\*\*\*Sequel to Matthew 7:12. For those who read the first of my stories, thank you and I hope you enjoyed it. If I can only continue to grant you enjoyment then I have succeeded in what I have set out to do. Sadly I apologize for the delay in getting this next installment out to you, but real life tends to get in the way of quite a few things we'd like to do. Also writing an ongoing novel completely unrelated to this series gets in the way at times, but enough of my ramblings. May you enjoy this story as much as the first, and if you aren't supposed to be reading this, I hope you still enjoy it, because as one of my favorite DJ's on Split Infinity Radio always says, "if you can't be good...don't get caught."\*\*\*

– Ragnarok385

# "You shall not covet your neighbor's house. You shall not covet your neighbor's wife, nor his male or female slave, nor his ox or ass, nor anything else that belongs to him" [Exodus 20:17]

Sam pulled into her own driveway after dropping Bridget off at her house. Katy Perry blasted in the car as the brunette yelled to no one in particular, "It's not fair!" Sam over *California Girls*, "Bridget has pretty much everything and what do I have?" She turned off the car and headed inside to her empty house.

*Ease off yourself girl,* she calmly reminded herself, *you've got her as a friend, and that's more than most girls get. And guys for that matter; I'm sure tons of guys wish Mike wasn't so damn devoted to her. I know I am.* She sighed as the thought she'd held back most of the day came to the forefront.

Sam wanted Bridget. Wanted her in the same way all those men wanted her. *I'm not a lesbian,* she constantly told herself, *I've been and enjoyed plenty of boys in my day, but who wouldn't want to taste those luscious tits of hers. God knows I don't have much up there, maybe she could lend me some.* With that she let out a chuckle, *Like that could ever happen.* Bridget had been growing since long before they had met, and that was clearly evident on the first day Sam had seen her. As freshmen in high school she had sported breasts as big as her head. *I remember the way everyone, guys and girls, looked longingly at those breasts,* Sam thought as she made her way into her bedroom, *and how they just kept getting bigger.*

Sam sat down at her desk and looked up at the picture of her and Bridget on the beach earlier that summer. Bridget was standing there hands caressing her massive tits as they hung down in front of the camera, and there standing next to her was Sam, cradling two beach balls under her arms in an attempt to mimic Bridget. *She still looked a bit bigger*, Sam thought chuckling a little.

She leapt onto the bed, and pulled out her new bra from the Victoria Secret bag. It was nothing overly exciting, as she pulled the pink lace push-up bra from the bag and took off her shirt. She then deftly undid the clasps, but paused a little before putting on the new one. She looked across the room at the full length mirror there admiring her body. *Not much up top, but when you play sports your whole life I guess it's a good thing not to have them bouncing all over the place.* She laughed to herself as the mental image of Bridget trying to run with her enormous tits passed through her head, and instead of sliding her arms into her bra, she found her arms travelling to her slowly warming thighs.

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After a good night's sleep, preceded by some much needed release, Sam found herself at last trying on the new bra she had bought yesterday. Finding it amongst her discarded clothes from the night before she slid her arms through the straps and clasped it in the front. "OWW!" Sam yelped as she hastily undid the clasp. She reached up and quickly began massaging her boob as she found the culprit of her discomfort.

"Damn wires, and this is brand new too." Sam sighed, *Hopefully they'll take it back.* She picked up the bag and the receipt and threw on some baggy clothes before bounding down the stairs. Her parents were still gone, *Nothing new there,* she thought as she grabbed the keys from the wall hanger. Sam's parents often went away for Christmas, and she usually went with them, but this year she'd heard Bridget was coming home, and so elected to stay. *And save a little money in the process*, she groaned as she heard her cell phone buzzing upstairs. Taking the stairs two at a time, she reached it to see a waiting text from Bridget: "Hey you wanna come over today?"

Sam sighed, and texted back, "Sure gotta run to the mall wanna come with?" She walked back down the stairs and shut up the house before the familiar buzz in her hands, "Nah we'll pass you're welcome over afterwards though"

"Sounds good" Sam said pocketing the cell phone and shaking her head. *Probably having sex with Mike,* Sam thought as she started up the car and backed out of the driveway. She felt a twinge of jealousy, and wasn't sure whether it was because Bridget had someone like Mike, or because Mike was with Bridget.

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"Thanks again!" Sam said leaving Victoria's Secret with a brand new bra in the small pink bag in her hand. The girl behind the counter had been really nice, and even helped her pick out another bra. *I'm not sure that was just good service,* Sam thought as she recalled the way the girl had appraised her figure and insisted upon being present when Sam tried the new bra on. *She was pretty cute too,* Sam thought as she took one backwards glance at the girl behind the counter waving her out.

She was only a couple steps out the door when she felt her pants buzz again. "When you coming over?" was the text from Bridget. Sam smiled, *I wouldn't mind modeling my new bra for her though.* "Just finished be there soon."

"Ah, Sam was it? Good to see you."

Startled, she dropped her phone as her head shot up, eyes wide with shock. Only there wasn't anyone there. She looked around, and then heard a slight groaning from the ground. Looking down she saw a blonde haired man superman-ed across the floor a cell phone in his hands.

"Whew, glad I got that. Sorry, shouldn't have startled you, probably would have saved my ribs a little pain."

It took Sam a moment before she realized that the man on the floor was holding *her* cell phone, and embarrassed reached down to help him up. "Thank you so much. You really didn't need to do that you know. I've dropped it hundreds of times and it's lasted this long."

She took the phone from the man's hands and helped him to his feet, only then realizing the familiarity of the man's face. "You're the guy from the stall yesterday."

A huge grin returned to the man's face, "You remember me, excellent!"

"Well, yes it was only yesterday."

"Ah was it? I lose track of time working here. Everyday is the same as the next." He brushed himself off, and Sam realized just how close to his kiosk she had been walking. "So what brings you by the shop today?"

"Um, well to be honest I was just wandering and texting." Sam said sheepishly.

"Really, I could have sworn you were looking for something," He scratched his chin, then suddenly seemed to spring to life, "Ah yes, how is that ring working for your friend?"

"Well she likes it. She said she was wearing it, but that nothing was happening." Sam then looked down at her feet, and for some reason followed it up with, "Not that she needs wishes. She's got everything she could want."

"Pardon? As I recall yesterday she was very distraught about her boyfriend Mike, something about a spat they were having."

"Mike," I laughed, "He's so wrapped around her finger that she could point and he would do whatever it is she wanted."

"Hmmm," The young man scratched his chin again and went to lean on his kiosk. A harmless gesture that nearly turned harmful for him and some passersby as one of the precarious towers threatened to topple. "As I recall," He said hands waving wildly in hopes to prevent the imminent falling trinkets, "average height, fairly good looking, mildly well endowed." He said gesturing to where breasts would normally sit.

Sam laughed, "If by mildly you mean like this," she said as she held her hands out as far to the sides as she could. "She's got tits that make porn stars jealous."

"Maybe we're talking about different people," then another idea sparked in his head, mostly because Sam saw it on his face. "Perhaps if you had a picture of you and her. Then that would help me remember."

"Sure thing," Sam said reaching into her wallet. *Why the hell am I doing this?* She thought as she pulled out a wallet sized picture of the two at the beach. She took one last look at Bridget's tits dominating the picture, and handed it to the young man. *If he calls that mild, then I'd hate to see what huge is.*

He took a quick look at it and handed it back to her, "Yep exactly who I was talking about."

"You can't honestly call tits that big average." Sam said, hands on her hips.

"Actually I think she's just about what she was when she stopped by here yesterday," He took another look at the picture, "I'd say she's about a DD."

Sam shook her head in amazement, "Bridget hasn't been a DD since she was 12." She took the photo from the young man's hands, "Those are *beach balls* in my hands, and she's a little bit bigger than those!"

She looked into the man's face, and saw confusion written plain on his features. Then realization, and she watched as he muttered, "D'oh!" and face-palmed. Then he reached down and took a small gold ring off his pinky finger. He looked embarrassed at Sam and said, "I'm terribly sorry. I had my magic negation ring on so that I can see through magic." He took a look at the picture and nodded his head in agreement, "I would agree with you. Those are *huge*. But that's just the result of magic, Sam. Nothing special."

"Magic."

"Yep. Plain old magic."

"Bullshit."

"I assure you magic is anything but," Then he smiled as another idea came to him, "Here you don't believe me, try it on and take a look."

*This guy is getting wackier by the minute,* Sam thought. Although she felt compelled to try it. Taking the gold ring from the man, and sliding it onto her pinky finger she then took the photo from the man.

And was shocked.

Instead of the picture she was used to seeing, there standing on the beach was a Bridget she couldn't believe was real. Bridget was no longer bending over with an enormous pair of breasts, but instead was sporting what Sam concluded were probably DD's. And more than that, their poses were completely different. Gone were the beach balls in Sam's hands, instead the two girls were standing back to back blowing kisses at the camera.

"What is this? What the hell did you do?"

"Me nothing," the young man said waving his arms in front of him, "That's what the real day looked like."

Sam looked back at the picture and thought, *this is a trick he handed me a different photo.* She immediately shook her head at the stupid idea, *how would he have a picture of us at the beach.* But there was an easy way to test it.

She removed the ring from her finger, while still looking at the photo. "Oh my God!" She exclaimed as the picture was once again the one she had given the man originally. "How, what, I don't..."

"I can understand your confusion," the young man said taking the ring back from Sam and placing it on his finger, "It always hard when you're not there to see it, then you're always wondering what the real reality was."

"Wait, how come I can't remember that day like that?"

"Well she changed reality, so the only ones who know what the world was like before were the ones who were physically present to witness the magic, and well anyone with one of these rings."

Sam could barely comprehend it all, "So you mean the ring you gave her *was* magical?"

"Well no. I'd say it is *still* magical, but it most certainly was when I gave it to her." He suddenly had a hurt expression on his face, "You think I would try and cheat you? I'm hurt."

"No, no, no," Sam said shaking her head, "You know it's just...well it's hard to grasp that my best friend wasn't always a giant breasted girl. That she was you know normal at one point." Then she turned away from the man and muttered, "Although I bet she still had everything she could possibly want."

"Hmm, I wouldn't say so." The man said hearing her quite clearly despite Sam's attempt at otherwise, "Seems to me like she was having self-image problems. Boyfriend was into giant-breasted women or some such thing." He gestured to the picture, "probably explains that. Must have given her boyfriend what he wanted."

For some reason Sam felt as though that wasn't necessarily the case, "I don't think so, Mike follows her around like a puppy now. It's almost like he has no will of his own, like he can't do things for himself without her say so." She suddenly felt hot, and anger rose to the surface, "It's not fair! She had pretty much everything!"

"Wishing you had bought the ring instead of her?" the young man asked gingerly.

"Yes! It was my idea to buy it anyways. I just wanted her to feel better, and then she goes and changes the world into her own perfect little dream world."

"Well I wouldn't go that far," the young man started, then quickly thought better at the glare Sam gave him.

"There's so many things I would fix in my life with that ring."

"Well that's not what it's for. It's for making other people's lives better."

"And having humongous tits makes everyone better?"

"I suppose you have a point there." The man said looking worried, "Although I hope she's not abusing it, I doubt she'll like what'll happen –"

"Do you have another one?"

"What?" The man asked, clearly off balance from being jarred out of his thought.

"Another one of those rings. Do you have another one? I want one."

"How many rings do you think Saint Matthew had?" Then after a blank stare from Sam he hastily added, "Never mind that. To answer your question, no I don't have another one –"

"Dammit! I ha –"

"But I do have something else." He said raising a finger, "And I hesitate to give it to you, but I guess it can't hurt any." At that he turned and dig feverishly into the piles of junk piled on his cart. Sam watched on, subconsciously taking a step backwards as towers of trinkets looked ready to collapse at any moment. Suddenly a wooden cup was flying out of the pile and she grabbed it noting its strange carved script about the base. *He who believes in me shall have eternal life*.

"Hey isn't this –"

"Oh so that's where that got to." The man said, his head poking around the side of a tower. He reached out and grabbed the cup from Sam's hands and set it back on the kiosk. "Terrible thing that. Doesn't matter what you pour into it, it always tastes like blood for some reason."

"That's the –"

"Oh here it is!" The young man exclaimed cutting her off. "I knew it was here somewhere." He pulled forth something that looked like a wind chime. Only it was mostly strings with beads, nothing too fancy, although the pattern that made up the hexagonal interior looked fairly ornate. Interwoven strings gave it almost the majesty of a spider web. But that didn't mean Sam knew what it was, and so she asked.

"You've never made a dream catcher when you were little?" Judging by the blank stare he got again, "The things they teach you in elementary schools these days."

"So what does it do? If it's just something you made when you were little, then I'll pass. No offense."

"None taken! Although I certainly couldn't hope to create this masterpiece. This my dear is called a dream catcher because that is precisely what it does. Catches people's dreams."

"And then does what with them?"

"Why makes them real of course. What else would it do?"

"So just hang this above my bed and whatever I dream will come true?"

"No, that would too easy." The man shook his finger, "No it has to be someone else's bed, and someone else's dreams."

"Sounds easy enough."

"But there's a catch." A sigh from Sam told him to continue, "Well whoever wants to have the dreams happen wears this little part here," he said pointing to a lose bit of string with a small bead on it that looked as though it could be a necklace. "But because the dream came true for that person, the opposite comes true for the person whose dream it was."

"So I could put this over Bridget's bed and whatever she dreamed would happen to me instead, while the opposite would happen to her?"

"Hypothetically yes, although the dream catcher does decide what parts of the dream it wants to be reality." The man said, and then a sad look came to his eyes, "Now I know what you're thinking, and yes you could get even with Bridget." His words took on a pleading tone, "But this is dangerous stuff, I mean it could really change things, and there's no telling what anyone really dreams about. I'm just not sure if it's worth the risk just to get back at a friend."

Sam sighed, *I had thought of that, but I mean she lied to me when she said it didn't work. And never asked me if I wanted anything.*

"I'll buy it."

The young man sighed, "Twenty bucks."

She handed him the bill, and he handed her the dream catcher. As she was about to turn to go, the man grasped her shoulder, "Listen, I don't approve of what you're going to do but I can't very well stop you." He sighed and let go of her shoulder, "Just tell your friend that she should start helping people," His eyes raised to meet Sam's own, "you should too."

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"On my way over." Read the text as Bridget put down her phone on the counter top. "Sam's on her way over."

"Oh boy," Mike said as he walked out of the shower, not even bothering with a towel. He was back to a more manageable size since last night. *Although manageable has a broader definition now than it used too.*

"Oh come off it Mike," Bridget said responding again to his thoughts, "At least you'll look normal when you go out."

"If this is going to start being normal, then I'm going to need to figure out a way to wear something other than sweatpants." Mike said gesturing to his naked body. Gone were the giant tits of the night before, and he was back to a more respectable height, although not quite as tall as he had been before this whole ordeal. Bridget had said something about liking the view when she looked down on him at her giant size, and so they had switched heights. Shrinking was something he had never considered disorienting before, although he had seen plenty of fetish videos and pictures depicting it, he had always though they were a little exaggerated. The entire time he had known Bridget he'd always looked down on her, even when she wore heels. Now having to look up to see his girlfriend's face, he could understand the fear some of the people in those videos felt.

But where he was smaller, his dick was not. Or rather, it was bigger than it had been before this whole thing started. Hanging about a six inches between his legs, with a pair of golf balls underneath they felt out of place on his slighter frame. But staring across at his girlfriend he felt no sympathy for her, especially after what she had done to him. "Why don't you just make me want them to be smaller? That's what you did before."

"Because it doesn't work now!" Bridget said stamping her foot, causing her massive breasts to jiggle incessantly. "I don't have any of my personal wishes from yesterday and making you wish for something doesn't work either. All I can do is make suggestions and read your mind now."

"Well, maybe you should have thought of that before you made me smaller and gave us weightless...attributes."

"Well maybe if this ring did what it was supposed to I wouldn't be stared at every second I'm out of the house."

"You're problem not mine." Mike said noticing his growing hard on and moving into the bedroom, "You could just give me the ring and I would fix all of this."

"No you wouldn't, I can read your mind remember." Bridget yelled from the hallway, "You'd do the same thing to me that I did to you."

"I think it's only fair." Mike said, throwing a T-shirt on and grabbing a pair of sweatpants from the closet. He still marveled about how many clothes he had over here, it was almost like they were living together. He went to go slip on his sweatpants over his slowly growing erection, but suddenly felt warm flesh engulf his head and a hand on his dick.

"C'mon now, don't be mad at me." Bridget cooed in his ear. "Here let me help you with that, we've got some time before Sam gets here."

Mike didn't need the suggestion from Bridget to agree as he felt his dick spring to life underneath her soft, caressing hands.

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Sam pulled into the driveway, dream catcher in hand as she stepped out of her car and rang the doorbell.

"One sec!" Came Bridget's voice from inside as Sam heard footsteps on the hardwood floors. The door swung open and Sam was engulfed in boobs as Bridget hugged her friend. "Glad you could come over today!"

"Mmmfff," Sam said into the flesh that had surrounded her.

"Oh geez, sorry" Bridget said backing away, "I still forget sometimes how much I'm carrying up there."

"Ya, I think we're both still getting used to it aren't we?" Sam said, careful to disguise the double meaning.

"Yep, seems like just yesterday that I was normal sized," Bridget said with a smile as she ushered Sam inside and closed the door behind her.

*That's because it was.* Sam thought, but didn't voice her thoughts. Bridget just smiled at Sam and Sam heard another pair of footsteps coming from the downstairs bathroom. Mike emerged from behind Bridget smiling and offering his usual hello and hug. *I don't know why she's with him, he's almost as short as I am*, Sam thought as Mike backed away with a glance at the package in Sam's hand.

"What's in the bag Sam?"

"Oh this," Sam said, almost forgetting why she was here. "I got it for Bridget, figured she could use an early Christmas present."

"Oh but you already got me –" Bridget began, but then stopped suddenly and looked to Mike. Sam couldn't tell what was going on between the two, *but I could have sworn Mike didn't say anything to interrupt her.*

"Anyways, go ahead and open it." Sam said smiling as she made her way over to the couch.

Bridget plastered a smile on her face, and as Sam plopped down on the couch, Bridget sat down next to her, or as close as she could get with her enormous assets. Sam got a full view of the expansive cleavage as Bridget sat cross-legged on the couch, her breasts resting in her lap and still fully covering her torso. Sam watched as Bridget fumbled with the wrapping and the bow her large breasts quivering as she worked around them. *Those are really are amazing, it's a wonder she can even walk with them.* But as Bridget finally got the bow off, and began with the tape Sam had to rethink her earlier outburst at the stall vendor. *If every man or woman in the world got the view I have right now, it'd solve a lot of problems.*

Sam took a quick glance up at Mike who was standing over the back of the couch, his eyes riveted on the scene, taking in every drop. Sam smiled, *glad you enjoy it too*. Then she spotted the ring on Bridget's finger, and a twang of guilt set in, *I'll just ask her, subtly, so that she has the chance...*

"You're so beautiful Bridget."

Bridget stopped dead, looking quizzically at Sam, "You really think so?"

*Way to be subtle there Sam,* she chided herself. "Ya, I think you're one of the best looking girls I know. I wish I had a figure like yours."

"You do? It's a lot of work, and there's quite a few things I can't do–"

"But think of all the things you *can* do," Sam said, seeing Bridget was beginning to hedge, "I mean Mike here is practically drooling."

"Wha–What?" Mike said as if snapping out of a trance.

Both girls laughed, as Sam continued, "No really, I would love to have what you have."

*Moment of truth now Bridget,* Sam thought as Bridget's eyes descended subconsciously to the ring then back to the package half unwrapped in her hands. "It's not all it's cracked up to be."

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*What was up with Sam,* Bridget thought to herself as she set the box down on top of her breasts to take the lid off the package. *About the only thing these monstrosities are good for, a portable shelf.* As she removed the lid she looked at the intricately designed string..."Ok I give, what is it Sam?"

"It's a dream catcher," Sam said with a smile, "I'm guessing you never made them in elementary school."

"I did," Mike said as the two girls turned, "They're supposed to catch your bad dreams so that you don't have them at night."

"For real?" Bridget asked with a smirk.

"That's what I was told when I was six."

"Well," Bridget said turning to Sam, "It's absolutely amazing. Look at how thin this thread is, it's like someone had a personal spider to weave it this well." Bridget set it down on the coffee table and leaned over to hug Sam. "I love it. Mike go hang it over our bed while Sam and I decide what to have for dinner."

Mike simply nodded as she knew he would and grabbed the dream catcher and headed for the bedroom. Bridget let go of Sam, and got up from the couch rounding back into the kitchen. She heard Sam rise behind her and as she began to walk into the kitchen heard Sam cough behind her.

"What's up?" Bridget said as she turned around, to see Sam's eyes widen.

"Well...um...your shirt is kinda not covering your breasts." Sam stumbled out as her face blushed a little.

Bridget looked down, and as usual all she saw was tit-flesh, so she felt around the front. Sure enough, her thumb-sized nipples clearly visible as the fabric had folded up over the top. "Whoops, let me put the girls away," Bridget said, lowering her shirt down over her massive breasts. "See they get in the way all the time." *But why was she blushing, not like she hasn't seen tits before. I mean she has a pair.*

Bridget set the thought aside as she walked into the kitchen. It had changed since her wishes from yesterday, probably to allow better access for her assets. She began rifling through the cabinets and refrigerator looking for something to eat, but just because the kitchen had changed, didn't mean its contents did.

"Well, this is embarrassing," Bridget said turning to Sam, "So...wanna go out to eat?"

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*Going out to dinner with Bridget is shit show*, Sam thought as she pulled into her own driveway hours later. The three of them had gone out to a Hooter's downtown, which just invited a whole host of problems that Sam hadn't had the mind to voice before hand, and certainly didn't want to be associated with. At least not sober, which is exactly what she was at the moment.

Bridget had asked Sam to drive, something about Bridget's car not having air bags. Sam remembered thinking that everyone else would be the ones to suffer that burden, but she had agreed to drive to wherever they wanted to eat. Which was where everything started to go downhill, because eating turned into drinking. And as amazing as it was, after her third beer Bridget was hammered. Now that Sam had time to think on it, there was this one man at the bar early in the night who had said he wished Bridget was the drunk one instead of him. There was a brief flash of the overhead lights and then after that is when Bridget started to look really tipsy.

But regardless, it was all in good fun while the waitresses and men all ogled her friend's massive tits. At least until Mike convinced the waitresses they should hold an impromptu wet T-shirt contest. When the waitresses had said something about not having any water hoses on hand, Bridget had said something stupid about it not being a problem because she had enough milk in her tits for everyone.

"I did what any good friend would do," Sam said aloud as she turned on the lights to her house and stepped inside. "I took her and Mike and left before she could do anything stupid she was going to regret later." *Besides it wasn't like she was lactating, just making a fool of herself.* Now that she thought about it, Bridget's shirt was a little wet at the front when they left, although that could have been any number of the drinks guys were trying to toss on her.

But deep down Sam knew the reason why she packed up Bridget and left. *I really wanted that to be me with all the attention and not her*. She couldn't fool herself, and as she climbed up the stairs she reached into her pocket and pulled out the string necklace. Slipping the necklace over her head she sighed as the bead rested on her shirt and shrugging her shoulders said, "Well here goes nothing," as she dressed herself for bed.

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"C'mon Mike keep sucking it feels sooooo good." Bridget moaned from the couch in her living room. Mike was on his knees in front of her, one hand kneading her breasts, another pleasuring her clit, while his tongue worked swirls around Bridget's even bigger tits. After what she thought was a stupid wish at Hooters turned out to be even more fun than she had ever thought. She at first was surprised that Sam didn't notice the wet patches on her blouse, then thankfully the music was up loud enough as the shirt she was wearing split down the front along her cleavage. Her breasts still weren't done swelling by the time they got back to Bridget's house, and thankfully she had forgotten to leave the lights on before they left. Sam was quick to leave them, maybe she was frustrated, but either way Bridget didn't care all that mattered was the ache and longing she felt in her slowly growing breasts.

When they entered the house Bridget found that she didn't even have to order Mike to begin suckling her tits. His hands quickly finished what Bridget's own breasts had started with her shirt and soon they made their way over to the couch Mike's head never left her swollen breasts. Bridget was thankful, in between her bouts of pleasure, that her milk laden tits were still practically weightless. *Although they certainly behave like there's weight there*, she thought as they hung pendulously from her chest. She hadn't thought her breasts could get any more in the way then they were before, *but apparently I was wrong*.

Another wave of pleasure racked her body as milk from her right tit sprayed out into the room attempting to further soak the already sodden carpet. "I never thought of being milked as a pleasurable experience...*moan*...but oh my God this feels good." She spread her legs and leaned back on the couch her breasts now sticking further up in the air. "Mike, use your tongue down low, I want to play with my nipples."

She felt Mike's hand slide out of her, and shivered as his tongue continued what his hands had started. She knew she was on the verge of climax, and reached up to her enormous breasts. Grasping an engorged nipple she pulled her right breast towards her mouth and tried to readjust her breast to fit. As another shiver coursed through her body from Mike's machinations, she finally got her enormous nipple into her mouth. It was like sucking on half a cucumber, but the juice was so much better as milk spurted down her throat. Her tongue continued its work around the nipple, warm milk continuing its flow down her throat.

Another huge shudder racked her body as Mike's tongue quickened its pace, "Oh Mike, oh Mike, don't stop, don't...mmmfff...Oh GOD!" Her body froze as the biggest orgasm of her life hit her body. She felt her pussy clench and release as cum flowed out onto the already soaked floor.

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Mike's tongue continued its work, lapping up Bridget's juices. The milk overpowering the tastes of cum and sweat as he felt her body continue to shudder as she was in the throes of her orgasm. Suddenly, he felt her body go limp, and found he could stop his pleasuring her, as he knelt backwards on his heels looking up at the massive, still leaking breasts in front of him. *If they were big before, these are gargantuan. I mean if these had weight, they'd probably each weigh more than she does*. But Mike didn't mind, he'd get his day to enjoy them, but right now he had to check on Bridget and see what more she wanted.

As he stood up he realized that looking over her breasts was pointless, and so he walked to the back of the couch to look down at her head. And was amazed. *She's asleep.* He couldn't believe it. She literally orgasmed hard enough to blackout. He could only shake his head in disbelief.

"Unbelievable." Mike muttered under his breath, as he suddenly remembered his own arousal. His erection was tugging at the front of his pants, but he shook his head. "Not tonight, God knows she'll be horny in the morning, but I ain't moving her she'll take up the whole damn bed."

With that he left Bridget, exactly as she was, and turned to stalk up the stairs, wash the cum off his face, and crawl into bed, exhausted.

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"What the hell is going on?" Sam said as she sat bolt upright suddenly finding herself in a massive green field. "Where the hell am I? I was just asleep and –"

"You're dreaming of course."

Sam spun and saw a small girl in a dress sitting a few feet away waving at her a large smile on her innocent face. A large sun hat sat on her head as she tapped her bare feet together to some unseen rhythm. Sam rubbed her eyes, "I don't...what is going on? Who are you?"

"Oh I'm no one in particular," the girl said still smiling as she stood up and walked over to Sam. "I just live in the dream catcher. It's very lonely in here sometimes, but I'm glad you're here."

"Wait, you live in the dream catcher?"

"Of course silly. Who else is going to catch all the dreams?"

Sam looked at the young girl standing above her still smiling. *This is the most bizarre dream I've ever had that's for sure*, Sam thought. "So you catch the dreams, and what do you do with them?"

"Well make them come true of course," she giggled, then put a finger up to her mouth, "Well not all of them, only the really interesting ones." Her eyes suddenly widened and she began to jump up and down excitedly, "Oooo, someone's started dreaming let's go take a look!"

The small girl grabbed Sam's arm and struggled to pull her upright. Sam obliged and the little girl took her hand leading her onwards through the meadow at a hurried pace. Sam had to jog a little to keep up with the excited child, as they raced through what seemed like the same scene over and over again. "Are we close?" Sam asked as the girl continued her pace.

"Yep, almost there...Oh see it over there!"

Sam looked where the little girl was pointing and saw nothing immediately, then as they drew closer she began to make out the flicker of gold and silver amongst the green of the grass. Soon the two were standing in front of a full length mirror and the little girl let go of Sam's hand and walked towards it. Sam couldn't help but admire the mirror in its intricacy; the silver and gold filigree about the outer edges was perfectly balanced with the reflective surface of the glass. Figures lined the outer rim of the mirror, angels with perfect wings and beautiful white and gold faces lined one side, while the other as equally well defined depicted demons in all their brutality and horrible glory. Sam was intrigued by the mirror and its inherent beauty, until she was interrupted by a giggle from below.

"Like the mirror?" The little girl asked still smiling.

"Of course I do. It's beautiful, did you make it?"

"No silly, you did."

"I did?"

"Well it is your dream isn't it?"

Sam smiled, "I suppose it is."

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*Finally, the only escape I can get these days from her*, Mike thought as he sat up from the darkness around him. *My dreams are the only things that belong to me and only me these days,* he thought as he stood up and sighed, *and it's here that I'm allowed to wish until my heart's content.*

He spent these past two nights planning what he would do if he got the chance to have the ring. *Although it'll never happen because she used a wish to prevent me from ever taking the ring away from her*, he thought remembering back to her prone unconscious form on her living room couch. How he had wanted to take that ring right then and there, but whenever the thought entered his mind, something pushed it aside.

"Stupid bitch." He said aloud to the darkness, "Life was fine before all this, I just don't understand what went wrong. I just don't understand how Bridget changed so much." He'd read about power corruption in many of the various stories he frequented when looking for more smut, but he never really believed that people changed so quickly with power. Bridget had been a different person before the ring, but he was the only one who knew that.

"And yet here I am thinking of ways to get even with her and put her in her place." He said sighing, "Does that make me any better?"

"Of course it does," he continued his own internal debate, "I'm only going to get back at her for what she did to me, and then I'll use the ring to help people like it was intended. Grant people wishes that they want. Do the right thing, not hoard it for myself like she did."

He smiled, "Ya that's what I'll do. It's not wrong, I'm righting a wrong. And oh how I would make it right."

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"Oooo, someone's on the other side!" The little girl said excited, clasping her hands together and running in place.

Sam stepped up to the mirror and looked into it. She was amazed to see that her reflection was not what greeted her. Instead the mirror looked more like a window now, staring out into a dark room on the other side. And in the middle of that room was...

"What the hell is Mike doing in there?"

"He's the one dreaming obviously."

"No, that's wrong, it's supposed to be a girl in there. Bridget is supposed to be in there."

"I don't know either of those people, but I get the feeling I'm going to like his dreams. He looks like he's fun." At this the little girl reached up and touched the mirror and then took Sam's hand in hers. Sam suddenly felt paralyzed as the mirror suddenly zoomed in on Mike's body and she struggled to move.

"Oh don't fight it sweetie," the little girl said, "the fun's just getting started." She giggled and Sam found she could only watch, wondering what it was she'd gotten herself into.

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"Now obviously when I get the ring I'm going to have to make some changes to myself. Even a benevolent God should at least look the part."

Mike turned and looked at the mirror that suddenly appeared in front of him. It was a beautiful mirror, gold and silver demons and angels around the edges and it stood full length so he could see himself. This gave him an idea, *no sense imagining what I'll look like, why don't I actually plan it out now. It's a dream not like I can't.*

"So the question is what to do first," he said aloud looking at his reflection in the mirror. "Well first off I'll make myself taller. I'm tired of being short, and tired of having Bridget look down on me like she does. Let's see how she likes it when I tower over her."

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Sam suddenly felt a tingle of warm flow up from the ground and through her entire body.

"It's starting!" The little girl shrieked in happiness looking up at Sam.

Although the girl was starting to look a lot farther away than she used to. Not only that, Mike on the other side of the mirror was looking smaller too. *Can't he tell he's looking at me?* But she had no time to think any other thoughts as felt the clothes on her back begin to rip. She looked down at the girl, who now looked much littler than before, and back to Mike and gasped. *I'm getting taller, oh God I'm getting taller!*

She swiveled her head as it was the only thing that wasn't fully paralyzed and saw that she was indeed taller. Much taller. *I'm fricken huge! I've got to be close to* –

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"8 feet should be good." Mike said as he admired the new taller him in the mirror. Although he himself hadn't grown the image in the mirror had, so he wasn't too concerned. *After all it's a dream, and strange things happen in dreams*.

But admiring his much taller self he noticed some other things he'd like to correct. "First off, I'm way to skinny when I'm that tall. I'll have to put on some muscle...a lot of muscle."

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Sam gasped as another surge of fire erupted in her veins. *God it's so warm, I feel so constricted in this state*. Her clothes were barely hanging on, and with another breath she felt them give completely. "Great now I'm naked," She rolled her eyes and looked down to see if she could at least attempt to cover herself up. She nearly fainted when she saw what was happening to the rest of her body.

She saw her arms, already free of the confines of the shirt growing and swelling with new found muscle. Her biceps completely down at her sides like they were bulged outwards from her arms swelling against all odds. Her chest nearly disappeared beneath the pectoral muscles that were developing there, and her shoulders and neck grew taut with muscles she hadn't even known existed. She could feel her stomach rearranging itself to fit the new 8-pack abs that now adorned it. Her thighs rubbed together as her legs grew more defined and muscular, and she felt her butt harden up, her excess flesh melting away.

*Is every ounce of fat being converted into muscle?* Sam thought. As the warmth continued to flow through her, she couldn't help but think about how easy it would now be to crush a man between her massive thighs, and how she ached for just that. A man between her thighs.

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"Well I must say, that's even better than what I had in mind. I just wanted to make any Mr. Universe contestant look at me and just give up, but damn." Mike said as he admired the incredibly muscular giant in front of him. "I could probably lift a car with a body like this...probably with one arm too." Mike laughed as he looked over the new "him" and smirked. "Well, there is just one more thing..."

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"Oh God what NOW?!" Sam screamed. She felt as though her pussy was on fire, and it was driving her insane. She longed to touch it just to do something other than wallow in the throes of pleasure that were coursing over her body at the moment. Even though her breasts were for all intents and purposes gone from her chest, her chest was much larger than it had been before. Her muscles bulging like they were made it hard to see past them, which was exactly what she was trying to do since she felt something touching the front of her legs.

The fire in her pussy wasn't subsiding, and whatever was touching her was moving down her leg, *If only I could use my hands to find out what the hell is going on.*

"Oh my...well isn't that something." The little girl said, followed by some giggling. "You are gonna have fun with that!"

"Gonna have fun with what?" Sam asked as the burning sensation began to die down in her pussy, but there was still so much heat concentrated down there.

"Well I suppose it can't hurt to let you go now." the little girl said breaking out into laughter.

Sam suddenly felt the paralysis lift from her like a fog evaporating into the morning sun. She immediately clenched her fingers and ran them over each arm marveling at the fantastic musculature. She raised her arms and looked to each side as she flexed her biceps to their massive 30" circumference.

"God this feels amazing!" She said, running her hands down her chest. *My boobs are practically gone, but so what*, she thought as she felt her rock hard 8 pack abs, *I've got the body an Olympic bodybuilder would die for*. *Now to finish off what those changes did to me, God I'm so horny.* Her hands continued their downward track past her abs, eager to play with her clit...only there was something in the way. Something large, and as she leaned over she screamed in shock falling onto her back.

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"Now that's more like it!" Mike said as he examined his handiwork in the mirror. The giant standing in front of him was now sporting what anyone else might have thought was a third-leg from his groin. It was a little smaller than the massive penis Bridget had given him at the onset of his whole nightmare where he titty-fucked himself into near unconsciousness. "But it's certainly something any man would be proud of." He said as he admired the 2 ft long flaccid cock and basketball sized testicles hanging between his godly vision's legs. "Now that is the very image of man-hood right there. I defy anyone to come up with something better."

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"The very image of man-hood he says," The little girl laughed, "Well he's in for a rude awakening." She turned to Sam who was busy running her hands up and down the full length of her massive 4 ft erection. *Even at her size*, the girl mused, *she has to use both hands to get around that monster. It's got to be at least a foot and a half across. But looks like she's enjoying herself. I wonder if she'll notice that it's gone now?* The girl giggled one final time as she left the giant and the mirror alone to wander back into the meadow. "I think they'll both be in for quite the surprise when they wake up." She laughed again and began skipping out through the flower patches.

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Bridget awoke to a buzzing sound next to her head. She shook her head trying to shake off the million cobwebs of last night. She reached for the phone and saw that she had a couple missed texts–

"Bridget are you home?"

Bridget nearly jumped out of her skin. Someone was at the front door calling her. She ran to the front door and threw it wide to see an older woman standing there in a black and white maid outfit.

"Jesus Bridget close the door," The woman said pushing Bridget back into the house, "You'll catch a cold standing there stark naked, look your nipples are already as hard as diamonds. Girl how many times have I told you to cover up."

The woman bustled past Bridget and towards the living room letting loose a curse, "Dammit Bridget how many times have I told you to lactate in the bedroom, it's easier to clean than these carpets. Sometimes I wish you would just listen to me."

The woman shook her head and hurried down the hallway past the kitchen. Bridget, finally overcoming her shock at having this strange woman in the house, followed her. "Excuse me, who are you and what are you doing here?"

The woman, half inside a closet Bridget had never seen before poked her head out puzzled, "Had a really rough night last night did we?" She laughed and descended again into the closet her words carrying out, "I'm the maid Gretta your parents hired last year when you suddenly started lactating from those giant teats of yours. They hired me to clean up after you, especially after incidents like this." She came back out of the closet wheeling a massive wetvac and mop and bucket, "I mean is it too much to ask for you to have your fun in the bedroom where it's hardwood?"

"Um...Sorry I guess." Bridget said clearly dumbfounded by this woman, Gretta. *I guess I'll have to deal with a maid now, not that it's a bad thing.* Her phone buzzed in her hands again, causing her to remember it and her missed messages.

The first was a message from one of the men at the bar last night, asking for a date. *Delete*. The second was one of the girls from Hooters saying the manager wanted to offer her a job. *Delete*. The third message was from Sam: "Hey come over quick", as was the latest one, "Where are you????".

Bridget sighed and went back into the living room to see Gretta hard at work with a mop and bucket. "Gretta I'm heading over to Sam's be back later."

"Not looking like that you're not."

"What's wrong with how I look?" Bridget asked. Then she looked down at her naked body and nearly laughed. She was covered head to toe in dried milk, *not to mention the cum on my legs not that I can see those anymore.*

"See what I mean now," Gretta said as she went back to mopping up the floor, "Milk doesn't spill itself, so go wash up and put some clothes on."

Bridget suddenly felt embarrassed as the woman continued mopping up the milk from the floor, and Bridget climbed the stairs and entered the bathroom. Showering always took much longer than she remembered it ever taking, more specifically in one area. Or two rather. Washing the milk off her tits she realized just how much her breasts had grown the night before. She had always thought having her beachball sized tits was ridiculous, but now that they were even larger she could only laugh at their size. They stretched out from the sides of her body to the point where if she reached out with her arms she couldn't bend at the elbows to wrap around them. Without the support of a bra, her breasts hung down to her knees, and she had to lift them to wash the flesh underneath.

After washing the cum and milk from her body and toweling off, she wrapped herself in a towel and walked quietly across the hallway. She grabbed some quick clothes, working through the massive hooks and clasps of the bra as though she had done it her whole life. She threw on a T-shirt and jeans taking care to maneuver the shirt over the front of her substantial chest, she turned to see the sleeping form in her bed. She walked over and planted a kiss on the cheek, and whispered, "I'll be back later honey, sleep well."

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Bridget pulled into Sam’s driveway parking next to her friend’s car and texted her, “Hey I’m here =)”

She continued to the front door and was about to knock when the door swung inwards on its own. A massive hand reached out and grabbed Bridget’s arm pulling her inside quickly before closing the door behind her. Bridget spun, her massive tits nearly propelling her forward onto her face as she struggled to her feet back under her. “Geez Sam you alright? What gives?”

“What gives? Are you *serious*?!” Sam said throwing her hands up in frustration.

*What has got him all wound up?* Bridget thought as she looked at the massively muscular man that was Sam. She looked over Sam’s body and tried to find something wrong. Starting at his head and working her way down Bridget saw his huge lats and traps beside a hulking neck. Typical of Sam he wasn’t wearing a shirt, his biceps bulging atop his arms complemented by his hardened triceps leading up to his rock hard pecs and eight pack abs.

*But that’s not what’s really worth looking at,* Bridget thought as her eyes traveled further down to rest on the part of Sam that even at her eight foot height many would have called huge. The bulge in the front of his pants was monstrous, as it usually was, *luckily it’s flaccid at the moment*, Bridget thought, then smiled inwardly, *although I wouldn’t mind if it wasn’t.* Sam’s giant two foot long cock had its own leg that it sat in, as most of Sam’s pants did these days. The extra leg had a section of loose cloth back near the real pant legs, although it wasn’t exactly loose at the moment. Sam’s volleyball sized testicles sat inside their hammocks the whole appendage clearly dominating the vision of most people.

All in all though there wasn’t anything about Sam that struck Bridget as odd; he was the same massive hulk of a man he always had been. “I don’t see anything wrong with you,” Bridget said, then tossed a wink his way, “You’re the same hunk of a man you’ve always been.”

“That’s the problem!” Sam shouted, clearly unbelieving. “I haven’t ALWAYS been a man!”

“What the hell are you talking about Sam? We’ve been friends for as long as I can remember, and you’ve always been…you know…the hulk.”

“No, it’s not true.” Sam said, anger suddenly flaring up in her eyes. Bridget took an involuntary step backwards. She’d seen Sam get angry before, *and not to be cliché*, she thought, *but you don’t like Sam when she’s angry.* “It’s Mike’s fault I’m like this.”

“Wait,” Bridget said, confused, “Who’s Mike?”

“You know, your boyfriend, the one fucking you every night…except, apparently, last night.”

“I don’t know who you’re talking about Sam, but you know I’m dating Michelle now.”

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Mike was having the best dream, surrounded by dozens of impossibly hot women, all of them wanting his attention, but this blonde one was so good with her tongue…*What the hell is that tickling me?*

Mike sat bolt upright to see a small girl in a yellow sundress and wide brim hat crouching over his body with a feather.

“Bout time you woke up sleepy head.”

“What the hell…who are you?” Mike asked shaking his head and looking around at the sea of grasses around him. “And more importantly where the fuck am I?”

The little girl covered her mouth in surprise with her other hand as her eyes grew wide. “You swore, swearing isn’t allowed here. No, no it’s not.” The little girl started wagging her head in a distinct “no” fashion.

“Well you gonna tell me where I am?”

At this the girl smiled then began laughing, “Well you’re still dreaming silly, but now you’re in my dream.”

“What is this Inception?”

“What’s inception?”

“Nevermind. I was having a good dream, but I think I’ll wake up now.”

“Oh no, you can’t.” Mike gave her a look, “Well at least not yet, we haven’t had our fun yet.”

“Well what kind of fun are we supposed to be having? Honestly, I hesitate as to what kind of dream this is going to turn into.”

“Oh we’re gonna have so much fun.” The little girl jumped up and down with glee, the feather forgotten as she clapped her hands, “I hope it’ll be more fun than that girl had earlier. Although she looked like she was *really* enjoying herself.”

“Alright,” Mike said standing up and looking down at the little girl, “I think this is getting a little too weird for me, so I’ll just be going now.”

“Nope like I said, she had her fun now you get to have yours.”

Mike was about to walk away, then felt something brush up against his neck. He reached up and felt something he wasn’t exactly sure was supposed to be there. He grabbed a handful of the silky smooth object and brought it out in front of his face, to see shiny black hair in his hand. And it was growing longer in his hand. He let it fall and it fell down about the middle of his back. “What the hell is going on?” Mike said looking back at the little girl.

Only the girl wasn’t so little anymore. Where before he was looking down to see her at his waist, now she was about level with his chest. She had a huge smile on her face, “We’re finishing the trade, you wanted her to be the perfect male, and so you get to be the exact opposite.”

“What?”

“What I said silly, you’re going to be so beautiful. I can’t wait.”

“No, no, no!” Mike began screaming as he looked at his hands changing shape in front of him, becoming slender and fine. “This is a dream, I can wake up!”

Mike sat bolt upright in bed, breathing heavily. *Thank God it was only a* – "HOLY SHIT!" He screamed as black hair flowed into vision. "No, no, no, no..." Mike said as he threw off the covers and jumped out of bed. He ran towards the full length mirror in the room and realized something more was wrong. The mirror was a lot bigger than he was used to, but that wasn't all that was different.

Shiny black hair hung down to midway down his back, and his face...well it wasn't his anymore. Staring back at him in the mirror was a slender looking woman, *or at least my face is,* he thought. The woman staring back at him had a smooth face, high cheek bones, dainty ears poking out from behind the torrents of black hair. Perfectly plucked eyebrows, sultry lips, and piercing deep blue eyes accentuated the soft feminine face atop thin shoulders and a slim figure. Although that figure wasn't quite as slim as it had been moments before, in fact Mike saw, and felt, his waist continue to suck inwards, while his hips continued to flare out. He took his hands and ran then down his sides and saw the impossible hour glass figure that was forming. The hands continued their search as Mike felt a flush of heat course through his body.

"Oh my gooooddd..." he moaned as his body almost dropped to its knees in ecstasy. One hand was making its way to the front of his pants, wear it began rubbing his crotch..."NO! Absolutely not!" He screamed, but his voice now wasn't even his own. Startled as he was by the seductiveness that dripped from his voice, he nearly forgot that, *well guess I'm no longer a guy.* No longer was a dick situated between his perfectly toned thighs but a slit, complete with an–*OH GOOODDDDD, so that's what playing with a clit feels like*.

Mike removed his hand from inside the front of his pants, seeing them nearly soaked with juices, but as he held them up next to his stomach something quickly obscured his view. Another wave of pleasure pulsed through Mike's body as his hands reached up to grasp his steadily swelling breasts. Already a handful they were still swelling, stretching the shirt to its limits, but just as the shirt looked like it could take no more, it began growing with breasts. *I can hardly even reach my nipples anymore, and this shirt is starting to feel like it's painted on to my tits. Oh how weird that sounds, 'my tits.'*

But the wave passed as Mike's breasts slowed their growth, and his hands once more traveled to the lower regions of his new body. He was so focused on the massive swelling of his breasts, he hardly noticed the near perfect shelf that had formed out of his new ass. He looked back in the mirror and nearly had a heart attack. The perfect hour glass figure staring back at him had tits that would have made most porn stars jealous, and an ass that gave new meaning to "junk-in-the-trunk." The pants he was wearing had transformed into short-shorts, barely hiding the massive butt they contained. A bright pink handprint appeared on one back pocket, while on the other was a similarly colored lipstick smack. The shirt had now turned into a white tube top clearly showing off plenty of Mike's massive cleavage. Over the tits the shirt read

Mike nearly broke out laughing at the absurdity of it all. He was a walking wet dream, *more importantly I'm my own walking wet dream*, he thought as he watched his giant nipples getting hard underneath the shirt. He was about to reach down and rid himself of this damn heat between his legs, when the door burst in beside him.

"Miss Michelle are you alright? I heard you screaming and came to make sure everything was fine."

The older woman standing in front of him had on a full maid outfit and carried a mop over her shoulder and looked genuinely concerned for Mike's well being. *But wait didn't you say,* "I'm sorry who are you, and who is Michelle?"

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“Who the hell is Michelle?” Sam screamed. *And why isn’t Bridget looking at me like I’m the freak that I am?*

Sam had awoken this morning after her weird dream only to find that it wasn’t quite a dream. As she came to her senses, she through back the covers to reveal the full extent of the changes, and they were extensive. Her first thought was, *Well I guess I can’t refer to myself as a girl anymore. Not with this monster hanging between my legs. Dear God what was that asshole boyfriend of hers thinking, there are children smaller than this.* As Sam rolled over he realized that there was something wasn’t quite right, his shorts clung to him a little bit too well. As he stood up he realized that his blankets and practically the entire bed were covered in cum, some dried, some still wet from the middle of the night. “This is fucking gross,” Sam said for the first time with his new voice, and was shocked at how deep it was.

Sam then walked awkwardly into the bathroom, stripped his clothes and began to shower. Never having cleaned a man’s body before, especially while inside of one it was a little different, having the girth that he now had between his legs was also something he was pretty damn sure no other guy had to deal with. It took him a while to wash all the cum off his body, meanwhile he took the time to examine his fine new physique. *As much as I hate being a man, I have to say that this body is incredible,* Sam thought as he ran his hands over his massive muscles and even down over his giant dick. It was amazing to feel the power in his hands, and even the feelings of pleasure that were now coursing through his dick. After a few more minutes of running his hands along the dick, suddenly the pleasure was much more intense, and Sam was no longer standing in the shower with a dick that was two feet flaccid, but one that was three and a half feet solidly erect. And that wasn’t the only thing, especially since he was now actively running his hands along the erection and the feeling was so good…

*Enough daydreaming,* Sam convinced himself as he looked down at the bombshell that was his best friend Bridget. The look on her face was one of complete confusion, as though she couldn’t comprehend what Sam was asking. Finally, Bridget just shook her head, “Look I know you haven’t been happy with me since I started dating Michelle, I know you don’t like her very much but she and I…we’ve been together for a while and­—”

“WHO IS MICHELLE?!” Sam could hardly believe this, Bridget was fucking lying to her.

“You know Michelle, the girl who’s got huge tits only she’s about as tall as your leg. You and her used to get along until I started to date her.”

“Since when were you into girls?!” And then it hit Sam. *Oh my God, the dream catcher, it must have turned Mike into Michelle. We’re the only ones who were part of the magic so we’re the only ones who know that this isn’t really us.*

“Listen Sam you’ve been acting really weird lately. Are you sure you’re alright?”

“Me, of course I’m not fine.” Sam sighed, and then felt the rage build up again. “Look I was a girl last night when I went to bed, and if it wasn’t for you and that damned magic ring I’d still be one.”

“What are you talking about? What magic ring?”

“Don’t play dumb with me. I know you have a magic ring that grants wishes. The one I went out to buy for you two days ago. You used it to give yourself those huge tits and get all the attention you could possibly want. So I went and bought that stupid dream catcher to catch your dreams and become everything you wanted, and leave you with the opposite, but no, you couldn’t sleep with Mike that one fucking night! So now I’m in his fucking dream body, and he’s probably in his living wet dream of a body.”

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Bridget could only stare at Sam in disbelief. *How does she know the ring works? And more importantly what the fuck is she talking about being a girl this morning? Sam’s always been a muscle bound freak.* “Look Sam I don’t know what you’re talking about, but the ring you bought me was nice, but it was just that.”

“Bridget, cut the shit.” Sam said, his tone dropping from the screams of before to a harder tone. One that Bridget usually knew meant business when he was talking to some punk kids who wanted to jump him. And standing in front of him with his huge muscles on his broad chest and giant biceps pulsing with rage, Bridget knew better than to keep up the charade.

“Alright, alright, so it is magical. It does grant wishes, but not like you think. You have to wish for things to happen to other people and if it’s something they want you can wish for something for yourself. But if they don’t want it…”

“Ya, ya, ya spare me the bullshit.” Sam said shaking his head. “Just give me the ring so I can change myself back.”

“Like I said it doesn’t work like that, I’d have to wish you back.”

“But then you’d get a personal wish, and you could just make me want something.”

“No it doesn’t work like that anymore…” Bridget couldn’t believe she just said that, and immediately saw Sam’s eyes darken.

“What did you wish for?”

“Nothing, really, it doesn’t—”

“Did you wish for everyone to like you? Was all the attention you got from being hot not good enough for you? You had to go and make yourself the center of attention no matter the situation."

"No, no I didn't–"

"How could you be so selfish? You had a great boyfriend in Mike, and you had me. I would have done anything for you! I would have..."

Sam's voice trailed away as though his mouth was speaking words he'd never wanted her to hear. Looking at Sam, Bridget could tell that he had said far more than he meant to, and now he had withdrawn, chastising himself for speaking his mind. *But I've seen this before,* Bridget thought, as she looked at the man struggling with his thoughts, and had to ask the question she was pretty sure she knew the answer to.

"Sam do you like me?"

"Of course I like you Bridget, you're my friend–"

"That's not what I meant. Do you *like* me?"

There was silence between the two as Bridget watched Sam sink to the ground, back to the wall, knees drawn up, head hung between them. A pose Bridget knew well, one she used whenever she wanted Michelle to comfort her. A very feminine gesture that looked completely out of place on the massively muscular man in front of her. She crossed the last couple steps between them and sunk down to sit next to Sam, putting a gentle hand on his arm.

"Yes, Bridget, I've always liked you." Sam said into his knees, then turned his head to face Bridget's. "I never said anything because I didn't want to ruin our friendship, but I guess it's a little late for that. Besides I didn't even know if you were interested in girls."

"Huh, I've always been interested in girls Sam," Bridget said confused, "at least as long as I've known you."

"Not the Bridget I knew," Sam said, lifting his head up to rest against the wall, "Bridget I knew was either really good at hiding her experimenting, or she was just straight." Then Sam laughed and said into the air, "Guess I've missed the boat again on that one."

"I don't understand? What do you mean?"

"I used to be a girl. And wouldn't you know it, the second I turn into a stud guy that the Bridget I knew would have been all over, you go ahead and turn yourself into a lesbian."

Bridget looked up at Sam as he smiled a sad smile and shook his head in disbelief.

"God I have to have the worst luck ever."

"I wouldn't say that," Bridget said patting Sam's arm as he looked down into her face. "You're a goddamn stud right now, and if I was straight I can honestly say I'd be all over you right now."

A smile on Sam's face, and a laugh, "Well I guess I'll take that." Then he sighed followed by a laugh, "I do have to say I'm attracted to me. This body is unbelievable..."

"But..."

"You always could do that to me," Sam said shaking his head, "you never let me hide anything."

"What else are friends for?"

A truly genuine smile from that picture of masculinity, "As nice as this body is, it's not mine, and I'd like to be myself again."

"What's the matter? You don't like that anaconda hanging between your legs?" Bridget said giving Sam's dick a slight brush with her hand. She saw Sam's face flush red, as he replied, "You may not be into guys anymore, but I'm definitely still into girls. So unless you want to see this thing spring to life I suggest getting me back to normal." Then with a sly wink, "and who knows we might even get a chance to experiment."

"Alright, alright easy there." Bridget said as she felt Sam's dick begin to spring to life underneath her hand. "Let's not get too far ahead of ourselves, I gotta turn you back first."

"You'd do that for me after I pretty much just admitted to trying to ruin your life last night?"

"We're friends, Sam. Always have been. And what kind of friend have I been stealing all the spotlights and doing things for my own personal gain." Bridget said as she began trying to get to her feet. "Seems to me like I've been the massive bitch here, and I think it's time we all got what we wanted." She was still struggling to maneuver her massive breasts into a position where she could actually lift up their girth. *Unfortunately it's proving much more difficult than I thought,* she chided herself .

"Need a hand?" Sam said rising next to her and holding out a muscular arm. "Looks like you're trying to lift two beanbags from a sitting position."

"Shut it, before I change my mind." Bridget said playfully, grasping Sam's outstretched hand.

"Um, Bridget..."

"What's up Sam?" Bridget said as she got her feet under her and readjusted her top.

"Where's the ring?"

"What do you mean? It's right here on my...Oh God." On her hand where the ring normally was, she could see nothing but pale skin.

"Did you lose it somewhere in here?"

"No. I don't know. Maybe..." *Where the fuck is it? Where could it be?*Bridget thought as she wracked her mind for the last place she had it.

And came up with one answer.

And that was not a good situation.

"We have to get back to my house, now!"

"Is that where you left it?"

"Yes and let's hope Michelle hasn't found it yet."

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Thank you all for reading the second installment to my series. I apologize again for the massive delay between episodes as it were. I hope you all enjoyed the story, and there will be another part to look forward to. I can't very well with good conscience leave you with that cliff hanger. Some different transformations in this one, and after writing I realized what most people who make trilogies find out: no matter how hard you try, the second part always comes out filler =/. That being said, all kinds of feedback is always appreciated. Send it over to instigator385@yahoo.com, and I'll be more than happy to respond in kind.

Warm Regards,

Ragnarok385