

Wishes Gone Wrong: Slut High
- A Smutty Novella -
= Part 1 =
By Razmagurk

“Satisfaction Guaranteed?”

I had expected something in... Latin, I guess? Ancient Arabic maybe? Was Arabian a language? Certainly not English, and certainly not, well, *Satisfaction Guaranteed*. What the hell kind of thing was that to put on an ancient magic lamp?

Though to be fair, I hadn't expected the damn thing to work, either.

It's so strange looking back on it all now. I was so different then. It's amazing how big a difference a week can make.

It all started when my friend Jean and I were walking home from school one afternoon. We were bemoaning, as we often did, our lack of success with girls. I know, I know, it's hard to believe that was ever a problem, but like I said, I was a different person back then.

See, we were seniors and, at the time, both still virgins. Though of course, being teenage boys, we'd have sooner died than admit it. I was tall and a little lanky with messy brown hair while Jean was smaller with a swimmer's build and a spray of freckles across an uneven face. We weren't exactly the least attractive guys at school or anything, but we'd just never been able to seal the deal. The closest I'd come had been some over-the-clothes fumbling with some girl from another school at a party.

So naturally our favorite topic, as we passed down the road behind the private school down the street, was all the downright filthy things we'd like to do to the bevy of uniformed cuties loitering around the school gates.

Our lecherous gazes were rewarded as a playful gust of wind lifted several skirts and gave us a rare glimpse of private-school-girl leg. If only we knew back then that we'd soon get the opportunity to stare at as much girl-leg as we could have ever desired, we'd probably not have been so hopelessly enamored by this little treat that we ended up crashing right into the wall of muscle coming towards us.

I stumbled back in surprise, ready to snap at whoever this was, but I bit my tongue as I realized what exactly was happening. The lacrosse team had just finished their practice and they didn't exactly appreciate a pair of lackadaisical losers from a rival school being disrespectful of their female classmates.

Long story short, a few poorly chosen words later and Jean and I were turning as fast as our legs could carry us into some alley I'd never noticed before. That's where I found it. Or, well, tripped over it. The next thing I knew I was falling, face first, into the ground. I cried out in alarm, but Jean kept running.

“Sorry James!” he yelled, “Every man for himself!”

I didn't blame him. This wasn't our first time running from private school thugs. I'd done the same thing when our positions were reversed. Better one of us get away than the both of us take our lumps together.

Luckily, the meatheads had apparently decided we weren't worth the effort of chasing down a dirty alley. I stood to my feet, trying to rub the dirt out of my clothes, wincing a little as I tried to put weight down on the foot I'd twisted.

What the fuck had I tripped over? Something oblong jutted out of the ground. I didn't even recognize it at first, sticking out of the mud like that. I did a double take when it clicked. A lamp. I shit you not, an honest to god lamp. Like the kind straight out of Arabian Nights. Was it some kind of prop? I almost didn't pick it up. It was... well, it was filthy, but at this point so was I.

I was shocked at how heavy it was. Real metal? Some kind of antique, maybe? But then what was it doing here in some alley half buried in dirt? I could feel something engraved into the side, but it was too grime-encrusted to see.

I clutched it to my chest. I had to get out of here. I could take a better look at home.

Of course, my mother was none too happy at the state of me. No sooner had I walked in the door than she was berating me for ruining my clothes and tracking dirt in everywhere. No concern for my safety, just hounding me for not living up to her standards. My mom always gave me a hard time for stuff like this. Ever since dad passed away, I felt like half the time she just didn't know what to do with me.

I was spared the lecture. She had a date to get ready for and she just didn't have time to deal with me. It was weird thinking about her like that. I mean, she was plenty attractive, sure, in so far as moms go, I guess, but a part of me really wasn't ready to see her as on the market.

In all the commotion about getting cleaned up, I had completely forgotten about the lamp.

It wasn't until I was getting ready for bed that I thought about it again. There it was, sitting on my table, still covered with mud. I could have sworn I'd left it downstairs in the laundry room. Had mom brought it up before she'd left?

I must have stood there staring at that damn thing, naked save my pajama pants, for ten full minutes before I finally decided to actually do anything about it. Why the hell had I brought it home? What was I expecting? It was probably just some dumb piece of junk.

I took it into the washroom and ran it under the tap. A warm lustrous glow seemed to shine back at me as the mud and the dust fell away. Even still half-encrusted in grime, I couldn't help but marvel. A grin spread across my face. Maybe this wasn't so worthless after all.

I gave the lid a tug, but it was stuck on tight. What did we have that could clean something like this? I ran down to the kitchen to grab some supplies. There was definitely something etched into the side; some cursive script that I couldn't quite make out. I scratched at it, but it was no good. Finally, I took a towel and some sink cleaner and rubbed at it as hard as I could.

“Satisfaction Guaranteed?” I balked, squinting at the text to make sure I’d read it right. “What the hell does that mean?”

“It means,” said a voice, “that your wish is my command!”

A torrent of pungent smoke poured from the lamp’s spout. I dropped the thing in alarm and stumbled back. The metal must have been reacting badly to the cleaning chemicals – I held my breath, I didn’t want to inhale any of these fumes.

Bright sparks began to flash up from the sink where the lamp lay. I threw a hand over my eyes and ran for the door, slamming it shut behind me just as a series of dramatic booms rang out. Oh my god, mom was going to give me so much crap for this.

“Ow!” came the voice again, as something banged heavily into the door. “Oh, come on! I had a whole big entrance prepared and everything!”

It was a voice. A girl’s voice.

“Honestly, Master.” it said, opening the door. “Slamming the door shut in my face? That’s very rude. I don’t care what era it is, this is no way to treat guests. Here I go to all the trouble of doing the fancy pyrotechnics and this is the response I get?”

I blinked. It was a girl. No, better, a hot girl. With dark hair that cascaded down skin so bronze that it outshone the metal of the lamp. I’m embarrassed to say I was so caught up in the way the sheer silk of her harem-girl outfit presented her womanly figure that I completely missed at first the fact that a small flame seemed to burn within each of her irises.

Fuck. I was hallucinating. I had inhaled those weird fumes and now I was seeing things.

“Master?” the girl raised an eyebrow expectantly, “are you okay?”

“Who- who are you?” I asked, my bewilderment cutting my caution.

“Ah, a wise question, oh sagacious Master. I,” she grinned and gave a big sweeping bow, “am the Djinn of the lamp. You have spoken the magical words upon the lamp and so I am beholden to grant upon you your heart’s greatest desire. In other words, Master,” she winked, “your wish is my command!”

“No fucking way.” I laughed.

“Yes.” she sighed. “Fucking way. I swear, do they not teach you kids about Djinn in school these days?”

“No, look,” I said, “clearly what’s happening here is that I’m hallucinating. This is just some horrible reaction to all that chemical smoke.”

She turned to look at the thick smoke billowing in the room behind her. Despite the open door, it didn’t dare cross the threshold. She blushed.

"I... I was trying to be dramatic." she crossed her arms over her ample chest. "Normally I get summoned in a bigger room. Honestly," she sighed, "who practices summoning in the toilets of all places?" She frowned, then reached a hand into the smoke of the bathroom and turned on the fan.

"Sorry," she said, turning back to me. "first impressions are important. If that had gone off the way I'd planned it, you'd be really impressed, I assure you. I'm a being of phenomenal cosmic power, you know, it's not like I'm just going to appear behind you and tap you on the shoulder."

"Ah, see! A real genie wouldn't be referencing Aladdin!"

"Oh, come on," she rolled her eyes. "it's not like I've been sealed away for a thousand years or anything. I keep up with pop culture. I'm just glad we've moved beyond *I Dream of Jeannie*. Way too many people wanting to marry me for my tastes." She winked as she shook her ample hips. I could hear for just an instant the refrain from the intro to the old show.

"Look," she sighed. "Can we skip past all this 'I don't believe in magic' stuff? From my end of things it loses its charm very quickly. What will it take to convince you I'm real?"

My stomach growled. Between cleaning up and mom needing to get ready for her date, I'd sort of skipped dinner.

She smiled. Ten minutes later I was sitting at the kitchen table, looking down at a bowl of microwaved macaroni and cheese.

"Well?"

I took a hesitant bite.

"It's... it's good!"

"The secret is to use like, twice as much cheese as it says on the box." said the girl, beaming. "So, do you believe in me now?"

"I was sort of expecting you to use your magic or something?"

"Do you *wish* for me to use my magic?" she purred. Her exotically accented voice was like molasses and honey. I shifted to hide my growing erection, suddenly painfully aware that I was still half naked in front of this strange beautiful creature.

I shook my head. Hallucination or not, I'd heard enough stories about genies to know to be careful.

"Then you don't *get* my magic. My magic outside of the wish is finite, and, well, I blew a lot of it on that botched intro." She blushed. "You still get one great big magical wish but anything else has to be done by hand."

"Then what is this supposed to prove?" I pointed at the steaming bowl.

"It's a gesture, Master. Proof that I exist and I'm here for you. That I have your best interest at heart. Also, that sometimes you have to make the best with what you've got. Look, it's not important. What's important is your wish." She slipped behind me and pressed her ample chest into my back as she rubbed my shoulders. "How about it, oh yearning Master? What is your heart's greatest desire?"

I swallowed hard. My dick throbbed. If this really was a hallucination, it was a very convincing one.

"One wish?"

"One wish." she tempted. "We used to do three, but well, it just saves a lot of time and effort this way. Most people ended up wishing for something foolish, using their second wish to wish they hadn't made their first, then using their third to wish for it all over again because they don't remember. It was a whole stupid thing and just a huge waste of magical power."

"Wait, is this like one of those horror stories? Is this going to end with something terrible and ironic happening?"

"Ah, well." she bit her lip as she gave a guilty little smile. "It used to. But we don't do that kind of thing anymore, I swear! Well, not intentionally, at least. Or unless they really, really deserve it. Look, don't let it bother you. If you don't like it, you'll get a chance to undo everything"

"I will?"

"Well, see," she twiddled with her fingers, "one of my former Masters wished me into a satisfaction guarantee. She changed my word of binding and everything. After you've made your wish, I have to come back and check on you, and if you're not satisfied you can ask to turn everything back or modify the terms of your wish, no questions asked."

"Oh, that's..." I furrowed my brow looking for a catch. "That's surprisingly reasonable."

"Takes a lot of the fun out of it, if you ask me," she laughed, "but It's for the best really. I mean, in this economy, you have a lot of options in terms of your magical wish fulfilment. Djinn these days have to compete with all kinds of cursed rocks and magic apps and strange wizards running little pop up stores. It's a very competitive market."

"How much stuff like this is out there?"

"Don't you even worry about it." she waved a hand dismissively. "Frankly, you're lucky you got me. You think us Djinn give ironic endings? You should see the statistics on that wizard. Does this mean you finally believe me?"

"Well, no," I took another bite. "but if this is all some kind of hallucination or dream or whatever, I'll play along."

"That's the spirit!" she beamed. Her teeth were flawless and sharp. "So, my Master," her voice was echoing now. "What is your deepest desire?" The fire in her eyes burned brighter as the lights dimmed and flashed, her hair and wispy clothes dancing in an unfelt breeze. "Would you bring justice to the

unjust? Unlock your terrifying hidden potential? Have revealed to you the secret knowledge of the ages?"

I swallowed dryly. One wish. Blood pumped fast through my heart as I scoured the depths of my imagination. Whatever I picked here would change my life forever.

"I- I want to get laid."

"Wait," her hair fell as the intangible wind stopped and the lights returned to normal. "What?"

"I want to get laid!" I said again, more confidently.

"You want to get laid." she sighed, crestfallen. "Of course."

"What?" I blushed. "What's wrong with that?"

"Oh, no, no. Master, I'm sorry, I didn't mean for it to sound judgemental. Its nothing against you." she shook her head and rubbed a warm hand along my shoulder. "It's just that's the only thing my Masters ever seem to want these days. I was hoping to get the chance to stretch out a bit on this one."

"I- I don't know how to feel about that."

"No, no, it's okay. We can work with this. Do you have anything specific in mind? There's a million ways we can get you laid. Don't feel constrained by probability. You have a wish. Phenomenal cosmic power, remember? The world is your oyster. Let's get creative."

"Oh, you're right!" visions of the private school girls flashed through my head. I grinned. "Why settle for just getting laid once?"

"There you go!" she bounced, "dream big!"

"How about I wish that, like, all the girls at my school were just... way more slutty, you know?"

"Uh," she faltered, "okay, I can work with that, I guess. Do you want to maybe define 'slutty' a bit better?"

"Like... they should all dress sexy all the time. Microskirts, heels, thongs, that sort of thing. But, uh, it should be more than just the way they dress, they should all act sexy too, like just oozing sensuality in everything they do."

"That's--"

"And, obviously, they should be horny, like, all the time." my hormone-fueled fantasy starting to get the better of me. "Like, so horny that they can't even go a whole day without getting off a whole bunch! Just, constantly distracted by thoughts of sex, you know? Oh, oh, and they should all be bi so they can like, make-out with each other and stuff, but they should still all love dick and getting fucked the most."

Like, they'd do anything for it, you know? They should love it so much that they can cum from deepthroating it or giving a tit-fuck."

"Are you--"

"Oh! They all need to be young and hot, too." I added, "None of that monkeys paw stuff, I'm not risking seeing Mrs. Jennings' boney old ass in a G-string. They should all have big jiggling boobs and ample asses and supermodel - no, wait, pornstar - faces. Everything and everybody should be super sexy all the time, is what I'm saying."

"Are you finished?"

I nodded sheepishly.

"Let me get this straight," she raised an eyebrow, "you want to turn all the girls in your school into a bunch of lust-driven sex objects? Just so that you have a chance of hooking up with one of them?"

"You think I should aim even higher?"

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather wish I create a harem for you whole cloth? Or make you the most handsome man in all the lands? Search the world for your one true love, maybe?"

"You don't like my idea?" I tried not to let on how hurt I was.

"No, no." she held up her hands. "But, well, how to phrase it... those girls might not exactly be happy with those kinds of changes, you know?"

"Oh my god, you're right. I didn't' even consider that."

She smiled.

"I should also make it so that everyone - except for me, of course - thinks that that's how things have always been."

She frowned.

I furrowed my brow. Would... would that be enough? "Oh, oh, and I don't want to get there and still not be able to get laid because all the girls are already taken, so we'd better make it so that there's no guys there either."

"Wait, hold on. No guys at all?"

"No guys! The entire school population, faculty and all should just be slutty girls! That way I'll be the hottest thing around."

She frowned and opened her mouth as if to say something, but instead she just shook her head.

“So you wish that all the guys at your school were replaced by girls and that all the girls at the school were total sluts, as described by you just now, and that this is how everything has always been and no one but you will find anything out of the ordinary about this?”

“Yes!” I nodded.

“Are you sure?”

“Positive.”

“You know,” She rubbed her temples. “I pride myself on being one of the good Djinn? I don’t go out of my way to warp wishes to teach people lessons about feminism or agency or whatever, I really don’t.”

“Wait, what? What have I missed?”

“It’s nothing. Don’t worry about it.” her smile seemed to have taken on a predatory tone. “Satisfaction guaranteed, remember? I’ll be checking in on you soon enough. If you’re at all unhappy, I’ll undo everything, okay? Now...” her eyes flashed “Make the wish.”

“I wish... uh... all that!”

“Granted!”

There was a thunderclap and laughter, and the girl was gone.

Nothing felt any different, save the sudden silence that had fallen over the kitchen. I looked down at the finished bowl of macaroni. I put the dishes in the sink and shivered. I was cold, alone, and horny.

I guess it really had been a hallucination after all. I looked at the clock on the microwave. It was late. Mom still wasn’t back. I hoped wherever she was, she was having a good time.

I masturbated, then went to bed.

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I woke up moaning, a vast sea of hot pleasure flooding through my brain.

I cried out. My skin was aflame in sensation. I writhed as the warm weight of the silk sheets danced across my body, caressing each sensitive inch. I gasped and wriggled and cried out again as the pressure built into wave after wave of low, deep-body, toe-curling pleasure.

I rolled over. My legs, half tangled in my blankets, were clamped down tightly around my pillow, grinding it firmly against my crotch as my hips bucked and spasmed in an overwhelming climax. I gasped and cried out, expecting the orgasm to end, but it just kept building and building. I rolled my body again, arching my back and pressing my whole weight into it, begging for more, too sleepy and too horny to care about anything but eking out another ounce of pleasure. I moaned as I teetered over the edge of some unfathomable new height.

For the briefest of moments, I was flying, and then I crashed to the ground hard.

I let out a small whine and pouted. Reality slowly started to come into focus as the last remnants of some sweaty, carnal dream fled my brain. The blankets I was tangled up in had fallen off the bed after me, bringing with them the sweet, soon to be familiar smell of feminine lust. My heart was pounding, my body tingling. I gulped in air as my head swam. I don't know how long I just lay there, blinking away the afterglow while trying to work through my sleep and pleasure doped brain to make sense of what had happened.

I jolted to awareness as the revelation hit me. This wasn't my room.

The space was the same, the bed and the drawers and the desk were all in the correct spots, but they were all... different. *Wrong*. I didn't have little heart-dotted sheets, for example, and there was a cute little pink laptop where my desktop pc had been. I'm also pretty damn sure I'd never seen the enormous teddy bear leering at me from a corner with a huge dildo sticking out of its crotch.

It was just as messy as my room had always been, but all the junk I'd had strewn around was gone, replaced by racy clothes and sex toys and boy-love doujinshi. The posters on the wall portrayed a series of increasingly yummy looking half-naked men. I swallowed, hard.

What the fuck was going on? Where was all my stuff?

I toppled forward as I tried to stand. There was something heavy on my chest, pulling me down. I reached a hand to grab whatever it was, to give myself support, but I couldn't make sense of what I was feeling. I could feel my hands on my chest, but my hands were pressing down into something large and soft and silky and - oh my god. I gasped and let out a delicate sigh. The feeling of my own hands groping at my chest felt good. Real good. I squeezed harder, a soft groan slipping from my lips.

Wait, fuck.

I threw my hands back and tried to scream, but it came out as a lascivious, wanton cry. I looked down and screamed again. There, hanging from my chest, covered only by a paper-thin layer of lacey red silk, was an enormous pair of jiggling girly tits.

I shook my head, trying to throw off this crazy dream, but the tickling of my long hair against my back sent me shuddering in alarm instead. I brushed it out of my face. What the hell was going on? Okay, calm down. Figure this out.

I stood there in the dim light of the early morning and took stock of myself. I held out a hand. It was small and delicate and feminine and topped by nails that shone like rubies. I pinched myself with one of those long slender fingers, hoping that would wake me. Ah, shit. I bit my lip. Why did that feel so good?

"What the fuck is going on?" I cried. My voice came out a low sultry alto with a breathy, needy undertone. Jesus, I sounded like a porn star.

This was too much. I needed to get out of here. I needed to figure out what was happening. I opened the door then took a step back. The hallway beyond was the same one that had greeted me every morning of my life. The banality of it was shocking, but it was proof at least that this was indeed my house I was in.

I ran down the hall, hips swaying, hands held out to my side, breasts heaving with each delicate step. I needed to get to the bathroom. I needed to find a mirror. The cold tile of the floor forced me onto my toes as I stumbled into the room. The lamp from yesterday was sitting in the sink, right where I'd dropped it.

Fuck. I was a girl. And I was gorgeous.

The face staring back at me from the mirror was both weirdly familiar and completely alien. I think it was as close to my original face as you could have gotten while simultaneously being the face of a walking wet dream. Everything about it seemed to ooze sex. My lips were plump, tender and puckered, my lashes long and seductive, my eyes, in my recently woken state, were sultry and heavy-lidded. It was like looking at the incredibly hot sister I'd never had. Even the desperately confused expression on my face seemed to convey a sense of faux innocence and sexual eagerness.

I touched a hand up to the tiny scar on my right cheek and traced it under my fingers. I'd gotten it in elementary school running away from a girl who didn't appreciate the way I kept flipping her skirt up. The fact that I still had it... did that mean this was still my body, just transformed somehow? Or had the girl whose body I was inhabiting suffer a similar incident? Normally it just kind of made my face look unbalanced, but now it seemed to draw attention to the stunningly cute dimple I had whenever I smiled.

I looked down at the lamp in the sink. Fuck, the genie. No, there was no fucking way that had really happened. But what other explanation was there? I grabbed the thing, surprised at the increased weight of it, and started rubbing. A small note, handwritten in an exotic script, fell out and rolled to the floor. I down bent at the waist and picked it up.

"Dearest Master,

I hope you're enjoying your wish! It took quite a bit of work, but I've managed to get everything to your exact specifications! As discussed, only you will be aware that anything's different, but don't worry, no one will think anything out of the ordinary if you're acting weird as you adjust. Just relax and have fun! I'll be back to check on you a little later, and if you're not happy, we can adjust the specifics or just turn everything back to normal and start again.

Remember: Satisfaction guaranteed.

With love,
Your humble Djinn"

It was real. Holy shit. It was all real. I put a hand on the wall for support as all the strength seemed to drain from me. Satisfaction guaranteed my ass. This wasn't what I'd wished for at all!

I looked back in the mirror, inspecting my face. I was beautiful. No, not beautiful. More than that. I was Hot. Sexy. *Fuckable*. I was everything my adolescent male brain could have dreamed for and more.

I brushed a lock of long brown hair out of my eyes. It seemed tossed in an improbably sexy mess that gave me a freshly fucked kind of look. I turned my head from side to side, as though viewing it from a different angle would dispel the hallucination, but no matter how I looked at it from, this was a face begging for a deep passionate fucking. I tried making faces, but no matter what I did it only came across as either impossibly cute or smolderingly seductive.

I ran a finger along my cherry red lips. They were plump and sensitive and seemed to glisten even in the dim light. Was I wearing lip gloss? I ran my tongue along it, but no, it was all natural. Damn, even that little gesture had come off as a sexy invitation. I swallowed hard.

I took a step back to get a view of the complete package. My jaw dropped. The long legs that had always made me seem so lanky as a guy made me statuesque as a woman, complimenting wonderfully the perfect curves of my hourglass figure.

The girl posing back at me from the mirror was wearing a tight silken nightie that hugged her generous portions, putting more on display than it hid. In my rush and panic, I'd hardly noticed I was wearing the thing. I adjusted one of the shoulder straps, which had fallen invitingly down the soft creamy skin of my shoulder, but that alone was enough to cause the hem of the tiny garment to ride up, exposing to the world the slim fabric of my matching G-string and the smoothly waxed temptation beneath. I tried to pull the negligee back down to cover my crotch, but that just put my bulging cleavage all the more on display.

And what cleavage it was. I don't know if it was just because I was unaccustomed to them or if it was an illusion created by the lingerie, but they seemed bigger by far than I'd ever seen on a girl as skinny as me. They sat proudly on my chest, round and inviting like a pair of warm pillowy melons. My large swollen nipples, already pressing quite visibly poking through the thin red fabric, grew all the harder as I stared at them.

I spun around slowly, taking a look at myself from the side and back. I thought my breasts had been sexy, but my ass was a work of art. It was full and round, complimenting the new width of my hips as it seemed to jut out in a perfect semi circle beneath the too-short material of my nightie. I bounced up and down on my toes and watched hypnotized as it shook. You could juggle quarters off this thing.

I fiddled with one of the delicate little bows in the front of my nightie. There was an open slit that ran down the middle, exposing my navel. My belly was taut and shapely, the temptation and implication of abs, with just enough fat to make it soft and feminine and vulnerable. I readjusted my hem, but no matter what I did with it, anyone seeing a girl wearing something like this would know all too well that she was just begging someone to grab into it and rip this pathetic excuse of clothing off of her. I let out a horny little whimper.

Shit, the sight of my naked girl self was getting me all worked up. I could feel the warmth building up in my blood. I glanced around conspiratorially then locked the door.

I sat down on the toilet seat. Was I really doing this? Was this really the first thing I was going to do after waking up in a new body? I reached up one hesitant hand, grazing a finger gently across the cleavage of my breasts. I shivered. I was so sensitive that even this slightest of touches was enough to drive me wild. I gently squeezed the breast in one hand, suppressing a soft sigh.

I looked down past my breasts at the thin panties hugging my flat crotch. My dick was gone. I mean, I don't know why that surprised me at that point. Obviously it was gone. Somehow though I don't think it really hit me until then, as though somehow, I was going to reach down to masturbate and of course it would be there, but no. My crotch was flat and smooth.

Hesitantly, I drummed a hand on my tight belly then slowly slid it down beneath the band of my flimsy thong. Oh my god. My breath faltered as I squeezed my legs together. My hand came away hot and wet. I felt dizzy, flush, and beyond that, needy.

I raised an arm to my chest, hugging one breast while I groped the other with my hand. The rough sensation sending waves of warm pleasure through me. It was like a massage and a hand job all at once. Soon I slipped off the straps of the baby-doll and sat there topless, my fleshy melons overflowing as I pawed and ground them against my body.

I leaned back and took a deep breath of anticipation, then spread my legs and reached my hand back down to my yearning pussy. I was content to just cup it at first, maybe stroke it softly as I marveled at its perfect smoothness and heat, but soon curiosity and libido got the better of me and I began to explore the tender inviting folds of my new sex.

As a guy I'd never gotten this far with a girl before. Now, I was getting a first hand feel. My hands may not have been skillful, but they were experimental, and I knew what felt good. Each little caress, each ounce of pressure, each little pinch and rub brought more and more delights, driving me further into another lust-fueled haze sent all the higher by the sight of the slut desperately trying to pleasure herself in the mirror.

But it wasn't enough. I needed more.

I circled a finger around the outside of my desperate hole, then plunged it in hard and deep. A pleading moan drove from my lips. I lost track of myself in the mirror as my eyes rolled up into my head, my back arching, my hips driving forward, losing myself to the pleasure as I pumped a second and then third finger in and out while circling that wonderful little bundle of nerves with my thumb.

Fuck. Being a guy had nothing on this.

"Jamie?" came a voice. There was a knock. I jumped. The finely honed instincts I'd developed in my years as a teenage boy trying not to get caught masturbating sent me into a scramble. Luckily, those same instincts had ensured I'd locked the door. "Come on sweetheart, you're going to be late. There'll be plenty of time for that at school."

Sweetheart? Since when had mom ever called me that?

The sun shone through the window. Shit, I had completely lost track of time.

"Just a minute mom!" I called, my voice echoing low and sultry and dripping with sexual need. Wait, shit. I flinched as I waiting for her to freak out about the strange girl masturbating in her bathroom.

“You need to hurry up, dear. Breakfast is almost ready and I know how long you take in the shower.”

I let out a breath I hadn't realized I was holding. Oh thank god. She hadn't even missed a beat. Of course. The genie had said no one would notice. I guess she'd granted that part properly at least.

Wait, since when did mom make breakfast?

Snapped out of my reverie, I stumbled into the shower only to be surprised when I turned it on. The weak even flow I'd grown up with had been replaced by the staccato rhythm of one of those fancy pulsing massaging shower heads. I rolled my eyes. No wonder girl-me took so long. Not that I could blame her. It took more willpower than I'd have expected to not lose myself under its tender ministrations. Even just the sensation of it against my bare breasts and nipples was enough to tempt me towards more self exploration.

As the heat washed over my sensitive soapy skin, the last of my neurons began to wake up. Okay. Let's take stock.

Magic was real. Or, well, genies were real at least. And one had perverted my wish and now I was, what? Some kind of slutty girl? Not exactly what I had planned. But it looked like at least I wasn't stuck like this. I just had to put up with it until the genie came back and then I could have her turn me back into a guy, right? Maybe this wouldn't be so bad? It certainly had its benefits. I grinned as I squeezed a slippery tit. Oh yeah, I could get used to this. A part of me just wanted to stay at home and spend the whole day masturbating.

I was a little surprised with how well I was taking it. I don't know if I was in shock or if the stew of sex hormones in my brain was just keeping me mellow. I guess a part of it was that despite my feminine body I still felt like myself. I was still a man inside, where it counted.

I wondered about the girl I now was. Whoever she was, she was insatiable. Was this who I'd have been if I'd been born a girl? Some kind of horny minx? Or was this something that had been dropped on me on top of that? I traced the scar on my cheek. How different had her life been?

There was another knock at the door, though I couldn't hear mom's words over the shower. I worked up the will to pull my hand away from my wet crotch and shut off the water. I know the note said to not worry about it, but I didn't want to give mom any reason to worry. I barely believed what was happening myself, I didn't want to have to try to explain this all to her.

I sighed contently as I stepped out of the shower and toweled off. I'd needed that.

The room was completely steamed over. My female body seemed to have a much higher tolerance for heat than I was used to. I dried my hair as best I could, and then, after trying and failing to wrap a towel around my bounteous chest liked I'd seen on TV, I slipped naked out of the bathroom back towards my own, acutely aware of the way my heavy melons bounced with each step.

I frowned. Normally this is when I'd get dressed and go to school. I couldn't possibly go out like this though, could I? Shit, what choice did I have? Mom would kill me if she caught me skipping. She ran a tight ship - faking an illness wasn't going to cut it. What was I supposed to do? Explain to her that the

son she never had had taken over her daughter's body and wanted to spend the day playing with her tits?

I frowned all the harder. Maybe I had to just put up with it for today. It would be okay as long as no one thought there was anything weird about it, right? Besides, as alien as everything felt, as totally emasculating as it was, being a girl for a day did have its advantages. Hadn't I had many a happy fantasy of the women's locker room? If I played my cards right, I could see things today that I'd never dreamed possible.

I pulled open my underwear drawer. Row and row of bright, loosely folded thongs stared back at me.

Alright, so maybe this wasn't quite going to be as simple as I'd thought. The selection ranged from sporty to the downright racy, but not a one was anything approaching modest. I blushed. Some of these were crotchless.

I briefly considered going commando, but that changed when I pulled open my pants drawer to see nothing but an assortment of skirts. Hell, with how tiny and tight these things were I don't know if you could even really call them that. How did girl-me get away with wearing this stuff? I slammed the drawer in frustration. As much as guy-me would have loved to see a girl walking around in this sort of thing, there was no way I was putting these on. There had to be a better way.

I opened up my t-shirt drawer. Half of it was stuffed with a scandalous array of lacey bras and the other was stuffed with all manner of colorful and delicate tops. I picked one up. In its unworn state it took me a moment to process what I was seeing. It was a thin, white, vaguely elastic tube top with a pair of smaller tubes attached to it to create shoulderless sleeves. I looked down at the wanton swell of my chest. I'd struggle to even get this over my head - there was no way this was going to fit over my tits.

I dug around some more. My entire wardrobe was full of fetishistically skimpy clothing. I stumbled over to the closet, hoping maybe something a little more formal would result in more modesty, but all I found was an increasingly slinky series of cocktail dresses.

Wish or not, I couldn't go to school dressed like this. I dug deeper.

Aha! There, buried all the way in the back next to all my packed away winter gear was an old sweater. A little hot, sure, but at least it would cover my midriff. I pulled it on, almost putting my head through the wrong hole in the process. I struggled to readjust. Great, not only was the thing body-huggerly tight, but it had a boob window as well. How the hell was this supposed to keep you warm?

Okay, fine, whatever. I didn't have time to sit around and play dress up all day. It was still the best I'd found - It would have to do. I grabbed the longest skirt I could find - this girl owned no pants apparently - to go with it. It was a light knee-length dark green thing with pleats. Frankly, I was just glad it covered my ass.

I looked at the mirror and froze. Damn, I looked *hot*. Somehow, without any effort on my part, my still damp hair seemed to fall in a sexy mess around my face and shoulders, perfectly framing my walking wet dream of a face. The look of surprise on my face given sultry undertones by the natural smoulder of my eyes.

I could feel my nipples stiffening under my sweater. Somehow, seeing this stupid erotic body dressed like this was turning me on almost as much as seeing it naked in the mirror earlier had. These were clothes that promised tantalizing hints of the prize beneath. I tried to strike a sexy pose and surprised myself not only with how easy it was, but at the sheer carnal want communicated by the action. Even without really trying, my body seemed to know exactly how to present itself to beg for the sex it so constantly craved.

I decided not to risk the pile of cosmetics sitting on my desk, but I grabbed the purse and my backpack. Was girl-me in the same classes? Did she have the same schedule? I looked inside to check, then dropped it in surprise. Shoved in next to my usual books and gear was a pair of knee pads, a slim vibrating wand, and a trio of realistic flesh-colored dildos. I glanced around in embarrassment, glad I'd caught these now instead of accidentally pulling them out during class.

I reached in and plucked the largest of them with my finger and thumb. I was trying to touch it as little as possible, but oh my god it was so firm and fleshy and thick. The more I stared at it the more my heart pounded. I licked my soft ruby lips. Even at a cursory glance it was clear that the thing was well loved. Jesus christ, what kind of a girl had I become?

Not knowing what else to do with the eager toys I threw them under the bed. Mine or not, I'd be mortified if I had to explain these things to mom.

"Jamie! Come on! Breakfast is getting cold!"

"I'm coming!" I cried. Fuck, why had that come out so sexual?

Bag in hand, I ventured downstairs, my hips swaying as my skirt swished over my long slender legs. I stopped at the bottom of the stairs, steps away from the kitchen. I took a deep breath. Okay, I could do this. It was just mom.

"Good morning sweetheart." she grinned. "Everything okay? You're going to be late if you don't hurry up and eat."

I froze. I could only barely identify the woman standing in front of me, shining like the morning sun, as my mother. Gone was the frumpy old woman I'd known my whole life. This version of her looked ten years younger and like she taught hot yoga. This version of her had full, luscious breasts that defied gravity and an ass that didn't quit. This glowing creature was every inch as staggeringly hot as I was, if not more so.

And it was more than just her body, it was her face, her attitude. It was like all the worry and stress that mom had struggled with her whole life had melted away. She carried herself with a smile and sense of contentment I'd never known in the woman. She was beautiful, and in that beauty I could see echoes of the girl I'd seen in the mirror. It made some sense that mom had been affected to, girl-me needed to have gotten it from somewhere I guess, right?

I picked my jaw up from off the floor and nodded non-committedly as I sat down and spooned some eggs into my mouth. I trying desperately not to gawk at the way her braless tits bounced and swayed

beneath her loosely tied housecoat. I could feel a lewd familiar warmth building up inside me. God, what I wouldn't give to get my hands on those-

No. Shit. I focused hard on my eggs. I didn't care how hot she was, this was my *mother*.

"Sorry I was out so late last night," she beamed, "but the date went well."

"Oh, good." I mumbled, avoiding meeting her gaze.

"Oh sweetheart, he was such a gentleman. So handsome. So sophisticated. I think you'd like him. Wine, dancing, romance." She sighed dreamily. "Then he took me back to his place and fucked my slutty little pussy raw."

"Mom!" I choked.

"Oh my god, Jamie, he had the biggest, thickest dick. And such stamina! Normally guys with technique like that can only go one round but he kept me going again and again. I thought it was all over when I tit fucked him and he came all over my fat sloppy jugs, but then he pinned me down and turned me over and pounded his hot throbbing rod into my hungry cunt for, like, hours.

"Mom!"

"And, oh, sweetheart, don't even get me started on the way he filled up every inch of my ass with that massive tool of his. You know how much I love a good rough ass fucking, especially when he's got the girth to make it count, but by the end of the night I couldn't even walk he'd pumped so many hot thick loads into me. I think I'm in love."

"Mom! Stop!"

"Huh? What's the matter?"

"Mom, I don't want to hear that!"

"Why not? Normally you're dying for all the juicy details." she laughed, "If he's going to be dating my mom, he's got to fuck good, isn't that what you said? Remember that one time you insisted I set you up with my date first so you could be sure he met your standards?"

"I just..." I squirmed and rolled my hips. The pornographic vision of my sex-bomb mother getting pounded by some mysterious hunk's enormous throbbing dick echoed through my brain. I should have been disgusted and yet... "I- I just don't want to hear it."

"Aw," she said, pressing her hot soft body against mine in a big hug. "Is someone a little jealous? I'm sorry baby. You know you'll always be number one in my heart, no matter how good of a fuck he is."

I blinked in surprise. Mom and I had never been very intimate. This sort of talk was unheard of and hugging was right out. Hell, this was probably more than we'd talked in ages. Was this because I was a girl? Or was this just the life I've been dropped in? Would I have had a better relationship with her if I'd

have been born female? She wasn't normally so... sexual, either. Was it just something she hid from me? Was this a failure on my part, as a son - as a man - to notice?

"I'll tell you what, what's say you and I spend some mother-daughter time tonight? We can go pick up some cute boys? Or maybe just have a girl's night in, just the two of us?"

I could feel her nipples stiffening on my back as she squeezed all the harder.

"I- I have to go." I said, extracting myself. "I'm going to be late."

I couldn't deal with this right now. I grabbed my backpack and started heading for the door.

"Wait, you're not going to school wearing that are you?" the familiar sternness of her tone was almost reassuring.

"I... yes?" I put a hand on my hip, "What's wrong with this?"

"Honey, I understand you want to dress like your own person, but is that really appropriate? It doesn't really fit the dress code, does it? Besides, what would happen if some boy caught a glimpse of you dressed like that? He'd get entirely the wrong idea."

Great. I hadn't even considered that. I squirmed a little at the thought of some cute guy's dick getting hard as he snuck peaks at my tightly clad body.

"Yeah, well," I shrugged. "it's the most modest thing I could find."

I leaned down and opened the shoe closet. It was full of strappy high-heels and stiletto boots. There wasn't a single flat in here. Was I going to be able to walk in these? I growled in frustration as I grabbed a pair of sporty black two-inch pumps - the smallest I could find - and did up the strap, then took an exploratory step. Somehow, I seemed to be sure footed.

"Are you sure you're feeling alright?" Mom took a sip of her coffee as I shifted my weight back and forth experimentally.

"Yeah, Mom, I'm fine. I just... I guess I didn't sleep too well." I opened the door. "I'll see you after you get home from work."

"Not so fast, young lady."

I froze, then flinched as Mum strode sternly towards me. She managed to loom over me despite the advantage I had to height. Mom had always been good at that. Shit. Had she figured me out? Had she realized that I was just perverted imposter piloting around her precious daughter's body?

"You weren't going to leave without giving your mother a kiss goodbye, were you?" she put a tender hand on my cheek.

I flushed. I guess girl-me had a much more intimate relationship with mom than I'd even realized.

I leaned down to give her a peck on the cheek, but she caught my head and moved it so we were lip to lip. I almost jumped as I felt her warm tongue slip inside. I was on fire.

I pulled away in shock. A much more intimate relationship indeed.

"I've got to go!" I said, trying to hide the yearning in my voice as I rushed for the door, giving only one last turn to look at my puzzled vixen of a mother. "I'll see you later tonight!"

I practically slammed the door behind me. I was panting. What the hell had just happened? Why had... fuck, why had it been so *hot*? The more I thought about it the more I wanted to feel that tongue again, to lick those trembling lips and to... to... no. no. That was my mother, for god's sake.

All I could think of as I set off for school was how hot my body felt. It felt like I'd stepped on a live wire. My heart was pounding in my chest and my skin was aflame. I tried to control my breathing, tried to calm myself down, but it was no good. There was a fire roaring inside of me demanding to be fed. I wriggled my hips in frustration.

It probably didn't help that my stiff sensitive nipples, rubbing up against the rough fabric of my tight sweater, had begun to bombard me with sparks of electric pleasure and arousal as my errant melons bounced and jiggled with each click of my heels. Shit, was this why girls wore bras? In my haste and inexperience, I hadn't put one on.

As if that wasn't enough, my silky black thong, which barely covered my warm welcoming pussy to begin with, was in constant danger of exposure. I thought I'd been smart when I'd chosen this skirt, but it was so light that the slightest breeze was enough to send it flapping up around my waist. I had to keep tugging the damn thing down to keep from flashing the whole world.

With everything that was going on, I was half way to school before I realized that I was walking funny. My hips seemed to swing with every step I took, and I couldn't help but thrust out my chest and ass as proudly as they'd go. This wasn't a gait; it was a strut.

I stopped and looked down at my body. Why was I moving like this? I tried to walk normally, but not only did big full steps and swinging shoulders just feel so incredibly awkward, but it kept throwing my tits out of whack too.

I tried to run, partially to make up for lost time and partially to just stop myself from walking like I was the main attraction at the local strip club, but it turned into a delicate mincing thing as I held up my arms bent daintily at either side.

I remember thinking, as I rounded that last corner, that somehow I had made decent time, that if I was lucky, I could get to my locker and to homeroom before first bell. Then the school came into view and I stopped dead in my tracks.

Girls. Hot, sexy, fuckable girls.

Never in all my years as a teenage boy did I ever even fantasize of anything so glorious as the sight before me. Boobs, butts, legs, and midriffs: a sea of hot flesh on display. If it wasn't for my female body, I'd swear I'd have died and went to heaven. Surely that would explain the presence of the angels loitering upon the schoolgrounds.

These weren't just any girls, either. Not only was the least of these creatures hotter than any girl normally in attendance, but their every movement and posture screamed sex so loudly it was hard to believe it wasn't all a careful performance for an unseen camera. This wasn't a high school; this was a porn parody of a high school.

Then it hit me. Of course. This had been my wish, hadn't it? I'd worried I'd fucked something up somehow, that I'd be the only girl or some other monkey's paw shit, but no, all of these girls traipsing around like the sluts they now were were the result of my wish! Sure, I was a girl too, but, but this meant it had come true. I grinned. I was going to get laid!

I couldn't help but laugh as I passed through the gates. What had once been East-City Secondary School was now The Coxwell Academy for Salacious Girls.

Everywhere I looked the halls were filled with the most seductive vivacious girls I'd ever seen. There wasn't a guy in sight, though that did little to prevent these girls from showing off their hot young bodies whenever and however they could. I had thought myself scandalously dressed, but I had nothing on these nymphs.

Most of them were rushing around on their way to class, their tight skirts and low-cut tops making an advertisement of the nubile flesh beneath. Two of them though, to my shock and delight, had paired up and were taking advantage of the last few moments before class started to engage in a long heavy make out session, their bodies crushing together, hand gripping hand as they rubbed and pushed their thinly covered breasts into each other. This wasn't the tender affectionate kiss of lovers, no, this was needy and passionate as their tongues flashed between breathless whimpers.

Other girls had stopped to admire the show, their expressions ranging from jealousy to lust. I squirmed a little. I could feel the fire inside me flaring higher as I bit my lip. I wanted so badly to stay and watch, but I had a locker to get to.

I was running up the stairs when I noticed that several of the girls I was passing seemed to be sneaking glances in my direction. I blushed and slowed down, thinking maybe they had realized that I wasn't one of them, that I was a wolf in sheep's clothing, but then I realized they were just staring at my braless breasts bouncing freely beneath my sweater. Honestly, who could blame them? Its not like I wasn't stealing eyefuls myself.

There was something different about the school though beyond just the sheer fuckability of its student body. The place had always been sort of run down and shabby, but now it seemed nicer, cleaner, better maintained. Somehow it even seemed better lit, as though the lighting was always just right to show off the assets of those inside.

"Jamie!" I had no sooner arrived at my locker than a voice rang out. I turned to look just in time to see a short girl with a pink streak of hair leaping towards me. I teetered over in my heels and twirled as I caught her. She smiled flirtatiously and jumped up to wrap her legs around my hips. I opened my mouth

to let out a confused protest, but before I could get a word in, she leaned in and shoved her tongue down my throat.

I stumbled back further in surprise, falling on my locker for support as the girl's hot perfumed flesh pressed into mine. Who the hell was this? Did girl-me have a girlfriend? Or had... had... fuck, it was so hard to think with her perky tits squishing against my sensitive chest as she rolled her hips. It was all I could focus on to suck gently on her cherry-sweet tongue. I moaned in need as she stoked the already blazing fire of passion within me.

Finally, we pulled apart, gasping raggedly for breath. It wasn't enough. I needed more.

"Oh my god, Jayjay," she laughed, looking down at my sweater then giving me another quick sweet kiss, "what the hell are you wearing?"

"Huh?" I followed her gaze down towards my boob window in confusion. "What's wrong with this?"

"Nothing!" she said, "If you're an old lady. You'd better change before Ms. Jennings finds you. You know how she feels about the dress code."

My head was still swimming as she unentangled her legs from my hip and slid off me. The sweet scent of her hair still lingered in my nose.

I could get a good look at her now. A breathtaking spray of freckles caused her sky-blue eyes to sparkle as she smiled impishly. The perky breasts that I'd felt grinding upon my own sat beneath a top so tight I could make out every gradient of her trim athletic body. Despite all that though it was her ass, plainly visible by the ultra-tight short shorts that she wore, that stood out. Here was an ass that did squats.

"Hey sorry for running off like that on the way home yesterday. It was bad of me, I know. But, well, you seemed to have those guys well in hand." she giggled.

"Wait," I said, as all the pieces started to fall into place, "Jean?"

"Uh, yeah?" she raised an eyebrow. "Hey are you feeling alright? Normally you're the one with your tongue down my throat when we kiss."

Oh my god. The wish hadn't filled the school with slutty girls, it had transformed everyone in it into one, including the guys. And I was the only one who realized. My stomach lurched as I looked around at the thinning crowd of bombshell sexpots. Any one of them - hell, half of them - could have been guys just the day before.

"I... I'm fine." I lied. "I just -"

The bell rang.

"Shit." she said. "I've got to get to homeroom. I'll see you first period!"

“Wait!” I cried, but it was lost in the shuffle of hot bodies as everyone made for class. All I could see was the seductive wiggle of her retreating hips, not diminished in the slightest by her haste.

Before I knew it, the hallways had all cleared out, leaving me alone. Fuck, I didn’t have time for this. I rushed to get my locker open and my books ready, then ran off for class as fast as my bouncing tits would allow.

“Jamie Thompson!” boomed a familiar voice.

Oh shit. Ms. Jennings.

“What on god’s green earth are you wearing, young lady?”

Oh, for fuck’s sake.

I turned around, some bullshit excuse building on my lips, but it died the second I laid eyes on her. Though her voice was the same, the woman who was storming through the halls towards me was decidedly not the fifty-seven-year-old vice-principal I had endured my entire high-school career. No, while the stern expression on her face was unmistakable, this sinfully hot woman was young enough to be that woman’s daughter.

I swallowed hard as I failed to keep my gaze from shifting lower. Her tight white blouse would have been immodest enough even if she hadn’t worn it with enough cleavage to plainly display the lingerie that clad the prodigious curves of the body beneath. It was black, perfectly matching the side-slit pencil skirt and the heavy rims of her glasses.

“Ms. Jennings I can explain!” I said.

“We have a *dress code*.” she punctuated each word with enough righteous fury to send me stepping back. The only other time I’d ever seen her so angry was when Jean and I had been caught trying to sneak into the girl’s locker room of the private school down the street.

“The length of skirts, shorts and dresses must not extend below the student’s fingertips when the student’s arms are extended at her sides!” she quoted, as though reading off the dress code from memory, “No shoes may be worn without a heel of three inches or more!” she pointed a finger down at my shapely ankles then rose it to the bottom of my sweater. “All parts of a student’s navel must be fully exposed!” Her finger traced upwards as she continued, “Tops that cover a prodigious amount of cleavage or skin on the chest or arm are prohibited!”

“I... what?”

“This is completely unacceptable!” she jabbed a finger at my sweater-covered tits. I gasped in surprise. “You are in big trouble, missy.”

Grabbing me by the proverbial collar, she pulled me into her office. It was relatively small, but her presence there made it seem as intimidating as any. She sat me in a chair small enough that even she could loom over me. Like mom, she’d always been very good at that.

“Ms. Thompson, I don’t know what could possibly have possessed you to think you could parade through my school dressed like some kind of sexless prude, but I can assure you that you may not. Do you know what I think?”

“W-what?”

“I think you’ve been a naughty, *naughty* girl.” the words oozed with stern seduction. “I think you’ve earned yourself a spanking, don’t you agree?”

I couldn’t help but laugh. This was like something straight out of a bad porno.

“Is something funny young lady?” she raised an eyebrow.

“You’re not... you’re not serious, are you? A spanking?”

The next thing I knew she had me bent over the table, my skirt flipped up and my flimsy thong pulled to the side. My pulse quickened. I tried to resist but her grip was firm and unyielding and my female form just didn’t have the strength or mass to resist the woman’s discipline.

“Count!”

“Huh?”

Whack!

I cried out. My low sultry voice revealing that somewhere between the surprise and the pain was a sharp spark of hot carnal pleasure. I was burning red with humiliation and arousal. Of fucking course. Why wouldn’t this sexed up girly version of me get turned on from something like this?

“I said count!”

Whack!

I cried out again, this time there was less surprise to mask my obvious lust. I mewled as I counted, one burning flash of desire building off the next. Soon I’d lost track of myself altogether and there was only the boiling kettle of my passion as it crested higher and higher, closer and closer to a boil. As she neared thirty my hips seemed to wiggle on their own, begging for more, begging to be taken over that edge.

And then she stopped.

I whined as the blood within me pumped hot through my jiggling flesh, teetering so close to release and yet so ultimately denied.

“I trust you’ve learned your lesson, young lady. Here at Coxwell Academy, we have standards.”

I bit my tongue, afraid to speak, lest, in my horny state, I wouldn't be able to stop myself from provoking further tender ministrations. Instead I nodded feebly.

"Good. Now, strip."

"W-what?" I managed to blush harder.

She reached behind her desk and pulled out a box labeled 'lost and found.'

"Strip. I'm confiscating those ugly rags of yours. Honestly, sometimes I don't know what's wrong with you girls these days. Who would ever want to see you dressed like that? We have some proper clothes in here. I trust you can find something in your size.

I looked in the box. My blush extended. I had thought my drawers at home had been skimpy, but this... I reached down and plucked a thin translucent white string. Was this supposed to be underwear?

"Quickly, young lady. You are late for class."

I shot her a sarcastic look and immediately regretted it. Even with the sexy youthful edge to her looks, this woman could out-glare the sun.

Eager to be out of there as soon as possible, I grabbed the most modest things I could find and tried to avoid showing this leering woman too much of my naked flesh as I changed.

Soon I was dressed in a low-cut off-the shoulder blouse, short enough above the midriff to present just the shadow of my underboob. I tried putting on something underneath it to keep from spilling out, but what I thought had been a bra was in fact a string bikini that did very little to hide my assets. At least it kept things in place. I was grateful I was allowed to keep my underwear. I'd need it with the way my ass hung out of my short jean-skirt.

"See? Isn't that much better? We'll make a good girl of you yet, Ms. Thompson."

"Yes ma'am." I nodded, teetering in my pink six-inch pumps. I looked like a whore.

I checked the time as I rushed out of the office. I'd missed homeroom entirely and was now late for first period. The air in the halls felt cool against my skin, but I didn't know if that was because of all the exposed skin, or if I was just a hot fucking mess.

I scampered as quickly as I could to class. The bikini top kept my tits from bouncing, sure, but it was so tight I had to hold one hand over my chest whenever I moved to keep them from popping.

Jesus christ. I couldn't believe that had happened. It had all been so fast. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined getting bent over like that. I was a guy; the shoe was supposed to be on the other foot. Except now... fuck. I shook my head. I could feel myself getting hornier just remembering it. Why was this such a turn on?

I slipped into my math class, one hand still clutched self consciously over my breasts. I tried to be casual, but I could feel the collective gaze of the entire classroom upon me as I wiggled my scantily clad body over to hand the teacher the tardiness excuse. The fact that the stares I was getting were hungry and lustful instead of judgemental was of little consolation. With the way my ass hung out of my skirt I was sure everyone could see the red marks on my behind. I felt like a piece of meat hanging in a butcher's window.

My math teacher -- once an elderly Latino man with a limp and a mole, now a stunning dark-skinned brunette with a cleavage-stuffed bodice and a beauty mark -- took the note and directed me to my seat. Someone made a snide comment I couldn't quite make out, and then there was giggling from the seated girls.

I don't think I'd ever been so embarrassed in my life. I sat down and pulled out my books, burying my head to hide my humiliation.

"Are you okay?" Came a small voice from beside me. I turned and looked at Jean. "She got you good, huh? Don't worry, we've all been there. Remember that time we got caught sneaking into the boy's locker room of that private school?"

I stared at her in disbelief.

"Well," she shrugged. "at least you got a new outfit out of it? Don't get me wrong, there's something to be said for the tight sweater look," she bit her lip as she roamed her lewd eyes over my body, then reached her hand across the aisle and rubbed at my exposed thigh, "but I definitely prefer you like this."

I looked away in surprise, heart once again pounding in my chest as I sat bolt upright. I wasn't used to getting hit on, let alone by my formerly male best friend turned nymphomaniac school girl.

What followed was a surprising bit of normality. It seemed not even being taught by a vivacious, scantily clad harlot could make calculus interesting. Not that the teacher, hot as she was, stood out compared to the students she taught. I did my best to pay attention, to try not to be a stare too obviously at the lustful bodies of my classmates and teacher, but as time went on it became harder and harder. There was enough scandalous flesh in this room to fill a year's worth of raging teenage fantasies and I was helpless against the urge to catalogue every visible inch.

Soon, with each passing second and each lustful glimpse, the flame of my arousal, already high and needy from my time in the principle's office, the press of my friend's body, and the taste of my mother's hot tongue, rose into a restless inferno. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears as my breathing became short. I could hear my body's cries to give into the carnal heat of flesh on soft flesh. It echoed in the stiffness of my nipples as they begged to be squeeze and in the yearning of my hot chasm screaming out to be filled. Base desires flooded my brain.

I clenched and unclenched my fist. Sex. My thoughts kept coming back to sex. Hot fantasies flashed through my brain. Sex. I could just imagine how good it would be. Hell, this morning's masturbation alone had been better than anything I'd ever felt as a guy. What would full blown actual sex feel like? How would it feel to have a girl's face pressed against my wet snatch, her tongue gently flicking as I rode her to hour upon hot sweaty hour of earth shaking, toe curling orgasms. I gritted my teeth. No, that was good but it wasn't enough. I needed more. I needed...

There was a soft gasp. I blushed. Had that been me?

But no, there it was again.

Sitting not two seats away was a girl I barely even recognized. She had one hand discretely beneath her desk, holding a pencil that disappeared into the folds of her short tartan skirt. Her pigtails bounced gently as her eyes glazed over in quiet rapture.

Normally, the girl who sat there had been this pudgy self-conscious nerd. Now though, she was anything but. She could have passed for a nerd at a sorority Halloween party, maybe. If it wasn't for her thick rimmed glasses, I don't think I'd even have recognized her at all.

One of the girl's neighbors was looking down at that pencil enviously while the other squirmed in her seat, trying to keep the erotic display from turning her on too. I chewed on my lip as the soft horny noises the girl was making began to grow in volume and intensity. I could hear heavy breathing, then I realized it was my own.

"Jennifer!" the teacher snapped. The girl's eyes went wide in alarm, her errant pencil whipping out of the girl's skirt and onto the table above.

"Can't you wait until the end of class like the rest of us?"

"Sorry, ma'am." she blushed.

There was a chorus of giggles from the rest of the class.

The reprieve would be shortly lived. Despite her humiliation she was right back at it before too long. Poor girl. I knew how she felt. Each second that ticked by dragged with it a slow horny eternity. Finally, ten minutes before the bell, the teacher put down her chalk. Her face was flush. She looked just as fed up with resisting her primal urges as I did.

"Alright class," there was a simmer in her voice. "I think that's about enough calculus for today, don't you agree? Let's finish up with some uh, free study, why don't we?"

There was a murmur of agreement from the class. A few of them were already going for their bags. I was confused. The teachers normally ran us right into the bell. If anyone else found it strange though, they didn't let on.

Then the toys came out.

Vibrators, dildos, dongs, plugs, beads, clamps. Every girl in the class was pulling some sort of masturbatory aid from their bags. A few of them, who had been masturbating quietly with pencils or hands until now, were now spreading their legs as they stopped trying to hide their indiscretion.

My eyes bulged. My pussy jumped.

The entire class quickly descended into a cooing free-for-all of pent up sexual energy. Some were in pairs or groups, but most were solo, feeding their carnal hungers with a desperate enthusiasm, pawing at their bodies and scratching their deep horny itch with whatever long, hard, or buzzing thing they had handy. The smell of pheromones and arousal was an intoxicating perfume. I squeezed my legs together tightly.

I turned to look at Jean, confused, only to see her leaned back with one leg up on her desk, shorts down around one ankle, a six-inch rabbit buzzing away in her bare pink cunt.

"Jean?" I swallowed hard.

"H-huh?" she groaned. "Oh, sorry," she laughed, "Did you want to go doubles?" My eyes couldn't help but follow as she pulled it out and waved the slick purple phallus in front of me. "You know I love the sounds you make when I plunge this thing into you."

I whimpered. Oh god, that sounded so good. Yes, a thousand times yes. I wanted her to bend me over and make me her bitch, to slake the hot fires of my lust with her deep powerful thrusts. I needed... I needed to...

No. No, this wasn't right. I stood up. My head was swimming. My knees were weak.

A few of the girls at the front - cheerleaders I think they were - weren't satisfied with just getting one hole stuffed. They'd suction-cupped these enormous dildos onto their chairs and the surface of their desks and were pumping their heads up and down on the one while bouncing in their seats on the other. They were swallowing the thick rubbery dildos before them eight or ten inches deep, moaning as the rubbery sculpted veins of the long hard shafts passed by their lips.

I bit my plump lip so hard it bled. Fuck that looked good. I wonder what that would feel like. A long hot stick of meat pumping away at my mouth as I coaxed some totally hung guy to dump his warm sticky load down my slutty throat while his friends propped up my eager ass and drove their thick shafts deep into my quivering, hypersensitive cunt.

"Jamie?" asked Jean "Are you okay?"

I swallowed, hard. Fuck, no. No, no, no. I was not okay. I looked around. Everything suddenly came sharply into focus. All of the warm thoughts of all the things I wanted to do to these girls paled in comparison the bright burning star of desire I now realized had been building up inside me all day. That, that was what I needed. I needed someone to shove a hot dick inside of me and make me theirs. I needed to get pinned down and worked over like the moaning whore I was. I needed to get *fucked*.

Oh god. What the hell had happened to me? Why was I thinking like this?

"I have to get out of here."

"Hey, wait!"

I pushed my chair out and ran for the door. The teacher barely even gave me a second glance. Her half-lidded eyes were rolled back up into her head as she ground a small throbbing vibrator into her clitoris with one hand while she ploughed her dribbling cunt with the other. I shivered in envy.

I slammed the door behind me. The cool air of the hallway was a welcome reprieve from the hot miasma of lust, though it did little to slake the overwhelming conflagration built up inside me.

I stumbled forward in a stupor, trying to restore some semblance of sense to my brain, trying desperately to think about anything besides a thick meaty dick splitting me open and a strong pair of hands holding me down as I screamed out in roiling orgasmic joy.

Each time I managed to regain even an ounce of my composure, a passionate gasp or moan would rise from a nearby classroom. I tried to block it out, but it was painfully clear that the entire fucking school had descended into a gooey pool of sapphic autoeroticism.

I closed my eyes and ran forwards. I needed to get out of here.

Cold water splashed at my face.

I blinked. A flustered brunette slut stared back at me from a mirror. Her every expression begged for release. Her tits had popped out of her top at some point, her throbbing pencil-eraser nipples an advertisement to any rough hands who would care to listen.

The bathroom. I'd made it to the bathroom.

I let out a hot breath and splashed again.

What the hell was I doing? Why was I thinking like this? Why did the idea of getting fucked fill me with such desperate need?

My mind warred with my body. This is what I'd wanted wasn't it? To get laid?

But no, not like this. I should be the guy doing the fucking, not the howling slut getting her needy cunt stuffed. There was something about that idea that seemed so absurd though. Why would I ever want to be the guy in that scenario, when it felt so fucking good to be the girl?

No. No, damnit! I slammed a shaking fist down upon the sink. I was a man. A straight man. I didn't care what kind of a body I now had, if there was one thing I was sure of it was that. I wasn't about to give that up, no matter how good it felt.

Where the fuck did the genie get off fucking around with my sexuality like this? I mean, with all the smoking hot girls around me I guess I wasn't completely gay or anything, and yet...

I bit my lip as I pictured a cute guy walking in, his muscles glistening, his body tall, his arms strong. Mmm, I could just imagine that musky smell. I grasped at one of my painfully erect nipples, imagining his rough hands running along my delicate quivering body.

“Oh god.”

I fell to my knees and buried a hand in my snatch, wishing it was his, building closer and closer as he pounded into me, used me, made me his. His great length filling me up completely, delivering me again and again to a world - a universe - of sexual heights I'd never dreamed possible.

No! I had to stop. I was a guy. A heterosexual guy. I didn't want to get off to the idea of fucking a dude, no matter how hot they were, no matter how good they smelled, no matter how big and tasty and wonderful their thick juicy dicks were.

“Oh, fuck!” I cried, unsure if it was in frustration or passion.

It took every ounce of willpower I had to pull my hand free from the brink of that orgasm. Everything I had to stand up off my knees. I splashed more water on my face, the cold barely making an impact on the haze of estrogen sloshing through my brain demanding I get bred.

No.

I was clenching my fist so tight I thought my ruby red nails were going to draw blood. The silence of the bathroom was broken only by my ragged lusty breathing and the pounding of my heart. I took a long deep breath and tried to calm the blood pounding through my vein. I didn't care how good it felt. I wasn't about to give in to these desires.

By the time I stepped out of the bathroom my mind was as calm and as focused as I could make it, as little as that meant. I could do this. I just had to get through the rest of the day, then the genie would fix this and I'd never have to worry about wanting to get fucked or finding the idea of a man's throbbing cock delicious ever again.

I shook my head. I just had to avoid getting turned on for the rest of the day. I just had to avoid these stupid slutty fantasies.

How hard could that be?

The bell rang, and with it, a chorus of orgasmic cries.

To be continued.