

Too Many Drinks

Contains: Enormous Breasts, A Massive Hangover, and A Wish Gone BE

This is stand-alone. Technically, it is best to read "The Failing of Words" first, but in all honesty, you really don't have to.

Thank you for reading!

Craig's head pounded like a dozen frenzied sledgehammers. All he wanted to do was curl up and go back to sleep, but that was no use. Even if his bed was so warm and soft. He felt like he could sink into the cushy surface. He was sinking into the cushy surface. Craig groaned, lying on his back. This wasn't his bed. This wasn't Erin's bed. Where was he?

Craig tried to think, emphasis on the "tried," as his own body forcefully reminded him that he had a drink too many last night. He was... at a party, maybe. Erin was there, everyone was dancing and ... then morning. Now was surely morning for the sun beat against his still closed eyelids. Finally, he decided it was enough and Craig tried to sit up and get his shit together.

Craig was confused when he tried to move the sheet to find there was none. Then he felt the bed around him to find it was so soft he pressed into it. Then he started to question his sanity as it felt smooth and not like fabric at all. Then he was reminded by his throbbing head that sitting up wasn't what it wanted.

He sat there for a few moments, light and thumping not helping his sick stomach, while gathering himself to stand. As his head finally calmed enough, he began to hear a soft snoring off to his right, a familiar and welcome sound. Craig cracked a small smile knowing that Erin was nearby somewhere. Now his job was to find her, tell her about this weird thing that he was thinking about and have a good laugh. That, however, required him to open his eyes.

Craig's eyes wouldn't cooperate with his demands. Slowly but surely they opened a sliver, giving him a vague view of the world, which only made the situation more confusing. The world seemed to me made of 3 colors: pale peach, blue, and a small shock of black that could only be Erin's hair. Craig's still muddled brain was having a hard time putting the pieces together.

His attempts to move toward Erin were easier than expected. The surface he was on, because it clearly wasn't a bed, sloped down to Erin gradually, letting Craig sort of crab walk his way over to her and into the ravine. As he did so, Craig realized that he was naked. His body showed a darker color of tan against the more pastel landscape, but what really made him realize this was when his bare ass slid against the yielding ground he moved upon.

Craig was just about to reach Erin when an earthquake shook everything around him. A loud rumbling and a feeling of everything shifting beneath him caused Craig to surge with adrenaline as he nearly slid into the weird dark line in front of him. Scrambling upward, our brave

adventurer turned his head back to his gf as she moaned loudly and suggestively. What the... that was one of the most arousing things he'd ever heard. Craig then watched as Erin clearly tried to flip over only to tilt slightly and fall back down again.

Panic having improved his perception, Craig rubbed his eyes to see if he was going crazy. Everything a little clearer, he managed to pick out the basic details, and through his fuzzy brain it dawned a little bit more on him what he was looking at. The very thought made his right-hand man start to harden.

"Oh god, it's boobs," Craig whispered to no one but himself and a very appreciative audience of which he had no awareness.

More specifically, Craig realized, these were his girlfriend's boobs. Her body stuck in the valley between them, laying on top of the pair like huge beanbags. Well, if beanbags where gigantic. Speaking of gigantic, how big was she? Craig looked up and around but there was no way to see what was going on. Even in this valley of cleavage they seemed to be at the lowest point. The triangles of sky made by the incredible melons were still at an upward angle from the couple's unique position. Craig would need to do some investigation.

Standing up was tricky for a multitude of reasons. Not only did it make his headache return, the ground was so soft that his feet found little purchase. Craig wanted to just fall down and make boob-angels in the yielding flesh but decided that would be weird and counterproductive. He really needed some water and maybe a hangover cure. To do those things he needed to figure out where in the blue blazes they were.

Stumbling across his gf's mighty bazongas, Craig made for the end of the valley. Now that he knew what this was he tried to stay away from the cleavage line, afraid to fall in and be stuck. Would he be able to get out? Would he want to get out... These questions crossed his mind and he once again tried to remember last night.

They were at a friend's house, maybe it was David's, and the party was pumping. Sounds of laughter. Hot girls. Hot Erin. Erin was, of course, the best one there. Smoldering eyes, huge rack (way bigger now, he giggled to himself), and that feisty personality he loved. Then... what had happened then? Party, Erin, room... Room! They had walked to a separate room and... they were talking? Talking to...

Craig couldn't think anymore. It was too hard. He tripped on part of Erin's enormous mounds, both him and the marshmallowy flesh wobbling as he tried to regain balance. Craig looked back at Erin and was surprised to see her so far away. Surely he hadn't been climbing her tits for that long. From this distance it was hard to tell, but she looked like she was still asleep. Craig looked at his feet. Erin had always been a deep sleeper, but how could she not tell he was stomping all over her breasts?

After another long trek, Craig reached the end of the divot to find... tissue as far as the eye could see. Fleshy, pale, scrumptious, melon tissue. His hard dick upgraded from steel to fantasy grade metal made for slaying dragons. Boy did he want to slay one dragon in particular right

now.

Another earthquake, or boobquake in this case, shook the land. This time Craig had the sense to hunker down and take handfuls of squishy ground into his hands. Over the rumbling, Craig could swear he heard Erin moan despite the great distance that now separated them. Or, well, separated her main body from him. In the process, his dick pressed into the yielding material and he nearly came from the sensation and sound. The return of the headache was really the only thing that saved him.

Getting back on his feet, Craig looked out again. Did the horizon look farther away? He squinted. Maybe, it was hard to tell. But Craig had enough sightseeing. He needed to get back to Erin... 's body to figure out what the heck was going on.

The trip back was easier. Craig now had some experience with traversing the spongey ground and the path was all downhill toward Erin. Craig wondered how big this crater in her boobs was. There were no clocks, no tape measures, not even many visible markings to help him make sense of the whole spectacle. Just endless breast that was deliciously soft under his feet. As he approached Erin he began to realize a few problems.

For one, Erin wasn't awake yet and Craig had been up and down her boobs all morning. Was it noon? The sun was nearly overhead. When had he woken up? No matter what the situation was, even the earthquakes weren't helping her wake up. Craig hoped she wasn't in some sort of strange coma.

The other issue was possibly even harder to solve: Craig was starting to get hungry. On this plane of tit, what would they eat? It hadn't even occurred to him when he was up on the ridge, but he had seen no plants or animals. Erin couldn't even move from her position, face down in her cleavage, so how was she going to be fed?

As he pondered these questions, he decided to try one last thing to make Erin wake up. Scooting down to her face, Craig found that her cleavage was much tighter here where her body met her boobs. Possibly safer. Definitely not safe from Erin though and Craig winced at the outburst that would probably start from his stupid plan.

Craig reached down and grabbed Erin's nose.

It didn't take long for a spluttering Erin to wake up and punch Craig like a steamroller on steroids. Craig might have been a decently strong guy, but a good punch hurts no matter who throws it. Craig shimmied backward as Erin tried to pick herself up in her rage, eyes still closed and moaned in pleasure and pain as she unwittingly tried to pry herself away from her own tits.

"Ow! Fuck! Fuck you! Craig! What was, oooh\~, that for!"

Craig sat out of firing range of the spitfire as he watched her come alive, fighting and cursing, "I'm sorry! I couldn't think of any other way to wake you."

"I can feel you poking my tits man! Can you stop! Uhg! My head is killing me! Why can't I get

out of bed!?" she tried again to get up only to slump in defeat.

"So, um, to answer both your questions. I can't and because I can't."

"Huh? Did we rig some sort of kinky torture device or something?" she asked rubbing her eyes and blinking, "Can you close the blinds please? Maybe turn up the air conditioner too, it's too hot in here."

"Look, I'm not even going to try to be coy about it at this point. Your boobs are gigantic and we may have crushed the town, so there is no bed or house and definitely no blinds or AC."

There was a long pause as Erin's bleary eyes turned to Craig, she face a mixture of confusion, disgust, and horniness.

"What."

"Yeah, that's what I thought too."

"Seriously though, what is going on."

"Um."

That was when Erin's whole world began to convulse again. A boobquake shaking up everything Erin knew as her eyes bolted open and she moaned with ecstasy. Craig, still sitting, merely grabbed on for dear life. To say that Erin came, would be an understatement. It felt more like five or six coursing through her body at once. She could feel skin stretching somewhere far away, breasts attaining a new level of all-consuming size.

"AaaaAAaah!"

Brain nearly fried, Erin fell from her incredible climax to come to a new understanding. "You weren't kidding," she spoke between pants, "Man, what did we DO last night?"

"All I remember is we went to another room and met this man..."

"Yeah," Erin said, "Weird man. He was in some sort of ... costume?"

"I don't remember it being a costume party"

"Me neither, but it made sense. And then he said his name was... Ry... Rhy ... uh ... Rym..."

"Ryan?"

"That's it. That sounds right. Then he asked something about, a wish?"

"Oh yeah! I said something then, but I don't remember."

"Me neither."

"..."

"I'm so horny."

"Right?"

Erin smiled brightly and devilishly, like she did normally in bed, "Why don't you 'cum' fill both our wishes then, boy, or are you not man enough to satisfy the girl of your dreams with tits large enough to crush a town or more."

"You had me at tits."

In another room, in a pocket dimension, a man in clothes fashioned on old Arabian styles sat in a posh looking living room in a large comfy chair by a warm pleasing fire. The light played off his green skin, giving off the impression of swirling steam just below the surface. Many pictures hung upon the wall around him as he peered into a large leather book that sat on his lap. Smiling, the man slowly closed the book.

"How was that? A little vignette into another world. How tragic. Wished away by a pair of drunk lovers wanting no more than 'boobs larger than anything ever,' poor place."

The man's deep green eyes turn towards you, smile full of mirth, gaze weighty like a thousand years. He picked up a small wooden pipe, carved in intricate patterns, looking at a picture on the wall. It was of naught but a naked man walking on miles of pale flesh. Taking a puff of the pipe, the light in the room dimmed for a moment, then he stopped pulling it in. Letting out his breath, the man opened his mouth as if to let out a smoke ring only for a ring of pure light to float outward. It made slow progress forward before dimming and dissipating.

"I can see you enjoyed the mayhem. Not like I didn't enjoy it either, but idiots usually don't think of all the consequences, do they? Frustrating to see a good wish go to waste."

"See you next time."

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