

When sense returned to Kendra, she rushed to the bathroom. Her shirt was in tatters, ripped to shreds. Her tits, though. Her magnificent breasts were now in the DD-cup range. Pushing them together presented an incredible cleavage. Her nipples were always erect, begging to be played with.

Her groin ached. Her pussy was dripping wet and still hungry for cock. A big one. She decided she needed another wish.

Kendra opened the book and the genie emerged.

"Somebody had lots of fun."

"Shut up!" Kendra felt slightly embarrassed. Her previous self would never have partook in a threesome, much less a gangbang. But now, it didn't bother her how many cocks were in her at once.

"So, I take it you want to make another wish?"

"Yes. I want to have total control over my partners regarding anything sexual."

"Oh, now that's a new one. Interesting." The genie snapped her fingers. "It is done."

Just then, someone knocked on her door. "Postman!"

Kendra grinned.

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That night, Kendra's doorbell rang. It was Mike.

"Kendra, are you ok? They said you-" He paused. Stunned at the sight of Kendra's new figure. "Y-you're naked..."

"Is that all that you've noticed?" She smiled with lust, caressing her beautiful new breasts. "Come in."

"Kendra, what happe-" Mike was interrupted by Kendra shoving her tongue into his mouth. They kissed passionately, undressing Mike from his office clothes.

At six inches, his penis was small compared to what she had in the morning. But that would be a thing of the past.

She took his cock in her mouth and began blowing him, moving her tongue, licking his shaft. Her head bobbed in and out, feeling his cock reach the back of her throat.

She felt it grow, getting thicker and longer. Her head moved faster. Her hands fondled her breasts.

"Oh god, I'm going to come." Kendra sucked his growing cock even harder until he shot hot cum

down her throat and kept on sucking, making sure she got every last drop. He was coming a lot. A lot more than their escapade in the washroom. She got more excited, her pussy got even wetter.

When he finally finished, Kendra's mouth was unbelievably stretched. She slowly removed the cock from her mouth, enjoying the sensation of the member moving through her throat.

He dick now hung nearly a foot and a half and was as thick as her fist. She looked at it with lustful eyes. Her hands still playing with her growing tits. It was much stronger than before, growing till they were nearly the size of her head.

"Kendra, what is this? What's going on?" Mike asked, panicked.

"I made your dick grow and your cum made my boobs grow," she said while stroking the monster cock.

"What?" She shushed him and led him to her bedroom.

There, she laid down on her bed. "Put it in me." She spread her legs and pussy. Mike wasted no time. He poked at her vagina and eased it in.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh" Kendra moaned as she felt the huge cock stretch her and fill her up. It was even better than the two cocks she had in the morning. "Yes! Yes! Right there! FUCK ME! HARDER HARDER! OH GOD YES! THIS IS AMAZING!" Mike fucked her harder and faster. Her phenomenal breasts jiggling from his motion.

Kendra came. It was a mind shattering orgasm, even stronger than before, she screamed with pleasure, gripping her sheets. But it wasn't enough.

They did it doggy, cowgirl, reverse cowgirl and who knows what other position. Orgasm after orgasm, Kendra was going mad with pleasure and lust. Her screams and moans getting louder and louder. Mike just wouldn't come. She wouldn't let him. Not until she was satisfied. His cock was stretching her wide but she wanted more. And more she had. Mike's engorged member penetrating her grew as he thrust into her.

Kendra's breasts growing constantly with her orgasms, slapping against each other as she got fucked by the stud she created.

Hours later, finally, she let Mike come. He grunted and slammed his dick into her as he shot his hot cum. He just kept coming and coming, filling her with semen. He pulled his enormous cock out, still shooting jizz all over her body, most landing on her tits.

Mike collapsed beside her, panting for air. "Holy shit, Kendra...that was...out of this world..."

They kissed passionately and went to sleep.

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Kendra slept in, exhausted from the night of mindblowing sex. Mike had already left for work when she woke up. She pushed herself up, feeling the immense weight that was not there the night before. She shambled her way to the bathroom.

Her breasts were now hanging to her belly, her back straining to support them.

"Well, I don't think any bra is going to fit me now."

She opened the book to let the genie out.

"Wow, you have a lot of stamina! You two were going at it for hours!"

"Yeah, yeah. I need my last wish."

"Already? You're fast. Alright then, let's hear it."

"I wish I can control the size of my assets."

"Hmmm, I could do that. But I won't."

"What? Why?"

"Because, then you wouldn't need to carry those jugs around! That would be no fun."

"It already isn't fun! The sex is mindblowing but it's getting hard to move around!" As if to prove her point, Kendra turned and knocked over the lamp on her nightstand.

"And that's fun for me." The genie winked.

"Ugh...Hey! I thought you wanted girls to make their wish fast? Why else would you want a guaranteed wish?"

"I did. But you are so fascinating, I decided I wanted to see how far you'd go." She smiled cheekily. "Tell you what, I'll give you some clothes. On the house!"

Kendra groaned. "Fine..."

Kendra waddled to her wardrobe and opened it. True enough, there were bras and supports fitting her size.

"They'll grow with you too! Well, the bras anyway. The shirts and blouse won't."

"And that is supposed to make me feel better, how?" Kendra sat down on her bed, winded from just a short time standing.

The genie shrugged. "Hey, you haven't opened your package from yesterday. What did you get?"

"Oh, yea...I forgot about that...I fucked that poor postman senseless, it slipped my mind." She giggled. "Gave him one hell of a tip though."

"I'll say."

She waddled to the living room where the huge box sat, waiting for her. Standing in front of it, she realised she didn't have any scissors or knife with her.

"Hey, it's not a wish or anything but could you get me a knife or something from the kitchen? I'd go myself but lugging these huge tits around has gotten me really tired."

"Sure, but don't make a habit of it. I'm not your servant," she said as she floated into the kitchen.

She came back moments later with a pair of scissors. Kendra cut the box open and undid the wrapping. She looked at her order and smiled.

She was going to have so much fun.

"Welcome!" An elderly lady behind the counter greeted Kendra as she entered the dreary bookstore. Kendra smiled in return.

She browsed the shelves of books, looking for a title that may pique

her interest but all she could find were the same boring titles that most other bookstores had. Kendra sighed. She had hoped this new one might have some surprises for her. Alas, she expected to leave disappointed.

"Looking for something, dear?" Kendra almost screamed. The lady had

crept up to her so silently.

"Oh, uhm, nothing in particular. I was hoping to find something

interesting or new." Kendra gave a weak smile. "Do you have any recommendations?"

"Ah, of course. I think I have just the thing for you. Follow me,"

the little old lady said. Kendra followed her to the counter where she was told to wait. The lady entered the backroom and returned moments later with a thick leather bound book in hand. "Now, this may not be new but it is interesting."

Kendra ran her hands over the soft leather. There was something

alluring about the dark brown skin, almost as if it was calling out to her. "What is it about?" she asked.

The lady gave a soft chuckle. "I don't want to ruin the surprise.

Trust me, you will enjoy it," the lady said as she ran her eyes up and down Kendra's slim body.

"Hmm\...alright. I'll take it. How much will it be?" She paid for

the book and left the store.

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Back at her apartment, Kendra plopped down on her bed with her new book. She undid the belt loop keeping it closed and opened the cover.

Light poured out of the pages. It was like someone had turned on a

flash light in front of her eyes. Kendra flung the book to the foot of the bed and covered her eyes.

When vision returned to her, she saw a plume of smoke coming out

from the book and above the smoke sat a woman, filing her nails. She had red hot hair, full lips and a body that made Kendra felt extremely inadequate, then she realised the woman was naked. Kendra snapped her head away, her cheeks flushed and embarrassed.

"So, you're the new girl, huh."

"N-new girl?" Kendra asked, still not looking at her.

"You don't know what I'm talking about, do you," the woman spoke.

"Ugh, fine. I'm your genie now. Before you ask, no, you may not wish for more genies. And no, you may not wish for more wishes. Three wishes, that's it."

"I must be going crazy. My new book is talking to me."

"Great, you're one of those. Here's I'll show you." The woman

snapped her fingers and a bowl appeared in her hand. "Believe me now?" She handed the bowl to Kendra. It was filled with a milky white liquid.

Kendra looked at the contents of the bowl and to the woman, doing

her best to avoid looking at her body. "Go on, drink it. It's on the house."

She brought the bowl to her lips and tipped the drink into her

mouth. It had a familiar taste and texture but Kendra could not remember what it reminded her of. It tasted good so she did not pay it much mind. She heard the genie giggle.

"W-what are you laughing about?"

The genie stifled her laugh. "Nothing. Anyway, now do you believe

me?"

"I guess. So I have three wishes?"

"Yes. You don't have to make them now, there's no hurry."

Kendra thought about what she wanted. There was so many things she

could do with three wishes, so many problems she could solve. "I wish to have a billion dollars!"

"Yeah, no. I can't do that, sorry."

"What do you mean you can't do that?"

"I should have specified. I'm a special kind of genie. An erotic

genie."

"Erotic genie? So you can only grant wishes related to se\..." It

clicked. "That was cum! You made me drink cum!"

The genie burst out in laughter. "Took you long enough! I was

wondering how long you'd go before you realised it. Let me tell you, some girls took a long time before figuring it out."

Kendra thought that she should feel disgusted but somehow, it didn't

make her retch. It just came as a surprise.

"So yeah, I can only grant wishes related to sex. And like I said,

you don't have to make your wish now, you can take your time. That drink you just had -" she pointed to the spilt bowl on Kendra's bed. "-that's on the house. Let me know what you think!" She winked at Kendra and disappeared.

"Hey, wait!" She was gone. Kendra tried closing and opening the book

again but the genie didn't come out, no matter how many times she tried. She set the book on her nightstand.

Kendra picked up the bowl and took a tissue to clean up the cum on

her sheets. Before she wiped it off, however, an urge swelled up in her. She wanted more of it. She shook her head to drive that thought away. But as she wiped it, the smell coming from it caused the urge to return in full force.

She wiped some off with her finger and licked it. Kendra didn't

remember it tasting this good. It was really good. She wanted more. She began licking her sheets clean of cum and when that was done, she moved on to the bowl.

Her urge satisfied, she laid back on her bed. Something stirred

within her, another urge rising. Her hands found their way down between her legs. Her jeans were wet. Kendra removed her pants and started running her fingers over her pussy, stroking it.

It felt incredible, it was bliss. Kendra continued stroking herself,

faster and faster. Her free hand found itself on her small B-cups, squeezing and fondling them. She then poked her fingers inside herself. She wanted to scream. It was pleasure like she had never felt and she had not come yet.

Her fingers pumped in and out, feeding the pleasure demon inside

that demanded more. Kendra obliged, stroking faster and faster. She felt her orgasm building. She was almost there. She kept up the momentum, feeling the pleasure, feeling the ecstasy.

Until finally, it hit her. Her body convulsed in the waves of

pleasure as she moaned uncontrollably, squeezing her breasts.

"Oh my god. That was incredible." She pushed herself up, panting,

and saw the mess she had made on her bed. "Well, time to clean up."

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The next morning, Kendra went about her morning routine, getting

ready for work. She put on her bra and found it tight.

"That's odd. It must've shrunk in the wash." She shrugged it off.

In the office, she went about her duties as per normal, except she

was horny. Very horny. Hornier than she had felt in ever. She tried to put it out of her mind and buried herself with work but everything she did or thought led straight back to sex.

At lunchtime, Kendra slipped into the ladies. She locked herself in

one of the stalls and serviced herself. Remembering the mess she made the day before, she stripped herself nude and began working.

Her fingers ran over her lips like before in a furious motion and

eventually slipped inside.

"Oh god..." she moaned.

Her fingers were moving fast but it wasn't enough. She needed more.

Kendra pushed all her fingers and stroked herself, her other hand played with her boobs, squeezing her nipples.

"Fuck, it's so good..."

Her clit, her pussy, her breasts, her nipples. All felt so much

pleasure. She was so sensitive.

She felt an orgasm building and intensified her hands going in and

out. It was as good as yesterday. The electrifying pleasure, building and building. And it happened.

She wanted to keep herself quiet but it quickly became impossible.

The waves of orgasm hitting her. She spasmed uncontrollably, moaning and gasping for air.

"Hello? Are you ok?" A voice asked, shaking Kendra back into

reality.

"Uh, yeah!" she replied, rushing out of the stall, naked.

It was Mike.

He averted his eyes when he saw her. "Oh, Kendra! Uhh, y-you're

naked..."

She looked down and quickly covered herself and ran back into the

stall. *Oh god. What do I do?* She knew what she wanted to do. It was wrong but she still wanted to do it.

"Hey, Mike? Can you come in and give me a hand?" Kendra asked.

"S-sure. What do you need?" Kendra opened the door and reveal her

body to Mike.

"You."

She grabbed his tie and pulled him in for a kiss. Her hands worked

furiously to unbuckle his belt. She reached into his pants and pulled his cock out.

"Put it in. Now." She turned around and pressed her ass against him,

rubbing his penis until it slipped inside her. "Oh, yes."

Mike grabbed her ass and began pumping into her. "Oh fuck- Yes- Fuck

me harder-"

It was pure ecstasy for Kendra. Finally, she had the real thing. She

was going mad with lust. She grabbed both her boobs and massaged them while Mike was going in and out of her. "Yes- So good- Fuck me- Harder- Harder- Just like that-"

Mike put his hands on her breast and played with them. Her nipples

were hard and sensitive. His every touch brought her more pleasure and closer to another orgasm.

"Faster- Harder- Yes! Yes! Oh my god! I'm going to come!" Kendra

moaned. Her fingers found themselves playing with her clit.

"I'm going to come, too," Mike groaned.

Kendra stopped him and pulled herself away.

"Sit." Mike did as he was told.

She mounted his cock and began to ride him. She didn't know she

could move her hips that fast before. Not that she tried. She then buried his face in her small breasts, rubbing them against his face as she rode him.

"Oh god! Oh God! Oh GOD!" The orgasm crashed through her. More

intense than when she did herself. She could not stop spasming and moaning. It felt like it would go on forever and she did not care if it did.

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Kendra threw her things on her bedroom floor and yanked open the

book. The smoke emerged from it, along with the genie.

"What did you do to me?" she yelled.

The genie grinned. "I told you, I'm an erotic genie. The things I do

are for better sex. Are you going to tell me you didn't enjoy yourself? You were quite loud last night."

"Y-yeah, I did\...It was unlike anything I've felt befo- Don't

change the subject! What did you do to me?"

"Sheesh\...tough crowd. Well, did you notice anything different?

Aside from the increased sex drive." Her shit eating grin still on her face.

"I mean\...my bra has been feeling a little ti-" Kendra stopped

herself and grabbed her boobs. They were bigger. Not by much but bigger. "My tits!"

"There we go! So the jizz I had you drink yesterday is quite

special. It makes you crave sex and you will enjoy it much more than before. It also has an added bonus of increasing your assets the more enjoy it." She winked while fondling her ample breasts.

"Wait\...so you're saying every time I come, my boobs will grow?"

"Yep! Added bonus if you receive seeds."

"Cum in my vagina will make me grow as well?"\

"Not necessarily your vagina. As long as it touches you."

Kendra did not know what to make of the new information. On one

hand, the sex was good. Very good. Incredibly good. But on the other, she was horny all the time and it was becoming too distracting. She already didn't know how she was going to go to

work again tomorrow.

"Is there any way to reverse that?"

"Sure! It'll take one wish."

"Wait, what? You did this to me!"

"I know! And it's a guaranteed girls will use one wish to undo

that!"

"You're a bitch, you know that?"

"I've been told. So, is that your wish?"

Kendra did not know if it was what she wanted or if it was the magic

cum speaking. "No. I have a better idea."

"My dear, you've been given an Inheritance." the old lady placed her hands on Kendra's butt and gave a squeeze. Kendra yelped again.

"In-inheritance? What do you mean? Am I going to become a genie trapped in a book?"

She laughed. "No, oh definitely not, my dear. Nothing like that. The genie simply liked you enough to give you her powers. It doesn't happen often. But it does happen. Very few are able to gain a genie's favour. Most usually end up with what is now known as a monkey's paw. When they offend the genie."

"Wait...what?"

"Make a wish."

Kendra's mind raced. She had the powers of a genie now? She could grant wishes? Make a wish...Kendra did not want to take too big a risk. Something simple.

"Any wish?" The lady nodded. "Okay...I wish...for a strawberry milkshake." And just like that, with no fanfare or swirling air, a tall glass of milkshake appeared on the cashier countertop.

Kendra was speechless. She could make wishes come true!

"Use your powers wisely, young lady."

"Is...Is there a limit?"

"To how many wishes you can make? Not at all."

"Hey uhh, Kendra?" Mike shuffled behind a stack of books that covered him up to his stomach.

"Mike! Oh God! I'm sorry, I forgot you were here."

"Could you maybe get me some clothes? It's really cold in here and I don't feel comfortable standing in my bathrobe with..." He trailed off but Kendra knew what he meant.

"Gotcha. I wish Mike was wearing normal clothes." *And that he is no longer having a hard on.*

Again, there was no fanfare. Just one moment with Mike in his bathrobe and the next, he was in a button up shirt and jeans. He walked away from the books and there was a visible bulge at his crotch.

"Thank you! Wow, this is comfortable!"

"You're welcome!" Kendra turned back to the lady. "What limits are there to my powers? What can I not do?"

"Well, it wouldn't be fun if I told you everything, would it? I'll get you started, you can't mess with time. No wishing for history to change." She smiled sweetly.

"Of course. Why am I not surprised..." Kendra sighed. "So how did you come across the genie?"

"A story for another day. Now why don't you go ahead and enjoy yourselves with your new found powers? I'll keep the book since you won't need it anymore." She took the book to the back room and ushered Kendra and Mike out.

They stood still, Kendra's mind raced. She now had the powers of a genie! She could co- Mike was staring at her.

"Yes?"

"Okay. First of all. WHAT?"

"What do you mean?"

"How are you so calm?" Kendra felt eyes on them, if strangers didn't notice her before, they definitely did now. She kind of liked it. *I wish people cannot resist noticing me when they see me.*

"Listen, if you've been through the day I have, you would be. Shall we go back to my place?" She walked towards Mike's car and opened the door, leaving him stammering and scrambling.

I wish I could control the size of my assets. Kendra shrunk her assets down to a more manageable size. The sensation was odd but pleasurable, leaving her nipples erect when they were done. She was still large but now she didn't need to lean the seat back or squeeze into the car. They both got in the car and drove to her apartment.

Her shirt remained the same size, hanging off her shoulders, hiding her still enviable chest. With

her smaller size, Kendra removed her unneeded back brace. *I wish my clothes fit me tight.*

In an instant, fabric hugged her new curves snug, leaving nothing for the imagination. Kendra grabbed her breasts and moaned. They were more sensitive than before. It's as if the sensitivity from when she was huge got concentrated in her smaller size.

Mike drove to her place in record time. She could have sworn he ran a red light but she was too busy fondling herself. It simply felt too good.

As they made their way to her apartment, Kendra couldn't help but notice how hard Mike was. It must be so uncomfortable for him. She grinned hungrily.

Larry wasn't at his post. Shame. She would've loved to see his reaction.

Once they set foot in her apartment, Kendra planted her tongue in Mike's. They removed their clothes in a hurry, leaving a mess at her door.

He carried her and lowered her on his dick. Kendra moaned as he entered her. He felt good but she wanted more. He grew like he did before, still balls deep in her. She felt his entire length throughout her body.

Mike walked to her bedroom with Kendra still on him, bouncing her up and down. He laid her on her back, thrusting hard and fast. Kendra was lost in ecstasy. She wanted it to last as long as possible, making sure that Mike could not come until she was satisfied.

Kendra made her boobs grow slightly with each bounce, relishing in the pleasure of getting fucked silly by a monster dick and her sensitive growing breasts. She came easily.

Again.

And again.

And again.

"When you come, come on me and in me," she gasped. She had made sure that he would come lots. He grunted an affirmation and continued pounding her.

They had gone through all the positions imaginable, fucking on her bed, her table, against the wall, on the floor, on the chair, in the kitchen. There wasn't an inch in her apartment where they didn't fuck at.

Kendra lost count of how many times she came. She was simply lost in the waves of bliss crashing through her. Finally, in a moment of consciousness, she made the decision to let Mike come.

And come he did.

He thrust deep in her, letting a whole load out before pulling out. Kendra came again just from that. Mike had to take several steps back before his head popped free of her gaping pussy.

Thick hot ropes of cum landed on Kendra, whose eyes were rolled back and mouth was wide open. She was absolutely covered in cum, from her hair to her face, down to her massive tits, which grew to be bigger than earlier that day.

She must have looked like she was bukakked by a hundred guys. But no, it all came from Mike. Kendra passed out once her last orgasm subsided, her breasts still swelling from all the cum.

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When she came to, Kendra found Mike slumped over on the floor, dozing. Her pussy felt thoroughly spent and stretched. Dried cum covered every inch of her body and her bed. Mike's penis was now longer and thicker than his legs, even when soft. His balls were the size of grapefruits.

Her whole body was sore. But it was well worth it. Sex had never been that good. She stood up to stretch and almost fell over. She forgot about her new size. She gave her boobs a squeeze and felt a jolt of pleasure.

"Mmmm...It feels so good. I could shrink them but..." *I wish my back didn't hurt and I always have balance, no matter how big my breasts are.* She instantly felt balance return to her and her back did not hurt carrying her mammoth mammaries that were each larger than the rest of her entire body.

"Well, time to clean up and make dinner. I wish my place and I were clean." And in a blink, the mess was gone. The bed was made with clean sheets like before. Kendra waddled to her kitchen, surveying her apartment as she went. There was no sign of their crazy sexcapade.

Trying to cook was a challenge. Even though her apron that looked more like a small picnic mat could cover her, Kendra could not physically reach the stove. So she shrunk her breasts to the size of cantaloupes. The process made her come, causing her legs to buckle as she convulsed.

"Holy...That was...Wow..." Kendra gasped between breaths as she fondled her breasts.

"Mmmmm...Feels so good." She was wet just playing with her boobs. Sense returned to Kendra and she forced herself off the kitchen floor to get started on dinner. She opened the fridge and the blast of cold air hit her naked body, sending shivers through her and raising her nipples to attention.

"Shit, I forgot about the apron." She almost came just from the apron brushing up against her nipples. Kendra considered wishing her boobs to be less sensitive but decided to see how far she could push herself.

Dinner turned out bad. Simple movements brushed her bare breasts against her apron, sending her into fits of orgasm, distracting her from the sizzling steaks. Still, it looked somewhat edible. *They are edible...right?* Kendra stared at the pathetic pieces of charred meats. She threw her apron aside, exasperated. *Ugh. I wish for two of the best steak dinners.* Two plates of steak appeared on the kitchen counter. Both had a nice thick juicy looking cut of meat with a side of creamy mashed potato and caramelized onions. It smelled incredible.

Kendra's stomach growled. The last time she ate anything that wasn't cum was almost two days ago. No wonder she was starving. She set up the dinner table and went to wake Mike up.

"Hey, Mike. Wake up." She shook her ex-colleague. He stirred slightly. "I made dinner. Hope you like steak."

"Five more minutes," he mumbled then shifted to a fetal position. Kendra placed a cover over Mike and left the room.

The steak was wonderfully tender and juicy, melt in your mouth goodness. It satisfied her other hunger. As good as sex was, she still needed to eat. Or at least wanted to enjoy the finer things in life.

I wonder how it works. Bah. Probably doesn't matter. I can do what I want and if someone suffers for it, I can fix it in a heartbeat, probably.

She polished her plate off, leaving Mike's untouched. *I wish...hmmm seems like a hassle to keep saying I wish every time I want to conjure something. Oh! I know! I wish I could snap my fingers to make my wishes come true! Now to test it.*

She snapped her fingers to conjure up a glass of wine. Nothing. Realising she didn't know how to snap her fingers. Kendra sighed. *I wish I knew how to snap my fingers.*

That did it. A nice crisp snap and a glass of red wine appeared before her. It was fragrant and sweet. Kendra did not know wines but she did know the wine she drank was good.

She snapped her fingers again, wishing to be the smartest, most intelligent person. Nothing happened. She did not feel particularly smarter. Another snap, wishing to have the cure for cancer. Nothing. No magic formula appeared nor did she gain any new knowledge in that regard. Another snap, wanting to know how her powers worked. Again, Nothing. *I guess those things are off limi--*

"Hey," Mike greeted, wrapped in a blanket. He was definitely smitten. Kendra had her legs crossed, wine glass in one hand and the other under her ample bosom.

Kendra smiled seductively. "Hey you. Had a good sleep?"

"Like a baby. That smells amazing." He sat across her.

"It tastes even better. Wine?"

"Don't mind if I do."

She snapped another glass into existence. "Enjoy your meal. I'm going to take a shower." She ran a finger across his back and left him to his own devices. That should get him going.

The water was cold. Of course. Her water heater broke. Not anymore. A snap and the water ran at a nice warm temperature, relaxing her tight muscles. Kendra thought about Mike and what

their relationship was going to be. She did like him but there was something about him that just didn't attract her. He was a good lay but as someone to spend the rest of her life with? Kendra did not see that future. Kendra would have to make sure he was clear on that. She did not want to lead him on.

She also did not hear the bathroom door open.

Kendra waved goodbye as Natalie's car drove away. Nat did not remember her tits growing. She arrived with DDs and left with breasts the size of watermelons. Her ass and thighs also got fuller. She was definitively thicc. Her tits and ass were hanging out of that shredded blue dress that she keeps bragging about was shredded and she didn't notice. Kendra was sure she left her panties behind too. Satisfied that her wish will work, she went back inside the house to prepare.

A snap and a full buffet appeared, tables of delicious smelling food that will never go cold and all sorts of drinks, from alcohol to protein shakes. She wanted her guests fed and happy.

Another snap and her J-cups shrunk until she was flat as a board and her tube top adjusted to her new size.

One last snap and she had the memory modification applied to her whole house.

Buses stopped outside and men streamed into her living room. There were murmurs about how big the place was and comments about her size. Kendra's living room was probably bigger than a few of their houses combined and she was certain that they were going to have more to say about her size once she was done.

Mike squeezed his way through the crowd and ran up to her. "A hundred and nine guys, ten, if you count me."

"Marvelous." Kendra was getting wet just thinking about what's to come.

In the months leading up to this moment, she has had a gangbang nearly every week, sometimes everyday, with different groups of men. Through those sessions, she acquired a long list of contacts and today, she was going to have them all. She wanted to strip then and there and have them but sense prevailed.

"Welcome, boys, to my house. I'm sure you all know what we're here for so let me get straight to the point."

Kendra laid out the ground rules:

- They were to come in her or on her
- Once they come, they leave the room
- Other than the living room and the room Mike brings them to, the rest of the house was off limits

- They were to fuck her at least once throughout the day
- They finished by midnight

"When you leave, you will be provided a cellphone, which I will use to contact you for future gatherings. You are free to invite your own guests. Please make yourself at home and help yourself to the buffet. It's almost 11, let's get started. Mike, bring the first group to me in five minutes."

Kendra left them to their own devices and went into her sex dungeon. There was a large bed, chairs, tables, couches and who knows what other furniture for her to be fucked on. She put on a blindfold and made sure her sensitivity was as high as they ever were. She was dizzy with anticipation and a thought occurred. She wanted to be stretched beyond her limits. She snapped her fingers, turning off her ability to take any size and made it so she lactated everytime she came for good measure.

The door opened without a knock and the first group entered. She didn't know how many or who. She didn't care. No one said a word.

Hands touched her all over and shifted her around the bed. A man crawled beside her and lifted her back slightly, then pressed his lubed up tip against her asshole and pushed in. She moaned as a cock slapped her cheeks and was dragged across her face before it slipped right into her throat, causing her to gag. She pushed past the gag reflex. The rest wasted no time filling her up and giving her cocks to stroke.

Kendra came almost instantly. Her nipples came to attention and sprayed milk through her tube top while her flat chest budded to life, not enough to stretch the dress however. As she shook, the men pounded her hard and fast and deep.

"Jesus, is that milk?" one guy said.

"Holy fuck, I think you're right!"

"That's so hot, I can't- Ugh! I'm coming!" There was a loud grunt as the one pounding her pussy slammed balls deep into her. The two cocks she was stroking came together, spraying cum on her chest and neck. Kendra moaned hard as the tingle reached her chest. This time, her budding breasts grew enough to stretch the dress, causing it to ride up her ass to her back.

"Oh God, her cans are growing. I ca- oh- ohhh." Thick hot cum covered her throat and mouth. Kendra wrapped her lips tight around the cock and licked it inside her mouth, squeezing out every drop before letting the guy go. It got quiet except for Kendra's grunts and the guy pounding her ass. He did not last that much longer and filled her ass with cum and left.

Kendra kept the blindfold on and played with her breasts, still leaking milk, while she waited for the next group. She heard the door open and close again. She was moved from the bed and the whole process of filling her holes and hands up started all over again.

Except, Kendra didn't come and neither did the guys. This group kept fucking her and removing their cocks from her just as she was about to come, over and over again. Her orgasm kept building and building but the release never came. They were edging themselves and in doing so, edging her too.

"I'm going to come oh dear god please let me come" she gasped as she was being jackhammered.

"Shut up, slut. We come when we want to," said one of the guys.

The build up became its own pleasure. Always coming close to the peak but never cresting, always going up higher.

One of the guys violating her pussy finally came, leading the other cock inside her to come as well. This did it. The release Kendra kept chasing but never got. Her whole body trembled as the guys held her down. Her tits grew and sprayed milk. But it was different. It wasn't a gradual growth. They surged out of the dress, ripping it apart. The milk sprayed like a firehose, covered everyone around her in her cream. One by one, they all came. They came in her pussy, her asshole, her throat. They came on her legs, her stomach, her tits, her hands, her face. When they left, Kendra had to blow her nose to get some of the cum out.

She wiped her hand as best she could and snapped. This time making it so she was edged until the last guy in the group came. She wanted to feel the explosive surge again.

When the next group came in, Kendra was wiping cum off her body and licking it up. They got to work fucking her and on and on it went. Her tits surged each time they came, bringing intense pleasure that drove Kendra nuts.

Group after group came and went, depositing their seed in her, making her grow. She lost her blindfold at some point but it did not make any difference. Kendra could not comprehend what she was seeing unless it was cock and balls and cum. Even her ears were getting filled. There was no coherent thought in her anymore. She wasn't a nymphomaniac, nor a slut. She was simply a cum dumpster with enormous growing tits.

Kendra was more cum covered tits than person by the time midnight rolled around. Her milk flooded the room and her nipples, which were the size of a thermos, were still leaking. She was experiencing an unending orgasm. The last few groups of guys had to climb up onto her milk filled breasts to reach her fuck holes. Some opted to jerk off and come on her instead, seeing as there were so much of her to come on.

The last group finally left, leaving Kendra in a daze. Her mind was blank. She had no energy left. And passed out.

Mike shook her awake. He was standing on her breasts naked.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Just a little after 1am. You need anything?"

"No, it's fine. I'm fine." Kendra snapped her fingers and her tits shrunk to the size of beach balls in an instant. The shrinking happened so fast that Kendra and Mike were dropped into the pool of milk. "I gotta fix this design flaw. No drainage." She snapped and the milk evaporated away, leaving no sign of her orgy.

"I conducted an exit interview with the men as they left. None of them remember your growing, milk spraying udders."

"Udders..." Kendra hoisted her tits and squeezed. "I like that. Anyway, thank you. That's good to hear. That means they should also not know where or how to get here."

Kendra stretched and popped her back, releasing some of the tension. "Mmmm that's the stuff." Mike was staring at her like a puppy. She knew what he wanted but she was udderly exhausted. He was going to have to wait until tomorrow. "Sorry, Mike. Can we do it tomorrow, after I got some sleep? I'm not really in the mood right now."

She could see anger bubbling up in his eyes but he kept his cool. "Sure," he said, curtly.

"You'll have me all to yourself tomorrow, I promise." Kendra winked.

Mike simply turned around and left the room. Kendra sighed in resignation and went to her bedroom.

The next morning, Kendra snuck into Mike's room while he was asleep and sucked him off and fucked him throughout the day, as she promised.

Kendra wore one of the back braces the genie conjured up and nothing else. It helped alleviate some of the weight on her back, allowing her to move about without much strain. The size of her bust made setting up her new toy more challenging than it should be. The genie floated by her, watching her fumble around.

"Do you have a name?" Kendra asked absentmindedly.

"I did, at one point but I've forgotten. You're the first one in a long time to ask." She went silent.

"Why do you only grant sex wishes anyway?"

"Because I like to? I could grant normal wishes like most other genies but I prefer to be more restrictive. Plus, I get to watch you have fun."

"Don't you get bored? Like, you're watching me get all the action but you're not getting any?" Kendra fiddled to fit the parts of her new toy.

"Sometimes..." The genie looked as if she was deep in thought.

They returned to silence while Kendra assembled her toy.

"Ginny," the genie said.

"What?"

"Call me Ginny. G-I-N-N-Y."

"Really?" Kendra scoffed lightly. "That's creative."

"Oh, you want creative?" Ginny said. "I'll show you creative." She snapped her fingers.

Kendra yelped. She was floating mid-air, her tits hanging down freely. Her legs spread apart by an unknown force. The same force that held her hands outstretched to her side. She could not move her body, only her head. She looked up to see Ginny's face right in front. They locked eyes. Kendra's heart beat fast. Fear at what was going to happen. The fear brought with it some excitement and lust.

Ginny took Kendra's hands and placed them on her breasts. Compared to Kendra now, Ginny was much smaller, even though her breasts were the same size as when they first met. Ginny then brought her crotch to the floating girl's face.

Kendra knew what Ginny wanted and gave it her. She buried her face and licked. Down at her own crotch, she felt the something licking her. She lifted her face from Ginny and craned her neck back, there was nothing and the licking stopped when she did. Something whipped her head back to Ginny's lips. Kendra felt something hold her head down. A harness tied her head to the genie's crotch. She resumed eating Ginny out while playing with her godly tits, feeling herself getting eaten out by, well, herself.

Ginny moaned and moaned, driving Kendra to go even harder. The genie's breast was getting more and more difficult to grasp. They were growing! As they did, Kendra felt her own breasts being fondled and getting tighter. She felt something else enter lower lips. It wasn't her tongue. It was something big.

Ginny had assembled her toy and floated it to her dripping wet sex, pushing it into her and turned it on. The dildo fixed to the toy was thicker than her fist, filling her up. The sensation was out of the world. She could feel herself getting fucked hard by the machine and her tongue working furiously. They were separate but the same.

It was incredible. Kendra felt the orgasm building, her tits were not getting bigger but they felt tighter and fuller. She moaned into Ginny's moist pussy. The orgasm just kept building. Something was wrong, getting fucked and stimulated like she was, she should have come ages ago but she hadn't.

It just kept building and building, driving her mad with lust as her pussy was licked by her own tongue and violated by the massive dildo that stretched her wide.

Kendra felt Ginny's hands on the back of her head, pushing her deeper between the magical being's legs. Ginny tasted good. Very good. So sweet and delicious. It drove her insane. She needed more.

As if Ginny read her mind, Kendra felt the machine thrust harder and faster, the dildo growing inside her, vibrating. Then, something else entered her. This time from her backdoor. Another dildo forced itself into her asshole and pumped as hard and fast as the one in her pussy. They violated both her holes in a constant, alternating rhythm.

Her tits were getting even tighter. She felt the pressure building even in the ecstasy of her own orgasm building and Ginny's cries of pleasure.

Finally, she came. They both did. Kendra screamed into Ginny, relishing the intense pleasure that surged through her entire being. The pressure in her huge breasts kept building as they grew, however. Her hands squeezed Ginny's tits. Fluid sprayed out from her erect nipples and she felt her own mammarys do the same, covering the room with milk. Even with the pressure relieved, Kendra felt her breasts grow tighter and hang lower.

Her whole body convulsed mid-air, shaking without control, her eyes rolled back, her mind lost all rational thought, lost in the waves of pleasure cresting within. Seconds, minutes, maybe even hours passed, Kendra did not know how long. Her mind and body was numb and exhausted.

Kendra felt her body shift up right, her legs still floating above ground, her breasts reaching her hips. Ginny's hands gave her tight ass a squeeze, eliciting a moan from Kendra. The hands moved around to her crotch, then to her breasts, then a pinch on her nipples. Ginny cupped her face and pulled her in for a kiss. Her half open eyes shot open. A warmth spread through her. It was not lust. It was comforting and warming. The tiredness evaporated. Energy coursed through her.

Ginny pulled apart from their kiss. Kendra noticed for the first time how red the genie's eyes were. Something was different, however. Ginny's red hair lost their lustre and her skin looked dull.

"Thank you." Ginny smiled. "Now, I need to rest." And she was gone, the book that laid open on the floor closed. Kendra landed on her feet. She picked up Ginny's book and opened it, nothing. She shrugged and tossed the book on her bed.

Her fuck machine laid on its side, and a second one that she did not order sitting beside. Ginny must have conjured it. Kendra bent down to pick it up. She misjudged her new balance and fell over.

"God...these are such a hassle..." She hauled one breast aside to give herself some room to detach the dildo, slick with her juices. It was larger than she remembered it looking, almost as thick as her thigh and longer than her forearm.

The room smelled of sex, milk, and sweat. Kendra looked around and sighed. "This is going to be a bitch to clean up."

Kendra waddled to the bathroom. She looked at the mirror and admired her new figure. Her eyes moved from her enormous breasts up to her face and her hazel brown eyes. She

remembered how alluring Ginny's eyes were. The redness that could seduce any man or woman. She quietly wished to have eyes like that.

Bathing proved to be a challenge. With her tits now in an absurd size of beach balls, Kendra was less fitting in the shower, more squeezing into it. Her breasts pushed against the glass and wall, making it difficult to reach the shower knob and soap. Still, she managed.

She ran her hands over her tits, lathering them up, feeling the soapy water run through her deep canyon of a cleavage. It was tantalising.

Kendra got out of the shower and dried herself. Her towel no longer wrapped around her whole body with her new mammaries so she just toss it in the basket once she was dry, entering her bedroom naked. The weight of her unsupported tits strained her back.

"Ugh, so heavy. I should hit the gym or my back is going to break."

She looked around her bedroom looking for Ginny's book and noticed something odd.

The smell of sweat, sex, and milk was gone. Her bed was made with fresh sheets. Her toy(s) sat on her study desk, neatly packed. There was no sign of the debauchery that took place before her shower.

"Huh...guess Ginny must have taken care of it while I was in the shower." Kendra picked up Ginny's book and opened it to summon her. But nothing. "Hmm...she said she was tired...Do genies even get tired?"

A curiosity sparked within Kendra. She wanted to know more about Ginny and how she came to be. And she knew just the place to find answers.

What Ginny said was right, her bras and supports did grow to match her new size. It looked like she stuffed two over inflated beach balls into her bra, except they were her tits. Clasp on the bra, she felt the weight lift somewhat.

Her wardrobe were filled with clothes that would've fit her just right a few hours ago. But now, they were a size or two too small. She would have to ask Ginny for more clothes. Browsing through, she noticed all the shirts had buttons. Kendra picked out a pencil skirt and a white button-up shirt.

The skirt was easy enough, given nothing much had changed down below. It was a tight fit that showcased her butt. But the shirt was a challenge. The buttons at the peak of her chest would not reach. Kendra fiddled with the bra straps to tighten them, squishing her breasts against her body. Finally, she was able to button the shirt up, except the top few buttons, leaving an impressive view of her glorious cleavage.

The tightness of the bra and shirt forced her to take shallow breaths, fearing that the buttons may not hold on if she took a deep one.

Kendra packed the book in her handbag and left the apartment. Larry was the security guard on

duty. He was always courteous and warm. She toyed with the idea of having some fun with him at some point in time. She greeted him on her way out and could have sworn his eyes popped out of their sockets.

She got into her car. Although it was more like squeezing. Her breasts pressed against the steering wheel, even after she pushed the driver seat as far back as it would go. Driving is out of question. She decided to call a cab instead. As she got out of her car, someone called her name.

It was Mike. And there was a huge bulge at his crotch.

Kendra screamed when a pair of hands groped her from behind. Mike then kissed her neck as he massaged her breasts, turning fear into moans of pleasure.

"You're lucky I'm in the mood."

"Aren't you always?" Mike asked, grinding against her butt.

"Cheeky." Kendra reached back and stroked his monster cock. "Let me help you with this. Your equipment isn't very wiely in here." It shrunk to what could barely be called normal. Pornstars would probably sell a kidney to pack something of his size. Mike was soon hard and ready to go.

Kendra snapped her fingers twice and Mike entered her gently.

They went slow and gentle, a stark contrast from the rough and rowdy they've been having. It was almost sensual. Kendra felt an orgasm building but could not crest over the edge. Considering how sensitive her boobs were and how turned on she was, it would have been weird that she hadn't come. But her wish made sure she didn't until ten minutes later, as would Mike.

Kendra rode the edge and was desperate to reach the peak. As the time limit she placed on them came close, they started moving faster and faster. And finally, they came. They trembled and grunted and moaned as Mike blew his load in Kendra.

Mike fell back, pulling Kendra down with him, still balls deep in her. Her boobs grew slightly, in size and sensitivity. They shared a kiss and stayed that way while they recovered, letting the shower run warm water over them.

They eventually cleaned up properly and got dressed. Kendra wore a lacy bralette under a tank top and a skirt that was long enough to just cover her butt with no panties. Her breasts could spill out at any moment. Mike wore the shirt and pants Kendra conjured for him but the pants seemed to have shrunk to accentuate his bulge and butt even more.

"Alright, Mike. It has been fun but we need to have a serious talk."

"Sure. What's on your mind?" he said with a sweet smile.

"I don't know how you feel but to me, this," she gestured between them, "is nothing special to me. I don't want to give you any wrong ideas that there might be something more."

Mike's smile flinched slightly but he kept it up. He was definitely disappointed. "So I'm just a...fuck buddy?"

"Yes. Our relationship is purely sexual, no romance or emotion. Are you cool with that?"

He took a deep breath and stretched back. "Well, I have to say I'm disappointed. I was hoping that there *was* something. But I understand. I'm cool."

"Good. I'm glad." Kendra sipped the exquisite wine, smiling.

"What are you going to do now? You are pretty much God."

"Not quite. I tried a few wishes earlier and they didn't work. I wished myself to be smarter or to have the cure for cancer and nothing happened. And I can't wish myself knowledge on how my powers work."

"Interesting. Maybe it's limited to how specific the wish is?"

"Maybe. Or maybe I can't make sweeping changes."

"Good theory." Mike drank more wine. The glasses seemed to never run dry of the delicious wine. Not that she minded. "What about money?"

"Of course. Why didn't I think of that?" She snapped her fingers and went to check her bank account on her laptop. As she navigated the browser, she noticed Mike shifting and staring at her. "Yes?"

"Oh, uh, sorry. I didn't mean to stare." His face was almost as red as the wine they drank. "I can't help but watch you play with yourself."

"What?" Kendra looked down at her chest and found herself fondling with her left breast. "Oh, I didn't even notice. It feels so good, though." She smiled and moaned, teasing Mike.

"Anyway, holy crap. It totally worked! Look!" She gestured for Mike to come over to her, instead of shifting the laptop to him. She wanted to see his hard on.

"Whoa. Kendra, you must have more cash than the next ten richest people alive! Not even Jeff Bezos would have that much."

"Right? I just wished for a cool five hundred billion. And it's just there! No deposits made. Just \$72 one moment and billions the next!"

"What are you going to do with that amount of money?"

"I'm definitely going to buy a nice big house in the middle of nowhere, with a nice view."

"I have some pretty hefty student loans that could use some help."

Snap. "Not anymore!"

"Wow, really?"

"Call to check! Although, you might want to wait a few more hours. It's almost 5a.m."

"Holy shit...Thank you! How can I ever repay you?"

Kendra rubbed his crotch seductively. "Just keep this available for me whenever I want it," she said with a wink.

Mike squirmed slightly. "I feel like a hooker."

"You don't like it?" She pouted.

"No, no, I do! I just..."

"Just what?" Kendra asked in an innocent voice.

"Nothing."

"Good boy. Now, for your payment." She undid his pants and freed his impressive package, taking it whole in her mouth. It reached back down her throat but she did not gag. She ran her tongue up and down his shaft, her head bobbing back and forth. It didn't take long before Mike's balls churned and shot ropes of hot cum down her throat. Mike held her head down as she kept her lips sealed around his cock, sucking out every last drop, leaving none to waste.

Her chest tingled, signalling their growth. She fondled and massaged herself as she bathed in the waves of pleasure crashing through her. When Mike went soft and the growth stopped, she popped his dick out, making sure to give his tip a lick just before letting it go.

"Fuck me..." Mike panted.

"What do you think I've been doing?" Kendra winked.

"Touché."

\~

Over the next few days, Mike went back to work as per normal. Kendra shrunk his cock down to his original size and turned off his libido as sex was all he could think off, making it hard to work. While he's at work in the day, Kendra browsed the web for land to build her dream house. Wishing for one did not work as it seemed she needed to know the location. She also found out that she could simply teleport to that location once she knew it. So she would sometimes hop out to the land listed for a private viewing.

At night, she would give Mike his libido back, turning him into a crazed sex beast with all the pent up horniness throughout the day, which suited Kendra just fine. They would end up having sex for hours on end. Coming again and again, leaving Kendra soaked and filled with cum in all her holes. Her neighbours lodged several complaints about the noise they were making but it only turned Kendra on to think that other people could hear her screams of pleasure. Then it

was routine clean up, slow sensual shower sex, then dinner, then a quickie before sleeping.

Having so much sex meant increased chances of pregnancy. And there was. More than one pregnancy scare, infact. After one too many scares, Kendra made it so she no longer had eggs and that she no longer had periods. The second part was particularly great as she always had terrible cramps.

It went on for about two weeks before Kendra found a plot of land that she fell in love with immediately. It was by a lake with a mountain as the backdrop. Trees surrounding the place, giving it privacy. It was gorgeous.

She bought the land without negotiating the price down even though the agent advised her to. With the land hers, she hired the best architect to design her new home, fitting in the latest and greatest without regard for price, just the best quality. From then, it was simply a matter of waiting a few months till her house was ready.

Kendra thought about wishing it to be instant but decided that it was too risky. Too many things that could go wrong since she did not know the specifics of everything that goes into building a house. Plus, she wanted to live life semi-normally before she dived into her new life.

\~

"Kendra, I'm home!" Mike officially moved in after a month. He had not returned to his apartment since that day at the bookstore except to collect some of his belongings. He could have asked Kendra for replacement but she knew there was no replacing some things.

"In the bedroom!" she yelled, her eyes never leaving her laptop.

Mike entered and dropped his bag. "How was your day?"

"It was great! I spoke to met some investors and I think there's a good chance my foundation will be a success! Yours?" she said, still typing away. She may have the powers of a lesser God but having things too easy felt a little boring her Kendra. She needed a little challenge and normalcy to feel alive.

"That's awesome! I'm glad. Kathy is up my ass again. She's still holding that time I failed to send her the documents when I called in sick over me." He removed his shirt and stretched.

"Aww. I'm sorry." She closed her laptop and set it aside. "Let me make it up to you. It is my fault, after all."

"You can make it up to me by helping me with this." Mike dropped his pants to reveal his massive hard on.

Kendra licked her lips and smiled. "Gladly."

She licked his tip and stroked his shaft, slowly taking in more of his length, bobbing her head back and forth. She swallowed, her throat contracting on his length, eliciting a grunt from Mike.

With her hands free, Kendra worked on her boobs, moaning and coming as she blew him. Soon, Mike blew his load down her throat. She made sure to suck every drop of cum.

Her boobs tingled and gurgled. They stretched the tight t-shirt she had on. The tightness hurt a little but it only served to turn Kendra on. Her breasts grew to the size of small watermelons. The shirt was stretched taut with no more give.

Kendra continued to suck on Mike's soft penis, bobbing her head until he got rock hard again. As soon as that happened, she popped him out and laid on her back to receive him in her dripping wet pussy. Mike pushed in in one smooth stroke, making her come immediately. Her tits tingled again and grew. The shirt gave and ripped around the seams and middle, showing an ample cleavage.

Something felt off for Kendra. She felt good but for some reason, she didn't feel in it. For the first time in a while, she felt almost...bored. She wasn't thinking about Mike's growing penis violating her impossibly stretched pussy or her increasingly sensitive bosom. Her mind drifted to her work at her foundation. Maybe she was getting bored of Mike or he wasn't enough for her anymore.

They finished their fuck for the night that left Kendra with giant bean bag sized tits and went about their routine. Maybe it was the routine that was getting stale. Dinner was delicious but the shower sex was disappointing. She came lots, as usual but it just didn't feel exciting. She was definitely bored.

Mike was visibly disappointed when Kendra declined the quickie before bed but she needed the clear mind to think. She even dropped the sensitivity in her boobs. She thought about the events that led her to where she was. Perhaps she was just bored of Mike. Ginny was no longer with her so the next most exciting thing that happened since was the gangbang. Kendra rested her laptop on her bean bag boobs and listed an ad. She also sent the three guys from before a message.

One way or another, Kendra was going to regain that drive.

\~

The next day, Kendra's K Foundation was officially open for business to help the less fortunate. With her unlimited funding, she did not bother with the usual stringent checks. As long as the case officer thought help was needed, it was given. But the foundation was not the only thing that was open for business.

Kendra wore another tight t-shirt over her shrunken C-cups and nothing else. She was dripping just anticipating what's to come. She laid on the couch and played with herself, careful to not come before her guests arrived. Her doorbell rang.

"It's open!" she called out in a sing-song manner. The door opened and ten guys entered. She continued playing with herself while they gathered in front of her. "Strip. All the way."

Kendra licked her fingers and snapped. She was determined to pleasure herself and she wasn't about to let stamina get in the way. They were going to fuck her and blow up her tits until she was satisfied.

"Leave the cash on the table and follow me." She led them to her bedroom and laid on her bed. "Only one rule: I want a dick in me at all times. No stopping until I say so. Got it?"

Foot-long from the first time walked up to her, flipped her on her belly and pulled her ass up to his crotch. "You are going to regret saying that. We are going to break you, slut." He shoved his cock in in one stroke. Kendra gasped. The other guys whooped and crowded around her.

She had a cock in both hands and one stuffing her mouth. She had almost no freedom of movement, her body was theirs to use as they pleased. They violated her thoroughly. Her mouth, pussy, ass. Everything. Nothing about her body was sacred. As she came, her cute C-cups grew, stretching out the shirt to the limits. Eventually, someone came in her. Kendra was too lost in ecstasy to know where, just that they did. Her tits ballooned and shredded the shirt.

Somewhere along the way, they moved her to her living room and fucked her on her coffee table. While one guy fucked her face, another fucked her tits. Two others stuffed her asshole. They came in her, on her and around her. They moved her again, fucking her along the way. Kendra no longer had any rational thought, just cock, cum and growing tits.

They eventually returned to the bedroom once her tits grew larger than her body and she became too heavy to carry around while inside her. They followed her rule. There wasn't a moment where there wasn't at least one cock inside her or in her hands. She had become a wanton slut that only cared about satisfying her primal needs.

\~

When Kendra awoke, it was morning and there was a cock still fucking her mouth, ass and pussy. Her cum covered tits spilled over her king-sized bed. It wasn't just her tits. Her entire body was covered in cum, some still fresh. Her wish worked a little too well.

She stopped the guys with a snap and sent them home. Her jaw was sore and her pussy and asshole were thoroughly stretched. Her entire body ached from the countless orgasms she had throughout the night. Mike was asleep naked in the corner. Of course, he wasn't affected by the wish.

Kendra shrunk her tits down to D-cups and took a hot shower. Mike had just woken up when she was done.

"Morning! Why don't you go wash up and I'll make breakfast?"

"Yeah, I'll do that." Mike was definitely hurt.

Breakfast was a spread of pancakes and fruit. Kendra craved for some heavy carbs. Mike came out of the shower dry and naked. He sat down and ate without a word.

Kendra sighed. "Look, Mike, I know you're upset about the guys."

"I don't think upset begins to cover it, Kendra."

"What do you want me to say? I told you that nothing is going to happen between us. It never had and never will!"

"Even after all this time? Nothing?"

"It's impossible between us."

"Why? Tell me what I can do to make it possible! I'll do it!"

"You can't. It's not something that you do or can do. I just don't see you that way."

Mike's shoulders dropped and he buried his face in his hands.

"Look, I'm sorry. If you want to take this to the next level, I'm the wrong girl and you should go." Kendra snapped her fingers to get dressed. She felt bad for Mike but there really was nothing to be done. "If you come back tonight, I'll take it that you accept that and will not push the matter any further." And she left her apartment.

\~

Mike came back that day. And the day after, and every day after that. He never brought it up again or showed his dismay when he walked in on Kendra stuffed with cock.

Months later, Kendra's lakeside mansion was complete and they moved it. A nice private road through the forest led to her doorstep. She admired the breathtaking serene lake with a glass of wine in her hand. Her H-cup bust threatened to spill out of her tube top.

Her phone buzzed.

Mike: About half the attendees are here. We should be arriving on schedule.

Kendra: Lovely.

Of course, what new house could be complete without a housewarming party. But before the party began, Kendra needed to make sure of something. Right on cue, her doorbell rang.

[Trigger warning: Rape]

Kendra held orgies at her new place. At first it was every other month, then it was monthly, which became weekly and then nearly every other day. She would fuck over a hundred guys at least twice a week. Her guestlist grew as well. More guys and a surprising number of girls turned up. With girls now part of the equation, Kendra changed the rule where they all had to come in or on her to if they want to fuck her, they must come in or on her.

She did away with the group system and refurbished her living room. Now she would be fucked

in her living room. The move was a necessary change as she almost outgrew the sex dungeon on several occasions. When one cock came, another replaced it immediately. Oh, she nicknamed all the guys 'cock'. She could not be bothered to remember their names. To her, they only served to provide her with cum and cash, not that she needed the latter but it was a way to limit the type of people that could participate.

When Kendra wasn't busy covering herself with cum and milk, she was busy meeting the rich and powerful. They all wanted a slice of her pie, and a night with her but she never allowed that. Her foundation had become a force to be reckoned with, all thanks to her unlimited funds. College tuition grants were handed out like candy and research labs all over the country had all their funding approved. She might not be able to conjure up a cure for diseases but she could definitely accelerate research.

She had just returned from a meeting with one of her research partners. The treatment they developed was showing strong promise and were ready to move to a larger trial. It was a three day trip with two days spent just at the airport. She would have teleported where she was needed but appearances of normalcy had to be kept up. When out in public, she would keep her bust at a modest F-cup and sometimes grow J-cups throughout the day if she was feeling naughty. Just because she had to appear normal, didn't mean that she was going to behave normal.

Kendra plopped down on the couch, conjured a glass of wine and some snacks, and turned on the TV. The news was reporting on an investment the K-Foundation, her foundation, had made in helping repay student loan debts. It brought a smile to her face when they showed interviews with grateful people thanking her.

Mike wasn't home. He had been giving her the cold shoulder outside of fucking and started staying elsewhere more often. Kendra knew that she was giving him less attention since they moved but she couldn't help it. He always knew that there was no real bond between them, just fuck buddies. At least she hoped he knew.

The news moved on and Kendra drifted to sleep. She felt her body being moved and awoke from that. A pair of hands was undoing her suit and dress shirt roughly, and fondling her boobs. She regained consciousness and realised it was Mike.

"What are you doing?" Kendra pushed him away and held her clothes close.

Mike moved towards her. His face filled with anger and lust. "I want to fuck."

"No! I'm not in the mood!" She moved back on the couch. "We'll do it tomorrow, or later if I'm feeling up for it."

He ignored her and continued his advance. Kendra stood up and gave Mike a tight slap.

"I said, no." Mike held the cheek that was slapped and glared at her. She glared back and stormed off to her bedroom.

Kendra slammed the door behind her, jiggling her tits free of their confines. She could not believe what Mike was thinking or that he had the audacity to do something like that. He was going to have to leave. She would give him a sum of money and make him leave. But first, she needed to sleep. She stripped naked and climbed into bed, drifting off as the adrenaline subsided.

\~

Kendra dreamt of her old job. She was walking to the copier to duplicate some documents when Kathy stopped her and started berating her. She called her names like slut, cunt and whore. Kendra whimpered a retort but Kathy told her to shut up. In that instant, Kendra felt something in her mouth. She reached up to feel it and realised it was a ball gag. She could not form words, only muffled noises. Then Kathy ripped Kendra's shirt and skirt off, leaving her in her underwear. She then removed her pants, revealing a penis. It hung past her knees and was thick as her arm.

Kendra's boobs bounced as Kathy pinned her to the ground, held her hands tight and thrust her penis into her. Kendra yelped in pain as she was utterly filled and stretched to her limits. She tried to beg Kathy to stop but it only came out as muffled moans.

Kendra could only moan and cry as Kathy violated her.

\~

Kendra woke up from the dream to see Mike on top of her and inside her. She tried to squirm free but he had an iron grip.

"You can't say a wish or snap your fingers. I'm going to have you all to myself. No more gangbangs. No more sharing. All. Mine." Mike had a crazed look in his eyes.

He doesn't know I can think my wishes! I wish that I was free of him. Kendra immediately teleported to her door and Mike ended up thrusting in her bed. She removed the ball gag and massaged her jaw.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?"

Mike scrambled out of her bed but he was too slow. Kendra snapped her fingers and ropes appeared to tie him down.

"Our agreement was that you could fuck me when I want it, not rape me."

"Oh yeah? It seems like you've been wanting it less!"

"Things changed, Mike!"

He tried to lunge at Kendra but the ropes held.

"I can't let this go. You've violated my trust. I'll have to punish you," she said grimly.

"Do your worst, slut. You're just a slut. A whore. A cum r-"

Kendra snapped her fingers and the ball gag tied itself to Mike's mouth. She snapped again and a chastity belt encased his crotch and monster cock and balls. Another snap and the ropes disappeared, replaced by a collar and leash around his neck, and he went on all fours. Pain, confusion, anger, all emotions other than happy ones flashed across his eyes

"I own you now. You still have your free will and be free to think what you want. But, you will obey my every order. Some time in the future, I may choose to forgive you for what you've done to me. But until then, you'll have to suffer.

"That chastity belt is molded to fit your cock flaccid. If you get hard, you will be in a world of pain. And I will make sure that you do. Every time I fuck or masturbate, you will get hard, whether you know it or not. You cannot come. You will always be on the edge but never cross it."

His eyes widened with fear.

Kendra snapped again and her sybian appeared beside her. Mike was trembling and making muffled noises, tears ran down his cheek. She slid the dildo into her pussy and mounted the sybian.

"Let this be your first lesson."

\~

At the next orgy, Kendra paraded Mike like a show dog in front of her guest. There were whispers and murmurs when she did.

"I have one more rule to add. If consent is not given, do not force yourself upon another participant or me. Break that rule and you will end up like him." She stepped on Mike's whimpering head. "Am I clear?"

A chorus of acknowledgement echoed through the house.

"Good. Let us begin." Her guests started to mingle, some stripped and started fucking, others got to work on the buffet first.

She had Mike sit like a dog in a corner and watch her every move. She then moved among the guests to make her way through the bed set up for her.

One of the participants caught Kendra's eye. A petite girl with modest assets. She was like a shorter version of Kendra before meeting Ginny. She was shifting uncomfortably and undressing hesitantly.

"Hello! I haven't seen you before."

"H-hi. I'm new," she whispered.

"Welcome! Is this your first time at an orgy? You must be nervous." The girl nodded.

"I'm Kendra. You are?"

"Chelsea."

"Come, I'll take good care of you."

Kendra led Chelsea to the bed and laid her down. She made out with her while running her hands over the new girl's body. She then kissed her body, making her way down to Chelsea's pussy. Remembering her time with Ginny and how much she enjoyed it, Kendra made it so that whatever Chelsea felt in her pussy, she would feel it on herself and vice versa. A special treat for the new girl.

A cock entered Kendra, eliciting a moan of surprise from Chelsea. Kendra winked at her while continuing her cunnilingus. Eventually, Chelsea's nerves were soothed and she was more comfortable, blowing a cock and jerking off two others while one pounded her ass, one tit fucked her and Kendra ate her.

At some point, Chelsea became covered with cum and went to take a break from being physically fucked. Kendra then made it so that she herself could only come once every hour to build up the orgasms. Cocks came in her, on her, her breast grew and sprayed milk all over. Kendra had to reduce her tits' sensitivity to prevent herself from passing out when her nipples were sucked as they grew.

Suddenly, a cold metallic feeling entered her, causing her to shriek into the cock stuffing her throat. The metallic feeling gradually became warm and picked up the pace. Once the cock came in her throat, she turned to look at where she placed Mike.

Chelsea was riding his chastity belt's cock. Kendra broke into laughter before another cock rammed into her mouth.

At the end of the orgy, Kendra was probably larger than her old apartment and her nipples were too big to fit in any normal person's mouth, though they were definitely hard enough to be fucked with. Kendra shrunk her boobs down and cleaned herself by wiping all the cum on her and lapping it up. She even had to wring her hair off of cum. It was disgusting and it turned Kendra on to think how big a cumslut she was.

A snap and her house was back to its tidied form. Mike looked to be in a daze in his corner, staring up the stairs, shaking. Chelsea really went to town on him.

Kendra ordered Mike to come to her and he ran eagerly on all fours. He seemed almost as if he couldn't wait till he was commanded away from his post. That was curious.

"Is there something up the stairs?"

Mike nodded.

"Is it one of the guests?"

Mike nodded again.

"Okay, I'll handle it. Go have your dinner." She snapped and the ball gag in his mouth disappeared, and he scrambled to his dog bowl in the kitchen.

Kendra went up the stairs quietly. "Hello? Who's there? You can come out. It's alright, I'm not going to hurt you!"

The door closest to the landing crept open and Chelsea emerged.

"Chelsea!"

"Sorry, Kendra. I..." She looked tortured inside. "I'll just go. I'm sorry." She tried to run past Kendra but Kendra grabbed on to her.

"What is it? You can talk to me." Kendra gave her sweetest, most genuine smile.

Chelsea broke down and sobbed into Kendra. They moved to the living room and rested on the couch. Kendra let her cry her heart out without interrupting, simply consoling her and providing her tissues. When she finally calmed down, Kendra offered a glass of water.

"Thank you, Kendra. I'm sorry."

"Pfftt. There's nothing to be sorry about. I'm always open to helping a friend."

"But we've only just met!"

"Still my friend."

Chelsea hugged Kendra tightly, mashing their breasts together, almost causing Kendra to come.

"So, what's the matter? How can I help?"

"I feel...I feel inadequate..."

"Inadequate? Why? Is it your size? Don't worry about that! You're smoking! Trust me!"

"You're just saying that..."

"No, I'm not."

"You're too kind...But...I do feel inadequate." She took a long drink. "I almost didn't come today. But my friend convinced me to. He said he would be my boyfriend if I did."

"What...Are you kidding me?"

Chelsea shook her head.

"What kind of friend is that? How can he do that? Holding your feelings for him over you like that..." Kendra felt the rage bubble within her. "I'm so sorry, I didn't know. If I did, I would never have...Oh God..."

Chelsea took her hands. "Don't be! I enjoyed myself today! You were amazing! And I don't know what you did to me but it felt amazing!"

"Really?"

Chelsea nodded. Kendra breathed a sigh of relief.

"I don't think he's worth your time, Chelsea. Tell me who he is, I'll ban him from participating ever again."

"Thank you, Kendra...I really appreciate it. There's something else."

"What is it?"

"Could you make me hotter? I want bigger breasts and butt."

"Why though? You're smoking already!"

"Please? I've always wanted to be bigger."

Kendra shifted uneasily and sighed. "Alright. I'll do it. But promise me it's for yourself and not that jerk."

"I promise."

"Ok, here goes. I'll start with your bust. Tell me when to stop."

Kendra snapped. Chelsea moaned and massaged her growing B-cups.

"Oh my god. Does it always feel so good?"

"Every single time."

"Oh fuck, it hurts. My breasts are becoming too big for my bra and shirt!"

"Shit, I'm sorry, I forgot. I'll stop it so yo-"

"No! Keep going! I want to bust out of my clothes!" she moaned.

Kendra would be lying if she said she didn't find Chelsea and her growth hot. Her hands found their way to her clit and started rubbing. Chelsea gasped again, feeling what Kendra's clit felt. It only made Kendra more turned on.

"Oh god. I'm going to come." Chelsea trembled as the orgasm crashed through her, squeezing her tits even tighter. There was a snap. Her bra finally gave way and her shirt was next. The fabric stretched thin, clinging on for dear life to contain her growing bust.

"Oooooooooooooo!!!" she yelled as her breasts shredded her shirt, spilling out into her hands.

When she finally asked Kendra to stop, Chelsea's breasts hung taut and firm past her belly. She giggled as she played with her new boobs. "I may have gone a little too far."

"I can fix that too!"

"No way! I love these! Do my ass now!" Chelsea assumed the doggy position. Kendra obliged.

"Mmmmm...this feels amazing too," she moaned, one hand played with her boob, the other caressed her ass. She was so big that she could simply rest on her boobs. "Oooo, it's getting tight."

Denim jeans were not meant to be stretched and Chelsea's butt and thighs were testing its limits. She moaned as her trunk got stuffed. The stitching holding the pair of jeans together began to unravel and tear.

"Okay stop!" And her growth stopped. Chelsea was panting as if she came multiple times in a row. She removed her tattered clothes and underwear and Kendra helped her to a mirror to examine her new figure.

"What do you think? You like it?"

"I don't like it. I love it!" She jumped up and down in excitement, her new assets bouncing along. Kendra had made Natalie thicc but Chelsea was *THICC*.

Chelsea hugged Kendra as tightly as their massive chests allowed. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"You're welcome! You look absolutely hot."

"I feel hot." She ran her hands up and down her body as she studied herself in the mirror. "I've decided. I'm going to dump that jerk. I can do much better than him. Especially now that I have the looks. With my brains, I will be unstoppable!"

"I know you would. Go out there and conquer the world!"

Chelsea leaned in and kissed Kendra. They made their way to her bedroom and spent the night exploring Chelsea's new body.

\~

After a night of lustful passion, Chelsea and Kendra shared a long shower, squeezing their enormous breasts into a small confined space. With Chelsea's new assets and Kendra leaving hers the size of award winning pumpkins, there wasn't a lot of space for movement so they just made out and touched each other a lot.

While Chelsea dried herself, Kendra conjured up some clothes for her new friend. The bra was big enough that each cup could be used as a mixing bowl and the deep blue dress left little to

the imagination.

Dressed up and her bust contained, Chelsea's tits were wider than her body and stuck out nearly a foot, hanging just over her belly. The sleeveless dress covered her bra but left her cleavage wide open; it was just long enough to cover her thick ass, leaving her luscious legs uncovered. A pair of three inch heels accentuated her assets.

They enjoyed a simple breakfast with each other's company. Kendra left Mike sleeping in his room. She briefly thought of her plan to finally free him but decided it was too soon. She would let him suffer a bit more before setting him free.

"Your request last night gave me an idea. And I have to say, I'm ashamed I did not think of it until now," Kendra said through a mouth full of bacon. Both their breasts pressed up against the table edge, testing the limits of their tight fancy dresses, just so they could reach their plate.

"Oh? What is it?"

"A body augmentation clinic! You want big tits? You got it. Flat butt? Not any more. Wish you were the opposite sex? Wish no more!"

"Wow! That's a great idea! Where do you plan to open the clinic?"

"No idea yet. I want to be able to reach as many people as I can. I want to help them address their confidence issues."

"Like you did with me?" Chelsea leaned back and pushed her unnaturally large bust up.

Kendra laughed. "Something like that."

"Well, when you do, let me know! I'll be your first customer!"

"You want to get bigger? You're already huge!"

"Says the girl whose breasts gets bigger than an army tank."

"Touché."

They finished their breakfast and Kendra called her a driver to take her home. While waiting, they took the time to make out and compete to see who can come the fastest. Kendra won by a long shot, coming three times before Chelsea reached her climax, and in doing so, ripped her dress and drenched herself in milk. Chelsea's forfeit was to lick Kendra clean, which she thoroughly enjoyed. Alas, the driver arrived and their session came to an end. His jaws dropped when he saw Chelsea in that tight dress and Kendra's major wardrobe malfunction. It made them giggle. Kendra would have to reward him one day. But she would need to learn his name first.

"Give me your address. I'll have clothes of all varieties waiting for you when you get home." Kendra handed her a notepad and pen.

Chelsea scribbled her address on the notepad and handed it to Kendra. "How can I ever repay you for what you've done for me?"

"Live your life to the fullest and come to me when you need help. That's good enough for me."

They hugged, again threatening to spill their ample bosom out of their dress. "You're an amazing person, you know that?"

"You could stand to tell me that more often."

Chelsea laughed. "I'll see you soon. Be sure to invite me to the next one."

Kendra waved her goodbye as the car pulled out of the roundabout in front of her house. She hurried back to her laptop. She had work to do.

Kendra called in sick the next day and spent the better part of the day pleasuring herself. True to the genie's words, her breasts swelled each time she came. It got more and more sensitive the larger they grew, her nipples were always erect and begging to be played with.

She wanted to feel them grow. She put on her tightest t-shirt, her now perky C-cups pushed against the fabric but it was still comfortable. Kendra slipped her fingers inside and got to work.

It was electrifying, she couldn't stop herself. In and out, faster and faster. "Oh yes- I feel so good- Ahhh-" Kendra groped and squeezed her boobs, playing with her nipples.

She felt the orgasm building and her hand moved greater intensity. "Oh my god! Yes! Yes!" She cried out as the climax hit her, sending waves of pleasure across her body.

Her hand on her breast, she felt it fill out her hand and shirt. The sensation of her skin stretching and her breast growing, building up to another orgasm. She stroked herself more and more until eventually her entire fist slipped inside. She had never been able to take something so big before but she didn't care. It felt good. That's all that matters.

Kendra fisted herself senseless. She was screaming from the intense pleasure that was flooding her, her body spasming uncontrollably.

Finally satiated, she fell asleep.

\~

When she woke, Kendra went to the bathroom. She studied her new figure in the mirror. The t-shirt was straining to contain her new tits, showing just a little cleavage. The tightness turned her on, her nipples were visibly erect through the thin white fabric.

She smiled. She felt incredibly sexy, something she hadn't thought about in her life.

A light bulb lit up in her head. She sent in her resignation email, went online shopping and ad sites.

After dinner, she played with herself again, feeling the t-shirt stretch and strain to hold her growing bust. After she was done, Kendra checked her email to find responses to her ad. She smiled and went to sleep, anticipating the next day.

\~

The next morning, she made herself a breakfast of bacon and eggs with a glass of milk. She opened the book to release the genie.

"Alright. I want to make a wish."

"And what will it be?"

"I want to be able to take dicks of any size, no matter how big, no matter how many."

"That's an interesting one. Do I need to ask which hole?"

Kendra gave the genie a look.

"Point taken. Your wish shall be my command." The genie snapped her fingers. Kendra expected to feel something, a tingle, an itch. Nothing.

"Are you sure it worked?"

"Why don't you find out?"

"Oh, I intend to." Right on cue, her doorbell rang. Kendra opened the door to find three huge muscular guys waiting. She smiled. She would definitely find out. One way or another.

"Payment?" She asked. They each handed her a wad of cash and entered one by one.

She had them all strip in her living room. Kendra liked what she saw. Mike was good but compared to these guys, his was average at best. They were all well hung, the largest one was nearly a foot.

Kendra licked her lips hungrily. It was time to get to work.

She laid one of them down on her coffee table and mounted his ten incher, reverse cowgirl style.

"Oh...lord..." she moaned as she felt it fill her up. She looked at the one with the foot long cock.

"Put your magnificent dick in me." He obliged. "Oh Jesus!" She screamed out as she felt her pussy stretch with two huge cocks stuffed inside her. She laid down on the guy on the table. The last guy had his eleven inch hard and ready to work. Kendra opened her mouth wide and he shoved it in her throat.

They all started pumping their dicks into her furiously. Kendra moaned and moaned as her holes were filled and serviced. "Oh god- fuck yes- harder- harder!" her voice muffled by the cock stroking her throat. Her hands busied themselves with fondling her breasts and pinching her

nipples.

She came faster than ever, just minutes into their session. It was pure ecstasy. The sensation just kept coming and coming. The guys were far from done. They kept up the pace and pumped harder.

Eventually, another orgasm hit her, harder than the first. "Oh my god! Yes! YES! I'M COMING! FUCK ME HARDER!" They complied with her muffled screams. The waves of pleasure spread throughout her body. Her chest was feeling very tight as her breast grew faster than before, stretching the fabric to their limits.

She felt the guy she was giving a deepthroat to slam his balls against her face and cum shoot down her throat. She just kept sucking, working her tongue on his shaft, squeezing every drop of semen out. Her throat felt amazing, almost as if it was her vagina.

He pulled his dick out and laid back on the couch. "Phew, that was the best blowjob I've had."

Kendra didn't care about that. She grabbed and squeezed her boobs, feeling the skin stretch in her hands, feeling the tightness of the shirt straining to contain her tits.

She felt another orgasm build as she got her pussy pumped by two dicks at once and the amazing feeling in her throat she had not felt before. Her tits were so sensitive, her nipples pushed against the shirt.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! YES! RIGHT THERE! HARDER! FUCK ME HARDER!" Her screams muffled as she came again. Her pussy tightened on the two dicks inside them, bringing the two guys to an orgasm as well. She felt their hot cum fill her insides as they groaned.

Her breast surged out, ripping holes in the shirt as it could no longer contain her growing tits.

"Jesus lady, you got some magic cans or what?" The guy standing up asked. She didn't bother to answer. She just fondled her tits, feeling them grow. They were getting so sensitive, she could orgasm just from playing with them. And she did.

"Shit! Oh! Oh! OHHHH!" She moaned, the two dicks still inside her.

The three guys helped themselves to refreshments while Kendra rested on the coffee table, playing with her boobs, eyes closed and smiling. In minutes, Kendra felt cocks enter her again.

Kendra was lost in lust and ecstasy being used as a fuck toy by the three hulking men, letting them fuck her in whatever position they could contort her in. They went on for hours and hours until day became night.

"Damn, slut. You're the best fuck I've had," one of the guys said. "You can hit me up any time."

The three guys dressed up and left, leaving Kendra sweaty and moaning on her coffee table, playing with her new boobs, still dazed from the day of debauchery, cum covering her body and dripping out of her pussy.

Amanda slammed her door and jumped into her bed, crying into her pillow. That asshole. Jerk. Nothing could describe how much of an asshole he was. She wiped her tears, determined to erase everything about him and not let him get her down. She removed the photo of the two of them from her mirror and ripped him out. She looked at herself in the photo and then in the mirror.

In a word, Amanda was hot.

She had the personality of a girl you'd settle down with, the face of the girl next door and the body of a succubus. Her F-cups and bubble butt made her the envy of girls everywhere.

And yet, it was not enough for him.

Amanda was tired. Tired of being the good girl, tired of jerks making use of her. Most importantly, she was tired of her assets. She wanted them gone. That way, people would see her as a person, not just a walking pair of breasts and ass.

She jumped on her laptop and began searching for options. After an hour scouring the internet, Amanda was ready to break down in tears. Surgery was going to be risky and expensive, something her broke college student ass couldn't afford. Natural remedies didn't come cheap either and the effectiveness was questionable.

She was ready to throw in the towel and accept her fate to be judged for her looks and not her character or intellect. Then a thread on reddit piqued her interest. It led to a 4chan post that recommended Ken's Yogurt. A froyo chain that had a meteoric rise in popularity. There was one near her college. It didn't hurt to check it out. At worst, she would leave with some froyo.

The store was packed with college kids. Amanda wondered if they were all there for yogurt or something else. The thread said to tell the cashier she had an appointment with Kendra. The thread also said that taking froyo from that chain made people smarter. Amanda was filled with skepticism.

"Hi, which flavour would you like?" the cheerful cashier greeted. He looked way too happy for someone working a minimum wage job.

"Uhm, I have an appointment with Kendra?"

"Ah, in that case, follow me!"

He brought her to the back office, down a hallway leading to a nondescript door.

"You can wait inside. Kendra will attend to you shortly."

Amanda thanked him and he left. The room looked like a medical clinic's waiting room. Everything was white and looked sterile. There was a reception table but no receptionist. Two doors flanked the table and a row of seats occupied the opposite wall. Normally, there would be some pamphlets or reading material but it wasn't a normal clinic. Amanda's heart raced, her legs bounced and her fingers were in a twist. How did she end up here? Just two hours ago, she

had ca-

One of the doors opened and two incredibly sexy ladies walked out. One wore a tight fitting green dress, flaunting her huge curves but showed no cleavage. The dress must be tailor made. No store would sell a dress that had that much room in the chest and ass. The other had a white button up shirt that was stretched beyond comprehension, little windows between the buttons gave a peek at the bosom within. The buttons looked ready to give at any moment. Her tight ass was squeezed into a black pencil skirt, hugged her curvy bottom and thighs.

The two ladies hugged. "Thank you so much. I am forever in your debt," green dress said.

"Always happy to help. Please do come back if you need any follow up," said white shirt.

Green dress left the room and white shirt looked at Amanda. Her eyes were red. Not 'I-haven't-slept-in-a-week' red. Her iris was a captivating and alluring red.

"Hi, I'm Kendra," white shirt greeted.

"I'm Amanda. I..." Amanda froze. She had not thought about what she was going to say.

"Why don't you come inside my office? We can discuss what you need."

Her office looked like an old professor's office. Mahogany furniture, books on bookshelves, a huge table with two seats in front of it and a leather chair behind. There was also a large black couch in the corner. Did she accidentally walk into Professor Lin's office?

"Please, have a seat. Tell me, why did you come today?"

Kendra's red eyes pierced into Amanda's soul. "I was searching for body modification services online and found you on a message board."

"That's where most of our clients find us, incidentally. So, you want to modify your body? Why not go to a plastic surgeon?"

"I can't afford it."

"Fair enough. What would you like to change?"

"I want a breast and ass reduction. I'm sick and tired of people only seeing my body and not me. I'm sick of being used as a piece of meat to be thrown away." Amanda did not know why she spilled it out like that but in a way, she was glad. She thought about stopping but...in for a penny, in for a pound. "I found my boyfriend cheating on me. Instead of being sorry, that bastard called me a just a hot piece of ass that's bad in bed."

"I'm so sorry, Amanda. You didn't deserve that. So, you want people to not notice you for your looks and notice you for your brains and personality, is that it?"

Amanda nodded.

"Besides assets reduction, I can offer an alternative that can help you achieve that goal. However, it's not cheap."

Kendra wrote a figure on a bit of paper and slid it to her. Amanda balked at the cost.

"\$25,000? There's no way I can afford that! I'm a college student making shitty tips at a dive bar!"

"I thought you would say that. I'm prepared to offer you an alternative payment mode." Kendra pulled a document from her drawer and handed it to Amanda. It was a contract "Work for me."

Amanda read the terms. It was very reasonable and the hours were flexible. It was the pay that was unreasonable. "\$60 per hour? Are you sure that's not a typo?"

"Not at all. That's the pay I'm offering. I'll take a portion of your pay every week and use that to pay for your treatment." Kendra's smile was sweet and genuine.

"I would be the highest paid receptionist in the world!"

"Well, I want you to work for me for as long as possible! I hate losing employees."

Without a second thought, Amanda signed the contract. "There. When do I start? Wait...what does the treatment ent-"

Kendra kissed Amanda. The college girl's eyes widened with surprise. Kendra caressed her face, a gentle touch that drew her in, relinquishing control to the sexy doctor. She was intoxicating. Amanda wanted more. She never thought she swung that way but perhaps it was something she never thought to try. Before she knew it, they were both naked, hands exploring each other's body. Kendra led her to the couch and laid her down.

The doctor smiled and mounted Amanda's face, thighs gripping her head. Amanda started licking. She felt herself being licked as well. She had never done a 69 with any of her exes before and here she was doing it with a person she just met. She didn't care. Amanda just wanted to pleasure and be pleased.

She grabbed her boob with one hand and Kendra's with the other. Kendra did the same. They massaged each other and themselves. The doctor knew what she was doing. She edged her, letting the orgasm build but never allowing a release. Amanda craved for the climax while she had a face full of pussy. She was almost there. Always almost but never quite reaching.

Then, a new sensation. Amanda couldn't see but she was sure Kendra was fucking her with a dildo. She screamed into the pussy she was eating. It was bigger than any guy she had before. It stretched her deep and wide, rubbing her insides as Kendra fucked her and licked her clit.

Finally, she came. Waves after waves of pleasure ripped through Amanda's trembling body. It was out of the world. Kendra came as well, her shaking thighs squeezed Amanda's head, her pussy squirting into her face. Amanda lapped Kendra clean, licking up all the juices that were

dripping out.

Kendra lifted herself off Amanda and helped her up. They kissed again, mixing both their juices and saliva. If they hadn't just come, Amanda would have asked to be fucked then and there. She noticed something different about Kendra's breasts. They looked fuller, rounder and firmer. Perkier than when they began. Maybe it's the afterglow.

"That was..."

"Amazing?" Kendra completed her thought.

"You have no idea! Wow, I never thought I'd be that into eating another girl. You taste so good!"

"You did too." Kendra smiled. "So, how do you feel? Now."

"Really good! It's like I can walk down the street and not care or worry about people ogling at me! Or that they'll only get close to me cuz of my looks!"

"That's wonderful!"

"How can I ever thank you?"

"Go out and be a confident young lady that won't let the world get her down! Also, showing up to work on Monday on time."

Amanda laughed. "Yes, mdm!"

They got dressed. Amanda found her bra too small for her. When she managed to hook the clasps, her breasts spilled over the cups slightly. Her tank top also had to be stretched, showing a lot of cleavage. More than she used to show. But instead of feeling self-conscious, Amanda beamed with pride. She had worn a cardigan to cover herself when she came but decided she no longer needed to hide her body. Her panties and yoga pants were a little tighter as well. She could feel the outline of her underwear through her pants. It turned her on slightly to think that people would be able to see her panties through her pants.

Kendra's shirt was definitely stretched further than when they met. The windows between buttons were larger, the shirt rode up higher, showing her belly button. She didn't even zip up her pencil skirt and yet it stayed in place.

Kendra walked Amanda out to the waiting area. "See you on Monday. I'll have everything you need ready for you then."

"Thank you so much for everything you've done. I won't let you down!"

"I know you won't," she said with a smile.

When Amanda left the waiting area, there were three guys waiting. She gave them a wink and skipped a little to make her boobs bounce as she walked past them.

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Amanda was leaving her dorm for work when someone called her name.

"Oh, hey Steve! What's up?"

"I...uhh... The band is having a formal dinner and dance this Saturday. Would you be my plus one?"

"Steve, I would love to!"

"Great! I'll pick you up at 5?"

"Sounds good to me! Should I dress to impress?"

"You are already impressive enough on your own."

"So I should go naked?"

"That's not what I- N-no, I meant-"

Amanda giggled at Steve's panic. "I'm kidding! I know what you meant. Listen, I need to get to work. I'll see you Saturday!" She left him with a peck on the cheek.

It had been two weeks since Amanda sought treatment from Kendra. Since then, she found herself caring less about what people thought of her. She also found that people were way less patronizing towards her. They no longer treated her like a dumb bimbo. They saw her as a person with intelligence. Amanda had no idea what Kendra did, just that it worked. She only remembered signing the contract and then leaving her office. An hour of her life was blank. But it didn't matter, so long as it worked.

Mike stood naked in his spartan bedroom, on the phone waiting for the call to get through.

"Hey Kathy? Yeah, it's Mike. I'm gonna need to take the day off. I'm sorry, I know we have lots to do, especially since Kendra resigned. Yeah, I caught a bug or something. Don't want to spread it to you guys. Yep. I'll send you the documents. So sorry." He tossed his phone aside and sat on his bed.

It wasn't entirely a lie. He did catch a bug, kind of.

The night before was a blur but Kendra left him a little something to remember by. Maybe more than a little something. His dick was longer soft now than it was hard the night before.

Kendra was attractive before. Nice long legs and a tight ass. But holy hell. He did not expect her to be so insatiable. After he heard she had quit after their romp, he thought it might have something to do with him so he paid her a visit to talk about it. They ended up having the best sex he ever had. And thinking about it was getting him going. Before long, he was fully erect.

He could no longer wrap his hands around his full girth. Somehow, he retained his balance even

with his obscenely huge penis. So long that his hands could not reach the tip.

He stroked his engorged member, thinking about the night spent with the sex goddess. Her impossibly large breasts that came out of nowhere were firm and felt natural. She took his entire girth without trouble even though it was physically impossible.

His balls churned and he came. Hard. Ropes of jizz shot out, splattered all over his desk and everything on it. When his orgasm subsided, he caught his breath and realised the mess he created.

"Shit...should have done this in the bath..."

Mike looked at the time on his phone. *4:43pm*. He had been jerking off for nearly the entire day and yet it felt like it had only been minu-

Oh fuck. I need to send Kathy the documents.

But Mike had a pretty sticky situation. He came all over his desk. His laptop was on his desk. And now it's covered in his jizz.

He sighed and dialled Kathy's number. "Hey Kathy, I'm so sorry. I was going to send you the thing but my computer's acting up. Yeah, sorry to trouble you. I'll make it up to you another time. Thank you. I'll see you back in the office."

That was that. Now to clean up the mess. It did not take him as long as he thought it would, considering his third leg. His laptop was probably beyond repair, though.

He laid on his bed thinking about what to do next. Perhaps he should see a doctor. But how would he explain it? "My co-worker whose breasts grew to the size of beach balls gave me a blowjob and now my penis hangs lower than my knees."

No. At best, he would be laughed out of the hospital. At worst, they would both be locked up and experimented upon. That's probably not the best plan. He should talk to Kendra. And this time, try to not to have sex. At least not before talking to her about his predicament.

Mike drove to Kendra's with some difficulty, although wearing a robe instead of pants helped a bit. He was still a light breeze away from a hard on, however.

When he arrived, Kendra was somewhat struggling to get out of her small sedan. Her boobs seemed to have gotten bigger again. Not that he could tell. She was already enormous when he left this morning. Her shirt looked stretched to the limits, showing a generous cleavage.

"Kendra!"

He closed the distance between them. She turned to face Mike. There was something different about her. Besides her chest. She was almost glowing. Her hair shone even under the cloudy day. Was she always a brunette?

"Hey, Mike! What...are you wearing?"

"A bathrobe. Pants don't really work for me anymore," he said, gesturing to his crotch, a bulge still visible even through the loose fabric.

"Oh...right." She blushed.

"You, uh...you need some help?" Mike thought he would have more trouble keeping his eyes off of her boobs but for some reason, he had way more trouble taking it off her alluring red eyes. Was she wearing contacts? They were captivating.

"I...I do, actually. Can you give me a ride?"

"Sure. Hop in my car." That was easier said than done.

Even after shifting the passenger seat all the way back, they still had to lean the seat back for Kendra to fit after squeezing in the car. There were a lot of touching and groping. Mike was glad that he didn't get hard or it would have been a while before he could drive.

"So, where are we going?"

"A bookstore down at Jeffersons and 34th."

"Alright then." He drove off without saying another word. Awkward silence hung between them.

"So--" they said at the same time.

"You go ahead," Mike offered.

"So, were you looking for me?"

"Yeah. I wanted to talk to you about...well..."

"Oh, right. Sorry about that. It must have been quite a hassle for you to be hung like that."

"I'll say."

Kendra sighed. "Okay. Promise you won't laugh at me."

"Uhm...okay?"

"I bought a book and it came with a genie that only gave sex related wishes. It made me drink magic cum and now my boobs grow every time I come or touch jizz. Oh and I can take any size." She placed heavy emphasis on 'any size', running her hand up and down his thigh. Mike tried his damnest not to get hard. "And...I can control anything sexual of others."

As soon as she said that, Mike felt his extra large dick shrink. He parted the robes to see that Kendra still left him with a generous size. She grabbed and stroked him. He was glad they were stopped at a red light as he could have came any time.

"Well...you're not giving me a lot of room to not believe you. Wow. Thank you?"

"You're welcome. Oh, you can pull up right there. The bookstore's there."

Mike parked in front of the store Kendra pointed out. "You said you can control anything sexual of others. Not yourself? Walking with a dick almost the size of my leg is already very inconvenient. I can't imagine it's easy for you with...uhm..."

"Tits this big?" Kendra giggled.

"Y-yeah."

"That's why I'm here. The genie wouldn't let me make that wish."

Getting out of the car was slightly easier than getting in. Kendra took pleasure in moaning everytime his hands grazed her breasts and making him blush.

The bookstore was musty and dimly lit, and seemed to stretch further back than one would think possible. But given what had happened the past couple days, it was probably not out of this world. Or maybe it was.

"Hello, dear. Back so soon?" A small elderly lady came to greet them.

"Yes. I have some questions about the book I bought. And about Ginny." Kendra fumbled with her bag to retrieve the book, her boobs in the way.

"Ginny? You gave her a name? That's interesting!" Her wrinkled face lit up.

"Yep. And I can't seem to call her out."

"What was the last thing you did with her?"

"Uhm..." Even under the dim light, Mike could see that Kendra was beet red. "We...pleasured each other." The mental image of that was definitely a turn on. He crept behind a pile of books to hide his boner that his bathrobe was doing little to cover.

"Oh my, is that so? Come here, dear." The old lady gestured for Kendra to lean towards her. She stared into her eyes intently. "And how did it go?"

"It was..." Kendra cleared her throat. "It was amazing."

"Good. Good. You say she hasn't come out ever since?"

"Not that I've seen. I think she came out while I was in the shower to clean up."

"Oh? Tell me. What colour were your eyes?"

"Brown?"

The lady handed her a mirror. Kendra took it, puzzled. "Take a look," she said with a smile.

Kendra yelped. "But how? My eyes aren't red!"

"My dear, you've been given an Inheritance."

It had been six years since graduating from college and six years since Natalie last saw Kendra. Nat usually had to initiate the conversation or she would not hear from Kendra for a year so it was a surprise to her from her low-key introverted roommate.

Kendra had invited her to her new place for a housewarming get together, just the two of them. She even arranged for a car to pick her up. It made Nat a little jealous, if not curious, of how well she was doing. Not willing to be out done, Nat made sure to dress for the occasion. Even if she wasn't doing as well, she was damn sure going to appear as if she was.

Her tailored strapless blue dress was designed to flaunt her slim figure, luscious DDs and shapely ass. Her strawberry blonde hair was done up in a neat bun, held together by a butterfly hair pin. A pair of six inch stilettos that accentuated her curves finished her look. Nat was a bombshell.

The car ride was smooth, if a little long. There was champagne and grapes for her. The driver was pleasant but quiet. Kendra must have struck gold or something. The drive brought her deep into the woods through a road she never knew existed straight to a beautiful mansion of white concrete and glass.

The driver drove off once Natalie got to the door and pressed the doorbell.

Natalie's jaws almost hit the ground when the door opened. Kendra's chest was huge, bigger than her head. It put her DDs to shame. They were one jump away from escaping Kendra's cherry red tube top. But besides her ample chest, it was her eyes that truly captivated Natalie. They were an indescribable shade of red. It was almost a turn on. She was sure she would be if she swung that way.

"Kendra?"

"Nat! I'm so glad you made it. Come in!" She gestured into the house. "Welcome to my new place. I hope the ride wasn't too bad."

"The ride was wonderful. Thank you." Natalie ventured into the enormous house, her thoughts consumed by how big Kendra was. "Kendra, holy fuck. What the hell happened to you? Are those real?"

"100%!" Kendra squeezed her breast and winked. "Want a feel?"

"N-no, it's okay, I believe you. It's just a little hard to believe that I was the big one in college and now I'm the flat one."

"Oh, don't be shy." Kendra placed Natalie's hands on her and rubbed. She let out a moan, making Natalie blush. "They feel amazing, don't they? I guess I'm just a late bloomer!"

Natalie pulled back her hand, embarrassed. They did feel great. So soft, yet firm. She wanted to play with them more but she pushed that thought out of her mind and changed the subject.

"So what are you doing now? You must be raking in the dough to afford such a beautiful place."

"Oh, I'm in between jobs now. I got this from an inheritance! Turns out I had an uncle who was stupid rich and had no children. When the cheque came in, I knew I had to go all out on my new home. No more shoebox apartments for this gal."

"Is it too late to call myself your sister separated by birth?"

"Funny. Come on, I'll give you a tour."

Kendra really went all out. Exquisite artwork by artists whose names Nat couldn't dream of pronouncing, an olympic size swimming pool, a giant hot tub and a sprawling garden. She had so many guest rooms they could fit their college cohort with rooms to spare. Each one furnished with a walk-in wardrobe, a bathroom bigger than Nat's bedroom and a king-sized bed. There were definitely parts of the house that Kendra did not show and it definitely cost a fortune. Nat wondered just how much Kendra's inheritance was. The tour went on for nearly an hour and they were still going until Kendra led her to a door.

"I need to use the bathroom, why don't you wait for me inside? I'll bring you a glass of wine."

"Sure."

Kendra reached for a hug, squishing her massive chest into Natalie, and left her to her own devices. Nat entered the room and nearly had a heart attack.

Racks upon racks of dildos of all shapes and sizes. Butt plugs, anal beads, vibrators. There were all sorts of sex toys and lube. "What the fuck happened to you, Kendra? Were you hiding your sexual deviant all this while?"

A part of Nat wanted to leave the room. But Kendra did say to wait for her inside so she must have wanted Nat to see it. Nat tried to think about something else but everywhere she looked was something sexual. Slowly, Nat picked up a small vibrator to study it. A warmth developed in her crotch.

"Hmm, Kendra's been gone for a while. Then again, it is a big house and the kitchen is pretty far." Nat looked around as if to check that she was alone. "Since she's willing to show me her sex room..."

The warmth had developed into an aching need. Nat turned on the vibrator and placed it over her clit. "Mmmm...So good..." She then stuffed a larger vibrator into her pussy and browsed Kendra's collection, adding a small butt plug along the way. An orgasm crashed into her while she was studying a ribbed dildo the size of a large soda bottle and her legs gave way.

"Holy crap...I needed that."

Natalie picked herself up and removed the vibrator and butt plug, replacing the latter with a bigger one. Her dress felt a little tight but she chalked it up to her catching her breath. There was a sybian plugged to the wall outlet with a huge dildo attached. Not as big as the ribbed one from earlier but bigger than most guys Nat had been with, certainly thicker. She bit her lips and went for it.

She lathered the dildo with copious amounts of lube. She wasn't taking any chances, no matter how wet she was. She then hiked up her dress and slid the dildo in slowly, letting it stretch her until she had stuffed the whole length in. She could see the defined outline of the dildo. "Oh fuck..."

With the control in hand, Nat turned it on slowly. A slight vibration rubbed her clit while the dildo rotated inside her, sending waves of pleasure through her. She turned it up until it reached a comfortable speed and intensity.

"Ooh...God...Ohh...OHHH!"

Natalie came, squirting all over the sybian, her juices running down her thighs. She turned the intensity down while she recovered and turned it back up. She rode through orgasms after orgasms until her legs turned jelly. Through the pleasure, there was an aching pain in her chest. Natalie grabbed her breasts to massage them. "Oh God, what the fuck?"

She must be dreaming. Her boobs were bigger. Her beautiful dress was tailored to fit her with little allowance and now her chest was stretching it. Her heart raced. She scrambled off the sybian and tried to run but her legs gave way. Her breasts continued to grow, stretching the thin fabric to its absolute limits.

Fear ripped through Natalie. What was she going to do? What was happening to her? Why was it happening to her? Did Kendra have something to do with this? She gathered her strength and got on her feet, using the wall for support. She tried to pull her dress back down but the fabric would not give. It wasn't just her breasts. Her ass grew as well, as did her thighs.

Natalie ran as fast as she could but her stiletto heel snapped, sending her falling forwards. Her already strained dress ripped as her growing chest smushed against the marble tiles. Her breasts spilled out for the world to see through the ruined silk.

She scrambled out the room, trying to hold the shreds of silk up.

"Hey, Nat! Need something?" Kendra asked, offering a glass of wine.

"Oh, uh. Nothing, really. I was looking for you but I forgot what it was." Natalie took a sip of the wine. "Wow, this is delicious!"

"Right? I'll give you a bottle later."

"You're the best."

"Sorry I took so long. Did you like what was inside?"

"Girl, you can tell me it's a porn set in there and I would believe you."

Kendra giggled. "Feel free to help yourself, keep anything you like."

"Oh, I intend to." Natalie winked.

They continued the tour around the house that was more like a campus but Nat could not take her mind off Kendra's chest. She was either seeing things or her ex-roommate's chest was bigger than when she arrived. She decided that her eyes were playing tricks on her and ignored it. By the end of it, Kendra handed Nat the bottle of wine along with some gourmet cheeses.

A car was waiting for Natalie outside. The driver looked stunned when he saw them at the door. As she got on board, she couldn't help but notice a slight bulge at his crotch. *It must be rare for him to see two incredibly sexy ladies.* Natalie smiled to herself.

The car brought Nat through the same road she came by. There was still champagne and fruits, which she helped herself to. She shifted in her seat to feel the butt plug. "Maybe I'll drop in on Kendra more."

As the car drove through the forest, a convoy of buses drove past them.