

# A Wish For More - Part 1

*By Miranda Stills for Isk*

Notes: Contains wish fulfilment, breast expansion, butt expansion, hourglass.

Stephen leaned back in his chair, a sigh escaping his lips before taking a slow steady breath back in. In front of him sat the cake, the still smoking, but no longer lit candle, and just beyond that a rather rambunctious, curvy blonde. She was leaned forward, her pleasant C-cups and what he could only imagine was a rather packed pair of boy shorts behind her.

“M-Mira!” Stephen couldn’t help but blush. “Please tell me you’re wearing a bra.”

“Why would I need one of those?” She plopped back into her chair, her breasts giving a decidedly too big bounce. “Just you and me.”

“Mira!” Though they were both giggling. They’d been friends for years and upon hearing of the disaster of his birthday, not that she had the details, she’d rushed over with a store-bought mix of a cake and a candle, and entirely too few clothes.

“Yeah yeah yeah,” she waved one hand dismissively, causing one of her breasts to dance in her top before she adjusted a strap of her tank top. “So, what did you wish for?”

“Well, I...” It was a stupid wish, or maybe just a bit too much of a lonely perv wish... or maybe it was entirely Mira’s fault and the way she’d shown up at his door. His mind flitted over his wish, one he’d actually made into wishing wells and fountains and more than a few birthdays and wondered what it would be like if it was actually granted. What he’d do with... or to... Mira herself.

“What in all nine hells?” Mira suddenly looked down at her top and Stephen felt himself blink.

Before both their eyes her breasts went from pleasant and bouncy C’s, to a set of perky D’s.

“I... I grew!” Mira reached under her tank top and hefted her breasts through the top, gasping as they grew again. Yanking her hands out she stared in awe as what had been a comfy and loose Tank Top was rapidly turning into a rather indecent belly shirt, the bottoms of her breasts peeking out just above her now naked belly button. Her head suddenly snapped up and with two words, her breasts stopped growing. “You didn’t!”

“I-what? I didn’t what?”

“You made me grow!” She was suddenly up and around the table, her breasts bouncing wildly inside her shirt, her nipples, looking so large and suckable, drawing the eyes with the stretch lines dancing from tip to tip. Suddenly she was beside him and a rather swift punch, harder than you’d think the small woman capable of landed square in his shoulder. “You asshole!”

“Ow! Why me!? What was that for! For growing your tits?”

“No!” She stuck out her bottom lip before twisting around. Stephen bit his lip as he realized her breasts were so big that even restrained by a shirt, he could see them from behind. Her hand slapped her hip and she gave her indignant reply. “For not growing my ass too!”

Could he? He still wasn't sure it was him. He'd just imagined how great it would be to see her breasts swelling up, and wow, giving her a perfect hourglass figure, inflated curves to an incredible extreme would just make her-

POP! The side of her originally tight boy shirts burst, revealing her complete lack of panties around one of the largest, plumpiest bubble butts he'd ever seen.

“Well?” Mira said in a husky, hungry voice, bending forward slightly to reveal a glistening, wet pussy to him, “Is the birthday boy going to get his spanks in, or do I have to drag you to the bedroom?”

This was a birthday that was going to go down in the history books.