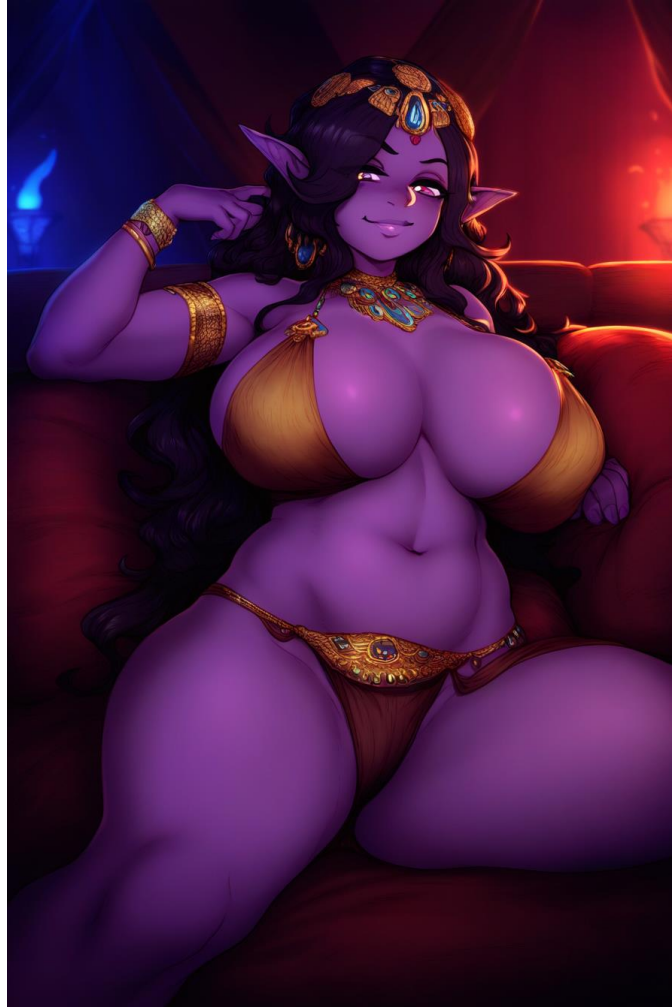




What was that smell?

Orrin tilted his head back, inhaling deeply. The scent had stopped him in the middle of the sidewalk, looking around slowly as he tried to place it. It was strong, yet pleasant. Unfamiliar, yet tantalizing. Like a new flavour of something he'd tried before. But it wasn't a food.

What was it?

He hesitated, looking around. Foot traffic was near nonexistent here, ever since groups of fey began moving in. Mortals rarely entered those brickwork avenues now, tangled with silken banners and the shimmer of magic. Him least of all. His route should take him back to his office to continue his work at the firm.

And yet...

Orrin didn't consider himself a curious man. Life had a familiar, plodding course for him, marching by like the numbers on his balance sheets. You could track his life by the ruts he'd walked into the sidewalk and office carpet.

And yet...

Orrin licked his lips, eying the side street. He really shouldn't. There were all sorts of stories of what happened to mortals who wandered into the fey districts. Most ended with a fairytale's flair. But the older kinds of fairytales. The kinds with blood and teeth and moral lessons like a bludgeon.

But of course, those were only stories.

They weren't real.

He could take a quick... a quick nip in to try and find out where that scent was coming from. Then head right back out. Be like he never wandered.

...Right?

Orrin stole a look back around the street, as if worried that someone he knew might see him slip away. Which was absurd. No one was around. But was that strange? For absolutely no one to be here?

Maybe...

Orrin shifted his weight from one foot to the other. But then he caught again that ribbon of smoke teasing through the air, and knowing he shouldn't, yet unable to keep his shuffling feet from doing so, he ducked down the avenue and hurried along.

This part of the city hadn't been under fey dominion long. Most buildings were still of human construction and style. No one was quite sure if it was the fey themselves or simply their arcane nature which changed the places they lived in, warping them into new, more familiar shapes for their denizens. It was a strange thing to think, that the mere presence of a fey's magic could so totally rewrite existence itself.

A chilling thought, and Orrin decided that once he discovered the truth behind that scent, he'd be out of there fast.

Yet it only seemed to lead him on, pulling him down the twisting alley until he found himself before a lonely door. He paused before it, sensing instinctively something... off about the place. The frame of the door was lined with a mosaic of glittering stones and the windows seemed oddly curved. The brickwork somehow faded, as if it were melting into something else.

Orrin stared at the building, unsure.

"Well? Are you going in?"

"Gah!"

Orrin spun around in surprise and took a quick step back, finding a tall woman standing before him. She was beautiful, her eyelashes long and dark, her figure clad in loose pantaloons and her firm, high breasts wrapped in a silk ribbon threaded with what looked like coins that chimed whenever she moved. Her hair was thick, faintly translucent like smoke, and bound by a series of rings into a long braid. Her skin was blue, her purple lips widening in a grin as she looked down at him. A djinn! Orrin felt his breath catch in shock. Though he knew the strange fey didn't really grant wishes, their playful and fickle nature was well known.

"I said, are you going in?" she asked.

Orrin glanced back at the building behind him. "G-go in? I uh..."

"Come now! Don't be shy. We haven't put up the sign yet, but we're open for business!" the strange woman said, reaching over him and pushing open the door.

"I uh, I don't..." Orrin stammered.

"You're lucky! Our first human customer. Quite the honour," the djinn said as he was bundled through the door, forced to walk ahead of her, lest he find himself pressed into her breasts. "We've been looking forward to it!"

"What? You were?" Orrin said as he glanced around uncertainly, finding himself in a richly appointed foyer, three doors blocked off by beaded curtains.

"Of course! And we'll even give you a free sample."

Orrin hesitated, but as he stood there, he noticed the scent that had drawn him in was even stronger. More potent. He inhaled deeply and nearly reeled at the heaviness of it.

"I... what, um, exactly do you sell here?" he asked.

"Why joy, of course," the djinn said, sweeping open a beaded curtain. "Right this way."

Uncertain yet unable to deny the curiosity that filled him, Orrin padded towards the doorway and poked his head inside.

It seemed to be some kind of lounge. Smoke hung like eddies of ink around several couches. A padded lounge seat sat in the middle of the room, and reclining on one of the divans beside it was a second djinn. This one had skin purple as a plum, and was even bustier than the tall woman who had conducted Orrin inside.

The new djinn lifted her head and beamed at him and his guide. "Well! What's this, Rasha? Found us a customer?"

"Was there ever any doubt, Ammera?" the blue djinn laughed, ushering Orrin into the room.

The plump djinn smiled broadly and rose from her seat with a bobbing bow. "Of course not. Welcome, guest, to the House of Dreams! I am Ammera, and this is my sister, Rasha. We are so happy to see you."

"Er, thanks," Orrin said, looking between the two smiling fey, their twin smirks making his stomach toss uneasily. "I'm, well, Orrin. I was just... when I was walking down the street I noticed the, er, scent that seems to have been coming from here. And I..."

"Ah," the two djinn said with knowing looks.

"Ah?" Orrin echoed.

"Not surprising you would," Ammera said.

"No. Not at all," Rasha added. "You see, our smoke is a very special blend. Most can't even catch a hint of it."

"Nope!" Ammera said, hands on her wide hips as she smiled proudly. "Only those who truly need our services can detect it."

"Sorry?" Orrin said. "What do they need?"

"Why to relax, of course!" Rasha said, giving him a light push towards the waiting lounge seat.

"Oh yes," Ammera added, beaming as her hands deftly spun Orrin around and planted him in the lounge seat. "We're experts on it. And if you liked the smell, then just wait until you've had a taste!"

"Taste?" Orrin said blankly, right before a strange brass pipe was shoved into his hands. He looked down at it in surprise, then nearly dropped it when he saw it better. The metal was long and sinuous, expertly carved and crafted. And what said expert had crafted was a naked woman.

Orrin's eyebrows sprang up in shock at the sultry sight. Whatever artist had worked on the thing had done an incredible job. The woman rested on the metal of the pipe, her toes just above the lip, her hips swelling up along the stem, her breasts topped with rubies, her arms stretched upwards towards the bowl and her face rapt with the sort of unspeakable ecstasy that was probably illegal in most countries.

"I uh... I don't really smoke," Orrin said nervously.

"When better to start?" Ammera said, plopping down on the seat beside him, which did some very interesting things to her plump, purple breasts.

"It's an experience beyond measure," Rasha agreed, settling herself on his other side. "And the first one is free."

"I really um... uh..." he stammered, noticing that Ammera was already putting a small packet of something into the pipe's bowl.

"It's very unique," Ammera said happily. "Unlike anything you've tried before. And so very potent. So good. So... so..."

"Relaxing?" Rasha suggested.

Ammera snapped her fingers at her sister. "Exactly!"

"I ah..." Orrin tried.

"Oh, but, of course, if you really don't want to, we won't keep you here," Rasha said.

"Oh no, of course not," Ammera added. "We were only being polite. We'd hate to think we had offended or displeased you."

"Naturally. We were only trying to help," Rasha said with a sad pout.

"Exactly. And we've been so in need of a nice, polite human willing to lend a hand. We were hoping it would be you. The success of the business depends on it."

"But you don't have to," Rasha said. "Really. We wouldn't hold it against you if you just... left."

"Of course not. You can just... get up and go," Ammera said. "If you really want to..."

Orrin winced, glancing between the two expectant faces, feeling the pressure of their disappointment like a clamp tightening around his chest.

"I... I guess one puff couldn't hurt..." he murmured defeatedly.

Both djinn's faces brightened at once. "So true!" Ammera said, settling back happily in her divan, her figure again jiggling with copious curves. "Just one. That's all. We just want to know if humans like it as much as us fey. Our business is riding on it."

"We do hope you don't feel pressured at all," Rasha added with almost mocking concern. "We just want you to be happy."

"Sure. Yeah," Orrin said, watching gloomily as Rasha lit his pipe with a flick of her finger and a spark of magic. He sighed. Well, he was here. May as well get it over with... Lifting the pipe to his mouth, he took a gentle inhale.

The smoke rushed into his mouth and Orrin tensed, expecting a sudden fit of coughing. Yet instead, the smoke seemed to soothe his lungs. Stretching through him like tendrils of warmth.

Surprise soon made way for a heavy pleasure. Like his limbs were being weighed down by the smoke that filled him. Not unpleasantly so. No. In fact, quite the opposite.

Orrin slowly lay back in his seat, which seemed much more comfortable than before. Much softer. Like lying on a cloud...

"Good?" Ammera asked sweetly, her plump cheeks in her hands as she looked down at him smugly.

"Very," Orrin admitted, taking another puff, a deeper one. A slow breath in, then out, exhaling a plume of violet smoke.

"So good to hear," Ammera said, smirking up at her sister. "See? I told you I had the mix right. You doubted."

"I suppose I did," Rasha said, brushing Orrin's hair back, her touch tingling pleasantly. "Hmm. His skin hasn't even turned blue! Well done sister."

Orrin paused with his lips on the pipe. He looked between the pair. "That... that was a risk?"

"A very small one, sweet thing," Ammera assured him gently. "A paltry thing. And not one you need to worry about. Right?"

Orrin... supposed that was true. And he wasn't really bothered by it. Which was surprising. Turning blue seemed like something he should have been more worried about.

But he hadn't. It was fine. Fine to take another puff. So he did, sucking in a lungful of the smoke, feeling the warmth tingle in his chest before spreading through the rest of him in a wave, washing away the nervous stresses that had once assailed him.

So good.

So.

So...

"Easy," he hummed, sinking deeper into the cushions, his eyes lidding. Gods. He hadn't felt this relaxed since... ever, he was pretty sure. He wasn't even worried about being late getting back to work. Ugh. Work. That miserable job. He sighed, exhaling another puff of smoke. Be so nice not to go back. To just... drift in this cloud of pleasant smoke forever. Free of earthly worries. Just... relax...

"So good, isn't it?" Ammera said, leaning in closer. "Do you feel relaxed? Soft? Eeeeasy?"

"Mhmm," Orrin hummed happily.

"How wonderful to hear! And do you taste the paprika? My special. Should give it a nice zing."

"Not... really..." Orrin murmured.

Ammera pouted, her plump lips pushing out. "Oh dear. How strange..."

"Did you really need to put paprika in there anyway?" Rasha asked, her hand gently stroking Orrin's brow, a sensation both pleasant and soothing to the young accountant. "No one would ever be able to forget your smoke, sister dear."

"No way," Orrin murmured in agreement as he took another puff, stretching lazily like a cat in the sun, a blissful smile hovering on his lips.

"I suppose you're right," Ammera said indulgently, patting Orrin's arm. "Now, would you like to sample the rest of the package?"

"Hm?" Orrin said, blinking slowly. "The rest?"

"Naturally," Rasha crooned, her fingers playing along his brow, and he realized she had moved behind the seat, her hands gently massaging his forehead, like she was smoothing the wrinkles of his brain. "We have a comprehensive package to help mortals deal with all those naughty, vexing little stresses that make your lives so terribly difficult."

"We put an awful lot of work into it," Ammera said as she rose from her chair, her curves wobbling tantalizingly as she moved around to his feet, her round face radiant with happiness. "Making so many plans and ideas, but we know so little about what mortals truly enjoy. So it's been all guess work. Would you mind helping us some more?"

"More?" Orrin murmured, smoke oozing from his mouth in lazily dancing tendrils.

"Free, of course," Ammera added smilingly. "Why refuse? We would love to serve you ever so much."

"So very much," Rasha breathed, leaning over him, the soft orbs of her breasts wobbling in the chiming strip of cloth above his head.

Orrin stared at those gorgeous breasts, the tassels nearly tickling his nose as she breathed in, out. In. Out. Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

"N-no," he said, watching those soft, full breasts gently sway. "Suppose... suppose wouldn't mind..."

"Wonderful," Ammera cooed as her fingers teased his belt. "Then please, relax. And tell us everything you feel."

Orrin blinked, a moment's uncertainty rearing its head like the hand of a drowning man surface from a placid pond. "Wh-what are you doing?"

"The full relaxation package," Ammera said simply. "Very full. Very fulfilling. Because as we can see," she said, grasping his pants and tugging them down, her eyes flashing and lips smirking as she beheld his tenting boxers. "Some parts of you are still very... stiff."

Orrin licked his lips, tasting the smoke. "I uh..."

"Take another puff," Rasha cooed above him, her hands continuing to massage his brow. "Just... take another soothing breath."

Before he quite registered it, Orrin had the pipe to his lips and was breathing in. As the smoke swirled through him, he felt the tension in him mingle with it, swirling in his chest before he let it out in a long, slow sigh of coiling haze. Out went that moment of doubt. Out breathed the uncertainty of prudishness and resistance. His bones felt like they were melting in a warm sun, the moment of panic fading away as another lazy smile found a home on his lips.

"I... guess it'd be okay..." he breathed.

"Absolutely," Ammera said as her fingers hooked in his boxers, teasing them down and off his cock, letting his full length spring to attention. "Don't worry about a thing. I know just the way to take care of this. And it'll help you relax even more."

"Old djinn secret," Rasha said above him, her fingers having moved down to his shoulders, kneading the tightness from them before they could even knot. "No one's better at it than Ammera."

"Flatterer," the plump djinn giggled as she reached behind herself.

Orrin watched raptly, his eyes widening slightly as the fabric about her chest was loosened with a faint click. The ribbon of silk was tossed aside, unveiling the full, heavy purple orbs of Ammera's breasts. Orrin actually felt his jaw drop at the sight of them. Never had he seen such ample titflesh. Certainly not in person.

And never had he dreamed they'd be wrapped around his cock. But that was just what Ammera did, leaning forward so her full, soft breasts enveloped his manhood, the djinn pressing them together so they sandwiched his cock in her purple softness.

"Ohhhh," Orrin groaned, eyelids fluttering.

"Our full package is very comprehensive," Ammera said, producing a bottle of oil with a flick of her wrist and pouring it into the gap between her breasts. "High quality oil scented of lavender to

compliment the smoke. We're even looking into a full body massage and a sauna! Provided we get enough customers."

Orrin shivered, a moment of sweet tension rolling through him as the warm oil oozed onto his shaft. "Ohhh. Don't... don't th-think that'll be a... a problem," he gasped.

"So glad you think so," Ammera said, squeezing her breasts around him.

And then she began to bounce.

Orrin cried out weakly, head falling back as those soft, smooth orbs massaged his oil-slickened cock between them.

"Do you like that?" Ammera asked sweetly. "Does this make you feel all soft and gooey and good?"

"Yessss," Orrin groaned.

"Seems my experiment was a success," Ammera said to her sister, even as she continued to rub him between her breasts.

"So it seems," Rasha said indulgently. "Well done. I think this will be immensely popular."

"Oh yes!" Ammera said happily. "So much so, we may need to hire more help. Even franchise!"

"Now now. Don't get too far ahead of yourself, sister," Rasha said as she glanced down at Orrin's rapturous face. "We still have our current client to take care of."

Ammera giggled. "Quite right, sister. Sorry. I can get so dreamy sometimes. Now Orrin, don't forget, to get the full, complete experience, don't neglect that pipe of yours."

Orrin had been, but at her reminder instantly put it back to his lips and inhaled a great gust of the wonderful smoke. His eyes rolled as the cloying warmth seemed to rush straight into his head, swirling about his mind and body in a shudder of purest ecstasy.

"Mmmmm," he moaned, exhaling a gust.

"That's it. Breathe in. Out. In. Out," Rasha murmured as her hands again slid up his neck and massaged his temples. "Let all that stress just... disappear. Let it all flow out. Let yourself just relax. Just give in. Just enjoy this wonderful... perfect... moment..."

Orrin obeyed. And it was so easy to obey. To do what they said. To relax. To steadily breathe in and out. Plumes of smoke leaking from his nose and lips, his eyes growing lidded and eyelids heavy, his head empty like every puff carried away all his worries and his cares. All the stresses of his job. All the pain and agony of decision. And in its place was just...

Pleasure...

Sweet, wonderful, soft pleasure.

Soft as Ammera's breasts.

Soft as the way they jiggled around his cock.

Bounce.

Bounce.

Bouncing tightly around his throbbing shaft.

Orrin moaned softly into his pipe as the heavenly plumpness of Ammera continued to massage his needy manhood, his cock throbbing and twitching eagerly as the djinn worked her magic on him.

"So stiff," Ammera cooed, his oiled cock utterly lost in the vastness of her warm cleavage. "So needy. Poor thing. But don't worry. We're going to drain it all out of you. Pump out all that tight, tense, cum. Drain those heavy balls and make you so relaxed. So happy. So soft and pliable and content. Would you like that, Orrin? Would you like for us to drain you down? To milk your big cock?"

"Y-yessss," Orrin groaned, breathing hard and heavy, his eyes misty as he panted, his face flushed as smoke swirled around him. Filled him. Lifted him on clouds of pleasant relaxation. "Yes. W-want... want that. Want it so... so bad. Please. Oh gods. Please..."

Ammera giggled. "Of course you do. What relaxed, happy human wouldn't want to? Wouldn't want me to milk his balls of all the things that are making him so stressed. So tense. And isn't this the perfect way? To let my big, soft breasts pump you to completion? To make you so happy and relaxed and soooooo good?"

"Yessss," Orrin gasped, his vision spinning through the smoke that coiled and twisted around the room. "Soooo good!"

"Then don't cum until it's all there, sweetie. Don't cum until every drop of stress is in those balls. Until every thought that makes you worry is down there. Don't cum until you're ready to let it all go. To just be happy. To be relaxed. Hold it in until you're ready, Orrin. Hold it in."

Orrin moaned, gasping as he did as she said. As he felt his balls churn and grow heavy with his need. As he rutted upwards into her bouncing breasts. It felt so good. So right. So relaxed. All the tension down there. All the weight. Everything. Everything. Until... Until...

"O-ohhhhhh!"

Orrin groaned, shuddering as he came, his cock pulsing, throbbing, surrendering to the bouncing orbs of her glorious breasts. Spurting out every thought and stress and all the rest. Surrendering utterly to those perfect breasts. Feeling the smoke fill him up until he floated in a haze of perfect, mindless bliss.

Ammera smiled and rose, lifting her breasts off Orrin's cock. "Mmm. There we go. And how do we... Orrin?"

Orrin said nothing, his eyes blank, lost, a smile of blissful stupidity on his face.

"Oh my," Rasha said, gently patting his cheek. "I think it may have been too much for him, sister."

"Oh dear," Ammera said. "But we can fix him, of course."

"We can try," Rasha said with a knowing look at the purple djinn. "If you want to. But I fear he might not be much good to anyone anymore. Just a dumb, happy plaything of flesh. Though," she added

with an amused look, "I imagine some of our fey customers would find that quite appealing too. With some proper training, he would be an excellent massage boy."

"Yes," Ammera said thoughtfully with a look at Orrin's slack face. "Yes, that's true, isn't it? And this will give me the perfect opportunity to fine tune the smoke. Why, a happy, always available guinea pig would be perfect! We'll soon be drowning in happy, relaxed human men! Oh!" she gasped, clapping her hands in delight. "We could start a dating service!"

"A dating service? Really?" Rasha said, chuckling indulgently.

Ammera huffed. "And why not? What fey wouldn't love to get her hands on a happy, obedient mortal man? And what mortal wouldn't want to be a dumb, obedient bimbo to a beautiful fey girl? Oh sister! Business will boom! And it's all thanks to you," she cried, grabbing Orrin and pulling him into her bosom, squeezing the mortal into her pillowy tits adoringly. "Oh you wonderful, beautiful boy!"

"Mmm," Orrin moaned, snuggling into her wonderful breasts. "Th-thank you... Happy... mistress..."

"Really? Haven't you done enough to the poor mortal?" Rasha chuckled.

"Oh hush. He's really helping his fellow humanity, sister. Once we've mastered the formula, every human in the city will be coming to our parlour! Why, we could even start selling our tobacco in the shops. Imagine! The convenience and pleasure in your own home. In fact, I think you deserve an even bigger reward, my darling mortal," Ammera said.

Orrin wondered what that might be like. Then wondered no more as Ammera laid him back out on the seat, the plump djinn whipping off her sash in a single brazen movement. Orrin gaped in awe at the djinn's plump curves, his cock instantly hardening once more.

Oh yes, some part of his mind managed to think as Ammera's glorious pussy enveloped his cock, her wonderful breasts pressing into his face. Oh gods yes. That was exactly what he needed. A change of career!

And as Ammera began to fuck him into the couch, bouncing and moaning as she rode his needy, oiled, sensitive cock, Orrin knew he couldn't wait to start.