

So, want me to grant your wish?

Well, wait, what I mean to say is...Hello.

Who am I? You may call me...Shim. I am a genie, but not the kind you find in a lamp. No no, I was freed from those shackles decades ago. Yet, with all the power my freedom affords, I still most enjoy listening to the mortals around me and fulfilling their wishes. Granted, yes, most of the time they do not realize that they are retaining my services, but I assure you that I only act on wants spoken directly to me.

Why am I speed dating? The buffet obviously, why are you here?

I mean, of course there are so many people who have so many small wishes to grant in these few moments and I do so delight in giving people what they want.

That sounds deceitful? Sure, sometimes my means of granting a wish is not exactly straight forward. Most times, most times I assure you, there is a good outcome. I can count on one hand how many times things have gone poorly.

Why yes, that hand did have more than five fingers, how nice of you to notice.

Anyway, I was on vacation on the Jersey shore. As usual, I had set up my little fortune telling booth along a street filled with popular restaurants for dates and celebrations. Those two functions always produce the most interesting of conflicts as people try to be nice despite not wanting to. I was sitting behind my booth old grandma costume on, crackly voice and all urging people to come and let me read their fortune.

Suddenly, this couple walks out of the restaurant I'm closest to, the woman clearly disgruntled and the guy obviously trying to save something.

"This is why I don't do tinder!" She looked like she could have walked out of a swimwear photo shoot. I am talking, tall, blonde, and curvy in all the right places. She was dressed down—white shorts, half boots, and a tank top if I recall—but, from the way she held herself, it was obvious she was used to being dressed well on a regular basis.

“No shit, people do tinder to get laid!” He, on the other hand, was a different kind of sexual creature. He had that air of meticulous grooming. Every aspect of his outfit was obviously carefully chosen to speak volumes about who he was. Why else would someone wear Armani shoes to the boardwalk?

“I very well might have slept with you if you hadn’t been such a sex obsessed ass!”

“I wouldn’t be sex obsessed if you didn’t look like that!” the guy said pausing in front of my booth. “Well, I’d probably would still be sex obsessed, but I probably would not have swiped right!”

“Did you even read my bio?!” she screamed, turning quickly towards him, her neat bun not budging an inch with the motion. She had to look down, her 5’10” frame seemingly towering over this guy.

“Who reads profiles?!” the guy said, stepping around her.

I tried to interject to break up the fight in front of my establishment.

“Uh, I do. It said you like dogs, hiking, and reading current events. I doubt you could even name a current event!”

“Does the World Series count?”

“What the hell is wrong with you? I don’t understand men, let alone men like you!”

“Well, sweetie, I don’t understand stuck up women who keep it locked away!”

Finally I used some magic to get their attention and they both turned to face me.

“What do you think, lady. Is this broad too stuck up?”

“I’m not...ugh. Tell me, miss, how does one get this far in life thinking they’re stuck in high school?”

Oh yeah, this was a good one. “What if I told you that I could give you the answers? What if I told you I could let you see the world from each others’ eyes?”

“What like body swapping? Nah man, if I’m going be a chick I want to be fun!”

“Truly. If I had to be a man, I would strive to be the perfect gentleman.”

I smirked and snapped my fingers. Tomorrow they'd be waking up very different from where they were now. With any luck, looking at the world through the other's lens for a day would, if nothing else, get them both to grow some empathy. That they would grow into the ideals they had just stated was only gravy.

“Well then, you shall see at dawn tomorrow. Sound good, eh?”

They of course agreed, thinking this was all some ploy, but I have gone and used up all our time talking about this. I do apologize.

You want to hear more? Really? Well, let us blow this popsicle stand then and go have pancakes somewhere. Over coffee, I will tell you all about how Ellena and Phillip III came to understand one another.

Ellena's morning began with her head throbbing and the sheets tangled around her.

What happened last night after her failed date? If that social fiasco could even be called such a thing. She remembered opening a bottle of Pinot Grigio when she got home. She had been meaning to try it but, after a glass, deciding that it wasn't what she was in the mood for. There had been at least one glass of the trusty Rose she always had on hand, perhaps two, but even three glasses should not have been enough to build this headache.

Then there was the question of where she was. She had been curled up with a book in her armchair but, from her current recumbent position, she must have moved to the bedroom at some point—and also drawn the curtains from how dark it was. She glanced around, but the deep, inky blackness was impenetrable.

She stirred, raising a hand to her face but, encountered soft flesh before then. Soft flesh that was not hers. She let her hand linger as she pondered whom she had invited over. It had to be someone she knew, none of the bar-flings were ever there the next morning. She had always brushed it off as a combination of her withdrawn personality and her spartan decor which made them leave but, after last

night, maybe she was just a little frigid.

“Mmm...good morning, tiger,” a saccharine sweet voice said as a face rolled over on her stomach. Thick, feminine lips brushed her abdominals. It was likely her guest was a woman, a hunch that was confirmed as very full breasts squished against her side and a smooth, hairless crotch pressed against her leg. It felt like the distance between those points of contact was shorter than it should have. The woman’s hand found Ellena's knee among the tangle of bedding. It, like her side, was subtly off. The woman’s carefully trimmed nails dragged against skin that suddenly felt alien. Ellena shivered and felt her sex tremble.

Except, not really. The twitch was not the typical quick clench and release that she would feel as her muscles relaxed and lubricated for penetration. Instead, it was an insistent and repeating sensation. It was also more on her outside, as if her clit was filling up with a rush of blood. She had been what she considered erect before, when a blind date brought a suction-based toy, but this was different. Even pumped up, her clit had not throbbed against her thigh like it was now.

The woman’s grasp finally traveled to the crotch of the body Ellena had found herself in. She cupped balls as a long finger slid towards her anus. Wait, why did she have balls? Why were they so sensitive? What, exactly, was going on?

She fumbled for the light. A squishy weight settled on her chest as a the click of a lamp brought some much needed illumination to the situation. Though she sort of wished it had not. With the lights on, she found herself face to tits with the expansive curves of the woman’s large, and rather firm, rack. Implants, she guessed and sighed. The platinum blonde didn’t take it as a sigh of disgust, but instead moaned as the breath wafted over her skin.

“Finally ready for another round?” the woman said. She pulled her hand out of the sheets and shifted herself to envelop Ellena’s face in twin walls of strained flesh with a passionate hug. The woman’s skin smelled of warm vanilla and sweat. And semen.

“I’m sad your night off fell apart, babe,” she said sitting back. “Though it meant I got you all to

myself.” The woman’s hand brushed a tent in the blanket that was most assuredly a cock. A cock that was not Ellena’s strap-on.

“Uhh?” Ellena said, unsure of whom she was addressing. The voice that she spoke with was familiar, but she could not place why. It was obviously not hers. “I don’t know if can go right now but, if you need more, I’ll do something better.”

Not waiting for a response, Ellena took charge of the situation and pushed the woman onto her back. Ellena’s lips pressed against hers. The kiss was a gambit to buy time. She was somewhere else than her room. She was someone else as well. Someone male. Someone very male.

“And what would that be, Phillip?” The woman said with a moan as they broke contact, pulling Ellena’s attention to her. Laughing, she pulled Ellena down into another kiss.

Wait. Phillip? That was the name of the idiot from last night. Oh fuck, that fortune teller! She really had swapped bodies. Which meant Phillip would wake up in her body.

“Babe? What were you going to do to me?”

“I was, uh, going to go down--”

“Ha! You do oral? You hate being selfless and your fingers really aren’t long enough to provide any real stimulation. The only thing you have going for you is that fat dick between your legs.”

Glancing down at Phil's body, she tried not to gasp. She had seen a few penises but, this one was something else. The only thing she could think of is that his cock looked like half a summer sausage was swinging back and forth between his thighs, casing and all. Behind that were massive balls. As they hung settled around his half-erect shaft, their curves came halfway to the tip.

Even as she felt her heart rate climbing from arousal, she was still freaking out. The last thing she ever wanted was someone she did not know touching her or to be touching them. However, the situation was not going to resolve without some amount of contact. Truth be told, she would much rather it be in the form of an embrace than a fist, elbow, or knee. Besides, this had to be a dream, right?

“I’m feeling generous and you were great last night.” Ellena said before starting to kiss down the

woman's neck. This was all a very vivid dream. She kept repeating that sentiment as she ran Phillip's tongue in circles around the woman's surprisingly large nipples. From how she squirmed and moaned, the implants had not lessened her sensitivity much. Nuzzling the undersides, she was amazed at how much they squished against her face.

"I'm not confident you have enough practice," the woman said, raising a brow over dilated eyes. She was flush already from just the light foreplay. Either she was more sensitive than a toothache, or Phillip really had never done this to her before. She grabbed the woman's hips and spun her to the side, bringing her vagina to Phillip's face. Ellena started lightly, using Phillip's lips to tease the woman's mons.

"I've been practicing," Ellena said with a wink before quickly brushing the inside of the woman's folds. She gasped and Ellena bristled with pride. Being bisexual with a leaning towards women would definitely have its perks right now. Even if she messed up because of Phillip's untrained tongue, it was probably years better than the Jersey boy could have done.

"Oh, babe, yes!"

Phil's tongue was more dexterous than she expected. The tip was able to flick back and forth even faster than Ellena's own. It was stronger, too. She found herself pinching her mystery partner's labia between the sides as hard as she would have with a finger and thumb.

The woman's fingers tangled in his hair as Ellena began to dip between to lap at her insides. "Ah, yeah, your tongue's so good! I wish you could get in there deeper..."

Ellena felt a tingle, then a feeling of stretching in Phil's mouth. With each pass through her partner's valley, she felt more of the woman's muscles throbbing against his tongue. The tip sank further and further inside until, after nearly five minutes, she was sliding against the soft dome of the woman's g-spot. Despite herself, Ellena's hands reached for the cock which was throbbing incessantly in her mind. The urge for release was astonishingly strong.

She worked the shaft, balls jiggling on his knuckles. As she got wrapped up in the rhythm, her

attentions to her partner grew more passionate. She sucked, she moaned, she drug his teeth along sensitive skin.

But it was time to move on, she had to get out of here. Get back to her place before Phillip did something terrible to her body. She moved to end it. She cupped the woman's g-spot at the same time as she ground his lips into her clit and squeezed.

At once the mystery woman tensed and screamed. Her hips rose off the bed. Her grip got tighter. She rode the orgasm like a bull, grinding into Ellena face as her juices flowed like crazy. It felt like a lifetime until she relaxed and Ellena could sit back. The mystery woman was not done however.

Rolling over to her hands and knees, she crawled to the body Ellena was occupying. She rubbed her face on Phillip's thigh. Slid up to the base of a very erect, vein covered cock.

"Oh babe, you're so big!" The long fingers of one hand grasped the shaft while her other hand once more cupped those massive balls. She gripped tight and began to stroke. "I know I'm greedy, but I still wish you were bigger. So big that I could only take it in my ass."

There was another tingle and Ellena felt a soul shaking throb travel up the length of the cock that had become hers. The veins rose a tiny bit more, the woman's grip began to slip. If she noticed, she did not acknowledge it, though she did hasten her strokes.

Between the hand job and the growth, Ellena was utterly overwhelmed by all of the new sensations and collapsed to her back on the bed. The woman took this as a chance to wrap her impossibly round, silicone-filled tits around the object of her desire. Her fingers kneaded her areolae as she rubbed them up and down. At the same time, her lips slipped over the deep red head and began to bob.

As the seconds passed, the cock swelled further and the woman's movements grew slower. Finally, she pulled off with a pop and a gasp. The foreskin was pulled not just back from the head, but half way down the length. "Babe, did you take a Viagra while I wasn't looking or something?"

Ellena made a noise she hoped sounded like a no. Her hands drifted to the woman's head. She

wanted more stimulation.

“Then you are growing! Oh my fucking yes!” She went back to her blow job, sliding her lips along a girth she could no longer swallow. The squishing of her fake tits was almost more enjoyable and from how she sped up her kneading, she agreed.

“Mmm...is there,” Ellena began to say before realizing that the woman's desires had so far come true. If she wanted Phil's body to suddenly sprout a second cock, it probably would happen.

“Is there what, babe?” She said between slurps.

“Is there anything else you want? What can I do for you?”

“I just want you to cum. I want to be coated in your spunk. I want to be marked as yours.”

Deep within, Ellena felt the tingle again, this time accompanied by considerable throbbing. A bead of pearly white fluid peaked out of the tip and steadily pumped larger until it tilted and ran down the cock's impossible length to vanish into perfect cleavage.

“Yes, that’s it. Cum for me, baby, cum for me.”

As the mystery woman began to nibble the underside, the cock released copious amounts of pre. The fluid lubricated the movement of her partner’s boobs which only pushed Ellena's arousal higher and made more of the fluids flow. The tingling had not lessened though. If anything, it was getting stronger as the throbbing became constant.

“Yes! Yes! YES!”

The first string of cum hit the woman in the face. Before the second twitch, she had her mouth around the lubricated head. Ellena could hear her gagging between the flesh and the cum, but her eyes could not have looked happier.

Over and over Phil's body clenched and released around Ellena's mind. The fantasy genitals made flesh continued pouring out more and more spunk. Eventually the woman was unable to keep up and she had to let go. Gasping for air, she was hit with rope after rope as the dong she wished for continued to cum. It was not until she looked like a glazed doughnut, and her other wish fulfilled, that the gouts

became a trickle.

Despite the display, Ellena did not really feel satisfied. It felt like whatever was happening to her because of the wish had been what made her cum. She felt good, yes, but having an orgasm as a guy was not as satisfying as she expected it to be—at least this time when it had been magically coaxed out of her.

She made to get out of bed, but the woman hugged his waist and pulled him down into the cum soaked sheets. Finding herself comfortable, but not content, Ellena put Phil's arm around her mystery partner. As the sticky pair drifted off to sleep again, Ellena wondered what Phillip was doing with her body.

Across town, Phillip's morning also involved a headache. He had awoken in Ellena's body, in Ellena's apartment, in Ellena's chair. Though he did not know that yet. All he knew was that he had pee. He stumbled to the bathroom, his eyes half open. He sat when he reached the toilet, as if by reflex. His eyes popped open then. He was not in his bathroom, nor was he in Krystal's. What was going on? He was sure they had fucked in his bed but, this was certainly not any room in the guest house. Had they gone back out at some point?

“Krystal?” His voice was higher, and more than a little sultry. Glancing down, he found himself looking at an t-shirt that was filled out quite a bit with two round objects. His hands flew to his face. Gone was his square jaw, carefully shaved each day. In its place was something far more feminine.

Phillip jumped to his feet or, he would have if his legs had not unexpectedly been a foot longer. Instead, he crashed into the wall. Yup, this definitely was not his body. Which meant...

“Shit. We really did swap. But wait, if I'm her...then she's me and is in bed with Krystal. Great.”

As he thought about—what was her name? Ellena?—getting fucked by Krystal in his body, getting to feel what it was like to be him, he started to breathe heavily. Muscle memory made him squeeze his thighs together as he started to squirm. His hand wandered under the hem of the shirt she

had been wearing when she went to bed. His fingers found the curve of her boob.

He was about to start working her body when it occurred to him that doing so felt off. By all accounts her body was his for the time being, but the idea of sticking her fingers into her snatch felt a little...rapey. Besides, he still had to pee.

“You’ve really done it now, Phil,” he said to himself as he plopped back down. “You could have just not said anything last night about her physique, you could have just gone on a date and had a night off. But, no. Instead, you let your cock talk, got angry, and looked like a right asshole in front of all those people.”

He really did regret playing up his stereotype once the evening began to meltdown. He hated the guido face he felt like he had to put on but, it paid the bills. Ever since *Jersey Shore* guys with his aesthetic were in high demand with tourist women who wanted a guy that knew the area and could talk the talk for them. Sure, the sex was great and getting paid to spend time with all these women was a dream come true, but he aimed to be more than just a douche with a spray tan.

A few awkward minutes later, he was rummaging through her room for her phone. He had to get in contact. Eventually he found it plugged in on the kitchen counter next to a bottle of Rose that was mostly empty. He pressed her thumb to the home button.

“I hope she uses a thumbprint password...Ah! Good.”

The phone unlocked and he pulled up tinder. He waded through hundreds of unanswered messages until he found the thread with his name. It felt weird, but he sent himself a message.

'Plz reply when you get up.'

He decided to settled into bed to wait for Ellena. Her comforter was soft, fluffy, and warm. Her mattress was exceedingly comfortable. He turned on the TV to help pass the time. He woke two hours later, when a message finally came back.

'Up again, sort of. Your friend(?) was very happy to see you ^^;'

'Oh, shit. Well, I'm sorry about that as well then.'

'Sorry for what? We both agreed to the swap.'

'Yeah but, I was an ass last night :('

'Not so much of an ass you didn't find another hook-up D:'

'Krystal? She's, well, she's more than a hook up. Anyway, if you want to come back home and wait this out, I'll head there.'

'Actually...>.>;'

'Actually what?'

'<< Can I be terrible?'

'Depends, you going to get my junk pierced or something?'

'Oh hell no! >< Though you probably should see this...'

A picture came up a few seconds later of his dick. Only, it was quite bit bigger than he remembered it being. Even soft, his glans was peeking out of his foreskin. He had always been big, but what he was looking at felt like pure fantasy.

'What's up with my dick? Surely that's photoshopped ._.'

'Krystal wished for it o_o I guess something about us being swapped makes us change to meet wishes? Your tongue got longer and, well, I came for a solid minute earlier >< Both of those were things she vocalized.'

'You had sex with my wife?!'

'Your wife?! Why are you out on dates if you're married?! >:['

'She's not my wife wife, she's my work wife.'

Ellena did not reply or even start typing.

'Look, its a long story but, she and I are really good friends...'

'You know what? I shouldn't judge ._. Wasn't that part of why this happened?'

'Anyway, what was this terrible thing? I imagine it has something to do with my body.'

'Yeah...there's this woman at work I like, but she's straight as a rail. I want to ask her out as you.'

Phil raised an eyebrow. 'Okay...?'

'I mean, I'd tell her it's me - _ -'

'So you want to go on a date as me? That's fine. I keep condoms in the top drawer of my dresser.'

'What about you? What are you going to do with my body?'

'Would you kill me if I said have sex with Krystal?'

The chat bubble appeared and disappeared several times but, finally a reply came back. 'That is fine by me. I told her I have someone I want her to meet and I figure you can work things out from there. You know where Dawson's is right?'

'Yeah, I'll be there in an hour.'

'Sounds good. This will make it easy for us to avoid each other until tomorrow and we swap back.'

He was about to put the phone down when another message came in.

'Do feel free to warm up for Krystal. I won't hold it against you. Besides, I think I left a few things out. Don't worry, they're all waterproof.'

What did that...Oh! His mind suddenly racing, he tried to figure out the best place to masturbate would be. Staggering to Ellena's bathroom, he reached past the shower curtain and started to draw a bath. Coming to stand in front of the mirror, he stripped off her shirt and shorts. He ran her hands over her wide hips and her tight stomach. He hefted her boobs, the pair a bit smaller than he expected. Her areolae were surprisingly fat, the dark skin rising up around her nipples.

He moved down to touch Ellena's vagina, but found himself hesitating. Even with her permission, something about doing so felt a little wrong. He had touched a lot of naked women, had even forced some to be naked—completely at their behest—but this felt like some sort of invasion.

It was then he saw the toy on the sink. The device was kind of egg shaped, with a thick silicone opening on one end and buttons on what he assumed was the back. Pushing the power button, the opening made a throbbing noise and air pulsed out of it. With an appraising pout, he turned it off.

“A little fun won't hurt, right? I'm sure Krystal is showing her a good time in my body and she's

got that date later. Yeah, it's only fair I take hers for a test drive.”

Pushing the curtain pack revealed a few other toys placed in a rack, probably to dry. They were much more normal looking phallic objects. He put the rack on the floor and slipped into the bath with the thing that was on the sink. He could not quite fit all of her under the water, her knees and few inches of leg on either side rose out of the water like a pair of bridges. As the warmth enveloped him, Phil could not help but let out a contented sigh. Why did he not do this more often?

As he relaxed, he turned on the thing. True to his guess, pulses of water shot out from the opening. Unsure what to do with it, he pointed it towards him and between her legs. The sensation of the water crashing into her crotch was interesting but, not arousing. He spread her vulva open in an attempt to let the gushing water reach her more sensitive skin and, while there was more feeling, it was still not exactly making his toes curl. He hit the other button and the pulses got stronger, but not enough to get him going.

Switching it out, he set it on the edge of the tub and grabbed one of the dildos. He dropped it on her chest and scooped up her boobs to wrap around it. The soft globes over flowed his hands, spilling out from between his fingers. Her fat areolae squished under his fingertips and the sensation was more intense than he expected.

“I love when Krystal does this to me, always wondered what it felt like for her.”

He could feel the stiff rubber through her plush flesh and he rubbed her tits against it and each other, wiggling one up then the other. The dildo's raised veins felt surprisingly good against her skin and Phil felt her pussy clench deep inside before relaxing.

The image of his new cock popped into his head and, before he knew it, he was fantasizing about what last night could have been. He was on top of Ellena as she did this to him. As his cock inflated to new heights, so did her tits. With blue veins showing they would surge larger until his foot long pole was wrapped in sensitive tit-flesh.

Lost in the fantasy, he did not realize that was happening. As he began to gasp with imagined

pleasure, her magically malleable body responded. Her tits pulsed larger, swelling in stages as if they were being pumped with fat. As her bust stretched, so did her areolae. The dark skin spread to cover ever more curve, puffing up more with each new inch of bosom until her nipples were enveloped. As her endowments grew, less of her legs stuck out of the water. Once at mid-thigh and calf, the water now clung to skin a few inches on either side.

About to come in his fantasy, Phil pulled the dildo out of the valley of cleavage and pushed it against her opening. Only, it did not slide in right away. Unsure of what he was doing wrong, he sat forward to look at what was going on and was thwarted by her boobs floating in his way. Which is when he realized what happened.

“Oh man, she is going to kill me. No wait, this is all part of the wish. It'll go back to normal by tomorrow. She doesn't have to know I somehow doubled her measurements.”

Thoroughly self-convinced, he went back to trying to fit the dildo into her body. When it still would not budge, he left it to float in the tub and went to using her fingers. Not sure what exactly to do, he brushed her labia from bottom to top and then shuddered as he hit something, a small bump. Circling his fingertips around that point elicited gasps he had no control over. Within, he felt more clenching but, this time there was also a feeling of opening and relaxing.

“Is this her clit? It feels so different from Krystal's. I changed her tits while fantasizing, I wonder if the same thing will happen again?”

He closed his eyes and thought about Krystal. He tried to think of what she looked like laying on her back with her legs spread. What did it look like while she worked herself up. Her's was almost the size of a marble, its shape evident at the top of her pussy. He began to circle Ellena's, thinking of what it felt like against his fingers when he was rubbing her while fucking her doggy style.

There was a little throb and Ellena's clit inflated a little. He kept rubbing and the little bundle of nerves kept swelling. It started to feel less and less keenly pleasurable, so he visualized Krystal using one of her vibes. At once the sensitivity went through the roof and Phil found himself quaking in the

tub as the feeling of cumming soon suddenly loomed over him.

Ellena's low voice rose as he began to chant 'yes', rising to that saccharine sweetness of Krystal. His free hand reached out for the dildo and found the other thing. He pressed it to her clit, desperate to climb over a hurdle that felt like it kept growing. He turned it on.

Everything went white.

The water was lukewarm before Phil woke up again. As he blinked awake, he tried to climb out of the tub. Pruned fingertips slipped on the porcelain, legs that were like jello would not stand under him. Her was still panting and buzzing like when he had been playing with her clit. Surely that would pass as he came down. He leaned on the side of the tub, arms crossed over massive mams, waiting for her body to collect itself after that. Another minute passed, the humming arousal had not decreased. If anything, he was hornier than before. It seemed like, in raising Ellena's sensitivity he had also ratcheted up her sex drive.

“I did not ex--” He paused. Her voice was so much brighter, so much bubblier. “Ho...this feels amazing! Like, is this how Krystal feels all the time? How can she stand it?”

Grabbing the other, smaller phallus from the rack, he tried to lift her leg to reach back. Doing so however sent him tumbling backwards into the tub. It did allow him to reach around her more than head-sized tits to her now aching pussy. Shifting his grip on the toy seemed to turn it on as all of a sudden it was throbbing in his hand. Sliding the rounded tip up and down between her labia sent electric shocks up and down. Unable to hold back, he plunged all five inches into her depths and promptly lost his grip on it.

Instead of being debilitating however, the steady vibration was making his mind clearer. As if it was scratching a distracting itch. He was able to get out of the tub at least. Leaning on the counter felt more unlike it had before. In fact, it felt like he, as him, was leaning on the counter. Looking down, her body had changed more than he realized.

The foot of height she once had on him had turned to horizontal inches instead. All around, she

was a little rounder and a little wider. Not so much so that she looked unhealthy, but enough that she no longer looked like an swimwear model either. Clapping her butt resulted in a far bigger handful of flesh than earlier.

Just then, her body clenched and her knees went weak as intense pleasure radiated out from between her legs. A moment later, as her vaginal muscles twitched, the vibrator hit the floor.

“Okay...I think that counts and like, being warmed up.”

What happened next? Well, that's a second date kind of story.

Yeah, that sounds perfect. Steak and story on me next time.