

Author's note: I initially intended to upload this together with the last part, but upon review, I wasn't entirely satisfied with the outcome. Consequently, I've made some partial rewrites but I'm still not happy with how it turned out. I'm really struggling with descriptions in English I feel like I never get across exactly what I intend to say. Any feedback on specific aspects you enjoyed or disliked about this chapter would be immensely valuable to me. I appreciate your insights as they will help in my ongoing journey of becoming a better writer.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

## **Chapter 5**

### **Mia**

Deep into the night, I realized I was the sole wakeful presence in the room. Sophie had retired to bed hours ago, and Isa lay peacefully on the couch beside me. I reached over to wake her up so I could show her to her room but stopped an inch away. I wondered if she could grant wishes unconsciously or if I could wish about her, and a brilliant idea formed.

I moved closer and whispered in her ear: "I wish your breasts would grow." A crimson light cascaded down from her forehead to her chest, where slowly two mounds started to push out against the confines of her shirt. A soft moan escaped her lips, and a hand made its way down her pants, yet her eyes stayed shut as her breasts kept rising, reaching new heights, testing the absolute limits of the borrowed shirt. For a brief moment, I thought it might hold before, with a final defiant push, the shirt was ripped apart, creating a revealing window between her breasts. When their expansion ceased, they resembled mountains in an otherwise barren landscape. Having grown to the size of watermelons, they looked completely out of place on her small, thin, tender body.

As I watched her play with herself, a flush crept onto my face. How did she stay asleep through all that ... while masturbating? Seconds later, she settled down again, lying on her back with her boobs being held together by the remains of the shirt. Maybe I should have specified a size, but what's done is done. I shrugged and softly tried to shake her awake, but to no avail. She just groaned and turned over, or at least tried to, before her tits dragged her back.

Fed up with trying to wake her gently, I said out loud this time: "I wish you would orgasm." This time the light was softer and engulfed her entire body. Her eyes shot open before instantly rolling back into her head, her entire body starting to shake, her massive tits jiggling an unrealistic amount, moans ramping up in volume until, in a loud crescendo of pleasure, she came.

"Hey, sleepy time to get you to your room." Breathing loudly, she looked around a bit confused before her eyes settled on her breasts.

"Holy shit," she said, poking at her chest, still looking sleepy. "Did you, uh... do something to me?"

"What do you mean?"

"My tits, they're huge," she said a bit confused.

"They look the same to me," I lied, trying to hide a grin. "Actually, I wish you wouldn't realize your huge boobs until someone pointed them out to you." Red light briefly engulfed her, her eyes losing focus before she suddenly focused on me again.

"Uh, sure," she said. I stood up, and after three tries trying to stand up on her own, I helped her heave herself into a standing position, and together we started to wobble our way up the stairs.

"I feel really heavy somehow" she said after a tiring way up.

"Maybe you're just really tired," I reassured her grinning.

"You're probably right." She shrugged before yawning.

We made our way to the last door down the corridor.

"Here we are, sleep well Isa, see you tomorrow."

"You too," she answered while yawning again. She was turning around when suddenly another great idea seized my thoughts.

"Isa, wait." I called after her.

## **Sophie**

I groaned as I stirred awake slowly, pushing myself up with my arms. Since I slept on my stomach as usual, I tried to rise, only to be met with unexpected resistance on my lower back. Confused, I moved my hands to my rear, where I was startled by finding way more than I expected.

"What the fuck?" I murmured and looked down at myself. Confused, I glanced at a giant mound pushing out my blanket. In one move, I swung away the blanket and was greeted by the most ginormous butt I had ever seen, like two soft and jiggly-looking beanbag chairs attached to my hips.

"Dammit Mia, you are so dead!" But first, I had to get up. With one heaving push, I brought myself into a kneeling position, my giant butt cheeks ballooning out behind and next to me. Holy shit! I could feel them almost to the end of my bed. Not only that, but they were weirdly soft and jiggling way more than you would expect. Steadily, I dragged myself to the edge of my bed, inch by inch. When I made it, I swung my legs out and for the first time put my weight down on my ridiculously large behind.

As the weight left the bed and fell towards the floor, dragging along the mattress's edge, a sudden surge of sensitivity and pleasure rushed through my entire body from

the tip of my butt. It was so sudden and so intense that a moan escaped my lips. Utterly confused about what was happening, I looked back down, only to truly realize what had happened. Attached to my hips wasn't a huge beanbag-sized butt, but rather two soft, jiggly, beanbag-sized tits topped off by two appropriately sized nipples. For a second, I just stood there looking at them before I steeled my resolve and, having abandoned any hope for fitting clothing, slowly, step by step, wobbled my way over to the door, my butt-boobs almost dragging on the floor.

Already exhausted, I reached my bedroom door, opened it, and only got about half a step before my doorframe met my peculiarly placed breasts, neither of which was about to give in. Desperately, I tried to drag myself forward, and after almost a minute, I finally fell forward, free from the confines of my door. For a moment, I genuinely felt proud of being able to walk through a fucking door.

When I finally made it downstairs, Isabel was sitting at the kitchen table, typing away at my laptop. She wore Mia's baggy "I 'heart' New York" shirt, which wasn't looking very baggy right now, stretched beyond belief to contain a pair of huge watermelon-sized boobs—easily larger than the monsters I used to carry four of. Despite their weight, which caused them to sit heavily on the table, Isabel didn't seem to mind.

"Uh, good morning Isabel. Everything okay?" I asked hesitantly.

"Good morning to you too. Yeah, everything's great, though for some reason, all of Mia's shirts are suddenly waaaay too small. I could barely fit in this one," she answered, her eyes still glued to the screen. "This thing is insane; I think I might be able to find out who I am with this, or at least get a clue. I hope you don't mind?"

"Oh, not at all, go wild. Hey, do you perhaps know where Mia is?"

"Oh, yeah, she's in the bathroom," she said before finally looking up at me. "Holy shit! What happened to you!?"

"You don't know?"

"I remember Mia wishing something yesterday... I'm sorry, it's really hard to resist granting you guys' wishes," she answered with an honest look on her face, yet her eyes lingered a suspiciously long time on my ass, and she even blushed a little.

"Nah, it's fine; I fully blame Mia. How about you? Were those also her doing?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking genuinely confused.

"You know, your-" I gestured towards my chest while wobbling next to her "boobs."

She looked down at herself in confusion, as if looking straight through them. "What about them?"

"They're ridiculously huge!" She froze, her eyes losing focus, and after a second, she looked around confused until she saw her chest.

"EEK!" she cried out, surprised, pulling herself up and away, but she didn't account for the weight and fell backward.

"Oh my god! Are you ok?" I rushed, well, slowly wobbled over and squatted down next to her, resting my butt. The cold kitchen floor touching my nipples sent shivers down my spine.

"Yeah, I'm fine, but I don't think I can get up on my own," Isabel said, buried under many pounds of titflesh. "They were this big the whole time?... That explains why everything felt so heavy and why the shirts didn't fit."

"Yup, well, at least since this morning." I shifted my weight to sit down on my ass, which genuinely was like sitting on a beanbag chair, just a bit more sensitive. "I don't suppose you can change us back?"

She moved one hand up to her forehead, touching the stone; the other, she stretched out towards me. After a few moments of awkward silence, a faint red light traveled down her body, into her arm, and dissipated in a small red cloud the second it left her hand.

"So we need Mia to wish us back?" I sighed.

"Yup, seems like it."

"Well, I doubt she will do so voluntarily, so how about we start planning our revenge?" I grinned at her, heaved myself up, and offered her my hand.

Twenty minutes later, a freshly showered Mia emerged from the bathroom, and we were ready.

"I wish she couldn't speak." Before she could react, her lips began to morph and twist vertically, folding and thickening. Mia's nose flattened and sealed shut, merging smoothly with her wet lips to form a clit. Her teeth, gums, and tongue retracted, leaving only a soft, wet tunnel.

"Pff, pffp pff" she breathed out, attempting to say something, but only wet airy sounds escaped. Confused, her hands moved to the pussy that had replaced her mouth and nose. Her eyes widened in shock before she threw me an accusatory look.

"Woah, I thought you would just remove her mouth or something," I said, unable to take my eyes off the bizarre view.

"Oh, sorry. It just... felt right," she fidgeted. From the corner of my eye, I could see Mia poking at her new appendage with a deep blush on her face.

"It's fine; it suits her. Now, Mia, we're not even close to being done with you." I cleared my throat and continued, "Mia Richards, you are found guilty of giving me gigantic butt-boobs, poor Isabel enormous regular boobs, and, most importantly, breaking the second rule by mind-controlling Isabel to not realize her enormous bust. Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

An intense stare was the only answer I got.

"In that case, as a fair punishment and since you seem to enjoy my huge ass so much, I wish that for the rest of the day, you become a sexy, comfortable armchair."

The brightest red beam I had ever seen hit Mia square in the chest, accompanied by an intense, loud moan from Isabel.

## Mia

Did she just say chair? Before I could think too much about it, though, it already started. The feeling of my flesh shifting and being reformed spread throughout my entire body as my rear slowly expanded. My knees buckled, forcing me into a 90-degree angle towards the floor before the joints melted away, leaving me stuck in a sitting position. Two new legs sprouted from my rear; the second my new backward feet hit the ground, they stopped growing, going just below the knees. My arms froze in a 90-degree angle, with my lower arms hanging parallel to my thighs; slowly, new flesh grew between my arms and thighs, creating two thick, fleshy, unmoving armrests. My hands melted away. My rear kept expanding, forcing my legs apart further, creating a rectangle hole between them. Not for long though, as my crotch started to expand forwards, new flesh knit my legs to my expanding rear, and my pussy moved farther and farther away from my torso until it settled between my knees, leaving behind a fleshy 'seat' between my 'armrests.' Overwhelmed by the strange feeling of my entire body shifting in unnatural ways, I could only look down in despair as my lower body formed a weird, fleshy human chair.

But it wasn't done; the feeling of my body being shifted didn't subside. A faint red light still covered me, intensifying in my torso. My stomach, breasts, and the region below them gurgled and swelled outwards. When they stopped, I looked eight months pregnant with four melon-sized tits laying heavily on top, everything felt firmer than normal, almost like they were filled with stuffing. A similar feeling spread through my lap or seat at this point, but as I wanted to look down, my head snapped back as my neck shrank away, locking my head in place between my shoulders. My back stiffened as the joints in my spine melted away, making me, outside of a little wiggling, completely immobile. The feeling on my lap intensified, focused on four spots; I knew that feeling, having experienced it quite a lot these last few days, it was the feeling of breasts growing. I tried to look down, but my entire view was blocked by my regular tits.

Finally, after what felt like forever, the shifting subsided, and the light dissipated. What the fuck even am I? This was so fucking weird I tried to assess what happened to me, but I couldn't see anything other than my breasts. Everything felt extremely sensitive and exposed and since I just came out of the shower I wasn't wearing anything but a towel in the first place which now was god knows where, my still wet hair was tickling my back and worst of all, I could barely move anything.

"Damn, I thought of, I don't know, a lounge chair with tits and a head maybe. Was this your idea, Isabel?" Sophie said, her eyes still focused on me, a slight smirk on her lips. Isa, who was breathing heavily and had an extremely red face, stood next to her, looking at me while playing with her giant breasts.

"Is it too much? I'm sorry I got a little carried away..." Isabel answered, her breathing slowing down, and she stopped playing with herself. Sophie started to slowly walk towards me, every step sending little earthquakes through her buttboobs. I would have probably laughed at her if I wasn't some sort of weird fucking sex-chair and still had a mouth.

"Maybe a little, but it's fine. She deserves it."

"Pff, pff, pfffp!" I tried to answer back, the sensation sending shivers down my spine. When she finally reached me, she bent down, inspecting my deformed body.

"And I think she likes it too. After all this," an electric bolt of pressure and pleasure jolted through my body, liquid gathering in both my pussies, gently dripping out, as she squeezed one of the breasts on my seat, "should feel really good," she finished with a smirk on her face.

"I'm pretty sure you know what's coming next." My eyes widened; she wouldn't. If a squeeze felt this intense, then...

"But don't worry, thanks to you, I don't think I can quite fit." She said, relief and the tiniest part of regret filling me before, "Isabel will sit on you!"

## Sophie

It struck me how bizarre my life had become as I witnessed my best friend transform into a human armchair, complete with legs and feet facing all directions. In the front, between what used to be her knees was her stretched open and enlarged pussy, four big breasts served as cushions on her seat, her armrests which used to be her lower arms and upper legs now looked like huge stretched upwards thighs and a backrest consisting of her torso with her belly swollen crowned by four big honey melon sized boobs. Her head sat static and unmoving between her shoulders, now a mere display with a pussy instead of a nose and mouth. The only moving parts were her eyes and toes.

She looked utterly ridiculous but considering the constant weight I felt on my ass it was hard to feel sorry for her especially after she nearly climaxed from just a squeeze, that body must feel so weird yet also really good.

Isabel truly possessed an extraordinary imagination.

"Before you do, just to make sure, I wish that Mia would only feel pleasure, no pain."

A soft red light engulfed her and disappeared just as quick.

Stepping back to make room for Isabel, I could sense her anticipation as she approached.

"Are you sure it's alright?" she asked, but judging from her intense stare, blush, and expression, she clearly wanted it.

"Sure, why wouldn't it be? Chairs are meant for sitting, after all," I grinned at Mia.

"Right, you know her better anyway." Isabel nodded and, with a mix of excitement and hesitation, turned around to sit. As soon as she did, Mia's entire body started to

shiver slightly, her eyes rolling to the top of her head, and after an intense moment, both her pussies started drooling.

"And? How is it?" I asked.

"She's really soft." Isabel wiggled her butt around a little bit, doubling the amount of drool. "And it's really comfortable!" she added eagerly, a deep blush on her face. It seemed she enjoyed the experience almost as much as Mia did. After about a minute, Mia stopped shaking, the drooling slowly subsided, and awareness returned to her eyes.

Observing Mia's reactions had given me quite an idea. After telling Isabel to wait, I slowly wobbled my way upstairs, executed a tactical sideways cheek-by-cheek maneuver to enter my bedroom, and retrieved the largest vibrator. Returning downstairs was no easy feat, but with the vibrator in hand, I found Isabel standing as Mia eyed the item with widened eyes.

"Okay," I said in between heavy breaths—running around the house definitely wasn't easy right now—"I think I can give your seat a bit of a massage function. But first, I need Mia's consent for this. I wish Mia could speak again, but every time she lied, she would extend her duration as a chair for another 24 hours." Another red beam shot towards her, and her face pussy shrank back to a mouth, her clit expanding into a nose again.

"Now, before you say anything, Mia, consider if you really enjoy being a chair because that's what you will stay if you decide to wish something right now."

She looked from me to Isabel and back to me.

"Fine, I won't do anything, but I refuse to change you back. Believe me, I will get you back for this."

"Perfect. Now, Isabel, I wish this vibrator would be Mia's cock and be appropriately sized for her while still being able to vibrate."

"Sophie!"

Isabel's eyes widened, and I could swear there was a slight smirk on her face before she lifted her arm and shot a red beam at the vibrator in my hand. Plastic turned to flesh as it doubled in size, veins forming along the shaft. In seconds, the vibrator had transformed into a sizable 10-inch phallus. Mia wore a complicated expression and a beet-red face.

"Now Mia, I imagine you can guess what I'm trying to do. So, do you want me to continue?" I asked, holding up her cock.

She glared at me intensely, a hint of fury in her eyes. After almost a minute of staring, she reluctantly answered, "Yes, please..."

I couldn't help but grin.

"Now then Isabel, do you want to sit back down again?" Isabel's eyes widened as she looked from me to Mia, nodding eagerly before sitting back down, causing a moan from Mia.

I positioned myself in front of them, squatted down, and teased Mia's vagina with the tip of the cock before slowly pushing it in. Inch after inch, the moans grew louder, reaching a crescendo when I was halfway through.

"How ngh- big is that thing?!" she whimpered.

"Huge" I grinned "and we are only two thirds of the way!"

"Wha-"

Before she could finish her sentence, with one final push, I rammed the cock the rest of the way.

"Ahh-" her entire body shook on the edge of consciousness. I flicked the switch on the bottom of the cock, initiating the vibration and pushing Mia over the edge. She came hard and loud, finally passing out. I stood up, seeing Isabel looking quite dizzy, clutching the armrests. Despite Mia's unconscious state, she still vibrated from the cock inside her.

"That was amazing!" Isabel breathed excitedly. "Can we do it again?"

"Maybe later. Right now, we are kinda lacking a conscious stool to fuck to oblivion," I said.

She smirked at me, a devious look on her face. "We could wish her awake again."

"Damn, you're cold! But no, we shouldn't overdo it. But we could maybe watch some movies instead. You are in dire need of some cinema education after all."

She looked up with the biggest puppy eyes I have ever seen. "Could I sit on her while we watch?"

"Sure," I shrugged and turned off the vibrator. "That's what chairs are for, after all."