



REBOUND

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REBOUND

They couldn't have felt more miserable.

As Cindi Adroit climbed the steps up to her best friend's second story apartment, she didn't know what to expect. Only a day ago Cindi had been dumped by her boyfriend, and over drinks she and her best friend Lisa Albern had mutually commiserated regarding their various troubles.

Man problems.

Job problems.

Money problems.

Cindi didn't think either of them had a positive thought in them that night. Lisa had also been dumped, and although that was weeks ago she was still deeply upset. It seemed both were currently living nothing more than lives of worry and disappointment.

Now Cindi found herself spending her lunch break dashing up cement steps in high heels, her black skirt sweeping across her legs. She had received a jumbled and frantic voicemail from Lisa, and Cindi feared the worst. Banging on the apartment door, Cindi was surprised when Lisa swung open the door with a smile on her face. Wearing a green t-shirt, shorty-shorts, and no shoes, the concerned friend was taken aback by how happy and excited the brunette girl looked.

“Cindi, thanks for coming over!” Lisa exclaimed as she grabbed the blond’s arm. Pulled inside, Cindi almost toppled off her heels as Lisa’s enthusiasm overwhelmed her.

“Lisa, what is going on with you?!” the surprised visitor exclaimed, pushing her lovely locks away as her friend closed and locked the door, “I thought your place was on fire or something when I got your voicemail.”

“Nope, better!”

“Wouldn’t anything be better than your apartment being on fire?” Cindi replied smugly as Lisa led the way over to the small couch in the living room. Plopped down on the cushions, Cindi let her purse slip off the shoulder of her white suit jacket. Lisa joined her, bouncing down onto the other end of the sofa and producing a small postage box from behind the overstuffed arm. It had already been opened.

“Yeah yeah, sure, just listen to me for a second,” Lisa muttered, holding the box up like a holy relic, “You know how I’ve wanted plastic surgery for my boobs but haven’t had the money?”

“Oh God, you have to get over Jeremy,” Cindi sighed. Cindi knew Lisa was certain Jeremy had left her for someone bustier, and now she was desperate for bigger breasts. Lisa had admitted to Cindi several times she was jealous of even the blond’s modest B-cup apples, “He did not break up with you because you wear an A-cup bra!”

“This has nothing to do with him!” Lisa replied, the earnestness of her voice not entirely matching her words.

“Fine, is it more of that stupid cream you keep trying?” Cindi continued, “Or have you moved on to pumps now?”

“No, now hear me out. I was surfing the web, searching for other non-surgical options I hadn’t tried yet, when I found this website advertising magic artifacts. Morphos Co or something.”

Cindi audibly groaned, dropping her face into her hands, but that didn’t stop Lisa’s enthusiasm - or monologue.

“There was all kinds of expensive stuff on there, genie lamps, monkey paws...most of which was as expensive as the surgery. But then I found...this!” Lisa giggled as she pulled out a plastic wishbone, and dropped the box off to the side of the couch. Cindi slowly brought her face out of her hands and looked at the trinket that her friend was so proudly displaying.

“And that is...?”

“The Rubber Wishbone!” Lisa grinned, lowering her hand and now examining the little pale Y from all sides, “It was \$4.99...plus shipping...”

“Well, at least you didn’t waste as much money as you usually do on the creams...” Lisa reached out and plucked the fake bone from her friend’s hand, “Feels pretty brittle to be rubber.”

“Well, that’s all part of why it was so cheap,” Lisa replied, reaching down and pulling a sheet of paper out of the box.

“It’s old?”

“No! Unlike some of the other stuff on the website, this requires two people to properly make the wishes.”

“Oh, yes, ‘wishes’ are the next logical step between creams and pumps. That’s why you called me over here, isn’t

it? Just to try out some piece of junk!” Cindi shook her head and tossed the wishbone back at Lisa, who frantically grabbed at it before getting the fake bone safely back in her hands. Cindi almost stood up to walk away, but something in the back of her mind kept her on the couch.

“Careful! Yes, I need you, but you also get three wishes out of it!” Lisa exclaimed, unfolding the paper, “It came with instructions.”

“Okay...fine...I’ll bite,” Cindi huffed, taking off her jacket and fully revealing her nicely filled blouse, “I know I’ll never hear the end of it if I don’t get this over with now.”

“Great! So, how it works is that we each grab an end of the bone and break it. Whomever gets the nub at the top gets to wish first. We each take turns making wishes until we’ve each had three, and then that’s it.”

“So why don’t you just break it in half yourself and take six wishes?”

“Because the wishes don’t work like that,” Lisa replied, almost talking down to Cindi, “What happens is you’re only able to make a wish about me, the person who broke the bone with you. Let’s say you wish that I’d have inch-long fingernails. I’d get inch-long fingernails...”

“Okay, kind of stupid and doesn’t really answer my question, but simple enough - we’d each have to trust each other.”

“Wait, I’m not done,” Lisa pouted, putting her hands to her hips and giving Cindi a look, “Stop interrupting!”

“Alright, alright, sorry...”



“Anyway, I’d get inch-long fingernails, and then I make my wish about you. Let’s say I wish you had inch-long eyelashes. You’d get inch-long eyelashes *and* two-inch long nails! Your wish about me goes back to you two-fold!”

Cindi scrunched up her eyes and stared at Lisa as she thought about that. Then suddenly her expression opened up and she shook her head.

“Oh...now I get it. A *rubber* wishbone.”

“Yeah...what do you mean?”

“You know, the old thing we’d say as kids? ‘I’m rubber and you’re glue, whatever you say about me bounces off and sticks to you.’ Whatever I wish about you I have to be willing to take,” Cindi explained.

“Oh, I see!” Lisa smiled, “And I figure if we just wish the other person had half of whatever we want it should work out!”

“Yeah, well, I don’t know if *that* sounds like the best plan, but let’s get it over with so I can get back to work,” Cindi muttered, shaking her head and sitting up straight.

“So you’re in?”

“Let’s do it before I change my mind.”

“Yay!”

Lisa leaned forward and offered Cindi one end of the wishbone. The blond rolled her eyes and grabbed it.

“On the count of three,” Lisa said, the anticipation in her voice palpable, “One...two...three!”

Each woman pulled on their end of the plastic piece and

after a few seconds an audible snap caused them each to reel back a bit. Before Cindi had even collected herself Lisa was already exclaiming, “I got it, I got it!”

Cindi looked at her shorter half and acknowledged that Lisa had the “privilege” of making the first wish.

“Alright, well then, what did you have in-”

“I wish Cindi’s breasts were big, round, pert D-cups!” Lisa blurted out, pure joy bubbling out of her.

“Hey, time out!” Cindi exclaimed, dropping her half of the wishbone and making a T with her hands, “Way to make a girl feel violated. You don’t even ask me first?”

“What do you care, you don’t believe its real anyway,” Lisa replied, her eyes staring at Cindi’s chest intensely. Unconsciously Cindi raised her hands to her shirt to cover herself.

“I’ll grant you that, but if that’s half the size you wanted I underestimated your obsession with bigger breasts,” Cindi replied, starting to feel a little hot.

“What? Why? What’s wrong with a pair of DDs?” Lisa exclaimed, her enthusiasm starting to wane.

“Your really don’t know how cup sizes work?”

“When have I ever needed to know?” Lisa hissed, clutching at the barely visibly bumps under the green fabric stretched across her chest.

“Right. So, even DDs would look a little large on your petite frame, but that’s not what I mean,” Cindi elaborated, starting to sweat a little, “Trust me, I used to work in women’s wear. D cups mean you have about four inches of boob on your

chest. Double Ds are *five* inches. If you just doubled four inches of a D to eight inches you would have given yourself something like H cups...is it hot in here?"

Lisa almost didn't reply. She furrowed her brow as Cindi's words sunk in, and then suddenly she realized there was a question in the air. Looking at her clearly uncomfortable friend Lisa answered, "No, why?"

"I'm...I'm burning up," Cindi answered, seemingly torn for a moment about removing her top, but finally giving in, "I'm sorry, I've gotta get this off..." She stripped off her blouse, leaving on only her bra, skirt, and heels. Tossing the shirt aside she turned back to the other woman, "Lisa...I think I'm gonna...oh!"

Suddenly Cindi's hands flew to her chest, where Lisa was already watching. Cupping her small breasts in their bra, Cindi looked down and watched wide-eyed as she saw them grow. Two inches of soft flesh had once hung from her ribs, and Lisa almost cried out in joy as she watched Cindi's breasts fill out another two inches.

Cindi could feel them push against the cups of her bra, the straps digging into her back a little bit. To Cindi it felt like warm heavy putty was flowing inside of her, filling up her two tits. She could feel her stretching skin glide against the fabric of the cups – and then press against it. It looked like it should have hurt, but it didn't. Cindi would have cooed at what actually felt like an attentive lover massaging her chest, but the scene was too surreal to allow any reveling. But her nipples had responded, getting hard and pressing tight against her bra.

As her soon overwhelmed brassiere proved, Cindi was no longer a B cup. It was clear that Lisa had given her friend

something much bigger than she had started with, better described as succulent tangerines than any letter. A roll of sexy flesh billowed out over the top of each cup. The sweating blond stared down at her new attributes for a moment, and then her angry face shot up to stare into the eyes of a clearly gleeful Lisa.

“You bitch!” Cindi exclaimed, dropping her hands from her chest and nearly throttling Lisa, who backed up just a bit, “Look what you did to me!” Cindi’s lunge was interrupted by the jiggle and wiggle of the soft flesh nearly rolling out of her undersized bra. As Cindi felt the tug of her new flesh move around she pulled back and clutched them again to get everything under control.

“They look great!” Lisa exclaimed, her eyes never leaving the other woman’s new endowments as they attempted to escape their entrapment, “What’s wrong with them?”

“Wrong?! Well, they’re...I mean...alright, technically nothing is wrong, but I didn’t need boobs this big! I was happy with my breasts how they were!” Cindi moaned, collapsing and leaning against the sofa’s back. Again her tits bounced and jiggled within their tight confines, which only compounded Cindi’s anger as she clutched them in frustration. “Now I need all new bras! Plus, I’m gonna have to call out of work today! How am I going to explain these?”

“Well, I think they look great on you, I’m sorry for surprising you, but you agreed to do this with me!” Lisa defended herself, settling back on the couch.

“Yes, but, it wasn’t supposed to...I mean, I didn’t think...” Cindi couldn’t believe the damn thing worked, but here was the proof, hanging from her. She just sat for a

moment, processing, staring down. Could she see her feet? What about back pain? Her thoughts were interrupted with; “Can I see them?”

Cindi blinked a few times, “What?”

“Can I see them? I’ve never seen D cup breasts in person...not real ones at least.”

Cindi wanted to say no, but the pressure of the bra strap cutting into her shoulders and back was beginning to really irritate her.

“Fine, but I’m only taking off the bra to put the blouse back on.”

Cindi reached behind herself to undo the clip. The pressure made it difficult, and she wasn’t immediately successful. Lisa started to lean forward, but before she could offer assistance Cindi shot her a look that let her know that no further *assistance* was needed from her. Another moment and the blond had the bra off, and there was a moment of sweet relief as her tits poured out, free from the fabric. Tossing it aside Cindi noticed that her breasts barely drooped as they bounced unhindered around her ribs. Her nipples, which had permanently enlarged in addition to engorging themselves from the sensation of growth, were properly proportioned. Her nips were perched up on the outer curve of her boobs. Lisa had specified round and pert and they certainly were.

“Wow, they’re gorgeous!” Lisa exclaimed, her eyes never leaving the freshly grown breasts as Cindi stood and inspected herself in a small mirror on the wall across from them. Being slightly taller than Lisa, Cindi had to admit that her profile did have a very nice look to it. She was pretty much an hourglass now.

And although she didn't really want to get back together with him, Cindi did enjoy the thought of that bastard George's mouth dropping the next time he saw her.

"You better like big tits," the enhanced woman mused to herself, still eyeing the mirror, "You're gonna get quite a pair yourself!"

"Oh yeah..." Lisa muttered, recalling Cindi's earlier explanation of cup sizes. The over eager woman looked down at herself and placed her hands in front of her chest at what she thought was eight inches. "Is that about here?"

Cindi wasn't looking and let out an airy, "Not sure..."

"Oh, just make your wish already so I can get this over with!" Lisa pouted, falling back across the arm of the couch. Unlike Cindi's chest this motion had no effect on Lisa's breasts – something that was soon to change. Eight inches of breast were definitely more than she had intended.

Cindi had been so upset, and then impressed by herself, that she had forgotten there was more wishing to be done.

"Right, my wish!" she exclaimed, clapping a little and returning to the couch. She had changed her mind about the blouse; might as well let them out for a while as she adjusted to the new weight and balance. Her back didn't seem to hurt at all, although there was no denying the extra weight hanging from her ribs. Cindi's exuberant return to the couch caused her fleshy pillows to shake around quite a bit, reminding her of what was to come for her friend, "You may want to take off your shirt and bra."

"Oh, right, good call," Lisa softly responded, starting to pull the t-shirt over herself. Cindi did not want to wait,

however.

“I wish your purse had a thousand dollars in it!” the blond exclaimed, smiling. She started to reach for her purse when Lisa’s muffling through the green fabric stopped her. “Come again?”

Lisa pulled the shirt off of herself in swift frustration, which revealed her tightly cinched bra. Cindi always forgot that practically all of Lisa’s upper curves came only from the brassiere’s molding.

“I said it doesn’t work like that - the magic only changes our bodies,” Lisa explained, pulling her arms out of the sleeves.

“Oh...” Cindi muttered, disappointed. She grabbed her breasts and held them, “But I don’t want anything bigger...”

As Lisa continued to strip Cindi’s thoughts centered on the womanly assets filling her hands. She definitely didn’t want anything else about her body bigger, or even smaller really, or changed in general. Cindi thought of herself as a pretty fit individual and had a healthy opinion of her body.

However, Cindi’s thoughts meandered to the last time she and George had sex. Actually, not just the last time with George, but anytime she had had sex. And not even just sex...making out, cuddling, showering together..all the men she had been with were always all over her tits. Her breasts were always the first thing they played with and yet Cindi wasn’t really that sensitive, so it didn’t appeal to her. Normally it just made her sore. Now, with a pair of sweater puppies like these, the attention of rough and groping hands was only going to increase ten-fold. And despite the hardness of her nipples, Cindi didn’t really feel any new sensations beyond their

weight.

But she could change that.

“Lisa, I wish the erotic sensitivity of your tits would double, and that they would always feel good despite their weight,” Cindi exclaimed.

“Hey!” Lisa shouted, tossing her bra aside, “I may be small, but I’m already pretty sensitive! Besides, weren’t you the one complaining about not making pre-approved wishes?”

“So? You got one and now I got one,” Cindi smirked, “It’s not like you won’t enjoy it!”

“Yeah, well...” Lisa muttered, starting to squirm, “Even if I’ve doomed myself to custom bras for the rest of my life I still want to be able to walk around without falling over from nipplegasms all day!”

“Nipplegasms? What are they?” Cindi asked, not just from curiosity but actually getting a little excited.

“You know...when a woman’s tits are so sensitive fabric and stuff can get them off just from walking? I’m probably going to have to get all my bras silk-lined now, thanks a lot!” Lisa was beginning to sweat.

“Sorry, I didn’t realize it. Are you starting to feel that heat build up inside you?”

“Yeah, I am...” Lisa panted, standing up, “It’s almost like - oh!”

Suddenly Lisa’s hands flew to her bare chest and nipples as she let out a moan, closing her eyes as the low sound rolled out of her. Cindi watched in rapt fascination as Lisa’s chest seemed to heave. The blond couldn’t help but smile as

her friend's dumb logic started to act on her.

Lisa continued to groan and squirm as she felt tightness in her nipples, and a pressure building behind them. The internal heat added an extra layer of eroticism to the whole experience. Suddenly she felt her teats push against her hands, splitting her fingers apart. Lisa cooed as the wonderful feeling washed through her chest – it was amazing! Like a sensual massage knocked up a notch. When she opened her eyes and looked down, she saw cleavage on herself for the first time.

“I have tits!” Lisa exclaimed as she cradled a pair of fleshy oranges in her palms – and the growth hadn't stopped yet.

“Yeah, and you're about to surpass me!” the D-Cup bearing woman replied, almost jealous. Cindi watched as Lisa's fingers were forced further apart as she continued to hold her blossoming bosom, Lisa's flushed face evidence that the erotic sensations were still carrying on. As they pushed out beyond the size of grapefruits – nearly cantaloupes – Lisa's breasts seemed to stabilize.

“Wow,” was all the brunette woman could say as she stared down at her fleshy valley. She couldn't believe their weight – she had clearly gone too far. The soft curves overflowed her hands. She had wanted to be desired by men and envied by women. Lisa was okay that now she'd probably be *lusted* for by men. But she figured most other women would see her as a joke.

“How do they feel?” Cindi asked.

“Big...heavy,” Lisa replied, giving them a little bounce in her hands, gasping just a little from the return impact to her palms, “They don't feel any more sensitive yet, but that doesn't

mean they don't feel good. When yours were done did the heat fade or is it still with you?"

"It faded, why?" Cindi asked, sounding a little concerned for the first time since her breasts grew.

"Because I'm still feeling something down – oh!"

Suddenly Lisa's hands slid under her breasts to her ribs. her giant perky orbs slapped down, nearly causing the petite Lisa to fall over. They also blocked Cindi's view of what was happening.

"What? What's wrong?"

Cindi looked into Lisa's eyes, and thought she could see fear flash behind them.

"I don't think size is the only thing I'm getting double of, Cindi..." Lisa quietly replied, and followed with another sudden "Oh!"

Cindi watched as Lisa's hands seemed to jump, and then slowly move away from her at the same pace her breasts had grown. Lisa was wracked with the same erotic feelings she had just had, but now in a new location. As the movement ceased, Cindi didn't even have to wait for the brunette to move her hands before knowing what had happened.

"You grew another set of tits!" Cindi cried out, jumping up from the couch. She stumbled in her heels as her own breasts swung out from her. Lisa dropped her hands, and Cindi could see the other girl was on the verge of tears. Four perfect, round, perky boobs all hung and bounced off of Lisa's chest, the quartet of nipples making little circles in the air eight inches from her ribcage. Lisa finally looked down at her long and deep cleavage and sobbed.

“They’re...they’re...they’re...” Lisa moaned, clearly building to tears. She brought her hands back up and grabbed at them, and Cindi watched Lisa’s face suddenly change completely, “They’re *WONDERFUL!*” Lisa’s voice and posture seemed to melt as she let the exclamation hang in the air; it was thick with arousal.

“What?” Cindi stated, throwing her head back a little and lifting an eyebrow. She almost couldn’t look away from Lisa’s multiple breasts, wobbling around like a desk toy. But the blond’s stare was like someone who couldn’t look away from a car wreck, hands up to her agape mouth.

“Oh, Cindi! They all feel so good...I thought two sensitive breasts felt good, but four is just...they’re just amazing!”

Cindi realized her wish had set in.

“Lisa, no! I wished them to always feel good, remember? Get yourself together! We can’t keep you like this, you look like a freak!”

“It know, it’s just...” Lisa moaned and fell back onto the couch, her breast quartet sliding and bouncing around her torso like puppies in a bathtub. Cindi thought Lisa almost looked high as she ran her hands over all four tits, her eyes closed in a dreamy state. Cindi also noted that Lisa’s nipples had all gotten very hard. “They feel so good. Even when I’m *not* touching them...and when I do...*ohhhhh...*”

Cindi watched as Lisa’s hips began to shudder. The girl’s hands gripped two of her breasts hard, her legs stretched, her back bowed, her toes curled, and Lisa bit her lower lip. Cindi just looked on in amazement as a small damp spot appeared on Lisa’s shorts.



“Did you just-”

“God, that was the best orgasm of my life!” Lisa’s eyes popped open and she let out a huge sigh as her body relaxed. Her hands were still lightly playing over her breasts, as if the finger tips didn't want to leave the round taught skin. Even immediately after an orgasm she still desired to continue playing with them.

“I bet it would feel even better if you played with one set while I played with the other...” Lisa looked at Cindi with a bit of mischief in her eyes, and angled her four boobs towards the standing woman, “I'm a little under equipped.”

“Uh, no, thanks,” Cindi replied, even taking a step back, “I'm not interested in – and certainly don't get off on – lesbian boobplay with my best friend.”

“I know...” Lisa softly replied, disappointed, “But I totally wish you did.”

Lisa had honestly not realized what she had done until Cindi was leaping on her.

“Lisa!” Cindi managed to shout as her hands cupped Lisa’s two unattended teats, “Watch what you say!”

“Oh shit, Cindi, I'm...*oh*...” Lisa’s apology was brushed from her mind by the feeling of a new set of hands tending to her. She was quickly lost in the ecstasy of each breast’s groping.

Cindi was trying to figure out her own thoughts, but it was hard as the weight of her pendulous tits pulled sharply on her. After a warm fuzziness had enveloped her head, Cindi had suddenly been overwhelmed by a desire to play with her friend’s big bulbs. No, not just a desire - a need. A sexual lust.

It was almost like her hands were incomplete if her fingers weren't wrapped around Lisa's tits.

Although she knew it was artificial, Cindi couldn't deny the feeling of a slowly building orgasm in her loins. The sensation got stronger the more she played with Lisa's bosom. The blond realized the wording she had used, which Lisa had turned around on her - Cindi was now capable of getting off simply by playing with her best friend's tits! And it was definitely building!

As this recognition was dawning on her, Cindi had another feeling. Her breasts had gotten that familiar warm sensation she felt before; the same feeling that had clouded her mind just before jumping Lisa. After a moment the discomfort of gravity tugging on her chest washed away and Cindi could not believe how fucking great her tits felt.

Even as they did nothing more than hang from the blond's body, bobbing around and nearly brushing the flesh beneath as she continued to caress Lisa, their mere presence felt great! Every bounce, every air current - it was like pure joy hung from her in two sexy jugs. Cindi knew her nipples were at full attention. And when her tits *did* occasionally brush Lisa's - bam! Like a bolt of lightning straight to her pussy.

Realizing the sensation was the return from her wish for Lisa to have more sensitive breasts, Cindi managed to pull a hand away from the other woman's glorious orbs. Although the swell of her building orgasm dipped a bit as she moved to her own flesh, Cindi's entire body practically bucked when she placed a full palm on her own bloated bosom.

The blond vaguely realized that the reason she was so surprisingly sensitive was because she had worded her wish

wrong; instead of her own sensitivity quadrupling, she had instead given herself Lisa's sensitivity four times over. Although she hadn't been pushed to orgasm from that one touch, she knew her new sensitivity meant clothing would feel very *very* good from now on.

If she could stand to wear it at all.

Underneath all of this, as Cindi returned her hand to Lisa – and even found herself sucking on the many nipples available to her as the *lesbian* part of “lesbian boobplay” took hold of her mind more strongly – she knew it was all artificial. She didn't *really* want to be molesting her friend like this, but the feeling in her loins of the pending orgasm overwhelmed that concern. After all, it was clear Lisa *wanted* this attention, so why not enjoy it for now? Unwilling to take her hands from the glorious breasts before her, Cindi willed her thighs to rub together, trying to further stimulate her wet and dripping snatch through the skirt and damp panties.

But this was quickly abandoned. Cindi didn't even try to grind against Lisa or the couch. It was quickly obvious that the act of breastplay on Lisa's mammoth mammaries was giving Cindi more stimulation between her legs than she had ever gotten before from any direct contact. Everything else was simply a distraction since she now totally craved getting off from boobplay with her best friend.

Cindi just *really* wanted Lisa to play with her own tits as well.

“Oh God, yes, yes...I feel it...” Lisa cried out amidst her ceaseless moans of pleasure, and her body started to convulse. Cindi, her head buried in cleavages from all directions, face covered in her own saliva from all the licking she had been

doing, pulled away as she felt her own nether-pleasure coming to a head as well.

Both girls screamed out, bodies arching and stretching, legs kicking and toes curling, as their orgasms washed over them. Cindi could feel her panties soak through as she came. Exhausted, she rolled to the side, wedged between the back of the couch and Lisa's bountiful breasts. Lisa's body was still spasming, so she simply continued to lie where she was. Cindi could smell the scent of both girls' pleasure in the air.

The orgasm had left Cindi with a momentarily clear head as she came down from her pleasure peak. She could feel that even her skirt was soaked with sweat and other juices. Deciding that modesty had long been thrown out the window Cindi pulled her hands away from Lisa's fun bags and stood up. She removed the skirt and soaked panties to get more comfortable. She didn't need anything else distracting her; it was bad enough that the now pleasurable weight hanging on her chest sent erotic flashes to her loins, and feelings of bliss to her head, every time she moved.

"Okay, okay, we gotta think this through," Cindi panted, now standing in nothing but her heels, "If we don't fix this I'll never be able to wear a shirt again without orgasming every two steps, and you can't go out at all."

"I'm okay with that..." the other woman cooed, and Cindi turned around to admonish her friend. However, her voice caught in her throat as she set her eyes on Lisa's bundle of breasts. All four pink melons were round and perky, despite the fact that Lisa was on her back. Her numerous nipples all seemed to beg for suckling. Cindi realized that her boobplay desires were returning, and she had trouble looking away from Lisa's one-of-a-kind bust.

“Play with my tits again...” Lisa moaned, rolling her shoulders and looking up at Cindi with bedroom eyes, “They felt so good...didn’t they?”

“Yes, but...I...I have to concentrate,” the blond responded, turning to the side a bit to try and block out her view. But she couldn’t bring herself to move that wonderful chesty landscape out of her peripheral vision. She could feel her soaked slit quiver and begin to ooze again, “The next wish is mine and I need a way to fix this that won’t backfire on one of us...”

“Speak for yourself...this is way better than anything Jeremy ever did to me. I love all four of my titties! And I know you do, too...c’mon, just play with them a little more, mmm? You can make your wish anytime...” Lisa begged, shaking her chest at Cindi. The resolution of the other woman was breaking, and she couldn’t help but fully turn back to watch the glorious flesh jostle around atop Lisa. Since George had left her Cindi had to admit her insecurity had increased, and knowing that someone wanted her for whatever reason felt good.

But this?

The standing woman tried to hold her ground, but her insecurities and the combination of signals being sent to her mind and pussy by her own blissful breasts, and the breastplay craving building in her thoughts, finally pushed Cindi over the line.

After all, *nothing* had ever felt as good as what she had just done. There was no harm in experiencing it one more time before fixing them.

“Yes!” Cindi exclaimed, clambering back over the

couch to get to the glorious cleavage, “But only for a little bit.”

“Oh!” Lisa moaned, quickly falling back into the ecstasy of Cindi’s exploring hands, “Anything! Any time! It all feels so good!”

Faster than she expected Cindi was completely lost in her play with Lisa’s breasts. She licked them, she sucked, she flicked, she kneaded, she snaked her hands through the various cleavages. Every bit got her pussy more and more excited, and Cindi knew all of it would have made any normal breasts sore and bruised long ago – but Lisa showed no such signs. The blond's own boobs seemed incapable of reporting on any sensations that weren't *good* – the wonder and curse of magic.

Cindi’s hands, on the other hand, were not designed to feel nothing but pleasure and were beginning to get a bit raw, even against Lisa’s smooth skin. Cindi’s mouth felt dry from all the licking she had been doing to slicken everything, and her exhaustion drove her to exclaim without thinking, “Oh, I wish your breasts would lube up and stay lubed!”

The blond’s hand flew to her mouth briefly as she realized what she had done.

Lisa cried out as she felt the heat build up in her again, and she felt like she was perspiring. The heat soon died down, but the sensation of sweating - concentrated in her chest - did not. The multibreasted woman opened her eyes to investigate the sensation that had overtaken her chest.

Glistening across her bulbous boobs, and already covering much of Cindi’s continually attentive hands and face, was a thin layer of clear lubricant exuding through the pores of Lisa’s skin - but only across her four breasts. The brunette giggled at the idea that she’d always be slick and ready for

someone's hands – the concept was delightful! But as she looked down across her sensitive flesh and caught sight of Cindi's bouncing boobs, an entirely new desire flooded Lisa's mind.

Suddenly the sensation of hands across her own tremendous teats was not enough - if she wasn't playing with Cindi's chest her world just wasn't whole. As the magnified craving to play with her best friend's breasts seeped into Lisa's very core, she pushed the blonde around and backwards on the couch. Landing on her ass with a soft plop on one of the cushions, Cindi suddenly found Lisa's legs wrapped around her naked waist and hips. The aggressive girl pushed herself into Cindi's lap, and both girls' chests mashed against each other. The blond gasped and almost collapsed as she felt Lisa's soft flesh against her hair-trigger nipples, and couldn't control herself once Lisa's hands snaked through to them. Cindi could feel the fabric of the other woman's shorts pressing against her bare mons.

Everything was building up at max speed; the feelings of each of them playing with the other's chest, plus the feeling of someone playing with their own chest, quickly had both girls crying out together as massive waves of pleasure washed over them. Once again they collapsed into heaving heaps against each other.

After a few moments Cindi extracted herself out of Lisa's entwined limbs and let the panting girl lay back on the couch. Strings of sticky lube stretched between their two bodies as the blond woman took stock of herself in the mirror again.



Cindi knew she hadn't really changed any since the last wish, but she wanted to see herself again. Reconfirm this was all really happening. Normally she would have wiped off the sticky lubricant that was dripping everywhere and slowly drying across her arms, face and chest, but she knew there was no point to it. She had rashly wished for Lisa's breasts to always be covered in lube, and she was going to get double that - whatever *that* amounted to. Looking back at Lisa's glistening chest - and trying hard to keep control of her impulses - Cindi could tell that the pores across Lisa's tits had altered to constantly excrete a thin layer of the slick lube at a constant rate. The blond knew she had cursed herself to soon have the slippery oil practically pouring off of her, if her estimates were right.

"We have to fix ourselves..." Cindi muttered, turning back to her reflection, "Otherwise, Lisa, after your next wish I'll never be able to wear a dry shirt ever again...or even pants."

"And whose fault is that, Miss Impulsive? We're in the same boat," Lisa replied with a sultry tone, "You made me sweat lube!"

"I know, I'm sorry about that."

"Don't be, they feel even better now! It'll save me a lot of money," Lisa smiled, letting her fingertips make little streaks on her wet tits.

"You don't actually still want to keep all of that, do you?" Cindi exclaimed straight into the mirror. It was meant for Lisa, but the reflecting woman knew a little of it was directed at her own weakening resolve.

"Why not? These are the best orgasms I've ever had! I mean, yeah, it's weird that every fiber of my body lusts to jump

you and fondle you like there's no tomorrow, but it feels so good I don't care. And you have no idea how good these extra breasts feel! It's incredible!" Lisa was rolling her head and neck as she preached the wonders of her new flesh, stretching her body and undulating just a little. In the mirror Cindi could see the brilliant balls of temptation roll and shift across her friends ribs. It was also evident that Lisa's shorts were completely soaked.

Cindi couldn't deny that her own thighs were covered in her own juices...and that production had again started within her lower lips.

"Yeah, well, I got a quadruple dose of your sensitivity. I can't imagine what an extra pair of tits feeding me that sensation twofold would do to my head."

"Oh, but it sounds like it would be fun!" Lisa exclaimed. Before Cindi could get out, "No, don't!" Lisa had shouted, "I wish your boobs were like mine in size and number!"

"Lisa, you bitch!" Cindi spun around, staring down her friend with rage plastered across her face. But her anger faltered as two things happened; first, her own enlarged breasts slapped and rubbed against each other from the sudden momentum, shocking Cindi's mind with rapture. In addition, as she looked upon her friend the desire to grab Lisa's boobs burned to the front of her thoughts. Cindi brushed it all away as best she could. "You're making me into a freak like-" Cindi caught herself mid-sentence, but it was clear how she had planned to complete it.

"Like what? A freak like me?" Lisa finished Cindi's sentence, but was far from upset. "No, this is the best thing that

ever happened to me!” Lisa cried out, hugging her wet breasts to herself, “I want to share it with you!”

“But think about when - oh!” The familiar building of heat overtaking her chest interrupted Cindi’s retort. Accepting that there was nothing she could do to stop it, Cindi spun around back to the mirror for a firsthand view of the wish’s process. Doing her best to not grab her warming breasts, Cindi felt the sensation of flowing putty and sensual massage return. She watched the round flesh of her existing breasts slowly roll down her body, like moist dough on an angled cooking board. Just like Lisa’s set, Cindi’s enlarging bosom retained a round and unnaturally pert shape, the nipples riding high and hard atop them. The blond unconsciously gyrated her body and squeezed her moisture-laden thighs together as the growth slowed to a stop; it had felt good before, but with her magically enhanced boobie-bliss the changes felt superb this time.

From behind, Lisa watched as Cindi’s bare ass jiggled a bit while she enjoyed the growth, and the brunette could see her friend’s side boob creep down her profile. Lisa decided it was time to get her shorts off.

As Cindi’s bouncy shelf settled into its eight-inch depth, she could feel the heat move down her ribcage. Two small itching sensations under her breasts signaled what Cindi assumed was the start of her new assets. Gently cupping her fully-grown original breasts - cooing at the touch of her own fingers - Cindi lifted them up slightly, and could see the quickly blossoming teats. It was only moments before they were riding their own wave of round flesh down Cindi’s ribcage, and the multiplying woman let go of her upper pair as the lower set finished growing into place. Her original breasts bobbed and slapped atop the other two, and Cindi could have

cum right there from all their rubbing.

Lisa watched all of this, her shorts and panties discarded to the floor. The thought of playing with Cindi's *four* giant breasts had started her playing with her wet pussy, using lube collected from her tits to further enhance her already dripping canal. But as Lisa fingered her clit and plunged fingers inside of herself, she realized nothing could compare anymore to the supernatural stimulation received when her hands held her best friend's breasts.

Lost in her body's impossible sensations, but knowing she had to focus back on reality, Cindi willed her eyes down from the back of her sockets and looked at herself. Four breasts with four hard nipples stared back through the mirror. Each was perky and round; that hadn't changed, but Cindi's slightly larger frame meant they weren't fighting for as much space on her chest like Lisa's assets were.

Cindi knew this might also be the last time she'd ever see them dry.

Just as the thought crossed her mind the familiar heat passed through all four breasts and then left her. Immediately she could feel the lubricant start to exude out, just like if she had been heavily sweating.

Really heavily sweating.

Cindi watched her chest take on a wet sheen. Unlike Lisa's thin glare, Cindi's lube poured out of her at twice the rate and made little gravity-defying pools along her various underboobs before dripping off. The excess liquid from the top pair dripped down over her lower nipples before joining the rest of the extra slippery oil pouring off the bottom of her lower set. Cindi probably would have cried over what she had been

turned into if it didn't all feel so damn good. She was actively trying not to touch herself. The sensations that her new breasts were adding to the feedback already streaming to her mind and loins was so overwhelming she knew it wouldn't take much for her to lose herself in lust.

Cindi thought about how she had only one wish left.

And she was *very* close to *not* using it for anything that would return her to *any* semblance of normalcy.

"You look incredible!" Lisa suddenly appeared behind Cindi. Lost in her thoughts and watching her body change the blond had not noticed the other girl get off the couch, or any of her other activities.

"I know I'm *really* grotesque, but you're right...it feels so good I almost like how I look because of it..." Cindi replied, "And you have even more coming to you."

"I can't wait," Lisa answered, her grin audible in her words. She walked up so close behind Cindi that the taller woman could feel Lisa's nipples brushing her back, "Just think...it'll be more for you to play with. Speaking of which..."

Lisa's hands had taken Cindi's newest breasts before the taller girl could protest. As soon as fingers made contact with Cindi's soft pleasure pillows her mind was lost.

"Oh, Lisa!" Cindi cried out, giving in and fully turning to face the other woman. All eight breasts between the two lovers mashed into each other, hard and aching nipples slipping every which way, as hands groped and the two girls went in to kiss each other.



Their passion quickly toppled them over and back onto the couch. Lube was splashing and covering everything; their writhing bodies, the cushions, even the wall nearest them. Limbs intertwined as they desperately grabbed and rubbed at each other's chests. Any other couple would have been pawing between their legs as well, but the building sensations from boobplay alone was still more stimulating than anything either of the girls had ever experienced, could physically duplicate.

It wasn't long before they were each peaking from their first orgasm.

Then their second.

Then their third.

As Lisa came down from their fourth marathon orgasm she gently pushed the still grabby blond away from her.

"Cindi, hold on," Lisa panted heavily, legitimate sweat mixing with all the lube that covered her body, "I think I need a break..."

"No..." Cindi whined, moving in to play with Lisa's tits again, but the brunette pushed her away.

"C'mon, wait a minute! We also need to eat, and I think I should use the..."

Cindi wasn't listening. As she found herself leaning against the back of the couch, all she could do was stare at Lisa's heaving and heavy chest as she absentmindedly played with her own glorious boobs and aching nipples. Even if she hadn't been playing with herself, Cindi's mind would have been racked with the desires coming from her own breasts - even while playing with them herself Cindi's bosom still ached for Lisa's touch. The blond's mind was too overwhelmed; all

she could concentrate on was her hardened nipples reaching out for the other naked girl. And the need to have Lisa's breasts in her own hands. Cindi couldn't control herself; any time away from the tits she loved was unacceptable.

"I wish you'd never want to, or have to, stop boobplaying."

Lisa's jaw dropped a little as she heard Cindi's final wish. Her best friend has just condemned them to an eternity of nothing more than breast play and orgasms.

Lisa smiled at the thought even before the warm tingle washed over her mind. All feelings of hunger, exhaustion, or other bodily needs were wiped away. Only one thought remained on Lisa's mind; she had to have those lovely fleshy pillows in her hands.

Tackling Cindi, Lisa fell over on top of the lusty woman. Once again they were a tangle of limbs as each one fought against the limited space on the other's chest for access to that wonderful soft flesh.

So lost in her single-mindedness was Lisa that she didn't realize that her eight-inch breasts had begun growing. Slowly they began to overflow over Cindi's body as the brunette lay atop her. As four round breasts, each sixteen inches in diameter, fought for space on Lisa's petite body, further down her torso four more were beginning to take root.

By the time Lisa's return-wish had finished eight massive tits ran down her body, in four rows of two. Had she any desire to ever stand up again, Lisa's impossibly perky watermelons would have covered everything from her shoulders down to her mid-thighs.

But it was unlikely either woman would ever let go of the other again.

Cindi squealed as she discovered her lover's newest additions. Whatever desire to return to a normal life was now pushed away, and the former bastion of ration thought's only concern was pleasuring herself with Lisa's breasts. What was so great about her old life anyway? And with no other wishes left to be made, Cindi's efforts were redoubled as her wish to never tire of boobplay acted back on her. Both girls lay on the couch, grunting, moaning, cumming, and repeating without any sign of, or desire for, stopping.

For a while the only other sound in the room was Cindi's heels finally being knocked from her feet and landing on the floor.

So intense was their concentration on each other's bodies that neither of them noticed a small flash of flame by the couch. As it extinguished itself, both also failed to notice the tall man, dressed in an old brown duster and wide-brimmed hat, who appeared in the room a moment later.

EPILOGUE

The Hidden Egyptian Sheikdom of Oasis

“So, what did they do to elicit such a spell from you, old friend?”

Inside the large room half a world away from Lisa’s apartment stood a man in his mid-fifties. He was dressed in a white thobe, underneath of which a rough sirwal covered his legs. Over all of this lay a dark purple bisht. Atop his head sat a red-checked ghutra wrapped tightly with a black band. Even if Sheikh Haris had been wearing less traditional garb, his weathered and aged face indicated his proud Arab heritage.

He was standing next to a man who looked half his age, but Haris knew the other gentleman had seen more than twice the years he had lived. The man was Caucasian, tall and square, and on every visit always wore the same long brown duster and wide-brimmed brown hat that adorned him today. Although the sheikh had been working with this man for more than 25 years, he had never learned his name. Haris and his men had one title for him;

المسافر

The Traveler.

Haris and the Traveler stood over a king-sized down-stuffed mattress, which sat upon a richly tiled floor. Rolling around the center of the mattress were Lisa and Cindi, still nude and locked in slick embrace. They seemed completely oblivious to – or at least unconcerned with – their new

environment.

The massive room they played in was supported by marble pillars and lit by oil lamps, and echoed with the moans and occasional orgasmic cry that escaped out of Lisa and Cindi's mouths – when those mouths weren't filled with the other's nipples or tongue. Only the conversation between Haris and the Traveler flitted over the sounds of the lusty pair's lovemaking.

“I, actually, had nothing to do with this,” the Traveler finally replied, his eyes not moving from the copulating couple, “I followed the signal of some very strong magic. When I arrived I found them like this.”

“What happened to them?” Haris asked. He, also, had no qualms about watching their smooth and undulating forms.

“I found this,” the Traveler said as he handed Haris a piece of the rubber wishbone, “And the ashes of what I believe was a mailed package. Someone sent them something enchanted. They wished themselves like this.”

“And – besides the obvious – what exactly have they done to themselves?”

Other than the obvious physical alterations to their bodies, it was clear to the Traveler that there was quite a bit of magic tied to them. He could see the spell that had turned some of their sweat glands into lubricant producers. It was clear that they had rewired their minds, which was the primary reason he believed they two women had been responsible for the spells acting on them. Mind alteration was impossible to do by a third party. Free will could be squelched by an outside source. Finally, they'd halted their aging and shut off their ability to alter the arousal and activity of their bodies; they'd never tire

of, or stop, doing what they were doing.

“Let's say they'll be feeling very good for a *very* long time.”

The Traveler's words were punctuated by another dual orgasm ringing through to the high ceiling of the room.

“Eternal ecstasy. Sounds like powerful magic,” Haris replied, looking briefly at the broken item in his hand.

“It is,” the Traveler stated, turning away for the first time and lowering his eyes to the floor. Like before, he could have explained how no normal human could have enchanted that plastic. Without a life force to power it, the spells from the average man or woman would undo themselves from an inanimate object quite quickly. This was also why a human could not have enchanted the package to destroy itself. What further concerned the Traveler was that what had attracted him to Lisa's apartment had nothing to do with what these women have done to themselves – that was undetectable. The rubber piece in Haris' hand had been designed so that when the girls were finished with their wishes, it would alert any powerful magic wielders in the area.

It was designed to draw out people like him.

But he was *The Traveler*, not *The Talker*, so he made no mention of these thoughts. Until he was certain that the bone had been designed as a challenge, a threat, or a warning to someone like him, he saw no reason to further discuss it.

“So, what are you going to do about this?” Haris asked.

“Nothing at the moment. I doubt this is the first time our mystery magic user has fucked with humanity. I have gifted to you enough women in your harem for you to know I

am not above that myself. Clearly this mage is smart enough to keep a low profile amongst the human population...for now,” the Traveler replied, turning and facing Haris, “But if they become too public I shall step in.”

“Is there anything you need of me regarding this?” Haris asked, “You know my men are always at your disposal.”

“No, but thank you Haris,” the Traveler replied, placing a hand on the Sheikh’s shoulder, “Your men are better suited stationed at the mouth of the cavern below. You know I must ask – nothing has stirred from within?”

“No, my friend,” Haris replied, patting the hand on his shoulder, “We continue to guard it vigilantly. As you have asked, we shall only enter if attacked...by whatever is down there.” Haris brought out a small crystal from a hidden pocket, “If something happens you will be the first to know.”

“Good man,” the Traveler replied, removing his hand and gesturing towards Lisa and Cindi. The blond was sitting up atop Lisa’s hips, running her hands all over her lover’s eight orbs. The brunette could barely reach the tips of Cindi’s lower nipples. Even as large as they were, Lisa’s enormous tits still held their perky shape as she lay on her back.

“As thanks I present you these two as a gift. I’ve enchanted the mattress to absorb their lube and sweat, but to always remain dry and fresh. I’m sure they would make a lovely decoration somewhere in the palace.”

“Thank you, your gifts are appreciated as always,” Haris said, approaching the bed and taking another eyeful of the girls, “I shall treat them with the honor and respect any beautiful work of art deserves.” His eyes darted back to the Caucasian as Haris then asked, “Not to risk losing such a

lovely decoration, but do you not intend to reverse any of the magic placed upon them?"

The Traveler was silent. Given enough time he could untie the spells bound to their essence. But how was he to know that the actions playing out before them were *not* what these women wanted? Eternal youth. Sex. Companionship. To never hunger or tire again. Semi-regular orgasms-

The Traveler's thoughts were interrupted by the moans of unmistakable pleasure. He stated his answer.

"No."

"Well, they do now have a life without concern or worry, with nothing but ecstasy before them. I could certainly prefer that to the harsh truths of the world, old friend," replied Haris, allowing his attention to drift back to the girls for just a moment. When the sheikh looked up again the Traveler was gone, only the faint crackle of static hung in the air where he had once been standing.

Smiling at the Traveler's usually mysterious and sudden exit, Haris clapped his hands and half a dozen women arrived at his side. They were dressed in harem outfits ranging in style and completion.

"Girls, have our newest guests moved to my study," Haris decreed, "They shall have an honored placed in which to enjoy their new existence together as long as I am here to provide it."

And there Lisa and Cindi found themselves. Living decorations of a secret palace deep in the deserts of Egypt.



Haris was a man of honor and kept his word. No one interrupted them. No one tried to take advantage of them. They were left to their own pleasures.

On occasion each would find themselves coming down from a particularly intense orgasm and small moments of clarity would pass through their minds. Where they were, what they were doing, and what eternity held for them.

Never poor.

Never hungry.

Never scared.

Never lonely.

Each forever within the arms of their best friend, and always with an orgasm only a few minutes away.

They couldn't have felt happier.

FIN

GALLERY











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~ *Dan Standing*