

The Chest

By Dan Standing

Illustrations by Portalcomic





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San Francisco – Tucson – Buenos Aires – London



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The Chest

Chapter I

Diane Pollen was nothing special. She stood just a few inches over five feet tall, she was curved but not spectacularly. Not particularly thin nor heavy and sporting small A-cup breasts. Her blonde hair stopped just above her shoulders. Her face was beautiful, with sparkling eyes, nicely shaped lips, and a near button nose. But Diane was self-conscious of her body, usually sporting a sweater and jeans. She knew she didn't have a bad figure, all things considered, but no one had ever really shown any interest in her. Her infrequent dates through high school and college had always ended poorly.

She was not dressed in a sweater today, however. She was walking back through the streets of the city dressed in a black suit that might have been fashionable two seasons ago. She was returning from yet another failed audition, which had wasted most of her Saturday morning. She marched down the sidewalk back towards her apartment, her purse nearly dragging on the street behind her.

"Stupid director..." she muttered, "Stupid 'certain look.'"

As she rounded the corner, she found one of the city's many townhouses was having a tag sale. While she couldn't afford to drown her disappointment shopping at a department store, at least she could tag shop. Even if she didn't buy anything, at least she could laugh at the crap someone else owned.

The old woman had set up a table and towel along the sidewalk. Diane furrowed her thin eyebrows at the items for sale – strange wooden statues, carved marble dishware, and woven baskets.

"This stuff is incredible," Diane muttered, more to herself than to the old woman sitting on her steps.

"Thank you," she said, not bothering to get up. A gust of wind moved her gray hair, and she adjusted a Bakelite bangle hanging on her bony wrist, "My husband, God rest him, brought most of it back from his trips. But I'm moving and don't have room for it anymore."

Diane nodded, not looking away from the table, then her eyes moved to the towel on the sidewalk. Amongst the stained glass lamps and small, carved canoes she spotted a chest. It was inlaid with old, dull plastic, probably more Bakelite, which had become faded with age. The wood was carved in something that appeared to be a Celtic design, and the keyhole had a brass serpent wrapped around it.


"How much is this?" Diane asked, lifting up the chest. It was only about six inches long by four inches across. Diane thought she felt something shift inside it.

"Oh, that? Five dollars. It's just a decoration; my husband lost the key a long time ago. We didn't want to risk damaging the brass on the front, since we didn't put anything in it."

Diane moved the chest to her left arm as she got her wallet from her purse. Again she felt something shift inside, but she didn't say anything.

"It's lovely. Here you go," Diane said, pulling out a crumpled five. The old woman took it from her and placed it in a metal box sitting next to her.





“Thank you, dear. Enjoy.”

“Cathy? You home?” Diane called out to her roommate as she stumbled through the apartment door.

“In here, Slut.”

Diane shook her head at Cathy’s favorite irrelevant nickname for her. Diane preferred to stay home in the evenings, reviewing her monologues, while Cathy Frain was the girl who hit the clubs every evening, bringing a new guy – or girl – home every night. Diane had never seen the same one twice.

Diane followed the sound of Cathy’s voice to her bedroom, where she was spraying her hair up into a new shape. Diane had also rarely seen Cathy look the same twice when she went out.

“So, Slut, how’d the audition go?” Cathy laughed to herself. Diane wasn’t sure what she found funny about it.

“Awful. I didn’t get halfway through my lines before I got cut off and told I didn’t ‘fit’ the role,” Diane muttered.

“Maybe you should wear something a bit more revealing. You’re nowhere near fat, we just need the right outfit on you.”

Diane rolled her eyes and looked at Cathy in the mirror. Cathy was about five foot eight, with red hair, a killer hourglass figure, nice legs and C-cup breasts she kept pushed up and shaded.

“Don’t scoff at me, I’m just trying to-” Cathy spotted the chest. “Nice chest, Slut.”

“Screw you.”

“I mean the wooden one.”

“Oh,” Diane lifted it up to show it off, “Bought it from an old woman a few blocks away. Five bucks.”

“Nice.”

“No key though. And it feels like there’s something inside it, but she said it was empty.”

“I see,” laughed Cathy, getting up from her chair. She was dressed in a short pink skirt and tank top that read “ENTER HERE” with an arrow pointing downwards. Diane sighed at her roommate. “Looking for buried treasure, then?” Cathy added.

“If I can get it open. Got any hairpins I can borrow? My father once had to unlock the slide cover on his desk after losing his key and he showed me a thing or two.”

“Sure,” Cathy said, and she grabbed a box off her dresser and handed it to Diane. “You can get them back to me tomorrow.” Cathy picked up her purse.

“You’re heading out already?”

“I’m meeting a...” Cathy thought for a moment, “...George... yeah, George, for lunch and a tour of Den Park.”

“You’ve toured Den Park.”

“Yes but he doesn’t know that. Maybe a little afternoon delight.”

“In that case I guess I won’t be seeing him tonight.”

“No, I expect to pick up a box of my own this evening.”

Diane had taken a nap after Cathy left and had finally woken up. The sun was starting to set; Diane guessed it was around five. Cathy wouldn’t be home for a long time yet. Diane stripped out of her clothes and walked

to the bathroom. She looked at her body in the mirror. Anyone could have seen she was a perfectly attractive woman, but couldn't perceive it herself. Years of bad luck with men and the media portrayal of women had taken their toll on her. At age 24 she expected to have had at least one serious boyfriend. She blamed it on her average body.

She stepped into the shower and turned on the water. A cold spray hit her and she jumped back.

"That was dumb," she muttered to herself as she quickly adjusted the temperature. Her nipples had gone hard from the cold water, standing up about a quarter inch on her pert breasts. She grabbed the body soap and loofah and started to lather herself up. Her soapy fingers caressed her body, pressing gently into her soft flesh. She moved down around the curves of her ass and around front to caress the skin and hair around her pussy. She wanted pleasure down there so badly normally, but now all that went through her head was that she'd have to trim it again soon. Then she wondered what the point was.

She dried off and threw on her robe. She walked back to her bedroom and picked up one of her monologue books, collapsing onto her bed. She flipped through it and then tossed it aside. She didn't want to think about anything from this morning. She let her head hit the pillow. As she gazed across her room she realized there was one thing from this morning she did want to investigate.

Diane picked the chest and hairpins off the dresser and sat down in her easy chair, crossing her legs and cradling the chest in her lap. She switched on the floor lamp next to her and pulled out a hairpin. She angled the lock up towards her and carefully inserted the first hairpin. She dragged it across the insides of the lock.

"Not that many pins, good," Diane murmured, and got to work.

It was either talent on her part, or poor craftsmanship, but after about ten minutes Diane heard a faint click. Excited, she quickly tossed the hairpins aside and sat the chest flat across her legs. Holding a baited breath, she bit her lip as she carefully lifted the lid.

And found nothing.

Diane looked at the empty chest for a moment, seeing only a few wood shavings and dust. It was nothing but an empty, wooden, box. Diane couldn't believe it. She lifted it up, and again felt the shift in weight from before.

Diane placed her hand inside the chest, and suddenly realized that it seemed shallow. She examined the exterior and it seemed as if the inside of the box stopped about an inch and a half before it should. She quickly grabbed another hairpin and bent it straight, pushing along the seam between the bottom of the box and the inner walls. She got about a third of the way around before the pin suddenly slipped through between the side and the bottom. Diane tilted the pin and pushed towards the center of the box, and the fake bottom popped up. She pulled the thin piece of wood out and tossed it aside.

Sitting on the real bottom of the box, in a fabric covered round cavity, sat a pinkish colored gem. The gem was too small for the hole it sat in, and Diane had felt it rolling against the fabric.

Diane was ecstatic. The jewel had to be worth something, it was about the size of a golf ball would be if it had been somewhat flattened. She got



up from her chair and placed the chest on the bed, then carefully removed the gem from the box. It was covered in dust and fibers from the fabric, so Diane gently started to rub it clean with one hand.

It happened so fast Diane was almost in shock. One moment she had been holding the slightly cool gem, the next it was rapidly heating up and she was tossing it to the floor. A flash of light and smoke caused her to step back and fall into her chair. As the smoke cleared and Diane turned her attention back to the gem, she found that a woman was standing in her bedroom.

The stranger was tall. She wore decorative leather sandals. Sheer, satiny fabric ran down from her wide hips, just barely obscuring her perfectly shaped legs. A bejeweled leather thong wrapped between her legs and round ass, just barely covering her obviously hairless pussy. Her stomach was absurdly thin, tapering from the hips, and was nearly covered by the round DDD or more breasts that seemed to sit like perfect globes on her chest. A vest, also leather and adorned with jewels, seemed to barely contain the woman's ample bosom. Her face was amazing, with full lips, eyes that actually did sparkle and a perfect nose. Her dark hair was done up in a ponytail. Her skin was nothing quite like any Diane had ever seen – it was actually a light pink. Had Cathy been present she would have come in her panties twice already, just by looking at her.

“Thank you for freeing me, Master,” the woman said, bowing to Diane. Her deep cleavage seemed to go on forever. “What is your wish?”

“What?” Diane gasped.

“You are in denial and shock,” said the genie, “I am the genie of the gem stone, bound to grant three wishes to whomever summons me. Part of my magic is that, despite not being summoned for many years, I am aware of all social changes and can even sense what it is you may want to be happier in life, to better help you with your wishes.”

Diane sat in silence still, not knowing what to do. The genie smiled.

“Perhaps I can help you accept the gift you have received,” said the genie, walking slowly towards Diane, “I sense you are not happy with your body.”

Diane was finally beginning to understand what had just happened, and had already begun to think about what she wanted.

“That's... that's right,” Diane eagerly agreed.

“Hmmm...” replied the genie, walking around Diane's room before stopping in front of the bed. “I have observed what you humans called models from my place inside the jewel. They wear clothing which your culture finds attractive, because they find the models attractive.”

“That's true,” said Diane, standing up.

“You would prefer to be a model, then?”

“Yes!” Diane exclaimed. This was fantastic; the genie knew exactly what she wanted.


“Then all you need do is wish it!” The genie turned and faced Diane, her face cocked, her mouth smiling.

“Yes! I wish I had the body of a model!” Diane shouted.

The genie's eyes narrowed, as if Diane had said something unexpected, and then she seemed to shrug.

“When will-” Diane was interrupted by an erotic wave passing through her body. She felt her legs thin and stretch, adding inches to her height. She slipped her hands underneath her robe and felt her ass perk up, becoming a pair of perfect half-globes. Her waist narrowed and toned, the extra flesh seemingly slipping into her hips, giving them a more womanly width. Her chest puffed out slightly, but not much. Diane realized that most serious models did not have huge chests.





Her skin smoothed out, and she could feel that her pussy had gotten wet from the experience. She started to walk towards the mirror when a second wave started.

Suddenly she felt her feet push themselves up on her toes, as if she was walking in extremely high heels. Her body started to become stiff. She felt the pleasure in her pussy intensify and then suddenly become a constant buzz. Her skin crackled all over, as if she had goose bumps everywhere. She felt lighter, and after a moment she found she could not move her body at all.

“What happened?” she said, nearly in panic.

“You didn’t wish for what I thought you would,” the genie smiled, and motioned to the mirror Diane had started towards. Diane stared at it, and could not believe her eyes.

From what she could see through her open robe, her body, below the neck, had become that of a plastic store display model – a mannequin! She was lacking nipples and any detectable pussy. She could feel even her asshole had sealed up. She had gained, however, detachable limbs and seams.

“WHY DID YOU DO THAT?” Diane screamed, nearly panicking.

“Well, and I answer you only because I have to, I was trying to get out of granting you two more wishes. I’ve become quite adept at getting my masters to wish themselves into positions where they can’t make any more wishes, and if you had wished to look like or be a model, you’d be entirely plastic and unable to speak – but completely aware and incredibly horny. But since I was bound to only change your body, I went ahead and enjoyed myself.”

“You bitch!” Diane shouted.

“Calm down, nothing you can’t fix with another wish. May I suggest-”

“No, no, you may not!” Diane shouted, her head jerking around but her body still unable to move, “Don’t say anything else! No more suggestions!”

The genie’s eyes went wide, and then she sat down on the bed in a huff, bound to obey her Master.

Diane tried to calm herself down, and ignore the constant erotic pulse that she suspected was a result of her pussy becoming plastic and sealing over. She had to think this out. If she just wished for her old body back, then that would be two wasted wishes. Perhaps there was a way to use the last wish. After all, she now had a smoking hot body, from what she could see in the mirror. She just didn’t want it to be plastic.

“Okay,” Diane announced. The genie looked up. “I wish that this plastic body would become an anatomically correct, actual flesh and blood woman’s body with non-detachable limbs without any changes to its measurements.”

The genie grumbled to herself.

Diane wondered if the genie was going to grant it when suddenly she felt another erotic wave pass over her, accompanied by the goose bump

sensation. The seams vanished, her nipples reformed on her breasts and her pussy bloomed out of the smooth crotch. She could feel that her ass had also returned to normal, and her body seemed to have returned to its original mass. She nearly came from the experience, falling over and catching herself on the bed, as her body became supple flesh again.

Diane took a few breaths as the erotic hum in her pussy started to fade, then stood up – and fell backwards into the chair. Shaking it off, Diane looked herself over. She realized that her body was entirely hairless – it made sense, since store models have no hair and she didn't wish for any back. Diane wondered if it would ever even grow back. The idea that it wouldn't didn't upset her. Besides, she had bigger thoughts on her mind.

She turned her attention to her breasts. Her perky A cups had not significantly grown from her first wish, and she definitely wanted a new set of breasts to match her new body. But she knew she had to be careful. Diane was certain that the genie was just waiting for a chance to screw her over now, and there was no fourth wish to fix it. Diane wanted bigger breasts, but didn't know how detailed to get without leaving open a window for reinterpretation. Wish for a celebrity's breasts? The genie may use a different person with the same name. Just wish for a certain size? What about shape? And back pain? Diane glared at the genie, pissed that she had to be so careful about this. Then she realized something.

The genie's breasts were about the size she wanted. Round, large, they looked good on her. Diane smiled. There would be no mistake if she used the genie's own breasts as an example.

"Genie, I have my third wish."

The genie stood up from the bed reluctantly, and waited.

"I wish that the breasts I already have would become perfect, exact duplicates of your breasts in every way, and that I would suffer no pain from their weight."

The genie's eyes went wide, but not in evil pleasure. Unable to talk because of Diane's earlier order, she shook her head and pointed at her mouth frantically.

"No," said Diane, "I'm not going to give you the chance to reword my wish for your own sick games. Grant it."

The genie stopped, stared at her for a moment, and then disappeared in a flash of light and smoke. Diane covered her eyes and when she looked back, the genie and the jewel were gone.

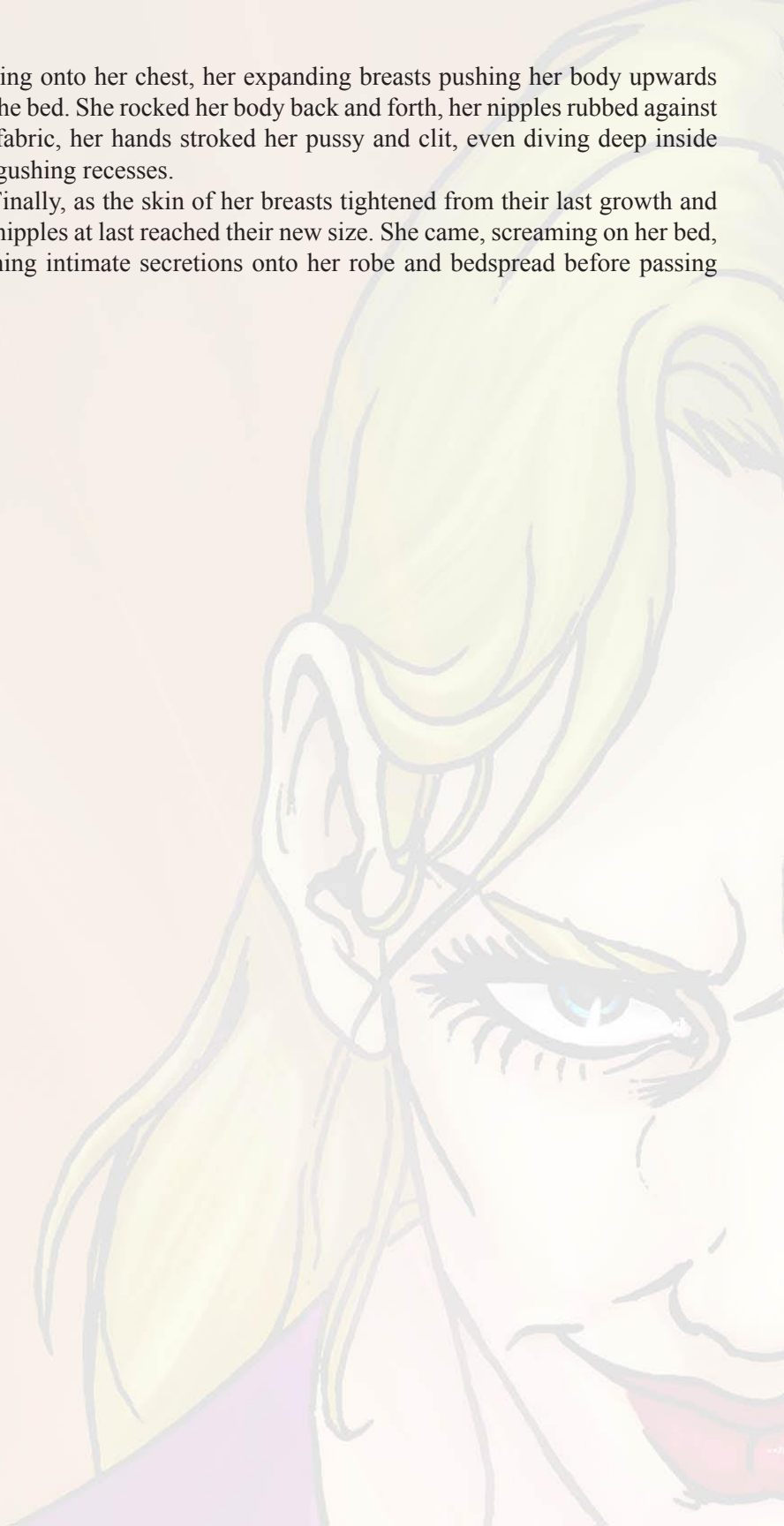
"Hey!" Diane shouted, "I said-"

She was interrupted by the most intense erotic surge yet. She stretched her back out and moaned as she felt her breasts begin to expand, the fabric of her robe drawing across them. She could feel her skin grow tight as the tit flesh expanded within her, then stretch to allow more, and then repeated. She massaged them, her bald pussy nearly dripping juices down her legs onto the chair. She moaned loudly and stood up, but fell over onto the bed, rubbing her legs together as she could also feel her nipples growing in size.



Rolling onto her chest, her expanding breasts pushing her body upwards off the bed. She rocked her body back and forth, her nipples rubbed against the fabric, her hands stroked her pussy and clit, even diving deep inside her gushing recesses.

Finally, as the skin of her breasts tightened from their last growth and her nipples at last reached their new size. She came, screaming on her bed, gushing intimate secretions onto her robe and bedspread before passing out.



Chapter II

Diane opened her eyes slowly the next morning. She blinked a few times.

“What a dream...” she muttered to herself, pushing her hair back out of her face.

Then she wondered what she was laying on, and why her thighs felt sticky.

Diane pushed herself off the bed as fast as she could, throwing the robe off her body as she did so. She went to stand, and stumbled – something was funny about her feet. She supported herself on the dresser and looked into the mirror and gasped.

Her body was gorgeous. Long trim legs led up to an incredible ass. Amazing hips tapered into a thin and gorgeous belly. Her skin was smooth and blemish free – and not a hair could be found on her torso or legs.

But that was not what she gasped at.

Her breasts sat on her chest round and firm. They were soft and pliable and had no sag whatsoever. They were each easily the size of a volleyball. Her areolas were the width of DVDs. Standing firm and proud on each breast sat a nipple at least the size of a shot glass, and maybe a little longer.

The skin of each breast was a light pink, her areolas and giant nipples a bright neon pink.

Diane took one hand and caressed the skin of her right breast, and cooed. It was as sensitive as her old nipples, and her bare pussy began to moisten. But when she touched her nipple her legs nearly buckled. It was practically as sensitive as her clit. She was even turned on as they shook like jell-o on her chest. It would take a little work to make her come just from messaging her new tits, but Diane knew it could be done.

But why pink?

Diane quickly realized what had happened. The genie had given her perfect copies of her own breasts, right down to the skin color.


“I guess I can deal with this...” Diane muttered, enjoying her profile. The right shirts, and a little toner... no one would know the difference in the dark. And the proper padding would obscure the obscene size of her new nipples.

Diane smiled and took a step forward and almost tripped again. Her giant breasts bounced all over her chest, wobbling and making it difficult for her to regain balance.

“What is wrong with my feet...?” Diane couldn’t see them directly, since her breasts obscured anything beneath them. She lifted up one leg to see her foot in the mirror.

Her petite foot was completely stretched down, pointing towards the floor. Diane realized the same was for the other foot – she was standing on her toes.





Permanently.

Diane tried to pull her foot up, to stand flat-footed, but her feet wouldn't move that way anymore.

A twinge of fear passed through Diane. She remembered standing up on her toes when the genie had made her body that of a store lingerie model. Diane had never specified in her wish that her feet bend back.

"Oh shit!" she realized. She had wished for her plastic measurements to stay the same. Standing on her toes had increased her height. She bet that she couldn't stand flat-footed again because it would violate her own worded wish. She silently kicked herself.

"Well, it could be worse," Diane sighed. She realized she didn't have any shoes that would accommodate her new foot shape, but Cathy might.

Diane stumbled naked out the door and into the living room. Cathy's room was down the hall, past the bathroom. Leaning against the wall, Diane slowly made her way towards her roommate's bedroom. She had just gotten to the bathroom door and was leaning on it for support when it opened.

"Woah there," Cathy exclaimed as an arm and shoulder fell through the door. She grabbed them and pushed, and Diane found herself falling the other way now. She stumbled, caught herself on the couch, and turned around just in time to see the look on Cathy's face.

"Watch it, Slut, I—" Cathy stopped mid-sentence.

Diane stood, completely naked and practically posed, leaning against the back of the couch. Cathy was dressed only in her bra and panties, and was staring slack jawed at her roommate.

"I found a genie," said Diane, not sure what else to say.

"You... you... what?"

"There was a genie in that chest. I sort of improved myself."

"I... it's the right face... but your body..." For now, Cathy was too shocked to be turned on.

"Like it? Better than my old one?"

"I'd say so."

"She... the genie... uh... disappeared, though, so you can't use her. Sorry."

Cathy seemed to finally be wrapping her head around it.

"I guess I'm looking at the proof of your story right now," Cathy said, pulling herself together, "Why are your boobs pink? And what's with your nipples?"

"Well, I wished for boobs exactly like the genie's and I got what I wished for. I didn't think they'd be the same color. Or that she had giant nipples. I couldn't see them through her outfit. Damn sensitive, too. They're nice though, soft. And don't hurt." Diane realized that her back didn't feel any strain at all. She shook her chest left and right to illustrate. Her giant orbs made little slappy noises as they bumped against the sides of her body.

"May I?" Cathy asked, as she walked up to her roommate.

Diane faked a sigh.

“I guess, just this once. But be careful, they are sensitive.”

Cathy hesitated for a moment, and then cupped Diane’s giant volleyball sized breasts. Diane jumped, it had been a long time since someone had touched her breasts, and it had never been by a woman. It also seemed that the touch of another person was even more sensual, and Diane couldn’t help but become moist and moan.

“That’s not fair,” Cathy pouted, giving Diane’s breasts a little rub. She was already extremely turned on.

“Okay, that’s enough,” Diane said, grabbing Cathy’s hands. Cathy frowned. “Like I said - very sensitive.” Diane added, “I need some shoes.”

“What do shoes have to do with anything?” Cathy asked, a little distracted. Diane realized she could smell her own excitement, and so could Cathy.

“When I wished for a more attractive body I accidentally ended up with my feet stuck permanently like I’m wearing some ridiculous high heel. I need something I can stand right in.”

“Oh,” said Cathy, and she bent over to look at Diane’s feet. It was then that she realized Diane’s pussy was hairless.

“Shit, right now I really do wish you were a horny bisexual, Slut,” Cathy muttered, turning towards her bedroom. Diane felt her breasts become warm, and then the feeling faded.

“Yeah...” Diane responded, suddenly a little light headed, “I’m sure you do.”

“I think I have just the thing for those feet of yours,” Cathy responded. Diane caught a bit of her roommate’s ass in her pink panties as she zipped into her room. Diane found that she was still getting wet and unconsciously squeezing her legs together. Diane brought her finger up to her lips and started to nibble it a bit, her other hand sliding down her body.

Cathy came back out of her room carrying a pair of black heels and stopped in her tracks.


“Diane?”

“Cathy... you know I wouldn’t usually ask this, but...” Diane rotated her foot in the carpet, nearly bent over in lust, “...my breasts are just really... sensitive... and I think I really just need someone to-”

Before she could finish, Cathy had practically tackled her. Both of their bodies fell over the side of the couch and onto its central cushion, Diane landing on her back and Cathy on top of her. Cathy’s bra brushed across Diane’s nipples, causing her body to shudder in ecstasy. Diane threw back her head and moaned as Cathy undid her own bra. When Diane looked up again and saw her roommate’s round mounds and erect nipples, she almost lost herself. She grabbed Cathy and the two of them shared a sloppy, lustful kiss.

Diane finally pulled away from her roommate’s mouth and began kissing





down Cathy's neck, working her way towards her breasts.

"Oh no you don't," Cathy gasped, throwing Diane back towards the couch, "I want to try yours first."

Cathy bent down, and started licking Diane's breasts and pressing them together. Diane was in ecstasy; she had never felt anything like the sensations coming from her oversized tits. Her pussy was practically dripping on the couch. Diane reached around and grabbed Cathy's ass, rubbing her hands over it and her lower back. This was when Cathy decided to take Diane's nipple in her mouth.

Diane cried out in rapture as her pussy exploded its juices onto the couch, the smell of her scent filling the room. Cathy's mouth sucked on her roommate's giant nipple, her tongue caressed it, her lips pressed on her tit flesh. Diane never expected anything could feel so good. Even though she had just come, she was already becoming turned on again. Diane silently begged for Cathy to finger her pussy, and was moving her own hands towards Cathy's and-

"I thought you said, you two were just roommates."

Cathy suddenly stopped, and Diane lay back on the sofa exhausted and basking in the aftermath of her orgasm. She didn't know what was going on, and she didn't care at first. Then she slowly began to wonder who else was in the room. She lifted up her head to see... her breasts. She could feel Cathy's legs on either side of her thin, trim stomach - Cathy was still straddling her. Cathy's heels pressed against the sides of Diane's thighs.

Diane looked to the side and saw that Cathy had been talking to a brunette, about five feet tall. Her body was a bit tomboyish, her breasts about the size of Diane's originals. Her face, neck, and shoulders were lightly freckled. The girl's eyes, nose, and lips were pleasant, but plain. She was wearing a green thong, but no bra.

"Sorry Dani," Cathy said, "I was washing myself off and walked in on Diane, who apparently has... had a new boob job. I was just checking them out."

"I'll say you were," scoffed Dani.

"Don't give me that attitude after last night," Cathy shot back, getting up off of Diane. Diane could see that her roommate's panties were showing a moisture stain.

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry, I did enjoy all of it. I just wish I could have returned-"

"Do you want to see them?" Diane interrupted.

Dani turned to Diane.

"What, your breasts?" the third woman asked.

"Yeah."

"Babe, I don't think there's anyone who can miss them," Dani laughed. Diane looked down at her chest. Her breasts sat up like round globes, rippling with every breath. Her nipples were tall and hard. Diane couldn't believe that

they could actually be bigger and harder than they had been before running into Cathy – now each nearly double the length of a shot glass.

“Would... would you like to feel them?” Diane didn’t know why she wanted another pair of hands on her breasts, but she did. Badly.

“Sure, why not?” Dani said, and leaned over the couch. Diane cooed and stretched, rubbing her legs together, as Dani caressed them. Cathy didn’t know what to make of it all.

“This girl here is a real riot,” Dani laughed, pulling away. Diane slumped back in disappointment. “What’s with the color?”

“Oh, uh,” Cathy jumped in, “It’s a bet we had. I didn’t think she’d actually dye them after the surgery. Looks like I lost, ha.”

“Oh, yeah,” Diane added, “I’ll take that money some other time I guess.”

“Good,” said Dani, who had started to caress Cathy’s ass and panties, “Because we got some unfinished business from last night to get to.”

“Oh, if we must,” Cathy giggled, “I’ll catch up with you later, Diane.”

“Yeah, yeah...” Diane replied, as the two girls disappeared back behind the closed door of Cathy’s bedroom. Diane lied back on the sofa and rested a moment. After a few minutes Diane finally sat up.

She was horny again. But not for just any attention; she wanted to be filled.

“These damn things must feel the air conditioning...” Diane muttered, her nipples still hard. She wobbled up onto her legs and dragged over the black high heels from where Cathy had dropped them. Diane recognized them as the shoes Cathy had worn for Halloween. She slipped her stretched feet inside of them. The heels were insane but worked; however, the straps needed adjustment.

Diane stumbled into her room and sat on her bed. Using the mirror, she managed to adjust the shoes properly. She stood up, her enormous breasts bouncing and swaying. It took her a moment to learn her new center of gravity, but once she did she found she could stand - and even bouncily walk - with the shoes.

After making a few circles in her bedroom, Diane stopped and looked at the mirror again. She ran her hands down her smooth skin, playing her fingers over the puffy lips of her pussy, then running them up the sides of her body and breasts.

“This girl seriously needs a dick in her,” she said to herself. She had never had such a strong need before. But with this body, she was certain she could satisfy it. She just needed to get out the door and down the street without being arrested.

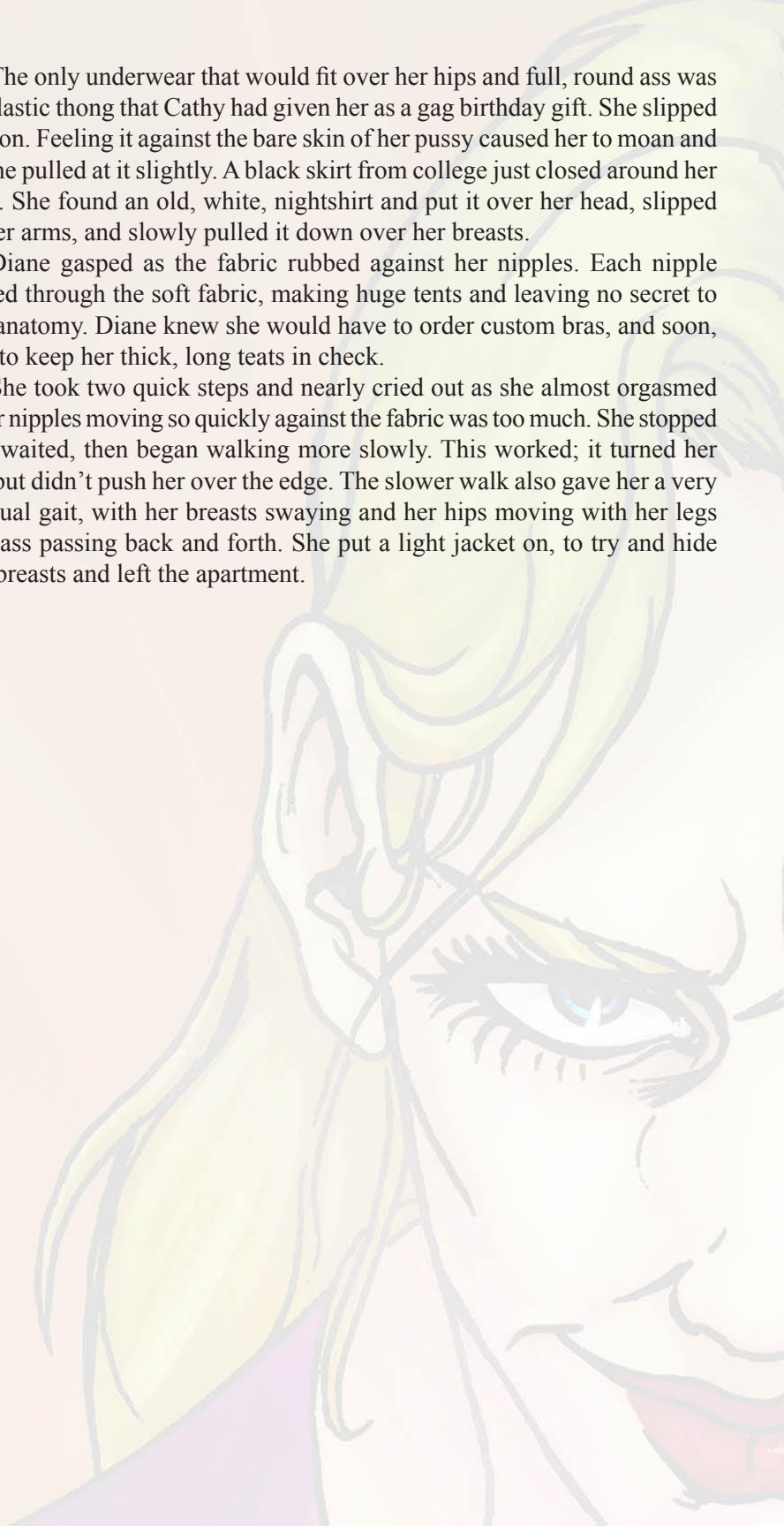
She pulled open her drawers and dumped out her clothes. She threw one pile onto the bed. It hit the closed chest and both the pile of clothes and the chest fell over the far side of the bed with a thud. Diane didn’t pay any attention to it, that drawer had been winter clothes.



The only underwear that would fit over her hips and full, round ass was an elastic thong that Cathy had given her as a gag birthday gift. She slipped that on. Feeling it against the bare skin of her pussy caused her to moan and Diane pulled at it slightly. A black skirt from college just closed around her hips. She found an old, white, nightshirt and put it over her head, slipped in her arms, and slowly pulled it down over her breasts.

Diane gasped as the fabric rubbed against her nipples. Each nipple poked through the soft fabric, making huge tents and leaving no secret to her anatomy. Diane knew she would have to order custom bras, and soon, just to keep her thick, long teats in check.

She took two quick steps and nearly cried out as she almost orgasmed – her nipples moving so quickly against the fabric was too much. She stopped and waited, then began walking more slowly. This worked; it turned her on, but didn't push her over the edge. The slower walk also gave her a very sensual gait, with her breasts swaying and her hips moving with her legs and ass passing back and forth. She put a light jacket on, to try and hide her breasts and left the apartment.



Chapter III

Diane had never gotten so many looks from people before in her life. Both men and women were staring at her, and Diane was nearly to the point of wanting to grab the next person she saw on the street and do them right there. She had wanted to go to the bar down the block from her apartment. She had seen all sorts of people in there, and was certain she could find a guy who was up for just a quick fuck. But Diane wasn't sure if she'd make it. She stopped and leaned on a railing to catch her breath and let her already wet and humming pussy calm down. Her breasts swayed back and forth and finally settled in her shirt.

"Need something?" Came a man's voice from behind her. Diane stood upright, her breasts whipping across her chest. She turned to find a guy in his early thirties behind her. He was about five foot ten, unshaven, wearing ripped jeans and an old t-shirt. Not the most handsome face, with some stubble around his chin and neck but he looked like he worked out. Diane could see from his pants that he had been admiring her for a little while now.

"I... I just need to catch my breath," Diane said coyly, once again chewing on her fingertip and turning one foot. She realized she'd never done that before today.

"Well, I'm Barn, and you?" He put out one hand. Diane took it.

"Diane."

"Well, Diane, I live in this building, would you like to come up for a drink?"

"Sure."

Barn unlocked his apartment and lead Diane in, his hand sliding from her back to her ass. She giggled a little and looked around. It was a little dirty, but not bad. A chair and sofa sat near a TV on a table, a kitchen and bathroom sat off to the side, and on a raised area near the back of the apartment sat the bed.

"I'll get us a drink."

As Barn walked over to his kitchen, Diane made her way to the bed. When the elevator had stopped, it had sent her breasts jiggling and her nipples brushing all around in her shirt. Barn had also led her brusquely to his apartment, and her pussy was almost on fire with arousal. She slipped her jacket off her shoulders and slinked on top of his bed. Pushing herself up on her arms, her shirt revealed her massive cleavage.

"Oh, Barn..." she called, "Why don't we save the drinks for later, hmm?"

Barn turned from the cabinets and stopped in his tracks. He put down the glass he was holding and smiled. He had expected this conquest to take much longer. As he crossed the room he took off his shirt and tossed it aside. He was pretty well toned, and Diane's pussy started to soak through her thong and to her skirt.

Diane stretched out her body and chest, displaying her bulbous tits more prominently. Barn sat down and ran his fingers up the inside of her





shirt, brushing against her breasts. Diane gasped and tried to lie down, but Barn held her up.

"I already know what's under there," he said, sliding his hands down her body to her skirt, "Let's see what's under here."

Barn unclasped her skirt and let it slide down her smooth supple legs. He ran his hands up her thighs and grabbed her firm ass cheeks, massaging them with his palms.

Diane did find this sexy, but her having her ass fondled wasn't half as erotic as her new jugs, and she just wanted to come.

"Play with my breasts," she gasped, "Suck on them."

Barn sighed.

"You women are all the same," he said gruffly, "I wish you found your ass as stimulating as your breasts."

Diane felt her breasts become warm again and she became light headed.

Suddenly, she cried out as she again felt Bran's hands on her ass. They massaged her and pinched her, running from her crack around her sides and up again. Her ass felt on fire with arousal, and she finally came.

"OH YES!" she screamed out, as she dripped down her thighs through the thong.

"Damn, girl, you were holding out on me," Barn laughed, moving his hands up her body again.

For a moment Diane knew something was wrong. Her butt had never felt like that before Barn had-

Diane's thoughts were interrupted as Barn lifted her shirt up over her breasts and grabbed them. She threw her head back as her pussy went into total overload. She rushed her hands downward and began to knead her pussy lips through the thong. She pushed her thumb down and felt for her clit through all the secretions.

"God damn, they are real." Barn was amazed by her breasts. He didn't care why they were pink, just that they felt great against his hands. He leaned forwards and pushed his head into her cleavage. Diane nearly passed out as she felt his stubble and hair against her skin. After licking her for a few minutes, Barn pulled his face away.


"Ha, I wish my girlfriend had nipples this big normally, even if her breasts were half as big."

Diane's breasts went warm again.

Across town Sharon Waters was enjoying her day at the spa. No work, and no boyfriend. She thought about when she'd finally break up with him. It was a pleasant thought. Dating a maintenance guy was fine when she had been just a secretary, but now she was moving up in the company. She adjusted her head on the towel. Two cucumber slices sat on her eyes as she enjoyed her private mud bath.

Sharon didn't even notice the mud around her chest start to move away from her. The small B cup breasts were slowly growing into large Cs. The mud got displaced as her breasts grew, just breaking the surface of the bath. The strange feelings she assumed were just from the mud doing its work. But why was she suddenly... turned on?

Then two smaller mounds started to push through the mud, as Sharon's small nipples grew more and more. The fleshy teats pushed up through the wet muck, and stood tall and proud out of the bath. Obscured by the mud, her areola nearly covered the entire front of each knocker. Soft, her new nipples were the size of double shot glasses, and now they grew even further as Sharon felt more and more turned on from the wish acting on her.



It would be a few more minutes, as the mud started to dry, before Sharon would think to investigate the strange feelings.

The scream could be heard down the hall.

“Wait... wait...” Diane gasped, light headed. But a part of the real Diane was starting to push through.

She didn’t want to screw a guy in a relationship. She wasn’t like that. She had to fight the feelings in her pussy, and she pushed Barn away.

“What? What?” he asked, unbuttoning his pants. Diane pulled her shirt down and grabbed her skirt.

“I’m not like this,” Diane nearly cried as she pushed herself away from the bed. She wrapped the skirt around her hips, now nearly coming from the feeling of her breasts and ass combined. She kicked her jacket towards the door.

“I’m pretty sure you are,” Barn shouted, following her. Diane got to the door and turned to grab her jacket, when she noticed Barn’s penis was sticking out through his boxers. It was about six inches, hard, and thick as a half dollar is wide. Diane remembered her need for a dick inside her and faltered.

“That’s right,” Barn sneered, “Every woman wishes I was her own personal fuck toy.”

Diane’s finger went to her lips, and she started to remove her skirt again, the thought of a thick Barn dildo running through her mind, when suddenly her breasts went warm for the third time and Barn gasped. He straightened up and moaned. Diane looked on at him wide eyed and light headed as he started to shrink. Barn felt incredibly turned on as he lost control of his body, and goose bumps seemed to pop up all over.

Diane couldn’t even scream, all she could do was cry as she watched his body take on a strange sheen and shrink so small he disappeared into his boxers. Except his dick was still sticking out of them.

Slowly, out of grotesque, fearful, curiosity, Diane leaned forward and grabbed what had been Barn’s penis moments before. It felt like rubber to her, and even had rubber sheen to its flesh-like color. She pulled it out of his boxers, and gasped when she saw a tiny, plastic Barn at the other end of it, frozen in a vapid lying down position. His penis still stretched from his tiny rubber legs, as his body had become the decorative handle of a new dildo. Diane didn’t know what to do.

Suddenly, the Barn dildo twitched and Diane screamed, throwing it across the room. She forgot her jacket in her panic, simply opening the door and running out.

Chapter IV

By the time Diane got back to her apartment she was exhausted. The bounce and awkwardness of her breasts and the shape of her feet had completely worn her out, and the panic hadn't helped. She had orgasmed twice by the time she reached the elevator in Barn's building, and it took the ride down to calm her enough to walk home without coming every ten feet. The skirt brushing her newly sensitized ass didn't help matters.

Diane had put it all together. She had wished for the breasts of a genie. Since she wasn't a genie and didn't have a lamp, all someone had to do was rub Diane's breasts and they got a wish. But she wasn't a genie. Diane didn't know what was in control of how a wish was granted. She didn't know if you got one wish every time they were rubbed, or more than one, or if the limit was even still three. But she had to warn Cathy and Dani before one of them made a wish.

Diane burst into her apartment to find Cathy dressed and watching TV on the couch. There were sounds coming from the bathroom, Diane assumed it was Dani. Without even closing the door, Diane threw herself on the couch and snatched away the remote.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Slut?" Cathy yelled. Diane switched off the TV and threw the remote aside.

"My... my breasts... don't say... anything," Diane gasped.

"What?"

"I can't... let anyone touch..."

"Wait," Cathy exclaimed, jumping up from the couch, "You mean to tell me that you finally have a fucking fantastic body, and you still want to hide it? Seriously, Slut, what's the deal?"

"I can't... I'm afraid... it isn't..." Diane finally had to stop and breath. Her breasts where swinging around in her shirt because of her harried breaths, and the pressure of the couch on her ass was incredible. She had to collect herself and explain.

"I don't know what the problem is now, Diane," Cathy huffed, "But you have a fantastic body, and I wish you'd show it off and enjoy it, without worrying so much about whatever it is and its consequences that's got you scared. It can't be that bad."

Diane's eyes went wide. She felt her breasts get warm again, and the light-headedness returned. For a moment she was scared... then it faded away. After all, she was relieved that Cathy hadn't wished anything else earlier.





The bathroom door opened and Dani, walked out. She was dressed in denim shorts and a tank top with sandals.

“What the hell is going on in here?”

“Diane was just being self-conscious about her new boobs,” Cathy said, “Are you going to be okay?”

“Yeah,” said Diane, the effects of Cathy’s wish still washing over her, “I’m fine. I think I just need a nap.”

“Okay. I’m going to walk Dani home, and then I’ll be back.”

Dani’s apartment was small, only one long room that stretched from her front door, back to the exterior wall of the building. One window sat over Dani’s wide bed, and a light on the ceiling halfway from the door to the bed provided the rest. There was a refrigerator, a microwave, some cabinets, a table and computer desk, and some posters on the walls.

“It’s nice,” Cathy said, taking a step or two into the apartment. She had no further interest in Dani physically, but she had found that walking people out of the building and distracting them with chit chat cut down on the number of people who remembered their way back the morning after.

“Small, but mighty,” Dani laughed, “Coke?”

“Yeah, uh, sure.”

Dani walked over to the fridge while Cathy looked at the posters on the walls.

“Got a bit of a crush on Pamela Anderson?” Cathy laughed. All four posters were of the adult celebrity.

“No, not quite,” Dani said sheepishly, handing Cathy a bottle. “I just love her body.”

“What?”

“She’s super hot, you know? And every hot-blooded man or woman who has seen her naked wants more, like an addiction. She’s like, an icon, you know?” Dani seemed like a high school girl with a crush, despite her denial.

“Yeah, I guess.”

“Here, this is my favorite picture,” said Dani, running over to her computer. She shook the mouse and the screen blinked on, showing a picture of the former Baywatch star as her desktop background.

The famous model was crouching, facing away from the screen. Her barbed wire tattoo on her left arm was visible, as was an abstract decorative tattoo down her back. She wore denim high-heeled boots that stopped just above her knees. She wore white panties that appeared almost as if they were a cobweb. Anderson’s ample ass was clearly visible through them,

and it was unlikely the panties obscured much more in the front. Her blonde hair was tussled, and it hung down to the small of her back. Her face was turned towards the camera, revealing her full lips, dark eyes, and small nose. Based on the silhouette of her left breast that was visible, they were easily larger than DDDs, larger than any cup size Cathy had seen on Anderson before. Cathy suspected that the overblown basketball-sized tits Anderson sported were thanks to Photoshop, not her usual implants. But it was hard to tell from the picture. Her nipples were obscured from view. It was obviously airbrushed, as there was not a single blemish on Anderson's magnificent body.

"Nice," said Cathy. She had also always found Pamela Anderson super hot too but Dani's preoccupation and ignorance of the photo fake was starting to weird her out.

"Nice? She's fucking burning hot. I wish I looked like her in that picture all the time, except I'd wanna keep the freckles and my big boobs would be real."

Cathy laughed to herself. "Haha, well, you know her tits are--"

Cathy was cut off as Dani let out a moan. Her whole body had gotten warm, and she was suddenly very turned on.

Dani slid her hands over her body as it began to morph before Cathy's eyes. Dani's dark hair faded to a golden blonde. Her legs became shapelier, and she stretched up on her toes in her sandals. Cathy watched as Dani's denim shorts seemed to turn to smoke, and flowed down her legs. Dani's sandals also began to morph, wrapping around her feet and forming a high heel. Cathy gasped as the denim smoke flowed around Dani's legs, finishing the heeled boots up to just above her knees. Her now visible green thong separated and stretched, turning white and becoming the lacey white panties from the picture. Cathy could see that Dani's new pussy was also shorn clean and very wet. It was nestled between a pair of now womanly thighs that matched the round ass that Dani's old, unimpressive one had now become. Her tomboyish figure melted away as her waist thinned.

To Cathy's delight, Dani's shirt and bra also became smoke and simply dissipated, revealing her blossoming breasts. Cathy couldn't help herself and cupped them, feeling Dani's skin expanding against her palms. They inflated from their little A-cup size, overflowing around Cathy's hands and filling out to large DDs, and then continuing on. They weighed down Cathy's hands and overflowed them, becoming larger than basketballs. Cathy could feel a large nipple poking into her palms, and she pulled away to find that Dani's new teats were now two and a half inches long and as thick as any



man's thumbs. Her areolas had expanded to the size of saucers. Her breasts nearly hung to her navel in a natural teardrop shape.

But the changes didn't stop. Dani's arms toned out, and the barbed wire tattoo faded onto her left arm. Cathy noticed that Dani's plain face had been replaced with an exact duplicate of Pamela Anderson's pouty lips, dark eyes and cute nose. Her lips had darkened to match Pamela's lipstick in the photo. Dani's face, neck and shoulders still retained her freckles. Finally her skin tanned itself to the right tone.

Dani's eyes were closed, and she slowly opened them.

"What... what happened?" Dani asked, her scent filling the room. But it was also mixed with Cathy's, who could barely control herself. "It was like... goose bumps..."

"You... uh... you... look in the mirror."

Dani walked over to the mirror and practically came. Her hands explored her new body, caressing her gigantic breasts, sliding over her ass and down her booted legs. She then shook her new long blonde hair, which seemed to fall back into the same place as it was in the picture. Cathy noticed that the tattoo on Dani's back was also in place. Cathy walked up behind the nearly naked woman and put her arms around her waist, admiring the view in the mirror from over Dani's shoulder.

"You're taking this well," Cathy finally said.

"It's my dream... I'm gorgeous..." Dani stuttered.

"Yes..." Cathy whispered into the new blonde bombshell's ear. Cathy cupped Dani's breasts, pushing them up and creating a deep cleavage. Dani stretched her head back and pushed her ass against Cathy's crotch. "Want to test it out?"

They were both on the bed in a flash. Cathy ripped her own shirt off, and Dani reached for her new white panties.

"No," Cathy said, grabbing her hand, "I want to try it with those on you." Cathy slipped her fingers through the holes in the fabric and slid one inside Dani's wetness. The transformed girl moaned and rolled over onto the bed, her new giant rack making wide tit-puddles on her chest and threatening to suffocate the formerly plain girl. Cathy wrapped her wet lips around one of Dani's hard nipple and started sucking. The Pamela Anderson look-a-like cried out. Cathy worked one finger deeper into Dani's pussy, her thumb flicking over the engorged clit.

Dani ran her hands up Cathy's body and grabbed her lover's tits, massaging them and twisting the nipples. Cathy enjoyed it, but her mission was single minded. If she had really wanted sex back, she would have removed her shorts.

Instead Cathy intensified the massaging of Dani's clit with her thumb, pushing her other fingers deeper inside the girl. Cathy's other hand pulled on and twisted Dani's unattended tit. Cathy released Dani's nipple from her lips and moved her hand to the saliva soaked melon. Cathy moved her mouth up along Dani's massive knocker, kissing her the whole way until finally meeting her full lips. Dani moaned from her first orgasm as they shared an intimate tongue tryst.

It wasn't long before Dani had finally come again and passed out, just like she had both times before. Cathy gathered her clothes, got dressed, and headed home.



Chapter V

“Wake up!”

Diane opened her eyes to see Cathy standing over her.

“What?”

“Get up, we need to talk,” Cathy grabbed Diane by the arm and pulled her upright on her bed. Diane’s ass rubbed against her skirt, and her shot glass nipples against her shirt. Her pussy was immediately dampened again, her nipples stood to full attention, and she fidgeted on the bed.

“What happened?” Diane asked as Cathy sat down in the easy chair.

“Dani just turned herself into an exact duplicate of Pamela Anderson, except with freckles and absurdly large but real boobs. How?”

“That’s what I was trying to tell you,” Diane said, “My boobs. They’re just like the breasts of a real genie. Whoever rubs them gets a wish.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I guess it started after you first rubbed my boobs and wished me to be a horny bisexual slut.”

“Oh shit,” Cathy replayed the moment in her head, “...are you okay?”

“Oh yeah, I don’t care anymore,” replied Diane, “Because your second wish was that I wouldn’t care so much about the wishes or their consequences, so I don’t really have a choice.”

“Fuck,” Cathy said, lost in thought.

“It’s okay,” Diane responded, because of the wish, “No real harm done.”

“So Dani and I were in real danger for a while there.”

“Yeah,” said Diane, “Especially you. If she’d wished she’d fuck you every night you’d be really screwed... every night.”

“Ha. Instead she wished herself a drop dead gorgeous body. You have to see her breasts, they may be bigger than yours. I may have to call her back.”

“That’s a first.”

“I know. So, does Dani have two more wishes we should be worried about?”

“Well,” Diane said, adjusting her position on the bed and stimulating her ass even more, “It depends how this works. You either get the wishes all at once, or maybe since I’m not all genie you have to rub again between each.”

“We should test that. Have I touched your breasts since my last wish?”

“No.”

“Okay,” said Cathy, standing up, “So, how about... I wish I was covered in soft cat fur!”

“Cathy!” Diane yelled, jumping up. She had taken off her shoes to sleep, and fell back on the bed. She still couldn’t stand on her manipulated feet,

and the force of the fall actually gave her a small orgasm.

“What? I don’t care, it’d be hot actually, and it’d be obvious if I need to rub your fucking pink udders for another wish.” Cathy examined her body, “Doesn’t look like it worked.”

“And it didn’t feel like I usually do when someone makes a wish,” Diane murmured, enjoying the short afterglow from falling back on the bed.

“So,” Cathy clapped her hands together and paced the room. Her now comparatively small C-cup breasts bounced with each step, “I get one more wish.”

“Be careful! You-”

“I know, I’m on my third wish, I have to make it count,” Cathy snapped back, “But I know what I want.”

Cathy started stripping out of her clothes. She wanted to be able to feel her wish come true.

“What? Tell me,” Diane asked. She was done trying to warn her roommate. Diane was disappointed that Cathy was being so selfish and hadn’t offered to undo the things that had been done to her. Cathy deserved whatever she stupidly wished for.

“Well, I can’t come twice in a day,” Cathy said begrudgingly.

“But you’re with-”

“I know, I know,” Cathy said, waving off Diane’s question as she peeled off her sodden panties, “I just like the attention. But I fuck once and it takes me hours to come again, I don’t know why. Plus, I get sore. I don’t even fall asleep; I just sit there being horny and exhausted. I hate it. I want the stamina to do twelve people and keep going.”

“If that’s what you want,” Diane muttered, and lifted up her shirt.

“Yep, I know what I’m doing.” Diane bit her lip as Cathy rubbed her breasts and nipples and then pulled away.

Cathy stared at her hands as if they themselves held the magic to grant her wish. Then she made it.

“I wish my body was sexier, more sensitive, and I was built for fucking!”


“Cathy...” Diane sighed. She knew the wish wouldn’t turn out how Cathy wanted. But she was pissed off, and almost looked forward to how it would turn out, even imagining it herself.

“OH!” Cathy cried out herself, as the wish took effect. Her pussy started pulsing with erotic energy, and Cathy shot a hand down to stroke it. As she did she could feel her pubic hair fall out and to the floor. She moaned and grabbed a breast with her other hand as her whole body became sexually sensitive.

“It’s like...” she cooed, massaging everything now, “It’s like my entire body is as sensitive as my nipples!”

Her legs toned slightly, and her hips shifted to better fit them. Her ass perked up to a perfect peach shape. Her waste was already thin and instead of becoming thinner her muscles toned. Her red hair became more vibrant





and grew down to her ass. Her hands and fingers thinned and her nails became perfectly smooth and just a little longer. All the scars on her skin vanished, and it rapidly tanned.

“OH GOD!” Cathy screamed as her breasts began to grow. Her C-cups expanded out and separated her fingers. When they were done growing, two fleshy DD pillows sat on her chest, with nipples the size of thumbs. Warm juices were sliding down Cathy’s legs as she came and came, filling the room with the smell of her sex.

“Oh, it feels so GOOD!” Cathy moaned, turning and facing the mirror. “I’m absolutely gorgeous! I could fuck anyone I – OH!”

Cathy’s hands continued caressing every part of her body as she came again, her pussy being even more stimulated.

“Something else is happening!” Cathy moaned, as Diane looked on. “It... I feel like goose bumps are everywhere!”

Slowly Cathy’s hands began to stop moving, and started to fall to her sides.

“What’s happening? Why can’t I keoo oeing ey ans?” Cathy’s eyes suddenly flashed panic for a moment, before taking on a seductive look. Her mouth had opened, and stayed open, stretching and becoming rounder and rounder, until it was a giant O. Her teeth and tongue were nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly she collapsed to the ground, still shaking with orgasm, landing on her back. Her pussy, although also slowly forming the same O shape, was still spurting. Finally, as her skin took on a rubber sheen Diane had seen before, Cathy stopped moving.

Diane had laced up her shoes by now and stood up over the unmoving form of her former roommate. Cathy’s glass eyes stared vacantly up towards the ceiling. Diane leaned over and looked into them.

“I tried to warn you,” Diane said smugly, “But you didn’t think. You wished you were made for sex and now you are. You’re a sex doll, a goddamn realistic looking sex doll. A play thing.”

Cathy just lay there on the floor as Diane collected her purse.

“But you got what you wished for. Sex can’t tire you out. You do look damn hot. And you wished to be sensitive...”

Diane reached down and grabbed Cathy’s giant rubber breast and nipple, caressing them and twisting the nipple hard. Diane thought she could feel the doll shudder a little.

“Looks like you’re still sensitive, too. Ha. You know? If you hadn’t wished for me to not really give a shit about things like this, I might be trying to help you right now. If you hadn’t made me a horny slut, I could be playing with you right now. But real sluts need real sex, and you’re just not going to cut it, Cathy. I’m gonna borrow one of your bras and see if I can get it to hold my, ‘pink udders’ did you call them? You won’t need any bras anymore. Or clothes, for that matter. Then I’m going out. Maybe I’ll bring someone back for you.”

Diane turned and walked into the other room, leaving Cathy on the floor silently begging for someone, anyone, to touch her. She was stuck being perpetually horny without any way of pleasuring herself...

Dani woke up and immediately remembered what had happened. She propped herself up and gazed down at her new body – what she could see of it. Her fleshy basketballs obscured her view of everything now. She ran her hand down from her breasts to her ass, amazed that it was true.

“Cathy?” she suddenly remembered, looking around. The other girl must have left while she was sleeping.

Dani jumped up out of the bed, and almost fell over because of the heels. She winced as her massive breasts bounced and pulled on her. It was a new sensation for the formerly flat girl; she’d have to buy some new bras. She nearly couldn’t stand straight; the weight of her breasts was incredible. She moved over to the mirror and admired herself, already getting wet again from looking at her new body.

“I’m almost you, Pam,” Dani smiled, looking at one of the posters. Aside from her freckles and the natural hang of her gigantic, pendulous breasts, she was the twin of the Pamela Anderson in the desktop background. Dani explored her large nipples and smooth pussy through the strings of her panties. They were exactly as she imagined they’d be.

“Time to show you... me... off!” Dani giggled, and grabbed a shirt from off a chair. She pulled it over her thick blonde main and down across her immense breasts, admiring the hills and valleys her breasts caused on the shirt.

Suddenly, however, as she let go, her shirt started to... dissipate? It was as if the fabric had become smoke, and it wafted off Dani’s body and disappeared into the air. Dani looked at herself in the mirror, puzzled and again bare-chested. She walked over to her drawers and pulled out a sweatshirt, forcing it over her new torso as she walked back to the mirror. Just as she pulled it on and let go, the sweatshirt also drifted away. Dani was beginning to panic.

She grabbed the new denim boots on her legs and feet and pulled on them, but they wouldn’t budge. She then tried to pull the white panties off of herself, but they were also affixed firmly in place. Even her lipstick wouldn’t wipe off.

She had wished to look as good as Pamela Anderson in the picture all the time, and she would. Anything she tried on, from sweatpants to socks over her boots, became smoke and disappeared. And nothing she could do would budge the boots or panties from her body.

“Okay, okay Dani, get a grip,” Dani panted, dropping onto her bed. Her back was really beginning to feel the weight of her breasts, as they just missed the top of Dani’s lap and thighs. “Cathy didn’t seem too surprised. Maybe she or Diane knows what happened. I just need to call... or find...”

It was then that Dani realized she didn’t know how to reach either of



them. She had forgotten the way back to their apartment.

“Please excuse the look of the place,” Lez Pino said as he let Diane into the row house. Diane had met Lez at the bar down the street from her apartment. He was tall, broad shouldered, and obviously worked out. He was wearing a suit and sunglasses.

Diane had managed to get to the bar thanks to ripping apart some of Cathy’s bras and stapling the most suitable parts together. They didn’t keep her melons from jiggling around, but they did cut down on the amount of stimulation to her nipples – and obscured them. Now she was only really horny from sitting on her ass at the bar, and from Lez caressing it on the way to his row home.

The interior was dirty. A few bare bulbs lit it. There wasn’t trash laid out all over the place, but it wasn’t the Taj either.

“You must entertain a lot,” Diane joked

“Yes, actually,” said Lez, “A few swinger parties every few months.” Lez’s hand slid down Diane’s back to her ass and she didn’t care. “I’m clean, believe it or not.”

They made their way upstairs, Diane already removing the leather jacket she had claimed from Cathy’s closet. Lez’s room was in the back, and was significantly cleaner than the rest of the house.

Lez had only just closed the door and Diane had already removed her shirt and Franken-bra. Lez was taken aback as he turned around.

“Those are incredible,” he said, grasping Diane’s giant pink nipples and breasts in his hands, “Although maybe you shouldn’t mix your own tanning lotions...”

“Are... are you’re sure you don’t have...” Diane couldn’t get it out, her head was thrown back and she was already nearing orgasm.

“Yes!” Lez growled, dropping his hands, “Damn it, I wish there were no more goddamned STDs, or even fucking unwanted pregnancies for people to bitch about! I’d get laid without this hassle.” He put his hands in his pockets and turned from Diane, obviously frustrated that the issue had persisted.

Diane felt her breasts warm and she became light headed. And happy. For the first time something truly good had come from this whole event, and from the mouth of a total stranger she had picked up in the bar.

“Take me!” Diane yelled, leaping onto Lez’s body. He nearly fell over, but reached around and grabbed Diane by her ass. She squealed as he carried her to his bed. He tossed her on, and Diane cried out again as her skirt-clad ass landed on the bed. Lez grabbed her skirt and pulled it off, followed quickly by her panties. The smell of her dripping sex filled the room. He threw aside his suit jacket before stripping his pants and shorts off.

Diane cried out and came harder than ever before as a dick – Lez’s thick, eight inch penis - finally filled her. She could feel the rim of his head pop inside her, easily sliding within her well-slicked hot box. He pumped her

again and again, each time pushing Diane to another orgasm as he sucked and massaged her breasts and her bare ass rubbed against the bed sheets. Her own hands were running up and down his body, grabbing him by his own ass as she tried to pull even more of his pulsing member deep inside of her. Finally Lez's body stiffened up as he shot his load into her.

For a moment, Diane feared getting pregnant but then realized she didn't want a baby, and because of Lez now she wouldn't conceive one. She grabbed his body and wrapped her arms and legs around him, her nipples rubbing against his chest hair and sending shivers down her back.

"When can we do it again?" Diane sighed, letting her body relax. Lez laughed.

"Damn, you're practically insatiable, aren't you?"

"Just very sensitive... everywhere."

"Man, I wish you were my fucking harem girl or something. I could get used to doing you every night."

Diane felt her breasts go warm, and she again felt light headed. She had just been wished into practically being Lez's love slave. But, thanks to Cathy, she didn't care.

"Maybe I could, too," she teased. Lez smiled, running his hands down her shoulders, breasts, sides, and cupping her ass. Diane shuddered. "Do you have anything to drink?"

"Sure thing," Lez said. Diane shuddered again as Lez pulled himself out of her and walked across the room to his minifridge. He pulled out two beer bottles and turned around, admiring Diane's naked body, save her high heels, spread out across his bed. Her giant pink breasts sat beside each other, ever so slightly flattened out from their usually perfect orb shape.

"Damn, girl! I really lucked out," Lez chuckled, popping the cap off of one bottle and handing it to Diane, "Meeting a piece of ass like you tonight."

"And I lucked out meeting your piece tonight," Diane smiled, and she seductively took the top of the bottle in her mouth. As her lips wrapped around it Lez sighed.

"I wish I had a faster recharge time," Lez clucked, opening his own beer, "I would love to do that body of yours a few more times before I had to get to bed."

There was the usual pause as Diane felt her breasts tingle and her head go light once again. Lez cocked his head as Diane seemed to get sleepy, when he noticed a different head cock. His dick suddenly flowed into a full erection. He nearly dropped the beer.

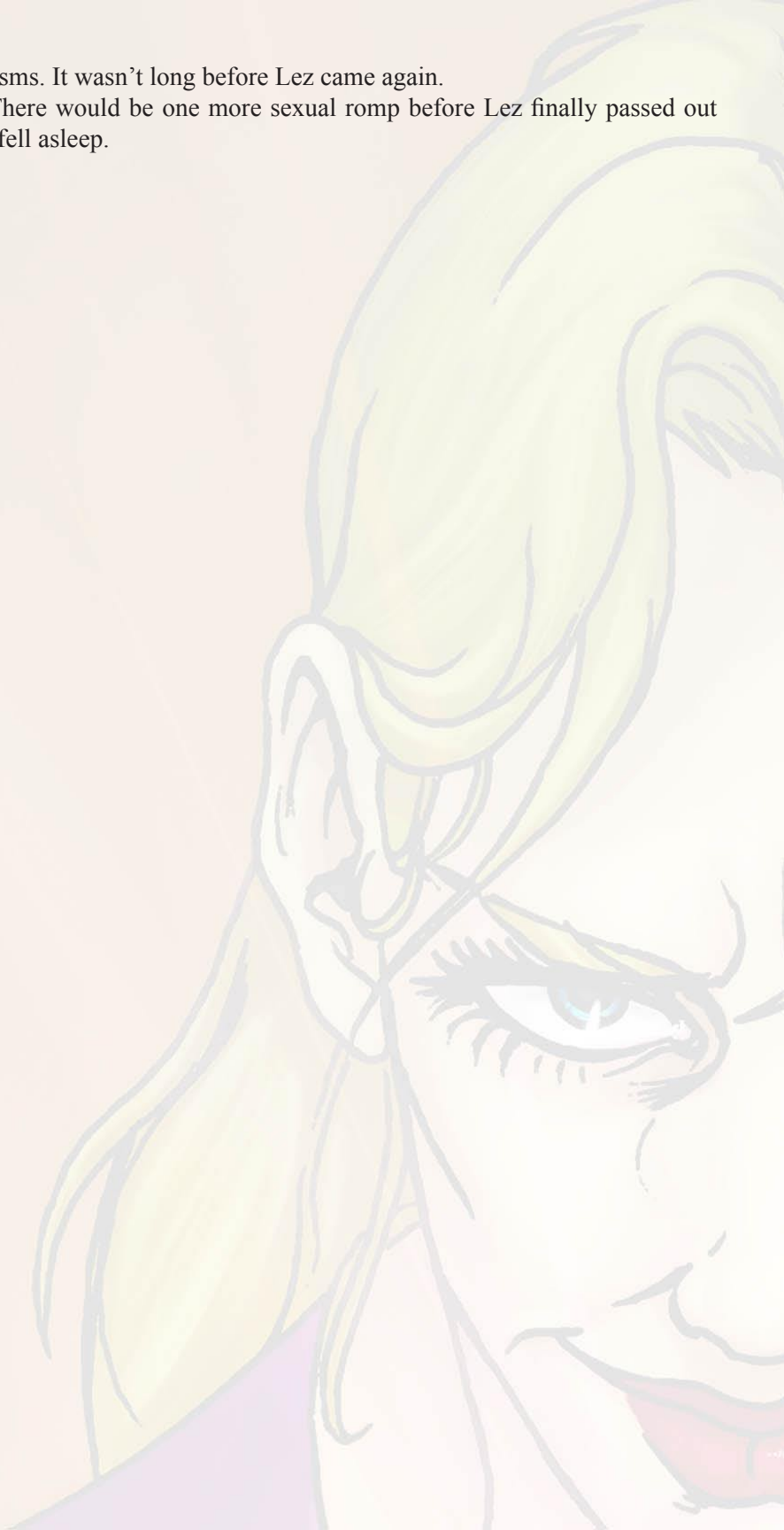
"Wow, girl!" Lez exclaimed, standing up in amazement, "No one's ever been able to do that to me before!"

Diane stared as his hard pole with rapt attention. She slid across the bed, grabbed his thighs, and took his dick in her mouth. She eagerly sucked and licked his dick, as Lez actually dropped his beer. He reached down and began to twist and pull Diane's nipples, sending her into another cycle of



orgasms. It wasn't long before Lez came again.

There would be one more sexual romp before Lez finally passed out and fell asleep.



Chapter VI

Diane could not believe that she had spent nearly the entire week in Lez's townhouse. Monday morning, when he woke up for work, he had casually joked that she should stay at his house while he was at work – as any concubine or harem girl should. Diane laughed it off, expecting to return to her apartment after he'd gone, but she realized she couldn't bring herself to walk out the door.

Lez's wish had made Diane, as a proper harem girl, obedient to him. Even though Lez didn't realize it himself, thanks to the offhand wording of his wish, Diane knew that she had become his personal lover, and was to do what she was told. Which meant that until he said or requested otherwise, she was trapped in his townhouse.

Lez had seemed shocked to find Diane still in his home when he finished work Monday, but was certainly not upset about it. They fucked five times that night, six Tuesday, five times with a blowjob Wednesday, and four times Thursday, once in the shower.

Diane was thankful he had used all his wishes that first night. Once he seemed to realize that she wasn't leaving, he became a bit more dominant and forceful. He came very close to hitting her once when he didn't come as fast as he wanted. She seriously regretted being stuck with him.

Diane had managed to find some old dresses in a closet in one of Lez's unused rooms. It was black and stretchy and had built in cups. One of his former houseguests must have left it, she guessed. She was examining it when Lez arrived back from work Friday evening.

"Diane? Where are you?" Lez immediately shouted as he opened the door.

"I'm up here," Diane shouted back down.

"Get dressed. We're going out."

Club Sway was a gentleman's club down near the center of the city. Everyone knew of it, since Club Sway had paid for a billboard by Route 67, and had neon signs all over it that could be seen from a mile away down certain streets. Thanks to its location, it was a pretty clean strip club, the clientele not too low or dirty but it was still a city strip club. A few fights had broken out and the police suspected illegal activities, but Club Sway's owner, Jimmy DelNoto, was very good at making problems go away.

Lez paid the driver and pulled himself out of the taxi. On the other side of the street, Diane carefully stepped out of the cab. The cups of the black dress just kept her nipples in check, but her breasts bulged out of the dress's neckline. She had found some toner and subdued the bright pink - which strangely Lez had never commented on further. Diane was still wearing Cathy's Halloween shoes, but had found some silk panties in the closet the dress had come from. They stimulated her ass, but it wasn't unbearable.

Lez and Diane entered the awning-covered doors of Club Sway, Diane





getting looks left and right from both the men and women.

Inside it was dark, and a solid bass pounded away. Diane could barely make out the music that was presumably supposed to go with the booming sound. Lez led her to a table one away from the side of the long stage that came all the way out from the back of the building. Poles ran from the stage to the ceiling, and there were already some topless women in thongs dancing away. Diane was impressed that they all seemed to be at least acceptably attractive. She noticed that all the tables near the stage were filled mostly with college students and some older men. She spotted a few women sitting at other tables, but they were all near the back of the room.

Along one side of the room was a bar, and past that were the restrooms. On the other side of stage looked to be some private rooms, and a hallway that lead to the backstage area.

“I’m Kori, what do you want to drink?” a waitress strutted up to them. She wore a white tank top and short skirt, with pumps. Her blonde hair was pulled up. She was attractive, with a thin-but-nowhere-near-toned body and was chewing gum. As she bent over Diane could see her B cups dangling with no bra.

Lez ordered two draft beers, and smacked Kori’s ass as she turned around. He smiled at her disgust, and Diane began thinking hard about how she could get away from Lez.

“You’ll love this place,” Lez said, leaning forward, “It’s great.”

“I’m sure,” Diane half smiled.

“I’ll probably get some ass backstage a little later. You can chat up any potential ménage a trois partners while I’m... busy.”

Diane got a little wet at the idea, which she unsuccessfully tried to shake off.

Suddenly the lights dimmed. The girls who had been dancing along the poles collected the singles that had dropped from their g-strings and strutted off and disappeared backstage. Suddenly a spotlight hit the curtains center stage.

“GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!” a voice erupted over the speaker system, “AS ALWAYS, THIS IS JIMMY DELNOTO, YOUR HUMBLE CLUB OWNER, WELCOMING YOU TO CLUB SWAY! IN JUST A MOMENT WE’RE GOING TO BE STARTING OUR EVENING REVIEW! SO SIT BACK, ORDER THOSE DRINKS, AND SAY HELLO TO... SECOND HAND SANDRA!”

The curtain flew open, and a woman of about 25, Diane guessed, hit the spotlight. She was dressed in layers of what looked to be clothing from a thrift store just thrown about her body. She clacked down the stage in high heels that almost made even Diane cringe.

Sandra eyed up the crowd and grabbed a pole, swinging herself around it.

“BUT WAIT JUST A MOMENT,” Jimmy’s voice boomed again,

“SANDRA SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN HER MONEY! EVEN A USED BUCK FIFTY SUMMER CAMPT-SHIRT HAS TO BE PAID FOR! CAN ANYONE HELP POOR SANDRA?”

Sandra gave a pout and shrugged towards the audience. The men and boys near the stage began tossing a few ones at her, but nothing torrential.

“OH NO, SANDRA! THAT’S NOT ENOUGH! LOOKS LIKE YOU’LL HAVE TO LEAVE SOME OF THOSE ITEMS BEHIND!”

Sandra began stripping. And the men started throwing more bills at her. When Sandra and Jimmy’s little role-play was finished, Sandra stood naked save for her heels and a thong. She was slim, with a great body. Diane thought her ass could be a bit fuller, but Sandra had obviously gotten breast augmentation. Her D-cup breasts stood out proudly from her chest.

Sandra strutted across the stage and then stepped out onto the first table. The men hooted and hollered, as she stepped from the table closest to the stage to Lez and Diane’s table. Sandra bent over as if to kiss Lez on the top of the head, then quickly swung over and ran a finger across the top of Diane’s overflowing breasts and up to her hair. This really had the crowd in an uproar, and Jimmy’s PA powered voice could barely be heard.

“WELL, SANDRA, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU’VE RETURNED EVERYTHING. LET’S HERE IT FOR SECOND HAND SANDRA!”

The club went wild as Sandra stepped back across to the stage. As she exited another girl stepped out.

Diane sighed as girl after girl worked it on the stage. The strip shows did turn her on, but she was more concerned about other things.

“I have to use the bathroom,” she finally whispered to Lez as Naughty Nurse Nancy was finishing her act.

“Fine, but come straight back when you’re done,” Lez answered.

“Fine,” Diane answered, getting up. She made her way down the bar towards the bathrooms, her boobs bouncing and her ass being caressed with every step.

But just as she neared the end of the bar, her waitress came zipping around the corner, not paying attention. They slammed into each other, and the pitcher of beer Kori had been carrying for another table splashed all over them both.


“SHIT!” the waitress yelled out, grabbing the fallen pitcher and slamming it back onto the bar. Kori’s nipples were now clearly visible through her white shirt. Diane shook her hands and arms, as beer dripped from her. Some of the toner on her breasts was beginning to drip off. In the confusion of the moment, Diane had not noticed Jimmy announce the next dancer – “DANI THE BAY WATCHER!”

“I’m sorry,” the waitress finally said to Diane, “Let’s go dry off.”

Diane shrugged and followed Kori to the women’s room.

“Here,” said the waitress, grabbing paper towels out of the bathroom dispenser, “It was my fault, let me help.” Before Diane could say anything, Kori was dabbing off the beer from the front of Diane’s dress.





“Not, it’s, I...” Diane realized she was getting wet in other areas from this. “Please, I can do it myself.” Diane grabbed Kori’s hands, not realizing in the process that the back of Kori’s right hand had just brushed across her overflowing left breast.

As the waitress backed up, in a bit of a huff, to concentrate on herself, she noticed the pink coloration of Diane’s breasts through the weakened and wiped toner.

“Shit, girl,” said Kori, turning to dry her own shirt off, “Did I hit your tits with the pitcher or something? What’s with the color?”

“Oh, uh, nothing,” Diane mumbled, turning to one of the mirrors, “So, uh, do you dance on stage at all?”

“Me? Hell no. Jimmy says I gotta get my tits and things done before I can go up there. He can shove it. Like I wish I had a bubble ass, inch thick lips, and a pair of udders on my chest with shot glass nipples,” Kori suddenly seemed extremely angry about it, as if she was secretly jealous of the dancers. But as Diane felt the familiar tingle and lightheadedness, she realized that the waitress was likely to regret such covetous thoughts shortly.

Kori suddenly moaned and leaned over the sink, dropping both hands down to support herself. Her slit began to moisten as her ass began growing outward. Diane watched as it began to form a peach shape, but then kept going. Kori’s ass grew and stretched, pushing the mini skirt up over her double moons. By the time it was finished reforming it looked as if the waitress had attached half a basketball to each of her ass cheeks. Diane thought idly that, maybe, she could rest a beer can on the top of the new bubble butt.

“Oh my God,” Kori moaned, squeezing her legs together, “I’ve neber feld zumtheng asth gud asth thiff...” Diane leaned forward and watched as the waitress’ lips began to puff up, becoming fuller and fuller. Kori’s words became more and more mumbled as her lips reached obscene sizes. “I fel funnee dohn heh...” the waitress garbled out as her lips reached their final one inch thickness, pouting out prominently from her face. Diane guessed that any man’s cock would appreciate Kori’s new pillows against it. Still chewing her gum, it seemed lost in Kori’s inflated mouth. It was then that Diane noticed that she was clawing at her mini skirt. Diane realized as Kori tried to tug it off that the wording of her wish had not been precisely in one area – her nether lips had also puffed up to their new shape, swallowing up the waitress’s thong. Her pussy lips pushed against each other and now rubbed against the waitress’s thighs. They glistened with her arousal.

But that wasn’t what Diane was really waiting to see.

Kori’s white tank top began to be drawn up from her stomach as her breasts ballooned out from her chest. They grew larger and larger, with each passing moment going further into the alphabet of cup sizes and sporting equipment...

Diane started to back away a bit as the waitress’s breasts continued to

grow without sign of stopping. The skin was getting tighter and stretching as it went, as well as getting... thicker? Kori's shirt was now pulled completely over her growing tits, and she was mumbling with passion as she orgasmed. Diane watched in confusion as the waitress's nipples now seemed to be forming Xs... and then each split into four separate nipples and areola!

Diane suddenly put it together... the waitress had asked for udders with shot glass sized nipples. And she was going to get literally two cow's udders on her chest with big human nipples. Diane gasped as the skin of Kori's ballooning boulders looked as if it was getting a bit leathery, and her mountains began to become more and more the shape of real cow udders. Her eight nipples grew and lengthened, shifting down more so towards the bottom of the waitress's new pair of udders. Each seemed to show a drop of white liquid on the end.

Finally, the changes ceased.

Diane looked at the transformed woman with undisguised lust. Her ass popped out like a pair of bowls a good six inches from her thighs and lower back, her skirt completely pulled up over her backside. Diane could see she was still fingering herself through her enormous pussy lips. The lips on her mouth were also ridiculously thick, to the point of making her almost incapable of actual speech. And two udders, easily four times the size of Diane's impressive breasts, hung from her chest. She was already tugging and pulling at the four huge nipples on one breast, and streams of milk were trickling down her nearly stripped body.

"Oh gohb, I'b nebu feld zo goob..." Kori moaned, sliding down towards the floor, but suddenly stumbling backwards into one of the bathroom stalls. She settled against the wall and toilet, lost in her orgasmic rush.

Diane stood in the bathroom nearly on the verge of joining the transformed woman in the stall. Then she felt something like a mental tug. Lez had ordered her to come back after finishing in the bathroom, so Diane quickly did her business in the other stall and returned to the table, leaving Kori to come to terms with her new body when she was done masturbating.

A few more girls danced after Diane returned. But it was soon obvious that despite the ongoing review, Lez was getting fidgety.


"C'mon," he barked to Diane as he stood up during French Maid Marie's dance, "I need to fuck a new cunt."

With Diane in tow, Lez passed a fifty to the man guarding the backstage entrance and began making his way around towards the various dressing rooms.

"I'm gonna find that Baywatch bitch. You see if there are any girls around interested in an evening with the two of us," Lez smiled, sending Diane off in one direction, while Lez made his way in the other. Diane frowned to herself, but was now finally excited at the idea of a threesome – feeling the hands of someone who wasn't Lez on her body would be extremely appreciated after the past week.

But just as Diane started to work her way down the hallway she heard what sounded like... sobbing? To her left, Diane spotted a door cracked open a bit. She walked over and pushed it open gently.

"Hello?" Diane quietly ventured, looking around to see if anyone was inside. It



was a small dressing room. Wall lights, combined with the mirrors to make the lighting almost too bright, and clothing was strewn everywhere, from the floor, to the chairs, and all over the pathetically overwhelmed costume rack. And in the corner, on a pile of can-can dancer outfits, sat a woman sniffing.

“Hi... sorry...” the woman replied, hiding her face. Her body was attractive, and her dark hair hung down to her shoulders. She was sitting and wearing leather panties, with no top. Her breasts were only C-cups but capping them were nipples a little bigger than shot glasses – about the size of Diane’s. The woman’s areola practically covered her bosom.

“I’m Diane, what’s wrong?” Diane asked, sitting down on a nearby pile. She almost moaned as the rough fabric of the dresses pushed against her sensitive butt cheeks.

“I... my name is Sharon. I was supposed to dance tonight... I didn’t... I don’t know what Jimmy’s gonna do... it’s my first night...”

“First night?” Diane asked, almost fingering herself through her dress as Sharon’s sobs caused her breasts to ripple and her nipples to wobble up and down.

“I got fired a week ago for lying about vacation time. I was at spa and these...” she motioned towards her tits in disgust, “...just grew. They thought I was using my off time for augmentation surgery. I haven’t been able to find another job since then, and since my boyfriend ran away with some woman-”

“What? He left those – you?” Diane gasped, catching herself.

“Barn never saw them,” Sharon sniffled, “I went to his apartment and found it unlocked. He was gone, and I found a woman’s jacket and a dildo, along with his clothes. He hasn’t been answering his calls so I guess he just ran off with some slut.”

“I’m sorry, that’s awful,” Diane said quietly, half remembering her experience with Barn.

“So, since I got fired and Barn can’t help me, I need a way to pay the rent, so I figured I’d use these monstrosities for something... but I just can’t go out there...” Sharon started to sob quietly again.

“Hey, hey, it’ll be alright,” Diane said, resting her hand on Sharon’s leg, “They’re not monstrosities.”

“Oh yeah?” Sharon snapped, “No one has nipples like these things.”

Diane didn’t respond, she just heaved her dress straps off her shoulders and let her breasts bounce loose. As her nipples unfurled themselves from their confinement, Diane reveled in the sensation of the air against her all-too-long-oppressed breasts. Sharon just stared, slack jawed.

“They’re...”

“You can touch them, if you want,” Diane suggested.

Sharon thought this absurd at first, but curiosity overwhelmed her. She wanted to make sure that they were real. She reached forward and began to play with Diane’s nipples.

“Holy shit...” Sharon trailed off.

“You know...” Diane moaned, “My boyfriend wants to have a ménage a trois tonight... he’d probably pay well...”

“No, thank you,” Sharon sighed, continuing to amuse herself with Diane’s tits, “The next person I fuck, I’ll fuck because I really want them. Fuck you, Barn. I wish I was in a passionate relationship and with a lover who couldn’t leave me...”

Diane felt the usual sensations in her breasts after a wish, but coupled with Sharon’s continued attention to them it was an even more erotic experience. Diane would have come if Sharon hadn’t suddenly disappeared.

Through her usual lightheadedness Diane almost didn’t realize Sharon was gone. She had closed her eyes at the peak of the sensations, but now opened them again as she realized her tits were no longer being attended to. Diane searched the dressing room wide-eyed, but Sharon was nowhere to be found. Before she could think too hard on the subject, Diane suddenly heard someone shouting down the hall.

“DIANE!”

It was Lez, and Diane rolled her tits and nipples back into her dress quickly, and pulled the shoulder straps back up. Diane emerged out of the door just as Lez had stomped to it.

“Fucking hell, there you are,” he muttered, “Find someone for tonight?”

“Uh... I thought I did...” Diane tried to explain.

“Figures, fucking women. Good thing I found Jane myself. C’mon, that Bay-bitch didn’t put out, we’re leaving.”

As they left, Diane felt the tingle in her breasts again.

In one of the many dressing rooms behind the stage, Sandra and Nancy had been discussing what they would love to be able to do on stage. While Nancy had wanted to be able to do a full split, Sandra wanted something that could also pleasure herself, and had casually wished she could lick her own nipples. Her scream was muffled as her tongue grew and stretched out of her mouth, resting on her chest like a fleshy necktie, just long enough to reach her own nipples.



Chapter VII

A very surprised Sharon had suddenly found herself materialized on a bed, in a bedroom she had never even seen before. To her left was an easy chair, in front of her a bureau and full length mirror, and the door was to her right. Clothing was, again, everywhere - a particularly big pile on the floor to the left of the bed.

At first Sharon didn't know what to think. She had been twisting... Diane was it? She had been twisting Diane's nipples in Club Sway and then she was suddenly here. In this strange bedroom, still wearing nothing but leather panties. Her nipples seemed to be suddenly hard. She looked around, trying to get an idea of where she was, when she caught an image in the mirror. It looked like... a knee on the floor?

Just the sight of that suddenly caused Sharon to dampen her leather thong, and she crawled to the end of the bed, looked down, and suddenly flushed everywhere with passion and lust.

An extremely realistic sex doll was lying on the floor, and Sharon had never experienced such love for anyone or anything before. She immediately rolled off the bed onto the sex toy, and began making passionate love to it.

Sharon kissed it, sticking her tongue deep into the open O and sliding all around inside. One hand kneaded a latex breast and nipple, while the other worked its way around the O between the doll's legs. Sharon's pussy was dripping wet, and she rubbed it against the top of the doll's thigh.

"Oh, Cathy!" Sharon moaned, and suddenly wondered where the name had come from. But it felt right and the thought was quickly out of her mind. The idea that she had never found herself attracted to woman, or even the idea of a sex doll, never had the time to occur to her. All Sharon cared about was grinding and moving her supple flesh all over the body of the latex doll.

Inside her rubber prison, Cathy's mind was going wild. She didn't know how long it had been since Diane had left her there. She only knew that she was slowly being driven insane by her intense horniness and her inability to relieve it. But now, with someone's tongue inside what was once her shapely mouth, and fingers exploring her artificially opened pussy, Cathy was experiencing orgasm after orgasm. And she lusted after the woman who was providing them... Sharon was it? All she could see with her affixed and open eyes was a side of the face that was passionately sucking on the orifice in her own rubber face.

Sharon, however, slowly began to tire. She wanted nothing more than to pleasure her lover, but realized she was putting in a lot of effort to the love making and getting nothing back. She was horny as hell, and Cathy couldn't get her off.

"Damnit, I wish you could do me back," Sharon groaned out of frustration.

Suddenly a pair of latex hands reached up and grabbed Sharon's oversized nipples, starting her into her first orgasm of many.

Lez, Diane, and the dancer Lez picked up – who was called Jane - had made their way out of the taxi and up to Lez's bedroom. Always the king of tact and patience, it wasn't long before they were naked and going at it on Lez's bed.

Jane was attractive, one of the better looking girls at the Club. She was thin, pretty fit, with tits that had once been maybe a C but were now well over a D, thanks to some surgery. Her hair was a dark red but her body was completely smooth and Diane couldn't find a carpet to see if it matched the curtains.

Not that at this point Diane gave a shit. They moved back and forth on the bed, switching positions as Lez demanded it. For a while he pounded his dick into Jane from behind, as Diane massaged and kissed Lez's back. Lez then got on Diane and fucked her, while she ate out Jane, who was making out with Lez over Diane's body. After a few orgasms Lez sat out and watched as Jane and Diane 69ed, before he joined back in and tit fucked them each in succession. He then demanded a blowjob from Jane and making out with Diane over her.

This continued on for an hour or so, and Diane had practically orgasmed through all of it. After each scream of pleasure, she would look to Jane who had maybe orgasmed for real once – she was obviously there on business, not pleasure. Diane actually felt sorry that Jane wasn't enjoying it more.

"Alright!" Jane finally announced as Lez blew his load on her tits. While he and Diane laid back in afterglow, she pulled her naked body out of the bed. "Any longer and it'll be more."

"Fuck, what am I, King Midas?" Lez's anger was beginning to build – he obviously wasn't done, "I paid you for the night."

"You paid me for a three-way," Jane shot back, "And I already let it run longer than I should have. If you want more, provide the gold, oh mighty king."

"Midas, pfft," Diane laughed. Deep inside her she didn't want Jane to make any accidental wishes – she didn't want anyone touching her and turning her to gold, trapping her like Cathy had been, "That power sucked, right?"

"Ha, I've read stories where the girls turned to gold orgasm for eternity," Lez laughed, "This bitch can't even get me to orgasm through one night."

"One last chance, and then I'm leaving," Jane announced, edging over to where her clothing was piled.

"Fuck off, whore," Lez laughed, "That's all you bitches are - greedy big titted whores."

"Yeah, well..." Jane snapped back, picking up her bra, "I wish you'd live the rest of your life as a new 'big titted whore' done up for work. See how you like it."





“Get the fuck-”

Diane was already feeling the tingle and lightheadedness as Lez stopped dead in his sentence. He had a strange look on his face, and suddenly started to moan.

“Oh... I... what...?”

Lez’s entire body began to lose its sharp edges. His shoulders and arms started to become more feminine, and his chest hair fell out. His jaw and face shifted to take on a softer appearance, and make up appeared on it. He was nearly screaming in pleasure now, his cock spurting as he came. Suddenly it stopped however, and as his body started to take on a more hourglass shape, Lez’s dick started to be sucked inside of his body. Diane and Jane watched – Jane with her mouth agape and had long dropped the bra to the floor – as Lez’s dick became shorter and shorter, and as the last of the shaft disappeared inside his crotch the head of his penis soon popped inside a new cavity in his lower body. As his leg hair disappeared and legs themselves became shapelier, Diane and Jane could see the familiar folds of a vagina unfurl from Lez’s new cavity. It was soon dripping with the usual womanly juices.

Just as Lez’s body seemed to finish the more major transformation, her flat chest began to move. Lez’s nipples became exceptionally hard as the breast flesh began to grow. Lez moaned and palmed her inflating tits, fingers spreading apart as they grew from apples, to oranges, to cantaloupes... soon Lez was supporting a pair of watermelons hanging from her chest. As the transformation made its final adjustments, Diane examined Lez’s new body.

It was almost like looking at Lez’s twin sister – she was essentially recognizable as Lez, but in the form of a woman. The facial features were similar, the hairstyle unchanged, and any muscle tone normal for a woman still existed on Lez’s new body as it had on the old one.

As the erotic side effects of the wish started to wear off, Lez finally took a look at the new body.

“What the fuck!” she screamed, “How did this happen?”

“My breasts are magic,” Diane felt required to reply, “They’re like a genie’s. They granted Jane’s wish for you to be a big titted whore.”

Lez stared at her dumbfounded for a moment, but the possible truth of her statement was hard to ignore.

“Well, I wish I was a man again!” Lez shouted. She looked down at her body expecting a change, but nothing happened. She leaned forward and rubbed Diane’s breasts, and repeated the wish. Again, nothing. “Why won’t I turn back?”

“You used your three wishes already, unknowingly,” Diane replied rather timidly.

“Hahaha!” Jane suddenly shouted, as if snapping out of a dream, “It came true! Fuck! Haha, take that! Fuck you! You assholes make this life shit! Enjoy your body, Queen Midas!” Jane was nearly doubled over in

laughter.

“Fuck you,” Lez snapped back, “I wish you were a horny golden statue!”

Jane continued to laugh for a moment, then suddenly went quiet. Diane was extremely surprised to find her breasts were suddenly tingling again.

Jane moaned as her tits and pussy suddenly seemed to be on fire. She needed someone, anyone or thing, to touch her. She gasped and fell to her knees.

Jane suddenly felt as though her entire body was covered in goose bumps as her one hand slid towards her dripping pussy, and the other moved towards a breast. Just as she nearly reached both, her whole body stopped moving.

Diane and Lez watched as her skin seemed to tan, and then began to take on a shine. A golden metal texture seemed to spread from her nipples and pussy, transforming her skin as it slowly spread out across her mounds and valleys. It covered over her round ass, down her legs, and over every single toe. It spread up her neck, choked one final desperate moan from her mouth, and washed over her eyes, which became featureless orbs. It finally washed down her hair like a waterfall. Her pussy remained glistening and wet, but that was the only sign that the golden erotic statue had ever been a living, breathing woman. Inside her golden prison, Jane silently begged for someone to touch her.

Lez stared at the transformation and walked slowly towards the Jane statue. She knocked on her arm, and the helpless mind inside discovered that human touch only made her hornier, with no possible release.

“How’d that happen, then?” Lez demanded, stomping back over to Diane.

“I... I...” Diane was quickly thinking it through. “I guess since she wished you as a ‘new big-titted whore’ your wishes were reset as you became a new person...” Diane mused, “But since she wished you’d live your life as a woman, you couldn’t cancel it by becoming a man again, and void the whole reason you had more wishes anyway.”

“So turning that bitch into my new foyer decoration was my first wish in this body?” Lez sneered.

“Yes.”

“Fine,” Lez suddenly grabbed Diane’s tits and roughly rubbed them. Lez didn’t actually have any idea if she needed to, it just seemed like a good idea at the time.

“I wish I had unlimited wishes from your breasts.”

Diane hoped it wouldn’t work, but a familiar tingle and feeling in her head told her it had.

“Well?”

“It is so,” she sighed.

“Good, good,” clapped Lez, and she sat on her bed, an evil grin on her face.





Chapter VIII

Lez was a person who had suddenly come into great power, but didn't have the ambitions to match it. While many would have realized that to get everything they wanted out of life really would only require one well thought out, properly worded wish, Lez was not one of those people. Lez was a person of many petty wants and without any planning she was simply going to wish for a solution to each desire as it came along. And right now, possibly in part thanks to Jane's wish, she was horny.

"I wish that the three most attractive dancers from Club Sway were in this room, naked, right now," Lez smiled.

Nothing happened.

Lez frowned.

"Why didn't it work?" he demanded.

"You need to rub my breasts between each wish," Diane gritted her teeth through the answer. Lez jumped off the bed and molested her tits again.

"I wish the three most attractive dancers from Club Sway were in this room, naked, right now, and couldn't go anywhere until I said otherwise," Lez added.

Suddenly, in a line across his bedroom, Marie, Sandra and Dani materialized out of nowhere, naked as the day they were born.

"What the fuck?" Marie shouted, finding she couldn't lift her feet from the floor.

"Shit, what now?" Dani exclaimed, and suddenly she saw Diane, "DIANE! Holy shit! I thought I'd never see you again! I—"

"I wish the women in this room were bisexual and would follow every order that comes out of my mouth." Lez was rubbing Diane's tits. When she was satisfied that her wish had been granted, she ordered everyone in the room to shut up for ten minutes – which they did. Except for Sandra, who hadn't said a word and was holding her hand over her mouth.


"Now," Lez smiled, rubbing Diane's breasts and then walking towards Marie, "Time to customize my harem."

Marie didn't know what that meant but she was already terrified enough from suddenly appearing naked inside a strange bedroom. She was an attractive girl, with natural D breasts and dark hair. Lez looked her up and down and played with her breasts a little.

"You were the French maid in the Club Sway review," Lez smiled. Marie nodded her head. "Well, this place could use a little cleaning."

Lez took a deep breath.

"I wish you were a real French maid, and could speak only in French, in addition



your breasts will be an E cup and overflowing from the sexy French maid's outfit you will always wear despite it being one size too small and you will never wear any underwear with it so you can be fucked anytime under the skirt, and you're never found without your feather duster and sexy high heels."PIC4

Marie's eyes went wide.

Diane felt the tingle in her breasts and watched as a skimpy, sexy, French maid's outfit seemed to form out of nothingness around Marie's body. It tightened itself around her, causing Marie to gasp. It was low cut and the skirt was nearly nonexistent, showing most of her ass. The only place it was too big was around Marie's breasts, but that was soon changed as Marie's breasts inflated like balloons inside her new permanent outfit.

As her former D-cups neared their new E-cup size, they pressed against the fabric of the dress. As the fabric stretched and grew tight, Marie's new tits pushed up and over her frilly top before stopping. Marie felt herself raise up a little as black high heels formed around her bare feet, and a feather duster appeared in one hand to finish the transformation. Lez smiled.

"You may speak now."

A flurry of French curses erupted from Marie's mouth before she clapped her hands over it in shock. Timidly she tried again to demand Lez turn her back – but all she heard was French coming out of her mouth. While Marie was speaking French, she still only understood English. She had no idea if what she was saying in French actually was what she was trying to say in English.

Marie stood, wide eyed and bewildered, as Lez smiled to herself. Finally Lez spoke up again.

"Clean."

Marie would have rather slapped Lez, but found she suddenly had this impulse to clean, so she started to. Lez smiled as her new sexy maid dusted and tidied, showing off her naked ass every time she bent over.

"Now," Lez said, moving over to Sandra, "Let's see what-"

Lez stopped as she noticed that Sandra still had her hand over her mouth. She cocked her head and stared at it a moment.

"Lower your hand."

Sandra did so, and her tongue, nearly a foot long, slapped against her chest. She could only manage to twitch it. Lez stared at her a moment, then thought back to Club Sway. She smiled.

“You made a wish, naughty girl.”

Sandra looked at Lez and seemed to plead with all of her essence for some sort of help. Lez was now standing just to the side of Diane, and could rub her pink orbs whenever she needed to, and did so.

“I wish you could better move and use your long tongue.”

Sandra stared at Lez a moment. She had hoped Lez would fix her situation, but before she could think more on it suddenly her tongue lifted off her chest. Sandra found she could use it like an extra appendage – a prehensile appendage, similar to a monkey’s tail, but growing out of her mouth. She waved it at Lez.

“Yes, yes,” Lez sighed, “Suck it back in.”

Sandra suddenly looked like she was in pain, since Lez’s command was restricted by the fact that her tongue did not fit back into her mouth, let alone could she suck it back in.

“Hmmm.” Lez observed this. “I wish that you were physically capable of sucking your tongue back into your mouth, and that your mouth was reformed to give the best blowjobs ever.”

Sandra’s eyes went wide at this – she didn’t want to lose her mouth! Her face was already strange enough with a ten inch tongue.

She stood for a moment, when she felt the back and bottom of her mouth start to shift. Suddenly, she found she could suck her tongue into her head, the back of it disappearing down a new section of her throat.

Before Sandra could get out a word though, she felt her teeth changing. No... dissolving away. What good were they to Lez’s wish? As Sandra felt herself losing her teeth, she also felt her jaw changing. While there was no visible difference looking at her face, the musculature of her entire jaw was reforming. Inside her mouth, Sandra’s tongue could feel the insides of her cheeks, and the top and bottom of her mouth become soft and ribbed. The entire inside of her mouth had become nothing but a soft, ribbed tube, and she could flex and move every part of it. Tears were streaming down Sandra’s face.

“Open up,” Lex ordered, and Sandra stretched open her new orifice. Its only resemblance to a mouth was her lips. Even simply opening it was different, since her jaw had entirely reformed. She could only open to a stretched O shape at most, and her inner mouth was no good for eating anymore. All she could do was massage and suck a cock, and swallow.

“Excellent,” Lez said to no one in particular, “You’ll be very popular at



the parties. But there's just one thing to add..." Lez reached one hand out to Sandra's breasts and the other to Diane's left tit and fondled it as he spoke.

"I wish your breasts were naturally their current size. I wish you would grow another set of breasts under the pair you currently have. I wish all four breasts would grow to the size of watermelons. I wish that they would be constantly full of great tasting beer. I wish your nipples would grow to be three inches long, an inch thick, and would release the beer when pinched. I also wish your ass would reform to look like a pair of breasts, with the same type of nipples, which would also be filled with beer. I wish for your body to support this new weight without showing any effort."

Lez returned her other hand from Diane's breast to Sandra's in order to feel the changes.

First two bumps appeared on Sandra's torso under her breasts. As these gradually took on the form of nipples and areolas, the flesh beneath them began to grow out. Lez's feminine hands were also quickly overwhelmed as Sandra's original breasts first softened, as the silicon dissolved away into real flesh and then began to grow and swell. Tit flesh pushed around Lez's fingers as Sandra's original tits and then her newly formed ones stretched and grew out and round. Both sets of nipples sprung out of Sandra's knockers as they came to a rest. Sandra's top tits rested on her bottom pair, which rested near her hips.

Sandra would have been screaming in terror, given a normal mouth, if she hadn't been cumming up a storm. Lez ran her hands down Sandra's sides, and over her round ass. She could feel each cheek plump up a little, and then a strange bump formed on each one. Lez felt a nipple push out and grow, pushing between her fingers on each side. In only a minute Sandra's ass looked like it was a perfect pair of breasts.

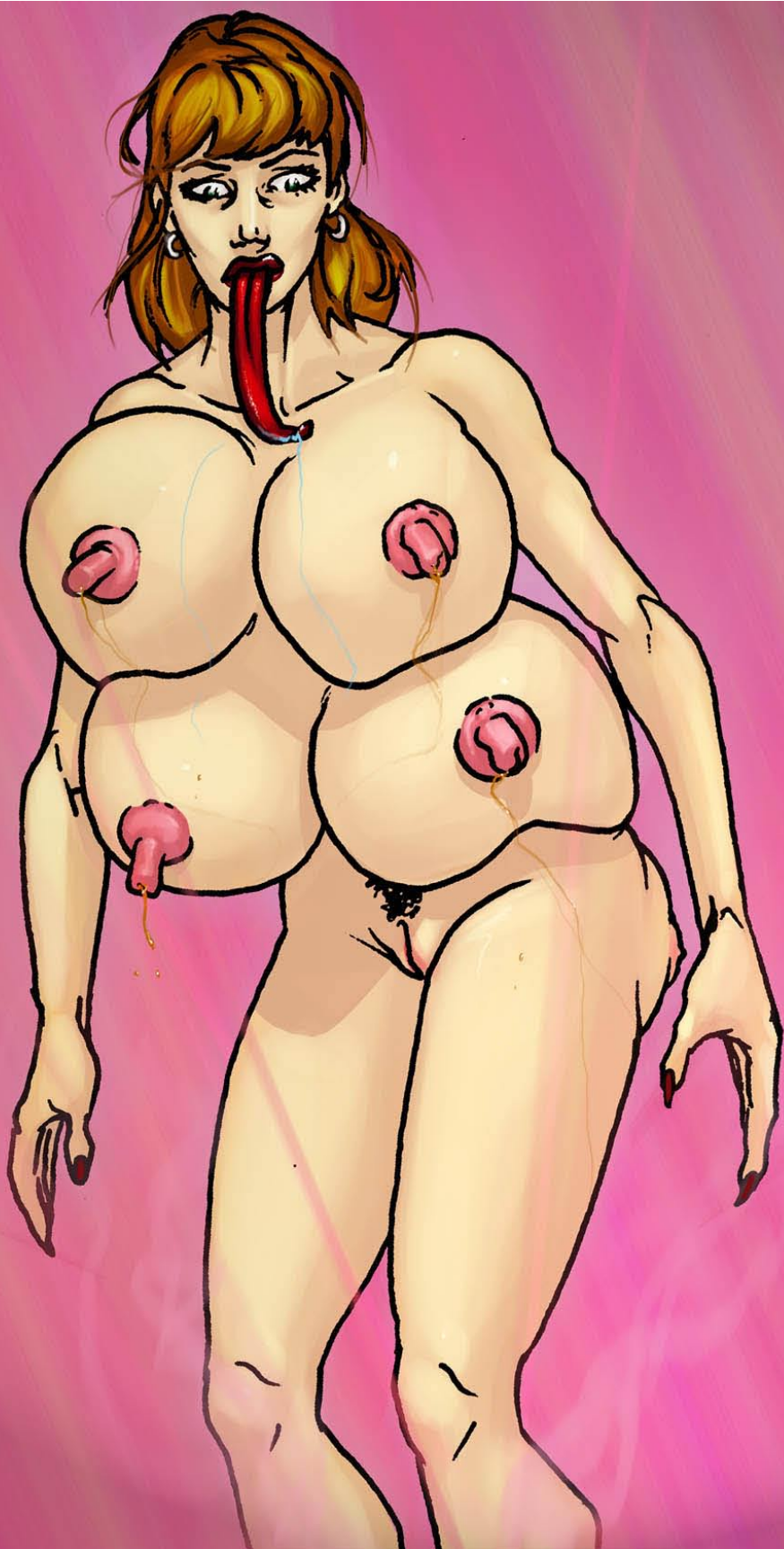
There was a moment while her three new sets of breasts settled into their new sizes when Sandra finally stopped orgasming and stood, slightly disoriented. She looked down at her two new sets of breasts, and felt something drip on them. She brought up a hand, and followed a thick string of saliva to her mouth. It felt as slick as KY jelly. Everyone in the room was staring at her, except for Marie who was cleaning and tidying as she had been ordered.


Suddenly Sandra felt a new sensation in her breasts, as if they were filling with something. Lez licked her lips as she watched Sandra's breasts begin to plump up even further, and droop a little, as they filled with beer. Diane could see Sandra's ass tits fill out a little bit, and the skin looked tight. Sandra's four forward boobs were even larger and heavier than watermelons now.

"Now, jump a few times," Lez ordered, and Sandra did. She was accustomed to feeling her old artificial breasts move, but even just one of her new pair was twice over as heavy as her old tits. She could feel liquid sloshing around inside her four forward tits as they batted against each other, and her ass jiggled and pulled in a way completely alien to her.

As her breasts settled down Lez grabbed one and squeezed the teat. Sandra moaned as a golden liquid suddenly sprayed from her nipple, and Lez quickly sucked on it. After a few gulps Lez let go as if casting Sandra's nipple away.

"It'll do," Lez finally declared, "Go sit somewhere."





Suddenly Sandra realized she could move away from her spot, and in a moment of miscalculated desperation suddenly turned and tried to grab Diane's breasts. But the weight of her own tits caused her to stumble, and Lez grabbed her.

"Oh no you don't," Lez laughed, "All of you girls have to keep your hands away from Diane's breasts. And you..." Lez sneered at Sandra, "Now your punishment is to go fill the bathtub up with beer. And..." Lez rubbed Diane's breasts as Sandra sulked towards the door, "I wish you had another set of arms and hands to help."

Diane could see Sandra's arms start to split and form another pair growing from the original's armpits as she walked out the door, sobbing. Lez watched Sandra's ass tits shake and jiggle for a moment, and then moved to Dani.

"You've had a run in with Diane before, too, haven't you?" Lez asked, eyeing the Pamela Anderson twin up and down. Dani nodded meekly. She was afraid of any further changes to her body.

"You don't know who I am, do you? I am... was... the man you couldn't fuck because those damn panties run across the front of your pussy," Lez sneered. Dani's eyes went wide. She remembered some asshole waving around some hundreds and trying to fuck her backstage but her panties still wouldn't come off and no holes were big enough to let his dick through. If this was the same person, she was worried what she may wish.

"Well," said Lez as she again molested Diane's tits, "I wish that your panties would stretch so a man could fuck you."

The only thing Dani felt was the fabric of her panties becoming a bit less tight around her hips. She reached down her hands and tried to take them off, but they still wouldn't budge from her hips. Then Lez shot her hand down to Dani's vagina and grabbed at the fabric. It easily stretched aside, creating access to Dani's bare pussy.

"Excellent," Lez exclaimed, "Get on the bed and stay there."

Dani did as she was told, running up to the bed and climbing onto it. Lez just stood still for a moment, as if trying to think something through.

Diane was also thinking something through. The constant attention to her breasts and the lightheadedness from Lez's many wishes was making it hard, but a voice deep inside her had been slowly putting pieces together as Lez piddled away her limitless wishes.

Diane had been thinking about the wishes. She had slowly begun to realize something – she did have some influence over them. She realized that she had at first imagined how Sandra's new breasts would look – and that's how they had turned out. She had associated Barn's wish about a sex toy with a dildo and then Cathy as a sex doll after her wish. Perhaps she could influence something here against Lez, help the others. But it was hard to concentrate, and she was fighting Cathy's wish. And she needed to test it. After all, she hadn't been around to hear Dani or Sandra's wishes, and they had also turned out equally screwed up.

"I wish that a double headed strap-on dildo would appear in this room,

and that when worn it would make the wearer feel as if she had a real penis,” Lez suddenly announced. Diane thought quickly, and as the tingle and lightheadedness came upon her, a strap-on dildo did appear in the room.

It looked familiar.

Diane smiled.

She had imagined that since Lez wanted it to feel like a real penis, the dildo should have started as one... Diane had turned the Barn dildo into Lez’s new toy. Diane knew that it was her influence that had created the toy as such, and she quickly started concentrating on influencing whatever wish Lez made next.

“Ha ha, great,” Lez smiled as she picked up the dildo and slipped it on, “This body is hot, and a pussy is cool and all, but I miss my dick.” She finishing buckling it and played with the rubber dick for a moment. “Just like the real thing. I think I’ll test drive it.”

Lez turned and started to walk towards the bed and Dani pushed herself back, trying to get away. It was then she found that she couldn’t leave the bed, since Lez had ordered her to stay. She was trapped.

“Please, no, don’t, I don’t want to,” Dani pleaded, curling up and away from Lez.

“I’m telling you that you’re getting hornier by the minute,” Lez smiled, knowing that Dani would follow his order. Dani whimpered as she felt her body start to obey.

Diane was still standing stock still in the room, the only other movement or sound was coming from Marie who had just finished dusting Jane’s golden body and muttering in French.

Diane was silently hoping that Lez would make a wish, any wish, which she could work against him. Dani was slowly opening herself to him, but whimpering at the same time. Diane was suddenly startled as Marie brushed past her, blocking Diane’s view of what was going on. Marie moved on to cleaning the mini-fridge.

“Alright, sugar,” Lez smiled, adjusting his attached dildo, “It’s finally time to take your body for a fucking ride.”

Lez grabbed Dani’s thighs and started to lean over her when suddenly Marie again muttered something in French.

“I can’t wait to - OH GOD, PLEASE, I – OH!” Lez suddenly shouted, falling over on the bed and seeming to forget all about Dani. She just lay there a moment, breathing heavily.


Everything in the room stopped for a moment. Dani seemed relieved that Lez had stopped, for whatever reason, but was still growing hornier. Diane stood where she was; puzzled over the sudden tingle and lightheadedness she had felt. Marie was bent over at the mini-fridge.

“Thank God I’m free!” Lez suddenly pushed herself up and looked around. She jumped off the bed and started to examine her body.

“What’s going on?” Dani panted.

“I’m... I’m Jane... I used to be in there...” she pointed to the gold statue,





“I was practically going insane I was so horny, when suddenly I was here... in this body... Diane! Do you know how this happened?”

‘Lez’ grabbed the confused Diane by the shoulders.

“I... I don’t know,” Diane muttered, finding her voice, “It felt like a wish was granted, but the only one who said anything was...”

Diane and Jane/Lez turned to look at Marie, who was still dusting and muttering in French. Jane and Diane realized they probably wouldn’t ever know just what Marie had wished.

“So, if I’m in Lez’s body...” Jane wondered aloud, “Where’s...”

It was now that Diane and Jane turned slowly towards the golden statue of Jane’s old body. Although they could only guess at what had happened, inside of it Lez was silently screaming for sexual release... forever.

“Please... someone... I’m so horny...” Dani’s voice from the bed snapped the two women’s attentions back to the situation at hand.

“Oh, God! Dani! Lez ordered you to get hornier and hornier!” Diane gasped, running up to the bed. Dani had begun to masturbate herself furiously in search of release, but to no avail.

“Here, I have an idea,” Jane quickly thought, “Lez wanted any order to come out of this mouth to be obeyed, so, uh, Dani! You’ll orgasm and then return to your normal levels and patterns of sexual arousal!”

As Jane finished this sentence, Dani screamed out, and the most powerful orgasm of her life rushed through her. She lay on the bed, panting and covered in sweat, slowly recovering from the afterglow.

“You put that together pretty fast, Jane,” Diane smiled, “Quick thinking.”

“You don’t survive long in my business without a sharp mind,” Jane smiled, not taking her eyes off Dani’s writhing body. “It looks like Lez’s wish made me a real bisexual, too. You’re fucking hot, Dani. You should get hornier a little more often than usual. I could enjoy that body.”

“Hey!” Dani shot back, finally rolling over off her back. Her breasts rolled on top of each other and onto the bed, and she could feel her whole body become a little more stimulated than usual, “Watch what you say!”

Jane laughed, and then suddenly remembered she was still wearing the dildo. She unbuckled it and dropped it to the floor, then turned to Marie. “You can stop cleaning now, Marie, and act normally.” Marie’s attention to Lez’s pile of clothes suddenly halted as she turned around and stared at Jane and Diane practically in tears, then did collapse to the floor, sobbing French. “I guess I can’t order away a wish. I’m going to go spare Sandra from her bathtub punishment, and then we have to sort out what to do with ourselves,” Jane told Diane and Dani.

“OK,” Diane nodded, and then turned to Dani as Jane left the room. “How you doing?”

“Well, I’ve spent the last few minutes trying to get off the bed, but I still can’t,” Dani muttered, a look of real concentration in her face. She even stood up on the bed, but couldn’t seem to leave it.

“Oh, shit, I guess we need Jane for that,” Diane replied, as Jane and Sandra returned to the bedroom.

Jane had filled Sandra in on what had happened. As Jane rejoined Diane, Sandra instead began torturing Lez by fondling the statue, dripping her thick, slick saliva on the cold gold and massaging it all over, driving Lez mad with a desire with no release.

“I can’t get off the bed,” Dani practically begged.

“Oh, well, you can get off the bed,” Jane said matter-of-factly.

Suddenly Dani found herself flying forward, and she slammed into Diane. Both pairs of overgrown tits mashed together as the two women slammed to the floor. Marie and Jane grabbed Dani as Sandra ran over to help up Diane.

“So, now what do we do?” Dani asked, edging towards tactless excitement, “I want to be able to wear clothes again!”

“And I’m sure Sandra and Marie want to speak again,” assured Jane, “We’ve got to be calm and patient concerning more wishes. We’ve all got to stick together and help each other out. And you’ve also got to treat what I say as if Lez had never wished you to take orders. Oh! Wait, I-”

It wasn’t until after Jane had actually said what she said that she realized everything she had said was a command.

Fortunately, she had specified that calm and patience concerned only the wishes - that had a limiting factor. To be calm and patient forever about everything would be a boring life. But until she used a wish to change it otherwise, she had just ordered everyone to stay together – forever, no limitations made! And she had ordered everyone to treat what she said from now on as if there was nothing binding about it, so only Diane’s chest could grant the power to fix any of it.

“Well, that’s all fine and good,” Dani sighed, putting her hands on her hips, “I can’t wait to change clothes! But I really wish Diane’s tits wouldn’t grant wishes and we could just fondle them again.”

Diane gasped as she felt the light-headedness and tingle in her tits. She looked down at her round, pink, orbs, and realized that they had suddenly become... less pink? They still didn’t match the rest of her skin color, but they weren’t as vibrantly different now.


“Dani! That was a wish!” Diane shouted, practically jumping on Dani.

“What? But I didn’t touch them! I couldn’t, Lez said-”

“Your fuckin’ melons rubbed all over them when you fell against me!” Diane cried back. Diane had so wanted to have back an ass that wouldn’t cause her to orgasm from leaning against a wall, or feet that could fit in normal shoes. But she knew, now, that that was never going to be.

“No, no, it can’t be...” Jane grabbed Diane’s tits and wished the walls were polka-dotted... nothing. Marie found that she could grab Diane’s tits, and wished for something else... in French. Nothing. Even Dani tried again, but it was obvious that Diane’s breasts were no longer wish granters. The





group fell sullenly to the floor. But no one could be mad at Dani... they had to stick together, after all.

A week later...

Diane Pollen was something special. She stood just an inch short of six feet, was curved in all the right places with long legs, wide hips, a thin waist, and breasts larger than volleyballs. Her blonde hair stopped just above her shoulders. Her face was beautiful, with sparkling eyes, nicely shaped lips, and a near-button nose. And Diane was anything but self-conscious of her body, usually wearing as little as possible.

Diane had finally realized her dream. She was performing on stage. Dani had gotten her a job at Club Sway. Diane danced and strutted back and forth on the stage, shaking her big pink tits at the men in the audience. The air against her sensitive boobs felt great, and she loved to push her ass against the pole and slide up and down on it. The audience thought she was faking the orgasms, but she enjoyed every one. And the men in the first row seemed fascinated by her ever more ridiculously decorated high-heeled custom shoes.

Dani still danced there, too. She had her dream body, and loved the attention it brought her. She teased the men with giant fans, which she had learned were somehow exempt from her curse/blessing. Running their feathers up and down her newly more sensitive skin meant she usually needed a quick threesome backstage with Diane and Jane between shows.

Jane had returned to work at the club under a new name, since she no longer looked like her old self. She did, however, look better than her old self and consequently brought in way more tips. She didn't have to concern herself with make-up anymore, as her wish on Lez meant she was always looked like she had make-up on for a night's work.

Sandra and Marie stayed at the townhouse, since neither could really do anything outside of it. Marie set up a web cam and was making decent money. She could still type in English, and formed quite a fan base.

Sandra was considering the idea of "setting up" a microbrewery and taking advantage of her new endowments. Any regrets she may have had about her four-titted, six-nippled body had been washed away the first time the other four girls had each taken a nipple in their mouths. Sandra had never felt anything so good as mouths sucking and beer flowing, and could easily finger each of the girls while they did so. She even enjoyed sucking on the dildo when someone put it on.

The five of them had created for themselves lives that were better than their previous ones by far, and spent most nights passing out on top of each other from pleasure. Not one of them had ever been happier.

Epilogue

The squeak of rubber against rubber and ink on paper rang through the kitchen. The Cathy doll, now capable of moving, had discovered she was unable to walk too far away from her new lover, who was last seen passed out in the bedroom. Unable to leave for revenge or speak through the round orifice in her head, Cathy's unmoving and unblinking eyes stared down out of her head towards the paper on the table. She was furiously writing away on whatever paper she could find, trying to explain to her lover something about a-

"Cathy?" came a voice from the bedroom. The sound of latex squeaking ensued again as Cathy turned around in her chair. Unable to show any real emotion with her plastic face, or gasp through her reformed mouth, the only clue that Cathy was shocked by what she saw was that she dropped her pencil.

"What's this? I found it next to the bed when I woke up."

Sharon, naked and still a little sweaty, her breasts bouncing and her nipples shaking around in little circles, was walking across the apartment carrying a small chest.

It was inlaid with old, dull plastic, probably Bakelite, which had become faded with age. The wood was carved in a seemingly Celtic design, and the keyhole had a brass serpent wrapped around it.

Cathy thought maybe she heard something shift inside the box. As the living doll stared, Sharon held up the chest, and opened it.

The End

