know it's only fair seeing as I'm pleasuring them that they give me what I want in return."

They both watched as a blue flash lit the room, and Mike looked up at the giant girl in horror as her mouth descended on his massive dick one more time. It was only moments before Mike couldn't hold back his orgasm any longer. He screamed as he came into Bridget's massive mouth as gallon after gallon of cum streamed down her throat. As he pumped he slowly felt himself losing his grip on consciousness and the last thing he remembered seeing was a smiling Bridget still clamped down on his dick, not allowing a single drop to escape her mouth.

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Mike awoke lying on his back on the couch in the living room. It was now dark outside, but the lights were all on inside the house. He tried to sit up and felt a massive weight shift. He gasped as he felt his balls rest on the ground in his now seated position. His legs were swung to either side as they took up most of the space directly underneath him. He shook his head, trying to get rid of the cobwebs, as he took another look down. His dick had shrunk back down to flaccid size, although it still looked like he had a child attached to his crotch. His dick was about 4 feet long now and about a foot and a half wide, and although it looked like it belonged with the pair of balls he was sporting the rest of him was quite out of proportion. *More like the other way around*. He thought.

"No actually I like it that way."

Mike spun his head to see Bridget sitting in a chair to the side. She was back to her "normal" self, her tits still big enough to win a pumpkin growing contest, but otherwise back to her usual size. "You know I've had to wait here for you to wake up because I simply can't move too much with tits this big. But you know I've come to like them this big so you don't have to worry about them shrinking, I just want them to be lighter. Don't you?"

"Ya they should weigh as much as they did when they were DD's." Mike found himself saying although why he couldn't quite recall.

"I agree, I wish my tits were practically weightless." There was a flash of green light and Bridget smiled as she stood up. "That's much better," she said jumping up and down effortlessly as her massive tits wobbled up, down, and every which way.

"But why was the light green, I thought that was a personal wish?" Mike asked confused but enjoying the show.

"Oh no silly, you wanted my tits to be lighter, you just said so." Bridget said as she sauntered over to him and sat on his dick and balls. Her tits now smothering him. "And when I make a wish that someone else wants well then I get another personal wish."

"Mmmfffmmff." Mike mumbled into Bridget's tits.

"What was that, your dick is getting hard again, and your balls weigh too much for you to move. Do you want them lighter so that you can fuck me? Is that it?"

Mike suddenly found himself nodding yes, even though what he really wanted was for them to be much smaller. *Or at least that's what I thought I wanted. I guess having them be lighter would accomplish the same thing.*

"Exactly," Bridget said, dismounting Mike. "I wish your cock and balls were practically weightless too."

Suddenly Mike felt as though a huge weight had been removed from his groin. He stood up and felt his balls slap against his knees as the huge testes inside moved about.

Bridget looked at Mike and wrinkled her nose slightly, "I don't know how I feel about those balls that big. Kinda takes away from your cock. Hmmm, I know, you'd like for your balls to be smaller but still able to produce the same amount of cum wouldn't you?"

"Actually, that would be great." Mike heard himself say.

"Alrighty then. I wish Mike's balls were smaller but still able to produce as much cum as before."

There was a flash of green light and Mike watched as his balls shriveled up until they were about 6 inches in diameter apiece. His 4 foot cock now drooped over the front of them as it brushed against the ground.

"Ah much better." Bridget said, as she sat back down in her chair.

"Why am I agreeing to everything you say?" Mike asked as he too sat back down.

"Well because you came in me, and anyone who cums in me becomes completely subservient to me." Bridget said.

"So anything you suggest to me I'll agree with?" Mike's head was whirling, how was he going to get out of this.

"Ya basically." Bridget said. "To prove my point, I'm feeling kinda horny right now, wouldn't you love to give yourself a proper titty-fuck and let me watch?"

"That's a great idea. I'd need a really big pair of tits and be a lot bigger though to reach my dick." Mike heard himself saying.

"Well then, I wish you were big enough to give yourself a proper titty-fuck."

Mike watched in bliss as his body began to grow. A pair of tits surged outwards from his chest as the rest of his body continued to grow. Soon he was approaching Bridget's chest size, then quickly surpassing it. Bigger and bigger his body grew as he continued to lick his dick in delight. He watched as it grew hard, towering above him and then slowly his head was rising up to meet the head of his massive dick. The couch groaned beneath him and finally gave way beneath his 12 foot tall frame, but he still couldn't reach the tip of his dick. His breasts continued to surge outwards, each one nearly the size of a small sedan as his mouth finally found the tip of his dick.

Bridget watched the show, one hand slipped between her legs, the other fondling a nipple as the 20 foot Mike gave himself the tit-fuck of a lifetime.

*Do unto others as you would have done unto you...More like do unto others before they do unto you.* Bridget thought watching her Mike's massive form thrash in bliss. *I can't wait for my family to get home, Bri is going to love this.*

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The end for now. If I get enough feedback I may continue this story, but for now I hope you thoroughly enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it. As always feedback is appreciated, thank you for your attention =p.

Warm Regards,

Ragnarok385