

The Wishing Chain (Multi TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A bottle holds a very special genie; one who can grant wishes to its discoverer!

Unfortunately, there is a catch: after making your wishes, you find that you actually receive the wishes made by the genie's previous master! We follow a number of wish-makers who find their lives and bodies changed not by their own desires, but someone else's!

The Wishing Chain

Once upon a deep, ancient time, there was a powerful djinn whose essence was bound to an indestructible bottle of the most colourful and unnatural glass. For the granting of wishes sincerely, a bane to the normally capricious genie kind, this genie was cursed to fulfil its duty in an altogether strange way, one that would bring about mischief regardless of what it truly wanted. Ever since that black and ancient day, the Wishing Chain began, a series of wishes that caused ripples of change that the genie did not desire, and yet was compelled to perpetuate. He could limit the fallout where possible, but always some mischief resulted.

This is just one part of the great Wishing Chain.

This is just part of the mischief.

Part 1: Farm Life

Miriam could barely believe it. She had brought the beautiful bottle with its stained glass design and ancient lettering back home, thinking her husband might be able to identify it. What she didn't expect was for an actual, real-life genie to emerge from it when she removed its cork! The majestic being floated in the air before her and her husband, right in the middle of their living room space, his skin a glowing orange, his clothing like something out of ancient Arabia, his ears pointed, his expression slightly amused upon his imperious face.

"Oh my God," the woman in her early thirties muttered. She gripped her husband Geoff's hand automatically, holding it tightly.

"Not God," the being said, its voice reverberating around the room. "I am the ancient Djinn Khalid, and you have opened my bottle, freeing me into your world for a time. Now, I am obligated to grant you three wishes."

Miriam gulped. She could barely believe this was happening. She tugged upon her dark braid and looked at her husband, who was adjusting his glasses upon the bridge of his

nose. She'd gone out for a walk early, and had only risen once she'd unleashed this commotion upon her return, so he was still in his red and white-striped pyjamas.

"Miriam, dear," he said, face pale. "Tell me this is a dream."

"No dream, honey," she said, keeping her eyes on the expectant genie. "I - I found this ancient-looking bottle, and I brought it back here. I thought you might know something about it, but when I opened it . . ."

"I arrived," the genie said with some satisfaction. *"And now you, my discoverer, have three wishes."*

"And you'll grant them?" she asked. "Genies are real?"

"Can you not see me? Yes, we are real. And we can also be impatient. You must make your wishes within the next hour, or my vessel shall disappear to parts unknown, and you will never be able to find me again."

"Does my husband get three wishes?"

"Nay, only you, Miriam Tarkway. And you must give all three wishes at once. Only when I have all three may I grant them. They cannot be granted one or two at a time, only all three together."

"And then . . . you'll grant them?"

He refolded his arms and gave a gentle nod, before offering up a single finger as a caution. *"But once granted, they cannot be un-granted. The wishes will come to fruition, and you must live with what comes next. So word your wishes wisely and kindly. I cannot bring destruction or death, regardless. And once the wishes are granted, I and my bottle will vanish to parts of the world unknown, and you will never be able to find me, not for your whole life. Do you understand these terms??"*

Miriam gulped. Her heart was racing, her mind trying to absorb that this was *real*. She turned to her husband, who looked just as alarmed, but his academic mind was clearly grappling with it all. He exhaled.

"You should," he said. "Miriam, think of the opportunities!"

"Of course," she replied. "But . . . can we have time to talk it out?"

Another nod. *"Of course you may. I shall wait here. But again, I caution you, try to avoid great change. You never know where it shall lead."*

The married pair scurried up the hall, a mix of excitement and anxiety in the air. They lived in ordinary suburbia, both in offices during weekdays, both busy trying to pay off their mortgage and organise their lives.

"We should pay it off," Geoff said. "Get rich!"

Miriam cringed. "I know, I want that, but . . . aren't those big changes? The genie warned about such things."

"Then just a little payout! Enough to help us financially."

Miriam bit her lip, then touched her husband's hand. "I was thinking about something else," she said. "We've been . . . we've been trying for nearly two years, my love, and nothing has happened. Maybe this is the sign we've been waiting for. A sign that we can finally have that big family we've always wanted."

Geoff sighed, and then embraced his wife. "You're right. Of course, you're right. We both said we'd give each other a large family. We can weather anything, but I've always seen myself as becoming a father."

"And me a mother," Miriam said. "I mean, Lily is so excited to become an honorary aunt. I could finally tell her that I'm pregnant!"

Lily was her best friend, a peppy olive-skinned beauty who had no plans for family but plenty of time for boys. But she was so very excited for Miriam's dreams to come true, and helped console her each month when another attempt at conceiving failed.

"I'd like to wish for that," Miriam said.

"Then let's work out the wishes to help us, shall we?" Geoff asked.

It took roughly fifteen minutes of back-and-forth, but soon the pair were before the genie. He had something like hope in his eyes, and looked oddly nervous himself despite his projection of awe and strength.

"Have you made your wishes wisely? Have you considered only the small ripples? The broad questions that bring happiness?"

"I have," Miriam said. "I don't suppose I can run the questions past you."

"Alas, the bounds that hold me mean you cannot. You must make your wishes true, with no rehearsal before me."

Miriam steadied herself. "Then I'm ready," the black-haired woman said. "For my first wish, I wish that I am able to fall pregnant easily. For my second wish, I wish that I am able to have many safe and healthy pregnancies with my husband. And for my third wish, I wish that my husband and I are wealthy and healthy enough to support our big family happily."

The genie gave something like a grimace, which surprised her.

"Is there something wrong with the wishes?"

"No," Khalid said. "Truly, they are beautiful wishes. Alas, I must now tell you the truth of my nature. I am a cursed genie. I loved granting wishes like these, once, but my own kind cursed me for not causing enough chaos in the world. Now, I am bound by rules I cannot disobey, nor reveal until it is too late: you shall not receive your wishes, but the next person to wish before me shall."

Miriam's jaw hung. "Wh-what? I don't understand."

"Each person who makes three wishes before me does not receive their own wishes granted, but instead the wishes of my previous master. These are the wishes you shall receive, Miriam Tarkway."

He opened his mouth again, but this time someone else's voice emerged from his lips, an excitable young woman who spoke in a strangely faltering and off-key manner, like a total eccentric.

"Okay, oh my God, this is so cool! Okay, well, I gotta be honest, I can't take your advice, Khalid. All my life, I've wanted to be magical, and I love my horses, so . . . I wish that I was a beautiful centaur! And I wish that I lived on a farm in the woods with my loved ones, so that I'm never, like, on the news and stuff! Oh, and I wish my besties would be centaurs with me too!"

The voice stopped, and Miriam was still gaping, as was her husband.

"You - you can't be serious!" he exclaimed.

"I am sorry, but I am," Khalid said. *"And now I must grant your wishes."*

"But they're not my wishes!" Miriam cried. "I wanted to have a baby, not become a centaur! There's no way that you can do that!"

"I'm sorry, but I can, and I must. May my previous master's foolish, mischievous wishes be granted . . . to you."

With that, he snapped his fingers, and flame-like magic erupted from his fingers, pouring out into Miriam, whose body absorbed it all. The effect was immediate, because she started groaning and moaning, clutching her body as muscles began to pull, flesh distend, and ligaments grow.

"Oh God, Miriam!" Geoff cried, moving to hold her.

"It's - ohhhh - I can f-feel it happening, Geoff! I can feel - NGHH!"

She arched her back, and suddenly her pants *exploded*, the fabric tearing apart as her backside began to impossibly extend. She fell backwards, and Geoff had to catch her, holding her with all his strength even as her bottom grew and grew, extending outwards ever further until it was obvious that new ribs were forming, a barrel-like lower body forming.

"F-fuck!" she screamed, ordinary hating to use foul language. "Stop this! Please, it's t-too much! It's - mmhmmh!"

Her eyes went wide as new limbs formed, just as Geoff could no longer carry the enormous, limbless back half of her. Proud equine legs formed, growing outwards, the alien sensation of new limbs existing almost too much for Miriam to handle.

"Woah!" she cried. "Geoff! GEOFF! GEOFF I JUST GREW NEW LEGS! GEOFF!!!"

"I know honey, I know! I can see them!"

"Ohhh, there's something else coming now! It's all itchy! Everything is - AGH!"

She squeaked, shocked as fur began to grow all across her lower half. A rich black coat to match her dark braid formed across her body, even as her more human legs began to extend and change, the bone cracking so that it reformed just like a pair of equine front

legs. Her foot compressed, her toes fusing to become hooves, and suddenly a great dealing of sensation was lost to the hard shell that formed there.

“Oh my God!” she cried. “Please, genie! Khalid, undo thisssss!”

“I am sorry,” he said, sympathy on his features. *“I advised my previous master against recklessness, but it was too late once she gave her wishes. I only hope that you will adapt.”*

She groaned, feeling her tail push out - her actual *tail*. It was long and full, curved just like a real horse’s tail. Already her genitalise was shifting backwards, sliding back to between her rear legs, and her asshole was moving with it. It was the most alien sensation in the whole world, matched only by going from having four limbs to possessing *seven*. Her lower half grew, forcing her upwards so that she now loomed over her once-taller husband, but her changes weren’t finished yet.

“My face! My body! Something’s h-happenign!”

Her torso was growing, just a little, to match her equine changes. Her hips flared out to better meld with her horse half, but her hair was also growing longer, and her ears becoming those of a horse’s, with black fur upon them, all thin and floppy. Geoff looked on in shock as his wife, fairly average in looks, now gained the face of an ethereal beauty. Her new looks reminded him of Liv Tyler from *The Lord of the Rings*, elven and mysterious. Her bust grew, the poor woman cupping her chest as she went up several sizes. She wasn’t overly busty, but certainly no longer flat chested. Her shirt was pulled up by this development, revealing a set of very healthy female abs just before her fur grew in below her belly button.

Finally, the changes ended. Standing in the middle of the living room, and accidentally kicking a chair over with her back legs, was a real life centauress. She was beautiful, like something right out of Greek fantasy, and yet there she was. Geoff could only pat his wife’s flank, not even knowing what to say. Miriam turned herself just a little, looking back on her now immense lower body. She felt huge, and unwieldy, and positively *bestial*.

“I’m - I’m stuck like this!?” she cried. “I can’t even get out of the house!”

The genie gave another sympathetic grin. *“That, I’m afraid, won’t be a problem, thanks to my previous master’s second wish. Goodbye, Miriam and Geoff. I wish you all the best. Say hello to Lily for me, and please give my apologies to her. I cannot help my nature. It is all the Wishing Chain curse.”*

He clicked his fingers twice, and then he vanished, bottle and all. Miriam was about to scream, but then she vanished too, followed by Geoff. There was a brief flicker, and then suddenly they were outside, beneath a warm blue sky, the sun high in the air, and a beautiful farm a hundred feet away to their left. There were forests in the distance, and meadows

further to their right, and grazing lands as well. The area was remote; the one road they could see was purely dirt.

“Oh God,” Miriam said, rearing up on her hind legs by some instinct and crashing back down, forcing Geoff to take several steps back. “The second wish! We’re in the farm that stupid woman wished for! This is where we live now, along with my loved ones; that’s you. Well, you and -”

“What the fuck!? Am I on drugs!? What’s going on!?”

Miriam managed to turn her equine body, still not used to being a quadrupedal fantasy creature, and gasped at the sudden appearance of her best friend Lily. She was just twenty or so feet away from them, and she was in her jogging outfit, her lovely breasts in a push-up pink sports bra, her yoga pants on. Her blonde hair was in a loose ponytail, and she’d clearly just removed her airpods.

“Miriam!?” she announced. “Oh my God, what happened to you? What the fuck is going on?”

Miriam looked to Geoff, and her husband took the initiative. “Lily, we’re so sorry about this! We found a genie, and we had three wishes, and something went very wrong!”

“What!? Why is my best friend a frickin’ centaur?”

“It’s sort of a long story, but there are other changes. We’re stuck on this farm now, and the third wish . . . the third wish . . . oh no.”

He looked up at his wife, who was just now putting it together.

“The third wish was for my besties to become centaurs too,” Miriam uttered, her heart beating fast in her expanded chest. “Geoff, Lily, I’ve told you both before that you’re both my best friends.”

Suddenly, a magic orange light manifested outwards, extending from Miriam and coursing into both Lily and Geoff. The pair of them grunted and groaned, and soon their flesh began to warp and change and *grow*, more equine changes on the way.

“I’m sorry!” Miriam cried, backing up on her four legs, her tail whipping about in agitation, her ears raised up on her head. “I didn’t mean for any of this to happen! I just wanted a baby! Now someone else is getting my wish!”

Part 2: Making Babies

Kyle Maxon whistled as the genie emerged from the bottle he’d found on the campus lawn. He was back in his dorm room, but he was starting to think he was still high on the grass he’d smoked just that morning. He was a lanky beanpole of a man, scrawny and with shaggy

brown hair that had earned him, along with his pot addiction, the rather appropriate nickname of 'Shaggy', even among his friends. He'd hoped to upgrade that title to 'player' many, many times, but he'd failed again and again to make a splash with it, largely because his success with women was extraordinarily minor. He wasn't that attractive, nor was he a highly successful student - he was in, fact, failing most of his classes - and the young twenty year old man didn't really have the spirit of commitment and selflessness that women tended to look for in relationships. In many ways, just as his parents had often called him, he was a "dead-end disappointment whose life was going nowhere."

But now a genie was before him.

"I am Khalid," the powerful being spoked, hair like dark fire. *"I am the genie of this vessel, bound to it until I grant you three wishes, or an hour passes. You are the one known as Kyle Macks, and it is you who are my Master now. You must think of three wishes to deliver as one, and only then will they be granted. I warn you, do not be reckless. I recommend that you make wishes that improve the world and your own life, though I cannot prevent you from the consequences of more selfish wishing, of course."*

Kyle broke immediately out into ecstatic laughter, which surprised even the genie. He pumped his fist into the air, dancing around the room like he had two left feet, and almost tripping over the empty *Doritos* bags and discarded bottles of *Mountain Dew* upon the floor.

"Yes! Yes! Fucking hell yessssss, baby! This is my big break! A real-life motherfuckin' *genie*, hell yeah!"

He began to play air guitar right in front of the genie, who reiterated his warning.

"Yeah, yeah, I get ya, bro. But c'mon, a real life genie? Three wishes!? This shit is *lit!* I'm so taking my life to the next. Fucking. LEVEL."

"Then you are ready to consider your wishes?" the genie asked.

But Kyle was back to playing air guitar, shaking his head and greasy hair all around the place.

"Kyle Maxon, did you hear me?"

"Dude, fuck consideration! I'm ready to give my wishes now, man!"

"I would strongly advise you to think carefully on this."

But Kyle was high in the sky, and he hadn't even taken any drugs lately. Hell, the weed was definitely out of his system now, but his excitement was next level, and nothing could bring it down. He paced around the dorm room, rattling off his wishes.

"Fuck yeah, here we go. Okay, wish *numero uno*: I wish to have the body of a total sex *god*, you feel me? I'm talkin' a *Godly* levels of sex attraction here. *Numero dos*: I want my sex god body to attract the hottest ladies and make them wild for me, ya get it? The kind of attractions that are like pheromones, making them all want me."

"I see," said the genie, who was frowning.

“Finally, *numero tres*, brother: I wish for all the babes to get even hotter in my presence. I’m talking how their tits get bigger, their asses pop, their libidos go wild, and their legs perfect. They don’t age around me, see? Man, this is gonna be so good. I’m gonna be the most popular winner on campus. Who needs money and fame when you got all the best *babes*, right? Right?”

He was extending a high-five to Khalid, but the genie simply exhaled, as if disappointed and relieved all at once.

“Well, at least your wishes will make someone very happy.”

“Yeah, me! Right? Don’t leave me hangin’, bro?”

But the genie was raising his fingers. *“Unfortunately, I am cursed. I can now tell you the truth; your wishes will go to the next master, whereas you will receive these wishes from my previous master instead.”*

The wind was immediately taken out of Kyle’s sails as the voice of an unfamiliar woman spoke.

“For my first wish, I wish that I am able to fall pregnant easily. For my second wish, I wish that I am able to have many safe and healthy pregnancies with my husband. And for my third wish, I wish that my husband and I are wealthy and healthy enough to support our big family happily.”

Kyle chuckled awkwardly, a lopsided grin on his lanky features. “This is gotta be some kinda joke, dude. This is a prank, isn’t it, big fella?”

The genie shook his head. *“I’m sorry. But rest assured, at least you will have plenty of sex in your new life, even if it is not exactly the kind you wished for.”*

He clicked his fingers, and fiery magic shot forth, flooding immediately through Kyle, who yelped out loud in shock. He groaned, the changes starting as immediately as they had for Miriam: his skin softened, his body hair retracted, and his lanky height immediately began to reduce, his spine shrinking with audible, bony clicks.

“Hey wait! This ain’t fair, man! You can’t do this to me! I’m - hey, why is my voice all soft!?”

He was already sounding like a woman, but the following changes made his eventual trajectory far more obvious. A sudden pressure built up in his chest, causing the man to moan and feel up his chest. Suddenly, his shirt began to rise as pools of fat and tissue grew forth, pushing out his skin. His nipples throbbed, aching as they distended and grew, stiffening dramatically. A pair of large breasts, the exact kind of breasts the college student lusted after constantly, were now upon his chest, pulling with their own gravitational weight.

“Oh fuck, man! I’ve got tits! Big ones! Oh shit, does this mean I’m becoming a chick? Dude, this is totally not f-fair! Ugnhhh!”

"I know," Khalid said, his expression somber as Kyle struggled with his expanding hips and thickening thighs. *"But it is my curse to bring about mischief in this way. This wish would have made my previous master so happy. I can only hope it brings you happiness instead."*

"But I don't wanna be, like, a pregnant lady!"

"You shall not be. You shall simply become pregnant in the regular way."

"WHAT!?! Oh God, my dick! You're stealin' my dick! Give it b-back! NNGH!"

But it scooped back up inside him, burrowing in deep and then dissolving, leaving a strangely aroused vaginal passage in its wake. Kyle moaned trying to keep himself clothes as some parts of his shirt and pants became too tight, and other parts too long and loose. His face shifted, jawline cracking and then softening, hair losing its greasy quality and then spilling down in beautiful brown curls over his shoulders. His lips pursed out, shocking him with how full they felt, and his pointy nose shrunk down to become button cute.

"Hey man, stop it! I'm tellin' ya to stop it! I'll break your bottle and I'm serious here!"

"The bottle is unbreakable," the genie said, and a quick bounce against the floor showed this to be true. *"And so is your new fate. At least the wish has left you a remarkably attractive woman, albeit a very fertile one."*

The physical changes finished. Kyle panted, unbelieving what had happened to him. He quickly ran to the mirror in the bathroom, breasts bouncing heavily on his chest. What he saw made him gasp and nearly faint: a gorgeous young brunette was looking directly at his reflection. She looked like the incredibly hot, super popular sister he never had, and as he stared his clothing adjusted for that reality, leaving him in a green cutoff shirt that exposed his slender stomach, and a pair of shorts that showed off his long, luscious legs. There was no denying, however, that his new hourglass shape had quite the impressive pair of hips. *Babymakers. Childbearing hips.* And that wasn't even getting into his boobs. They were the kind that people would remark about: "At least the baby won't go hungry!"

"Fuck me," he said, his voice breathy and sensual. "This is nuts! Why am I thinking about babies? Damn, why are my nipples so hard! I feel wet!"

"All symptoms of your incredible fertility now," the genie said, though his voice was now an echo. *"The three wishes are fulfilled. All the best in your new life, and the many children you shall make with your husband . . ."*

Kyle's eyes went wide. He turned around and raced out of the bathroom, his boobs now even more prominent due to the supportive bra that had manifested beneath his shirt. He tried to ignore the empty space between his legs and how hungry it was, how horny his girly body was now.

But then he entered into the living room of a suburban house.

“What the - where’s my dorm room? Where am I? Do you hear me!? Where are you!?”

Another voice floated into this unfamiliar living space. “I’m right here, beautiful.”

Kyle turned, the voice instantly making him go a little weak at the knees, and the sight even more so. A man had just entered from the backyard and was removing his shoes. He was tall, handsome, with dark skin and short-cropped hair. He flashed a brilliant pearly smile as he approached the new woman, and Kyle found it hard not to stare at the man’s broad shoulders, his clearly muscular body, his square jawline. He swallowed, trying to force those feelings away.

“Wh-who are you?” he asked.

“Oh, I see, we’re playing *that* game again, are we? Normally we do this at the bar, but okay.” He stepped closer. Kyle could practically *smell* him. “Hey,” he said. “I’m James. I’ve seen you around. What’s your name, beautiful?”

“I’m K-Kendall,” Kyle said. “I mean, my name is Kendall. Shit, I’m saying my name. I mean-”

“That’s okay, we’re doing real names. It’s nice to meet you, Kendall. Can I get you something?”

Kyle bit his lip. This man’s very presence was making him aroused. What were those wishes again? Oh, that was right, to get *pregnant*. Pregnant *easily*. And now his new female hormones were driving him wild, making him so. Fucking. Horny. This wasn’t what he wanted! He wanted to be a goddamn sex god. Only now here was a tall man who felt like a sex god to his new female instincts.

“I - yeah,” he said, unable to fight the magical compulsion to play his new wifely role. “I’d love a drink.”

“Then I’ll get you one,” James said, moving to the fridge and grabbing a girly alcoholic drink. “Just the way I bet you like it, right?”

“Y-you’d be right,” Kyle replied. He noticed the man had a ring on his finger. A ring that matched the one on his own ring finger, not to mention a sparkling engagement ring. “I - oh God, you’re my husband.”

“Shh, we haven’t gotten to that bit yet.”

“But I’m your wife, dude!”

James chuckled. “Yeah, beautiful, and what a lucky man I am at that. Wait, are we doing the ‘just met’ flirty thing or not? Or do you just wanna get to the good part, hot stuff?”

At this, he set her drink aside on the nearby bench, then wrapped his arms around her, lowering one to squeeze her tush. Her eyes went wide, but then he was kissing her, and it felt so fucking good, no matter how humiliating it was. Her body had no choice to go along with it, and the sensation of her new breasts rubbing against his strong chest was divine.

“Ohhhh, this isn’t right,” she murmured. “I need to g-get out of here.”

“Where to? The bedroom?”

He waggled his eyebrows suggestively with that last comment, and it made her pussy even wetter. She was so damn fertile. She could *feel* it. Her eggs needed his sperm. It was fucking crazy, and she needed to get out of here, man!

“Yes! I mean, no! I mean - oh God!”

He kissed her again, and there was no fighting it this time. James gripped her, pawing at her chest and reaching beneath her bra to play with her delicate nipples. Kendall was helpless. *She* was helpless. Somewhere along the way, she’d even started thinking of herself as a she, and it was taking conscious effort not to do that while she was so horny.

“Ohhhhh, J-James!” she stammered. “This is s-so . . . mhmm!”

He took her hand, placing a finger on her lips. “Save the sexy talk for the bedroom, honey. I’m so glad we’re trying for a baby. I have a feeling we’re gonna make one right this second.”

And with that, he pulled her upstairs to the bedroom, and she followed after, unable to fight the compulsions that were steering her. Right before she was tugged into her new room, the one she shared with her new husband, she took in the sight of their expansive home. At least the last wish had come true, she considered; she was no longer a poor student, but a very rich young woman.

But then her husband was pulling off her shirt and unclasping her bra, lifting her up off of her feet and pressing his face into her huge bust. She moaned, already spreading her legs around him as he took her to the bed.

“This ain’t f-fucking right!” she cried, even as he kissed her on the neck. “My body needs a baby in it so bad, man!”

He lowered her to the bed, pulling her shorts away and then her underwear, leaving her wet pussy exposed to the world. She swallowed as his now-naked form towered over her, his big black dick erect and mighty.

“Oh, dude,” she gulped, spreading her legs automatically as he crawled on top of her.

“Just wait till it’s inside you, beautiful,” her husband whispered in her ear as he inserted himself inside her, causing a shudder to emanate through her body. She groaned, unbelieving this was happening, yet lost in the taboo pleasure of it all. She was supposed to be a horny college student getting high and chasing girlfriends, but now Kendall was a beautiful and busty trophy wife . . . and one whose body desperately needed a baby.

And thanks to the Wishing Chain, she had a feeling she was going to have one growing in her real, real soon.

Part 3: Sex God

Millicent sighed as she walked home from the Italian restaurant where it had all gone wrong. Another failed date. Another no-show. Another man who had stood her up, or simply scammed her via a catfishing scheme. She suspected that, in this case, it was probably the last option: she'd given away way too much about herself in the hopes of meeting Mr Right, and someone was probably accessing her bank accounts right at that very second. She didn't even have her phone charged to be able to go on her Bank's app and lock her account.

"Why does this happen to me?" she bemoaned, walking through the park, slightly tipsy from the indulgence in wine she'd just partaken in to salve her wounded heart. "Can't anything ever go right for me. Maybe if I was like one of those Instagram girls. Maybe if I had big boobs and little brains and could wear sexy little numbers and live exotically and know the ins-and-outs of sex, maybe *then* I'd be happy! I could be a young chick on OnlyFans, and people would pay me just to see me, and I could have the pick of the litter of who I wanted, instead of slaving away as a fucking receptionist and looking like an ugly cow who can't even - ow!"

The chubby woman suddenly hit her foot against something hard, which bounced along the grass of the otherwise empty park. She had to fish out her glasses to see what she had even hit; she preferred not to wear them, as she already had a big figure, erratic red hair, and a too-broad nose. She didn't like to further emphasise how much she looked like a chubby nerd.

"Huh," she said. "It's some kinda antique bottle. Looks ancient."

She considered moving on, but what else was going to happen to her this night? She'd already been humiliated yet again, so what was the harm in stopping to inspect something strange? It wasn't like a man was inspecting *her*, and that's all the thirty-three year old woman wanted: to have *someone* go out with her. Even just for a little bit, to get her confidence back so she could find Mr Right.

So she picked the bottle up, and to her surprise the ancient and foreign lettering glittered unnaturally. Her eyes widened, and she slowly removed the cork in the bottle, as if hypnotised.

A powerfully built genie, tail of smoke and all, with strong muscles and skin like fire, immediately emerged from the bottle, his arms folded, his presence dominating.

"I am released once more!"

"AGGGH!" she cried, falling back onto her large behind. She nearly vomited up her alcohol-filled belly just from the motion. "Please don't hurt me!"

The genie unfolded his arms, a look of concern immediately flooding his features. *"Oh no, please do not be scared, Millicent Mayes. I'm a genie, and I am here to offer three wishes. Please, talk to me. I can offer you three wishes. The conditions are as follows . . ."*

Millicent listening, barely able to believe what she was hearing. She had to check her glasses a number of times, and ask follow up questions, and even asked if she could touch the genie's abs (he agreed, with a surprisingly hearty laugh - they felt warm but not too hot, despite the fiery look) just to confirm that he was, in fact, real, and she wasn't having a psychotic break or anything.

"So," she finally said, looking around to make sure they were alone in the park, unseen. "I get three wishes? But I have to say them altogether, right?"

"Yes, and I am sorry that you are inebriated, but the wishes must be made within the hour."

Millicent frowned, feeling glum. "I'm always being rushed by men!" she cried, her words slurring a little. "And then they ditch me anyway! You're gonna ditch me!"

"Only if you take too long, otherwise, your wishes shall be granted."

"Fat chance of that! God, where were you thirteen years ago! Scratch that, fifteen years ago! No, even longer, when I was fourteen and every girl was, like, getting boobs and curves and I was just getting fat! When I went from having a cute face to this ugly mug! Where were you, then?"

Khalid gave a sympathetic look. *"I am here, now. You could give reasonable wishes. For beauty, and wealth to satisfy you."*

And Millicent would have, at least normally. But the wine was seeping further into her system, making her rowdy and more impulsive than usual.

"Oh, I'll wish for more than that! God, I don't even wanna look like myself anymore! I wanna be way, way different. All these guys keep ditching me for hotter girls, so maybe I just need to stop fighting them, and just damn well join them, don't you think?"

Khalid grimaced. *"Well, keeping in mind that one's wishes should be--"*

"So!" she declared, holding up his bottle as if it were a bottle of wine instead. "Why not just go all out, and see if this is really real!? So long, Miss Millicent Mayes, and hello some pretty blonde thing! Wish one: make me a sexy, beautiful twenty year old with little brains and big boobs and long platinum blonde hair and big blue eyes. The kind of girl that flutters her eyelashes and giggles the way guys really like a girl to be. Wish two: I want to be like one of those hot Insta-girls, you know the types: the ones who always wear hot dresses and sexy bikinis and lounge on yachts posing for photos with a real big following online. Oh, and three! Wish three! I want to be so, so, soooooo good at sex. That gets you a boyfriend. I never wanted to suck cock so you make me really damn good at it and every other position in the goddamn *Kama Sutra!* Maybe then I'll get a goddamn date with a man!"

Khalid had heard some stunners in his long, long, long life, but this was certainly, at the very least, a comparative surprise. Still, the curse forced his hand, and he lifted his fingers, ready to snap them.

“Your wishes shall be granted,” he said. “But I’m truly sorry to you, and probably the next person, that they shall be granted to my next Master. You see, I am cursed, dear Millicent Mayes. I can only grant to each master the wishes of my master previous to them.”

Millicent blinked, figured that one out in her head. And then she cracked up laughing, which surprised the genie again. Tears streamed down her eyes, and she cackled like a witch in the night.

“You’re kidding me! Of course you’re not! Of course I’ll never get *that* lucky! Stupid me, thinking I could catch a break. What kind of wishes do I get, then? Lay it on me.”

Khalid opened his mouth, and the words of a college stoner poured forth from them.

“Numero uno: I wish to have the body of a total sex god, you feel me? I’m talkin’ a Godly levels of sex attraction here. Numero dos: I want my sex god body to attract the hottest ladies and make them wild for me, ya get it? The kind of attractions that are like pheromones, making them all want me. Finally, numero tres, brother: I wish for all the babes to get even hotter in my presence. I’m talking how their tits get bigger, their asses pop, their libidos go wild, and their legs perfect. They don’t age around me, see?”

Millicent was taken aback by this. It was like all the alcohol in her system suddenly evaporated, and the meaning of those wishes seared into her brain, along with their repercussions.

“No way. You’re kidding me! Even for me that’s unluck - ngh!”

But Khalid was already clicking his fingers, sending fiery energy pouring into her body, twisting and changing her. She grunted, clutching her chubby body, but soon that chub began to melt, the fat boiling and hardening and turning into packed muscle which was pushed out to her extremities. She almost fainted from the shock of it, but then her mind rallied, her gut retreated, her abs tightening. Her muscles burned into being, biceps becoming swollen and ever-more impressive, and the same for her thighs.

“I’m truly sorry,” the genie said. “I had hoped these wishes would be visited on a male master, but perhaps in time you will be able to view it as a blessing.”

“A b-blessing!?” she cried. “I’m b-blowing up! Ohhhh, so much m-m-muscles! What are you doing to m-me!?”

Her dress, which was not particularly flattering on her anyway, began to shred apart, torn by her expanding shoulders and ribcage. Her breasts, large and pendulous yet not remotely pert, pulled up into her body, flattening against her until she had hard, manly pectoral muscles instead. Her height shot up, spine extending dramatically along with her limbs, which tore away the rest of her clothing the more huge she became.

“My v-v-vagina!” she bellowed. Her voice was deeper than she expected, guttural and brass, like that of a powerful alpha male.

“At least you will be amply blessed.”

Something was pushing out of her passage. She grunted, grabbing her crotch as her dress fell to the ground, as her bra pinged off into the bushes. She now had only her underwear, but even that was now tearing apart. It finally erupted as her new, massive member slid forth, a huge dick that was easily bigger than any she had seen or heard of. She was a veritable stallion of a man in an instant, and her body hair grew out to demonstrate this: her chest gained tufts of hair, her stomach too, and her arms and legs likewise. Her bush, formerly a triangular shape, was now, well, a *bush*. With a grunt, a large pair of testicles descended.

“NGHHH!!” she groaned, feeling her balls swell into existence. She could have sworn they were already full of cum, ready to be expended. Her face changed with this last addition, jawline becoming square and manly, her brow fuller, her face wider, a goatee growing in. Her hair, surprisingly, remained long, but it lost its curls and fell down to her thick, muscular shoulders.

The new man stood there, easily six-foot-four in height and looking like a peak physical man. Millicent thought the changes were perhaps over, but then the new male’s skin burned, and to her shock it began to change colour, turning a dark navy blue. She gasped at this, feeling her changing skin with her massive hands with their hairy palms. It was then that she also felt twin pressures upon her forehead, and suddenly two bony structures *erupted* from her scalp at either side of her brow, pushing upwards and then curving around. She held them, grunting in her bellowing tone, until she realised what she had just developed: a pair of *ram’s horns*.

The changes finally stopped, with a simple set of shining gold underwear forming around her waist, showing off the shape of her massive bulge.

“What’s h-happened to me!?” the changed former woman announced, voice booming almost supernaturally.

The genie sighed. *“I had hoped to avoid this, but the curse ensures mischief. The previous master’s wish was to become a sex GOD. As such, you have been infused with energy from the deific realm, and have now become an immortal male God, whose domain is that of sex itself.”*

Millicent’s jaw hung. She could feel the energy within her, the power, the potential. And she could feel a new name forming, a new identity she felt compelled to claim.

“Manos,” she uttered. No, *he* uttered. “Oh God. Oh, *me*. What has happened to me?”

“Again, I am sorry. Now I must grant the other two wishes.”

Two more snaps of the genie’s fingers, and the last two conditions were met.

“Now your very godly presence will attract women to you, and will enhance them for the ultimate and immortal sexual experience.”

“Can’t I be a female goddess? Can’t I attract men!?”

But Millicent - no, *Manos* - knew the wishes he had heard. They were not worded to work in that way. And before he could try to bargain, he suddenly felt a presence nearby with his godly senses. Out of the darkness, emerging beneath the light of the nearby park lamp, was a female runner. She looked fit and healthy, albeit a little plain, but the second she saw *Manos* she stopped, her expression stunned.

“Oh my God, I -”

And then she breathed in the pheromones, felt the deific magic in the air. *Manos* exhaled, his powerful muscles rippling, his body almost entirely on display. His huge penis twitched feeling the first pangs of male arousal.

“You - you need to get out of here . . .”

But he didn’t truly want that, and the woman was already slowly stepping forward.

“You’ve got blue skin. You’ve got horns. Ohhhh, why are you so handsome? I don’t understand, but I know somehow that you’re a God. You’re a God, aren’t you?”

Manos tried to back up a step, but the woman was quicker, moaning and touching herself. Her breasts began to grow, her hair as well. Her hips expanded visibly before him, and her clothes changed as well, segmenting to reveal her midriff and then gaining a v-neck to show off her swollen breasts.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned. “I don’t understand but - I want to worship you. Please, let me worship you!”

“No, you have to get back!”

“I can’t! Oh God, I’m so aroused. You’re a God. How do I know you’re a god?”

“I’m - I’m a god, yes. I just became a god! It was an accident! I’m not even meant to be a man, but . . . you’re so beautiful. I’m trying not to bless you so much right now.”

“Please, bless me! I’ve never felt like this before! I’ll do everything for you. I’ll please you. I’ll worship your body. Mhmm, I can see you’re getting hard. I can’t believe I’m saying this, but please make love to me!”

It was all happening so fast, but then his Godly power was just that strong. The woman stepped forward and went on her toes, reaching up to grip the god’s ramhorns and pulled him into a tantalising kiss. His cock hardened, his need for her growing. His new domain was calling; the domain of passion, sex, love-making, and mutual pleasure. It was not the wish he’d made, not by far.

But as their lips made contact, and *Manos* wrapped his arms around this beautiful woman, he had to consider that he was finally having a successful date. Just perhaps not in the way he expected.

“I hope the next person is as blessed with my wishes as I am with the ones before me,” he uttered.

And then he said nothing else, because he was making love to his very first worshipper.

She would be his high priestess.

Part 4: Insta-Thot

Alex Coulson couldn't believe his luck. He was working after-hours, doing all he could to please corporate on their next big tech release, making sure that every fine detail was right in terms of marketing, delivery, and reception. Hell, he'd even paid out of pocket for online bots to hype up the newest DigiPlay release, knowing that it would improve his chances to really make a splash. He had big designs on climbing the corporate ladder. Those pesky creatives were always on his damn back about “needing more time” or “wanting to avoid crunch” or “needing to spend time with my new baby daughter” and wah, wah, wah, wah, in his opinion. If *he* could stay late, so could *they*, and he'd made it an office mandate to please the upper levels, all in the pursuit of getting that much-vaunted promotion. If this launch was a success, then he was set to join the C-suite within the year.

Only now, dealing with all that maternity and paternity leave crap, fudging the financial numbers to improve his standing, taking credit for the projects he was only technically overseeing, all of that might not even be necessary anymore, now that he'd found something far more brilliant, something that could give him all that he deserved.

A little bottle that he'd found lying around in a storage room he'd visited, all so he could bang his latest secretary on the sly. She'd been good, but not as much as he'd hoped, so he looked forward to finding an excuse to fire her so he could find someone who could *really* deliver a good blowjob and prove her worth.

Again, perhaps no longer necessary, now that he'd found the genie bottle. It had just captured his eye at first, falling to the ground while he was banging her against the shelf and somehow not smashing apart. When he'd patted her on the ass and told her to go clean herself up and manage his schedule, he'd stuck behind to inspect it.

And then a goddamn *genie* came out, calling himself Khalil or Khalid or something or rather. He didn't really much care for the creature's name, only what it could offer him: three wishes to be worded carefully, to not have too big an impact upon the world, and to be delivered all at once within an hour.

Suffice to say, Alex Coulson had cleared out the office *fast*. He'd sent everyone packing, pretending it was a reward for all their crunch time, and then he brought the bottle back up to his office, made sure the cameras were off, and uncorked it again. The powerful, flame-skinned genie emerged once more, looking powerful and handsome, muscular yet oddly wise. He sighed, as if weary.

"Your time is nearly up. Have you considered your three wishes? Remember, they must be delivered-"

"All at once, yeah, yeah, I got it. And yes, I've thought of some. Enough to make a difference but not change the world. Trust me, genie man, I'm getting what I deserve here."

The genie gave only the slightest of smiles. *"Perhaps, in some small way, that is for once actually true of a situation I find myself in. Very well, give you wishes."*

Alex grinned. "Okay, here we go. I wish to be the head of DigiPlay, and no one but me can unseat me! I wish to be the richest fucking human being on the planet. And you know what? I wish I could live a long life free of any disease or illness, and never grow properly old. How about that?"

The genie nodded. *"Indeed, the next person shall be very happy to receive your wishes. Unfortunately, I must now tell you the truth of the Wishing Chain that has been placed upon me . . ."*

Alex listened with horror. No! It made no sense! These were *his* wishes! It wasn't fair that someone else could get them! They were *his*, damn it! His alone!

"And yet, I cannot grant them to you. You shall instead receive these wishes." The genie's voice changed to that of a woman who sounded like she had a bit of a cold:

"Wish one: make me a sexy, beautiful twenty year old with little brains and big boobs and long platinum blonde hair and big blue eyes. The kind of girl that flutters her eyelashes and giggles the way guys really like a girl to be. Wish two: I want to be like one of those hot Insta-girls, you know the types: the ones who always wear hot dresses and sexy bikinis and lounge on yachts posing for photos with a real big following online. Oh, and three! Wish three! I want to be so, so, soooooo good at sex. That gets you a boyfriend. I never wanted to suck cock so you make me really damn good at it and every other position in the goddamn Kama Sutra! Maybe then I'll get a goddamn date with a man!"

Alex's shocked expression contorted itself into an odd grin. He looked around the office, as if for the first time suspecting that this could just be some prank joke.

"This is - that can't be right. This is a bit, right? You're having me on? Trickster genie and all that garbage, right?"

"I am afraid it is not, Alex Coulson. These shall be the wishes granted to you."

The ancient being raised his hand, readying to snap his fingers. A spike of fear jolted down Alex's spine.

“W-wait just a minute now!” he proclaimed, gesturing for the genie to stop. “Listen, I made those wishes fair and square! You can’t make me into some kind of cock hungry slut! That’s - that’s fucking absurd, man! I’m supposed to be the top dog around here. I’ve been working this office like horse to the grave! I’ve had to put up with whiners making noise about dead parents, sickness, maternity leave payouts, all that hokum! I’ve weathered all of it knowing that I was gonna climb the ladder! You can’t - you can’t take that away from me!”

The genie was expressionless. He snapped his fingers, and immediately Alex *bolted*. The fiery energy flooded into the corporate ladder-climber, causing him to fall over between two cubicles. He writhed as the first wish began to transform him.

“Ohhhh!” he groaned. “No! You can’t - UGH!”

His shoulders pulled inwards, as did his waist. The shocked man grabbed the lip of a cubicle desk and pulled himself up, only to stumble as his legs shortened a little. His skin was on fire, smoothing, stretching, losing any wrinkles and rejuvenating back to a twenty year old mode.

“Stop this! Fuck you! I wanna fire you *services you damn genie! MHMH!?*”

His voice had instantly cracked, becoming that of a high, sweet, and very sensual soprano, and then silenced briefly altogether as his lips suddenly swelled into fullness, forming a sexy natural pout that would be perfect for sucking dick in all the years to come. Alex tried to run again, but the changes were coming too fast, sending ripples of unwanted pleasure through his body that left him caressing it. Already his torso was shrinking, rib cage too, becoming dainty and slender and leaving his white business shirt far too loose. He struggled to remove his tie to assess the damage, hurling it to one side, but then a new distraction emerged, blocking out his vision as millions of hairs slid forth from his scalp.

“Oh God!” he cried in his sexy, alluring voice, parting an increasingly long curtain of platinum blonde hair, shiny and luscious and thick. “Please, genie! Whatever you are, I’ve got money! I know powerful people! I can free you-”

“No human can free men.”

“You’ve got to - ahhh - stop this! I don’t deserve it!”

But the genie showed a rare smile. *“Actually, Alex Coulson, I believe you are one of my few masters who absolutely does.”*

Alex was about to respond angrily, but a sudden pressure made itself known on his chest. His nipples pushed outwards, swelling and gaining sensitivity. He whimpered, then cupped his chest as it began to surge forth. The man was horrified, standing back up onto his shrinking feet as two breasts began to push forwards.

“No, this, like, isn’t fair!” he cried in a valley girl tone. “I don’t want huge boobs! I - ohhhhh - why does it f-feel soooo good!?”

They expanded rapidly, flesh and tissue and fat and glands forming to give him a mighty pair of mammaries that felt like they were half the size of his own beautifying head each. He moaned, nose becoming perfect, skin blemish free, his face a lovely heart shape, and it left him looking like a gorgeous blonde with a massive rack. They strained his now re-tightened shirt, and to his horror the buttons pinged off one by one until an enormous amount of cleavage was showing. They were the biggest and best tits the womanising and domineering Alex had ever seen, and they were all *his*.

“Like, ohmigod,” he whispered, barely even noticing that his legs were now smooth and womanly, or that his ass was pushing out slowly to gain a peachy backside. “I’ve got tits! Big ones! Mhmm, why are they, like, so damn heavy? Oh God, why am I talking like a total slutty bimbo?”

The genie had floated forwards, viewing the result. Alex groaned as his left hip popped outwards, followed by his right, giving him a real set of hips that, just like Shakira’s, definitely could not lie. His dick was already retreating, but he couldn’t even see it below the size of his stacked chest.

“Because of the wish,” the genie said. *“You are to the kind of girl with ‘little brains and big boobs’ who ‘flutters her eyelashes and giggles the way guys really like a girl to be.’”*

It was horrifying to Coulson, who was trying to find his dick, but even as it began to withdraw into his body, fully making him a female and causing an unwanted orgasm to burst through him, he felt his identity change.

“Ohhhhh!” the new woman cried. “Oh God, I’m, like, becoming a dumb bimbo slut! I’m totes a woman now! I can feel I’ve got, like, a woman brain or whatever! I can’t think of myself as a man!”

The genie nodded, then held up his fingers. *“Now, for the remaining wishes.”*

“Wait, no! Like, you can’t do this!”

But he snapped his fingers anyway. Suddenly, the new woman, who was still rubbing her venus mound and in awe of her new pussy, found her very clothing changing. Her shirt pulled tight, becoming a sexy red crop top that showed off the shape and size of her rack, with plunging neckline that showed off a positively *dangerous* amount of cleavage. Beneath, a lacy pink bra could easily be seen, pushing up her tits so that all and sundry could appreciate them. Alex’s workpants thinned and shrank, becoming a tight black miniskirt that showed off her magnificent ass and came dangerously close to exposing her thong, which was pulled up high enough that one could see the pink straps that matched her sexy bra. She squinted, squealing a little as makeup applied itself to her face, leaving her lips glossy and red, her eyeshadow sensual, her cheeks contoured perfectly. In her hand appeared a hot-pink smartphone, and without being able to stop herself she held it up, put it in selfie

mode, and put on a really sexy pose; leaning over to show off her ripe, all-natural tits, her lips pouted as if about to kiss, one eye closed in a sexy, suggestive wink.

“Like, what am I doing!?” she cried, starting to fiddle around with the filters of the photo, adding a hot caption that read ‘*Don’t you just wanna get to know me more? Follow me to find the really saucy stuff!*’

“*You are now posing for photos,*” the genie said. “*This is your profession now. You’ve been hired by Digiplay as one of their, how you say, ‘booth babes’ and professional models.*”

Alex gaped, but she took another selfie, then uploaded the pair to what was apparently her account. Alexandra ‘Alex’ Coulson apparently had over nine hundred thousand followers, and her entire account was her making sexy poses in sexy clothing, showing off her tits and ass and hourglass shape, sometimes cosplaying as characters for companies, other times wearing designer clothing and dresses, and often travelling abroad and spending time on yachts and resorts with a parade of handsome men.

“Yucky!” she cried. “Why am I, like, with all those super yummy hot men!?”

“*That would be the third wish.*”

Another snap, a final granting of wishes. Instantly Alex’s mind was flooded with the final ingredient for her to go from chauvinistic ladder climber to slutty bimbo insta-thot. His mental capacity diminished further, his existing understanding of the business he’d been trying to climb evaporating in seconds. Instead, ultra-feminine hobbies replaced it: the desire to look sexy at all times and the knowledge of how to pull it off. Makeup skills. A fashion sense. Understanding of how to pose and flirt, how to walk in such a way as to emphasise the bounce of her tits and ass, the swaying of her hips. How to take the best selfies and turn her viewers on.

But above all of that, how to have sex.

Sex with *men*.

How to have hot, steamy, artfully performed sex in every possible position, however degrading or alien to the former man, and take a big, hard cock through any hole that would allow it. The wish gave her the art of womanly sex, how to please herself, how to suck cock. How to be a slutty blonde beauty who could land any boyfriend and have all the sexiest of dates. The knowledge and *need* of it was *seared* into her, and before the wish was even completely granted, her pussy was already damp with arousal, an unbelievably horniness hitting the new woman and making her *crave* cock.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned, falling to her knees and playing with her tits. “This is unbearable! M-make it stop! Genie, make it!”

But the genie was already gone; there was just the merest flicker of his disappearance.

“No! You can’t leave me a cock-hungry slut! I don’t wanna blow big hard dicks and swallow their juicy cum! You can’t do this!”

But the bottle was gone too. The new woman screamed, jumping like a child on the spot and causing her heavy tits to bounce. Without thinking, she quickly got out her phone and did that same bounce, filming it and sending it out to her upper tier subscribers.

“Like, people just love seeing me bounce with joy,” she announced. “Like, what’s up with that? I guess they must just love happiness, right?”

She giggled, then bounced again, stopped the video.

Uploaded it.

Realised what she’d just done.

“No!” she cried. “Fuck you, genie! I’m not some Insta-Thot! I’m still, like, super smart and stuff! I’m not just a pretty face and big boobs! I’m gonna be the head of this whole company, just watch me! I just need to, like, network and figure it out! I need to go somewhere . . .”

The new woman perked up, a ‘bright’ idea occurring to her new bimbo brain.

“I know, the Gemini Club in town! It’s, like, the hottest club in town! I’m sure someone will totes help a hot gal like me out there! Then you’ll see, genie, wherever you are! I’ll be back on top in, like, no time!”

She raced off, looking outrageously attractive in her outfit and with her impossible body. She left the building, sure in her ridiculous plan, but her mind was increasingly distracted by her hungry new pussy, by the thoughts of hunky men and how she could totally use her mastery of sex to get a boyfriend.

She had no idea that she was entering a den of wolves hungry for a woman like her, and on her end a shopping centre full of sexy, manly steak to take a bite out of. Alex Coulson was convinced that she was going to be on top again.

In a way, she was right.

Just two hours later she was riding cowgirl on top of a guy she’d just met that very night, moaning in ecstasy as she milked his cock for all it was worth, unbelieving what her new life had come to.

“This isn’t, like, what I wished for!” she cried, right at the moment before her orgasm. “But I can’t stop myself from loving it! AAAIIIEEEE!!!”

Part 5: The World's Most Powerful Six Year Old

Mia had always been a very imaginative child. When she found the strange, mystical bottle in her backyard sandpit, she wasn't as surprised as other children would be. What she was, however, was utterly enamoured with it.

"It's beautiful," she murmured.

Inside, her parents were having another one of their 'discussions.' The serious kind. She was only six years old, but sometimes they thought she was only, like, three or something, because they really didn't think she knew what was going on. She wasn't stupid. She'd seen all the letters in the mailbox that made Mom sad. She'd seen how Dad was coming home later from work, leaving earlier too, and always looking tired. He claimed it was "just for now," but just the other day she'd learned what 'Overdue' meant, and a *lot* of the letters said that. Mum claimed they were just eating a lot of rice and beans so Mia could grow taller. She'd even said it would make her dark hair "as beautiful as the mermaid princess from your book." Mia loved hearing that, but deep down she knew it wasn't true. They didn't have a lot of money, and times were tough. Her father had promised to take her to the ocean so many times, but now he had to make excuses. She wanted to go where the mermaids lived.

They weren't real, she knew. She wasn't *stupid*.

But she did want to go where they lived. They were her favourite thing in the whole world. Her room was *filled* with mermaids, and so was her imagination.

Which was why she was so enamoured with the bottle, and to the genie Khalid's surprise, was actually not shocked, but simply *disappointed* when he emerged.

"I was hoping you'd be a beautiful mermaid," she said.

The genie actually guffawed at this. He extended a hand down to the child. "*I am Khalid, genie of the bottle. I am very sorry I am not a mermaid, young one.*"

Mia tilted her head. "Do you know any mermaids, Mr Khalid?"

"*I do.*"

Her eyes went wide. "Wonderful! I know they're not really real-"

"*Ah, but they are. They are hidden from this world's eyes, but I assure you that the kingdom of the merpeople is indeed real.*"

Mia almost screamed at this, but she didn't want to worry her parents. They were having an *argument* again. Not again one another, not really. They loved each other so, so much. But it was about *bills*. She hated bills.

"Wait, if you're a genie, do I get wishes? Can you help me?"

Khalid smiled. "*I can indeed. I can offer you three wishes. Anything your heart desires.*"

Mia thought about this. She knew she should ask for relief from the bills. There were so many. But at the same time . . . mermaids were real. Just like in her book! Just like the *Mermaid Princess*. It was so tempting . . .

“Are the mermaid people wealthy?” she asked.

“*Exceedingly,*” the genie asked. “*Though I recommend, little Mia-*”

“How did you know my name? Oh, you’re a genie. I’m sorry for interrupting.”

“*That is fine, Mia. You are most polite, so I offer one piece of advice; do not make your wishes too big.*”

The genie had not had many child masters. He tended to hope against them. One had become a tyrant, and another riches before sense. But he still did not understand that a child’s idea of a big wish is very different from an adult’s idea. For in Mia’s mind, this simply meant not changing literally everything in the world by wishing away bills altogether. So as he explained the rules of the wishing system, Mia nodded, smiling, having already made up her mind and clearly impatient to speak.

“*You have an hour-*”

She put up her hand.

“Yes?”

“For my first wish I want to be a beautiful princess so I have lots of money to pay for Mom and Dad’s bills!”

“*That . . . is a fine wish, young one.*”

“And for my second wish, I want to be a mermaid! A mermaid princess! I’ve always wanted to be the most beautiful mermaid in the whole sea!”

Khalid cringed a little. This wasn’t going well.

“And my third wish is that I want to have a big royal wedding to the beautiful mermaid prince!”

The genie sighed. “*Those are indeed colourful wishes, child. But now I must tell you the truth about something. I know this will be hard to hear, but trust me that it is not all bad . . .*”

Mia listened patiently, but her face grew annoyed. She wasn’t going to be a mermaid princess? But she really, really, really wanted to be one!

“But what wishes do I get, then?”

The genie raised a hand, ready to snap the magic into being. When he spoke next, it was a whiny man’s voice, with some bits bleeped out for some reason:

“*Okay, here we go. I wish to be the head of DigiPlay, and no one but me can unseat me! I wish to be the richest [BLEEP] human being on the planet. And you know what? I wish I could live a long life free of any disease or illness, and never grow properly old.*”

Mia pouted a little, kicking the sand in the sandpit. "That's not being a mermaid," she said.

"But it isn't all bad. You can pay your bills, make your parents happy again. And you can buy all the mermaid toys you want?"

Mia immediately brightened. "Including the underwater castle set with the special rainbow playmat?"

Khalid laughed. *"I'm sure you can."*

"Then can I have those wishes! Please, please, please please!"

The genie was joyful over this one. Finally, a good wishgranting. He snapped his fingers, one, then twice, and then a final time. Mia squeaked a little as her surroundings changed, the genie gone for good. She was suddenly in a high-backed chair in some kind of important office room. A lot of much, much older people were in the other chairs, and her parents were there too, looking utterly shucked.

"Hi Mom! Hi Dad!" Mia said, waving to them. "Sorry, I should have told you about the wishes."

Dad blinked. "W-wishes?"

Mia sat up a little straighter, adorably tiny in this office room, which overlooked the city from its tall tower, a symbol of success and power.

"Yes! From the genie. I should really explain. I'm the boss now."

She turned to the rest of the board, who were looking at her expectantly, reverently viewing their six-year old as the boss of the entire multibillion dollar company.

"Um, so . . . what do we actually do here? And can it pay a water bill?"

Part 6: Fishy Tale

Oscar was kicking himself. Who did he think he was, trying to ask out Stacey Ackermann? Everyone knew the busty redhead was one of the hottest girls on campus, perhaps *the* hottest, and he was just some guy. Not even a nerd, not even a stereotype, just a background character in everyone else's story. The only thing he had going for him was a willingness to fail, but this time was perhaps one failure too far; he'd be hearing all about this embarrassing incident for the rest of the semester, if not longer.

"Stupid," the young college man said to himself. "Stupid, stupid. Should've asked out Brielle McKenner. She might have said yes, or at least not made such an embarrassing scene of a rejection."

It wasn't entirely Stacey's fault, he knew. She hadn't actually been cruel, just shocked enough that it had gone sideways *fast*, especially with the big football captain boyfriend nearby that he hadn't known she was currently dating. He'd *really* thought she was single. It was Oscar's eternal problem: he always set his sights too high. Like a lot of young men, he had envisioned college campus time as a period of his life where he would be getting laid each weekend, meeting cute and flirtatious college girls, and partying hard. Well, he'd gotten laid a couple of times with nice girls, but certainly not the kinds he'd imagined. He'd flirted with girls out of his league, only to face rejection. And the parties had produced headaches he couldn't imagine, and no sex had resulted there.

"Maybe I'm just a loser," he murmured to himself, heading back into his dormroom. "Punching above my weight. Maybe I'll never be able to be somebody."

In the end, that was it. *That* was the problem. Oscar was a guy with average height, average looks, average musculature, and average brown hair. In a world, he was *forgettable*. He'd not even been the centre of attention at his own birth; that spot had been taken by his fraternal twin Cassie, who was always the golden child, pretty and talented and beloved. He, meanwhile, had gone through an average life with no highlights whatsoever, and people could smell it on him, even his scant few girlfriends after a couple of weeks of dating.

"Just need some kind of change," he said. "Some kind of makeover, some kind of . . . huh."

There was a bottle on the desk in his dorm. It looked positively ancient. Really quite old, in fact, with lettering in a script he didn't recognise.

"Did someone leave this for me?" he asked. He picked up the bottle and looked it all over, brushing his fingers across its stained glass segments. Some compulsion he didn't understand compelled him to pull for the cork, and suddenly fire *sprayed* forth from the bottle, causing him to yelp and jump back onto the bed behind him. He was about to scramble when he saw that a figure was manifesting; a strongly built genie-looking . . . wait, *genie?*

"Oh my God," he said.

"*Not God. I am Khalid,*" the strong mythical man said, folding his arms imperiously. "*And I have the power to change your fortune. Oscar Keddecki. I have the power to make three of your wishes come true.*"

Oscar was still contemplating whether to flee or not, but found himself listening more closely the longer the genie Khalid talked. Slowly, he realised he was no longer scared. Instead, he was getting *excited*. This could well be the opportunity of a lifetime. The chance to finally turn around his life! To put himself at the centre of attention and finally end up with hot partner and a prosperous life!

"Okay, so I get an hour to put this together, right?"

"That is correct," the genie said. "Or else the wishes are lost."

"Well, no offence, I don't know if I can trust you. I want time to make the wishes perfect, without loopholes."

The genie smiled warmly. *"I recommend as much, and wish you well. I cannot say anything further, Oscar."*

Oscar immediately said to work for the next hour, the genie retreating into his bottle while he workshopped his wishes. He didn't want *any* of this to go awry. And so he crossed out outlines, scribbled in side margins, until he finally, after nearly half an hour, had the perfect three wishes, at least as far as he was concerned.

"Okay, Khalid, I think I'm ready!" he declared.

The genie reappeared, an almost invisible frown upon his features, though he hid it quickly. *"Yes, my master. I am ready to serve. You must give all your wishes at once, remember. Are you ready to recite them?"*

"I am, I think," Oscar said, though he quickly overcame his doubts. He had his wishes written down, though his hand was trembling a little. "And I'm not making them too big, as you warned. I know you can't tell me why, but I imagine the magic fizzles or I get karmic backlash or something, so here goes!

"Wish One: I wish to be a very attractive, six-foot-two in height with strong muscles and an attractive appearance to others, *with the provision* that everyone remembers me as having aged to look like this and don't find it odd."

He looked up at Khalid, nervous, but the genie just nodded, impressed.

"Okay. Wish Two: I wish that I possessed and will continue to possess the natural charisma to easily talk with, flirt, seduce, and generally get along with women, with the *provision* that this translates also to sexual experience; i.e. skill in the bedroom. The word 'bedroom' here is a common slang referring to sexual activity in general."

Again, Khalid nodded. *"Acceptable. Continue."*

Oscar was feeling good now. "And, last of all, I wish that I were important and able to position myself as the centre of attention whenever I wanted, but not in a negative way or in any sense or fashion that would see me come to physical or emotional harm to a degree I would find unacceptable."

He took a deep breath, needed it after such provision-laden wishes. Then he waited for the genie to approve them.

"You have done well. Alas, another shall gain the benefits of your wishing, Oscar. My curse, the Wishing Chain, placed upon me ensures that you receive instead the rather imaginative wishes of my last master."

"Wait-

But the genie was already now taking like a young girl, his voice excited and bubbly and without anything resembling the degree of planning Oscar had put into his wishes.

“W-wait, a princess!?”

The genie snapped his fingers. *“I’m sorry, but it must be done.”*

Instantly Oscar fell to his knees, squirming as fiery magic coursed through the very fiber of his being, energising and altering his genetic makeup. He gasped and groaned, struggling to rationalise this twist, even as his frame melted down to a slender, feminine form. His chest hair burned to nothingness, and as he cried out in horror his voice cracked, rising in octave.

“But my wishes were so well-made!” he cried, even as his waist pulled inwards, his hips cracking outwards. “I wrote so many drafts!”

“I know,” Khalid said. *“And truly, I am sorry. The Wishing Chain is my curse, one I must carry for eternity. Take solace in the knowledge that you will have granted a wonderful trio of wishes to my next Master. A rare event.”*

Oscar’s hair extended from his scalp. It turned bright red, so fiery in colour that it was unnatural. It gained a wavy quality as it fell down over his shoulders and then all the way down to his rear, which by that point had become softer. His limbs became dainty and slender, followed by his hands and feet. He gasped as his Adam’s apple disappeared, and then again as his face bubbled and shifted, altering shape to take on the delicate, mystifyingly beautiful features of a young princess with prominent blue eyes.

“Oh God! Oh God! I’m getting some girl’s wish to be a princess!”

And just like that, his outfit changed. His shirt and pants knitted together to become a beautiful blue dress, elegant and refined. Upon his crown appeared a golden tiara, and a sparkling jewelled necklace appeared around his neck, falling down to a new pair of developments.

“No! No! I didn’t want this wish! Take it back!” he cried. Two breasts were forming, his nipples becoming pinker, larger. His chest rose, becoming a pair of sizeable but not-too-large boobs, roughly C-cups, prominent enough to form a line of delectable cleavage as they settled into the dresses cups.

“I’m afraid it is permanent,” Khalid said. *“And you won’t be able to find me once these wishes are granted.”*

“But you can’t just leave me like thissssss! Ohhhhh!”

Oscar’s penis began to retract back into his body. He whined, trying to grab his crotch and hold onto it, but struggled with the folds of the long blue dress he was wearing and its ruffles. By the time he was able to work it out, it was too late: his dick was gone, replaced by a woman’s entrance, one that left the now-former male reeling.

“You can’t leave me like this!” *she* cried again.

"I am not," the genie said. *"There is still wish two."*

"The mermaid thing!? But - wait! STOP!"

But then the snap came, and more changes with it. Poor Oscar fell backwards, his legs kicking out and spasming as he lost all control of them. His dress pulled upwards, becoming much shorter, shrinking away to reveal that his legs were not only stuck together, but actively *merging*. Oscar gasped, barely able to form words or sounds. It was the most alien sensation imaginable; his legs were actually combining, and at the same time a horrid itchiness came over them. He grunted, trying to scratch at it, when suddenly thousands of bright blue scales began to push out from all across his lower half.

"Oh my God, I'm becoming a mermaid. I'm becoming a mermaid! This can't be happening!"

But it was. Already, the new woman's princess attire was changing to be more aquatically suitable. Her dress shrank and shrank and shrank until it was little more than a transparent turquoise shawl that draped over her front and back, revealing her slim stomach. Her lovely breasts were cupped up not by a bra, but by the classical sea shell variant that tied around the back with a string of fine kelp. Golden bracelets appeared around her wrists, and a golden piercing in her bellybutton. Fine earrings dangled from her lobes, shaped like seahorses.

But Oscar was hardly focused on clothing, not when her feet were flattening, losing their bone structure and instead fanning out, stretching and gaining webbed connections until they were clearly fusing into a great fin. Her bones merged, becoming flexible and fish-like, and in turn her entire tail extended several feet longer to an appropriate swimming length. This, naturally, left her flopping her new blue-scaled tail about as she writhed on the bed, struggling to sit up or do *anything*.

"This is too much! What the hell am I supposed to do! Oh! My ears!"

They grew pointed, elven in nature, with small blue fins forming their tips. Her forearms grew blue fins as well, to better help angle herself in the water, and her fingers gained webbing too. Upon her face and chest and arms small, nearly transparent scales dotted her skin. They were few and far between, but they reflected the light, giving her a gorgeous and iridescent complexion.

Finally, the changes finished. Oscar was left as a stunningly beautiful creature of myth, a mermaid with long red hair and a blue tail, not unlike a rather famous Disney princess. And just like a princess, she had a royal (albeit quite revealing) garment, golden jewellery, and a sparkling tiara.

"My legs," Oscar whimpered, though her mental state was already altering, causing her to think of herself as *Ophelia*. "I haven't got any legs."

"But you shall be able to swim," the genie said. *"It's time to get you into the ocean."*

"I - ocean!?"

"For your royal wedding. Best of luck, Ophelia."

The new, iridescent mermaid put out her hands, flapping her beautiful tail awkwardly as she tried to plea for mercy. "No, wait, surely there's some other kind of-"

But then reality fizzled away, and the new mermaid was suddenly underwater. Deep, deep underwater, though everything was brightly lit, with an entire underwater palace before her, and a sparkling city of jewel-like light beyond that. She was floating in the water, and for a moment Ophelia panicked, clutching her throat until she realised she was breathing underwater with ease, and her tail was even automatically swaying beneath her, keeping her positioned upright.

"Holy shit," she murmured, her voice somehow resounding through the water without interference. "I'm underwater. I'm a mermaid underwater."

"And a beautiful princess mermaid at that," came a male voice.

Ophelia looked to the side, and saw a *gorgeous* looking *merman* floating beside her. He was wearing a transparent shirt to match her own see-through robe, and wore a simple golden crown. He had a square jaw, Asian features, and long black hair, though not nearly so long as her own. His tail was salmon pink, and his entire figure was quite muscular. It drew her eye, making the new mermaid realise that not only was she now female, and nonhuman, but that she was attracted to *mermen*.

"SO BEGINS THE ROYAL WEDDING OF PRINCESS OPHELIA AND OUR NEIGHBOURING PRINCE ARTAK!"

Ophelia turned from gazing at her handsome soon-to-be-husband, and realised an entire *crowd* of merpeople were behind her, all gathered, ready to witness this marriage. Her tail flickered from the shock, causing her to bob up a little, but an arriving celebrant priestess with a long red tail caught her arm and gently pulled her back down.

"Don't be anxious, princess," the woman said with a smile. "You look beautiful, you are in good health, the people love you, and today you are in all of our hearts."

Ophelia gulped, looking from the impossible crowd to her future husband, who was grinning with eagerness to marry the beautiful mermaid, so much so that his tailfin was brushing suggestively up against hers. She'd barely had any time to adjust to being nonhuman, or female, or being underwater, or any of it, and now she was about to be married.

But at least she was finally the centre of attention.

She just hadn't quite desired it this way.

Part 6: Epilogues

Miriam was hard at work pulling the plough with her best friend Lily. The two beautiful centaresses had worked up a sweat, but their permanently near-naked bodies at least meant that the cool breeze did wonders for them.

“It’s been one year, you know,” Lily grunted. “You know, since you turned me into a centaur.”

Miriam looked at her blonde friend as they finished their circuit. “I d-didn’t realise. It’s gone by so quickly!”

“A lot of adjustment, huh?”

“Can I really say again how sorry I am? I swear, I had no idea this would happen!”

The pair of pretty centaurs untethered themselves from the plough. The field was ready for the next stage, but that could wait. The pair trotted their heavy, overworked bodies to the water tank and filled up their bottles before drinking deep.

“It’s okay,” Lily said. “I mean, I won’t lie, I’d rather be able to dance rather than *prance* at the moment, especially in some hot club. I miss being human.”

“Me too, at least, from time to time.”

“But, on the other hand, we do get some nice big stallion cock from time to time, don’t we?”

Miriam almost spluttered out her water at her friend’s frankness. It was true; she, her husband Geoff, and her best friend Lily had all ended up in a sort of polyamorous relationship. It had sort of just . . . happened, largely because of something they’d learned in the last year of being an isolated trio of centaurs. Both Lily and Miriam fell into estrus, and Geoff himself had begun to feel ravenous attraction to the pair of them. They’d tried to maintain a traditional marriage for a time, but it got so bad that Miriam and Lily had actually made out, pressing their human halves against one another, and Miriam had even faux-’mounted’ Lily just to *feel* the sexual act in some way.

This was in the barn, and at that point Geoff actually trotted in, shocked at what the pair were up to, but his magnificent stallion cock sliding out of its sheath, massive and ready. They hadn’t been able to resist one another, and after a couple of weeks of such passion going back and forth, the three of them all accepted that as they were no longer human, their relationships could look a little different from the human norm as well. They were the only centaurs around, and they only had each other, and so their lovemaking would be shared, and Geoff could keep his two sexy fillies very, very full.

“How did my lovely ladies go with the plough?” Geoff asked in the present, running on his hooves and vaulting over the fence in a way that made the two women nearly swoon.

He had been out hunting, and judging from his smile, he'd done very well for himself. It was a big difference from the normally introverted and indoorsy type of person he used to be.

"It was an effort," Lily said, hands on her horsey hips.

"A *real* big effort," Miriam added. "That was the last time either of us do the plough. You can do it from now on."

Geoff winced. "Babies not helping?"

Miriam smirked. "That's *foals*, thank you very much. Much bigger than a regular baby."

"And don't we both know it!" Lily added, gesturing to the underside of her barrel-like equine half.

Indeed, the centaresses were pregnant. Both had come as surprises, and as far as they could tell, both women were equally far along, with kicking foals inside their full wombs, their lower halves hanging low due to their size. The period of all of them being in mating season had done it, no doubt, but still, it was yet another unexpected development. Lily was still nervous about it, only slowly coming around to this strange new reality.

Miriam, meanwhile, couldn't help but smile, trotting over to her husband and holding him from the side, kissing him on the cheek.

"One year since we changed, honey," she told him, appreciating his manly centaur stallion muscles.

"One year? Already?"

"Mmm-hmm. And while we didn't exactly expect it to go like this, we're finally going to be parents?"

She winked at her best friend. "All three of us! Get in here, Lily."

Lily sighed, then bit her lip, a tell-tale form of arousal from the blonde centaur. She trotted forward, her equine tail flickering dramatically.

"Fine, fine! A one year celebration for us all, I guess."

Geoff hugged his two women, the two pressed against him, their flanks rubbing together.

"I guess it could have been worse," he said, smiling at his beautiful mares.

Kendall was woken by a shrill noise in the night. It took her a moment to realise what it was, and then it all came flooding back to her: this was her reality. She was a woman, and had been for over a year now. She was in bed with her sleeping and very virile husband James, and that horrid sound was a crying baby.

Her baby.

Her little Sebastian.

“Nghhh,” she groaned quietly, but already she was getting up. She couldn’t avoid it, anyway. She knew what Sebastian wanted, and her body was primed to give it to him. Her breasts were already starting to lactate just from the *sound* of his crying. Slowly, she got out of her bed, wearing nothing more than a maternity bra to absorb her leaking milk and a pair of underwear - she still occasionally peed a bit too easily, a consequence of birth being only just a few months ago.

God, *birth*.

She’d actually given *birth*.

And that had come after a full nine months of being pregnant. She’d gotten knocked up just like the stupid wishes applied to her, had laid back on bed horny and curvy and fertile as all fuck as her man thrust his dick deep inside of her, and she had wailed with orgasms, thanking him as he shot his load into her womb.

“What even is my life?” she grunted, entering the hall and closing the door so as not to wake her sleeping husband. It wouldn’t work to wake both of them, and besides, he *was* very loving and supportive, even if he’d been so damn *lustful* even when she was so pregnant a few months back. Hell, their last copulation had actually broken her waters and set labor off, and hadn’t *that* been a fun seventeen-hour long experience of pain, contractions, humiliation, and then finally the excruciating final ring of fire where she made deep keening animal sounds, pushing with all her might to bring her baby into the world.

And now, here he was.

The poor guy had somehow gotten out of his little swaddle, and was flailing about, crying for his mommy. Kendall sighed. And now, here she was. Her baby’s mommy. Not a fate she ever expected. She scooped him, making little sounds of comfort.

“It’s okay, baby. It’s okay, Sebastian. Mommy is here. Mommy knows what you need.”

It only took a moment for him to latch. She released a cathartic sigh when he did. The sensation of her baby drinking her milk really was a soothing experience, even for someone who was never meant to be a woman or a mother.

“There, there,” she said, rubbing his back as she sat down in the rocking chair to feed him. She wasn’t even sure what time it was. Probably around 2am if his pattern was becoming routine. Which meant at least one more feed around five in the morning before he stayed down for longer. Great.

“Drink from mommy,” she whispered. “Mommy is very full, and the more you drink the more she produces, which helps me shed all this damn mommy weight.”

Yes, she had developed a woman’s vanity. Over a year of having an attractive and curvaceous and then *pregnant* figure will do that, even for a former man. Once, she’d dreamed of having sex with hot campus girls and being a total sex god. Now, her conception

of sex was very different, because it meant *she* was the one to make babies. And with babies came babyweight post-birth, a weight she was doing a great job at losing but felt a strong need to complete the journey.

Not that it would help her. Already, that need was stirring again. That horny, aroused, instinctive desire to not just copulate, but to *breed*. It was an inevitable consequence of that damn second wish. Not only could Kendall's utterly breedable body conceive easily, but thanks to the second wish to have 'many safe pregnancies', she had long ago resigned herself to the knowledge that she would be having a lot more than just Sebastian. She'd be giving her loving, passionate, and thankfully kind husband James quite a few critters to run underfoot, and the third wish ensured they would always have enough room and money for them. But God, just imagining it! One was already so much effort!

Sebastian gurgled, and Kendall realised she needed to switch him to the other side. Her right boob was engorged as hell, so it was a lovely relief when her little guy relieved her of that discomfort. God, it really *was* what breastfeeding moms claimed it to be; even tired as all hell, Kendall felt a profound sense of connection to her child that nearly got her weeping.

"Damn it all, and dam this stupid wish," she said to herself, feeling the warmth of her child in the dark. "I really, really want to have another one."

She wondered if James would mind a 2am quickie.

If it meant getting her ridiculous female body knocked up again, she doubted he would mind at all.

Peta cried out in bliss as Manos thrust his enormous member deep into her passage. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, her mind already reeling from the pleasure she was receiving.

"You're m-my god, Manos!" she moaned, especially when he leaned forward over the table she was lying on and began to squeeze her wobbling tits. "I'll n-never stop worshipping you! Ohhhhhh!"

Her body shook in orgasm, and the beautiful woman arched her back, shaking from the sheer release of it all.

"And I'll never stop blessing you!" he roared in his brassy voice. He gripped her hips and thrust one final time, and then his own powerful orgasm arrived. His seed shot from his penis as if from a cannon, stream after stream of his issue pouring into her. The woman screamed out in delight, nearly passing out from the sheer ecstasy of it all, and Manos fell to panting, his muscular shoulders shaking from the exertion. Finally, after a long time, he pulled himself out of her.

A chorus of cheers, screams, and clapping followed. With a self-satisfied smirk, Manos looked around the mansion living space at his numerous harem girls. Once, he'd dreamed of being gorgeous like them, with big tits, perfect makeup, figures that could easily attract a guy in a way that Manos' former self never could. Now though, thanks to the wrong wishes Khalid had granted to the person formerly known as Millicent, he had gone from being a lonely, mousey woman in her thirties to being a literal god of sex in his prime of life. Sure, his skin tone was an unnatural blue, and yes, he had thick ram's horns on the side of his head. And yes, this necessitated him being a lot more private in his life and staying out of the public view. But Millicent had never been a massive extravert, so why should he be so as Manos, the blue-skinned god of seduction, flirtation, attraction, and climaxes?

It had been relatively easy to build a harem to fulfil his endless desire for sex. For one, his pheromones literally made nearby women lust after him, and for two they also transformed said woman into an even greater beauty, granting them greater curves and the like. It had only taken seducing the right women who had the wealth and means to privately acquire him a private estate for them to indulge their passions in, and to help track down the most desirable women who could be brought into the fold.

Now, there were over two dozen of them living with him. Some were white, others black. Some were slender, some were curvaceous. Some spoke three languages and had PhDs, others were simply Insta-girls who attracted his eye, all giggles and lusts even before he seduced them with his power.

Manos didn't regret any of it, not even that his wishes had gone to someone else, or that the ones granted for him were so unexpected. He loved his girls, and treated them right, and they helped fulfil his libertine desires constantly. A far cry from the dateless woman he'd been.

"Thank you, my darling Peta," he told the still delirious lover on the table. "But I'm still feeling very full in my balls. Who else wants to help me drain them?"

There was a momentary pause from the crowd, and then:

"Me!"

"ME!"

"No, Me!"

"ME ME ME ME~"

Manos gave a hearty laugh, stroking his hairy chest, followed by his proud manhood. It was good to be king. He hoped whoever got his wishes was just as happy.

Alex Coulson couldn't say whether she was happy with the change or not, because some days she completely *forgot* that she even *had* changed! She was currently getting railed from behind by a large, well-muscled guy named Jackson who had a big black dick that just drove her *wild*. She'd just had a very sexy lingerie shoot, one that she just *knew* was going to be a hit sensation across the internet, especially since her boobs looked *so damn good* in it. Fucking her photographer as a thank you just seemed like a totally smart idea in the aftermath.

"OHhhh! Yeah! F-fuck my dripping pussy!" she cried as he pounded her from behind, pressing her body up against the fridge of her resort room. "I'm so fucking horny for your big cock, Jackson! Keep, like, going faster! I can take it!"

He chuckled, grunting a little as he did as she asked. "Damn if I don't know it. You really want it, huh Alex?"

"I'm, like, a total slut!" she cried. "I used to be, like, a super smart business person, but now I just wanna have so much fucking I can't stand it! Ohhhh, I'm s-so close!"

He came inside of her, and as usual she *erupted* with bliss, crying out in her high soprano voice. She squeezed her large tits together, fondling them as she rode the high. It was only in the crystal-clear realisation afterwards that she recalled that she used to be a man, and that this whole incident was *mega* embarrassing.

"Ohhhh," she moaned. "Stupid wishes. I'm such, like, a cock hungry slut."

"Wishes?" Jackson asked.

"Never mind. I'm just, like, annoyed at what a total nympho bimbo I am. It's sooooo embarrassing."

Jackson pulled himself out of her, causing her to squeak a little. Then he squeezed the left cheek of her ass, changing her squeak to a moan.

"Maybe so, babe, maybe so. But you're alright in my books."

She pouted her lovely lips. Dick-sucking lips, she often thought of them as, on account of she had sucked well over a hundred dicks with them, and *always* swallowed. It was disgusting, or at least it should have been to the former man, but she just craved the taste of it so damn much.

"I know, it's just, like, I make such a good hottie nympho. I've got the blonde hair and my really big E-cup boobs and my perfect waist and hips and these long legs and stuff, but - er, what was I saying?"

"That you're unhappy? Was I not good?"

"Are you kidding!? You make me cum so fucking hard, Jackson. I just get, like, totally self-aware of what a total bimbo I am, you know? It's so dumb, but here I am."

Jackson considered this. He moved, still naked and handsome, over to the curtains and parted them. The view of the sea was extraordinary; it was the Maldives, and it was a

very expensive resort stay. But with the amount she raked in from her social media content, not to mention her very sexy OnlyFans content, Kendall was good for it, especially since she could add more content while here.

“Well,” he said. “The sun is shining, beautiful, and the day is young. Why don’t you get in one of those skimpy little bikinis of yours and we do another photoshoot to cheer you up?”

At this, Kendall suddenly beamed, forgetting her former male woes. “Like, Jackson, that’s a totally great idea! You should, like, take slow-mo video of my bouncing boobies in my sexy red bikini! Oh, and one of me walking away so you can totally get my ass. Ohmygod, I’m so glad I’ve got such a super smart photographer who’s also, like, really good at slaying my pussy!”

And with that, she bounded straight to the cupboard to get into her bikini, excited to look like a sexy beach woman for all of her million-plus fans.

“Um, Kendall? Boss?”

She turned. “Yeah?”

“Maybe you should clean yourself up, first? Remember?”

She looked down to where his cum was dripping down her leg and giggled. With one finger, she gathered some and licked it down.

“Like, oops!” she exclaimed. “Maybe you and I can have a shower first?”

Sometimes being so dumb made it easy to deal with the wishes. Her horny little brain only had so much time to think about it.

Mia didn’t really understand most of the decisions she made at DigiPlay. Sometimes she was asked about things called ‘investments’ and ‘marketable options’ and she just asked for colour-coded folders with options. What none of the board members who answered to the precocious now-seven year old knew was that she made her decisions purely on which colour she liked, or the cover art of said folders.

And yet, somehow, every business decision she made was a massive success. Under Mia Stearguard, DigiPlay’s prominence in the tech world was rising, and she’d already been photographed on the cover of various gaming and tech magazines, often carrying her favourite mermaid toys. In fact, a *lot* of her interviews talked about mermaids, much to the simultaneous frustration *and* amusement of her interviewers.

Her parents were still sometimes in a state of shock. Mia was certain they didn’t quite believe her genie story, but they couldn’t exactly explain otherwise. All that really mattered

was that they were a happy whole family again, loving and healthy and without ever having to worry about those bills ever again.

Of course, now that they had so much money, there was one other new problem, not that Mia saw it as such. She may not have gotten her wish to be a mermaid princess, but that didn't stop her from organising *monthly* trips to the local Seaworld.

Why?

Well, they had a mermaid-themed kid's park, duh!

Ophelia caressed her swollen belly as she swam languidly through the ocean. The surface glittered above her, and deep below she could just make out with her superior aquatic vision the crystalline reflections of the city she was now princess of. Her guards followed behind her at a respectable distance, and her husband Artak swam beside her, looking at her as if she were the most splendid creature in the sea.

Which she was, of course. That much she had definitely come to know. Her beauty was beyond compare; a creature of renown to surface-dwellers who caught sight of her, and known to be the most lovely mermaid in all of the charted sea for her new kind.

"Such a beautiful swim, my love," Artak said, squeezing her hand. "Are you sure you don't want to be pampered in the Kelpian Spas, however? With our child so close to—"

"I'd rather watch the surface," she said, staring straight ahead. She stroked her belly again, aware of the weight of what was inside her. Aware of the royal child growing within her womb, a merboy or mergirl who could, technically, come any day now, though she'd only felt the smallest stirrings of Braxton-Hicks, or whatever the mermaid equivalent of pre-labor contractions were.

"I still can't understand your fascination with the surface-dwellers," her handsome husband said. "It is the Deep that holds the true beauty of the world."

"I just like to see it, husband," she replied wistfully, flapping her blue tail faster to properly ascend. "And besides, I don't know how often I'll be able to see the beauty of the surface after, well, you know . . ."

Artak continued to swim alongside her, but he embraced her as he did so, caressing her stomach, holding her like a lover. That was the other thing about mermaids: their sense of PDA was far more relaxed and encouraged than humans. In fact, he even shifted his hands up to cup her breasts, which had swelled two whole cup sizes across the ten months of her pregnancy. Yes, *ten* months. Mermaids got a whole other month, she'd discovered to her chagrin.

It had been quite an adjustment, becoming a mermaid. Apart from the whole 'getting turned into a woman' thing, there was the whole 'life aquatic' as well. She could breathe surface air, but her body wasn't very capable at moving on it; one had to sort of crawl and flap one's big tail uselessly. The ocean, however? She could move with such elegance that it astounded her. And so the deep would be her home, apparently for the rest of her life, and merpeople, she'd come to learn, lived for hundreds of years. Being that she was only twenty one years old, she at least knew she'd have some time to adjust.

Except she'd *also* gotten married to Prince Artak, handsome ruler of a neighbouring kingdom. She'd gone through with it, too bewildered to think about protesting, and besides the wish made the wedding occur regardless. The merpeople sung beautiful songs as the pair were taken on a sea chariot pulled by a hippocampus to their underwater wedding suite, all with the knowledge that the marriage would quickly be consummate.

As it was.

Several times, much to Ophelia's shock. She wasn't sure if it was better or worse that her mermaid body was fiercely attracted to her new husband, but when his member had slid out from the hidden folds of his body, she'd found her breath quickening, her loins tingling, and her nipples stiffening. Later on, he would call her a fantastic lover, a compliment that brought a rosy shine to her cheeks, and would for their many copulations since.

It wasn't like she could be a man again, or a human, so why fight what her body wanted? Though perhaps if she had a little more, she would not be so swollen, so gravid. It made swimming just that little bit less elegant, though her beauty only seemed to glow further, according to her many advisors and servants.

She burst through the surface, taking a gulp of pure air, gravity falling more heavily upon her now that she didn't have the water all around her. Ophelia shook her head, shifting her very long red hair behind her back. Artak surfaced beside her, and placed an arm around her shoulders.

The coast was less than a mile away, the white sandy beaches pristine, the crowds thick with activity, people playing netball and swimming and lazing in the sun. Ophelia sighed, remembering what it was like to *walk*.

"I suppose," Artak said, viewing it from their distance, "that it does look rather pretty, in a surface kind of way. Imagine being a surface dweller, my love. How different their lives must be!"

At this, she gave a dry smile. "My love, you have no idea."

She could have stayed there for an hour, watching this ode to her own past. But duty called, and she knew her advisors were waiting, and there was a mergirl dance to attend, and a visit from a neighbouring kingdom to attend to, and so much more.

Besides, Ophelia didn't know it, but a royal baby would be arriving in less than twenty-four hours. She *really* was going to be the centre of attention.

Khalid viewed all of this from his bottle. Some of it made him smile, some of it made him sigh, other scenes of these transformees made him vent with frustration.

"If only I could have warned some of them," he said to himself, even as his bottle travelled magically to its next location, ready to be seen by his next master. "Alas, the curse of the Wishing Chain is eternal. I can only hope that my next master does not cause so much mischief with their wishes. But from experience, I know that this is not true."

He relaxed upon his couch, conjuring a book into his hand and finding his original place. He'd have a few hours, at least, to enjoy some alone time, to simply *be*.

And then would come a master with his or her wishes.

And the unexpected changes soon after that.

The End