

Third Bad Wish (Minotaur TFTG, Inanimate TF)

A Commission for Kayrne

Sequel to Another Bad Wish & Another Bad Wish 2. Devon & Connie have come to terms with their new lives, but decide to give the lamp to Connie's old friend, in the hopes that he'll use it better. Unfortunately, he and his girlfriend set off the weirdest transformations yet.

This is the sequel to [Another Bad Wish](#) & [Another Bad Wish 2](#)

This story is a set in the same universe as the original [One Bad Wish](#). Patrons also have access to [One Bad Wish 2](#).

[Sequel to THIS story here.](#)

Third Bad Wish

"Well, I guess this is goodbye," Devon said.

'Sure is. I'm going to miss this place. Even if I only got half of the regular college experience before, well, you know.'

Devon was standing alone in the college campus field, seemingly talking to himself. He was a musclebound figure with mid-length brown hair and a square jaw, the kind of man most ladies had a thing for. As a matter of fact, they did; Devon's exploits across campus were the stuff of legend, and there were whispers he'd managed to sleep with every member of the cheer squad. The whispers were right. But while his libido had not receded, and he remained as sexually active as any jock could be, if not more, he had reached the end of an era. It would be his last day here; he'd already graduated, and would be moving across state to play football professionally. Devon and his 'Lucky Reds' - the pair of bright red underwear he always wore to every match and even during sex - were now semi-famous, and several teams were already launching bids to get him onto their team. But still, he had returned to the place of so many great and strange memories over the last three years, to say goodbye. And for one other reason.

"Are you sure about this?" Devon asked.

'I'm sure. We were just stupid. If we explain ourselves properly, at least something good can come out of this stupid lamp.'

Standing on the field as he was, talking to himself, most would think him a little crazy. Looking closely, one would even notice that as he talked, he was occasionally adjusting his pants at his waist, and looking down at the ground. No, at his own short. This was because Devon was talking to someone that nobody remembered ever existed, his best friend Connie. No one remembered her for the same reason that nobody remembered that Devon had once been Denise, a buxom brunette on the cheer squad, instead of a

muscular jock who the squad slept with; because they had been given a magic lamp with a mischievous genie who twisted the wish each of them made.

Denise had wanted to have a “sweet manbod” that “made all the other boys jealous.” She had intended the wish to give her a sexy boyfriend, but instead the genie sadistically interpreted the wish as her literally possessing a tough male body that other guys wished they had. Connie, on the other hand, had even greater misfortune, due to an accidental stammer as she tried to wish for her friend to be more supportive and take her “under her” wing. But unfortunately, due to said stammer, she said “underwear” instead, and her fate was sealed. Connie was now a living, sentient, but inanimate pair of red underwear belonging to Denise. It had been a long road for both of them acclimating to their new lives, but after three years of living together, Connie always remaining clean and new enough to wear, they had accepted their new lives. In fact, Connie felt immense pleasure in holding in her friend’s package, and at least three times a week the living underwear enjoyed the deeply pleasurable experience of being vigorously masturbated into by Denise, the smattering of cum against her fabrics making Connie mentally cry out in pleasure in overwhelming orgasm. It was enough to make up for the loss of her independence, and despite the genie’s cruelty, the two of them had remained close friends. Closer than friends, arguably, though Connie enjoyed feeling Devon thrust into a beautiful woman, her own fabrics still wrapped around the base of his cock.

“I’m sorry that Danny doesn’t remember you. Or Lenneth. I know you had a thing for him for a time.”

“Eh, old news. It’s not exactly like I can strike up a conversation with him now, anyway. I’m a living pair of underwear. But I still remember us geeking out over our favourite books and helping each other during study. And he knows Lenneth too.”

“Then let’s give him the lamp. I’ll just say . . . what, that I found it among your things?”

‘No one remembers I exist, remember? Technically, Connie never existed. I’m just Lucky Reds now. Don’t actually call me that.’

“Promise. Well, I’ll figure something out. He liked history, right? I’ll use that. Has he got someone else for the other wish?”

‘Geez, I can’t even see anymore and I’ve got the distraction of your big stiff dick against me, and even I know that he and Lenneth are an item. She’s nice, though a little self-obsessed.’

“Well, that’ll be the last thing we do. Give him the lamp, give him the instructions so he won’t muck it up like we did. Then we can enjoy the move.”

‘You better wear me on that long drive. I don’t want to be stuffed in a box somewhere.’

Devon chuckled, and gingerly adjusted his crotch in his pants. He knew it drove his friend wild. “Don’t worry, Conn. You’ll be right in the seat with me. On me, in fact.

Besides, we can stop at a couple of gas station bathrooms, maybe have a little fun, let you absorb a bit of my seed.”

‘Mhhmm tasty . . . sounds like a plan.’

Danny was a nerdy young man who still had one year left on his computing course. He had met his girlfriend, Lenneth, a year earlier, and the two had hit it off splendidly. While he wasn’t incredibly attractive - Danny had slight acne still, and his blonde hair was often wiry and stuck up despite every attempt to stick it down. But he had an undeniable ‘cuteness’ with his look, an almost pretty-boy nerdiness that made him attractive to some. In contrast, Lenneth was a beauty, with a mix of Mediterranean and Middle-Eastern heritage that left her with olive skin and long dark hair. She had a strong kinky side, and was always a little disappointed that Danny was a bit vanilla in that regard. Still, he did know how to treat a lady, and saw her as a person, often having long conversations about her own interests. They shared a love of reading and classic film, though it was clear that Danny was more of a nerd, with his anime and manga collection. Unfortunately, the two had been spinning wheels for some time; Lenneth wanted to be adventurous and travel the world with her boyfriend, while Danny preferred to stay where he was, spending perhaps a little too much time privately masturbating, even when Lenneth was in the mood.

The two were together, enjoying a walk across campus but feeling a little tension in their relationship, when the famous Devon Harrison approached them.

“Hey Danny, hey Lenneth!” he said, looking a little awkward.

Danny felt awkward too. He’d never really chatted to Devon, and part of him had always been jealous that the muscle-bound jock had slept with just about every hottie on campus except Lenneth. He could sense, beside him, that even she was a little attracted.

“Uh, hi Devon,” Danny replied. “What’s up?”

“Yeah, hi Devon.” Lenneth’s voice was a little more pleased by his presence.

“Well, I’m heading interstate to play football, you know. Bit of an adventure ahead of me.”

“Imagine that, Danny,” Len said sarcastically, crossing her arms, “an adventure.”

Danny ignored his girlfriend, not wanting to seem belittled in front of the campus’ former star quarterback.

“Well, congratulations. Um, can we help you or something?”

"Yes, I'm getting to that," Devon snapped, though it oddly seemed like he was snapping at himself, or someone else not present. He awkwardly fumbled with something in his back, and brought it out before them. It was a golden, jewel-encrusted lamp.

"A friend thought you might be interested in this. She said it has a wish-granting genie that can grant a wish to two people that unlock it; only that you have to be *very, very* careful with your wishes, or else the genie will twist them. Got it? Very careful."

He passed it to Danny's hands, who took it, admiring the craftsmanship. Whoever Devon's friend was had been right, he was interested. It looked ancient and well-preserved. He could even make money of it.

"Well, that's a fascinating legen-"

"Not a legend. This friend . . . let's just say you should believe her."

"Who is she?"

"You wouldn't recognise her anymore. The lamp . . . sorta changed her. It changed me. Anyway, I leave it to you two to figure out. But remember, be careful with your wishes."

And with that, Devon left the campus for good, leaving Danny and Lenneth standing there, very confused and slightly intrigued.

They were back in Danny's apartment, and still a little weirded out by the whole exchange. Danny was already thinking of what calls to make to see if the lamp was sellable, but Lenneth was pestering him to try it.

"C'mon, just like Devon said, be more adventurous!" She draped her olive-skinned arms around her boyfriend. "Pretty please? For me?"

Danny sighed. "Fine, but it's just an ordinary lamp. I have no idea what that dumb jock was going on about, probably just high from all the sex parties."

"Hey, don't knock a good sex party. I've tried to get you to experiment a bit more with our sex life, but you always want to do boring missionary."

Danny looked hurt. "There's nothing boring about that. Besides - look, forget it. Let's just try the lamp and when it doesn't work we can just chill, okay?"

Connie was obviously disappointed by his lack of enthusiasm. She liked Danny, but it was easy to see that the relationship was slowly dying away. He was too sedentary and unchanging, and she had a kinky side that he just couldn't handle. She decided to bit down any retort as he fetched the lamp.

"What do I do then, just rub it?"

"That's what they do in the stories, isn't it?" Lenneth answered.

Danny shrugged, and did exactly that. Suddenly, there was an explosion of pink and purple mist that caused him to yell and her to shriek. It cleared quickly even as Danny dropped the lamp, revealing that said lamp was now floating in the air, and pouring out from it was the form of a beautiful woman of Arabic looks, her buxom and scantily clad figure on full display.

"By the sands, it's good to be summoned again, and so soon! Only a few mortal years after my last arrival on this plane. Thank you, my masters of the lamp. I bestow upon you both a single wish, to be granted after each has made their own. What desires do you have, my masters?"

Danny and Lenneth exchanged a look. Neither of them had closed their jaws across the genie's entire opening statement. They were too gobsmacked by her presence. What's more, Danny was unable to look away from her buxom form; he'd always found his girlfriend beautiful, but he was often aroused by the thought of women wearing exotic clothing and serving his every wish. This was like a dream come true for him.

"Oh my God, Devon was speaking the truth! You are a real genie!"

The genie smiled at Lenneth. "Devon? Ah, you mean the brawny man that was once known as Denise. Not that you would remember her. She had quite a change. But not nearly so great a change as her friend, who now lives her life as a living pair of undergarments."

Danny nearly spluttered. This woman was clearly a being of great power. He needed to word his wishes carefully.

"Honey, Lenneth. We need to be careful here. Make appropriate wishes, like Devon said."

She nodded in agreement, thinking on what riches, good health, or other fortune she could bring them both. Danny concentrated similarly. And then he had his idea.

"Okay, I have my wish."

The genie smirked. "Very well, my master, I will hear it."

"I wish that my girlfriend Lenneth was a sexy genie, very sexy, and able to grant my every wish."

The genie nodded. "A sensible wish, and well-worded. The power to make new genies can only be called upon once in a hundred years. Fortunately for you, I have not done so in two centuries."

Lenneth gaped at her boyfriend. "Danny, what the actual fuck? Your wish is to turn me into a genie? A sexy one? What, I'm not hot enough for you *now*?"

Danny gave a sheepish grin. "Sorry honey, but it's a good wish. I promise I'll treat you right as your master."

"Master? *Master?* I'm out of your league as it is, but I stayed with you because I thought you weren't like other guys, and saw me as a person instead."

Danny moved to his girlfriend, but she shied back from him. "I *do* see you as an equal, Lenneth, but this is the best way to live the life that we want."

At that, Lenneth seemed to reach a decision. She turned to the genie. "Fine, I'm ready to make my wish. If my boyfriend so wishes to 'live the life that we want' by making me his little genie in a bottle, then I'll just have to make him more like I want. I wish that my boyfriend Danny was more adventurous the way I want him to be, including how he makes his wishes."

The genie grinned widely, her eyes ablaze with glee at the wish.

"Oh yes, master, I can indeed do that. Your wishes shall be both granted, first his, then yours, that you may understand what you have wrought upon one another."

She clicked her fingers, and there was a puff of pink smoke that extended from the genie's hand and enveloped Lenneth. She cried out, overcome with strange energies as her boyfriend watched on, cautious and amazed and a little nervous over what she would look like. He imagined her with bigger boobs, and sporting a sexy sari or harem outfit, and maybe with even more exotic looks, like a wild shade of hair. She groaned and grunted within the cloud, almost sounding as if she were copulating, and it made him excited to see the end result.

Lenneth, meanwhile, was overcome with strange pressures all over her body. She clutched herself, trying to breathe properly, trying to *scream*.

"Wha - what's happening to m-me!?"

But the genie said nothing, simply observing the results, looking quietly amused. All at once Lenneth's body seemed to bulk up, the magic seeping into her body, through her nostrils and down her through and forming into new muscle tissue. Bones lengthened and grew, and her loins were afire while her gut lurched. She clenched her teeth, feeling them reforming in her mouth, becoming larger and flatter. She grunted, and it sounded *lower* somehow. She reached to grab her belly, where muscle was forming, causing her thin waist to widen powerfully, and she was struck by how her fingers were strangely numb. She stared at them in shock as they fused together; the feeling was not painful but it was deeply unsettling.

"H-holy shit!"

Soon her hands were left with two fingers and a thumb each, their digits hardening to become bonelike, making them appear and feel more bovine hooves that retained a good degree of manipulation. And 'bovine' was right; at that very moment she began to wail, grabbing her skull as two sharp points forced their way through her skin, rising and rising to become sweeping bull's horns that curved magnificently. She made a great intake of breath, but as she breathed it out, it came differently; her nostrils were swelling, widening, her entire nose and mouth pushing forwards to form a wide snout.

Tears fell from her eyes as it jutted outward, accompanied by a stretching of skin and bone above her ass. With a yelp, a tail exploded out from her rear, pushing out from above her shirt and descending to near the ground, long and ropey and topped with white hairs.

"A tail? I've g-got a tail!"

Danny overheard this, and he looked to the genie with confusion.

"I wished her to be a genie I'd find sexy!"

"Ah, my master, but you did not say 'my genie who is sexy *to me*,' simply 'my genie, who is sexy.' So she shall indeed be your genie, but one that *I* find sexy. And let me tell you, a white-furred minotaur with rippling muscles and a bit, heavy manhood is something all genie women lust after in my realm."

Lenneth overheard that, and her terror mingled with anger at the stupidity of her boyfriend, whose lust had determined the nature of his wish; a wish she was paying for! She buckled under her own weight, with her legs developing powerful calf and thigh muscles to compensate, and she rose taller, extending in height well over six feet. By this point her muscles were developing all over; her hourglass figure had dissipated as she bulked up, and with a mournful cry her breasts receded into her chest, leaving her with powerful pectorals. She stretched, the sensation of her bones extending and tissue growing making her gasp in discomfort. And with each stomp of her feet, they too changed, growing hard and flat, her tones fusing together to become powerful hooves, little dew claws extending out pitifully from higher up. With a snap, her gait adjusted, her ankle bone now much higher.

"So - so much power," she huffed, her breath now hot and steady. Her face continued to extend, becoming that of a powerful bull's, though with enough humanity in it to recognise the woman she had been. But even that would change.

A powerful tensing began between her thighs, and the transforming minotaur scratched at her chest as it filled in. To Lenneth's astonishment, a large appendage began to protrude from her vagina, filling it completely until it was gone, two large balls encased in sack plopping outwards. Her dick expanded, filling her hands as she tried to arrest its growth. It was immense, far bigger than any man's on earth, and it contained a masculine virility she had never experienced.

"A dick . . . I'm - I'm male."

Almost as an afterthought, her skin itched all over, and she didn't even have the will to scratch at it, so overcome with her changes as she was. White fur, thick and matted and smelling of powerful manliness, sprung up all over her being, encasing her. Her clothing had already fallen away, far too small to encompass her body, but to complete her - or rather, *his* - new look, a brown loincloth formed into place, ringed by a belt. A wooden brace formed around his neck, serving more like an ornamental feature than anything capable of going against his great power. He was so well-muscled and defined that he

felt as if he could tear such timber asunder. It was . . . it was strangely exhilarating for Lenneth, even though he knew it was wrong.

With a click of her fingers, the smoke dispersed, and Danny's jaw dropped as he took in his girlfriend's changed form. Before stood a 6'5 tall white-haired minotaur, and not just a minotaur, a very *male* minotaur, whose own muscles put those of Devon Harrison to shame.

"My God, Lenneth, I - I didn't mean for this."

"Shut up!" the minotaur bellowed, Lenneth's voice now deep and booming. It made Danny snap back.

"But, I don't understand. I wished for her to be a genie, like you."

He looked to the genie, who just giggled. "Oh, you did! But genies come in many flavours, and the minotaur genies are most appealing to me. Such mighty cocks, such endless stamina, such intoxicating musks, such drives for dominance. Do you feel that drive already, Lenneth? Or, as your name is now, *Len*?"

Len examined his body, unbelieving how different he felt. His tail swished behind him, and his hooves shook the ground with each step. He felt so powerful, and not just from the magical genie energies within him; he felt as if he was no longer submissive to Danny, and that perhaps the dynamic should now be reversed. Such was the power of his new instinct, as well as his anger for Danny making him this way.

"And now," the genie said, "for your wish."

She clicked her fingers, and Danny felt a strange pulse of energy within him, one that began in his core and rapidly spiralled into his brain, causing his mind to become briefly foggy.

"There, now you shall be more adventurous, just the way that *Len* wants you to be, and this will always influence what wishes you make. But be warned, Minotaurs are known for having very . . . different ideas when it comes to their desires, and they like to be dominant in their exercise of power. Good luck, Danny boy! This is permanent now, and nothing can change either of you back!"

And with that, the genie disappeared back into her lamp, leaving the hulking male minotaur and his incredibly nervous boyfriend looking at one another. At Danny's feet, a small brazier had been placed, and Len sensed this was to be his new home when he was not summoned. The new minotaur huffed through his widened nose, infuriated.

"A minotaur. A big fucking minotaur with a giant fucking cock. That's what you turned me into!" she declared, voice low and brass, echoing through the room.

Danny took a step back. "I didn't mean for it to go this way, honey!"

She thrust forward a hoof-like finger, jabbing him in the chest.

"But it did happen, *master*. You made me into a big-dicked minotaur genie, and now I'm stuck like this forever, *master*. With this giant monster between my legs. I can't go out in public, I can't date. I'm too big even to date. And this massive log is already sensitive. I feel - ahh - I feel damn horny, *master*. This transformation - your damn wish - has given me a minotaur's libido. You can't understand it - it's like I need to fuck something. Anything. Right now."

Indeed, the fantasy monster's loincloth rose, revealing an enormous white-furred cock that rose from its sheath, jutting upwards and practically throbbing with need. Already, Len's mind was flooding with bovine chemicals, her new minotaur mindset requiring pleasuring several times a day."

Danny took a step back just to avoid the former-female's large swinging dick, and he couldn't stop staring at it. He couldn't believe how badly he had messed up. Despite his earlier selfishness, he felt incredibly guilty.

"I need release!" Len wailed, bucking madly on the spot, pressing her manhood against a couch. "I'm too big! I hate you *master!*"

"I wish I could help you," Danny said, and then he felt a compulsion kick into effect in his mind, forcing him to add a further wish. "*I wish I could become a big condom to fit you!*"

Both paused, shocked at his words. And then Len gave a sadistic minotaur's grin.

"You wish, *master*, is my command."

"Wait - no, that's not what I meant to say, wait!"

The new minotaur genie clicked his finger-hoofs, and a powerful blast of blue energy cascaded from his form to envelop Danny. The nerdy man cringed as the energy whorled about him, tugging and pressing at his skin, stretching him apart so that his form thinned. His form began rubbery, his bones and organs and muscles melting into the prophylactic nature of his compelled wish.

"N-nooo!" he gasped, and soon his mouth had dissipated in the increasingly inanimate form he was taking. His limbs shrivelled, sinking into the rubber, and Danny was subjected to the utterly alien sensation of having his being emptied, becoming hollow, even as his increasingly thin lining rolled in on itself, curling upwards to form an unpackaged but unused condom. His mind raced, still intact even as the world went dark, and he mentally communicated his fear to Len, who drank it in, wanting revenge on his former boyfriend, but even more than that, wanting to dominate and subjugate him, as was a minotaur's way.

"Yes, Danny, that was a good wish. I can't wait to *fill you up*. Is this what it's like to be male? To have your balls so full that you're bursting to expel them. I'm glad my *master* made such a wise wish."

'No!' Danny cried, mentally communicating to Len. '*Please! I don't want your cum! I'm sorry Len, I was selfish! We don't have to do this!*'

But even as he screamed this, his new inanimate form shrunk, becoming an extra extra large size condom, far larger than any real size for a human, and fell into the minotaur's waiting paw. Danny tried to move, tried to do anything to escape, but he didn't even have limbs. All he could do was feel his minotaur ex-girlfriend close, and worse, somehow *smell* her, despite lacking nostrils. And then, sight was returned, and for a brief moment Danny thought he was returning to normal.

'Oh thank God! Oh thank God! Oh thank - Oh God no!'

He wasn't returning to normal; the pinching and stretching sensation he'd been experiencing wasn't transformation back, no! It was him being *unravelled*. Now, Danny had a perfect close up view of a monster cock, white-furred and incredibly erect, as his surface was stretched over it.

'Lenneth, we don't - Nngghhh!'

To his shame and embarrassment, Danny was overwhelmed with pleasure as he was stretched tightly over the immense minotaur penis. He gasped - well, he *tried* to gasp, only to remember he no longer had a mouth of lungs - as his rubbery skin continued to be pulled over Len's member, and he was astonished by the extent of it. He felt as if he was enveloping it completely, and it muffled his thoughts, as he experienced a kind of arousal and sexual pleasure he'd never felt before.

'Oohhh - aahhhhhhh - Mmmhmmhm!'

"You like that do you, *master?*" Len asked, stroking his enormous member and shuddering as well. "Good. Because I'm taking you all the way. It's not fair that just one of us got transformed by this wish into something strange. Let's see what having a dick feels like together, shall we?"

And with that, the mighty minotaur began to stroke his throbbing cock. He rubbed and tugged, harder and harder, his strong hoof-hands gripping its shaft tightly, and causing Danny to become wordless. The inanimate victim felt as if he was in heaven and hell at the same time, and together their pleasure rose and rose and rose, the minotaur huffing in great breaths from his broadened face, hot steam jetting from his nostrils.

"So - close. SO CLOSE!"

'Me t-too!' Danny managed. *'I wish you'd c-cum in me!'*

'Mywishisyourcommand!' Len managed, already feeling an enormous male orgasm rip through his form at the same time. There was an immense feeling of release, his balls pressurising as they released what felt like gallons of semen into the large condom. It poured out, white and hot and sticky, and Danny was repulsed and enticed in equal measure, able to 'taste' the produce in his own inanimate fashion, finding it sweet, and bringing on his own strange orgasms. He shrieked mentally.

'Aahhh - Len, that feels s-so good!'

"Excellent, my master!"

'I wish you could turn me,' he thought, about to say 'back to a human,' but once again the compulsion struck, 'into a fleshlight! I want to see how that feels!'

The panting minotaur had no choice but to grant his former boyfriend's wish, and he had no desire not to. He wanted him to suffer and feel pleasure in equal parts, and his minotaur instinct drove him to subjugate her former lover, and make him submissive to the minotaur's will.

"As you wish."

A click of the hoof hands, and Danny changed again, his form becoming more rigid, sliding off Len's large penis easily. He wanted to writhe and squirm in response to the sensations, but it was impossible. His exterior became hard plastic, solid and firm, but his interior became more appropriately flesh-like, the rubber of his insides expanding and taking on new pink hues. His insides were cleaned of the white fluid he had just been absorbing, the fluid that somehow tastes so wonderful, and made him want to shiver in anticipation for more. But still, despite the arousal his transformation gave him, he was still terrified.

'Please, Len. Change me back. We need to figure this out. What we're going to do!'

Len held the fleshlight, which was also large to take in his excess girth. Despite his powerful instinct, and despite his anger at Danny, he knew his former boyfriend was right. They needed to figure this out, just like Devon evidently had, given that he apparently used to be a woman. But unfortunately for them both, both their wishes had resulted in a recursive loop of compulsion that could only be completed when Len was fully satisfied.

"I'm sorry, Danny. I'm still angry, but I agree we need to figure this out. Unfortunately," her cock sprang back to life, "this body can go at least two more rounds, judging from the ache in these damned new balls of mine. You're going to feel quite full in a moment, *master.*"

And with that, before Danny could protest, she thrust her enormous penis into his flesh-like interior, and his mind almost blanked out with erotic pleasure. She bucked and bucked, filling him over and over again, the two huffing and moaning, until finally Len came again.

They continued like this for some time.

It was a month later, and Len and Danny were visiting a stripper club. Thanks to Len's new instincts, the smell of so many erotic dancers turned him on something fierce, and this made Danny wish that they were there now. The former boyfriend found that this was generally the way of things now; despite the fact that he was meant to be in control

of the wishes, really he was only able to wish for things that Len's new minotaur form desired. Most of them were sexual, though he did at least wish them up a private country estate so that Len could have privacy, and be a proud white-furred minotaur in the open, away from prying eyes. Unfortunately, it was also a place for them to get up to even more kinky and 'adventurous' sex, up to and including having Danny turned into a female minotaur with a full-to-bursting udder. It was a form that Len continually enjoyed, and that made Danny compelled to wish for it more often.

Now, the girls were dancing, stripping off their clothing and gyrating before the male crowd. In human form, Len could look either male or female, and right now he appeared like his old self, only sporting snow-white hair that trailed down his back. Even looking female, the minotaur's mind was still present in him, and he eyed the women with lust, and anticipated what Danny's own thoughts were.

"Man, I wish people could shove dollar bills in me," Danny said aloud, looking at the money the girls were making. He sighed even as he said it. The language was awkward, and the shadow of compulsion had made him say something just ambiguous enough for Len to twist.

"Your wish is my command, *master*," he said, grinning from ear to ear, savouring how for now, he looked like an ordinary woman out with her boyfriend, visiting a stripclub for reasons that must have appeared kinky to outsiders. He clicked his fingers, and Danny popped out of existence, his form stretching and taking on a fabric skin. He mentally sighed as he was stretched pleurably around a woman's perfect hips, the stripper none the wiser that she had just acquired a set of living underwear.

'Great. Just great. Filled with money, and I bet it'll feel - Oohh! Nnggggh!'

Men who were turned on by the sexy dancer shoved twenty dollar bills into her stripper thong, applauding her sexy movements as she danced her ass in their faces, swaying her impressive hips from side to side. Danny moaned internally as the fabric of his thin thong form stretched around the dollars, sending jolts of pleasure through his inanimate body. And it made him wonder what ridiculous, 'adventurous' wish he would be making next, to satisfy Len's endless enjoyment.

As for Len, he simply clapped, whooping and cheering and stretching his living toy wide as he stuffed even more bills against the woman's ass, securing it with the thong strap.

"Enjoy Danny!" he said. "And just you wait till we get back. I've got some new wishes for you to make of me, and I can't wait to get my hoofs all over what you're going to be next!"

Danny was too overcome with humiliation and unwanted pleasure to even reply. But he knew that he was a helpless master to his genie, and would be for life, through every change to come.

The End

Third Bad Wish 2 (Bimbo TG, Inanimate TF)

A Commission for Kayrne

Sequel to Third Bad Wish. Lenneth is still a male minotaur genie, and Danny is trying to come to terms with being stuck forever making perverted wishes that leave him endlessly transformed. But things get quite heated and weird indeed when Danny wishes he was inside a porn film Lenneth is watching . . .

This is the sequel to [Third Bad Wish](#).

This story is a set in the same universe as the original [One Bad Wish](#). Patrons also have access to [One Bad Wish 2](#). These instalments are then followed by [Another Bad Wish](#) & [Another Bad Wish 2](#).

Third Bad Wish 2

Len and Danny's dynamic was a strange one.

"I wish I could feel a comfortable pair of big tits," Danny said as he passed a rather well-endowed woman in public.

"As you wish, master" Len replied, clicking his fingers.

In moments Danny was transformed into a large pair of spectacular breasts affixed to an unknowing woman's chest, who had no idea she'd sported only little A-cups moments before. Danny could only mentally cry out in shock as she stripped off for sex with her boyfriend, and then cry out again in ecstasy at the immense pleasure of the act.

"I wish I could enjoy a nice tropical holiday," Danny said, days later, human again and coming home tired from work.

"As you wish, master," Len replied, clicking his fingers.

The next second, Danny was a gorgeous native woman, bare-chested and brown, large black curls running down her back and a raffia skirt around her hips. She had little time to adjust to her new body before a powerful albino man stepped into her hut; Len in a new form, ready to take her. And take her he did.

"I wish I could step into a fantasy world like that," Danny said, playing his favourite fantasy game that had just been released.

"As you wish, master," Len replied, clicking his fingers.

Danny blinked, and he was a lithe elf with green skin and antlers and little clothing upon her body. An animal companion ran at her side, and she suddenly had knowledge of the bow. Unfortunately, she was captured by powerful male orcs and was unable to resist their manly scent. Soon she was their prisoner, gleefully using her elven skill of tongue upon their large members.

"I wish I could have a normal day," Danny said.

A normal day was granted . . . as a sexy housewife submissively serving her husband Len.

"I wish I could go back in time to before this happened."

Danny got to experience what it was like to be a dinosaur in heat.

"I wish I could start seeing other people."

One body among many in a large orgy, penetrator and penetrated.

On and on it went, and each time Danny was embarrassed not only by how his wishes were twisted, but by how foolish his wishes were. Even more shameful was, despite the humiliations of his repeated transformations and experiences, how much he came to enjoy each one of them, orgasming in new and exciting ways, overcome by pleasure.

It had all started just a few months ago, when Lenneth and Danny had been given a magic lamp courtesy of a prize college football star Devon Harrison, now a man going professional in sports and making big waves for himself. Neither were quite certain why they had been given the lamp at first, but they were given due warning that they had to be exceedingly careful when they made their wishes, judicious in their wording.

Unfortunately, that wise warning flew out the window the second Danny was overcome with awe at the female genie who appeared by them. She revealed that Devon had once been Denise, and that his famous lucky red underwear he wore to each match was in fact the sentient former human named Connie, who had been friends with Len and Danny once. Shocked, and realising that the genie truly did possess great power, Danny salivated at the notion of what it could do for him. Quickly, he made a wish for his girlfriend Len to become a "sexy genie" who would see him as her master. Infuriated, Len wished that her normally shy boyfriend would be "more adventurous" in sexual pursuits, including the way he made his wishes.

The genie, malicious spirit that she was, could only grin, savouring their unwise wishes. She granted Danny's wish for Len to become a sexy genie . . . by turning her into a very male minotaur genie with white fur, powerful musculature, and a very large member. All traits that the genie found 'sexy'. After all, as she reminded him, he hadn't specified *how* she would be sexy.

Horrified, things only got worse for Danny, karma for his reckless and selfish wish that would have made his own girlfriend a slave of his will. For Len had become a true genie, and now possessed the power to grant all his wishes. Unfortunately for the young man, *her* previous wish was in effect now, making it impossible for him not to always wish for adventurous sexy outcomes, or ordinary wishes that were easily interpreted in sexy

ways. This allowed for the vengeful new male minotaur to toy with Danny endlessly, first by making him a condom, then a fleshlight, then a stripper, and then so many more things to experience sexual 'adventure' with.

And that was only the first week. Danny found that his new status quo was one of constant change, constant new sexual acts, and constantly finding himself less the master than the thing to be toyed with. He could only wonder how much longer it would go on, because if it continued to last even a few more months, he feared he wouldn't want it to stop . . .

It was, unusually, an ordinary day for Len and Danny. The two were at their luxury apartment, one of many thanks to Len's magic. It was technically was only rented out in Danny's name; Len's massive minotaur would make waves if he went out in public, and so he tended to only do so when in another form. The two were relaxing on the couch playing video games, and to Danny it almost seemed like a corner had been turned, an equilibrium reached.

"This is nice," he said, a little hesitantly."

"It is," Len replied, brass baritone voice booming. He took up much of the couch, and his mighty hooves were relaxed on top of the coffee table. He wore a brown loincloth and not much else, and he somehow *reeked* of manliness in ways that sometimes made Danny oddly jealous.

"Yeah, it's nice," Danny repeated. "Almost feels like turning a corner, doesn't it? It's like . . . kind of how we used to be. Back when we were together."

Len guffawed, shaking the couch. "What are you talking about Danny, we *are* still together? You're my *master*, remember? This is what you wanted."

He blushed, feeling awkward. "Well, not *exactly* as I wanted, is it?"

"Are you saying you don't like this?" Len gestured to her impressive minotaur frame. "Because after all, you're the one who did this to me. I just wanted a little more cash so we could retire together, or perhaps living longer and perfect health. But you wanted this."

"I thought when I said a sexy genie that -"

"That I would be a big-titted bimbo, right? Well, I didn't want to be either. But I've made my peace with it, Danny. I just think you need to make your peace with it too."

"With . . . with what?"

Len leaned over, easily two feet taller than his once-boyfriend. He cradled Danny's chin with his hoof-like hands and lifted his gaze up to face the minotaur's own.

"With the fact," he intoned slowly, "that maybe you're coming to like our new relationship."

"I'm - I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, I think we both do. You may not be able to control your wishes, but you certainly get a lot of fun out of them, just like I get a lot of fun out of granting them to you. Inflicting them on you. Well, we both get to enjoy ourselves, don't we Danny boy?"

Danny was flustered, and didn't know what to say. The game finished, and he'd lost the bout.

"I win," Len said meaningfully.

"Uh, yeah, congratulations. Let's see what's on TV, huh?"

He grabbed the remote and changed the channel. The first was a sports game; football. To Danny's surprise, the camera was focused on Devon Harrison playing for the Strikers, launching across the field to score touchdown.

'And Devon Harrison has clinched the game folks! Yet another magnificent play for the player, and his magnificent Lucky Reds!'

Len chuckled, grabbing a nearby beer and opening it on one of his horns.

"How serendipitous, honey. The very man who made it all possible. I'd call that a sign from the universe."

Danny changed the channel. "We're not sports people anyway, at least you weren't back when you were Lenneth. I'll find something else."

The screen landed on a body lotion commercial. In it, the gorgeous form of Joey Heart, world's richest woman and perhaps its most stunning, was sunbathing on a tropical resort. Her heavy, full breasts were pressed together by her arms as she posed, her fiery red hair spilling down her shoulders. She cooed almost sensually, before looking to the screen.

'Don't you want to have skin like mine? Don't you want to draw your man's eye like I do? Then try Heart's Desire, my latest line of body lotion that doubles as a long lasting sunscreen. It'll make you look like a new woman. A better woman.'

It was genuinely one of the hottest things Danny had ever seen, and it was enough that his dick began to go hard, as the big-titted redhead was practically spilling out of her tight blue bikini.

"Oh f-fuck," he said, trying to think unsexy thoughts. He knew what would happen next if he got too into it. He peeked to his left, and to his despair saw that Len's own, much heftier cock, was rising to full attention, lifting the loin cloth to reveal a white member that was far bigger than any ordinary man's.

"Damn, ever since I got a dick, I *really* appreciate the look of a woman like that. Don't you agree, master?"

"I - I do, Len. She does look good."

"Sort of exactly how you'd like me to look, right?"

Danny couldn't help himself. He could feel the wish coming. The urge to make it was already rising, he could only hold it off so long.

"Y-yeah, but with d-dark hair, and s-super horny. Like you're j-just begging for it."

The minotaur smiled across his large snout.

"Mhhmm, sounds like a porno, which this ad practically is. I could go for a porno right now. Couldn't you, master?"

Danny tried desperately not to be turned on by the possibility, but it was a losing battle and he knew it. The thought of getting Len turned on only made him more turned on as well; what was good for his genie was good for him, which was good for his genie, which was good for him. It was a terrible feedback loop of desire spurred forth by his wish-based need to be adventurous in his sexual gratification and reckless with his wishing.

"I c-could."

The minotaur leaned in close, that familiar scent of a strong male thoroughly turned on invading Danny's senses.

"Then why don't you make a wish, master?"

Danny was practically quaking by this point, holding on.

"It's okay, master. Danny. This is who we are. I want you to embrace it. I know you can. The wishes have made us this way, but trust me, it's a lot more fun when you give in."

"Easy f-for you to s-say," Danny said.

"Don't lie to me," Len said, voice low and oddly arousing to Danny's ears after so many sexual encounters with his transformed girlfriend. "I *know* you get enjoyment out of it. Admitting it is the first step to fully embracing your new life. Now, shall I grant a wish master?"

Danny couldn't hold off any longer. He didn't want to accept Len's words, but a seed, a kernel of truth, seemed to plant itself in his core, and that was enough to give way to the wish that he was compelled to say.

"I wish," he said, exhaling as if he'd held in his breath for an hour, "I wish that I could be *in* that porno, *and my two best friends to be there to fuck me while you watch!*"

The last part was the curse speaking, and it surprised him. He looked to Len, who was already grinning. With one powerful hoof-hand he reached to grab his throbbing dick, preparing to stroke it, and with the other he brought his fingers together.

"As you wish, master," he said, and he clicked those fingers, before Danny could say another word.

“Like, Oh Em Gee, I’m having soooo much trouble putting this TV stand together!” Danny said automatically. “It’s, like, too hard. If only I had two strong men who could put their big tough hands to good use here with me.”

It was like reading a script. Danny around, and realised he was in a room not dissimilar in size to the respectable lounge room he’d just left. Only it was different, less upscale, and the lighting was all fluorescent. More than that, the edges of the room were strangely blurry, as if they weren’t actually real. But the most noticeable thing was the fact that one wall didn’t exist at all; it was a giant glass screen, through which Danny could see Len sitting on the couch, slowly stroking his massive bovine dick, staring down at her.

Danny was in the television set.

“Looking good, my master,” Len said, smirking.

Danny looked over himself, and realised as he should have after speaking a moment before that he was now very much a *she*. She had two immense breasts jutting out from her chest, perfectly contoured, easily F-cups in size, if not larger. They were a match for Joey Heart’s, and the rest of her figure was a match as well, with wide hips, a rounded peachy ass, and a perfectly slim waist and flat stomach. Her legs were long and shapely, and in the mirror surface of the glass, she could see that she had a sexy face with full lips and heavy eyeshadow. True to her earlier comments on the couch, she had long black hair.

And also a deep, *deep* seated need to fuck. Already her pussy was becoming damp, moistening with need to be penetrated. It was a feeling she had been subjected to before, but never this much. It was an effect enhanced by the skimpy crop top and miniskirt she was wearing, both of which emphasised all her best features, and teased at the tight, skimpy thong she was wearing.

“I’m like, getting so horny waiting for them to arrive!” she declared, the words not her own, but seemingly delivered out of a porn script of her own mental making.

It was at that very moment that there was a heavy knock upon the door to her right. It opened, and two handsome young men who were certainly not carpenters but definitely dressed like them strolled in. They were two of Danny’s closest friends; Marshall and Lee. They looked to the incredibly sexy woman in front of them, and somehow their eyes widened in recognition.

“Holy shit, *Danny*? Is that really you?” Marshall said.

“And how do I know that’s really you?” Lee asked.

“It’s, like, the magic doing it all.”

"Where are we?"

"In a fake porno! We're in a television! Look, there's Len - she's totally a white minotaur now by the way."

They stared, astonished at the glass bowl effect. Len was fully erect and making no attempt to hide it; in fact, he was actively beginning to rub his immense girth.

"That's right, boys, things have changed a little for Dan and me. I felt it was best to give you some mental indication. But that's not that important. What *is* important, is that Danny is now the sexiest woman you've ever seen, and she's ready to pleasure you in so, so many ways. She's practically *aching* for you two, isn't that right, master?"

It was. It so was. She cooed, nodded hurriedly in agreement.

"It is! Oh Gawd, it so is. Marshall, Lee, it's so friggin' embarrassing, but I, like, need you both in me. Can't two strong men like yourselves show a girl a good time?"

And with that, she bent over, adjusting the TV stand she was working on, and flashing them a perfect look down the v-neck of her crop top, where a spectacular line of cleavage drew the eye.

"Oh fuck, that's sexy," Marshall said, his shorts becoming strained with a growing erection.

"Hot damn, yeah," Lee replied, experiencing the same.

Danny felt a further flush of heat, almost like a flush of pride. Despite her desire to be repelled, in fact she was relishing the male attention, and she gyrated her body much like that of a woman in a bad porno, indicating the various parts of the television stand as if it were her primary concern, allowing her to flash her ass at them.

"I'm having sooo much trouble here, do you think you can help me take a load off? Or maybe put a load in me?"

Her very voice oozed sex as much as her voluptuous body. Her nipples throbbed with desire, aching for a man's firm hands to grope her heavy breasts. She looked back with her full lips.

"I don't have, like, much money to pay you. But I could pay you in other ways, boys."

By this point both Marshall and Lee were so erect it was almost painful. Neither had ever imagined being in a situation like this, but a magical compulsion was also upon them to accept it more easily, and to play their 'part' with alacrity and eagerness. Both of them shared a quick glance, and both unzipped their shorts, letting their members stick out freely. Danny salivated at the sight, licking her full lips.

"Which shall I take first?" she said sensually, moving towards them in a way that left her hips idling from side to side. Her heavy breasts wobbled with each movement, straining the fabric so that a seam gave.

"Why not both at the same time?" Marshall suggested. "We're a two man team, after all."

"Mmmhmm, I bet you are," she said. She licked her lips. Internally, Danny wanted to rage, but there was no true anger there, only a deep and powerful lust that drove her forth to embrace her role. She pressed herself against Marshall even as she wiggled her ass at Lee.

"Well, what are you two waiting for? I want to make sure you're both really, really happy with your payment."

The two men did not take too long to accept this new situation, helped along by the magic. Danny, who had been straight a mere few minutes ago, was now practically drooling at the sight of their dicks, which were certainly larger than they would have been in the real world.

"Well, we only take certain kinds of payment," Lee qualified as he grabbed her hips and helped pulled down her skirt and thong.

"Mmhh. Like, what kinds?" she moaned, ripping the buttons apart on Marshall's shirt and pressing her huge sensitive tits against his chest.

"Well, I like to take you from behind," Lee said.

"I'm so totally okay with that."

"And I like getting a tittyfuck while you suck me off," Marshall added.

A shiver of delight ran down her curvaceous body.

"Now you're talking. But let's, like, stop talking and get to fucking."

Both men grinned in amusement at their friend's state. Danny was about to say another hokey line of dialogue, but she suddenly gasped as Lee entered her, his huge member sliding into her depths expertly and making her moan sweetly. Her voice was soon cut off, however, as Marshall held her against him, and shoved all nine-inches of his cock down her throat. Like in the most ridiculous of pornographic films, she seemed to have no gag reflex. She rolled her eyes, mute with pleasure at being rammed full of dick at both ends, and soon the men were using her body in a see-saw motion, so that at any one point she was being thrust into on one side, and slid out of on the other, back and forth.

Her pleasure was unimaginable, and it was only heightened when she grabbed her massive tits and pressed them against Marshall's cock, savouring the feeling of his shaft sliding between her sensitive tits, surrounded on all sides by her impressive cleavage. All three of them continued, Danny's body helpless to their dominating treatment, and Marshall and Lee forced yet eager to take part in this elaborate sex game. All three could see Len masturbating on the couch through the fishbowl lens of the glass wall, and for reasons unclear to Danny it somehow turned her on all the more.

She wanted to scream she was about to come, but instead she could only moan voicelessly, utterly filled at both ends with rigid girth. The moment came even sooner than she'd imagined, and in cumming so hard she brought both her friends to their

fruition as well. Marshall and Lee seized up, and their large dicks throbbed in her mouth and pussy. And then she was flooded from both ends, their semen shooting deep into her womb and in great gushes down her throat. She rode it out, relishing the taste of it in her mouth and the feel of it at her lower lips. Their cum seemed to last forever, and she experienced a strong sense of disappointment when it ended.

“Oh damn, that was so good.”

“Holy fuck girl, you really wanted that TV assembled,” Lee said, parroting the ‘script’ that was playing out their roles.

There was a tremendous roar from beyond the glass wall, and it was accompanied by yet more ejaculation, this time from Len. The minotaur made both amped-up men look like nerdy boys with the amount of issue he poured forth openly.

“Holy shit, and you’ve had sex with him?”

Danny sighed, heavy breasts rising and falling.

“Many times. Many, many times.”

“Damn, you’re like his sex doll.”

Len’s breathing steadied as the last of his orgasm finished. The three stood expectantly, freed for now from the porno plot, and wondering what would happen next. It took a few minutes before Len was ready to speak again.

“That . . . that was a very good porno, master,” he boomed, voice echoing around their little unreal set.

“Yeah, it was,” Danny said automatically. She quickly put a hand to her mouth. She hadn’t meant to say that, but it hadn’t been magically compelled. At all. It was spoken as a genuine reply. Her cheeks flushed a deep red as Marshall and Lee regarded her, still a little confused.

“So, from what I can gather, Len is now a genie who’s a minotaur, and you’re the master who can’t help but make weird sexy wishes? How the fuck did that happen?”

“And how the fuck do we know it?” Lee contributed.

Danny sighed, unaware of how much it made her bosom swell before the two virile friends who’d just fucked her. “It’s all insane, but it’s true. And you know it because it made it easier for . . . this, to happen.”

She gestured to the set around them.

Marshall whistled. “So you really are a sex doll, now?”

She chuckled lightly. “Geez, I *wish* I was a sex doll. Oh, fuck!”

Len’s looming face smirked on the other side of the screen. He had, Danny knew, an astonishingly fast refractory period, really only dependent on the magic that powered her, and Danny’s own ridiculous wishes. Both of them knew what was coming.

"As you wish, master."

A click of the hoof fingers, and everything changed.

Danny could see. That was good. But she could not move, and her skin felt all strange, though roughly similarly proportioned.

"Holy hell, no way," came a voice. It was Lee, though Danny couldn't see him just yet. A ceiling was still above her, and there was just the trace of the glass indicating she was still in the television, but she was in a different room now. The bedroom, judging from the intimate lighting and the plush feeling of a king-size bed beneath her.

Holy crap, I'm an actual sex doll, she thought.

"Holy shit, she's an actual sex doll!" Lee said, mirroring her thoughts. His face came into view over her, followed by Marshall's. "And her hair is red, and her face different! It's so realistic."

He poked it several times, and she wanted to complain, but was literally incapable of movement. And yet still, there was that deep insatiable need to be filled. But where before it had felt like a biological urge, now it was as if it was her entire *purpose* for being. *Which,* she thought with a little humour, *I suppose it is.*

"Oh my God," Marshall said, eyes flickering with recognition, "I know who this is. She's like a super accurate model of Joey Heart. Look, she's got that sexy beauty spot and freckles and everything."

"You're right. Damn, is it just me, or are you getting turned on by the sight of her?"

"It's not just you. I know this is crazy, but I feel like accepting it, ya know?"

Oh please do. Please just hurry up and accept the insanity that is my life. That way you can hurry up and fuck me like a good dolly!

It was yet another thought that surprised Danny, but there was a flash of joyous danger in it. To be so helpless, so utterly submissive, it gave her a thrill.

"Don't be shy," Len's voice carried across, the minotaur already beginning himself back to hardness, "she wants it. Danny wants it. She just has to admit it to herself. And the magic will ensure your bodies want it too."

It did. Both men were straining at their pants a second time, amazed at how ready they were.

"Fuck, whose taking her first?"

"Rock, paper, scissors?"

"You're on!"

Lee won the bout, and so he climbed on top of Danny swiftly, pulling her modular legs apart.

"Sorry Danny, I really really need this! I can only hope that Len is right! This is so crazy, but you're also such a fucking sexy doll right now!"

He groped her artificial tits, and somehow Danny felt the pleasure radiate through herself. It was true, she realised. She did want it. She had been fighting it for so long - but she was meant to fight it, wasn't she?

The thought was interrupted by Lee's entrance into her. She was unable to gasp. Unable to move, unable to do anything as he entered her. He slid in deep, her inert body helpless to his advances, and loving it all the more for that helplessness. Her inanimate opening squeezed hard against his cock, milking it for all it was worth, and in just a short couple of minutes he released, flooding her realistic recreation of Joey Heart with his seed.

Marshall practically pushed Lee out of the way to get at her. Her flipped her around so that she was face down on the bed, and the larger of Danny's two friends went *hard*. He aggressively pumped, pulling at her arms as he did so. She wanted to cry out, wanted to grab the sheets of the bed and moan into them, but once more she could do nothing, totally submissive. It made her strange, artificial orgasms all the sweeter.

When she turned back, both men were panting, and she let out a howl of pleasure.

"Oooooooooohhhhhhh!"

She groped at her breasts, playing with her nipples, still half-basking in the orgasm of being inanimate. The two friends looked at her with awe, and she gave them a sweet look in return.

"Oh God, that was crazy, and so, so good. I wish you could feel what's it's like to be penetrated."

Another loud guffaw that shook the television set. Len stood, still masturbating, working up to the largest burst of pleasure yet. Each step was positively thunderous.

"Your wish, master, is my command!"

He clicked his fingers.

Danny knew instantly what he or she was. It was a form he had been before, and he relished it now, and the implications of what it would mean. He was inanimate again, but now hard and long and rubbery, with a base that was already yearning to be gripped

by a human hand. He was at that very moment, and somehow he could tell it was Marshall's hand.

Only it was a much more feminine hand than before.

"Holy shit, we're chicks! Oh my God, I'm a hot chick!"

"Me too Marshie! I'm a hot Asian girl! I'm meant to be an Asian guy!"

"Oohhh, and I'm so turned on!"

Danny couldn't see, but he could imagine. Marshall and Lee were both fairly handsome men. They would certainly make a pair of cute chicks, and thanks to his last wish and Len's particular way of interpreting it, they were now hot and bothered enough to crave penetration, and Danny would be there to provide it.

"I - I've got a dildo! It's a big black damned dildo!"

"Give it here!"

"No! I need it!"

Len's voice boomed. "Let me help aid Danny's wish for you both."

Danny's form shifted, and he felt himself buzz with bliss as another rubbery part of himself extended to form a second length of dildo out the opposite side from the base. He was now a two-person dildo, intended for all sorts of fun with partners.

Holy shit, I'm going to penetrate them both at once. And - and I want that!

It was a revelation, and one that only crystallised further as both new women grabbed him, pressing themselves together and beginning to make out. It would make a hot porno, but even better to be in the middle of it, as they worked to slide both halves of Danny into their tight pussies. Both gasped at the feeling of being penetrated, and Danny was simply along for the ride as they bucked their hips against one another.

"Danny, you feel amazing!"

"Holy shit, this is how girls have it all the time?"

"I know! How can it be all bad, Dan?"

It's not, he thought, and realised it was the truth. Len had been telling the truth. As bizarre and strange and totally submissive as his new life was, it truly was fun. Humiliating, yet, but that was part of the fun too; to be dominated by Len's minotaur genie might, and be helpless to his sexual appetite.

I - I think I can get used to this! I think I can!

It was a beautiful thought, a powerful epiphany, and it came at the exact moment both women clutched each other. They trembled in orgasms, and Danny experienced both their pleasures together, their wet passages clamped down upon his inanimate length.

God, Len, thank you! Thank you for this! I can't wait to tell you this is what I want!

It would be another ten minutes before Danny got the chance. Len howled as he finally expended himself, unbelievably turned on by the sexy lesbian porn playing out before him on the screen. The minotaur genie roared, and for all their shock at suddenly being women, both Lee and Marshall looked with astonishment at the animalistic display.

Danny, for his or her part, simply felt a thrill of anticipation. It took several more minutes before Len clicked his fingers again, and all three friends were suddenly back to normal, in their regular male bodies, sitting in the lounge. They were no longer in the television, and were it not for the shared nature of their experience, it might have well have looked as if it never happened.

"Wow," Marshall said.

"Yeah," Lee added.

They turned to Len, who huffed. "Life has definitely changed. But I hope you two got some enjoyment out of it."

They both nodded eagerly, still absorbing it all. Len turned to face Danny, looking down at his former boyfriend on the couch.

"And you, Danny. Did you enjoy it?"

Danny was silent for a moment, and then he turned to look Len straight in the eye. He broke into a genuine grin.

"You know what Len, you were right. I did. In fact, *I wish I could do it again.*"

Len leaned in close, satisfied at his partner's words.

"As you wish," he said, drawing his fingers together, "master."

The End