

Blowjob Girlfriend
- A Futa-Filled Not-So-Short Story -
By Razmagurk

"Aw, what's the matter, baby?" My girlfriend slapped her cock against her palm. "You're acting like you've never seen my dick before."

My jaw had already dropped. My ears began to burn. But like a deer in headlights, I couldn't look away.

"I mean, I know its pretty great." She waved it in front of me. I could smell it. Pungent. Primal. "But it's nothing you haven't seen a hundred times before."

Had I!? We may not have been having as much sex these days as we used to, but I was quite sure that she had a juicy little pussy between those legs when we'd been groping around earlier this week.

"Mmm, come on, Vince," She smirked down at me. "Give it a little kiss. You know how much I love feeling those warm lips of yours wrapped around me."

I looked up at her in stunned silence, confusion winning out over stunned panic.

A dick. My girlfriend had a dick. A big, fat, hard dick, with balls and everything. How had this happened? When? Why was she not freaking out about this like I was?

But it would seem she mistook my astonishment for something else entirely.

"Mm, you like that baby?" Her voice had an all-too-familiar hitch to it, a huskiness I'd always loved. "You like it when I talk dirty to you? My fat cock's been aching for your slutty throat all day baby. I can't wait to feel that tongue of yours on my balls, I can't wait to feel your throat choke around my shaft as I pump this bad girl home. Come on Vince, let's see you lick, let's see you suck! I want to see you gagging on it."

I was getting turned on despite myself. My own cock starting to harden, my breath drawing hot. Dick or no, she just had one of those voices.

She wriggled her hips to show how eager she was, her swaying member occupying the entirety of my field of vision. It was like a cobra waiting to strike. I'd never seen a dick so close before. Easily bigger than mine. Big, thick, and meaty. That was a good word for it. Meaty. Dense and veiny with big heavy balls hanging down over the hem of her boyshort panties.

She gripped it so tight, so tight I could see the steely flesh indent, then started slowly stroking up and down the shaft.

I reached up with one finger. Was this a dream? An illusion? I had to know. It pulsed as I touched the underside of the head, thick precum oozing out to shine on her bulbous crown.

"Yeah," she cooed. "Just like that, baby." She was looking at me in a way I'd never been looked at before - urgent, eager, hungry.

How many times had I been in her place?

This couldn't be real, could it? This had to be some kind of joke, right? But Veronica didn't play those kinds of games.

"What is this?" It was all I could think to say. Brain still not quite making sense of it. Still hoping this wasn't real. "What is happening?"

"What do you mean, baby?" Her breath was hot and panting. "You know how much I love blowjobs."

All the blood drained from my face.

The wishing stone.

Oh god, what had I done?

It must have been the wishes. What other explanation could it be? It had taken my wish and perverted it!

I tried to wrack my brain. What had I said? That she would like blowjobs? No. I looked up into her eyes. I could see the eagerness, the joy. I had wished she would */love/* blowjobs. That they'd be her favorite thing in the world. That she couldn't get enough of them.

I had meant giving, not receiving!

"Baby?" I scooted backwards. "You know what? I think I need to go check on something."

"Huh?" Worry flashed through her face, then disappointment, then panic. Like I'd just pulled away a child's precious toy.

"I'll uh - I'll be right back!" I stumbled up to my feet and scrambled over to the bedroom, slamming the door behind me.

I hated seeing Veronica frown, but right now I had more important things to worry about.

I pulled open the drawer. It had to be here somewhere. What had I done with it? I tried not to focus on how all of Veronica's discarded clothes were now extra spacious to accommodate her new member.

There! I snatched the palm-sized rock. This thing was the only explanation. It had actually worked?

But that would mean...

I checked my bank account on my phone. My eyes went even wider than when Ronny had pulled down her panties.

I was rich.

Not just a little rich. Not just well off. Absurdly rich. I had more money in this account than I could ever conceivably spend.

I must have been so damn drunk and horny last night I hadn't even bothered to check. Thank god this is what had come to mind. Who knew what kind of other chaos could have come from this stupid stone.

Okay, I'd made two wishes. That meant I still had one left, right? I could use that to fix my girlfriend, to get rid of that dick before I wound up with it buried down my tender throat. Or worse.

I gulped.

Don't get me wrong. I loved Veronica. I loved her more than anything. I was going to marry that girl one day and I'd follow her anywhere. But I was straight! I absolutely did not want to spend the rest of my life slurping cock morning noon and night. Even if it was hers.

I clutched the stone tight and closed my eyes. A simple wish. Easy enough.

"Baby?" She knocked gently on the door. "Slipping into something more comfortable? You know those pretty lips of yours are perfect no matter what you wear. You don't have to fancy up just to give me a BJ."

But wait. I opened one eye. It wasn't that easy, was it? A drunken memory flashed through my brain. What had that crazy old woman said as I'd walked off? After making the third wish, I'd lose all memory of the stone. I'd lose all memories of the wishes I'd made. I'd think that things had always been that way.

Shit.

I looked down at it. What if it screwed up again? Could I take that chance?

What if I wished her dick away but she was still blowjob obsessed and now I was taking her increasingly large strapons because she didn't have a proper dick to suck? What if I wished she hated blowjobs, but she still had her dick and I was going to wind up taking it in the ass instead? Or worse, what if she hated giving me blowjobs so much I'd never get my dick sucked again? And there I'd be, none the wiser. I'd think it was all normal. Just a rich dude and his kinky girlfriend.

No, there had to be a better way. A way I could be sure.

“Baby?” Her knock this time was softer. “Sorry about that, I guess I got a little over eager. You know how excited I can get when you tease me like that. Look, if you’re not in the mood that’s fine, we can take a rain check on it. Are you okay?”

That was it!

“I’m fine, Ronny. I just...” I opened the door to find her leaning eagerly against it, her hard dick still gripped tight. “Can we talk for a minute?”

“Ah, I guess this means no blowjob, huh?” It was that tone of voice she used when we got to the ice cream shop to find it closed, or when it had started raining on our picnic date. Playful, optimistic, but disappointed.

“Sorry” I laughed and pulled her into a hug, trying my best to ignore the way her dick slapped up against me.

“Alright, well,” she stepped into the room, her big dick swinging before her as she sat down on the bed. God it was so big, so present! “Do you mind if I work off some of this steam at least? You know what it’s like. If I don’t get off now, I’m going to be limping around with blueballs all day.”

“Uh, okay?” I wasn’t quite sure what she was talking about but this whole situation was weird enough. I was just going to roll with it.

“Thanks, babe.” She leaned back and gripped a second hand on her dick, giving the head a good rub before she started pumping it up and down while staring longingly at my lips.

Oh god.

I tried not to look. Why did it smell so good?

“So -mff - what did you want to talk about?”

“Huh? Uh, right.” I sat down on the bed next to her – any excuse to break eye contact with the cyclops of hers. “Look, this is going to sound weird, but I need you to trust me.”

“Hell of a way to start a conversation.” She laughed. “Is everything okay?”

Despite her concerned tone, however, her phallic ministrations did not slow. She let out gentle gasps and grunts as she really started to get into it, her breath bubbling over with hitched arousal.

“That’s a big question, actually. I found this uh...” I looked down at the wishing stone in my hand. It was probably best she not know the whole story about how I got it. “Listen, Ronny, I need you to hold this rock and I need you to say ‘I wish everything was normal.’ Can you do that for me?”

Her hands slowed almost to a stop. She raised an eyebrow.

“Are things *not* normal?”

“Ronny, please. I need you to trust me.”

I felt bad that I was wasting one of her wishes, but I didn’t know what else to do.

“I mean,” She took the rock in one hand, still stroking with the other. “If I’m being honest, baby? If I was going to make any sort of wish, it’d be for those sweet lips of yours to love my dick as much as I love having them there.”

I flinched, but the stone remained inert.

“Ronny, please.” My heart pounded. She had come so close to phrasing that as a wish. “Oh my god. I’m serious.”

Was this how persistent I was when I was begging her to suck my dick? How many times had I tried a line just like that?

“Alright, alright. Failing that I guess I’d wish for - I dunno? - some great big knockers or something? You know?”

“Baby, I’m not asking what you’d wish for. Please, be careful. I just really need you to say ‘I wish for things to be normal’”

“Right, right, I’m just saying, It’s a fun question.” Still masturbating, she looked down at her body. “Mm, Yeah I’d def wish for some really sweet boobs. I wouldn’t want anything too extreme. But I can’t deny I don’t get a little jealous when I’m down by the beach in bikini season, you know? I’m not going to say I wish I had a body that oozed sex, or anything, but going up a few cup sizes? Having some hand-holds to play with when you’re sucking me off? There are worse things to wish for.”

I tensed as the stone pulsed. And suddenly she was different.

Her face was flawless, doing naturally would normally take hours of makeup. I could see her big tits straining against her sweater. I could see the way her ass and hips and thighs had all expanded on the bed. She wasn’t dressed to show it off, but there was no way any amount of dress could have hidden all those curves.

It was as though my cute girlfriend had been run through a half dozen photo filters, each sexier than the last.

She was still recognizably her, thank god, but she looked like the version of my girlfriend who had won the genetic lottery and went straight into porn.

“Uh.”

“What else... gosh...” she leaned her head back, her hand stroking her dick all the harder - had it gotten bigger too!?

Don’t get me wrong, Veronica had always been beautiful. The girl had been the sexiest in the world, as far as I was concerned. But now looking at her soft lips was reminding me all too well why I’d wished she liked blowjobs in the first place. My dick strained in my pants.

I let out a hot breath. My neck tensed, waiting for the other shoe to drop, for her to look down at her body and scream.

But she was so busy working that fat cock she didn’t even notice.

“Babe!” I prompted, trying to break her concentration.

“Fine, fine.” She rolled her eyes. “Mmm, fuck, sorry I’m just” she gasped gently for air. “I’m so close. You sure you don’t want to give me a hand baby?” She licked her lips and gave me a smouldering wink\ Her voice dripped with carnal invitation beyond what I’d ever known her capable of.

“Ronny!”

“Right, right.” she waved me away with the hand that still had the rock. “I’m doing it. I’m doing it. Okay. I wish that - oh god - I wish that all this was nor- normal!” Her abs tensed, her balls surged. “Oh god, yes, fuck! I’m cumming!”

The stone pulsed in her hand just as hotly as her dick in the other. All of her masturbatorial efforts paying off in a full-body clench and a spray of hot jizz that blasted out so hard it splashed all over my hair and face.

I closed my eyes, trembling in trepidation, praying it would work.

But of course, even in that brief moment of victory, the cum coating my face told me that it hadn’t. It was hot and sticky and it’s powerful smell was all I could focus on.

“Ah -” she panted. “Sorry baby. You’re just - why you gotta be so sexy, huh? The thought of you with my cock buried in your face just put me right over the edge. That was good though. And, mmm, I love seeing your face blasted in my cum. What a way to end it.” She fell back onto the bed, the stone rolling out of her hands. “Thanks for that.”

I didn't respond. I was too busy scrambling around for a tissue. I had to get this thick sticky girlcum off of my face.

Why hadn't it worked!? Was it broken? Did we do something wrong? I was in some serious trouble.

Veronica's phone rang.

"Oh, sorry Vince," she perked up. "I hate to nut and run, but I gotta take this!"

She bounded out the door, breasts bouncing like I've never seen before, not even bothering to put away the swinging dick between her legs, not even noticing that she'd gone from a 7 to a 12 in an instant.

But wait - hold on - her first wish *had* worked. So why hadn't the second?

I pulled out my phone to pull up her social media, to see pictures of her new body, but almost dropped it when I saw what was there.

'Hot boys in your area eager to suck cock.'

"The hell?"

Ads everywhere depicting flirtatious guys with plump lips and mischievous, hungry grins. Everywhere I looked it was more of the same. Had I fucked up the algorithm somehow? Was Ronny now some kind of porn fiend?

But the further I dug the more my heart sank. It wasn't the algorithm. It was the whole internet.

Dicks. Girls everywhere had dicks. Big fat cocks stuffed into their skirts or running down the legs of their jeans or bulging only half-hidden behind bikini bottoms. More often than not they had them out on display, stroking and rubbing them as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

And – Damn! - they were all somehow super hot! I let out a soft sigh. I couldn't find a single girl of age who wasn't leggy or curvaceous, there wasn't a single girl whose skin didn't glow, and whose resting face wasn't some kind of natural come-hither smirk.

The wish. What had we done?

Sites everywhere seemed to be obsessed with blowjobs. Advice for guys giving blowjobs, blogs of girls describing their favorite blowjobs, and lots and lots of girls complaining about how its been way too long since they last got a good blowjob.

Morbidly curious, I checked pornhub. The entire front page was full of videos focused on guy's faces as they choked on big fat girl dick. The comments section was full of thirsty girls yearning for hot sweet boy lips.

Oh god.

“Okay that was weird.” Veronica came back in, her cock mercifully tucked away in her shorts, though they did little to hide her girthy bulge. In fact, if anything they seemed tailored to show it off. “I just spoke to Susan about her date last night.”

“Hmm?”

“She kept talking about - in this weird phone sex operator voice - how good the guy was at sucking her dick.”

“Uh-”

“She was going on and on about it too, really getting off reliving the encounter - I could hear her masturbating while she was bragging about how much jizz she spilled all over his face.”

“Susan?”

“Yeah, right? Mousy little Susan, going on as if she had a dick too, as if a girl getting her dick sucked on the first date was perfectly normal, the sort of thing you brag about in girl talk.”

My face turned red.

“What?” Her brow furrowed. “What is it?”

I showed her my phone.

“Oh my god.” her breath was heavy, and not just because of all the porn. “What is this? Some kind of deep fake?”

I shook my head.

“And it gets worse.”

“Worse?”

I took the phone back, switched it to the camera, and turned it around to face her.

Her eyes bulged. She brought a finger to her new lips to affirm that this was in fact real. She put down the phone and ran to the mirror.

“Holly shit, I thought I had just gained a bunch of weight or something and I was only now noticing.”

She struggled to get her sweater over her newly stuffed-up melons.

"But you're like, you're seeing this too right? Please tell me I'm not the only one seeing this. I called Susan out on it and she acted like I was some kind of crazy person."

I nodded.

"This is so..." She bit a lip as she looked back down at the phone, still playing a particularly juicy video of three twinkly guys working together to suck a girl's fat cum-stuffed balls. "This is so..."

"Fucked up?"

"Hot."

"Hot!?" I fell backwards on the bed, hands clutching at my head. "How is this hot?"

"Come on," she gave me a bashful shrug. "My whole life I've been the only girl around with a dick, okay? I love the damn thing, but there aren't many guys who would be cool with what I am, and there are even fewer who are willing to let me plunge this bad girl down their tight throat."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying, baby, that I'm lucky I found you, and I know it."

I blushed.

"And now - somehow - there's other girls out there who have one. And from the sounds of it, they're all into the same weird stuff. I'm not a pervert or an outsider anymore just because I dream every night of pounding my meaty fuckstick down my boyfriend's slutty throat. It's like... it's like my entire sexuality is just everyday life now! And, come on," She gestured to the mirror. "I've been turned into some kind of superhot porn star on top of that? How can I look at a world like that and not find it sexy, huh?"

I looked down at her girl dick. Even just this conversation was rapidly getting her back to full mast.

"I just -" She blinked away the hint of a tear. "I'm not a freak anymore because of my dick."

"Baby," I ran over and pulled her into a hug. "You're not a freak, you were never a freak!"

"Sure, /you/ can say that. But you love me, you're biased. I've never let it get to me, but I know what I am."

"No, Ronny, listen," fuck, how was I going to phrase this? "You didn't even have that dick twenty minutes ago."

"Oh come on, I think I'd notice if this was a new addition." She grabbed her balls and hefted them for emphasis. "What are you talking about?"

"I... may have wished that dick onto you by accident."

It took her a moment to connect the dots, but her eyes again went wide as she looked at the discarded stone.

"And then you made me wish I was normal." She blinked. The full context of the words hitting home.

"Which you did while you were jacking off." I buried my face deeper in my hand. "And now being stupid hot and having a dick and loving blowjobs and jacking off in public is all so normal for girls that they're just doing it out on the street like its no big deal at all."

"Wait, it was us? We're responsible for, for..." She looked longingly again at the porn still playing on the phone. "All this?"

"We did. And we have to fix it."

"Wait, hold on, you made me wish I was */normal/*?" I could hear the venom in her voice as she repeated that last word. "After everything we've been through? I thought better of you than that."

It hurt to hear her use that tone. To hear that disgust at my actions. But this wasn't something my Veronica would have taken offense to. How different was this girl in front of me? How badly had she changed? This was something I had done. It sat heavy with me.

What else was different? How changed was the world even from my few wishes?

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that. I was just trying to undo what I'd done. Now - shit, look at what's happened. We have to wish things back. We have to undo everything. Baby, we gotta get rid of all these crazy blow-job obsessed girl dicks."

"What? Including mine?" She balked. "Are you serious?"

"What? Yes, of course! That's the one I'm most worried about."

"We can't get rid of my dick!" Her tits bounced as she gestured down at it. I tried not to look, but failed.

"Ronny, you only have this thing because of a fucked up wish in the first place. You aren't supposed to have one at all! You had a pussy, baby, same as all the other girls out there. The sweetest tightest pussy I'd ever seen!"

"Oh really? And where was my pussy when I was being teased in gym class huh? When I developed earlier than all the other girls and learned I was going to have tie my dick down my thigh to keep it from

poking everybody's eye out? Where was my pussy when I was single and the only thing keeping me sane was jacking off to blowjob porn five times a day? Where was my pussy then?"

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that you asking me to give up my dick is no different from you giving up yours. Why did you wish this if it wasn't what you wanted?"

"I just..." I sighed. It seemed so stupid now. "I wanted you to enjoy blowjobs."

"Well," she crossed her arms over her chest. "You got your wish. Literally. And now there isn't a girl alive who doesn't."

She clicked on the tv.

It was some kind of sitcom. The beleaguered every-man father figure was kneeling underneath a high-top breakfast table, sucking his impossibly beautiful wife's dick while his two equally sexy adult daughters jacked off to the sight.

"Hurry up honey," she purred. "My boss will be here any minute and if I haven't already blown my load all over your face, I'll never last long enough with his lips wrapped around my dick to last the entire dinner."

Ding Dong!

"Oh no, he's here! Quick, kids, you have to distract him. But be careful, he knows how to use his tongue!"

"You can count on us, mom!" the two ran off screen, swaying their hips like models down the runway, the camera focusing on the way their dicks and balls bounced and jiggled with every step like it was something from out of Baywatch.

"Come on honey, hurry up!"

"Ah!" he came off her throbbing meat with a sloppy pop, then looked into the camera and gave a wink. "Now that's what I call a tall order!"

The audience laughed, and it cut to a commercial for ladies extra-large condoms - Because you're worth it.

I turned the TV off.

"You see?" I gulped. That would be me soon enough, wouldn't it? "Can we agree at least that we should fix the rest of the world?"

"I mean... do we?" She twiddled her fingers. "It's not really so bad, is it? Maybe you should just give it a try? You might like it."

"No!"

"Ah come on baby," she bit her newly enhanced lip. "Just a taste? Don't you like my big dick?"

The irony of her request wasn't lost on me. How many times had those very words passed my own lips? But that didn't matter, did it? That was all that would be passing my lips.

"Ronny, please."

"Wow. Okay." She crossed her hands back over her expansive chest, suddenly bashful. "I guess you really don't."

"I like you, baby. I love *you*. But your dick? I'm sorry." I meant it. Even in these circumstances I hated disappointing her. "Listen, you have to understand, to me you never had that dick! And... I don't know any of this other stuff about you growing up with it. The Veronica I know wasn't like that. She never went through any of that. I'm not trying to offend; I'm trying to think what the Veronica I know and love would want."

"Am I really so different?" She clutched her cock contemplatively.

"Some differences are, ah, bigger than others, I guess."

"I can't even imagine what that's like. To lose someone like that. To lose me. To lose you." She took a breath, centering herself. "I guess that means no blowjobs either way, huh?"

"I'm sorry to disappoint."

She eyed me up and down and took a moment to think.

"Would you do the same in my shoes?" she asked, her voice somehow small and genuine.

"What?"

"Would you give up your cock to reunite me with the real you?"

God what a question. But that's what I was asking her, wasn't it?

"Honestly?" I looked her up and down. "I would." I laughed. "It's crazy, I know, but I would. In a heartbeat."

“Then I’ll do the same for you.”

“Thank you, Ronny.”

We hugged, pulling in tight, her warmth, now much expanded, pressing up against my own.

I tried to lean my hips back so that she wouldn’t notice my throbbing erection. She was doing the same.

“Okay,” She looked down at the stone. “Let’s take a moment and work this out, okay? We can just use this stone to make more wishes, right?” She picked it up. “We can wish everything back?”

“Wait!” I held out a hand. “Careful. One more wish and you’ll forget all about how things used to be. I guess I’m immune because I haven’t used my third either. We can’t risk that. Can you imagine trying to explain this to someone who can’t see it?”

“Right, but if we turn everything back what does it matter?”

“Yeah, but we won’t be able to */tell/* if its all back. And... honestly, Ronny?” I looked back at the tv. “I don’t want to risk losing you to this worlds version of you. I don’t want to lose any more of you than I have to..”

“Aw, baby.” She gave me one of her beautiful smiles. “That means a lot to me. But what are our other options? We’d have to find someone else and make them wish things back? We’d have to, what, trick them? Where are we possibly going to find anybody that gullible?”

“Oh my god.” My eyes went wide. That was it. “I know just the people!”

-

And that’s how we found ourselves sat down with Victor and Vivian - the two biggest stooges of our social network - at the quiet cafe just up the street.

Well, it used to be quiet.

“Are you sure you don’t want to come behind the counter, honey?” Our spunky waitress put a hand on her flared hip as she slowly stroked her exposed member. “You give me a few licks and I’ll serve you up something hot, fresh and creamy.”

“Uh. I mean, I -” My face was completely red. Being so brazenly hit on by Veronica was one thing, but this woman was practically a stranger. I wasn’t the sort of guy who got hit on even on my best days. I was entirely unequipped to deal with this was a level of sexual forwardness.

And god, if it had just been any waitress I’d have been fine. But no, she was */hot/*. Because of course she was! Every woman I’d seen since we left the apartment was, if you could somehow look past their

throbbing dicks. I'd had to keep my eyes glued to the street in front of me to avoid running into a streetpole.

Not that she was as hot as Veronica. Not that I'd ever even consider cheating. But the dick wants what the dick wants and this whole situation had left me stammering like an air-drowned fish.

"Careful." Veronica cautioned, warning me just as much as her. "This one's mine."

"Tch!" The waitress rolled her eyes and went off to find a more receptive customer.

"Why does that keep happening?" Everybody could see the steam coming out of my ears.

"Your kidding, right?" Victor slapped a fist down on the table. "You're rich, you're well dressed, and you're in a relationship. Girls eat that shit up. God I'd kill to have a girl hitting on me like that. This isn't fair, why do you get all the cock?"

"It's an absolute injustice!" Agreed Vivian. "If I was your shoes, I'd be behind that table so fast. Did you see the size of that thing?"

"And the bump in the shaft." Victor shivered. "So sleek, so sexy. I don't know how you can resist. Veronica, you must keep him very well fed indeed."

"Well," Veronica smirked, "lord knows I try." She gave me a sidelong wink and adjusted her seat to keep her dick from smashing up against the underside of the table. I didn't know it was possible for my face to go any redder.

Victor and Vivian were self-professed losers. They were the sort of people to bond over their own introversion and their love of internet porn. Victor at least looked the part, though Veronica had always said he'd be pretty cute if he just put a token effort into cleaned up a bit. Vivian had always been a bit of a gangly basement dweller, but now she looked like someone who dwelt in a basement for very different reasons. Her messy hair looked naturally freshly fucked and the dark shadows now screamed 'bedroom eyes'.

Not that her hotness seemed to have made her any less of a gremlin. If anything, it seemed to be driving her all the more wild.

The two were guileless dorks, and some of my oldest friends.

"Can we please just -" I gave one last look around the cafe of beautiful dick girls. "Can we talk about something besides sucking girls' dicks?"

"Really?" Victor gave a slim smile. "What's eating you, man? You get in a fight with Ronny here? She's been holding out on you?"

"Oh please." Vivian gave a sarcastic rise. "With lips like that? I'm gay and even I get hard looking at them. Lucky girl."

"Oh, and don't I know it." Veronica ran a hand up and down my back, bolstering me to work through my humiliation. "He does this thing with his tongue where he -"

"That's it!" I stood up. "This was a mistake. Maybe we should just go home."

"Aw, I'm just teasing baby. You know I wouldn't give away your trade secrets."

"Wait, no, now I really want to know what he does with his tongue."

"Look, I need a favor, okay?" I tried to steer the conversation to anything but this madness that was consuming me.

"You finally agreed to that threesome?" Vivian winked.

Well, tried was the operative word. Maybe this hadn't been such a good idea after all.

"Wouldn't that be a - uh" Victor did a quick little count. "Foursome?"

"Yeah that's..." Vivian did a bit of mental math of her own. "Maybe a little too much guy-dick for my liking. No offense, dude."

"You and me both."

"Look, just, listen to me, okay? I have an offer." I put the stone down on the table. "I will pay - each of you - one thousand dollars, if you hold this rock and say "I wish girls didn't have dicks""

That did the trick. Total silence.

"What is this, some kind of joke?" Victor looked around for cameras.

"Is this going up on the internet?" Vivian started brushing back her hair. "If I'd known I'd have dressed nicer."

"No joke. No internet." I pulled out the money and set it down on the table. Two thousand dollars. Cash. That first wish was really paying off.

Their eyes bulged.

"I don't get it," Victor looked suspiciously between the money and us. "Why would you want girls to not have cocks?"

“Right? You of all people, dude. I’ve seen Veronica’s dick, no offense. You are both truly blessed.”

“None taken?” Veronica tilted her head.

“Is there an opposite of ‘no offense taken?’ Hell yeah, girl!” Vivian gave her a high five.

“Its big, it’s strong, it’s got those throbbing veins. Mmf, I bet it tastes great...”

“Dude.” Viv elbowed him.

“What? Oh, like you haven’t posited the same deep question before. Look, Vince’s not even denying it. He knows how great it is. Come on Veronica, inquiring minds want to know. What does it taste like?”

“I love how you just assume I know the answer to that.” She laughed.

“Oh please, find me a single one of you girls who hasn’t tried to suck her own dick at some point. Actually, that’s pretty hot.” Victor reached out and picked up the stone, holding it around in his hand. “I wish that was a thing girls could do. Can you imagine?”

The stone pulsed.

Oh shit.

“What?” Vivian elbowed him. “What kind of loser virgin talk is that? Of course girls can suck our own dicks.”

“What?”

“Yeah?” She leaned down with a flexibility I’d never seen before and gave a lick around the head of her now-slick shaft. “Your worrying me, man, how do you not know that’s a thing? There’s a whole pornhub category for it.”

“Wait really?” He pulled out his phone to confirm.

Oh, thank god. He didn’t realize it was a wish.

“Look, what we’re saying” Vivian snatched the stone. “Is that I don’t think anyone in their right mind would ever make a wish like what you’re asking.”

I was so terrified about what she might say that I didn’t realize the opportunity it represented. Luckily Veronica did.

“A wish like what?” She gave a gentle smile.

"A wish like he was saying," she waved a hand. "About girls not having dicks or whatever. It's weird. What even would be the alternative?"

"Right, but how would you phrase it, if you were to make a wish like that?"

"How would I phrase 'I wish that girls didn't have - ?'"

But Victor snatched the stone from her hands before she could finish.

"It's a stupid wish to begin with, is what we're saying."

Damnit, we'd been so close.

"Like if anything," he turned the stone over and over again in his hand, a lecherous grin growing across his face. "If I had a wish, I'm going to wish for something like, hmm... I can think of some fun things." He smirked.

"Ooh, right?" Vivian gave a lecherous smirk of her own. "You're such a perv, dude. Let's have it, Victor, what would it be?"

"Wait!" I reached out to grab the stone from him, but like the child he was, he held it just out of reach.

"Like, god, getting rid of dicks? It should be the other way around! I wish girls had even bigger, harder, /hotter/ dicks, you know? Like, no girl smaller than a foot! Really tallywhackers. Absolute Gobangas. Some real knee-slapping rock hard fuck poles. Mff. Can you imagine a world like that?"

Oh fuck.

The stone pulsed. There was a loud hard thump from underneath the table. Veronica's eyes went wide as she winced in pain.

I grabbed the stone back from him.

"Uh, what just happened?" Victor squinted as he looked around the cafe. "Holy shit, Viv, what happened to your schlong?" he gawked at her cock like a starving man at a buffet. "No, stupid question. Good things happened. Good Things!"

"What do you mean?" She held the thing in her hands, it was so big it almost slapped against the bottom of her huge tits. "It's always been this way?"

I looked around. The standard had gone from somewhat realistic penises to something out of a hentai parody. Girls were walking around with forearm-sized behemoths hanging down below their knees. And it wasn't just the size, it was the timbre. They were all the hornier for it. Hardly any were seated who weren't jacking off or sucking their own dick or trying to convince some boy to do it for them.

"Oh- baby." Victor gulped. "Wait—" He looked down at the stone. If I'd had just a little more presence of mind maybe I'd be able to stop him from doing what he was about to do, but I was too busy seeing the whole world go up in dicks.

"Oh please." Vivian waved a hand. "I don't know what your sudden interest in my penis is, but I'm still gay dude. And what's with that wish, huh? As if you could even handle a girl at their current size. You're such a virgin, dude."

"Oh sure," Victor roiled. "Spoken like the only one of us who can get a date every now and then. You don't know what its like having to make due with dildos and porn all the time! Okay!" His eyes flashed. "I've got a real idea for a wish."

"Wait!"

He reached out to grab the stone back from me. I tried to pull it back but I was too slow. He didn't have the whole thing, but his fingers were around it.

"Hey! Let go!"

"I wish girls would just make us guys their cocksleeves whenever they wanted. No social pressure, no relationships needed, just using my - our - horny mouths to alleviate their own throbbing horny desires! How's that for a wish huh?"

But as soon as this - his third and final wish - was finished. He fell back in his seat, leaving the stone in my hand.

"Not that..." He furrowed his brow and looked around. "Not that you girls don't do that now of course. Like, ooh," His gaze fell on Veronica's cock. "You need a hand with that Ronny?"

"Uh - you know what? I think I'm good." She gave a polite little smile.

"Alright, suit yourself," he shrugged., then licked his lips. "I wonder if that waitress still needs a hand..."

Looking around, there was barely a guy in the whole place who wasn't having his mouth put to good use. Lips sucked, throats gagged, tongues licked. Some urgently, some casually. One guy was reading a book even as his cheeks swelled with the cock of the woman next to him.

"This is a nightmare" I whispered to Veronica.

"Is it though?" She wobbled, trying and failing to make the bright side sound appealing. "Like, that's hot, right? Don't guys complain about..." She sighed as the waitress jizzed into a customer's coffee and he thanked her for it. "Yeah, okay. This isn't super hygienic, is it? We gotta fix this."

"Vivian please." I put the rock back down on the table and shoved the money towards her. "I'll give you ten thousand dollars if you wish that Victor hadn't just wished that."

"I mean, I do wish that." She took the stone and passed it from hand to hand like a baseball. "It just points to the inherent injustice in the system! Straight girls can get their dick sucked by hot guys all they want, but heaven forbid you try to get someone pretty to suck your cock."

"Focus," I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "Please! I need you to say it as 'I wish he hadn't wished that!'"

"I mean... some guys are alright." She continued, too caught up in her tirade to listen to my pleas. "You, for example, have some seriously pretty lips, Vince. But there's such a difference between men and women beauty-wise. I just wish more boys were soft and sexy like girls, you know? Good enough to really give a gay girl like me her money's worth."

I slapped my forehead.

The stone pulsed.

When I looked back up, I had lost height.

I looked over at Victor. Gone was the nebbish loser. In his place was... Well, he still had a male aspect to him, but between his hairless cherubim face and his long perfectly styled hair, between the way his slim form curved down to a pair of wide hips and a badonkadonk ass, he could have easily given any of these girls a run for their money.

Fuck.

"You know what? Never mind." I held out a hand. "Give us back the stone, Viv."

But my hand wasn't my own. I pulled it back as though from a hot stove. My nails were slender, shining like glass. She had gotten me too. Oh god. She had gotten me too. I trembled, breathing deeply, trying not to focus on what I saw when I looked down. At the long hair cascading in front of my face. At my effeminate body, and the way my thighs bulged out of my thigh-high stockings. I held a finger up to my face, to my puffy soft cocksucking lips.

"Oh my god." Her grin grew like she was a kid in a candy store. "It's the stone?"

Shit.

"What's the stone?" Victor smacked his juicy lips.

"Vivian please," Veronica held out a steady hand. "Be careful with that."

"Wait, you knew!? Were you trying to steal my wish? What - I - how dare you!? I thought we were friends! I thought you were better than that."

"Wait, wish? This stupid thing's granting wishes? How come I didn't get a wish?"

"Because you wished for things that were already true, duh"

"What?" He did some mental math and sighed. "Lame!"

"Please, Vivian," I tried to reason with her. "You have to wish things back to the way things were. You don't know what's been happening. Everything's -" it was then that I noticed my tongue stud. "- everything has spiraled so far out of control."

"Are you kidding?" she stood clutching the stone to her chest. "You wanted me to wish girls didn't have dicks? I don't know what kind of weird chastity kink you're on, but I'm not down for it. But hey, if you're using it for your perverted fantasies, I'll use it for mine."

"What are you saying?"

"I wish that- "

Veronica lunged across the table, tackling Vivian, trying to get the stone away.

But it was too late.

"I wish that all those girly boys were giggling horny little bimbos! Obsessed with their appearance and looking as sexy and girly and as fuckable as possible, that everybody would know they were pieces of meat for girls to fuck whenever they wanted!"

The stone pulsed.

I could feel it shooting through me. God, it was suddenly so hard to think. I had thought being aware of the wish would grant me some measure of immunity from its effects but, I was wrong. A silly little giggle escaped my lips.

How did I look? I could barely focus on anything else.

I pulled out a little makeup compact. I was bracing myself for the surprise of seeing my reflection, but there was none. I knew what I was, didn't I? That was part of the wish.

I was meat for girls to fuck.

And I looked so, so good.

I licked my plump, lip-gloss clad lips, stuffed up and ready to suck. My heavy-lidded eyes and flawlessly applied 'fuck-me' makeup. Veronica and Vivian were both staring at me, though their expressions couldn't have been more different.

The two had been rolling around on the ground, their tits and dick mashing together. Everybody was staring.

Vivian liked the way I looked. So did all these onlookers. I arched my back and pouted, giving them all a better view of my sweet lips. Veronica was looking on in horror. I'd have to give her a private show later.

Mmm - But... despite knowing what I was and how it was my place to make these girls feel so good. I was still me. I was still aware.

Lord help me that was the only thing stopping me from jumping on top of that girl pile and stuffing them both down my throat as far as they'd go.

"Give me the stone!" Veronica demanded.

"Never!"

"Vivian, please!" I put all my pleading into it, all my frustration and doubt. A call from the furthest depths I could muster, though it was a struggle to focus on the words. "Look at what you're doing to everybody! You're hurting Victor! You're hurting me. Please. Why are you doing this? Are we not friends?"

It was a hail mary play, but it got her thinking with her brain instead of her dick. Even if it was just for one moment.

"I..." She looked around at the now giggling bimbo Victor and myself, at all the people staring. "You're right. What the hell was I thinking?"

She stood up and stumbled back, looking in horror at the stone in her hands.

"I'm sorry. Your right. Shit. Shit. What have I done. Oh Victor I'm so sorry!" She ran over and hugged him tight. I didn't know they had been so close. "I was thinking with my big stupid gay dick and now I've probably changed a bunch of the people I care about most. Your right, I'll wish it back."

"Wait, really?" Veronica gave an incredulous look, hair still messed up from the little tussle. "Just like that?"

"Of course, I'm not some kind of monster. I just... got carried away. God, its a good thing you said that before I did something stupid right? Could you imagine if I'd said something like 'I wish all guys had pussies?'"

The stone pulsed.

I slapped my forehead again.

“Uh. “ She looked dumbly down at her hand, her third wish erasing its context from her brain. “What was I just...”

I could feel the hot squishy wet thing between my legs. Rubbing, squeezing as I ground together my thick thighs. Oh god, I had a pussy, a cunt. Mmm, I wondered, how much girl dick could it take? No. Bad. Focus!

She looked confused at the rock in her hands. Then up at the angry, exhausted glares of Veronica and myself.

“Right!” She smiled. “Sorry, I got distracted. One thousand dollars, right? I wish girls didn’t have dicks. I wish none of those wishes had been wished. There you go, man!” She tossed the stone casually to me. “Just like you wanted. Seems weird, but hey, you do you.”

Too little too late. A part of me was hopeful that maybe some aspect of it would work, some unseen rule or final wish, but nothing. This was a mistake. This had made everything worse.

“Wait, why is this table so high?” Veronica whispered an aside.

“So the boys can fit under it? Duh.”

“Keep the money.” I stood up. “We’re taking the stone and getting out of here.”

“Uh okay.” She picked up the wad of cash on the table. “You know, we’re not just friends with you because your rich or anything - you also have totally hot lips - but I do have to say it’s nice having a friend who’s so generous. Thanks for the tip.”

“Mm, speaking of tips” Victor licked his juicy gloss-stained lips and let out a giggle. “You want a hand with that?”

“A hand is just the first of many things I want with that. I thought you’d never ask.” She grabbed his head and set him to work on her dribbling pre-cum stained head. He moaned as she slid past his plump, well-practiced cocksucking lips, eager to fulfill his duty as a girly boi slut.

A spike of heat passed through me. I was jealous.

“God, you bois are great. What would I do without you?”

He giggled again, cooing and slurping in response. He gave me a wink as stepped out into the cold night beyond. Well, he was always had been eager to score.

I had hoped the chill of fresh air would help me focus, help me think. I was wrong.

I clung close to Veronica as we worked our way home. It was madness, a world completely turned upside down. I stumbled drunkenly, trying to concentrate as hard as I could on just taking the next step in front of me. How long had I been wearing these stiletto heels?

Every step also reminded me of the wet fire now raging between my legs, my slippery swollen lips.

I found myself posing, sauntering, swaying. I couldn't help it. I was just so hot. I wanted to give everybody a show of my scantily clad femboy body.

But despite that, there was still a very real part of me that needed to block out as much of this horror show world as I could. But god... deep in my new slutty heart, I yearned to eat it all up. I wondered what it would taste like.

Even the mundane ads featured impossibly beautiful girly boys giggling naked next to this product or that. Movie posters with women showing off their stylishly-dressed dicks in actiony poses as boys fawned over them from the side lines like eye candy. Above me billboards flashed ads for condoms and sex toys ranging from leashes to harnesses. One boasted it would let a girl mount a boy in front of her so she could keep her dick in his pussy all day long.

I wondered absently if they had one in pink.

Girls walked the street with their hands on their dicks, slowly stroking as they talked and laughed. I could see pretty giggly boys - my fellow fuck meat - following dumbly in their shadow, licking their lips and fingering their cunts, cooing over the big throbbing cocks of their betters.

What few boys were alone didn't seem to be for long. A pink haired big-booty twink was wandering through the park just to find a line of girls forming behind him, waiting for the chance to get him to eagerly suck their dicks.

And though it was only a block back to our apartment, every girl we passed decided that apparently she wanted a piece of me, trying to pull me away from Veronica, admonishing her for not sharing a prime piece of tail like myself. She shoed them off, but every time she got distracted, I'd find myself getting a facefull of some new girl's pulsing meat.

It was only by a supreme effort of will, I think, and her, that I managed to hold onto myself at all.

-

"Okay." I took a deep breath as we stepped back inside our apartment. "This is bad."

Veronica wrapped her arms around me. She held me tight. She let me know without words that everything was going to be okay. That no matter how much all the groping and abuse and infantizing that the world may try to do, she was going to keep me safe. That we were going to get through this.

“Thank you, baby,” I squeezed back. “I don’t know what I’d do without you.” I wanted it to be a show of mutual support. I wanted to be strong. I wanted to do well by her, for her! But I couldn’t seem to bring my brain to focus on anything but that throbbing cock jutting up in between us. What would it feel like inside me? How deep into my throbbing slutty bimbo cunt could I fit that monstrous beast?

I broke the hug before my curiosity got the better of me.

She was flexing her hands to try to keep them off her steely member. I hadn’t gotten a great look at it back at the diner but must have at least doubled in size and girth. The tip was oozing a thick clear fluid.

“Sorry” she squeezed her eyes shut. “I know this is all messed up but there’s still a part of me that things this is all just really hot. And between the way you look now and - well, the phrasing of the wish. Its like my subconscious, my body, knows your a... ah...” she swallowed hotly. Her dick flexing.

“Juicy piece of eager fuckmeat?”

“Yes!”

“Robby, please.” I didn’t know if I was asking her to stop or begging her to continue.

“Sorry, its the dick talking.” She pinched at the bridge of her nose. “Baby I think we’re out of options.”

“What?”

“Let me use my last wish to make this all right.” I could tell her heart was racing. “I’ll wish none of us had made any wishes.”

“We can’t risk it! Who knows what a wish like that would do. What if it doesn’t work, but it counts as a wish anyway? What if it only undoes the ones you’ve made? What if it - what if I lose you?”

“Then you’ll just have to find me again. Now come on, give me the stone.”

“Ronny, no, please.”

“It’s the only way. I don’t want to see you suffering like this. I’m going to make things right. Even if - “ she sighed - even if I have to get rid of my dick to do so.”

“Wait, you’d do that for me?”

“In a heartbeat.”

She took the stone from me despite my reticence. She pressed her lips to mine. We kissed one final time.

“Goodbye, my love.”

“Why does it have to be goodbye?”

“Oh - “ she snickered. “Sorry, I was talking to my dick.”

My heart throbbed. My loins ached. They were going to miss it as well.

“Okay, let’s get this over with.” She clutched it against her breast. “I wish -” She took a breath to center herself “- I wish none of these wishes made by Vince, Victor, Vivian or myself had been granted!”

For one agonizing moment hope clung to my heart.

But the moment passed, and I was still yearning for her throbbing fuckstick. She was still throbbing in anticipation of all the things she wanted to do to me.

Nothing.

“Ah well,” She threw the stone down. “I should have known it wouldn’t be that easy. We may be stuck here a while.”

My lip quivered, and not in a good way.

“Ronny, I don’t want to be a giggling cumdump. I don’t want to be just another pair of lips for girls to get off into!” It was a token resistance. There was as much a part of me who yearned for it, who knew what it was, but I knew better than to let that part out.

“Aw, baby, your not */just/* that. I mean for starters,” she smirked. “Your */my/* pair of lips to get off to.”

“Not helping!” I shivered.

“Sorry. Look, all I’m saying is maybe it isn’t so bad. Maybe you’ll grow to like it. Look at you! You’re dead sexy, baby, you’re the sort of guy everybody wants to get with. And you’re rich. And you have a very horny girlfriend who loves you more than anything. There are worse places to be.”

Leave it to her to find the positive in everything.

“Ronny, you saw how it was out there.” It was getting so hard to think. “I’m practically a second-class citizen.”

“Okay, then let’s change that.”

“What?”

“We can’t undo these wishes? Fine, but we can add to them, right? We both have one wish left. Why don’t we use them to make the world better? Let’s make it so that guys are treated with dignity and respect.”

“You want to make that your last wish?” I balked. “That wouldn’t even put things back to normal. This would be - You wouldn’t be you any more. You’d be giving up your entire life!”

“Yeah, but I’d be me making everything better, wouldn’t I? I’d be making a world I hope we’d both be happy living in. If I have to give up my whole life for that? If that’s the cost of keeping you safe?” she smiled and brushed the hair out of my eyes. “If that would make you happy? That sounds like a bargain to me.”

“Baby, no.”

She held the stone aloft.

“I wish that guys were treated well, with tenderness and affection and dignity. Even if girls still find them hot!” She smirked.

I closed my eyes as she wished. As the stone pulsed.

“Babe?”

I opened one eye. “Did it work?”

“Did what work?” she looked down at the stone confused. “Aw, baby,” she pulled me into a squeeze. “What were we talking about?”

With trepidation, I turned on the tv.

It was the same futa sitcom as before. The father was a beautiful giggling femboy clad in pearls and lingerie. I winced at the implication, but it soon became apparent that despite his eagerness to suck his wife’s dick, it was never forced upon him. It had all the same tenderness as a kiss. And when she whipped her dick out for him to choke on, the audience responded with a heartwarming ‘aww’

The father’s equally bimbo-ish boss, clad in little more than a bikini and a business tie, was just delivering the dénouement.

“So you see, the truth was Jack, your wife’s dick is just so delicious, I had to concoct that whole ridiculous story just to catch her after hours. Your job was never in question, Mary. I just wanted get a real taste of it.”

“Oh, Mr. Tompson, if its a taste you want, you just have to ask!” The wife gleefully tugged off her cock-sock. “May I?”

The father turned to his children. “And I hope you two learned a very important lesson about working together!”

The two adult daughters nodded respectfully, stroking each other’s cocks. “We did”

“Well honey,” The wife turned to her husband “I hope you have room for one more pole tonight, if you’re interested, of course.”

“Now that’s what I call - ah!” he gleefully leapt onto his wife’s fuckstick, sliding down it as her boss slurped and kissed at her balls. “A tall order!”

And then they kissed tenderly.

The audience’s ‘aww’s were cut off by a commercial for male contraceptive pills.

“I guess...” I sighed. “That’s close enough.”

“Aw, you like that, baby?” She nudged me in the shoulder as we watched a trailer for a movie where a femboy bimbo was going to town on his girlfriend, his leaky cunt drenching clean through his booty shorts. “I didn’t know you were into romantic comedies.”

“You really don’t remember, do you?”

“Remember what?” Her smile started to fall. “Baby, what’s wrong?”

I wiped a tear from my eye.

I looked down at the stone.

The entire world I remembered was gone save in my heart. Replaced by a new normal. The awareness I had was a blessing, but it hung around me like a curse. It kept me from her.

I gripped the stone tight.

As uncomfortable as it was. Wouldn’t I be happier letting that connection to the old world go? Wouldn’t she be happier too?

Because - if I had to choose between all these memories? And her?

I choose her.

In a heartbeat.

I had one wish left.

I didn't even linger. I had already made up my mind to use it, to join her in her sacrifice. I didn't want to live in a world without her. But what kind of world did I want to live in?

I could do anything.

I could try to further blunt the effects of the wishes already made. I could call upon world peace or global prosperity or any of those big picture things.

But in that moment, none of that seemed quite so important.

"Vince, your scaring me. Are you alright?"

I looked into her glittering eyes.

But of course, she misconstrued the emotion for another entirely. She smirked and raised a brow.

"Baby?" Her dick throbbed, she was bit her lip as she looked at my own lip gloss. "Think you might be down to... you know?"

"Choke on your fat cock till fill me so good with hot cum that I'll be skipping supper for a week?" I teased.

"Mmm /yes/."

I looked down at the stone. Everything I could do with it, and honestly? All I wanted was to make her happy.

"Baby?"

"Yeah?"

"I wish I loved sucking your cock just as much as you love getting it sucked."

"Ha!" She laughed, the stone throbbed. "Are you saying you don't?"

My plump lips curled into a smile as I took her meat into my hands. Precum was dribbling down the front, its fragrance igniting the fire inside me like the first wiff of dinner.

What had I been thinking about? Oh well, it wasn't as important as this.

I gave her shaft a long firm lick, coating it in dribbling saliva. God, I loved the way she shivered as I went. I loved the closeness, I loved the taste. Love. That's what it was all about. I never wanted to be without this. I was so lucky I'd found a girl able to keep up with my appetites.

What had I been so worried about, earlier? It felt so unimportant now. I let out a carefree giggle.

I grinned up at her as I flicked a tongue underneath her bulbous head.

I knew that the idea of 'a mans place is on his knees' was old fashioned thinking. But honestly? Right here, right now? There was nowhere I'd rather be.

It was like a wish come true.

The End.