

Wishes Gone Wrong: Slut High
- A Smutty Novella -
= Part 2 of 2 =
By Razmagurk

I wandered breathless through the halls.

If I closed my eyes and squinted, things could almost pass as normal. I could almost believe that my school hadn't been overrun with enough nubile female flesh to make good even the raunchiest of teenage dreams.

My body was aflame with desire. Hot hormonal blood pounded through me and set every nerve alive with a hunger for carnal sensation.

I chewed my lip in an attempt to distract myself from the seemingly endless variety of pornographically proportioned girls sashaying past me as they sauntered off to their next class. Many of them had stopped to adjust their makeup or their hair, tossed and tussled as things were by the school-wide masturbatory frenzy that had just occurred. The din of their casual conversation, gossip and lilting giggles echoed over even the staccato rhythm of my horny heart.

Normally the presence of so many over-sexed beauties would be a cause for celebration, a blessing beyond measure, but today, due to a botched wish, I was one of them.

My diamond-hard nipples, perched high on my round quivering breasts, throbbed as they rubbed sensuously against the tight fabric of my far-too-small bikini top, jolting me with a low-level aching pleasure.

I hated this.

Being turned into a girl? You know what? That was fine. I could put up with pretending to be a woman for a day if it meant getting to see all this. No, what was ruining my pornographic parade was the existential angst I was suffering as a result of my magically altered sexuality.

That fucking genie had made it so that this stunningly salacious sex-pot body of mine came complete with a deep-seated lust for men and an overpowering urge to get pinned down and fucked. I still found women hot - oh lord did I ever - but they didn't scratch that deep body craving that I've been so hungry for all day.

And with the way my libido had been amped up to cartoonish proportions, I was feeling it bad.

I had nothing against liking guys, in principle. I'm not homophobic or anything, but, well, it's not something that I was. It wasn't *me*. That genie had fucked with my brain. Fucked with who I was. That's what scared me - what that represented.

And the worst part was that it was insidious. It felt so natural, so good, like soft warm silk. Why wouldn't I want to like guys? They were so *yummy*. I couldn't even remember what it was like not liking them, to be grossed out by the idea of some other guy's fat meaty dick instead of impossibly aroused. I tried to

think back to times when I had, back to the eternal awkwardness of the men's changeroom, but oh god, it just brought to mind all kinds of strange new contexts. All those hard, masculine bodies caught at half glimpses. Why hadn't I tried to see more? Why hadn't I peeked? I swallowed hard.

No. No! I clenched my fist. The fires of my arousal were second only to the fires of my outrage. I wasn't going to go down that road. That's not who I was. That's not who I wanted to be. I was going to fight this. I was going to fix this. I just... I needed to get home. I needed to get to that lamp and undo all this before this girl's libido inspired me to do something I'd regret forever.

Could I just leave now? No. I thought back to the whole naughty-schoolgirl / stern-schoolmarm routine I'd gone through with Ms. Jennings earlier. My ass was still sore from the erotically charged spanking I'd earned for not conforming to the dress code. I'd hate to see what other perverted punishments she had in store if she caught me actually ditching class.

I fanned myself gently with one hand.

I would have to wait until lunch. I just had to get to then without losing myself in my newfound obsession with big juicy cocks. One period. How hard could it be?

I stopped stunned outside the school trophy case. Between the trophies for rugby and swimming there was an enormous faux-golden phallus with a plaque proclaiming Coxwell Academy the provincial deepthroating champions 10 years running. The display was complete with some photos from the competition and a clipping from the local newspaper. I blinked in surprise. Our old mascot, a dopey looking beaver, had been replaced with what appeared to be a giant penis wearing a monocle.

I licked my lips, then forced myself to turn away. The less I thought about enormous monster cocks, the better.

Luckily, there were plenty of distractions at hand to reaffirm my gynephilia. Though with how hot and horny it got me it was a mixed blessing. My eyes landed on the sight of Jenny, our head cheerleader. I was stunned. Jenny had already been the hottest girl in school by a significant margin, but now it was like the wish had washed away every flaw and enhanced her every endowment. Though sexy, it was undeniably eery, like someone had taken photoshop to her.

Maybe I was just being biased though. Maybe the increased attractiveness wasn't the result of her enhanced bustline, straining as it was against the slim parody of a cheer uniform, or the soft silky skin on display across her long slender legs. No, maybe a part of her enhanced attractiveness was the way she was aggressively nibbling on the ear of that girl sitting in her lap. I didn't quite recognize her, but she was wearing a cut-off letterman jacket carefully styled to conform to the school's slutwear dress code. One of Jenny's hands disappeared beneath the girl's translucent white top while the other played down beneath the hem of her tartan microskirt. The poor things mewling whimpers were music as she wriggled helplessly at the mercies of the cheerleader's ministrations.

Wait, I recognized that jacket. Was that... was that Jack? Jack Walker, her boyfriend from the football team? Oh my god. He had always been this huge imposing force moving through the halls like a lion, and now he was this cute feminine thing with boobs way too big for her petite frame and pouty dicksucking lips out of which rang that high soft voice crying out in horny frustration.

If Jack was a girl now, what did that mean? Were they still dating? Had my wish turned them into a lesbian couple? Or were they just making out because it was the slutty thing to do? Would they share boys? I sighed softly at the idea. They'd look really hot dropping to their knees together and giving a double blowjob to some random hunk they'd lured to their hotel room.

My heart was pounding. There was a lump in my throat. What was this? Jealousy? Of that girl sitting in Jenny's lap? Of Jenny's tender caress? Of that intimacy? No. Of the vision playing out in my head. Of the hard, lurid passion of their imagined threesome. I found myself wishing I had a girlfriend too so that I could make out with her to attract cute guys.

The bell rang. I'd been so caught up in my voyeurism I'd lost all track of time. I rushed off to second period as fast as my wardrobe would allow.

I was the last to arrive. I edged my way past the rows of playboy-perfect schoolgirls and took my seat near the back. The plump, matronly woman who normally taught us science was now downright vivacious. All of her bulk had gone to her plump ass, thighs and child-bearing hips.

I sighed in frustration. I'd managed to clear my head a bit during the break, but that cold water was now just a memory and I was no less horny. The lust-fueled fire within me was fast approaching a low broil.

Luckily, I didn't need to think too hard. The class was doing group presentations. Each pair of students had to research a scientific discovery or concept and talk about the potential applications or wider importance of it. The pair that were up now, two loser stoners turned busty goths, were talking about recent advances in industrial lubrication systems. Their presentation included a very hands on demonstration.

In my mind I could feel the pressure of those soft pale hands sliding across the yearning flesh of my hypersensitive tits, tweaking and pulling and squeezing my hard, pining nipples. I gripped the desk to keep my hands from wandering within the feeble length of my skirt.

I took a hot breath as I tried to slow down my breathing. The sweat forming on my skin made the air feel so refreshingly cool. I swallowed dryly. What the hell was I doing here? It was getting hard to think.

The next group was no better. They were talking about the Three Body Problem. I'm glad I had gone a couple of weeks ago. I'd hate to see what slutty girl-me would have made of the galactic bulge.

I squeezed my wet legs together and shook. How much longer was this going to go on? Would this class end with a masturbatory orgy too? Maybe I could let off steam then. My pussy ached at the prospect. I subtly reached a hand up and brushed against the underside of my ample breasts, at the scandalous acres of oh-so sensitive underboob put on display by this skanky lost-and-found top. My whole body was damp from sweat. Damp from need.

I swallowed hard. I was starting to see spots. The fire inside of me was boiling me alive.

"Jamie?" said a voice.

“Jamie!” the teacher yelled

“Huh? Mmm...” I pushed past the stupor I was in. She was looking at me expectantly. What had she asked?

“Uh, what?”

Giggling.

“Honestly. I know it can be hard to focus sometimes, but its not like you girls didn’t just have a chance to get off. Could you at least try to pay attention?”

I sunk embarrassed into my seat.

The teacher asked her question to someone else. I couldn’t even tell what she was saying. Everything she said sounded so fuzzy and unimportant. Why was she talking about science? Why were there no boys here? Why wasn’t somebody doing something about that? Why was no one fucking me?

I could hear little whimpers from around the class. I wasn’t the only one feeling it, but damn I was feeling it the worst.

I groaned as a third group went up to present.

Jesus christ, just end already. I was so whimperingly horny. It was a sneeze that wouldn’t come. All I could do was wait.

What would they do if I just started masturbating right here and now? If I just reached a hand down and plunged my fingers into the soaking nest of my passions. I thought back to the spanking I’d gotten from Ms. Jennings earlier. I’d never considered myself being into that sort of thing but somehow It had been so hot. Mmm, maybe if I really did give in I’d get sent to the office and she’d do it again.

Ten minutes to the bell. No grace period on this one for masturbation. Maybe they figured lunch was time enough for that? I gripped the edge of my table till my knuckles were white.

The bell rang. I could hardly hear it over the rush of blood in my ears.

Should I just run to the bathroom? Find a stall and give an outlet to my hunger there? Hell, why even go that far? None of the other girls seemed to care about masturbating in the halls. Why not plunge my hands down here and now and quenching this red-hot lust in my drooling wet cunt once and for all?

No. I let out a frustrated whine. There was no time. This was my chance. I had to escape. I needed to get home and fix all this.

I stood. I wobbled. I fell back in my seat. My vision blurred as all of the blood pumping through me tried to rush to my brain all at once. I blinked in helpless confusion until I could see. I stood again, holding out a hand to steady myself, stepping unsurely towards the door.

Some of the girls gave me strange looks as I passed, but unless they had hot throbbing cocks to fuck my needy cunt with I was beyond caring at this point. Wait, did they? I looked back hopefully. No. Hot as they were, they didn't have what I needed.

I stumbled through the halls towards the main doors.

I was surprised there wasn't more full-on fucking in the hallways. Everyone had been rushing to get to class earlier, but now things were more settled. It was a bizarre melange of the pornographic and the mundane. One girl in pig tails and a little red school-girl tie hanging down over a fishnet top was casually sitting reading a textbook while the girl next to her was three fingers deep as she ogled the centerfold of a playboy magazine.

I tried to keep from running. I tried to look natural. All around me girls swirled in various groups, happily talking and laughing and enjoying their idyllic school life, painfully unaware of the raw perversion that had pervaded their lives.

"Oh my god," I heard one say, "I love your plug!"

"Oh, thank you," a second girl laughed. "I just got it. It's a little small, but I just love the color." the girl lifted her leather skirt to show her lack of underwear and the sparkling gem prominently displayed in her ass.

"Oh for sure!" said the first, squatting down and spreading the first girl's prodigious jiggling cheeks to get a better view. "I wouldn't have said pearl was your sort of stone, but you really pull it off."

"Oh, I know, right?" she laughed. "It's normally not, but this lets me ask guys for a matching necklace."

The whole group broke out giggling.

I gripped my fist, annoyed I wanted one, that I wanted so bad for some guy to spill his hot cum all over my lusty tits.

While none of these girls were trying to hide their depravity, the more hardcore girls at least had the decency to stay out of the halls. Masturbation seemed common enough, but I caught sight of two girls in an otherwise empty classroom with dildos suction cupped to their desks, making out sloppily as they bounced back and forth between one long stick and another.

I was so close. I stuck my head down and made a beeline for the exit.

I swayed as I stepped out. The cold air beyond was a balm across my body, washing away the musky pheromone-laden miasma of those scandalous halls and bringing the world into a sharp burst of contrast.

I tugged down my skirt and tried to run as fast as these legs would carry me, elbows folded delicately at my sides while my tits bounced before me, threatening with each step to come loose from their ill-fitting prison.

I only let one thought echo through my brain: I had to keep moving. I had to get home. If I could just get home, I could set this all right. I had to... I had to... oh my god.

A Man.

With a dick.

Not just any man. A handsome man. Dreamy, tall, broad shouldered, with a shock of sandy brown hair and deep brown eyes that sparkled in the noon light. My knees went weak at the sight of him.

My breath caught in my throat. My brain was a clamor of emotions. I stumbled, the toe of my stiletto pumps catching on the sidewalk and sending me plummeting forward, tits first. I crashed hard.

Oh my god. Hot shame washed over me. Here was this man, this shining red-blooded male with his great big dick, and I had just gone and made myself look like a total idiot in front of him. I wanted to just curl up and die.

I stumbled to sit up, painfully aware of every slow bounce and jiggle of my flesh. He was standing over me now, staring down at me.

"Are you okay?" his voice was as strong and as powerful as the hand he held out in my aid. I looked up at his face, my eyes sparkling. His piercing brown eyes were locked hopelessly on my tits. Oh my god, he liked my tits! Pride swelled in me. I pushed them out to give him a better view. Should I take my top off? I should take my top off. Guys liked that, right? Oh god, I hoped he'd like it.

I pressed an aching tit into his outstretched hand. The shock of pleasure passing through my torso at the rough texture of his skin sent my eyes rolling up into the back of my head. I was so maddeningly horny that even this smallest of touches, this slightest acknowledgement of the raw need within me was enough to turn me dizzy. An ocean of burning want boiled away the rainclouds of my resistance. I gasped out as I pressed into him further. It was as though my every nerve existed in that one spot, as though my soul itself was entangled in that one handful of sexual flesh.

"Uh. What are you doing?"

My heart broke. Did he not like my tits? No, not that. Oh god. I looked down. What *was* I doing? Of course, I was such an idiot. He wasn't reaching for my tits; he was trying to help me up. He was a *gentleman*. He didn't want to just fuck here and now. He wanted to take me home and light candles and spend all night pounding my soaking cunt while my orgasmic shrieks drowned out soft music.

Oh my god, I was so lucky. I was giddy. Maybe if he fucked me good enough then he'd make me his girlfriend and then we could rut like that every night. Oh my god if I made him feel good enough we could get married, we could have a honeymoon, and we could spend the rest of our lives with him breeding my pregnant ass over and over. My womb jumped at the idea. Oh god, I wanted to have this guys babies, his handsome, big-dicked babies.

"Miss?"

I let out a hot needy gasp.

Oh my god. Here I am with the opportunity to have this perfect life with this guy and I was ruining it by throwing my tits at him like some kind of common street slut! I needed to be suave, I needed to be sultry, I needed to be flirtatious. I needed to say something that would let him know I wasn't like all the other girls drooling over his cock.

I tried to stand, my tits wobbling as my arms flailed. I couldn't do it in these heels. I tore my tits away long enough to grab his hand. My heart screamed with excitement. We were holding hands. Oh my god, we were holding hands! I was seeing spots.

Okay Jamie, say something cool. Wow him.

"T-thanks." I stammered. "I fell."

Fuck. My whole body went beat red.

"I noticed." He smiled. It was like the light of heaven. Warm, kind, understanding. My heart melted.

His eyes were still locked on my tits. I was giddy with excitement. What a great guy. I wondered if he was thinking about what his dick would look like as I squeezed my round silky melons around it, the shaft of his turgid fuckstick bouncing out from between my pillowy flesh with each thrust while I kissed and sucked at the head. Would he cum on them after? Would he give me a pearl necklace?

Oh my god, I didn't even know anything about him. How big was his dick? 10 inches? 16? My heart fluttered. No, no, that would be crazy. No one was that big, were they? I had only been 5 myself. But maybe... maybe I'd gotten lucky. I had to know.

I glanced down coyly. I couldn't get a good view of it from here. I held a hand up to my head and feigned a swoon, falling into him. The soft weight of my body rest upon his firm muscular rigidity as he held out his hands to catch me. I pressed myself close. I could smell him now. Old spice and oranges.

"Uh, miss? Are you alright?"

My hand reaching down, slipping beneath the waistband of his pants. I pushed back the tickling sensation of his pubic hair, grinning wide as I felt his hardness on the back of my hand. I adjusted my grip and grasped firmly, the pulsing confidence of his manhood acquiescing to my demands as I wrapped my hand around this wonderful thing. He wasn't 16 inches. But that was okay. What mattered was that it was all mine.

Hot liquid power pumped through his veins as I squeezed and fondled this roaring example of masculinity, the blaze of my body warming even hotter at the fire of his virile heat. My breath caught in my throat. With my other hand I started to fumble with his zipper.

"Uh, excuse me?" He said. I blinked in confusion and looked up at him. Fuck. What was I doing? Anxiety pulsed through me. What if I was moving too fast? What if he wanted privacy? Oh my god, he was going to think so poorly of me. We should go find an alley somewhere where I could get those pants off him.

"Shhh, no. You don't understand." I whispered. "It's not like that." seduction oozed out of every octave. I needed to explain to this guy that this was all just a misunderstanding. That I was so horny I didn't know what I was doing. "I'm not a slut or anything." I let out a little desperate whimper. "I just... I really need your dick to fuck me."

"My what?" he swallowed. "We just met."

"Your dick." I gave it a loving squeeze for emphasis. "Please? I need it so fucking bad."

"Jamie!" came a voice. Jean. I pressed myself in tighter to my man. She couldn't have him.

"There you are!" she came running up. How did she move so fast in those heels? "I've been looking everywhere for you. I was really worried after you... oh hi!" her tone dropped a sultry octave and a sly look crossed her face as she laid eyes on my beau. "I see you've made a friend."

"Oh my god, isn't he great? He's gonna take me home and marry me and spend all night pumping babies into my ass."

"Wait, what?" He took a step back. "What the fuck?" I stumbled to follow, not wanting to be an inch apart.

"Sorry stud," Jean laughed. "but I need to borrow Jayjay here."

"What? I cried, "No!"

"Tell you what though," she added with a wink. "How about I give you my number and we three can meet up later for a little ménage à trois?"

His gaze had shifted, his eyes were roaming indecisively over Jean's nubile form. His dick throbbed in my hands. I thought I'd be jealous that it was Jean doing that to him, but honestly, I was just impressed. I bet he could fuck both of us all night long.

"What?" he stammered in stunned disbelief, "I mean, yeah, sure."

"Great!" She pulled out a business card and slipped it into his back pocket as she kissed him on the cheek. "Come on, Jayjay," she turned back to me. "We gotta get back before Ms. Jennings spansks us for being naughty."

The man sputtered and coughed. I hadn't thought his dick could have gotten any harder and yet I was delightfully surprised. I gave Jean an impressed look.

She wrapped her hands around one of my arms and started to pull me away despite my whimpering protests. My heart ached with each step apart from him. Why was she doing this? I thought she was my friend. What had I possibly done that could have garnered such a betrayal?

"Jamie, are you okay?" she asked as we rounded the corner and I lost sight of my stud muffin.

“What?” I furrowed my brow. “Am I okay? Jean! How could you? I was.. I was going to get laid!”

“With that guy?” she giggled scandalously. “Do you even know his name?”

“That doesn’t matter! He was nice! He liked my tits! We were gonna have so many babies!”

She laughed. “Oh my god Jayjay, you’ve got it bad. Look at you! You’re shaking. What the hell are you even saying? You’re so horny right now you’d fuck anything that moves. “

“I... I wouldn’t!” I totally would.

“Here, come to my locker. We’ll find you a shirt.”

“Wait,” I looked down at my naked tits. “What happened to my blouse? “

I followed her back into the school. The musk of perfume and sex hung heavy in the halls.

“Jamie, listen, I know you get kinda desperate sometimes, but you can’t just go running off like that after the first cock you see.”

“Why do you even care?” I pouted as I crossed my arms over my chest.

“Cause we’re BFFs? Duh? We promised we’d look out for each other. Especially when it comes to guys. We’re going to find our happy endings together.” she intertwined her fingers with mine. “Isn’t that what we always wanted?”

“He held my *hand*!” I was still swooning. “He was going to take me home and cum on my tits. It was so romantic.”

“You don’t even know his name.” she laughed.

“I don’t care! It was love!”

“No,” she laughed. “it was a horny little schoolgirl getting all worked up about a cute boy because she hadn’t gotten off in like...” We arrived at Jeans locker. She turned to look at me. “When even did you get off last?”

“Wh-what?” I blushed at the question. “Last night?” I thought back to how I’d jacked off before bed. God, everything had seemed so simple then.

“Last night!?” a sharpness arose in her tone. Concern invaded her face. “Jesus, Jamie, no wonder you’re making poor decisions. You probably haven’t gone that long without cumming since puberty.”

I blushed harder.

"You can't just..." she sighed in frustration. "You can't just *abstain* like that. It's not healthy! You'll make yourself sick. Sit your ass down."

"What?"

"I said *Sit*." She pulled her purple rabbit vibrator out of her locker.

I sunk to the floor. I tried to sit cross legged but I quickly realized that wasn't going to work without flashing the whole school. Instead I leaned my back against the bank of lockers and pressed my legs into my pillowy chest. I gasped at the unintended pressure I was putting against my aching horny breasts.

"Come here." she said, sinking down next to me. She wrapped an arm around my shoulder and pulled me into her. I hesitated, but my need for physical intimacy vastly overwhelmed any sense of resistance I may have had. She was warm and soft and smelled like some unidentifiably sweet fruit. I rested my head on her silky breast as she ran a hand through my hair. I stopped shaking, my whole body going limp as I nuzzled into her delicate flesh.

I frowned. As wonderful as it was, I couldn't help but wish her body was harder and more solid. That she could wrap me in strong arms and make me feel safe. Fuck me, I wished she had a dick.

"I'm worried about you, Jayjay. You've been acting weird today. You show up dressed in some frumpy sweater and then you're all distant when I try to kiss you? I thought okay, maybe it had been something I'd said. But then the way you ran off in class earlier? I went to look for you but I couldn't find you anywhere. It's not like you to turn down a session with Monsieur Lapin. When I couldn't find you in our usual spot at lunch, I didn't know what to do." she sighed. "I'm just glad I caught sight of you out the window before you did something - or someone - stupid."

"Hey now." I mumbled, "He wasn't stupid..."

"I'm serious." She looked down at me with a stern but warm smile. "What are you thinking? Going so long without getting off? Girls like us have needs. What were you trying to do running away like that?"

"I need to get home."

"Like this? Honey, they'll eat you alive out there. Do you have any idea what those boys are going to do to you if you don't at least clear your head a bit?"

"Fuck my brain silly?" I perked up at the prospect.

"Well, yes," she sighed wistfully. "But also, lots of other horrible stuff, like keep you for themselves, or get you to do things you don't want to. Just because we like sex, doesn't mean we're not people, you know? You can't trade away your agency just because you want to get laid."

"Why not?" I whined.

"Because there's more to life than sex!"

“Bullshit.” I pouted.

“Alright, there’s no need to get bratty.” she laughed. “I can see I’m not getting anywhere. Get your ass ready,” Before I knew what was going on she was on top of me, her arms pressing in on either side, pinning me as she loomed down. She brandished the rabbit. “I’m going to give your cunt the fucking it deserves”

I squealed, I don’t know if it was trepidation or delight.

“H-here? Now?”

“Right here, Jayjay, Right now.”

She pulled my legs apart. The air was cool across the vulnerable flesh of my inner thighs. There was a force behind her motions that felt so right to yield to, gentle, yet firm.

Her hand ran like warm silk across the shivering skin of my thigh, gliding over every soft inch except the one place I needed it the most. She smiled mischievously as I quivered against her cruelty.

Finally, her hand oh so softly cupped my tender folds. I gasped as one long delicate finger probed oh so slightly into the abyss of need within me.

Her other hand caressed lightly along my bare breast. Goosebumps followed in its wake, an imitation of the stiffness of my aching nipples. I reached up to grab one but she caught my hand and pushed it back.

She leaned down over me and pressed her body into mine, her pert tits rubbing against mine as our nipples kissed through her top. She started to nibble on my neck and ear. I groaned out in surprise. My body melted. I didn’t even know that was a thing.

I was humping her hands at this point, or trying to at least, she kept her touch gentle no matter how much I bucked. Couldn’t she see she didn’t need all this foreplay?

“Now then,” she sat up, retreating to between my legs, a wanton grin on her face. She pulled the rabbit out from between her own legs and brandished it. “Tell me how much you want my dick.”

I couldn’t help it. I broke down giggling.

“Hey,” she laughed. “focus!”

She held the thing out to my face. It seemed so big. I needed that thing inside me like I was a puzzle and it was my missing piece.

“Lick it, bitch.” It was still wet from Jean’s juicy pussy. Her wonderful smell enveloped my perception. I looked her in the eyes as I ran my tongue along it, letting the fantasy of a real cock fuel my needy expression. Maybe if I made her horny enough, she’d stop teasing me and actually fuck me.

“Good.” she grinned, arousal catching her voice. The rabbit began to buzz as she traced a wet path with it down my body. She circled my breasts in a short spiral, the nerves of my tits electric as she made contact with my diamond hard nipples. Oh god.

“Oh god.” I cried. “F-fuck me!”

It was like a short circuit directly into the pleasure center of my brain. I screamed, I thrashed, but all it did was amplify the sensation. Jean’s expert hands knew exactly where to probe. She didn’t need to be strong or hard, she had precision on her side.

“Do you want my dick now?” she smiled.

“Yes, oh god, yes! Jean please, I want your dick inside me! Fuck my goddamn cunt and make me explode! Please! Please!”

“Well,” now it was her turn to giggle. “since you asked so nicely.”

She kissed me. Her tongue dancing out a demonstration of its agility and dominance. Then she slid down until her face was poking out between my legs. Those sweet blue eyes, those beautiful freckles, that long, long tongue.

She kissed a path around the outside of my swollen drooling labia, inhaled deeply, then slowly began lapping at the river of fire pouring out of me.

“Oh my god Jayjay,” she laughed in pleasant surprise, chin pressed firmly against my clit, “you’re so wet.” she gave it another kiss, “and sweet”

Then she began in earnest.

Her tongue circled my clit, her delicate probes a jackhammer. Even her smallest of gestures amplifying through my rocking body. Then she pulled back.

“No!” I cried “Don’t stop! More!”

“Relax, I’m just giving you what you were begging for.”

She pulled out the rabbit and ran it down my stomach, I could feel its rumble in my womb. My body tightened in anticipation as it inched towards my crotch.

Are you ready?” she teased.

I nodded breathlessly.

Stars exploded within me as that buzz pressed into my clit, circling it delicately. Then there was a brief pause and then the hard buzzing head of Jean’s rabbit crossed the threshold of my femininity. The dam burst. I could think no more.

At last. At last I was getting something long and hard and phallic in me. At long last after this eternity of hell I was seeing heaven. My body pressed, grinding, inviting, trying greedily to take as much of this gift as it could. The rabbit's other ear pressed deeply into my clit as Jean bottomed out. The sensation was overwhelming.

But... but something was still missing. Something wasn't right. I needed more.

"Harder!" I begged "Please, harder!"

Jean obliged.

I caught a glimpse, looking down past my heaving melons, of Jean between my legs. From this angle it looked like she was actually fucking me, driving into me with each steady thrust of her hips. I couldn't help but think about how Jean had been as a guy. He'd been surprisingly cute, looking back on it. How had I never noticed? Swimmers build, toned, and such a sweetheart. Actually, rather handsome. I wondered if he'd had a big dick? If I squinted, I could almost imagine it was him fucking me, him plundering the depths of me with his enormous buzzing cock.

"Oh, god! Yes!" That was what I needed. I needed a man. The last vestige of my resistance fell away as I imagined it was Jean's hunky guy-form fucking me, pounding me with his strong arms and his cute butt.

Oh god. I started to peak. That was what it took. My hips bucked with renewed vigor.

In my mind the gentle sweetness of Jean's motions took on new meaning as a masculine concession to romance. They were caring, they were loving. This was a boy who thought I was worth something, who wanted me to feel special as he pounded the shit out of me.

"Fuck me, Jean!" I babbled. I was trying to sound romantic. "Fuck me with your big meaty dick! Fill me up with your white hot cum! Breed my slutty ass! Make me yours!"

"You like this?" Jean grinned.

"Oh god yes! Yes, yes, yes! I need it so badly!"

"Then have it!"

A series of powerful thrusts and I was cumming.

I came not once, nor twice, but in a roiling sea of orgasm that seemed to never end, building higher and higher with each cresting wave as I soared through it. I screamed my crescendo.

I rolled down a rugged hill of orgasmic aftershocks, flying, falling, my whole body shuddering until at last I landed in Jean's arms, still bucking, still trembling, wrapping myself around her, removing the awful space between us, pulling us as close, physically and emotionally, in that wonderful moment, as two people could be.

Time lost all meaning as I lay there, a pile of content mewling goo. My brain had melted and dribbled out my ears.

She put her arms around me, once again tenderly stroking my hair as I cuddled into her. Tears of joy were flowing down my face.

We lingered, conjoined in afterglow, for a blissful eternity.

"How was that?"

"Mmmmm" I moaned. "Amazing." It was like a great veil was slowly lifting from my brain. I could start to think clearly again.

"Must have been." she laughed. "You say the lewdest things when your horny, you know that? Though I suppose it's better your asking me to impregnate your ass than some random guy off the street."

"Oh my god!" My eyes went wide at the memory. "What the hell did I do?" My whole body went red with embarrassment. I buried my face in Jean's tits. "I'm such an idiot. All my masculine bravado and willpower and then the moment I see a guy I turned into some kind of giggling bimbo."

"To be fair, he was pretty cute." she grinned. I tried to ignore the twinge of arousal at the memory. Fuck, he had been pretty cute, hadn't he? Damn him.

"No, you don't understand." I quavered in alarm, clinging to her all the more tightly. "It was like as soon as I set eyes on him, I was a completely different person. I... I wasn't *me*."

"You were a little boy crazy, that's all. We all get that way sometimes. That's why it's important to keep a clear head. You're feeling better now though, right?"

I looked around and blinked, taking in my surroundings for the first time. We were in a little alcove in one of the halls near Jean's locker. Everything seemed so real, like all the padding had come off. I covered up my sweaty naked boobs with one hand. Most of the girls walking past didn't even bother to look, and those that did, did so with envy or lust.

All the fuzz and heat and hormone had passed. I only barely felt the urge to play with my tits as I pressed an arm against them. That roaring fire that had been building up inside me was... well, not quenched, but subdued. I could think past it now. I could put it away.

I nodded to Jean.

"Good. I'm glad. You really had me worried. Don't do stuff like that, okay? I don't know what's up with you, but you don't have to suffer it alone. We're BFFs Jamie. Whatever you're going through, we can face it together."

I stared with surprise at the sparkling emotion of her blue eyes.

Jean and I had always been as close as two guys could be, but, well, the bonds of masculinity were different. We were teenage boys. You couldn't show weakness. The connection between girl-Jean and girl-me seemed somehow so much closer, more intimate. And I wasn't just saying that because of all the good vibes still radiating out of my freshly fucked femininity.

This... I'd never had this before. Looking into those eyes... this was a face I never wanted to see hurt.

So how was I supposed to explain what was happening? How could I tell her that I wasn't who she thought I was? That her entire world was the result of a perverse accident? That she wasn't real.

"Jean, I'm sorry." I shook my head. "It's complicated. I don't even know where I'd begin. Besides, there's no way you'd believe me."

My heart fell as her expression sank.

"But, but that's not important." I added hastily. "What is important is that just now? With that guy? I... oh my god. I was so close to doing something I'd regret forever. You saved me from that. Thank you."

"Of course." she smiled. "I've always got your back, you know that."

"The truth is" I sighed "that I don't know how much longer I can keep up this struggle. I need to get home. I need to... I need to fix all this."

"What are you talking about?"

"There was... how can I explain it?" I took a moment to compose my thoughts. "That person that I was when I was around that guy? I don't want to be that person. I don't want to like boys like that. I don't want to not be me."

She laughed.

"Jean, I'm serious. I need to get home and I don't know if I can trust myself to see a boy along the way and not turn into that bimbo again. Oh my god, if I had fucked that guy? I don't think I'd ever want to go back."

"Are you sure your alright?" she furrowed her brow.

"Jean, please."

"Okay, okay, I don't know what's going with you, but I can tell its important. Listen, after class, we'll walk home together. I'll make sure you get home safe, okay? I can watch out for you and make sure you don't go running off with the first guy you see."

"After class?" it seemed so far away. "I... I don't know if I can hold out that long."

"Not if you keep denying your urges like that." she booped me on the nose. "You're a growing girl. Act like it. No more skipping chances to masturbate."

She was right. Our erotically charged sojourn had left me in greater command of facilities than I'd experienced all day. Though I couldn't quite muster disgust, to my delight, the things I wanted to do to that man I'd encountered on the street now included violence.

"Now come on, let's get you a top before class starts. One that's not me." She stuck out her tongue.

Reluctantly we pulled apart. She stood, then held a hand out to help me up. I was grateful. Between these heels and the unfamiliar weight of my boobs as they bounced around, it was impossible to stand on my own.

She opened her locker back up and returned the rabbit. "I have a gym shirt in here somewhere I think." she pulled out a slim lycra bundle. "It's not much, but it should get you through the rest of the day. You have gym next right? You'll have to wear it after, but its better than nothing."

I don't know if it was the man in me or the slut in me, but it had been so easy to forget that my tits were just hanging out for the world to see. If not for Jean, I'd probably have gone the entire afternoon topless. I pulled the thin garment on over my head only to get stuck as it bunched up over the top of my tits."

"Hmm, its a little small for those juicy melons of yours, huh?" she giggled. "Oh! I have some nipple pasties you can wear instead? They're these cute little hearts!"

"No!" I said, desperately stuffing my breasts in under the thin fabric and willing it to not tear. "The shirt will be fine."

"Suit yourself." Jean turned the mirror on the inside of her locker towards me. I groaned as I got a good look. There, beneath a low-cut neckline, bulging with the swell of my chest, were the words *I <3 COX*, and a picture of the school mascot, cumming.

The bell rang.

"Shit. Sorry Jajay. Gotta cut this short. I'll meet you here after class, okay? Whatever's going on, we'll deal with it. You and me. We look out for each other. She gave me a sweet kiss on the lips, our tongues lingering. I swayed after her as she left, filling the void as she pulled away.

I floated dreamily through the halls, only three hours of slutty hell still standing between me and freedom.

Gym class.

This morning in the shower I had been so excited for gym class. Is there a greater target of a young man's fancy than the mysteries of the girl's locker room? In my case, certainly not. When I first woke up like this this morning, I had thought this coming moment a crowning jewel to cap a thousand masturbatorial fantasies. Instead, all I could feel was dread over what fresh horny hell awaited me next. Sexy, sure, but at this point, I'd had my fill.

I stood outside the changeroom. What had once been a divide leading left to the men's and right to the girl's was now a single door. I took a breath to steady my nerves, then pushed through.

I furrowed my brow in confusion. The room beyond wasn't like any locker room I'd ever seen. Okay, well, it had lockers, but that's where the similarities ended. The boy's locker had been a dirty cramped hole, practically an afterthought in the building's architecture. This place was spacious and opulent and sparkling with a feminine energy.

This had to be the genie making fun of me, right? I was pretty sure real changerooms didn't feature soft pillows and lounging furniture and sweet lesbian make-outs. This was a harem's den.

Girls fluttered about in various states of half dress like it was backstage at a strip club. In a vision ripped directly from my fantasies, a pair of blonde twins were engaged in an enthusiastic pillow fight over in one corner, while, closer to the fore, two topless girls with what had to be the biggest tits I'd ever seen were enthusiastically helping each other disrobe.

I coasted around the periphery of this magnificent sight, trying not to be too obvious as I gawked at the display before me. They were so casual, so content and confident in their femininity, their sexuality. It was like being surrounded by a flock of placid deer. I dared not move lest the truth of my presence scare them away.

Not that they hadn't seen me - I was drawing plenty of appreciative attention - but it was different. They smiled as they looked at me. They accepted me as one of them. Here, I belonged.

"Looking good, Thompson!" came a whistle from behind me. I jumped as an unseen hand slapped my ass, sending it jiggling. I blushed as I swiveled to look at the culprit. It was Jack, our old quarterback. She had seemed so sweet around her girlfriend earlier, but now there was an aggressive gleam in her eye.

I don't know how real girls behaved in locker rooms, but the men's locker room is a place of intense privacy. You kept your eyes above chest level and focused on the task at hand, lest any deviation label you a raging homosexual deviant.

This was anything but. Here, you'd probably be labeled a pariah if you weren't checking out your fellow classmate's killer bodies. Case in point, in the corner a trio of girls had their chests pressed together competitively, the one with the biggest tits was grinning while the smaller ones pouted. Hell, I could see a pair making out at the back, it didn't get any more deviantly homosexual than that, and yet no one cared.

Regardless, by habit or awkwardness, I kept my head down, ignoring the catcall. Jack shrugged and diverted her attention elsewhere.

As I watched the other girls change, I was worried that my lack of gym attire would prove a hindrance. I was still wearing this stupid lost-and-found microskirt. To my surprise though, none of the other girls seemed to be dressing into workout gear. Oh sure, some of them wore scandalously short yoga shorts and daisy dukes, but many of them even seemed to be dressing up fancier, applying makeup, checking jewelry. What hell did that bode?

Poles.

A series of tall shining poles ran from the floor of the gym's stage to the ceiling.

"Alright ladies," said the amazon of a woman the pudgy Mr. Jackson had turned into. "It's the module you've all been waiting for. As promised, today we're going to get started on our pole routines." There was a cheer from the assemblage of girls. "I know a lot of you know this stuff already, but for many of you these are going to be important skills, so pay attention. We don't quite have enough poles, so I want you all to partner up. One of you will dance while the other plays the role of a client, then switch. Now, pay attention."

Pole Dancing 101. She reached up with one arm and grabbed high on the pole, then she crossed her other arm over her body and grabbed with that one as well. In a flurry of graceful motions, she extended her outside leg then circled it around, catching the pole and lifting her other leg, causing her to spin around, landing low with her legs widespread in a squat.

The girls pushed in excitedly to get a better view as our teacher stood and worked her way through the rest of the basic moves in what turned into a long sultry routine. It may have been beginner material, but the grace and sensuality she put into it was anything but.

Then it was our turn. To my dismay, in the shuffle that followed, I ended up with Jack. Jack and I... well, it's not that we didn't get along, but as the big man on campus he'd always been aggressively brash, and more than once I had been the target of his putdowns. Even tiny as he was now, he - she - had a lurid glint in her eyes that projected a presence much larger than what her physical size would suggest.

She smirked as we approached the bar.

"What?" I asked.

"Just excited to see that sweet ass of yours on the pole." she grinned. I blushed and glanced away. I wasn't used to getting hit on. I was weirdly turned on by the girl's confidence. I don't know if it coming from a former guy made it better or worse. "You ever done this before?"

I shook my head.

"Me neither. Doesn't look to hard, though. Tell you what." her smirk intensified, "let's make a bet. I think I can handle this thing better than you can. Loser gives winner a private show after school." She shook her hips. She had such great hips

"N-no bet." I turned away so she couldn't see the flustered expression on my face. I couldn't afford to stay, win or lose. "L-let's just focus on class for now."

"Aw, what's the matter, afraid you might lose?"

"No! I just don't have the time to waste on that sort of thing."

“Oh yeah? Your loss. Tell you what, how about I give you a taste of what you’d be missing?” she winked. “Watch how it’s done.”

With a sultry, confident wiggle in her hips, she approached the pole and walked around it. She grabbed the thing by one hand then swung herself up onto it, spinning around in clumsy yet still admittedly sexy emulation of what Ms. Jackson had done earlier.

There was maybe a solid minute where I was legitimately stunned by her skill. No wonder she had wanted to make a bet. As her routine went on, however, the grace faded and the display became increasingly lewd. She’d abandoned spins and flow in favor of grinding her body against the pole as much as possible, rubbing her damp crotch against it as she slid down, and catching the thing between her tits and hugging it tight. Her eyes were rolling up into the back of her head and her tongue was lolling out of her fat pouty dicksucking lips. She wasn’t so much dancing as she was fucking the pole.

“Come on ladies, focus!”

I looked over at the other girls. They seemed to be having the same problem. Several had graduated from pole to lap dances and some of them had dropped that pretense entirely and were just necking.

I chewed on my lip. Despite the good hard fucking I’d gotten less than an hour ago, like an addiction the flame of desire within me was rising again. It was amazing, that dream of a man I had fucked, but evidently it wasn’t enough.

It probably didn’t help that Jack was doing her damndest to turn me on as she spun and humped and fucked herself silly against the pole. There was nothing I could do but stew in my seat as the heat rose.

Finally, Jack pushed herself over the brink of orgasm, her body twitching around that long hard shaft as she cried out sweetly. She took a moment to comport herself then wiped the sweat off her brow. Her skin was hot and flush. She smirked as she stepped away from the pole. A dare and an invitation. My turn.

I stood awkwardly in front of the hard shaft, gripping it tightly. I tried to remember what the teacher had said, what she had done. I grabbed the cold steel with my other hand and extended my leg out, hooking it around, but as I leveraged that into a spin, I failed to get more than two thirds of a rotation. I tried again with a little more force.

Soon I was getting the hang of it. I thought I’d be a little more embarrassed - this was something I’d never in a million years do as a guy - and yet I found myself really getting into it.

I tried my best to keep the more lurid elements out. But it seemed impossible for me to do anything in a non-sexual way. My nipples, already plenty hard, began to stiffen further as a now familiar warmth spread through me. I don’t know if it was the movements, or the exotic display or the way the hard pole kept pushing oh so good into my tits whenever I clung to it, but I was starting to get all worked up.

I tried to push past it, I tried not to focus on it, but Jack’s leering eyes were a constant reminder that my body was putting on a scandalous display of arousal.

Still, I caught myself smiling. When I could push the arousal out of my mind and focused on the sensation of just moving, I was surprised at how much fun this was. This body was evidently just as athletic as my old one wasn't. My heart beat fast but strong. My body, supple and fragile, stretched and flowed with a grace and fluidity I'd never known. I felt like I was dancing underwater in slow motion.

Not that I was dancing for Jack. I briefly thought about how he had used to look. Tall, rugged, powerful. No wonder he'd managed to land a girl as hot as Jenny. Mmm... but no. I tried to think of someone more worthy of my flirtatious attentions.

Jean's male form drifted to mind, with that butt of his and that winsome smile. I blushed a little at the specificity of my fantasy, but I was glad at least I hadn't imagined that guy from lunch.

I was really getting into it now. Pushing and swinging, hair flying. My long legs made this a special treat. I poured my heat and passion into it with sultry flourishes and flirtatious - no, seductive - expressions of need. I wanted to put on a show for Jean, I wanted to show him how much I needed him, I wanted to spread my fire into him so that it could rage high and consume us both.

I whimpered in surprise as the music finished. I stopped and opened my eyes. A crowd of girls stood staring at me, the teacher included. I just had time to realize it was me they were staring at before they broke in applause. I blushed. Jack was completely flustered.

"Very good, Ms. Thompson!" laughed my teacher, "I think you might be a natural." I could hear the arousal catching in her throat. "See girls? You could all learn a thing or two. It's what I keep saying: Focus."

I blushed all the harder.

"Alright, ladies, that's it for today. We'll be doing the more advanced stuff next time, so those of you with some free time, I encourage you to come down and practice. Now go hit the showers! Try not to waste too much water."

Just like that it was over. I found myself wishing I could go for one more song.

The showers. Honestly, most of the guys didn't even really shower after gym. The prospect of communal nudity was one few high-school boys wanted to do deal with. A lot of being a guy was like that, a constant trial in defence of your manhood. The men's showers, therefore, had had stalls, which put it at odds with the wide-open sauna that these girls seemed to share.

Still, this did little to stop the girls from gathering up in groups of two or three or more. It was ostensibly to save water, but with the intense amount of lathering and rubbing going on, I sort of doubted it.

The scene that played out was not dissimilar from the one that had played out at the end of first period. A class of horny girls pulling out all the stops to try to find some sexual relief before the next bell rang.

Soapy hands caressed slippery bodies, wet flesh slopping against wet flesh. The heady musk of feminine passion pervasive even above the bouquet aroma of sweet soaps. Several of them had brought out toys, though I guess with all the water they preferred to keep the electric ones safely elsewhere.

The hot water did little to subdue the inferno raging inside my chest.

I thought back to what Jean had said about needing to keep my wits about me. I considered, briefly, how I could get myself off without anyone noticing, then I realized what a dumb thought that had been. Everybody here was masturbating. I'd just be one more slut in the crowd.

It was all the excuse I needed. I shrunk back and reached a hand down to my crotch. It still felt so weird reaching down and not having a dick there to greet me. Good - so good - but weird.

I gasped. My body shivered in pleasure as my finger slipped between my wet puffy lips, playing inexpertly but enthusiastically with my still unfamiliar sex. Fuck, as fun as it had been, rubbing against the pole had nothing on this. My body tightened up as I circled a finger around my clit, trying to remember what Jean had done.

The cover the steam provided to the sapphic buffet before me only served to amplify the allure of the wet naked forms within, of the slippery bodies rubbing against each other and the hands and toys plunging wondrous wet depths.

There was a sort of sexual tension in the air, a mutual empathy and need. We were all after the same thing, we were all scratching the same itch. I felt close to those girls in that moment, like that desperate climb to orgasm before the bell rang tied us all together as comrades - sisters - in lust.

I whimpered as I came. My whole body bucking into my hand. Stars overtaking my vision from the heat and the blood. It was soft and short and nowhere near what my body was capable of, yet even the faintest moment of it was still more soul-shakingly powerful than anything I'd ever experienced as a guy. Was that something all girls experienced? Or was it a special little gift from the genie?

Dizziness overcame me. I put an arm out against the wall to steady myself. I wanted to slink down in the shower and just... relax. I wanted to cuddle and revel in the afterglow. But there was no time for that. I must have taken longer than I'd thought. All the other girls had left, save Jack, who was on her knees, both hands against the wall as she bounced on a dildo the size of her arm. The other girls had started to get dressed.

I felt kind of bad for her. I'd been the one to get her as worked up as she was. Maybe I should go over and help her? Lend her a hand? It was the least I could do, right?

But no. I looked at the clock. There was no time. I'd be late. Reluctantly, I left the poor girl to her fate.

I only just made it to English class on time. Though once I'd taken my seat, it too seemed to drag on.

I was staring out the window as a discussion about feminist perspectives in classic literature had gotten side tracked by a discussion of which Jane Austin guy was the most fuckable.

About half the class seemed to be in favor of Mr. Darcy on account of him being a broody emotional mystery, but the other half seemed to take this as a negative, with a small majority of that half

preferring the much more romantically minded Captain Wentworth, who, besides, as a military man was obviously ripped.

“Yeah, but that’s the whole point,” argued the raven-haired Jennifer. “he’s supposed to be the man every woman wants. That’s why we all want him! It therefore stands to reason that as a platonic ideal of romantic desirability, he’s gotta have, like, the biggest goddamn dick!”

“Bullshit!” countered blonde Jennifer. “he’s a toxic holdover of outdated social norms! Just because he lives up to the platonic mold doesn’t mean he should be treated as an ideal. The thing he’s a symbol of doesn’t hold up in a contemporary context! We shouldn’t be trying to romanticise it by assuming that he’s got the biggest dick! We should be trying to find men that are stable and treat us with respect and that are emotionally frank. Sure, he turns out to be sweet on the inside, but how many guys are actually like that and how many of them are just as big a mess all the way through?”

“No, no no, listen, I agree with you. He’s very nearly more trouble than he’s worth, but this isn’t a discussion about which guy we want to marry, this is a discussion of which guy we want to fuck, and Darcy is undeniably the hottest and most passionate one night stand out of the bunch. He doesn’t open up to me? I can’t make him a better person? Fine, you’re right, this isn’t the 1800s. I’ll just go find someone else to fuck. I don’t need that kind of commitment.”

To my great annoyance I found myself agreeing. Who wouldn’t want a sensitive brooding bad boy for a wild night of passion?

“I always liked Mr. Knightly.” said a shy pigtailed girl behind me.

“Oh my god, Jane,” said the two Jenifers together “you would.”

The teacher, just glad to have her students discussing books, encouraged the conversation.

Ms. Jacobs was a younger teacher. I’d always sort of seen her as a bit of a hippy which was why I’d been more than a little surprised when I walked in to see her greatly enhanced - though no less perky - bust jutted out of the half-unbuttoned blouse of a sexy librarian. Don’t get me wrong, it was hot, but it seemed at odds with her generally cheerful demeanor.

“What do you think, Jamie?” she asked.

“Huh?” I snapped to attention. My mind had started to wander into lurid fantasy as soon as one of the girls had started going on a rant about how the plot would have been resolved a whole lot faster if all those fancy parties had ended in an orgy instead.

“You’ve been awfully quiet. What do you think of the matter?”

“Uh.” I shook my head. “Why do they have to choose a man at all?” I sighed, trying to get the image of dashing English gentlemen out of my brain. “What’s so great about men anyway?”

“Exactly!” said another girl. “The pressures we face to pick guys are crazy! My boyfriends drive me nuts sometimes with the way they compete for my attention.”

"Boyfriends?" laughed a Jennifer. "Oh my god, your so old fashioned. I don't know if I could ever tie myself down like that."

"Oh its an open relationship, we don't want to tie each other down. They're all very sweet about it. We share one-night stands."

"Aww," said a third Jennifer who had hitherto been staying out of the conversation, "that's so romantic."

"Why do we think none of Jane Austin's characters considered an open relationship?" probed the teacher.

"Because one of the main themes in these books are about finding agency and your own happiness within or by transgressing your role in society. It doesn't matter what guy gets chosen, what matters is that these characters make the choice instead of having it made for them."

"Very good, Jane."

"Right," answered another girl "but how is she supposed to choose if she doesn't at least sleep with them all first? If I was in one of these novels, I'd have theme each fuck me in turn and then..."

The attention off of me, my mind drifted back to smutty regency-period fantasies and of strong romantic men competing for the affection of my heart.

I was buzzing when class was over. I'd been getting hornier and hornier as the class discussed all the strapping men they wanted to fuck, but it felt tame and distant compared to the inferno of need I'd experienced at lunch.

I was nervous, but my heart was pounding with excitement. Class was done. Soon I could get home. Soon I could fix all of this. I just had to get there without losing myself completely. All around me, lovely ladies giggled excitedly as they set off into the world, seemingly bereft of care or worry.

Snippets of gossip and conversation perked past my ear as I worked my way towards Jean's locker.

"Wait, no I didn't hear. What happened to Jimmy?"

"She snuck into the boy's locker room during that swim meet. The Oakville Otters adopted her as an unofficial mascot."

"Oh wow, that little skank!"

"Right? Mmf, I'm totally jealous. It's like, good job girl, but save some for the rest of us."

I hated that I envied them. They had such an easy time of it. None of them were struggling with this crisis of identity, none of them agonized over what they'd lost. They didn't have to worry about losing

themselves in a sea of hormonal urges at the first sight of a cute guy. Hell, they were probably hoping for it.

I let out a frustrated sigh but it came across a sultry whimper. I just wanted this day to be over.

It had been fun at first, and I couldn't deny it had been stupidly sexy, if you could ignore all the man-lust. I'd seen things today I could only have ever dreamed of. Hell, I'd even lost my virginity, even if it had been with my gender-bent best friend. Wait, did that even count? Somehow, I feel like that didn't count.

Regardless, I'd be masturbating to this day for years to come.

Now though I was ready for it to end. Being turned into this other person like this, with no regard for my thoughts or desires... to have all these fucked up urges and feelings floating through my head with no control. I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy.

But now? I smiled. Now it was almost over. I was going to use that damn lamp and make that genie reimagine my wish the way it was supposed to be. Though hell, at this point I'd settle for just going back to how things were.

I just hoped I'd still have the will when the time came. It was getting harder to stay angry, to hold on to that part of me. That guy at lunch... I blushed in embarrassment. I'd been so... enamored. I'd have done anything to get fucked by him. And that had just been from me being around a guy. God, what would it be like to actually get fucked? What it would be like if some cute guy claimed me as his for real? I clutched my arms to my beating chest and let out a dreamy sigh. I don't know if I could go back. I don't know if I'd ever want to.

The halls had emptied out. What was taking her so long?

"Jayjay!" cried Jean, her breasts bouncing a step ahead of her slender frame as she ran down the hall. "Sorry I'm late, Coach Jacobs was really riding my ass. But, look, I stopped by the office. Look what I got!"

She spun and opened her bag, a familiar looking grey sweater sat on top. I smiled. Tears welled up in my eyes. I never thought I'd be so glad to see an article of clothing.

"I figure if ever there was a way to not get hit on by guys, wearing something like this is a good start." she laughed.

"Hey!" I pouted. I thought I'd looked pretty damn sexy in it.

"I'm kidding. Here, just put it on. I've got a plan, okay? You stay behind me, head down. We'll hurry to get you home as quick and inconspicuous as we can. Any guys try to hit on us, you leave them to me, okay? I'll throw them off."

"Jean, I..."

"Look, Jamie, I know what's going on."

"You do?"

"I do. Its so obvious. The way you've been dressing, the weird behavior, swearing off men? I'm surprised I didn't see it sooner, it's plain as day."

"It is?"

"It is. And I want you to know that you don't have to hide it from me, Jayjay, we're BFFs. Nothing's going to change that. You can talk to me about anything."

"Jean," I stood flabbergasted at the girl. "I don't know how you figured it out but -"

"So, what's his name?" she interrupted, eagerly.

"What?"

"The guy who dumped you."

"I..." I recoiled at the accusation "I didn't get dumped!"

"Okay, okay, so it was mutual, whatever. I'm just a little disappointed you decided you couldn't talk to me about it. Like, I didn't even know you were getting serious with anyone."

"It's not..." I stared into the warm caring eyes of this girl. I sighed. "Fine. Yup. That's exactly it. I got dumped. And now I'm swearing off men forever."

"Aha! I knew it!" she bounced. "Oh my god Jayjay, I want all the deets."

"I'll tell you what, we can talk about this tomorrow, okay?" I took the sweater from Jean's bag. "Right now, I really just wanted to get home."

"Just promise me you're not going to keep it bundled up. I know how you get. Look at what happened at lunch."

"Jean it's not -"

"Please, just promise me, okay?"

"I... promise."

"Great!" she gleamed. "And I promise that I'll be there to support you. For as long as you need to swear off guys, I'll be there for you. And when your ready to start dating again? I'll be there for you too. We can go out and pick up some cute guys that are actually worth our affection and have them take us both home."

"I..." shook my head in disbelief. Sure. Whatever. As of tomorrow, this conversation won't even have happened. "Thanks Jean."

"I mean it, Jayjay." she put a tender hand on my shoulder and stared deeply into me with those sparkling eyes. I shifted uncomfortably. Fuck, why did she have to be so cute? "Whatever's going on with you - this or anything else - I want to help. I want to be a part of it. We're going to get through this. Together. Don't cut me out, okay?"

"Thank you, Jean." I swept the girl up in a hug and held her close. A melange of swirling emotions stormed within me but the warmth of her pressing against me felt safe and reassuring. "That means a lot to me right now." There was a lump in my throat. I don't think I quite realized how badly I just needed an ally.

"Of course." she laughed. "Now let's get you home. You just keep your head down and follow close. Leave the guys to me."

I pulled the sweater over my head and down past the grinning phallus on my *I <3 COX* shirt. It felt so good to be wearing something that actually covered skin. Boob window or not, it was like being wrapped in a warm blanket.

I took Jean's hand and we left.

The walk to my house wasn't normally long, but the pounding of my heart seemed to draw out each second into an eternity.

I kept my gaze focused intently downwards. Normally that would mean looking at the ground, but today that meant I got a perfect view of my tits jiggling and bouncing pendulously with every step. While the shirt I wore under my sweater was low-cut enough that it didn't actually obscure any of the cleavage window, it at least provided some protection from all the subtle rubbing I'd endured on the walk to school this morning. You could hardly even see how achingly hard my plump nipples were through the fabric.

I could only imagine the stares we must be getting. We were two helpless lambs in a world of wolves. How many guys were sizing us up right now? Just the thought had my body responding subconsciously. My skin flushed, my walk turned into a strut and my nipples somehow grew even harder. If anyone was watching, my body wanted to put on a show.

It wasn't long before I heard the first guys approach us. There were two of them. Their rich voices cut through my focus like glass. My ears burned and my heart was pounding, excitement quickly overtook my fear.

I wanted to acknowledge them. I wanted to look up at them and have them look at me. I wanted them to see how badly I needed them. Why shouldn't I? I was sexy, wasn't I? Why wouldn't I want guys to look. I was sex in heels. I was beauty incarnate. Hate and pride warred within me

I gripped Jean's hand tighter, my eyes burning a hole in my cleavage.

Don't look. Not even a glance. I couldn't give myself even a moment of distraction, an ounce of weakness. I could feel the tug of feminine instinct. It had swayed my heart like the tide this morning, but with the fire inside of me burning low, it seemed less urgent now.

I could resist. I would resist.

Jean was doing her best to divert all of the attention off of me. Flirting and laughing and taking all the focus. She was so easy with it. Classy, elegant. I seethed in jealousy. I hated that she was getting all this attention and I wasn't. She laughed charmingly as she rebuffed their come-ons, their enticements, the scandalous details of all the downright filthy and wonderful things they wanted to do with us. I swallowed, hard.

Somehow we made it to the private school down the road without too much incident. I glanced up at it wistfully. The allure that the girls within had once had for me was now stymied by the sheer mundanity of it all. It was like they lived in a different world, one with properly sized skirts and realistic breasts and bodies that didn't need a good hard sexual mauling every few hours to get them through the day. I envied them.

A sudden gust of wind sent my skirt fluttering. For the briefest of moments, my G-string-clad ass was bare to the world. A string of catcalls and whistles followed. Oh my god. My heart pounded. How many guys had seen that? Was it driving them wild? Were they getting all hot and bothered thinking about me? I smiled coyly as I Marilyn Monroed it back into place.

Had I not been so hopelessly enamored by this little exhibitionistic thrill, perhaps we'd not have 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 swallowed my tongue as I realized what exactly was happening.

Boys.

Hot, confident boys. In lacrosse jackets. With muscles like armor plates. Clean and fresh from the shower after practice, their hot blood and adrenaline still coursing through them after fierce physical competition.

No, not boys. Men. I swooned.

There had to be half a dozen of them. Their stares turned me all warm and giggly. My heart skipped a beat then went into overdrive to make up for it. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the sheer solid mass of their muscle except to drift down to their equally bulging cocks. I bit, then licked my lips. My mouth watered.

I squeezed Jamie's hand so tight my knuckles went white.

"Hello girls," the largest of them said. His voice was a baritone as sweet and dark as molasses. "back for more?"

"Oh, hi boys." giggled Jean. "I thought you didn't practice on Thursday?"

"Normally we don't." he grinned, "But coach wants us running more time in prep for the big game. Looks like it's a good thing we did. You ran off pretty quick yesterday. You going to stick around this time?" he ran a hand down Jean's cheek. "Maybe we get you both at once?"

They took a step forward. I took a step back.

"Actually," Jean held her ground. She put a hand out between them and me. "I'll be taking care of you all today. Jamie needs to get home. We'll have to take a rain check."

"Jean?" I hissed "What are you doing?"

"You go." she whispered, "I'll hold them off." It was a big dramatic play, completely ruined by the huge excited grin on her face.

"Oh," the stud smiled, "how's little old you going to take care of all of us?"

"Well," Jean blew a kiss. "I have very talented lips."

"I bet you do. But those aren't the only lips we're after..."

"Well..." Jean shifted nervously as she glanced around at the half dozen lacrosse players. Concern crossed her face, but it was replaced by determination as she met my gaze. She turned back to the players. "If that's what it takes."

"Jean, are you sure you can handle-"

"Go." she squeezed my hand. "Leave them to me."

She gave me a push. I stumbled back, then turned and ran.

Ahead of me was the alley where I had found that lamp. If I could get through that, I was home free.

Behind me, Jean gasped in pleasant surprise. I turned to look over my shoulder. She was on her hands and knees as the guys formed a circle around her. She had a grin a mile wide. That lucky slut was going to fuck six guys at once. My heart pounded. That seemed like a lot even for her. I closed my eyes and kept running.

And here I was, running away. Visions flashed through my head. All those men. With their enormous dicks. Splitting her in two as they relentlessly drove themselves into her every hole two or three at a time. Using her, fucking her, making her their team breeding bitch. Filling her every orifice with hot load after hot load of sticky cum until it began to drip out of every hole. I slowed. I let out a hot breath.

A pit of lust: six strong horny boys with my friend in the middle, sacrificing herself for my chastity.

I shook my head. It was every man for himself. Wasn't that what we'd always said at times like this? Better one of us get away than we take our lumps together. Hadn't that always been what we'd done?

My heels of my stilettos clacked against the pavement. I was hardly a man right now though. A real man wouldn't leave a friend behind. A real man would turn around and help her fuck those guys.

The alley ended. The light of the street ahead loomed brightly before me. I could see my house. One more step and I'd be free of this curse.

I stumbled.

I stopped.

I couldn't do it.

As stupid as it was. I couldn't abandon Jean to that hungry crowd. They'd tear her apart. All that stuff she'd said about looking out for each other, about happy endings... I don't know if guy-me and guy-Jean had been less good friends, or if it was just the difference between brother and sisterhood, but I couldn't leave her.

Besides, a small part of me thought, why should she get to have all the fun? Why should she get to enjoy getting fucked like the nymphomaniac slut that she was while I had to fight it at every step?

I turned.

I wasn't going to leave her behind.

"Jayjay!" she cried out in surprise.

"Sorry boys," I pushed my way through the crowd "her pussy is mine!"

They all turned to look at me confused. A lump grew in my throat. The notion of letting these guys down almost broke my heart.

"Is it?" laughed the big one.

"Yeah!" I responded. "You'll have to settle for our throats instead." There were cheers as I pulled my sweater and shirt off, my perfect tits swinging free beneath. I shoved my way into the center of the circle then fell to my knees next to Jean. The ground was unexpectedly rough. It dimly occurred to me that that's why girl-me had had kneepads in her bag. My heart leapt as grins crossed their faces, their confusion turning to excitement.

"You came back?"

"Of course! We look out for each other. You kept that guy from fucking me earlier, now I'm going to do the same to you."

"Thank you Jamie." Our tits squished together as she pulled me into a hug. "I don't know if I could have taken all six of them at once."

I reciprocated, holding her tight.

When we broke, there was a flurry of motion and the guys loomed around us, unzipping their pants and adjusted their belts. I looked up at the crowd of gathered boys. Their muscular forms seemed to block out the sun. I was giddy with anticipation.

The biggest of them took out his dick. The world stopped.

It was all I could focus on. I was enamored, enraptured, enchanted. My grin widened as he brought it closer. It seemed to completely fill my field of vision. Oh my god, there was a dick in my face. Oh my god! There was a *dick* in my *face*! Some deep part of me was surprised that I wasn't disgusted, that I wasn't angry. Quite the reverse. I squealed in excitement. I'd be angry if he took it away.

The rest of the boys followed suit. My jaw dropped.

I looked over at Jean. She had wasted no time, giddily jerking off a guy in each hand as she bobbed up and down on a third.

I reached out a hand to grab one. It was hot and silky and hard and oh my god perfect. Electricity coursed through me. I giggled. I don't know if I was just smaller and daintier, or if these guys really were as hung as they seemed, but I'd never seen so many dicks so huge. How did they fit these in their pants?

A third boy stepped forward. I gripped his dick with my other hand, tits swaying as I leaned forward. My fingers could barely wrap around it.

I grinned dopily as the one floating just above my face gave a little bounce. I had to cross my eyes to focus on it. I looked up at the boy beyond. He was taller and more muscular than the others, but his face was kind and he had a gentle smile. He had a letterman's jacket on. Was he the captain? He was flanked by the two boys I had in either hand, but his dick, bigger than my whole face, was by far the largest. The purple head of it was all I could see as it swayed hypnotically back and forth. I wanted so badly to grab it, but I couldn't bear the thought of letting the other two go.

I reached out my tongue, my neck straining to get as close to it as I could. I gave it a hesitant lick. I grinned. I don't know what I was expecting. Had I imagined it would have some unique flavor? It tasted like skin. A little salty maybe. That didn't matter though. What mattered was how much I needed that thing in my mouth.

I rose up on my knees to get closer, letting the weight of it press on my face. My lips quivered in anticipation. The smell of it, faint, musky, hormonal, was making me drool. It was like my nose was connected right to my pussy.

I kissed it sloppily, then again. My body shook. I needed this so badly.

A flash of worry passed through me that I wouldn't know what to do. What if I did it wrong? What if I scratched them with my teeth or choked? What if I couldn't get them off? I didn't want them to take this amazing thing away from me.

Luckily, my worries were unfounded. Animal instincts took over as I pressed my lips to the head and began to suck at that hot sweet flesh. My movements were deep and primal as my body knew just what to do to make good on all those lustful fantasies I'd tried to dismiss.

I was just as sexy giving a blowjob as it was doing everything else.

I laid a trail of kisses up to the head, pushing it around with my nose as I nuzzled it. I didn't have a hand free to direct and guide it and it was hard - so damn hard - to catch that wonderful thing with my mouth. It bobbed and pulsed and swayed tantalizing before me as I made attempt after increasingly desperate attempt. He was teasing me, I just knew it.

Finally, I had him where I wanted him, lips pursed over the head of his crown. I pressed and his dick pushed past my pillowy lips and into my mouth. He was so big that I had to open as far as I could to fit him without scratching him but somehow, I managed.

He pushed into me further. The head of him, the whole of him, filling my mouth, filling my soul. I ran my cramped tongue along it as best I could, worshipfully massaging as I sucked out every trace of air. My pounding heart sang as he gasped softly. He liked it! In long slow strokes he began to pull himself back until there was just the head, then push in farther each time than he had gone before. I bounced my head in time to his lead, sucking, licking, encouraging, moaning in sloppy delight.

Soon, the head of his wonderful throbbing masculinity was pressing into my throat. I had expected to choke, but where that sensation of would normally be there was instead a lurch of pleasure that sent my body shivering in delight. Not a dissimilar reaction, but it felt *good*. I pushed my head down further. I wanted more.

As my nose pressed into him I realized I'd somehow taken his whole staggering length. I held it there, savoring the sensation of the pressure in the back of my throat, my eyes watering in bliss. I struggled against the urge to come up for breath. I didn't want air, I wanted cock.

Eventually I could take no more. I rose off of it with a loud pop, gasping as I pulled back, my hair whipping back. The boys laughed as I coughed. Thick saliva blocked my throat, drooling out of me and forming a shining line between me and the glistening majesty of that wonderful organ.

I was in love.

"Ahem." said one of the other boys. He had a rugged face and a cock like a coke can. He looked down at me expectantly. I blinked in confusion. Oh my god, right. I had my hand around his dick.

With a devilish grin I gave his thick cock a squeeze and started to stroke up and down. If there was one thing I had experience with as a guy, it was jerking off, even if it hadn't quite been from this angle or with anything even approaching something so magnificently large as this.

I pulled him closer. I switched my hand over from his dick to the one I'd just taken down my throat. I ran my tongue long and sensually along the underside of this new cock's shaft, kissing at the balls when I was at the base and teasing the head when I was at the tip. I caught the eye of the stunned stud and coyly at him. Inviting him as much as I was able to with just a glance to fuck my needy throat silly.

I drooled in wonder at the variety of shape, texture and flavor as I repeated for this new dick what I had for the previous one. By the time it had crossed my lips this one was already rewarding me with precum. It was a slow drip, never enough to get a full taste, but salty and with a potent aroma that lingered in my nose as a promise of more to come.

Soon I'd fallen into a rhythm, bouncing from cock to cock. Whenever a cock wasn't in my mouth, I'd be pumping it as hard as I could with either hand, playing with pacing and tempo as the boys bucked their muscular hips, the saliva squelching lewdly with each stroke and thrust.

I couldn't see Jean, but I could feel her. My sweaty naked back pressed into Jean's as we bobbed and rubbed and sucked. We were twin pulsing stars orbiting at the center of a tiny universe of phallic delights. Our own moans of passion almost drowned out the grunts of approval we were getting.

It was a weird closeness, but we shared that moment. It was them I was fucking but it was her I was with. The guys would switch spots occasionally, rotating around us. I could taste Jean's spit on their dicks. My heart warmed at the sweetness of the indirect kiss.

Jean was the first to make a guy cum. Her body spasmed around it as he pounded his hips into her face with a frenzied rhythm. She struggled to swallow in rhythm with the pulsing spray of cum flooding into her as rope after thick creamy rope pumped deep into her eager throat.

They parted with a pop and he stumbled back, so completely drained that he could barely stand. Cum dribbled down her chin as she opened her mouth to show the load she was about to swallow. Lucky girl. I was upset she had gotten there first - it wasn't fair, she'd had a headstart - but I was proud of her for making him cum so hard.

That first guy finishing left more room for the rest of them. I could devote both hands to this guy now. I redoubled my efforts, pumping down furiously on this coke can in front of me. Rubbing at the head and squeezing his large tender balls. They lurched in my hands. His body tense. I was rewarded by a low moan. I cried out around him as he exploded into me.

Oh my god, I'd made him cum! My chest swelled with pride as jets of thick potent smelly cum sprayed over my face and tits. I giggled as I scooped some up and licked my fingers. It was delicious. The fulfillment of his promise.

The sensation of cum cooling on my skin drove my libido into overdrive. The very idea was so hot I almost came right there and then. I moaned in need. My body was burning hotter than ever before. I was so close.

"Harder!" I begged, diving back on the captain's cock, grabbing his balls with one hand and doing my best to coax the cum out of him while his cock fucked my throat. I swallowed and sucked and pulled him as deep and as hard into me as I could while he drove his cock into my hungry mouth with his own urgent pace.

Oh my god, yes! That was just what I needed. With each thrust he seemed to hit exactly the right spot to send me closer and closer to the edge. It built so quick. All of a sudden the heat within me exploded all

at once, sending my body shuddering around his dick. Rapture roiled through me, my very blood - my soul - aflame. Every nerve I had sang out in ever more unimaginable heights, yet still he kept thrusting, still the pleasure built.

I pressed in harder, pushing with every ounce of my being for more, to draw each moment of this heaven out as long as I could, climbing higher to force the most out of it, cumming again and again, screaming out in climax around that wonderful dick as it too pulsed and twitched it's orgasmic passion directly down my throat, directly into my heart. I hungrily gobbled up as much as I could. Wanting - craving more.

I lost complete track of who was where and what, all I could think of was getting more dick inside me. All I cared about was bringing that hot pleasure higher, feeding that driving, all consuming fire.

I fell backwards as the last one sprayed his hot cum all over my already sloppy face and tits. I smiled in half lidded contentment. My whole body a hot gooey mess as I fell back into Jean.

I don't know when the other boys had finished or when they had all left. It was the two of us alone in the alley. Jean was gently licking the cum off of my tits and face. I was still buzzing. I kissed her deeply, greedily sucking on the heavenly salty taste of her tongue as we pressed our soft wriggling flesh together.

"Oh my god, Jamie, I'm so sorry." she clutched me close, the cum on our bodies commingling as our breasts squelched lewdly together. "I tried to divert them but there were just too many of them. I -"

No, shh." I put my glossy pink lips against hers. "I chose this. I chose to come back to help. It's like you said, we look out for each other. You were there for me, saving my ass at lunch. I wasn't just going to let those guys rip you apart. Not on your own, anyway."

"Thank you, Jamie." she kissed me deeply and sweetly. Our cum-drenched tongues danced.

"Besides." I added, giggling, "It felt *really fucking good*."

"Oh my god, right?" She giggled too. "We really need to come down this alley more often. Still. You wanted to avoid all that sort of stuff and I couldn't stop them from..."

"No, no." I kissed her again. "Without you, I'd have run into those guys all on my own and I'd have gotten all of my holes stuffed. This way at least it was just a blowjob... fantastic as it was. Wow."

"I'm sorry I couldn't have helped more. Jayjay? Thank you for coming back. I spoke a big game but honestly I don't know if I could have handled all sex of them." She laughed as she caught her slip.

We kissed some more. Long and sweet. It was close, it was nice. Those guys had been so incredibly fuckable, but there was something so warm and soft and intimate about this girl.

I wished I was more disgusted with myself. I wished I could muster the anger to hate what I had just done. But between the cuddling and the afterglow and how close I felt to Jean, frankly I was just glad I

still had the will to want to hate. How close had I just come to losing myself forever? How much more of that and I'd never want to go back?

Maybe staying like this wasn't so bad. At least I'd have her.

Once we had finally worked up the wherewithal to stand, we worked our way through the alley towards my house. I felt more alive than I think I ever had. My every nerve was alert and humming, satisfied - truly satisfied - for the first time since I woke up this morning. There was a lazy swagger in my walk. Lurid. I was glowing.

We kissed a gentle goodbye outside of my house. I lingered, not wanting to let her go. Who knows if I'd ever see her again?

Still, I let out a sigh of relief as I crossed the threshold. Trial though my return had been, I was home at last. I should have never left.

I walked up the stairs towards the bathroom, my conflicted heart pounding in my chest. The me I was warred with the me I was becoming - that I had become. Maybe... maybe I didn't want to turn things back after all? Despite everything, being a girl was kind of great. I was attractive and sexual and passionate and, on a day when I'd been trying to actively avoid it, I'd still had more better sex than anything I'd ever experienced as a man. Plus, I'd get to grow closer to Jean. Maybe we could take that guy from lunch up on that threesome...

No. No! I clenched a fist. I wasn't going to let that happen. No matter how good it felt. This wasn't who I was.

But... but maybe it was someone I could become? Maybe I just had to look at this objectively. Was there anything wrong with who I was now? Hadn't I gotten everything I'd asked for, in a perverse way? Wasn't I happy? Had I ever been this truly satisfied before?

I shook my head. I couldn't trust myself to make that assessment. I couldn't be objective about it. Even contemplating the idea... that's something the old me would never have done.

This was my one shot. If I didn't change back now, then I'd never get another chance.

I crested the last stair and broke into the bathroom. A wave of déjà vu passed through me as I saw the girl staring back from the mirror. Staring back at me was the same stupidly hot thing I'd been this morning, but now with a freshly fucked tussle and a satisfied look in her eyes.

There it was. Sitting on the side of the bathroom sink as though nothing had happened. The lamp. Such a small thing, such a simple thing.

I took one last look at the woman in the mirror. Fuck. I really was gorgeous. No wonder those guys had been so eager to cum down my throat. I was kind of jealous I hadn't gotten to do it myself, but pretty happy with how it had turned out all things considered. I blew myself a smouldering kiss, my pillowy lips still glossy with cum. I laughed. It had been fun, but it was time to change back.

I picked up the lamp and rubbed.

“Dearest Master,

If you're reading this it means I'm still out recharging my batteries after granting that wish of yours.

I hope everything is going well and that you've gotten all the sex you could ever want.

I'll be back to check on you in a week, as promised.

Have fun until then! I can't wait to hear all about it!

With love,
Your humble Djinn”

My vision swirled as I read it again, and then again.

A week?

A WEEK!?

-

The club was packed.

We weren't the only Coxwell girls here tonight. I could see them out on the dancefloor. I didn't recognize them, but you could tell what they were based on how they somehow managed to stay so scrumptiously fuckable even after a long night of sweaty dancing and grinding. Not a hair was out of place except to make them look even more salacious. No real girls could pull that off.

Jean, mom and I had broken off from the crowd and were hanging out near the bar. We weren't drinking, but mom had insisted we do a girl's night out and it was an excuse to dress up and go dancing.

I didn't see the genie as she walked in. She moved through the crowd like a shark, revelers parting before her as if on instinct, a trail of stunned men in her wake. It wasn't hard to see why. Even amongst the pornographically enhanced beauties I'd I'd gotten so accustomed to this past week, she stood out as something special. A sparkling gem, and exotic beauty. She glowed as though lit by an unseen flame.

She pushed her way through the casual collection of men that surrounded the three of us. With an impish grin she tapped me on the shoulder.

I blinked in surprise. Gone was the little harem outfit. In its place a stunning red dress that clung tantalizingly to every curve. “Oh my god!” I cried, arms held out wide to embrace her in a hug. “You're back! Has it been a week already? Wait, hold on, it's only been a week? It feels like I've been living this life forever.”

"Of course, oh curvaceous Master. I told you I'd be back. Satisfaction guaranteed, remember?" she bowed with a flourish. "So?" she glanced down at my thinly veiled tits, "What do you think?"

"What do I think?" I squeezed my fist. "What do I think!?" blood surged through me. Adrenaline. "This whole week I've been nothing but ogled, groped, and fucked! I've been treated like some kind of perverted sexual fantasy! It's been one erotic fucking misadventure after the other! I thought the first day had been a challenge, but no, I got off easy!"

"So...?"

"I love it!" I squealed giddily.

She smiled.

"Oh, I hated it at first, don't get me wrong. You messed with my mind. Oh," I held up an admonishing finger, "you messed with my mind! I'm still so mad about that." I sighed. "But I *get* it now. You were just giving me what I'd asked for. You were showing me my short-sightedness. I was dumb and foolish. I wanted to get laid, but I didn't think about what I was doing to people to fulfill that desire."

She seemed impressed that I'd figured it out.

"Well here I am," I continued, "getting laid. And it should be terrible, and I should hate it, but I don't. Oh my god, it's so much better as a girl. Hell, most girls don't even have it as good as I do. I'm an 11 out of 10 and I can be a total slut and no one acts like anything's wrong with that. No actual woman has it as easy or as good as I do."

"I'd hoped you'd appreciate that little bit. You've been having lots of sex then? Like you wanted?" she pressed in close. "I want to hear all about it."

"Oh my god, yes!" I gushed. "I've lost track of how many times I've gotten fucked this past week. Guys and girls. I was terrified at first that I'd like it, and rightly so, but getting my pussy stuffed every night is the best fucking feeling in the world. I was so hesitant, but now I've explored every hole and every combination. Do you have any idea how wonderful it feels like to have two guys at once while you're eating out your best friend? Not just on a carnal level, but being able to connect to people like that? Falling in love every night with some hunk as he gives me his every inch. Boys." I giggled. "Oh my god, boys are just so..."

I looked around at the hunks surrounding us. I was almost alarmed by the fact that they weren't staring. This was the first time all week I hadn't been the center of male attention. It felt so alien. I turned back to the genie accusingly. Was she doing this? She gave me a small knowing shrug.

"Honestly though..." I shook my head. "It's not just the sex. I think life in general has been a lot better. I'm fit, I've never had so many friends, and I'm closer to people as a girl than I ever was as a guy. It's like I've discovered sisterhood - slutty sisterhood - and I don't know if I ever want to give this up."

"Hell," I looked over at mom. "even my relationship with mom is better. We can talk about things and be open with each other. We go out shopping and flirt with all the cute guys we see." I sighed wistfully.

"It's just nice, you know? She's happy. Satisfied. Content. She always did want a daughter." I laughed, "and once I got that stick out of my ass, doing all that girly crap is really a lot of fun, too."

I guess what I'm trying to say is that yes, I hated it at first, but now it's like... holy shit it's so fucking good. Now I don't ever want it to end." I wiggled at all the fun memories I'd made over the past week.

"You sound like you've been having a good time."

"I mean," I tensed my shoulders and squared my eyes at her sternly. "I know its because of what you did. I know you made me find guys hot, and who knows how much other stuff, and I hate that it's artificial, but it doesn't *feel* artificial. I spent so long hating what you did to me. I've been stewing over it all week. Do you have any idea what that kind of existential dread is like? Knowing that the person you are isn't the person you are? It was a nightmare. And as much as I love it, that's why things can't stay this way."

"Ah," her smile turned predatory. "down to business then. I suppose that brings us to the big question. Now that you've had a chance to experience the satisfaction of your wish, would you like to make any changes to the terms? Temper your lust? Perhaps reverse it all and return everything to right? What does your heart desire?"

"Well it certainly doesn't want to go back to being that boring guy, that's for sure. Hell, that's the last thing I want." I laughed. "But, well, it's not like my choice really factors into it."

"On the contrary, my Master," Her teeth glinted sharply. "yours is the *only* choice that matters."

"Listen though. Those first few days, I found myself thinking that I wouldn't have wished this on my worst enemy. And yet I had wished it on the whole school, hadn't I? Sure, I'm happier like this, but how many of them would be able to say the same if the situation was reversed?"

"Oh?" she raised an eyebrow. "You sound like you've given this quite a bit of thought."

"I have." I looked forlornly out at the Coxwell girls on the dancefloor. "They don't deserve to suffer the way I have. All those girls in my class? All the guys who are now girls? As fun as it is to see Jack like that, and as fun as it is to live in this little porno fantasy every day, they would hate what they've become, and it's all my fault. I was the one who changed them. I had wished that on them without a second thought. I mean, they're not suffering, thank god, but I was ready to brainwash my entire school just so I could get laid. It tears me up inside just thinking about it."

"So for the sake of these oblivious others you're going to sacrifice the happiness you've found in this new life and change things back after all? That's very noble of you, Master."

"Well, no." I sighed indecisively. "See, that's the thing. *I'm* happy. My life is better like this. Who's to say theirs isn't as well? Like, Jennifer, that nerdy girl from my math class? She always hated her body. Now she's one of the most popular girls in the class. I've never seen her smile so much"

"Then... you'll be leaving things the way they are?"

"Maybe... maybe give them the choice?" I looked up at her hopefully. "Everyone who wants to be a dynamite slut gets to. Everybody who doesn't gets to change back. I don't want anyone to suffer for my horniness, but I don't want anyone to miss out if it would make their lives happier too."

"A wise compromise," she gave a surprised little smile, "oh kind master."

"And uh," I hastily added, "can you make sure to keep the bits where we can still be super slutty and sexual at school and stuff and it's just treated as normal?"

"Of course." she laughed. "Is that your wish, then?"

"Yes." I sighed. "It's been a lot of fun, but I think it's high time things got back to something resembling normality. Ooh, I can't wait to have guys in class again." My eyes roamed over the expansive muscular chest of one of our admirers. "Actually... maybe I should just wish that everyone at my school was a hot horny stud instead..."

"Master?" the fire in her eyes flashed.

"Kidding!" I grinned.

I looked over Jean. She was shaking that perfect ass of hers for some of the guys. They were going crazy for her. Who could blame them? She was beautiful. To my surprise she turned to me and blew me a kiss. I smiled warmly.

"Maybe... if Jean decides to turn back... you could make it so that we're still as close as we are now? I hate to give up my BFF, but hey, if I get a new boyfriend out of it, well... who knows?" I smiled as I thought about Jean's hunky male body, then leaned in conspiratorially. "And uh, just between you and me, maybe... maybe give him, like, a really big dick?"

"The biggest, master." she smirked "This is your desire?"

"You're- you're not going to twist this around somehow are you?"

"I would never!" She stuck out a tongue. "I believe you'll find, oh careless Master, that I followed your wish to the letter." She put a reassuring hand on my shoulder "But don't worry. I think you'll find this one much more fitting with the spirit of your request."

"Then yes. This is my desire. I wish... all that!"

"Then your wish is my command." She grinned. There was a crack of thunder that echoed even over the heavy thrum of the music. This time though, when it had faded away she was still standing before me.

"That's it?" I looked around. Nothing seems to have changed.

"That's it." She bowed with a flourish. "When you wake up tomorrow everything will be back to normal, except as you just detailed. Everyone will get to live their best life."

“Thank you.” I said, choking on the lump that had risen in my throat. I didn’t expect to get so emotional.

“You’re happy?”

“I am!” a tear welled up in my eye. “This was just harder than I thought. It’s like saying goodbye. But I think its for the best. Thank you.” I reached out and hugged her.

“I’m glad. It’s rare to have a master who actually learns their lesson. I was half expecting you to just wind up some bimbo slut like all the others.”

“What?”

“Kidding!” she grinned. “Now, with all that the business is out of the way, what’s say you show me how dancing has come along in the past few years?”

I laughed.

The two of us, visible once more to the small crowd of guys, joined Jean and mom as the centers of attention. The four of us laughed and danced and partied the night away.

Her last words echoed in my ears before she departed, disappearing forever in a flash of smokeless flame, “Another satisfied customer.”

The End.