

## One Bad Wish - Extended (Man to Busty Rich Girlfriend TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*An extended version of the story. Tim and Joey find a fascinating silver lamp at an antique store one day. When a genie emerges from it, they get one wish each. Joey makes a very sensible wish, but Tim wishes for a hot, busty, redhead girlfriend. Unfortunately for Joey, he is going to have to be the prime candidate! Now she's rich, but also very, very female!*

### One Bad Wish - Extended

It was a nice, sunny Saturday, and Timothy and Joey were perusing the goods of an old antique store together. They'd been best friends since they were in elementary school, and whenever they were bored the pair of college-aged men tended to go to places around town, or on the periphery, that they'd never been to. Usually it was Tim who initiated these little explorations. He was an average-looking guy with slightly curly brown hair and prescription glasses. He could be a bit of a nerd, quite fastidious, and was a collector by nature. Joey, on the other hand, was more of an outdoorsy kind of guy. Like Tim, he was average looking and on the hunt for a girlfriend, a hunt that never seemed to quite gain success, but he was fitter in general, with blonde hair and perfect eyesight. The agreement was that they would alternate their little day trips; Joey preferred to go hiking in the nearby mountains and forests, whereas Tim preferred to visit little backalley shops like this one.

"Isn't this place the coolest?" Tim asked, gesturing to the strange old antiques around them, which ranged from old China pots to WWII propaganda posters to weird little Santa dolls that looked like they might come alive and try to eat you in the night.

Joey gave a half-smile. "It's, uh, certainly something!"

In truth, the blonde-haired man found it rather boring, but knew his friend was big into old things and loved to fill his room with them, so he humoured his friend by occasionally going with him on his antique hunts. He figured that if Tim was willing to be his hiking partner, he owed his bestie the occasional trip to a boring old garage sale or pawn shop. Still, part of his mind was already floating off elsewhere. There was a party on the campus tonight, and some of the really pretty girls would be there. Of course, there was no way that Joey would ever be able to date a Stacey Ackermann type, but perhaps he'd get a little lucky and find a nice girl. It'd been too long since he had a girlfriend, and it was starting to feel a little too much like he and Tim were life partners at times. Wait, did people think they were *together*? He clenched his eyes shut, cringing at the notion that the reason he was still single was because people thought odd, fastidious Tim was his boyfriend.

Suddenly, he heard his friend gasp, which wrenched his thoughts back into the present. Tim had disappeared, and it took a few seconds to find him in the cramped, labyrinthine corridors of the little antique shop. Tim had taken off his glasses to hold something close to his eyes. It took a moment for Joey to realise what it was, but his friend was gazing intently at a silver lamp in an old Middle-Eastern style. At least, that was his assumption.

“It’s incredible,” Timothy said. “Just like a real genie lamp. It looks authentic, too!”

Joey crossed his arms and smirked. “You think it’ll summon a real genie?”

Tim rolled his eyes. “No. It’d be cool, right?”

“Way cool. But are you sure you want it? Kinda bulky, and your shelves are pretty full. I’ve seen your room lately. It’s wall-to-wall with old-timey relics.”

Tim looked back at the silver lamp again, and seemed to come to a decision. “I *have* to have it,” he said, and Joey knew from his tone that there was no convincing him otherwise now. His friend led the way back to the counter, where the old owner of the store was sitting, occasionally stroking his long beard.

“How much for this incredible silver lamp?” Timothy asked.

“Not for sale,” the owner said. “I don’t know why it was on display, but it shouldn’t be. I’ll have to talk to my nephew. This item is too powerful and dangerous.”

“Please!” Tim said, still holding the lamp. “It’s incredible. I promise I’ll polish it and keep it safe. I take care of my collection. I won’t re-sell it.”

The old man sighed. “That item is most precious to me,” he said. “It is how I gained what I wanted out of life, and kept myself in good health. But . . . it no longer works. I suppose since the magic is gone, I could sell it . . .”

Joey smiled as Timothy seized upon that argument, mentioning that he was a big collector himself, and wouldn’t it be only fair to spread the generosity? The store owner considered this for a long moment.

“Very well,” he said, “you may have it one hundred and twenty dollars. Not that it works. But on the off chance it does, be clever in your choices, and may it bring you the same good fortune it brought me.”

Timothy left with the lamp in a carefully wrapped bag, practically jumping with joy. Joey chuckled at this. He was still hoping to go to that party tonight, preferably alone so he could meet a girl, but he didn’t regret today’s little adventure. Not while his friend was so happy.

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Joey was ecstatic. He'd actually worked up the nerve after a drink or two to ask Carla Debrona out, and she's said yes! She was such a cutie, and when they danced together it took all of his energy not to stare at her thick latina thighs. She was out of his league, but she apparently loved to exercise and hike, and now that it was Sunday he had a message from her to catch up later that very day to go for a walk together.

"I am so in like Flynn," he said to himself cheerily as he walked to Timothy's apartment. His friend wasn't answering messages, so he decided to visit. Besides, he was curious where the hell Tim could actually fit that damn lamp.

But when his friend answered the door, Joey was shocked to see Tim with an almost manic look on his face. "Come on in!" he said, grabbing Joey by the arm and dragging him inside. "You've got to see this!"

"Dude, you've got to *hear* this. You'll never guess who agreed to go out with me last night? Carla Debrona!"

Tim halted for a moment. "What? Really? Buddy, that's incredible! She's - she's really-"

"Hot?"

"Yes! Holy shit, I'd never have the courage to ask her out. I'd be too much of a nerd for her."

"Well, lucky for me, she likes hiking. Now what are you all excited about?"

"Okay, so I got called into work as soon as I got home, so I didn't get to unwrap the lamp until this morning. I didn't want to do it last night; I was too tired and I didn't want to scratch the metal. But then I got it out, and I was just running my fingers along it, and then *look.*"

He gestured to the lamp, which was sitting on the table.

"Isn't it a miracle?" he said.

"Uh, sure," Joey replied. "No offence buddy, but it looks the same to me as all the other stuff you own."

"Nonsense, look at the intricate inscription on the side - it's glowing!"

Joey peered closer, and indeed there seemed to be a subtle pink glow along the silver engravings. "Huh, must be a quality of the metal."

"Maybe! I didn't want to damage it, but then I thought, what if it really is magic?"

"Dude, in that case, you'd be rubbing the lamp and summoning a genie."

Tim bit his lip. He clearly was worried about hurting the lamp, so Joey strode forward.

"Fine, I'll do it!"

"No, let me!"

Joey smirked. He was a little too good at judging Timothy's reactions, because his bespectacled friend took the lamp and then traced his fingers along the slightly glowing engravings. As he did so the lamp began glowing a luminescent gold, and pink smoke began to billow out of its end.

"Woah!" Joey exclaimed.

Timothy squeaked and dropped the lamp in surprise. Somehow, it landed upright, the pink smoke still billowing out from it until it became a large plume, which proceeded to solidify into what could only be a human form. A very female, very scantily clad human form, with wisps of the smoke trailing from her bronze-skinned form back down into the lamp. Floating in the air before them, suspended against gravity as if by magic, was the most outrageously beautiful and exotic woman either man had ever seen. She appeared to be Middle-Eastern or Persian or something, with blemish-free olive skin and small but lovely breasts that were displayed in a richly made pink garment that wrapped around her body before encircling her hips. It left her midriff on display, as well as her long legs. The woman was adorned in golden jewellery, and her dark eyes twinkled as she looked down at the pair.

"No way," Joey said.

"Greetings, masters," the woman spoke in a gentle accent. "I am Ashiray, the genie of this lamp, and I have the power to grant you one wish each. Your wishes shall be granted at the same time, and cannot be taken back or reversed, so think wisely before you make your wish."

"Holy shit, a real live genie!" Timothy exclaimed. "See I told you this was a find Joey!"

Joey didn't know what to say, but Ashiray nodded, a faint smile on her lips. "The master is wise. Are you prepared to make a wish? I desire to enter my own realm once more. This mortal plane holds no excitement for me except for the granting of the wishes themselves."

"Let's - let's just have a second," Joey said. "Can we have time?"

"You have the passing of ten of your mortal minutes."

Joey quickly grabbed Timothy and dragged him to the other room so they could discuss what they planned to wish for.

"Dude, a real live genie!" Timothy said.

"I know, man. We gotta be smart about this, though. We can't wish for anything stupid. She might twist our wishes!"

Timothy was all smiles though, his expression almost dream-like. "A real genie, here in my apartment! This is the best thing ever!"

But Joey was already forming a wish in mind. Perhaps yesterday, he might have wished for something as banal as getting a girlfriend. But now he'd asked Carla out, and she'd said yes. Besides, there were some things that always attracted women anyway. He'd

always been poorer than his other friends, and had previously worked several jobs until he got a good scholarship. Hell, part of the reason he indulged Tim's trips to antique stores was because occasionally there were useful items he could get for cheap prices. And hiking was the kind of hobby anyone could do so long as you had a good pair of boots. But now . . . now there was an opportunity for real change on that front.

"Okay, I'm ready," he said to Tim. "Are you ready?"

His friend nodded enthusiastically. "Totally! This is gonna be awesome! All my years of antique collecting has paid off!

They returned to the main room, where the beautiful Ashiray still floated. Joey stepped forward, coughed into his hand to ensure he could speak clearly, and then gave his wish as intelligently as possible.

"I wish that I was very rich by the modern standards of my own country, with the provisions that my wealth was acquired by legal means and in no danger of being parted from me except by my own voluntary desire to do so."

The genie's lovely dark eyebrows lifted. "It has been some centuries since I have had a master so wise as you, oh Master. Your wish shall certainly be granted in accordance with the intention of your wish, as soon as my other master makes his wish."

Joey could see Tim was wracking his brain, trying to think what would be best to wish for.

"You're alright there buddy?"

"Yeah, yeah," Tim said. "Well, I thought I was. But now I'm not sure! I'm just trying to decide if I wanna be rich too. Or maybe have the largest antique collection in the world."

Joey smiled sympathetically. Timothy wasn't the most popular guy for many reasons, but largely because of his niche interests. He wrapped an arm around his best bud. "Okay Tim, how about this. I'll give you a big portion of my riches when our wishes are granted. That way you can be wealthy too, and have time and money to track down your antiques."

Tim smiled. "Thanks Joey, that makes the choice a little easier." He turned to the genie.

"Are you ready to make your wish?"

"Yes. It's . . . um, a little embarrassing, but here goes. My friend here recently got a date with a real hot lady. I won't lie, I'm a bit jealous, and I know I'm not the type who's too good at asking girls out or being attractive to them. So . . . I wish I had a gorgeous submissive redhead girlfriend with huge and perfect sensitive tits, an hourglass figure, a crazy sex drive, and a real nice ass, and who was devoted to me for life and always dressed to show off her amazing body."

Joey would have spat out his drink if he'd had one. He turned to look at his friend, shocked that he'd been holding on to such a fantasy and was willing to wish for it.

The genie smirked as she crossed her arms, and a flash of sadistic glee fell briefly over her beautiful face. "A most unwisely worded wish, oh Master. You should have followed your friend's example, because your wish is easily twisted. Luckily for you, the wording of your wish shall affect him and not you."

Joey's excitement dissipated. "Wait, what do you mean –"  
"Your wishes will be granted. Enjoy your new lives together."

She clicked her fingers just as Joey looked to his friend with a frightened expression, and then the room was empty again, and the lamp was merely a lamp.

The pair paused, not quite knowing what to say.

"Joey, did she grant our wishes or not? Joey?"

But Joey was starting to feel strange deep in his stomach. His skin was tingling, and a strange warmth seemed to be growing within him. He started to breathe a little heavier, so he reached out to clutch the back of Tim's couch. Something was wrong. Something was seriously wrong. What had that genie done?

"Dude, are you okay?"

"Of course I'm not - nghhh - okay, Tim! That genie said I was g-going to be affected by your wish! You made a stupid wish and she t-twisted it or something."

"But - but I just wished for sexy redhead-"

"Yeah, yeah, I h-heard you! Oh God, it's like my insides are on f-fire. It's like-"

Timothy suddenly gasped and took a step back. He pointed at Joey's head. "Dude, your hair is turning red!"

"What!?"

"You're going ginger! And it's getting longer!"

Joey clutched his head and felt his hair growing longer and longer, until it formed a long curtain over his vision, a set of fiery red curls that he had to push aside.

"Oh God! What the f-uuughhhh!"

The changing man doubled over as the warmth and tingling became unbearable. He panted, struggling to stay upright as the agonising pressure, until finally the dam burst and it flooded out in a series of changes.

"Ohhhhh G-GOD! HRRUGGHHH!!!"

He juttled out his chest as two mountains of flesh suddenly pushed out from that region, erupted into two fleshy mountains that could only be described as *breasts*, topped with large pink nipples that were on full display, because his shirt literally *ripped open* to accommodate his immense ampleness. Timothy gaped, and Joey cupped his new tits, trying to force them back in, only to be confronted by their incredible sensitivity.

"Dude, you just grew tits!"

“Ahhhh! I can f-feel that, Tim! I can - oooohhhh - they’re s-so fucking b-big! Nghh! What noooooowwww!”

His voice cracked, and suddenly it became a gorgeous female voice with a sultry undertone to it, one that only increased as Joey moaned. His hips spread wider, to the point where he had to unbuckle and pull down his jeans, because his clothing could not support such curves. And yet at the same time his waist pinched in, causing him to let out a girlish squeal. The terrified man barrelled past Tim, pushing him aside even as his fit frame started to lose height and width and bulk. He kicked his pants off of his ankles as he reached the bathroom, only to be confronted with the sight of his changing face. It bubbled and shifted, features rearranging and altering until he was looking at a goddamn smokeshow, a true supermodel of a woman. He had luscious full lips and emerald green eyes, with darker eyebrows that were perfectly contoured but had an expressive thickness about them. They instantly went up in shock, as did his new cheekbones.

“This can’t be happening!” he cried in his new female voice. “This can’t - ohhhh - oh no! NO!”

He grabbed at his crotch, but it was too late. His penis and testicles began to pull back up inside of his body, causing his eyes to bulge and the soon-to-be former man to wheeze from the breathlessness that resulted.

“Joey! What’s happening!?” Tim called, entering the bathroom. “Are you - holy shit!”  
“M-my dick! It’s - ohhhhh! Oh f-fuck!”

It was over. The new woman’s penis was gone, and there was nothing left of her that was biologically male. Her legs were smooth and long, her body bereft of hair but for the inverted triangle of the bush above her new vulva. Her fingers trembled in fear as she prodded her new genitalia, only for her to suck in a breath of air and groan from the intensity and strangeness of the feeling. She took a step back, and her breasts wobbled, bouncing rather actively on her chest. She couldn’t even see her toes beneath her; that’s how big her rack was. And in the mirror, reflected back at her, was the most attractive woman she’d ever seen, even more than the genie from mere moments before. Her hips were wide and breedable, her hands and feet petite, her facial features soft and feminine and yet possessing a natural sensuality. Her green eyes were so bright as to be almost hypnotic, and yet her huge breasts still drew the eye even further. Joey could barely believe how big they were. They drooped lower purely due to a combination of their heft and gravity’s pull, but their excessive size also meant that they formed a curve of natural cleavage even without support. They were large enough that they pushed out to the sides of her a little, wide enough that one could easily see some side boob when staring at her back, provided she was topless. Even the smallest movement caused them to tremble and remind her of

their weight and presence. Her nipples were large, perfect pink areolas wide, and even the cooler air in the bathroom caused them to stiffen a little, and her to shudder.

“Oh my God, you turned into a woman,” Tim said.

“This is your fault, you moron!” the new bombshell screeched. “Your badly worded wish turned me into this and - no! What now!?”

Another tingle, another change. Joey groaned as what was left of her clothing rearranged itself. Her breasts were lifted up until they looked like even bigger jugs than they already were, and her lower half was adorned in a tight red set of lacy underwear. Light brushes passed over her face and then through her hair. Even her fingernails and toenails were not immune to the effect. It didn't take long, but when it was over, she looked even more changed: her hair was now shimmery and soft as if she were in a shampoo ad. She had ruby red lipstick on, and there was smokey eyeshadow around her eyes. Jewellery hung around her neck, a little silver pendant falling between her generous breasts, which themselves were supported by a very sexy lingerie bra that was clearly intended to entice.

Tim's jaw fell. “Holy shit, dude,” he said. “You turned into-”

“Your dream woman from your stupid wish!” Joey spat. “What were you thinking, Tim!? You weren't smart with your wish and now . . . and now . . .”

She winced, trying to voice her anger. But something was wrong. There was another warmth growing in her body, one that was altogether different from the transformative effect she'd just gone through. As alien and curvaceous and weak and short and *hot* as her new body was, she found herself breathing more heavily, her two huge tits rising and falling dramatically as she took in the sight of Timothy. He looked the same as ever, average in appearance and a little nerdy, but it was driving her body wild. She tried to push away this attraction, but her sensitive pink nipples tensed, and she started to bite her lip and moan in a sensual way. Joey couldn't stop herself; she even began to rub her silky thighs together in response to the growing dampness in her new pussy.

“J-Joey?” Tim asked, clearly trying to cover up a growing erection at the sight of this redhead goddess. “What's happening, buddy? Are you okay?”

“Of course I'm - ahhh - not okay. Oh God, Tim, what was it you wished for? Tell me the wh-whole wish! Quickly!”

“Um, uh, it was . . . I remember! It was something like wanting a beautiful redhead girlfriend, and she'd had a great figure and huge boobs. Um, a real nice ass. And she'd be - oh shit! - she'd be submissive and have a crazy sex drive and be totally devoted to me. And . . . and show off her sexy body.”

Joey exhaled, trying to control her new female form, but instead she found herself drawn to Tim's presence. She sashayed her hips without meaning to, and thrust out her

chest to show off her incredible rack. She even exaggerated her step so they could wobble some more, which was an entirely foreign feeling.

“H-help me, Tim! I can’t control myself. Oh God, I’m f-feeling so turned on. Like a lady gets turned on! I can f-feel my pussy getting wet for you, dude.”

Tim backed up, his erection now *very* obvious in his pants. “What - what do I do?”

“I can’t resist you! I need your hands on me! You need to - I don’t know - tell me to stop or something!”

“Stop! Uh, go lay on the couch, Joey!”

Instantly, Joey followed Tim’s directive. She moved back to the living room and lay on the couch. Unfortunately, Joey soon realised that thanks to the *other* part of Tim’s wish, she was forced to show off her hot body, and so she lay back dramatically, letting her hair fall off the side of the sofa while she raised one leg up and squeezed her breasts together with her upper arms, her fingers running across her underwear and teasing her sensitive folds beneath.

“Ohhhhhh,” she groaned. “It’s not helping! I’m still so horny!”

She bit her lip again, but only ended up panting a little. She wanted to reach out and rub her friend’s crotch, and fucking *release* that dick so she could take it inside of her already.

“Just - just be quiet for a minute while I figure something out!” Tim announced.

Instantly, she shut her mouth. She tried to talk, but Joey found that her submissive nature was simply too powerful; her new form *wanted* to please Timothy because . . . because she was his fantasy girlfriend now. His sexy, submissive, horny girlfriend who *needed him to fuck her already*. And so she moaned pathetically confined to the couch while he played with the lamp and then called the antique store. After nearly twenty minutes of this, Joey was in agony. She could barely think she was so aroused. Her pussy was on fire with need, and her breasts yearned to be groped and squeezed, her sensitive ass as well, which bounced a little with each step.

“I can’t find anything!” Timothy announced.

She took that as her cue to be able to talk again, and practically *leapt* off of the couch, her breasts jiggling on her chest and reminding her of their existence.

“Tim! TIM! I need you!”

“What!?”

“Come here, please! Please, I’m begging you!”

He approached her, trying so very hard not to look at Joey’s form and completely failing. Joey was infuriated by her best friend’s bad wish, but right now her body had other thoughts. Dirty and oh-so-wrong thoughts that were taking over her.

“Have you got, er, an idea?” he asked.

“Only one,” she moaned. “And only b-because I can’t - ahhh - resist it!”

She gripped him, pressing her large bosom against his chest and moaned in response to the feeling. “Because of one bad wish, I can’t resist *you!* Fuck, I need this!”

She kissed. She kissed him with passion, with erotic *obsession*. She slid her tongue into his mouth and writhed against him, letting him feel her perfect form. Joey grabbed Tim’s hands and placed them on the cheeks of her ass, her tight lingerie exposing the supple skin there. He squeezed by instinct, and it made her groan in his mouth.

“Your s-stupid wish,” she said. “This is all your f-fault, dude! I need you to fuck me!”

“What!?”

“Please! You gave me a crazy high libido and made me all submissive and shit, and now I really need to *submit to you, asshole!*”

She moved her hands back and undid the clasp of her bra as if she’d been wearing one all her life, then flung it over the couch. Her monstrous breasts were freed, jiggling even more and sitting lower. She launched at Timothy again, unable to fight the compulsions. She stroked his cock, then began to undo the clasp of his belt. They were so wrapped up in their lovemaking that neither really could say when all their clothes came off, except that Joey was suddenly pressing her naked body against his equal nakedness, squirming upon his hard dick, which was bigger than she’d expected. To her horror, she went down before him as he stood by the bed.

“Joey, this is wrong. I didn’t mean to wish for this! I’m sorry, but - what are you doing?”

She wished she didn’t know, but she had a hankering to submit. To be this man’s gorgeous, submissive girlfriend who showed off her body and always used it to please him. To Joey’s horror, she found herself parting her lips over his cock and then lowering down upon it. Timothy pulled back, but it was too late; she was already upon him, and he stopped fighting it.

“Oh God, ohhhhh, that f-feels. Joey, are you s-sure about this?”

She pulled her mouth back. “I just need to suck you off a little more, okay? Don’t fucking speak!”

She returned, bobbing up and down and licking his cock, even fondling his balls during the act. Joey was too drawn into this bliss, but just as she felt like she was going to have to drink some actual cum, Timothy pulled her up.

“Please, if we have to . . . on your back.”

His words sent an unexpected and unwanted shiver of delight down her spine. She kissed his lips again, letting her nipples slide against his skin, and then she positioned herself on the bed. Timothy crawled on top of her, leaving her to bite her lip.

“We can stop,” Tim said. “I’m so sorry about this. I’m sure we can find a way to-”

“Just get your d-dick inside meeeeeee!” she whined.

He did so immediately, her own hands helping guide him in. Instantly she was hit by the most foreign sensation yet; being *penetrated*. Joey spread her legs instinctively, and then let Timothy squeeze her ultra-sensitive and giant tits, pressing them together and then rubbing her nipples as he thrust into her. With each intake of his member, she cried higher and louder. The ecstasy was rising, rising, rising, until finally . . .

“Ohhhhhh, I’m going to c-cum! Your dick is in my pussy and you’re g-going to make me cuuuuum! AAIIIIIEEEE!”

She practically *screamed* as he ejaculated into her, her own orgasm following shortly thereafter, followed by another, and then another. They hit her in waves, causing her entire body to writhe. It almost made the new woman faint; everything had happened so fast.

Finally, things relaxed. Timothy’s head was resting upon her breasts like they were large, fleshy cushions. She hated how much it felt *right* to please him this way, and she even started running her fingers through his hair. After some minutes of this post-coital bliss, Timothy raised his head and pulled himself off of her.

“J-Joey? Are you okay?”

She blushed so red she probably looked like a living strawberry. The entirety of what had just happened to the young former man hit her like a ton of bricks. “Of course I’m not okay!” she snapped. “This is bad. Oh God, this is real bad. You got your wish in the worst way. One bad wish and my life is ruined.”

“It might not be all bad. Didn’t you wish to be a billionaire, basically?”

Joey’s eyes snapped open. She got off of the bed, trying to ignore the warm trickle of semen running down her thigh. *Her best friend’s semen*. She ran out of the room, having to cup her breasts or else they’d bounce too painfully, though her ass did that a bit anyway, and quickly found her phone. To her shock, it was a new model, not her old used-up one. It also had a purple case and yet . . . she knew it was hers. The beautiful redhead quickly unlocked it, only to be greeted with an image of her with Tim’s hand around her waist while they were at some fancy ball or gala. She was wearing a green dress that had a very high thigh slit to show off her left leg, and pushed her massive breasts up wonderfully. She was the most strikingly attractive and impressively busty woman she’d ever seen, and it was her!

“This has to be a bad dream,” she murmured. “I just got fucked by my best friend. He played with these tits. This . . . this has to be a nightmare.”

No matter how pleasurable parts of it had just been. Joey pushed that aside from her mind, not wanting to confront the fact that she was still reeling from multiple female orgasms, or how fucking *dutiful* she now felt to Tim. Instead, she went straight to her bank account. Her name was still Joey, but it was clear that reality had changed to reflect that she was a lady now.

A lady *billionaire*.

Joey almost dropped the phone. She'd never seen so many zeroes in her life. How could this be real? Just like she'd wished, she was now incredibly rich, and it wasn't just her staggering liquid wealth, but the fact that she had several apps downloaded that tracked her uber wealth assets.

"A sports car collection . . . multiple mansions . . . investments in major industries . . . a collection of custom made dresses . . . a private island!?"

It was almost as overwhelming as the fact she was now a ginger bombshell. *Almost*.

"Joey?" Tim asked. "What did you find out? Did you find something that can help? Oh, shit, I shouldn't look."

"It's okay," she murmured, because it was. Tim's wish was making her *want* to be seen naked by her friend. She shivered a little bit, reluctantly loving the way he was checking out her ass. "I'm - I'm a billionaire."

She turned to look at Tim, whose member was slowly rising. It made her own heat return, and she began to stride towards him, helplessly drawn to submit once more.

"I'm your billionaire *girlfriend*," she said demurely. "And I can't stop wanting you, Tim. I *need* to give you *everything* . . ."

And moments later, she was. No matter how much she wanted to fight it, her arousal was stronger, as were the compulsions, and when the pleasure arrived, there was not even a desire to resist it anymore.

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Joey laughed at a joke from the congressman, despite the fact that a) it wasn't funny, and b) he was staring at her cleavage when he told it. She was thinking about telling him that her eyes were up here, thank you very much, but what good would it do in so-called 'polite company' such as this? So she simply giggled and placed her hand on her lover's thigh beneath the table and squeezed it gently. Timothy placed his hand on her thigh in response and gave a squeeze in return. His expression told her all she needed to know: *We'll go soon, once we've had dessert.*

Of course, it wasn't really the company that Joey found a nuisance, it was more that itch that was starting to develop within her. That deep thrum of desire that rose and rose the more she glanced at her friend-turned-boyfriend. He looked damn sharp in a suit, especially one that was worth over ten thousand dollars, a pittance when measured against the literal billions in her bank account. Then again, her eye-catching purple dress cost twice as much as that and was one-of-a-kind, tailored to perfection for her curvaceous figure. The v-neck was a little daring, and she could have done without the slit on either side of her thighs, or

the belt that cinched upon her waist to show off what an hourglass shape she now possessed, but it wasn't like she could avoid it. Her body *needed* to be shown off, after all, and *especially* when she was Timothy's date.

"It's just a marvel to me, Joey!" Abigail Forsythe remarked, gesturing to the pair of them. "A billionaire heiress dating a man from the suburbs! It's the princess and the pauper, I dare say!"

She had to fight to roll her eyes. If there was one thing about being absolutely fucking mega-rich that Joey hated, it was other mega-rich people. They had a sense of classism that looked down upon people like she used to be, and they had no idea they were so small-minded. Still, this was a fundraiser, and a good place to mingle among lawmakers and C-suite types alike in order to expand her investments and lobby for the changes she'd like to see. In this case, the congressman opposite her was being wined and dined by her and Tim, all so he would cast the deciding vote for a bill that would give state funding to lunch meals in schools.

"What can I say?" Joey said in a light, slightly flirtatious voice as she looked at her best friend and then kissed him on the cheek. She leaned against him, letting her large left breast press upon his side. "I'm totally in love with my Timothy. I don't care who he is or where he came from, and anyone who cares about that stuff is stupid in my mind, because I'm head over heels, and he's got me wrapped around your little finger, don't you, Tim?"

He smiled, perhaps a little too easily. "That I do, honey," he said before kissing her softly on the lips. "And I won't lie, it's nice to live it up a little while spending time with the woman I love!"

He gestured out to the uber-expensive restaurant they were in, the one that usually had a wait time of over a year in advance. Joey never would have dreamed coming here in a previous life, but now reservations were easy with the right amount of funding and backdoor deals, and she waltzed in with Tim on her arm, and half the restaurant gazing at the most jaw-droppingly gorgeous woman with the most enticing bosom they had ever seen, much to her embarrassment. Thankfully, the food had been goddamn *divine*, and she moaned a little under her breath as she tasted the dessert. Tim and she shared their respective choices, feeding them to each other.

"Oh, you two!" the congressman said. "That's young love for you!"

Joey blushed a little at how openly affectionate she was being - she shouldn't have had so much wine - but the truth was that her body was wanting her friend/boyfriend once more, and it was only her need to play the proper role that was keeping her damn wish-caused lust in check. She giggled at his words and kissed him once more, much to Abigail Forsythe's amusement and befuddlement. Still, she kissed Timothy again, and in her most demure, submissive, and downright *arousing* voice, she whispered in his ear.

*“Let’s get out of here.”*

Tim nodded. *“You’ve got the helicopter on the roof, right?”*

*“Please, let’s take the limo. I want to have space for you.”*

She could practically *feel* her boyfriend’s erection growing in his pants, and they quickly made an excuse to wrap up and say goodbye to their company, reiterating their hopes for their lobbying efforts before leaving. Joey knew she was a sight in heels as she left, her lovely *derriere* swaying hypnotically, but she couldn’t *not* move like that, and not having heels was a no go. So she simply took Tim by the arm and exited with him, knowing that she was effectively his trophy wife now in all but technicality. The pair rushed out into the limo, and Joey instructed Reynold to take them to the airport and take the private jet back to their island.

*“And then, can you give me and my sexy boyfriend some privacy?”* she said, winking.

Reynold chuckled. He was more than used to how damn ‘active’ a woman like Joey was in her limo. It was part of the reason he was paid so well, to put up with it.

*“Go right ahead, miss. I’ll put up the shield and the soundproofing.”*

*“Thanks, Reynold!”* Tim declared, and in moments they were in privacy. *“Sorry that was so boring. I was hoping for something more romantic.”*

Joey folded her arms beneath her breasts, resisting for just one more moment. *“Hey, not romantic. We may be together, but it was your wish that did this, okay? Just because my pussy needs you in it like four times a day doesn’t mean it’s romantic.”*

Her friend scratched the back of his head. *“I know. Sorry. It’s easy to look at this gorgeous lady on my arm and . . . well, it’s also hard not to feel things for her.”*

*“Mhmmm,”* she moaned, taking a deep breath. *“When you say stuff like that, it makes this stupid, busty body so fucking horny.”*

*“Do you still want me?”*

She winced, clenching her fists. *“God, you know I do! So hurry up! Fuck your rich girlfriend’s brains out, just like you wanted from your wish!”*

In moments she was pulling her underwear down and spreading her legs for him as he slid deep into her wet tunnel and fucked her senseless. Joey was never able to fight this, and had practically given up after six months. Instead, she moaned and groaned, squealed and cried out as he thrust into her. It was ecstasy. It was shame. It was wondrous and right. It was all kinds of wrong. But in the end she came, as she always did, again and again.

*“Yessssss, Tim! Ohhh, yes! I’m c-cumming! Oh, screw you for that dumb wish of y-yours, but I can’t s-stop cumming! I’m cumming so damn hard - ohhh yesssss!!!”*

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They had sex again on their private jet. Twice, in fact. Joey put her boyfriend right to sleep when she lowered herself down and gave him such a mindblowing blowjob that she almost didn't have the mouth capacity to hold all his ejaculation in before she swallowed. The salty taste of it made the man-turned-billionaire-socialite shiver; she detested how arousing it was to suck her man off, and how goddamn *tasty* it was to swallow his issue.

It was a six hour flight to their island, and so she relaxed back in her seat, wearing only her sexy black underwear, her upper half topless. She idly played with her breasts - they could be so distracting that way - before lying back further and closing her eyes. She wasn't worried about privacy; her flight crew were well-paid and well-trained, and they all knew that she was the source of the money and their free dental. She'd insisted on that part, as well as their eventual Christmas bonuses. They just had to put up with her appearing in a state of undress after fucking her boyfriend, whose existence confused everyone. Why was one of the richest, and certainly one of the most desirable, women in the world dating some random guy from Seattle? Only she and Tim knew the truth, and she reflected on it now.

It had been six months since the change. Joey could scarcely believe it; it seemed like yesterday and also a lifetime ago. In some ways, the latter was even truer. Becoming a woman as gorgeous as eye-catching as she was, all as a consequence of one bad wish, would have been wild enough. Having to put up with F-cup bras to support her monster rack, the constant movement of her mammaries and her curvaceous rear, not to mention how she always walked and moved in a sexy manner. Even her facial expressions were always enticing. But that paled in comparison to the other parts of Tim's wish. Her friend just couldn't help himself. Couldn't have just asked for a beautiful redhead with big boobs and an hourglass figure as his girlfriend.

No, Joey's nerdy best friend had felt the need to wish for a *submissive girlfriend*, one who was dutiful and had a crazy high libido that was always centred on him. She still remembered the next morning after she had changed. Joey had no idea what to do with her billions. She apparently had numerous mansions, but she was stuck at the hip to Timothy, not wanting to leave the man she couldn't help but admire and look up to (literally too, now that she was shorter). She'd woken up naked, her breasts pressed against his side, her arms around him, and she'd been unable to resist touching him down there. Joey couldn't believe it, but her arousal was spiking already again, her body desperate all because of the wish. When Tim woke and began kissing her, teasing her body, she simply looked at him with the most 'fuck me' expression imaginable. She would never forget what she said next.

"Stop fooling around Tim, please! I need to ride you until you cum right in my hungry pussy!"

In moments she was on him, riding him while he sucked her perfect tits. When he came, it sent her into pure bliss. She had been able to settle down after that, but no matter

what they'd done with the lamp, they couldn't reverse it. The genie wasn't coming out, and when they visited the antique store, the asshole owner chuckled and told them they should have been careful . . . not that he *remembered* Joey being anything but a red-haired, green-eyed beauty. And so they returned to Tim's shitty little apartment, and after lunch Joey was on all fours on the bed so he could fuck her from behind. That made her feel even more passive and like a trophy than ever, and infuriatingly it only made her cum harder. His wish made her body happier the more submissive she was, despite the fact that *she* was the rich one. She simply craved that alien, wrong, and yet oh-so pleasurable sensation of his former-friend-now-lover shooting his load deep into his new pussy.

In the days that passed, they did it all. She would fall asleep with her naked beauty against his body, and she would wake with a deep need to be filled again. Missionary. Sixty-nine. Blowjobs. Handjobs. Doggy-style. Cowgirl. Reverse-cowgirl. They played out the Kama Sutra, and they did it in style, because the one thing that Joey absolutely could take solace in was that she was now unbelievably rich. Slowly, and at Tim's request, she dipped her toes into her new funds in order to first research a way back - fruitless, alas - and then not long after to at least have a good time.

"I guess if my shitty wish did get you stuck as my fantasy girlfriend," Tim said as they took a taxi to the finest restaurant in town. "Then at least we can live it up in style, right?"

Joey sighed, very aware that the tight red dress she was sporting was making every man in a three mile radius feel a rising hit in their pants. Her breasts felt like they were about to spill out of it, and yet she was wearing real diamonds and jewels on her person, adding a classiness to what could have been a slutty outfit.

"I guess it's something," she said. "Just remember, it's *my* money. And I am absolutely indulging when you're not sticking your boner into me."

Tim put up his hands, a bit more jovial in his expression than she liked.

"Dude, of course! You're my best friend. I just want you to be happy!"

"Sure, and licking my tits this morning was part of that, right?"

"I guess . . . since you seemed to like it?"

At that point, she blushed red. "Damn it, I hate how right you are. Fuck. Let's just have this 'date' and enjoy the ritziest food in town. And remember, we're doing a chopper ride after this. I always wanted that."

But despite how 'in-charge' she wanted to sound, when it came to sex, home life, and big decisions, she couldn't help but at least defer to Tim for decision-making. His bad wishing had left her at the mercy of her boyfriend, craving his dominance. If she wanted to go to Paris, despite her billions of dollars and private jet being immediately available, she still found herself pressing her curves against her lover and pouting pathetically up at him.

“Please, please, please let’s go to Paris? I promise to wear something tight, black, and very short that can barely contain me!”

Timothy had been awkward with this at first. How could he not be? But much to her chagrin, she couldn’t help but notice that her friend had adjusted to his new dominant role more quickly than she was adjusting to her submissive ones. He was clearly aroused by her submissive displays, and while he mostly ‘allowed’ his wealthy girlfriend to have her way, sometimes he overrode her, and she was forced to go along.

“We can do Tuscany later. I really, really want to see the Colosseum, Joey.”

“I’d rather we see the local museums and do a hike another day. I know you love hiking but I’m not really up for it right now.”

“Why don’t we get a Lamborghini instead of a Ferrari?”

“Oh yeah, that dress looks amazing on you, babe. But . . . maybe the red one looks better? I know you don’t like how much it shows off your boobs, but you don’t want to let me down, right?”

It was so very typical. The former male was never more reminded of how things had worked out in Timothy’s favour despite his bad wishing than in these moments. Well, those and the moments when she was lusting after his body and being penetrated by his dick. Or when they booked the most elaborate penthouse suites in the most ostentatious Dubai resorts. There she would wear a bikini and look out over a Metropolis that her money was invested in, and she would drink expensive champagne with her boyfriend until the pair made love right there in the pool.

But Joey wasn’t the only one who had the hots for Joey. Everyone did. Her face graced the cover of numerous magazines, and she partook in *Forbes* photoshoots that Tim encouraged her to participate in. Gossip rags and online galleries were devoted to the world’s hottest, richest woman and the mystery of her totally normal boyfriend. Paparazzi took photos of her body, often focusing on her rack, and in the end she had to pay for bodyguards and even a social media team who worked to scrub her image online . . . until Tim asked her to lighten up on it just a little bit; keep scrubbing the paparazzi shit, but do a few professional shoots, a model walk or two, go to fancy galas and red carpet events in slinky dresses and the like. Naturally, Joey had to go along with it, making the best of her new experience by enjoying the company, drinking the finest wines, and generally being a total knockout that brought just a sliver of pride to her.

It was not the life that Joey had planned for. She was now Timothy’s woman, for life. And God, she certainly had big tits. Seriously huge tits. Big, bouncy, jiggling boobs with a deep and alluring line of cleavage. The kind of jugs that swelled out with every breath, which couldn’t be hidden even by a thick sweater. Not that she’d ever get a chance to wear something so modest ever again. No, she was stuck with big perky breasts that made every

man in his presence drool and stare. Many times more than once, Joey had had to tell a leering stranger “hey, my eyes are up here.” It was practically her catchphrase after several months had passed, and yet she always wore outfits with plunging necklines or that pushed up her tits in an impressive shelf. In the end, there was nothing else to do but come to terms with it, accept it, and at least develop some damn confidence so that when Joey strode down the catwalk or the sidewalk alike, she drew the eye not just with her body but from the way she owned it.

She just wished she had full control. The former male had given up on being a man again, but couldn't she at least not be such a horny, sexy, dutiful girlfriend?

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The private jet landed, and Joey was led by the hand down the stairway that had connected to her plane and onto the tarmac on her private island. Those little gestures of gentlemanly spirit from Timothy were surprisingly romantic, and they certainly got her engine running. She couldn't help but smile a little as he ensured she was okay to step down in heels.

“Relax, I'm used to them,” she said.

“Still, watch your step. I care about you.”

She kissed him on the cheek, following her instinct before it forced her to do so anyway. That was something she did a lot more of after six months; performing her sexy and submissive role *before* the compulsions made her do it. This way, at least, she had a measure of freedom in what she wore, how she flirted, and what position she was fucked in.

“Pierce!” she exclaimed as the butler approached from the car. “Is everything in order?”

“A three course meal by your personal chef is being prepared for you and your partner, Mistress Joey. The golf course has just been finished, and the tennis courts and exercise areas refurbished. The beach is also beautiful, and staff are standing by to attend to your every need.”

The woman sighed happily. She noticed that the old butler's gaze fell upon her breasts, which were barely held in by her dress, and now rose and fell dramatically with her breath. “I very much look forward to sunbathing tomorrow. For now, let's have that meal. And maybe have the sauna ready.”

“Right away, ma'am,” Pierce said, bowing. “The car is this way. And your shipments have arrived. Do you want all your new dresses and outfits and beauty items sorted for you.”

“No, I'll do it.” she blushed as she noticed Tim's surprise. “I'd like to . . . try them all on myself before I put them in my wardrobe room.”

Timothy chuckled. “Someone's starting to like her fashion.”

“Of course I am,” she snapped back. “Since your wish demands I go all in on it, at least I can make it a passion.”

“See? You’re finally adjusting.”

She rolled her eyes. “Save it for the sauna. Mhmm . . . all that sweat.” The former male almost couldn’t wait, but she pushed down her growing arousal for her boyfriend for a time. She was more hungry for food at the moment, at least for now.

“It’s good to be back,” the bombshell redhead said as she sashayed to the car where Pierce was waiting for them. “At least if I’m stuck as your crazy submissive woman, I get to do so in style.”

“Damn right,” Tim said. “And we can fill up so many chambers with antiques and relics!”

At this, she actually laughed. In some ways, her friend hadn’t changed at all.

“That too, babe. That too.”

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It was the next day. Joey had gotten up and given her boyfriend a blowjob, this time ending in her guzzling down the sweet yet salty taste of his cum and revelling in it. Weirdly, she hadn’t even been embarrassed about it this morning, a fact which made her a little concerned. Was she getting used to the effects of the bad wish? She hoped not. Part of her *wanted* to rail against it until her dying day.

However, after her private chef made the most wonderful breakfast for her and Tim, and she got to try on several of her new dresses, her mood lifted again. Yes, it was still embarrassing to be wearing a bikini, especially when her large tits fell a little out of the bottom of the already-expansive cups. Yes, they wobbled and jiggled, and she looked like a walking wet dream as she ventured alone to the beach. Yes, she was aware of how female she was as she applied lotion to her breasts and sideboob, and her lovely hips and rear.

Yet despite all that, the air was warm, the sun brilliant in its rays, and the tropical water perfect on her blemish-free skin. The billionaire beauty took a relaxing swim that made her feel so free, and she giggled to herself as she was reminded once again that this was *her* island. *All hers*. And Tim’s, really. In a week, she’d be seeing her favourite band performing with the best seats in the house. She had a booking to travel to space on one of those brief capsule launches. She even had a serious stake in two major film studios, and was looking forward to walking on set, checking out the hot leading actors just to tease Tim, and seeing the exciting behind-the-scenes events. Best of all, all the best hiking trails in the world were open to her, even if she no longer had the best hiking body.

In that respect, she considered as she laid back and took in the glorious rays of sunlight upon her perfect body, her new life really wasn't so bad. She murmured happily to herself, feeling almost like a goddess as she lay on her back upon the deckchair. Even the view of her large breasts felt more normal, and perhaps even something to be a bit smug about. Most people on Earth considered her to have it all: she was beautiful and young, and lived in the lap of luxury. That was something, right? She'd never want for anything again.

*Except*, she thought, his mood turning darker, to be a man again. That was the one thing she would never do, just as she would never be just a friend to Timothy anymore. She was his loyal girlfriend. His lover. Probably his future wife. If they weren't more careful with contraception, she could well end up being his future baby mama as well, a thought that terrified her. She tried to relax in the sun and just *be*, but a new voice entered the scene.

"Hey babe, looking gorgeous there."

Suddenly, there was Tim, towering over her and blocking out the sun. *Her* sun. She frowned and pulled down her sunglasses.

"Hey Tim," Joey replied, raising her female body up slightly on her forearms. She knew she was giving her friend a delicious look down her bikini top, but she didn't care too much anymore. It was too much effort trying to fight her new role, and much easier to give in, particularly since she was getting horny again.

"You look like you've been thinking back to that time again," Tim said, lying down beside Joey and motioning for her to cuddle up. Joey did so submissively, enjoying the feel of her large breasts pressed against Joey's side, and her boyfriend's arm against her smooth back. God, she was getting so used to this. Maybe it wasn't so bad. Her skin was *shivering* at his touch.

"Hard not to dude," she said, still cuddling up, "when you're the one being punished because your friend wasn't specific enough with his wish. Mine was brilliant. I thought it through. Yours was just . . . bad. And now here I am with these melons on my chest and getting your dick in me every day and night. I'd say that's a pretty poor trade-off." Joey was aware that the way she talked sounded odd for a bombshell like her, but her vocabulary remained one of the few things that was completely hers. In private life, she switched her language from that of a refined socialite to who she really was. Tim had never asked him to change it, and he suspected that Tim actually got a bit turned on by reminders that it was still his old friend in the busty redhead's body he now inhabited.

Timothy smiled. "C'mon Joey," he said, emphasising his friend's name, which hadn't changed. He loved to emphasise that name, and likely got a little turned on by it, though he claimed it was to make Joey still feel like 'himself'. At least it was a plausibly female name. "How was I supposed to know that you would become my big-titted, horny, submissive girlfriend? Not that I hear you complaining when we go at it." As he said that, he slipped his

other hand inside Joey's large bikini top and fondled her large nipple, which strained against the top. She suppressed a moan, but couldn't help shudder. "Besides, that genie won't work for us anymore, remember? One wish each. Which means, for better or worse, you're stuck like this, and may as well learn to enjoy it babe." He slipped his fingers into Joey's vagina, and now Joey couldn't help but give a very feminine moan.

"See? Give it some time, Joey, and I know you'll just come to love being stuck as my submissive, big-titted girlfriend." His fingers reached deeper inside her, and she moaned more deeply. "I'm sorry I got you like this. I really am. But . . . we can make the most of it."

"Mmmnn, come one dude, you've already – oohh – f-fucked me twice this morning."

Her former-best friend smiled deeply as he removed her bikini top and positioned his body over hers. His enormous erection was straining visibly against his pants. "Then what's one more. Joey? You're my girlfriend for life now. Let's just enjoy it. I promise I'll make it worth your while, especially when I play with these."

He cupped her tits together, which caused her to moan and withered beneath him. Joey parted her legs instinctively, ready for his entrance.

"Ohhhh, you know that's my k-kryptonite, dude. F-fine, let's have beach sex! Right here in the open. It's m-my island, after all. We can d-do what we want, right?"

"And you want this?"

Joey bit her lip. "You know I do. Your wish makes me. I'm sick of fighting it. So hurry up and fuck me right here on the beach, please!"

The former man gripped her lover and pulled his lips to hers. She was incapable of resisting and at this point no longer wanting to. She unbuckled his pants expertly with one hand as she held her bikini bottom aside, her legs enveloping him. Slowly, powerfully, sensually, he entered her, his big cock sliding into her dripping wet snatch as she moaned with pure pleasure and only a quiet background reluctance. In moments she was crying out, being taken by her best friend, submissive to his every sexual whim. And she knew this was her life forever now, to be his, with no chance of going back to a time before she was a busty redhead billionaire bimbo.

All because of one bad wish.

**The End**