

Happy Birthday! – Part 3

By MirandasDream

I wrote this a while ago for a dear friend on their birthday.

Minos/Isk, thank you so much for being you and I thank that you were born every single time we talk.

And now, on with the story. Please let me know if you want me to continue it.

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The rest of his morning went rather calmly. Cleaning up the pancake mess, a bit of straightening here, bit of cleaning there...

Washing all his sheets...

*Twice...*

It was as he was hanging them on the line that he noticed his neighbor. Not that she was hard to miss. At 5'8" and with curves to spare, she could draw every man's attention on the block. Stephen had long bemoaned having her as a next-door neighbor with nothing but a hurricane fence between them when she would sunbathe. He'd never worked up the confidence to ask her out despite numerous conversations over the last year since he'd moved in and several neighborhood parties. And more than one assurance that he was her type from the kindly grandmother across the street that seemed to like playing matchmaker. But still, all was for naught thanks to a bit of crushing shyness...

And thanks to a certain curvaceous Blonde and a well-placed wish, Stephen finally had the guts to go over and say hi.

"N-Nadine, hi!" Not that he was smooth about it.

"Stephen! Just who I wanted to see!" The hungry smile the woman shot him made his heart jump into his throat. "Care to come over? I've got something I know you can take care of!"

He'd never hopped a fence in his life, and part of him was wondering exactly how he'd ended up in her yard so fast...

She had him inside her place even quicker.

With what felt like a whirlwind he found himself through the door to her shared kitchen / eating area that opened directly to her living room. Odd for midday, the shades were already pulled. Then all thought was lost as Nadine's mouth covered his and her hands began stripping him of every bit of clothing he had. In a flash, he was naked and his butt was on what some part of him recognized as an uncomfortable couch. Not that he was using his brain much, as a moment later her mouth wrapped around his cock.

Nadine began bobbing up and down in earnest, her lips forming a perfect seal as she devoured his manhood. He absently noticed her hands squeezing her breast and the image of her with even bigger breasts swam through a brain deprived of far too much blood being used elsewhere. She squealed in delight directly into his cock, which only heightened his pleasure and doubled her efforts as she moved faster and faster.

With a pop, the cheap plastic clip that fastened Nadine's bikini top shut behind her suddenly snapped and his eyes focused on her. With a sudden heft, her once very pleasant breasts were now a pair of lap filling tits, and fill his lap they did. With a sudden wet smacking noise, her mouth came free of his cock and he was suddenly surrounded by soft tit. Readjusting, her mouth could only seal around the head of his cock but her tits squeezing his cock more than made up for it. He watched in amazement as she face planted into her own breasts again and again, the soft mounds of dough seeming to rise out of his lap towards her with each downward thrust until with a laugh she gave up and looked up at him.

"Think you overdid it, Stefan."

*It's Stephen*, some part of his brain rebelled and wanted to yell that. The rest of his brain was looking as his cock slowly vanished, enveloped completely by Nadine's growing breasts. With a sudden heft, she stood and looking down, bit her lip, giving a little snort of a giggle. On her chest were a pair of the softest, most naturally looking breasts he had ever seen, internet or otherwise. The two plump breasts dominated her torso and stomach, areola the size of dinner plates and nipples the size of his thumbs reached below her belt.

"Wow, I can barely move!" Nadine absently squeezed one of her breasts, moaning a bit as she did so. She wobbled on her heels before someone pushed her from behind, causing her to go face forward into the spot Stephen had just occupied.

Someone? Just? Stephen found himself standing behind Nadine and with an encouraging look from her as she braced herself on her own couch, bent over at the waist, she beckoned with a quick hip twerk that showed off a butt his powers hadn't touched yet.

With a quick yank, Nadine's jean shorts hit the ground, before being quickly kicked off to the side by Stephen's Neighbor. He saw how wet and glistening and needy her pussy was and couldn't help but plunge right into her.

This wasn't like last night with his rambunctious best friend, it wasn't ravishing a woman who wanted nothing more than to make sure she brought him as much pleasure as he was bringing her, no. This was simply rutting, his hips pounding into Nadine's, her ass squeezed between his hands as he banged away. A sharp word from her brought him down briefly.

"Leave that alone, if you gotta grow something, grow me some bigger tits!" Nadine shouted and with a start he realized he'd moved her from a pair of 36 hips up to 42's and quickly refocused on her breasts.

Giving his powers, and his brain, an exercise, he began in earnest pounding into her again, trying to make every time his cock hit just right inside her, making her cry out briefly in the sudden burst of pleasure just like Miranda had taught him to do for her ownself last night, he rewarded himself for his success each time by bumping her up a cup size.

For ten minutes, more a testament to Miranda's draining of his balls last night than to his stamina today, he pounded into Nadine before suddenly pulling out. Setting his cock between her ass cheeks, pointed right at her back, he let go, spraying her back with his cum.

"Ugh." Nadine shot him a look over his shoulder. "Couldn't you have done that in a tissue or something? Or my mouth? Yuck." She reached behind herself and gingerly touched the sticky pool in the small of her back.

"Uh, sorry?"

"Whatever, go get me a warm washcloth to wipe up with."

For a moment, he felt a bit put off and was about to tell her to get it herself before realizing that she wasn't going anywhere for a while.

Propping Nadine up, and spread to either side, in fact filling not just her couch but the floor in front of it, were both her huge, still very natural looking breasts. Her areola so dominated the front of them that he could actually see the spot where her curves darkened into them.

Gone in a flash, he was back with a simple, white terry cloth, just damp enough to be helpful and began to mop at her back.

"Ugh give me that." Nadine snatched it out of his hand without a thank you and began cleaning her back. "Since when could a man clean anything right, anyway. Oh and while you're standing back there being useless, you wanna shrink these back down? Not all the way, I want to make sure I'm the biggest in the club."

"We're going clubbing tonight?" Part of Stephen was excited at having a date, part of him shut down at the idea that a club was going to be it.

Nadine stared over her shoulder at him, for a moment the cloth forgotten as she had just started to reach between her legs to clean up. "Wh-what? HA! Like I'd take your scrawny ass anywhere. Hell no, once you've got my tits back to normal, you're getting your worthless ass back to your yard before I call the cops and say 'rape' you cheap fuck. I don't need you anymore and I've got what I want."

"I..." Suddenly a warning ran through his mind the first time Miranda had met Nadine. *Stay away from that one, wo-oah, she's a man eater!* Miranda had sung out, and rolled her eyes. "Yep, it's all yours, enjoy!"

With that he gathered up his clothes, pulled on his pants and grimaced that he was once again going to have to do the laundry.

"Hey, wait?" Nadine tried to stand but realized she could barely move with a body weight that was about sixty percent tits. "What about-"

"And no," Stephen thought of the perfect line, one he knew Miranda would be proud of, "I don't know how to shrink tits, so good luck with that!" And slammed her back door shut.