

## One Bad Wish

*EDIT: Made some minor corrections to this story after accidentally deleting it!*

Tim and Joey were perusing the goods of an old antique store together. Joey 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 since they'd been friends ever since they were six years old in primary school. He heard his friend gasp, and saw he was gazing intently at a silver lamp in an old middle-eastern style.

"How much for it?" Timothy asked, but the owner of the store was insistent that the item was not for sale. Timothy continued to harangue though.

"This item is most precious to me," the manager said, "it is how I became such a success today, though it no longer works I like to keep it near."

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 for \$50. May it bring you the same good fortune it brought me."

---

It was back at the apartment when Timothy unwrapped his freshly-purchased antique.

"Isn't it a marvel?" he said, holding it out.

"Whatever," 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 –" Timothy began saying as he traced his fingers along said engravings, but as he did so the lamp began glowing a luminescent gold, and pink smoke began to billow out of its end. He dropped the lamp in surprised and it landed upright, the large bloom of pink smoke beginning to solidify into a human form. A very female, very scantily clad human form, with wisps of the smoke trailing from her bronze form back down into the lamp. She was suspended in the air as if by magic.

"Greeting, masters," the woman spoke, "I am the genie of the 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!"

The genie 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 just have a second."

Timothy retreated with Joey to discuss what they planned to wish for. Joey already had his wish in mind. He'd always been poorer than his other friends, and had to work several jobs just to make ends meet. 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. He made his decision and turned back to the genie to make his request. "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 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, "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.

"You are ready to make your wish?"

"Yes. It's . . . um, a little embarrassing, but here goes. I wish I had a gorgeous submissive redhead girlfriend with a big tits and a crazy sex drive, who was devoted to me for life and always dressed to show off her amazing body."

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, but 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.

---

Joey's new life wasn't so bad, he supposed as he lay on back sunbathing on his private resort. The genie hadn't lied to him; he had created a fairly airtight wish which left him

with a fortune ranking in the billions which was distributed across a number of bank accounts, company shares, and various assets. Overnight he had gone from a lower-middle class Joe to one of the richest persons on Earth. He lived in the lap of luxury now, and would never want for anything again. *Except*, he thought, his mood turning darker, *to be a man again*.

It had been a surprise to Joey when after the genie snapped her fingers, his body rapidly transformed into that of a woman, clothes and all. His hips cracked wider, his stomach became flat, his hands and feet petite and hairless, his voice and facial features soft and feminine, the space between his legs now empty. But he hadn't just turned into any woman. He was now Timothy's woman, for life. His friend hadn't been very specific on the spell that had altered the course of Joey's life forever, but he was certainly specific enough on several points. Joey felt he could handle being a woman, even one as attractive as his current form, were it not for Joey's other conditions in his wish. The ones that drove Tim crazy. For one, he was now a gorgeous redhead – Tim's favourite – and 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 he'd ever get a chance to wear something so modest ever again. No, he was stuck with big perky breasts that made every man in his presence drool and stare. Many times more than once Tim had had to tell a leering stranger 'hey, my eyes are up here.'

But even having to put up with big double E-cup bras to support his monster rack and the constant movement of his massive mammaries was nothing compared to the other parts of Tim's wish. His friend just couldn't help himself. Couldn't just stop there and call it a day. No, Timothy had felt the need to wish for a *submissive girlfriend* with a *crazy sex drive*. Mere minutes after his sudden transformation, having a panic attack while wearing a tight red dress that left nothing to the imagination, Joey first felt the growing moistness in his new feminine loins and tingling in his large nipples that would become very familiar sensations in the days, months, years and life to come. His eyes had gone wide with fear as he realised he was growing horny for his best friend, and his – now her – situation only grew worse when Tim asked him to be quiet for a minute while he tried to figure something out. Joey's mouth had snapped shut for a whole minute, unable to speak a word unless given the say so. It wasn't quite like a forced behaviour, in many ways it was something worse. In this new body Joey felt an uncertainty and pressure to submit to his friend's judgement that had never existed before. He managed to say a couple of half-formed words, but it sent him to the edge of an anxiety just to work up the nerve to do so.

Tim had noticed. Had tried other commands. "Sit down." "Stand up." "Come over here babe." All had worked, and all the time Timothy remained terrified, stricken with disbelief, and *incredibly, unbelievably fucking horny as he was told what to do*. For some reason Timothy's commanding voice was driving him wild, making him slick and wet in body parts he never expected to have, made his nipples go hard with arousal, and his new body breath deep to compensate, making his large jugs rise and fall, cresting

together to form even fuller cleavage. And finally it all culminated in that one line he would never forget saying: "Stop fooling around Tim please – I need you to fuck me!"

She had begged, had stripped off her clothing, had wrapped herself around him, so great was her need. And in the end, Tim being Tim and having not had the greatest luck with women, had acquiesced. In moments she was on all fours on the bed so he could fuck her from behind while fondling her large perfect tits. And after Joey had experienced the alien, wrong, and yet so pleasurable sensation of his former-friend-now-lover shooting his load deep into his new pussy, they did it all again ten minutes later. And then missionary. And then a blowjob. And then her riding him cowgirl. Just as Tim wished, her new form was horny and submissive, and desperately loyal to Tim. She fell to sleep with her large breasts pressed against his naked form, and woken the next morning already with a deep need to be filled once again.

In the months that passed since, Joey continued to be his submissive, horny, big-titted girlfriend. In his new life he was a billionaire, but since he was always submissive to Tim's wishes, it was really more his wealth now. Joey largely used it to buy tight, revealing things to wear for his boyfriend, because that's what Joey asked for, as well as sparkling jewellery and necklaces that drew attention to his ample features. His new body always demanded to show itself off anyway as a result of Tim's wish; anything that covered herself too much just felt not right in some undefinable way, particularly if he wasn't showing off 'the girls'. And so here he – well, she now – lay beneath the warm sun, wearing a tight bikini that left little to the imagination.

"Hey babe, looking gorgeous there." Joey was kicked from her reminiscing by the appearance of Tim towering over her, blocking out the sun.

"Hey Tim," Joey replied, raising her female body up slightly on his forearms. He knew he 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 him to cuddle up. Joey did so submissively, enjoying somewhat the feel of her large breasts pressed against Joey's side, and her boyfriend's arm against her smooth back.

"Hard not to dude, when you're the one being punished because your friend wasn't specific enough with his wish. Mine was specific, 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 him, but his vocabulary remained one of the few things that was completely his. 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. For what it was worth, they were still good friends. Only now unintentionally more so.

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, the 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.

"Mmmnn, come one dude, you've already – oohh – f-fucked me three times today."

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."

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.

One Bad Wish, Part 2

## **One Bad Wish 2**

Joey woke, as she always did, feeling horny. Some days she played a game with herself to see how long her body could hold out before she coaxed her fiancé from his sleep – usually by fondling his balls – and mounted him. The longest she'd held out was a full hour, and that was likely to remain her record; it was from the early days, when she still had the willpower to resist her now-naturalised inclinations. This morning she could already feel her lady parts becoming damp mere seconds after waking, likely brought on by the extra rush of hormones she was still getting used to.

Slowly she roused herself from the enormous king-size bed, her heavy chest swaying slightly. That too was a feeling she was becoming used to, especially given that she slept naked these days. Her fiancé Timothy was in full slumber, snoring slightly, and with a bit of drool seeping from the corner of his mouth as he lay on his back. She sighed and smiled at once, at the former friend who had changed her life so much, ruined and made it in equal value. Slowly she drew close to him, pressed her large breasts against his side, and began to play with his balls.

*God, Tim has fantastic balls. I can't believe I never thought that. But then I suppose I never imagined I'd see him that way.*

Her desire for him was growing, her need for her to fill what increasingly felt like a vacancy within her. His prick stiffened against her hand, and she bit her lip to stop herself from moaning with need, she was so turned on. Tim's eyes fluttered open, momentarily confused before his face settled into a knowing smile.

"Morning Red," he said, and caressed her dark red hair. It was an unnatural red, not ginger, and yet it was her real hair colour, thanks to him. He stroked her stomach as he continued to speak. "Need me, do you?"

She bit her lip and nodded submissively. She could barely remember what it was like not to be sultry and submissive. She knew it turned her fiancé on. His penis was rock hard in her hand.

"But babe, I'm a bit tired."

She exhaled impatiently. This was part of the game, and she knew her part well. She couldn't help but play it. She grabbed one of his hands and placed it over her left breast, so that her nipple stiffened against his touch. Her large boobs were much more than a handful, and his fingers sank into her flesh, causing her to moan involuntarily.

"Please," she begged, becoming as doe-eyed as possible.

"Can't we wait? Still waking up." He gave an exaggerated yawn.

"Please Tim. I need you inside of me." She moaned the last part so suggestively and sensually it would give Jessica Rabbit a run for her money.

He sighed, stroking her cheek before laying back. "Fine, but use your mouth first, Joey."

She didn't need any more permission than that. She leapt down upon his hard member, taking it into her mouth and beginning to stroke him with her hand as she sucked away. She couldn't help herself; she was totally loyal to him, and couldn't help but fulfil any command he gave her. She had come to see his voice as commanding, powerful, all that was male as a perfect fulfilment of her femaleness.

He moaned as she gave him a rhythmic, perfect blowjob of the kind she was by now well-practised in. For a moment he seemed to stiffen, and she feared that he would come and she would remain unsatisfied until she could raise him again, but he pulled her upwards with his arms. She loved those arms; she had once been easily stronger than Timothy, but now her strength was utterly minimal, and his embrace brought her a sense of safety. Gently, he placed her down upon his erect penis, his length sliding into her as she rested atop him. Slowly, she began to work him, teasing out his pleasure and her own as his girth pressed against her walls which radiated bliss throughout her being. She leaned forward to kiss him, and her prominent chest brushed against his. He continued to fondle her breasts as she rose again, rode him harder, gaining in speed and beginning to openly cry out in pleasure. Finally, all too soon, her pleasure became too much and she moaned in high pitch, stretching back so that her chest stuck out like

a shelf as a series of orgasms rippled through her. Timothy let out a deep moan, gripping her wide hips as he came moments later. His seed shot in hot spurts deep into her womb.

She automatically clenched him tight with her hips, causing him to groan again. It was a technique she'd learned through practice, one that drove him wild, and more over than not made him ejaculate even more of his issue into her, with the added benefit of trapping the warm, sticky substance within.

They stayed in that position for several moments, him becoming soft within her, she leaning forward with her hands on his pecs, her own buxom chest rising and falling dramatically before him. Her eyes were on his.

"God, you're perfect, Joey," he said. He gave a squeeze of her rounded butt.

"I better be," she said, raising an eyebrow, "after all, you're the one that wished me like this, Tim."

She rose, exhaling as he felt his retracting penis rub one last time against her clit, and she laid on her side, thighs still clamped together to prevent leakage. Tim pressed his naked form against her, and wrapped one hand idly around her large breast and began to play with it.

"You're not still hung up on that are you?"

"I'm not hung up on anything," she replied, "what's done is done, and this is my life now. I accept that, just like I accept many things." As she said the last part, she carefully moved his roaming hand from her expansive chest to her stomach, which was starting to become visibly rounded.

Over one year ago, Joey had been an ordinary man in his early twenties, visiting an antique shop with his best friend Timothy; an oddball who could be a little socially-inept sometimes and poor with women, and had the niche hobby of collecting antique odds and ends. On that fateful day he purchased an interesting looking lamp, and when they returned to the apartment they rented as flatmates, they were astonished to find that it housed a female genie inside, who promised to give them a wish each.

Joey had been wise with his wish, and gone to great lengths to specify his desire to be a billionaire without giving wriggle room for misinterpretation. The genie gave her respect at his savviness. Unfortunately, his friend Tim had been far less discerning, and had made the following wish:

*"I wish I had a gorgeous submissive redhead girlfriend with a big tits and a crazy sex drive, who was devoted to me for life and always dressed to show off her amazing body."*

The genie has smirked, and told Tim that his wish was most unwise, but fortunately it would affect Joey, not him. With that horrifying hanging statement, she disappeared back into the lamp, no longer able to be disturbed. Moments later the changes occurred, and both of their wishes were fulfilled. Joey became one of the richest people on the planet, but thanks to Tim's lack of guile his body also rapidly transformed to take on the

dimensions that his friend had wished for. Across several horrifying minutes, he found himself now shorter, thinner, with an hourglass figure and soft skin, long luxurious red hair and *great stonking tits* that wobbled and bounced with every movement, and hung heavily on his otherwise petite figure. What's more, he felt his self-confidence and take-charge attitude wither and wilt away, and a submissive need to be dominated and told what to do pressing down upon him. His clothes altered into a tight red dress that showed off his new and ample goods, and in the confusion that followed he found himself – herself – inescapably horny. It didn't take long before she was begging Tim fuck her, no matter how disgusted her mind was at the prospect, and took even less time for that to happen. And then again. And again. Until her friend-turned-lover was utterly drained.

In the weeks that had followed they tried many ways to turn her back, but in the end gave up – the genie of the lamp did not emerge again, and attempts to get others to grasp the item showed no reaction; she was clearly picky with her clientele, or otherwise sensing a desire to override a wish. Either way the result was the same; Joey was now stuck as the most desirable and richest woman in the world, one who was thoroughly submissive to the whims of her friend and constantly in need of having him inside of her.

Her new status quo had taken time getting used to. Attempts to fight her new role were never successful, and Timothy was all-too-eager to accept things as they were; after all, given that she acceded to all his wants, her money was effectively his, and he had a buxom girlfriend on his arm at all times. Their relationship was changed irrevocably. When they attended high-class galas and charity events, Joey accompanied Tim in stylish, revealing dresses. When they wanted to relax, they had their private island, where he watched her sunbathe in thin bikinis. At their mansion where they lived, their butler and servants addressed her as 'Miss Joey'.

It was something that still blew her mind from time to time, though now she was far beyond the point of trying to fight it all anymore. Tim's wish had made her what she was now, and she just counted herself lucky that her mind was still largely hers beyond the submissiveness. Having resigned herself to her role as her friend's big-titted submissive girlfriend, the next natural step was marriage. Tim had talked about it idly, but the proposal came much sooner than either really expected it would, in response to . . . certain developments.

Timothy caressed her slightly rounded stomach where their child was slowly forming within. "Are you sure you're okay?" he asked.

She blew a strand of red hair from her eyes before raising an eyebrow and folding her arms under her heavy boobs. "Of course I'm not fine Tim, I'm *pregnant* with your baby. My tits are aching, my nipples are too, I have to put up with morning sickness and fatigue, and all the while I've got your kid growing inside of me!" She rolled over and placed herself on top of him, so that her chest squished against his like two big cushions. She'd never admit it but she had come to love the feeling of it. She gazed into his eyes. "All that and we've got a wedding in a month. It's a lot to handle, Tim."

He brushed her hair back, and she shivered in delight. It was an involuntary response.

"I know it's a lot babe, but this is your life now – our lives now. And I think we're doing pretty good. We're rich, starting a family. It's nothing others haven't done before."

"I'm pretty sure most of those other women in your scenario didn't used to be dudes."

"It'll all work out Joey. Besides, I'm actually looking forward to seeing you blow up. You were always thinner than me so now the shoe will be on the other foot."

She playfully punched his arm. "You're such a jerk."

"It's okay, there's just more of you to love, babe." He affectionately slapped her ass cheek which set it to wobble. She giggled playfully.

"Man, you really like my butt, don't you?"

"I can honestly say it's much better than your old one. Though they're not my favourite of your features, I've noticed you're getting bigger elsewhere too."

She groaned, her cheeks turning red. "Oh don't even remind me. Like I wasn't big enough already. I'm afraid I won't even squeeze into the damn wedding dress. Everyone watching will know you got me preggers."

Timothy chuckled. "No they won't Joey. With the right outfit, you'll be fine. I know you still sometimes get embarrassed about being a woman devoted to me and all and the whole 'getting married to a guy who used to be your best mate' thing has you on edge, but trust me, you're barely showing."

"I know, but it's still so weird, and –"

"Babe, trust me, okay?"

She nodded submissively, and once more felt soothed by his dominating, masculine presence. *Female, pregnant, and soon to walk down the aisle in a white dress. Who would have thought my life would turn out this way?*

She stirred on his chest, her own large rack pressing against him until she felt the familiar sensation of his prick rising against her crotch. Instantly, as if a switch had been flicked, her own parts began to grow moist with anticipation and desire.

"Already?" she said, breathing deeply.

"Sorry babe, you just turn me on so much. I'm so glad I made that wish; I can't imagine a life without you as my baby-mamma."

And within moments she was on her back, legs spread wide as he slid every inch of himself inside of her, thrusting deep again and again as she cried in mixed pleasure, shame, and acceptance.

---

“Good morning Miss Joey,” said Pierce as his employer entered the room. As usual, even at his advanced age, it was a struggle not to gaze at her; Pierce had served as butler to many a rich heiress and lady in his time, but never one so keen to draw the eye as Joey Heart. Between her fire-red hair, vibrant green eyes, delightful freckles and curvaceous figure, she would have drawn any male’s eye of any age. But the gods had been kind to Joey in one particular way that never went out of style. She had the large, buxom chest of the sort that were conjured up only in the imaginations of hormonal adolescent males. With every step her large bosom jiggle, wobbled, or pressed against the various thin fabrics she wore, so that her blessed form was undeniable. In this moment, she wore a slinky black nightrobe that pulled taut around her breasts, low cut enough to show off her alluring cleavage, which wobbled with every step she took to approach him. He highly doubted she wore anything else beneath that robe.

“Morning Pierce, and how many times do I have to remind you to just call me Joey?”

Pierce gave a wan smile. Even her voice was sensual. No wonder Mister Timothy could not keep his hands off of her. *To be young again . . .*

“As ever, just one more time, Miss.”

Joey chuckled, which set her breasts jiggling. Pierce strained not to look down and keep his gaze fixed on his mistress’s eyes. It was a snorty laugh, not particularly feminine.

“Never change Pierce. Believe me, it’s a hard thing to get used to.”

He hadn’t the faintest what she was referring to, though she had made a number of allusions to a different past that Pierce could find no information on. So instead he changed the subject; “I trust you slept better last night Miss?”

She rolled her eyes as she manoeuvred carefully to a lounge set. “Ugh, hardly Pierce. I had to get up twice last night with the sickness. I only vomited once this time. I suppose that’s an improvement?”

“My father told me to never overlook a silver lining,” Pierce replied. She smiled again in response, and his heart burned at the sight of this beautiful youth he could never have. *Were I half a century younger . . .*

“Never get pregnant Pierce,” she sighed.

“I shan’t imagine that will present much of a dilemma for me, Miss.”

She snorted again as she traced circles over her abdomen, which had yet, at least to his eyes, to start showing. “Ha! That’s what I thought as well, and here I am. Still, you make do, and it’s not all bad. Timothy is . . . Timothy, but he takes good care of me I guess.”

*He certainly does, judging from the sounds you two make each morning and night from your bedroom.* Pierce smiled. More often than not the couple retreated to their lover’s nest in the midday, so clear was their lust. The only surprise, contrary to her mysterious statement, was that she hadn’t gotten with child sooner. Perhaps it was Mr Timothy’s call.

That was the part of their relationship that fascinated him. Joey Heart was the world's richest woman, perhaps its most gorgeous as well, and yet she had chosen for her partner an ordinary man with seemingly no particular great talent or even startling looks and charm. Yet she was submissive to his every whim; she wore what he desired she wore, made love whenever he was in the mood, and burned for him when he wasn't, and always deferred to him in the big decisions. Though he always took her contribution into account, his was the final say. If they weren't clearly madly in love – at least judging from their bedroom behaviour – he would have thought he was blackmailing her in some way. And yet despite her occasional dark moods and dark reflections on some former life, Joey seemed utterly committed to her life, and her fiancé's role in it.

Her stomach gurgled, which snapped Pierce back to reality. Timothy looked sheepishly up at him, clutching her 8-weeks along belly. From this position, her cleavage was very, very open. *Good lord, has her chest become even more ample in recent weeks?* He wondered if the young Miss Joey – for she was only in her early twenties – would eventually stop wearing such revealing outfits. He had seen her do so occasionally, but never in the presence of Mr Joey, who obviously preferred her ample curves on display and was not quiet about that preference.

He managed to snap back to reality a second time before he was caught ogling.

"I shall make breakfast at once, Miss. Will Mr Timothy be joining us?"

Yet another un-ladylike snort and a sarcastic smile. "I doubt it, with the condition I've left him in."

*Yes, I heard the moans when he was taking you all the way down the hall,* he thought. No doubt they would have gone several more rounds had she not begun to feel nauseous with morning sickness. Instead he said, "I shall make a large meal anyway Miss. You are, after all, eating for two now."

"A sentence I never thought I'd hear about myself," she said dejectedly.

Pierce absorbed that bitter comment and stumbled to think of a diplomatic reply. "I'm sure you shall come to love your condition, Miss. It is, after all, a blessing."

She gave a face that indicated it was anything *but* a blessing, and placed her hand over her stomach idly. "Splendid, yeah right. I thought if I absolutely *had* to get pregnant, I might have a few years after getting married to get used to it. Now I know for certain I'm going to be the size of a cow by the end of my honeymoon. And I just *know* this isn't the last pregnancy I'm going to be saddled with. Ugh, all because of that stupid wish lamp."

Pierce didn't know what to say. He had been sincere in his congratulations, but once again it seemed youth was wasted on the young. But the last of what she had said entered his mind. "I'm sorry Miss, you said a lamp?"

Her face turned to shock. "Did I? No, I don't think I did."

"You definitely did mistress. A lamp that grants wishes."

She stood awkwardly, making sure to cover her robe from opening further. “No, you must’ve misheard me Pierce. Or I misspoke.” She gave a very fake giggle and slapped her forehead, setting her breasts wobbling in her tight top. “Stupid pregnancy hormones, I’m speaking nonsense half the time. You just keep working on breakfast, this girl’s got a baby to feed.” She rubbed her stomach for emphasis before walking off in a hurry.

Pierce continued making breakfast up, even as he heard more moaning up the corridor. Clearly Mr Timothy had awoken once more. But all the time the words that Joey had spoken to him played in his mind. A magic lamp. *A magic lamp*. Like something out of a fairytale. And he had seen something like it, yes. Inside a thick glass case, if he wasn’t mistaken. Originally it had been on display, but after Mr Timothy had seen Pierce opening the case to polish the object, he had displayed significant concern. The next day it was removed to the attic, to collect dust presumably forever.

*Could it really grant wishes?* Pierce wondered. Perhaps that was the cause of Lady Joey’s irritation. He allowed his mind to wander, and connect the dots. But it all made sense; clearly Timothy – and Pierce was starting to think of him without the preface ‘Mr’ attached – had come across the lamp, in some way. He had wished for something. *Ah*. He had wished for the beautiful Joey, world’s richest and most gorgeous woman, to be his submissive sex slave. It explained her dark sarcasm, her inability to say no to him. Her second thoughts regarding her developing pregnancy.

*Yes, this development makes sense, in a crazy sort of way.* He was well aware he was potentially going senile, indulging in fantasies that only young children and old geriatrics like him do. But then he was verging on the geriatric, he knew. And if there was a chance – just a chance! – to be young again, then why not indulge in lunacy to try for it?

It did not take him long to find time reach the attic; after the young, rich couple had emerged from their hiding place to have a late breakfast, they had left the estate to go on a shopping trip. Evidently Miss Joey was in need of new bras capable of containing her growing mammaries. The maid was also busy downstairs fixing up the carpet stains. That gave him at least a couple of hours.

The attic was dark and musty, and it took some searching, particularly for his aged body, to find it. But find it he did. He almost stopped himself, abandoning the quest at its end for fear of being disappointed, but in the end he rallied. He touched the lamp, held it, caressed it, then placed a hand over its inscription which was written in some ancient lost tongue. For a moment nothing happened, and bitterness flooded his soul. Then the lamp glowed.

A bright flash of light blinded his eyes momentarily, and then standing before him, surrounded by light, was a dominating, scantily clad woman of exotic appearance.

“Greetings, master,” the woman spoke in a booming voice, “I am the genie of the lamp, and I have the power to grant you a single wish. Your wish shall be granted according to the wording of the wish, and cannot be taken back or reversed, so think wisely before you make your wish.”

"My god," the man said. "It's real. You're real."

The genie smirked. "Yes, I am real, old man. Are you prepared to make your wish? It is the only act that amuses me on my travels through the planes."

Pierce staggered, moved to sit down on an old rocking chair just to collect himself. "Then it's true, Mr Timothy did use a wish to ensnare Lady Joey to be his."

The woman raised an eyebrow, and he could see she was thinking. Something must have clicked, as she gave a bellowing laugh. "Close, mortal, close, and I could see how that would fit. But the truth is far, far more amusing. Poor Joey, he was an intelligent young man, and by far one of the cleverest mortals I have dealt with when it came to wishing."

"He – he was a man?"

Another smile. "Yes, he was, and the one called Timothy's friend. But not all wishers are wise as he, and his friend was most poor when he wished for a horny, submissive, redhead with a great bust and a need to obey him."

Pierce was horrified. "You couldn't have magicked up a woman to meet his criteria?"

"No, mortal. We genies can alter life, but not create it. So now that wise mind is doomed to live as a submissive wench, acting out his friend's male desires for the rest of her life. Though thanks to her wish, at least, she shall want for nothing. Want for nothing, but to be male again. Tell me Pierce – yes, we djinn know the true name of all living things – how is Joey these days? It has been over a year since I left her to her fate."

It was too much for Pierce to take, but he managed to find the words. "Oh, um, well. Miss Joey is due to be married to Mr Timothy in a week. And she's very popular around the various societies too."

"Mhmm, I imagine she is, given her magical compulsion to show off her curvaceous form."

"Oh, and, well, she's pregnant. Around 8 or 9 weeks now."

The genie laughed softly. "Motherhood. It seems that young Joey will soon experience the most exclusive part of womanhood, though little doubt it shall be her last experience with it. Such an interesting fate for such a mind. But enough banter, I have a purpose to serve. By now you must have thought of a wish. Tell me of it."

Pierce rallied. It was so much to think on, to think of the best way to phrase the question, and the exhaustion of his attic search and initial climb was taking its toll on his already age-fatigued mine.

"Hurry mortal, or else I shall leave your mortal plane without granting anything."

"Please, just a moment to absorb it all ma'am, I –"

"You must wish now. Think, mortal, of what you want, and say it clear."

Already her form was turning spectral, and he panicked in the moment. "I wish I was young enough again to make a fresh new start."

The genie smiled. "A beautiful wish, well said.

For a moment Pierce was relieved.

"But," she said. His heart sank. "A little vague, with much wriggle room. After all, being reborn as a maggot is a fresh start, and most young again with only a month of insectoid life before you. Or a salamander perhaps, or a tadpole wriggling in the pond. All of these are fresh starts, do you see?"

His heart pounded in his chest, and he reached into his pocket for his heartburn pills as the pain rose. "P-please," he begged.

She smiled, placing a hand on his cheek, almost as if with a mother's touch, despite the true age difference and the visual one. "Yet I find myself endeared to you in some way, Pierce. Perhaps it is because you have so little to lose, that taking more would lack fun. And so I shall give you your wish in the way that you desire it . . . with a few touches here and there."

He began to feel more hopeful, even as the touch of his heartburn melted away. He felt stronger, more fluid, his bones lacked the familiar ache. He stood of his own accord and felt years younger.

"Consider your wish granted, mortal-called-Pierce. You shall be born anew in this world, still-human, to a truly-fresh start."

"Oh thank you, thank you!" he said, and gripped his throat in surprise – his voice sounded younger! He looked at his hands and saw that the lines of wrinkles were gone – no, were disappearing! He was getting younger, and the glow of youth was returning to him. A prickle started across his scalp. A search with his hands confirmed the return of a full head of hair. He breathed easier, and his raspy breath became surer. His veins disappeared beneath the surface of his arms. He raised them towards the smiling genie as his body went from in its seventies, to sixties, to fifties, reaching the high forties.

"Oh thank you great genie, thank you thank you thank you!"

She continued to smile. "Don't thank me just yet Pierce. I want you to be happy, but we genie are creatures of mischief. I said I would give you what you desired *mostly*, remember?"

He looked at her with confusion as his hair trickled down the nape of his neck and over his eyes. *I don't remember my hair ever being that long.* His chest also began to shift, defined pecs forming initially, yet still shifting.

"I don't understand," he said, then gasped. His voice was higher. "What's happening?" he asked, and again his voice rose, becoming softer and higher in lilt. Feminine.

"Isn't it obvious?" the genie asked as his chest began to push out further, not as muscle but as two prominent sacks of fat with large nipples at the end. As his figure slimmed

down, and his clothes became baggy and unsuited to his new petite form. "You're getting a fresh start. A *fresh* start. And what's more fresh than taking a walk on the other side of the gender isle?"

Pierce gasped, and felt several places where his flesh jiggled where it never had before. His hair had continued to grow and descend past his shoulders, and he realised now that his hair was red. Something about that rang ominously to him.

"I – I need to get out!" the new woman said as she entered her late twenties.

"Enjoy your new life Pierce!" the genie shouted, "or perhaps it's Peace now?"

There was a blinding flash of light behind him – or her – as the new woman descended from the attic in a panic, a whirl in baggy masculine clothing. The maid Susannah looked to the intruder with a shock.

"What – who?"

"It's me Susannah!" she cried, "it's Pierce! There's a genie in the attic and I'm becoming a wo – a woman!"

The woman took a step back, gazing at this strange figure in Pierce's clothing, until she saw with her own eyes that the woman was becoming shorter, her hair shinier, her cheeks more rounded and full as she entered her teenage years. "You have to help me! No, I need the nearest mirror!"

She pushed past a shocked Susannah into the main hall, where there was a full-body mirror that Lady Joey often availed herself of. She ran to it, her body now full of youth and energy. She stood panting before it in a shock, amazed at the sight before her that she dreaded but was clearly true – she was a woman. In fact, she was in her late teenage years, about eighteen or so, with a full head of curly red hair and pert, still-growing breasts that pulled against her formal shirt.

It was then that she realised, even as she continued to age backwards, that she was not just any woman. She looked almost exactly like Joey. Only her breasts were not quite as big – perhaps they were equal in size some moments ago when she was years earlier – though certainly they were very ample. And her eyes were chestnut brown and hair curly just like Mr Timothy.

"I'm becoming their daughter," she whispered to herself as she became sixteen, fourteen, twelve, her breasts pressing back into her body, her height disappearing and her face becoming cute and precocious. *How young am I going to get!?* She screamed internally.

There was a sound of the door opening and chattering. She recognised these as her employers. She hitched the strange clothing, removing the trousers so she could wear the shirt as a dress as she approached the horrified figures standing next to a hysterical Susannah who was gesticulating wildly.

"Help me," she called out in a timid, girlish voice, "I didn't mean for this to happen. I'm becoming your daughter!"

Joey looked horrified. Timothy had a glazed and confused expression on his face.

"Please mummy!" she called, before clapping her own mouth in shock at what she had said. She was getting smaller, and with each month of age that evaporated off of her she continued to move toward the figure she recognised as her mother, unable to stop herself. Mummy was stepping forward, automatically disrobing even as she looked to Daddy with fear in her eyes. The maid ran, leaving the three of them there. By the time she was gone Mummy was naked on the ground, her legs spread wide as Peace flew past the age of one into babyhood.

"Oh no," she heard her Mummy Joey say. "No, no, no, no. Becoming a woman was enough. Becoming a submissive, horny girlfriend was enough. Getting pregnant was definitely enough! Why this? Why me again!? Oooohhhhhh!"

The last came as a strange cord erupted from Mummy's parts and planted itself in Peace's belly button. She realised what was happening, the life that was awaiting her. She was going to have a truly fresh start by being born back into the world. The cord tugged, and soon Peace was pressing against her mother in response to the woman's strangled cries. She was uncomfortable – they both were. Peace felt as if she was being pressed in from all sides. She tried to cry but couldn't, but her mother cried for her until finally she was pulled through to the other side.

There was the sound of a heartbeat thrumming through the chamber the former geriatric man found herself in. She knew it to be a womb, and recognised that she was still de-aging, her form reversing backwards; fingers becoming small nubs, eyes becoming blind, toes disappearing. Soon she was something altogether less and yet altogether more; she was a foetus, she knew. A possibility. Small and great at once. And she no longer feared; first because she retained her ability to think. The old Pierce had not died. Great chunks of memory had become vague and dreamlike, and the mechanics of language and literacy and numeracy had fled her, but she still knew her own story; where she had come from.

And moreover, she knew where she was going. That was the other part that gave her comfort – she no longer feared she would de-age into nothingness. There was a natural endpoint, she knew. Her backwards aging would stop at just around eight-to-nine weeks, so she could grow alongside her brother, or sister. She would have a twin. *I had always wondered what it would be like to have a twin. I hope it's a girl. I'd love a sister to help teach me the ways of womanhood.*

Her mind grew tired and sleepy. Despite her magical ability to think, clearly her time in her new second mother's womb would be spent a great deal in sleeping, and growing. She trembled with excitement. It hadn't come the way she had expected, and she had some grumbled, but in the end the genie had given her what she truly wanted – a real fresh start. And she had another 7 or so months in the womb with her twin sibling to come to terms with it, and to feel the wonderful peace she felt in this moment, nestled

in perfect comfort in the safety of the womb. One day she would be a beautiful woman all the boys would be after. One day she would realise for the first time her breasts were growing, and that she would have a decade of outgrowing bras ahead of her to enjoy or not. And beside her would be her twin, her best friend. She knew all of this, and found herself both embarrassed and excited. And then she felt sleepy. So she went to sleep.

---

"You did what to me?" Joey demanded.

"Nothing!" Tim exclaimed. "I swear Red, the lamp doesn't work for me anymore."

He helped his fiancée up from the floor, and saw again that her rounded bump was even more rounded and noticeable. Easily twice as big. She groaned.

"Oh lord, I'm even bigger now. Are you sure you didn't do this? Ever since I got turned into your girlfriend you've talked about getting me real preggers when we go at it."

"I swear."

She grimaced, and rubbed her belly again. "Then who did?"

"Pierce did," said a strange voice, and the two of them rounded to see the genie once more. "Hello Joey, it is good to see you again, and you as well Timothy. I can see that both of you have been . . . quite busy with your new lives. My congratulations on your engagement, the both of you."

"Thanks," Tim said, putting an arm around the blushing Joey, who was uncomfortable being around the genie again. *After what happened last time – and apparently this time – I don't want even more changes, though I don't know how much stranger my life can get than becoming a pregnant hottie.*

"And my congratulations also, Joey, on your pregnancy."

Joey blushed. "Well I couldn't help it, this body was just too horny and because of the wish *you* granted, I can't help but do what he wants, including get knocked up with his kids."

"I only grant the wishes I am given. Your current life is merely the unfortunate side effect of that, as I am sure you are coming to accept."

"Well, she certainly wasn't complaining when I put the kid in her," Timothy chuckled. He put his arm around her. *Jeez thanks Tim, just make light of me constantly needing you to cum in me.* But already the feel of him around her made her calm a bit.

"So what on earth just happened to me?" she asked. A girl aged backwards and then crawled up my *fucking vagina.*"

"Manners, Red."

"Sorry, babe. But it was pretty f- pretty creepy."

The genie folded her arms. "It is for that reason that I am here. I do not need to be, but I feel a certain . . . sympathy for you Joey, to be altered not just once but now twice. The servant called Pierce managed to find me, and made a wish to be young again. Specifically, he wished for a true fresh start. I heeded all aspects of his wish." She gestured to Joey's expanded stomach. "He will start again in your womb as one of your children – congratulations again Joey, you are having twins – and will be born again as your beautiful . . . daughter. A fresh start indeed."

"Oh god, I feel sick. That's why I'm bigger. I'm having f- flippin' twins."

"Precisely. How unlucky and yet utterly fortunate you are to feel such fertility Joey, you who once never thought you would bring a child into this world, let alone your friend's, and let alone two of them – for Pierce, now Peace, is truly now made of both of your genetic material. She will remember some of her former life and all the circumstances that led to her new one, but in all important aspects she shall be your daughter, and will need your maternal guidance. I shall leave you both now, and wish you the best, for both your twins, and other children that may yet come. Enjoy your life Joey."

She winked and disappeared in a flash of light, leaving a stunned Joey to topple on her feet and be helped by Timothy onto one of the couches, where he sat with her and stroked her larger belly.

"Twins," she said, eyes still wide.

Powerful arms wrapped around her. "Twins, indeed Red. God, you're going to be such a sexy pregnant mother. Makes me want to take you right now."

"Horndog," she complained, but as always, she submissively was already giving herself over to him, her tunnel growing wet and ready for his entrance. "Ugh, I just realised something."

"What?" said Tim as he lifted his face from her pillowy breasts.

"My damn wedding dress," she said. "There's no way people won't know I'm preggers when I walk down the aisle now. Bloody Pierce!"

And at that she jabbed her stomach with a finger, before returning to pleasuring the man she was destined to please.

---

### **Epilogue:**

"Les' play dolls again!" Lilly said.

"Okay! I wanna use the pink one do'h" Peace replied. She loved playing with her sister. Nothing ever gave her so much fun, and the two of them were absolute mischief makers, she knew, when it came to bed time. She'd tried to be less stress-inducing for Mummy, but it was hard when they slept in the same room, and Lilly was her best friend. Both of them were coming up on two, and from time to time Peace remembered back on her past life, and the choice she had made that led her here. She had talked about it

to Mummy once, but it had been a bit weird, so she mostly just acted like a kid her age now, which she honestly preferred. Being a girl had proven to be pretty cool, and she was excited to experience the journey to become the knockout woman she knew she'd one day be.

"Well, how are Mummy's little girls this morning?" came a voice.

"GOOD!" they both cried ecstatically.

"Sorry I couldn't come out and play, I had to talk to your Daddy about something important."

"What was important Mummy?" Lilly asked. Peace and Mummy locked gazes. There was an unspoken agreement not to bring up what both of them knew but Lilly would only find out much, much later, about the funny noises that came from the bedroom each morning and night. Peace knew of course about the wish that had made his Mummy a girl in the first place. She sometimes wondered if Lilly would ever be told about it, or whether Mummy would prefer to let it lie. Either way, both girls knew that even though their Mummy sometimes looks a bit irritated or exhausted for some reason, she loved them very much. From what Peace could tell, the only annoyance Joey Heart ever displayed at Peace for wishing herself unintentionally into her womb was the occasional instruction to help her sister with something, given that Peace knew a bit more about life than she let on.

"Now what are doing today? Dress up?"

"No Mummy we're playing dolls now, see?" Lilly held up the blue doll, and Peace followed suit with the pink one.

"Fantastic girls. Can I have the green one then. Mummy loves . . . loves."

"Mummy?" Peace asked.

But Mummy was already covering her mouth and making incoherent apologies as she ran to grab her purse and take something small and white from it, and then fled from their presence and into the toilet. A moment later they could both hear her coughing up breakfast. Lilly was confused, and for a moment so was Peace until she worked it out.

Daddy entered the room in a dress robe a pyjamas. "Hey kiddos, what's up?"

"Mummy ran away to the toilet!" Lilly exclaimed. "She's being sick in there!"

"Is that so?" said Tim with a smirk, as he sat down with the girls. He gave a knowing wink to Peace. For some reason, Daddy was always more open about the nature of their lives than Mummy was. He never talked directly, but he loved to let Peace infer what she could about the genie's work.

"Yeah, is she gonna be okay?"

"I don't know Lilly," he said, "what do you think Peace, what's happening to Mummy?"

She looked into that fatherly, mischief-ridden smile that always made Mummy roll her eyes.

"I think . . ." she said, "I think Mummy is making a new baby sister or brother for us!"

Lilly's eyes went wide with shock, and she giggled with excitedness. Peace joined her.

A voice rang down the corridor from the bathroom. "Two lines? Honey, what does two lines mean?"

"It means positive!" Daddy called back as he grinned at the girls.

"Oh, you're kidding!"

Daddy spoke to the twins. "Looks like there's going to be a new baby in the house by the end of the year!"

Lilly clapped, but Peace just smiled. Another sibling would be lovely. And if she could learn to love her new life and role, then perhaps another baby would make Mummy do too.