

Author : Wokod

Warning : I'm not a native English speaker, so sorry for the mistakes, and feel free to correct anything! And of course, have fun!

Note : Comments? Opinions? Questions? ! I'm available, just tag or send a message to u/wokod. If you want to start a topic about a specific story, you can! Just don't forget to tag me when you do on the appropriate reddit, like r/overflowingbra or r/expansivewriters.

And since I can't answer to the comments/ratings on the main website, once again, thanks again for them all! Your comments, both positive and negative, help me a lot to improve :) (or so I hope :o). Now, I hope you'll enjoy this story!

If we're still single at 40

"If we're still single at 40, let's get married."

That's what Jennifer Curtis told to her best friend Christopher when they were 18. But like it happens a lot with this kind of pact, since then, life did its work. The two friends moved in two different cities for college. Met new people. Started new relationships. And as time passed they eventually lost contact with each other. Christopher sometimes thought about her and their naive pact. But with a smile. Jennifer was her first crush, and now, a fond memory.

That was until he was 40.

As one day, he received an email. From: Jennifer Curtis - Subject: If we're still single at 40...

Christopher couldn't believe it. And read. She wrote him about how she was sorry about losing contact years ago. How life got in the way. How she heard a bit from him through distant friends. But when she learned she was about to go to the city where he lived for her job, she thought it'd be the perfect opportunity to meet. And talk about... the 20 past years.

Of course, Christopher agreed. And a few days later, he was sitting in a cafe, when Jennifer walked in. And to his pleasure, she hadn't changed so much. The two of them sat together, and for hours, they drank and talked, trying to catch up. Christopher heard about how Jennifer became a doctor, and now, worked in some big hospital. Her job was a very stressing one, and the tiny wrinkles next to her eyes and mouth showed it. Christopher, on the other hand, had become an IT consultant. He worked from home, and actually, his life, if far from being perfect, wasn't too hard.

"And are you single, Chris?" Jennifer asked with a wink.

"I am. Got a few girlfriends over the years, but it didn't work out. And I don't enough either." he said, patting the belly under his shirt. "You?"

"Divorced." she showed her hand free of any ring.

"So you really wrote this email wondering if we were both still single at 40?" Christopher tilted his head.

"Actually, I used this old pact of us as a subject just for the joke. But seriously? My life is a mess. My ex-husband is an asshole, my job is killing me slowly but surely, and I missed the kids train. So the idea of keeping my promise of ending up with my high school best friend sounds a lot better than my current life right now."

They both laughed. At least, until Jennifer frowned. She had noticed something in the booth next to theirs. On the seat, someone had forgotten a suitcase. Jen being a nice person, she immediately looked around for the owner. But saw no one.

"Someone forgot a briefcase here. I hope there's nothing important in it. I'll give it to the waitress, in case the owner returns." Jen said as she picked the briefcase up "I'll just check if there's some ID in there to..."

She was back to Chris' booth when she opened the briefcase, revealing only one thing: an old arabic oil lamp. The briefcase was entirely empty except for this. But on the side of the lamp were these words:

RUB ME.

"Weird." Chris simply commented "It has to be a prank."

"There's only one way to know!" Jen smiled, as she got ready to rub the lamp.

"Wait, no! If that's a prank, there's probably cameras to record how they pranked you!" Chris said "I spend too much time online, and believe me, people just love to prank strangers."

"Then there's one place where they can't see us..." Jen giggled.

She grabbed Chris' hand, and still laughing, guided him to the bathroom. And Chris had to admit it : okay, this was dumb, but fun. For a second, Jen was again, the fun girl she had been, and not the stressed woman from a minute ago. The two of them entered the bathroom, and locked themselves in the tight cabin next to the sink where an old lady washing her hands gave them a stern stare.

Chris and Jen were against each other in such a tight space, and Jen giggled again.

"There's no room in there for someone else to spy on us so... let's do it!"

Jen rubbed the lamp happily. And after a few disappointing first seconds, purple smoke started to erupt from the oil lamp. The two of them were agape, especially as the smoke started turning and expanding around them, until it formed a tornado slowly rotating between them, before the top of the strange storm took the shape of a man. A thin man with purple eyes, and big golden bracelets at his wrists. A genie, they couldn't deny it.

"Hello, mistress!" the genie said with a booming voice "Thanks for rubbing my lamp. I'm now

yours, and only yours."

"You're a genie? A real genie?" Jen still had to ask, as shocked as she was "Do I get the three wishes deal?"

"I'm a genie indeed, and you have wishes." the genie said before it started looking a bit uncomfortable "But three... listen, mistress, we have a slight problem there. Where I'm from, the stock exchange crashed, and now, the wishes are worth nothing. Meaning I don't have an exact limit of wishes right now."

"Are we talking about unlimited wishes there?" Jen grinned.

"Not exactly. Unlimited in number. But not in time. You'll have wishes until our wishes economy is back up. And time between dimensions being a little complicated... let's just say it could be days just like it could be years."

They were interrupted by someone knocking loudly at the door.

"What are you doing in there? Please get out now!" someone from the staff exclaimed.

"I guess the old lady from earlier gave us." Chris said "Shit..."

"Then since we're in a hurry, here's my first wish!" Jen said before she looked at Chris "Chris, let's get back where we left things..."

"... genie, I wish my friend Chris and I were 18 years old!"

"Granted!" the genie said before he started turning back into smoke, and returned inside the lamp. But this wasn't what was getting Chris' attention.

Because his body was tingling. The belly he grew these past years was melting. His body filling up with strange energy, making him feel better and better, as he was getting younger and younger. Back to the guy he was at 18.

But the best was staring at Jen. Looking at your first crush getting younger and younger, back to the good old days you thought you'd never see again was something. Her few, small wrinkles were vanishing. Her skin was getting smoother. Her face getting younger by the second. And during the whole event, she was against him, and the feeling of their two bodies getting younger together was strangely erotic. Chris hoped she wasn't feeling the hard-on he had right now.

And seconds later, the two of them were not a day older than 18. They looked like the day they left each other to follow their own lives. And...

"Okay, I'm unlocking the door!" said a voice outside.

The employee was getting his special keys out of his pockets when the door opened brutally, and two 18 years old kids ran together, holding hands and laughing, the girl having a strange

lamp in her hand. Before anyone could react, they had managed to grab their things and had left the place, rushing into a taxi outside.

"Where to, kids?" the taxi driver asked.

Chris and Jen giggled. "Kids". No one had called them that way since... well, since they were 18. Chris gave the driver his address, and the two of them went on giggling at the back of the car.

"That's AMAZING!" Jen exclaimed "I can't believe it! And look at my skin! My hair! And shit, my boobs are much firmer!"

Chris blushed a bit as Jen patted proudly her tiny B cups. She was indeed just like he remembered her. And he was also busy checking his own self, feeling how much better it felt. Jen interrupted him as she poked his shoulder.

"Did you notice? Even our clothes changed with us! Look at my purse, it's different too! But wait, why aren't we back 22 years ago if everything changed?" she wondered.

"I think you just turned us into nowadays 18 years old. The year didn't change. We changed." Chris explained, checking his own belongings.

"Cool." Jen smiled "I always thought nowadays kids were spoiled. I want to be spoiled too now!"

"Says the girl with a magic l..."

Chris stopped. The taxi driver was shaking his head. Obviously, he thought these two were talking about weird fantasies. Maybe it was better that way. They could talk about the lamp later.

Soon, the car stopped in front of where Chris lived. Or used to live. As they noticed they now had two different addresses, according to their phones and new IDs. They also had less money with them, but thankfully, still enough to pay the taxi without having to conjure a genie right in the car.

But soon, they were sitting on a bench in a park next to where Chris used to live.

"So... what now?" Chris asked.

"What? You think I'm gonna leave you there and go to my new home with the lamp? Find my new parents and then do a couple wishes in my bedroom because the genie is mine? Chris, come on!" Jen rolled her eyes, amused "I'm 18 again, with my best friend, and unlimited wishes. It's gonna be crazy! So, first thing, we need a place. A place where we live together."

"Together?" Chris repeated.

"Yes, of course! Chris, when I was 18, or at least, the first time I was 18..." she laughed "... I was serious about being with you if we were single at 40. I knew it'd be nice. So what about being together at 18?"

"Deal." Chris said, feeling all his feelings for her growing back just like... when they were 18. He had a crush on Jen. Right now. And she was telling him she wanted to be with him.

"Now, about living together..."

They found a quiet corner of the park, hidden behind bushes and trees. "Probably where kids like us go to kiss... and more!" joked Jen before she rubbed the lamp. And then again, the genie appeared, looking down at the two of them as he floated above their heads.

"Do you need anything, mistress?"

"Yes!" Jen said.

"I wish Chris and I lived together in a nice place, and didn't have to care about the rent."

"Granted!"

The genie turned into smoke again, but this time, the smoke swirled around the two young people, hiding everything around, until it suddenly returned to the lamp. Revealing, instead of the park around them, the walls of a nice apartment. Poster of bands they never heard about, or at best vaguely, were on the walls. After a few seconds, Chris and Jen started walking, discovering their new place.

A nice living room with a large TV and a couch, two bedrooms with Chris' one looking a bit nerdy, with a huge computers covered in LEDs and action figures on shelves, a kitchen with a fridge full of everything they liked, and through the windows... they could see the local high school. And knew it was theirs, because on a wall of their apartment was a flag with the name of their school. In a box near the door, they found a letter from Chris' parents, now with different names than his original ones, telling him to take care of the place since it was theirs. The reason why they didn't have to pay rent: it was family property.

"That's perfect! This magic lamp is amazing!" Jen said "Usually, when I find something in a public place, I return it to its owner, but I'll do an exception this time!"

"Bad girl!" Chris joked.

"Yep, that's me!" Jen made a little dance "Who'd think this chick is the very stressed Dr Curtis?"

They laughed again, enjoying their new situation together. And then proceeded to explore their bedrooms and the things inside to better understand what it was like to be 18 now. After a while, they met again in the living room couch, and Chris was slightly uncomfortable. She said they were together so... he wondered. Okay, he should do the first step. And gently moved his arm to grab her shoulder. Jen chuckled.

"I was wondering when you'd do it."

"For real?" he asked.

"Yes, moron! In high school, you never did. I wondered what would have happened if you did..." she grinned.

Shit. Was she joking or... ? Chris wasn't sure. But who cared? Right now THIS was real, and it was perfect. The two of them went on talking about how they felt about returning to high school, as it sounded both boring and exciting at once. Chris, still unsure, asked Jen:

"But what if you meet an attractive guy? I mean... more than I am?"

"Chris." Jen sighed "I know you're a little afraid because I'm the one with the genie here, so I'm the one in control. But I want to be with you. You're the only man who never disappointed me. It's just the perfect story we're living. I meet an attractive guy, then what? I could make you twice as attractive anytime. I mean, if you agree to be changed of course!"

"If you want to change things about me so it's better for us... I'm fine." Chris said.

"Then just so you know, I'm okay with changing for you too. Like, making me love football. People seem really crazy about it, but I never found out why. So why not?"

She chuckled. And checked her phone.

"Time to go to sleep if we want to go to school tomorrow!" she exclaimed.

"Okay and... uh..."

"You in your room, and me in mine. I'm not a first-night girl." Jen said "But just to make sure you know where I stand..."

She gave him a quick kiss on the lips. Stood up, laughed quietly, and still recovering from the kiss, sitting in the couch, Chris heard her bedroom door closing. Okay this was... he didn't know if there was a word. He was just happy. And went to his bedroom soon after, wondering how things would be tomorrow.

Jen went to school both excited and a little nervous about how things would go. Chris was walking with her, obviously, unsure about how to act. She didn't say a thing, but she found kind of cute how clumsy he was.

As they arrived to their new high school, they had to spread ways, as both of them were called by people they guessed were their friends. Chris was obviously with a group of nerds, just like he had been in high school, while Jen's friends looked like your average girls. Not really standing out, and simply trying to survive through their last year of high school.

Jen felt a bit dumb as her new friends were talking to her about people she didn't know, bands she never heard of, and stuff online she barely cared about. Obviously, the big thing in this generation was to be famous online. Gone were the dreams of being a movie star: every girl wanted to have millions of views on her videos, and they all followed the accounts of girls their age who were already super popular. The old fashioned contest for popularity in high school was

now a worldwide competition.

But this still meant the hot girls were popular, the ugly ones were not, and Jen felt the uncomfortable feeling of her insecurities coming back. The High School pressure. You knew eyes were on you, and you were judged on your looks. Even by your friends. Before P.E class, while Jen was changing with the other girls, she found herself staring too. She knew she was okay, but she couldn't help but compare herself with the others. Some girl were blessed, and she thought they were quite lucky to be so pretty and...

Jen suddenly tried not to laugh. Was she seriously jealous? Who was luckier than her? She had a magic lamp at home!

And she knew exactly what she wanted.

A couple hours later, she was walking back home with Chris, mostly talking about how their first day went, and how strange it was to be back there, how it was still hard to believe it was real...

And once home, after eating a bit, Jen eventually went to pick up the lamp from her bedroom. Chris frowned.

"What are you up to?" he wondered.

"Do you think I'm beautiful, Chris?" Jen asked.

"Sure you are! You're perfect!"

"Perfect?" she smiled "So you wouldn't like me to use the lamp to be more attractive?"

Chris stopped smiling.

"Uh..."

"I'm toying with you! I'm just thinking, since it's a new life, and I have unlimited wishes, why look up at the other girls at school when I can be attractive too?"

"So you want to be more beautiful?"

"Not beautiful like in... beautiful. I was thinking more like hot. You know, not be looking at other girls and thinking "Wow, she's hot, unlike me!"

"Uh... Jen, let's be honest. I'm a man. And right now, a boy full of hormones. If you get hotter... it might... you know... "

"Maybe it's something I want to happen?" Jen grinned.

She noticed a slight move in Chris' trousers. Okay, this was going to be fun. She rubbed the lamp until as usual, purple smoke erupted from it and turned into the genie.

"Mistress?" the genie asked.

"Genie, I have another wish!" she said, while Chris looked at her silently.

"Yes, mistress?"

"I wish I was more attractive in a sexy way!"

"Granted."

The genie returned to its lamp... and nothing happened. Chris didn't move. He was staring at Jen, saying nothing, when eventually, it started. Jen's hands flew to her navel, as she suddenly moaned.

"Ow... ow that's it... it's starting!" she exclaimed.

Chris looked as her hands seemed to move very, very slowly. Like the very little baby fat she had there was slowly melting. Vanishing. But Jen's face was going red. She moaned louder.

"Oh Chris... it's feeling amazing... it feels so good! I'm... I'm... oooh... so warm... uuuh... oh, please, quick, come here!"

She grabbed him and kissed him. And this time, it was a deep french kiss. Yet a savage one. She was horny. Really horny. And she pulled on his shirt, clumsily walking backward to her own bedroom, bringing Chris along. Under his hands, he could feel her hips enlarging very slowly. The girl he liked, his first crush, was there, horny, and growing sexier by the second.

And yet, it got better.

Because Jen was on fire. She almost tore his clothes, and hers, revealing her changing body. She was perfectly thin now, and her hips were still growing so slowly. Her back was arching in the sexiest way, letting her gently expanding ass reveal itself in all its beauty. And already, her breasts were bigger. Not by a lot, but bigger.

"That's second night... fuck me!" was all that Jen managed to say as she threw herself on the bed, totally horny, while Chris climbed on her. He had a stupid face painted on, as his now even sexier crush was growing bigger breasts right while he penetrated her. Around his cock, he felt her pussy getting tighter. It was changing too. But he couldn't let his hands leave her breasts now, feeling the creamy flesh slowly overflowing his palms, spilling between his spreading fingers, and just growing bigger and bigger.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" begged Jen.

He didn't know what she was enjoying so much: the sex or the growth? Maybe both? But whatever the answer, her body arched while her breasts surged in size under his hands, as she came. She screamed loudly, and for a few seconds before her arched body finally fell back on the bed with Chris still in her. And this had been enough for Chris to come too. It had been too hot. He couldn't last more.

He fell on her, and they stayed there, in the each others' arms, before eventually, Jen moved.

Sat on the side of the bed. Hefted her boobs. And turned.

Her body was perfect. Thin, yet curvy in the right places, with nice hips, not too large, but still perfect to grab. A juicy ass, bigger than it used to be by quite a lot as she used to have a flat ass, but now, she looked like she had a dancer booty. Firm and yet made to be squeezed. But of course, Chris' eyes were on her breasts. From the smallest side of a B cup, Jen had grown to a solid D. Her breasts were as big as quite large apples, round, yet very bouncy. Whenever she moved, they moved too, and in a sexy way. She had, indeed... a very, very sexy body.

"Looks like you like the new me, Mister!" Jen joked.

"Yeah I'm... I'm sorry but... seeing you there... horny... growing bustier... while we... it pushed all the right buttons. Sorry, I last longer usually, I..."

"Don't worry." she gave him a quick kiss "If I want you to last longer, I can make you last a looooot longer anytime!" she winked.

Still, Chris' eyes were locked on Jen's very bouncy tits. It was almost hypnotizing. He was a boob man, and even if these weren't gigantic, they were definitely big and bouncy in a very sexy way. And attached to her old crush. This was enough to make him hard soon after.

And so, more sex ensued.

Chris couldn't let go of her new, bigger breasts, and Jen didn't seem to complain. She loved the way he desired her. No man looked so attracted to her body before, and she never felt so sexy. The only thing that eventually stopped them was when they were both exhausted, and Chris felt empty.

"That was amazing." panted Jen "Best sex ever."

"I guess living a complete fantasy helps." Chris smiled, covered in sweat.

"Yes indeed!" Jen then looked at the clock "We've been at it for hours, but it's still early. What do you want to do tonight?"

"If I could, I'd say more sex, but man, I'm empty!"

Jen grinned.

"You know, I could make it so you don't need to reload, cowboy... this would also settle your issue about how long you last, because why stop yourself from coming if it doesn't stop you from going on?"

"Unlimited orgasms?" Chris asked.

"Hey, it's how it works for women, so let's say it's almost feminist!" Jen chuckled "Are you in?"

"Hell yes!"

Jen, naked, picked the lamp and as she rubbed it, her big boobs wobbled quite a lot. Chris was so focused on them he barely noticed the genie appearing, and looking down at Jen.

"Mistress?"

"Can I get another wish genie?" Jen asked.

"Of course. I still have no news about the wish stock exchange so... what is your wish, mistress?"

"I wish my friend Chris had his balls always full so he doesn't need to rest after orgasm. Oh, and I wish Chris and I had a looooot more stamina."

"Granted!"

Chris grunted, as he felt a strange feeling between his legs... and felt arousal returning, stronger than ever. His body tingled, as all weariness left him, and the genie was still not entirely back into the lamp when Chris grabbed Jen, and brought her back to the bed as fast as he could. She obviously enjoyed. Just like he did.

Because during the next hours, he was in Jen, coming, again and again, just like she was, and neither of them needed a pause. It was quite late in the night when eventually, they fell asleep.

Chris having his hands on Jen's big, soft, supple breasts as he did.

The next morning, Chris got a hard time not to jump on the hot Jen. She was sexy, he was full, they were in the same bed... but Chris kept control. Jen was already up and talking about the coming day at school, so the mood wasn't there. She seemed more excited about how people would act around the new her now.

And indeed, it was different.

On the way to school, she got a few wolf whistles. And enjoyed it. Before she was pretty, now she was hot. And these whistles confirmed it. And when she arrived at school, she was met by different friends than the previous day. She was popular now, so she was in the popular chicks club. Chris looked at her leaving with her new friends with a hint of apprehension. What if popular boys tried to take her away? Would she really still stay with him?

But Chris was wrong. He was worried about the wrong person. Because trouble came for him.

It happened right after P.E class. Chris had been surprised by his new stamina: it wasn't just for sex. He ran during the whole class and barely felt tired. And he was thinking about it while changing back to his regular clothes. He was so lost in his thoughts he didn't notice how suddenly, he was the last guy in there. Right before three boys walked in. At first, Chris smiled, as they were dressed like these guys in R'n'B music videos. But then, he noticed how they didn't look at him in a friendly way. And guessed these were local bullies. With nowadays looks. The biggest one walked to him with a smirk.

"You Chris right? Heard you was Jen Curtis' roomie. S'at true?"

"Uh... that's true, sure." Chris wondered what they wanted.

"Shit, bitch is hot, right?" the boy grinned wider, his friends doing the same.

"She... she is." Chris cautiously answered.

"Cool, because I wanna fuck her." the guy went on "And fuck her fat, bouncy boobs. So gimme your phone. I need her number. And pics! Right guys?"

"Yeah, pics!" the other bullies laughed.

"What? No!" Chris exclaimed.

Right before he received a punch in his face.

"You do what I say you do." the one acting as the leader of the bullies said "You gonna give me everything I want. And not just the pics you have. You'll make more pics of the bitch. Every day. And give them to me."

"If you beat the shit out of me, I won't be able to do much!" Chris tried, rubbing his face.

"Say what? Nah, I've better. I have pics too. Look."

The boy showed Chris his phone, and on it was a stolen picture of Chris, naked, under the shower. It had been taken... probably moments ago. And on it, you could see Chris was a bit skinny, like most geeks, and since it was a bit cold in the showers, his dick looked... quite tiny.

"You do what I say. Or this pic goes online."

Wait, the bullies used online blackmail now? It was quite different from the first time Chris had been 18. They just punched back then. But now, they knew how to use a phone. Still, it was bad. He needed to tell Jen.

"So hot pics of Curtis every day, or you done." the bully warned again "And you tell her I'm a cool guy, and big down there, not like you small dick. One bad word, and you know what happens. The pic. And if you snitch, I beat your sorry ass."

The bullies left right after this last threat. And since the school day was almost over, Chris quickly finished to dress up, and went at the school entrance when the bell rang to wait for Jen. Who, indeed, appeared, surrounded by other popular girls. But the moment she noticed Chris had a bad bruise on his cheek, she left her friends to walk right to him. And of course, bounced sexily, and quite a lot, on the way. Making Chris' day a little better.

"Chris, what happened to you?" Jen asked, worried.

"I fell." lied Chris, afraid of someone working for the bullies listening.

"I might be 18, but I'm a doctor with years of experience, remember?" she whispered to his ear "So I know how a punched face looks."

Chris walked with her away from school quickly, and once they were at a safe distance from school, he explained what happened to him.

"I'm so sorry, Chris! Looks you paid the price for my new popularity... and to think I was about to tell you how great my day had been! I'm not looking up at more blessed girls anymore, and the stares on... wait, no, back to your problem."

"Could you use the lamp to heal me and erase this stupid picture? Maybe even make it so these guys leave us alone?"

"I can." Jen said as she kissed him on the cheek "But I have a much better idea."

They arrived home, and while Chris went to the bathroom to check if he could put some ice on his face, Jen joined him with the lamp.

"Eyes up there!" she giggled.

"Sorry, but these bounces..."

"I know, I got the super extra bouncy package. It's quite distracting even for me! Now, about you... I'm going to make it up for what happened to you, my poor Chris. Can't let my best friend suffer because of my wishes, right?"

She rubbed the lamp before Chris could answer, and the genie appeared, floating above them in the bathroom.

"Genie, I have a wish!"

"Of course, mistress. I'm waiting for your orders."

She pointed at Chris.

"I wish Chris was healed and... had a dick so huge even bullies respect him."

"Granted!"

Chris felt something down there... a very pleasant, yet very powerful feeling, before he could feel his boxers getting tighter. And tighter. Her groaned.

"Jen, why?"

"Got rid of these boys and taught them who was the real man around!"

Her eyes went on his trousers. As a bulge was growing there. And growing. Jen covered her mouth as the bulge became huge, much bigger than anything she expected... before the head of Chris' dick found its way out of his boxer, and started going up, like a growing snake, until it

popped out of his trousers, and started going up, leaving stains of pre-cum on Chris's shirt.

"Oh boy. THAT is huge!" Jen said, while Chris groaned.

"You... you need to do something because I'm about to..." Chris warned.

"I'm not even sure I can take this monster!" Jen said, shocked by the results of her own wish.

Chris had stopped growing. He was enormous. Probably 12" long, maybe even 13". Porn stars would have been intimidated by the snake he packed.

"Jen..." grunted Chris "Biggest... hard-on of my life right now..."

"Okay, right, time for some relief!" she said as she took out her clothes.

And the two of them started fucking in the bathroom. But sure, Chris was big. Way too big. He stretched Jen to the max, and she could only barely take a little more than half his cock inside her. But the result was delicious to her. Size mattered. And Chris' size was something most girls would never experience.

Of course, this led to hours and hours of sex. And multiple orgasms for both sides. Chris had no second thoughts about Jen's wish, because not only he felt stupidly proud to be so big, but each orgasm was even better. More nerves. More cum. More pleasure. Okay, he was ridiculously big, but after feeling insecure today, now, he felt the opposite. And he loved it.

Once again, their orgy ended up late in the night, and it was a good thing they were young enough to easily recover with just a few hours of sleep.

"Hey Jen, you live with your best friend, right?"

Jen looked up from her trail. Sitting in front of her at the cafeteria table was another member of the popular girls club, and she was smiling at Jen in a weird way.

"He is." Jen answered "Why?"

"There's this rumor like... he 's big. You know what I mean?" she winked "Really big. Have you seen it?"

"What if I have?" Jen asked defensively.

"Come on, have you seen it or not?"

"Yes Jen, tell us!" "Yes, how big?" "I heard he's 10" but it's huge, right?" added the others girls as soon, the entire table was joining the conversation. Jen realized her wish had more consequences than she thought. She made Chris big, boys knew he was, and of course... word was out.

"Calm down girls!" Jen answered "Why does it matter?"

"Because If it's true... I wanna try it!" the first girl winked.

"Me too!" another girl said.

"Form a line, girls, because if he's big, he deserves a big girl!" said a chick with even bigger breasts than Jen, but mostly thanks to her chubby shape "He's a boob man. Like most boys. So he's not gonna play with your itty bitty titties!"

"Shut up... and if he lives with Jen and still manages to be her best friend, he might not be that much into tits, because then he'd be all over her!"

Jen blushed. Of course they didn't expect her to fuck the one she called her "best friend". But the more they were talking, the more she was feeling jealousy rising. What if one of these bitches managed to sleep with Chris? Sure, he seemed to be into her, but he was clumsy, insecure, and a bitch smart enough might use it to her benefit. Still, around her, the girls were talking.

"Jen has nice boobs, sure, but if he's as big as the boys say, they're not up for the job." the chubby girl went on "So I'm first. And if you're nice, I'll tell you! And I'll show him things he won't forget."

And the girl mimicked a dick stuck between her breasts, while she was giving it a headjob. Of course, the whole table exploded into laughter. Except for Jen, who realized she might have turned Chris into a target for girls. She thought about it until it was time to go home with Chris. Who couldn't stop telling her how everyone looked at him with HUGE respect in the boys showers now. After all, even limp, he was bigger than most of them hard down there.

"Speaking about bodies... are you a boob man, Chris?" Jen asked once they were in their living room, shaking her torso enough to make hers wobble sexily.

"What? Uh... no, I'm uh... I like them, sure but..." Chris blushed as he lied.

"But you said you loved when I grew the first time. The reason why you came so fast so..."

"No I... eeer... I..."

"So you wouldn't like it if I was... bigger?"

Chris froze. And his trousers started answering for him, as they became very, very tight. Jen's eyes locked on the expanding, huge bulge.

"Chris, you obviously want me bigger. So why did you just tell me you weren't a boob man?" Jen pouted, disappointed to have her best friend lying to her.

"I... okay, I'm a boob man. I just thought you wouldn't like it." Chris explained.

"Seriously? Chris, I turned us back to 18, I have super bouncy, sexy boobs, you have a huge cock, do you really think I'd be shocked? We're past that. We have unlimited wishes, so come

on, if you have a fantasy, it's now or never! I don't want a quiet, boring life again! Tell me! I want to make you happier than any other girl could!"

Chris seemed uncomfortable, but after a few seconds, he eventually spoke.

"Okay, you won't freak out?" he cautiously started.

"What is it? Feet? Animals? What's your kink, Chris?" smiled Jen.

"It's... eer... it's called Breast expansion. To make it simple, it's not just being a boob man. It's loving when they grow bigger." he said.

He gulped, waiting for Jen's reaction. But she just shrugged.

"That's not that weird... I mean, I used to be a doctor, remember? I heard way weirder things. So if big, growing boobs are your thing, I'd be more than glad to deliver." she winked. "For real?" he asked, unsure.

"Sit down and look."

Jen gently pushed him on a chair in the living room. And took the lamp in her bedroom, before she came back. And rubbed the lamp, Chris wondering what she exactly had in mind.

"Mistress?"

"Genie, I have another wish..."

"... I wish my breasts were twice as big and sexy and so sensitive to pleasure I can come from just a tit-fuck!"

"Granted!"

Chris couldn't believe it. He stood up, almost drooling, but Jen grinned.

"No. Stay on the chair. I want you to jack off... while you watch me groooooow!"

His zipper exploded in answer. It had been about to burst for a while, but this was too much. His huge cock sprang free, and he stared as Jen laid down on the couch and started squirming sexily. "I feel it... they're growing!"

Chris was jacking off furiously, while Jen's tank top was filling up with flesh, overflowing her bra, her top, stretching it more and more, until it was as tight as a drum.

"So big... yes, so big!" she moaned. Chris wasn't sure if she was acting to arouse him, or enjoying the growth as much as he did, but he came. Cum landed on the couch, but Jen didn't even notice. She was lost in her own expansion. Bra straps were breaking. Clasps opening. Her top tearing on the side, as her breasts were inflating bigger and bigger. Gone were the apples. She had outgrow big oranges, and was on her way to have cantaloupes of flesh mashed together in her top.

"I'm growing soooo big!" she moaned louder.

Chris came in answer. Again. He was sure she came too, just from the growth. On her thin frame, her expanding, huge tits were way too big, but in the sexiest way Chris could think of. These were made to be tit-fucked. And as she grew more, and more, he came, again and again.

The growth slowed down and eventually stopped, leaving a panting, sweating Jen squirming slowly on the couch, while two things as big as big watermelons were moving with her every breath. They looked firm, yet supple enough to bounce and wobble with Jen's every move. The couch, on the other side, was ruined, covered in both stains of cum, and Jen's own juices. As her destroyed clothes eventually grew and changed to fit her new body, reality catching up with her wish, she smiled sexily at Chris.

"Mmmm... is it the kind of things you love, Chris? Looks like so."

"Yeah..." Chris stupidly answer, still drooling a bit.

"And look at me... these tits are sooo big! I must be a double H or something!"

Jen was happily poking her new chest and as she sat, Chris had to admit they were not only bigger... but also sexier than before. Not having a hard-on around her was going to be quite a problem. Or was it?

"Say, Chris, what about testing these... because now, these babies are big enough to wrap them around your rod! And to think I used to be so small I couldn't even dream of giving a tit-fuck... now I can take your snake!"

Of course, Chris joined her on the poor couch, and as Jen took off her tank top, he slided his cock between her tits even before she took off her new bra. Actually, his dick was so big his erection was enough to pull the bra up, and it opened brutally.

"Someone is in a hurry!" Jen grinned "But it feels sooo good to have you between these!"

"Come on, mash them around my cock!"

She did. And to both their pleasure, just the stimulation of this huge cock trapped between her big new boobs was enough for Jen to come. Chris came in answer, thanks to his always full genitals, and covered Jen's face with cum.

But to his displeasure, she spat and coughed.

"Damn I... sorry, sorry, I broke the mood." Jen excused herself, cleaning her face with her hand "It's just I never liked the taste of cum."

"Eh... that's okay... I was wondering why you didn't try to give me a blowjob before... now I know." Chris thought out loud, still sitting on the girl.

"I know... I always wanted to, and I tried in my... other life. But I can't swallow. I just dislike the

taste so much, I was always a bit jealous of the girls who managed to..."

She paused. And grinned. Next to her was the lamp. And still laying down with Chris on top of her, she rubbed it, until the genie floated above them, not even shocked at the show of Chris, naked, having his dick between Jen's new huge boobs.

"Sorry genie, just a quick wish!"

"Of course mistress."

"Genie, I wish cum tasted absolutely delicious to me... and since I'll like it, my friend Chris can control the amount of cum he produces, without any limitation!"

"Granted."

Before Chris could realize what just happened, he felt a tingle in his huge dick... and suddenly, a warm feeling. He looked down to see not only his dick was still between Jen's huge boobs, but she just took in her mouth as much of his huge dick as she could. And she was looking up at him with a very, very naughty light in her eyes. Chris brain managed to process "My first crush has a sexier body, huge tits and giving me a head, is that a dream?" before his arousal took control.

And he tit-fucked her wildly, feeling her tongue and lips making what was already a crazily sexy experience even better. And when he came... it was paradise, as Jen swallowed every single drop of cum with pleased sounds.

"Mmm!"

He looked down. She was frowning. Looking up at him, while rubbing her big tits against his cock. What did she... no, wait, she wanted more. He could tell it just from the way she looked at him. He didn't need long to come again, and this time, he focused on trying to come harder. With a lot more cum.

And his orgasm was crazily better, as he was sending huge amounts of cum into Jen's mouth. But she was swallowing it all! And making sounds and gestures showing she wanted more.

"Fuck, MOOOORE!" he grunted as he focused on sending a lot, lot more cum.

Jen's cheeks grew as her mouth filled up with a lot, lot more cum. More than she could swallow. She opened her eyes wide, as cum started spilling out of her mouth, and even erupted from her nose as the pressure increased.

"Cough, cough!" Jen had to give up.

"Fuck, Jen, I'm so sorry, I thought..." Chris started.

"Cough... what? Don't be sorry, that was awesome!" Jen eventually laughed "Now, not only I can give heads, but it feels fucking delicious! Now, what are you doing? Again!"

Shit. Chris wondered how she managed to survive in her previous life. Jen was a girl way too

cool and fun for the average life out there. Having a quiet life was probably killing her more than stress. He was glad he was there with her... especially now.

Sex ensued. More heads, more tit-fucks, more sex in various rooms, until the whole place was a mess. With puddles and stains of cum here and there. They cleaned it, laughing. It was a proof of how crazy sex was between them. And they didn't want to use the genie for a wish like "Clean this".

And it gave them the opportunity to do something else than fuck like rabbits.

"We should do this more! You know, talking?" joked Jen, before she kicked her broom with her huge tits "And I need to get used to these!"

"Agreed, and me too!" joked back Chris.

Jen felt the stares on her. And she loved it.

Today was volleyball at school, and she knew people were watching her everytime she ran or jumped. Actually, she would have done the same if she had seen a chick this busty playing. But she was the chick, and the attention was nice. She secretly loved how they ignored how these boobs they were watching were the result of a wish... and not just big and sexy, but also orgasm-givers. Yes, if people knew, they'd be crazy. It just made it all funnier.

Jen grabbed the ball. Her breasts were close to the size of it. She chuckled, and went on playing, until it was time to change back into the locker room. Where she could feel the stares of the girls on her massive melons. She knew how, once, she used to look that way at girls bigger than she was. But now, she was the big girl. Even the chubby one who pretended she could get Chris in her bed wasn't as big as she was. A strange aura of respect floated around her. Just like the boys felt small next to Chris when naked, she had the same effect on girls.

And yes, she loved it. She couldn't stop thinking about it.

"Hey Jen, there's a party tonight and..." a girl started.

"Sorry, I'm busy with Chris." Jen answered.

The whole day, every time she mentionned Chris, she noticed how the girls didn't insist. And even changed topic. Obviously, now, everyone knew they were together. The school bustiest girl sharing a room with the school most endowed guy? It wasn't hard to figure out what they did together. Best friends or not.

And it also seemed Jen was quite popular, not just because she was way too sexy and busty for her age. But also because she was always declining invitations to parties. She preferred to spend time with Chris. It only added to her "unreachable" reputation.

"Must be so cool to date your best friend." sighed a girl during a recess.

"Maybe you should try." Jen answered "You have one, right?"

"Yes but he's not... I mean he's a great friend but..."

"Trust me: sometimes, you should give it a try. Or you might spend your life regretting it. It's not like you're going to be 18 a second time, right?" Jen smiled.

Yes, Jen liked this new reality. And liked how everyone stopped trying to bother them. And, no, she didn't want to party with regular kids. She wanted to spend her time with someone who shared things with her. Who understood who she was really. And who else but Chris?

Still, she did her best to enjoy her time with her new friends, and was nice to them. She tried to listen to their music, watch the channels online they liked to follow, and simply, she tried to be who she was supposed to be.

The hardest part at first being to find her new balance, because her new tits weighed quite a lot. But she managed to hide the fact she wasn't used to them. Yet.

Back home, after the first days of constant sex, now they had given a little more space to sharing common activities. The ones which made them best friends at first. They liked the same kind of movies, Jen couldn't believe what the world of video games had turned into and all the games she had to try, and they shared again the thrill of lying on their age to buy booze and drink it while talking. About their previous lives and how they didn't miss it.

And then, of course, more sex. Best friends, best lovers, what else could they ask for?

"And you Jen, what's your fantasy? Your fetish?" Chris eventually asked after hours of sex.

"I'm not sure..." Jen thought.

"What? Come on! You know mine! You even made me... you know, jack off while watching!"

"No, for real. I'm not sure how to call it. It's just... I was a divorced woman, getting older, knowing less and less people would desire me as time passed losing any power I ever had... and now, with all these changes, people desire me more and more, and just the idea makes me quite horny. I think I like having some power over people. To feel them desiring me. Is that weird?"

"Of course not!" Chris said "You just like... feeling dominant, you naughty girl!"

"Yes, but I'm not into leather!" Jen chuckled.

"Fine with me anyway. You know I desire you, big time."

"I sure know, you show it to me several times a day!" she laughed.

She then stopped. And smiled naughtily.

"I think I got an idea... a very kinky one. A little crazy, sure, but since we can... why not?"

"What is it?" asked Chris, curious.

"It's a surprise. It'd be funnier if you don't know what's coming. Do you trust me?"

"Of course!"

"Alright then..."

And just like that, she changed topic. Chris didn't stop her from doing so. Whatever she was thinking about, he was curious. And the surprise might be nice. Or so he hoped. They spent the rest of the evening playing video games together. And if it wasn't perfect enough for Chris, Jen stopped a couple times to give him a blowjob "just for the taste". He was quite happy. And didn't think he could be happier.

But while he was on his way to his bedroom to pick a couple things before joining Jen in her bed... he felt weird. Really weird. And he felt tired. So tired he couldn't even yawn. His eyes closed, and he fell on his bed, snoring.

Chris woke up with a weird sensation. His bed was strangely warm. How long had he been there? He looked around. Everything was blurry. And warm and... pinkish? He slowly stood up. This wasn't his bed! He was standing on some pink, soft and warm mattress. Gigantic, because he couldn't see the end of it. And on both sides of the room were huge walls, going up, and up, and... curving?

He needed a few seconds to realize he was standing between absolutely gigantic boobs, bigger than houses.

Chris looked at where a head should be. And his jaw fell when he saw the gigantic, smiling face of Jen looking down at him.

"Hey Chris!" she said with a booming voice she managed to keep down.

"Jen?! How big are you? What did you..."

"I'm still the same size, moron! You're the one who's 2 inches tall right now!" she laughed, amused.

"What?" he couldn't believe it.

"I told you I had an idea. I made a wish as indeed..."

"... I wished I had the power to control your size at will!"

"That's... that's...."

"That's me having complete power over you!" Jen grinned "And now, here's your task tonight: look at these tits. These mighty tits the whole school, and a lot more people dream of. You're right between them. I want you to show me how much you love them... by covering them in cum. And only when you'll be done, maybe, I'll grow you back!"

This was insane... but this was hot! He wanted big breasts? He was between house-sized ones. Belonging to Jen. And the fact she had power over him was strangely arousing. Chris immediately started to jack off. And since he knew he had no limitations in the quantity of cum he could send at once... he thought big.

"AaaaaAAAAAAH!" he screamed as his pleasure peaked beyond anything known as to him, he was spurting gallons and gallons of jizz, splashing on a gigantic tit. He was shocked by the strength of his own orgasm. No man was supposed to come so much. But of course, now that he tasted it, he wanted more, and orgasm after orgasm, he started painting one of Jen's massive tits.

Until the giantess moved her tit up sexily... and licked it clean with delight.

"More." she said.

Chris never dreamed of this before. And yet, here he was, spurting massive amounts of cum through devastating orgasms on the giant tits of his high school crush. He was almost done when despite his amazing stamina, he tried to cum even more to cover her left tit... and passed out from the raw pleasure of the orgasm.

Jen looked at Chris sleeping next to her, back to normal.

Maybe she had gone a little too far. But actually... she loved every second of looking at this tiny Chris, between her tits, making squeaky noises as he screamed at his tiny size, while sending cum on her tits. A quantity quite normal to her. But a monstrous one to him. The power she had on him was quite... arousing. She hoped he liked it too. Because she actually loved when, while growing him back after he passed out, he gently grew between her tits. And now, he was back to normal. And morning was almost there.

"Where am I?" asked Chris as he opened his eyes.

"Next to me, Chris. Why, do you often wake up in the bed of other busty beauties?"

"No... wait, I was... oh, god!" he suddenly sat in the bed, patting his body "What did you do, Jen?"

"I thought you'd like it. Giant tits, bigger than any man ever saw, just for you, and for me, this arousing power over you. But let's be fair: if you don't like it, I'll wish to undo the last wish so I don't have this power anymore."

Chris thought. And Jen silently prayed, hoping he wouldn't ask her to give up this kinky power.

"Would you... sometimes carry me in your bra?" Chris asked, blushing.

"God I thought you'd never ask. YES, Chris!" Jen exclaimed "Looks like we discovered something else we both like!"

And indeed. As the following hours and days, they toyed a lot with this new power. Jen loved having it, and she guessed Chris was a bit aroused by the idea of her being able to shrink him anytime she wished. She used it in many ways: watching TV? She would sit on the couch, shrink Chris, and drop him on her tits while wearing a sexy tank top, so he was comfortably installed too. And a single popcorn could last him the whole movie. Walking around? Chris seemed to love spending time in her cleavage. And jacking off in it too. Sex? They fucked at all kind of sizes. Once, Chris was as big as Jen's nipples. Then as her boobs. Then just big enough for his huge cock to fill her pussy perfectly.

Of course, regular sex happened a lot too.

But Jen experimented more than just shrinking. A 6'5 tall Chris. A 7'2. 8'0 tall. It was getting ridiculous. The biggest she went was a room-filling sized Chris, barely able to move, while she toyed with his dangling, enormous balls until he came.

Once, she even shrank him at breakfast just so he could eat it on the table, facing the biggest boobs ever.

But what was growing the most was their relationship. It was perfect before, it was more than perfect now, as they explored things no one else ever did, and both liked it.

And all along, Jen was discovering and accepting this part of herself she barely thought about before. She loved feeling she had power on people. On Chris, sure, and it was quite arousing. But she wanted even more. She was a nice girl, thankfully, and didn't want to end up as some kind of dictator. No, she wanted people to desire her. For boys to jack off about her, the girl they'd never have. For girls to speak about her the same way they spoke about the super popular chicks online. She wanted to stand out in the sexiest way.

And the competition for popularity online wasn't helping. At school, her friends would show her girls even sexier than she was, dancing online and having millions of followers just because they were hot. Jen even discovered boys at school had taken pictures of her and were posting them online. And sure, she was popular. But now, online, the views counter showed it: she was nowhere near the stars.

One evening, she decided to tell Chris about how she felt.

"Chris? I have to tell you something. I want to change myself a little more."

"Uh... what are you thinking about?"

"Actually... a lot more." she confessed.

"Why?"

"A lot of reasons." she sighed. "First, we don't know for how long we'll still have wishes. What if the lamp disappears tomorrow? And we have to go on with our new lives? Sure, both of us can easily get degrees again, but I don't want to return to a life where I have to work every single

day. I want an easy life. I want to never have to care about money. And... I want to be even sexier. And bustier."

Chris coughed.

"What? I mean, I'm definitely not against it but..."

"The girls at school are all about famous girls online. Some of them are huge. Bigger than me. And boys jack off at them. I want to be one of them. I want girls to look up at me, and boys to jack off thinking about me. I know, it sounds weird, but I told you, it's my thing. I want to feel desired. I want these big beacons of desire on my chest. So why not? I learned to enjoy being big after a life of B cups. I can have huge tits without any of the problems resulting of it. I want to feel the desire when people look at me. I have a genie. And I can get what these girls have... and then some."

She noticed Chris looked uncomfortable. After all this, he still had his insecurities. Jen shook her head.

"I'm not gonna cheat on you or leave you if that's what you think, moron. I just want to feel the thrill. Because you have a girlfriend, don't you want to find other girls to find you attractive anyway? That's the same for me. I know what I want. And I can have it. So... are you in?"

"I'm sorry, I'm always nervous, but... are you asking me if I want to fuck a super busty online phenomenon?" Chris grinned, feeling a lot better.

"That's a nice way to say it but... yes." Jen answered, glad to see Chris understood her. As always.

"Then I'm in. So... do you need me to bring you the lamp?"

"No." Jen said "I want to be very precise about the girl I want to be. Give me the time to think about it."

She then went right for Chris' ear, and whispered.

"Now, do you wanna have sex with a girl about to be even bigger soon?"

Chris woke up. And rolled in the bed to grab Jen... but his arms didn't find her.

Was she already preparing for school? He looked at the clock. No.. it was Saturday! Where was she? Chris got out of bed, and walked on something. A discarded bra on the floor. He picked it up. The big, glorious double H garment reminded him of how big Jen had grown herself, and how she had learned to love being big, but why was it on the floor? It wasn't the one she was wearing last night so...

Chris noticed a lot more clothes on the floor. And framed pictures of Jen, smiling with her new family. But why was it there?

"Jen?" Chris called.

No answer. But he heard the distant sound of the shower. As he walked into the living room, he noticed more clothes on the floor. And a huge pile of them on a table. Along with numerous framed pictures. And sheets of paper.

Chris grabbed one. It was covered with Jen's handwriting.

"Current cup size: double H. How big should I go?" "Easy money: lottery winner? Movie star?" "Need to alter my family so they don't bother me"

She had been working on who she wanted to be and writing down ideas. The reason why she gathered things from her current life, clothes and pictures. To look at who she was right now, before finding who she wanted to be. Chris read another paper. On this one, it looked like she had been focusing on how famous she should be.

"Worldwide online phenomenon. Famous enough so anyone cool knows me and I get a lot of money, but still not enough so I can still shock people when they see me walking somewhere and think "Who's this amazing girl?". "Movie star: no." "Internet star: yes."

Another piece of paper. And this one got all of Chris' interest.

"Make boobs weigh nothing to my back." "Keep them perfect." "Sexier? Yes!" And then, several words had been crossed out. "J cups?" then "L cups?" then... he read "P cups".

But it was also crossed out. He gulped as he read.

"Tits so big their bottom reaches my navel. Whatever I wear, no one can ignore how sexy I am."

He cover his mouth as he read.

"And growing. Chris likes growing boobs. And other girls should know I'm not done growing."

Fuck. His hand was shaking from arousal. He looked down at other papers.

"Young forever? No, might be suspicious." "Control the way I age?"

He dropped this paper as he noticed another one.

"Let Chris watch the change? No. Surprise him. Grow under the shower? It should cover the moans, clean the juices and not wake him up."

"The shower?" Chris looked up from the paper to the closed bathroom door. As he could still hear the shower. And suddenly, he heard a muffled voice saying:

"Granted."

Chris froze. As everything in the room started moving. Starting... with the bras on the table. He looked in awe as the cups started growing. And he knew what it meant: in the bathroom, Jen

was growing. Bigger and bigger. He grabbed one bra, just to see it growing in his hands. Every passing second, it was growing.

And in the bathroom, he could hear muffled moans.

Actually, it was almost more arousing than watching the growth directly. His cock grew hard immediately, and while he saw the bra expanding in all directions, cups changing size and shape, and even fabric while the band enlarged to support always heavier tits... Chris couldn't resist jacking off.

"Fuck, it's too hot!"

Jen's bra smelled like her. And he decided to use one of the growing cups to jack off in it. What a feeling, as it was growing against his cock, promising crazier and crazier future tit-fucks as it expanded. He tried to picture Jen under the shower, probably already three or four cup sizes bigger, and now having head sized tits... and yet, not done growing.

"Fuuuuck!" he came and filled the bra cup with cum entirely. Before the cup expanded again, of course. Chris dropped the bra on the floor, and picked another one to go on jacking off. He didn't need to pause, after all. But as he did, on the table, he noticed a family picture of Jen. And on it, people were moving on the sides, to give more and more space to Jen's growing tits. They were already bigger than her head!

He looked up at the rest of the room was changing. The TV grew larger. The couch turned into a brand new, and quite expensive looking one. And framed posters of Jen posing sexily in underwear appeared on the walls, and on all of them, she wasn't just huge... she was growing.

Chris realized he wasn't Jen's roomie anymore. The apartment wasn't even owned by his family now. Everything belonged to Jen. And he was the guest there now.

"Pop!"

Behind him, something popped out of thin air. And on a wall was a bra but... this one was a very tiny one. "Pop!" a second one appeared, slightly larger. This one was a B cup. The size Jen used to be before she... "Pop!" "Pop!" "Pop!"

More bras appeared. Each one bigger than the next. Until there was no more space on the wall, and a second line of bigger and bigger bras appeared under the first one. And then, a panel under it.

"Memories of my growth."

No need to say within seconds, they were splashed with cum as Chris couldn't stop himself. He came so hard he fell on his fours, and on the floor, a picture of Jen was looking back at him. The thin girl growing boobs so monstrous her cousins on the picture were moving farther and farther away to give space to her endowments... and for the female ones, Jen's crazy growth would probably send them for years in therapy as the sheer presence of the girl would make any other

female feel small.

She was turning into a girl you couldn't forget. For the better and the worst. And if Chris never forgot her before... now, she was more than everything he could have ever dreamed of.

He noticed the picture had stopped changing. And looked up, as the bathroom door opened.

Jen was there.

Wet. Naked. Sexy. And thin with her nice hips and juicy ass but... who cared? As on her chest were two enormous tits. Bigger than her head. Bigger than basketballs. Actually, so big and round, yet obviously natural they were wider than her thin body. And the bottom of her underboob was just an inch above her perfect navel. These should have broke in half the back of any other girl. But not Jen. She was a sexy stick, with giant boulders of flesh attached to it. If she was huge before, now, she had more than doubled size. And just like before, these giant mounds seemed to have quite the bounce.

"Oops." Jen smiled "I thought you were still asleep. Looks like the surprise is ruined!"

"Not at all... I didn't expect..."

"Me to go so wild? I told you, I don't want a boring life. And now... I'm gonna have a crazy one. And feel desired everywhere I go."

She lifted her arms in the air, and moved her hips sexily, sending her giant boobs into a row of amazing bounces.

"Now, look at Jennifer Curtis, internet superstar, earning millions and millions just for the videos she posts online! I don't have to work. Just to show myself, and bam, I'm richer! Every boy wants me. Every girl would like to be me. And Mr Breast Expansion... I made it so my growth was on, sexy, and making me more and more popular. Actually, I think I love being big more than you like me being big now!" she laughed "You and I shared a lot more than even we used to think!"

She took a step forward, and her giant boobs bounced sexily.

"Now, Chris, you and I are going to celebrate... and for starters... wanna see how you fit between these?"

Chris didn't answer. He ran to her. And minutes later, found out even his huge cock didn't escape from Jen's cleavage during tit-fucks. She was just... that big.

Chris lived the perfect life.

He was fucking a young, sexy star, and she was his high school crush turned into a walking wet dream, out of his most fetishist fantasies. His new friends never stopped telling him how jealous they were of him. They'd kill to take his place.

And they didn't know even half of how lucky he was.

Sometimes, she'd shrink him just to keep him on her boobs while she took a bath. Sometimes, she'd grow him so huge she could dance around his cock. But most of the time, they would fuck like no one ever fucked before.

And all along, Jen was growing bustier. Slowly, but still enough for anyone to notice.

When they weren't having sex, they watched movies, played video games, and of course, Jen liked to give Chris a head during these activities. She just loved the taste. Everything was perfect.

Until one morning.

"Jen!" Chris exclaimed in panic "Look!"

Next to the bed, where the magic lamp usually was, was only some purple and golden dust.

"Looks like the wishes stock exchange or whatever is back on its feet!" Jen grinned.

"Wait, it's serious Jen!"

"Come on." she chuckled, as she mashed her giant tits against him "Are you panicking because now, there's no way to take away my power of shrinking you?"

"No, Jen! It's just... I don't know, we could have done so much more! If we hadn't been..."

"Busy fucking?" Jen laughed openly.

"Yes! I... we cannot change anything else anymore now!"

She kissed him on the cheek.

"Your insecurities are cute, Chris. Let me think. You're stuck with a girl who's both your lover and best friend, young, sexy, with gigantic tits and just growing bigger the way you like, a girl who's rich, gives you a place to live, has the power to shrink and grow you at will, who gave you a huge dick and the ability to come in ways no man ever knew? And by the way, I also wished I'd age so slowly when I'll be 40, I'll barely look 25. So, is being stuck with this sexy girl taking care of you a problem?"

"N... no... sure, once said that way..." Chris admitted.

She laughed. She really didn't seem affected at all by the loss of the lamp.

"... but unlike you, when i'll be 40, I'll look 40." Chris said.

"Good. Because you were cute too at 40." she winked "But I kept a little surprise for you."

Chris wondered what it was.

"Of course I knew the lamp would disappear. Before I did my last wish, I tried to wish for unlimited wishes, both in number and in time. But the genie said it wasn't possible. So I made another wish... a wish to make sure you won't leave for someone else, and for you to know I won't either."

"What was that wish?"

She grinned.

"I wish if Chris and I were still together at 40, we'd find another magic lamp."

Chris mouth opened, but no sound got out.

"Now." Jen grinned "Are you ready to spend the next 22 years watching me grow while thinking about our next wishes?"

THE END.