

THE SEX GENIE



DAN STANDING

FOREWORD

TBD

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by
Dan Standing

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A Typical Third Wish...

Rhyssa sighed, waiting for her current mistress to focus and make up her mind. Well, it wasn't a sigh so much as a release of pent up horny steam, an attempt to ignore the fire burning between her hips. The genie had her arms crossed under her generous bust, each soft expanse of magical breast flesh resting gently upon her limbs. The slightly bulged skin was a light green - far from the beautiful brown Rhyssa had as a human.

At least she'd kept the dark curly hair that drifted around her face. Her evergreen nipples were rock hard, barely obscured by the slightly scratchy gossamer that hung over them.

"Uhhh...yeah...just...hold on...almost there..." the skinny blonde writhing on the hotel bed hissed. The woman was still wearing the black heels strapped to her feet, pantyhose, and lacy black thong - the latter two well soaked in her feminine juices. Her small hands glistened in mineral oil and hefted breasts nearly twice the size of her head, pawing at the wobbling expanse of skin and pinching nipples as thick as the woman's thumbs.

Breasts and nipples the woman hadn't had two days ago.

That day the bottle that Rhyssa was kept in had been disguised as a bottle of liquid paper. Whenever the genie's container manifested in a new location it took on an appearance to blend in. Rhyssa's mistresses were supposed to find her by happenstance, not be able to search out and find some bejeweled djinn dwelling.

Thankfully the interior of the bottle did not change to match, because Rhyssa would have spent weeks stuffed within sticky white-out. Who used liquid paper anymore? So the genie was nearly as surprised that someone had opened the bottle as was the woman who had found a real genie!

The usual disbelief and incredulous suspicion followed Rhyssa's initial summoning. She always found it strange that so many people could doubt the validity of the genie they just saw pour out of the bottle. Rhyssa's escape was always themed to look like what she was in - but thankfully it always felt like she was escaping as thick fog that coalesced into this form that generally resembled how she'd looked when human. The green skin was certainly different, and she'd gained a few inches in her hourglass curves. Of course the biggest change from being human flesh-and-blood was that Rhyssa hadn't had legs in...ages.

Instead, her slit rested within a small tuck of groin that was nearly swallowed up by her thighs converging together and twisting about as one long tail that traveled back to her bottle - transitioning from green skin to white goo this time as it slipped inside. Her pussy lips hadn't always been as fat and engorged as they were now, and the pinch of her thighs kept the squeezed together against her marble-sized clitty. This loss of legs and formation of tail was one of the two constant reminders of Rhyssa's genie restrictions.

The other being the brass bracers sealed around her lower arms, each a single irremovable piece of metal.

It wasn't unusual for Rhyssa's mistresses to ask for something ridiculous and undeniable for their first wish. Oftentimes this came before she could even sputter out the very specific rules the green genie had to abide by. But if it was a wish she could grant, Rhyssa could usually guess what it would be based on what her mistress looked like.

In this case it came as no surprise when the blonde glanced down at her own flat, braless chest beneath a white business blouse, looked to Rhyssa's generous green bust, and mockingly exclaimed;

"If you're a genie then I wish my tits were larger than my head with big fat nipples!"

Rhyssa could not hold back the eye roll that came with the impulsive head nod when granting a wish. The usual gasping, curses, and shocked exclamations followed while also accompanied by the straining of stitches and popping of buttons. In short order the blonde was standing topless - cradling her new enormous balls of fat and their wobbling nips - in the office supply closet.

If Rhyssa was an hourglass, then this woman had just turned herself into a sledgehammer.

The genie had seen plenty of sledgehammers.

It was only now that the panicking woman suddenly decided she needed to know the rules for her three wishes.

The first was that Rhyssa could only grant wishes **for** women and **about** women. No men could possess her bottle, and no women could make wishes on men.

The second was that Rhyssa could only grant wishes of a sexual nature or that imparted physical pleasure - and she could do no harm. So no world peace, endless money, or fancy cars - although some crafty mistresses had found ways to get some of these.

This also meant Rhyssa couldn't break someone's free will to create mental anguish. She could free their mind if, say, someone wished to make someone else a pleasure pet and some anxieties or worldly concerns needed to be eliminated to achieve that - but the subject had to actually want that in some form, and Rhyssa could expand on that desire. But if someone just flat out wasn't interested in what was being wished on them it wouldn't take.

Lastly, Rhyssa could only grant one wish a day. So no amount of crafty thinking was going to manifest for the blonde a new shirt to go home with. More cussing sent Rhyssa back into the bottle before she could find out the blonde's plan - or her mistress' name.

Although it happened very quickly, the process of being sent back to her magical den felt long and delightful to Rhyssa. Slipping into the mouth of her bottle was like the oiled hands of a masseuse running up her entire form as it thinned and stretched and slipped inside. This was especially true when her fat pussy was pinched inside it, along with the squeezing of her tits. Once inside Rhyssa was nothing more than compact wriggling bliss; not quite an orgasm - more like edging right at the cusp of one.

It was maddening.

When formally dismissed into her bottle the genie had no concept of where she may pop out next. So for wish number two Rhyssa found herself in a small hotel bathroom.

The shower was running, but no one was in it. The blonde was instead standing before her, topless again with her huge boobs wobbling upon her ribs, a shimmer of mineral oil on them. She was dressed only in heels, pantyhose, and lacy black thong. Rhyssa quickly determined the running shower was a ruse, and to mask their voices.

The blonde immediately went into an annoyed monologue about a coworker who'd helped her get out of the office the other day. They'd agreed to meet at a hotel the next night to try out the blonde's new tits, but she was dissatisfied that so far all he'd done was play with her boobs - and he didn't appear interested in pleasuring her in any other fashion. Right now he was reclined on the hotel bed beyond the closed bathroom door.

"My tits are sensitive enough, but I wish he'd just fuck me properly!" the blonde complained.

"I'm sorry, mistress, but I am unable to cast wishes upon men."

"Well then what good are you? Do you expect that I'd wish that orgasming from breastplay is all I'm interested in?"

Rhyssa nodded. Not in agreement, but because that counted as wish number two.

The blonde's eyes closed and her expression changed as I adjusted some kinky priorities. All thoughts of achieving orgasm from her pussy were switched to her boobs. She wouldn't even consider her vagina an option for cumming - she'd only want to cum from playing with her tits.

Oh, and because of the wording of her wish, I wiped away any desire for job promotion, material wealth, romantic relationships...from now on she was truly only interested in orgasming from breastplay and nothing more.

She wavered on her heels for a moment as her brain worked through the mental rewiring. Her scowl turned to a smile, and her eyes fluttered open.

"Fuck, why am I wasting time in here with you?"

This time she left Rhyssa without officially sending the genie back into her bottle. Although still trapped in the bathroom unable to go too far from her containment, this meant that Rhyssa could use some minor magical empathy connected to her mistress to "sense" what was happening.

And that sensation made it clear that the blonde was eager to have the coworker's oiled hands all over her boobs and nipples. Rhyssa could sense that the blonde's breasts weren't much more sensitive than the average woman's, so it took some time before the first breastplay orgasm quivered from her lower lips.

Eventually the blonde flipped to her back so the man could titfuck her, which he enjoyed far more than she did. He was spent, but the blonde had no other desires than to continue playing with her breasts until she came again - and if we wasn't going to help then he was free to leave.

So he did.

Through the night Rhyssa listened to grunts and moans as the blonde chased her new priorities. She stopped only once, shortly before midnight, to pee and bring Rhyssa's bottle into the bedroom. Rhyssa hid herself inside of it, not wanting to get into an oft-had argument that "11:58pm is not close enough to the next day for another wish." The bottle was left on the bedside table as the blonde applied more oil to her hands and continued playing with her tits.

The sun was breaking as the blonde neared what was only her fifth orgasm despite the hours of play. Feeling that the bottle would soon officially reclaim its idle genie if Rhyssa didn't resume interacting with her mistress she slid out and presented herself.

"Mistress, your third wish is now available."

"Uhhh...yeah...just...hold on...almost there..." the skinny blonde writhing on the hotel bed hissed. Rhyssa could sense that her mistress was right on the precipice, closer and closer to bursting her bubble of bliss and-

"Fuuuuuuuck, yes, finally, oh yesssssssss..." Rhyssa's mistress squealed, clenching her boobs as the sixth orgasm washed over her. Her body locked up and Rhyssa watched the blonde's skin flush. Slowly, as the pleasure waned and the blonde's muscles relaxed, she pouted knowing how much work there'd be to get back to that sensation.

"Damn. I really wish I could feel that good all the time."

Rhyssa nodded.

"OH! FUCK!"

The instant following the wish the blonde had felt her body convulse, an orgasm gripping her without warning. Her body bucked and folded on itself, rolling to her side as her titties rested and slid atop each other. She pawed at them mindlessly as the burst of pleasure took her mind.

And this time there was no release or pause of afterglow. The blonde sputtered and moaned, unable to put together anything resembling a sentence. Her boobs wobbled and her body shook. And the orgasm carried on.

Endlessly.

An unending orgasm was not all that Rhyssa had granted her mistress. She'd specified "all the time" so the genie had removed the needs to eat or relieve herself, gifting her eternal youth. All she'd do from now on was experience constant physical bliss.

With all three wishes granted Rhyssa could feel the bottle pulling at her. She could resist it for a short period, and briefly wondered if pressing herself against quivering blonde could help Rhyssa push to her own orgasm. She had been unable to tell her mistress how sexy she looked with her exaggerated bust, or how much Rhyssa herself wanted to suck on the thick nips. These were aspects of Rhyssa's geniefication she was unable to share with her mistresses.

Figuring any interaction would be for naught Rhyssa allowed the bottle to suck her back in, again accepting her near-cumming fate.

The bottle of liquid paper vanished from the bedside table to be found by a new mistress, leaving the blonde to her eternal pleasure, to be found later that day by a very perplexed and embarrassed hotel cleaning staff.

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Meeting Margaret

Margaret Bowing caught herself staring into the mirror. She'd sat down in the changing room to take off some of the make-up from the photo shoot, and gotten lost in the examination of every little line and wrinkle she could still see under the foundation.

She leaned back and repeated to herself a few times how sexy she still was. Is, she corrected. Margaret had been modeling for twenty years, was only in her early forties, and knew she was still attractive. After all, she'd just modeled the sexy silk bralette and panties she was still wearing. She gently played with the well-curved loop of brunette locks that rested atop her shoulders.

But standing next to the other young models, all so seemingly effortlessly attractive and energetic, always put Margaret in this type of mood. She glanced down at her breasts, nicely puffed up thanks to the push-up bra, but she'd long been considering some work to address the slight sagging they'd begun showing. She'd noticed a few of the cute male models giving her some unprofessional - but welcomed - glances, and the thought of taking one aside, stripping down, and letting those hunky twenty-somethings see beyond the fantasy...well, it gave Margaret a little shiver.

She did let a finger slide down her belly and play with the lace just above her slit. One model, Roger Bentley, had especially let a few looks over her linger.

Margaret let her mind wander back to her twenty-first birthday when she and another Roger - this one Whitmore, and the college football quarterback - had spent nearly the entire day in her dorm, the musk of their lengthy love-making seeping down the hallway. Margaret had been so eager to take up any young man's advances back then - now the idea of spending a day in bed with this Roger was an exhausting thought.

Margaret realized her finger had actually slipped under her panties and into her pussy - which wasn't nearly as wet as Margaret felt her recollection should have made her. She pulled it out, gritted her teeth with a shake of her head, and began to remove the make-up.

Then came the knock on the door.

"Margaret, are you in there? May I come in?"

That was the voice of Roger. Margaret blushed as she briefly considered opening the door in only the panties and bra, but reconsidered at the last moment. She grabbed the matching silk robe from a hook and tied it around herself before opening the door. She left the robe loose enough to give a fair view of her cleavage.

"Hello, Roger, what can I do for...you...?"

Roger had not yet changed - or, more accurately, dressed - since the shoot had ended. Margaret had opened the door to receive a good look at a very nicely toned and tanned young man in nothing but tighty-whities - which did nothing to hide the bulge between his thighs that was noticeably larger.

"Well, uh, some of us were going to meet up at the bar down the street a bit later, and I was, well, thinking about you..." Roger let his body language clearly indicate that his thoughts about Margaret had elicited the additional mass within the white fabric, "...and I just wanted to let you know about it, and how happy I'd be if you joined us."

If Margaret had considered herself flushed earlier now she was beat red. And loving the attention.

But she wasn't in her twenties anymore. She no longer didn't think any further ahead than what fun the evening would hold. And that not all the evidence of her older age would be obscured by the dark.

"I'll most certainly consider the invitation, Roger, thank you so much," Margaret flashed her sweetest smile. It wasn't enough to keep Roger from showing for a moment his disappointment that the response wasn't a firmer Yes, but he kept his grin, nodded, and vanished down the hall.

"God, I love to watch him walk away..." Margaret sighed, practically melting against the door frame as she watched Roger's firm ass sway back and forth within his little underwear. She could smell the deep scent of his cologne drifting in the air.

Then Margaret caught herself lingering like a freshman in a coed dorm. She went back into her room and closed the door. As she crossed to the chair she caught sight of her legs in the mirror. They'd always been her best feature, toned by track runs through high school and into college.

Out of all her assets they were the least touched by age. She caressed her smooth calf, twirled a little to let the silk robe lift and tease a glimpse of her thighs. Admiring her legs put Margaret back in a better mood.

"I think I'll paint my toes before I head home..." the model mused, and as she returned to the chair she looked over the little bottles of polish lined up against the wall. They were all the same brand - save for one on the end. The bottle was slightly fancier than the others, and bright purple visible within the glass. Margaret didn't recall seeing this one before.

"My, aren't you a nice tone..." she smiled as she lifted up the bottle and twisted the cap, "You'll look lovely on my - OH!"

Margaret was pushed back into her chair by a release of pressure from the bottle. She dropped it and it landed on its side. She was fearful that polish was going to run anywhere, but what purple liquid did pour out swung upwards into the air. An impossible amount of material oozed out more and more, climbing higher and higher towards the ceiling.

Soon it stopped its ascent and instead began filling outwards, slowly forming the silhouette of a well endowed woman. Once the form was complete the color shifted to a green, details and features becoming sharper until Rhyssa the Sex Genie had completely manifested before Margaret, complete with the gossamer cover over her chest and bands on her arms.

"Greetings, Mistress, I am Rhyssa and I am able to grant you three wishes..." the genie crossed her arms under her breasts and bowed, their supernatural mass bobbing in the air.

"Know there are limits to my power, that-"

"A real...a real genie?" Margaret spoke up, cutting off Rhyssa's speech, which she expected of her mistresses. Margaret rudely took a finger and poked the lower portion of Rhyssa's tail, close to where her green foamy genie substance transitioned to the purple polish which slipped back into her bottle, "Fuck, a real genie!"

"Yes, yes I am, Mistress. Would you like to hear my-"

"Does it matter if I just want you to make me younger again?" Margaret interrupted. Rhyssa tried to hold back a sigh.

"I can make you as young as eighteen, yes," replied the green genie.

"Oh, no need to go that young! What's the fun of youth if you can't drink at a bar?" Margaret asked herself. Rhyssa was used to hearing many questions she wasn't expected to actually answer.

"So you already have thoughts about your first wish, Mistress?" Rhyssa asked.

"Yes! I wish I had the same looks, body, and lust that I had when I turned twenty-one, except naturally hairless from the neck down and that puberty had given me firm, full tits twice as big!"



Margaret's First Wish

Rhyssa was disappointed to hear what she felt was a needless wish. Her tucked pussy was hot from looking at the ravishing woman before her. Her new mistress did not look at all like someone who should need to turn back the clock. But that was the wish;

"I wish I had the same looks, body, and lust that I had when I turned twenty-one, except naturally hairless from the neck down and that puberty had given me firm, full tits twice as big!"

Margaret watched as Rhyssa nodded, and the model's skin instantly began tingling. She cooed and ran her fingers across countless goosebumps, little hairs falling to the floor around her. She'd closely shaved her legs and under her arms for the photoshoot, so the only significant hair was a thin landing strip over her pussy. The follicles shriveled, and small brunette curls were left trapped within the silk panties.

The tingling shifted from atop Margaret's skin to below it into her muscles and fat. Some discoloration and little scars even the model's own critical eye had overlooked vanished as her body shifted downwards in age, becoming more pert and tight. Some joint aches faded away, and Margaret could feel her breasts shift slightly as they perked up within the bra. Her nipples popped to stiff attention, drilling into the pillowed cups.

Margaret ran her hands over her legs and stomach as her brunette curls pulled upward beside her head, the hair straightening and becoming shorter. It formed into a mussed and messy Rachel style haircut.

Margaret's make-up became gaudier, colorful eyeshadow fading in upon her skin, pink - and smudged - lipstick enveloping her gently puffed lips. Her naturally manicured nails manifested pink plastic stick-ons.

As she was admiring her alterations Margaret felt her vagina first tighten, and then bloom.

"Oooh, oh, fuck..." the model laughed as she squeezed her thighs against the moistening cleft, her juices starting to be wicked through the loose pubes into the silk panties.

She was horny.

Like, *hours* of foreplay horny.

This arousal was because Margaret had wished for the same "lust" she'd had when turning twenty-one - and it just so happened that at the hour and minute she'd officially become twenty-one a certain Roger had been eagerly lapping at her lower lips.

Margaret's changes paused there for a moment, long enough for her to collapse into the chair and admire herself in the mirror. She noticed now the changes to her hair and make-up, but didn't think about that very much. Because the next stage of her wish was about to kick in.

Rhyssa shook her head as she thought about the wording of Margaret's wish. If she'd simply wished for her breasts to be twice as big it would have been an easy thing to grant. Some extra fat, some moments of skin stretching, all done and focused.

But that's not what Margaret had wished for.

She'd wished "puberty had given me firm, full tits twice as big" - and that required a little more process.

A blast of extra hormones rushed Margaret's system. They stimulated some extra growth of fat in her ass, raising her up in the seat and giving her track-tightened-glutes a little more jiggle. This also gave her somewhat randy libido a big boost, ramping up the burn of arousal in her slit. Her lips - both sets - puffed up.

Margaret groaned in discomfort as her breasts finally fell under the influence of her body's extra hormones, each breast building up inch upon inch of fat. She frantically untied the silk robe and yanked the bra down, her bulging titties bouncing free. Her back was pulled lightly as she felt the full weight of her growing bust.

But it wasn't just fat that was flowing into Margaret's breasts. To grant her wish properly the model was now producing milk, ounces of it bubbling up between her nips and her ribs, making her engorged breasts quite firm as they became full.

"Ah...ah...my chest...so tight...but so good...and my pussy..." Margaret gasped as the changes finally ceased. She was now in her hairless twenty-one-year-old body, her groin frozen in a moment of cunnilingus and breasts hanging multiple ribs lower than they ever had before with nearly a pint of milk within them. Finger-thick stiff nipples wobbled lightly in the make-up lights.

Margaret gently touched her hair, her lips, her tits, her ass...damn, she'd always looked good but now she was fucking hot. She squirmed in the chair, thighs twitching and flexing against her wet and thicker pussy.

"I expected to be horny...but why am I *this* horny..." Margaret mewed, of course unaware of the specific details Rhyssa had drawn from when granting the wish.

"You wished to be as lusty as you were when you turned twenty-one, and at that moment-"

"Roger was going down on me," Margaret finished. She closed her eyes and sucked on a finger, her other hand actively pushing through the loose curls within her panties and slipping inside her wet depths.

"He was so good at that...and his dick...mmm..." As she reveled in the memory Margaret took her saliva covered finger and gripped one of her teats.

"I remember it pushing inside me and - OH!"

The model was interrupted from her daydream as she felt the warm cream release from her nipple and trickle over her hand. She jumped up, her face a mix of shock and arousal.

"I'm leaking!"

"Lactating."

"Why?"

"It's how the hormones of your extra-strong puberty reacted with your body. Certainly firm and full now," Rhyssa had tried not to add the emphasis to full but she just couldn't help herself. As expected, her mistress did not appreciate the word play.

"Well, I wish I *wasn't* lactating," Margaret replied.

"I'm sorry, Mistress, only one wish a day."

"Shit."

Other mistresses would have dismissed Rhyssa to her bottle in anger, but Margaret held back her annoyance. She sighed, silently accepting some responsibility for her wording. Before the attitude could turn Rhyssa decided to retreat to her bottle of her own accord, so she could continue to watch events unfold.

Margaret had been attractive before, but now she was certainly a super hotty. Rhyssa wanted to see what she'd do with her new body. The model didn't have any doubts about what she wanted to do next. She pulled off all of the silk lingerie and admired herself nude for a few minutes, milked cream gently trickling down her breasts like the juices of her pussy glistening on her thighs.

"I'm gorgeous."

Margaret retrieved the clothes she'd worn when she arrived for the shoot, some skinny jeans, heels, a red camisole and white blouse she'd left unbuttoned. She'd brought clean panties and a bra in her purse.

Those last two she wasn't going to bother with.

Searching the changing room Margaret found some sheers and quickly turned her jeans into shorts that let the crease where ass met thigh show. She pulled it own, hopping about a few times to get the denim over her thicker, jigglier ass.

With that in place - and some camel toe on show - she discarded the camisole and pulled on the blouse. After drying her nipple Margaret was pleased that she wasn't leaking milk - at the moment, at least - and buttoned it up to allow for a huge V of cleavage to show. She then tied off the blouse so a peak of underboob was also visible.

Her nipples formed two large peaks in the fabric, remaining dry for the moment.

With heels on her feet and Rhyssa's bottle in her purse Margaret was ready to take up Roger's invitation to the bar. She decided to leave alone her hair and make-up, feeling its wild look matched how she felt.

Margaret also wanted to show off her renewed body and decided to walk the few blocks. With every heeled step she felt her softer ass shake and fight against the jeans.

She reveled in the bounce and tug of her big milk-filled breasts, the mild arousing drag of her nipples against the blouse.

Her hair was light and bouncy and Margaret found it difficult keeping her hands off herself, her heated pussy difficult to push from the front-and-center of the model's attention.

Regarding attention, Margaret commanded it as she entered the bar. Nearly every turned head lingered on her, every eye taking in each inch of her from head to toe. She quickly spotted Roger, in the back amongst some pool tables. He and the other models were far enough away, combined with the dark lighting, that Margaret had not yet commanded their attention.

Her approach did.

Rhyssa could sense how the model's yearning pussy wanted to press up against every man she passed and let them squeeze some part of her, but her mistress controlled herself. Margaret had a focused goal that she clung to in order to cut through the horniness trying to fog her mind. The altered woman strutted confidently back to the pool tables where she helped Roger pick up his dropped jaw from the floor.

She sealed it in place with a passionate, deep-tongued kiss with her puffy lips.

"M...Margaret? Is that you? How do you look so-"

The young male model did not need much convincing to jump in a rideshare headed to Margaret's apartment. Along the way their hands groped at parts soft and stiff, and as they exited the card Roger did accidentally undo the blouse's knot. Their foreplay had already soaked the fabric - much to Roger's amazed excitement - so although the material was stuck to Margaret's chest she quickly threw an arm across her boobs, teasing her consort as they dashed to her apartment.

Rhyssa watched from her bottle as the pair tore off each other's clothes, Roger pausing to suckle deeply from both of Margaret's breasts. Her knees knocked, and Margaret's bald slit was so wet it had actually stained the denim when Roger peeled it from her lower lips. Rhyssa wanted so badly to play with her own pair, but knew her fingers would be magically repelled from them. Instead she kept her upper genie body out at the size of a doll so she could peer out of the purse, and left her nethers gripped tightly in the neck of the nail polish.

Margaret let out a youthful hungry giggle as she saw Roger's rod unsheathed before her. As thick as a golf ball and nearly a foot long Margaret grabbed it with her hands and kissed the head. Roger shivered and gasped, and Margaret was quick to release him.

"Oh no no no," she waved a finger at him as she laid back onto the bed, pressing her bloated breasts together. Under the pressure milk dribbled from her aching nips. "We have other fun to do first."

"Not to worry..." Roger grinned, kneeling over the goddess that had seduced him, "I'm actually quite good at holding out..."

He scooped some of Margaret's leaking cream and spread it into her cleavage, more for the kink of it than as actual useful lubricant. He plunged his dick between her tits, his scrotum dragging against her stomach, and Margaret licked the knob each time he thrust it through.

The pair enjoyed this for a few minutes before Margaret's magically inflamed slit could be ignored no more.

"Roger, Roger, please, I need to feel you in my pussy...I need you to fill me! To but out the flames!"

"My hose will be happy to," the male model grinned, shifting backwards and picking up Margaret's legs under her knees and missing her light scowl at his terrible pun.

Not terrible enough to stop, though. Her pussy raised up in line with his bobbing staff, and with practiced skill Roger shifted forward. Margaret screamed in pleasure as the ridge of his head popped into her pussy, and the veiny length pushed inch-by-inch into her soaked recesses.

"Oh fuck...so good...so thick..." Margaret wined, her body rolling and contorting, only remaining impaled on her fuck boy because he was holding her legs. Roger's balls tapped her ass over and over as he pumped. The youthful model put one hand to her left tit and massaged it as the other snaked to her clitty, pinched and mashing it as Roger's length found the soft G-spot inside of her.

"God, shit, I'm already...I'm there, Roger, I'm cumming, I'm cumming..."

"Good...do it, but...I want...to finish...in your ass..."

Margaret pulled back from the edge of her climax for a moment.

No one had ever fucked her in the ass.

But she'd never felt this good before, either.

"Yeah, yeah, okay...yes...yes...yes...yes...YES! YEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-"

Margaret's pleasure burst, mentally and physically. A torrent of bliss swept up her body, locking muscles and joints in pleasure as her mind went white. At the same time ounces of juices bubbled up around Roger's dick and dribbled down both of their thighs.

"My...turn..." Roger gasped, gently turning Margaret over with leverage from her legs. The gasping woman exclaimed a small "Oh!" as she found herself resting on her full titties, milk spurting into the mattress. She bit her lip and dug the plastic fingernails into the sheets as Roger cupped Margaret's juices and slathered them over her asshole. He unplugged from one whole and pushed into the other.

"Uhhhg...fuck!" Margaret gasped. There was pain - but it was good. She was still lost somewhere between the end of a fantastic orgasm and an intense afterglow, so the deep plunge into her virgin ass was swept up into extending that.

"Oh yeah...you're so tight...so tight..." Roger growled, his ball sack tapping Margaret's taint. She grunted in time with his thrusts and light slaps on her bare ass, and mewed as she felt Roger release into her. His fingers dug into the extra fat of her rear as he stretched back in bliss. Margaret had never felt anything quite like this before.

She didn't *dislike* it.

But she didn't *like* it, either.

Each spent, the duo collapsed next to each other for about twenty minutes. Margaret's mind slipped away from thoughts on her first butt fuck and back to the warmth of her powerful orgasm, falling asleep before her magically aroused pussy could build up too much desire. Roger let himself go soft, gently caressing the incredible lines of the impossible woman he'd just had. Then he got up, wiped off, dressed, and left.

Rhyssa could feel the demand of the bottle calling her in, so with the show over she let it suck her upper body back inside.

A few hours later Margaret was finally awoken by the sunlight on her eyes. She squirmed in the damp bed and sheets, eyes blinking open slowly and then going wide as she realized what was still reality and not a dream.

"I'm still young! And busty!" Margaret giggled, grabbing her breasts and laughing again as two squirts of milk erupted from them.

"And full...and horny!"

She went to the full length mirror to admire herself and as she crossed the room she was reminded of Roger's finale from the night before. She ran her hands over her tight skin, and the glisten of juices old and new on her. Margaret squeezed her thighs, her salivating slit in need of sating.

A desire to talk to someone about her conquest rose up, and Margaret realized only one person would fully believe her.

"Genie! Genie!" the model shouted, tits and ass bouncing as she ran to her purse. She yanked out the nail polish and opened it, Rhyssa pouring out and forming in the air.

"Good morning, Mistress," the genie greeted.

"This is all still so incredible," Margaret gasped, sitting on the bed as Rhyssa floated overhead. Margaret squirmed and flexed her anus, "I've haven't done something like that in years! And some of that never!"

"It was quite the sight," Rhyssa carefully responded, betting that Margaret wouldn't be put off by the idea of the genie having seen her tryst.

"You could see us?" Margaret gasped, blushing a little. Rhyssa nodded, and she watched Margaret's moment of bashfulness melt to more arousal.

"How did I look?"

"So hot," Rhyssa's response let loose a little more of her honest lust than she had intended, "You two rutted like animals in heat."

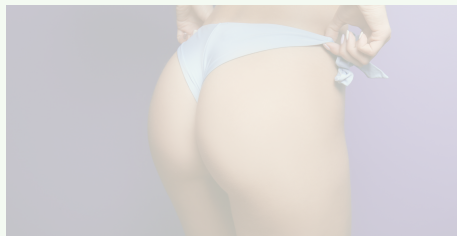
"We did, didn't we?" Margaret grinned, then lightly bit her puffer lip.

"Yesterday you'd had a wish about your lactation, did you want to take care of that now?" Rhyssa asked. Margaret had only been kind to her so far - any rudeness mostly the result of eagerness - so she tried to help guide her mistress to what she wanted before something could happen by accident.

"Mmm, maybe I did..." the model replied, running her fingers over her round titties, "But you know...feeling his lips on these big nips...the sensation of him drinking from me...that was so hot..." Margaret closed her eyes and let her hands massage her breasts for a moment, her mind lost in the memory for a moment.

Then a little twitch from below brought her attention back to the present.

"I'd love to see Roger again," Margaret muttered, squirming on the bed, "but you know, if he's going to want to finish in my ass every time I wish it was more like a proper pussy fucking for me!"



Margaret's Second Wish

Rhyssa had tried to avoid an accidental wish situation. She liked Margaret, and the genie really had done her best. But what was said was what was said.

"...if he's going to want to finish in my ass every time I wish it was more like a proper pussy fucking for me!"

And a wish was a wish.

Margaret cocked her head at her genie with a perplexed expression as Rhyssa nodded, the wish granted. It was only when the younger-made model felt a twitch between her butt cheeks that she realized what she'd done.

"Oh shit, did that count? I made a wish?"

"Yes, Mistress" replied the genie as Margaret jumped up. She felt her asshole stretching and plumping, shifting and even pushing against her butt cheeks. Margaret rushed to the mirror, turning and spreading her butt and trying to see what the warm sensation was.

"What did you do to me?"

"Well, the only way to make having sex in the ass feel like a proper pussy fucking was to-"

"Turn my butthole into a vagina?!" Margaret shouted, getting enough of an angle to confirm what Rhyssa was admitting to.

"Yes..."

"Oh my God, oh my God...how am I going to shit?" Margaret gasped.

"You...don't anymore, Mistress. The waste of anything you eat will be perfectly broken down by your body for use, either for fuel or to further enhance your hourglass. You'll actually find yourself less hungry."

That was a moment of good news for Margaret, but clenching her ass and feeling the puffy labia pushing against the inner curves of her cheeks pushed any assurance of that sort out of her mind. An engorged clit was being pinched a few inches from Margaret's tailbone.

And she could feel how hot and wet her changed orifice was.

It also felt...empty. Her original pussy had magically sustained arousal, but this new one felt somewhat different.

"Why does it feel so wet and...needy?" Margaret winced, stepping away from the mirror and pacing around the room. With every step her ass pussy was lightly squeezed and squished by her butt cheeks, pushing her new lower lips up and down against her new button.

"Your wish specified 'a proper pussy fucking', Mistress, and for you that involves properly lubrication and desire. As that is your wish for the day I shall retire." Rhyssa slinked back into the bottle of her own accord, hoping that Margaret wouldn't say anything to properly seal her genie away for the day.

Indeed, out-of-sight-out-of-mind appeared to work, as Margaret paced in concern for a few more moments on her own before returning to the mirror and taking long, deep breaths.

"Okay...okay...so yeah, I have a pussy in my ass. Is that really bad? I mean, big picture bad? No one can see it. Even Roger probably won't see it, he just sort of...went in. Mmm, I mean, if I'm not going to have to shit through it this may actually be a really good thing!"

Rhyssa stood tall at the mirror, hands on her slightly wider hips and butt. She admired her youth reinvigorated body, how her make-up hadn't even smudged any further, how her hair was still attractively tussled, and how amazing her big perky tits were. She felt the flames of arousal - but of slightly different flavors - on either side of her taint.

"I think this is working out..." A small warm dribble down her taint did give Margaret a moment of pause, "But I do think I need to put something in there. Do I need to buy a butt plug or a dildo?"

The model lightly laughed at her mildly dirty joke, and then her phone alarm started beeping. Grabbing it, she saw it was a reminder to start getting ready for a photoshoot later in the day.

"Uhhh, let's get this fuckable body clean!"

Margaret danced her way into the bathroom, reveling in the jiggle of her tits and the mild clit-clapping wobble of her ass. She collected towels and supplies as she went. The model gasped and giggled as the first burst of cold water struck her chest, chilling her milk-engorged titties. As the water warmed she soaped her hands and milked her teats, thick cream spraying onto the shower tile.

"Mmm, I mean, *moooo!*" the lactating lady laughed, biting her lip at the wonderful contentment of feeling the release of pressure in her boobs. She wondered what it would feel like bent over, her breasts dangling over a pail, as someone rough and strong fingers pinched her nipples and let loose her milk. She squeezed her thighs and clenched her ass at the thought of being fucked in her new pussy at the same time as her milking.

With both breasts emptied - for now - Margaret moved on to soaping up the rest of her youthful form. She explored the other expanded inches of her bust, over her taught stomach, across her hips and back to her grown rear. She gently slipped one hand over her original labia, and the other over her new pair. Playing with both pussies sent a shiver of bliss through her body that nearly shutdown all of her joints.

Pulling both hands away Margaret let the shower spray wash her thick juices from her fingers. She really wanted to masturbate her new slit, to know what an orgasm from her ass felt like. But she pulled back from that impulse, thinking she'd rather let Roger take her new ass virginity both literally and orgasmically.

Although she'd still need something back there to get her through the day.

Margaret focus on finishing the shower, washing her head and the rest of her body. Shutting off the water she grabbed a towel and began to dry her hair. She ruffled the material over her head for a few moments before reaching out to wipe the fog from her mirror.

With a gasp Margaret let go of the towel. As it fell and released her hair she gasped again.

None of the make-up she'd woken up with - the make-up that had appeared the day before after her wish - had been wiped away. And her hair was completely dry, reshaping itself into the sex-tussled look once more.

"What the fuck?" Margaret muttered, wetting a hand cloth and dabbing it over her eyes and lips. No color ran or bled. It was like it was on there permanently.

"Hey, g..."

Rhyssa had felt a moment of pull as Margaret had started to call for her - being inside the bottle of her own accord meant her mistress did not need to rub the bottle to summon her again, a verbal command would have been sufficient. But Margaret's words had caught in her throat, and Rhyssa knew the model had put all the pieces together to understand.

Just as the lustiness of her forward pussy was locked at the level of arousal she was experiencing the moment Margaret turned twenty-one, she was also locked to have the same looks from that moment.

The model was always going to have the slightly smudged make-up and mussed hair she'd gotten while having a marathon of sex.

Margaret attempted to apply some concealer, shadow, and lipstick over her face, but none of it would take. And a come through the hair just bounced those strands back into place.

"Well," Margaret sighed, pushing back the anxiety that was building, "Maybe this is a look that will work."

Rhyssa watched with building frustrated arousal as her mistress quickly dressed, slipping on a pair of silk panties that wouldn't stimulate either pussy too much. Over that went a short black skirt, and over her breasts she tied a plaid button-up shirt whose material was thick enough to hide most of the outline of her hard nipples.

The genie wanted so badly to rip all of that off of the model and slide her body against Margaret's, to feel their breasts rub and slip aside each other. To play with both of her mistress' wet slits while Margaret snuck finger after finger into Rhyssa's pussy tucked into the start of her tail.

Unaware of her genie's fantasies, Margaret grabbed her purse and summoned a rideshare that zipped them over to a local adult shop. Through the entire trip she wiggled and squirmed in the back seat, the pressure of her body on her rear slit extremely stimulating. She was thankful she'd thought to wear black.

Once she arrived at the store, and after some contemplation, Margaret selected a short, thick dildo. After purchasing it she crossed the street to use the bathroom and the Barnes & Nobel bookstore. Her cheeks were red the whole way from the front door to the stall in the woman's room, both her pussies absolutely inflamed with desire.

Peeling off her panties and skirt Margaret cursed the secure packaging of the dildo and finally ripped it from the box, blushing again hoping no one had heard the commotion. Turning the shaft in her fingers a few times Margaret could not hold back a grin. It was roughly four inches long, and nearly three inches wide. It reminded her of the butt plug she'd considered, but the head and girth made her feel more secure that it would help hold her rear pussy juices in.

A horny thrill poured over Margaret as she considered her situation, actually thinking about how a squat dildo was going to feel filling a pussy between her butt cheeks. Rhyssa was starting to feel the summons of her bottle, but peaked from the purse and held back a moan as she watched Margaret preparing to penetrate her ass.

Steeling herself, Margaret reached back and began. The knobby head pushed aside her ass and nudged against her rear labia. She bit her lip to keep from making an exclamations and pushed. Her butt slit swallowed the head of the rubber rod with a little pop, and the few inches slid smoothly. Letting go of the base Margaret felt it was held securely.

It all felt weird - but good weird, the empty neediness resolved and the risk of dribbling resolved.

As Margaret summoned her next rideshare Rhyssa could no longer deny the force sucking her back into the bottle. She'd gone too long without interacting with her mistress, and with a quiet whine sunk into the darkness of her vessel.

Hours later Rhyssa felt the rub of the bottle and poured out of it. She found herself forming above a table in Margaret's apartment kitchenette. Her mistress was cooking a large pot of spaghetti, humming and lightly moving about the appliances with a spring in her step...and a particular fidget of her butt. Rhyssa was captivated not only by the sway and bounce of Margaret's tits and ass, but by a silk robe she wore over them that accentuated everything. The front of it was open, Margaret's milk-laden breasts and bare forward pussy on full display.

"Oh, hey genie!" Margaret beamed. Rhyssa nodded at her.

"Hello, Mistress. Thank you for summoning me, but I must remind you that-

"Yes, yes, you're not here to make a wish. I just need someone to talk to, and the only one who would believe me about the genie granting my wishes is the genie granting my wishes!"

"Oh, I see..." Rhyssa let a small smile crack her lips. "How did your photo shoot go?"

"Oh, terrible!" Margaret laughed, sampling the spaghetti and adding more salt to the water, "Turns out being stuck with mid-fuck make-up and hair is not a look that works for every situation!"

"You seem...pretty happy about that," the genie pushed on cautiously.

"Oh, well, you know, a door closes and window opens..." Margaret mused, retrieving some plates, "...that photo shoot didn't work out, but I got pointed in the direction of a leg model gig and that went fantastic!"

"Leg model?"

"Yeah, photographer knew someone who had a last minute cancellation and my legs are smoking hot now so I quick went over there, slapped on some pantyhose, and no one gave a shit about my hair! I've got five more shoots scheduled already!"

Rhyssa nodded, pleased that her mistress had found a way to make her wishes work for her.

"And how is Roger?" the genie asked.

"Well, you'll see soon, I'm not making all of this pasta just for me!" Margaret laughed, placing down silverware.

"And how is your...behind, Mistress?"

"Oh! That reminds me, thank you! I want to be properly ready for Roger..." the model pulled up her robe and Rhyssa could see the base of the squat dildo gently engulfed by Margaret's hormone-swelled cheeks. She gripped it and pulled, the rubber dong popping out with a squelch.

For a moment Rhyssa could see Margaret's rear pussy before her ass swung shut, the pussy lips dribbling and the hard clit pushing outward in need. The genie felt her own pussy flush. She couldn't hold back the curiosity of how her mistress' second slit would taste.

How it would feel to have buttcheeks instead of thighs pressing against Rhyssa's face as she lapped at it...

Unaware of her genie's fantasy's Margaret looked around for a place to put away the dripping sex toy, then decided to drop it into the sink next to a few plates and cups that needed washing. She let out a long sigh and flexed her new rear kegel muscles. Margaret shivered delightfully as she felt her stretched canal start to tighten and close up.

"I have to say, I never would have asked for this extra pussy, and it's made walking a new adventure, but it keeps the day interesting...in a good way, in a sort of constant edging sort of way..." Margaret mused.

Constant edging isn't amusing if it may last for eternity! Rhyssa complained to herself, clenching her pussy and feeling the heat of her own arousal build a little bit more beneath a sexual volcano she could not coax to eruption.

"I can't wait for Roger to shove his-" the model's sentence was interrupted by the beep of a timer. "Oh! I need to get a move on! If you can find a place to stay out of sight you're welcome to watch the show, genie!"

"That's very nice of you, Mistress, but I...I can't move my vessel," Rhyssa replied, shame welling up in her for having to deny her mistress even in such a small way.

When she'd been human Rhyssa had never been so humble... which caused another swell of shame.

"Oh! Okay, um..." Margaret grabbed the little bottle and looked around hastily before dropping it into a half-closed dresser drawer, giving the genie a view of the kitchen and bedroom.

Rhyssa shrank down and again slipped her nethers into the tightness of the bottle. She slipped her hands under the gauze of her top and played with her tits as she watched Margaret finish getting dinner ready, a little trickle of juices dribbling midway down her mistress' thigh before Margaret wiped them off with a dish towel.

Margaret jumped giddily when the buzzer for the apartment building's front door rang, and after buzzing Roger in the model turned to a mirror to check her look before remembering that she was stuck with one particular visage. All Margaret could do was gently tie her robe so that it barely covered her full breasts, hard nipples pressing harshly against the silk. The dangling ends of the robe's silk belt hung in front of Margaret's bald and glistening slit.

As a happily surprised Roger was let into the apartment Margaret tried to remain coy and resist the dual fires burning between her legs. She led the male model to the table, his eyes practically falling out as he took in the silk enrobed goddess. She served him his spaghetti and a glass of wine, then set down across from him with her own plate and drink.

Roger could barely eat as he watched his host slowly suck spaghetti into her full lips, licking them as she drank her wine. Margaret's bare feet were both playing with Roger's legs. She was squirming, her butt pressed down on the chair squeezing inward and tightly gripping her under pussy.

Finally neither could pretend to hold back from the thing they were both there for. Margaret swiped aside the platters and lunge over the table, her ass high in the air as she grabbed Roger's shirt and pulled him in for a deep kiss. Their tongues danced as Margaret's many lusts grew as wet as their mixing mouths. They broke from their lip lock and Roger stood up so fast he knocked over the chair. He scooped his eager lover into his arms and took her to the dark bedroom, dropping her onto the mattress with a little forceful flair.

Margaret gasped and laughed as her ass landed on the sheets, everything pinching her pussies. The knot of her robe came undone and the silk revealed all of her incredible body. Roger had started taking his pants off but could only summon the patience to unfurl his hard cock through the zipper. He dove upon the youthful model and impaled himself on the only slit he knew about.

A cry of satisfaction bubbled out of Margaret as Roger's thick ramming rod quelled the arousal in her original pussy. All four of their hands ran over Margaret's bloated boobs, coaxing her warm cream from the rigid teats. Both of them tried to suck and lick up as much of the sweet white dribbling as they could.

A minute or so of pumping was pushing Roger near his limit, so with a disappointed groan from Margaret he withdrew. He scuttled over her hips and up her stomach, his legs squeezing the sides of her body as Roger slid his dick, slick with Margaret's juices, between her generous tits. The model moaned, kissing and lapping at the head of her lover's length as it poked in and out from her cleavage.

A tit fuck was fine and all, but she now had two needy pussies which required attention.

"Roger, I...I need you...in my ass..." Margaret squealed. Of all the unbelievable things that had happened to her, this was something she'd never imagined telling someone.

"Fuck, that's...so hot..." the male model grunted, quickly pulling back and moving towards the foot of the bed again. He flipped Margaret over, and she laughed and gasped as her leaking milkbags were pressed beneath her.

She pushed her ass up with her knees and wondered if Roger would notice the changes between her bottom cheeks.

As he grabbed her by the hips and shoved his dick into Margaret's ass, Roger didn't see anything knew - but he did feel it.

"Shit, Margaret, you're wet in here! And still so tight!"

The double-slitted woman barely heard the comment. As Roger's cock plunged into her sex-virginal ass pussy Margaret was screaming into the mattress so passionately she couldn't produce a sound. A hand flew back to her forward notch, fingers diving between her fat labia and pinching the engorged clitty. She paced her own ministrations to the rhythm of Roger's thrusts, and in a few seconds dual orgasms were gripping her body.

Margaret thought she would shatter. The blissful clench that overwhelmed her was two fold, striking her locking joints and pleasure-melting flesh from two slightly different angles. Both soaked trenches clenched tightly, wringing the long-awaited orgasm and explosion from Roger's balls. Margaret felt his hot cum surge into her back pussy, welling up her pleasure little more.

So great was her bliss that Margaret's body was quivering as she finally regained control of it, her joints releasing and her hips and ass falling to the bed, Roger's dripping dick slipping from the butt slit. He fell forward onto her back, his softening length resting between Margaret's plump ass cheeks. He hands found the outer swell of her compressed breasts and gently petted them as both dozed off.

In her hiding place Rhyssa was also quivering.

Her djinn flesh...vibrating with useless arousal was more like it. The genie had no outlet, and although she could have remained out of the little vessel for some time more the only sensation she'd have which would feel the slightest bit like relief would be to return fully to the bottle. So with a long muffled moan she let her upper body soften and slip back in.

This meant that Rhyssa was not there to watch Margaret rouse from her slumber an hour later. She smiled at the weight of Roger atop her - and she could feel that his cock had started to get hard again in his sleep. With gentle shimmying she induced some early morning wood, guiding it between her cheeks and into her ass pussy once again. Margaret cooed to herself as she felt Roger's hard rod fill her new crevice, lying still and gently squeezing it with her back kegel until she again fell asleep impaled from behind.

As morning broke and Roger awoke to discover himself embedded in such glory, Margaret awoke with delight to find the male model gently flexing his dick inside of her.

She let out a quiet, "Pleeeeeease..." to encourage him, and the pair started their morning with a pair of orgasms.

Roger was gone when Rhyssa felt herself forming over Margaret's disheveled and wet bed. Despite the wild sex - which included another ass fuck in the shower before Roger finally left - the stunning model had the same mid-sex hair and make-up she'd had since her first wish.

"I hope you had a good night, Mistress," Rhyssa smiled.

Recalling any of the prior nights events would have been enough to add to the genie's arousal frustration, but Margeret was nude and that was doing plenty to enflame Rhyssa's libido.

"Yes, it was grand...I had no idea I'd love being fucked in the butt so much!" Margeret rolled her shoulders as she recalled the sensation.

"So you haven't summoned me to undo it?"

"No no no! I...I can't imagine living without that sensation now!" the model stood up and pranced to the mirror, turning and trying to get a good look at the source of her new bliss, "I'm upset I've got to do anything aside from getting rammed from, and in, behind now! But a girl has to work, and that is why I've summoned you."

"So what is your third wish, Mistress?"

"Well, I've realized that I could also make money being a hand and arm model, so I need to do something to help encourage that. But also, while it's so nice having such lovely legs that don't need to be shaved or waxed, I did realize that getting in and out of so many different shoes and boots all day, some of which are not always the best fit, is going to get me sore eventually. And I only want this new shot at youth to be about pleasure."

"That is a lot to cover in one wish, Mistress..."

"Yes, but I think I can do it!" Margeret smiled, crossing her arms under her breasts as she plowed through what Rhyssa had intended to be more of a warning.

"I wish my legs would never get hurt and only feel sexual pleasure instead of any pain, would be comfortable on the floor barefoot or wearing anything on them, and that my arms would model and get the same attention just like my legs!"



Margaret's Third Wish

Rhyssa sighed. She had tried.

Maybe she needed to stop trying.

"I wish my legs would never get hurt and only feel sexual pleasure instead of any pain, would be comfortable on the floor barefoot or wearing anything on them, and that my arms would model and get the same attention just like my legs!"

The genie nodded at her nude mistress, who giggled in joyful expectation.

"Oh, I already feel something wonderful in my toes..." Margaret laughed, staring down through her cleavage and wiggling her little nubbins. "They feel really good...the pressure of my weight on them against the floor...mmm..."

Margaret put her hands to her hips and began to run them down her thighs, but by the time she got to her knees her body was quivering in pleasure.

"Ah, fuck, oh fuck, it's like...they feel like giant clits!" she stuttered, shimmying back to the bed and dropping herself down on her rear pussy. She held her legs up from the floor, wiggling her toes and cooing as they brushed against each other.

Of course, she'd wished to "only feel sexual pleasure" so not only had it blanching out the pain receptors, but Margaret had turned her legs into huge arousal antennas.

As she held them in the air she next felt a strange desire - no, *compulsion* - to put them back on the floor.

Because putting them on the floor would feel the most comfortable. She slowly lowered her feet, tapping the carpet gently with her heels as if testing the hot water of a bath.

"Mmm, God, I didn't think something could make me any hornier..." Both slits were gushing, the one under her ass squeezing out its juices like an orange in a vice.

Just you wait... Rhyssa thought to herself. She was already feeling the tug of her vessel. It was always strongest after the third wish. But she wanted to wait it out as long as she could.

Despite the horny fog quickly consuming Margaret's mind she did feel changes starting to grip her arms and hands. Holding them up before her the model watched as her fingers began to contract into themselves. Her shoulders started to plump as her upper arms became meatier, growing outward to resemble more of a thigh. The palms of her hands began to become thinner, coming more in line with her wrists - which were forming knobby protrusions on each side.

"What's...what's happenmmmm..." Margaret had started to turn to her genie, putting her stretching hands together to examine them, but as she did so a shock of arousal silenced the model.

"You wished for your arms to model just like your legs, and the only way to do that is to make them just like your legs, Mistress." Rhyssa flatly stated.

Margaret fell back on the bed, holding her lengthening arms above her. She saw how her fingers had shrunk down to toes, her thumbs shifting upwards to settle alongside them as fat big toes. Both hands had thinned and stretch, the arch of a foot dimpling on both. Her wrist had fattened into a heel, and her bones and tendons were stretching her altered digits further and further away from her.

Soon her "upper" thighs were thicc enough to brush Margaret's neck. She swung her new legs around, amazed at how her body had been altered again. Her extended and thickened limbs were heavier than her arms had been, and Margaret could feel her back bending under their weight.

Then she felt that same compulsion of comfort encourage her to place her new feet on the floor. She leaned forward from the bed, the pull of them swiftly swinging Margaret downward until she gasped at the impact of her new toes impacting the carpet.

"Oh, fuck..." Margaret hummed. Rhyssa watched her nude mistress settle into "standing" on all four legs. This compulsion meant her hips were now practically permanently bent, puckering her ass slightly and putting the rear pussy on succulent display. It glistened in the light, the inner butt cheeks wet with Margaret's juices.

As the youthened model shifted back and forth on all four sensitive feet her big bare breasts hung straight down from her ribs, swaying back and forth and bumping gently into her forward thighs. Cream was gently leaking and dripping from their stiff nips. Rhyssa could see a glassy look in her mistress' eyes; Margaret needed time to for her brain to adjust to all the new arousal input. At the moment she just swayed and quivered quietly, not unlike a cow in a field.

Rhyssa could feel her tail slowly being pulled into the bottle like a fisherman patiently winding in his line. She looked around and spotted Margaret's phone. The genie flashed it at Margaret's dazed face and it unlocked. Rhyssa quickly found the text messages between her mistress and Roger and sent off a quick note;

have a surprise for you, come over when you can, just come in! ;)

Just as she clicked **Send** Rhyssa's fingers became incorporeal enough that the phone slipped through them and clattered to the floor. The genie couldn't stretch her tail any further and let her hips shift backwards through the air. As her waist began to be tugged the genie heard the buzz of a reply;

will be over for lunch!

Rhyssa smiled, taking a glance at her horny four-legged mistress, knowing she'd been in good hands. Once Margaret was able to manage her arousal - maybe getting those feet off the carpet and into shoes would help? - having four incredibly sexy legs could prove a real boon for her career.

At least, that's what the sex genie told herself as her misting form compacted down, her arms, breasts, and head slipping into the nail polish bottle. A moment later it vanished with a *Pop!*

