

Author's Note: With the recent twenty-fifth anniversary of the EMCSA, I've started going back to some of the stories that got me interested in MC in the first place. I found myself frequenting some of MrGrey's stories from twenty years ago and got inspired to try my own take on their fantastic style. This story will likely be very reminiscent of masterpieces like Cynthia and the Stone and Mental Pills, but the resemblance is absolutely the sincerest form of flattery.

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Harmless Wishes between Friends

by Fidget

"What's this amazing thing you wanted to show me? Also, why aren't you dressed yet?" Katie asked as she burst through the front door of Blake's dorm room. The pair of twenty year-olds had just started their junior year in college and had become somewhat close over the past two years, though Katie still saw Blake as nothing more than a friend.

"Katie, it's the craziest thing! I dreamed that I could make wishes about other people to change them however I liked, but then when I woke up, I discovered I still could, like for real!" Blake's eyes were wild with excitement, and he either hadn't noticed or didn't care that he was still wearing his pajama pants and undershirt.

"You're so full of shit, Blake. You dragged me all the way over here at 9am for this?" Katie crossed her arms in incredulity and gave him a bit of stink-eye.

"No, it's true! Here, watch!" He grabbed her arm and pulled her over to the window. "I wish that girl's hair would turn red!" he said, pointing at a cute coed sitting on a park bench scrolling through her phone. To Katie's amazement, the girl's hair suddenly changed from dull brownish-gray to bright red! She had her hair pulled up in a ponytail, so she didn't seem to notice that her hair had somehow become a lot more attention-grabbing in the span of an instant.

"What on earth!? How did you do that? What's the trick?" Katie asked, her voice full of astonishment, but even so she was certain that this was all a weird ruse that Blake had orchestrated somehow.

"It's not a trick! I already told you - when I woke up this morning, I could change people with my wishes!" He could tell from the look on her face that she still didn't believe him. "Ok, you pick someone and tell me how to change them."

Katie leaned out of the window and chose a pale, somewhat out-of-shape guy running shirtless down the street. "Fine! Give that guy a six pack!"

"Ok, I wish that guy had a six pack!" Blake said, and then added, "and a tan!" for good measure, and right before Katie's eyes the jogger suddenly had visible abs and a noticeably darker skin tone. He must have noticed that something was amiss because he stopped briefly and looked down at his torso, surprised to see that his stomach was suddenly much trimmer than usual, before chalking it up to gains from his first week of exercise and continuing on his way.

The reality of the situation was now undeniable to Katie: somehow, Blake was actually able to make wishes that could change people.

"This is so cool!" Blake shouted. He danced around the room a bit as he pumped his fists in excitement, not noticing as his antics caused his dick to flop out out of the front flap of his pajama pants in full view of a horrified Katie, who was still dazed by the implications of what she had just witnessed.

"Uh, Blake, you're, uh, hanging a bit loose there," she said, giggling a bit in her embarrassment at unexpectedly coming face to face with her platonic friend's flaccid member.

"Oh, sorry," Blake said, starting to put himself back in his pants, but then he had a better idea. "Actually, I wish you felt perfectly comfortable seeing my dick." And Katie did. She instantly relaxed, and her gaze popped back up to Blake's face, only casually glancing back down to his exposed penis every few seconds. After all, it was just a natural part of her friend's body. There was no reason that seeing it should make her uncomfortable.

"What should I wish for next?" Blake asked, starting to get a bit turned on at just how easy it had been to make Katie ok with having his dick out in front of her like this. It began to swell just a little, sticking a bit further out into the open air as the implications of his new wishing ability sank in. He'd always had a slight crush on Katie, but he knew she didn't feel the same way, and until now he was happy respecting her wishes. Now that he could make her into whatever he wanted, though, the temptation to take their relationship beyond platonic was growing incredibly quickly.

Katie casually glanced down at his slightly more prominent dick before continuing. "I dunno, Blake, this is all kinda freaking me out. I don't know how I feel about you wishing that I was comfortable seeing your dick like that. I mean, I *am* comfortable seeing it, of course, there's no question about that, but knowing that you've made me feel that way is kind of off-putting."

"Aw, that's unfortunate. I wish you *wanted* to hang around and let me change you with my wishes."

"Well of course I want that! But only because you made me want it, you jerk! Now hurry up and wish for something already!" Even though Katie had been tempted to run out of the room in panic just seconds before, she now couldn't deny the excitement she felt at the prospect of staying put and offering herself up to be modified according to Blake's wishes. She knew her new feelings weren't real - actually, come to think of it, she knew that they *were* real, beyond a shadow of a doubt - but her knowledge that this had been done to her without her consent did nothing to prevent her from feeling exactly as he had wished.

"Uh, ok, I wish your hair was blonde!"

As soon as his words had registered in her brain, the sandy brown curls Katie was used to seeing framing her face were suddenly much more vibrant. She hadn't felt a thing. Katie knew that she should get out of there before Blake took his new power too far, but she really did want to hang around and let him change her, just as he'd wished she would. And so she stayed put, and Blake immediately took it too far.

She could practically see his hormones getting the better of him, and then he blurted out, "Uh, now I wish that you *loved* looking at my dick." Well, of course she did, or she did now at least. It was just so perfectly shaped, and now that she was actively staring at it, it began to twitch and rise even further. Katie watched with rapt attention, loving the way it grew and thickened, standing out more and more proudly from his pajamas as Blake's physical arousal clouded his brain with even more thoughts of sex.

"You love looking at my dick, don't you?"

"Of course!" Katie responded automatically, feeling just how irrevocably true that statement was. She knew it hadn't always been the case, and that as recently as a few minutes ago seeing Blake's cock had made her incredibly uncomfortable, but now his dick was just so appealing that she couldn't bring herself to look away. It wasn't even a sexual thing - or not much of a sexual thing, at least - it was more like looking at art. Blake just had a nice dick, and Katie couldn't deny that she loved looking at it.

She was again struck by a realization that she should leave while she still could, saddled only with an undeniable love of looking at Blake's thick, pulsing cock whenever she got the chance. But it was so nice to just stand here and keep staring... Plus, she was still clearly affected by his first wish for her, and couldn't wait to see what he wished for next.

"Would you like to touch it?" Blake asked with a cocksure grin.

"Yeah, you wish. I'm perfectly happy just looking at it, thanks," she responded disdainfully. Men were such horndogs. All the while, her gaze was still entirely focused on his cock, which had finally reached full mast, and was giving a small twitch every second or so. Her eyebrows raised in time with each movement, eyes full of unmistakable interest.

"I *do* wish. I wish that the more you look at it, the more you'll want to touch it," he said, sitting down on the edge of his bed and leaning back so that his erect phallus was pointing straight up into the air from the hole in his pajamas.

Well that wasn't fair at all, Katie thought. Blake had made her look at it in the first place, but even now she was already starting to feel the slightest bit of an inclination to walk across the room and maybe run just the tip of her finger along its length. For just a second, of course, just to see how it felt. His cock was so nice to look at, after all, an appealing juxtaposition of hardness and softness, powerful yet vulnerable, a twitching mast of Blake's masculinity, and Katie couldn't help but continue to stare, even knowing what it would do to her after Blake's most recent wish.

Thirty seconds later Katie still hadn't looked away, and her desire to touch his cock had continued to grow. Now she was imagining lovingly running her hands over it so that she could watch it jerk and dance playfully at the stimulation. She found herself absent-mindedly getting up and walking across the room to sit next to Blake on the bed, still gazing down into his lap as her hands twitched with anticipation.

"Here, I'll help you out. I wish having a dick in your hands felt perfectly natural to you."

Katie wanted to stop him, to keep his words from making her touch his dick, but he had already finished his sentence, and suddenly having a dick in her hand seemed like the most natural thing in the world. She immediately dropped her arm into his lap and began gently stroking his shaft, enjoying the feel of the soft, sensitive skin of his cock against her own soft fingers. She loved how comfortable it felt to be sitting here with a good friend, casually caressing his dick, and all the while her eyes continued to eagerly watch as his fascinating phallus enjoyed her efforts.

Even with his crush sitting here calmly giving him a handjob, however, Blake still wasn't content. The heavenly feeling of Katie's delicate hand wrapped around his cock only increased his need for sexual release, and he found himself seeking more intense stimulation as a result.

"I think you should suck it."

She looked up at him in horror. "Blake, please, no! I don't like blowjobs!"

"Katie, I wish you *loved* blowjobs."

Sure enough, Katie suddenly found herself eyeing his cock with newfound hunger. It wasn't even an "irresistible compulsion" or anything like that - she just knew all of a sudden that she loved giving blowjobs, and that she'd obviously love giving Blake one too. Still, just because she loved it didn't mean she had to do it. She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing just how much she wanted to suck his cock right now, and she also didn't want to stop looking at it long enough to slide it into her mouth. All the while, of course, her hand continued to gently caress his dick, and she didn't think a thing of it.

"I don't care how much I love them - I'm not some slut who just goes around giving everyone blowjobs!" Katie countered indignantly, though secretly she was already looking forward to seeing how he'd change her next in response to her insolence.

"Katie, I wish you were a natural cocksucker who thought blowjobs between friends were perfectly normal."

"I *am* a natural cocksucker!", Katie agreed matter-of-factly as she casually dropped to her knees between Blake's legs, pulled his pajama pants down to his ankles, and eagerly slid his dick into her mouth. She missed looking at it, but it just felt too natural to wrap her lips around his thick cock to stop. Somehow she knew exactly what to do to give him the most pleasure, and she cupped her free hand around his balls as she took him deep, wrapping his cockhead in the slick skin of her soft palate and the back of her throat. She recalled how just seconds

ago she hadn't wanted to blow him at all, but after his wish she had realized that sucking cock was clearly her calling, and Blake was her friend, so why deny him?

Blake watched her work, and Katie glanced up and gave him a wink as she began to swirl her tongue along his frenulum. He was clearly enjoying the sensation and the view, but was struck with a sudden idea of how he could improve it.

"I wish it was second nature for you to pull up your shirt and bra when blowing someone."

Katie was so focused on his cock that she hadn't heard him properly, but even so she immediately used her free hand to pull up her stretchy top and bra so that her petite A-cups could be out in the open where they belonged.

"What are you doing with your shirt?" Blake asked, feigning ignorance to fully enjoy her reaction to this newest development.

"Oh, sorry, it just feels more comfortable for some reason to get my breasts out when I'm giving a blowjob. Sorry if it's awkward, but try not to look. I know we're friends and all, but I don't really feel comfortable getting too sexual with you."

"No problem, I understand completely. I just wish you enjoyed having your tits looked at."

"Oh, I absolutely do enjoy it! I just don't want you to get the wrong idea," Katie responded. She was still a bit self-conscious about having her top pulled up, but with how right it felt to have her breasts on display, combined with how much she now enjoyed seeing people staring at her tits, she was also secretly hoping that Blake would steal a glance or two as she continued pumping her soft lips up and down his slick shaft.

Blake *did* steal a glance or two, of course, and Katie felt a small thrill whenever she'd look up from her blowjob to see him contorting to try to catch a glimpse of her naked torso, though she continued to act like she hadn't noticed. With his legs and her head and arms in the way, however, there really wasn't much for Blake to see, and, since her chest didn't protrude far enough to hold her shirt and bra up consistently, Katie had to frequently pause her blowjob to expose herself again. The solution to these problems was obvious.

"I wish you had huge tits!"

Katie looked up at Blake in offended shock as her torso suddenly threatened to pitch forward with the weight of the enormous new globes now firmly attached to her otherwise slim figure.

"What the fuck? Why did you do that? I didn't want bigger breasts!" As much as she enjoyed sucking Blake's dick and looked forward to seeing him change her further, Katie knew that he had crossed a line, and angrily popped her lips off his cock in retaliation. As natural as it was for her to give her friends blowjobs, Katie still knew that you don't suck a guy's cock when you're mad at him.

Now that his dick was back in her line of sight, however, she found herself helplessly gazing at it once more, and, after a few seconds of basking in its phallic magnificence, she also felt

her hands instinctively stealing up to gently stroke and caress it, continuing to stare even as she berated Blake for giving her giant tits straight out of a horny teenager's wet dream.

"I can't believe you would do something like this to me! I thought we were friends!"

"We are friends!" Blake responded, taking advantage of the fact that her attention was focused on his dick to admire her new boobs. He loved the way they hung heavily from her naked chest, large, round, and obscene. Meanwhile, Katie watched with glee as Blake's dick throbbed with increased need, even though she knew that his growing arousal was due to the pornstar tits he had forced her to have. "I didn't mean to offend you!" Blake continued. "I just wish you liked them!"

"I *do* like them! It's just that you should ask permission before doing something so... sexual to me!" Katie complained. But, with how much she wanted to get his dick back in her mouth where it belonged, his half-apology was enough to appease her for the moment, and she smiled with satisfaction as she calmly slid her tongue back along his shaft, reveling in her newfound dick sucking talent once again. She knew that it too was the result of Blake's wishes, of course, but it just felt so *comfortable* having a nice, thick cock in her mouth to stimulate and suck on. And, despite her irritation at having been given new breasts without her permission, she still felt the need to give them a happy little shake for Blake's benefit, enjoying the sensation of their surprising weight swinging back and forth as they dangled off her body. She really couldn't help but like them. They were just so large and - she had to admit - sexy.

Still, there was no way her new knockers were going back into her tiny clothes. "Blake, my shirt won't fit now! As much as I like my new tits, you should probably put them back," Katie said more than a little regretfully.

"That's no problem. I wish all of your clothes fit your body perfectly, clinging tightly to your figure and showing off your curves."

Katie shifted uncomfortably as her pants suddenly felt a lot more snug against her hips and ass. This wasn't quite what she had meant.

"I dunno Blake, I feel like this makes me look like a slut or something."

"That's because I wish you *were* a slut."

There was nothing she could do to stop it; Katie was suddenly flooded with a powerful desire to offer her body to the nearest willing sexual partner. She had always liked sex, but it had never been central to her personality like it was now, and she had never had such a strong urge to seek it out before. Still, thanks to Blake's wish, she knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was now well and truly a slut, and couldn't wait to use her sexy body and big tits for what they were so obviously designed for. Katie went back to work on his erection with a vengeance, and her attitude about what she was doing down there suddenly felt *much* more sexual than it had a moment before.

Even so, as she continued to savor the sensation of blowing her friend, she had a moment of self-reflection and briefly pulled off Blake's dick to talk about what had just happened. She continued to stare at his cock in the meantime, of course, and that meant her hands were soon lovingly fondling and stroking his erect member as it stood rigid between his legs, loving the attention.

"So, Blake, I certainly can't deny that I'm a slut now, and it's a huge turn-on to see my slutty body making you all hard like this," Katie said before taking a brief break to stick one of her hands into her pants to play with herself, "and I can't wait to make you cum with whichever of my holes you like. But I'm still aware that you made me like this, and that my old self would hate what you've done to me."

"Does it matter?"

She rubbed her tongue against the underside of his shaft thoughtfully. "I guess not. I know that this is who I am now, and it's not like I can help it. While part of me thinks I should be furious with you, the other part thinks that part is a prude, and that I should embrace the real me, who clearly no longer cares about outdated and repressive views about sex." Katie flashed her familiar, beautiful smile up at him before going back to work on his cock, making sure to thrust her large chest out as she did so. She loved her new tits, and she loved when Blake looked at them, so she wanted her sex pillows to stand out as proud and prominent as possible to fuel his arousal. And she knew it was working too - she could feel his cock getting harder in her mouth as its twitching became more urgent, and she couldn't wait for him to fill her slutty body with his cum.

Blake, however, was still mulling over what she had said, and decided to make her an offer. "Would you like me to make being a slut seem more natural to you?"

"No no, it's fine. I'm aware of all of those changes too, like how you made touching your dick seem natural to me and all. It's just that it feels so second nature when I do it that it doesn't really occur to me *not* to, and I think I'd like how I used to feel about things to be a bit more obvious to me. Don't get me wrong, I'm certainly not *complaining*," she said as she jiggled one of her double-Ds and winked at him, "but I don't *love* being a slut. I clearly *am* a slut now, thanks to your wish - that much is undeniable with how willing I am to fuck pretty much anyone who asks - but I'd like to still feel a bit of my old self's hatred for it."

"Well too bad. I wish you loved being a slut anyway."

The change was immediate. Katie's wanton behavior before had been enthusiastic, but now she was positively exuberant. "Oh god, I was wrong, this is so much better!" she moaned as she now completely *savored* every sensation of having that cock filling her mouth, sending sparks of pleasurable arousal down to her soaked, needy pussy. "Are you sure you don't want to fuck instead?" she cajoled, wiggling her butt seductively behind her. "Think about how good it would feel to slide this throbbing fuckstick into the hole it was made for, all nice and tight, perfectly designed to make you cum."

Katie's words and her new, even sluttier demeanor were already having a renewed effect on Blake's cock though, which, when combined with the soft, slick stimulations of her talented mouth, began to spark an instinctive urgency in Blake's pelvis that made him want to stay right where he was, in spite of the tempting offer to try out his friend's tight, slutty pussy.

"Nah, I think I'll just let you finish me off here."

"Suit yourself," she said, eager to do just that as she got back to doing what she did best.

"Oh, and also, I wish your name was Chastity," Blake blurted out unexpectedly, which made Chastity think about how weird it was that her name hadn't always been Chastity. She knew perfectly well that her name had been Katie up to a second before, of course, but she now knew with equal certainty that, regardless of what it used to be, Chastity was undoubtedly her name *now*.

"Why on earth would you change my name?" Chastity asked, confused.

"I dunno, I just think it fits you better, and I wish you did too."

She did, of course. Katie had been a perfectly fine name, but now it seemed like it had never been quite right for her, while *Chastity* on the other hand somehow fit her like a glove.

"Not to mention," Blake continued, "I could have changed it to something like Sparkles or Candy. You should be thanking me!"

"Oh, I'm not complaining," Chastity protested once again. "I think it suits me perfectly, of course, and even with how slutty you've made me, I still don't think I'm quite ready for a name like that just yet." She giggled at the thought, and at how ridiculous it would have been for Blake to have made her think her name was something like Candy.

Perfectly comfortable with her changes once more, Chastity dove back onto his dick, and, now that he'd decided he was ready to cum, the coaxing of her soft mouth and talented tongue had him on the edge in less than a minute.

"Where do you want it?" he grunted, knowing that his load was coming either way as he felt his shaft tightening with final, irresistible pleasure.

"What kind of natural cocksucker would I be if I didn't want to swallow?" she asked with a knowing smirk before she casually popped his dick back into her mouth, sucked him far beyond the point of no return, and enjoyed feeling his body stiffen in anticipation.

Once she was certain she'd triggered his reflex, she pulled her open lips slightly off his cock to receive his load as she continued jacking his shaft, and relished her amazing view of his perfect dick spasming in orgasm. It spurted his tasty jizz into her open mouth for a few seconds before his climax wound down, and then, like a proper slut, she seductively showed Blake his thick cum on her tongue before she sucked it down her throat.

"Holy shit, that was amazing," Blake mumbled as he collapsed back onto the bed, utterly spent.

"I know!" Chastity responded enthusiastically, standing back up and sinking down onto the bed beside him once more, eyes still locked onto his dick in fascination as it majestically went back to rest after its hard work. "God I love being a slut!"

"I'm glad, Chastity, but I'm even more glad to have you as a friend, and not just because you're super hot." Blake confessed, feeling more than a little guilty about what he'd done to her now that he'd fulfilled his urge to cum.

"Yeah, I'm glad to have you as a friend too, you jerk, though I somehow think that if you ever turned me back, I'd probably kill you. And if I didn't, I definitely wouldn't ever talk to you again."

"Well we'll just have to make sure that if that ever happens, you won't remember enough to be mad at me."

"I can remember everything so far though," Chastity insisted.

"Yeah, but stuff like that's easy to fix. If I said something like, 'I wish you had always been a slut', it would change your past too, and you'd have no idea."

He saw her expression change slightly even as he finished his sentence and instantly regretted his phrasing. He'd meant to just give an example, but he knew the wish had still taken effect anyway, and as Chastity continued to ogle and caress Blake's deflating dick, she knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that she had always been a needy cocksucking slut, and she knew that she had loved every second of it.

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at fidget1@protonmail.com. If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on Patreon, at www.patreon.com/fidget1. Patrons get a full two months of early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!