

## ***Pandora's Bottle, Chapter 1***

The door creaked like an old man's spine as James pushed it open, spilling light into the dark, dust-coated interior of the closet. Creeping inside, he drew in a deep breath and regretted it instantly as the dust choked his throat. Hacking, he retreated outside to open a window.

A few moments later, he returned with a vengeance, which was to say a deep breath ready to blow the dust away. Scattered in a misty grey cloud, it danced in the light seeping through the doorway.

Taking a second, smaller breath, James peered into the closet. The sight of its shelves, packed with knick-knacks and garbage, made him screw his nose up in disgust. *Do I really have to do this?* he thought.

The sight of a banana so shriveled and dusty it looked mummified answered the question for him. He sighed. *Time for some spring cleaning.*

Reaching in, he picked up the banana and tossed it into the waste bin behind him, trying not to catch a sniff. Turning back, he grabbed a box and shook it, wincing at the crashing, tinkling sound it produced. *Oops.* He tossed it into the waste bin as well. Next, he pulled out an old, moldy magazine and flipped it open to find something that made him blush. He spent a good minute inspecting it, before putting it back and making a mental note to check it out later.

Leaning in a little closer, James spotted something glinting at the very back of the closet. Pushing aside some of the detritus in the way, he reached in. His fingers tightened on something metal and wooden. With a 'hmm', he pulled it out.

It turned out to be a little wooden treasure chest, like something you might find in a tacky gift shop on the coast. Peering through the keyhole, he wondered when the last time *he'd* ever visited the seaside was.

*Locked. Hmm.*

Placing it on the floor, he looked back inside the closet. Sure enough, there was another glint of gold near where he'd found the box. Dropping to his knees, he crawled inside, sticking his arm through the gap in the cruff to reach it. Finally, after a decent amount of struggle, his fingers tightened on metal. James pulled back. In his hand was a golden key that couldn't look more fitting for the treasure chest.

Bringing the two together, he wondered exactly what kind of treasure it could hold. ...Probably nothing, if he thought about it--after all, there had to be *some* reason he'd dumped it in here.

He turned the key. The box went click. With tempered curiosity, James opened its lid.

What he found inside was a bottle, tall and pink and gilded and jeweled. Definitely a treasure, though it didn't fit the established pirate theme. Well, unless it had rum in it.

Holding it to his ear, he shook it. Instead of the sloshing of liquid, however, he heard something closer to the shifting of sand.

*Probably not rum then.* With a frown, he lowered it.

Turning his attention back to the chest, he found a little note scrawled in wavy handwriting. It took him a second to recognize it. When he did, it *all* came rushing back.

"Oh," said James, "this is..."

The chest, now that he thought about it, had come from his grandma, inherited rather than gifted. The pearl-clutching biddy had passed it onto him with explicit instructions that it must never be opened. (Oops.) He must have taken it and tossed it in the closet without a second thought.

*Do not open!* repeated the note. *Be warned all you who read this! This phial contains the vile spawn of Asmodeus, temptress, seductress, perverter of--*

James rolled his eyes. "Sure thing, Gran."

Studying the bottle's cap, he grinned. Well, now he was curious. What *exactly* was in this thing to make his Gran act so crazy? The spawn of Asmodeus? Temptress? Seductress? What the hell did that mean?

He shook it again, listening to the sound of sand shifting. Was it full of Angel Dust or something?

With a 'hmmm' of mixed curiosity and effort, he wrapped his fingers round the cap, squeezed tight, and pulled...

...For a second, nothing--the cap refused to move. Just as he thought hope was lost, however, it wiggled and--

*Pop!*

James landed on his ass and sat there blinking as a thin cloud of dust issued from the bottle. He frowned. Was that--?

Thunder rolled through James' apartment. He fell backward in shock.

From the open end of the bottle spilled a bonfire's worth of smoke, swirling and pink and speckled with motes of colorful light. As he watched, eyes wide open in shock, the smoke rose in a prismatic whirlwind...

...before condensing into something like a human figure.

“WHO DARES AWAKEN ME?!” spoke the figure in the smoke.

“I-I-I--” James gaped, unable to find words.

“YOU?!” The humanoid cloud swept over to him. Hovering over his trembling body, it threatened to choke him.

James shook like a five-year-old in a haunted house. He tried to find words, but his mouth couldn't form them. The colorful cloud grew closer and closer, so close he was worried it would crush him. At last, just as he thought he would choke, it swept away. “Eh, you'll do it,” it said.

James blinked. “Wh--?”

With an audible *poof!*, the cloud exploded, filling the room with pink mist. James squealed as something landed on him. Something soft and curvy and--

--giggling like a playful teenage girl. “Hello, Master!”

James' jaw dropped.

As he lay there, staring in shock, the pink mists cleared and the person atop him became clear:

Kneeling astride him, a smile on her face, was a red-headed beauty dressed like a belly dancer, her sequined bra leaving little of her titanic chest to James' imagination. Her swollen boobs were so big he couldn't tear his eyes away from them. All he could do was stare, jaw agape.

“Like what you see?” asked the redhead, giving them a little jiggle.

He uttered something halfway between a ‘yes’ and a wordless, orgasmic moan.

The redhead giggled. “Don't worry,” she said, “they'll be plenty of time for them later. First though, I think it's time for introductions...”

James gasped as her weight left him and she floated into the air, twirling as she went.

“My name,” said the woman, whirling like a dancer on the stage, “is Lisandriana, genie of lust, and I'm here to fulfill your every fantasy!” Sparks of light filled the room, as if a firework had exploded behind her. A trumpet sounded in the distance.

All at once, this fanfare faded, and she dropped back to the ground to kneel beside him. “...But you can call me ‘Lisa’. Hi, it's nice to meet you, master.” She held a hand out for him to shake.

James took it without thinking. “Er, hi.”

“Aww, come on,” said Lisa, “you can do better than *that*. A sexy woman pops out of a lamp and tells you she’s gonna fulfill your every fantasy? Surely you can at least give me a ‘wow’?”

James swallowed. “Sorry,” he said, wiping some sweat from his brow, “I’m just a little overwhelmed. Um, did you say every fantasy?”

A thin smile lit up Lisa’s face. “That’s right,” she said, lowering herself back onto him. Every single one of them, no matter how depraved...” She licked his cheek.

James had to bite his lip to keep himself from moaning. He was so hard. “Th-this isn’t a joke or something right?” He looked around, half expecting to see cameras poking through his apartment window. “Like, you’re not just CGI or something, are you?”

Lisa grinned. “Aww, you don’t believe me,” she said, pouting coquettishly. “Well, I guess I should give you a little demonstration.” Leaning in close, she stared at his forehead. “Hmm, let’s take a look and see what kinda fucked-up fantasies you’ve got rattling around in there. Hmm... Hmm... Ah! This’ll do.” She pulled back.

As James watched, stunned to silence, Lisa grabbed her giant boobs and squeezed them tight, causing their fat to spill through her fingers. He almost gasped. “Wh-what--?”

“Hold on a sec,” said Lisa, squinting in effort. Her fingers sparkled, and as James stared in shock, her breasts *bulged* beneath her hands.

“Wuh-wuh--?” James’ eyes opened wide. He could barely keep himself from drooling.

“There,” said Lisa, dropping her hands. Unsupported, her boobs dropped and bounced. Pumped up like balloons, they strained against a bra that only barely covered her nipples. Reams of swollen fat spilled over and under it, threatening to burst through. The whole thing looked like it might snap at any second. “Isn’t that much better?” she asked, leaning close to him.

As her bloated tits pressed against his chest, James gasped and squirmed on the floor, cock hard as an anvil. The sight of her chest expanding--it was straight out of his porn folder. It took everything he had not to cum himself right there.

“Let’s see,” said Lisa, sitting astride him, “how should I put these new puppies to work, Master?”

The bottom of her breasts grazed his crotch, and James almost came himself at her touch. “Ah! I--” He couldn’t speak to tell her what he wanted.

Lisa smiled. “I think I get the idea,” she said. Raising a hand, she snapped her fingers, and at once, all their clothes vanished into smoke. James gasped as the cold air of the apartment hit his erection. Pre-cum was already dripping from his tip.

Licking her lips, Lisa grasped her breasts and wrapped them around his cock, swaddling his manhood in over-swollen titfat.

James squealed. The touch of her boobs felt better than any hand could. As she squeezed him tighter, he had to struggle to avoid cumming on the spot.

Giving him a grin and giggle, Lisa started to pump him, tugging her boobs up and down around his penis. They wobbled in her hands like balloons full of jelly, making him whimper with every motion.

With each rise and fall of her chest, a spasm of utter ecstasy washed through James' prone form. He squealed, moaned, gasped for breath. His body burned with pleasure, more than he'd ever felt in his life.

In the middle of his ecstasy, however, a thought occurred to him:

*Didn't I leave the window open? God, I hope no one can hear this--*

"James?!"

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"James! James!" Samantha's hand hurt from knocking at the door. She'd tried the doorbell first, and when it hadn't worked, resorted to the traditional method of slamming her knuckles into the wood and yelling instead. "James! James?! Are you okay in there?"

She'd been outside, gardening, when she'd heard the crash--like thunder--from her neighbor's apartment.

At once, she'd snapped to attention. Had something happened? Was James okay?

For several minutes, she'd sat there in a state of indecision, wondering if she should get up and take a look and see if everything was okay. Only the fear of being thought intrusive held her back.

After several minutes, just as Samantha was settling on staying put, the moaning started. At once, her heart leapt.

As it happened, she got on quite well with James--she'd even considered asking him out sometime. She couldn't sit about and let him bleed out or whatever.

Without further pause, she'd leapt to her feet.

Now, as she pounded on the door without response, her heart was doing somersaults inside her. James had sounded as if he were in pain. What if he needed her to help him?

After a full minute of futile knocking, it finally occurred to her to try the handle. The door opened without a hint of resistance, and she rushed in, heart pounding. “James?!” she cried, running through the hallway. “James?!”

Rounding the corner, she entered the living room and skidded to a stop, mouth agape. “James?!”

James looked up at her in shock. He was lying naked on his back underneath the bustiest woman Samantha had ever seen. She was wrapping her breasts around James’ cock and pumping, making a sickening wet sound with every motion.

Samantha’s face turned as red as the other woman’s hair. “Oh my god,” she said, backing away, trembling, “I’m so sorry, I just heard a noise and I thought--”

With a frown, the redhead snapped her fingers.

Samantha found she couldn’t move her mouth. She couldn’t move her *anything* as it happened. Her entire body simply refused to budge, no matter how much effort she put into moving.

“Sorry about that,” said the redhead. “My fault. I should’ve put a veiling charm up.”

James was stirring, blinking, as if waking from a deep sleep. “Huh?” he said. “Is that Samantha?”

The woman tilted her head. “...Apparently?” she said as if reading a distant cue card. “She’s your... neighbor?”

“That’s right,” said James.

“Want me to wipe her memories and send her back home?” asked the woman. “Or...” She leaned back in close to James, stroking his shaft with her hands, perhaps you’d like her to join in with us?”

James went red. Samantha would have as well if she could still move.

“I-I don’t think that’s fair,” said James at last, looking away from Samantha. “But, er, I don’t like the idea of wiping her memories either... Can’t I just, er, explain to her what’s happening?”

The woman looked annoyed. “Ugh, and I was just about to get you to cum.” She sighed. “Fine, whatever.”

With another snap of the woman’s fingers, Samantha found she could move again. “Ah!” she yelped.

“Uh, hey, Samantha,” said James, “I’m really sorry about this... This is really awkward... Lisa, can you give us our clothes back?”

'Lisa' grinned mischievously. "I have a better idea," she said. *Snap!*

As Samantha watched, her clothes turned to vapor and were swept away into the air. For a second, she simply stared at her own naked form, reflecting on how... *slim* she was compared to the woman before her.

Then her brain caught up to speed, and she screamed.

"Lisa!" said James.

The redhead rolled her eyes. "Okay, fine."

With another snap, the three of them were clothed again. Tears in her eyes, Samantha grasped her top and released a sigh of relief.

When she looked back up, she found the red-headed 'Lisa' dressed like a belly dancer, wearing a flimsy top so skimpy she might as well have stayed naked.

Seeing her made Samantha's eye twitch. "What the hell is going on here?" she cried. "I came over because I thought you were dying, and instead I find you naked, getting tit-fucked by... by this big, blown-up, Aladdin-cosplayer."

"Woah woah woah, calm down," said James. "Samantha, I'm sorry, but this all has a reasonable explanation, I promise." He looked at Lisa and frowned. "Well, *an* explanation, at any rate."

Samantha stood there, hands on her hips, and listened as James explained about the bottle and the box and the 'genie' of lust and fantasy who'd popped out of it. She nodded along, going 'uh huh' and 'okay' intermittently, not really believing a single word of it. How *could* she? Genies weren't real.

...Were they?

"And that is everything, uh, really," finished James. He scratched the back of his head. "I was as surprised as you were, I swear."

*Yeah, I bet,* thought Samantha, thinking back to how she'd found him. Jealousy welled like bile in her throat.

James must have seen her expression because he swallowed and stood. "I'll go get us all something to drink, okay? Tea? Is tea okay? I'll make tea." And with that, he scurried out of the room, leaving Lisa and Samantha alone with each other.

For several moments, the two simply sat staring at one another. At last, Samantha spoke.

"So," she said, struggling to conceal her spite, "you're a genie."

“So,” replied Lisa, “you’re Master’s neighbor.” She said this as if it were equally absurd.

“Is that what he is to you?” asked Samantha. “Your master? What does that make you? His slave? His sex slave?”

Lisa frowned. “My, your eyes are green,” she said. “Envy is a sin, you know.”

Samantha flushed. “I am *not* jealous,” she said, “especially not of a big, blown-up bimbo like you!”

The genie’s mouth curled into a smile. “Big, did you say?” She snapped her fingers.

A strange feeling passed through Samantha’s body. She drew in a breath and clutched herself, dizzy. Around her, the world seemed to spasm and swell. The ceiling became the dome of the heavens; the walls: the ends of the world. The couch beneath her, meanwhile, became a mountain plateau.

As Samantha gasped in shock, a giant loomed over her, casting her whole world into shadow. “There,” said Lisa, “now I really *am* big. Relative to you, anyway.” She smirked.

“Turn me back!” cried Samantha, shocked at how high-pitched her voice sounded. “You can’t do this to me!”

Lisa stuck her tongue out. “Sorry,” she said, “I think I prefer you like this. You’re much less of an obstacle this way.”

Samantha screamed and stamped her foot in frustration. “You big, blown-up bitch! Turn me back!”

The giant frowned. “Blown-up?” she asked. “Why do you keep saying that? Are you jealous of my fat, pumped-up tits?” She cupped them for emphasis. “You should be. My Master definitely prefers them to yours.” She smirked. “Hmm, you’ve given me another idea though...” Grinning, she grabbed Samantha.

“Hey!” Samantha squealed as the giantess’s hand tightened around her torso, hauling her into the air as if she were nothing more than a doll. “Let me go!”

Lisa smiled. “Oh, I will,” she said. “Just one moment.” And before Samantha could say another, Lisa kissed her on the lips.

“Mmmphf!” Trapped, Samantha struggled in Lisa’s grip, desperate to pull away, but the giantess’s lips clung to her face.

Breathing in deeply through her nose, Lisa blew out into Samantha’s trapped mouth. The shrunken woman squirmed as the air rushed through her, pouring straight through her throat and down to her stomach. By the time her captor finished, she felt all full and bloated.

Drawing in another deep breath, Lisa blew again.



*What's going on?! thought Samantha, wanting to flail in panic. What is she doing to me?!*

As Lisa exhaled, Samantha's stomach grew, pushing out of her shirt and making her look pregnant. With another puff on Lisa's part, it pumped up again, doubling in size in an instant, her belly button inverting with a *pop*.

Samantha's eyes spasmed in their sockets.

Another breath, another spurt of growth. This time, Samantha's limbs swelled as well, thighs and upper arms going from thin to a quartet of fat, over-stuffed sausages.

"Mmphf!"

Slowly, slowly, breath by breath, the swelling spread down them to her lower legs and arms, till they were just as fat and round as her upper ones. Now her hands and feet blew up as well, forming orbs at the ends of her limbs, as did her fingers and toes, one by one, popping like popcorn.

As her limbs expanded, her chest began to tingle. She could only watch, eyes wide in horror, as her nipples pushed against the tearing fabric of her shirt, as her breasts bloated until at last her top could sustain them no more and they burst through it, jiggling in freedom. Waves of pleasure through her, making her want to whimper.

In the meantime, her belly had doubled in size again. As it grew, it welled up around her neck and subsumed her limbs, absorbing them into its growing sphere. Second by second, puff by puff, it swelled a little more, drawing them a little farther into her, and forcing Lisa to tilt her in order to keep on blowing.

Finally, after almost a full minute of this, Samantha could take no more. Her body was the size of a party balloon, and the pressure of the air inside her was mind-breaking. Her stomach had overwhelmed everything save her head, her hands, and legs. Oh, and her breasts, which were riding atop her as a pair of bloated orbs, like smaller balloons tied to a bigger one. She felt as if the slightest touch would make her burst.

Pulling back, Lisa pinched Samantha's mouth shut. "There," she said. "Now who's the blown-up one?" With a little giggle, she released Samantha's lips.

At once, all the air Lisa had blown into Samantha's body rushed back in out in an enormous, orgasmic scream. Samantha moaned as her body shrank, stomach losing girth, fingers falling flat, limbs collapsing in on themselves, and her blown-up boobs shrinking back to their old pathetic flatness. By the time the air stopped, her whole body was the same: flat and limp and sad and deflated.

Draped from Lisa's fingers, she could barely muster the energy to speak. "S-stop... T-turn me back..."

With a smirk, Lisa flicked her wrist, and Samantha found herself flung into the dark behind the couch.

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“Tea’s ready!” called James, walking back into the room with a platter of mugs in his hands. “Here you--hey, where did Samantha go?”

Lisa, reclining on the couch, stroked her thigh sultrily. “Oh, she went home,” said the genie. “I think she was too flustered to stick around, you know?”

“Oh,” said James, putting his tray aside. “I was kinda hoping to explain things to her properly. I didn’t want to ruin our friendship...”

“Hey, don’t worry about her,” said Lisa, striding over to him. Coiling around his body, she stuck a hand down his pants and stroked the shaft of his cock. “Why think about her when you have more fun with me?”

James gulped.

“It’s been a *looong* time since I’ve had someone to sate me,” said Lisa, bending and unzipping his fly.

James almost yelped as her hands touched his cock, sending a wave of ecstasy shooting through his shaft and out into the rest of his body. The next thing he knew, Lisa had his manhood out of his pants and in her hands, stroking it and guiding it to her mouth.

As his cock came in contact with her perfect, fuckable lips, James struggled not to cum from the touch of them alone. There was something magical to the sensation--her kiss was like a dose of viagra. She’d barely done anything and he was already verging on orgasm.

Cupping his balls in one hand and stroking his cock with the other, Lisa slipped his throbbing shaft deeper into her mouth. Her tongue flicked over and around it, dancing up and down his length and teasing his dripping tip. He shuddered at the feeling of it, hips quaking, struggling not to moan.

Like a puppet whose puppeteer had tripped, James stumbled backward, collapsing on the couch. Lisa fell on top of him, mouth still tight around his cock,

As he tried to catch his breath, however, she pinched his member and extracted it from her with a sound like tape being pulled off a box. Pre-cum dripped from her grin.

“You know, master,” she said, “your cock is pretty yummy and all, but I can think of a way to make this better for the both of us.” Her voice, wheedling and playful, was a finger jabbing straight into his prostate. James couldn’t muster the strength to resist--all he could do was nod.

With a smile, Lisa tapped the tip of his shaft. At once, his clothes vanished again, his cock and balls started to sparkle, and a sense of impossible hardness overcame them. He writhed on the couch, mewling and shaking. Nothing, *nothing*, had ever made him feel as erect as this.

As he watched, sweat pouring down his face, his cock and balls *swelled*. It happened slowly, so slow it tricked the eye into thinking nothing was happening, but the pressure welling inside them was impossible to ignore. It felt as if someone had stuck a hose up his urethra and was pumping his sex up like a rubber balloon. He could only stare as it grew with the second, shaft bulging into a fat, vein-riddled sausage as long and as thick as his arm, while his balls became a pair of fecund melons as large as Lisa's tits. More than that, they felt full, so incredibly, impossibly full. Semen was already dribbling from his tip.

"There," said Lisa. "Much better." She stroked his shaft, dodging sharply to the left to avoid a preemptive shot of semen. "Now, let's put your new toy to good use."

Licking her lips, she opened wide.

As Lisa guided him inside her again, James struggled not to shoot his pent-up load all at once. It was a Herculean task, but he managed it. Still, every time Lisa moved her lips or touched his shaft with her tongue, he couldn't keep from spewing a little semen. She swallowed it all without complaint, of course.

Stretching her jaw, Lisa drew his shaft in deeper. She tried hard, but it was a struggle even for her. His cock was simply so large no mouth could take it entirely, and for all her beauty, she looked like a drunken teen trying to down a whole baguette in one go.

James wasn't complaining though. Every flick of her tongue, every slight movement of her lips--each was enough to make his new rod burn with pleasure. Lying there, he could do little more than stare at her and moan. It was all too overwhelming.

Finally, just as James thought he was going to cum, Lisa pulled away again. James uttered a pathetic, wordless plea, but she simply smiled and took him by the hand, guiding him upstairs to his bedroom.

Throwing him on the bed, Lisa tore off her sparkling silk skirt and the pair of tight panties beneath it, exposing a pair of lips that weren't so much drooling as flooding. Kneeling on the bed, she pulled herself on top of him, taking his pillar of a shaft in her hands and guiding it into her sodden, leaking sex.

James stared, unable to form even a word, as she slipped his penis inside her, and a fresh wave of pleasure--like a tsunami compared to the previous--rolled over him, washing away all coherent thought.

Lisa dropped, thrusting his cock all the way inside her, and James came with an ecstatic scream.

Semen exploded from the tip of his penis, filling Lisa's pussy in an instant and spurting backward out of her, showering his legs in his own creamy issue.

The feeling was too much. As Lisa extracted his cum-soaked member from her pussy, James drifted into a pleasant, pinkish sleep.

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He awoke the next morning to a hand around his cock.

As he stirred, blinking blearily, someone giggled beneath the bedsheets. "Good morning, master. I thought a nice handjob might wake you up."

James moaned. What was--? Where--? Slowly, like cotton candy forming round a stick, the events of yesterday came back to him. The box, the bottle. Lisa. For a moment, it was all too much, and he thought he must be dreaming.

Then Lisa tightened her grip and gave his cock a hard pump. James squealed as pleasure roared through him and his balls emptied their overflowing contents.

With a moan, James lay back and closed his eyes.

Another short nap later, he opened them just in time to see Lisa return. She was dressed like a fetish maid, wearing a low-cut, rubbery uniform, and carrying a tray of breakfast for him. As the scent of toast and egg wafted through his nostrils, James forced himself to sit up.

"Good morning, master," she said, taking a seat on the bed beside him. "Are you awake now? Or do I need to give you another handy?" She gave his bulge, visible through the sheets, a little slap. James suppressed a gasp at the feeling.

"I-I'm awake," he said, swallowing most of his immediate responses. A part of him wanted to tear off Lisa's uniform and fuck her again right now, but he figured he at least owed her a 'good morning'.

"Good," said Lisa, taking a toast soldier, dunking it, and lifting it to his mouth. "Then eat up. We've got a long day ahead of us."

Biting off the head of the soldier, James swallowed. "Of sex, you mean?"

Lisa smiled. "Oh, more than that, Master. Your fantasies involve more than just sex, don't they?"

James swallowed again, though he'd yet to take another bite. "R-right."

"So, to start with, how'd you like to watch the Yankees vs. the Red Sox from your very own VIP box?"

James' jaw dropped. "You can do that?"

“All that and more,” purred Lisa.

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After another quick handjob, Lisa left James to eat his breakfast in peace and headed downstairs to the living room.

As she entered, she remembered Samantha. Giggling, she peered behind the couch. Sure enough, the deflated little woman was lying down there, flat and pathetic. Grinning, Lisa snatched her out.

Holding her up to her face, Lisa smiled. “Oops,” she said, “I almost forgot about *you*.”

Unable to speak, Samantha pleaded in her head. After a long night spent lying desperate and alone in the darkness behind the couch, she’d thought that Lisa was going to leave her there forever. *Please, she begged, please, turn me back!*

Instead, Lisa put Sam to her lips and puffed her up again, blowing her back up to the size of a balloon in a handful of big breaths and giving her bloated belly a squeeze. “Much better,” she said.

Samantha went to scream and found she couldn’t. Looking down in surprise, she saw her lips fusing together, fusing and swelling into the neatly-tied nozzle of a balloon. “Mmphf!”

Lisa smirked. Letting the balloon go, she watched it float up and bounce off the ceiling. As the inflated girl rolled to a stop, Lisa snapped her fingers, and with a flash of pink light the room was full of balloons, balloons of every color and pattern. They floated up to join Samantha on the ceiling, hiding her from view. She wanted to scream.

“There,” said Lisa. “It wouldn’t do for Master to see you there, would it?” She giggled.

And with that, she turned to go.

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Baseball fans thronged around the Yankee Stadium as Lisa and James appeared from thin air with a pair of simple pops. No one in the crowd gave them even the slightest notice.

After enchanting a confectioner to give them free ice creams, the two made their way to the stadium proper. Passing through one of the less crowded gates, they took an elevator up to the premium seating, where an usher stopped them to check their tickets.

With a grin, Lisa produced what looked to James like the sticky note he’d left lying on his living room table. The steward studied it for a moment, before giving a curt nod and ushering them through.

“How did that work?” asked James as they left the usher behind.

“Probably magic or something,” snarked Lisa.

As they walked through the premium seating to their suite (lucky no. 7), James’ heart beat faster and faster in his chest. He couldn’t believe this was actually happening. He’d wanted to see the Yankees play on their home turf for years, but he’d never been able to afford the trip and the tickets. Now he was going to get to see them play from his own luxury booth.

Just as he thought things couldn’t get any better, he spotted a face he hadn’t seen in years.

Walking just ahead of them was a man around James’ own age, stylish and handsome, impossible to forget. James recognized him instantly.

“Hey,” he said, before he could stop himself. “Hey, Luthor!”

The man turned, one eyebrow raised. “Heeeeey?”

“Luthor!” James repeated, striding forward to clasp the man’s hand and shake it. “Holy crap, it’s been so long. It’s so good to see you. ...It’s James, James from college.”

Luthor’s eyes flashed. “Holy shit, James,” he said, “I almost didn’t recognize you. Holy crap.” He pulled James close and clapped him on the back. “No kidding it’s good to see you. Jeez, how long has it been? Five years? Ten? You haven’t changed at all though.”

“Not even a *little*?” asked James.

“Well,” said Luthor, looking past James to Lisa, “you’ve definitely improved in one way. Ho-ly James, I never woulda expected *you* to land a catch like that.”

James blushed. “Haha, yeah, well, you know what they say... There’s plenty of fish...”

“You don’t say,” replied Luthor, ogling Lisa unashamedly. “You gotta tell me where you get your bait from.” He gave James a ribbing elbow. “Does the lovely lady have a name?”

“Lisa,” said Lisa, a little tersely. Nonetheless, she held out a hand for Luthor to take.

“A beautiful name for a more than beautiful lady,” said Luthor, kissing her ring.

The second he looked away, Lisa rolled her eyes.

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“So,” continued Luthor. “How the hell’d you get a suite here? My friends and I have to rent one together. Last I heard you were struggling to make ends meet.”

“Oh, er.” For a moment, James floundered. Exactly how was he paying for his seating? “Oh, I decided to treat myself,” he said in the end. He laughed awkwardly.

Luthor didn't seem to notice though. "Good for you," he said, clapping James on the shoulder. "Say, we're running late--it's been great catching up, but I gotta run. Don't wanna miss the start of the game, haha!"

"We can talk after the match, right?" asked James.

"Sure," replied Luthor, after a moment's hesitation. "See ya then!"

As Luthor marched, James leaned in close to Lisa. "Psst," he said. "Can you make it so we're sharing a box?"

Lisa frowned. "Are you sure?" James nodded. "Er, okay then." Raising a hand, she snapped her fingers.

The world whirled, and suddenly Luthor was walking with them again. "No. 5, No. 6," he said, "No. 7! Here we are! Wow, I can't believe this." With a grin, he pushed through the doors into the luxury of the booth. "Thanks for inviting me, James."

James rubbed the back of his head awkwardly. "Er, you're welcome."

The suite itself was like a luxury apartment, complete with a stocked bar and hostess and an array of leather chairs for them to sit in shaded comfort before and after the match.

Another set of chairs lay outside on the balcony, looking down on the pitch below. James, already overwhelmed, couldn't resist the urge to run out and look down, feeling the rush of air into his face and hearing the roar of the fans cheering rolling up from below. His grin, when he turned back, was almost as wide as his face.

"It's a great feeling, ain't it?" said Luthor.

James could only nod.

There was still some time before the game began, so the three seated themselves inside the suite, in the shade.

"So," said Luthor, snapping his fingers to attract the hostess, "how'd you two end up together?"

James opened her mouth to reply and stopped, jaws agape as the world around him turned. Blinking, he found Luthor frozen mid-smile, glass raised for the hostess to fill. The hostess herself was also still, a bottle of Bordeaux ready in her hands.

"Er," said James. He wanted his hands in Luthor's face, to little effect.

"Sorry," said Lisa, "I just wanted to say something in private." She shuffled up close to him, wrapping an arm around his own.

James blushed. "Oh, okay," he said. "Go ahead."

“Don’t tell him about my powers,” said Lisa. “Please.”

“Er, okay,” replied James. “...Any particular reason?”

Lisa looked about sheepishly. “I’d just--I’d just rather as few people know as possible. That’s all.”

James frowned. “Okay, okay. If you’re sure.”

“Thanks,” replied Lisa. She snapped her fingers, and color returned to the world.

James turned back to find Luthor staring at him, clearly waiting for an answer. *Oh crap*, he thought. *Now what do I tell him?* “Er...”

“We met at my cousin’s wedding,” said Lisa, quickly.

“Oh, no kidding?” asked Luthor. “What, you two enjoy a quick screw beneath the table while the rest of the party were eating?” He winked.

James flushed a bright shade of red.

“Well, it wasn’t *quite* like that,” said Lisa, tactfully.

Luthor grinned.

As the hostess poured him a glass of Bordeaux, Luthor let his eyes roam all over Lisa’s body. “So, Lisa, where do *you* hail from?”

Accepting a margarita from the hostess, Lisa smiled and sipped. “Well,” she said, voice teasing, “that’s a difficult question to answer.”

“Hey,” replied Luthor, leaning back and grinning, “we’ve still got plenty of time before the game starts. And I love to hear a pretty lady speak.” He gave her a wink.

Lisa smiled. “Where to begin?” she said, swilling her drink around her glass. “Well, I grew up in New Jersey, off the...”

As Lisa spoke, James summoned the hostess for a glass of his own, took a long sip of it, and grinned. He couldn’t believe he’d met his old friend. He’d hadn’t seen Luthor since college--to think they’d end up meeting *here* of all places.

Sitting there, sipping his drink, he thought back to all the fun they’d had in college. All the pranks they’d performed, all the parties they’d been to. Back then, they’d been inseparable.

Well, until Luthor caught a hot chick and vanished with her into the toilets or upstairs or whatever. Then James kinda had to stand around on his own for a bit.



Otherwise, *nothing* could split them apart!

James looked from Luthor to Lisa and realised at once how big a secret he was keeping. his face paled.

“...and *that*,” finished Lisa, “is how I became a world-class trampolinist.”

“Wow, what a story,” said Luthor. He laughed. “James, I can’t believe your girl is such a polymath. Harvard at fourteen, huh? Ho-ly.”

“Th-that’s my Lisa,” said James, laughing awkwardly.

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Shortly after, the game began, and the three moved out onto the balcony. Looking down at the players on the field below, James’ eyes widened in excitement. As the game went on, as pitchers pitched and batters batted and catchers caught, his delight only grew more and more intense.

Lisa and Luthor, on the other hand, were having a remarkably different experience.

The former was trying to watch the game. Baseball wasn’t exactly at the top of her list of favorite experiences, but if it was her master’s fantasy, so be it. What kept her from enjoying it was the latter, Luthor, who seemed less interested in the game than in her body. Luthor wasn’t drinking in the sight of her so much as he was drowning himself in it.

In strict terms, Lisa didn’t mind having a man ogle her. In fact, it was one of the things she most enjoyed. But Luthor wasn’t her master, and James was currently playing the role of her boyfriend. In ogling her, Luthor was making her master look like a fool.

And *that* was something Lisa couldn’t allow.

As Luthor’s eyes went for another hike over her breasts, Lisa decided she had to do something. Patiently, she waited for Luthor to reach for his glass, before furtively snapping her fingers. Instantly, all liquid in the glass vanished.

Taking a long sip of nothing, Luthor frowned and called the hostess over for a refill. As the woman grabbed a bottle and marched over, Lisa smiled and snapped her fingers again.

As the hostess approached, a wave of pink sparkles spread across her form. Her gait changed; she started to shake her hips a little more. The hips in question were growing wider with the second, while her skirt shrank to scandalous lengths. Higher up, her slim white top’s buttons were opening to show off the boobs welling inside it. Seconds ago, the hostess had been flat--now she had a pair of tits that rivaled Lisa herself and a top to display them. They jiggled as she walked--Lisa’s magic had vaporized her bra as part of the package.

Sashaying her hips like a stripper on the stage, the hostess came to a stop behind Luthor. Bending over, she gave him a great look at her cleavage as she repoured his wine. He couldn't have looked away if he wanted to. Even as she left, his eyes followed her ass.

Lisa smiled and sipped her margarita

From that point, Luthor paid a lot less attention to her.

Meanwhile, the game went on. A batter who Lisa couldn't name sent the ball flying out of the stadium, and the whole crowd went insane. Including James, who practically leapt over the railing in excitement.

As the match continued, however, Lisa noticed a side effect of her spell on the hostess: in an effort to attract her attention Luthor was drinking faster and summoning her back more often for refills. And James, whether emulating his friend or taking advantage of the hostess's presence, was drinking more as well. Soon, they both had a nice red glow to their faces.

*Oh dear*, thought Lisa, *I hope this doesn't get out of hand.*

As the match drew to an end with a victory for the Yankees, the pair cheered and down another glass each.

"What a match," said Luthor, stroking the thigh of the hostess on his lap. "God, this reminds me of that time we let those pigs loose on Graduation day."

James nodded, looking too sloshed to form words. To Lisa's surprise, he managed eventually: "Hey, uh, Luthor. There's somethin I--" He hiccuped. "--somethin I wanna tell ya."

Luthor's expression curled into a look of horror. "Oh god," he said, "you're not going to confess, are you?"

James blinked. "What? No! Of course not!"

For a moment, it looked as if Luthor didn't believe him. Then his horror faded, and he burst into laughter. "Okay, okay. Sorry, for a second... Anyway, what did you wanna say?"

James frowned. He glanced at Lisa.

*Oh dear*, she thought. *Here we go.*

"Luthor, the thing is... I kinda lied to you about Lisa before."

"Oh?" said Luthor, sounding utterly unsurprised. "You mean she's not your woman? I figured as much. I mean, I'd be surprised if a guy like you could--"

"N-no," said James, shaking his head, "I mean..." He paused, frowned, bit his lip. "I mean, she's a genie."

Lisa groaned.

Luthor blinked as if he hadn't heard correctly. "A genie, you say? What, you mean like a, er, a genius. She already told me she went to Harvard, I don't understand--"

James shook his head. "No, no, I mean, like a genie. An actual genie." He made a lamp rubbing motion with his hands. "Like the wish-granting kind."

Luthor looked around as if searching for a hidden camera. "What, like a 'poof, you're my master. I shall grant you three wishes'-kinda genie?"

"That's the one!" replied James. He sounded inordinately happy that Luthor understood him.

"A real genie," said Luthor, stroking the rim of his glass thoughtfully. "No kidding." Then his expression split into a giant smirk. "Haha, good one, James. A real genie. Next you'll tell me this is a flying carpet." He stomped on the suite's luxurious rug.

James looked hurt. "I'm not joking, Luthor!" Turning to Lisa, he gave her an utterly pathetic look. "Lisa, tell him! Show him some magic."

With a sigh, Lisa downed her drink and placed the empty glass on the table. "Is that an order?" she asked.

James nodded vigorously.

With another sigh, Lisa turned to the hostess. "Could you fetch me another drink?" she asked. "My glass is empty."

As the hostess left, to Luthor's obvious disappointment, Lisa sighed a third time and said: "Okay, let's see..." Turning her attention to the match, she noticed the Kiss Cam was focused on a muscular man and his girlfriend.

A thin smile creeping onto her face, she snapped her fingers once again.

In the Kiss Cam's heart, macho-man's muscles faded mid-flex, melting away into fat which rolled down his body and settled on his chest and ass instead. As his guns turned to curves, the man's face softened, losing all its harsh features and gaining those of a woman instead. Her exercise top shrank into a tight-fitting sports bra, while her baggy pants compacted into a pair of tightly-fitting short shorts that showed off her curvy hips and flat groin.

No one in the crowd, not even the former guy's own girlfriend noticed this. As the transformed woman went in for the kiss, there were plenty of cheers from the stands though. After all, how often did the Kiss Cam show a couple of hot lesbians? The cheers only increased in intensity as the two started stripping, hands tearing off tops to clasp breasts and pulling down pants to slip between legs. No one seemed to care how strange this was.

Except for Luthor. "What the fuck?" he said, eyes lock on the screen. "How did--? How--?" He turned to Lisa and blinked, jaw opening and closing uselessly.

"I *told* you," said James, smugly.

"Ho-ly," said Luthor, sitting back in his seat and snapping his fingers for a drink that wasn't coming (Lisa figured they'd all had enough at this point, and had sent the hostess off to find a guy to amuse herself with). "So, er, was that your second wish, or...? How does this work?"

James grinned. "Nope, I get as many wishes as I want, isn't that right, Lisa?"

"That's right," the genie replied. "I am Master's servant until such time as he decides to release me from his service."

"You don't say," said Luthor, swilling his empty glass out of habit. "Now that sounds like a pretty sweet deal."

"Isn't it?" said James. His smile seemed to grow with every word he spoke.

Luthor leaned forward and put his glass on the table. His eyes turned back to the Kiss Cam, where the newly-minted lesbians were still having fun with one another. "Can you do something else?" he asked, turning back to Lisa. "Like, I dunno, maybe make the rest of the crowd as hot as those two?"

"Hmm, I don't know," said Lisa. Transforming the entire crowd would take a lot of power. Especially making sure that no one noticed it. She looked to James. "Master?"

"Go for it!" said James.

Lisa sighed. Well, if her Master wanted it...

Turning to the stands, she snapped her fingers once again.

Outside, a wave of effervescent pink sparkles washed over the crowd, spreading from one end of the stands to the other like a Mexican wave. Where it passed, the people watching changed. Exactly how varied by the person. Some lost height, while others gained it. Some saw their muscles fading, while others found hair lengthening. Some saw new breasts forming on their chests, while others saw their existing ones growing. Some found their clothes shrinking to expose their new assets, while others simply found them tightening to better show off their enhanced ones.

Regardless of the differences, the final result was all the same. Where moments ago the stands had been packed with the usual assortment of fans, now they were full of sexy young women, with hourglass figures packed into tight tops and hot pants. As the pink sparkles faded, they paired up and went to town on one another--since Luthor had said 'as hot as those two' she'd made everyone as gay and horny as the couple on the Kiss Cam as well.

"Wow, look at them," said James. His enjoyment gave Lisa a little thrill.

“Holy shit,” said Luthor, eyes. “Look at them all. Won’t someone notice all of this?”

“Not unless my Master wishes them to,” said Lisa. Down on the pitch, the game went on as if nothing had happened. The Kiss Cam had switched to another, particularly amorous, pair of lesbians, but there was no sign its controller noticed just how many choices they now had to pick from.

“Ho-ly,” repeated Luthor. He turned to study Lisa, and for the first time so far, she got the impression he was seeing something *other* than her body. “Man, you’re one lucky guy, James.”

James grinned.

“Say,” said Luthor, turning back to Lisa, “I don’t suppose you can use that genie magic to refill our glasses, can you? I don’t know *where* that hostess has gotten to.”

Lisa sighed and snapped her fingers.

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James and Luthor each had several more glasses before they were sated, and by the time they left the stadium (leaving the crowd to have an orgy in the stands), both were thoroughly, incoherently drunk.

Her Master was so drunk he insisted on Lisa driving and wouldn’t take no for an answer, no matter how many times she insisted they’d teleported here. In the end, she had to conjure up a car, stuff the two in the back, and take the wheel herself with audible resignation.

As they drove in circles around the streets of the Bronx (Lisa had no intention of driving all the way home, not when she could just wait for them to sleep and teleport them), her passengers sat in the back laughing and reminiscing about the good old days.

“Hey, hey,” said Luthor, “do you remember that time we filled the Dean’s office with soapsuds?”

“Oh yeah!” said James, throwing his head back and laughing. “His expression when opened the door!”

The more they spoke, the more Lisa worried they’d never fall asleep. She’d been driving in circles for almost an hour now, and it was beginning to get repetitive.

So repetitive, she didn’t even realize she’d blown through a red till the cop car was blaring behind them and flashing her to pull over.

In the backseat, James and Luthor stopped laughing. “H-hey, is that cop?” asked James. “He’s not tailing us, is he?” His face had paled--Lisa wondered how much weed he and Luthor had used in college.

Lisa groaned. How should she fix this? She could just turn the cop car into an ice cream truck, but...

A smile touched her face.

Flicking on the indicator, she pulled the car over. As the cop came to stop behind them and got out of his vehicle to approach, James and Luthor turned to her in shock.

“What are you *doing?!*” asked James.

Lisa grinned. “Hold tight, Master, I’ll get us out of this.” She snapped her fingers.

Behind her, James and Luthor lurched as her magic touched their bodies. Rippling, their forms followed those of the people in the crowd. In a matter of moments, their muscles faded, their features softened, and fresh fat welled into existence to plump up their chests and hips. Hair lengthened, makeup did itself, and t-shirts and jeans melded into a pair of tight, spandex dresses. Jewelry and handbags appeared to complete the effect.

As the two new women goggled at each other, speechless, the cop arrived and tapped on their window.

Pushing her chest, Lisa rolled the window. “I’m sorry, officer,” she said in her most coquettish voice, “did I do something wrong?”

The cop was a younger man and not too bad-looking really. “Ma’am, do you realize how fast you were driving?” The question was scripted; his mind was elsewhere. His eyes took in Lisa’s chest and roamed into the back of the vehicle, where James and Luthor were groping their new bodies and moaning at the feeling.

“I don’t know,” said Lisa, as the cop’s face turned red, “was it too fast? I’m really sorry, officer, but me and my friends were just so scared driving alone this late at night. All we wanted was to get home. I *promise* it won’t happen again.” She squeezed her tits between her arms for good measure.

The cop swallowed. “Okay, okay,” he said, backing away (giving Lisa a view of his bulge in the process). “I hear you. I’ll overlook it this time, but you need to be more careful in the future, okay?”

“I understand, Mr. Officer! I’ll be good from now on.”

The man backed away with one last awkward nod, and Lisa wound the window up with a smile. As she pulled away from the curb and drove off, however, she snapped her fingers and made the cop cum himself. *No more traffic duty for you tonight.*

As they drove, James and Luthor explored their new bodies. “I can’t believe we’re both chicks,” said Luthor, looking down at her new chest. The experience seemed to have sobered her up a little. “Like, holy shit, I have tits.”

James, meanwhile, wasn't talking at all, just cupping her new breasts and squeezing them softly, as if afraid they might disappear.

"Are you two okay?" asked Lisa. Turning them into girls had seemed fun in the moment, but now she was beginning to regret it. "Would you like me to turn you back?"

"Huh?" said Luthor. "No way! This is so fucking hot. I've got a fucking pussy." She stuck her hands up her dress and yelped at the feeling.

"Master?"

James took a second to respond. "No, no, I'm okay," she said. "I don't mind staying like this for now." She hiccuped, then giggled at the sound. She sounded exactly like a typical valley girl.

"Ah, this is *amazing*," said Luthor, not-so-subtly fingering herself. "James, stick your fingers up your snatch. See what it feels like."

After a moment of pause, James did as directed. A second later, a gasp of sudden pleasure filled the car. "Oh my god," she said. "Oh my god."

Lisa found herself smirking. "If you think that's good, you should see what else you can do as a woman."

Jams gasped again. Lisa wasn't one hundred percent sure she'd heard her.

As they drove on, James and Luthor managed to pull their fingers out of their pussies and go back to talking.

"Hey, hey," said Luthor suddenly. Retrieving a pen and some paper from her handbag, she scribbled down something and handed it to James. "Here's my number, cutie. Call me~."

She and James burst into laughter.

As they wiped away tears, Luthor grinned. "Okay, okay, I'm serious though. We should hang out more."

"Are you serious?" asked James.

"Of course!" Luthor clapped her on the back. "Tonight's been great! We have to do this again sometime."

"You mean it?" asked James.

"Seriously," said Luthor, drawing James in close, "your genie-friend--she's amazing. Let's meet up for lunch again tomorrow. I have so many ideas to tell you."

*Oh dear*, thought Lisa.

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Finally, after another round of drunken giggles and groping, the two fell asleep. With a sigh of relief, Lisa snapped her fingers thrice: once to change the pair back, once to vaporize the car, and one final time to teleport them all home to their beds.

After giving James a little blowjob to send him good dreams, she tucked him in and made her way down to the living room, where her bottle was waiting. As she entered the room, she noticed the hundreds of balloons floating by the ceiling, and the events of the morning suddenly came back to her.

“Oops,” she said, drawing Samantha down with a flick of her finger. “I almost forgot about *you*, my big blown-up bimbo.” She squeezed the inflated girl between her hands, making her squeak.

“Listen,” she said, raising Samantha to her face, “I’ll be blunt with you. I happen to quite like my new master. And I don’t need some puffed-up slut getting between the two of us, you understand? ...Stick your nose in our business again, and I’ll blow you up a hundred times larger and make you a permanent part of the Macy’s parade, you get me?”

Samantha couldn’t speak, but Lisa could sense her frantic assent.

“Good,” said Lisa. And with a snap of her fingers, she restored the girl to normal and teleported her back to her apartment.

“Jeez,” said the genie, stretching and yawning, “what a long day.” Dissolving into smoke, she slipped into her bottle.

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The next day, James and Luthor ate breakfast at the local Hooters.

“So,” said Luthor, once they’d ordered, “what do you think, James? Isn’t this place great?” His eyes roamed the restaurant, before locking onto the ass of a passing waitress. “What could be better than hot chicks and hot chicken wings, huh?” He laughed.

“It’s pretty good,” said James, following Luthor’s gaze. He stared at the woman’s ass for a moment, but as she looked back, he snapped his eyes away. “What do you think, Lisa?”

Lisa looked up from her cell phone. “Hmm? Oh, it’s pretty decent for what it is, I guess. I’ve seen this concept done better though?”

“Oh?” asked Luthor. “Go on...”

Lisa shrugged. “Well, the Caliph Al-Mansur ate with a harem of the kingdom’s most beautiful women, all seventy of them. They’d put the food right in his mouth. And they’d fuck him afterward, of course.”



“Sounds like a pretty good deal,” said Luthor.

“Yeah,” said Lisa, noncommittally. “But, like, hey, this place is *okay* though.”

James looked around at the waitresses and patrons. Suddenly Hooters seemed a lot less impressive.

Luthor caught his expression and smiled. “Say, James,” he said, “I don’t think this restaurant is up to your genie’s standards.”

“Huh?” said James.

“Why don’t you make a few wishes, see if you can improve the place?”

James frowned. *Improve* the place? “Like how?” he asked. He supposed they could clean the floors at least.

Luthor’s grin was all-consuming. “Well,” he said, “why don’t we start with the staff.” He gestured vaguely at one of the passing waitresses. “Don’t you think these girls look a little, I dunno, subpar?”

“Subpar?”

“You know, like, okay, they’re hot, but they’re not exactly pornstars, are they? Hell, if they were they probably wouldn’t be here. Why don’t you do something about that?”

“Oh,” said James as he processed Luthor’s words. Turning to a passing waitress, he studied her. Sure enough, she was pretty hot. But she could definitely be *hotter*.

A smile lit up his face.

“Lisa,” he said, turning to his genie, “can you make the staff here a little sexier? Maybe, er, give them all a butt and boobjob?”

Lisa gave him a sardonic smile. “As you wish, Master.” She snapped.

Sparkles covered all the waitresses’ bodies. The three watched--Lisa knowingly, Luthor with a grin, James with eyes wide--as the top and skirt of every waitress in the restaurant started to stretch, pushed out by the tits and asses swelling beneath them. The process only took a few seconds, but by the time it was done, every one of them had an hourglass figure her uniform was struggling to contain. Boobs and butts jiggled as they walked from table to table.

“Wow,” said James.

Luthor smirked. “Nice one,” he said, giving him a clap on the back. “How’s that?” he asked, turning to Lisa.

“Well,” she said, “it’s an improvement.”

“Oh?” said Luthor. “Is that all?” He turned back to James. “I don’t think your genie’s impressed yet, James. Maybe you should make another wish.”

James frowned. “Er, okay, what--?” They already made the waitresses super-curvey. What else could they do?”

“Why don’t you improve their uniforms?” said Luthor. “They’re looking pretty uncomfortable after that last wish.”

“That sounds like a neat idea,” said James, nodding. “Lisa?”

With a thin smile, the genie snapped.

Across the restaurant, the waitresses’ uniforms shriveled, shirts tightening into flimsy bikini tops that barely covered the nipples of the titanic tits inside them, while skirts vanished to reveal thong-like bottoms, splitting asses like bowls full of dough in twain. Shoes, meanwhile, stretched into tall strippers’ heels--soon the restaurant sounded with the sound of them clacking against the floor.

“Much better,” said Luthor, watching a passing girl’s cheeks clap. “Now what do you think?” he asked Lisa.

The genie frowned. “Again, it’s an improvement, but you’re not really getting to the core of the issue. Sure, the girls are hotter, but they’re still only waitresses.”

“What do you mean?” asked James.

“What I mean,” said Lisa, “is that they only bring you your food. Sure, you’ve made them look nice while they do so, but that’s all.”

“I guess you’re right,” said James. What was the point of the waitresses being so hot if all they did was bring you food? “Can you fix that?”

Lisa smiled. “Of course, Master. I know just the spell.” She snapped.

At once, a glistening pink aurora spread from her fingers and whirled around the restaurant, before fizzling out of existence.

James blinked. Had anything changed?

Someone tapped him on the shoulder. “Heeey, sexy,” purred a sultry voice, “are you the stud who ordered the hot wings?”

James looked over his shoulder and found himself staring at the waitress who’d taken their orders. She’d been hot enough before, but Lisa’s spell had turned her into a pornstar with tits the size of her head and a booty he wanted to crush him.

“Y-yeah,” said James, gulping, “that’s me.”

“Great~.” With a thin smile, the waitress slid around the booth and picked a wing off her platter. “Open wide, handsome,” she said with a wink.

James’ jaw dropped.

With a grin, the waitress leaned in close to him and raised the wing to his mouth. The presence of her body was so overwhelming that it took all the strength he had to actually bite the chicken.

“Enjoy it?” asked the waitress. Her voice was on the very edge of being a sexual moan.

Mouth full of chicken, James nodded vigorously.

“Mmm~,” said the waitress. “Now tell me if you like *this*.” Her head vanished beneath the table.

For a moment, James could only frown in confusion. Just as he was about to ask her what she was doing, he felt her fingers trace his bulge and heard the zip of his fly coming undone. A moment later, before he’d even had a chance to gasp, his cock was out in the air and in her hands. Something soft and wet wrapped around it.

“Ah!” James squealed as the waitress’s lips tightened on his penis, her tongue coiling round the rock-hard length of his shaft.

Luthor was staring at him, wide-eyed. “Wow,” he said. Turning away, he snapped to catch the attention of another nearby waitress. “Hey, babe, you look like you need to take some weight off those legs.” He patted his lap, where his bulge was clearly visible.

“Mmm~,” said the waitress. “Don’t mind if I do...”

James, shivering in his seat, barely noticed this, however. “Ah,” said, body bucking. “Ah, ah. Oh my god...”

“What’s wrong?” asked Luthor, squeezing the tit of the waitress on his lap. “Aren’t you enjoying yourself?”

James gulped. “Of--of course,” he said, biting his lip. “It’s just a little--ah--hard to eat like this.”

Luthor laughed.

As Luthor continued fondling his waitress, James struggled to eat his meal. He wanted to enjoy it--the wings were actually quite nice--but the feeling of the waitress’s lips around his cock was just too good to ignore. Soon it was all he could do not to drop everything and moan.

“C-could you, er, hurry up?” he asked.

“Mmm~, sure~,” said the waitress (or so he assumed; her voice was somewhat muffled by his cock).

Her hands grabbed his balls and *squeezed*.

It was too much. With a gasp, he blew his load in her mouth.

As he fell back in her seat, panting like a dog, the waitress emerged from under the table, cum still dripping from her mouth. She gave James a wink. “Enjoy your meal, sir.” And with that, she sauntered off, booty shaking as she walked.

“Wow,” said James, watching her go. “That was amazing. I wish we could come here every day.”

Beside him, Lisa’s ears perked up. Now wasn’t *that* a delightfully ambiguous request? “As you wish, Master,” she said with a giggle. *Snap!*

James opened his mouth to ask what she meant when a wave of sparkles washed over his and Luthor’s forms. As he gasped, a sudden pressure formed in his chest, before exploding into a pair of gigantic breasts. With a squeak, he gasped them and squealed, just in time to watch his shirt shriveling into a flimsy bikini top.

As he cupped his new boobs and moaned, he felt a similar kind of pressure lower down in his groin. Staring, wild-eyed, he watched the bulge in his pants recede, vanishing into his body and leaving nothing but a slick pair of lips in its wake. She gasped as her pants disappeared and her boxers shrank into the skinniest thong. The feeling of it riding between her cheeks made her want to squirm in her seat, and the welling fat in her fat and ass only made it worse.

On the other side of the booth, Luthor was panting and shuddered as her clothes clasped her new assets tight. Clutching a breast, she squeezed it and moaned, even as her hands slimmed out, fingernails lengthening, and a coating of superbly applied makeup appeared on her face.

Finally, a lock of hair fell in front of James’ eyes, and with that the sparkles vanished--the transformation was over.

“Lisa!” squealed James.

“What’s wrong?” asked Lisa, winding a lock of hair around her finger all innocently.

Luthor was staring at his new body in shock.

“Sorry, sis,” said his waitress, “that’s enough fun for now. I’m on the clock.” Giving the stunned Luthor a kiss on the cheek, she slipped off her and went back to work.

Luthor sighed as she watched her leave. "You turned us into waitresses?" she asked, pinching the strap of her bottoms.

"That's right," said Lisa with a smirk. "Isn't that what you wanted?" she asked James.

James cupped her new boobs and gave them a squeeze, making their fat spill over the cups of her bikini top. "Well, I guess I sorta did," she said.

Before he could say anything more, the manager scooted over. "Come on, you two," she said, tapping James and Luthor on the shoulder. "There are men here who need food in their bellies and mouths and around their cocks."

"W-wait," began James, but Luthor simply laughed.

"Come on," she said, pulling James along after her, "you don't want our loyal customers to go hungry and pent-up, do you?"

"I-I--"

Luthor dragged James all the way to the kitchen, where the chef handed them each a platter of wings with a table number on it. As Luthor went to deliver hers, James found her legs moving on their own, as if her body knew instinctively where she had to go.

As she walked, her swollen assets shook in her bikini-like uniform. Her boobs--which must be as large as her head--bounced up and down, up and down, and up and down again, while her asscheeks clapped audibly, to the amusement of everyone she passed. And she could just feel her thong-like bottoms riding up her ass and her pussy like floss between a pair of teeth. She had to resist the urge to try and pull it out.

Soon enough, she arrived at a booth with three muscular guys, who looked like they'd just stepped out of the gym. Their masculine musk was overwhelming; as she breathed it in, she felt a strange heat in her groin.

It took her a second to realize she was wet.

"Wh-who ordered the hot wings?" she asked, trying not to shiver.

"That'd be me," said a blond with a body like a tank. He looked her up and down, and smirked.

James blushed.

"Well," said the man. "Aren't you going to feed me?"

"O-o-of course," said James. Swallowing her fear, she picked a wing up off the plate, leaned in close, and raised it to the blond's mouth.

As he took a bite, someone slapped James' ass. She gasped and turned to find his hand--even as she watched, he squeezed tight, fat spilling between his fingers.

The other men laughed at her reaction. "What's wrong, babe?" asked one, brown-haired. "This your first time on the floor?"

"Haha, yeah..." said James, face red. "It's my first day, so please go easy on me."

The blond grinned. "Hey, you hear that?" he asked, nudging his friends. "It's her first day, guys. Can you believe our luck?" He turned back to James. "What's your name, doll?"

James gulped. "J-Jame--Jamie."

"Jamie, huh," said the man. "Nice to meet ya, Jamie. You look a little scared though, hun? Why don't you come and take a seat on a big, strong man's lap? I promise I won't hurt ya." He patted his thigh encouragingly.

Taking a deep breath, James stepped forward. She could see the man's cock bulging beneath his pants, but it was too late to back away now. With a grimace, she turned and lowered her ass onto his lap.

"Oof," said the blond, "what a badonk. You're crushing me, babe." He laughed. "Not that I'm complaining."

James winced. His cock was jabbing into her asscheeks. She wanted to squeal--it just felt so *big*.

Chuckling, the man wiggled beneath her, driving his cock even harder against her ass. She had to bite her lip to keep herself from moaning.

"You comfy, babe?" he asked, stroking James' hair.

"Y-yes," said James.

"Man," the blond, "you're a fine piece of meat, you know that?" He grabbed her breasts and squeezed them, making her gasp. "Just look at these things..."

James struggled to speak. "Th-thank you, sir," she said between breaths. She didn't know why, but she felt obliged to say it.

As James bit her lip, the man's fingers slipped under her top and pinched her nipples. This time, she did squeal, despite her best efforts.

The blond chuckled. "You like that, babe? I bet you do, don't you, you horny slut?" He pinched her tighter--James moaned.

"Ugh," said the blond, after another few moments of this, "I'm just about ready to blow. Why don't you get down there and give me a blowy, babe?"

James' eyes widened. She wanted to resist, to shout 'no', but a part of her wanted nothing more than to get this man's fat cock inside her. Before she knew it, she was sliding off his lap and crawling under the table.

As she took in the sight of the bulge in his pants--so large, so thick--the heat in her groin tripled in intensity. She could feel herself dripping--she wanted it in her so bad.

Taking a deep breath, she leaned in close and unzipped his fly. Slipping her hand inside his pants, she guided his cock out of his boxers and into the open air. She gasped, actually gasped, at the size of it. It was only a little smaller than her own cock had been after Lisa had enhanced it.

Leaning in even closer, she licked her lips and opened wide. To her altered mind, the throbbing member lying in her hands looked like the tastiest meal ever. She couldn't resist it.

Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and stuffed its girth inside her. It tasted of piss and sweat and *man*, and she loved it.

As she tightened her lips, she heard the man grunt, and his hips bucked, slamming the tip of his cock into the roof of her mouth. She tasted something salty on her tongue; it made her pussy burn.

Drawing in breath, she thrust her lips forward, slamming them into the base of his shaft even as its tip was striking the roof of his mouth. Pulling back, she tickled his girth with her tongue, licking up the drops of pre-cum it was dribbling.

Forward, back. Forward, back. For the next minute or so, she repeated this motion, forcing her lips down the length of his cock and back again, till it was slick with her saliva. With every move she made, the blond bucked and moaned a little harder. He'd stopped talking now--she was just too much for him.

As she sucked on, however, his hands grabbed her hair and held her, forcing her head down to the base of his cock. It spasmed in her mouth, throbbing and pulsing. The man grunted.

All at once, his cock let loose, pumping a stream of semen into her mouth. The taste overwhelmed her--James pulled back, eyes wide.

For a moment, she was aware of her situation, and a part of her wanted to spit the stuff out. The next, the heat in her pussy flowed up to her brain, and with an orgasmic moan, she swallowed.

...Before leaning back in to slurp the rest of it off his cock.

"Holy, look at her go," said the blond, "Man, I love it here."

Once she was done cleaning his cock, the men dismissed her with a final slap of the ass. Walking through the restaurant with a smile on her face, she licked up the last of the cum dripping from her mouth.

On her way to the kitchen, she spied Luthor sucking one guy off as another fucked her in the ass. She had her hands around two other guys' cocks as well. ...

Retrieving another meal from the cook, she marched off in search of her next patron. Her legs happened to carry her to her own table, where Lisa still sat waiting.

"Hello, master," said the genie, "enjoying yourself?"

James couldn't resist the urge to smile. "A little," she admitted.

Lisa grinned. "I'm guessing you don't wanna work here *every day* though, right?"

James laughed. "Maybe just on weekends..."

\*\*\*

The next day, James and Lisa met up with Luthor again. To their surprise, he was dressed in nothing more than swimming trunks and sandals.

"What do you think," he asked, "about a trip to the beach?"

One snap of Lisa's fingers later, and they were standing on the warm sand in their beach clothes, surrounded by other beachgoers. Lisa found them a spot to sit and conjured up a blanket and sunshade.

Settling down beside Lisa, James drew in the salty sea air and was reminded of semen. He grinned.

"Ah, this is the life, isn't it, James?" asked Luthor. "Nothing better than sun and sand and lots of beautiful women. Ain't that right?"

"Nothing better," agreed James.

"Oh, and of course, there's plenty of hunky guys for Lisa," he added, almost as an afterthought.

Lisa smiled thinly. "I'm happy with guys or gals," she said.

"Good to hear it," said Luthor with a laugh. Shielding his eyes from the sun, he glanced around. "Actually, it's kind of a shame how many guys are here. Normally, you only have to step onto the beach and you can get a couple of hot girls ogling ya. Today it's a total sausage fest though."



James looked around. Sure enough, Luthor was right, there were five guys to every girl on the beach, and not a single woman was looking in their direction.

“Hey,” said Luthor, “maybe we can do something about that?”

James frowned for a second before he realized what Luthor meant. “I guess Lisa could conjure some girls for us,” he said.

“Nah, nah, you’re thinking too small,” replied Luthor. “Even if she summons a hundred women, they’ll still be a ton of dudes around to distract ‘em from us. We need to hit two birds with one stone: make some girls and eliminate the competition, you get what I’m saying?”

“Oh,” said James. “*Oh.*” He turned to Lisa. “Can you do that? Turn some of the guys here to chicks for us?”

“Some?” said Luthor, sounding a little offended. “Why not *all* of them?”

James gasped. Then he laughed. “Right, right,” he said. “All of them.”

Stretching her arms, Lisa grinned. “Of course, I can,” she said, “don’t you remember what I did to the crowd at that baseball game?”

James blinked. He’d almost forgotten about what Lisa had done to the crowd. He wondered if she’d changed them back afterward, or if they were still a bunch of hot lesbians now.

“Well?” asked Lisa. “Am I doing it?”

“Do it,” said James, with a grin. “Except, this time, maybe make them super-horny for *us* rather than each other...”

“Of course.” Raising a hand, Lisa snapped her fingers.

A wave of pink light swept over the beach, making the sand and everyone on it sparkle.

James turned his eyes towards a trio of men who’d been standing and talking nearby. As he watched, the men’s muscles faded and their bulges flattened, leaving their swim trunks loose. Just before they could fall to their ankles, their pants shriveled into tight bikini bottoms, and a matching top appeared on each of their chests to hold the boobs that were rapidly sprouting there. In a matter of seconds, they each had a pair of swollen tits stretching out their swimwear.

Across the beach, a similar scene was playing out en masse: men lost height and muscle and gained curves instead, while their swim trunks turned to swimsuits specially-tailored to show off as much of their new bodies as possible. Soon the beach was replete with fat tits and asses.

After less than a minute, the pink sparkles faded and it was over. For a moment, the newly-minted women paused as if they'd forgotten something important. Then they went on with their business as normal.

"Wow," said Luthor, practically salivating, "just look at 'em all."

James was struggling to hide his lust as well. "It's amazing..." he said.

"One moment," said Lisa, "I'm not finished yet. You said you wanted them all to be super-horny for you, right?"

"Er..." James nodded.

"Okay, let's see..." said Lisa, "how can I do this...?" With a 'hmmm', she snapped her fingers.

At once, James and Luthor both gasped. James could feel something happening to his crotch, like someone were pumping it up from the inside. It took him a moment to recognize the sensation. "You're making our cocks bigger?" he asked between breaths, watching the bulge in his swim trunks grow larger with the second.

"Oh, that's not all," said Lisa, as James and Luthor's cocks grew to leviathan proportions, straining the fabric of their shorts and leaving them panting.

Eventually, the pressure grew too great. With a final gasp, James struggled to pull his trunks off, exposing his genitals. His cock had grown to the size of a baguette, while his balls sat behind it like a pair of fleshy apples.

Beside him, Luthor stripped off as well.

As their cocks hit the air, pre-cum spurted from their tips, and the undisguisable scent of semen hit their nostrils.

Nearby, several women stopped what they were doing to sniff the air. As one, they turned to James and Luthor, and their jaws dropped at the sight of the pair's gigantic cocks. Gasps and moans filled the air, while liquid poured in torrents from their bikini bottoms, leaving a trail of wet sand as they approached.

James' eyes opened wide in shock as one of the nearest women pounced him. She'd been a muscular dude all of a minute ago, but that didn't stop her from straddling him and wrapping her pumped-up lips around his cock.

"Ah!" He squealed as she sucked, panting and slurping like an animal at the trough.

Next to him, Luthor laughed as a hunk-turned-slut threw herself at him, fighting with another to get her mouth around his irresistible manhood. "Woah, steady there, ladies," he said between chuckles, "there's enough of me to go--unf!--around."

Entranced by his cock, the women settled down as commanded. Luthor gestured for one, a red-head, to go first, leaving the others moaning and whimpering on the sand.

James, meanwhile, was coming close to orgasm. For all the freshness of her womanhood, his current partner sucked cock like an expert. The feeling of her lips around his shaft, their tightness, their warmth, their wetness, it was enough to make him moan.

Soon enough, his body shook, his cock trembled, and with a grunt he filled his partner's mouth wide with her semen. The woman pulled away grinning and swallowed with a moan. "Mmm~,," she said, "even his cum is tasty~."

As one of the other women pushed her aside, James found his erection returning rapidly. In fact, he didn't feel any less horny than he had before his blowjob.

James gulped. Lisa really was a miracle worker.

Beside him, Luthor finished with a grunt as well. But before any of the other women could pounce on him, he leapt to his feet and jumped one of them instead, throwing her onto her back on the sand and taking a seat on her waist. "Come on," he said, shaking his giant cock in her face, "let's see you use those fat tits we gave you."

The woman, a dark-haired Asian, mewled and cupped her breasts, squeezing Luthor's cock between them. He moaned as she rubbed up and down, up and down, up and...

Taking a deep breath, James grinned and turned back to his own harem. Licking his lips, he lay back and pointed at the tits of a nearby blonde who'd been a handsome male lifeguard all of ten minutes ago.

"Give me a titjob," said James.

The blonde squealed and surged forward, a big grin on her face. The feeling of her tits colliding with his cock made James squeal and tense. As she squished them together, trapping his manhood between, he had to bite his lip, the pleasure was so intense. By the time she started working him (up and down, up and down), he was audibly moaning, pre-cum spurting from his tip to coat her chest. She giggled and tried to catch some in her mouth.

By her tenth stroke of his shaft, he could feel his cock tensing again. The overflowing reservoir of semen in his balls wanted nothing more than for him to shoot it.

So, with a final gasp, he did.

\*

As James and Luthor enjoyed themselves, Lisa decided they weren't likely to need her any time soon and that now was as good a time as any for a walk.

Strolling along the shore, she took in the sight of the beachgoers. Most had yet to catch the scent of James' and Luthor's amazing cocks and were behaving exactly like normal girls at the beach would (the fact three quarters of them had used to be men didn't seem to bother them much).

Coming to a stop, she watched a quartet of girls setting up a volleyball game. As one reached the ball, however, Lisa smirked and snapped her fingers.

Nearby, a fifth girl squealed as her body tore through her bikini, expanding so fast she barely had time to scream. In a matter of seconds, she was the size of a car, her body bloated, limbs and fingers round and puffed up.

Slowly, she started to shrink, from car-size back to human, from there to beachball, and finally, without fanfare, to the size of a normal volleyball. Lisa's magic squeezed her, flattening her head and boobs and limbs and everything else into a tight, spherical ball.

With a second snap of Lisa's fingers, the new volleyball vanished, replacing the other girls' with a *pop*. One picked her up and bounced her from hand to hand, unable to hear the muffled squeaks sounding from her new toy.

As the girl went for a serve, Lisa grinned and moved on.

Further along the beach, she came upon a pair of women making their way into the sea. One of them had already entered, but the other was standing on the shore, dipping her toes into the water and looking uncomfortable.

"Come on!" said her friend. "I promise it's okay in here!"

The other woman put a toe in and gasped at the feeling.

Lisa smirked. *Lemme give you a hand*, she thought. *Snap!*

Back in the water, the woman in the water croaked as her neck swelled up like a frog's. A second, her stomach exploded outwards, tearing apart her bikini and sending its parts flying like rubber bands. As Lisa watched, the girl's belly bloated into a giant balloon, leaving her flailing on her back atop the water. (The woman's friend, meanwhile, continued dipping her toes as if she hadn't noticed.)

Now, the swollen woman gasped as an invisible hand squeezed her midsection tight, pushing all the air Lisa had pumped into her out into the rest of her body. With a pair of pops, her boobs exploded becoming a pair of pillow-sized orbs. At the other end of her body, her ass swelled to match, leaving her with a booty so wide she'd never fit through a door again. Her hands and feet expanded as well.

Slowly, as if molded by an invisible giant, her body changed shape. She turned onto her front, resting her head atop her giant breasts, while her arms and legs folded up against her chest. Her back sunk and then swelled outward, forming a chair for someone to sit on. Her terrified face contorted into an expression of utter happiness.

Finally, a wave of sparkles passed over her body, and her skin turned to glossy plastic. Her mouth was left trapped in a cartoonish smile.

Grinning, Lisa lowered her hand and grinned as the new pool toy bobbed atop the waves.

On the shore, meanwhile, the other woman looked at her friend with new hope. She soon realized, however, that the inflatable raft was too far away to reach without stepping in the water. In the end, she could only stand and watch as the pool toy floated slowly out to sea.

Humming to herself, Lisa walked on.

\*

James, meanwhile, was about to cum for the third time in ten minutes. A perfectly-formed brunette had his cock between her lips and was fondling his balls as she sucked his throbbing shaft. As the pressure grew too much to bear, he came with a drawn-out moan, filling his partner's mouth with his semen. Pulling back, she licked her lips and swallowed with a giggle.

Forcing himself to his feet before any of the other girls could jump him, James backed away and tried to catch his breath. There were twenty or so women gathered around their spots, all with eyes wide and locked and his and Luthor's cocks.

Speaking of Luthor, he was tangled in the middle of an orgy, his penis in one girl while several more fondled him and each other simultaneously. Muffled squeals and moans sounded from the morass.

As he looked around, James realized Lisa was missing. He frowned. He'd kinda hoped to convince her to join in.

Turning his attention back to his slowly-growing harem, he felt his cock twitch and grinned a broad grin. Time for round four.

Stroking his shaft, he advanced on a redhead sitting in a puddle of her own vaginal nectar. Seeing his titanic cock approach, her eyes lit up, and the flow of liquid from her pussy doubled in intensity.

Lying on the sand, James stroked his giant shaft--so tall and so wide he could barely believe it was attached to him--before flicking a glance at the redhead that said 'come on, see if you can take it'.

With a wild moan, she ran towards him, leaving a thin trail of pussy juice in her wake.

James watched, heart pounding in anticipation, as she spread her legs and lowered herself onto his. Her pussy was so wet there was no difficulty at all--his cock, for all its size, simply slipped straight inside her. Both of them moaned, loud and orgasmically.

For several seconds, the redhead simply sat on him, body shaking, drool dripping from her lips. Her eyes had rolled back in delight, and it took some bucking of the hips on James' part to draw her back to reality again. Finally, biting her lips, she forced herself to rise, and for a second, as herself at the top of his cock, they both felt all the tension of the guillotine.

Then she dropped, cutting both their minds in half with pleasure. Their screams could probably have been heard from the other end of the beach.

Catching her breath, the woman lifted her and dropped again, and again, and again, till they were both so red and sweaty that it was a struggle to continue. Panting, hearts pounding, their sexes both burned with pleasure, so great they couldn't bring themselves to stop.

At last, ten minutes later, James gave a gasp and let loose his load, pumping her slick pussy full of his hot semen. The girl gasped and collapsed and lay on the ground whimpering, tongue lolling out of her mouth.

James, meanwhile, found his erection returning already. He didn't know what Lisa had done to him, but he loved it.

Grinning, he turned to the next woman in line.

\*\*\*

It was twenty or so minutes before Lisa returned from her little walk. She found James and Luthor lying exhausted beneath a tangle of female bodies.

"I think," said James, struggling to speak (even now a woman had her lips around his cock), "that I've had enough of the beach for today."

Lisa suppressed a giggle.

\*

James had to take a day to recover after that. Soon enough, however, Luthor was calling him again, asking him to meet up so he could share the incredible new idea he'd had.

"I'm telling you," he said, once they arrived, "it's going to be great!"

"What's going to be great?" asked James. "You haven't explained yet."

Luthor laughed and beckoned James to lean in close. "Y'ever heard of the Mile High Club?" he asked.

James' eyes lit up. "You mean...?"

"That's right," said Luthor, giving him a wink. "But first, we need a plane..." Grinning widely, he turned to Lisa.

Lisa sighed and looked to James. "Master?"

"Can you make us one?" James asked.

The genie tightened her eyes. "Master, wouldn't you like me to grant one of *your* wishes for a change?"

James blinked. "Oh, er, not today," he replied. "Luthor's idea is all I want for now."

Lisa sighed. "Whatever you wish, Master." Rolling her eyes, she snapped.

With a flash of pink and a sound like a balloon popping, the three found themselves standing on the tarmac of an airfield.

Sitting ahead of them was a standard American Airlines plane, as far as you could get from a luxury jet. The last of its passengers were boarding right now.

"Is that meant to be our private jet?" asked Luthor.

"It will be soon," said Lisa. "Come on..." Before the others could respond, she marched off in the direction of the plane.

Frowning, James and Luthor marched after her.

As they neared the plane, Lisa waved her hands, and the stewardess, who had been about to close the plane's door, stopped and held it open for them.

"Thanks!" said Lisa as she reached the top of the stairs. And with a playful giggle, she bopped the stewardess on the nose.

As the woman stepped back in surprise, a cloud of pink sparkles swept over her form. James watched, eyes wide, as her tight red jacket rose, pushed outward by her rapidly growing breasts. He almost gasped as it split, baring her cleavage, and the tear immediately reshaped into a window for it.

Further down, the woman's skirt tightened, straining to contain her swollen ass and thighs. Her face reddened, and a thin trickle of fluid began to seep down her leg. She moaned, loudly and lewdly. "Ah, ah! Fuck me!"

"Wow," said James, face red.

Lisa smirked. "Air hostesses are already sexy, so I didn't have to modify her much." She laughed. "Now," she said, turning back to the stewardess, "if you'd like to show us to our seats..."

Hands in her crotch, the hostess gasped. "Y-yes, right away, Mistress." Taking a deep breath, she turned and led them into the aircraft.

Inside, James was somewhat surprised to see a normal aircraft interior, complete with a bunch of normal passengers--vacationers dressed for the tropics--sorting themselves into seats.

"Again," said Luthor, "*this* is our private plane?"

Lisa huffed. "Give me time, I'm not finished yet." She snapped her fingers again, and a wave of sparkles washed over the interior of the plane.

As the pink dust rolled over them, passenger after passenger stopped what they were doing and shivered as if caught in a snowstorm. As one, men and women alike released long sighs of pleasure.

Then, slowly, their bodies started shifting. Like the crowd at the baseball game before them, the tallest among them lost height, while the shortest among them grew to match James' and Luthor's tastes. Next, they lost any excess weight they had, whether fat or muscles. In a matter of moments, it simply shriveled away into nothing.

Except, of course, in two very specific places: on the chest, and around the hips. There, the fat remained, and on the ones who lacked it, it even plumped up out of nowhere.

As boobs swelled beneath shirts and bloating asses lifted people up in their seats, the passengers' clothing started to feel some changes as well. As James watched, feeling his cock twitch in his pants, shirts popped their buttons to bare cleavage, while trousers shrank as if over-washed, reduced to tiny, skimpy hot pants.

A chorus of moans filled the interior of the plane as the former passengers traced hands along their curvaceous new bodies; pinched hard, protruding new nipples; and slipped fingers into tight, gushing new pussies.

The plane itself was changing as well. As James stared, the interior swelled and the economy-class seating took the chance to expand into luxurious leather chairs and couches, on which the changed passengers sprawled to show off their bodies. The drab blue carpets turned a rich shade of scarlet while matching curtains appeared over all the windows. Dim lights appeared on the ceiling--the overall effect was like that of a high-class strip club.

And with that, it was over. The plane's worth of passengers was gone, and in their place was a harem of over-endowed women, clothed in flimsy parodies of vacationers' clothes. Intermingled among them were the flight attendants, dressed in sexualized versions of their own uniforms.

As James and Luthor stood staring in shock, one of the stewardesses in question approached them with a tray of shot glasses. "Would you like a drink before you enjoy your harem, my Masters?" Her voice was an orgasmic croon that brought James' cock to full erection in an instant.

"Ho-ly," said Luthor, turning to Lisa. "Every time I think you can't do any better, you manage to impress me more."



Lisa gave him a thin smile.

“S-so they’re all our...” James gulped. “Our, er--?”

“Concubines is the word you’re looking for,” said Lisa.

James swallowed.

Luthor, on the other hand, was licking his lips excitedly. “Concubines, huh? I like the sound of that.” Grabbing a glass from the hostess’s tray, he downed it in a single gulp and released a loud sigh of pleasure. “Oh yeah, I’m going to enjoy this.”

As Luthor strode forward, rubbing his hands in glee.

James heard a quiet ‘master’ and turned to see a curvaceous blonde packed into a tightly-fitting parody of a captain’s uniform, complete with cap. “Like, where would you like us to fly you today, master?”

James swallowed.

The captain took his hesitance for something else. “Or perhaps you’d like me to perform a different service?” she asked, leaning in close to him, so close her boobs were squished against his chest and he could feel her thighs against his iron-hard cock.

“N-now that you say it... I’ve always wanted to see the cockpit, sit in the pilot’s seat, you know?”

The captain licked her lips. “Mmm~, right this way then, Master.” Taking James by the hand, she led him into the cockpit.

“Here you go,” she said, gesturing at the dials. “And here’s my chair, if you want to rest your legs.”

Grinning, James did. A part of him was genuinely enjoying being in the cockpit of his own private airplane. The rest of him, of course, was trembling in anticipation at what he guessed was about to happen.

“As you can see,” said the captain, “it’s *very* cramped in here.” There was actually more than enough space, but James didn’t bother to say so.

“So cramped,” continued the captain, “that sometimes the only place to put yourself is on top of someone else...”

James stared, heart pounding, as she slipped in front of him, putting him face to face with the delicious muffin of an ass she had packed into her far-too-tight skirt.

Bending over, she wiggled it in his face, before slowly lowering her callipygean booty onto James' waiting bulge. She 'ooo'd as she made contact, shuffling in his lap to make herself comfy.

"Mmm~," she said, looking back at him, "you're so much more comfortable than my chair, master."

Grinning, James leaned in and kissed her.

As his tongue coiled around her own, his hands took the chance to explore her body. Grabbing her thighs, he groped his way up her body, ending with her boobs, which he clasped and squeezed tight. Feeling their weight through the fabric of her uniform, he breathed, grasped her shirt, and began to tear it open. She mewled and kissed him harder as her breasts spilled out into the world. A second later, she was moaning as his fingers tightened on her nipples.

At his touch, she bucked atop him, and the feeling of her ass slamming into his cock was too much for his lust. Pulling away from her, he took a deep breath and started to tear at her clothing, pulling away his flimsy uniform in pieces in a desperate attempt to get at the luscious body inside.

His lust was infectious. Face red, pussy pouring, she went for his pants, unbuckling his belt and throwing it away, pulling apart his trousers to expose his shaft in full. It was poking through his boxers like an iron rod. Then she pulled them down as well.

At the sight of his manhood in all its thick, veiny glory, the captain gasped and froze. For a moment, the only sound in the cockpit was the sound of their breath and *plip! plip! plip!* of her overflowing pussy. The next she released a moan of utter ecstasy and spun, dropping her skirt and panties both to reveal her naked asscheeks.

James' eyes opened. Her ass was like two fat loaves of dough, thick and ready for the oven, so large he couldn't resist the urge to reach out and squeeze their pliant flesh. She squealed.

Then, grabbing them herself, she pulled them apart to bare the little, puckered hole of her anus, and James realized this was going to be even better than he'd imagined.

Angling her anus with his cock, she lowered herself onto it.

As the tip of his member pierced her rear, both of them released a high-pitched, orgasmic scream.

Gasping, sweating, the captain clung to him tightly as she lowered herself onto his lap, sliding the bulk of his cock inside her tight ass like thread through the eye of a needle.

With a little clap, her booty struck his thighs and she screamed in utter ecstasy. He moaned, if a little more softly. The feeling of her rectum squeezing his shaft was better, far better, than he could ever have imagined. His entire body was burning with pleasure.

Just as he thought it couldn't get any better, the captain regained enough control of herself to lift her fat cheeks off his lap a little. Pre-cum drooled from her exposed hole--he'd made more than enough to lubricate his passage.

Lifting herself as high as she could, the captain gave a deep gasp and dropped herself again. Her ass struck his lap with a resounding *clap* and both of them screamed in wild ecstasy.

Panting for breath, the captain raised her ass again...

\*

In the main cabin, meanwhile, Lisa sat on a leather couch and enjoyed the drink she'd received from a hostess.

From one direction came the sound of James screaming. From the other: the rhythmic *thwap! thwap!* of Luthor thrusting his cock inside a former passenger.

Sipping back, Lisa sipped her drink and smiled.

As she drank, she felt a burning in her own pussy. She was always a little reluctant to grant a wish that didn't involve directly pleasuring her master, but she had to admit she enjoyed them all the same. Just knowing her master was living out his fantasies was enough to make her horny.

Speaking of which...

The heat in her groin was growing impossible to bear. Lifting a leg, she peeled aside her sodden panties and slipped a pair of fingers into the slit beyond it. This kind of masturbation would never be as fulfilling as having her master inside her, but it would tide her over for the moment at least.

"Mistress?"

Lisa looked up to find one of the cuter hostesses looking down at her.

"Would you like me to...?" Her gaze flicked to Lisa's pussy.

The genie grinned. Well, she hadn't intended them to be *her* harem as well, but if that was how things had worked out, why not enjoy it?

"By all means," she said, spreading her legs.

With an eager grin, the hostess knelt and slipped her tongue into Lisa's waiting lips.

\*

Deep in the cabin of the plane, Luthor was enjoying an orgy with the passengers. “Ah! Ah! Ah! Oh yeah, oh yeah, you like that, you bitch?”

The blonde currently receiving his cock made a wordless, orgasmic sound that he took for an affirmative. He laughed and thrust a little harder.

As he fucked, the other former passengers mingled around him, stroking him, pleading with him to fuck them as well. He ignored them. He'd had his eye on his current partner since Lisa had snapped her fingers and he wasn't going to give her up till he was done with her.

She'd started as a handsome, suited blond, the kind any woman would soak her panties at the sight of, but Lisa's magic had converted all her chiseled features and abs into an equivalent amount of curves and fuckability. In a matter of seconds, she'd gone from Alpha Male to *whore*.

Another guy, put in his position, might be a little reluctant to fuck a former man, but Luthor had come to see the light of it. After all, he'd been a woman himself for a little while, and he'd had a chance to explore life on the other side of the fence, so to speak. Being so weak, so desperate to have a cock inside him, it had been incredible. Embarrassing, but incredible.

Indeed, the only thing that beat it was the idea of forcing another guy to feel the same. To take a proud, handsome man like himself, the kind who fucked who he wanted and didn't take no for an answer, and to reduce them to a mewling, submissive *bitch*. The thought made him harder than any normal woman could.

“You like that?” he repeated, slamming his cock into her again. “Come on, tell me you enjoy it!”

The blonde gasped for breath and produced another wordless moan.

“That's right, you dumb slut,” he replied with a laugh.

With a final, harsh thrust, he filled her snatch with his semen. As he pulled out, he reflected on the fact he hadn't bothered to use a condom with any of his recent partners. He wondered if Lisa's magic had protection built-in or if he'd left any of those bitches on the beach pregnant. Wouldn't *that* be an embarrassment for such former pinnacles of manhood? To be reduced to women and left knocked up after a single one-night stand--the thought was making him hard again.

Licking his lips, he turned his gaze to a woman in the crowd who'd been fondling his wife before his transformation. Now she looked like she wanted Luthor's children.

Luthor chuckled. *Time to make another guy my bitch...*

\*

Back in the cockpit, James was also enjoying round two. After letting him fill her ass with his cum, the captain had invited him to use her other hole as well.

As she bounced atop his lap, arms wrapped around his shoulders, James tightened his grip on her asscheeks, enjoying the feeling of their fat between his fingers. With each bounce and every drop, another shockwave of incredible pleasure rolled through his form. Each time, it was greater than the previous, until at last he had to bite his lip and throw back his head just to keep himself from screaming.

Soon enough, his cock tensed, and he felt the pressure of orgasm welling inside him. He wanted to hold it in and carry on, but the captain was screaming as well, and if not now, then when? With a grunt, he released it.

Semen poured in a torrent from his cock, filling the captain's pussy in an instant and spilling back out of it and all over his lap. He didn't mind--he was sure she'd lick it up for him, if he asked.

As it happened, he didn't have to ask. The second she recovered from her own orgasm, she stuck out her tongue and started cleaning up, wrapping her lips around his cock to get the semen off it. He shuddered at the feeling.

*Luthor's ideas are amazing*, he thought as she sucked. *I never would have thought of this.*

Sure, he felt a *little* bad for all the people they'd transformed to make this fantasy possible, but the pleasure made it easy to push that thought aside. Leaving it locked in a box in the dark recesses of his head, he did what he could to enjoy the experience.

As the captain finished cleaning his cock, James told her to wipe her mouth and get back to work, before heading out of the cockpit into the main cabin. There, he found Lisa lying on one of the plane's couches, being eaten out by a cute hostess.

"Hello, master," she said, somewhat reproachfully. "Enjoying yourself?"

"A little," he admitted with a laugh. "Luthor has the best ideas."

Lisa frowned.

Looking at her, James realized he was still naked. The sight of Lisa made his cock twinge.

"Looking for a new toy?" asked the genie. "Why don't you play with me for a little while?" She kicked the hostess away and put her pussy on display for him. "Come on, master, my cunt's dripping for your cock..."

James gulped. She wasn't lying. If he didn't act soon, he'd have to ask a stewardess to fetch them a mop.

"If you insist," he said, raising his cock.

Eight hours later, the plane landed in Hawaii. This came as a shock to James and Luthor, who'd been much too busy to even realize they were flying.

Disembarking on the beach, they spent the rest of the day exploring the islands, making out with cute locals, and swimming in lava before finally, they returned to the plane.

Their flight home was just as fun.

\*\*\*

As the end of the week neared, Luthor suggested something that seemed downright normal in comparison to his previous ideas. He wanted them to visit a nightclub.

Oh, not just *any* nightclub though...

"The place is called Pandora's Bottle," he explained on their way there. Lisa had turned a passing car into a limousine, and the three of them were riding in luxury, with a group of college guys turned bimbos hanging off their arms.

"Pandora's Bottle?" asked James.

"Don't ask me, I'm not into mythology," replied Luthor.

Lisa smirked.

"...All I know is, they serve great drinks. And they let you keep drinking as long as you want."

"How does that work?" asked James.

"Hell if I know, but it sounds fun as hell, am I right? Come on, let's try it out."

And so, their limo pulled up outside the club in question. Its neon sign showed a woman in a toga chugging from a giant jar of wine. "Here we are," said Luthor.

With Lisa's aid, they slipped past both the queue and the bouncer. The inside of the club was like a neon-lit cave. Music blared; the dance floor flashed. Men and women alike ground up against each other and drank.

"Ugh," said Luthor as they took a seat at the bar. "I don't suppose you can do something about that awful music, can you?"

Lisa frowned. "Hmm, let's see..." She snapped her fingers, and with a poof, the male DJ became a cute Asian girl in a frilly dress.

"Okay, everybody," said the new woman, "it's time for some K-pop!"

"...Better?" asked Lisa, as the music changed.

“Eh, I’ll take it,” replied Luthor. “Y’know,” he added, as the bartender made his way towards them. “It’d be nice if we didn’t have to pay as well.”

Lisa rolled her eyes. But she snapped her fingers all the same.

As the bartender approached, he grew more and more feminine, losing his beard and gaining longer hair, which twined into a pair of braids. Meanwhile, his jeans shrank into a tiny pair of short shorts, while her plaid shirt shriveled into a skimpy blouse that barely held her growing breasts.

By the time she arrived, she looked more like a sexy cowgirl than a rugged bartender. She kept her cute freckles though.

“Hey y’all! Why if it ain’t my three favorite customers. What’ll y’have today, y’all? Drinks are on me!”

“Mmm~, I think I’d rather have you,” said Luthor.

Lisa rolled her eyes again, but the bartender giggled coquettishly. Making their orders, the three spun round to wait as she fetched them.

As he sat there, kicking his legs and looking out across the dancefloor, James found himself thinking of all the ways his life had improved in the last week. He’d found a genie, he’d gotten his best friend back, he’d had sex more times than he could even remember. Could life get any better at this point?

Returning, the bartender handed them their drinks with a smile. “Enjoy, y’all!”

As he took his glass, James grinned. He doubted it could.

Lisa nudged him. “So, master, does this club give you any inspiration? Any dark fantasies you’d like me to help you play out?” She leaned close, so close she could lick him, and for a moment he thought she was going to.

James frowned. The K-Pop blaring from the speakers made it a little hard to think. “Er, a bigger drink would be nice?”

“...Is that it?” Lisa asked.

“Er, for the moment?”

Rolling her eyes, Lisa snapped her fingers, and James’ drink doubled in size. Then she turned to Luthor. “What about you, big guy?”

“Hmm.” Luthor tapped his chin. “How about you fix the gender ratio here? There’re way too many guys.”

James looked back to the dance floor. Actually, there were more women than men, but he didn't exactly disagree with Luthor.

Lisa licked her lips. "Let's see," she said. *Snap!*

James watched as Lisa's magic spread through the nightclub in a cloud of shining pink like ghostly cotton candy. As it swept over the male dancers, they stopped rubbing against another to frown and look around in pause, clearly sensing *something* wrong with their predicament, even if they couldn't sense the source.

Then, slowly, they started to change.

It was a process James was pretty used to by now, but it remained interesting to watch. First, the men lost their muscles, biceps fading and hamstrings collapsing, leaving limbs as slim and dainty as a ballerina's. Next, their hair grew, falling long in some cases and styling itself into pretty bows in others. At the same time, the majority were losing height and all the harsh angles of their forms were smoothing out, turning once large bodies tiny and thin and delicate.

Once their bodies had finished slimming, they regained some of the weight they'd lost as fat in two particular areas. James crossed his legs and bit his lips as boobs and butts flourished across the dancefloor, straining to escape from the clothes that contained them.

The clothes in question were changing as well, shirts and jeans turning liquid and melding, fusing into shiny, body-hugging cocktail dresses, while shoes lifted up heels and became more fitting for strippers. Soon the dancefloor sounded with the sound of clacking feet.

"Much better," said Luthor, as the new women caught their breath and went back to dancing.

Lisa giggled. "Did that give you any inspiration, *master?*"

James sipped slowly from his glass. "Well, it was pretty hot," he said, "the club definitely looks a lot more attractive now."

Lisa frowned. "Okay, but did it give you any *fantasies?*"

"Um..."

With a sigh, Lisa downed her drink.

\*

The night went on to the sound of blaring K-pop. James sipped at his drink, enjoying the chance to talk to Luthor more than anything. He'd had enough sex this week to last him for a lifetime, and he welcomed a break from it.

The more Lisa drank, however, the more determined she became to see him fuck something.



“Come on, come on,” she said, elbowing him in the ribs, “wouldn’t you like to see me do something to someone?” She pointed at a brunette in a blue dress. “How about her? Wouldn’t you like to see me pump her tits up like balloons?”

James gulped. “Look, Lisa, I--”

“/ would,” said Luthor.

“See! Luthor wants to have fun!” said Lisa. She snapped her fingers.

Nearby, the brunette moaned as her tits popped out of her dress, grown larger than her head in an instant and still growing. By the time they stopped, each was the size of an exercise ball, with nipples like little mountains. Still moaning, the woman danced on unaware, her new assets clapping each other like tectonic plates.

“Nice one!” said Luthor, giving Lisa a high five.

James, however, felt a little different. “Jesus,” he said, “did you really have to make them *that* big? Won’t they hurt her? How’s she going to fit through doorways?”

Lisa laughed. “With difficulty, I imagine. Relax, master, it’s not like I’m doing anything that hurts anyone. I’m just having fun.”

“Right...” replied James, looking down into his drink.

“Psst,” said Luthor, tapping Lisa on the shoulder. “How about you give that one an ass to match?” He pointed at a blonde in a red dress standing near the brunette.

Lisa chuckled. “Done and done.” *Snap!*

The redhead turned, giving the three of them a perfect shot of her ass as it ripped open the tight-fitting skirt of her dress, tearing her panties to shreds in a desperate attempt to escape them. Swelling like dough in the oven, her cheeks grew till they were large as the brunette’s boobs. Only then did they stop, clapping and shaking as she moved.

Lisa giggled. Luthor practically spilled his drink in amusement.

James shuffled uncomfortably on his stool.

\*

As the night went on, Lisa and Luthor downed glass after glass of booze without restraint. In the end, however, Luthor had his limits--after his tenth glass he had to stop, lest he vomit up everything.

Lisa, in contrast, drank as if her stomach were a bottomless pit with infinite space for booze. No matter how much she downed, her body showed no negative effects.

Her behavior, on the other hand...

"Hey, hey, master, master." Red-faced and giggling, Lisa pawed at James' shirt, forcing him to turn around and look at her. "Touch my boobs, come on, touch them!" Giggling, she cupped her breasts and lifted them up to him.

James reddened. "I'm fine, thanks," he said, looking away.

Dropping her boobs, Lisa huffed.

"Aww, come on, James, don't be a, ugh, spoilsport." Draping himself over James' shoulders, Luthor belched a fruity belch right in his friend's face. "Oops, 'scuse me."

With a frown, James shrugged him away. Turning his attention back to the dancefloor, he was about to make his excuses and head to the toilet when he felt Lisa's touch on him again. "Come on," she said, stroking his thigh. "Live a little."

"Lisa, I--"

"*Come on*," she said, grasping his cock through his pants and making him yelp. "What's wrong with you? You've got a sexy fucking genie to grant all your wishes, but instead you're acting like a nerd!"

Biting his lip, James pulled himself out of her grip. "I think you two have had enough to drink," said James. "We should call it a night."

"Awww," said Lisa and Luthor simultaneously.

Ignoring them, James stood and made to leave.

With a groan, Lisa followed him. Luthor stumbled after them, clearly struggling to walk.

Putting his way through the crowd outside the nightclub, James took a breath of the cold night air and sighed. What a lame way to end the night.

"Hey!" Lisa's voice sounded from behind him. He turned to watch her fall out of the crowd, Luthor a few steps behind her. "What the hell are you doing! I was having so much fun!"

"You're drunk," said James, flatly.

"So?" she repeated. "Being drunk *is* fun. Some of my masters loved to get drunk before they used me."

"That's really sad," said James.

"Urgh!" Lisa screwed up her eyes. "No it's not! That's the point! You're just being a stick in the mud."

She stomped her foot like a child. "I can do so much, but what's the point if you won't ask me! I'm supposed to fulfill your fantasies! Look--!" She snapped her fingers, and the nightclub and its crowd behind them vanished in a pillar of pink light. James had to raise his arm to shield his eyes from the glare.

When the light at last faded, the scene before him was changed. Where Pandora's Bottle and its crowd had been standing moments ago, now there was nothing more than a sleazy, red-lit brothel and a crowd of tattooed, smoking nightwalkers, condoms trailing from their handbags.

James gasped. "Lisa, what did you *do?*!"

"I made 'em sexy! That's the entire point!"

"You've ruined their lives!"

"So?" she slurred. "Who cares about their lives? Why should *you* care, when you've got *me?*! Look at what I can do for you!"

And with a cry, she raised her hand and swept away the night sky as if it were nothing more than a photo on her tablet's gallery. The sun shone down on them, as bright and clear as if it were mid-day.

James could only gape.

"See!" said Lisa, laughing madly. "Oh, and that's not all." She raised a hand, and a shower of pink sparkles fell from her fingers as if she'd empty a bag of dust in her palm. The mote sailed and spun, whirling in a tornado around her, before suddenly spiraling outward in a wave across the world.

As it swept towards him, James closed his eyes.

A second later, he opened them to find the city gone. As was the road he'd been standing on. In its place was an endless desert of rolling dunes, littered with vast, onion-domed palaces.

One such citadel had replaced the new brothel. And its nightwalkers, appropriately enough, had become a harem of tanned women dressed like belly-dancers, reclining around the shallow pool of an oasis.

As they caught him staring, they raised their arms and beckoned for him to join them.

"See!" said Lisa, standing beside him. "Look what I could do for you!"

"You've already done enough!" said James. "Look, you've already granted so many wishes for me--what more do you want?!"

“That’s just it,” replied Lisa, screwing up her face in frustration. “I haven’t been granting your wishes. I’ve been granting *his*.”

She pointed at Luthor, who was struggling to stand as he ogled the harem.

“That--that’s not--”

“Don’t you dare say it’s not true! Sure, you might be the one who asks me to give it, but in the end it’s all his fantasies!”

James found himself backing away. “I like his fantasies,” he said, somewhat lamely. “He has good ideas!”

Lisa looked like she was about to tear her hair out. “Fine, *fine*,” she snapped at last, “if you wanna be his bitch, then why don’t you be?!”

Raising her hand, she snapped her fingers...

...and James’ world turned brightest pink.

\*\*\*

She woke to the feeling of a soft mattress against her back and the palm of a hard hand against her nipple. As it squeezed her luscious breast, Barbie opened her fat, fucktoy’s lips and released a quiet moan.

The figure looming over her chuckled. It was tall and muscled and undeniably masculine. As Barbie blinked her bleary eyes and took in the sight of the two-foot-long cock nestled between its legs, a fire lit in her groin and she released a pleading whimper.

*Wait*, she thought, as the man readied himself to enter her, *wait--something’s wrong, something’s--!*

Before she could finish the thought, the man’s cock crashed into her pussy like a ram through a castle gate. Ecstasy, bright and alight, shot through her form. She threw back her head and screamed like a whore.

“Ooh, you like that do you?” asked the figure, and Barbie recognized his voice distantly from somewhere in the back of her mind. “You like that?”

She bit her lip and forced herself to nod, even as he pulled back his cock for another spirited thrust. “Aiii!” The second was just as good as the first.

As the figure pumped her for the third and fourth time, making her giant breasts shake with the force of his impact, Barbie’s mind began to falter. Her body was aflame with pleasure, and her thoughts were choking on the cotton candy smoke. All she could think about was how hunky her husband was, how she was such a slut for him, how much she loved the feeling of his fat cock inside her.

In the face of this, she pinked out.

\*

“Wake up, babe...”

Groaning, Barbie stirred. Her body was still hot; her heart was still pounding. Her pussy felt warm and wet and full.

“Oooh,” she moaned. “Oh, *harder*.”

For the next few timeless minutes, she lay halfway between dream and reality, stewing in the utter delight of her pussy being filled by something so *big* and so *hard*.

Eventually, however, she heard a soft grunt, and the feeling of fullness vanished, replaced by a sense of wetness and warmth. She moaned again, louder than before.

The next thing she knew, someone’s lips were on her own, and someone’s tongue was attempting to slip between them.

*Wait...*

Barbie’s eyes snapped open. “Mmmphf!” With a muffled cry, she pulled herself away from the man lying atop her. Pushing herself to the far side of the bed, she pulled up the cover to conceal her chest and stared at him, heart pounding.

“Hey,” said the man, looking hurt, “what’s wrong, babe? Normally you love a good fucking to wake you up.”

Barbie found her breath slowing. “Like, I do?” Even as she asked, she thought it sounded right. She *did* love a good dicking in the morning.

“Of course,” replied her husband, lifting the bulk of his member. “You’ve always loved the sight of my cock, haven’t you, babe? You fell in love with me the moment you saw it.” He smirked.

At the sight of his leviathan manhood, a fresh fire started in Barbie’s groin. She found herself opening her mouth instinctively, eager to get it inside her.

Now it came back to her, all at once, like a spurt of yummy semen from her yummy hubby’s cock. She remembered the strip club, how she’d been twirling on the stage when she’d seen him in the crowd and how her pussy had lit up at the sight of the bulge in his pants. She’d found him backstage after the show and let him take her right then in the alley behind the club. It had been the first and greatest in a long line of fuckings--even now the memory brought a tear to her pussy.

Since then, it had all gone so fast. After a month of the best sex in her life, she'd quit the club, and they'd been married in a rundown chapel in Vegas. After, her new husband had whisked her around the world in his amazing private jet, and they'd fucked on every beach in the Caribbean.

Dropping the sheet and exposing her chest, Barbie released a long sigh of relief. "Like, I'm sorry, honey," she said. "For a second I thought you were, like, someone else. How can I make it up to you?"

Her husband smirked. "I can think of one way," he replied, stroking his cock. It was always erect again, tip slick with pre-cum.

Licking her lips, Barbie crawled forward.

"I love you, honey," she said, guiding his cock towards her mouth.

"I know you do," replied Luthor.

\*

Afterward, having given her a mouthful of yummy cum to swallow, Luther left her lying in bed, warm and comfortable in the knowledge that her life couldn't be better.

As the warmth of her afterglow faded, Barbie sighed with pleasure and slipped out of body. Making her way to the bedroom's tall mirror, she traced a hand along the length of her body, up her fat as hell thighs; over wide, curving hips; past her toned stomach; and up to a pair of breasts that could feed a whole nursery of babies. Squeezing them, she mewled at the feeling.

Coming to her head, she ran her fingers through her luscious, platinum blonde hair, before sticking them between her fat pink and lips and sucking on them, like practice for her hubby's yummy cock. As she did, she had to suppress the urge to moan.

Pulling them free with a *plop*, she stroked her way back down her body and came to the glorious lips of her sex, still dripping semen. Slipping a pair of fingers inside, she shuddered at the feeling. She couldn't wait for her hubby to come back and fill her again.

Grinning, Barbie turned to her closet.

\*

For the next few weeks, Barbie spent her life in luxury. While her husband was out being a major celebrity, she roamed the city, shopping for clothes, visiting saunas and massage parlors and hairdressers. And when he was home, she'd fuck him till they were both too exhausted to move.

Life was bliss, and she wanted nothing more than it.

\*

One day after one of her shopping trips, Barbie slipped into a little cafe to rest her legs and have a nice drink.

As she sipped her coffee and took some snapshots for her Instagram, she couldn't help but notice a redheaded woman looking at her from outside the cafe.

Furrowing her brow, Barbie turned back to her phone and tried to ignore her. She was doing a pretty good job until the woman sat down next to her.

"Um, like, do I know you?" she asked.

"Oh, James, oh," said the redhead, looking ashamed. "I'm so sorry, I made such a mess of you."

"James?" asked Barbie, stunned out of anger. Why did that name sound familiar? Was it someone she knew?

"Here," said the redhead, raising a hand. "It'll be easier than explaining." She snapped.

And, just like that, James remembered.

For several seconds, she could do nothing more than sit there staring at her new body, at her platinum blonde hair, at her gigantic boobs, at the hips packed into her absurdly tight dress. "Oh my god."

She remembered the events of the morning. Of waking up to Luthor's cock. "Oh my god."

"Sorry," said Lisa, sheepishly.

James wanted to leap up and slap her. "What have you *done* to me?" she hissed.

"Um, I *may* have made you into Luthor's perfect girlfriend," said Lisa, looking awkward.

"Oh my god," repeated James. "I let him *fuck* me."

"...Yeah," said Lisa. "A lot... Hey, on the plus side, I kept you from getting pregnant!" She grinned.

James could only stare at her.

"...Look," said Lisa, suddenly sheepish again, "when I said I was sorry I meant it, okay? All those things I said about you at the nightclub... I went too far. It's just... I spent so long cooped up in that tiny little bottle, I wanted to get out and live a little, you know? My last master was such an ass, and I was so happy to get a nice one like you that it hurt to see you let Luthor ride all over you. I wanna go back to how we were before."

As Lisa talked, James felt something poke her pussy and struggled to suppress a gasp. Lisa smirked at her reaction, and James realized the genie was prodding her with her foot. "See how much fun we could have?" she asked.

James bit her lip. "Y-yes," she said, trying not to moan. "I, ah, I forgive you."

"Mmm~, great," said Lisa. "I can't wait to get back to normal."

James drew in a deep breath and shuddered. "S-so are you gonna turn me back then?"

Lisa winced and looked away. The prodding stopped. "Look, er, about that. The thing is, there've been some, uh, *developments* since I transformed you and, well, the thing is I kinda need to stay under the radar for just a *little* while longer."

Before James could respond, she leaned in close, as if to kiss him. "So, uh, sorry about this."

*Snap!*

Barbie blinked.

"Thanks for the autograph, Barbie!" said the redhead, leaping out of her chair with a grin on her face. "I can't wait to show all my friends. Thank you so much!" And before Barbie could say anything, the woman skipped away happily.

For a moment, Barbie's confused gaze followed her. Then the blonde's curiosity died as swiftly as every other intelligent thought she'd ever had, and all her attention turned back to her aching, dripping pussy.

"Ooh," she whimpered, struggling not to moan in public. She wanted so bad to stick her fingers inside it.

Leaping to her feet, she hurried to the exit, discreetly covering her crotch with her handbag as she walked.

She needed her hubby's cock inside her pronto!