

After all of the stress from the last few months, Peyton and Addison just wanted to take a break from life as a whole. They had been trying to conceive for nearly five years now and they had kept hope alive until the end, but it just seemed like being parents was not in the cards. After the last appointment had been disappointing, they booked a trip with the money they been saving for Disney World to go do something together for a week.

Now, they were staying at a cute little bed and breakfast in the Irish country. The proprietors were a kindly old woman and her husband, who seemed to spend most of his time keeping the grounds maintained. Agnes was her name and she sat with them at breakfast the first morning.

They asked if there were any local sights to go enjoy. She mentioned a few things and then, after a moment, seemed to remember a story about a well nearby that apparently granted wishes.

From how she spoke in a whisper about it, they had a feeling there was more to the story. When pressed however, she would only say that too many wishes would result in a situation completely different than what might have been intended. Sure that she was just being cryptic to pique their interest, the couple made a bee-line for the well.

It was on a hill a few miles from the house. Its squat stone body was well maintained. The crank and frame were a polished, light colored wood. Peyton was pretty sure he knew what Addison was going to wish for, but was at a loss for what he wanted.

"I'm still not sure I believe this actually works," Addison said, standing next to the well and peering down into its depths. "Can't hurt to try, right?"

He agreed and then thought of a wish. Knowing that the well had granted their wishes seemed like a reasonable thing. "Mind if I throw first, Ads?"

"Sure, I'm still trying to figure out how to phrase mine."

Peyton pitched a single quarter into the well and thought hard about knowing that the well worked. The coin's decent ended with a plop after a couple seconds. He did not feel any different, though he supposed that nothing else had happened yet for him to know about it.

“Okay, here goes!” Addison tossed a couple of coins down. As they sailed through the air, he could see something glimmering around them. When coins hit the water, the resulting ripples glowed green. The glow grew brighter as the waves crashed into each other until the water was so bright he had to look away.

Turning to Addison, he expected to see something around her middle changing, the wish fixing whatever issue was preventing them from conceiving. She glanced back, the expression on her pointed face one he had seen many times. That small smile even as she looked down and away from the dread. She had given so many doctors that expression. The ones who told her to gain some weight because she was too thin to bear children. The ones who implied there was something amiss with her genetics. The ones who said he might be the issue.

As he kept watching, something about her was slowly becoming different. It felt like she had stepped onto an escalator as she rose up in his view. Had she just gotten taller? They had always been a few inches apart, but now it seemed like he was looking right into her eyes the way he could when she wore those four-inch heels.

There was a squirming under the skin of her face under her ear. Bit by bit, her jaw line became broader and more noticeable. He could have sworn that her skin was starting to show a five-o'clock shadow.

Wait, was she becoming a man?

Just as the thought crossed his mind, Peyton felt himself getting warm. His body tingled and before he realized it his line of sight had begun to lower. He started to freak out, but could

not say anything. It was like he was frozen as he and Addison apparently continued to swap sexes.

His chest twinged and he felt his skin slide against his shirt as breasts began to swell into existence. Their growth paused after a moment, making him think it was over. Then he felt his dick twitch. Inch by inch he felt himself shrinking, his penis rapidly fading away to nothing. With each inch lost, his bust swelled a little more. The conflicting sensations grabbed hold of him, wrapping his perception in strangely intense pleasure. By time he was aware of the feeling of his balls climbing up inside of himself, his boobs were already probably handfuls in the way an orange was. When the last little bit of his manhood vanished, his breasts surged larger once more.

Then the moment was over and he could move once more.

Thighs thicker than he remembered squished together as he stumbled and gasped at the feeling of his new pussy getting squeezed. Taking a breath to calm his nerves, he took stock of his situation.

The outfit from this morning had completely changed without him realizing. A sleeveless shirt and sports bra had replaced his t-shirt and button down. A pair of yoga capri's clung to his lower half so tight the stretchy pants were nearly a second skin. How had he missed his hips growing like this or his ass for that matter? As he reached back to grab hold of that new butt, he realized his boxers had become something with much less cloth.

"You okay, hun?" asked a voice much more masculine than his had ever sounded.

He glanced over and was gobsmacked by how Addison had transformed. Her new appearance hovered around proto-hunk. With a little time at the gym she would probably be pretty hot. Her face in particular was the kind action movie heroes typically had.

"Yeah, I'm okay. Just surprised the well actually works."

“Does it? How do you know? Did you wish when I wasn’t looking?”

“No, I-Addison, do you remember come here?”

“Addison? Hun, it’s me, Adonis.”

Adonis? Did that mean Addison did not recall making her wish? What had it been anyway?

Why would her, well his, wish to fix their fertility issues make them swap...Of course! The wish probably had to transform them so that it would have a shot at repairing whatever was wrong.

“Oh, right. Sorry, just distracted I guess. So what were we doing?”

“Well, it’s our honeymoon and that lovely woman back and the BnB spun that huge tale about this well granting wishes so we came up to wish our first vacation as newlyweds was something out of a fantasy. I swear, you’d forget everything if you didn’t write it down.”

“Yeah...guess so.” He eyed the well and wondered if he could wish them to swap their minds or something. Then they both win. He was so caught up in trying to figure out how to maneuver his wish he was only half listening to Addi-donis.

“Anyway, you know I have my own ideas, but I also found your stash when I was doing the backup of your old tower. It gave me a pretty good idea of what you wished you looked like, too.”

Wait, what? “What do you mean?”

“Why else would you have all those pictures of women with huge tits or who were built like they fertility idols if not wanting to be them?”

So some things had changed a lot, but others were just a little different. How...how had this Peyton lived her life? He could not know, of course, he remembered the life he had just left, but if her stash of morphs and pictures was anything like his had been a wish to become a fantasy could have some drastic effects.

Maybe that was not a terrible idea. There had been some morphs of men as well. Many super endowed and overflowing with muscle. They had been his true dreams about his ideal body. If Adonis made a wish for them to transform further into fantasies based on his stash, then, yeah, wishing to swap bodies after that would be sweet.

“Sure, you make that wish.”

“You sure?”

“I can’t think of anything I would love more.”

Adonis pitched some coins into the breach and Peyton prepared for another transformation, but everything ground to a halt instead. He felt a sharp pain at his temple and he clutched at his face. Something bubbled up through his fingers. He hoped it was not blood. With a cascade of fluttering like a flock of birds taking flight, images began to unfold from whatever was leaking out of him. Images he recognized as things he had collected since he first could access the internet without supervision. With each image that unfolded, her felt his body throb.

He glanced at his wife and saw a similar cascade of images. They floated towards the well, bending, twisting as they were pulled in by the magic of the wish. The throbs grew stronger, more insistent and still more images poured out of them. Every so often he felt something brush against him, as if hands were appraising his current shape as they tried to figure out how to make this little body into fantasy.

Curious what his wife had collected as a man and trying not to think about the phantom hands, he looked at the images coming out of Adonis’ head. Many were fairly vanilla pinups. A little extra busty here. A little bottom heavy there. Then came things even he had never saved. In a torrent, image after image of impossibly voluptuous women unfolded from his wife’s mind. With each passing second the images grew more and more absurd until only drawn characters could keep up.

Were these Addison's wishes somehow? He realized then his own mind had reached the point with all of the morphs of men. Adonis' body seemed to pulse and stretch, as if something was trying to escape from inside. Everything began to get hot as the brightness from the well rose once more. It swept over them like a wave, enveloping them in the fantasies of not two, but four minds.

His hips were the first thing to change. With a violent jerk they widened to the point that they were almost twice as big as his torso. It was a size befitting a fantasy. As his lower half plumped up, he turned his attention to Adonis.

Already his wife had shot up, how far he could not tell, but the hunk she had become was probably close to six and a half feet tall now. His wife's new body strained the athletic shirt and shorts he had been wearing. Everywhere more and more muscle bulged into existence as impossible dimensions began to become real.

His husband...wait, no, wife. His wife burst out of his shorts just then and Peyton actually felt himself clench. Rising from Adonis' crotch was not the longest dick he had seen, but it certainly was the thickest. It already looked as thick as a baseball bat as it was still growing. Just as impressive as Adonis' new member his balls began to get the fantasy treatment as well. They surged out slowly like a balloon being filled with water. Passing billiard balls in size they continued their expansion down his inner thigh. He moaned as they reached the volume of softballs, they were going to make his cum so potent once they swapped back.

Thinking of the wish to swap back, Peyton's attention was pulled back to her body. Her body? No...his body. Yet, there was no denying that the body he was inhabiting was female. The sensations and desires of that body were seeping into his mind. He was becoming more and more of a woman with every second. Try as he might to fight those changes, he could feel

them settling around him like a comfortable blanket. Had he not always wished to be those morphed women? To feel those impossible tits wobble against him?

Yes, Peyton had always wanted to be a hyper busty MILF. Thicker than a Blizzard and rounder than a basketball. She giggled as she felt the wish truly began to reshape her. The feeling of her tiny titties growing felt so amazing. Each extra inch made her feel more powerful, more confident. Of course she had landed the most masculine man on the planet, she was a scion of old world fertility. Hers was a garden just waiting to be tilled.

Where was this coming from?

Peyton felt in control of himself for a moment again. He shook his head and looked down at himself. His boobs were already bigger than his head and he had a sneaking suspicion they would end up much bigger. Especially if she had anything to say about it. Yes, she. There would be no 'he' anymore, no him. This was the mind of a woman and momma wanted fucking huge--no, gigantic, nearly immobilizing titties. She wanted to grow so large that there would be no question she was the biggest ever.

The rate at which her tits were swelling accelerated. With ever more frequent, more powerful pulses of growth, it was like pleasure was coursing through her veins. Soft, warm flesh spread over her tummy, enveloping her waist in boob. In an instant they had already grown so much wider than her chest that the curves would be visible from behind and still they grew. On and on, ever fuller, ever heavier, her wonderful tits grew past her hips and down her thighs.

As that happened, there was a sensation of something tweaking her clit and seemingly toying with her pussy and ass. A feeling like lips on her tits grew ever more omnipresent until all she could feel were mouths and tongues on her swelling nipples. Their sucking grew more insistent, pulling in her areolae as well. Weird as it was, she was calm. She knew what she was

feeling were the memories of this body she was growing into. A body that had fucked a god--and sometimes his friends.

Only she could not remember ever fitting him inside her. No matter what other amazing, mind blowing stimulation played across her still fattening tits, ass, and pussy, the feeling of being penetrated was not among them.

Despite remembering that they had come for a completely different reason. It was like a memory half forgotten. While they had come to wish for the ability to conceive, she knew what they had really come for. They had come to wish that she could fit him inside her.

Yes, that was what she wanted more than anything was to feel her husband's tree trunk of a cock between her legs as it plunged ceaselessly into her center. Over and over until they were sure that she was pregnant.

Pregnant... Something about that pulled at her. Oh, right, she wanted to get so very pregnant. So pregnant that her stomach actually pushed her tits aside. As she thought these things, she could see tendrils of green crawling towards the well. She had made wishes.

No, wait, she still had one more. One glorious wish that only a super MILF would make. She cast her greatest desire into the maelstrom of energy and then felt the world tilt as time sped back up.

They were fucking in their apartment. The bed, absolutely soaked with pre and glit, had slid across the floor from Adonis fucking her and was now banging on the wall. It served as a counterpoint to the sound of their hips colliding and her endless moans.

The squelching movement of his cock was like having a very long two liter bottle being pulled out of her and then shoved back in. It should probably have been impossible, or even just painful, but she enjoyed every minute of it. After all, one of her wishes had been that he could only stop once she was satisfied.



Peyton was on all fours on the bed, her overwhelmed body pretty much being held up by tits which took up half of the king on their own. She was sure their attempts to get her knocked up had succeeded. Hell, she already looked pregnant from the sheer amount of pre-cum Adonis had pumped into her. There was so much of it that it squished out with every thrust, which only served to lubricate her husband's furious love making.

They could have wrapped up a long time ago, but she just could not bring herself to stop him. Every time he blew another load into her it was like she had dozens of orgasms at once. The feeling of his virile sack smacking against her, each testicle the size of a bowling ball, was such an intoxicating high.

After nearly an hour since they had started, the sex god her partner had become through all of the wishes gave a grunt and thrust every single bit of his twenty four inch fuck stick inside her for both the first time and the hundredth time. It penetrated her cervix and distended her stomach even with how full she already was.

Her husband's body, shaped by both of their desires for her to be pregnant, vibrated with its approaching release. Peyton felt the mighty shaft change from vibrating to throbbing, as quart after quart of concentrated genetic material was pumped into her.

Stuffed as she was, the cum could only stretch out her tummy further. As the taut curve crawled down her thighs towards her knees, she felt deeply satisfied. She was finally more than positive she would be very, very, pregnant.

Even then, Adonis remained firm inside her as he began to rub her back, his thick fingers digging into her sore muscles. Moaning like she was coming as the tension melted away, she was putty in his huge hands. While a little different, this was everything the two of them had ever desired. Desires which were once sorrowful were now great sources of pleasure and she could not wait to experience more.