

Wish for a Wish

Ryder strolled along the beach taking in the sights, both the ocean and the women around him. The latter was truthfully his favorite part. Few places existed where you could see so many attractive women wearing so little. At least for free.

He continued the walk, enjoying the sand between his feet. Ahead of him loomed the lifeguard tower, a blonde sitting on a chair facing the ocean. She was an incredible sight to behold, her hair shining gold through the rays of the burning coastal sun. Her body was small and slender, perfect for swimming and saving lives, wrapped in her red single-piece lifeguard uniform.

“She could give me CPR any day...” Ryder mused. He looked up at the lifeguard, her legs propped up on the wooden railing in front of her, hoping to get a quick peek.

It was as if she had sensed him, her head turning to look in his direction. Ryder smiled coolly at her, but his eyes were met with a stern stare. He couldn’t blame her; this wasn’t the first time she had caught him sneaking a look at her. Her bright blue eyes almost bore into him, seeming to dare him to make a move.

She paid him little more attention, turning her head back out towards the sea and her job, crossing her legs. Ryder chuckled, taking a final glance at her before she passed from view. His eyes fell onto her chest, a relatively small B cup compared to the Ds and Fs suspended in the bikinis around him. Above her right breast was a lifeguard symbol, her name, Hailey, stitched above it in white lettering, slightly raised by her chest.

A little bit extra on top wouldn’t be such a bad thing for her..., Ryder contemplated, undressing the beauty in his head. He could feel his swim trunks tightening a little, and he quickly decided to change his train of thought. It would be embarrassing to have a bulge like that in front of everyone. The irony of this wasn’t lost on him however, as he turned his attention to other girls sunbathing around him.

His attention on other things, Ryder felt his foot jam into something in the sand, nearly causing him to fall over. He stumbled forward a bit, digging his feet deep into the beach as his arms flailed before he was able to catch his balance once again. He almost didn’t look back at what tripped him. And he almost missed the most important opportunity of his young, horny life.

But looking back, Ryder saw something bright and metallic glinting in his eyes, buried in the sand. It looked like a sort of spout. Ideas and visions of ancient pirate treasure swam before him as it shone yellow. He knew there was little to no chance of being something valuable, but he knelt down to inspect it regardless.

The sand rolled off of the object like a waterfall as Ryder gathered it in his hands, a couple strangers jogging past him, paying little notice. “It looks like...a lamp...” Ryder guessed, turning it over, “Like one of those old genie lamps...”

He chuckled a little at the very idea of it. The lamp was a dull bronze color, covered in what looked like sanskrit, grime and seaweed clinging to the edges and grooves. With a soft

cracking noise, he pried the lid off, looking inside with an sense of hope. Sand poured out to reveal an empty container.

Ryder frowned. "Empty." He nearly tossed it back aside, but his inner child nagged at him. Cautiously he glanced around making sure that nobody was watching him. With a quick gesture, he rubbed the side of the lamp, feeling half foolish and half ridiculous.

Psh, of course nothing happened. What were you expecting, a geni--

"MORTAL!!" a voice boomed, starting Ryder and causing him to jump. He looked around, seeing no one.

"YOU CANNOT SEE ME."

Again the voice seemed to sound within his head like a rock concert, but the world around him seemed frozen, absolutely still. "W-Who's there?"

"I AM THE GENIE OF THE LAMP. YOU HAVE AWOKEN ME FROM MY SLUMBER, AND ARE HEREBYE ENTITLED TO ONE WISH BEFORE I RETURN. ALTHOUGH THE NATURE OF YOUR WISH MAY GIVE ANOTHER A WISH AS WELL."

"Why can't I see you??" Ryder asked, seeming to ignore the rest of the genie's words.

The voice was silent for a moment, as if considering. *"THAT SHOULD HARDLY BE YOUR FIRST QUESTION. BUT TO ANSWER, IT IS BECAUSE MY FORM WOULD CAUSE YOUR OWN CONSCIOUSNESS TO COLLAPSE UPON ITSELF. NOW, WHAT IS YOUR WISH?"*

I have to be dreaming right now... Ryder realized. But he decided to go along with it. "I can wish for anything?"

"YOUR HEART'S DESIRE IF MY COMMAND."

Ryder considered his options for a moment. Ignoring how ridiculous the entire situation seemed, even in a dream this was a hard opportunity to pass up.

The thought of the lifeguard's flat chest popped into his head. A smile spread across Ryder's lips. "I wish...that the lifeguard's tits would fill with milk!"

"THAT IS YOUR COMMAND?"

"Yes! I want her boobs to swell with milk 'til she's leaking and her swimsuit bursts off!"

"IT SHALL BE AS YOU COMMAND!"

A sound like thunder cracked inside Ryder's head, and his eyes seemed to be filled with a strobe light. But just as soon as it had begun the sensations ended, and his hands grasped only empty air, the lamp gone. He felt like he had just awoken from a trance, as the world began movin around him once again. It didn't seem real. *There had been a lamp in my hands a second ago, right?* he thought.

"Aaaahhh!!!"

A loud screech made Ryder's eyes bulge wide, his heart skipping a beat. His head followed the same path as the rest of the people within the immediate area on the beach, turning towards the lifeguard tower.

Atop it, standing with her hands trembling, was Hailey, her chest seemingly larger. Her suit seemed to be shifting and squirming around her body, two rounded mounds bulging out the sides of her shoulder straps.

“What the hell is happening to me?!” Hailey screamed, her mouth agape as she witnessed cleavage quickly rising up to meet her just below her chin. “M-My boobs are blowing up!!”

A familiar bulge returned to Ryders shorts, and this time he didn’t try to hide it. The slender blonde lifeguard had a pair of what appeared to be balloons for tits, and they were blowing up *fast*. Or perhaps water balloons would be a better comparison. Water balloons filling with milk.

Each second that passed seemed to add cup upon cup to her bust, their weight increasing as did their rounded forms. Her swimsuit was beginning to strain before Ryder could even draw a breath, her growth almost instant.

“A-A-Ahhh...!” Hailey moaned, her bosom heaving increasingly larger. Ryder’s breath caught in his throat as he saw a damp spot forming on her crotch. *She’s enjoying it!* Ryder realized.

Her breasts shook with each pulse as Hailey filled larger and larger with hot milk, her tits straining to stretch and fill to maintain her capacity. Deep blue veins coursed over her cleavage, running between her boobs like rivers in a canyon. Two large bulges appeared on her front, Hailey’s nipples growing erect and puffy, each like the end of a thumb.

“Please!” she yelled, trying to see over her breasts, “I-It’s starting to hurt! My skin can’t stretch this much and my suit is too tight! It’s cutting into me!” Her eyes suddenly grew wide in fear as she felt something happen, and Ryder quickly saw that two wet spots were now forming on her front, her milky mammaries beginning to leak. The dark spots spread wider and wider, running down the front of her warped suit, her name no longer legible. The swimsuit seemed almost as stretched and full as her own body.

Hailey bit her lip and whimpered, “I-It’s too much!” Her body looked fit to burst, her chest like a balloon with a belt wrapped around it.

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Almost on queue, a loud tearing sound emanated from Hailey, a rip spreading down her front over her toned stomach and crotch. Hailey’s body was laid bare for the entire beach, her tits bouncing tightly and round, high on her torso. Her once perky B cups were now swollen and engorged to hefty leaking H cups, each as large as her own head. Veins spread over them like a map, her nipples pulsing and throbbing in front of her like the ends of a hose. Milk was running out of them, down over her taut curves and down her naked body. Ryder could see her thighs were slick and shiny with fluids.

The entire display had occurred in less seconds than Ryder could count on his hands. Haileys torn suit had no sooner hit the ground, rendering her naked and swollen, before she screamed, “Ahhhhh!!!”

She covered her body as best she could, her arm not enough to cover her new nipples, as she ran into the lifeguard tower, her suit still clinging to her foot. Ryder was left standing with the largest hard-on of his life. "Damn... I should have made it happen to every girl on the beach!" he laughed.

But he knew there was still more to see. Silently he crept up to the lifeguard tower, climbing the stairs and peeking into the glass enclosed room. The sight inside nearly made him come in his pants.

Hailey was lying on the floor against the wall, her enormously milky boobs gathering in one arm as she twisted her nipple, her other hand fingering her pussy. Her face was red with pleasure and it seemed to be making her breasts swell even more, their veins dark and thick on her skin as milk sprayed across the room.

Suddenly her eyes opened, and they locked with Ryder's. For the first time, she actually smiled at him. And this smile beckoned him to come in and get a closer look. She licked her lips hungrily, and Ryder was helpless to obey.

The room smelled of milk and sex as he walked in, and he could swear a sloshing sound was coming from Hailey as her bulbous tits rocked up and down like over filled balloons.

"I-I-I..." Ryder didn't know what to say. Did she know it had been him? Was she mad? She didn't seem all that upset.

"Shh. Shut up." Hailey commanded, "This is what you wanted, right?" She looked at him slyly, squirting a stream of milk at him with a moan.

Ryder nodded, feeling like his shorts were three sizes too small.

"Well...nnnnnghh..." Hailey groaned in pleasurable agony, still looking fit to burst, "I-If you're getting a show like this, I think it's only fair that...nnnnugh...I do as well, wouldn't you agree?"

"U-Uh..." Ryder was losing all common sense.

"Jerk off for me," she demanded, hefting both boobs in her hands, "I'll even provide the entertainment."

Ryder didn't need to have his arm twisted. Quickly he started fumbling with the drawstring of his shorts, pulling out the knot and letting them fall to his ankles. His cock pointed out, as if directing him towards what he wanted most. Claire smiled, seeing his swollen member seem to beg for her engorged curves.

"Start stroking," she commanded.

Ryder grasped himself in his hand, starting slowly at first as he ran down the length of his shaft and over his head. But his pace soon quickened, his own juices providing lubricant. The busty lifeguard giggled, squirting hot milk at him again. He could feel it drench his member, running down its length. It made him thirsty.

His cock and balls seemed to throb with desire, almost pulsing with lust. Ryder felt hot, nearly overcome with pleasure. Tentatively he took a step forward towards her.

“Uh uh uh!” she denied, pointing back towards his wall, “No touching. You only get to watch... At least for now.” Claire giggled again, watching him begin to stroke with more vigor. His shaft was thickening in his hands, and he could feel the kind of veins pulsing against his hand that he only got when he was exceptionally close to coming.

“O-Oooohh...” Ryder moaned, feeling a deep pulse in his balls. He felt like he had a serious case of blue-balls, and even as he leaned back to gaze upon his big-titted creation, he could feel his nuts pushing into his thighs. He felt swollen and puffy, like they had become a pair of baseballs.

“Looks like there’s a party in your pants!” Claire giggled, “And here I don’t recall getting an invitation.” Her eyes were transfixed on his junk.

Ryder’s eyes followed her line of sight, tearing away from her massive jugs only for a second. He was glad he looked. “W-What the--”

He was at a loss for words; his balls were each as big as his fist, pressing and squeezing against each other between his sweaty legs. “What’s going on with my balls?!” he yelled, witnessing them swell even larger right before his eyes. Still he continued to jerk off, the pleasure and sights too good to pass up.

He felt like his sack was filling, pumping fuller and fuller with fluids. It bounced hot and heavy against the side of his hand with each stroke, his skin taut and firm as it began to resemble more of a cantaloupe, swelling big and round. He shuddered, the pleasure he felt like nothing else he had ever encountered. It was like he could feel himself edging closer and closer to the biggest orgasm of his life, but it only continued to build, like a great hormonal pressure.

Claire giggled again, sending tight ripples across her leaking tits. “They actually have quite a bit of stretch to them, don’t they...?” Her eyes were wide with wonder as she watched, but Ryder saw no surprise in them.

“Did...Did you do...something to me?” he moaned, his breathing heavy and labored. The growth between his legs was quickening, and his legs were actually beginning to be forced apart by the tightening basketball-sized sack.

“Nothing you didn’t do to me, I suppose.” Claire confessed, a wide devilish grin spreading across her face. “I mean, this *was* you, wasn’t it?” She wrapped her arms across her bust and hugged them tightly, milk spraying in all directions.

“I-I-I...”

“I know it was. The genie told me.”

Ryder’s eyes widened, both at her revelation and the feeling of his block and tackle growing even larger. Even his cock itself had begun to swell, nearly twice its size, looking tight and firm, and tinge of purple on its surface as veins began to rise down his shaft and over his balls.

She only laughed. “Apparently since you made a wish directly affecting me, it’s cosmic law that I only get one in return! And you’ll never guess what it was...”

Ryder's legs started shaking, and with a slick movement his bursting berries were forced out in front of him by his legs. His free hand cradling them, trying to hold them up and against his thighs. His skin felt like a drum on his fingers, and he could feel his heartbeat throbbing inside them, each of his nuts like a volleyball. It looked like he was trying to hold a skin-tone balloon against his legs, blue and purple veins streaking over its surface.

"M-Make it stop..." he asked half-heartedly. As incredible as his member felt, he could sense a limit approaching. "They're getting too big...!"

"See, now there's the thing." Claire said matter of factly.

Ryder watched her start to laugh again as the weight of his balls grew too heavy, and he collapsed onto his back. His balls bounced dangerously tight on the wooden floor, spreading between his legs and forcing them apart. His skin shone bright and smooth, almost reflecting the sunlight, and still his hands couldn't leave his dick.

He heard Clair get up with a loud grunt, her breasts slapping together with a tight wetness as she moved. She stood at his feet, looking over his impossibly large ballsack. "The thing is, I didn't put a limit on your growth. You're going to keep going until...well...I bet you can guess!"

Ryder's face grew white with the realization of what he had done. He winced suddenly, a sharp pain in his crotch. A deep red stretch mark had split across his balls, veins as thick as his pinky pulsating around it. "O-Ok, it's starting to hurt now! I'm getting too full!" He was panicking now, he cock filling and thickening enough that he couldn't get his fingers halfway around his shaft.

"Oh I'll show you too full!" Claire laughed menacingly, striding towards him.

"Please, just make it stop!" Ryder gulped as he felt his horniness surge, Clair dropping the tattered swimsuit from around her waist and straddling herself over him, facing her tits towards his dick. This only seemed to speed up his swelling, another stretch mark bursting in his skin, this time up the shaft of his cock.

"My my...! You really *are* getting pretty full aren't you?" she cooed, tenderly running her pointed nails across his balls. His heart beat madly, feeling their sharp edges pressing threateningly into his over-stretched balls.

He tried to get up, but she sat on his chest, forcing him down. With a smooth motion she slid his cock and hand between her cleavage, moving her milky mammaries up and down. As much danger as he could feel he was in, his body still responded accordingly, pleasure rushing through him and filling his cock and balls with more of his bodily fluids.

Ryder could feel his blood pumping tighter and tighter into his genitals, each time his skin growing more firm. The stretch marks screamed, and three more instantly popped as Claire brought her boobs down hard with a loud smack, threatening waves running over his balls.

"My balls are too full! I feel like they're going to *explode*! Oooooohhhh they're really starting to hurt now!"

"Nonsense!" Claire giggled, squeezing her tits tightly around his dick. "I can still feel you growing and filling."

Even with her sitting on his chest, Ryder could now see the sides of his testicles swelling out on the left and right, each one like a beachball. Every second felt like a burst of growth, and his skin had begun to take on a red tinge, each one of his veins now a dark purple and as wide as a quarter. It felt like someone had stuck a bike pump in his cock, and was intent of making him burst. He felt multiple veins just burst then, dark bruises spreading over his bulging balls. The pain made his eyes water.

“I-I feel so close to coming!” Ryder admitted, “If I could just...orgasm...I feel like...like I could release all...all this *pressure*!!”

Claire threw her head back and almost cackled at that, “There’s not a chance I’m letting that happen! You’ll come when I say you can. That is, if you last that long.”

With an audible *pop*!, Ryder felt the head of his distended dick emerge from the top of her cleavage, his legs nearly doing the splits as his balls gained even more circumference. He felt like his body could rip apart at any moment, his skin a taut and swollen minefield of stretch marks and bulging veins. He didn’t have very long.

“Ok ok! I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have made your boobs fill with milk!” he yelled, his hands still trapped in her cleavage. He was completely powerless.

“It’s far too late for apologies. You enjoy messing with people’s bodies? I’m about to give you a lesson you’ll never forget!”

Claire squeezed her chest hard, gushing milk over his engorged balls, the white milk turning pink from the red skin underneath. To his complete horror--and pleasure--she started licking the tip of his cock between her tits, sucking the head with small popping sounds as her lips released their suction. The pressure was quickly mounting, and Ryder knew he was well beyond his limits.

“I-I’m going to burst! I need to come *now*!!”

“Uuhhhhh!” Claire moaned, her mouth full.

A loud rumble started to fill the small room, and Ryder started panting and wincing in pain as he realized his balls were shaking. Each quiver they seemed to pulse enormous, his skin fighting with all its might to keep his body together. Two yoga-sized balls sat between his legs, almost taller than Claire. Veins like garden hoses fought along their surface, and a new stretch mark appeared every second.

“T-Too big!” Ryder begged, “I’m gonna...I’m gonna...I’m gonna *buuuuuuurst*!!”

With a loud smack, Claire’s lips released his head.

KAAABLOOOOSH

All at once, a giant rip split up the length of Ryder’s balls along their center, rendering his sack wide open to a large gushing wave of blood, veins, and tattered skin. His overfilled nuts burst at the same time, a wash of white running into the sea of red and turning it a dull pink. Like a rocket, his dick exploded off of his crotch, tearing along its side in the process and shooting upwards between her tits and over her head, raining blood over her blonde hair and face before

falling limp on the ground. Its contents released, his ballsack lay limp and deflated over his legs like some kind of gorey blanket.

The floor was flooded with two inches of bodily fluids, and Claire's feet splashed red along the walls as she slipped, trying to stand, blood still dripping out from between her chest. With an effort, she stood up, seeing the whole interior covered in a deep red, the windows completely covered.

She giggled a little, feeling her new body jiggle. "Maybe now I can do my job without him ogling me all day..." she said, before thinking for a moment and lifting her breasts, "Although I suppose with these I might be getting even *more* attention than before." She smiled, still seeing milk leaking from her thumb-sized nipples. "I guess they're not *all* bad, really. They're kinda growing on me..."