

Gaston Wins

"That's against the rules," the female figure said, voice echoing unnaturally. "I cannot force someone to fall in love."

Gaston scoffed, rolled his eyes.

"Who said anything about love?" He grinned. "I asked if I could make her mine with one of the wishes."

Belle. The prettiest girl in town. And the only one who wasn't enamoured with Gaston. An odd, book-reading morsel. A prize greater than any of the animal hides he'd won on his hunts. One way or another, he'd make Belle his. No other girl in the town was worthy of being his wife. As the greatest, most handsome man, he *deserved* the most beautiful woman.

He turned to the genie, took in the sight of the strange creature.

Ethereal blue skin, a magical mist flowing out from its human form. A woman, exotic and unusual. Midnight black hair, round eyes filled with contempt. The immodest, whorish top the genie wore showed off her chest as well as her stomach – it was barely more than a piece of cloth wrapping around her large breasts.

What'd the creature said its name was? Jasmine?

Irrelevant.

What the genie had offered Gaston when he'd rubbed the magic lamp was far more important than the being's name.

Three wishes.

Any three, provided they didn't break the rules Jasmine had set out. He couldn't wish someone to die, he couldn't wish to bring someone back from death, and he couldn't wish for someone to fall in love with him.

The whore-looking genie had never said Gaston couldn't wish for the ability to manipulate and control minds.

Love was a fanciful thing, after all. A silly concept.

Who needed love when they had obedience, loyalty, admiration? What was *love* compared to the real powers in the world? Fame and excellence and perfection. Who cared if Belle *loved* him or not? Gaston certainly didn't. As long as she was his, as long as she knew her rightful place, who cared about if she loved him or not?

Yes, that would be his first wish.

He'd make beautiful, strange Belle his.

She was sat at the fountain, her face in a book. Predictable.

Gaston took a moment to admire the girl before making his move.

Wearing her usual sky-blue dress with its white waist apron, brown hair tied back in with a blue bow. She was undeniably pretty. Though lacking in bust, her slender frame certainly drew the eye. It was easy to see why so many men in town desired Belle. Her looks were far and beyond the greatest around.

Just as Gaston himself was the most handsome, Belle was the most beautiful. They were made for each other.

Why then, did Belle reject him so?

Gaston had thought long and hard on that question. Like tracking prey on a hunt, he'd considered every possible angle. Finally, he decided it was the books. The nonsense Belle was always filling her time and thoughts with. They were poisoning her mind against reason.

That would be the first thing to change, after he'd made her his.

Belle wouldn't need books when she was with Gaston. Her time would be better spent minding their home; cooking and cleaning and all the other chores that were expected of a woman. Between taking care of the house, Gaston's needs, and eventually

their children, Belle wouldn't have enough time to read. But why wait until then to do away with her book collection when he could do it right away?

He strode over to where she sat reading, a wide grin on his face.

Eyes turned to stare as he passed. Adoring women and envious men. They watched him walk over to the prettiest girl in town and lay a gentle hand on her arm. They saw the greatest man around make a move on the most beautiful girl.

What they didn't see were the thoughts he pushed into Belle's mind.

Through their connected bodies – his hand on her arm – he had access to her mind. He couldn't read her thoughts, couldn't sift through her memories. Jasmine, the genie bitch, hadn't included *those* abilities in his wish. What he could do, however, was plant whatever thoughts and desires he wanted in Belle's mind.

He smiled as he did just that.

"So," he said, staring into those brilliant hazel eyes, "what do you say, Belle. Will you marry me?"

Her eyes widened at the question. A blush appearing on her cheeks.

"I," she began, blinking up at him. "I... Don't..."

Gaston gripped her arm tighter, pushed his will harder upon her. She *would* be his. He was *Gaston*, he *always* got what he wanted. And he wanted *her*.

"Belle," he smiled through gritted teeth. "Will you be my wife?"

The beauty blinked, a hazy dreaminess appearing behind her pretty eyes. Finally, she opened her mouth and spoke the word she'd always been supposed to.

"Yes," Belle answered breathily.

Jasmine stared at him in pure disgust. Undisguised loathing.

"You heard me," Gaston said firmly, brandishing the magic lamp at the genie. "I wish for the ability to morph other peoples' bodies to my liking."

"Your wish," Jasmine spat, turning her face to look away from him as she snapped her fingers, "is granted."

He didn't feel any different. But then, he hadn't felt anything after the first wish either. It'd taken him testing the power on LeFou and the triplets to discover its limits and possibilities.

With a smirk on his face, Gaston glanced down at his manly hands.

Now that he possessed *this* power, he could truly make a wife worthy of him. A woman to match his own perfection.

Belle was beautiful, sure, but also lacking in certain areas. Her breasts weren't as large as he'd have liked, and her bottom was similarly underwhelming. With his second wish, he could fix those minor issues on his soon-to-be wife. Make her into the perfect female.

But, it also meant he only had one wish left.

That wouldn't do. Not at all.

He was Gaston. The greatest man around. The strongest, bravest, most skilled. He was handsome and charming and brilliant. The limitation of three wishes shouldn't apply to him. He should have as many magical wishes as he wanted. More than that, this scantily clad genie, with her disdainful attitude, should be enamoured with him.

He ran his eyes up and down the creature's body.

Slender curves, a large bust. Exotic, not like any of the women Gaston had ever seen before. And those smouldering eyes. They were filled with resentment and loathing right now, sure. But just the thought of those dark eyes filled with lust stirred Gaston's arousal.

He had one wish. But he wanted more.

The question was, how could he use the one that he had to gain the more that he desired? What wish could he make that'd ensure he'd have the whorish genie's undying

loyalty?

Something to ponder later. Right now, he had other things to be doing.

"In the lamp," he ordered Jasmine.

The sexy genie glared at him one last time, then faded into blue mist which flowed gracefully into the old, magical lamp.

He slipped the lamp into a pouch on his belt, left his cabin home.

"I'm not sure," Belle said, a bright blush appearing on her cheeks.

"What's there not to be sure about?" Gaston grinned, placing his hand on hers. Pushing the thought even as he spoke it. "It's completely fine. Perfectly normal. It's a bride-to-be's duty to take care of her man's needs."

Again, Belle glanced down at the visible bulge between Gaston's legs.

She'd refused outright to have sex with him before the wedding. He could have changed that, pushed her mind into wanting to share a bed with him before then. But there was no need. He'd have her soon enough.

And, until then, she could satisfy him in other ways.

Belle blushed, bit her lip. Then, slowly, she began to move.

They were in her room, her father's unusual home. Gaston was on her bed. Belle, soon enough, was on her knees in front of him.

She undid his trousers, pulled down his underclothes.

Glancing up at him one last time, eyes wide and lips parted, Belle looked adorably innocent. Gaston placed a firm hand on her head, guided her to the tip of his cock. When her full lips made contact, a shiver ran through his body.

This. This was *exactly* what he wanted.

As Belle bobbed her head up and down, slowly finding her cock-sucking rhythm, Gaston closed his eyes and concentrated. His hand remained on top of her head as he used the second power he'd wished for. The ability to alter another person's body.

He started small, tweaking Belle's ass. Expanding it, giving it a nice, shapely roundness. If Belle noticed the changes, she didn't show it – the girl simply kept on sucking dutifully.

Next, Gaston grew Belle's breasts. And this time, she did notice.

She choked on his cock, spat it out and gripped her expanding chest with a gasp. Discomfort at first, then pain. The blue and white dress she wore was far too small to contain the monster tits Gaston was giving her. The fabric stretched and strained, ballooned outwards as far as the cloth would allow. Belle clutched herself, eyes wide.

And, when Gaston pulled out a knife, her eyes widened even further.

He reached forward, grabbed a hold of her dress, used the knife to cut a vertical slice down the front. As the cloth gave way, two huge, mountainous tits burst free. Pale skin and small, pink nipples. Massive breasts, fit for the massive cock he'd be fucking them with.

"Well?" Gaston said, setting his knife aside. "What're you waiting for? Continue sucking."

"I wish," Gaston said firmly, "that all the previous wishes I've made also apply to you, genie. Control of you mind and your body."

Jasmine's eyes widened. Slowly, as if moving by itself, her hand rose and she snapped her fingers.

She opened her mouth to speak but, before the words could be spoken, Gaston grabbed her arm – began pushing thoughts into her and filling her mind with his will. Obedience, admiration, servitude, affection. He forced her mind to set aside the three wish limitation, made her want to grant any and every wish Gaston ever wanted to make.

By the time he was done, the genie was utterly his.

"Wow," Belle uttered, mouth wide open. "What is it?"

"It," Gaston smiled, "is my pet. Just like you."

Belle giggled, blushed.

Gone were her book-reading habits. Gone was her interest in learning, her intellect. Now Belle was perfect. Ideal. A fawning, adoring girl who cared for nothing except Gaston's approval. A mindless wife.

Distantly, the sound of crashing wood and metal snapped Gaston out of his thoughts. The old fool, working on another one of his silly inventions. Belle's father. A living, walking annoyance. It was no wonder Belle had turned out so strange, having a man like that as her father. It was a lucky thing Gaston had found the magic lamp and fixed the girl. Who knows where she'd have ended up otherwise.

Gaston turned his gaze to his wife.

"Your father belongs in a madhouse," he stated.

Belle nodded eagerly.

"First thing tomorrow, you're going to sign some documents and have him carted off. I refuse to have a man like that around when you start giving birth to my sons, I won't allow his foolishness to taint them."

Again, Belle nodded.

"Yes Gaston," she smiled, eyes filled with unbridled love.

"Good," he said, turning his attention back to Jasmine.

He'd never fucked a genie before. How would that feel?

"Strip," he commanded. "You too, Belle."

The two raced to take their clothes off for him. Jasmine, with how little she'd been wearing already, won that particular competition. Her blue skin shimmered, faded into regular human skin. Brown, with dark areola and nipples. A perfect contrast to the Belle's paleness.

"Now," he grinned, "lets see which of you is the better cocksucker."

The women were on his bed, each licking the other's wet crotch.

Gaston watched for a short while, enjoying the sight of his two princesses tasting each other. Both women seemed to love cunt almost as much they loved Gaston's cock. But, of course they would. He'd made sure of that.

Finally, when he was done watching, he joined in.

Belle gasped as his cock slid into her leaking pussy. Jasmine moaned when he pressed his fingers into her anus.

The two never stopped licking, though.

Even as his cock rammed into his wife, Jasmine licked his shaft and Belle's clit. Pleasuring the couple she'd helped bring together. Her body trembled from the tiny orgasms Belle was giving her. And, when Belle orgasmed on Gaston's cock, he couldn't help but appreciate the way her cunt tightened around him.

He let out a joyous, victorious laugh.

Truly, he always got exactly what he wanted.