

Disjointed Wishes

A Story by

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A+A

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Chapter 1

Roxy stopped typing for a moment and let out a long sigh. She was never going to meet deadline for all the copy on her plate, and she wondered why she should even bother. She pulled up the email from her client, the *Spencer Twins Catalogue*, and scanned through everything she needed to write pitches for – blankets with sleeves, birdhouses you could see inside of, automated dog feeders. Roxy knew that regardless of what she wrote she'd have to do it all over again for some slightly different product next quarter. Words upon words upon words all for something that most people probably threw away.

This was not what she'd gotten a Communications degree for.

The sound of the bathroom door opening pulled Roxy's attention up from her work. She watched as her roommate stepped out from the cloud of steam, practically in slow motion. Her name was Kaori, a name chosen by Caucasian parents who loved Asian culture too much to consider that naming their equally Caucasian daughter an Asian name was perhaps not in the best taste.

But it was a very pretty name, and Roxy thought it was nearly as pretty as Kaori herself. Roxy's head tilted slightly to the side as she watched Kaori walk down the hallway

towards her room. She was wrapped in nothing more than a towel, which barely covered the bottom of her pert ass.

Throughout their time as roommates Roxy had – through pure accident, of course – caught sight of pretty much every inch of Kaori at one time or another. More than once she'd stitched those little snippets together in her mind. As the steam began to dissipate Roxy couldn't help but imagine her blonde roommate stepping into the shower, in Roxy's imagination Kaori's shoulder-length hair retained its beautiful volume despite the warm moist air.

Roxy imagined Kaori soaping up her breasts, full flesh grapefruits that hung proudly from her chest. Roxy could see Kaori slowly spreading the body wash over her chest, lingering on dark plump nipples as soap and warm water slid down the curves of her body, suds hugging her ample hips.

In a flash Roxy changed up the fantasy. Now it was she in the shower, her auburn bob untouched by the water. She was the one pushing a sudsy lufa across her own pale body, squishing and letting bounce her apple-sized breasts. She teased her shorn pussy, when suddenly her own hands were not the only ones on her body – Fantasy Kaori had suddenly realized her own sexual desires for Roxy and had joined her.

Steam wrapped around them in a shower only so big in Roxy's mind. Kaori pressed her tits against Roxy's, and she bent down and took one in her mouth.



She'd long imagined what it would feel like to suckle on the sexy nub, and Fantasy Kaori threw back her head in ecstasy.

Roxy's eyes had lowered to the keyboard, and her hand was starting to creep towards the front of her shorts. Her body had started to slide into the pink chair, her nipples starting to tent the flowery tank top she'd pulled on that morning. It had been so long since anyone's fingers other than her own had played between her legs, and the thought of Kaori's fingers...face...tongue...

"Hey, Roxy, what are you doing tonight?"

The question snapped Roxy out of her fantasy, her body getting warm and flushing as she looked up at Kaori. Roxy couldn't tell if her roommate had any inkling of what she'd been about to do, but the small smile curling up the side of her cheek was a good sign she suspected something naughty. Kaori wasn't ignorant of Roxy's crush on her, but had made it clear she didn't swing that way.

Kaori continued to stand across from Roxy, still wrapped in a towel with one hand holding up her cell phone.

"I'm...I'm sorry, what?" Roxy stuttered, struggling to sit up in her chair.

"Did you have plans for tonight?" Kaori rephrased the question, and waved her phone in the air, "My date just cancelled on me, and I figure I'd rather enjoy a night in

watching stupid romance movies in nighties eating ice cream and making a whole trite thing of it.”

“I could do that,” Roxy replied, her thoughts fully gathered, “I’ve had my own miserable dry spell I wouldn’t mind having some company in.”

“Then it’s a date! You find us some stuff to wash, I’m gonna take advantage of this shower and go get us some goodies! Be right back!”

Hours later the pair were dressed in nighties, panties, and high heels – all part of the ridiculous dress code Kaori had in mind for their trite night. They’d watched *13 Going On 30* and had just finished *Mannequin*. Empty pints of ice cream were on the table, and each woman was finishing their own marijuana joint that they had started midway through the second movie of their double-feature.

Under normal circumstances the conversation they were about to have would have had no impact on either of them. They would have complained, done a little less bonding than Roxy would have hoped, and that would be the end of things.

But that was not to be the case. Unbeknownst to Kaori one of the two marijuana joints she had purchased was more than it appeared. It was, in fact, magic. It was enchanted to grant seven wishes – one for each leaf of the marijuana plant. But the trick was it would only grant one a day – and only to someone who was nearby the person who had smoked the joint.

The joint that Roxy was just now finishing.

“Man, Emmy had it easy...” Roxy muttered, leaning back as she exhaled the last of her smoke.

“What do you mean by that?” Kaori asked, checking if she had any more ice cream.

“Well, really, all she had to do was wait around and the perfect lover found her,” Roxy mused, “Fucking magic. I wish I could stand around as a plastic dummy waiting for someone to want to fuck me!”

Ongoing...